

In the last three years the United States have sold abroad \$1,300,000,000 more than they have bought.

Medical men now regard typhoid fever as a disease so preventable that, as one of them declares, "for every case of typhoid fever somebody ought to be hung."

A writer in the Lancet says that "there is undoubtedly a good deal in the open-air treatment of consumption, but the way it is being at present 'boomed' by people with ready pens, but with no medical training, is calculated to make men who are accustomed to look at things from a scientific standpoint rather than critical."

A writer in the Medical News declares that America is falling behind in the matter of professors' salaries. The class of teachers who here get \$2500 to \$4000 receive in England \$4000 to \$6000. Scotch universities have chairs worth from \$7000 to \$20,000 per annum, and even in Berlin there are professors who earn from \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year.

Athens and Rome were not the problems that New York and Chicago are. Nineveh never had more than 600,000 souls and Rome at the height of its power had only 1,200,000. The modern city has sprung up like a mushroom. When Thomas Jefferson was president there were only six cities of 8000 souls in the United States. The government of the city of New York alone in a single year costs more than it does to maintain the city and state governments of twenty of the Western states. The army of employes is greater than the standing army of the United States.

The three chief facts about Professor Hadley, the new president of Yale university are: That he is only thirty-three years old; that he is not a clergyman—the first exception to the supposedly ironclad rule as to the qualifications of a president of Yale; that he is not a professor of Greek or Latin or philosophy or any of the so-called "culture" branches of education, but of political science, the science of government in its broad sense, which includes all kinds of public action. Thus one of the greatest and most conservative of America's old universities has at one stroke broken from those time-honored traditions.

The new sect of Enochites in the Russian province of Astrakhan is giving the government considerable trouble. Some of the members have been transported to Siberia, while large numbers of others are shut up in the prisons of the district, without the least doubt in their own minds that they are being persecuted for righteousness sake. The immense number of sects constantly springing up in Russia would be of somewhat remote interest to Americans if they did not mostly all lean to the idea of emigrating here in a body and setting up among us their tabernacles, the standards of their respective faiths.

It is easy to get the dictionary's opinion of what the word "vacation" means; but somehow one shuts the big, pretentious, thumb-rumped volume with a sense of contempt for its inadequacy, when in a splendid mist of allurements (the true will of the wisp of every healthy imagination) wavers and shimmers that word's out-of-doors, midsummer meaning. Vacation is to each person a space to be filled to overflowing with the essential something he calls delight. Many men of many minds, many vacations of many kinds. But various as the impressions of vacation may be, one feature is common and steadfast—a change from labor to refreshment—a journey eastward to the land of morning and joy.

President W. C. A. Hammel, of the Audubon society of Baltimore has compiled some statistics upon the loss of bird life in this country that are really startling. In the last fifteen years the percentage of decrease in Maine has been 52; in New Hampshire, 32; Massachusetts, 27; Vermont, 30; Rhode Island, 60; Connecticut, 75; New York, 48; New Jersey, 37; Pennsylvania, 57; Ohio, 38; Indiana, 60; Illinois, 38; Michigan, 28; Wisconsin, 40; Iowa, 32; Missouri, 36; Nebraska, 10; North Dakota, 68; District of Columbia, 33; South Carolina, 32; Georgia, 65; Florida, 77; Mississippi, 37; Louisiana, 55; Texas, 67; Arkansas, 50; Montana, 75; Idaho, 40; Colorado, 28, and Indian Territory, 75, making a general average of 46 per cent. The figures were obtained from government reports and the records of Audubon societies, and, while a bird census is impossible trained observers can at least compare present with former conditions and work out fairly reliable percentages.

**PURPOSE.**  
A fool who thought himself a sage  
Went up and down the land  
And preached to men concerning things  
He did not understand.  
He might have served beside the forge  
With unexampled skill;  
He might have ably turned the sword  
Upon the sloping hill.

He lies, today, beside a wall  
Where weeds and briars rail,  
And none is left behind to mourn  
The man who was a fool.  
Ye, though he missed his sphere and lies  
Beneath no costly pile,  
He did not live in vain, because  
He gave the world a smile.  
—S. E. Risor.

## MY MYSTERIOUS PROTECTOR.

A Story of Real Life.

BY CHARLES J. H. HALCOMBE.

The treaty port of Chefoo or Yentai, as the Chinese call it, is situated in the province of Shantung and on the coast of the Gulf of Pechili. The natives of the place, chiefly consisting of a few merchants and fisher-people, have built their houses on the flat, sandy shore of the beautiful bay, which is overlooked and sheltered on the east by a small promontory, some 200 feet high, that juts out beyond the limits of the town, its summit being graced by several European residences; while the coast line makes a semi-circular curve towards the north and west.

During the latter part of 1888 I left Shanghai to make a sojourn of some months in Chefoo, which is designated the "Brighton of China," because of its salubrious climate, the air being invigorating, the atmosphere dry and the sea bathing excellent. But the winters are intensely cold and stormy, and I have known the thermometer to fall 15 degrees below zero. The violent gales are usually accompanied by heavy snow squalls, and more than once I awoke in the morning to find the house surrounded by a rampart of snow ten feet deep, through which my servants had to dig a narrow passage before I could get out.

In the summer I used to be fond of taking an evening ramble over the lofty cliffs of the promontory, which afforded a splendid view of the peaceful harbor, with its old-world junks dotted here and there, and the twilight scenes were often charmingly romantic and grand, for you could see the sun sink in a glory of color behind the distant horizon, its expiring rays lingering upon the far-off hills, until they, too, faded in a purple haze; while from seaward the lowly fishermen would come gliding home over the calm, shadowy waters, with the golden light of evening illumining their amber-colored lateen sails.

I did not always go alone, for sometimes a venerable Chinese gentleman, named Liang Ah Ton, accompanied me. Like myself, he was a great admirer of Confucius and Lao-tze, and at heart he was a staunch Republican. His early days had been stirring ones, for during the great Taiping rebellion he had served and honorably won distinction in the Chung Wang's guard. But that was a closed chapter of his life, only revealed to the most intimate and trusted friends, for had it been known, his arrest and death would have soon followed.

No one realized the rottenness of Maehoo-Tartar rule more than he did, and his bright, age-shrunk eyes would light up with animation and the old warlike spirit rekindle within him when he spoke of the long-gone days of the past or of those that would surely come, when the people would again awake to a sense of the injustice done them, and, shaking off the tight-drawn bonds of tyranny, grasp the sword of liberty and, if need be, die for it.

During those pleasant twilight strolls we often met a sedan chair carried by two coolies and guarded by an elderly man, as the female attendants are called. But what most attracted my attention was the young and comely little lady who sat inside the conveyance. I could never get more than a transitory glance at her through the small, gauze-covered windows of the chair, but that was sufficient to make me watchful and expectant when I passed that way; and in time, if no chair came, I was disappointed, and went home feeling quite sorrowful.

The lady always sat upright and never seemed to look either to the right or the left; but once or twice I fancied that she was doing her best to conceal a smile or a "shame-face," but her fan was artfully raised as a screen, so I merely guessed that she laughed and blushed behind it. On these rare occasions I felt very happy, though I never seemed to make any further progress, and who she was I could not find out.

Whenever old Liang was with me when the chair passed I would expatiate upon the charms of the strange young "Celestial" demoiselle; but, although politely attentive to what I said, and although his good-humored smile betokened amusement, he always remained discreetly silent. Of course, it is not considered etiquette in Chinese society to mention the gentler sex, so my conduct must have appeared somewhat out of the eyes. Nevertheless, it by no means tended to diminish or weaken our friendship, for, if anything, we grew more intimate; and after I had concluded my eulogies on the fair daughter of Cathy he invariably laid his hand on my arm and in a kind, paternal manner advised me not to worry myself.

The winter months were very dull and long, and I seldom saw the lady in the sedan chair. My house was far removed from the few other European residences, being situated in the Chinese town. But it was roomy and comfortable, being built on the bungalow system, and was enclosed in a large, tree-shaded courtyard of considerable antiquity, with one entrance through a lodge gate, where a watch-

man was stationed. Opposite my apartments, on the other side of the enclosure, were the servants' offices and to the right a small library, where I spent much of my leisure.

While I was in Chefoo the surrounding country was in a very disturbed state, and missionaries coming in from the interior complained of having been robbed and ill-treated by bands of desperadoes. Not only that, but the soldiers in the neighboring forts became very dissatisfied and unruly through being kept for a considerable time in arrears of wages, and one bleak winter's day the news was brought into the town that they had mutinied, murdered their officers and joined a party of rebels which was approaching the port.

As those disturbances are common in China, and invariably exaggerated, little was thought of the matter by the foreign residents, who half-discredited the rumor. But the Chinese showed symptoms of fear, especially some of the leading shopkeepers, who closed their houses forthwith. However, the day passed quietly and uneventfully, and night set in dark and cold.

Being at that time a regular correspondent to the Shanghai Mercury, I sat in the library during the evening writing an account of the distressed and agitated state of the Shantung province, owing to a recent inundation of the Yellow river, which had destroyed the crops and sent thousands of homeless and starving refugees into our midst, some of the poor creatures actually dying at our very doors.

It must have been 10 or 11 o'clock when I crossed from the library to my sleeping apartment, and the weather was then bitterly cold. Snow was beginning to fall in large flakes. An oppressive stillness hung over the town as if it were breathlessly waiting for an impending storm to break.

Not long after getting into bed, however, I was awakened from my first sleep by the distant firing of crackers, as I thought, accompanied by the beating of tom-toms. Thinking it was some "Joss-pidgin" or procession, I took no notice, for, during the Chinese New Year festival—which is celebrated for several weeks, being the one great national holiday—marriages and religious ceremonies become common, especially in the northern regions; and at night one is not unfrequently disturbed by the clashing of gongs and the playing of flutes and other instruments calculated to cheer the heart of a true "Son of Han" and drive an ordinarily constituted "barbarian" out of his seven senses; though, of course, in time his ears become as reconciled and accustomed to these strange noises as his nose does to the peculiar odors which assail it.

The noise grew louder, however, and seemed to approach nearer and nearer. Lying half-awake, I wondered at the somewhat unusual medley of sounds, though I did not imagine that anything was wrong. Dogs began yelping and barking, and, presently I heard shouts, while the cracker firing grew more like the irregular discharge of musketry. Suddenly I heard the lodge gate opened, for it was a large iron one with creaky hinges, and then I felt steps hurriedly passed my window, and the front door was unlatched. The lamp in my room was burning low, so, jumping out of bed, I put on my dressing gown, and had just done so when I heard voices in the passage, and some one knocked sharply upon the door.

Wondering who it could be at that unearthly hour of the night and fearing, from the increasing clamor outside, that something was amiss, I unlocked and opened the door. Imagine, if you can, my blank amazement at beholding my mysterious heroine of the sedan chair, accompanied by her man. Seeing that they looked intensely excited, I asked them in; and as they advanced the attendant, who seemed far more alarmed than her companion, produced a bundle and with trembling hands opened it, revealing a complete outfit of Chinaman's clothing, which she told me, in "pidgin-English," to put on at once, as the rebels were close at hand and her mistress had come to save my life. The young lady herself could not speak English, but, although much embarrassed, she made signs for me to hurry, as there was not a moment to lose, the urgency being interpreted by pointing to the minute hand of my clock.

The awful din of firing and yelling was beginning to grow so alarmingly audible that I felt convinced of the danger and awkwardness of the situation; but I could not help admiring the unselfish courage and presence of mind of this noble young girl who, at the risk of her good name and life, had come out through the darkness and snow to save the life of an unknown "barbarian."

Naturally, I felt more puzzled and more anxious than ever to know who she was, for I felt certain that she was of gentle birth. However, just then was no time for indulging in idle conjectures or inquisitive questions, and going behind a screen I quickly attired myself in the disguise. Then

snatching up my cash box, diary and a few other articles of value, and arming myself with a stout ebony stick, I told them I was ready.

The large, dauntless eyes of the young girl now flashed and beamed as she half drew a large, clumsy-looking horse-pistol from the bell-shaped sleeve of her gown and, accompanied by her maid, led the way into the darkness. The night was favorable for our escape, being pitchy dark, and the snow was becoming deep upon the ground, so that our footsteps were not heard as we passed down the path through the courtyard, which was deserted, for my cowardly servants had already fled, without even waiting to warn me.

A dingy lamp was burning outside the lodge gate, which was wide open, for the old watchman had evidently abandoned his post after showing my resener the whereabouts of my room. The uproar was now quite bewildering and seemed to proceed from every quarter of the town, though this was no doubt due to the adjacent cliffs of the promontory, which gave back a multiplicity of echoes. Cries, yells and shouts seemed to head us off at each corner as my guides led the way through an intricate maze of back streets and narrow, tortuous alleyways, where many dogs darted out from dark corners and snapped at my legs, and several times we collided with unseen persons.

We were cautiously proceeding along a dimly-lighted but apparently deserted lane, when suddenly the man gave a cry of alarm as a ruffian darted forward. I could see at a glance, by his red target-marked jacket, that he was a soldier, and Chinese soldiers are generally the most dangerous characters, being the rakings and scrapings of the whole empire.

Out came the old horse-pistol—which might have sent us all to eternity if it had been discharged, besides betraying us to the Philistines. So I yelled out something in Chinese and then attacked the rascal with my heavy walking stick, which soon placed him hors-de-combat. Not waiting to ascertain whether his skull was cracked, we fled on, turning sharp off to the left. After proceeding some distance, we passed through a low archway and, to my surprise, entered old Liang Ah Ton's private residence, which was a very snug and secluded one. I soon learned that he had gone south to Shanghai for a few days and that it was his only daughter who had tramped upon the rigorous customs of her people and at the risk of losing her life had saved mine.

Nor had she done so a moment too soon, for I afterwards learned that directly I had left the premises they were assailed by a party of marauders, who literally turned my apartments upside down and generally sacked the building. The other Europeans who lived out of town were much alarmed and took to the customs boats; but the Tsoi and his troops attacked the rebels and succeeded in driving them back inland, where they committed awful depredations.

When the old gentleman returned home and heard the story he was not a little surprised and shocked, but he was a broad-minded, enlightened man of the world and an unselfish father, and when I explained the circumstances of the case and asked for the hand of his plucky daughter, he smiled good-humoredly, gave his consent and blessed us. He did persist, however, that we should be wed according to the fashion of the country, so we were married correctly in the Chinese custom and afterwards in the English.

Poor old Liang has long since gone to rest with his honorable forefathers on the western hills, but his daughter is with me still, and never for one moment have I regretted the event which made her mine. A more noble, cheerful and faithful helpmate and companion could not be found in this world; at least, so I believe, and more than once since that dark winter's night she has preserved my life by watching over me and attending me in dangerous illness, when I was far from my country and people.—World Wide Magazine.

### Residences in San Juan.

The population of San Juan and its suburbs is estimated at about 30,000, and probably within the narrow confines of the town itself, which is compressed into a very limited space between the great forts on the seaward side and the battlements of the harbor, live over 20,000 souls. The principal house portion of the town consists of well-constructed—as far as the walls go—double-story buildings, with now and then one rising to three floors. In the more squalid portions of the city (one can walk all over the town in an hour) the houses are but a story high, and in a single room an entire family—and more—eke out an existence in the semi-darkness of the one-windowed, ill-ventilated apartment. The storekeepers and business men who do not live outside the city, in the pretty little suburban towns of Bayamon, San Tuce and Rio Piedras, usually live over their stores, on the second floor. A town residence with a front yard is unknown, and the only bits of green to be seen are in the gardens of the governor-general's palace, the Casa Blanca, or in the inner courtyard, measuring a few square yards, of some of the more prosperous merchants.—Harper's Weekly.

### The Smallest Watch.

The smallest watch in the world was undoubtedly that exhibited in Berlin at the Watch exhibition. It was of fine gold, the size of a pea, viz., 6 1-2 millimeters in diameter, or not quite a quarter of an inch, and its weight, including the case, was only ninety-five centigrams, or not quite the one-two hundred and fiftieth part of a pound. The price of the curiosity is \$2000.

## THE REALM OF FASHION.

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—Glimpses effects are a special feature of the light summer gowns, and a great variety of fancy yoking, ready tucked

readily to every movement of the figure that they seem a part of it. Modes are more exacting than ever before, since they demand perfect figures with almost fragile slenderness to demonstrate their leading charms, but there are many and pretty modifications which retain the necessary chic and still make the styles possible to women of all sizes.

There are varied opinions as to the becoming qualities of the new summer gowns, according to the degree in which the special figure resembles the favored model of fashion; but while we are deciding the question to our satisfaction the wheel moves on regardless, passing every point between the two possible extremes of extravagance and economy once in a period of years.

A costume such as is shown in the large engraving is very popular. The yoke waist and the skirt with straight gathers form a combination that is difficult to surpass.

Scallops also are seen everywhere and anywhere that an edge is presented which can be cut in scallops. This is a favorite mode of finishing overdresses and the bottom of jackets, and some of the ruffles cut in scallops. You may have them deep or shallow, as you fancy, trim them round with ruchings, sections, or knife plaitings. And feature of decoration is facing with fine silk cord over a contrasting color. Narrow openings up and down the bodice are laced across with cord either matching the gown in color or in some paler shade of the same color.

A Stylish Skirt.

The handsome combination shown in this stylish skirt is of Venetian



YOKE WAIST.

and alternated with stripes of lace insertion or embroidery, is in evidence. The one shown on the figure in the large engraving is the type that is most popular. The home dressmaker does well to take advantage of these pretty fancies, which, although adding to the cost materially, enhance the effectiveness of a waist in this style and also simplify the making.



COMBINATION COSTUME CONSISTING OF YOKE WAIST AND STRAIGHT GATHERED SKIRT.

As illustrated in the accompanying small engraving white Persian lawn is the material chosen, the yoke, collar and sleeves being of valenciennes lace insertion and fine tucking. White French taffeta ribbon is used for the sash belt, which is gracefully bowed at the left side. A lace-edged ruching of lawn three inches wide outlines the yoke and passes over the shoulders, where full-looped bows of the ribbon are placed. The waist is arranged over fitted linings that close in centre front, the full fronts and back being gathered at the top and applied to the lining at round-yoke depth. The smooth round yoke is included in the right shoulder seam, joined to the gathered edge of front and closed invisibly at the left shoulder. The full fronts can be closed invisibly in centre front or cut without a seam, joined to the lower edge of yoke and closed at shoulder, arm's-eye and under-arm seam.

The fullness at the waist is drawn down tightly in back, while in front a slightly bloused effect is stylishly maintained. The standing collar is shaped with fashionable points that rise up behind the ears and are cut away in centre back. The closely fitted sleeves are correctly shaped, with wide upper and narrow under portions, the scant fullness at the top being collected in gathers.

The mode is also suitable for waists of silk or fine-woolen fabrics, in which yokes and sleeves of all-over lace, shirred, puffed or tucked chiffon may be inserted. Narrow frizzed satin ribbon applied in evenly spaced rows forms appropriate trimming for yoke and sleeves, and great elaboration may be displayed on waists of net or lace with appliques or incrustations of lace or embroidery, with ruching of mousseline or ribbon on yoke and sleeves. To make this waist in the medium size will require one and a half yards of material thirty-six inches wide.

New Gowns That Cling.  
"Glove-fitting" rightly expresses the appearance of the latest gowns. They cling so closely, respond so

cloth in a rich fawn color, the flounce portion being liberally showered with chenille polka dots in a slightly darker shade. The trimming that outlines the head of flounce is of silk and chenille, to match cloth and dots, ornamental straps being buttoned across the placket in centre back. The skirt shows a new variation of a popular style, consisting of an upper and lower part, both circular-shaped. The upper portion is fitted closely by darts over the hips, and laps closely at centre back. The flounce forms the lower portion, which is shallow at the sides and widens to deep points in centre front and back.

While a combination of material is a fad of the present moment, the skirt may be as stylishly made all of one fabric, broadcloth, covert and Venetian cloth taking the lead among plain, smooth-faced dress goods. Braid, gimp, passementerie and plain



WOMAN'S SKIRT.

or "frizzed" ribbon in satin or velvet will form a fashionable decoration that may be applied in many ways. To make this skirt for a woman of medium size will require four yards of material forty-four inches wide.