

The Medical-Legal Journal makes a plea for every passenger railway to have a surgeon.

Live stock breeding has been the key to agricultural prosperity in all countries the world over, declares the New York World.

The Kansas women who serve as police justices deal with the tramp question in their own way. One tramp was sentenced to two baths a day for ten days and hard labor on the stone pile, with the order that he was to be fed if he worked and starve if he shirked.

To cut a track through the high and precipitous mountains of North Queensland the men are obliged to be hung in chains, and notwithstanding this precaution, about fifty have lost their lives by losing their footing and being dashed down 1000 feet into the chasms below. Twice the attempt to form this roadway has all but been abandoned, but the contractors, with characteristic pluck, have addressed themselves to the work again.

Cholera is raging in Russia even more widely and more virulently than last year. Yet, declares the New York Tribune, there is no panic and little apprehension in the adjacent countries. Governments, health boards and the general public have learned much within the last year. They realize now what they did not realize last summer—that the application of ordinary common sense to systems of quarantine and urban sanitation will give security against the epidemic. Deadly as the disease is, it is easily held in check, and however it may rage in Russia, western Europe and America have no cause for panic.

Alligators are the next animals to be in danger of complete extermination at the hands of reckless and merciless hunters, comments the Chicago Herald. There has been a great demand for alligator skin, which for many purposes is unsurpassed, and with even decent killing of the creatures the supply of this useful leather might be kept up indefinitely. That their extinction is close at hand is not surprising when we learn that over 3,000,000 have been killed in 1892, and that 600 was at one time a fair week's work. As it is with the alligators, buffaloes and seals, so it is with many species of southern birds which have been so relentlessly slaughtered for their plumage that within a few years they will become absolutely extinct.

The New York Medical Journal recently contained a paper on ozone in the treatment of diphtheria, written by Doctor Irving S. Haynes, which deserves attention and is in the nature of a medical discovery. A preparation of ozone has been used in cases of tuberculosis with success, and the new preparation which Doctor Haynes has employed in diphtheria is called "therapopol." It has been used in cases of diphtheria which had been given up, and in six cases out of seven of this class recovery has been effected. The treatment is the swabbing of the throat with therapol, and the injection of the liquid into each nostril of the patient, who is kept upon his back so that the disinfection of the entire nose and throat can be secured. The treatment is completed by the use of the usual iron mixture as a gargle, and where the larynx is attacked, calomel fumigations must be used. The membrane is dissolved usually in from eight to forty eight hours, its removal depending upon the severity of the attack.

The shut-down of some of the Lowell (Mass.) mills brings out the interesting fact that for the last few years a constantly increasing number of the French Canadian employes have been buying little farms with their savings. A good many of the "abandoned farms" in the vicinity of the city, and for some miles away, have been taken up in this way, and one estimate, soon by the New York Post, places the number of families who have possession of little holdings at between 400 and 500. The occupiers of these farms sell milk and supply neighboring cities and towns with produce, while younger members of the family often continue to work in the mills, going to and fro every day when the farm is not far off, or weekly when it is at a distance. Another interesting fact brought out is that mill-girls have to pay only \$1.75 a week at the corporation boarding-houses and men perhaps twenty-five cents more, so that it is easy for them to save money and make provision against hard times.

YES. I seem To dream Of a golden gleam That with my life is blended; My past At last Is overcast And fears for the future ended. Yes is a little word, When whispered smaller still, Yet that was all that I heard, And my foolish heart stood still; Ceased its beating until The word was fully spoken, Then fluttered away with a will, And a faith that shall not be broken. My mind Inclined To hide behind The shadow of "No" and "never," But now, Somehow, I only know The sunshine of "forever." "No" were as easily said, But "no" is a word of ill. What if 'twere "no" instead? And I in the shadow still! But mine is the smile of hers, And though the sun fade from us, Still would my universe Be bright with the bow of promise. For me Shall be The ecstasy Of life that love enhances. Her eyes Compress A paradise, And only mine their glasses; And yet if I had my will, I would that I had not heard. I would be in the shadow still, If she could recall the word, For I would have over again The exquisite happiness That filled me and thrilled me when I heard her whisper "yes." —Alfred Ellison, in Chicago Record.

THE PARSON'S QUEST.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

THERE was a breezy crowd over in the Emma saloon one night less than a year ago, and every man was well heeled, carried his revolver handy, and wore his shirt open at the neck. As for the women—there was only one, and she rejoiced in the soubriquet of "Scarred Emma," and you only had to look at her hands to know why. They had been burned to the bone, and although she wore diamond rings to the first joint of every finger, they didn't disguise the horrid scars, seamed and livid, and of these Emma was prouder than of the rings. Well she might be. Had she not saved the lives of men and women bearing them in her arms from a burning building? And these scars were her medals of honor for her bravery.

Some of the gang were playing draw-poker, others engaged in a game of seven-up. Some drank and loafed, loafed and drank again, and chaffed with the landlady, who was about as amiable as a tiger. On the night here alluded to, "Scarred Emma" was busy handing out the miners poison in copious doses, and listening to such cheap compliments as were not too suggestive of revolvers and free fights, when the door opened, and the deputy sheriff entered the place. Everybody rose up, and a shout of welcome greeted the new comer.

"Hallo, Bill, glad to see yer. Brung in any new uns?" "Naw! Evenin', Em. About two fingers straight, seen I jost got in. Been to Omaha for a posky hoss thief. Tried to get away, out here, and we was agoin' to let him have it, but there wuz a lottle weakened parson on the stage an' he interferred and prayed off so fluid like, we weakened, an' let the feller go with nary a bullet in his carcass. Here's to ye, Em., for the fair-est of yer sex. Come on, boys, an' fill up at my expense."

He tossed off the dram and set the tumbler down to be refilled. "Where's the parson?" asked the landlady, smiling on the deputy as he measured the fiery fluid with a liberal hand.

"He's stopped over to preach at Hell's Delight, but he'll be at the Gulch to-morrow, an' doan yer forget it, less he dies afore mornin' kind o' sudden from a dose of cold lead. An' I'd advise the boys to grease their boots, and be ready, for he's a buster, the parson is."

"Say, Bill," remarked Emma, stirring his whisky by shaking it in the glass, "is he a young feller?" "Aw, an' sickly. Yer can see day-light through him."

"An' takes sugar in his?" "You bet!"

The crowd roared at Emma's wit, and this time she set it up for them herself.

"Say, Bill, is he really comin' here to preach?" "Look here, Em. You're talkin' through your bonnet. Come here he may, but preach—ho! ho! I guess not."

"Who says 'no'?" asked the woman, and this time the tiger showed itself in her eyes.

"I do—we all do!" roared the crowd in a rude chorus. "And I say he shall."

And she folded her scarred hands across her bosom so that all present could see them. That one motion had a strange effect upon those human coyotes, who would have knifed a man in the back and made no account of it. It is true that even desperados

have their soft moments. This woman standing before them had one claim on their respect, and as their eyes followed that movement and fell on the scarred and cicatrized hands, the dumb appeal moved them as nothing else would have done. Off went every hat, bearded lips trembled, then, as there was danger of too much sentiment, there went up a cheer from twenty hoarse throats, and as Emma turned to set it up again for them, she dashed something from her eyes that might have been a tear.

So it happened that when the Rev. James Forsyth reached Dead Man's Gulch, he learned that the principal saloon was prepared to receive him, being turned for the time into a meeting-house. All through the little town and far into the surrounding country these placards were affixed to walls and trees:

GREAT DAY! DIVINE SERVICES IN THE EMMA SALOON, BY REV. JAMES FORSYTH, D. D. All are invited to attend Evening Service at 8 p. m. Please leave your Guns with the USHERS.

When the stage reached the Gulch, the parson, who had come on from Devil's Delight, was in it, but he stopped at the tavern until it was time to go to meeting. It meant nothing to him that he was taking his life in his hands to preach the Gospel to these men. What was his poor miserable gift of a dying life, compared with these lost souls? Besides—then he coughed terribly, closed his eyes, and wiped the cold sweat of mortal illness from his face. Ah, specious human nature! Sophistries that keep it from the debasement of over-righteousness! It was of one precious sin-sick soul he was thinking, and that he hoped to reach, through this zeal for the brotherhood.

Poor scarred Emma! She had given her influence—and I have shown that it was great—she had given her saloon, which was also her throne, and now she was shut up in a miserable, tawdry room, partitioned off from the rest, dressed in her Sunday finery, waiting until all the gang had assembled, when she would walk in boldly and take her seat with the rest. Well she knew that no woman would be there. No other woman would sit under the same roof with her, and then she looked down on her diamond-bedecked hands. "I can buy and sell them all, I am no man's slave and my word is law, but—" And then a whole flood of tears came. But soon she dashed them away and dried her eyes. Another touch of rouge to repair the ravage, and she was ready "to go to church," as she phrased it to herself. A determined, aggressive figure, dressed in a smart, black satin, wearing a bow of pink ribbon at the throat. It seemed as if the incongruity of her attire struck her at the last moment, for on the threshold of her room she stopped, went back, and threw a lace shawl around her shoulders. Then she made her way to the front room, just as the noise of clattering boots and grating chairs was hushed, and the minister bowed his head in prayer.

A dozen men made room for her. Their faces brightened as she entered, but she did not look at one of them. Like one walking in sleep she moved, and never took her eyes from the thin meager form of the man who stood in the impromptu pulpit, pouring out his soul in prayer.

It was not until the petition was ended, and the oppressed listeners had relaxed with a sigh, that she sat down among the men, where she could see without being seen.

The minister then chose a hymn and lined it out. "I heard the voice of Jesus say—" He was interrupted by Deputy Bill. "We can't sing that, pard—I mean parson. Give us something we know."

They compromised on "A Land That is Fairer Than Day." The parson heard the sweet treble of a woman's voice, and wondered much whence it came. He looked troubled, and the cough that shook him with its paroxysm brought out bottles and glasses, but he put aside all offers with a shaking hand.

"Hearken to me, my friends," he began solemnly, "and know that you are listening to a dying man."

He had not time to announce the text, the words of life were hovering upon his lips, when there rung through the room a woman's frenzied cry: "Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy!"

"Who spoke, who called me?" asked the parson with white lips, clinging to the table before him.

"Oh, Jimmy, you're too late—and you're killing yourself, and it's for me, and I'm not worth it—I'm not worth it!"

She was making her way to him now, and as his eyes lit up his death-pale features he prayed: "At last," he murmured, "at last, and now I'm willing to die! Lord, I thank Thee."

His head fell forward. A dozen stalwart men jumped to his side, but when he was laid on the nearest bench it was "Scarred Emma" who held his dying head on her arm, and it was into her face he looked when he opened his eyes for a brief coming back to life.

"Don't cry," he said tenderly, "don't cry, Molly—at least not for me—but promise me—quick, I'm going soon—promise me to quit this place—now—forever."

"Oh, Jimmy, I can't. You've seen them all—tell me, Jimmy, are they well—do they ever speak of me?" "They are well, dear and safe over there! The dear old mother and the little sister. And I promised them I'd

bring you and now I'm going without you!"

"Don't go, Jimmy. I'll do anything if you'll only live. I'll change my ways, and do just as you bid me, even to turning my back on friends that have been good to me. But oh, Jimmy, I'm not worth dying for—it's too late for that."

"Not to meet the dear mother and little sister! I tell you it is not too late. Oh, I cannot die in peace if you do not promise. You have no right to lose your soul, child—it is not yours to do with as you please, but is bought with a price. Take those off—" looking with wide strange eyes at the gems on her hands.

She obeyed him. In a moment she had stripped every ring from her fingers and then he gathered the two poor scarred hands in his cold ones, and held them to his pale ones.

"Saved," he murmured, then he smiled as if in answer to something he saw, and a moment later he fell asleep, and the woman kneeling by his side reverently closed his eyes, sobbing, but not as one without hope.

Less than a year ago, and to-day the quiet, respectable woman who is post-mistress in one of our small western towns has the good-will of every citizen. They can see nothing in common with her and the terrible woman of Dead Man's Gulch, except the scarred hands from which they receive their daily mail, and they know the honorable history of these scars.—Detroit Free Press.

Queer Watches.

Mention may be made of some of the exquisite Swiss watches on exhibition in the Swiss pavilion in the Manufacturers' and Liberal Arts Building at the World's Fair. There are some very old watches that are valuable from an historical point of view. There is a watch made in the Fifteenth Century, quite a clumsy thing with a crystal face, showing the day of the week, the month and the phases of the moon. Another very old watch is made entirely of wood and ivory, representing months of labor on the part of a life convict, who was pardoned on the completion of this wonderful piece of work.

There is a queer old timepiece dating from the year 1074, the date being carved on the case together with the name of the manufacturer. This watch is known to be the oldest in existence.

Now we will look at some of the more modern watches; these range in size from one-half inch in diameter to four inches, and there are hundreds of dials shown of all imaginable colors and designs. Some of the ornamented watches are unique and very handsome. There are beetles and dragon flies, diamond sprays and flowers in their natural shades made of precious stones. Many of the watches are so tiny as to be easily concealed in a breastpin. One dainty little timepiece was confined in the body of a diamond butterfly brooch, another was shut up in the heart of a fuchsia, valued at \$400; another in a rose made all of diamonds and valued at \$2500. These little watches are all stem winders and said to keep perfect time.

The Swiss watchmakers have displayed their watches to a better advantage than our watchmakers have, the beautiful cases being set off by rich and lustrous fabrics, which show the delicate and exquisite colors and designs to perfection. In some of our exhibits the watches are thrown together in a helter skelter fashion, in others they are laid in bunches and so thickly that there is no pleasure in looking at them. How clearly the difference between the characters of the Swiss and the American is shown in this one little instance.—Washington Star.

A Mammoth Egg.

"We now come," said J. C. Stevens at his auction-rooms in King street, Covent Garden, says the Pall Mall Gazette, "to the egg of the apyrornis maximum, the biggest bird either living or extinct. It has been extinct for some time and only two of its bones have been found. According to the catalogue the bird was more than ten feet high and was flightless."

"I should think so," said a prospective egg-buyer.

"It would seem to me," said Mr. Stevens, "that the bird that laid this egg must have been something like thirty-five feet high—about as high as a house. You will see by the catalogue that it measures 34 1/2 inches in its longest circumference and twenty-eight inches in girth. This egg is several inches larger than the egg we sold last year. It is, of course, a great rarity, and not more than thirty of these eggs are known. This, I think, is the finest egg of the lot. It should be remembered that there are sixty known eggs of the great auk, and they sell for \$1000 each. I don't mean to say that this egg should bring as much as a great auk's egg, but we sold one not so good as this last year for \$350."

The egg was passing from hand to hand in a wooden box while the auctioneer was speaking. It looked too large for an egg, though in other respects it seemed natural enough. It was not difficult to understand how a bird that had laid such an egg had become extinct. The egg is of a brownish gray color and sounds like porcelain when it is drummed on with the knuckles. The bird that was accustomed to lay this sort of egg lived, it is said, in Madagascar and buried its egg in the sand. It is only possible to find the egg by digging in the sand and more eggs may be found, as a good deal of the seashore of Madagascar has not been dug up yet. The egg was finally sold for \$335.

Mrs. George M. Pullman's pretty daughters give names to the palace cars built by their father.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMINE READERS.

THE NEW MUTTON-LEG SLEEVE.

The new mutton-leg sleeve is larger, rider and fuller than ever before the houlder. It is not only plaited at the arm size, but also at the elbow on the outside and inside of the arm to give it new additional volume. It is used in all sorts of fabrics, from gingham to Lyons brocade, and for gowns of every description, from practical utility dresses to toilets designed for the most elaborate occasions.—American Farmer.

WRINKLE RULES.

If you would avoid wrinkles, care not only for your skin, but for your nerves; control your temper, and do not try to have a too expressive and vivacious countenance. Sleep nine hours a night and an hour a day. Decline to worry. Wear smoked glasses instead of scowling fiercely at the sunlight and the water. Refuse to try to distinguish things afar off. Wash your face in warm water with pure soap once a day, and rub it softly with lannel after the washing. Feed it with pure cold cream. Don't be afraid of occasional sunburn. It smooths the face wonderfully. But, above all, be motionless.—New York World.

A HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

A novel case, for the dressing table or bureau, is made for containing handkerchiefs. For foundation, a square of pasteboard a little larger than a handkerchief when folded is covered on both sides with light blue satin. Then a bag is crocheted of cutting silk, and made just wide enough to fit easily around the square, where it is sewed on with small stitches. The bag is made in a simple rochet stitch, that is, somewhat open; it should be six inches in length, the outer half being of light blue silk and the upper half of pink. The top is finished by a row of shells or scallops, and drawn up by a pink and blue silk cord and balls. This holds a square pile of handkerchiefs in the most inviting manner, is easy of access and extremely pretty as an ornament.—Brooklyn Citizen.

WIFE OF A GREAT INVENTOR.

Mrs. Thomas A. Edison is one of those rarely beautiful women whom to see is to admire. If "looks" may ever be classified, she ranks as a "brun-blonde," as she possesses all the piquant charm of coloring attributed to that type. As her father, Lewis A. Miller, is President of the Chautauqua Assembly, a part of Mrs. Edison's summers are always spent at that resort of learning, where she and her two lovely children may be seen driving about in a foreign-looking little pony cart, yachting on the lake, or luxuriating on the broad veranda of the picturesque half-house, half-tent affair that is known to the students at the Summer School as the "Miller Cottage."

An aunt of Mrs. Edison is Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller—the one-time editor of that successful child's magazine of long ago, the Little Corporal. Mrs. Miller is the present Principal of a thriving girls' college in Indiana, and also the head of the Chautauqua Woman's Club, an organization that meets daily during the Summer School session for the purpose of discussing all affairs of Church and State that are of special interest to its members.—New York Times.

ETIQUETTE OF ROYAL WEDDINGS.

I may mention, says the Marquise de Fontenay, that the practice now in vogue in England and in certain other foreign monarchial countries of having royal princes invariably attended by equerries and gentlemen-in-waiting is of relatively recent origin and was not customary during previous reigns. Old King William IV., Queen Victoria's predecessor, and her other uncle, King George IV., were frequently in the habit of strolling about in the neighborhood of Piccadilly and St. James, quite alone and without attendance, both before and after their accession to the throne. Shortly after Queen Victoria's marriage, however, her good looking young husband was made the object of marked and offensive demonstrations of admiration by certain female cranks, and it was likewise brought to the Queen's ears, whether with justice or not, I am unable to say, that efforts were about to be made to inveigle the Prince Consort into certain feminine entanglements, with the object, if not of securing influence over him, at any rate of compromising him. It was with the object of preserving her husband from any dangers of this kind, and for the purpose of avoiding even the slightest pretext for any breath of scandal or gossip, that the Queen arranged that the Prince should never set his foot outside the palace precincts unless attended by one or more gentlemen-in-waiting.

STYLISH WOMEN THE ARTIST DRAWS.

The face and figure that C. D. Gibson has made so popular in his clever pictures in Life and elsewhere are those of Miss Minnie Clarke. Mr. Gibson describes her good qualities as a model thus: "To be a good model a woman must lack all self-consciousness. Beauty, of course, is necessary, but beauty alone is not sufficient. Miss Clarke's face contains more expression than that of any woman I have ever seen; besides, posing is second nature with her. For instance, a few days ago I needed a model for a poor, lone woman, who would suggest awkwardness and stupidity. Miss Clarke put on an old salico dress, pulled her hair over her ears to make herself look old, assumed

an expression and attitude befitting the character, and she looked not only stupid and awkward, but actually hungry. Half an hour later I wanted the picture of a debutante just entering a drawing room. She changed her tatters for an evening dress, coming into the room with the air of a duchess. She is simply all women in one, and that one a very useful one to an artist. She can laugh or cry, be awkward or graceful, look stupid, peevish, amused, interested or clever in as many minutes, and all at will.

"When I want to illustrate a story I first give the manuscript to Miss Clarke to read. After that she knows as well as I do for which characters in it she can pose. There is a picture in Mrs. Burton Harrison's story, 'Sweet Bells Out of Tune,' which represents a theatre box, in which is seated a party of ladies. Miss Clarke posed for every figure in that picture. One of them is that of a fat and elderly woman. I don't mean that Miss Clarke looked fat and old, but she managed to suggest the character to me."

FASHION NOTES.

A gold tape with a ball at the end is worn by some women like a watch. The latest fad in jeweled ornaments for bonnets and the hair is a diamond bat. A new skirt is made in four equal width flounces, the upper one being gathered in at the belt.

Sleeves continue to be full at the top, but in breadth rather than height. In fact, except for evening dresses, the shoulders are not often raised at all. Some women prefer simple white gowns for the cloudy days, and the pure white pique suits are excellent if not intended to encounter a down-pour.

Lansdowne in changeable effects is especially popular this season, and it changes in soft, lustrous folds, wears well and is shown in a great variety of shades. Sloped gores let into the back of a lounging gown produce a graceful bell effect, and an oddly-shaped sailor collar heightens the attractiveness of the garment.

Narrow-trimmed hats, somewhat on the sailor order, but with brim narrow at the back, are trimmed with solid wreaths of roses and chrysanthemums and other similar blossoms. A bell skirt has five bias folds of graduated width, set equal distances apart. The lower fold is about three inches wide, and the others grow gradually narrower toward the top.

The dress parasols of the season are like small tents, and although in most cases made of tulle, lace, or net, their large size and ugly handles suggest the utilities rather than the ornaments of dress.

Both for trimming of bodices and skirts, lace is the most fashionable adjunct. The fashion of berthas and shoulder capelets of lace is at once pretty and gives width to the shoulders, and consequently makes the waist look smaller.

A new jacket is fairly close fitting, has leg-o'-mutton sleeves, very wide lapels running to the waist line, a turned over collar and pocket sections set on with a curved pocket lid into the front corners of the skirt of the jacket rather low down.

Bodices have waists fastening under the skirt, the top of which is concealed by a ribbon or fancy belt. Chemisettes are largely used. They are made in some light material in any sort of color. They are gathered, fluted or plaited, as may be desired.

Clear white muslins are used for dresses which are worn over colored silk. The skirt is of three deep flounces, with wide hems and colored ribbon run in the hems, and the waist is of silk, draped over with muslin and a broad soft sash of the color at the waist.

A pretty blouse waist is three-quarters fitting, has a wide belt, very deep shoulder ruffles running in points to the waist line front and back, sleeves with two puffs above the elbows and plain and close fitting below, and a straight frill below the belt over the dress skirt.

A new fancy is a plain India silk, with very full sleeves and a single flounce at the hem made of figured goods with ground like the plain or in entirely contrasting style. A dress of black India, with sleeves and a flounce of gold and black stripe, was voted handsome but rather tigerish, especially when finished with a gold colored velvet belt, collar and cuffs.

A new Paris model is a dress, the lower edge of which is cut in deep scallops; these fall over a mass of very narrow, very fluffy ruffles; the scallops are edged with a flounce of lace about four inches deep, set on full. The waist of this dress has a shoulder cape made of a wide band of velvet belted into a puffed yoke; the lower edge of the velvet has a deep flounce of lace.

The newest hats are extremely simple, of coarse straw and trimming of flowers and velvet, while the latest receipt for a stylish bonnet is "a little lace, a few jewels and much taste."

A small square of guipure fitted to the head and trimmed with a panache of feathers is a new idea, and for dress toilets a simple wreath of flowers with a velvet bow in front is bonnet enough for a married woman.

The latest tea gowns have the bodice draped and crossed over at the waist with a V shaped vest of contrasting color. A pretty effect may be made with gray crape, lined with rose-pink silk, and a kitted pink crape vest and flounces of pink on the sleeves to the elbow. Accordion plaiting is largely used for tea gowns, and when it is adopted they can be made very simply, falling in straight lines from the neck to the hem.