

A Texas county clerk estimates that there are 300 weddings a day in Texas. This record tells its own story of present joys and future responsibilities.

"In denying a citizen the right to work for a living," says Mayor Jones of Toledo, Ohio, "we are conspiring to destroy him. If we have not work enough that all may work a ten-hour day, let us divide the work we have among all, that all may live."

In Stockholm a policeman's lot is that of a dignitary. He must pass an extensive examination, after which he wears a handsome uniform and occupies quarters provided with fine furniture, hot and cold baths and a piano, with free singing lessons. The Swedish police system of telephones and electric bells is hardly equaled anywhere else in the world.

In the last session of the New Zealand parliament an act was passed giving to certain municipalities the power to adopt what has come to be called by single taxers in this country local option in taxation, under which a majority of electors of the municipality may by popular vote determine whether or not they will exempt personal property and improvements from taxation.

The gunners of the French navy are certainly not to be congratulated on their marksmanship, if the results of the target practice of three of the larger war vessels at Toulon a few weeks ago are to be taken as a criterion. The guns of the three vessels blazed away at the old wooden dispatch boat Petrel, utilized as the target, which was sent about 4000 yards (two miles) away, until three hundred charges were expended, enough to have sunk a whole squadron of such vessels. The Petrel is still afloat, thanks to the gunners.

Fanatical zeal often overreaches itself, muses the New York Observer. The vandalism of the Mohammed tribesmen who the other day on the taking of Fort Shabkadr burned the sacred books of the Sikh temple there, may prove to be worth a hundred regiments to the English arms. A coalition of Moslems and Hindus, which a short time ago seemed not improbable, would have made the Indian situation extremely difficult for the British. But that single act of intolerant zeal at Shabkadr may serve to confirm the loyalty of the whole Hindu population of India, on the principle not that they love England so much as that they hate the Moslem more.

Should this country ever get into war again, all its warships and cruisers will be at once painted olive green. It has been found that this color is the least easily seen in a greater proportion of conditions than is any other. In daytime it harmonizes so well with the grayish color of the atmosphere near the ocean's surface that the vessel is much less liable to be seen than black. Drab is also hard to distinguish by day, but with a searchlight it can easily be seen at a great distance at night. White is easily seen with a searchlight at night. The experiments which have resulted in deciding what is to be Uncle Sam's fighting colors for the navy were made on the torpedo boat Cushing and the Ammen ram Katabdin. It is of some importance that this country has made these investigations first, and is therefore entitled to first choice of colors for war vessels. It makes much difference to the safety of both of vessels and seamen that they be able to get as close as possible to their enemy before being fired upon.

A complaint of too many foxes in sections within a few miles of Boston is rather surprising to the New York Post. It is, nevertheless, true that in the Middlesex Fells and the Blue Hills reservation the number of foxes is plaguing the park commissioners. A few foxes are not objectionable, but their rapid increase is fatal to the desired increase in the number of ruffed grouse, quail, and other ground birds. The foxes have no natural enemies, and it is a puzzling question how to lessen their number. Hunting them with firearms cannot be permitted, as that would open the way for poaching on the birds. With the strict enforcement of the rule against carrying a gun into the reservation, it is comparatively easy to prevent all shooting, but if shooting of foxes were allowed the game birds would suffer. One plan that has been discussed is that of running the foxes with dogs by the employes of the park commissioners, or under their supervision, and it is probable that this could be done with as little disturbance to the other wild inhabitants of the Fells as would result from following any other method.

THE LAND OF "MAKE BELIEVE."

It lies in the distance dim and sweet,
On the borders of Long Ago,
And the road is worn by the little feet
That have journeyed there to and fro;
And though you may seek it by night or day
The task you will never achieve,
For only the little ones know the way
To the land of "Make Believe."

Clad in their armor of Faith they ride
On the wings of their fancy fleet,
And we hear, as we listen and wait outside,
The echo of laughter sweet,
It lightens the burdens of toil we bear,
It brightens the hearts that grieve;
Till we wish we could follow and enter there
In the land of "Make Believe."

And oh, the wonderful tales that are told
Of the marvellous sights they see!
For the weak grow strong and the young
grow old,
And are each what they wish to be,
Oh the deeds of valor, the mighty things—
Too bold for mind to conceive!
But these are every-day happenings
In the land of "Make Believe."

Would you follow the print of the tiny feet?
You must walk as they, unfeared,
Would you join in their fanciful and sweet
You must be as a little child,
But in vain should we seek it by night or
day,
The task we should never achieve;
For only the little ones know the way
To the land of "Make Believe,"
—Ida G. Morris, in Youth's Companion.

BERENICE'S HAIR.

BY CHARLES L. HILDRETH.

Full twenty miles from headland to headland Ramotin bay curves in a silver-green crescent, spotted with rocky islets, uninhabited except by the gulls and gunnets which wheel and flutter all day long about and above their barren, seagirt villages. There is neither town nor hamlet nor so much even as a fisherman's hut upon the whole extent of the shores. For the bay is too shallow and too thickly beset with shoals and ledges to render safe the visit of the smallest trawler or smack. As you stand upon the hill overlooking the narrow, ill-kept road which leads from St. Giles to Windsor, along the shores of the bay, you may watch the white-winged sloop and schooners going free or tacking against a head wind, but you will never see one of them making a reach into Ramotin bay.

It is indeed an ill-omened place, and more than one mackereler, loaded to the hatches, has grounded upon these evil shoals, and gone to pieces in the next northeast gale.

But what was chiefly given Ramotin bay its ugly reputation is a space of beach covered only at extreme high tide and bare at all other times, known as the Sundown Sands. It is a wide grayish-brown surface, running outward some forty yards to the fringe of tumbling turf, which, during most seasons of the year, approaches no nearer the road, a mere wagon track skirting the shore at this point upon an ancient stone wall. A perilous spot it is, too, for the highway abuts sharply upon the sands, without railing or parapet, scarce five feet above the grim expanse, which quakes and trembles from moment to moment, with mysterious hissings and groanings, which seem to proceed from unseen caverns below. There are gruesome stories of foot passengers who have fallen off the wall and been swallowed up, their piteous cries mingled with the eerie shrieks of the night heron, or the far-heard, melancholy whoopings of the owl among the branches of the blasted cypress upon the adjacent hillside. It is said, too, that an honest farmer, driving homeward from St. Giles' market by this road, lost his way in the darkness, and was never more heard of—neither man nor horse nor vehicle.

Standing upon the ancient wall you might throw upon the smooth surface of the Sundown Sands a pebble, a button, a twig, and as you gazed it would sink from sight in a moment, leaving all as blank and secret as before.

A sad and desolate spot it is, even upon the brightest midsummer noonday. The storm-writhen cypress on the hillside is the only thing resembling tree or shrub in sight. Sparse mottlings of withered grass find wretched sustenance among the rocks. Dank clumps of blubber weed and clots of sprawling algae cling upon the surf-worn rocks beyond the rim of the Sundown Sands. Naught else has nature—all beautifier as she is—been able to work upon this mournful place.

Half a mile over the hill there is an ancient manor gabled dwelling, surrounded by evergreens, facing upon the main road. From the upper windows a glimpse of the Sundown Sands and the old road skirting them may be obtained.

The young girl that stood at one of these windows, marine glass in hand, scanned the section of the road, visible from her position, with pale face and breathless anxiety. She was tall and slender of figure, with something commanding in the attitude she had unconsciously assumed, which matched the firm yet gentle aspect of her beautiful features. What first struck the observer was her magnificent hair. Red brown, shot with glints of gold, like the hair Titian was so fond of painting, but with a glory and a brilliancy never represented by pigment on canvas, it was gathered in a superb knot at the back of her shapely head. During the brief winter visits to the metropolis Berenice Tolland's hair had become famous in the small circles she frequented. And indeed it was glorious, wonderful hair, worthy of a goddess of the Arcadian days.

Suddenly she dropped the glass with a cry of dismay.

"They are quarrelling!" she ejaculated, in a smothered voice. "I must part them, or something terrible may happen."

As she turned hastily about, the fastenings of her hair gave way and the glittering coil unrolled and fell,

sweeping the floor in a thick, gold-flecked mass. Swiftly she twisted it up, and, throwing a shawl of lace over her head and shoulders she hurried out of the house, taking the rough, descending slope of the hill as more direct than the roundabout curve of the road.

"Let us pause here a moment, Cousin Geoffrey. I have something serious to say to you."

"What is it, Cousin Roger? I must say you have chosen an unpleasant spot for a talk. I never take this road if I can help it; for those ugly looking sands give me the horrors."

"As good a grave as any other," muttered Roger, gazing over the edge of the wall with a gloomy brow. "A man might lie as comfortably under those sands as in a churchyard."

"Look you, Roger, my boy," said Geoffrey, with an attempt at gaiety. "If you dragged me out of my comfortable bed this morning to listen to disquisitions upon the grave and the future state, I wish you had let me sleep an hour longer."

"Geoffrey," returned Roger, raising a face whose expression startled his companion. It was deadly pale, and a lurid gleam shot from his eyes, indicative of such hatred and despair as appalled his cousin. "Geoffrey, you have taken from me all that makes life valuable. You have destroyed all my hopes of the future. You have condemned me to hell, when, but for you, I might have had heaven."

"Cousin Roger," replied Geoffrey, his natural spirit beginning to overcome his amazement, "I hope you are talking mere nonsense. But if you mean anything by this rigmorole I expect you to explain it at once. Speak out, man!"

"You have robbed me of Berenice Tolland's love," said Roger, with a lowering eye. "Had you not come here she would have accepted me. Now she has put me aside for you."

"Roger," returned Geoffrey, seriously, tell me, on your word of honor, were you sure that Berenice loved you before I came?"

Roger paced to and fro along the edge of the sea wall, looking gloomily down upon the quaking sands, answering nothing for some moments.

"No," he muttered, finally, as if in preface. "No; she refused me more than once. But, nevertheless, I should have conquered her opposition in time but for you; you who have won her away from me."

Geoffrey confronted him with an angry frown. "And you, whom she has never liked; whom she has refused again and again, even according to your own story, wish to drive me away—make me relinquish my hopes of happiness, that you, who have not been able to win her, with all your opportunities, may continue to persecute her! No, Roger, understand me plainly. If I were to crawl away meanly at your request, and, as I take it, your threats, I should be as low a coward as you are."

The cousins were standing facing each other upon the very edge of the sea wall, against which throbbed and bubbled the fatal Sundown Sands.

"You refuse to go away and leave Berenice Tolland to me?" Roger's voice was scarcely audible, but the expression of his face was terrific in its malignity.

"I do refuse, Roger," was the firm reply, "and you ought to understand that I should be less a man to do otherwise."

"Then die and find your grave in the Sundown Sands," cried Roger, flinging himself upon Geoffrey and endeavoring to hurl him over the wall.

But Geoffrey had been, in a measure, prepared for the onslaught, and the cousins, locked in a desperate embrace swayed to and fro upon the very brink of the fatal quicksand. The struggle was as silent as it was deadly. No word, no sound, except the hoarse gasps of the combatants interrupted the fatal contest. Finally, Geoffrey's foot slipped over a pebble and he staggered backward. With a bitter curl of the lip, and a savage heave of the shoulders, Roger cast his opponent toward the edge of the wall.

Geoffrey fell backward, and, with a wild clutch, found himself hanging half over the wall, with his feet within an inch of the deadly sands. Dragging himself desperately up, he fell panting upon the edge of the parapet.

Rising to his knees and looking about him he was amazed to find his enemy nowhere in sight. Getting upon his feet, he rubbed his cramped limbs and cried out:

"Cousin Roger! Where are you?"

"Here, Cousin Geoffrey," was the sad reply, "where I deserve to be."

Looking over the sea wall he beheld Roger standing ankle deep in the Sundown Sands.

"Oh, Roger!" cried Geoffrey, "I must rescue you, or you will be swallowed up."

"What! when I tried to throw you into the sands," said Roger. "That is too much. Let me die, cousin! I tried to put you where I am now. Forgive me, and let me go."

"Oh, there must be some means," cried Geoffrey, looking wildly about.

"Some branch, some!"

"None, dear Geoffrey," replied Roger, who had now sunk half way to his knees.

At that moment a girl came racing like a deer down the stony side of the hill.

"Oh! thank God you are safe!" she cried, as she fell upon Geoffrey's breast. "I was so afraid that awful man might injure you."

"Here is that awful man, Berenice," said a mournful voice below the sea wall. "His power to do harm is nearly over."

"Cousin Roger!" exclaimed the girl, bending over the wall. "Oh, save him, Geoffrey; save him!"

"So I would," replied Geoffrey, "if I had a stick, or a rope, even of five feet length. But what can I do

Long before I can run to the house, he will be swallowed up."

"Five feet, you say?" cried the girl. "Here, here!" and with a gesture she unbound her magnificent hair and cast the glittering rope over the wall.

"Catch hold! Catch hold, Cousin Roger!"

The sunny coil fell within the reach of the imperilled man, who clutched it with the grasp of desperation. Slowly he was drawn out of the frightful sands, until his feet were free, and he could meet the clasp of the hands extended to him with the friendly grip which had forgotten the touch of anger in the joy of rescue.

As Roger stood upright and shook the sand from his feet, he extended both hands toward Geoffrey, who took them heartily.

"Geoffrey," said Roger, "I have been very near death in a most terrible form, and it has taught me a lesson. Forgive me and be happy."

"And you, cousin," replied Geoffrey "if you are ever disposed to envy our happiness remember that you were saved by Berenice's hair."—New York Journal.

CURES FOR INSOMNIA.

"Don't Keep Yourself Awake in Trying to Go Asleep" Is One.

One of the "gastronomic" magazines has an article giving some comprehensive directions regarding the cure of sleeplessness. It is sensible in admitting the complexity of a case of insomnia and of the doubts often connected with its origin. A man may apply all his own knowledge and that of his medical adviser and yet be unable for a time to overcome the tendency of the mind to drift along in helpless consciousness through the long hours of the night. But there must be a cause for this perverseness and a remedy for it, though the cure may not be found without a persevering quest. The American needs a full share of sleep. He works hard with brain and nerves, and is apt to play as hard as he works. To lie in bed with the wheels of thought running on waste material is a sort of torture as well as a danger to health. Napoleon's faculty of going to sleep on the instant was one of the greatest advantages he had over the commanders on the other side.

According to the magazine authority the worst enemies of sleep are worrying, overwork, overeating, indigestible suppers, and the habitual use of stimulants and drugs. The cure includes strict attention to diet, a well-ventilated sleeping room, some light exercise, like a walk, an hour after the evening meal, and freedom, of course, from worry. Napoleon had as the next man, but arbitrarily shut them off. It is not well to go to bed hungry. A cup of hot milk or a light sandwich is advised when that sensation is felt. Yet it is necessary to remember that insomnia and an overloaded stomach are closely acquainted. Stimulants and narcotics in the end are sleep destroyers. The condition they induce is not refreshing sleep. Sleepiness is an indication of the need of sleep and must not be combated too far. People who sleep but little should not be permitted to disturb those who are differently constituted.

When the whole subject is weighed the main remedy is seen to be good habits and a tranquil mind. Some who resolve to discard worry continue the habit over insomnia. They must be philosophical over that as well as all else. "Don't keep yourself awake in trying to get to sleep" is the injunction. "It would be far better to revert to some mild abstraction, such, for instance, as the many fine things that have been said of sleep. Think of Leigh Hunt's definition of it as the time when the mysterious spirit goes to take its airy round; of Wordsworth calling it a captive never wishing to be free; of Scott's advice to sleep in peace and wake in joy, which necessarily involves good health and a good conscience; of Bulwer's tribute to "the happiest of earthly boons;" of Milton nodding under the timely dew of sleep, and of Emerson's thought that "Sleep lingers all our lifetime about our eyes, as night hovers all day in the boughs of the fir tree." The right frame of mind and body is the cure for insomnia.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Colors of Plants.

Miss Esther Thompson in the *Asa Gray Bulletin*, disputes the dogma that color in flowers is solely the product of light; and also the dogma that color is given to flowers for the purpose of attracting insects, and thus aiding in cross-fertilization.

In defense of her view, she points out that there is as much variation in color in roots in the darkness of underground life, as in the flowers exposed to the full light above.

She refers to white and yellow carrots, purple beets, red onions, the golden fibres of the Coptis, commonly called gold-thread; and she gives numerous other instances. In the black, upturned mud of a swamp, she collected among the network of roots, ivory white, brown, black and yellow-tinted fibres, belonging to various species of plants.

The further contends that so great is the difference in the color of roots that species and even varieties can often be readily distinguished by the shades of color alone. She sums up by objecting to the general theory that color in flowers and foliage is a development to serve some special purpose in the individual's "struggle for life."

His Treasure.

"Young man," said the elderly gentleman, in a choking voice, "she is the only daughter I have."

"Yes," acknowledged the young man, "that is one reason I thought I would like to marry her."—Indianapolis Journal.



Economy in Corsets.

Here is a hint for the woman who is obliged to be economical: When your corset seems to be losing its shapeliness, steam it until the bones are soft and pliable, and then over a flat-iron you can restore them to their correct shape; this, of course, where whalebone is used.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Popular Jacket for Next Winter.

"The tendency of the winter jacket is toward the blouse effect, which is obtained by darts," writes Isabel A. Mallon in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. "Yokes, collars, cuffs, pipings in fur, whether it be mink, Persian lamb, ermine, sable, silver and black fox, or monkey, will be popular. Velvet and silk braid of all widths are much used. Satin cloth is really the novelty of the day, and obtains in heliotrope, green, mode, golden-brown, silver-gray, royal blue, dove and Lincoln green. On this are seen, not only the fur decorations mentioned, but also a very thick, coarse, black woolen braid, and tiny straps of leather matching or contrasting with the cloth in color. Collars continue high, are gored and undulating, and may be lined with fur, velvet or lace. Watteau effects are seen. Capes will continue to be worn. The novelty in their trimming is a flounce of the same material about the edges, described by the French modistes as 'cut in round.'"

What Women Buy Hair Dyes.

"Who are the people who chiefly buy hair dyes?" asks the Hospital. "Most people will answer, 'Fading beauties, who see in their gray hairs the threatening termination of their empire; women of fashion who insist on their gowns being of the tint that is in the latest vogue, and must, therefore, color their hair and complexion to harmonize with it if they are to present a pleasing appearance; actresses whose counterfeit presentment of the part they play must be complete in every detail.' So far as the widely advertised 'restorers' go this surmise would be correct, but the chemists in the poorer quarters of London could tell another tale. There the chief purchasers of hair dye are not women, but men, and it is not vanity that prompts them to hide the signs of age. In the incessant competition that goes on among the unskilled, the younger claimants, who are presumably the stronger, are preferred, and gray hairs may mean starvation. It is pitiful that such a dread of old age should hang over many. But, as the body ages sooner than the mind, it is inevitable that this should be so wherever man contributes more of brute strength than of intelligence to the performance of his task. The clever man has become an overseer by the age his fellow is dismissed, and looks forward to years of usefulness. Therefore, let us pray that men may more and more come to contribute the intelligent and not the mechanical force to our industries."

Chang's Female Physician.

The first Chinese lady to practice medicine in her own land is Dr. Rachel Q. Benn, of Tien-Tsin, who was appointed physician to the women in the household of Li Hung Chang after his recent trip around the world, says the *Independent*. There are two other Chinese women who stand prominent as leaders in this new revolt against the subjection of women, Miss Wang and Dr. Eng, who have just been appointed delegates to the women's congress to be held in London in 1898. The latter was born of an aristocratic family in Fuchau, her father being a mandarin. He became converted to Christianity, and with him his two sons, who for the past thirty years have been Methodist preachers and presiding elders. When a child Miss Eng was placed in a girl's boarding school, where she evinced such marked ability that in her fifteenth year she was sent across the seas and entered Ohio Wesleyan university, being graduated four years later. Three years more of study and the degree of doctor of medicine was conferred on her by the Woman's Medical college of Philadelphia, and also, after a brief post-graduate course, by the Philadelphia Polyclinic. When she returned home the mandarins and coolies, high and low, met the ship, eager to pay their respects, for her fame had traveled before her. One instance is related of a coolie wheeling her blind old mother in a wheelbarrow 100 miles to consult her. She performed such remarkable cures in the eyes of her countrymen that she is now known as the "Miracle Lady."

Armenians Doing Housework.

During the last eight months between 100 and 200 Armenian refugees, unable to find work at their own trades or professions, have gone into situations to do housework, and Miss Blackwell of Boston, who found them positions, has yet to receive the first complaint from any employer of dishonesty or any serious misconduct, even in the case of those who proved unskilled to the work and had to be sent back. A year's experience with one of these men, who arrived entire-

ly ignorant of our language and customs, enables one to subscribe most heartily to Miss Blackwell's recommendation. Never was help more satisfactory. Wonderfully quick in movement, strong and active, and rarely needing more than one showing, always cheerful, willing and obliging, honest beyond all question and devoted to his employer's interests, he has proved himself almost invaluable. In the kitchen neither grit nor stickiness mars the fair cleanliness of Philip's dishes; no smelly milk pan or greasy dish towel betrays the sloven, while his pots and kettles smile approval at their treatment. Economical by nature, his potatoes are pared without a bit of waste; coal and kindling are used with discretion, and the soap is never left to waste its substance in dish pan or cleaning pail. He is the first to rise in the morning and the last to leave work at night. Nor does he confine his attention to the kitchen alone. He cleans the porches, tends the flowers and chickens, gathers the fruit and vegetables and runs the lawn mower. He has already made great advance in speaking the language—and in the evenings has learned to read and write. Nor is Philip a notable exception. In Turkey the best house servants one can possibly find are Armenians, owing to their capability and trustworthiness; and in this country the housekeeper, willing to make a new departure and give them a trial, bids fair to find her reward in a satisfactory solution of the vexed "domestic problem."—Washington Star.

Some Poetic Queens.

A clever Englishwoman, Mary E. Garton, has called attention to the large number of women of royal blood who have been hymn writers of some sort. She awards the palm to Carmen Sylvia, the famous poet queen of Roumania. This distinguished singer inherits much of her talent from her mother, the princess of Wied, who, in her time, wrote some very touching and impressive hymns and chants.

Elizabeth, queen of Bohemia, who was grandmother of George I and a direct ancestress of Queen Victoria, wrote excellent religious poetry when at home in Scotland before her marriage, and after that ceremony in her adopted country. Another one of the Stuart family, Mary Queen of Scots, is also said to have composed several verses upon church topics of considerable beauty. A royal singer of more that average ability was Marie, queen of Hungary. Her life was one of great trouble, and what little joy she found was in religious activity, or contemplation. Her stanzas express the emotions which would be born of so sad a career. A poet whose name is found in many German anthologies is the Princess Louisa Henrietta, electress of Brandenburg, who was one of the forebears of the present emperor of that land. She was a woman of strong character, who frequently conducted religious exercises, and then writing her own prayers, sermons and hymns. The mother of Emperor William I, the Princess Louisa of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, is credited with two or three beautiful hymns. That brilliant writer, Queen Margaret of Navarre, wrote several religious poetical compositions of great beauty and force. The Empress Catherine of Russia is said to have composed many lines marked by grim humor and satire, rather than sweetness or sentiment, while the virgin Queen Elizabeth wrote and destroyed many religious verses, of which a few have come down to the modern age.—New York Mail and Express.

Fashion Notes.

"Feather plush" garments are heralded by a noted New York firm.

A handsome costume for a young lady is made of crepe-surfaiced goods. The skirt is trimmed with seven bands of bias velvet.

There is a bolero jacket of velvet, and the shoulders are covered by a little velvet cape with silk ruffles. Stiffes lined with crinoline are set up around the back of the neck around the outside of the dress.

Fancy bonnets are composed almost entirely of flowers. These are arranged in little clusters. Almost all of these bonnets have knots and loops of ribbon either at the sides or the back of the crown. Some of them have lace flowers and ribbon with wire loops.

Among the new autumn ribbons are fine and beautiful qualities in taffetas, gros grains, velvets, high-class fancies, satin plaids, Pompadour patterns, tri-colored satin stripes on plain repped grounds, and every width from the bebe weave "No. 1" to ribbons from one-half to five-eighths of a yard.

A dress for a young girl is a plain skirt and a waist made with a blouse front which falls over a girde of silk. The upper part of the waist is in round yoke shape, and is made up entirely of lace insertion and tucks. From the lower edge of this yoke, deep wide lapets of silk fall over the front of the tops of the sleeves. These lapets are trimmed with lace set on very full; the sleeves have wide tops and fit the arms closely below the elbows.