

In South Africa there is a great demand for donkeys, as they are proof against climate, plague and flies.

It appears that Germany is not the only bête noir of industrial Great Britain, though it is doubtless the chief. The "made in Germany" cry is now supplemented by another—"made in the United States." In other words, American manufacturers are invading English home and colonial markets.

Some time since an Englishman in Ceylon announced his conversion to Mohammedanism and immediately claimed the privilege of polygamy, taking unto him a second wife in the person of an English girl of excellent family, who also announced her conversion. The first wife sued for a divorce. The man protested that as a Moslem he had a right to two or even four wives. The matter has come up in the courts, and it has been decided that his status in Ceylon is that of an Englishman upon whom the obligation of monogamy is binding whatever his religious belief, whether he be Christian, Jew, Buddhist, Mormon or Mohammedan.

Says the San Francisco Argonaut: "The daily papers are not content with plastering pictures over their pages, most of which are superfluous and all of which are bad. They have now devised all sorts of typographic freaks with which to disfigure the pages already defaced by poor pictures. It has become a matter of extreme difficulty to pursue the windings of an article in and out of the pictures and over to the inner pages, where its ramifications generally terminate. For, according to the new 'journalism,' it is necessary to begin all the news features on the first page with a whoop and a howl, allowing them to trickle out like stale treacle on the inside pages. But this desire to get everything 'featured' on the first page has brought about the condition which makes the daily papers look like picture puzzles. As if to add to the confusion, some inspired editorial editor has now devised a plan of inclosing in borders all sorts of stories, scraps of interviews, sayings of individuals more or less obscure and the flotsam and jetsam generally of the news of the day. There is thus made up a sort of journalistic remnant-counter or newspaper ragbag, which is surrounded with variegated black borders of varying degrees of hideousness, and around which must coil and curl and convolute the genuine news of the day. The hapless purchaser of a newspaper is now forced to pick out the news, not only from amid the pictures which deface the pages of the dailies, but from these typographical monstrosities as well."

During her first term in the White House, relates W. E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record, Mrs. Cleveland was always accessible to newspaper correspondents and was the source of a great deal of valuable information concerning official and social affairs. The women correspondents were very fond of her and appreciated her sympathy and assistance, but during the second term, after the children came, she became more secluded; she seldom saw any of her old friends of the newspaper profession, except on the occasion of official functions, and even then she usually referred them to the president's private secretary or to Colonel Wilson, the master of ceremonies at the White House. It is said that this change in her disposition was caused by a little incident that was resented by the president and herself as an unwarranted intrusion into their private affairs, and caused them to take measures to protect their household against any further attacks of that kind. At the same time the article they complained of was not only an interesting but a truthful account of an event which occurs daily in every well-regulated household that is made happy by children. A newspaper correspondent of some fame happened to call just as Ruth who was then a baby, was having her morning bath. The operation was being observed with great pleasure by the president, who invited his friend to join him. The latter of course was immensely interested in studying the demeanor of the president of the United States, and particularly a man of Mr. Cleveland's character and disposition in the midst of such a pretty domestic scene, and afterward took the liberty to write a description of the affair for his paper. The public was greatly amused, but the president and Mrs. Cleveland were indignant. That particular correspondent was never received at the White House again, and he effectually destroyed their confidence in his profession.

A SONG OF HER LOVE.

There's a song of a bird in a blossoming tree,
And songs in wind-trebles above;
But the song that is ever the sweetest to me
Is a dear little song of her love!
Like fairy bells ringing
Where roses are springing,
Is the song of her love that my glad heart is singing!

O the bird in the blossoms with melody charms
And the winds sing the blue fields above;
But of rosy-red lips and two little white arms

Is the dear little song of my love,
Of red lips that kiss me,
And tenderly bless me,
And arms like a necklace that clasp and caress me.

Sing ever, ye birds, to the blossoming tree
And, winds, pipe your music above;
Her brown curls are brighter than blossoms to me,
And I'm singing a song of her love;
Like fairy bells ringing
Where roses are springing,
Is the song of her love that my glad heart is singing!

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Creed and Crocuses.

The Rev. Wetherby Smiles was rector of St. James' and occupied a rose-embowered cottage not far from the church. The cottage, with its attendant garden, was a dainty, pretty spot, which looked as though a woman's hand had planned and cared for it. But no woman had anything to do with the rectory. The Rev. Mr. Smiles' only servant was a dithering old man; the rector prepared his own meals, except when he was invited to tea by some old lady who pined his lonely, indigestion-breeding existence.

Not that the Rev. Mr. Smiles was a woman hater, but Mr. Smiles was very high church indeed. Unfortunately, St. James' and the parish and the people were very poor. The good people liked the Rev. Mr. Smiles and tried to follow his suggestions upon high church usages. But there are people, you know, whom you couldn't make high church with a jack-screw. The communicants of St. James' were mostly farmers and small tradesmen.

The rector felt that the clergy, to be able to give their whole time and thought to their work, should live lives of celibacy. He had felt at times a strong drawing toward some ecclesiastical order in which such vows would be necessary. Then he would wear some outward sign of his vows, and the young women of his parish would not fall in love with him. The rector was young and good looking; he had been in his present pastorate six months, and he had already had an experience.

The young rector lived with his books, occasionally taking a little recreation in the garden. The roses disappeared, the leaves fell and left the clinging vines bare, and the snow covered the prim little beds in the rectory garden. Thus a year of his pastorate closed, and the spring drew near.

The Rev. Wetherby Smiles, from his study window, could look across his garden plot and see the brown earth warming in the spring sunshine and the trees and bushes slowly bursting into leaf. Nature is always most attractive in the spring, and nature in a thousand ways, with bud and leaf and warming earth and white-flecked sky and sweet air, wooed him from his books.

He looked across his garden, I say. And across the garden, beyond the low hedge, was another garden, which in summer was full of color. He had noticed the brilliant-hued beds the year before, but now the only bit of color was a pale-blue morning robe that fitted about the inclosure. To tell the truth, the rector had seldom noticed that morning gown or the little woman inside it before. But it pleased his fancy now to look across the hedge and watch his neighbor. He recalled that his old major-domo had told him the cottage next the parsonage was occupied by a widowed lady—a lonely creature who had taken up her abode there but shortly before the Rev. Mr. Smiles was settled over St. James'. He remembered the little figure in black in one of the sidepews, pointed out to him by the clerk as "Mrs. Scorritch," and probably had not given her a thought or a glance afterward.

However, he saw so much of the pale-blue gown that first warm week in spring that he looked for the little widow in her pew the next Sabbath. She had laid aside her weeds and was dressed in some soft, clinging, fawn-colored material that made her look like a very demure little moth. And she had the sweetest face in the world—as least, the sweetest face in the Rev. Wetherby Smiles' world.

On Monday morning the clerical black appeared in the rectory garden almost as soon as the pretty morning robe appeared over the hedge. The demure little face dimpled and smiled under its garden hat at the rector's approach, and the widow nodded brightly.

"You are early at your gardening this spring, Mrs. Scorritch," he said. "Yes; but it is so warm," she replied, in defense. "I am expecting my crocuses to appear any day now." "I'm afraid we shall see some frost yet, Mrs. Scorritch," said the rector. "Now, don't talk that way, I beg!" cried the little woman, clasping her hands, inclosed in long-wristed and particularly well-fitting gauntlets. "Just suppose my crocuses should come up and be frost-bitten! Oh, the thought is too awful."

"I sincerely hope you will not be disappointed, but this climate is uncertain."

After that the young rector often found it quite necessary for his health to work in his garden while the blue gown (fitting like a butterfly from rose tree to vine and from vine to hedgerow) was in evidence in the neighboring yard. Really, after poring over dusty theological tomes all winter a man must get some freshness in his soul and new blood in his heart.

The gardening went on apace, and the treacherous warm weather continued. Many were the conferences held across the hedge regarding the proper planting of rose trees, the planting of hardy

seeds and the preparation of the beds of earth. The rector had never suspected there was so much detail to the business of gardening.

One morning, just after a warm night rain, the Rev. Mr. Smiles was called to the hedge by a little cry from his neighbor.

"They are coming!" she cried, in delight. "See! here is the dearest little blade of green pushing up through the mold—and there is another—and another! Just look at them!"

The rector found it necessary to leap the hedge (he had been something of an athlete at the university, and certainly this spring weather was sending the blood coursing through his veins quite like old times) and look at the crocuses bed near to.

"They are such lovely ones," she said, earnestly. "I don't believe you noticed them at all last spring" (he pronounced maledictions upon himself for having been so blind as to miss so much beauty the previous season), "but they will be even better this year—if we don't have that horrid frost you have been prophesying."

She looked at him roguishly, and it suddenly crossed the young rector's mind that several yellowish-green points of crocus blade, breaking the damp soil, made a far prettier picture than the finest rose bush in full bloom which he had ever seen. It was a strange fact and one he had never discovered before.

But when he had returned to his own lonely domain and entered his study, he stopped and thought seriously for a minute. Then he cast his flat-crowned ministerial hat upon the floor with great emphasis and exclaimed:

"It's my creed, I tell you, that a man in orders should not marry."

Now, there was no one visible to argue the question, and yet there seemed to be argument in his own mind, for the Rev. Wetherby Smiles smote his palm with his clenched fist angrily and kicked the flat-crowned hat to the other end of the room.

For two days the rector of St. James' rigidly stifled his interest in crocuses; his interest in creeds, however, was not entirely satisfying. On Sunday, after vesper, he overtook on his way home a little figure in a fawn-colored gown.

"You must see my crocuses, Mr. Smiles," she said. "The buds will be open before Sunday."

The rector glanced gloomily at the darkening sky and thought that probably there would be a frost that night. But he could not long think of frost and other unpleasant possibilities under the skillful manipulation of his charming little neighbor. He hesitated at her gate, and again crocuses triumphed over creed. The crocuses were flourishing finely; the creeds took a back seat—indeed, a very unobtrusive seat—in the rector's memory.

His interest in the crocus continued that evening to so late an hour that his old servant really thought he was not coming to supper and cleared away the repast.

"Never mind," said the rector, kindly. "I am not hungry," and when the old man had dozzled off to bed he sat down before the open window of his chamber and stared out into the still night.

He sat there for an hour. A light burned behind the curtain of one of his neighbor's windows. That was her light he knew. Finally it disappeared, but he sat on, his arms folded upon the sill, his eyes glaring fixedly into the darkness. Creed was making a strong fight for life.

It grew rapidly colder, and suddenly the Rev. Wetherby Smiles awoke to the discomforts of the outer man. He shivered and drew away from the window. There was no breeze and no clouds, but an increasing chill made him close the casement.

Then he slipped on a smoking jacket and went to the door. There was a light haze upon the river and a shimmer of frost in the air.

"A bad night for the farmers and fruit growers," he thought. Then his mind reverted to those crocuses. "They will be black by morning," he said. "Too bad! and the little woman thinks so much of them."

He hesitated a moment and then went in again, reappearing shortly with an old mackintosh.

"Just the thing to spread over the bed to defend them from the frost," he muttered and with long strides crossed the rectory garden and leaped the hedge.

Feeling a good deal like a night prowler who had no business in the place, he crept through his little neighbor's garden and approached the crocus bed near the porch. He started at the slightest sound and glanced about fearfully. Suppose anybody should see him—one of his parishioners—even his major-domo! He forgot the night was dark; it seemed to his excited imagination that anybody passing along the road could see him—the rector of St. James'—prowling about beneath a lady's window!

Sudden! just as he spread the covering over—

turning hastily to flee, he heard a sound on the porch. He started, and his eyes became fixed upon the vision before him. A figure, all in white, and motionless, stood upon the lower step.

The Rev. Wetherby Smiles was startled, but he was not superstitious. For some seconds, however, he stared at the apparition before he recognized it. Then he stepped off slyly forward and began to make excuses in a low voice.

"Mrs. Scorritch—Lydia—I beg your pardon, but I thought—"

He got no further in his faltering remarks. With a shuddering little cry the figure tottered and would have fallen to the ground had he not sprung forward and caught her in his arms.

"Good gracious!" muttered the Rev. Mr. Smiles, the perspiration starting on his brow. "What a situation. Suppose anybody should see me now. To think of me—a clergyman—in a woman's garden at night, holding that woman in my arms!"

He was tempted to lay her down upon the porch and run. But he looked down into the little white face, revealed by the faint starlight. The pale lids were drawn over the great eyes, which he thought so glorious. The pouting lips had not entirely lost their redness, but the cheeks were without color.

He looked upon her, and then did not lay her down and flee. Instead he stooped lower and—lifted her more closely against his breast and carried his burden into the house. There was a couch in the reception room. He laid her down and lighted the gas. She opened her eyes languidly and saw him.

"I have frightened you, Lydia," he said, stooping above her. "Really, I had no intention, you know. I only remembered the crocuses—"

"I—I thought you were a burglar," she admitted. "And when I heard your voice—"

"Didn't you recognize it?" he asked.

"You—you had never spoken to me in just that way before, and—"

He bent lower and took her hand. "I was only thinking of the crocuses, Lydia," he said, which was very true. He had quite forgotten the "creed."

—Chicago Record.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

In India the natives, when a bicycle comes along, fall down and mention the name of the Deity.

A lady in Hiram, Me., has cucumber pickles which have been in her possession for more than forty years.

Whistling is practically unknown among the Icelanders who regard it as irreligious, and a violation of the divine law.

The first forger of a Bank of England note was Richard William Vaughan, a linen draper of Stafford, hanged in 1758.

Miss Florence Hudson of Baltimore, Md., has a tooth of solid gold, with a diamond in the centre of it. The ornament cost her over \$150.

The long tails of the Shah of Persia's horses are dyed crimson for six inches at the tips—jealously guarded privilege of the ruler and his sons.

If Chinese children do not obey their parents, and the latter whip them to death, the law has no punishment for them, as obedience to parents is the cardinal virtue.

W. T. Woodward, the Kentucky horse breeder, is going about telling his friends that he has been cured of rheumatism by carrying old electric light carbons in his pockets.

Among the many devices to assist the blind one of the best is a typewriter in which the keys have raised letters and which punctuates the paper with either letters or the dots contained in one of the blind alphabets.

Experiments testing the comparative values of salt and fresh water in street-sprinkling are being made in San Francisco. It is said that salt water does not dry so quickly as fresh, and that it binds the dirt together, so that there is less dust.

The people of Sharpsburg, Ky., engage in diverting contests on Saturday evenings. Forty men are each supplied with a dozen eggs, and range themselves in two parties, twenty on each side. They then begin throwing the eggs at their opponents, and at its close they look like omelets from head to foot.

The largest lobster that has been seen in New Haven, Conn., in years was on exhibition at the Tontine hotel. The big shellfish weighed twenty-eight pounds, and was very old. It resided in a dish on the office counter, and was kept cool by pieces of ice. The lobster was alive, and lazily moved its great claws.

A Virginian has invented a tree protector which kills insects and worms which try to crawl up the trunk and eat the leaves, the new device consisting of a pliable receptacle to surround the tree and hold the insect-killing liquid, with a felt pad at the bottom to prevent insects from crawling up between the tree and the protector.

Seven Feet of Hair on Mr. Larow's Chin.

Mr. Legrand Larow of Lamar, Mo., has a beard which perhaps is the longest worn by any man in the world. His beard is seven feet in length, and has measured seven and one-half feet. Mr. Larow was born in Tompkins county, N. Y., in 1852, and his relatives are noted for heavy beards, but not of extraordinary length. He is 6 feet in height, and weighs 175 pounds. When standing with his beard down it extends two feet upon the floor. He has not shaved for over 20 years. He wears his beard braided and wound around his body, or else wrapped and lodged inside his vest.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.



A Leading Material.

Crepe de chine in all the lovely tints is one of the season's leading materials for evening and house dresses. A pretty costume is in a bright shade of pomegranate toned chiffon, two on either side of the skirt over black, and one at the left side of the bodice where it opens, and is fastened with silk cord and small diamond buttons. Both the skirt and bodice are accordion-plaited and the belt and collar band are of black satin.—New York Sun.

Woman Physician to Li Hung Chang.

Miss Hu King Eng, M. D., the only female native of China who has ever graduated from an American medical college, has just received very high honors in her own country. Following close upon her appointment as sole delegate from China to the Women's Medical convention, to be held in London next June, comes the announcement that Li Hung Chang, China's grand viceroy, has appointed her first physician in his private household. Never before has this high office been given to a woman.

A Fortune With a String.

Miss Grace Hartley, a Vassar college girl and member of a prominent family in Fall River, Mass., has been bequeathed one of the most unique fortunes on record by her father, Dr. J. W. Hartley.

The queer conditions of the will are as follows: First, that she never marry any one within the degree of kinship of son, grandson or great grandson of Cook Borden, late of Fall River, deceased. Second, that she shall at no time give, bestow, present, loan, enclose or furnish any part of the principal or income of the estate to, for or upon, or for the benefit of any person within the kinship of wife, son, daughter, grandson, granddaughter, great grandson or great granddaughter of said Cook Borden.

Apparel for Working Women.

Are you one of that bright fellowship—the working women? Are you busy all day in factory, or store, or office? Are you, in short, one who is interested in the great problem: "What the working woman should wear at work?" If you are, read, mark, learn and inwardly digest this advice.

Miss Grace Dodge, who probably knows more about the needs of the working girl than any other woman in New York, does not believe in anything approaching a uniform for downtown wear. She thinks that Mollie of Tompkins street has just as much right to the daintiness of dress as Marie of Madison avenue. Still, Miss Dodge believes in appropriateness and admits that some "pretties" must be discarded in the interest of the eternal fitness of things.

For instance, the working woman will avoid, in her working garb, ostrich feathers, big hats, lace jabots, silk and chiffon waists, silk dress skirts, bracelets, rings, earrings, chains and all sorts of jewelry. She will forego the pleasure of donning a feather boa. She will eschew bright colors, as being both too conspicuous and too easily soiled for downtown wear.

For a gown—whether she is a factory girl or a "lady lawyer," she may have a dark colored serge, cheviot or tweed. If she belongs to the better paid class of workers it may be silk lined and have in imposing gilt letters on its belt the name of a fashionable tailor. But whatever she is, it must be neatly hung, trim, and bound and brushed religiously.

If the one dress has to do much duty, there should be a smooth fitting bodice of itself, perhaps with Norfolk plaits laid, perhaps with an Eton jacket opening over a silk vest, and two or three flannel shirtwaists. The ingenious dandelion shirtwaists in the tailors' windows and models her own on them—strapped seams, frilled cuffs and all. With two shirtwaists, one regular bodice and a neatly made suit, the working woman is equipped as to frocks.—New York Journal.

Mrs. Fridtjof Nansen.

The wife of the world famous Arctic explorer is a great favorite in Norwegian society on her own account, beside being, of course, now a kind of queen as the wife of her husband. But before she was married she was much sought after in Christiania, because, for one thing, she is one of the finest musicians in Norway, the possessor of an extraordinary and highly cultivated voice, and an unusual combination—an accomplished pianist as well.

When in England a year ago, Mrs. Nansen played and sang before Queen Victoria at Windsor, and the queen was very gracious in her expressions of pleasure in the occasion, and though so much could hardly be said in regard to any other art, a compliment from the queen on things musical is a genuine triumph, for she loves music deeply, and really knows a great deal about it.

Mrs. Nansen is considered decidedly intellectual; her family has been distinguished for generations for the

number of professors it has contributed to Norwegian institutions of learning, particularly to the university at Christiania. Such a family history confers distinction anywhere, but particularly in this so in Norway, where there is neither aristocracy nor plutocracy. But perhaps Mrs. Nansen's good looks and lover of outdoor sports are for her husband as decided attractions as her musical or mental gifts. She is just the contrast in coloring to him that she should be—dark haired and dark eyed, and a contrast in size, too, for she is decidedly a little woman.

Running over hill and dale on Norwegian snowshoes is the great winter sport of Scandinavia, and Mrs. Nansen is an expert at skilobbing, as they call it; but once when she was skilobbing in the mountains with her husband she did too much, and became exhausted; she was wearing a short dress and a long coat and high boots. Her husband picked her up and sought help. At last he found a peasant's hut, and from it issued its owner before he reached the door, protesting volubly: "Oh, sir, you ought not to bring a little boy like that out so far. The country here is too rough for a child to skilob in."

It is a pet trick of Dr. Nansen to set her on his outstretched arm and parade up and down the room with her; but that really to one that knows him does not indicate much about her size, for at a banquet given in Christiania after his return from Greenland he picked up Captain Luerdorf, who has since commanded the Fram, and, holding him by the arms high from the floor, cried: "There is the man I place above us all."—Chicago Record.

Fashion Notes.

Jacquemint velvet hats are much favored by brunette beauties.

Amethysts and emeralds seem to be favorite stones for gold hatpins.

Very lovely tea gowns are of Roman striped silk, with lace garniture.

For yokes and skirt borders there are beautiful lace applique insertions.

Three kinds of fur utilized in one garment is no unusual sight these days.

Long black lace scarfs in the style of days gone by are now used as sashes.

The latest French skirt models grow narrower and closer on the front and sides.

Some French house dresses are trimmed with two shades of ribbon of the same color, artistically arranged.

Daggers for the hair are again in fashion in gold, aluminum, filigree, silver and amber set with mock jewels of every color and device.

There seems to be a veritable epidemic of tiny waists. The athletic girl has broad shoulders, but she doesn't run much to waist—to indulge at once in a pun and an honest statement.

The fashionable photographer possesses such an assortment of laces, neck jewels and fancy headwear that the woman anxious to be posed artistically has a wide range of choice in the matter of her adornment.

Very many of the new fur boas are long enough to reach the bottom of the skirt in front. Some are made entirely of Russian sable, Hudson's bay or stone marten tails. With these lace and jewels are often introduced.

When silks are packed away they are likely to become yellow unless care is used. To prevent this, break up a few cakes of white beeswax, fold them loosely in old handkerchiefs and place these among the folds of silk.

White gloves stitched with black are only de rigueur for day wear when accompanying a costume in black and white effects. The more fashionable shades are doe color, biscuit, mushroom, almond, pale brown and tan.

Fashionable dressmakers, both here and abroad, are making most liberal use of beautiful artificial flowers that look exactly like nature's own to decorate evening toilets, and not a few fichus and bodices are actually smothered with roses.

Fur is a very fashionable trimming, and is combined with lace and embroidery without any regard for the expense involved; yet, without this excess of decoration the plainer gowns, when they have the indescribable touch which gives them style, are the most pleasing.

Lace of all kinds is cheaper than ever, and real lace is never out of date. It can be made into almost every style of trimming, without being cut into bits. Most of the dressy neck garnitures are finished with Mechlin, Point de Venise, or other rich laces.

Frills of lace in ivory white or antique yellow or frills of chiffon are much used to line the high storm collars of fur garments. Sallow complexioned women do not look well in gray furs, and hence the chinohilla or gray fox collarette is trimmed with a lace ruff and knots of ribbon. Both white and black lace is used, the black as a relief for light furs, the white as a relief for dark furs.