

Instruction in English has been added to the curriculum of the public schools of Mexico.

It takes each year 200,000 acres of forest to supply crossties for the railroads of the United States.

A proposition to reorganize forty counties in Western Kansas in four large ones is being agitated in that State.

Iceland, in the North Atlantic; the Isle of Man, between England and Ireland; Pitcairn Island, in the South Pacific, have full woman suffrage.

And now it is claimed that the jawbones of civilized peoples are gradually becoming attenuated, chiefly owing to the prolonged use of knives and forks.

The high hat nuisance in American theatres is completely outdone in Japan. On payment of a small fee an auditor is allowed to stand up during the performance.

Tenant farming in Great Britain is much more general than supposed. Many. Out of nearly 33,000,000 acres of cultivated land in '95, nearly 28,000,000 were occupied by tenants.

Not long ago the United States Government was asked to appropriate \$1,000,000 for the suppression of the Russian thistle in the northwest. Now a South Dakota mill owner has offered \$1.50 a ton for all the thistles which may be delivered at his factory. He says it is nearly as good as coal for fuel.

One who has made a study of dyspepsia claims that in a large number of cases the disturbance is due to the use of lard. He suggests the liberal use of beef tallow to the exclusion of all pork fat as a remedy. He says a person who is fond of "grease" can saturate his food in this with no resulting digestive disorder.

The officers of the Philadelphia public library say that as this description of institution grows in age the demand for light literature decreases, there being a corresponding increase in the demand for a more substantial article. The rule of the Philadelphia library permits a reader to have two books out at one time, but only one book of fiction is allowed.

A heraldic authority in the Saturday Review orally says that out of the 231 worthy men who form the London Common Council, only three are legally "gentlemen." This must be a shock to the 228 who are accused of appropriating from old families, with whom they have no connection, the crests, the noble mottoes, and the complicated quarterings which they bear so proudly.

The Memphis Commercial Appeal says: The on-looker in literature may well ask himself where the humor in the New Humor comes in. Certainly the distortions in orthography have long since ceased to possess the risible element. There is nothing funny in saying "do" and "dat" for "the" and "that," and the man on the alert for a laugh has a right to demand that a joke shall have a point to it, and that there shall be something essentially humorous in that which is labelled humor.

Writing in Scribner's on the subject of ill-advised Sunday-school literature, Miss Agnes Repplier observes, among other things, that nothing is more unwholesome for children than dejection, which is especially pernicious when served out to young folks in their literary food. "It is time we admitted," she says, "even into religious fiction, some of the conscious joys of a not altogether miserable world." Miss Repplier instances the case of a little nine-year-old household maid who was neat, capable and good-tempered, but so perpetually downcast that she threw a cloud over the spirits of all about her. Before long the cause of melancholy was discovered, in the shape of a book purporting to give the experience of a missionary in a larger city. The book was made up of nine separate stories, with titles as follows: "The Infidel," "The Dying Banker," "The Drunkard's Death," "The Miser's Death," "The Hospital," "The Wanderer's Death," "The Dying Shirt Maker," "The Broken Heart," "The Destitute Poor." No wonder the little household maid had no spirits left after tarrying in such a literary mortuary chapel as that, admits the New York Observer. Children need to have their sympathies trained, as well as their wits, but there is no sense in deluging them with the sorrows of the world. Nothing can make up to a boy or girl for the loss of its happy, exuberant childhood.

A Good Story



A Pretty Widow's Story.

BY W. J. LAMPSON.

The widow was not wearing weeds, neither was she plunged in a gulf of dark despair, nor did she show any signs of those other dreadfully woe-begone conditions which are sometimes attributed to the state of widowhood, not only in America and its environs, but pretty generally over the entire earth's surface.

On the contrary she was as bright and vivacious as a summer girl, and she was talking to the major in seventeen languages all at once. At least, it so seemed to him, for he hadn't the slightest opportunity of introducing a word into the conversation sideways, even much less introducing it, according to the ordinary rules of colloquy.

"Do you know, major," she was saying as fast as she could, and with little gasps for breath between, as women do when their conversational locomotive begins to "run wild," "that I had a perfectly dreadful experience once in my life?"

The major wanted to say that he could not understand how such a charming woman could have any kind of an experience that was not as lovely as she was, but he wasn't quick enough.

"Well, I did," she rattled away, "and, you know, it was during dear George's lifetime, and it was perfectly awful. My, my," this with half a sigh, "you wouldn't think I had been a widow ten years, would you?"

The major was on the point of saying that she seemed to him more like a radiant sunbeam, or something like that, for the major has a flattering tongue; but before he could carry his wish into execution the widow was five lengths ahead.

"Very few people do," she twittered. "Do you think I look very old?" and she cast her head to one side, and looked at the major as a bird looks at a bug it wants for dinner.

The major was about to say that he thought she was a summer girl before some one told him she was a widow, but, as before, he was left at the post.

"But, as I was saying," she continued, "I had this perfectly awful experience. You know that dear George during the last two years of his life, was suffering with some peculiar brain trouble that quite changed him. His hallucination was that he was some other person, and that while I was his wife, I was not the same wife he had known in his sanity. This seemed to be the only peculiarity of his madness, for on all other points he was quite sane enough to deceive even experts. Of course, I had to watch him all the time, for the physician said his disorder might develop at any moment, and he might do something desperate, though it was not probable that it would take such a turn.

"One morning he slipped away from his attendant and escaped to a train that was just leaving the station. The man had grown careless, because George was so rational all the time, but when he lost him he realized that he had been neglectful, and at once came after me to know what to do. I was not at home, and did not come in for two hours, and the man was so silly, or something, that he didn't go to the physician, but just waited for me. When he told me of George's escape I sent for the physician and a private detective, and as soon as possible the detective followed my husband. The physician encouraged me greatly by saying that George was perfectly able to take care of himself, that he had no suicidal tendency, and that he would very probably find him at some of the near-by resorts, as it was summer, and the hotels were all open, if he did not return of his own free will in a few days.

"He had quite a snug sum of money with him, and I felt easy on that score, for he could meet all his expenses, and knew very well how to handle money. Still, I was dreadfully nervous, and

excited, and, as I could not sit at home, I used to go out on short trips looking for him. The detective was also out constantly, but he had met with no success in his search and at the end of two weeks I determined to sound a general alarm, so to speak, and give the story to the newspapers, when, on one of my expeditions, I unexpectedly found him in a remote little town, where there were very few summer visitors. He had been there since his departure from home, and I soon discovered that he was on excellent terms with everybody. He was very glad to see me at first, and took me around to meet his new friends. Of course, it wasn't customary for a lady to call first, but I was thinking about George, and not social usage, and would have done anything he asked me.

"The townspeople were extremely fond of him, and he had been so generous in his charities that he was looked upon as a public benefactor. To have told them that George was a lunatic, however mild, would have resulted in my being thought one, and during the afternoon of my arrival I kept my own counsel and telegraphed at once for the physician and attendant. No train was due until next morning, and all I could do was to wait and keep quiet. There was no trouble with George until just after we had taken our supper at the little hotel where he stopped, and had gone to his room. There is something I said must have indicated to him in some way that I had some design against his liberty, or something, I don't know what, and he began to act queerly and show that he was suspicious of me.

"I had been under such a dreadful strain for so long that I was completely unnerved, and now that I had found him I felt myself relaxing and verging upon hysterics. I tried to control myself and get him to thinking about something else, but suddenly and without any warning, he caught me and began to choke me. Of course, I screamed, and screamed with all my might, and in a minute or two people came rushing to the room, inquiring what was the matter. As they came in George held me struggling in his arms, but he was cooler than any one in the party, and was talking to me like a mother to a fretful or frightened child, and doing all he could to soothe me. But by this time I was so wrought up that I could not keep still, and when George very quietly told them that I was demented, and became extremely violent at times, lasting for months, they believed him and asked what could be done.

"He asked that a physician and a policeman be sent for, and a messenger went flying, and soon came back with them. They held a council over me, and upon George's suggestion that I be put in a safe place for the night, I was taken to the woman's cell in the town prison and locked up in charge of a woman nurse, who had volunteered her services, as she had had experience with lunatics. Wasn't that perfectly awful? I, a sane woman, to be locked up on a charge of lunacy, brought by a lunatic?"

The major was anxious to say that he had never heard of such an outrage perpetrated in a civilized land, but the widow ran over him and went on.

"Well, it was awful, and the more I tried to convince the woman that it was my husband who was crazy, the more she shook her head kindly and told me she knew it, and that I was put in there only to protect me from him. That made me worse, and I would go off into hysterics again, and I never slept a wink all night. When morning came I was more nearly a raving maniac than the real lunatic was, and when George came to see me, his emotions were painful to see, and he cried like a baby over me, the nurse all the time trying to cheer him up by telling him that I had been quiet most of the night, and I would soon recover from the fit.

"He shook his head sadly and went away to return in an hour with the physician. They talked over me as if I could not understand anything they were saying, and on George's earnest recommendation the physician agreed that the best thing to be done was to commit me to an asylum until it was thought safe to release me. There was a private asylum not far away, and it was decided to take me there at once. It was now 9 o'clock, and George's physician and attendant

would not reach the town until 10, by which time I would be on my way to the asylum, if not on my way to permanent lunacy, for the strain was then all I could bear. I told the physician to wait, and tried to explain to him the situation, and all he did was to say he understood perfectly, and that we were only going for a drive into the country to visit some of George's friends who were anxious to entertain us for a few days. All this time the nurse was getting me ready for my trip, and I was doing all I could to gain a delay of an hour until the train should come, and I prayed that it would not be late.

"Despite all efforts to the contrary, the nurse reported me ready for the carriage which was in waiting at the prison door, and they picked me up and carried me out to it. There was quite a crowd around the place all curious, of course, and it had a good effect upon me, for instead of creating any disturbance, I submitted quietly in order not to make a scene. The physician, George and the nurse got into the carriage after me, and we started away for the horrid asylum. I composed myself for whatever might come now, and sat silent, gazing out of the carriage window, when, as we turned into the open space at the railroad station, which we had to pass, I saw my own physician and George's attendant. In a second I had smashed the carriage window, and thrusting out my head screamed for help, calling the doctor by name. They were only the width of a street away, and as the driver of the carriage did not know anything about what was going on, he stopped to see what was wrong and the next minute I was out of the carriage and had fainted in the physician's arms."

The major was about to remark that the one regret of his life was that he was not that physician, but the widow had her mind and her tongue on her story, and once more flew away from the major.

"Of course, explanations were in order, and it was not long before the true state of the case was made known, greatly to the astonishment of everybody except George. He took it as a matter of course, and laughed over it as a great joke, without apparently understanding what he had done, and he went back to town with us as submissively as could be, never losing his temper in the slightest degree. Within a couple of months after that he grew rapidly worse, and death soon brought him a blessed relief." Here the widow hesitated and sighed.

"And I may say a blessed relief to me as well, for I would have lost my mind, I am sure."

At this point the widow stopped long enough to give the major an opportunity to make a few remarks, which he did advisedly, seeing that the major, on general principles, regards widows pretty much as did the father of the late Sam Weller.—Washington Star.

"Tar and Feathers" Not American.

"There is a general impression in this country at least, that the institution known as 'tar and feathers' is distinctly American. Nothing could be further from the mark," observed Judge Riley of the Virginia bar. "The fact is, what we understand to be a coating of tar and feathers is of ancient origin. There is also an idea afloat that tar and feathers is a sort of southern celebration, that it was invented there, and that it is of common occurrence in that section of our loved country. I assure you that both these ideas are wrong all the way through. In the first place, while there is plenty of tar in the South, the stock of feathers is not so large. And again they are too valuable to use in such a way.

"Where a person deserves such a treatment it is much easier and better to give him a thorough cowhiding. A cowhiding sticks as well as a coating of tar, if it is well applied. Tar and feathers originated in the days of Richard Coeur-de Lion, over eight hundred years ago, as is evidenced by one of his ordinances for seamen, as follows: 'That if any man is taken with theft or pickery, and thereof convicted, he shall have his head polled, and hot pitch poured upon his pate, and upon that the feathers of some pillow or cushion shaken aloft that he may thereby be known for a thief.'—Washington Star.

Remarkable Jehu.

The most remarkable Jehu in Paris has just died. He was six feet six inches in height, and was of herculean strength. It is said that "he could easily lift his cab from the ground with one arm." The cause of his death was his heavy drinking. Over sixteen quarts of wine was his daily average.



AN AMERICAN QUEEN.

Miss Ella Collins will be the first American woman raised to a throne by marriage. Her fiancé, Colonel John Hobbs, reigns over the people of the Jilka Islands in the New Hebrides group. Colonel Hobbs has had a life full of strange adventures, and is now king over 1,200 people under the name of Oummales.

BRAVE QUEENS.

The Queen of Portugal and Queen Regent of Spain have distinguished themselves by saving life. The former threw herself into the Tagus on one occasion to save her children from drowning and received a medal in recognition of her bravery; the Queen Regent of Spain rescued a little girl not long ago from a railway train that was bearing down on the spot where the child was heedlessly playing.

A TRYING COIFFURE.

To meet the requirements of the new style of hairdressing many hats have strings which cross at the back and tie at the left side. Flowers and rosettes are not so generally seen beneath the brim, but rest on strings at the back midway between the neck and the hat. The prominent jug-handle style of coiffure is now wholly passe. The center coil comes closer to the head, and often the hair is carried to the top of the head, and arranged en pompadour in a series of soft puffs, braids or coils, arranged in some original fashion that best suits the face. It is quite the style to again part the hair on the left side and wave it on both sides of the parting. A few women who admire classic modes are arranging their tresses a la Grecque. This is always a most trying coiffure.—Chicago Times Herald.

A TACTFUL WOMAN.

General Sir Henry Norman, who has just been appointed official agent in London for the Australian colony of Queensland, has until recently been governor of that colony, and it is extremely unusual for an officer who has held so high a rank to accept so subordinate an office. Sir Henry, it may be remembered, was appointed by Mr. Gladstone to the office of viceroy of India, but after having accepted it, was compelled to decline a few days later on attention being called to the fact that, owing to Lady Norman being a Eurasian—that is to say, the offspring of a union between an Indian and a European—her position at Calcutta would not only be intolerable, but absolutely impossible. It was in consequence thereof that the Earl of Elgin was appointed viceroy, while the gallant old general was appointed to the governorship of Queensland, where people are less particular, and where the many charming qualities of Lady Norman were appreciated at their true worth.—New Orleans Picayune.

QUEER BEAUTY FADS.

In Spain even the youngest girls paint and powder absurdly, while in Venice the celebrated Titian red hair is still the rage and is obtained by chemical means. The women of the Island of Natal, when young, are decorated with a cap of six to ten inches high, made from the solidified fat of oxen. Over this their hair is trained to grow and affixed by more grease. This arrangement remains for life. The Mgantes have an even more absurd hairdress. They carry on their heads a piece of board a foot in length and six inches wide. Their hair is trained over this and fastened with wax. They can neither lean backward nor lie down without keeping their neck in one position. Twice a year the wax is melted and the hair taken down, combed, washed and put up again. Painting the eyes and eyelids is considered a great aid to the fascination of the female orbs. A Circassian to be really lovely must, in addition to being very corpulent, have golden hair and jet black lashes. Also stiffened with kahl kohl is also used by the Persian and Armonian women to lengthen their eyes. The bazar women and Natch girls of most eastern countries dye their finger nails with henna, and where they wish to be thought great ladies they allow their

finger nails to grow to immense lengths and keep them in finely wrought gold sheaths.

TRICKS HIS AMERICAN WIFE.

A weird tale comes from Paris of the tricks resorted to by the titled husband of a wealthy girl in order to raise the wind. The bride was showing a friend of hers over her gorgeously furnished hotel, and in the drawing-room drew her attention to the magnificent chandelier. Piqued by her lack of enthusiasm, the bride remarked: "Well, you don't seem to say much about my twenty-thousand-dollar chandelier!" "Twenty-thousand dollars!" said the friend, with a polite sneer; "isn't that piling it up rather high? That very chandelier was offered to me for eleven thousand five hundred dollars." That afternoon the bride drove to the shop from which the chandelier came, and began an indignant speech about the wickedness of charging her one hundred thousand francs for a chandelier offered to some one else for little more than half. The dealer interrupted her: "Madam, you are mistaken; that chandelier was chosen by your husband, was it not?" "Yes," she replied, "I never saw it till it was put up." "And you gave him one hundred thousand francs to pay for it with?" "Certainly." "We offered it to him for fifty-five thousand francs, but he beat us down to fifty thousand, and that's all we got. You had better ask him to show you the receipt. I think you will find he has lost it." Shortly after the bride received a bill for forty thousand francs for a pearl necklace. The husband had given it to her as a birthday present, and she was pleased by the kindly thought, although she knew well she would have to pay. She was rather startled by the price, since, though the pearls were fine, two rows did not seem to represent anything like so large a sum; so she went to the jeweler's to remonstrate with him for cheating her husband. "But madame," said the jeweler, "really, the price is very fair; five rows of such pearls, and very fair pearls, are not dear at forty-four thousand francs." "But there are only two!" "Pardon me, madame, five when we sold the necklace. I can show you our book, with the description and number of pearls." He showed her the book, and she is now thoughtful over her husband's kind attentions.—Argonaut.

FASHION NOTES.

The correct walking boot is to have a broad sole this winter.

Sailor hats, trimmed with plaid taffeta ribbon, are very popular for fall wear.

A dress of spotted taffeta is one of the most useful additions to a woman's wardrobe. Given a silk of good quality and there are few more satisfactory investments.

Very large hats of tan-colored felt are trimmed with a profusion of black plumes and black velvet ribbon. A very large hat of tan felt has a brim of silvery beaver and trimming of Indian-red velvet and velvet autumn leaves.

Ladies who have become weary of renewing silk peticots will find it to their advantage to try those made of alpaca. Made up with ruffles of the same material or of silk, and edged with lace or velvet, they are exceedingly pretty and stylish, as well as very durable.

Bright red waists are fashionable and becoming to brunettes. They are specially pretty for dull and gloomy weather, and when worn with black skirts make very serviceable and practical costumes. The brigatist of them may be somewhat subdued by full fronts of lace mixed with black velvet ribbon.

The wealthy society girl is enjoying a new and sparkling garment known as the jeweled jacket. It is bolero in shape, and consists of a foundation of coarse cream lace, so thickly studded and incrustated with jewels it is impossible to see the lace threads. They cost anywhere from \$1,000 up, and are far too expensive ever to become common. They are very rich and Oriental looking, worn with handsome velvet and silk gowns.