

Young gentlemen who think of spending the gay winter season on the Yukon will do well to remember that totem poles cannot be utilized for the manufacture of soup.

It may have been only a coincidence, but it was just about the time the Czar sent that little present of 40,000 rifles to Serbia that Abdul Hamid concluded he had no present use for Thessaly.

The Louisville Courier-Journal commends the example of the Kentuckian who started out to walk to the Klondike gold fields. "That is the best way to start now, because you won't get there."

The earthquakes which made a circuit of the globe have got back to their starting point in the West Indies. A general hope will obtain that their globe-trotting will now cease. That sort of a pastime unsettles real estate too much to be encouraged.

The coolie whom jealousy drove insane in British North Borneo so that he ran amuck and killed fifteen people, would make a good subject for Professor Lombroso's analysis. These Malays who seize their knives and dash forth to slaughter any living thing in their path are good examples of the criminal type that "sees red" when the lust of murder comes upon it.

It is estimated that the turkey trade of the United States exceeds 12,000,000 annually. The greatest of the turkey growing states are Illinois, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Kentucky, Tennessee and Texas. Rhode Island produced but 11,656 turkeys in 1890, but the flavor of the bird raised in that little state is well known to epicures.

The pension roll soon will reach the million mark, predicts the New York Press. Commissioner Evans has issued a statement showing that at the beginning of the fiscal year the pensioners numbered just 983,528, an increase in twelve months of 12,850. In that time 50,101 new pensions were granted and 3,971 persons were restored to the rolls. There were 31,950 deaths in the year.

The manufacture of bi-products from citrus fruits is obtaining some hold in Southern California. There is a plant in San Diego, and another in Los Angeles, and Ontario is to have one. It is not likely that these establishments can pay much more for cull oranges than the cost of picking and delivery, but they will make a market for a great deal of labor. As a matter of fact the oranges themselves are mostly stored labor. Anything which gives anybody something to do is a benefit.

A critic of the piano has come out with the statement that the instrument in question is the greatest social nuisance of the age, inasmuch as "it utterly ruins rational conversation." He adds: "The unhappy visitor is doomed to undergo a tinkle-tinkle of the keys, which falls short, in soul and spirit, of the performance of a street urchin on an old kettle. With pianoforte teachers on every stair in town, the temptations to the evil are numerous enough. For the sake of mercy, let us keep it out of the schools."

The department-store question has taken a new phase in Toronto, Canada, where retailers doing business in specific lines propose to seek legislation at the session of the Provincial parliament, having as its object the imposition of a tax on the turn-over. The New York Press thinks this is a departure favoring very much of the Henry George idea, which in practice will mean a comparatively small tax on a business turn-over up to, say, \$5000, but on large turn-overs up to \$100,000 or \$200,000 the tax would be very heavy.

A new study of human development has been published by a German author, E. Hahn. He maintains that primitive man was an omnivorous feeder upon whatever could be picked up, and that he then became severally a hunter, a fisher, a planter and a herder, but that those modes of gaining a livelihood were not taken up successively as an evolutionary series. He finds barley to be the first cereal, and wheat the latest. Cattle were first domesticated as draught animals, especially to draw the plow, and their milk was not used as food until long afterward. The wagon is assigned a religious origin. It is believed to have had four wheels derived from spindles whorls, and to have first transported officers of the goddess of fertility.

IF WE KNEW.

Could we but draw the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better,
Purer than we judge we should;
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the slayer,
All the while we loathe the sin:
Could we know the powers working
To overthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trial,
Knew the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim, external roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Should we help, where now we hinder?
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden forces;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source.
Seeing not among the evil
All the golden grains of good—
Oh! we'd love each other better
If we only understood!

The Colonel's Daughter.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

It was hot—hot—hot everywhere on June 29, 1778. Even Colonel Winthrop's leaf-embowered house in the beautiful valley of the Shrewsbury was at least 20 degrees warmer than the comfort of the occupants demanded.

Mistress Betty Winthrop, followed by a colored lad, walked slowly up through the shrubbery. She had been out on the river in search of a stray breeze. Mistress Betty was the one thing on the Winthrop place whose appearance the elevated temperature did not affect unpleasantly. Indeed, if anything, it served to heighten her charms, deepening the rose on her softly rounded cheeks, intensifying the blue of her eyes and caused the tendrils of gold-brown hair to curl in closer rings.

She was a pretty picture as she sat in the shade, her white hands clasped about her knees, and so thought the shabbily dressed young man who rode up the long avenue leading from the high road. He dismounted at the foot of the piazza steps and, throwing the bridle to a boy, stood and looked irresolutely at her for a moment, then passed quickly up to the front door and disappeared into the house. Betty glanced carelessly at him and resumed her reverie, of which so uninviting looking a person could form no possible part.

Suddenly the voice of Don Carlos, her father's valet, broke up her dream.

"Missy, de cunnel done went yo'."

"Who was it that went into the house awhile ago, Carlos?" she asked, rising slowly.

"I dunno, missy. But I hear him say somethin' or 'nother 'bout a big battle dat was fo't yest'dy up at de Monmouth co't house."

"What! Where?"

Miss Betty's cheeks were white enough now.

The colonel awaited his daughter on the piazza. He was a tall, spare man and walked with a limp.

"Father, is it true what Carlos tells me? Are you sure there has been a battle at Monmouth courthouse—and—and that many of our men and officers are—killed? Oh, father!"

"Come here, Betty. Fis, child; don't be foolish. A soldier's sweetheart and frightened, because, perchance, he has had to do a little fighting. Lucky dog to have a strong right hand with which to strike a blow for his country," and the colonel looked ruefully at his own right wrist, from which the hand had been severed.

"Oh, father, those horrible battles—" But at a glance from her father she stopped, compressed her lips and straightened her shoulders. "Do you believe, sir," she continued in a calm voice, yet with a look of intense anxiety in her beautiful eyes, "that many of our men have been killed—do you think—"

The colonel patted her cheek reassuringly. "Don't fret, my love. We have lost some brave men, I fear; though for the brave man in whose welfare you are particularly interested I fancy he is safe enough. But a gentleman arrived here 20 minutes ago who saw the whole encounter. You shall hear from his own lips what he has already told me."

The colonel led the way into the house. Father and daughter paused at the drawing room door. The man whom Betty had seen from the lawn stood in one of the deep windows. His back was toward them. He still wore his hat, and from beneath its brim a shock of black hair straggled down upon his shoulders. One arm was raised and rested against the window frame, and Betty noticed with surprise that the loose sleeve of his coarse gray jacket, which had fallen back at the wrist, revealed a bit of what looked like a military coat sleeve underneath.

"Sir," began the colonel, "I have told my daughter—"

At the sound of his voice, the man at the window turned hastily.

"My father," said Betty, and paused, looking curiously at the slouch hat, which he did not remove, though his hand sought it involuntarily. Something in the stranger's eyes was familiar, and she proceeded in a puzzled tone: "My father tells me that you bear tidings of the great battle fought at Monmouth courthouse. I am most anxious to hear them; but methinks I could listen with more comfort, sir, if you would remove your hat."

"Madam, I will," he responded and, flinging it off, along with a mass of black hair, revealed the face of Frank Balfour, a lieutenant in Washington's army and the affianced lover of Mistress Betty Winthrop.

"Frank!"

"Betty!"

Colonel Winthrop chuckled: "You see, my love, there is still a remnant of our army left."

"Thank God!" murmured Betty, whose face was hidden against Balfour's breast.

"Amen," echoed her lover and the colonel in a breath.

Then the colonel said: "I was right in thinking that you would pre-

fer to hear what this gentleman had to tell from his own lips, was I not?" and without waiting for a reply to this evidently needless question, he continued: "I mean to send Carlos out to watch lest some stragglers from the king's troops get wind of your presence here alone and take it into their heads to pay us an unexpected visit. We are not far out of their line of march, if they are en route for Sandy Hook." With a kindly nod to the young people the colonel left the room.

"To think that I should not have known you from the first, Frank."

"And to think what a struggle I had to keep from running to you at once, when I saw you on the lawn, instead of revealing myself to your father first."

Sitting beside his sweetheart, her hand clasped in his, the young lieutenant told her how Clinton's army, with its horde of camp followers, had swept down through New Jersey, with Washington close in their wake; of the desperate battle fought the day before, near Monmouth courthouse. "We lay," said he, "within earshot of the British lines; our sentries patrolled close to their outmost pickets; and yet, when day broke and we looked across to where the night before a great army had been encamped, lo, it had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed it up. Our consternation knew no bounds, for we had gone to sleep with our hands on our sword hilts, ready to finish carving up the redcoats on the morrow; but they had outwitted us."

"This is all very wonderful and very interesting," said Betty, excitedly, "but how came you here?"

"Happily for me, sweetheart, I was one of a small detachment detailed to follow and keep watch on the enemy's movements. By the time we had completed these discoveries we were within a few miles of my dearest girl and my longing to see her became irresistible. So I confided to my superior officer somewhat of my anxiety and begged leave of a short absence, promising to rejoin the company tonight at a point half way between here and Monmouth courthouse, where a few hours' halt will be called. This he kindly granted, but urged me to assume some disguise, as the country about here is filled with British stragglers, scouts and reconnoitering parties, and were my identity to become known my freedom, to say nothing of my life, might pay the forfeit. As luck would have it, we came upon a farmhouse that had been ransacked by the redcoats in passing. The place was deserted, and I appropriated the materials for my disguise. I trust their owner will not begrudge them to me. The last part of my way I was somewhat disconcerted by the presence of a fellow who insisted upon joining me. His attentions and conversation were highly annoying, for he spoke disparagingly of our beloved Washington, so that my blood boiled within me, and I had much ado to keep from striking him down. As we parted at the foot of the avenue the fellow said, with a grin: 'Farwell; I see thou art as prudent as thy fellows.'

"What did he mean?" asked Betty, fearfully.

"I know not, sweetheart, nor did I heed the impudent varlet. I am here with you—for the rest I care not."

Here the colonel joined them, and the three sat and talked happily. So absorbed were they that they did not hear the sound of hurrying footsteps in the hall, and Carlos, who had been running with might and main, appeared unexpectedly in their midst.

"Massa cunnel," he exclaimed, breathlessly, "dey is three men on horseback a piece down de road—two ob dem am redcoats. Dey's comin' fo' de lieutenant, sho—dey ain't no 'scape!"

"Be quiet, you fool!" commanded the colonel, fiercely, running his fingers through his hair.

Balfour's hand had sought his sword hilt.

"That fellow I met on the high road must have given the alarm," said he. "Well, it's too late to run away now, for look! they've come inside the grounds."

"I'll be—I swear I'll shoot the first man who attempts to search my house," said the colonel, fiercely.

Betty stood with compressed lips and bent brows. Suddenly she said, in a quiet voice, as if thinking out every detail of her speech as she uttered it:

"Frank, I have a plan for your escape. But you must follow my directions implicitly. Conceal yourself in the shrubbery at the back of the house until Carlos brings you word that the coast is clear. Then follow him. He will take you by a short cut to the river, where you will find my canoe moored. Let him paddle you upstream to the Griggs farm; the people are well known to us. From there you can procure a good horse and—"

"But, my dearest love, what—" began Balfour.

Betty interrupted him imperiously: "I know what you would say—but you must do as I tell you—trust all to me and go." The girl's voice was almost stern, but her eyes were very tender.

"As you will," he said and stooped and kissed her. "Goodby, Colonel Winthrop."

"Goodby and God be with you," responded the colonel, solemnly. "What plan my daughter has for your escape I know not, but—"

"It will not fail, father. Frank, dear Frank, go," and Betty fairly pushed him out of the room and house.

"Remember my directions," she said to Carlos in the hall. "Keep watch on the three horsemen, and when you see them gallop away run to Lieutenant Balfour instantly. Go now, and order the big brown horse saddled in haste for a gentleman who will ride from here. He will mount in the stable yard. Hurry!"

Then Betty sped upstairs to the garret to a chest that contained certain relics of her father's regimental career.

Five minutes later the colonel, who had been watching the movements of the men on the avenue, was filled with consternation at sight of a young man dressed in the blue and buff of a continental officer, riding leisurely away across the lawn to the high road.

"What foolhardiness! What stupidity! That idiot Frank! He shan't marry my girl—to ride right down their throats without so much as his disguise. Fool—fool! Poor Betty!"

Meantime, one of the three horsemen who were advancing up the drive caught sight of the uniformed figure and with an exclamation turned his horse across the lawn and started in pursuit, followed by his companions. For an instant the young officer paused as if undecided, the next he struck spurs to his horse's flanks and plunged away over the green. Leaping the hedge that inclosed the colonel's place at this point, he turned into the road. The colonel watched the flying figures until they were lost to sight in the dusty distance, then turned away with an impatient sigh.

Through the lengthening shadows pursued and pursuers sped on. The brown horse, fresh from the stable, was swift and sure of foot and his rider handled him with consummate skill, holding him at a steady gait that neither lost nor gained upon the men who followed. Up gentle undulations, down little hills, through patches of shady wood and out again into the sunshine. Mile after mile slipped away under the flying hoofs. The three horsemen and their horses were getting blown.

"Halt!" yelled the foremost. The road led into the depths of a pine forest.

"Halt, or we shoot!" he cried.

The young officer sped around a curve in the road and was lost to sight. When his pursuers again caught sight of him the brown horse showed signs of flagging, and they had gained perceptibly.

"Halt, or we shoot!" rang out the command again.

"Shoot if you dare, cowards!" called back a clear, dauntless voice.

A bullet whizzed past the fugitive's ear and lodged in the trunk of a pine tree. The brown horse plunged and reared and galloped on. Another bullet tore a hole in the blue coat sleeve.

The three men leaned forward in their saddles and urged on their laboring steeds. The pine trees hung heavy and low across the path.

"Stop, and you are safe—go on, and we'll shoot you down," panted the leader.

Another instant and the fugitive had drawn rein, so suddenly that his horse fell back upon his haunches. His hat, caught by a drooping pine bough, had been dragged from his head. The foremost of the pursuers saw a white hand raised hastily, as if to stay the flood of golden glory that tumbled down in many a shimmering ripple and sunny curl upon the fugitive's shoulders; saw him turn about his exhausted horse and saw—odds guns and pistols!—that the young officer was no young officer at all, but a lovely girl, with flushed cheeks and bright, exultant eyes—clad in an ill-fitting uniform of a colonel in the continental army. As the three drew up almost abreast in the road facing her, she said, smilingly:

"Gentlemen, the chase is over. You have done bravely, but Lieutenant Balfour has escaped you."

"And you, madam," said one of the horsemen sternly, "had you no scruples in misleading us and hindering his capture? And do you know that there is a penalty attached to voluntarily aiding in the escape of a traitor?"

"La, is there?" said Betty, saucily. "It concerns me not, for I have aided no traitor to escape. And, pray, since you are so learned in law, what is the penalty attached to such a crime as that of galloping ten miles after a defenceless woman, because, forthwith, she has a fancy to ride forth attired in her father's old uniform? Methinks it should be heavy. And do you know, sirs, that one of your bullets pierced a hole in my father's coat sleeve and came near to shattering my arm? Fie, fie upon you!" And, chirruping to her horse, Betty rode fearlessly through the midst of her late pursuers, unchallenged and unmolested. And Lieutenant Balfour, 15 miles up the river, galloped away to safety through the deepening dusk. —Frances A. Schneider, in Chicago Record.

Only a Hint.

Mr. Gotrox—What would you expect me to do for my daughter if you married her?

Georgie Goodthing (slightly embarrassed)—You—er—wouldn't be willing to die for her, would you?—Judge.



First Chinese Woman Doctor.

Hu King Eng, the first Chinese woman doctor, is a great success in the Flowery Land. Having studied and taken the degree of M. D., after seven years' hard work, she is now in charge the Siang-Hu Hospital at Foo-Chow. A story is told of a coolie who wheeled his blind old mother a thousand miles on a barrow to take her to the woman doctor. A double operation for cataract was the result, and the old woman can see as well as ever. —New York Sun.

She Was at the Front.

The only American woman who was at the front during the actual fighting between the Turks and the Greeks was Miss Harriet A. Boyd of Boston. She was a student at the American Archaeological School at Athens when the war broke out, and she volunteered her services as a nurse. They were at first refused, but through Queen Olga's influence she was put in charge of a hospital in which were more than fifty wounded soldiers. Large sums of money were offered to her to send dispatches to English and American war correspondents, and such money as she received from this source she gave to Greek hospitals.

The Athletic Girl.

Says the Lady Cyclist: "Is the athletic girl a marrying girl? This has long been the question, and needs little answering. She who is happy, merry and energetic in the fields and lanes will be just the sort of companion that a man needs to brighten up the place at home. A man who is a man does not marry solely for his domestic comfort—he could get a housekeeper if that was all that is necessary. The manly man nowadays wants a helpmeet and companion—some one who is his intellectual equal and sharer in his outdoor sports. And the athletic girl generally answers to all this, a thing that her ancestors failed to do."

Indian Women Who Farm.

In the Indian village on the banks of the Minnesota river, about one mile downstream from the city of Shakopee, lives a band of Dakota Indians who till the soil, make bows and arrows and moccasins, and trade with the neighboring farmers. Among the villagers are some interesting women, one of them being Mrs. Othertay, the sister of Shakopee, of Little Six, one of the most noted chiefs of the Sioux nation. The women of the Shakopee colony assist in the farming and make beautiful beadwork, which they sell at the summer resort hotels. Mrs. Othertay is a strong, well-preserved, elderly woman, much looked up to by her own people and her white neighbors.

Couldn't Cure Her if She Wore Black.

A Philadelphia physician said recently to a patient of his, a lady of wealth, that he would refuse to treat her further if she did not give up wearing black.

It was not, however, until the discussion ensued that he found out how much he was asking; not only were gowns black, but her underwear throughout was of the same color. The doctor then remarked that he had considered the alternative he offered her, to abandon black gowns or find another physician, an extreme measure, and only justified because of her peculiarly nervous and neurotic state; but when it came to discovering that she had nothing but black clothes upon her person he would refuse to treat anybody so dressed.

The "peculiarly nervous and neurotic state" he considered largely explained by this dress alone.

He succeeded in effecting a change in his patient's attire throughout, insisting on white, all white underclothes, and as much use of white in the outer garments as was practicable.

There are hundreds of women similarly ill and dressed as she once was, who have no idea that anything but a question of taste is involved in the color of their garments. They would not expect a plant covered up from the sun by repeated layers of black cloth to flourish, but they do not know that light and sunshine are necessary to their bodies. —New York Journal.

Women as Piano Tuners.

A new profession for women seems to be open in piano tuning. This business pays well and offers many inducements to women in preference to others. There is a very much more pronounced demand for piano tuners in the country districts than in the cities, particularly in this country. Tuning is an art easy to acquire, and the learning of this profession requires neither time nor great expense. Any piano maker of a woman's acquaintance will be glad to explain to her the intricacies of the piano and make her familiar with its construction, particularly when he thinks she might in return be able to sell some of her customers a piano, for which, by the way, she would get a commission. Small repairs are also easily taught; the stringing of the piano and the leathering of the hammers can be done by anybody clever with tools, and, after a short course of practice on some old

piano standing in the back of a store, a piano tuner can start out on her career. What is absolutely necessary is a good ear. That cannot be purchased, nor can it be acquired by instruction. The tools necessary will not go into money very much. A key, a tuning fork, a few pieces of hard felt covered with leather to place between the strings and a few ordinary tools, like hammers, tongs, pliers, screw driver, etc., are all that are necessary, and can be carried in a small satchel. Piano tuning does not demand great strength, and without doubt it can be made to pay well, since, according to the condition of the piano, from \$1 to \$3 are paid for putting the piano in order, and three hours, on the outside, is all the time necessary to put the piano in perfect condition. —Philadelphia Record.

Mountain Climbers.

Miss Anna Peck, the woman champion mountain climber of America, must look to her laurels, as dangerous rivals have appeared in the past few days in her pet field. These are Mrs. Eli Llewellyn and Mrs. Schuman-Warthman of the San Francisco Sorosis, who are spending their summer among the Mexican Andes.

Both ladies are known in New York club circles and the literary world. They are robust, vigorous and athletic, as well as cultured and clever. They believe in the gospel of exercise and open air, and have already performed many notable feats. Their last achievement was climbing Mount Popocatepetl, one of the high peaks of the American continent. It has an altitude of 17,600 feet, more than three miles high, and if put in Europe would tower over any and every peak of that continent.

It is marvelously beautiful, being a symmetrical cone, of which the upper part is perpetually covered with snow. In summer the snow melts from the lower edge and gradually recedes upward, while in the early autumn it begins to grow downward, and in February often nearly covers the entire visible surface.

The mountain is a volcano, but has been in a passive state for many years. It is not extinct, because there is still great heat in its crater, and at times smoke issues from the crevices in the crust.

It has all the charms and difficulties of other mountains, so far as the sport of climbing is concerned, but increases the obstacles by the hardened snow and ice, by the avalanches and landslides, and above all, by the rarity of the atmosphere.

At the three-mile point the breath no longer refreshes the climber, and man and beast and bird are compelled to pant or breathe rapidly to supply the body with sufficient oxygen. Despite all these difficulties the two ladies managed to reach the summit of the mountain.

In cloudless weather, which is not rare upon the Mexican plateau, it is possible to see peaks more than a hundred miles away, and to have in full view a circle of the earth more than thirty-two thousand square miles in extent, probably the largest view in the world. The two explorers were deprived of this wonderful vision by clouds, which formed below them when they were half way up, and which were almost an impenetrable layer when they reached the summit. —New York Mail and Express.

Fashion Notes.

Hosiery and ribbons in all plaids are among the desirable novelties for the little folk.

Enamelled silver corners decorate some of the newest leather cardcases and pocketbooks.

Golf scorebooks are provided with all silver covers and with leather covers with silver mountings.

French traveling clocks in leather cases afford excellent timekeepers at a comparatively small cost.

Nothing can exceed the splendor of some of the silver gilt jewel boxes elaborate with colored gems.

Skirts for little tots are made short and jaunty looking and rather full, but are fitted well at the top.

Provident housewives delight in the enduring qualities of silver plated pie plates and pudding dishes with fancy fireproof linings.

There are flower vases made to receive small flower groups in the French style. These are graceful in shape and come in decorated glass and china.

A handsome pillow recently seen was made of black saten, with Turkey red imp and goblins and little devils applied on in all manner of grotesque and fanciful positions.

The old-style jewelry is coming into fashion again. Women are haunting the old curio shops trying to find the beautiful old cameos like those worn by our mothers and grandmothers years ago. The old fashioned setting is rarely changed, the quantity carved and twisted gold being considered very beautiful. The old brooches and rings are especially sought for, and bring remarkable prices when found.