

It is estimated that \$2,000,000,000 of war material was floated on the occasion of the British naval review at Spithead. This is a pretty little sum. Evidently peace nowadays comes at a high price.

Alaskan enthusiasts who are not to be discouraged by the stories of high prices of the necessities of life perhaps think they can make up for the other expenses by saving on their ice bills, suggests the Chicago Record.

British enthusiasts who wished to celebrate what they call the thousandth anniversary of the foundation of England's navy by King Alfred have been snubbed by young Mr. Chamberlain, who is Civil Lord of the Admiralty, with the statement that the navy department has had enough celebration for this year.

The Paris correspondent of the Medical Record tells us that in France "ideas regarding the treatment of fevers have undergone a change during the last few years. For instance, considering fever as a symptom rather than as a disease, even in certain specific fevers, French practitioners respect it, as they say. That is, they regard it as a kind of pathological compensation, an effort of nature to throw off morbid process, and hence to be looked upon as benign, and if not actually encouraged, at least left to itself. But it should not be treated actively."

That scheme for a state railroad to run from their northern boundary to the Gulf is again being agitated in Texas. Some of the talk is wild, but lots of it is quite sensible, maintains the New England Homestead. If New York state can build and operate the Erie canal, finally making it free and appropriating an extra \$9,000,000 for its improvement, why may not the Empire state of the great Southwest have a state railway. The purpose of both enterprises is regulation of freight rates. If the Texas scheme should work as well in this prospect as the Erie canal has done, it would be more than vindicated.

The Indian mail brings a remarkable detective story. The detective was a professor Hankin. It was the cholera microbe he was after. Thirteen people had sat at mess in Saugor. Nine of them got sick. Three had cholera. One died. The microbe was detected in a water-pot in the kitchen. But the supply from which that pot was filled was pure. The dish cloth, however turned out to have been dried on an infected sand bank. Conveyed into the kitchen, the microbe had not only got into the water-pot, but into a chocolate pudding. There it yielded 4000 million cholera microbes in eighteen hours. Chocolate pudding has been off at Saugor since.

One of the most promising fields in the world for the motor car is Western Australia. There are thousands of miles of flat country, and into this auriferous region English capital is flowing in big blocks. The Western Australian government is borrowing all the money it can to open up this region, and for many years to come there will be a great deal of activity here in connection with property that has to be carried long distances. The camel is the beast of burden now, but the bicycle is beginning to drive him out. Miners find that they can pack fair-sized loads on the wheels and get over the country rapidly. A local syndicate has been formed in Melbourne to manufacture motor cars, and it is expected that this means of conveyance will force out all others.

The New York World in a recent issue publishes official data showing that the situation in the state is most distressing. From the figures cited by the New York paper it appears that within the past two years something like 131 murders have been committed in New York city, for which only seven persons have been sentenced to death and eight to life imprisonment. Out of the total number of murders committed during this interval, fifty-one are shrouded in deep mystery, and the perpetrators of these foul crimes are still at large. Based upon the penal records of the past two years, as reproduced in the columns of the World, the chances of a murderer's reaching the gallows or the executioner's chair in New York are one in eighteen; of life imprisonment, one in sixteen, and of escape altogether one in three. This record is, indeed, most appalling.

Raising the Wind.  
"You told me last week that you would try to raise my salary," said Briggs. "Oh, yes," replied his employer. "Well I did. I raised it after some trouble. Believe me, I had a very hard time raising it this week."

**SOMETIME.**  
Some time we shall know why Our sunniest mornings change to noons of rain;  
And why our steps are shadowed so by pain.  
And why we often lie On couches sewn with thorns of care and doubt;  
And why our lives are thickly hedged about With bars that put our loftiest plans to rout.  
Some time we shall know why Our dearest hopes are swept so swift away,  
And why our brightest flowers first decay;  
Why song is lost in sigh;  
Why clasping fingers slip so soon apart—  
Estrangement, space and death rent heart from heart,  
Until from deepest depths the tear-drops start.

Some time we all shall know Each other, eye, as we ourselves are known;  
And see how out of darkness light has grown,  
And He—who loves us so, Despite our willfulness and blind complaint—  
Will show us how His kind and calm restraint Can mould a human soul into a saint.  
Some time our eyes shall see The silver lining to the darkest cloud,  
While silvery echoes follow thunders loud,  
Some time our hearts shall be Content, forgetting all our restless mood,  
And knowing everything has worked for good—  
The how and when, and why, be understood.  
—Lillian Gray, in the Boston Watchman.

### PHEMIE.

"It's no use trying," said Phemie. "Mother hates me, and everything I do is wrong."  
"Your mother can't help it, Phemie," said Dr. Jasper. He was the new medical man, in huge favor with Mrs. Albatross, Phemie's mother. "Your mother is highly strung—quite a woman of genius, and allowances must be made for her temperament, my dear young lady; temperament rules everything."

Indeed, Mrs. Albatross's temperament seemed to rule Dr. Jasper, the parson, the squire, the parish, but it did not rule Phemie.  
"Look here," said the girl—she was just twenty—"you and mother are always croaking about me, I know; but you do nothing to help me—at least, I think you would, but you're afraid."  
"Your mother used to take an interest in you, but you did not meet her half way. Is not that so?"  
"No, it isn't. When I was sixteen she had a fad of dressing me up in last-century costume and making a doll of me—not my style at all, just to show off her own cleverness and querness at my expense. She said I was ugly, and only 'dressing' could make me fit to be seen."

"Well?" said Dr. Jasper, who was a rising young medico of thirty, as he looked gravely and judicially at the pretty-much tried girl, who only half believed in his good will.  
"Well," said Phemie, "every one laughed, and I showed mother I would not stand it."  
"And then?"  
"Then she packed me off to school. The mistress said I was sort of dazed for a time, as if I had been ill-treated—and so I had—and quite neglected; but they were kind to me there, and I was very happy for more than a year, except in the holidays, which were always odious. Then you came along."  
"And Phemie paused and stole a doubtful glance at the doctor.  
"What then?" said the doctor, like a person coldly inquiring for ordinary information, yet with a certain little twinkle in his eye which did not escape the aggrieved Phemie.  
"Then," said the girl, "I thought you were my friend at first, but I don't now; at least—"

At that moment Mrs. Albatross entered, and, turning sharply on Phemie, said with a snap, "I suppose you haven't fed the fowls, or sorted the linen, or done anything but idle away your time, as usual?"  
"It was called when Dr. Jasper came, because you could not be found."  
"I'm sick of your excuses. Dr. Jasper does not want to see you." Then, in quite an altered tone, as Phemie shrunk away out of the room, "Do you mind coming up to my sitting room? I want to have a talk with you about those changes at the Infirmary. I am sure you will agree with me, and you will be most useful. We can't allow things to go on," etc.  
Dr. Jasper always did agree with Mrs. Albatross. But, somehow, he molded her, and she usually came round to his opinion. He listened and she talked; he could wait, and when he had taken her bearings—without ever interrupting or contradicting—she listened and he talked, and not then, but next time, she echoed his opinions and fancied they were all her own.  
"It is such a comfort to find a sensible man to talk to in a stupid place like this!" said she, laying her arm confidently upon the doctor's as he sat smiling and agreeing with her.  
Mrs. Albatross had worried one husband into the grave—she was too clever for him—but her intellectual vivacity, imagination and enterprise made her an interesting companion. She was only a little past forty, and well preserved, and she meant to marry Dr. Jasper.

Whether it was hypnotism or will power, the doctor came again and again and would not send his bill, and the doctor's bill never was paid—he paid himself.  
"Don't speak to me," said Phemie hurriedly as she met the doctor coming down stairs after a long confab with her mother, "mother's about. She's out all tomorrow afternoon. I've got to paint the doors. . . ." And Jasper passed out with a sympathetic smile. She knew he would call and advise her about painting the doors. He did call.  
"What a deal you know about mixing paints and things! I'm sure I want good advice a great deal more

than mother does. But, then, I'm not clever like mother," added Phemie, with a little aggrieved pout, "so it's not worth while talking to me."  
"I do feel for you," said the doctor, with an unusual warmth of manner. "I have done all I could to get your mother to be fair to you. . . Phemie" (he had never called her Phemie before, and she felt her color rise). "What's the matter?" he added hastily, for suddenly Phemie's eyes filled with tears, and she just went off then and there and left the paint pots and things without saying another word.

Dr. Jasper's visits became more frequent. Mrs. Albatross was constantly seen about the village with him; they met in cottages; she was devoted, so she said, to nursing the sick (it was certainly a new development). She was never seen with her daughter, nor was Jasper, but he saw her daughter oftener than she knew; still, it seemed less and less possible to do without Mrs. Albatross. Her ability, her cooked foods and port wine for "cases"; her influence with the squire, who disliked and obeyed her; with the parson, whose good will was importance to the doctor, and who was afraid of Mrs. Albatross, for she browbeat him in the chair at parish meetings, picked holes in his sermons and organized the penny readings, which he disliked, under his very nose. All this and a good deal more—for Mrs. Albatross was a woman and not above feminine arts—put Jasper in rather a tight place.

He knew that Mrs. Albatross wanted to marry him, and there were many days, yes, whole days, when he really thought he should be obliged to marry Mrs. Albatross.  
The moment came. It was in the little sitting room upstairs.  
Something had happened. Dr. Jasper saw that plainly enough.  
The lady was flushed and excited, and he missed the usual confidential squeeze.  
"I—I wanted to see you," she said, and paused. "Nothing has come to your ears, I suppose?"  
The doctor looked inquiringly.  
"Well, then, I'm dreadfully troubled; annoyed beyond measure; put out. Of course, you know my maid, Susan; she has been with me ten years, and is not a gossip—"

"What on earth do you mean? Do be plain; surely with me you might be quite plain," and he moved a little nearer, feeling at that moment a curious kind of attraction which almost compelled him to lay his hand upon her arm and force her to be quite honest.  
"Don't keep me on tenterhooks," he said eagerly; "tell me!"  
"I will," said the lady; "I feel I can tell you anything. I don't think I have any other friend in the world—at least, not like you; no one understands me, no one has helped me as you have, and we've got to part, that is all—"  
"What, on earth," said Jasper, really shaken and troubled; he had never seen her grow pale like that, nor her lips quiver like that—and she was not of the crying sort—she did not cry now. "What—what has Susan been saying?"  
"Only that it's all over the place, and that she thought at last she ought to tell me—"  
"You don't mean—" He couldn't quite say it.  
"Yes, I do," she said, and rose and walked up and down the room full of a sort of angry vexation, mingled evidently with a conflict of passionate feeling she could neither conceal nor subdue.  
"Sit down," he said. He had risen. He took her arm; she was positively trembling. He led her to the sofa by the fire.  
"I shall have to leave this place," she said in a sort of hard voice. The angry tears came into her eyes. He had never seen her weep. This was the nearest approach to it.  
"I know what you are going to say. Don't say it. You shan't go; you are useful. The people trust you. It is your sphere. I am the marplot."  
"Why should you go?" said Jasper, hardly measuring his words. "Why should either of us go? Why not stay—and stay—stay together?"  
"You don't mean it?" Men at such times are more fools than knaves.  
"Yes, yes—I do."  
Jasper had taken her hand. The woman with the iron will, the keen intellect, the nature self-contained, which seemed at times as hard as nails, turned toward him, and in another moment fell crying and laughing hysterically into his arms. At that moment, as ill-luck would have it, Phemie, hearing unusual sounds, and thinking some one needed assistance, entered.

"Go and fetch some sal-volatile; your mother is not very well." Indeed, at that moment Mrs. Albatross seemed to have really fainted away. Whether she fainted or not, no one will ever know—the doctor himself was doubtful.  
Jasper never entered the house again. He went home, packed up his things, wrote a hurried note in a disguised hand to Phemie, who on the following day would be 21 years old and comb into £500 a year, which had been left her, to the disgust of her mother, by her fond father—and Jasper went to bed.

He must have risen early. No one at his lodgings saw him go out. His hot water was brought up at 8 o'clock. His boots had not been put out overnight.  
The servant knocked at 9. The door was not locked. She entered. She saw boxes packed and labeled "Left till called for." The bed was empty.  
The station was a mile off. There

were only two passengers by the early train.  
When Mrs. Albatross came down to breakfast she inquired for Phemie. Phemie was gone.—Rev. H. R. Haweis in London Sketch.

### AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINE.

**An Untamable Savage With the Stone Age Habits.**  
The Central Australian aborigine is the living representative of a stone age, who still fashions his spear heads and knives from flint or sandstone, and performs the most daring surgical operations with them. His origin and his history, says a writer in the Advance Australian, are lost in the gloomy mists of the past. He has no written records and few oral traditions. In appearance he is a naked hirsute savage, with a type of features occasionally pronouncedly Jewish. He is by nature light-hearted, merry and prone to laughter; a splendid mimic, supple-jointed, with an unerring hand that works in perfect unison with his eye, which is keen as that of an eagle. He has never been known to wash. He has no private ownership of land, except as regards that which is not over-carefully concealed about his own person. (In this respect there are undoubtedly some territorial magnates.) He cultivates nothing, but lives entirely on the spoils of the chase, and although the thermometer frequently ranges from 15 degrees to over 90 degrees Fahrenheit in twenty-four hours, and his country is teeming with furred game, he makes no use of the skins for clothing, but goes about during the day and sleeps in the open at night perfectly nude.  
He builds no permanent habitation, and usually camps where night or fatigue overtakes him. He can travel from point to point for hundreds of miles through the pathless bush with unerring precision, and can track an animal over rocks and stones, where a European eye would be unable to distinguish a mark. He is a keen observer, and knows the habits and changes of form of every variety of animal or vegetable life in his country. Religious belief he has none, but is excessively superstitious living in constant dread of an evil spirit, which is supposed to lurk around his camp at night. He has no gratitude except that of the anticipatory order, and is as treacherous as Judas. He has no traditions, and yet continues to practice with scrupulous exactness a number of hideous customs and ceremonies which have been handed down from his fathers, and of the origin or reason of which he knows nothing. Ofttimes kind and even affectionate to those of his children who have been permitted to live, he still practices, without any reason except that his father did so before him, the most cruel and revolting mutilations upon the young men and maidens of his tribe.  
Nevertheless, he is a philosopher who accepts feast or famine without a murmur either at the pangs of hunger or the discomforts of repletion. His motto is Carpe diem, and when fortune sends him a supply of game he consumes it all, regardless of tomorrow. He is not a cannibal. No cold joint of missionary graces his sideboard, and should hunger, as a penalty for his improvident gluttony, overtake him, he simply ties a thin hair girdle round his stomach, and almost persuades himself that he is still suffering from repletion. After an experience of many years, I say without hesitation that he is absolutely untamable. You may clothe and care for him for years, when suddenly the demon of unrest takes possession; he throws off his clothing and plunges into the trackless depths of his native bush, at once reverting to his old and hideous customs, and when sated, after months of privation, he will return again to clothing and civilization, only to repeat the performance later on. Verily, his moods are as eccentric as the flight of his own boomerang.

**Wanted to Stay in Jail.**  
Recently Sheriff Kinney of Carson informed a Chinese who had been in jail fifty days for selling whisky to Indians that his time was up. The poor fellow's jaw dropped nearly a foot when this intelligence was communicated. He was having a very nice time in jail with a sure bed, and three positive meals a day. The idea of being thrown out on the street with a hot summer coming on was anything but pleasant. He began to argue with the jailer that there was some mistake about the time, and that he had three more days coming.  
The sheriff wouldn't listen to him and, taking him by the arm, led him out into the street. The poor fellow argued and begged and pleaded for a few more days, but the sheriff was inexorable and told him to get out. He told the sheriff of a lot of crimes he had committed that ought to land him in the lockup for years and still the sheriff refused to let him stay in jail another hour. When last seen he was headed for Chinatown weeping like a child.—Carson (Nev.) Appeal.

**What the Boy Saw.**  
The bright boy's mother is cultivating his bump of observation. "Now, Johnny," holding up a picture card, "shut your eyes and tell me what you saw on this card." "A cow, a barn, a horse," rattled off the bright boy, glibly. "What else?" "Nothing!" "Oh, yes; think now, what did you see behind the cow?" referring to the trees in the background. A moment's reflection. "Her tail," shouted Johnny ecstatically.—Chautauqua Assembly Herald.

**Evolution.**  
Lawyer—That man was a thief until he got rich.  
Client—And what is he now?  
Lawyer—Kleptomaniac.—Fliegende Blätter.



### A Parisian Touch.

A Parisian touch is given to the regulation white pique Eton coat and skirt by wearing a white tulle vest and a black gauze scarf, which fastens underneath the jacket on either side of the front, crosses the waist, and ties behind with long sash ends. The front of the jacket should be cut out some odd shape to display the vest, and, with a stiff white linen collar and a bright plaid necktie, the effect is stunning.—New York Sun.

### Girl Swims Like a Fish.

Miss Ethel Murray is a young woman of Detroit who can swim like a fish. Recently she swam a mile and a half in the excellent time of forty-four minutes. She is only eighteen years old, and in ordinary dress has no suggestion of the athlete, but she has a 12 3/4 inch biceps, and her general muscular development is on the same liberal scale. Swimming is only an amusement with her, but she is likely to break some records before long.—St. Louis Star.

### The White Change Purse.

The latest addition to the list of feminine knick knacks is a natty purse made in white suede, the wrist strap finished with a brass buckle, and a light ring of the same fastening the purse with a spring snap. Altogether as regards finish and general appearance, this little palm purse is one of the smartest novelties possible, and charming to wear with the white gloves now so much the fashion. Neither is its hue any drawback, as might at first be supposed, as it only needs the application of a little pipe clay to make it quite new and fresh-looking when the effects of wear are beginning to tell upon it.

### Costliest of Bicycles.

One of the wedding presents given by the Queen of Italy to her daughter-in-law, the Crown Princess of Naples, was a bicycle, magnificently finished in every respect. The Queen herself possesses the most costly bicycle in the world, presented to her some time ago—of which all the fittings are of gold. This bicycle is kept more for show than use, much as the Queen was delighted with it. The gold fittings naturally make it heavy, and are therefore not practical. The Dowager-Duchess of Aosta learned to ride much earlier than Queen Margaret, and she may be said to have introduced the sport into Italy for women.—New York Tribune.

### Increase in Kleptomania.

Truth says that the release of Mrs. Walter M. Castle has been followed by an alarming increase of kleptomania in the West End of London. One leading storekeeper states that he has been obliged to take the law in his own hands, recognizing the futility of legal proceedings, and in view of the fact that the disgrace of the arrest, etc., falls upon innocent members of the families. This storekeeper says that he watched a well-to-do lady and caught her stealing several times. Finally, he took her, he says, to his private office and offered her the choice of arrest or summary chastisement then and there. She accepted the latter and the proprietor left her with his sister, the manageress of the store, who then birched the lady until the latter howled for mercy and solemnly swore never to do it again.

### Becoming Neckwear.

The high, fluffy effects continue on wraps, bodices and the extra pieces sold separately. Ostrich feather boas in black, gray and black and white are selling with renewed favor.  
A new cravat is of white or light silk, kilt plaited, folded around the throat and bowed in front in four loops and two short fringed ends. They are made to hook over at the back.  
Black net collarettes, just covering the shoulders, are of frills edged with a narrow quilting of taffeta silk in changeable shades.  
White tulle cravats are tied in a large bow without ends. This is a fancy that returns every season, though it does not always take. The little white lawn-dress tie worn in London and New York with tailor suits and shirt waists is just making its appearance, as the ladies crave a softer effect.

### Victoria's Wealth.

Victoria is a multi-millionaire—what the multiple may be will never be known, for the wills of monarchs are not proved in court. She owns Balmoral and Osborne house, estates valued at \$2,500,000, and a bequest from an eccentric old miser, John Camden Neild, has rolled the sum up to some \$10,000,000. Parliament, on her accession to the throne, placed her beyond the reach of actual want by an annuity of about \$2,000,000, but this has since been somewhat reduced. As Duchess of Lancaster her income is estimated at \$400,000 yearly. But her expenses are enormous, though they are less now than during the life of the Prince Consort, when the more frequent royal hospitalities were magnificent, and the entertainment of visitors was truly regal. At the time that the Czar of Russia was

there in the seventies, some 200 were in his retinue, all being entertained at the Queen's table.

### Fancy Braid Garments.

Golden beige and green cloth form a striking costume with green or black and gold mixed braid. This is used as an edging, and for the braided chain on skirt and jacket. Bands on the skirt have a panel effect.  
The jacket is close in fit, with revers, collar and vandykes on sleeves of the light material, and a tiny V and collar front on the pointed vest. Seven yards of fifty-inch cloth will cut this design, with one yard of the lighter shade. In tan cloth with white moire and brown silk and gold braiding, this gown was prepared for a fall bride.  
Narrow black braid in several rows trims a natty-looking cheviot intended for general fall wear. The basque opens diagonally, with the skirt piece cut out on a bodice formed by the braid, back and front.  
High collar with turnover tabs and ordinary sleeves plaited in the armholes. A four and one-half yard skirt without trimming makes eight yards of forty-inch goods necessary.

### The Injury of Too Much Sewing.

Women wearied with much sewing will appreciate and agree with this bit from Harriet Martineau's "Household Education":  
"I believe it is now generally agreed among those who know best, that the practice of sewing has been carried much too far for health, even in houses where there is no poverty or pressure of any kind. No one well be more fond of sewing than I am; and few, except professional seamstresses, have done more of it; and my testimony is that it is a most hurtful occupation, except where great moderation is observed. I think it is not so much the sitting and stooping posture as the incessant monotonous action and position of the wear and tear. Whatever it may be, there is something in prolonged sewing which is remarkably exhausting to the strength, and irritating beyond endurance to the nerves. The censorious gossip during sewing, which was the bane of our youth, wasted more of our precious youthful powers and dispositions than any repentance and amendment in after life could repair."

### Fashion Notes.

A gray feather boa is one of the necessities of a fashionable outfit just at present.  
Organdies and Swiss muslins, when not worn over a silk skirt, should have one of thin India linen quite full.  
Lavender blue and iris purple are two very fashionable colors just at the moment, both in dress and millinery.  
India silks, grenadines and baregees are worn for dressy toilets. Velvet, lace and ribbon are all employed in decoration.  
Clover and horseshoe stickpins are said to bring good luck to the wearer. Acorn and pearl drop pins are new and pretty.  
Turn over collars cut in square, turret-shaped pieces and made of lace-edged Swiss or the material of the dress are fashionable.  
Women who are much out doors walking, cycling and playing golf, will find that the best possible shoe for comfort, protection and economy is the ordinary tan-colored tie made for the boys.  
Double-warp cashmere is one of the prettiest among the light wool fabrics for summer wear. It closely resembles drap d'ete in beauty of finish and delicate tints, but it is not quite so expensive.  
Large and medium plaids and checks have been so extensively copied in the cheaper woolen goods that the pattern has become a weariness to the eye. The checks have not the clear definition of the old-fashioned shepherd's plaid, the edges being broken and waving.  
A real novelty in women's bathing suits is a black silk with a fitted boned bodice. The bodice is made with three box plaits down the front; the back is finished with a jaunty collar, edged with braid, and to it the full bloomers, also of silk, are fastened. A short silk skirt finished with a deep hem completes this attractive suit.  
There has been a steady demand this season for fancy mohairs, and these the manufacturers have produced in a very attractive variety of patterns. Some of the designs have narrow stripes in open work effects, and these are made up over silks of whose contrasting colors show effectively through the fancy meshes.  
Soft and delicate light-weight silks figured with a tiny dot on satin of a contrasting color are made into charming toilets with bodice cut down in corselet style, and completed by a guimpe of sheer India silk or shirred silk batiste. On one model the gored skirt is trimmed above the hem with three rows of black silk guimpe insertion underlaid with ribbon, the color of the satin dot. The same trimming is used on the corselet and sleeves with pretty effect.