

Chicago is healthier than ever before. In fact it is by far the healthiest large city in the United States.

There is an enormous demand in New York for Fifth Avenue property facing Central park. Only the rich can buy, when bare lots are held at from \$4000 to \$5000 a front foot.

A Baltimore judge has decided that a faith cure or a mind cure doctor cannot recover pay for attendance on a sick person. The judge rules that such doctors render no service to their patients worth paying for.

The committee in quest of a site for the proposed contagious hospital in New Haven, Conn., has finally selected a lot in the rear of a cemetery. It is expected that these latest "adjoining property-holders" will not raise the customary objection.

France and England are rapidly appropriating the unappropriated territory of Sudan. Perhaps it would be more correct to speak of it as an occupation, since most of the countries affected have been claimed, for several years, as belonging within the French or English sphere of influence.

A most stupendous book-making scheme in England is now set in motion by Lord Acton, namely, "The Cambridge Modern History." It will be published by the Cambridge University press in twelve volumes, and will cover the period from the end of the Middle Ages to the present day. The first volume, dealing with the Renaissance, will appear in 1899, and in each succeeding year two volumes will be printed until the work is completed. Lord Acton's staff includes a great array of historical writers, to whom different historical periods will be given.

Says the Chattanooga News: It is better for the country that most rich men's sons are like Pullman's, rather than Vanderbilt's. That it should be three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves is a wise provision of Providence to prevent the republic from becoming a few princely families on the one part and millions of paupers on the other. It is well for the majority of humanity that one generation is usually disposed to spend what the former generation accumulated. Thus is the average kept up and that approach to equality maintained which alone makes a republic possible.

In connection with the announcement of young Henry George that he pledges himself to carry on the work which his father began and his evident inadequacy to the undertaking, it is interesting, remarks the New York Times, to recall an observation in "Progress and Poverty." Mr. George said that in his early life he had been a printer, and that he in time had met a great many rapid printers and some very slow ones, but that the swiftest compositor he ever saw could not set type four times as fast as the slowest. He was of the opinion that there was not more difference in the mental equipments of men—in other words, that no one man had four times the intellectual capacity of another. Whether Mr. George was right or wrong in this attempt at applying mathematics to the determination of mind is not material, but the implication that one can do nearly as good work as another will have a chance to be tested in the future career of young George.

The expedition of the British warship Imperieuse to Cocos Island in search of buried treasure is one of the most amusing incidents that has ever happened on this coast. Here is the admiral of the British Pacific Squadron taking his flagship down to an island off the Columbian coast and using his marines to dig for treasure said to amount to thirty millions. The island has no harbor, and the risk of taking a large warship near its coast was great, but luckily the weather continued fair and no disaster occurred. It is reported that the marines found a slate slab which the guide declared covered hidden treasure, but the water poured into the hole so freely that the admiral grew weary of the work and gave orders to return to Victoria. It is reported that another party will soon start for the island. This Cocos Island treasure is as mythical as other buried wealth along the Spanish-American coast of the Pacific, but every year sees new expeditions fitted out to hunt for it. There is absolutely no historical evidence that gold or precious stones were ever buried on the island, and none of the scores of treasure-hunters have even obtained a glimpse of the wealth they sought.

#### WHEN YOUR EYES SMILE TOO.

When your eyes smile too—when your eyes smile too,  
It's then I know your hidden heart is laughing out with you.  
It's often I have seen your lips go searching up a smile,  
And, oh, I somehow knew your heart was grieving all the while!  
And the sky was dark and gloomy, and the bird-songs were so few,  
And the sun forgot its shining—till your eyes smiled too!

When your eyes smile too—when your eyes smile too,  
Oh, the listen of the willows and the glisten of the dew!  
Oh, the brightness of the meadow and the lightness of the grain,  
And the music of the little winds that laugh along the line!  
Oh, the whisper of the valley and the deepness of the blue,  
And the glory just of living—when your eyes smile too!

—New York Press.

### THE SUBSTITUTE.

Rev. M. Pennell, pastor of the First Society, Brookville, entered his house one afternoon in July with an expression upon his countenance so unlike the look of wariness generally there visible that his wife, noticing it, inquired:

"What has occurred that affords you such evident gratification?"

"You know I was wishing that I might have a temporary relief from my cares, but was unwilling to take a vacation because of my belief that no church should, even for one Sunday, be without preaching?"

"Yes; and I know that you owe it to your people, not less than to yourself, to rest from your labors; so doing, you could accomplish much more. Have you decided to go away for a season?"

"Read that," he replied, passing a letter to his wife.

She unfolded the missive, whose contents were:

C—, NEW YORK, July 12, 18—.

DEAR BROTHER PENNELL: You will be surprised at hearing from your former classmate in Andover, between whom and yourself there has never been any correspondence; but a few words will render all comprehensible. From my remembrance of your views respecting the duties of a pastor, and from what I have heard of your faithfulness, I apprehend that you would not sacrifice what you, perhaps unwisely, regard the welfare of your people to your physical and, of course, mental health and strength.

I shall be absent from home until the middle of September, as, if you think proper to accept my suggestion, please write to Mr. Thomas Smith, Boston, whether he is going to visit friends, on receipt of this. With kindest wishes, fraternally yours,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

"You will avail yourself of the opportunity to recuperate your energies?" asked Mrs. Pennell, having finished the letter.

"I shall. It seems too much like a dispensation of Providence to be neglected."

"I am so glad!"

Mr. Pennell went to his library and wrote to Mr. Smith, mentioning the letter from "Brother" Blake and inviting him to substitute for him during the coming six weeks.

Three days later Mr. Smith came to Brookville.

He was of the medium height, slight, pale-faced; had long auburn whiskers, worn a la Anglais, curly hair of the same hue; blue eyes, that were sharp, inquisitive, penetrating; regular, pleasing features; was evidently not far from 25.

The following Sunday he occupied a seat in the pulpit with Mr. Pennell, but took no part in the exercises, except to offer the closing prayer.

At the conclusion of the morning service—the only one for the day—the pastor introduced him to the more prominent members with the remark—it soon became stereotyped:

"Mr. Smith will preach for me while I am having the vacation which it appears to be my duty to take, and I think you will have no reason to regret the temporary change."

Everyone expressed his pleasure at knowing that Mr. Pennell had concluded to rest; no one doubted but that Mr. Smith would satisfactorily meet all requirements.

Indeed, the newcomer had already done much toward securing the favor of those who were to constitute his congregation.

"What a fervent prayer!" "How earnest he seems!" "He is destined to become distinguished," and other like observations might have been heard, sotto voce, from the elderly people.

The maidens whispered to one another, "Did you ever see such side whiskers?" "What magnificent eyes he has!" "Isn't he fine looking!" and so on.

The next Sabbath the subject of his discourse was: "I was a stranger, and ye took me in." As a literary production it was masterly, and it was delivered in a manner that held the audience spell-bound.

When he descended from the pulpit an old man, whose frame was bowed, whose hair was silvered by age, extended his hand and said, tremulously:

"Brother Smith, in more than 80 years I have never heard so excellent a sermon as yours."

"Thank you," returned Mr. Smith. "Your kind words are encouraging," and a blush suffused his face.

From that time his praises were on every lip. People who were noted Sabbath-breakers went to hear him; the prayer-meeting had an attendance larger than it had ever before known; the "sewing circle," usually discontinued through the hot months, was re-organized, and of it he was the moving spirit.

The young men liked him; the young women—married as well as single—fairly adored him.

he was as popular as a clergyman could desire to be.

"I should like to ask a great favor of you," he said to Mr. Campbell, president and cashier of the local bank, a "pillar" of the church, as they sat in conversation one evening.

"Do not hesitate to ask any favor which it is in my power to grant," was the reply.

"It is not exactly the thing for an humble servant of the Lord to wear this ring"—extending his shapely white hand, whereon sparkled a large diamond. "It indicates a taste for display that, not commendable with the rich, is reprehensible where the wearer is poor and fitting for the vocation that is to be mine. I do not wear it as a matter of display, however, but because it is an heirloom, from which I have been unwilling to part in the seasons of my direst need. The people cannot know my motive in having it appear upon my person and will probably misapprehend it. I would ask, if you are willing, to give it a place in your safe at the bank."

"Most assuredly. Carry it there in the morning, and I will deposit it where it will be secure."

"Thank you. My mind is relieved of a great responsibility."

The next morning he went to the bank and saw his ring placed where Mr. Campbell convinced him it would be "secure."

After an absence of five weeks Mr. Pennell returned to his charge, and Mr. Smith went from Brookville to a small village in Maine, where he had engaged to preach for a short time, he said.

There was a wide and deep regret at his departure, and now a few of the church members—especially those who had joined under his administration—freely expressed their wish that the "lay preacher" might continue to substitute for the regular pastor, who, such remarks reaching, deeply grieved.

Finally matters settled into their former channel and moved on peacefully for the greater part, though not without an occasional disturbance such as the parish had not known prior to the advent of Mr. Smith.

Toward the close of September a panic was created in the place by the rumor that the bank had been burglarized to the amount of nearly \$60,000—a rumor that proved true.

The day that this announcement was made Mr. Smith again came to Brookville to obtain the ring, which he had thought it best should remain in the safe while he was away.

Despite the gloom of those who had suffered by the burglary, they were glad to see him and, learning his loss, were so sorry as to almost forget their own.

"Though the intrinsic value of the ring was considerable, I valued it chiefly because it had been in our family so many years—handed down from one to another generation," he said; "but my loss does not deserve mention with that which some of you have experienced. It does make me feel a personal interest in the affair"—this to the directors and depositors—"and I would suggest that you at once telegraph to New York for Mr. —, one of the most expert detectives in America. I regret my inability to remain and learn the result of your investigation. If you succeed in recovering the stolen property, I shall appreciate your kindness if you will express the ring at once to me at Rochester, New York."

Mr. Campbell promised to do so. Mr. Smith thanked him and was gone.

The detective named was summoned by telegraph and within 12 hours arrived in Brookville. To him the president stated all the facts in the case, of which the officer made a memorandum. Then, as in verification of these statements:

"The door of the bank was locked when you reached it?" he said, interrogatively.

"It was," returned Mr. Campbell. "The safe was also locked?"

"Yes."

"The windows were fastened as usual?"

"They were."

"Who knows the combination that you use on your lock to the safe?"

"No one but myself."

"Have you ever committed it to paper?"

"I have, and the paper is now in a sealed package, held by my attorney and to be opened only in case of an illness—that renders me unconscious—or my death."

"Do you know that the package has never been tampered with?"

"I suppose that it has not. Will learn shortly," and he wrote a note which he sent to his attorney.

"No suspicious person has been seen in the village recently?"

"Not that I am aware of."

to anyone—that no one has been near you when you opened the safe?"

"The only person who has ever been near me when I opened the safe, with the exception of the officials, is the gentleman who substituted for our pastor this summer."

"How did he happen to be near you?"

"He came here to leave a valuable ring that was his for safe-keeping."

"You opened the safe in his presence, and he unsuccessfully tried to open it after you?"

"Yes," in absolute astonishment. "Describe his personal appearance."

"Mr. Campbell did so. "That is all for the present," remarked the officer.

Four days elapsed, during which the detective seemed to give the "case" no consideration, devoting his time to conversation with this, that and the other one on any subject except the burglary. Then he went to Mr. Campbell.

"Your description," he said, "of the gentleman who substituted for your pastor this summer tallied so nicely with the description of a burglar who has 'operated' in the West that I at once made up my mind that the two were identical."

Mr. Campbell gave a start. "Leaving you I called on Mr. Pennell and learned the name of the clergyman by whose recommendation Mr. Smith came here. To this minister I immediately wrote. The reply is—"

reading a letter:

C—, NEW YORK, Oct. 2, 18—.

DEAR SIR—In answer to yours, just at hand, would say: I know no one by the name of Thomas Smith, never had a student, never wrote to Brother Pennell. The evening before I left home, last July, a young man, in all respects like the one you describe, called on me and asked innumerable questions concerning Brother Pennell—so many and so strange that I wondered at them. I intended to write Brother P. about this man, but neglected it so long that I deemed it best not to write at all. Wish now that I had, as it would have prevented the imposition which has been practised upon an esteemed co-worker and his people.

Yours respectfully,  
WILLIAM BLAKE.

Mr. Campbell was too much astonished to speak.

"Probably this man Smith—or whatever his name may be—learning that your bank did an immense business, resolved to burglarize it long ago," continued the officer. "Just how he chanced to adopt the clerical role I cannot say; but, having determined upon it, he could easily find the name of some one who was your pastor's classmate at the Theological seminary by consulting the catalogue of the institution for various years. Fortune favored him in selecting Mr. Blake. He had never corresponded with Mr. Pennell, but was thoroughly versed in his ways. This circumstance enabled Smith to write to your pastor, with no fear of detection by reason of the penmanship. The time of writing was also opportune, as Mr. Blake was on the point of leaving home, and Mr. Pennell could not write to him concerning the would-be substitute.

"The ring—it may or may not have been worth something—was the ruse by which he gained a knowledge of your combination. When you opened the safe he learned the number that you used, and his unsuccessful attempt to open it after you was a mere 'blind.' Of course, to obtain an entrance to the building was an easy matter for him. I shall this very day go in pursuit of him, and my advice is, say nothing of what I have told you to anyone except the directors, more than that I have obtained a clew to the perpetrator of the deed, until you hear from me."

Early in December he received a telegram from the detective at New York, which contained the single word "Come."

He went to that city, where he found Thomas Smith, alias various other names, in custody, who made a full confession, quite substantiating the officer's suppositions, and restored all that he had taken from the bank, save a hundred dollars or so.

When Mr. Campbell returned to Brookville with the stolen property everyone was astonished; they were more astonished on learning the true character of the "lay preacher."

"His first text should have been, 'I was a stranger and took ye in,' facetiously observed one of the church members whom Mr. Smith had especially pleased.

Since that time no one of his flock has expressed any desire that another than the Rev. Mr. Pennell administer to his spiritual wants.

Strange Dress for Siamese.

A London daily has this reference to an old photograph which the Siam Free Press points out some of its readers may have seen: Twenty-five years ago there was a photograph on sale in Singapore representing the consorts of the king of Siam in Highland array. There were thirty or forty of them in kilt and philabeg and ostrich feathers, with a piper on each flank. The monarch—ancestor, we presume, to King Chulalongkorn—had lately received a Scottish gentleman, who thought it fitting to don his national costume for the ceremony. His majesty was so struck that he borrowed the accoutrements, set his tailors to work, equipped all the harem and sent for a photographer. The funny old print recurs to memory when we read the present king's admiration for the dress of the Magyar nobles. He is not likely to parade his wives therein, but he has ordered one for himself. It is indeed a striking costume—so striking that one does not know whether to laugh or to admire when coming across a gentleman thus rigged out in the brand new, bustling thoroughfares of Budapest.

Vermont makes considerably more maple sugar and syrup than any other state in the Union. The average sugar crop is about 15,000,000 pounds, besides syrup.



A Real "Miss Havisham."  
The case of Miss Havisham, in "Great Expectations," has lately been paralleled in England by a Miss Clarke, of Chatteris, in Cambridgeshire, who has just died after 45 years in her bed. In 1852 she had a disappointment in love, and forthwith retired to her bedchamber, which she never left alive. She was in comfortable financial circumstances, and found her chief diversion in fancy needle work.—Argonaut.

The Becomingness of Fur.  
What woman does not know the becomingness of fur on a cold crisp day, when the eyes are brightened and the color of the cheeks heightened by the stiff, bracing air? Fur, if selected to suit the wearer and worn consistently, does more to lend youth and freshness to the face and general style than almost any other accessory of feminine dress, and the woman of 45 who affects furs to harmonize with her general coloring of hair, skin and eyes can take many years from her usual appearance.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Favorite Trimming.  
A favorite trimming for handsome cloth dresses is mauve, reseda, green, lathia, gray, fawn, etc., is a rather heavy cream or ecru guipure lace which is employed for yokes, boleros, spauettes, and laid flat on velvet vests, spauettes, cuffs and collars as borders. Very dressy gowns made with princess backs are cut down in a square at the front, with an inserted ruche of guipure, the yoke bordered with fur or with a framing piece of guipure which broadens out into spauettes at each side, partly covering the small sleeve puffs. The seams of graceful princess corsages are defined by a narrow cache point or gimp of passementerie which is carried down to the bottom of the skirt.

Women's New Occupation.  
Students of the drama will doubtless recall one play at least in which the fortunes of a family, or the hero's life and honor, were saved by a girl donning a jockey's colors and riding the winning horse to victory. A case of this kind in real life has just come to light in England, where a young woman of 18 had worked for six months as a stable groom without her sex having been discovered. She belonged to a family of jockeys, was a capital rider and devoted to horses. She induced a stable friend to introduce her under a masculine alias, and luring the entire time of her service gave excellent satisfaction. A stable accident revealed the truth as to her sex, but the owner for whom she worked, in telling the story, declared he believed it would be a great advantage if young women could ride race horses, not only on account of their light weight, but on account of the devotion the horses showed to them.—New York Press.

Butter Supplants Flowers.  
Florists do not like the new fashion which decrees that butter, and not flowers, is the proper gift to send to a friend, man or woman, about to sail for Europe. Butter appears to be rather a strange token of friendship, but just now it is the proper thing to send as a farewell offering to one about to go down to sea in a liner. The butter is sent in the care of the ship's steward, who sees to it that it is served at the table on the numerous or rare occasions when the recipient of the dairy gift appears in the dining saloon. The gift is not sent as a reflection upon the butter served by the ship. Nor is it cheap butter. Indeed the butter is very expensive, for it costs from 60 cents to \$1 a pound. It is the product of milk from the very best bred cows. Five pounds is the quantity usually purchased. That is sufficient to last a passenger six or seven days at sea—or even more, if he or she becomes seasick.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Women in Switzerland.  
The women of Switzerland are hoping to arrange a congress of women from all the cantons, to take place during the exhibition at Geneva next year. They look forward to being able thus to lay a foundation for the formation of a national council of women—not an easy thing to do when one considers that the inhabitants of Switzerland consist of three different races, with different languages and religious creeds. A society now existing in Geneva, with branches in other towns, has much the same spirit and aims as a national council. It is called L'Union des Femmes, and has taken up the question of women's wages, of co-operative stores, of technical education, of dress reform and woman's moral elevation. Connected with this union is the Society for Woman's Legal Rights, which only last year achieved a great step in advance by procuring for married women the right to dispose of their fortune or wages, as the case may be, and to bank the same under their own name. Louis Bridel, professor of law at the University of Geneva, has been most

helpful in this matter, as in all questions relating to women, in which, aided by his wife, he takes the greatest interest. Feminine education, as every one knows, is far advanced in Switzerland, and the University of Zurich has many women students, most of whom come, however, from other lands. It was here that Dr. Emily Kempin, the first lecturer of the woman's law class of the University of the City of New York was trained. She had a long and hard struggle before being allowed to practice her calling; but the fight has been a successful one, for she is now not only engaged in active professional work, but is also professor-at-law at her alma mater.—New York Tribune.

The Diamond Ring.  
The diamond ring is general if not universal. It sits enthroned on the hand of young and old, rich and poor, and though it may not always be safe to test its genuineness, it glitters its very best under all circumstances. This passion for a bit of carbon is in-born. One offers no excuse for the taste that can be gratified at a comparatively trifling outlay, for there are diamonds of such exquisite purity that cease to become mere ornaments, and are rather gems of nature to be wondered at. Man's fondness for shiny objects began with his creation; and though no mention is made of Adam wearing a diamond ring, it was Eve's weakness for a serpent's bright eyes that led them both astray and made the earth give up its treasure to gratify their suddenly developed human vanity. Not many years elapsed after the expulsion, I warrant, ere Mme. Eve was ordering Adam to bring her home some of those bright pebbles to sew on her new frock. To drop down to the present era, when diamonds are bought by the pint, it is not strange that everybody wears one in a ring or in his scarfpin. Some years ago the man who wore a diamond pin in his shirt bosom was regarded as the personification of vulgar ostentation but today he does more—he wears diamond studs, a diamond scarf-pin and the inevitable ring. Therefore the other day when a car conductor flashed a diamond ring on his third finger, under my nose, I wasn't a bit astonished at the exhibition of his wealth, but silently wondered what fortuitous conditions had led him to collecting the public's fares. It was of no consequence if the stone was off color, for any lapidary will tell you a yellowish tint adds to the brilliancy, but it showed how human nature insists on gratifying its tastes, even at the expense of the necessities of life. But as a philosopher opined, when we all have bicycles, why in the world shouldn't those who can't ride one buy something that costs as much as the wheel? Why not, indeed? It is matter of saving up.—Boston Herald.

Fashion Notes.  
Lace collars add greatly to the beauty of velveteen or corduroy dresses. Collarettes or boas of fur with muffs to match are smart accompaniments to jacket suits. Plaid and Roman striped ribbons are chosen in preference to plain ribbons for stocks, belts and trimming purposes. Small patterned, self colored taffeta silks in beautiful evening shades are now sold in popular qualities at from 75 cents to \$1 a yard. Corded silks and ribbed woollens and velvets will be very fashionably used for handsome gowns, entire street costumes, redingotes and wraps this winter. The oddest, but certainly not the prettiest, of new belts are of fluted gold and silver, the outside enameled with a solid color and strewn with flowers of different tints.

Velvet ribbons are to be especially fashionable this season for dress trimmings. Checked, striped and plaid velvet ribbons are also in demand, and are exceedingly effective in brightening up street and house gowns. A smart blouse of dark brown cloth is crossed in front by straps of bright red cloth fastened with black military frogs. The belt is of red cloth braided with black, and the flaring collar is braided with black and fastens in front with an ornament of steel.

The fur blouse which will usurp the place of both bodice and wrap is one of the leading novelties of the season. There are likewise fancy blouses for very youthful wearers, made of Scotch tartans and plain vivid reds of many different shades, but somewhat toned in effect by their velvet trimmings. Facings, revers and vests of white or cream cloth appear on some of the handsomest cloth costumes for special wear. This is an easy and most effective addition to a gown and always a becoming one. Some of these gowns show the white or cream portions bordered with rows of white and gold braid; others are almost hidden by an intricate arabesque or vermicelli design in hand braiding.