

The church-going habit is infinitely stronger in New York City than it is in any of the Western cities.

The State of Connecticut is in imperative need of more income or largely reduced expenditures, for it spent \$527,433.09 more than its income in 1896.

The New England States have become, as the returns show, the best recruiting ground for the Socialists. They polled 2,141 votes in Massachusetts, 1,223 in Connecticut and 558 in Rhode Island.

The total vote cast for presidential electors at the recent contest was 13,900,000. The popular vote in 1892 was 12,110,000. In 1888 it was 11,400,000. There was at the recent election a fuller vote in proportion to the population than at any preceding presidential contest.

According to the Revue Scientifique a German physician has established a sanitarium in the mountains of Carniola, Austria, for the latest mode of treating chronic diseases by allowing the patients to wander about outdoors, in all kinds of weather, without any clothing whatever.

The reform pawnshop conducted in New York City by a number of philanthropists is paying six percent on the \$200,000 invested, and a number of branches will be established. One percent a month is the interest charged while the rate of the regular pawn shops is 2 1/2 per cent.

In his weekly review of business Henry Clews, the well-known New York financier, says that "credit is needed to restore impaired capital and resume suspended operations." He adds that "we have now entered on a phase in which a great revival of trade is inevitable. The feeling everywhere is in favor of a hopeful business outlook."

The New York Tribune remarks: The list of heroes of the African race is not overcrowded, and Maceo finds plenty of room on its roster. Irrespective of his race, he will be eternally remembered by Cuba as one of her martyrs and deliverers. His were the deeds that shine in the sudden making of splendid names, and his place in history is in no need of a trocha to defend it.

Says the St. Louis Republic: The wail over the proof of the degeneracy of American society to be found on the divorce records is not justified by the facts. The marriages that find their way into the divorce courts are few and far between. Because the divorce cases always crop out in print and the happy marriages run along in obscurity, the social reformers conclude that society is going to destruction.

Census figures show that the most intelligent of the immigrants to America are Scandinavians. From Denmark, Norway and Sweden come the fewest persons who are unable to read and write, the fewest that have to be sent back by the emigration commissioners. These sturdy, freedom-loving blonds from the north are also among the healthiest and hardiest of our population. The infusion of their clean, strong blood—which, by the way, is mingled in the veins of nearly all the royal families of Europe—will do much toward making the perfect American race of the future.

Says the New York Tribune: "Here in the United States a notable decrease is to be observed in the courtesy of men toward one another during the last two decades. Twenty years ago men of the best class in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington—I mention the cities where I had most occasion to study manners in 1875 and 1876—rarely met one another out of doors without raising their hats from their heads. In this country, as in England, it is by no means uncommon to hear men of birth and breeding giving one another the lie, if not in so many words, at any rate by means of a point blank denial of a statement made. It is difficult to conceive anything more discourteous to a man of delicacy and refinement, and yet it is thought quite natural and unworthy of being resented. Twenty and thirty years ago the American enjoyed throughout Europe a well-deserved reputation, and even celebrity, for the courtesies and chivalry of his manners toward women. Now he is no longer entitled thereto, and his behavior in this respect is rapidly becoming as boorish and as rude as that of his English cousin, whom he endeavors to outdo with such pathetic deference and fidelity."

A Good Story



Mrs. Buckler's Sweet Apples.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Autumn was just beginning to reveal herself in the heart of South Mountain—the gorgeous autumn of western Nova Scotia. It was about eight o'clock in the morning, and the air that streamed lightly over the shoulders of the hills had a most bracing savor. Mrs. Buckler, a freckled but comely and tall young woman, was just setting out for a twelve-mile tramp to the little settlement in the Valley, where she had to return a flatiron and a pair of wool-cards which she had borrowed from an obliging neighbor.

Neighbors, in those days, were few and far between in the country districts of Nova Scotia. The great emptiness created by the expulsion of the Acadians had not yet been filled up. For the neighbors, it behooved them to be neighborly.

Mrs. Buckler was an untiring worker, and her rare visits to the Valley constituted her only holiday. She had to walk, of course, as her husband had no horse, and she had no ambition to ride one of the faithful but extremely deliberate oxen. And, indeed, a matter of twelve miles seemed nothing of consequence to her.

"Be sure and get back before dark, 'Miry!' admonished her husband, leaning meditatively against the woodpile as he watched her kiss the children for good-by.

"Shoo! Steve, I reckon you can put the babies to bed all right for once, can't you? It ain't often I get off; and when I do, I like to make a good day of it!"

"It ain't lookin' after the children that I'm thinking of, 'Miry, as you know right well!" replied Steve Buckler, earnestly. "But you know how thick the bears are on the mountain this year; and there's no manner of doubt that was a wolf brushed by me in the pasture night before last. It ain't safe for you to be coming up through the woods after dark all alone that way. Stay all night, if you find it getting late!"

"Oh! I ain't afraid!" averred Mrs. Buckler, stoutly. "I may get back afore dark; but if I don't, I'll be careful and carry a light with me!"

These confident words she flung back over her shoulders, as she started gaily down the rough woodland way.

Arriving in due time at the settlement in the Valley, she did her errands, picked up the news, and richly enjoyed the rare luxury of a gossip. Time went all too quickly; and it was on the edge of dark ere she thought of starting for home. Then, of course, there were vehement protests. Her friends urged her to stay all night, picturing the perils of the journey, and representing that her husband would never dream of expecting her. But Mrs. Buckler, as her friends always said, was very "set." Putting aside all arguments, she started out on her long and lonely tramp.

She had little to carry, but that little was somewhat troublesome to manage. It was an apronful of sweet apples for the children, a treat which she knew they would enjoy. Sweet apples were then a rarity in South Mountain. When at length Mrs. Buckler reached the last house on the edge of the Valley, and found herself face to face with the long climb up the mountain, she felt compelled to acknowledge in her heart that the night was very dark. And she had yet four miles to go, through almost unbroken woods. In those four miles there were but two cabins to break the monotony of the way; and the further of these was a mile and a half from her home. She hesitated a moment, then went into the house, and asked for a pine-knot to light her on her journey.

Here again she was urged to stay; but lighting her torch she set her face resolutely to the mountain side. As she penetrated among the ancient trees the unsteady light of the pine-knot cast strangely moving shadows, and monstrous shapes seemed to spring up and disappear on all sides. For

the first time she grew nervous, and felt an inclination to glance over her shoulder. This she presently conquered with some scorn. Nevertheless, she could not help hastening her steps; and the first cabin in the mountain had the air of a refuge to her, as she turned in to get a fresh pine-knot.

Here, too, she was strongly pressed to end her journey for the night. But now her obstinacy was well aroused. She was nettled at herself for having felt afraid. It was with something of the air of one who goes forth to battle that she gripped her torch and clutched her apron of sweet apples, as she turned again to the blackness of the forest path.

Between this cabin and the next the distance was but half a mile. Her nerves were now getting so well steadied that she no longer cared for the looming and shifting shadows, till at length a shadow distinctly smaller than the rest made the underbrush rustle audibly with its motion. Her heart gave a most uncomfortable leap, and she straightway thought of the wolf which her husband had spoken of. But, wolf or shadow, it fled away without menacing her; and she came in safety to the last cabin between her and home.

Here the neighbors were asleep, and she had to arouse them in order to beg another pine-knot. The one which she had got at the previous house was by no means burned out, but she feared lest it should fail before the end of her journey. The sleepy neighbors were astonished at her appearance. They threatened to detain her by force, when she refused their invitation to stay all night with them. But Mrs. Buckler was by this time a good deal "worked up," as she afterwards expressed herself; and she treated their kind persuasions with scant courtesy. She almost ran from the house; but in her apron, among the sweet apples, she carried the extra pine-knot, all the same.

To ward off unpleasant thoughts, she kept picturing in her mind the way the children would enjoy the apples in the morning. She also thought of the remonstrances, tempered with ill-concealed admiration, with which her husband would greet her return. Her blood quite glowed again as she thought of the lofty fashion in which she would make light of it all. Just at this moment she saw, in the middle of the path before her, a large black bear, watching her curiously.

Her heart stood still, and she herself instantly followed his example. Then she reflected that she must appear calmly indifferent, if she would hope to escape. Slowly she moved forward again, waving her torch; and the bear, stepping out of the path, watched her steadily from among the underbrush as she went by. Then he stepped back into the path and followed her.

Her first and most natural impulse was to run like the wind for home, but this, after one startled leap forward, she checked with a mighty effort of her will. She walked on with swift but steady steps, watching the bear out of the corner of her eye, but all the time clutching obstinately at her apronful of apples. The bear, very slowly, kept drawing closer and closer, bent upon attacking, but evidently deterred by dread of the torch.

But the torch, meanwhile, was burning low; and Mrs. Buckler, in her excitement, failed at first to notice this. She was holding the pine-knot over her shoulder, as a sort of shield against her pursuer. When, with a sinking at the knees, she realized that it was on the point of flickering out, she tried hastily to light the other; and in the effort some of her treasured apples fell out of her apron, and rolled behind her on the path.

As soon as the bear came to these apples he stopped, and began devouring them with the keenest relish.

"Why!" thought Mrs. Buckler, with a sudden lightning of her load of terror; "it's not me he's after, but the sweet apples!" and straightway all her old courage returned.

She paused, and took time to light her new pine-knot deliberately and well. Then she hurried on; and it was some minutes before her pursuer was again at her heels.

And now, so sudden are the revelations of a woman's feelings, she was concerned only for the sweet apples. They were the children's apples; and it went sorely against her grain to let a bear have any of them. Not until

he had come most uncomfortably close could she bring herself to again propitiate him; and then she doled out but three of the precious green globes, dropping them on the path behind her with slow reluctance.

The animal took perhaps a quarter of a minute to dispose of this niggardly contribution, and then came on again with a sort of hopeful confidence.

"No!" declared Mrs. Buckler, firmly, "you ain't goin' to have another one!" and she fairly broke into a run. But when that heavy, shambling gallop sounded close at her back, her resolution weakened, and she dropped a couple more out of the apron. While the much gratified bear delayed to eat these, she rounded a turn of the road, and was gladdened by the sight of her own window glimmering some two hundred yards in front.

Calling her husband's name two or three times at the top of her voice, till she saw him fling open the door and rush out to meet her, she hugged the remnant of the apples to her breast, flung her torch at the bear, and sped like a deer toward the house. Whether the bear followed her further or not, she never knew. It certainly did not come near enough to the house for her husband to catch sight of it, for, as she flung herself into his arms, panting, triumphant, halfway between laughter and tears, he asked her what was the matter.

"Matter!" she cried, indignantly, "That's just like a man, after all I've gone through to get home!" And she pulled him violently into the house and slammed the door.

Steve Buckler was quite too judicious to remind her of the fact that he had urged her either to come home before dark, or else stay all night. He did not even let it appear in his face for an instant that he thought of such a thing. He listened to the story with all the breathless excitement that she had anticipated, praised her bravery and resource, vowed to shoot the bear next day, ate one of the sweet apples, and then, being very sleepy, went to bed. But Mrs. Buckler, before she followed his example, proudly tucked several of the apples under the children's pillows.—The Independent.

To Care for Paroled Prisoners.

The Interior, Chicago, speaking of the Illinois Industrial Association, organized for the purpose of aiding discharged criminals, says:

"The State expends at least \$2,000,000 each year in punishing criminals. It spends scarcely anything for their reform. The association above named is endeavoring to supplement the work of the State in the last named department. Every month at least, 100 ex-convicts come to Chicago from the prisons of Illinois and surrounding States. Of this number there are many who have served but a single term in prison and are anxious to begin a new life. No man is more helpless than the discharged prisoner. It is not strange that most of them return to criminal ways again.

"Under the law passed a year ago, most convicted prisoners are given an indeterminate sentence. After a certain time, they can be released by the prison commissioners on parole, if their behavior has been such as to warrant it. But some persons must become responsible for the man discharged, agreeing to see that he has steady employment, and otherwise to watch over him. The difficulty is in finding such sponsors. This difficulty the Illinois Industrial Association can meet if it is furnished the means. It is planning to extend its organization throughout the State at once, so that it may have representatives in every county who will interest themselves in finding persons to care for paroled prisoners."

Monuments in Our Great Cities.

Our great cities are not now exactly poor in statues; but the exceedingly accidental character of these memorials, due to the fact that they are mainly the result of private subscription, is evidenced by a glance at the public out-of-door statues and other memorials in New York city. To American literary men, distinctly as literary men, not one statue has been raised in that city; but there are statues of Shakespeare, Walter Scott, and Robert Burns. One bust of an American author—Washington Irving—is found; and there are also busts of Corvantes, Schiller, and Thomas Moore! It would be hard to object to these memorials of Old-World authors provided they are works of art; but one would like to see them accompanied by at least as many Americans.—Atlantic Monthly.

In France there is a law compelling physicians to write their prescriptions in the language of the country.



GERMAN BUSINESS WOMEN.
The registration of business in Germany has had the effect of showing how large is the number of women engaged in trade. In Chemnitz alone 6,000 retail businesses and workshops are the property of women.—Philadelphia Press.

A RIVAL TO THE FUR MUFF.
The large Empire muffs made of velvet, satin ribbon, chiffon, etc., are elegant rivals of the muffs of various furs. A fur lining is now very generally put into both muffs of fur and the fancy styles. As the ostensible object of this appendage of the toilet is to keep the hands warm, it is curious that no one thought earlier of the fur lining. A cheaper grade of undyed fur that is proof against rubbing off on the gloves answers very well if the muff is velvet, but sable, otter, seal, mink, and other expensive fur muffs should be lined in unison.—New York Post.

CORSETS GONE BY.
If it really is true that the Queen of Portugal has ordered the women of the court to remove their corsets, we may look out for a fresh assortment of modes. Style in gowns will change, because the fitted frock as we wear it today is not pleasing without stays. Interest in physical culture will intensify greatly, since with less expected of dress more will be required of figure under the clothing. Modes in hats shift with those in gowns, and the same is true of shoes.

Why would it not be an excellent idea to let all of us see in that way the effect of tight clothing upon women? Of course, common sense would revolt against the exhibition, just as common sense is, and has been, opposed to every effort of the human being to become acquainted with himself. But we are not all governed by common sense, thank heaven! Let us know the worst about woman and her corsets. It can not be so bad in its effect as not to know it.—St. Louis Star.

A SOUTH AFRICAN HEROINE.
Wives of distinguished men, but especially of traveling and fighting men, whose career of personal adventure demands frequent and prolonged absence from the home of domestic felicity, ought not to be forgotten, says the London Illustrated News, when we talk of the exploits of manhood. But Mrs. Colenbrander, of Matabeleland, South Africa, is not a stay-at-home lady, having been her husband's constant companion in that country since he went to Bulawayo, in 1890, to negotiate with King Lobengula for the mining privileges, which were quickly converted into the territorial occupation of Mashonaland, the building of forts, the organization of a military force, and finally the conquest of all Lobengula's dominions by the administrators of the Chartered Company. We believe that Mrs. Colenbrander, though she rides and shoots as straight as most men, has never been present at any of the actual fighting. She knows the native languages and the native manners and character probably better than any English missionary's wife, and the natives like her so much that she had no fear whatever in accompanying her husband.

MISS WARNER OF CHICAGO.
A Chicago woman is famous for her assertiveness. She is not only able to take care of herself, but usually takes a hand in whatever is going on about her. A Miss Warner of Chicago, did this in quite a notable way a few days ago. As she was walking on one of the business streets she saw a drayman beating his horse unmercifully. The animal seemed to be half starved, and because he did not move rapidly with an enormous load his brutal master lashed him at every step. Miss Warner appealed to several men to interfere, but they refused to do so. No policeman was in sight, and finally Miss Warner's patience gave way. She rushed upon the cruel driver, and before he realized what her intentions were, she seized the whip with which he was beating his

feeble horse, and gave him a taste of his own medicine. The fellow leaped from his wagon, but the irate woman kept up with him and gave him a lashing which he will never forget. After cutting him severely several times, she finished by breaking the whip over his head. A big crowd gathered on the scene, and Miss Warner was loudly cheered as she finished her righteous work. A policeman who had been attracted by the disturbance asked her name but did not arrest her. It seemed to be the opinion of the citizens and the officer present, that the plucky woman had asserted the higher law, and that she deserved thanks rather than punishment—an opinion with which we heartily agree.—Atlanta Journal.

WHY SHE TAKES HIS NAME.
The practice of a woman changing her name on marriage originated from a Roman custom, and came into use after the Roman occupation, says a writer in the Commercial Tribune. Thus, Julia and Octavia, married to Pompey and Cicero, were called by the Romans Julia of Pompey, Octavia of Cicero, and in later times women in most European countries signed their names in the same way, but omitted the "of." On the other hand, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the usage seems doubtful, since we find Catharine Barr so signing herself after she had twice married, and we always hear of Lady Jane Grey (not Dudley), Arabella Stuart (not Seymour), etc.

Some persons think that the custom originated from the Scriptural teaching that husband and wife are one. This was the rule of law, so far back as Braeton, and it was decided in the case of Von vs. Smith, in the reign of Elizabeth, that a woman by marriage loses her former name and legally receives the name of her husband. The custom, however, is not universal. In Spain and Portugal married women do not take the names of their husbands, but continue to be known by their own. In many parts of the United States a woman never relinquishes her maiden name, and is called by it as often as by that of her husband. Even in the rural parts of England one often finds a married woman called by her maiden name, and in country districts of Scotland it is sometimes found that both names are used. In many parts of France and Belgium the husband's and wife's names are used together when either of them is mentioned.—New York Tribune.

FASHION NOTES.
Flowered taffeta ribbon with the design outlined in gold and silver threads is seen in sash widths. Rose, black, two shades of green, corn color and white are shown in an English imported dress. Toques made of velvet, edged with fur and trimmed with jaunty aigrettes set on the left side, are seen in many of the milliners' windows. Velvet muffs to match velvet hats are popular. They are lined with silk the color of the hat trimming, and are bordered with fur or with feather trimming. Bolero jackets of black velvet, edged with a narrow border of mink, beyond which a double frill of black chiffon extends a little, are among the pretty dress novelties.

A great deal of embroidery is used. Entire waists and sleeves of embroidery are made up and draped with ribbons, silk, velvet or the material of the dress with which the waist is to be worn.

Some of the new capes for theatre and opera wear have big rosettes of chiffon on each side of the collar where it fastens in front, and from these long ends of chiffon float almost to the bottom of the skirt.

Hairdressing is becoming something fearfully and wonderfully complicated. Heads are bushy, bushy and frizzly beyond belief. There is an evident action in favor of massive styles, and the very free use of false locks is predicted. Curls also are returning in favor, and puffs, crimps and waves are decidedly in the ascendant.