During the year 1898 American builders sent 580 locomotives to foreign countries. This record proves that if others will pay the freight the Yankees will show them how to haul

In . search for a name for the "electrically propelled self-contained vehicle for roads and streets," the Electrical Review has chosen "Electromobile" as the best of the thousands suggested.

A thinker of the name of David Morgan has been studying Tennyson. He finds that Tennyson "ent like a clam in his shell and growled and grunted." This may not throw any audden wave of light upon Tennyson, but the growling and granting clam sitting in his shell is a new and interesting figure.

But living in the country does not in itself make us virtuous or wise, says Mrs, Eaglesfield in Self-Culture; we have strayed too far from nature to slip back at once into the habits and instincts of our more fortunate ancestors; we need a teacher, a guide, to open our dull senses and direct us till we can read the secrets ourselves. But when we have cast off the artificialties of city life, and have given ourselves humbly into the care of Mother Nature, then will she reward her child with her infinite treasures of knowledge, health, beauty and virtue.

The petroleum output in Southern California now amounts to about 45,-000 barrels a day, and it is all consumed upon the Pacific coast. It was discovered about ten years ago, and has been in use for about five years. A tank steamer runs regularly between | her?" Santa Barbara and San Francisco, carrying refined petroleum to the latter market. The Southern Pacific runs its local trains by oil, and it is also consumed as fuel in several manufacturing establishments in this section. There is no smoke and no cinders. The locomotive tenders on the Santa Fe road are big tanks, and the engineer feeds the fire with a key.

There is no surer safeguard against all degrees of mental unsoundness than a habit of self-control. As men of quick blood may fall dead in moments of high excitement, so may lesser disturbances, oft repeated, unsettle the rational faculties. Machinery that is loosely set tends to jar itself to pieces, and the agitations of ungoverned emotion may gradually produce an "unstable equilibrium" of the hervous system, and predispose the brightest man or woman to be entirely upset by a sudden crisis of passion, alarm, loss, or ecstasy. For joy, like grief, anger, fear or appetite, requires the gentle restraint of reason, The asylums are full of admonitory cases. Wanted, for each individual, a good internal government, well admin-

The 'literary fellers' to whom the an epithet suggesting that they were | pleasant." already dead and worse, seem now to be specially appreciated by our government for public and particularly diplomatic service. In former times Irving, Hawthorne and Motley were regarde? as exceptional instances of men of letters deemed fit for consular or diplomatic place. Now the rule seems to run along the lines of the old exception, as is easily seen by a reference to the just published membership roll of the Authors' club of New York city. There are only 152 members of the club. Yet the list includes John Hay, late ambassador to England, and now secretary of state: Horace Porter, ambassador to France; Andrew D. White, ambassa or to Germany; Oscar S. Straus, minister to Turkey, and Arthur Sherburne Hardy, late minister to Persia and now minister to Greece.

On the subject of homicide in the United States the Springfield Republican presents figures furnished by a correspondent, as also some of its own gathering, which go to show that the comparison made between this country and others in this particular is not as disparaging in the United' States as many persons have thought. On the contrary, when comparison is made between the older parts of the United States, where the restraints of law and order are fairly well enforced. and England, for instance, the balance is on this side. Massachusetts' recent record for deaths re ulting from personal violence is 0.5 for every 100,000 inhabitants, while England's is 0.8, and Scotland's 1.5. Vermont. Rhode Island, and Connecticut in 1893 had a record of 0.6 for every 100,000. As to the country at large, it is claimed that comparisons with older countries are unfair. Here there are many sections where police protection exists mainly in name.

#### IF I WERE YOU.

I wouldn't think about distress,
If I were you.
I wouldn't even once confess
To ever feeling blue;
But when the sun is well disposed
To shine upon our friends and foct
I'd be content with even less,
If I were you.

Just let it rain, or snow or shine;
Twill bring no gain
To blame misfortune, or repine;
The longest lane
Will end some time, and every day
Roses will bloom along the way,
Because of rain.

Then sing your songs; ery if you must,
But keep in view
The healthy soul-inspiring trust
That's always due
To them that strive to five above
To earthly things—excepting love;
I'd let all other treasures rust.

# HOW HE TAMED HER.

A Present-Day Petruchio.

"I haven't the least fear," said

Major Delaford. Then you're a man of unbounded courage," retorted his friend, Mr. Ulysaes Crinklethorp. "For-may I venture to be frank?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly! By all means.

"Well, then, they do say that Mrs. Flashington drove her first husband into his grave by her ungovernable temper.

"I've heard that before," said Delaford, puffing complacently away at his eigar.

"But, of course," with a little sarcastic laugh, "you don't believe it?"
"Excuse me," said Major Delaford,
severely, "I do believe it. I have seen, now and then, expression in Justina's eyes which fully carries out

any theory of that nature."
"And yet you are going to marry "And yet I am going to marry

"Felix Delaford, are you crazy?"

"Not that I am aware of." "Will you be honest with me?"

"To be sure," nodded the major,
"Then why do you marry Mrs.
Flashington?"

"Well, from a variety of reasons. One is that I like her. She's a pretty little gypsy, with a skin like white velvet and delicious long lashes to her eves!

"Proceed!"

"A second is-mind, now, I never did pretend to be one of the disinterested lovers one reads about in dime novels—that the dea, departed Flashington left her rema kably well off. And I have more merit than money. "I think you will repent it," said

Mr. Crinklethorp, "for by all accounts, the black-eyed divinity is neither more nor less than a virago,"

More nor less than a virage,
MThere are very (ew actions in this
world that one doesn't repent, in a
greater or less degree," said Major
Delaford, sententiously; "but, averaging things, I'm willing to risk it." And Major Delaford was married

the next week to Mrs. Flashington. It was not long, as Mr. Crinkle-thorp had foretold, before the claw began to peep from under Mrs. Flash-

ington Delaford's velvet sheath.
"Felix," said she, one day, "I don't
like this location."

"Don't you, my dear?" said Major elaford. "I've lived here two-and-Delaford. late Hon, Zachariah Chandler applied thirty years and always found it very

> "I don't like it," said Mrs. Delaford. "I prefer a house nearer the park."

Major Delaford went on reading. "Felix, I say!" The bride's voice was raised a degree or so higher—the dangerous sparkles had come into her

'Yes, Justy." "I mean to move uptown."

"Do you?" "And at once!"

"Very well," said the major, "then you will move alone. I shall remain here I am." "Major Delaford, you are a brute!"

The major bowed. Justina burst into tears. "Yes, a brute, and I'm sorry I ever

married you!" And after that Mrs. Delaford did not speak to her husband for two days. But as the ma or appeared in no wise affected by this taciturnity she sdopted another plan, and scolded

steadily for three days. "Look here, Justy, this won't do," said the major, at the week's end. "I don't fancy either a dumb woman

That I should live to be so spoken to!" whimpered Mrs. Delaford. "So," went on the major, "I have

written to my consin, Rosamond Bly. to come and spend the summer here. "I won't have her in my house shrieked the bride,

"But I will have her in mine,"composedly retorted the husband. "Let me see her presume to enter this house!" cried Justina.

"Let me see you presume to be un-civil to her," said the major, knitting his brows in a way that Mrs. Delaford had never seen in her late busband's countenance. For to tell the truth, the late Mr. Judah Flashington had been but a chicken-hearted individual

Mrs. Delaford flounced out of the com and banged the door viciously behind her.

Miss Bly arrived the next day-a cherry-cheeked bright-eyed girl, with lips wreathed in smiles and a brandnew traveling suit cut after a deal prettier paters than the bride's own. Mrs. Delaford refused to speak to her. "Justina," said her husband, in a warning voice, "this is my cousin.

Rosamoud. I hope you will make

her welcome to our home."

But Mrs. Delaford only threw a slipper at her husband, burst into tears and ran hysterically upstairs.
"Oh, Felix! what's the matter?" asked Rossmond, half frightened out of her senses, "Had I better go

"By no means, my dear Rosamond,"
said the major. "You see I have married a woman with a temper. But
she'll be all the more charming when that fault is rooted out of her charac-

The major went upstairs and tried to open the door. It was locked.
"Just na," he said gently, "it is I.
Let me in."

Let me in. 'I won't!" snapped the bride, "Will you come downstairs, then?"

"I will not come out of my room un'il that woman is out of the house!" sputtered forth Mrs. Delaford. "Very well, my dear," said the major, and he returned to the drawing-

room with unruffed philosophy,
Mrs. Delaford adhered to her resolution, although it was much tried by sundry pecaliar sounds she heard

on the outside of the door. "Major Delaford has carpenters at work, altering the house," thought she. "It makes but little difference to me in any case. I shan't stay

At the end of the third day, how ever, she concluded to go downstairs. But when the opened the door, lo, and behold! her egress was barred by a

grated iron door.
"Mercy upon us!" cried Mrs. Dela-ford. "What is this?" "Please, ma'am," said the little

maid, who had brought her up her meals three times a day, "It's master as had it done."

"What for?" cried Justina. "Please, ma'am," said Hetty, trem-bling all over, "don't you know you're "Insolent minion," said Mrs. Dela

ford, "call your master at once."

Major Delaford came immediately upstairs, with Rosamond Bly clinging in a frightened sort of way to his arm. "How do you feel now, my dear?

"How do you teel now, my dear?"
he asked, solicitously.
"I'm well enough," snarled Mrs.
Delaford, "Open that door quick!"
"Mad! Very mad, indeed!" said
Major Delaford, in a sotto voice, turning to Resamond,

"Ruffian!" cried the bride, "how dare you speak so?" "Getting violent!" added the major.

shaking his head. "Let me out, I say!" persisted Mrs. Delaford, rattling at the bars. "What does this absurd mummery mean?"

"Perhaps a strait waistcoat would be advisable," said the major, "But as long as she remains tolerably manageable, I shall not send her to an asylum."
Mrs. Delaford began to cry.
"Oh, Felix, how can you talk so?"

"Poor thing!" murmared the major, compassionately. "The hardest part of insanity must be when one becomes partially conscious of its deadly

"Mrs. Delaford shut the door rather religionently and began to cry hysterically.

"I'm not mad!" said she. "I won't be made a mad woman of!"

But how to help herself—that was

the question. The door was barred effectually-the windows opened upon the dead wall of an i stitution of the Fine Arts, and were three stories above the ground. She might have shricked herself hourse in that direction before any one could hear her. She sat down to think. What could she do? What was to become of her? Did that dreadful hint of Felix coning the asylum reall For once in her life the late thing? Mrs. Flashington was actually frightened.

"Has my temper really been so terrible," she asked herself, "that people mistake it for-I can breathe the word-insanity?" can hardly

It was a new idea; she pondered it carefully and cried bitterly over it. When Hetty came, as usual, with her napkin-covered tray Mrs. Delaford's face was pale and tear-swollen. "Hetty," said she, "will you ask your master to step up here for a few minutes?"

Major Delaford obeyed the summons at once.

"Well, my love," said he, "what is

"Felix," said Mrs. Delaford, bursting into fresh tears, "I have acted very foolishly. I beg your pardon. And I beg nosamond's pardon, too."

Major Delaford opened the grated

door at once-Justina flew into his arms - and then and there was a reconciliation after the most approved

Mrs. Delaford was as sweet as June morning after that-and if ever she manifested symptoms of a relapse all that Major Delaford found necessary was to allude, in a gentle way, to lunatics and asylums.

And Mr. Ulysses Clinklethorp never could imagine by what means this modern Petruchio tamed his darkeyed shrew.

## A Hot Sandbag.

Many persons are acquainted with the virtues of the hotwater bag, but a sandbag is still better. Get some clean, fine sand, dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove; make a bag about eight inches square of flannel, fill it with the dry sand, sew the opening carefully together, and cover the bag with cotton or linen cloth. This prevent the saud from sifting out, and also unables you to heat the bag quickly by placing it in the oven or on top of the stove. After once using you will never again attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle or a brick. The sand holds the heat for a long time, and the hag can be tucked up to the back without hurting the invalid.—The Pathfinder.

#### AFTER THE WEDDING.

A MONOLOGUE. When will we get settled! I never haw so many things of no use.
Poor Dick, who imagines me elever,
Will certainly think I'm a goose,
For, though I'm ingenious enough to
Make room for the coats and the frocks,
I contess I am not up to smiff to
Take care of six ebony clocks!

Our rooms are just lovely. So sunny And coay and cute and all that.
I'm sure, had we occans of money we couldn't improve on this flat.—
Except, while the cought to be places In sliting room, bed room and hall, I simply can't fix these nine vase; We got, to look decent at all.

Three tables, none centre, are vexing,
And what I'm to do I don't see.
And, also, how very perplexing
Four sets for an afternoon ten!
Besides, here's a lamp for each table—
Another to keep in reserve—
And a cheap candelabrum from Mabel
(I wish I had some people's nerve!)

Ten pictures—and none of them matches
The woodwork. And, my! how they fight!
No matter where hung, each one catches
The very worst kind of a light.
And only one chair: Our friends piainly
Believed we have used one before—
But, pakinw! I am happy, insancly,
With Dick, clocks and tables galore!
—Edwin L. Sabin, in Puck.

#### HUMOROUS.

"Is that new English novel interesting?" "No; there isn't a single consumptive person in the book."

Ada—Wasn't there some talk of Maude marrying a duke? Dolly— Yes; but the Duke didn't say anything about it.

"James," said the professor dreamily, "the horse is not quite ready to go; please drive me up to the front door and tie me securely."

First Ingenuous Maiden-How do you like my engagement ring? Second Ingenuous Maiden—Oh, it is the prettiest one you have had!

When Daphne clenns our closets up, Her ways I must deplore; She finds a lot of long-jost things, And loses many more.

"They say that fringes are not much worn now, but I'm hanged if I believe it!" muttered Penniless, as he glanced at the bottoms of his trousers. Ethel-I saw Count Hardupski last

evening. Cousin Tom-Does he talk as brokenly as ever? Ethel-My! yes. heard him ask pa to loan him \$10 before he left, "Mary, Johnny tells me that when

he went into the dining room last night he saw Mr. Biff with his arm round your waist." "What a story, mamma! Why, the gas was out." Portrait Painter—Let's see, what

pose would you prefer? Sitter— Please depict me as holding a volume of my poems with an inspired air that suggests also a delicate shade of mod-

The melancholy days have come, The saddest of the year To those who have to go afaot And dodge the bleyeleer.

Professor - This eccentricity you speak of in your daughter, isn't, after all, a matter of heredity? The Mother (severely)—No, sir. I'd have you (severely)-No, sir. I'd have you to know, sir, there never was any heredity in our family.

"Aunt Emeline has a theory for re-forming the world." "What is it?" "Mothers ought to exchange chil-dren." "What good would that do?" "Mothers always have such strict ideas about how other women's chil-dren should be raised."

The other day, as two friends were talking together in the street, a donkey began to bray and wheeze and cough in a distressing manner. "What a cold that donkey has," said one of the men. "And, by the way, that puts me in mind—how is your cough."

"Yes," answered Samuel Warshawer, the leader of the orchestra engaged for the occasion, "I saw Sam three days ago. He then came to me and engaged my band. He wanted security that we would be present, so I gave him my silver watch. I don't know where he is now."

## A Wolf Kills His Tamer.

The great Versailles fair in France has been marred by two terrible accidents, in which one af the menagerie animals and a tamer named Letort lost their lives.

The first occurred through the carelessness of one of the keepers, who left unfastened the door of the cage occupied by a flerce polar bear. In the midst of the performance the animal was seen to pull up the trap with his paw and stalk out.

Fortunately a high iron grating stood between him and the alarmed onlookers. The bear accordingly turned his attention to one of his companions in captivity, and made for a hyena, into whose cage he effected an entrance. A ferocions battle ensued in spite of the efforts of the keepers to separate the animals.

Coming at length to the conclusion that it was safest to let well enough alone the men shut the cage securely and waited for the result of the en counter. The end soon came. The bear made short work of the hyens and literally tore the beast to pieces.

Letort was killed in the cage of a ferocious wolf, which all at once refused to obey him. The man struck the animal over the four paws with his whip, but this only made matters Lashed into fury the wolf sprang on the tamer, threw him down and got

his fangs into the man's throat. Letort was found to have been severely mangled. His death ensued almost immediately .- New York Journal. Unearthed an Indian Canor.

While digging along the shores of Cedar Swamp Creek, near Petersburg, N. J., recently, Penn Baner uncovered a large Indian canoe. The canoe was nearly sixteen feet long, over five feet wide, and the red cedar from which it had been cut must have been a mon-

## THE REALM OF FASHION.

ARM TOTAL REPORT OF THE REAL PROPERTY OF THE PERSON OF THE NEW YORK CITY (Special), .- Elegance | whose arms are not usually sufficientof material and simplicity of design enhance the attractiveness of this charming toilette, which is one of May Marton's latest designs. The



STRIKING AT-HOME TOTLETTE.

sequin spangled net is stylishly trimmed with bands of sequin and worn over a skirt of moire antique. The same silk is used for the revers, chemisette, collar with flare portions, epaulettes and flaring cuffs, bands of the same in narrower widths supply ing the decoration. A fancy belt with eweled clasp encircles the waist. The skirt may be black or of any becoming color, so long as the lining of waist and sleeves and the accessories match. The waist may be made without the lining and with the drapery worn over

different slips.

The stock collar has added flare portions that stand up behind the

The back fits smoothly across the shoulders, slight fulness being drawn to the centre at the waist line. The

ly plump to look their best in the tight, plain sort which at present pre-vals. At the wrists are narrow frills of lace, headed by velvet bands, but if desired the sleeves can be cut elbow length, and finished with a somewhat

deeper fall.
To make this waist for a miss of fourteen years, three yards of material thirty inches wide will be required.

Black and White Fishnets in Vogne. Black and white fishnets will be used extensively this season. Many beautiful effects can be brought out with these nets. Cream white over buttercup satin or surah silk, with a wide flounce at the bottom of the fishwide flounce at the bottom of the fishnet skirt, gives a decidedly pretty effect. Wear either a gold belt or a
crush belt of cream white silk with a
tiny gold buckle. Topaz or an amber
string of beads will give a perfect
touch to such a costume. A large
black hat unrelieved by colors should
be worn with such a cost. be worn with such a gown.

## Handsome Silk Parasals.

Among the latest French novelties be chronicled are silk parasols trimmed with flat, very deep randykes of cream-colored silk embroidery, and edged with silk frings to match, and "dress" umbrellas with a border of embroidery or Irish guipure inser-

#### Pretty White Shirt Walste.

Some of the daintiest white shirt waists to be found in the shops have a little stripe in the material, dimity fashion, that is very pretty in effect. These waists are among the most expensive and are made perfectly plain without Hamburg or lace which in many waists, where it is not fine, is a disfigurement. Dainty Collars and Cuffs.

Linen collars and cuffs are still worn with silk waists, but those of sheer lawn and Valenciennes lace are more dainty and more universally be-

A Late Accessory of Dress.

A trim, dainty look is associated with these latest accessories, which are worn over coats and jackets in every



A WAIST CHARMINGLY YOUTHFUL IN STYLZ.

under-arm gores are smoothly covered style. White pique or duck is usuall and the fronts have graceful fulness chosen, although stylish revers ar caused by single backward turning plaits at the edge of each shoulder and two plaits at the waist line where they blouse very slightly.

Above the invisible closing the

fronts are cut away to disclose the chemisette, the edges being finished by prettily shaped revers. The drapery is in circular form and falls in soft ripples all around. It may be arranged over any style of skirt in circular shape as here shown.

style. The mode is suitable for foulard, India or other softly finished silks, crepe-de-chine, crepeline-de-soie, wool, veiling, canvas, cashmere, camel's-

or in five, six, seven or three piece

hair or cloth. The waist may be made separately and worn with any style of skirt, charming combinations being pos-

To make this waist for a lady of medium size will require one and three-quarter yards of material fortyfour inches wide. To make the overskirt drapery will require two and one-quarter yards of same width ma-

## A Favored Fashion

Yoke waists are charmingly youthful in style and the favored fashion for misses' waists. The large illus-tration shows a design at once girlish and smart, and suitable to many stuffs. The model, which is pale blue, is of soft India silk with trimmings of black velvet ribbon, but the pattern is equally well suited to thin summer materials and to the light weight wools in light colors demanded by the coming fall. If preferred, the yoke can be of contrasting material or color or both, but as given it matches the body of the gown, contrast being made by the narrow tucks in which it is laid.

The foundation is the usual fitted lining which closes with the waist proper, at the centre back. On it are arranged the full portion and the yoke and the frills. The sleeves are slight-but the ones of fine ly fulled the entire length, a style tucks and sheer lace is which is admirable for young girls far the most popular.

chosen, although stylish revers are shown in polks dotted, plaid and face pique. "All-over" embroidery is also used for handsome revers, insertion o edging, or both together, affording effective garniture. The shawl and notched revers are shaped with short seam in centre back. The "sailor" is cut without seam. The revers are usually made double, the elges being turned in and stitched to gether in tailor style. As here illus-trated, No. 1 (in shawl shape) is of white linen duck, with facing of "all over" embroidery. As shown with notched collar, it is made of plat white pique. No. 2 has a sailor of of white faced with black and cross-barred pique, a bias fold of piped with black chambray decor the edges. Worn with smart gowns, these revers are stylish and



WO MAN'S "ADMIRAL" REVERS.

easily made and readily adjusted.

To make No. 1 will require five eighths of a yard of material twenty seven inches wide. To make No. will require three-quarters of a yar of same width material.

The Favorite Chemisettes. All sorts of chemisettes are worn but the ones of fine lawn in daint tucks and sheer lace insertion are b