

Gum chewing is not a modern habit. Way back in the time of the Vedas the Hindoo maidens chewed gum. But then they were uncivilized and knew no better.

In a Utica (N. Y.) case Judge McLennan has decided that property purchased with pension money is not exempt from local assessments for improvements, although exempt from general taxation.

The Britons at Shan'hai, China, desiring to do something to commemorate the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's reign, and to show their gratitude for her long life and happiness, propose to erect a new jail.

Pennsylvania is likely to establish soon three forestry reserves of 40,000 acres each at the headwaters of the Delaware, Susquehanna and Ohio. Whole counties have been stripped by lumbermen, and the state is in urgent need of this legislation.

What is a "pasha?" is frequently asked. "Pasha," also written "bah-shaw," is merely an honorary title given by the Turkish government to men of high political position, as governors of provinces, or to great military commanders. There are three degrees.

According to Maine law the bounty for bears is paid on the exhibition of their nose, while under the New Hampshire law payment is made when the ears are brought in, and hunters living near the common boundary of the states, it is said, collect twice for each bear they bring down.

It is believed that the tomb of General Grant in New York is practically indestructible by the elements, unless it is the iron roof, which will have to be replaced from time to time. The rest is built from the hardest rocks, the walls being from ten to twenty-five feet thick. The square portion is ninety feet each way by seventy feet high. The cost of the structure was in excess of \$600,000.

Somebody is just out with the statistics of costs incurred by the various wars during Queen Victoria's reign. Lord Lytton's Afghan war cost \$90,000,000. The Crimean war sent the English taxpayer a bill of \$580,000,000. The expedition to quell King Theodore of Abyssinia cost \$45,000,000, and the scare which was indulged in by England during the late Russo-Turkish war, and resulted in Disraeli's "peace with honor," cost just \$31,250,000.

Says the Mobile Daily Register: A New York man writes to the papers advocating that the Mississippi river be straightened. He has the idea that the river wants to run in a straight line, but that as it has got itself into kinks it cannot do so, and in sheer desperation jumps over the opposing banks and deluges the country. The straight line plan could be improved upon, however, by running the river through a pipe. We recommend this to the New York man.

It is a curious commentary on the male students of Oxford (England) university, thinks the New York Sun, that more than two-thirds of the whole number in residence have signed a petition protesting against the opening of the degrees to women. It must be remembered that as matters now are the girls can go up for the examination, but no matter how high they score they cannot attain to the coveted B. A. In many cases women have walked all round their masculine competitors in the finals. It all looks like a bearish determination to hold on to a last masculine privilege. No such grudging injustice would be likely in the case of an American university where it was proposed to do justice to the other sex.

Now and then the Prince of Wales makes the reputation and fortune of an artist at the academy dinner which is served in the main exhibition room. As he sits in the chief place at table his eyes may survey the majority of the paintings on the walls. If his fancy be arrested by one in particular, and he expresses his approbation audibly, the lucky artist, if unknown, may be sure of fame the next morning, and that picture will be the object of a particular attention during the exhibition. Every artist, therefore, probably scans eagerly the report in the next day's Times to discover if the prince was incautious enough to declare what painting pleased him most. It is a fact which American journalists may curiously note, that the only paper allowed to have a representative at these noble dinners is the London Times.

SACRIFICE.
He who for an immortal life adopts a mortal creed.
Proclaims alone the littleness of egotistic greed.
Enough it is, as sure it is, that ere I reach my goal,
Some deed of mine shall glorify the universal soul.
Light! give us light that we may know the grandeur of the plan
Wherein all seen and unseen growths are common heir with man.
This blade of grass whereon of late some careless passer trod,
Is flesh of mine and soul of mine and part with me of God.
The witless scoff, the willful fling maledictions wide,
But Truth triumphant keeps the way with unimpeded stride.
Time proves all things, defines all things, asserts, accepts, rejects:
The years a single sermon preach, with sacrifice the text.
O man, O woman, heed ye not the anguish of the rod,
But learn the bliss of sacrifice, that proves the man a god.
—Frank Putnam, in Chicago Times-Herald

HIS MOTHER'S MAID.
BY JENNY WREY.

"No, I shall never marry. And don't laugh so incredulously, Lottie, dear. One needn't be a confirmed old maid in years, nor ugly, nor decrepit, to have a buried romance whose ghost would rise to forbid vows of loyalty at any other shrine."

And, leaving a deep sigh, Nettie Clare sadly shook her pretty head, while the dark blue eyes grew darker with the intensity of the feeling which had prompted her words.

It was small wonder that her friend should have greeted them with a merry laugh of incredulity, for Nettie was passing fair to look upon, with a complexion pure and colorless as marble, eyes of Irish blue and hair black as the raven's wing.

No wrinkles marred the low brow to mark the 20 short years which had passed over her young head. No lines had impressed themselves about the sweet, sympathetic mouth to betray this secret sorrow.

As yet the ghastly skeleton had left no outward trace upon either face or form. Nevertheless, Lottie Armstrong knew and loved her too well not to know these words just uttered were no jest, but very earnest.

"What are you talking about, Nettie?" she exclaimed. "Do you mean to tell me that you are a victim to unrequited love—yes, whose life has been one long exponent of Cesar's motto? Nonsense! If, through those mischief-making eyes of yours, you can by a glance of indifference work such havoc, what would it be if they softened with real feeling? Unless, perchance, the man is blind, and compassion for his infirmity has won your heart, but how, then, about the low, musical voice whose praises I have heard sung by a dozen impassioned swains?"

"Don't jest, Lottie. The man is neither blind nor deaf to others; both to me, for he has never seen nor spoken to me since I was five years old!"

"Never seen nor spoken to you!" echoed her friend, in incredulous amazement. "And you have loved him since your babyhood! Nettie, have you gone mad?"

"No, dear, I am very sane. Listen and I will tell you all about it. Our friendship is too close and warm to withhold from it my confidence, and inasmuch as it is all I shall have through the long, empty years of the future, it is due us both that you should understand all this secret romance of my life.

"For it is a romance, Lottie, although very sad and very real to me. You have heard me speak of my Aunt Margaret, who married my mother's brother. When she married him she was a widow, with one son, 'Cousin Harry' I was taught to call him, though, as you see, he was in reality no relation.

"The summer that I was five years old I was spending a month with my aunt, and Cousin Harry was home on his vacation from college. He was then 18 and made of me at once a pet and a plaything.

"Soon after that it seems some slight family difficulty arose, and I never went there again. But always Cousin Harry wrote to me. When he left college he joined the army and went out to India. There he distinguished himself and was promoted. Two or three times he has sent me photographs, taken at different places.

"Well, in one letter he discussed this nonsensical quarrel and determined he at least would not be a party to it. But, two years ago, my Uncle Reginald died. Uncle had always led Harry to suppose that he was to be heir. Instead all the wretched money was left to me.

"This was bad, but uncle made it worse by insinuating that the money might yet be Harry's if he could only win me for his wife. All was arranged just then that I was to pay his mother a visit, and he was coming home from India on leave to see the little cousin who had been his boyhood's pet.

"Instead, he wrote his mother a letter she sent to me, without one softening word, but with the bitter reproach that I had schemed to gain my uncle's wealth and rob her boy of his own; but Harry's letter was no less bitter, though more just.

"I am glad Nettie has the money," he said, "for I am a man and can make my own way in the world; but certainly I will build it up on no woman's wealth. My little cousin was very dear to me as a sister, not as a wife; but I swear that I will never see or speak to her again until she or I are married. I never will put myself in the position of even the possibility of

seeking a woman's love for the sake of her money. It would have been better if my uncle had never led me to believe myself his heir; but except for this, and the almost insulting alternative he leaves open for me, I do not blame him."

"This was all, Lottie—this and his mother's reproaches, but I was a child no longer. I was a woman, and I knew that always in my childish and my woman's heart there had been one shrine, one hero. He loved me, he said, as a little sister. I—God help me!—loved him with the one passion of my life. This was two years ago. I knew him too well to try to change his purpose; but I have sometimes thought that, perhaps—perhaps, if he had seen me, if we had been thrown together, all might have been different. But you know now, Lottie, why I shall never marry."

"A chance for you, Nettie!" cried Miss Armstrong a week after the conversation just recorded had taken place.

And as she spoke she waived a London paper over her head.

"What do you mean?" said Nettie.

"A chance for you to meet this invincible cousin and he be none the wiser," explained her friend. "Listen to this:"

"WANTED—A companion and maid to an invalid lady in Kent. Some one willing and refined. Address M. E., Thorburn House, Kent."

"M. E.!" Those are your aunt's initials, and surely I have heard you mention Thorburn House! Now, I think you will fill all these qualifications, and really, my dear, to a young lady of your income the salary would be a decided object."

But Nettie did not echo the laugh which finished this speech.

"It is Aunt Margaret!" she said, slowly, "and, though you are jesting, Lottie, I think I will make the best use of my money. Cousin Harry is in India still; but I should like to go again to the dear old place, even in the position of a menial. Aunt Margaret would never recognize me; but I would try so hard to make her love me, and, if I succeeded, I might one day confess to her how I became her maid."

"But ladies do not love their paid dependents, dear."

"Ah, blood will tell, and Aunt Margaret shall love me."

And so it happened that a fortnight later, in pursuance of this resolve, Nettie Clare's eyes were once more gladdened by sight of the dear old place she had never expected to see again.

The welcome she received was kind, but it was the welcome of the grand lady to the young woman paid to do service, though Nettie saw the almost imperceptible start given by the mistress of the house, when looking on the slight, graceful figure, whose air of elegance and breeding could not be disguised by the simple black dress assumed to masquerade the role.

"How came you to take such a position, child?" asked Mrs. Ellison, one morning, when Nettie had fulfilled her duties for more than a month.

The lady had asked Nettie that day to read to her; but, as she listened to the sweet voice, she had heard none of the meaning of the words, but had been instead intently studying the exquisite face which bent over the book.

"How little I thought, when I inserted my advertisement, I should be so favored!" continued Mrs. Ellison.

"You are very kind, madam, to be pleased with me," Nettie answered; "but you must not ask me of my past life. I shall be glad if by faithful duty I can brighten yours ever so little."

There was real feeling in the voice, which touched the listener's heart. Proud lady as Mrs. Ellison was, in presence of this girl she almost forgot the social gulf between them. She was ill and suffering, too, and she learned to long for the cool, white hand which bathed her brow so untriflingly and for the sound of the quiet step which told her her maid was near her.

One morning a letter was handed her, and Nettie saw her eyes glisten and tears of joy drop on the page.

"My boy is coming home," she murmured. "He was to follow his letter almost immediately, he writes. Next week he will be here. Why, child, what is the matter?" for her maid staggered and grew very pale.

"Nothing, madam. I will go to my own room. I shall be better soon," Nettie replied.

But when she returned, though calm, she still was white and grave.

"I must leave you, Mrs. Ellison," she said, sadly. "I am not well, I find, and must send some one to you to fill my place."

"Leave me!" cried the invalid. "Nettie, you must not think of such a thing. If you are ill you shall be nursed as though you were my own daughter, but I must know you are near me. Child, what makes you so near and dear to me?"

But Nettie's only answer was a burst of tears. And so when the young master came to his home she still held there the position of his mother's maid.

"She is a lady, Harry," said his mother. "I am sure of her birth and breeding as of my own, but I can get her to disclose nothing."

To all of which the young man listened indifferently, though he, too, had started at sight of the girl's rare beauty and found himself listening delightedly to the tones of the low, sweet voice.

"I must go," Nettie said to herself, when this had gone on for several days. "I am only making my own misery the greater and signing the death-warrant to my own happiness."

But resolutions are not always made to be kept, and the next morning all

else was forgotten at Thorburn House but the sudden illness of the young master.

Captain Harry had been stricken down with a low fever, and who could nurse him, thought his mother, but her faithful maid?

His life was spared. The fight was fierce but short; and then followed the long, tedious days of convalescence, or days which began as long and tedious, but soon grew all too short.

Captain Harry was a proud man, and it was long ere he would acknowledge to himself that to this poor girl, his mother's paid dependent, he had given his heart; but once acknowledging it, he was too honest and too manly to take refuge in any but an open and an honorable course.

"As my mother said," he told himself, "she is a lady. Every net, every gesture, betrays it; and better far that I should marry where my heart has led than stoop to win a woman for her gold. When Nettie is mine we will invite the other Nettie to Thorburn again. Will she come, I wonder? and has she, too, had love's young dreams ere this?"

That very evening Nettie listened to the few, frank words in which Captain Harry told his love—listened with flushed cheek and down-bent head.

But when he would have drawn her to his heart, she resisted the loving effort and held herself erect.

"What is the love you would offer your mother's maid?" she said.

"The same that I hope to offer my mother's daughter," he replied, "if, my darling, you will be that daughter and my wife."

"And what does your mother say?" Ask her!" she persisted.

"She echoes her son's prayer," said a voice from the open doorway.

One swift glance Nettie gave toward Mrs. Ellison; then, going to meet her, drew her into an easy-chair and fell at her feet.

"Listen first to my confession," said Nettie, brokenly, "and then tell me whether I must go or stay."

And then, in a quick, low voice, she told the story through.

"Now," she said, when she had finished, "you know all. Must I go, or may I stay?"

Low and sweet as an angel's whisper fell the answer from her aunt's lips:

"Stay, my darling, as my daughter!" And then it merged in words lower and sweeter still, as her lover lifted her to the shelter of his heart and murmured:

"Stay, my darling, as my wife!"—Saturday Night.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Tea is gathered from the plant four times a year.

A Hill (N. H.) man has eaten nothing but milk, graham rolls and wheat biscuit for twenty years.

The great Mohammedan school at Cairo, El Azhar, meaning "The Splendid," has clear records dating as far back as 975.

There were recently killed in Wyoming one of the largest mountain lions ever seen in that state. It was almost nine feet long.

Most young collectors, and, in fact, older persons of experience, are often surprised to hear that garnets come in other colors than red.

Thirteen letters written by George Washington over 100 years ago were sold in London recently for \$3350. This is an average of about \$180 apiece.

Residents of Jefferson street, Topeka, Kan., have been victims of a trained or perverted dog which stole their newspapers and took them to its master.

The postmaster general of Great Britain has issued a notice to the effect that henceforth mourning postal cards, bordered with black, front and back, will be admissible.

The elephant is commonly supposed to be a slow, clumsy fellow, but when excited or frightened can attain a speed of twenty miles an hour, and can keep it up for half a day.

Three hundred unpublished letters by Hofer, Haspinger and others, valuable documents to historians of the Tyrol, were lately discovered in a dilapidated drugstore at Bozen.

Some quaint and curious toys, 1500 years old, were recently found in a child's grave in course of some excavations in an old Roman cemetery. Most of them were made of glass.

The longest commercial distance at which long-distance telephone is now operated is from Boston to St. Louis, a distance of 1400 miles. This line is more than twice as long as any in Europe.

Hunters report that the like of the vast number of rabbits in southwest Missouri has never before been known. On the prairies, in the corn and wheat fields, and in the bush, the cottontails are as numerous as rats in an old barn.



Won't Have a Man Around.
Adelaide Miller, a wealthy Chicago widow, has purchased a beautiful house on a high bluff overlooking Cedar Lake, a summer resort near Crown Point, Ind. Mrs. Miller will found a home for Chicago women there and no being of the male persuasion will be allowed on the place, not even a servant or a visitor. If caught on the grounds they will be considered trespassing, and summarily evicted. It will be an Adamless Eden.

College Women.
Out of 450 college women recently interrogated 169 are teachers, forty-seven librarians, twenty-two nurses, nineteen journalists and nineteen clerks, while the remainder are distributed around in various unclassified positions. The majority of a given number of women, asked in regard to the matter, said they received less pay than men for the same kind of work. A small number were found who get the same pay, and a very tiny fraction of a number received more money than men in similar positions.

Edinburgh Has a Woman's Club Now.
Edinburgh women have at last followed the example of their English and American sisters and now have a club of their own. A place has been rented in the West End of the town, and already the list of original members is complete, among them being many women belonging to country families in the neighborhood. Evidently the Scottish women, while shopping in Edinburgh, feel the need of some such club as the Town and Country of New York, where they may drop in for lunch or for a little rest.—New York Press.

Parasols With Costly Handles.
The height of the season's extravagance is displayed in the parasols with their costly handles of crystal, amethyst, enamel, tortoise shell, and gold set with jewels, and fine quality of materials and trimmings. Expensive lace is put on the silk in applique, and embroidery of fine beads is used for decoration. Real lace parasols have been revived again, and the variety in chiffon and mousseline de soie, ruffled and accented with plaited, is beyond description. But there are no end of inexpensive parasols of silk, dainty muslin and embroidered batiste lined with a color. Black and white striped silk is one of the novelties in covering, and narrow black velvet ribbon is the trimming.—New York Sun.

Mrs. McKinley's Room Ready.
The new sleeping apartment of Mrs. McKinley at the White House is about completed.

The paper upon the walls and the velvet carpet are a forget-me-not blue shade and have a white scroll work. At the windows are white lace drapings and blue brocaded satin hangings. The furniture is upholstered with the same material as that used in the hangings and includes large, comfortable chairs and the softest of couches. A white bedstead with brass trimmings completes the furnishing.

With the ornaments and personal belongings of the mistress of the White House added to the artistic appointments, it is a fit abode for the first lady of the land. Her favorite color predominates in everything, the softest of tones have been used, and the effect is charming.—Washington dispatch to the Chicago Times-Herald.

A Fine Head of Hair and the Reason.
A woman with a fine head of hair says she does nothing to it but wash it when it seems to need it, and she can tell that by the soil it leaves on the white comb she uses. She washes it with soap and water and nothing else. She takes an old tin can and into it puts a cake of soap, and pours over it half a pint of hot water. This she places on the back of the stove for a few hours, stirring it occasionally as she passes. It is soon reduced to the consistency of jelly. Then it is ready. She takes up a lot on her fingers and rubs it right on the scalp, and does this till her head is in a fine lather. She rubs and manipulates her hair and scalp till it begins to smart a little, and then she begins to rinse the soap out in warm, not hot, water. She keeps getting clean water till it is not a bit discolored by her hair. Then she takes towels and rubs her head and strips her hair through them, till most of the water seems to be out, then she sits down and shakes her hair out to dry. She never touches a brush or comb to her hair till it is perfectly dry, just shakes, and catches it up in her fingers and lets it run through them. Her hair never knots or snarls.—Washington Star.

Belt Lore.
Belts are pretty and very foolish. The belt has sadly departed from its original purpose. How can a strip of wider than your finger, or a chain of metal links, ditto, hide the band of a skirt or keep waist and skirt together in good trim.

The plain leather belt is all but passe, except for wear with strictly outing costumes. Jet and steel, to

simulate the Egyptian, has the approval at present. These have rhinestone plaques like the jeweled slides through which the belt is passed.

Another beautiful metal belt is formed of a chain of gilt oak leaves linked together at stem and point by tiny gold rings.

The old-fashioned narrow belt ribbon has been revived, and one handsome buckle is made to answer as the fastening for a half dozen or more belts. The ribbon is changed to suit the gown with which it is to be worn.

The fad of wearing the belt outside the jacket is a thing of the past.

Black satin ribbon belts finished with a bow at the left side will be popular with the wearers of shirt waists, though the leather and fancy belts will be worn just as often with the separate waist and skirt as the ribbon belt.

No wide belts will be seen upon the well dressed this summer. There is a tendency to again introduce the satin or velvet girdle that points back and front, but this is not as deep as it once was, and is quite narrow at the sides.—St. Louis Star.

Sweet Pea Charity.
Here is a scheme, out of Chicago, poetic and practical! It is that poor women shall raise on a five-acre tract, in the centre of the city—Chicago still holds in its heart vacant five acres—sweet peas, to be sold on the streets by the daughters of the toilers. This is Pingree potatoism raised to the heights of estheticism.

Perhaps poets have sung the praises of sweet peas. If they haven't, it's a fresh, fair field. No flower is as human as the sweet pea, unless it's the pansy. Those millions of blooms from the five-acre lot ought to sell out at a handsome profit in the big, rich city in ten minutes.

The idea came to Mrs. Mary H. Hull, president of the Armor Mission Mothers' club, an organization of neither the very rich nor of the very poor. The mothers are heads of humble homes, who meet once a month for mutual improvement, and once a week gather to sew for their more needy neighbors. Their daughters, who will sell the blossoms, will wear pretty garden hats and pinafores as distinguishing badges.

Those of the women who care to do so can raise vegetables, sweet corn, tomatoes, etc., to sell to grocers and families in that part of the town. And they're going to have a bit of playground and park in the five-acre plot, for there are some large forest trees, and under their grateful shade the mothers and their children will gather in the hot summer days.—New York Journal.

Fashion Notes.
Tartan plaid silks are used for wide draped belts on both day and evening gowns.

Bugle beads and blonde lace have come back from the past, with a claim for consideration.

Dresses of batiste, zephyr and organdie are trimmed with ruffles edged with very narrow lace.

Neapolitan hats trimmed with fans of lace and gauze ribbon with a few fine flowers are among the prettiest of the millinery creations.

A hat of black fancy braid, very thin and lace-like, is trimmed with tulips of black lace. These are wired and stand upright in large bunches.

A novelty hat is made almost entirely of violets. They are sewed thick over the lace-covered frame. The trimming is of sprays of mignonette, with green aigrettes.

Some very beautiful hats of chiffon are made over frames. They are shirred full and are trimmed with puffs and fans of the material, very fine flowers and aigrettes.

Bicyclists may, to advantage, wear a hat of very light material, or one with a narrow or openwork brim, which will not catch and hold the air as stiff-brimmed hats are certain to do.

A great deal of fabric is used in the trimming of hats. Chiffon, tulle, canvas of various sorts, net and gauze—indeed, almost every imaginable thin material—is employed in the making up of headgear.

The designers of the latest French pelerines, fichus and yoked shoulder capes, show a decided partiality for lace instead of chiffon or mousseline de soie in the decorations of these dainty garments.

Geranium red is one of the leading colors. There is one difficulty about the use of this red that many ladies have met with. It is almost impossible to match it in ribbon or velvet, and what one finds in the shops that is called a match proves to be almost anything else when one gets home or into the glare or out-of-door light.

Fancy duck costumes in white, cream, ecru and blue are made with a short bolero elaborately trimmed with insertion or rows of white braid, or else a blazer that extends about six inches below the waist line. The jacket has no lining, neither has the gored skirt, which is about four yards wide, narrow on the front and sides, and full at the back.