

Germany is doing her best to divert the emigration of her subjects from this country.

During the last fifty years Germany, Austria and England have each retained their birth rates undiminished, while that of Italy has slightly increased.

The Episcopalians of New York City are soon to see work in progress on a magnificent cathedral and a palace for the bishop. The whole cathedral will cost about \$8,000,000, and is intended to be the finest example of church architecture in this country.

Japan fought her last naval war without battleships, but in her next one she proposes to use some of the strongest armorclads afloat. Two \$4,000,000 vessels are now building in England and more are likely to follow. Japan's most active enemy in the Far East is Russia, and on that account the probable intent of the Japanese naval office is to match, and if possible overmatch, the Czar's available navy.

The alliance of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State shows very clearly that Oom Paul fears trouble and is making preparations to meet it, observes the San Francisco Chronicle. The Boers in both republics make a small numerical showing, but they could put in the field a force that would whip five times as many English or other troops. The encounter with Jameson's men showed very clearly what the Boers can do in the peculiar long-range fighting in which they excel.

Present indications point to an almost complete change of sentiment throughout the country in regard to the admission of a bicycle to the privileges of the baggage car on the railroads. The crusade inaugurated in New York, which had for its purpose the passage of a law compelling the railroads to carry bicycles as baggage when accompanied by their owners, and which succeeded, after argument of some length before the Legislature at Albany, has spread to almost every state in the Union.

It was the boast of Levi Rogers, who died at Perry, Oklahoma, the other day, that he had been married seven times and that each wife had been of a different nationality. Rogers was born in Georgia, and when a young man married an American girl, who died within six months. After that he married six times, his successive wives being Mexican, Bohemian, Indian, German, Creole, and finally a colored woman. The latter survives him, and Rogers always claimed that she was the best wife of the whole collection.

An interesting letter has just been discovered, written by President Buchanan when a young man, which throws new light on an unhappy romance in the early life of Lincoln's predecessor. That Buchanan died a bachelor because his engagement with Annie Coleman, the daughter of a prominent resident of Lancaster, Penn., was broken by the girl's parents is well known; but what caused her father's hostility has never been definitely understood, though the most intimate friends of the two have vaguely heard of anonymous charges, which Mr. Coleman would not allow his daughter's suitor to answer or even hear. Miss Coleman died in 1819, a few months after her engagement was broken, and Buchanan wrote to her father, asking permission to attend the funeral. The following letter was found in a box of old documents which had remained for quite a while unclaimed in a Washington warehouse, and was sold the other day for a few cents. It had apparently been returned to Buchanan, for the seal was unbroken: "You have lost a dear child. I have lost the only earthly object of my affection. My prospects are all cut off, and I feel that my happiness will be buried with her in the grave. It is now no time for explanation, but the time will come when you will discover that she, as well as I, has been much abused. God forgive the authors of it. My feelings of resentment against them, whoever they may be, are buried in the dust. I have one request to make, and for the love of God and your dear departed daughter, whom I love infinitely more than any other human being could love, deny me not. Afford me the melancholy pleasure of seeing the body before its interment." As stated, the plea was not even read, and as Buchanan found the animosity of the wealthy Coleman family was too much for a young lawyer, he left Lancaster and entered upon a career which ended in the White House.

The Whistling Boy.

Down the street with a manly tread
And a face brimming over with joy
Goes a little lad, who is known by all
As the merry, whistling boy.
The sound of his tune, as he whistles away
Makes many a heart feel glad,
And the passers by will oft look around
At our little whistling lad.
On his way to school he passes my door
At morning and noon each day,
Giving me always a nod and smile
As he whistles and goes his way.
Never a frown or an angry look,
Have I seen on his sunny face,
And he and the world are the best of friends,
For nothing his hopes deface.
So he lives, and unconsciously
He adds to our lives a joy,
And we heartily send a vote of thanks
To our merry whistling boy.
—Helen W. Hunt, in Roxbury Gazette.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"Marriage is the saving of a young man," said my aunt Tabitha sententiously.
I assented, for I find it pays to give a ready acquiescence to abstract propositions.
"You must marry," continued my aunt. I hesitated, for to assent to the concrete is more dangerous.
"I am still very young," I said meekly.
My aunt turned to my mother. "Whom shall Alfred marry?"
My mother shook her head.
"Somebody nice," she volunteered.
"What do you say to Letitia Brownlow?" asked my aunt.
"I would prefer to say nothing to Letitia Brownlow," I interposed hastily.
"Or Amelia Stafford?"
"Is she not rather?"—my mother waved one hand; "and Alfred is so slim."
"I think she has a very fine figure," responded my aunt. "Or there is Gertrude Williams; she will have a fortune if she outlives her sisters."
"There are only five of them," I said hopefully.
"Or Mabel Gordon?"
"She has taken a course of cooking lessons," observed my mother.
"No, none of these," I cried decisively. My aunt looked offended.
"Very well, then, choose for yourself," she said tartly.
"Perhaps that would help," I remarked thoughtfully.
"You will choose somebody nice, won't you, Alfred?" said my mother.
"With money observed my aunt.
"Well connected," emphasized my mother.
"There is no objection to her being good-looking?" I asked, a trifle timidly.
"No, I think not," said my aunt, "provided she fully understands beauty is but skin deep."
"I will tell her," I murmured.
"Well," said my aunt impatiently, after a short pause, "whom do you suggest?"
I thought for a moment.
"What do you say to Winifred Fraser?"
"That mix!" cried my aunt.
"Oh Alfred!" echoed my mother.
"Why not?" I asked.
"Such a dreadful family!" said my mother.
"So fast!" interjected my aunt.
"But have you never noticed the sun on her hair?" I asked innocently.
My aunt drew herself up.
"We have not noticed the sun on her hair," she said with much dignity.
"—nor do we wish to observe the sun on her hair."
I was justly annoyed. "I really think it must be Winifred Fraser," I said. "She is very fond of me and—"
"How can you be so cruel to me!" cried my mother. "Have you noticed how gray my hair is getting? You will not have me long." She drew out her handkerchief.
"You will come to a bad end," said my aunt. "I always thought you were depraved. If you marry that painted hussy, you must not expect my countenance."
"Under the circumstances, I will not marry Winifred Fraser," I said with great magnanimity, for I did not particularly want my aunt's countenance.
My aunt sniffed. "You had better not."
"I merely joked," I said soothingly, remembering she had not made her will.
"Indeed!"
"The truth is—I dropped my voice—" I am in love with some one else."
"And you never told me!" said my mother reproachfully.
"The girl I love is not free."
"Married!" cried my aunt.
"Not married—but engaged."
"Who is it?" asked my mother gently.
"I was silent for a moment, and then I sighed.

"It is Constance Barleigh."
"It would have been a most suitable match," murmured my mother.
"Very suitable," repeated my aunt.
There was a momentary silence, broken by my aunt.
"I did not know Constance was engaged."
"It is a secret; you must not repeat what I have told you."
"I don't like these secret engagements," said my aunt brusquely.
"Who told you?"
"She told me herself."
"Who is the man?"
"I do not think I should repeat his name."
"I hope Constance is not throwing herself away."
I shook my head doubtfully.
"You know the man?"
I nodded.
"Is he quite—quite—?"
Again I shook my head doubtfully.
"What have you heard?" my aunt asked eagerly.
"I don't think I ought to repeat these things."
"You can surely trust your mother," murmured my mother.
"And my discretion," said my aunt.
"Well," I said, "I have been told he is cruel to his mother."
"Really!" cried the two old ladies in a breath.
"His mother told me so herself."
"How sad!" said my mother.
"And what else?" asked my aunt.
"Another relation of his told me he was depraved."
"Poor, poor Constance!" whispered my mother.
"And would probably end badly."
"I expect he drinks," said my aunt grimly.
"Does Constance know this?" asked my mother.
"I don't think so."
"You did not tell her?"
"Of course not."
"I consider it your duty to."
"I really cannot."
"Then I will," said my aunt resolutely.
"What I have said has been in confidence."
"I do not care."
"I beg you not to do so."
"It is my duty. I am too fond of Constance to allow her to throw herself away on this worthless man."
I shrugged my shoulders. "Do as you please, but don't mention my name. By the way, Constance said she would probably call this afternoon."
At that moment the bell rang.
"That may be she," said my aunt, flying to the window. "It is."
I got up slowly and sauntered into the conservatory, which adjoins the drawing-room. From behind a friendly palm I could see without being seen. I saw my aunt look towards my mother.
"If we open her eyes," I heard her whisper, "it may pave the way for Alfred."
My mother said nothing, but I saw the same hope shine from her eyes.
The door opened and the servant announced Constance. She came forward with a little eager rush; then stopped short, embarrassed by the want of reciprocity.
"We are glad to see you," said my mother, and kissed her.
My aunt came forward. "We were just speaking of you," she said solemnly. "Sit down."
Constance looked a little crushed. "I thought Alfred would have told you," she murmured.
"We have heard—" began my aunt.
"Hush," interposed my mother.
"Come nearer me, Constance. Won't you take off your hat?"
Constance came and sat by her side.
"I was anxious to come and tell you that—that—"
"If you are alluding to your engagement," said my aunt, somewhat severely, "we have already heard of it."
"You have heard!" cried Constance.
"With the deepest sorrow," Constance drew herself up.
"You do not approve?" she asked proudly.
"We love you too much," said my mother gently.
Constance looked bewildered.
"You are too good for the wretch," cried my aunt.
"What! Oh what do you mean?" exclaimed Constance.
"If you marry this man," continued my aunt vigorously, "you will regret it."
"What have you against him?" demanded Constance, a red spot beginning to burn in each cheek.
"He drinks," answered my aunt almost triumphantly.
Constance sank back in the cushions.
"I don't believe it," she said faintly.

"He ill-treats his mother—beats her, I believe," continued my aunt.
"This cannot be true," cried Constance.
"Mrs. Granville, tell me."
My mother nodded sadly.
"Alas! I cannot deny it."
Constance rose. "This is awful!" she said, holding on to the back of the sofa. "I could never have believed it." She put her hand to her forehead. "It is like a bad dream."
"My poor, dear Constance," murmured my mother, rising and putting her arms round her.
My aunt brought up her artillery. "He is thoroughly depraved, and will come to a bad end. His relations are at one on this point."
Constance buried her face in my mother's bosom. "Oh dear, oh dear, and I love him so," she sobbed.
In the adjoining room I was becoming uncomfortable.
"We thought it right to tell you," said my aunt, moved by her tears, "though Alfred begged and implored us not to."
"I could never, never have believed it," sobbed Constance. "Poor, poor Mrs. Granville!"
My mother soothed her.
"How difficult you must have felt it to tell me this," exclaimed Constance, drying her tears. "It was so good of you. I will not give him another thought. To treat his mother so cruelly! Oh, Mrs. Granville, I am so sorry for you!"
"It is I who am sorry for you," said my mother doubtfully.
"And no one would have dreamed it. We always thought you were so fond of him, and spoiled him so utterly. And all the time you were hiding your sorrow. How noble of you!"
My mother looked at Aunt Tabitha, who returned her stare.
"Who ever is it?" said Aunt Tabitha, whispering. "Find out."
"Where did you meet him, dearest?" whispered my mother.
"Meet him? Why here, of course," said Constance, with opening eyes.
"Yes, yes, of course," said my mother, mystified.
"I thought you would be so pleased, and I hurried across to tell you."
"Can Alfred have made a mistake?" muttered my aunt hoarsely.
The two elder ladies stood still in the utmost embarrassment.
"I shall never be happy again," said Constance mournfully.
"Don't say that," implored my mother. "Perhaps there is a mistake."
"How can there be a mistake?" asked Constance, raising her head.
"There can be no mistake," said my aunt hastily.
"How could he be so cruel to you?" cried Constance, kissing my mother.
"Cruel to me?" cried my mother. "You said he was cruel to you."
"Of whom are you speaking?" cried both ladies.
"Of Alfred, of course."
The two ladies sat down suddenly.
"You are not engaged to Alfred?" they gasped simultaneously.
"To whom else?" said Constance in amazement.
"There is some misunderstanding," I observed smoothly, coming in at the moment.
The three fell upon me together.
It took at least an hour to explain. Yet I had said nothing which was not strictly true.
"You will not allow these practical jokes when you are married, will you, Conny?" said my mother fondly.
"I will not," replied Constance, tightening her lips.
"Marriage is the saving of a young man," repeated my aunt grimly.—Chambers's Journal.

The New Coachman.
This is the sort of an interview which may be expected when motor-carriages come into use:
"You advertised for a coachman, sir?" said the applicant.
"I did," replied the merchant.
"Do you want the place?"
"Yes, sir."
"Have you any experience?"
"I have been in the business all my life."
"You are used to handling gasoline, then?"
"Yes, sir."
"And you are well up in electricity?"
"Thoroughly."
"Good! Of course, you are a machinist, also?"
"Certainly."
"Then I presume you have an engineer's certificate?"
"Of course."
"Very well. You may go around to the out-house and get the motorcycle ready my wife tells me she wishes to do a little shopping."—Toledo Blade.



SLAUGHTERED BY THE WHOLESALE.
In London, at one auction sale alone, last autumn, the catalogue included in its descriptive list of stock for millinery purposes 6000 birds of paradise, 5000 imperial pheasants, 360,000 assorted bird skins from India, and 400,000 humming birds. An article in Forest and Stream, speaking of the destruction of birds on Long Island, states that during a short period of four months 20,000 were supplied to the New York dealers from a single village.

AN ENGLISH POSTOFFICE RULE.
For some unknown reason a height qualification has recently been added to the requirements made of young women who enter the English post-office, and in future girls of 15 will not be accepted under 5 feet, of 16 under 5 feet 1 inch, or of 18 under 5 feet 2 inches. In commenting upon upon this regulation a writer states that a year or so ago the "stock sizes" at several monster shops were altered, to keep pace with the increasing growth of the rising generation of English women.

WOMEN DRUMMERS.
There are no less than 155 women commercial travelers in England. They avoid the particular branches of trade in which the sex is interested. One woman, for instance, travels in corrugated iron and iron bolts. Another travels for locomotives. Only a few take up embroideries and silks, pickles and jams, and similar commodities. Male commercial travelers regard the innovation at present as a joke, but the opinion of an expert goes to show that in this profession women can succeed where men have failed.

LARGE WAISTS FASHIONABLE.
Large waists are said to be coming in fashion again, but seriously enough it seems to be the aim of all dress-makers and tailors to give the long slender lines and as small a waist as it is possible with any breathing power, and the lines of braid on some of the new jackets are most cleverly arranged to taper in at the waist and broaden out over the shoulders. To be tightly screwed into a waist a jacket does not make the figure any smaller, a fact it would be well for all women to know, and a good fit, which makes any one look smart, always gives plenty of room over the bust, and is only tight at and below the true waist line.—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE QUEEN OF GREECE.
It is said by a lady who recently visited Greece and had the honor of meeting the royal family, that perfect harmony exists between them, and the King and Queen are devoted to their children. The Queen is still a very beautiful woman, and the only lady admiral in the world. She holds this rank in the Russian army, an honorary appointment conferred upon her by the late Czar, because her father held the rank of high admiral, and for the reason that she is a very capital yachtswoman. The King has a very remarkable memory, an interesting personality, and is a brilliant conversationalist. He goes about the streets of Athens without any attendants, and talks with any friend he chances to meet. Prince George is very attractive, and his feats of strength, shown often in the cause of charity, are a continuous subject of conversation among the people.

THE DOING OF HOUSEWORK.
In this country, where there is a large and growing demand for all the luxuries, and most of the necessities of life, where there is none of the repose commonly found in an older civilization, the homemaker, besides discharging the functions of wife and mother, does the work of housekeeper, nurse, nursery governess, seamstress and general housework servant. The chinks between her home duties she fills up with a woman's club or two, a few church societies, a couple of charities and a Sunday school class. To these she has lately been told she should add the trifling task of making

domestic service a valuable aid to society in the work of moral reform.

The homemaker hears now, probably for the first time, that it is due to her that American domestic service is in its present deplorable condition. Had she and her class created a home atmosphere for servants, she might by this time have brought the kingdom of heaven to her very doors.

These charges, and others in the same vein, are easily brought. Some of them are less readily proved. It is safe to begin by denying any implication that because of the attitude of the employers, domestic service is considered degrading by any class of the community. No self-respecting woman of the so-called upper classes, who possesses ordinary common sense, perceives a caste distinction between the "saleslady" or factory girl and the house servant. Among these themselves it is that such social distinctions exist. The first and second classes named consider themselves many rungs higher on the ladder of position than the "living-out girl." They will not hesitate to acknowledge it.

Said a typewriter who had been forced by hard times to take a place as nurse in a private family: "I wouldn't for worlds have any of my friends at home know that I had sunk so low as to go into service. They would never respect me again." She was an American. A girl's club in a New England town was nearly broken up a few years ago because an intelligent, well bred Scotch girl who was in service was admitted through a misunderstanding. To save the club, composed chiefly of shop girls, she had to go. Another potent influence against domestic service is the disesteem in which it is held by many young men of the mechanic class, who have themselves risen a little in the world, and who openly declare their aversion to marrying any one who is only a "common servant."

There is little hope that a better class of girls will enter service until these conditions are changed, and the servants and their friends respect their work.—North American Review.

FASHION NOTES.
The new parasols resemble very gorgeously floral blossoms.
Gardenias are the special floral decoration for Easter millinery.
Nearly all costumes have a jacket effect introduced in the bodies.
A handsome hat is in sailor shape, with a rather high crown. The trimming is large bunches of velvet roses, with upright ostrich plumes at one side.
There is a fancy for red in millinery and this caprice is quite extensively carried out. Red with black is pretty, and red with French gray is "swell" if it is becoming to the wearer.
A novelty in sleeves shows a section fitting rather snugly around the arms at the elbows. From this there are three or five long points that fasten to the shoulder, where the sleeve is sewed to the waist.

Among the novelties is what might be called a crazy quilt hat. It is composed of alternate sections of bright red braid and dark blue chiffon. A scarf of chiffon is wound around the high crown and looped and puffed into a large rosette at one side. Lace fans stand up above this rosette and form the only other upright trimming.

An exquisite hat is made of black crepon. The frame is covered with shirred material, and frills and loops of the fabric stand up around the crown. There is a wide, rather pronounced looking coronet around the front, just back of the edge of the brim. A large, loosely curled ostrich plume hangs over the back and another stands upright under the chiffon plaitings.

A stylish hat has a rather wide brim slightly drooping in front and back, a moderately high crown, somewhat larger at the top than below, and a trimming of long loops of gauze ribbon set in ruckings of crimped chiffon. These ruckings are shaped like butterflies, and where the body is supposed to be there are tiny rosettes of black velvet, with loops and ends sticking out to form the head.