

Under the new Kentucky constitution women are eligible for jury service.

The authorities of Boston University have decided that the students must either give up the use of tobacco or leave the institution.

"Every ten days of fog in London," says a medical weekly published there "is calculated to cost 25,000 people on beds of sickness and kill 2,500."

They say that the Russian thistle, about which there has been so much talk, dies out of itself when the constituents of the soil in which it flourishes are exhausted. In the Dakotas, where a few years ago it was an alarming nuisance, it has very nearly disappeared.

The statistical summary of vessels totally lost, condemned, etc., published by Lloyds Register, shows that during 1894 the gross reduction in the effective mercantile marine of the world amounted to 1,154 vessels, of 708,971 tons, excluding all vessels of less than 100 tons.

The telegraph editor of the Atchison (Kan.) Globe is so used to writing telegrams that end up with "Trouble is expected," that he recently made this addition to a marriage notice which passed through his hands, and the mistake wasn't noticed until the form was locked up.

The curious fact is reported in the New York Times that a large section of Burgundy, has given up grape culture altogether and gone in for hops instead. It is true that the phylloxera, which wrought special mischief in parts, is now pretty well under control, but the Burgundians have decided that it is not worth the trouble and expense of replanting with Californian stocks, especially as France is becoming yearly a greater beer consumer, and so the uprooted vines by wholesale are planted with hops in their place.

The Chicago Times-Herald observes:—Sackville-West, who says that a New York museum manager offered him \$2,000 a week to exhibit himself after he wrote the Murchison letter, is quite unconscious of the humor of his publishing the proposal with the utmost gravity, but England's ex-minister to the United States is entitled to the distinction of being the first Englishman who declined to take American money when he could get it. However poor a diplomat, his rank as a freak is above dispute. He should have gone into the museum.

Child-life insurance was condemned in a clause of a late presentment of the grand jury of the district of Montreal, Canada, and a recommendation attached that it be made illegal. It has been introduced from the United States into the Dominion, and has grown to large dimensions. The Montreal Witness claims that its results have been unfortunate and supposes that the business was suggested by the old burial clubs in vogue for many years among the poorer classes in the great European cities. These not infrequently led to the murder of their children by parents who were anxious for the small insurance fee. The New York Observer says: There are at least three large companies in the United States which have made great profits out of child life insurance, but we have yet to learn that the practice has been attended with evil results. Perhaps the worst feature of the case is the high rates charged by these companies, although there are other features that might well evoke criticism.

It takes down our pride to call to mind that there are lost arts that no inventive genius of the Nineteenth century has been able to recover, admits Farm and Field and Fireside. One of these is that of tempering steel so as to produce again the famous Damascus blade; another has been the art of welding copper to iron or steel. But it is now claimed that three steel workers in Pittsburg have lately discovered the lost art. They show several samples of the metal nicely welded. The last record history gives of these metals having been welded was in Scandinavia, 500 B. C. The value of the discovery comes in the fact that copper offers greater resistance to the action of salt water than any other metal. The Carnegie Company has offered the men a fixed price for the secret. A shop has been fitted up for the men at the Homestead plant, where the men propose to weld a plate of copper to an ingot of nickel steel armor plate. The Carnegie Company hopes to be able to cover all armor plates for the big battleship with copper.

The Humble Life.

Three rows diverging, wend their several ways,
Along the first
The glad notes burst
In splendor through the long bright days.
The pathway's name
Is Fame.
Along the second splendid castles rise
Before the wondering eyes.
Wealth in this pathway lies.
Along the third are common flowers,
And bees hum through unchanging hours,
Yet closer seen the flowers have the fairest hue,
The skies above are brightest blue.
This the way
Called "Every day."
—R. B. SHELTON in Boston Budget.

A STRANGE WARNING.

Mr. Grosvenor had asked Howard, who was the son of an old friend, and myself, to stay at Cullingham for a few weeks and pursue our literary avocation, in which we collaborated.

He made no favor of it. "Only too glad, to see you," he said. "We are very lonely, and there is little to do; no birds in the covers, for I can't afford a game keeper, but if you want to work, the place is quiet enough. I shall not be at home for a day or two, as I am going to town, and shall pick out my daughter from a friend's house on my way back, but William knows the place, and can show you all there is to see."

Howard conducted me to my bedroom the first night.

"I say," he said, "there is a curious point about your room—of course you don't know the rambling old place yet—you can walk around your bedroom."

"Of course I can, you croak," I returned. "I can walk around any room."

"Ah, but I mean on the outside. You see, this room is in the middle of the house, between four intersecting corridors, so that you can walk right around the four walls."

There was nothing else remarkable about my room. It was comfortably furnished. Against the wall opposite my bed, and nearly under the skylight, stood a large sofa, which seemed an unusual piece of furniture for a bedroom. It was too big to go through the door, and I was inclined to think that it must have been lowered into the room by a derrick before the roof was put on.

I turned into bed, but found it impossible to sleep. A strange bed always means several wakeful hours to me, and I lay with my eyes closed, listening to the odd stable creak as it savagely changed out its quarters, and practised every effort of mechanical repetition that seemed likely to soothe my restless brain.

At length I gave up the attempt to sleep in despair and lay on my back wide awake.

I began to picture to myself the most horrible phantoms I could imagine, to see if I could make myself nervous or frightened. I thought of figures with rolling eyes and gibbering lips, phantoms that carried their heads under their arms, shadowy, formless objects of mist, but all to no purpose. My ghosts were feeble frauds. I could not invest them with the nameless dread, and I laughed at them.

I must have fallen asleep as I was thus meditating, for when I next awoke the moon was high in the heavens and shone brightly through the skylight into my room. My eyes at once fell on the face of a beautiful young woman who was arranging her hair at a mirror that stood on a table which seemed to me to have not been in the room when I retired. I was about to utter an exclamation when a look of terror came into her face, a terror so intense as to freeze me into unspeakable silence. She seemed to be listening to a noise without. In the next strained moment the figure vanished.

As I was turning over to sleep again I heard a light footstep in the corridor at the head of my bed. It passed along the wall and was followed by a heavier yet a stealthy tread. By this time my faculties were fully aroused, and sitting up I listened intently.

Suddenly the first footsteps broke into a rapid pattering as though in flight, and the purster's heavier tread was correspondingly accelerated. Twice they sped around my chamber, and as they passed along the corridor nearest to my bed I thought that I could hear their panting breaths.

At the third round my bedroom door flew open, and the young lady I had seen before dashed in and dropped exhausted upon the sofa. She was followed by a man dressed in black, who carried a murderous-looking knife in his hand. She looked at him imploringly as he stood over her for a instant, but spoke never a word.

In that moment of time I could see their faces with great clearness in the moonlight, and have never forgotten them. The girl was fair, with long hair streaming down her shoulders, and her lovely face was contracted with mortal terror. The man was of medium height, with a low forehead, a dark mustache and an expression that reminded me grotesquely enough of the trademark upon the "Demon" tennis rackets.

I was summoning up courage to spring out of bed when the man raised the hand that grasped the knife. I saw the weapon uplifted above his head. I saw the girl throw up her hands in despair, and then a thick cloud passed over the moon and placed my chamber in total darkness.

The next point in my memory following that awful scene was a loud hammering upon my door and William Howard's cheerful voice demanding to know if I intended to sleep all day. It was 9 o'clock upon a clear October morning, and my bedroom looked as commonplace in the daylight as though it had been situated in a London hotel. I must confess that I examined the sofa, but found no traces of disturbance, and I dressed feeling ashamed of myself for being frightened at an ordinary nightmare. A trashy ghost story of Howard's, a walk around the corner by candle light and an uncomfortable bed were materials enough to furnish twenty similar dreams, and I went down to breakfast resolved to say nothing of my experience.

During the morning we attempted to work at our novel, but Howard was fidgety and restless, with the result that we accomplished very little. After lunch we ordered a trap from the village inn to fetch Mr. Grosvenor's luggage from the station and went there to meet the train.

Mr. Grosvenor was too poor to keep a carriage, his income being limited to the revenue from one or two farms and his large garden. The station, however, was but half a mile distant, and the day being fine we should have preferred to walk, even had we been able to ride.

The train came in, and Mr. Grosvenor shook hands with us and introduced me to his daughter. Upon looking her in the face, I was astonished to see the exact counterpart of the dream girl who had rushed into my bedroom.

Miss Grosvenor, who was very pretty and vivacious, rallied me during the evening upon my low spirits. I was wondering if there has been anything more than coincidence in my vision, to which her appearance had given a strong air of reality. At all events the murderer did not seem to have a place in this little drama, and I determined for the present to hold my tongue.

Of our stay I need say nothing except that Howard fell deeply in love with our host's daughter, but feared to speak.

"Too poor," he said, hopelessly. "Grosvenor will want a son-in-law able to lift the old house up a bit."

Two years later I came home on leave from India, in which country I had obtained an important post, and remained for a few days in town to replenish my wardrobe before paying a few rounds of visits.

As I was walking down Piccadilly one morning I felt a slap on my shoulder, and turning found myself face to face with Howard.

"How go things with you?" I said after mutual greetings had been exchanged. Have you married Miss Grosvenor yet?"

"No," he replied; "I have had no luck whatever in that quarter. She is now engaged to French Johnny. Her father is pretty well off now. The railway was extended through his land and he made shakels over the transaction. They are staying in town at present. You had better call."

"Will you come with me?"

"No thanks. I don't look well as the rejected suitor. But here is their address and mine."

I called upon Grosvenor in due course and was introduced to his daughter's fiancé, one Mr. Dubois. His face seemed familiar to me, and after some moments' thought it burst upon me that he was the dream murderer of two years before. There was not a doubt about it, and I could have sworn to him in the witness-box. He was a man of wealth, had lived many years in England and was thought to be an excellent match. He was by no means young, but had a polished and agreeable manner, with a very rapid and sharp mode of speaking, which was not, I thought, wholly due to his French nationality.

Though I attempted to dismiss my prejudice, he gave me the impression that there was something underhand

about him. He also seemed to think himself suspected, for I caught him watching me furtively as I was talking to Mr. Grosvenor.

I walked home in great perplexity. Here was my dream exactly reproduced, and I had no possible doubt as to the identity of the persons concerned. Yet I could not tell Mr. Grosvenor the story without incurring his ridicule if not his anger, and probably getting into bad odor with his future son-in-law, though for that contingency I cared very little.

At length I resolved to impart the whole matter to Howard. He had found permanent employment in London, and could remain on the watch, whereas I was obliged to return to India in a few weeks. The marriage was not to take place for at least six months. This would give him time to examine Dubois' antecedents.

Howard was much surprised at my story, and declared that he thought Dubois to be a scoundrel from the first. This was likely enough in a rejected suitor, but at the same time his instincts corresponded with mine, and at his earnest request I determined to tell the whole to Mr. Grosvenor.

Howard undertook to keep strict watch on Dubois' movements and to let me hear of any new developments the case might present.

The next day I called upon Mr. Grosvenor, and requesting a private interview, put the whole matter before him.

"This is very extraordinary," he said, when I had finished. "Curiously enough, the young couple are to live at Cullingham and occupy that very room when the honeymoon is over. But what can I do? His antecedents seem unquestionable. He is the son of a French count, his parents are dead, and he has dropped his title. I have verified all the statements he has made, and, though I do not profess to like the man, I really have nothing against him, and my daughter is devoted to him."

"Well," I returned, "perhaps it is no affair of mine. I thought I ought to tell you what I saw before I returned to India. At the same time I hope that you understand my motives are wholly disinterested."

"I owe you many thanks for performing what might be thought a purely imaginary duty and an unpleasant one as well. Have you told anyone else?"

"No one but Howard."

"Then I will make fresh inquiries. I do not anticipate any result, but it is as well to be sure."

His daughter came in at that moment, and it was distressing to see the wistful look in his eyes as he lifted her hand for a moment and gazed into her face.

Six months later, when I was staying at Simla, I received a letter from Howard. He wrote:

"We have settled Dubois' hash. He will not be seen any more. I put on a private detective, who found out that Dubois had been kept in a French asylum for some years as a homicidal maniac. The hypnotic school of physicians professed to have cured him, and I think had really done so for a time, but he was getting strange in his manner, and when asked about the asylum, though the question was put in the most delicate way he flew at Grosvenor like a tiger and attempted to strangle him. Help was fortunately at hand, and he was put under lock and key. We cannot account for your dream by any theory. Dubois had never even seen Cullingham. I can only suppose it was meant as a warning, and, in fact it has been the means of avoiding what might have been an awful tragedy, and of bringing about, I hope, what will be the greatest happiness of my life."—Good Company.

Butter and Wheat.

Some one having a bent for statistics has figured out that the people of this country eat about four pounds of butter for each bushel of wheat, consumed. It is not to be supposed that this amount is all eaten in the form of "bread and butter," but the ratio between these two articles is not disturbed by any variation in the way they are used. Taking the four pounds of butter as a proper balance for a bushel of wheat, our farmers are, at the present prices of the two articles, getting more for the former than the latter; and if we look back over the market reports for the past fifty years we find that the four-to-one rule has not deviated to any considerable extent during any one entire decade. As consumers of butter we probably lead all other nations, and if we could only say that we led in quality as well as quantity it would be something to be proud of, but, unfortunately, we must forego that honor.

—New York Sun.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

AN ARAB DAIRYMAID.

One of the largest dairy concerns of Northwest India is in Allahabad, and is owned and managed by Miss Frances Abdulla, the daughter of a well known Arab chief. She also carries on the "Ali Abdallah Stables," and the "Zoe Memorial Institute," a temporary home for gentlemen seeking employment.—New York Tribune.

ENGAGEMENT BANGLES.

The strictly up-to-date swain will present his fiancée with an engagement bangle before he gives her the ring. The bangle is most simple in design, simply a slender circle of gold, with a hidden spring. Once placed on the arm, it is there to remain until increasing flesh or decreasing affection demands its removal. This can only be done with a jeweler's file.—New York World.

WOMAN'S HAIR AND CURLING TONGS.

The face of woman, it has been stated, "burned the topless towers of Ilium." The statement however, is poetic, and the towers that were fired were, after all, only Ilium's affair. But the head, which means, of course, the hair of woman, is now roundly declared, has very nearly fired one ship, and may, for aught we know have fired a thousand. For it seems that when woman goes down to sea in ships she is apt to secrete about her a potential conflagration in the shape of a spirit lamp. She wants this apparatus to heat the tongs with which she communicates those artless undulations to her hair that the ocean air does not agree with. So, in the privacy of her stateroom, she fills her lamp continuously with the contraband fuel, strikes the careless match, and lights the irresponsible flame. Her things are disposed conveniently all around. The stateroom wabbles more or less—and something happens, not in Ilium, that is quite prosaic, and concerns us all. There does not seem any help for it either. She needs must curl her hair. The only way to stop her that appears to have suggested itself to anybody is, that stewardesses should be straightway charged to confiscate her lamp? And what then? A stewardess, after all, is a woman too. Is it to be supposed that she doesn't curl her hair, or that she hasn't a curling apparatus of her own. We throw not.—Pall Mall Gazette.

BUTTONS IN VOGUE.

Buttons have not for years assumed the prominence which is to be given them this season. Not only are those of smoked pearl and bone considered indispensable, but others in which stones of every hue are blended with silver, gold or jet. To such a degree of beauty are the buttons carried that it is often difficult to distinguish the real from the semi-precious gems which are used in their manufacture. This is especially true of the recent importations from Vienna and Paris. Rhinestones are perhaps the most common, for combinations with them are easily produced and very effective. Roman pearls of pink, black and white surrounded by small rhinestones form some of the handsomest and most expensive buttons, but these are not larger than a dime. Others of opals, rubies, emeralds and mosaics, most of which are finished by a rhinestone setting are very popular, they are rich in effect and are seen as large as a half dollar. Miniatures set in a circle of flashing stones are very fashionable, particularly those Marie Antoinette which are worn in a cravat of mull a la Potter. Large buttons of Russian enamel, cameo and others of filigree gold and silver will all figure conspicuously on the winter garments, vests and house gowns. There are daisies made of gilt, thickly studded with rhinestones or pearls, that are also very beautiful. Jewelers are making many buttons of precious stones, and those who are fortunate enough to possess gems that have been lying idle in jewel boxes are now having them reset for this use. This fashion was revived in Paris, and it is difficult to know how long this luxurious fad will continue.

FASHION NOTES.

Buttons are conspicuous on every gown of fashion this fall.

Toques of braided felt make useful little hats for every-day wear.

A pretty little imported bonnet has a tiny round crown, made of basket braid, with full rosettes made of straw at each side.

A wide-brimmed hat of felt has a trimming of wide ribbon in Alafrican bow fashion. There is no other finish except a jeweled ornament.

Silk or velvet of a light shade of geranium pink, turquoise of a delicate mauve may be worn with the useful and economical silk lined black shirt.

For elegant dress garnitures are shown expensive passementeries, buckles and buttons made to match, the buttons, in various sizes, to be used on different portions of the costume.

A noted French designer uses very pretty basket-woven silks in little checks of rose-color, cream and green, cerise, petunia and pale brown, fawn color, violet and old rose, etc., for youthful-looking gowns.

A handsome jacket of velvet is lined with ermine. The sleeves are in leg-of-mutton shape, and the fur extends just below the material to give a finish at the wrists. An edging of the fur is placed all around the garment, and the pocketflaps are lined with the same.

A fur collar and vest is a novelty. The collar is high and wide and slightly flaring. The vest extends to the waist-line, and a ribbon tied around the waist holds it in place. The cape or cloak is put on over this, and with the lapels turned back, makes a pretty finish.

"It is really amazing how crushing

the verdict of these people is on such subjects. As a matter of fact, it does not take a very great deal of skill or sense to make over a fur garment if one brings a little reason and judgment into play. First of all, it is necessary to have a very sharp knife to cut the fur, all of which is done on the back or skin side. Whatever pattern is required must be marked out with a pencil, then the skin is cut according to the marks.

"Not long since a lady had a very large and handsome cloak lining of ermine. It was quite as good as new, never having been worn but once or twice, but had lain away among some ancestral finery. Upon asking the advice of a furrier, she was told that the fur was worth but very little; that she might possibly use it for trimmings or something, but in a commercial sense, it had no value whatever. Disgusted and disappointed, she went home with her parcel, and after recovering from the blow, made up her mind to see what she could do with it herself. Using a little mother-wit and a great deal of care, she fashioned a cape lining from the contemptuously treated material that was the envy of all her friends."

Most ermine is made up in strips, and in order to make the best of it it is well to rip these strips apart. Each one will then contain a row of black tails, which are the distinguishing features of this fur. For the present style of cape, one may take accurate measures, cut out a little V-shaped piece from the top edge, sew up the place, then split the lower edge and insert the V. This gives the circles necessary for the cape. Of course, this may be a slow and tedious process, but it brings the desired result and utilizes the material to the best advantage. In order to shape the lining properly, the cloth or an inner lining should be cut of precisely the size. Spread this on a table and baste the fur on as fast as it is finished, frequently spreading it out and smoothing it to see that it is in symmetrical form. When the lining is finished, it should be nearly or quite an inch narrower than the circle of the outside. This is necessary, because if it is as wide by measure, when the garment is on, the lining will hang full and interfere with the fit of it. If one has a skirt form, it is a good idea to put the cape upon this, having drawn in the belt tape to the smallest limit, then shake the material and pat it smoothly, putting in an occasional fine needle or a stitch of fine thread to keep in place. It must be only just so much smaller as to be smooth. If it is too tight, the outside will bag and be ungraceful.

In finishing fur linings the edges should be turned in and sewed down with a tape. Just how this is done one may best ascertain by ripping a few stitches in a handsome fur garment and examining the way in which the edges are turned. The stitches can easily be replaced, and the knowledge acquired in this way is worth all the trouble it costs.—New York Ledger.

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