

The Cremation society of England forbids any inspection of the process of cremation by the friends of the deceased. In this country such inspection by a representative of the friends is required.

The depopulation of villages is one of the complaints in Germany. Agricultural laborers are becoming so scarce that it is now necessary to import them for the harvest in large numbers from Russia.

In the closing hours of the session of the Iowa Legislature the members of the House carried through with loud acclamation a resolution requesting Doorkeeper Wesley Spain to change his name forthwith to Wesley Cuba.

It is said to be no uncommon occurrence on the new Siberian railway for fuel or water to give out. In the latter case a halt is made and snow collected and melted until water enough is provided for proceeding to the next station.

A Chicago paper demands to know why music-crazed women persist in sending thorny roses to pianists, who, it says, hold them in mortal terror. It suggests that sending a '98 model wheel down the aisle would be much better appreciated, or even a box of cigars.

In addition to the mineral wealth discovered in Alaska, reports have been received stating that petroleum is also found there. Analysis and tests show that the oil is of as high grade as any from the Pennsylvania wells. The oil was found in a large lake close to the ocean, while the surrounding mountains are full of coal. It was fed by springs, and there was every evidence of a large supply.

The new Kearsarge is named after the old Kearsarge, but what was the old Kearsarge named after? queries the Springfield Republican. This would stump any "current-events class" going. The old Kearsarge was named after an obscure yet respectable mountain in New Hampshire, and it is said that the mountain was named by juggling the name of its discoverer and its first owner, Hezekiah Sargeant.

A Berlin physician of standing says, in a medical paper, that the nurses in the private hospitals are in league with the undertakers, who distribute among them circulars offering as much as \$25 by way of gratuity for a good job. He calls the attention of his professional colleagues to this infamous combination, which has been in force, so he declares, for half a century, and exists in other large towns. He suggests the employment, whenever it is possible, of women working in neighborhoods or actuated by some higher motive than the mere pursuit of gain.

A company of steel workmen, organized on the co-operative plan, headed by Charles Kennedy, former superintendent of the Indiana iron works at Muncie, has located at Montpelier, states the Indianapolis News. They will operate a big steel plant, employing 300 hands. The inducements they received consist of land, buildings, free gas and a money bonus of \$5000. Their location was secured through the efforts of the Montpelier board of trade. Another local company of workmen have organized to buy the Florence iron and steel mill, now owned by Bassett & Co. of Cleveland. The plant has been idle for over two years. The local company will operate the mill immediately, and will employ about 200 hands. It has been kept in good repair, and is one of the best rolling mills west of the Alleghanies.

Wheeling is undoubtedly one of the most conspicuous evangelists of health, observes the New York Herald. The man who has religion and a bicycle ought to be entirely satisfied with his lot. He is an enviable creature, and has no reason to be envious of others. To take a spin in the direction of a good appetite and dreamless sleep and to overtake and capture both is to be victorious in a very important conflict. But there are limits beyond which this noble exercise becomes irritable and takes revenge. The boy who, the other day, started out on a century run overdid a good thing, and converted it into a bad thing. He accomplished his task, but he broke himself all up, and will never mount the saddle again. Don't abuse your wheel, but treat it with respect and reverence. It is better to ride twenty miles and feel fresh than to cover forty and have to call in the doctor. What you want is fun and health, and you must have it.

DREAMLAND.

There's a mystical land that we fight in the night,
Quite close to the darkness, aloof from the light,
A land where impossible things are the facts
In a payment of good or of impious acts—
A realm where the loveliest scene slips away,
And a deed or a thought is forbidden to stay.
A realm of illusion, with nothing that seems—
The wonderful sleep-bordered country of dreams.

—William Hamilton Haynes.

An Artistic Ending.

BY C. B. COLVILLE.

The sun shone under her straw hat and made her shade her eyes with her hands as she looked up at me, standing by the edge of the river.

"Now, Mr. Conway," she said, "are you quite sure you can manage a canoe?"

"I'll promise you a new frock, Miss Delia, if I upset you," said I gallantly.

"Don't be rash," she laughed; "perhaps I'll think a new frock well worth the wetting."

"If you upset yourself I cry off the bargain,"

"I'm sure you'll never be so mean as to argue the cause of the damage," said Delia; "anyway, I'll risk it."

"I feel a little afraid," she said, as I gave her my hand to help her aboard.

I am inclined to think, however, that her hesitation was not altogether due to nervousness, but was a little influenced by the fact that she had the prettiest little feet in the world, and was wearing the very daintiest of brown shoes, which showed to the best advantage as she stood in timid uncertainty, one foot on shore and one poised over the canoe. I confess the attitude was fascinating to me, more especially as it necessitated a very distinct pressure of my steadying hand.

I was the more convinced that the timidity was affected when she eventually settled herself among the cushions in the bows of the canoe, for all the world as if to the manner born. Indeed, as I stepped warily in the centre of the craft, I am sure I was really the more nervous of the two, but then I could judge of my shortcomings as a canoeist far better than she.

"Now then," I said, "are you quite sure you are comfortable?"

She gave a last smooth to the folds of her brown skirt, gave a little pat to the sleeves of her white blouse, and lay back against the red cushions with a sigh of content.

"Yes," she said sweetly; "I'm quite ready."

I let go the tuft of grass to which I had been clinging, pushed off gently with my paddle, and we were fairly afloat.

The sunshine sparkled on the water, the leaves of the trees waved ever so softly in the breeze, the bright-colored dragon flies darted hither and thither, while along the bank the bees flew languidly from flower to flower, as if they only kept themselves awake by incessant buzzing.

"Isn't it delightful?" murmured Delia.

"It is, indeed," I assented, but would have done so more truthfully if the bows of the canoe had not displayed so great a reluctance to keep straight up the river.

The splash of the water from the paddle was wonderfully soothing, and my fair companion closed her eyes. Directly she did so politeness no longer debarred me from gazing my fill at her upturned face.

I looked admiringly, taking mental stock of her charms. How softly her dark eyelashes swept her cheek—how coquettishly curved her mouth—how daintily the suspicion of a dimple either side her lips—how delicately turned her chin—how becoming the red cushion to her wealth of black hair—yes, undoubtedly her nose was retronous, but a fig for your stately Greek beauties! there is a fascination in the—crash into the bank went the bow of the canoe, and the subject of my reverie opened her eyes with a start.

For the life of me I cannot steer a canoe and think of something else at the same time. By the greatest good luck we were not upset.

"I am most awfully sorry," I stammered.

"I was nearly asleep," she said.

"I can't think what happened; it was dreadfully careless of me."

"Oh, it really doesn't matter," she replied with a great good nature.

I paddled clear of the bank and vowed such a collision should not occur again. Delia, however, made no further attempt to go to sleep.

"How smoothly the river runs," she said thoughtfully.

"Unlike the course of true love," I added rather weakly.

It was not a very apposite remark, but then I knew the topic of love was a dangerous one for me, and so, foolhardy, I courted it, as the moth the candle.

There was a pause in the conversation, while I successfully negotiated a sudden bend in the river.

"It's a great pity, isn't it?" said Delia.

"What is?" I inquired.

"Why, that the course of true love never runs smooth."

"Oh, but it does sometimes, really," I asserted.

"I suppose the love isn't really true, then," said she. "Nowadays, books and plays nearly always end unhappily."

"Oh, well," said I, philosophically, "there are two sorts of love—there is a passionate love, full of presentiment, which makes a man morbid and melancholy, and forces him a thousand

times to curse the fate that brings it to him, but this sort of love is too lofty for a workaday world, and this only artistic ending is a tragic one."

I am afraid I bore Delia now and again by holding forth in this way, but she only gave the politest possible yawn, as she said: "And what about the other?"

"The other," I went on, taking care to watch the course of the canoe, "is a tender, pastoral love, which makes a man cheerful and take rosy views of life, causing him to thank heaven every day that such a love has fallen to his lot, and the artistic ending is wedding bells and domestic happiness."

"Dear me, Mr. Conway," said Delia, smiling, "you seem to know a deal about it."

Delia has the sweetest gray-brown eyes, and it is an extraordinary pleasure to look right into them, longer than is actually necessary while listening or making a remark; only speaking of artistic endings made me feel quite certain there was a pore artistic ending to such a look than mutually to drop our eyes.

I was just thinking about this, and how very graceful some girls look in a canoe, when, like a fool, I let my paddle catch in a weed. I endeavored as gently as possible to extricate it, but the weed proved obstinate. Delia grew nervous and sat up in the canoe.

"Oh, please be careful, Mr. Conway," she cried.

I pulled a trifle harder, but to no purpose. Then I lost patience. I gave the paddle a sharp jerk, the weed gave way all too suddenly. Delia gave a little scream and I clutched wildly at the side of the canoe in a vain attempt to keep my balance.

It was all over in a moment, and when I say all I include Delia, myself and the canoe. Fortunately we were close to the bank and the water was shallow. I scrambled ashore and helped Delia on to dry land as best I could.

"Really, Miss Delia," I said feeling unutterably foolish, as I caught the painter of the canoe and rescued the floating paddle, "I'll never forgive myself for this; I wish you were a man and could swear at me."

"What an awful fright I must look," said poor Delia, putting back her wet hair from her face.

"I'm sure you'd be a very suitable occasion to do anything so serious as make an offer of marriage; also, that it was a very prosaic way of putting it, but upon my word I couldn't help it."

"I wish you would give me the right always to pay your bills," I said.

"I don't think I mind if I do," she said.

We were both very wet and both very muddy, but I looked into those afore-mentioned brown eyes, and this time she didn't turn away, for I discovered the more artistic ending—I put my arm around her waist and kissed her.—Madame.

INSURANCE AGAINST ILLNESS.

People Now Able to Prepare for Attacks of Contagious Disease.

The newest thing in personal insurance, so far as this country is concerned, is insurance against sickness. Such insurance has been furnished in England and on the continent for some time, and in Germany, where the blessings of a paternal government are enjoyed to the fullest extent, it was recently announced that all heads of families engaged in wage-earning would be compelled to take out insurance against illness.

Insurance of this kind has been furnished in this country for some time on a small scale by mutual organizations, but it was not until last summer that it was taken up by any well-established company.

There are said to be only two companies at present prepared to write policies of insurance against illness. This is included with regular accident insurance, and there is a combination policy offered by which for a small additional payment the insurance against illness is secured.

A person so insured may receive \$25 a week if he suffers from typhus fever, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, smallpox, varioloid, diphtheria, measles, or Asiatic cholera, and such illness shall, independently of all other causes, continuously and wholly disable and prevent the insured from performing any and every kind of duty pertaining to his occupation. The limit of indemnity is fixed at twenty-six weeks. All the diseases mentioned are of a contagious character, and no attempt has been made as yet to insure against any others.

Insurance men who are interested in this subject are watching with interest to see how the new idea "takes," and some of them say it is probable that the list of diseases which a person can become insured against will soon be lengthened.

It will be noted that one important contagious disease, yellow fever is not named in the list, but the chances of being attacked with yellow fever in this part of the country are so small that its omission is not a matter of great importance to New Yorkers.—New York Tribune.

Sweden's Matches.

The oldest match-manufacturer in the world is in Sweden. Matches were made there long before the old, roughly trimmed splinter of wood, tipped with sulphur, was discarded for the tinder boxes for which they were used. In twenty-five years the export trade of Sweden in foreign matches increased to 10,000,000 boxes a year.

HOLLAND'S FENIAN RAM.

A Submarine Boat With a Curious History Now Lying Neglected.

The submarine torpedo boat with which Mr. Holland has been experimenting about New York is not his first venture in that line. Sixteen years ago he built a similar vessel for several Irish patriots, headed by James Reynolds of New Haven, Conn., and the vessel was among the effects of Mr. Reynolds' estate. For the last thirteen years it has lain neglected under an old shed near Mill River, New Haven, but its owners assert that it is still seaworthy. It is a cigar-shaped affair, built of iron, thirty feet long, and about six in depth at the deepest part. It had no electrical equipment, but was provided with steam engines and a propeller. All the machinery was removed long ago.

The craft has always been known as the Fenian ram. It is said that it had several trials sixteen years ago off the New Jersey coast, and Mr. Reynolds during his lifetime was accustomed to declare that it had fulfilled every expectation entertained of it. He himself was on board during one trip. The Fenian ram did not submerge itself by diving, like the new Holland boat, but sank. Experiments were made to test its effectiveness as a ram, with encouraging results. Still attached to its bow is a sort of boring apparatus, intended to penetrate hulls either of iron or wood. It has no difficulty in staying submerged for five hours. It cost, according to the statement of its present keeper, about \$40,000, all of which is believed to have been furnished by the Fenian societies.

No one seems to know who is the owner of this craft. It is at present in charge of Capt. P. O'Connor, son-in-law of James Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds, who brought it to New Haven thirteen years ago, was an Irish patriot of world-wide fame. It was he who was principally instrumental in arranging for the voyage of the merchantman Catalpa, which sailed from New Bedford in 1875 under the command of Captain John Anthony, and after a series of adventures, effected the escape of the six prisoners at Fremantle, Australia, condemned to life imprisonment for their part in the Fenian rising in 1866. They were the companions of John Boyle O'Reilly, who made his own escape the year before. Mr. Reynolds risked all his property in this venture, and was ever afterward familiarly known as Catalpa Jim. He died in New Haven last August. A few months previous to his death a banquet was given in his honor at the New Haven house.

It is believed that Mr. Holland's first submarine boat was constructed for Mr. Reynolds and other Fenians for use against the British government. At the time of her construction several well know New Haven men had gone to Ireland and been imprisoned on account of their activity against England. It is thought that Mr. Reynolds nourished plans for their rescue, and that his submarine ram was built in view of his intended operations. It was never put to any practical use. New Haven Irishmen have suggested in case the new Holland boat fulfilled the expectations entertained of it, that Mr. Reynolds' craft be presented to the government. With a few repairs and changes they believe that the old Fenian ram might prove useful.—New York Sun.

Mistook Her Nods for Curtleses.

"Let me, while I think of it, tell a relation story told me by the new congressman from Ohio," writes "A Cabinet Member's Wife," giving her "Inner Experiences," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "This is his first term in Congress. When he and his wife came to Washington early in October they brought along an elderly aunt of his wife's for a visit before the season began, as she was too deaf to enjoy society. One day he took the old lady out for a drive in a high, open vehicle, called here a trap. His wife was unable to go at the last moment, so the aunt mounted behind and he in front, as he drove himself. Being new to the place they had hardly any acquaintances. Greatly to his astonishment in a short time, as they drove along, people began to bow to him from every side. He said that for one short moment he saw himself a great man; but at the same time his surprise increased, until he turned around to express his astonishment to his aunt Priscilla, even if he had to shout, and in turning, the mystery of the bows was solved—the old lady sat bolt upright, sound asleep with her head fallen forward. Every lurch of the vehicle bowed her head, and the people along the streets were only returning what they took to be her salutations. He spoke to her, but she could not hear, so he turned about and drove home. When he stopped in front of the house she awakened up and was mortified to death."

Where Life Is Longest.

More people over 100 years old are found in mild climates than in the higher latitudes. According to the last census of the German empire, of a population of 55,000,000, only seventy-eight have passed the hundredth year. France, with a population of 40,000,000, has 213 centenarians. In England there are 146, in Ireland 578, and in Scotland 56. Sweden has 10 and Norway 23, Belgium 5, Denmark 2, Switzerland none. Spain, with a population of 18,000,000, has 401 persons over 100 years of age. Of the 2,250,000 inhabitants of Servia 575 persons have reached the century mark. It is said that the oldest person living whose age has been ascertained, is Bruno Cotrim, born in Africa, and now living in Rio de Janeiro. He is 150 years old. A coachman in Moscow has lived 140 years.—Philadelphia Press.



Straw Lace.

There is a new guipure lace which, when laid over white, resembles nothing so much as straw lace, both in color and in texture. It is exceedingly effective as a trimming over mousseline de soie, because that delicate tissue may be pulled in places through its wide meshes, thus adding novelty to smartness.

Must Keep Her Name.

A woman notary public in Denver, Col., was married recently, and the question arose as to what name she should sign in her official capacity. The matter was referred to the attorney general of the state, and he has furnished an opinion that there is no authority of law for women in Colorado to drop their maiden names in the event of marriage. She must, therefore, sign all documents as before marriage, because there is no authority for a change of name at marriage or any other time.

Patriotic Sofa Pillows.

The most popular sofa pillows just now are those that bear upon them some trace of the Stars and Stripes. Large hammock and piazza pillows are made of actual flags, and less aggressive ones have white stars on a blue ground, the reverse side of the cushion being of red and white stripes. Sometimes a pair of tiny flags are crossed and embroidered in one corner. It is a trial to aesthetic tastes that the colors of our flag are so pronounced, but the artistic faculty gives way to patriotic sentiment, and the American flag is emphatically the decorative vogue of the moment.

American Women and Gray Hair.

Is it true that the hair of American women turns gray much earlier than that of the women of other countries? There are those who make the assertion. It is, too, say these, a thorough gray. While the locks of an English or French woman will late in life show a few straggling threads, the head of an American woman at a much younger age is quite blanched, or at least frosted. To two things may be ascribed—American air and American atmosphere—terms not at all synonymous. If the former turns our leaves, why should it not turn our hair? While what the latter may accomplish through the agencies of ice water, hot bread and worry, needs no comment. Early gray hair, as a rule, means inability to cope with nerve-destroying things. It is declared to be largely a matter of temperament. That it should be a characteristic of American women is in keeping with most other traits of our race.—Harper's Bazar.

A Woman Baker.

There is a woman now in New York who has had most serious misfortunes, and yet has shown rare perseverance and energy at the critical moment. Only a short time ago she and her husband lived in a comfortable home in a western city. They owned the property and had been moderately well-to-do. But the husband died very suddenly. Then the insurance on the house gave out, and soon the widow found it necessary to dispose of the property. Pending the negotiations the house burned to the ground, and although the widow escaped, everything in her possession had been consumed. She had to borrow clothes before leaving for New York, where she had friends.

She resolved not to allow her grief to have a serious effect upon her, but to find some immediate source of support, and took the first opportunity that offered. She had made a specially wholesome graham bread for a friend here who was suffering with indigestion, and his appreciation of it at once suggested a means of support—she would bake and sell bread. Calling at neighboring residences and boarding houses, she at once took orders for all she could bake, delivered the bread the same day, and secured regular customers. With the proceeds of successive sales she took in a large supply of materials, and is steadily increasing her profits. She declares that with her ambition she will not remain poor long, and will soon make a big success of her undertaking.—New York Sun.

The Return of the Shirt Waist.

Shirt waists of plain, solid color are varied with bands of embroidered insertion or heavy bands of lace, running up or down or crosswise, as the figure may demand, and many of them have bias bands, cuffs and collar of plaided or striped material. Others of plain, solid colored material have cuffs, collar and front box plait of polka-spot material, in which case a plain white tie finishes short at the neck, and a belt of white is worn. Cotton chevot, pique in all colors, duck and the gingham are the popular wash materials for general wear. Stripes are very modish in shirt waists this year, and most of them run around instead of up and down. Bias plaids are also much used, and are very smart looking, but must always be worn with skirts of plain, solid color. Tanks are used in every conceivable way on shirt waists of all materials and are

applied up and down, across, zig-zag, slanting, in clusters or regulation spaces, as fancy or figure dictates. Sleeves are smaller than they were last year, and the cuffs in many cases are attached. Even where the fronts cannot be called a real blouse they pouch a little, and the gathers extend almost the entire length of the shoulder instead of being all directly in the front.

The black satin shirt waist, though worn much during the winter, is irrepresible, and is continually developing some new feature. For traveling, this waist is decidedly the most stylish and durable, shedding the dust and cinders.

While many of the waists have detachable collars and cuffs to match, the white linen ones will be as much worn as ever. Belts there are in all varieties; solid gold belts studded with precious and semi-precious stones; metal belts fairly blazing with imitation gems; velvet, satin, silk and leather belts, with gorgeous metal and jeweled buckles, and enameled ones designed in openwork patterns. With the wash shirt waist, however, quite the prettiest is the leather belt, which fastens with plain harness buckles.—Woman's Home Companion.

Fashion Notes.

Covert cloth, poplins and Bedford cords are shown in great variety for the indispensable tailor made suit.

Piquets, marseilles, lawns and linens will be much worn this summer for morning gowns, as well as at the watering places.

A very pretty and fashionable design in table linen is the shamrock. It is used on napkins, and promises to become popular.

Persian manne, pale almond or tan color are effectively combined on new Paris evening gowns and tailor costumes for special wear.

Satin royal and very elegant qualities of peau de soie are handsomely made up together in imported wedding toilets for spring and early summer.

A fashionable summer gown is of golden brown dimity with insertion of brown and white running up each seam and at the top of the lower flounce.

A swell Ascot tie designed exclusively for women is on the market. It is made of bias striped satin, in colors so gay that they put the most modish hosiery to shame.

The braided black straw plateau bent into turban shape, high at one side and the brim finished with large jet catashuns, is another of the pretty designs in walking hats.

All the buttons are on the jeweled order, with the exception of those in jet and gold, and these have the effect of onyx and are not like what are generally known as jet buttons.

This season the wood colors and grays are the principal colors, and the wood colors are smarter than the grays, for the last named were worn all last summer, it will be remembered.

A pretty morning hat is a black sailor of rough straw with a band of burnt orange satin ribbon, which finishes in a spiral of the same. Three black spangled quills complete the trimming.

A hat that milliners say will be much worn is of green soft silk, a number of puff ruffles forming the crown and brim, and trimmed at the side with a spiral puff and a large white aigrette.

There is a great variety in hats, the new Alpine being among the ones that have been favorably received already. It is gray, with wide ribbon and band, finished in the left side with a bunch of long cock feathers.

Buckles and fancy buttons are among the new things on gowns. The buckles may not buckle and the buttons may not be used to fasten the waist, but they must needs be worn in order to give the proper smart finish to any gown.

Yellow lace for trimming white fabrics will be much in favor, but there is a great variety in the shades chosen. Falles and light tones prevail over the yellows with the dash of pink which was so popular a few seasons ago. The combination of white and straw colored lace is used not only for gowns, but also for blouse bodices.

The variety in transparent materials for summer gowns is bewildering in extent as well as color, and among lace grenadines, canvas organdies, mohair Swiss, the various pineapple weaves and lace zephyrs, it is difficult to choose. The silk and wool bereges are very sheer and thin this season, and the new nuu's veillings are as cobwebby as possible.

In negligee gowns, loose robes falling from the shoulders and neck in Oriental fashion seem to have the preference. Ribbons sewn into the side seams are frequently knotted across the front. An innovation in sleeves is noticeable in some of the most handsome silk gowns. The sleeves either hang in a long point from the bend of the arm or else are cut to the elbow only and finished with ruffles of lace.