

The American public pays every year over \$50,000,000 for general literature and school books.

A Chicago millionaire paid a widow \$105,000 for the return of his love letters. Who says it doesn't pay to be sentimental?

American enterprise has recorded another victory, Commissioner General Peck having obtained 22,000 square feet more of space for our exhibits at the Paris Exposition. Now let all unite to show Europe the evidences of America's tremendous industrial achievements.

The short Indian war has been a real benefit to the small boy. He had almost come to the conclusion that the noble red man had become inefficient; that there was no further glory to be won in tracking and fighting him in the backyard. But recent events have changed all this. The imaginary Indian shares with the imaginary Spaniard the honor of being a worthy object of the prowess of Young America.

The Anglo-Saxon is pushing upward and onward as the overwhelming world force because he must, observes the New York Mail and Express. The Latin is falling behind because he cannot help it. He is face to face with conditions which are beyond his power to meet or control. Nature has practically ended the "inevitable conflict" before the armies and navies have begun it. The Latin has had his day. Night comes with the twentieth century.

Pending the construction of the "Cape to Cairo" railroad in Africa it is to be observed that there is at the present moment a highway open for travel over that very route, partly on lakes and rivers by steamer, and partly on land by railroad and wagon. It follows the Nile, the great lakes, and the grand trek through Matabeleland and Mashonaland. The distance from Cape Town to Cairo is about 6250 miles, and it may be traversed in safety and comfort in eighty-five days.

The science of forestry aims to preserve the tree-covered surface of the earth, by cutting according to rules, which will insure a new tree for every old one removed. This it accomplishes and more. It clears out growths hurtful to those trees that have economical value. It discriminates between the more or less valuable timbers. It ascertains what kind of trees thrive best in particular soils and climates. It devises the means to destroy hurtful insects, and to prevent forest fires, and to preserve game and fish. It concerns itself with road-making and the improvement of water-courses to bring out timber at the smallest expense. In short, it proceeds upon the theory that forest culture is a business, a matter of dollars and cents on a large scale, extending not merely over a lifetime, but over the duration of the world. It is a sublime thought that when we take steps to preserve the forest we are conferring benefit upon human beings to all time.

Quarantine regulations and business are deadly enemies, and therefore it is but natural that a good many people down South have said harsh things about the precautions against yellow fever which a good many other people in that region have seen fit to take. The Lumber Trade Journal of New Orleans is especially and amusingly vehement in expressing this indignation. It says that without the slightest justification from science or reason, "commerce is paralyzed, communities are practically at war with each other, communication is cut off, towns are depopulated, and hunger and destitution begin to stretch gaunt fingers over many sections." Then the tone changes from serious to sardonic. "A mild case of bilious or some other fever develops in a small boy in Jackson, the capital of the state. Immediately panic reigns supreme. The mayor advises the depopulation of an otherwise prosperous and healthy community. The governor of the commonwealth locks up the state house and takes refuge in the insane asylum. The ludicrous fitness of this does not seem to strike anybody, least of all the craven who deserted his post so hastily. In the light of subsequent events the seat of the state government ought to be maintained in its present location." And so on for a whole page. No doubt there is considerable excuse for anger. The inutility of quarantine is asserted by many good authorities, and the insane panic which a case of yellow fever so often creates certainly does as much harm as results from the milder towns that attend to their duties with care need not fear epidemics, and as a matter of fact, do not.

FUN IN THE COUNTRY.

Good folks, that's fun in livin' in the country, all around.
When the frost is in the furrow an' the green is turnin' brown,
When the days are cool an' crisp, an' the nights have brighter stars,
An' you hear the tinkle of the bells across the pasture bars.

That's lots of fun in livin' when the woods are full of haze
An' you hear the fiddle singin' what the cabin fires blaze!
When the gals are candy-pullin', an' they've robbed the honey bees,
An' you're dancin' when you want to, an' you're sparkin' when you please!

Oh, the whirrin' of the partridge an' the boundin' of the buck!
The trookin' of the 'possum an' the rabbit's foot for luck!
The barkin' of the squirrels on the oak an' hick'ry trees—
An' you find 'em when you want to, an' you shoot 'em when you please!

That's the time that gits me! for the world is good to see
When the fiddle is a-singin' an' my sweet-heart smiles on me!
An' if it is a quadrille—I'm not takin' any chance,
But I'll bet you that the prettiest gal is goin' to have a dance!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Within an Ace of Murder.

BY STACKPOLE E. ODELL.

Milly Broughton was the only daughter of a Welsh collier, who lived in a small village in Glamorganshire and worked in one of the many neighboring coal pits.

Milly was peculiarly proud of her ancestors, and she delighted in relating their deeds of courage and even heroism. For many generations her family name figured on the death roll of the pits—the roll of honor detailing those who had died in the performance of their duty as colliers, procuring coal for the comfort and enrichment of their country.

The girl was known by young and old in the colliery district as "Our Milly" and "Our Lassie," and she was looked upon almost as the property of the various pits, while the special pit where her father and three of her brothers worked was known more as "Milly's Pit" than by the name of its proprietor.

Milly was a striking looking girl, much taller than any other members of her family, and, though rather slight, she was neat and well proportioned.

That she had many suitors was not to be wondered at, but only two of them all received any encouragement from her. One was the local preacher, who often preached in the little chapel at which Milly and her people attended; the other was the young man who played the harmonium at the chapel and who was looked upon as a musical genius in the district. Like most musicians he was of a very jovial nature, and naturally he was a great favorite both in the village and in the pit in which he worked.

Both of these young fellows worked with Milly's father and brothers, and either would have been considered a good match for her, but especially the musician.

It was Milly's eighteenth birthday, and it happened to be a Monday—a day on which most colliers do not work. Milly had received numerous little presents from her various admirers, which she had strewn on the kitchen table, before which she sat contemplating them with a beaming face.

The picture was a pretty one. The kitchen of a steady, sober, industrious miner is not a place to be despised. This particular one had an air of tidiness and comfort, with a certain amount of refinement above the ordinary. Through an open door could be seen a cozy little room, on the floor of which was a bright carpet and in a corner a piano. Milly gave music lessons to many of the colliers' children. So she was independent and able to contribute toward the general income. It was a warm summer's evening, and Milly was sitting at the door of her little home; the rays of the setting sun lit up her pretty face as she sat there thinking of David.

A man was coming toward the cottage—it was the miner-preacher. Milly did not see him, owing to the sun which dazzled her eyes. However, she had been seen by the young man in the distance, and he was approaching her. He was dressed in his Sunday clothes, and though, perhaps, he was in manner somewhat serious and overstateful, yet in figure and looks he was such a man as a girl might like. He had every appearance of physical strength combined with a certain amount of rugged intelligence. Milly received him with signs of pleasure. She showed him the various articles on the table, expatiating on the kindness of those from whom she had received them.

"I, too, have a present for you, Milly," the young man said presently, as he took out of his pocket a little morocco case and out of it a ring. He took Milly's hand and placed the ring upon her engagement finger.

"You and I have loved each other a long time now, Milly," he continued. "I should have asked you to allow me to do this before, but it was only this morning I heard that I was to be made an overseer. So now we shall be able to keep house."

He did not wait for a reply, but continued in more passionate language to express his feelings. Milly tried to stop him more than once, but he paid no attention to her.

"Morgan," she said at last, "you are a good fellow, and I like you and am glad to hear you have got the rise at the pit. I hope we shall always be friends; but I cannot marry you—David is to be my husband—that was settled last night between him and my father."

Morgan could not reply. He tried to say something, but his tongue seemed as if it were tied. He became so pale that Milly was frightened. She placed a chair near him and pressed him into it. He grasped the arms of it and trembled all over. Again and again he tried to speak, then he gesticulated feebly with his hands.

He was a good fellow, but Milly loved another.

To be the husband of this girl had been the dream of his life. His love for her was an insanity. He felt that he could not live without some hope of obtaining her. He would not for a moment allow that she was not to be his; to have done so would have meant suicide.

For a whole month he kept away from the pit, in consequence of which he lost his preference. During that time he went from place to place, battling with the great love that was burning within him. But it increased; it mastered him. Milly's image was constantly before him, and for a time his disappointment drove him to drink.

At last he decided to struggle no longer against his love; so he went back to work by the side of his successful rival, who was still his friend and against whom he could bear no animosity.

He saw Milly as of old. She thought he had conquered his feelings toward her, so their former friendship was renewed.

One day, a few hours after the pits had commenced work, Morgan came to Milly looking very pale.

"Do not be frightened," he said, "but David has met with an accident—a slight accident. He has been exploring a used-up pit where he thought there was a seam of coal that could be got at. He has uncovered a lot of stuff and found the seam, so he expects to get a good sum of money for his find, if he does not try to rent the place and work it himself. He took me down this morning to see it. While stripping some of the surplus a lump of coal fell across his leg. He has lost a little blood and is resting. He thought if you would bring down a bandage or two we might set him right between us. You see, he does not want anyone to know of his discovery just yet, so you must not hint to anyone of it."

Milly went with Morgan immediately. He led her to the pit, which was in a very out of the way place.

"David is in there," he said, pointing to a dark archway from which the coal had been excavated. Milly entered. Morgan immediately followed and closed a door behind him—a door rudely made, but strong. Then he told Milly that David was not hurt at all and that he had brought her to this place in order to tell her that he could not live without her and that he might make her promise to marry him. He tried persuasion and threats in vain and at last left her, telling her that he would call each day with food and for her reply.

He went back to his work in the pit at once, making excuses for his absence. When Milly would be missed suspicion must not fall upon him.

He had hardly commenced to ply his pick when a tremendous explosion took place. All the outlets from the mine were completely blocked.

Morgan found himself in the dark, lying prostrate on his back, with a quantity of coal upon him. His face and head alone were free. He cried for help in vain. For many hours he lay there, unable to move.

Each hour seemed as though it were a day. His mind was terribly perturbed. He did not care much about dying or about the pain he was suffering. His thoughts were chiefly occupied with the poor girl he had imprisoned. What would she do for food? He pictured her dying of starvation. His mind had been well inculcated with the principles of Christianity; this made his remorse all the greater. As he lay helpless with, for all he knew, tons of coal on top of him, he already felt the torments of remorse. Again and again he shrieked, his mind overcome with horror.

At last a voice answered his cries. It was the voice of David.

"Is that you, Morgan?" he said. "I was stunned. Wait till I get my lamp alight."

It did not take him long to remove some of the fallen coal and extricate Morgan.

And then for five dreary days they remained prisoners in the darkness. David's lamp did not remain alight for long, not even long enough for them to explore their surroundings. It would be impossible to describe their sufferings, more especially those of Morgan. He was frantic at times, and it was all that David could do to prevent him from dashing out his brains against the jagged rocks of coal.

At last the time came when Morgan was so faint that he could hardly move. David's strength, meanwhile, had kept up wonderfully, and he did all he could to cheer Morgan. The latter, who used to pray and preach so much, had now not one prayer to offer. David could not comprehend this.

"Why don't you pray, Morgan?" he asked.

"I can't," came faintly from Morgan's dying lips.

"Is there anything on your mind?"

"There is—Milly."
"Milly? Poor Milly! I am afraid we shall never see her again," sobbed David, breaking down for the first time.

He was holding Morgan's hand. He felt a great shudder pass through his friend's body.

"Stoop," said Morgan, "stoop as near as you can. I cannot die without telling you."
In spasmodic tones, with long pauses, constantly interrupted with exclamations of horror from David, Morgan told how he had inveigled Milly into the old pit and had imprisoned her so that she could not possibly escape and left her only food enough for one day.

It was a terrible story to hear in that dark vault, without a gleam of light or a clear hope of escape. David seemed to forget that he had been for five days without food. A great surging tide of indignation rolled like lava through his veins as he thought of Milly, his own darling Milly, to whom he was so soon to be married.

The story was hardly finished when, with a shout as savage as that of a wild beast deprived of its mate, he sprang up and seized the dying man. He lifted him in his arms with the intention of dashing him down again. It was a moment of uncontrollable passion, roused by the thought of Milly's lingering death. David held Morgan for a few seconds and prepared to fling him against the sharp rocks of coal.

Suddenly a gleam of light appeared in a far corner. Milly herself entered the cave. David became powerless and dropped Morgan at his feet.

Milly had not been long in her prison when she escaped. She had heard of the explosion and since then, by day and by night, for many hours at a time, she had traveled through all the old mines searching for a passage to the exploded one. She was just in time to save her lover from the crime of murder. Morgan, however, did not live many hours longer.

A GENIUS AT ADAPTATION.

Proposed to the Wrong Girl, but Stuck to the Bargain.

Scarcely a day passes that some of its events do not affirm the old saw that truth is stranger than fiction, says the Detroit Free Press. Out near Muskegon there is a big family made up largely of sons. None of them has a superfluity of intelligence or push, so that the one most favored in this respect is looked upon as a genius by the other members of the household. He can do a fair job of painting, from water colors to barns and back fences, has a knack for interior decoration of the more ancient type, patches, mends, tinkers, and has a smattering of all the common mechanical trades.

Thus gifted, the young man concluded to fit up a cart and go about the country soliciting odd jobs of all kinds. Among those with whom he found employment was a tenant farmer having several fair daughters. With one of these the genius had a lengthy visit while about his work and became impressed with her charms. For the remainder of the season she was in his thoughts, and by the time he reached home to remain during the winter, he had made up his mind that he was in love and would propose to the girl he had seen but once. He wrote a straightforward business letter explaining the state of his feelings and asking her hand in marriage. Back came the answer from "Dear Mary," to whom he had written, saying that she was willing.

The thing was to be done in some style, so that printed invitations were sent broadcast and a great feast prepared. When the genius reached the busy scene of preparation he was somewhat disturbed to find that Mary was not the girl he had fallen in love with at all, but the elder sister. He did a little quiet figuring on the cost of new invitations and another wedding supper, tore the paper up when he was through, kept his own counsel and married Mary. The only comment offered is that they seem to be an unusually happy couple.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The Tibetans have a week of five days, named after iron, wood, water, feathers and earth.

Some of the screws used in watches are so small that it takes 380,000 of them to weigh a pound.

The smallest salary paid to the head of a civilized government is \$15 a year to the president of the Republic of Andorra, in the Pyrenees.

A snake does not climb a tree by coiling round it, but by holding on with the points of its scales. A snake could not climb a glass pillar.

The hearing organ of animals is not always located in the head. In some grasshoppers it is in the forelegs, and appears on the wings of many insects.

In the old cemetery at Cambridge, Mass., there is growing a pear tree which was planted by the Stowe family when they came over from England 263 years ago.

Milan has a curiosity in a clock which is made entirely of bread. The maker is a native of Milan, and he has devoted three years of his time to the construction of this curiosity. The clock is of respectable size, and goes well.

There is a fish found in Hudson bay which absolutely builds a nest. This it does by picking up pebbles in its mouth and placing them in a regular way on a selected spot on the bottom of the bay, where the water is not very deep.

There has been discovered in India a strange plant which possesses astonishing magnetic power. The hand touching it immediately receives a strong magnetic shock, while at a distance of twenty feet a magnetic needle is affected by it.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

Ladies' Military Jacket.

This natty jacket, while illustrating the trend of national affairs to influence women's dress this season, at the same time affords the protection



A NATTY JACKET.

requisite for a comfortable top-coat. The style is unobtrusive, but may be still less marked by the omission of the nautical looking shoulder straps. While navy blue is the favored color-

The broad collar forms a round yoke outline in black and meets the uniquely shaped lapels that roll back from the fronts. Stylish sleeves are arranged with downward turning pleats at the sides and gathers at the top over linings that are closely adjusted to the arm. The wrists flare in rounded bell shape over the hand, showing a lining of white satin and ruching of mousseline de soie under the satin quilting that finishes the edges. The graceful skirt is of circular shaping, the graduated flounce being joined to its lower edge under bias folds of cordings of satin. While desirable for silk, satin, poplin and other dress fabrics, the mode will develop equally well in any of the seasonable wool or mixed fabrics now fashionable. Braid, passementerie, insertion or applique will provide suitable decoration, while a combination of velvet, silk or satin with woolen material will produce happy results.

To make this waist for a woman of medium size will require three and one-quarter yards of material forty-four inches wide. To make the skirt will require four and one-half yards of material forty-four inches wide.

Hints on Remodelling Sleeves.

Some of the coats worn two or three winters ago can be made in style this winter if only the sleeves are cut over, and large sleeves may easily be remodeled by either of the styles which are here given. No. 1, represented in fine covert cloth, is what is called the



WOMAN'S AFTERNOON TOILET.

ing for such jackets, they may be made in costume with any seasonable woolen fabrics in black, brown, green, gray, red, or mixed colors—tweed, serge, cheviot, covert, or broadcloth being fashionable.

The close-fitting back is arranged below the waist with coat-laps and plaits that give the coat but fashionable flare. The side-back goes are shaped high in correct military outline.

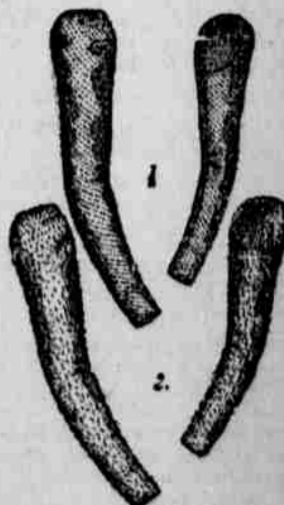
The loose-fitting fronts lap in double-breasted fashion, the neck being closely fitted by short darts taken up in each front. Brass military buttons are used in closing, and the shoulder seams covered with pointed shoulder straps are held in position by buttons to match, but of smaller size. The neck is completed with a standing collar of true military cut, and a smart finish is given by the stylish application of black braid on the collar, straps, fronts, wrists and pocket flaps. The plain two-seamed coat sleeves are military in cut and finish, the moderate fulness being disposed in gathers at the top.

To make this jacket for a lady of medium size will require one and three-quarter yards of material fifty-four inches wide.

Stylish Black and White Costume.

A stylish black and white combination is shown in the large engraving in black peau de soie and guipure lace over white satin, the full chemisette of white mousseline over satin imparting a soft and dainty finish. A narrow quilting of peau de soie, applied with a corded heading, trims the broad collar, revers and epaulettes on the free edges. The stylish waist, equally suited for informal dress or ordinary wear, is smartly adjusted over correctly fitted linings that close in center-front. The full fronts and seamless back are laid in overlapping pleats at the loose edge, and between the front edges is disclosed a smooth vest portion that ends under the bust in pointed outline. The full chemisette puffs out slightly, and the neck is completed by a high standing collar of white satin, covered with black guipure.

box sleeve. Instead of the usual pleats or gathers at the top, it is shaped by short darts that are taken up at regular intervals and finished with straps applied by machine stitching. The straps may be omitted and the dart seams simply stitched and pressed flat. A shapely under-arm portion fits the sleeve comfortably, and the wrists are finished with a double row of stitching at round cuff depth. No. 2, in rough woolen cloaking, is shaped with upper and under portions, the fulness at the top being laid in two downward-turning pleats at each side



WOMAN'S COAT SLEEVE.

of the shoulder. The wrists are completed with a cuff, simulated by two rows of machine stitching.

To make these sleeves for a woman of medium size will require seven-eighths of a yard of material fifty-four inches wide.

The Silk Petticoat.

The new silk petticoat which can have any place among the new fashions must be fitted as carefully as the skirt which covers it, made almost as long, and quite plain about the hips.