

England exultingly declares that she holds "the key to the East," but whether she will use it to lock herself in or Germany out remains to be seen.

Juggernaut's car cannot pass through the streets of Colombo owing to the interference of overhead telegraph wires. Petitions have been sent to the governor by the Ceylonese, as twenty-five people wish to throw themselves under the idol's car.

A telegram from Portland, Oregon, states that within the next few months a raft containing 5,000,000 feet of lumber will be constructed and towed to San Francisco by the firm of Inman & Poulson, owners of a large timber interest. The raft will be 395 feet long and 53 feet wide. Several rafts of piling have been towed from the Columbia river to San Francisco, but the rafting of sawed lumber is a new undertaking.

The German emperor ascribes his good health and vigor to the excellent advice given to him by his favorite doctor, and he has learned by heart the latter's "rule of life," which is as follows: Eat fruit for breakfast. Eat fruit for lunch. Avoid pastry and hot cakes. Take potatoes only once a day. Do not take tea or coffee. Walk four miles every day, wet or fine. Take a bath every day. Wash the face every night in warm water. Sleep eight hours every night.

The year 1897 was more than usually free from great calamities. The most notable single disaster was the burning of a great charity bazaar in Paris May 5, in which 150 persons, including the Duchess D'Alencon, lost their lives. November 19 a fire in the central part of London destroyed property valued at \$10,000,000. It was rumored that this great conflagration was of incendiary origin. The bubonic plague again broke out in southern India, and, according to some reports, caused the death of thousands of the unfortunate natives.

While the past year presents to retrospection no single event of overshadowing importance, it is in the sum of its events so full of significance that historians, reviewing it hereafter, may conclude that since the Franco-Prussian war and the federation of Germany no other year has been more remarkable or more worthy of attentive study, observes Harper's Weekly. A year of movements and economic climaxes rather than of startling events, it thrusts on the world's attention, as the two greatest facts of the time, the growing political importance of Germany and the already transcendent commercial importance of the United States.

There is grave reason to doubt whether the internal dissent and dissatisfaction in the German empire is entirely or chiefly political. It is rather to be found in the increasing poverty of large numbers of the people. Statistics taken from the tax returns of Prussia reveal an appalling condition of poverty in many sections. Although the limit of taxation is drawn at the low income of \$225, but 8.46 per cent. of the population of the kingdom pay an income tax. That is more than ninety-one out of every hundred must make ends meet in some way on less than \$225 a year. There is only one person out of every 550 of population who has an income of \$2400 a year.

A pair of Irish wolf-hounds, imported recently, will receive systematic training on a treadmill and in other ways in Louisville, and in the spring will be furnished an opportunity to show their ability in killing the American wolf. The outcome of the experiment is said to be eagerly awaited by the cattlemen in the far West, who suffer much loss through depredations of wolves. Russian wolf-hounds and American deer-hounds have been tried in vain. One of the great difficulties in the way of killing the American wolf is the peculiar thickness of the animal's neck and the large quantity of matted hair thereon. This renders it almost impossible for a dog to choke a wolf, and in a battle with dogs the wolf's phenomenally sharp teeth usually cut the dog to pieces. Then, they have such a phenomenal spring that they can frequently jump a distance of ten or fifteen feet and land on the dog's back, tearing their opponent's head and face with their fangs. Owing to these facts, Kentucky dog-fanciers do not generally believe that there is a breed of dogs in existence capable of exterminating the American wolf, or to even intercept him in his marauding expeditions on the great cattle plains of the West.

### THE MUSKER.

He breaks the leaves  
Of the tall corn sheaves  
Dried crisp in the autumn time,  
While he answers the hail  
Of the piping quail  
And the blackbird's resounding chime;  
And singing, the careless fellow,  
Till the morning hours are spent,  
He jingles the eight-rowed-yellow  
In hoops with creamy dent,  
The faded corn stalk bows its head  
And leans from its zigzag row;  
From brown husk glimmers the smutnose red  
And dont with its golden glow.

To the crow with an eye intent  
On kernels of eight-rowed-yellow,  
On ears of crimped dent,  
The mournful corn stalk bows its head  
With murmuring sighs of woe;  
O'er heaps of yellow and gleams of red,  
The whispering south winds blow.

## A Woman's Little Game.

BY CHARLES R. LEWIS.

I wish you to understand from the very outset of this story that I am an old bachelor. I can say without egotism that I could have placed the yoke of matrimony over my neck a score of times between the ages of 20 and 40, but I did not elect to do so. It seemed a great deal better to keep my liberty and to fall in love with a new face about once a month. A bachelor can do this, you know, while a married man is bound by certain ties not easily broken.

Up to the time I was appointed warden of the Keswick prison I had been in love just 42 times. This was an average of twice a year, which I think is doing very well for a modest, retiring man, who was baldheaded at the age of 22 and yet not too much for a man with a natural leaning toward the fair sex. I was appointed warden, not because of any peculiar fitness, but as a political reward for assisting to elect a certain candidate for governor. I think best to admit this, lest you find it out from other sources. I held the place for a year and a half, and the files of the newspapers prove that I was a "soft mark."

The Keswick prison was for both sexes, and when I took charge it contained 380 male and 90 female convicts. I felt sorry for the females even before the keys had been turned over to me, and they soon discovered that I was ready to listen to their stories and to do my best to ameliorate their condition. In the course of a month I was pretty well satisfied that at least 80 out of 90 were entirely innocent of the crimes charged and that the other ten ought to have new trials at least. Fifteen of the women were in for murder—cold-blooded murder the courts said—but when they had told me all about it I could see where witnesses had perjured themselves and jurors had shown their thirst for revenge. I tried to make things very easy for the female contingent, actuated solely by a natural courtesy toward the sex, and I think the newspapers that criticized me so severely should have been sued for slander.

In eight months the governor, more to oblige me than for any other reason, pardoned 20 of the females and among them were five under sentence for murder. I should have recommended him to pardon at least 20 more before the year was out if the opposition hadn't got after us and made things hot. There was an investigation, a great deal of talk, and as a result I had to repress my natural gallantry and wait for things to cool down. It was during this period of waiting that the vaults of the state treasury were robbed of \$320,000 in cold cash. The trick was done by one man and in the neatest manner. He drove up to the building at high noon in a carriage and entered the treasurer's office. The money had just been bundled up to go to the bank, and these packages were lying on a table with two clerks to guard them. The robber gave one clerk a clip over the head, bound and gagged the other, and the packages were carried out and dumped into the carriage in the nerviest sort of a way. He had 20 minutes start of pursuit, and though overhauled after a hot chase of an hour, every dollar of the money had disappeared. As he had not thrown it away during his flight, the idea was that he had either stopped at some house in town for a moment or met another carriage, according to arrangement. The problem seemed easy of solution, but though it was worked upon for weeks by many detectives nothing was discovered.

The captured robber was a young and good looking man who gave his name as Charles Day. He refused any information as to his home or people and insisted on pleading guilty when arraigned for the robbery. There was a great sensation over the loss of the money, as the state was heavily in debt with a big interest to pay, and the party in power, from governor down to janitor, got a daily raking for many long weeks. It was even charged that a certain clique of us put up the robbery and were to whack up with the robber. This was a bold-faced scandal, of course, but it materially dimmed our prestige and almost caused me to doubt the innocence of a fresh lot of female convicts sent in for various crimes against the law. They made quick work of sending Charles Day to prison for 20 years, and, owing to the personal attacks of the opposition, I was rather prejudiced against him, as he came under my charge. His daily demeanor and daily conduct were, however, beyond any fault-finding. Reports from my deputy proved him a model prisoner. The hunt for the money did not cease when the prison door shut him in. At least ten detectives were constantly at work to discover where and how it had been transhipped, and the state was ready to pay \$50,000 to the lucky man. Every day or two some of these

detectives wanted an interview with the prisoner, and, while their requests were generally granted, the deputy warden was always present. Nothing of moment was gained from Day, and I had about become tired of the business when a new face appeared.

One day as I sat in my office reading an abusive article in an opposition paper and half inclined to tender my resignation before sundown, a lady was admitted. I was not over 15 seconds in making up my mind that she was the handsomest woman I ever saw. She was about 23 years of age, a natural blonde, and her eyes were melting and her cheeks like peaches. I will honestly admit that I was "gone" on her even before she handed me the card which gave her name as Jeanne Lancaster. She was from Chicago and had called to inquire about Charles Day. She had scarcely mentioned his name when she began to weep. If you have ever been an old bachelor you will understand how quick the heart of such a man melts under the tears of a good looking young woman. I began to speak soothing words, of course, and presently she grew confidential and made a confession. She was an heiress, while Day was but a poor young man. They met—they loved—they became engaged. She would have wedded him in his poverty, but he wouldn't have it that way. He went out to make his fortune before claiming her, and the first good thing he struck was the state treasury. Miss Lancaster had read all about it and had been almost broken-hearted. While she had put Day out of her heart as being unworthy of her, she yet felt like having a few last farewell words with him.

By the time the pretty little woman was through talking and smiling and crying, I was ready to put a brotherly arm around her and speak words of consolation. Indeed, when I discovered that her engagement was "off," I came very near offering her my heart and hand as a substitute. Nothing restrained me but the fear that I had not known her long enough to inspire the proper trust and confidence which a good girl should have. I at once granted her the privilege of a private interview with Day. That is, she was allowed to enter his cell, the door of which was left open, and converse with him while a guard waited within call. The interview lasted half an hour, and there was much weeping and protesting and promising. The young man didn't want to be thrown down just because he had stolen \$320,000 and been sentenced to 20 years in prison. The girl was obdurate, however, though it broke her heart over again to tell him that he need no longer hope. When she came out, her handkerchief to her eyes and a sob in her throat, she sat down in the office to collect herself and then said:

"I want Charles to restore that money and have been pleading with him to do so. If I can have one or two more interviews with him I think I can accomplish my object."

I jumped a foot high and told her she could interview him every day for a month. He knew where the money was, of course, and if it was restored through any effort of mine the taxpayers of the state would carry no around on their shoulders as a reward. Not only that, but the oftener Miss Lancaster came the oftener I should see her and the deeper I should be in love. She came next day at the same hour, held another tearful interview, and when it was over she said to me:

"Charles has almost made up his mind to confess, but still hesitates. He has a sister of whom he is very fond, and if you don't mind her I will bring her in to help me plead with him."

I didn't mind, of course. If he had four or five favorite sisters I should have been glad to have them all in to coax the secret out of the rascal. Day appeared to be very much broken down, and after Miss Lancaster had left the prison he sent for me to ask if the governor would pardon him on his giving up the money. I had to reply that it might be four or five years before he could look for his liberty, but it would surely come before he had served out more than a third of his sentence. He seemed quite elated over this, and when I pressed him to tell me where the boodle was hidden he opened his mouth as if to do so. On second thought he shook his head and replied:

"If I tell anybody it will be Miss Lancaster and my sister. I had determined to die first, but I am beginning to see things a little differently."

I left him with the impression that the two girls would soon have the secret. When Miss Lancaster appeared next day Miss Day was with her. Miss Day was very coy and retiring. She neither shook hands with me nor replied to my salutation and turned her back as soon as possible. At the same time, as I remembered later, Miss Lancaster not only dalled with my

hand, but pressed it and was very effusive in her speech. She said she would have something special to tell me when she returned from the interview, and she looked at me so archly that I jumped at the conclusion she was going to confess a first sight love for me.

The interview did not last over 15 minutes, and it took place just as dusk was drawing on. When the two ladies returned to the door Miss Lancaster came over to me and whispered:

"He has promised to confess all tomorrow, and every dollar will be restored. I am glad, not only on his account and mine, but for your dear sake. I know you to be a noble man, and if you would not think it unmaidenly in me I—I—"

I took her hand in mine and gave it several squeezes and assured her that nothing she could possibly announce or confess in the English language would be considered by me unworthy of her. She pressed my hand in return and was going to confess her love, but the telephone bell rang and put her out. She just whispered in my ear that I was an old darling and then laughed and joined Miss Day at the door, and I myself pulled the lever which swung back the hinges that let them out. Need I tell you that I walked around on air for the next quarter of an hour? I had won that little girl's love at first sight, and when she came on the morrow I should ask her to name the day and the date. She had said she was an heiress. I was loving her for herself alone. I was still loving when the deputy warden came rushing in and called out:

"Those girls—have they gone?"

"Certainly—long ago."

"Then we are in for it. Come out here, will you?"

He led the way to the west wing and upstairs to the second tier of cells. When we reached the one occupied by Charles Day we found a woman in his bed and his convict suit lying on the floor. It didn't take five minutes to grasp the situation. Miss Day had given up her apparel to the convict, and he had walked out with Miss Lancaster. Miss Day was a Miss Somebody else, who had been paid \$1000 to do the trick, and Miss Lancaster was the pal of one of the boldest robbers in America.

We raised an alarm and made pursuit, of course, but the fugitives got away as slick as grease and are probably yet living on the boodle stolen from the state. As for the girl left behind she was sent to prison for a couple of years, but after six months was pardoned out. As for me, my resignation was demanded in no gentle tones, and I tendered it and got away into the woods and kicked myself around a section of government land for a week without stopping to rest.

—Atlanta Constitution.

### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Red hats were first worn by cardinals in the year 1245.

In Ptolemy's time any one who killed a cat was put to death.

The magnetic clock was invented by Dr. Locke of Cincinnati in 1847-48.

Tobacco is said to have been first brought into England from Virginia in 1583.

The poet Burns spelled his name Burness (his family name) until the publication of his poems in 1786.

A naturalist of eminence finds that land birds make their journeys in the daytime and water birds at night.

The largest printing office in the world is in Washington, D. C.; it is for printing government documents.

The fastest railroad engine in the world is "the Flying Welshman"; its fame has extended round the globe.

Lake Erie is the lake of the "wild cat," the name given to a fierce tribe of Indians exterminated by the Iroquois.

A woman in Hope, Knox county, Maine, still wears a common wire hairpin which she has worn for forty years.

The largest telegraph office in the world is in the general postoffice building, London, over 3000 operators being employed.

It costs \$5.74 per million gallons to pump water to Chestnut Hill reservoir, Boston. The engines pump 8938 on one pound of coal.

The Waldorf-Astoria, in New York city, a \$10,000,000 establishment, built by millionaires for millionaires.

The Sudbury river aqueduct in 359 days has delivered 14,857,300,000 gallons to Chestnut Hill reservoir, and 35,500,000 to Lake Cochituate.

If an Egyptian dies before noon the funeral must take place the same day. If death occurs after noon, the funeral may not be delayed after the next day.

In 1774 Philadelphia was the largest town in the American colonies. Estimates of the population, which are all we have, differ widely, but it was probably not far from 30,000.

A resolution appropriating \$5 to purchase a copy of the Bible was recently introduced in the Georgia legislature, it having been discovered that there was no copy of the book in the state library.

Five is the sacred number of the Chinese, who have five planets (Mars, Mercury, Venus, Saturn and Jupiter); five cardinal points (north, south, east, west and centre); five virtues, five tastes, five musical tones, five ranks of nobility and five colors (white, black, red, green and yellow).

A few months ago a picture was discovered at Copenhagen which experts believed to be a Murillo. The director of the Paris Louvre, after examining the picture thoroughly, pronounced it to be genuine. The owner wants \$100,000 for it. It represents Loyola kneeling before the Virgin and Child.



Genuine Lace. Heavy guipure lace is a feature of trimming on many of the new gowns, where it covers the square neck, so fashionable with the new blouse waist, yokes, revers, epaulets and collars, with good effect.

New Idea in Waterproofs. A novelty seen in the shops in the way of a waterproof cloak is simply a skirt and cape of fine waterproof material. The skirt slips on easily and buttons with an adjustable strap around the waist. The light cape clasps at the throat, and one is ready to battle the elements. Women who have tried to put on over an outdoor suit the awkward cloak with cape attachment of the usual rain proof garment will appreciate the possibilities offered in this new arrangement.

The Carlin's Car. The czarina of Russia travels in the same luxury in which she lives in her palace. She has a private car most richly and elegantly furnished. It is upholstered entirely in pale blue satin, and the electric lamps are all in the shape of lilies. Among its perfect appointments are a tea table and a writing desk of mother of pearl. In separate apartments are nursery, dining-room, drawing-room and several sleeping rooms. The car wheels have India rubber tires.

Satin Ribbon Braiding is new and pretty, and when well done has quite a professional air. The ribbon should be narrow and usually black, of good quality. In turning a corner or making a circular figure the inside edge should be gathered in very fine stitches, which are drawn tightly and holds the figure in shape. The rage for braid has extended its use, and the old time braided pillow shams and counterpanes are said to be the coming style in bedroom furnishings.—Woman's Home Companion.

New Skirt for Wheelwomen. A new skirt for wheelwomen is described as follows: In each side a division is made, running down from the waistband to the bottom of the skirt, thus forming an apron in the front and back. At the waistbelt is attached a strap hanging down loosely any suitable distance over each of the divisions. The two edges of each division are then buttoned one over the other; and the two straps having holes worked down them are also buttoned over the division. By missing one or more buttons when fastening, the straps are consequently made to lift and hold the skirt to any length required for the safety of the rider. By undoing the straps the skirt falls again into position.—New York Tribune.

The fleur-de-lis still holds its own as a design for brooches and chate-laine pins.

Chate-laines are more popular than ever. Those made of oxidized silver take the lead.

Artificial flowers without foliage are used in great profusion to decorate evening gowns.

White ostrich feathers and pheasant's quills are distinctive features of the winter millinery.

Hatpins are shown in great variety, real and imitation gems being the principal decorations.

A jeweled pin, similar to a safety pin in shape, is worn to fasten up the curling locks at the nape of the neck.

Blouse waists of velvet are studded all over with jet, steel and silver spangles, or brilliants which have the effect of diamonds.

Silver and decorated china bon bon dishes are shown in many novel designs and shapes. These may be had in sets of graduated sizes.

Black satin, finely tucked, makes very pretty belts to wear with separate waists. Fasten them with a fancy buckle or a knot of satin.

Bangles and bracelets are again in high favor. There are coin bangles and bangles of gold and silver decorated with pretty colored enamels.

A pendant which combines the old with the new styles of jewel work shows blue, green and red enamel gleaming amid diamonds and rubies.

Jewelry in Oriental designs and effects is especially popular this season. The rich eastern appearance is obtained by a free use of topazes, spindles, peridots and chrysolite.

Sleeves seem to have settled down to their limit in size, for the season at least, and the comfortable fullness at the top still remains; but the skirt is gradually diminishing in width, two and a half yards around being the size of the latest model.

A decidedly new bracelet is set loosely in links alternating with pearls, cabochon rubies and diamonds, set clearly in gold rims, so that the back and front of the stones are alike visible. This beautiful wristlet is fastened with a bow of diamonds, from which hangs a pendant of pearls.

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 down by panels of black plaited 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.

themselves anxious to help along the cause of humanity can do it no more easily or effectively than in this way. It is a gracious mission and one in which the only sacrifice involved is of a very little personal vanity."

Gloves in the Present and Past. It would be a rare thing to find a person who would not be pleased with a present of gloves. One cannot have too many of these useful articles. Even those wearing mourning, and therefore unable to make any great change in the matter of hand coverings, can find several different styles of kids or cloth to choose from, and suede, stitched, elaborately or slightly, glace leathers, both heavy and fine, are made up into gloves for all sorts and conditions of people.

The wearing of gloves is a more ancient custom than it is generally thought to be. Homer speaks of gloves, and tells of one who wore them to protect his hands while working in his garden. The use of some covering for the hands was known to the ancient Persians, and Old Testament writers also mention them. They were in such common use among the Romans that they were worn even in the wild country by the Britons. Saint Anne, the mother of the Virgin Mary, was, it has been said, a knitter, and manufactured gloves, for which reason the glove-makers of France long ago made her their patron saint. At one time gloves had a certain meaning attached to them, and chosen to show the character or occupation of the wearer. There are records of gloves being ordered for "grave and spiritual men." About this time, the sixteenth century, gloves made of chicken skin were used by both men and women, for whitening the hands, and were worn at night. In this connection one is reminded that for bleaching the hands and for preventing or curing them of the roughness so difficult to avoid in winter, nothing is better than the free use of mutton tallow, and a pair of white kid gloves, worn while sleeping. The gloves serve to keep the hands warm enough to induce perspiration, and the opening of the pores enables the tallow to do its work easily. So even in so small a matter as this, history is only repeating itself, when the nineteenth century girl goes to bed with her hands encased in gloves.—New York Tribune.

Fashion Notes. The fleur-de-lis still holds its own as a design for brooches and chate-laine pins.

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