

Great Britain has forty-nine vessels ready for business in the far East whenever there is anything for them to do.

The sudden changes of climate encountered by soldiers when troops are moved from one quarter of the world to another are estimated as increasing the annual mortality of Europe by 50,000 men.

Le Matin of Paris states that there exists in France exactly 71,200 Jews in a population of nearly 38,000,000. These Jews are divided as follows: Paris 42,000; Bordeaux, 3900; along the eastern frontier, 19,000, making a total of 64,000. The remaining 7200 are scattered all over the territory. The active capital of France is estimated at \$16,000,000,000. Of this, according to Le Matin, the Jews possess \$4,000,000,000.

Poor old China is slowly but surely breaking up, says a writer, and the nations of Europe are scrambling for the pieces. It is the oldest government in the world, but its people are so superstitious, and they have been oppressed for so many years by ruthless rulers that they have no spirit left to fight. Japan beat them in the war of a few years ago and took a big slice of their territory. Then Russia came and seized on a seaport, England has had a foothold at Hong Kong for many years, and only a few weeks ago the Germans landed and seized another seaport. France is thinking about getting possession of Formosa, and Japan will no doubt wish to increase her share. In the meantime the emperor of China, who thinks he is the son of heaven, and the ruler of the whole world, dares protest only feebly. No doubt all of our boys and girls will live to see China as a nation wiped off the map. We can't help feeling sorry that a once great nation should thus disappear, and yet every one knows that its people never will make progress until they come under the influence and control of the more civilized nations of the earth.

The incidents in the trial of M. Zola in Paris ought to go far toward explaining why Frenchmen write such remarkable books about America. If these incidents prove anything, they prove that Frenchmen are radically different from Americans in every conceivable way. For that reason Frenchmen find it difficult to understand us, our manners and our customs, just as we find it difficult to comprehend them and theirs. All over this country, it is safe to say, people are wondering how it is possible that such things could occur at a trial of national importance in one of the leading capitals of the world. Certainly nowhere in America, not even in the remotest frontier towns, could such a spectacle be seen as a body of lawyers going to a court to create a disturbance as two hundred barristers, in wigs and gowns, did in Paris. And if anything even faintly resembling that incident should occur in America, the Parisian newspapers would be the first to say that nothing better could be expected of a horde of ignorant barbarians like us. Yet the thing happened in one of the most venerable and cultivated centres of modern Europe.

The public has long been familiar with laws which are called dead letters. They have been statutes which were enacted long in the past, under conditions that have ceased to exist, and which gradually fell into "innocuous desuetude," until at last few people knew of their existence. Modern methods of legislation are developing a new kind of dead letter. A bill is introduced which goes through all the stages to enactment as though it were designed to be a real law, but it turns out afterwards that the legislators never took it seriously, and it was passed only to oblige somebody or comply with some request. In his annual message to the Legislature, Governor Wolcott of Massachusetts suggests that "it may fairly be considered whether legislation prescribing after some future date a uniform width of tire for the wheels of all vehicles carrying heavy loads would not tend to diminish the great cost of maintaining highways alike to the commonwealth and to cities and towns." The Hartford Times characterizes this recommendation as perfectly reasonable, but says it will make some people who know what has happened in Connecticut smile. What has happened is this: "A wide-tire law was passed in 1895, has been steadily ignored, and so far as we are aware, there has never been a prosecution under it, or an attempt to have one brought." In other words, a new law becomes a dead letter at once, and nobody sees anything strange about the development.

A DOUBTING HEART.

Where are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas,
They wait in sunny ease
The balmy southern breeze
To bring them to the northern home once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow,
While Winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky
That soon (for Spring is nigh)
Shall wake the Summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!
Thy sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

—From Adelaide Anne Proctor's "Legends and Lyrics."

A Cape Cod Sketch.

How anyone ever came to take up his abode at Hoepatchie I am sure I don't know.

Peter Miles, on being asked for his opinion in the premises, replied: "Waal, I dunno. It's desput handy for clams, to say nothin' about the farmer's preclivities of the site."

But Peter Miles' pretty daughter, Beulah, declared she believed the original settler had come there to hate himself to death in peace, but, failing in that, had left the spot to his descendants, who had grown poorer and poorer, till now they could not get money to carry them a mile further to the poorhouse.

Possibly, Beulah exaggerated. Hoepatchie was romantically situated upon Cape Cod, a crooked projection which may be said to form the nose upon the face of New England, remarkable only for the vast quantities of sand and fishermen to be found thereupon.

Hoepatchie had the appearance that somebody, in a fit of insanity, had wheeled a truck load of brown earth from some more favored portion of Massachusetts and distributed it as evenly as possible over the surface of a dozen acres of sand.

A local poet, struck suddenly by the muse, undertook a description of the place, and his endeavor amounted to the following doleful doggerel:

"The site in Hoepatchie is poor and thin;
When the rain comes down it rattles like tin.
An' I've often been told by the dwellers therein
That the crop was worth less than the seed they put in."

Some writers, happy at description, will fascinate one with the spot they choose to locate their story upon; but I fear my genius is not sufficient for the task, and I shall give up trying here and now.

Peter Miles' home was an ancient, unpainted structure, so low that the winds from the ocean storms passed over it almost without touching the shingles, and a tiny barn which sheltered three scrubby cows and a mulish-looking yellow horse.

Inside the house a bright fire blazed in the stone chimney, and the light flickered out over the sanded floor and the white home-spun curtains and lighted up the tall old clock in the corner, which said: "Twilight—twilight—twilight," as plainly as the words could do.

Over the fire and out to the round table in the centre of the room Beulah Miles flitted like a bird, with her blue dress and white apron fluttering about her.

Her eyes were blue, and her hair was black, and her cheeks looked bright and smooth as the last red cloud out over the water. She was singing a queer old tune:

I never loved you in my life,
I never loved your baby—
I was compelled against my will
To become your wedded lady."

The door opened, and there entered a man, so tall that another inch upon his slight brown head would have obliged him to stoop in crossing the room. He placed his hat in the window ledge and came over to the hearth.

"You seem to be very happy tonight, Beulah," he said, by way of greeting.

"Well, I don't know," Beulah answered evasively. "How have things gone in school today?"

"Nicely, as usual."
Looking at him you would have seen that he would compel life to go nicely with him.

No more was said by either, but his deep gray eyes followed her figure till the preparations for supper were complete.

The old man was sorting potatoes, only you might have mistaken a great many of them for peanuts, as he sat on the milking stool and handled the tubers over, for it was getting too dark to separate them by sight. Not too dark, however, for Beulah's bright young eyes to see the great tears which rolled down the old man's nose and plashed upon the floor.

"What is it, father?" Beulah inquired, anxiously.

"Nothing much," he replied, as he wiped away the glistening drops with the back of his rough hand.

"Tell me, father," pleaded little Beulah with her arms about his neck.

"Nothin' new, Beulah. You know the mortgage is about out, an' they ain't nothin' to pay it with, and mother's so bad that I am afeared 'twould kill her to move in this cold weather. I was thinkin' perhaps I could sell taters enough to pay rent till spring if you think you won't—"

"Won't what, father?"

"Marry John Mellen."

Beulah shook her head. "You know I cannot do that," she said, timidly. "I have told you so every time you have spoken of it. I have told him so, too."

"I can't see why," said old Peter; "he's worth the most of any man in Hoepatchie an' will give me the deed, fair and square, of this place the day you'll marry him."

"But, father, he is my cousin and 40 years old," objected Beulah.

"What of that? Ain't Hoepatchie all cousins? So I don't see why you can take that's better, an' as for his age, that's nothin'; just the prime of life, you may say."

"I shall not marry my cousin any way," said Beulah, resolutely.

"Then you can't marry nobody, that's sure," returned the old man, positively, "without it's the school-master," he added a moment after.

The red blood rushed up to Beulah's temples, but she did not speak.

"You don't mean to marry Dwight Farnham, do you, Beulah?" her father asked, looking up her through the shadows.

"Why, father, what a question!" Beulah cried. "Mr. Farnham never said a word to me on the subject; what made you think of such a thing?"

"Waal, I dunno; seems to me he's kinder haugin' round. Learnin's a good thing, Beulah, but it won't make the pot bile, an' if he had money he never'd spend time keepin' school in Hoepatchie."

"Why, you know he came down for the benefit of the salt breezes, because he had been studying too hard. But that has nothing to do with it, rich or poor; he never said a word to me of any such thing," said Beulah.

"I ain't mean," and the tears commenced again to run down his nose; "I ain't mean, an' I don't want to lose you, Beulah, but what can I do about the place?" asked Peter.

"I don't know, father," said Beulah, throwing her arms around his neck; "don't fret about it, but come in and eat your supper while it's hot. I've been thinking I might go to Lowell or Manchester and work in the factory; you know Nancy Eames earns ever so much there."

"What do you think about it father?" asked Beulah, as they sat before the fire after supper.

"About what?"

"Me going to the factory to work."

"Oh!" said the old man, shaking his head slowly, "that won't amount to nothin'; times are hard and pretty soon there won't be nothin' to do in factories."

Dwight Farnham smiled behind his semi-weekly paper (the only one which came to Hoepatchie), but he did not speak, and presently old Peter arose with a long sigh and went to bed.

Beulah began to fold up her knitting.

"Don't hurry away, please," said the teacher, drawing his chair nearer; "I want to talk with you a little, Beulah."

Beulah commenced to work again.

"I happened to hear what was said in the barn before supper," he went on, with his eyes on her face; "and don't you really think you ought to marry your cousin for your father's sake?"

"Oh, dear!" said Beulah, laying her head upon the table to hide her tears. "I shouldn't think you'd say that to me;" and then she stopped, bit her tongue and began again: "No, Dwight Farnham, I wouldn't sell myself to old John Mellen for all Massachusetts. I will go to the factory and work willingly, but not that other."

"How would you like to keep house for a gentleman instead?" the teacher asked next.

"Who?"

"Me."

She gave a little start at that. "You are not married, are you?" she asked with a tiny tremble in her voice.

"No, but I intend to be soon, unless disappointed."

"I—I don't think I should like to," she answered, hesitatingly. Then to show him that she did not care, she asked: "Is it a Boston lady?"

"No, indeed; she lives here in Hoepatchie. I love her very dearly, and her name is Beulah Miles."

He lifted the crimson face from the table and transferred it to his shoulder, where it laid very comfortably indeed, as he went on: "My father is a merchant, firm of Farnham & Snow, and my school being nearly out, he offers me a partnership in the business, but I want to form one here first. Will you come into the firm, Beulah?"

"I wish I could," said Beulah, sadly; "but I must help father about the mortgage some way."

"The mortgage shall be paid, darling, and your mother shall have the best medical advice that money will obtain. Now what do you say?"

"God bless you," Beulah answered, with her eyes shining in happy tears. "And not a happier couple was to be found in the Old Bay State that night than sat over the stone hearth in Peter Miles' cottage."

Guarding Against Accidents.

Twenty bicyclists having been killed during the past year on a bridge at a sharp turn at the bottom of a hill on the road between Montone and Nice, a netting has been put up at the dangerous point by the Touring club of France to catch reckless coasters who are hurled over the parapet.

DOWN THE CHILKOOT PASS.

Tuck Up Your Clothes, Sit Down on the Snow and Slide—Time One Minute.

In a letter from E. C. Patterson, dated at Canyon City, Alaska, he says: "This is a great country, and I am glad I came, but the living is more than tough. I was under the impression that I knew something of camp life, but this is an entirely new experience. I am located at what is charity to call Canyon City—a camp where the Dyea-Klondike Transportation company boards the men who are working on its tramway. This is the first day since my arrival, 10th instant, that I have seen the sun. It is not extremely cold (the mercury ranges from zero to 30 degrees above), but it is nearly always cloudy, and the wind blows hard most of the time.

"A few days ago I went to the summit of Chilkoot Pass. From this place (six miles north of Dyea) it is seven miles to what is called the foot of the summit, and it seems like forty when you walk it; but after so much has been accomplished, one's troubles have just begun. The ascent is, say, 500 feet, and almost straight up. It would be impossible to make the climb but for the snow, which is, on an average, forty feet deep; this provides a footing, and it required more than an hour for me to make the summit, where a level stretch of about 100 yards intervened before the second climb, much steeper, was made, which landed me on the real summit of Chilkoot Pass.

"When ready to leave, and it was not long, the Indian guide said 'do as I do,' and proceeded to tuck his clothes under him, seated himself in the snow on the edge of the slope, and away he went down the side of the mountain. I followed. The experience was exciting, and after crossing the level plateau, took another slide, reaching the bottom in less than a minute, while it had required more than an hour to mount. In watching a man descend it looks for all the world like a cloud of snow shooting down the mountain, and the victim lands at your feet; such is the Chilkoot Pass. Two men were frozen to death on the summit last week."—New York Sun.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

King is the most ancient of titles. It, or its equivalent, is found in every known language.

An Oregon inventor has devised a steam plow which he thinks capable of plowing fifteen acres a day.

Waterloo, Iowa, has a church for which one huge glacial boulder furnished practically all the material.

Ginger is a tropical production of Mexico, where it grows wild. It has been cultivated from an early period in tropical Asia.

A lighthouse of bamboo has been built in Japan. It is said to have great power of resisting the waves, and does not rot like ordinary wood.

There died recently in the village of Manvages, Alsace, a man by the name of Becu, who is the last of the family from which Mme. du Barry sprang. Her real name was Becu, and she was born in Vanconleurs, a short distance from Manvages.

Themistocles' grave has been discovered by a Greek named Dragatis on Cape Krakari. Its authenticity, however, is not beyond doubt, though the place where it was found fits in with the descriptions of Plutarch and Diodorus Siculus.

Aurelian's city wall along the left bank of the Tiber is to be torn down, as neither the Italian government nor the Roman municipality will repair it. It contains fragments of older walls, including, it is believed, part of the wall of Servius Tullius.

Leonardo da Vinci's anatomical studies from the manuscripts in the royal library at Windsor have just been published for the first time at Rome, edited by Professor Pinnati, under the title, "Del Anatomia." Besides the artist's notes over 250 drawings are reproduced.

The Gold Coast is a long way from the Cape of Good Hope. The latter is one of the termini of Eastern Africa; the former is wholly in West Africa. The Gold Coast takes its name from the precious metal having been discovered there in abundance by the early Portuguese and English navigators.

France has a law forbidding the slaughter of birds smaller than larks. Nevertheless, piles of such birds are offered for sale in the markets of many French cities. A movement is now under way for enforcing the law and saving the song birds and the fields, which they keep free from injurious insects.

Among the multifarious duties which demand the attention of the Calcutta police, the capture of sharks in the Hooghly finds a place. During the past twenty years rewards have been paid for the destruction of those marine man-eaters, and recently the Bengal government laid down a scale for these payments.

The Soudan exhibition, while engaged in laying the new Nile railway, has seen some remarkable mirages. From a distance the men appeared to be working into a beautiful lake, and on all sides were to be seen beautifully wooded hills, ship and cascades. When looked at through field glasses the illusion was heightened rather than diminished.

A Good Imitation.

"Are you satisfied with your dentistry?"
"Perfectly. He's a real artist; his false teeth are perfect jewels."
"Can't you tell the difference?"
"They are exact imitations of nature. There is even one that's so good an imitation that it aches sometimes."

THE REALM OF FASHION.

Most Partisan Hats Have Low Crowns.

Most of the hats from Paris have low crowns. A greenish-blue straw has a large bow of green-blue ribbon placed jauntily in front, with wide loops at each side, forming a mammoth butterfly. Directly in front is an ornament of steel and pearls, behind which gleam some whitish-pink roses. The back of the hat is a mass of white roses and violets, and the brim is faced with an odd shade of pink velvet. Another model, also blue, has a swirl of turquoise-blue silk veiled in point de Geneve lace around the narrow brim. This "swirl" puffs up high on the left side,

lace are considered chic for a calling costume. White veils are affected by very young girls. Black Russian net, with a very fine mesh, are seen for street wear, but blue veils are most approved of by the coquette, though unfortunately they are not always becoming.

This year veils can be fastened without tearing or straining by a new device consisting of a rigid bar having a slot along one side, into which the veil is pressed and held in position by a flexible cord attached to one end of the bar and stretched across the slot to fasten at the opposite end.

Shirred silk has partially usurped the place of accordion-plaited silk. It comes in a variety of pretty light shades, with knife-plaited frills to match, and is employed for skirt panels, yokes, sleeves and vests.

Princess Gown.

No model suits the well-rounded, graceful woman more perfectly than does the princess with its somewhat severe, but always satisfactory lines. The cut of the gown shown in the illustration is simple in the extreme, but it may be made as elaborate in effect as one please. As shown, says May Manton, the material is violet-colored poplin, with an applied front of velvet in a darker shade and trimming of handsome passementerie, which includes both jet and silk. The fronts are fitted by means of double bust and under-arm darts, the second dart on each side extending to the edge of the skirt. The backs, which fit smoothly to a point slightly below the waist line, are seamed at the center and are joined to the fronts by means of side-backs, which include the entire length of the skirt. The fullness of the skirt portion is laid in deep underlying plaits, which fall in graceful folds to the end of the slight train. As illustrated, the closing of the lining



TWO SPRING MODELS.

but it is lower and less full on the right side. On the left side is a group of white flowers. A hat of heliotrope chip has the brim covered with rows of finely plaited heliotrope chiffon of a paler shade. These frills end in a soft twist of chiffon which encircles the narrow, high crown. A mass of white and purple lilacs is placed at the left side against the crown and trailing along the brim to the back, where they mingle with clusters of fresh green leaves. A very chic turban is of yellow straw braiding and white chiffon, the latter puffing out like mist between the yellow straw ribbons. A bow of black velvet in



HANDSOME SUIT FOR A SMALL BOY.

the back and a cluster of white tips fastened at the left side by an ornament of paste diamonds and smoked pearls completes this odd but pretty hat.

Suit For a Small Boy.

Short knee trousers with jacket to match and worn with a blouse of white lawn make the accepted dress suit for the small boys who have been promoted from kilts. The model shown in the large illustration, writes May Manton, is made of black velvet edged with narrow silk braid, but velveteen and black diagonal are equally correct. The trousers are fitted snugly to the legs by means of inside and outside leg seams and are supplied with the pockets without which no boy is ever content. The jacket is seamed at the center-back where it also extends to a slight point and is fitted by shoulder seams. The fronts, which are extended to form lapels, are self-faced, and the entire jacket is lined with farmers' satin. The sleeves are two-seamed and in regulation coat style. The blouse includes shoulder and under-arm seams only and closes at the center-front by means of buttons sewed to the right side and buttonholes worked in the box-plait that finishes the left. The sleeves are one-seamed and are gathered both at the arm's-eyes and at the wrists, where they are finished with deep roll-over cuffs edged with needwork frills. At the neck is a deep sailor collar, also edged with a frill, that turns over the coat and extends well down on the back.

To make this suit for a boy of six years will require three and a half yards of twenty-two-inch material, and one and one-half yards of thirty-six-inch material for the blouse.

Newest Things in Veils.

There is a novelty in a gray veil this season which is highly approved by the ultrafashionable girl. The imported bordered veils of real thread of the one color and material, as preferred.



LADIES' PRINCESS GOWN.

To make this gown for a lady in the medium size will require five yards of forty-four-inch material.