

### SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY IS THE EVIL THEREOF.

Let not the heart a future evanescent shadow  
Nor o'er our path one faintest gleam of day  
Let not the clouds which may arise to-morrow  
Obscure the fairer sunshine of to-day.  
To-day is ours—the past has passed forever,  
Its joys and griefs alike are ours no more;  
The future lies beyond Time's silent river,  
A dim and distant and untroubled shore.  
The world's so fair, and life so grand, that living  
Should one sweet hymn of purest rapture  
From Nature's hand, so bounteous in her giving,  
The fumes of earth, to reach unceasingly;  
And ours the bliss, through Hope's enchanting vision,  
E'en darkened skies to view with promise rare;  
To grasp at joys, though Phoenix-like they're risen  
From out the ashes of a past despair.  
As to the day, its burden or its sorrow,  
So is our strength by Love all-wise decreed;  
Beyond the trust which looketh to the morrow  
Not ours the striving, nor is ours the need.  
He knoweth best—the sowing and the reaping—  
Who left the power of will unfettered, free;  
The great, kind God, who holds within His keeping  
Each day and hour through all eternity.  
—Beatrice Harlowe in the November  
Woman's Home Companion.

### The Unseen Singer

I WAS alone in the little seaside town, the solitude of work being denied me because of the illness that had brought me there to seek for health. I was desperately tired, and my nerves were in a state that rendered all enjoyment impossible. I used to lie late in the mornings, for there was nothing to do but wander idly on the promenade, and the trivial pleasures of the crowd vexed me mutely because I could not share them.

It was only at night I realized that possibly this leisure time of rest was bringing me nearer to the recovery of my health. Then I used to wander until all but the latest of the visitors had left the promenade. It was impossible not to be at rest. The coolness of the night, the soothing murmur of the sea, and the shining yellow lights of a fishing village across the bay, combined to make a perfect world, and as I watched I knew that even the garish day might presently give me pleasure again.

I had been perhaps a fortnight in the place when first I saw the lady of whom I would tell you. It was only for a moment, as she drove past in the company of an older woman, but that moment's sight was enough to fill my thoughts until I saw her again upon the morrow.

She was beautiful beyond all words; I fancied she could hardly have passed the age of twenty; and speech and hearing had been denied her. She had the innocent gladness that remains while they are yet young with some who are thus afflicted. She looked upon the world with beautiful bright eyes, and, in despite of fate, was well pleased to be alive.

But she was talking with her fingers to the older lady, her companion, in whose eyes as they looked on the girl I saw an infinite pity expressed.

That pity instantly invaded my own heart, though its object was gone out of my sight within a few seconds of her appearance; and, despite the fact that I knew not so much as her name, there was mixed with the pity a sense of angry rebellion against the fates who had thus afflicted her, wantonly robbing of its value a generosity that, through her, might otherwise have gladdened the wide world.

Now, more than ever, I regretted my loneliness, for I had no one from whom I might expect to gather any information of my gaining the privilege of her acquaintance. I made some futile inquiries at the hotel, and only got so far as to be almost certain she was, like myself, a visitor.

On the next day, at about the same hour, the carriage passed along the length of the promenade. She was still innocently glad to be alive, content to accept her burden so if it were no burden at all; it was with smiles she looked into the pitying eyes of her companion, and I could fancy that the messages she was conveying with swiftly moving fingers were humorous appreciations of what she saw around her.

My earlier questions had been addressed to a quaint, elderly waiter at the hotel, a man who had in some sort made it his especial task to see to my well-being, and who was the nearest approach to a friend I possessed within a hundred miles of the place. It happened that I was lunching at the open window one day when the carriage passed, a little earlier than usual.

"That is the lady of whom I was speaking," I said to him.  
He looked out of the window with quick interest. "A dear little maid, if I may say so. Yes, and the poor deaf and dumb; she's talkin' upon her fingers. Well, I thought from what you told me that they must be strangers in these parts and so they are. I don't even know the horses nor the carriage."

Thus passed several days. I began to find myself vastly better, and, with the growth of energy, to look forward pleasantly to the time when I should return to my work in London.

My good friend, the waiter, had succeeded, much to his delight, in getting me to go for numerous drives through the lovely country that surrounds the watering place. I had even, on divers occasions, set forth on foot and explored the coast and the inland lanes for myself.

I went alone, but I never felt the absence of companions, for my expeditions always took place before or after the hour at which she might be expected to pass along the busy promenade, and so my thoughts were always busy, whether with anticipation or remembrance.

Never once did she fail me; never once did her affliction seem to mar the beautiful gaiety of her mood. It appeared that she saw and enjoyed every

little thing that could be seen; nor was it altogether a young man's vanity that made me wonder whether she had begun to notice the fact that a certain sallow invalid was always idling on the promenade at the hour when she drove by.

I came to understand the routine of their daily going. They were manifestly living somewhere to the west of the town. Every day they went through the inland lanes at the back of it until they were a mile or two to the east, and, then, descending seaward, drove home by the promenade and the road that skirts the sea.

Now, one day, with no set purpose that I would have confessed, not even to myself, I took the western road and went into the country. The road led for some distance between low hills and the southern sea; at first the sun's heat was intolerable, but gradually one mounted higher, and then the sunlight was but the fit accompaniment of the lively wind that blew in from the sea. So I went forward in the best of spirits until I had come to the edge of a great valley that runs inland from the sea.

Some dozen or so cottages and a little pier stood at the margin of the sea. Inland a few houses were seen among their fruitful orchards. But at the edge of the slope there was a little space of wild wood, and, this, as I looked across the flower-grown hedge, tempted me to rest. I climbed the intervening barrier and lay down in the shelter of a little oak tree.

It may be I slept. Certainly I was a long time under the oak before I became aware that I was not the only occupant of the wood. Some one was singing softly, and I could hear footsteps moving slowly through the fern. I could tell by the sound that the newcomer was stopping here and there to pick flowers.

Now, I had enjoyed the solitude, but even at the first the person who was coming toward me did not strike me as an intruder. Her singing was in absolute concord with my mood; it was as if one had thought of a poem, and a moment later found oneself humming the melody that would make of it a perfect song. I lay and waited and the singer came nearer.

The song ceased when she presently appeared. She was a little startled, but not near so much as I. "Then you are not dumb?" I cried involuntarily, as I started to my feet. She hesitated, and a little smile played about the corners of her pretty mouth. "It is my aunt who is dumb," she said. Then, with a sudden recovery of her dignity, "I don't know why you should ask."

But that was a matter I had no great difficulty in explaining ere I came back to London the happiest man on God's earth.—Black and White.

**Relic of the Days of the Pretender.**  
A little south of the county-house at Burlington stood 150 years ago a small Indian village, which is marked on the old maps of Northern Pennsylvania as Oschana. Many interesting relics of a bygone civilization have been found in the grounds where this Indian village was, near the country-house. When the excavations were made for the foundations of the county-house, among the relics found were a number of coins that bore different dates up to near the advent of the white man in Bradford County. Several of these coins were presented to the Spaulding Museum at Athens.

Two coins belonging to Superintendent E. W. Putnam are of bronze, one an English halfpenny of the reign of King George I, and the last a larger piece, which is very singular in its make-up and history. On one side it bears an Irish harp, with a crown above it. On the reverse side is a room containing a table with money upon it. A hand is extended toward the table, as if to take the coins. An armed man with a drawn sword threatens the hand, and above in an arc of the circle are the words: "Touch not, says Kildare." The piece bears the date of 1745, which marks the year when the young pretender, Charles Edward, was trying to raise a rebellion in Ireland, and the coins must have been brought to Burlington within a year or two by some French refugees, who had been connected with the pretender's party.—Troy (Penn.) Gazette.

**Rats For Philadelphia.**  
The spectacle of mangled rats and mice lying along the trolley tracks throughout the city has occasioned lately considerable surprise. This surprise has not been due to the spectacle itself, for it is an annual one, but to the lateness of its appearance this year. Every year, in the autumn, mangled rats and mice that the cars have run down, and other live ones skulking about, are to be seen on the streets of Philadelphia. They are on their return to cover after a summer spent in the grain fields of the country; they are fleeing from the coming winter cold back to the houses which they had deserted in the spring. Usually they make this migration in the beginning of October. This year, however, the long-continued warmth, which has kept the fields green, caused violets to grow and trees to bud, has much delayed the rodents' return to town. They are coming in in hosts now, though, and it is while they are looking for houses to live in that the trolleys run them down.—Philadelphia Record.

**An American Product.**  
Edward C. Simmons, president of the biggest hardware house in the world, said some time ago that the cheapest article that had ever come to his notice is a tea-cup pocket-knife. It is single-bladed, with a wood handle, all handsomely finished, and of a quality of steel that will take a razor edge, and at ten cents brings a profit to the manufacturer, the jobber and the retailer. I think I can beat that knife with an egg-beater, one of the geared kind now so popular. It consists of twelve separate and distinct parts, joined together in a single mechanism which appears to be staunch and durable. Four of the parts are of cast iron and the rest are of bright malleable metal. Price—five cents to the consumer, after the manufacturer, jobber and retailer have cleared their profit. This indispensable kitchen tool is branded—"Made in U. S. A."—Victor Smith, in New York Press.

### CHINA'S CREATION MYTH

WORLD MODELED BY A MYSTICUS BEING OUT OF CHAOS.

The Manner in Which the Sages of the Flowery Land Have Struggled With the Problems Which perplex Human Brains—Some Fascinating Speculations

China as a country, and the Chinese as a people, have always seemed so entirely separate and distinct from all the other nations of the globe, that to search out the manner in which the sages of the Flowery Land have struggled with the problems which perplex human beings, no matter what their race, has something of fascination. The creation of the world, for instance—what hosts of scientists and philosophers in the comparatively recent civilization of Europe have directed their energies toward unraveling that mystery! And the sages of the ancient Chinese Empire, though of a race the most impassive and incurious of all mankind, they, too, have been unable to resist speculation upon the same topic. European and Asiatic alike yearn to know the source of all things.

Perhaps it is incorrect to say that speculation is indulged in by the latter. Chinese are nothing if not didactic. With infinite labor and pains they arrive at a conclusion and then they lay down the conclusion as a principle. Hence, the historian Yangtze, talking refuge in this native stolidity, observes:

"Who knows the affairs of remote antiquity, since no authentic records have come down to us? He who examines these stories will find it difficult to believe them, and careful scrutiny will convince him that they are without foundation. In the primeval ages no records were kept. Why, then, since the ancient books that described those times were burnt by Tsin, should we misrepresent those remote ages, and satisfy ourselves with vague fables? However, as everything except heaven and earth must have had a cause, it is clear that they have always existed, and that cause produced all sorts of men and beings, and endowed them with their various qualities. But it must have been man who, in the beginning, produced all things on earth, and who may, therefore, be viewed as lord, and from whom rulers derive their dignities."

This practical explanation was probably more pleasing to the writer than to anyone else. It was felt, perhaps, to be in some points inadequate. At all events, numerous other Chinese scribes have endeavored to account for the creation in a more elaborate manner. Possibly holding ceremonial of all kinds in characteristically high regard, they felt that something more of state ought to attend the entrance of a world upon existence. We read, therefore:

"Heaven was formless, an utter chaos; the whole mass was nothing but confusion. Order was first produced in the upper ether, and out of it the universe came forth; the universe produced air, and air the Milky Way. When the principal Yang had been diluted it formed the heavens; the heavy and thick parts coagulated and formed the earth. The refined particles united very soon; but the union of the thick and heavy went on slowly. Therefore, the heavens came into existence first and the earth afterward. The warm effluence of Yang being condensed produced fire; and then the finest parts of fire formed the sun. The cold exhalations of the Yin being likewise condensed produced water; and the finest parts of the watery substance formed the moon. By the influence of the sun and moon came the stars. This heaven was adorned with sun, moon and stars; the earth also received rain, rivers and dust."

Even this theory seemed incomplete. It may have satisfied the sages, whose minds had fed on wisdom so long that they required no more substantial diet than the abstract; but the common people, we are told, yearned for the concrete. They wanted to personify the principles of creation, that they might have an opportunity to lavish the worshipful and reverential spirit with which, as people, they are so imbued. May it not be also that the imaginative character of the Chinese mind requires the tangible in research as a religion. They could not create the Olympus of the graceful Greek genius; their sentiments found apt expressions in kneeling to a hideous Joss.

So was evolved from the Chinese mind the idea of a first being who arose mysteriously out of chaos, and whose was the wondrous task of modeling a world. This being, Pwanku, is represented in uncouth sketches in the very act of welding chisel and mallet upon huge granite masses which float in space. Where he has succeeded in breaking down rocks can be seen the sun, moon and planets; and near by are discernible the grotesque creatures assigned to be the only companions of his toils—the dragon, phoenix and tortoise. Sometimes to these is added the unicorn.

All these are "held to be, with himself, the divine types and progenitors of the animal creation."

The great Pwanku continued his labors through a trifling 18,000 years, and then died in order to complete them. As he progressed, his stature increased six feet every day, and when dead "his head became mountains, his breath wind and clouds, his voice thunder. His limbs were changed into four poles, his veins into rivers, his sinews into undulations of the earth's surface, and his flesh into fields. His beard was turned into stars, his skin and hair into herbs and trees, and his teeth, bones and marrow into metals, rocks and precious stones. His drooping sweat increased to rain, and the insects which stuck to his body were transformed into people."

What an unpleasant idea, the last mentioned! Should some skeptic like the Chinese sage first quoted inquire how these facts concerning creation were first arrived at, the simple explanation is that Pwanku inscribed upon the shell of the tortoise, his companion, a full account of the matter for the information of all generations.

The story goes on that Pwanku was succeeded by three sovereigns, grotesque and monstrous as himself, named the Celestial, Terrestrial and Human. The philosophy, religion and

politics of China give evidence of belief in a trinity of powers, of which these three rulers are no doubt the impersonations. During another 18,000 years their reign continued, men learned to eat and drink, became acquainted with sleep, and were instructed in the art of government. Next came two monarchs, called Yuchan, or "having a nest," and Sul-jin, or "match-man." The latter of these deities brought down fire from heaven in order that mortals might be able to cook.

The period known to the Chinese as the "highest antiquity" is stated in their annals to be 2852 B. C. It is interesting in this connection to follow Dr. William Hales's researches. He claims, in his work on the "Analysis of Chronology," the creation to have been 5411 years before the Advent and the Deluge 3155 years before it; and in his opinion the beginning of Chinese ancient history was 303 years after the deluge, forty-seven before the death of Noah, and 300 years previous to the confusion of tongues.

The late S. Wells Williams, LL.D., formerly Professor of Chinese Language and Literature in Yale College, ventures in one of his valuable works the supposition or speculation that Noah, regarding himself as sole monarch of the earth, divided it among his descendants before his death; and that some of the "house and lineage of Shem found their way across the defiles and steppes of Central Asia to the fertile plains of China before the end of the third diluvian century."—Beatrice Clayton, in Philadelphia Ledger.

### CURIOS FACTS.

A New York pawnbroker asserts that his business always improves just before a Presidential election owing to the fact that many so-called "sports" pledge their personal efforts toward the close of the campaign in order to raise money to bet on the result.

A novel way of choosing a pastor was recently adopted by the Mennonites at Groffsdale, Penn. There were ten candidates, and ten Bibles were placed on a table before them. In one was a slip of paper, and the candidate who chose this Bible became the pastor.

Each guest in a Turkish household helps himself to food from the main dish with the aid of a big spoon. For the host to fish out a wing or leg from a dish of stewed fowl and present it to a guest is considered a great compliment; and for a Turk of high degree to roll a morsel between his fingers and put it into the mouth of a visitor is looked upon as good manners.

A Spanish paper asserts that two descendants of Columbus, Manuel and Mirin Colombo, brother and sister, are at present inmates of the Asylum for the Homeless in the city of Cadiz. Strange as the story appears, it is stated that a few years ago the two old people were discovered begging for bread in the streets of the Spanish city. It is also said that documents in their possession incontrovertibly prove their descent.

Comparatively little jewelry was worn by the early people of the United States. A few men had gold or silver sleeve buttons, a few women had bracelets or lockets, nearly all of any social standing had rings, which were chiefly mourning rings. As these gloomy ornaments were given to all the chief mourners at funerals, it can be seen that a man of large family connections, or of prominent social standing, might acquire a great many of them. The minister and doctor usually had a ring at every funeral they attended. It was told of an old Salem doctor who died in 1758, that he had a tankard full of mourning rings which he had secured at funerals. Men sometimes wore thumb rings, which seems no queerer than the fact that they carried muffs.

**Snake, Eggs and Jug.**  
A woman in Durban, on getting up one morning, heard a most peculiar noise in the pantry. She was astonished to find that a snake had its head and part of its body through the handle of a china jug. Both sides of the snake—that is, the portion on each side of the handle—were bulging out. Then she discerned what had happened. Some eggs had been lying on the shelf, and the snake, after having swallowed one, had crawled partly through the handle of the jug—that is, as far as the swallowed egg would allow—in order to get another, which it had also swallowed. Naturally enough it could not then go either forward or backward through the handle. The woman was just going to call her husband, when the reptile gave a desperate wiggle, and in doing so fell on the floor with a bang, handle and all. But the fall broke both the eggs in its inside, and taking advantage of its release from the handle it was out in the garden before you could say "Ware!"—Calcutta Asian.

**Would Not Keep Her Back.**  
Saddler Sime was a droll character, and yet of a type by no means scarce in the rural districts of the north of Scotland, says the Dundee Journal. One morning when a neighbor entered his shop he was greeted with the following: "Man, Jeemie, I had an awfu' dream last night. I thought I saw my wife flingin' aw' up to heaven with a great big pair o' weenies."

"Ay, man, an' did ye no try to pu' her back?"  
"Na, na! I just clappit my hands an' cried: 'Shoo, shoo!' I was feart she wd never have another chance o' gettin' me near her."

**College Respect for Lee.**  
In the basement of the chapel of Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Va., the office of the late Robert E. Lee, formerly president of that institution, is preserved exactly as he left it. Not a book, a letter or a paper has ever been disturbed. Once or twice a year the room is carefully dusted, but at all times the windows are kept closed and the shutters drawn. Letters which he received the last morning that he was able to work on his writing table under a paper weight. The morning reports of the different members of the faculty are untouched. They were never read,—Chicago Chronicle



### A NEW PROFESSION.

A Clever Woman Who Cleans and Repairs Jewelry For a Living.

"My little leather bag contains all the materials and implements necessary to clean and repair jewelry," a New York woman explained. "I go from house to house and have all the work that I can do."

"You have no idea how many sensible women there are who will not allow their favorite pieces of jewelry to be repaired by the best houses simply because they fear that some of their stones will be changed. I have many customers who watch me closely the whole time that I am at work on their property. It was the discovery of this peculiarity in a friend of mine that gave me the idea of my work. Before actually beginning my work I entered a good establishment as an apprentice, where I learned not only how to clean and repair jewelry, but also old watches, of which I make a specialty."

"I had absolutely no trouble in getting work. My method is very simple. I call, ask for the lady of the house, explain my business and, as a rule, get some work. By this method I soon had many regular customers as I could manage, and now I have many calls that I am bound to refuse simply for lack of time. Nearly every woman of liberal means has a good supply of jewelry and few of them keep it in such good condition that it does not need repairing and cleaning at least every six months. Few of them are willing to trust the cleaning of their finer pieces to their maids and as it is more convenient for them to let me come in to clean it than it is for them to collect it and send it to a jeweler, I get the work. These are my regular customers. Those who fear to allow their treasures into the hands of any one where they cannot watch them belong to another class. As a rule the articles they prize so highly are of little value to any one besides themselves."

"My charges are less than those of a regular jeweler, and I am particular to have my work as good. I average \$5 a day, above the cost of all materials used and my transportation expenses. That I consider good earnings for a woman doing, as you might say, mechanical work in New York City. No, I never take work home. My evenings are all free and so are my Sundays. I need rest, particularly my eyes. I often buy articles of my patrons and also act as agent in bringing purchasers to those who would like to sell. Many women admire only the latest fashions in jewelry just as they do in gowns. When an article is no longer what they consider stylish they become very anxious to get rid of it in order to use the money to get something more of their taste. Knowing that I keep in touch with the taste and desires of my patrons they appeal to me to act as agent. The majority of these women keep the jewelry boxes in which they buy the articles and when they are cleaned and snugly wrapped in their colored cottons it is hard to distinguish them from new. I have sold many such as wedding presents and I cannot see the slightest objection to their being used in this way. They are always just as represented and cost about half as much as they would if brought new from the jeweler. Of course, I have many bargains, for, as a rule, such ultra-stylish women are exceedingly extravagant. As they wear only the latest designs and the most fashionable stones they are often glad to let things go for a much smaller sum than they originally cost."

"My regular customers are, as a rule, of two classes, collectors or persons hunting bargains. The collectors have a fancy for some particular style or some article of all styles. They are always on the alert to add to their collection, and are willing to pay good prices. On the other hand, the bargain hunters do not care what they get so long as it is cheap. Then there is another class who I cannot call regular purchasers. They are women of means and generous impulses. When my patrons meet with reverses and call on me I look their jewels over, put them in thorough repair and take them to some of the women I think will buy. I tell the circumstances, never the names, and it is seldom indeed that I do not make sales. All of this I do on a per cent basis, and last year I almost doubled my earnings of \$5 a day."

"My work is pleasant, I might almost say dainty. There is nothing heavy or laborious, so I cannot see why other women should hesitate to undertake it. I am the only one in the field, so far as I can learn, but I am sure that there is room even here in New York City for many more."—Washington Star.

**Women Who Cultivate Mushrooms.**  
One of the latest fads of well-to-do people is mushroom growing, and many women are said to have started small mushroom farms in the cellars of the houses in which they live, and intend thereby to add very considerably to their pin money. It is estimated that a fifteen-foot bed should give about ninety pecks of mushrooms in three months. The cost of the bed is about \$10. The mushrooms sell ordinarily for seventy-five cents a peck, bringing \$67.50, thus making a gain to the farmer of \$57.50 on the undertaking. An expert says that the things necessary for success in mushroom growing are, first, the cellar in which they are to be grown, which must be so arranged that the plants can be kept at a temperature of from sixty to seventy degrees; second, good ventilation, as plenty of fresh air is essential, and, thirdly, arrangements for keeping the soil constantly moist. Good manure, rich in phosphate, should form the foundation of the bed, which if possible should be built on a damp floor. A bed fifteen feet long will require two loads. The mushroom spawn can be had in bricks from the florist or nurseryman. The temperature of the bed must be tested and no planting must be done until it is below ninety-five degrees. Then the bricks can be broken in half-inch pieces and distributed evenly over the

bed. In about ten days, when a white, thread-like growth begins to appear, the bed must be covered to a depth of one-half to three-quarters of an inch with sandy loam. A frame of six-inch boards may be used to keep the bed in place.

### Women's Friendship.

Friendship between women is not necessarily built upon early acquaintance. My dearest friend may have been unknown to me a year ago, yet time and education and circumstance and environment may have been bringing us together for a score of years. The friendships into which women drift during a summer in the mountains or when idling about Europe are sometimes not mere ephemera, but have the permanence of the house built upon the rock. Your friend must to some extent at least sympathize with you in pursuits and aims. Your point of view and hers must not be alien. You may disagree in opinion, but in sentiment you must meet or you cannot coalesce in friendly relationship. For friends must neither be like ivory balls, smooth and polished and detached, nor like soap bubbles, iridescent, ethereal, and volatile, nor like thistles, bristling with needle-thrusting points on every side. Somewhere there must needs be the reciprocity of congenial wish and acquiescent word, the bond of union which unites and grows even stronger as two go on the road of life together.—Margaret Saugster, in Harper's Bazar.

**Black Taffeta a Fad.**  
The black taffeta costume is the present feature of interest in the panorama of fashion. The costume includes a coat and skirt of rich, lustrous black taffeta, so well suited to many occasions.

There will be long coats in taffeta, lined with taffeta, and taffeta jackets satin lined. These garments will be variously trimmed. Long coats of taffeta will be lavishly garnished with lace applique, guipure, embroidery in black velvet and satin, velvet and gold, in set pieces for pockets, cuffs, collars and Empire bands.

Many of the taffeta skirts have two and three ruffles five to nine inches deep. Again they have medallions of rich laces set in cut out effects, with velvet ribbon strappings, while others are shirred, gathered and otherwise treated, according to the fancy and desire of the wearer. While cloth costumes are naturally the foundation of the wardrobe, and will contribute the substantial wear, a silk vogue is upon us.

**A Woman Railroad Builder.**  
Mme. Valesquez Beard is probably the only woman in the world who is engaged in the building of a railroad. Mme. Beard is a Cuban by birth, but her railroad interests are in Mexico. She is now on her way to Mexico, and asserts that she has placed \$4,000,000 in bonds for her enterprise. Mrs. Beard is said to be tall and handsome, and she speaks English with a Spanish accent, but is a thorough American in spirit and energy. She secured the concession for her railroad from President Diaz. Mme. Beard has traveled extensively and familiarized herself with many lands. When completed her railroad will be a thousand miles long. It will connect the north of Mexico with the great American system, and will have for its southern terminus the best harbor on the west Mexican coast.

**A Favored Triple Alliance.**  
A triple alliance that has never in the annals of modes been known to fail in the favor of fashionable women, is velvet and fur and lace. As a result, the evening gown in its most regal form has a train of velvet, opening over the petticoat of satin, which is enhanced with jewelled and sequined embroidery and handings of fur. There is a bolero or bodice of rich old lace, finished at the back in long sash ends of the same material.

**FRILLS OF FASHION.**  
Black evening gowns are much in vogue and they are as becoming as they are useful.  
An extreme novelty in veiling is the chiffon veil of black and white, with dots of gold and black.  
If possible the new corsets are straighter in front than they were last season. The bust is also cut lower.  
Dress boots have not been so much in evidence for many seasons. All of the slippers have either large bows or buckles on the instep. Sometimes both accessories are used.  
One of the prettiest imaginable fan neck veils has a bolero and upper sleeves of a fancy flannel and under bodice and undersleeves of plain flannel to match, or vice versa.  
The corselet skirt is seen once more. It is really a princess, with yoke of feet, being made to reach almost to the bust line, over a silk skirt, the top being pointed back and front.  
The revival of chenille is not universal in hats, but in gowns we have some very pretty specimens. The toque of the moment is so large that it should more properly be called a small hat.  
The demand for fancy stockings especially lace ones, has brought to the market a great variety of those dainty articles, which are very reasonable in price. This grade of goods is also found with silk inserted in the instep.  
Some of the new lace gowns shown in the shops are exquisite. One, for instance, is of creamy net, inset with white lace figures, outlined with black chenille and embroidered with jet floral sprays in raised work of gold run between these lace figures.  
A model of black net is accented by pleated from waist line to hem, and is stitched down about the hips in scallops excepting directly in the back where the fulness is not confined. The bodice is of the puffed net, and over it is a bolero of jet, with jet hand forming the sleeve. The belt is also of jet.  
Poe and the Hall of Fame.  
It is barely possible that Poe could have foreseen the building of that wonderful Temple (the Hall of Fame) would have begged to be excused from being immortalized in its very mixed company.—Boston Pilot.

### TRAGEDIES OF THE STAGE.

Large Number of Those Killed by Violence in Playing Their Parts.

In the Grenelle Theatre in Paris the other day an actor came near killing his talented professional friend with a stage dagger whose spring got out of order. The victim yelled so naturally and the blood flowed so freely that the audience was delighted, and never realized the realism until the actor dropped. The accident prompted the Parisian scribe to hunt up the real stage. According to his story, M. Benoit at Prague in a suicide scene stabbed herself seriously.

William Moritz killed his associate Temple Crozier, in the Novelties Theatre of London.  
In the play of "The Indian Emperor" the English actor, Farquhar, playing the part of Guyomar, dangerously wounded another player who, unfortunately, had to take the part of Spanish General, after which Farquhar wisely bade farewell to the stage. Maccarty in "Macbeth" at one time came so near scoring a victory at the sword that poor Macduff had to be taken to the hospital, where he remained for six weeks.

Garrick in "Othello" lost more than a dozen Desdemonas.  
In the banquet scene of "Macbeth" Charles Kemble flung away his cup with such violence that it struck a chandelier, and the pieces of broken glass flew almost into the face of Siddons, who was playing Lady Macbeth, but she never moved a muscle.

Sarah Bernhardt, playing the role of Sarah Camellias, with Darront in the role of Armand Duval, turned her heads temporarily during the play provoked some astounding and hilarious interruptions.  
But it will be hard to beat the record of the old-time "Patsy" who performed a few hundred years before King John II. of Sweden, a fatal blunder on the part of the role of Longus the Centaur caused the death of two artists, raged, the King bounded upon a stage, sword in hand, and with a class right-hand swing that made blade whistle decapitated poor Longus. The audience rose in a fury, literally tore his Majesty to pieces.

The last story needs comment, but it holds good with the history of the French Ambassador to Spain, the dier de Brabant, witnessing a representation of the battle of Pavia, which a Spaniard got largely into a Frenchman, killed the Spaniard, and admiring to all victims since the opening day. The papers in this connection have generously published a little more whose authenticity is somewhat relative to this fact, which greatly to the Emperor's credit justifies his pretensions to be his father's heir.

The scene was laid in the palace in Berlin. A group of men were gathered in the Emperor's private study. After a prolonged apparently satisfactory conversation said briskly:  
"My men, you have all or all, been non-commissioned and have as such learned the example. You are now to see six months' sojourn in Paris, which you carry that know with you. Do not drink to excess, honest, courteous and well liked in short, prove to the world by irrefragable conduct that the German workman is the backbone of this nation."

The men bowed assent and afterward started for Paris to assume their function as well as the German restaurant, of which he has acquired themselves the to his Imperial Majesty's satisfaction.

**An Emblem of Immortality.**  
The Egyptian emblem of immortality was the scarab, or sacred beetle. Interesting little creature is throughout Egypt, as well as in other countries. It is black and about one inch in length. Its habits is to burrow its way into the mud of the Nile and stay for a time. After the inundation subsided, however, it comes to the surface of the ground, and of all living creatures seen from the black soil.  
Astounded beholders in times believed this to be a death, burial and resurrection, seizing the suggested thought, as a symbol for themselves. It is difficult to understand, therefore, this insect came to be looked upon as sacred. Models of it were of great profusion. The representations are small, but about the size of the scarab. In the British Museum one of basalt about six feet wide and three feet high. Egypt these stone models of the scarab were used by traders and merchants as parts of the ancient civilization.

**Has Names to Spare.**  
The Dowager Empress of China, in the names of Kanghi Chaoyu Chuan-chung, Chinglin Chingshih, and Tze-hsi. She is a lady of height, with black hair, dark eyes, face shaped according to the witty journalist described the only man in the Celestial Empire is the Empress Dowager. It has been frequently reported that Tze-hsi's parents were of noble birth and were of the highest social grade—actors according to all merchants according to the noble's father, Li-Tsun, was a noble who held some position in the Government post at Peking. The body's Magazine.