

He is a wise man in this country now-a-days who knows what he is eating.

It is averred by a famous Chinese doctor that nervousness is kept out of the Celestial Empire by the use of soft soled shoes. The hard soles worn by the Anglo-Saxon race are said to be the cause of their extreme nervous temperament.

The South American republics are striving to bring about an international alliance to promote peace and commerce among them and minimize the chances of war. That is in line with modern ideas and tendencies, which look to building up and producing rather than tearing down and destroying as the buttressing force of nations.

In the progress of modern civilization we are told in one of the recent periodicals that the trolley car will soon be changing its way past even the old sphinx and the pyramids. It will all be very convenient and pleasant for the traveler, but one feels a sort of disappointment over the thought of invading their quiet, and thus mixing the new with the very old.

Perhaps the utmost that is known about the boy after several thousand years of experimenting on him, observed the New York World in an article which discussed what kind of an education is best for the lad in knickers, is that he will turn out anything except what you expect, and that any method of training suggested by reason will produce a result directly opposite to what was intended.

Notwithstanding the assertions of many superlatively good people to the contrary, the world is a better place to live in to-day than it ever has been. There is less crime in proportion to the population than there was one hundred years ago. The great trouble now is that we gain a knowledge of each day's crime throughout the world at the breakfast table, whereas, in the days of long ago, if any particular crime was ever heard of, time sufficient had elapsed to blunt the announcement and cause the same to be looked upon as merely an incident in the whirligig of time.

To the average American reader the most remarkable feature of the Dreyfus trial was the Judge acting as prosecuting attorney. It is difficult for one accustomed to the Anglo-Saxon usage to understand courts conducted on the old Latin theory that the man whom the State has arraigned must be guilty and that the Judge is not a judge in our sense, but an officer of the State charged with the duty of preventing guilt from escaping punishment. There is something to be said for the old Latin system, just as there is something to be said against our system, which carried to extremes often makes the escape of obvious guilt extremely easy.

The troubles of the man changed into a boy again in Anstey's "Vice Versa" are laughable, but an educator really desirous of improving the condition of his scholars might well take a hint from it and put himself in the small boy's place. On a Monday morning let him take up a foreign language—say Russian—and dig away at it from nine till twelve; then rush five or six blocks away to bolt a hurried meal, and race back to regain his desk at one o'clock sharp, and study without relaxation till three; and when the educator has done this daily for one week he will have a working knowledge of the condition of a student's mind—and stomach—at "one sharp" on a school day and will be competent to pass upon the question whether an extra half hour at noon for digestion and mental recuperation is needed in the public schools.

It is probable that most of the guesses at the population of the United States which next year's census will show are too high. These estimates generally range from 75,000,000 to 80,000,000 for this country proper, not including the population of our new possessions. There is one thing which persons are liable to overlook in prognosticating the next census, and it has an important bearing on the subject. It is the fact that the last census showed a greatly decreased birth rate in this country. It is probable that the census next year will show a still larger decrease of the ratio. Mr. H. T. Newcomb, an eminent statistician, is convinced that the rate of growth of the country's population has been less in this than in any preceding decade. He estimates the population in 1900 at 74,400,000, which will be an increase of 18.94 per cent. for ten years, a much lower rate than any former ten years have shown.

FIREMEN.

Take the wild charge of cavalry,
Bent furious at fire need's appeal,
Gaiest whirling ranks of brilliant steel,
Rushes the fireman's ebullient,
With clanging bell and clattering wheel,
With panting force of engine,
With furnace flame and trailing smoke,
With steel-shod heels' far-ringing stroke.
With warning shout and rescue cry;
And as the rout goes clamoring by
The throngs are rallied in its train
And haste the stirring scene to gain
Where ruin stalks and fame and flame
And Death's in wait his prey to claim.

Like warriors when they make essay
To breach or scale a citadel
Where stern defenders battle well,
The brave men force their periled way
And strive their fiery foe to quell
In urgent and incessant fray.
The long lines of the hose they lift
And climb the bending ladders swift,
With strenuous clutch and firm-set feet,
Mid stifling clouds and scorching heat—
They wield the ax with wooden-hand skill
And make their way where'er they will;
And whoso'er the red flame gleams
They stoutly pour the quenching streams,
Till all the hissing structure steams
With deadly warning to retreat.

Yet dauntless to their task they cling;
Still round and nozzle firm they clasp,
Though oft in fetid gases they gasp,
Though burning embers round them wing,
Though while the flames with sudden grasp
Of ardent hands their bodies sting,
They show no feather white of fear;
The frantic victims' cries they hear;
At hazard of their lives they save,
The frenzied strong, the weak and old,
From torturing pages and ashy grave;
And oft, too manifold, overbold,
The reeling walls they press too high
And 'neath its crushing fall they die,
Heroes full fledged and true as they
Who dare the rage of war's wild day.
—Tador Williams, in New York Sun.

HOW THE FIRE CHIEF WAS SAVED

By Wilder D. Quint.

SOME time in the afternoon of March 10, 1893, a fire broke out in Boston which ravaged a large section of business blocks east of Washington street and caused a money loss of nearly four million dollars. Several lives were lost, and a number of persons were seriously injured.

Toward the dusk of this day, when the flames had begun to redden the murky sky, District Chief John F. Egan went up to the roof of one of the largest buildings into which the fire had crept, to open the valve of the huge water-tank that stood there. He hoped to flood the lower floors, and thus save the main structure. An employe of the house went with him.

Scarcely had the two men walked out on the roof when a portion of it behind them fell in with a fearful crash, sending a shower of sparks high into the air. Then arose a vast column of smoke, pierced by eager tongues of flame. Egan saw in an instant that the stairway up which they had come had fallen into the lower fire.

"There's no hope in that direction," Egan shouted to his companion; "follow me!"

He walked to the very eaves of the burning building, and called to the crowd below for help. The people were quick to see the predicament of the two men, and tried frantically to attract the attention of the firemen to the pair; but the roaring of the engines, the crackling of the flames and the general tumult made their efforts useless.

The flames were now rapidly approaching the men, and the heat was becoming unbearable. In his desperation Egan leaped over the edge of the roof and hurled his hat down into a group of his men. Even this signal failed.

"Shall we jump?" faltered Egan's young companion.

"Not yet," said the district chief; "there's still one more hope. We'll go over to the edge above the other street"—the building was on a corner—"and see if we can't attract their attention on that side. Some one must see us."

"God grant they may!" said the other, as they started toward the other edge.

Having reached it Egan saw a large telephone cable running directly over his head to a building on the opposite side of the street. They might climb across by the cable! It was a desperate chance, and none but a fireman or a sailor would have dreamed of taking it, but to Egan it meant a fair hope of escape for at least one of them.

He turned to his companion, saying: "Climb out and save yourself!" but stopped short, for the young man had disappeared. It seemed certain that he had fallen or plunged into the fire that was now so close at hand.

Twenty minutes, he seemed to be weakening. He was hanging more limply than at first. The time was near, all saw, when he must let go, and drop into the net that would be spread for him below; but even the net could not bear but break his fall from such a height; he might be killed even if stopped by it, or at least maimed dreadfully.

But now hope came to the groaning people. They saw a man working away at the cable on the top of the building which Egan had attempted to reach. "He's cutting it with an axe," said some one. The crowd quivered with a new fear. Could the man know what he was doing? Would not Egan be dashed headlong into the street?

In another moment the meaning of the cutting was understood. A rope had been made fast to the end of the cable, which was slowly lowered. Egan slipped backward into the bight that was made as man and wire descended. A roar of exultation burst forth, but then the rope gave out. Egan had been lowered only twenty feet.

But now a lineman tore a section of loose wire from the roof and attached it to the rope. The lowering process proceeded. Inch by inch the exhausted Egan, who now comprehended the plan of the rescuers whom he could not see, was brought nearer to the earth. A dozen firemen seized the life-net and stood under the descending figure.

Down came the chief until he was within twenty-five feet of the net, when once more the line gave out, this time beyond remedy; but the distance was not great, and the danger was over.

"Drop, drop, old man," shouted a fireman friend of the chief, "we are here to save you;" and drop Egan did, landing safely in the elastic meshes of the net. But the terrible strain upon the nerves and sinews had been so great that he collapsed completely, and did not recover until he had been treated for several days in a hospital. The young man whom Egan had supposed to have perished, escaped by a feat as desperate but much less spectacular. He had seen a skylight on his way to the cable with Egan, and though the flames were roaring beneath the glass, he leaped through to the floor below. There he groped about, blinded by the smoke and scorched by the fire, until he found a stairway down which he stumbled to the street, "more dead than alive."
—Youth's Companion.

Tonga's Royal Wedding.

On the 1st of June, 1899, a new page was added to the history of the Tongan, or Friendly, Islands, when George Tubou II. not only dared to defy the opposition of his chiefs by marrying the choice of his heart, but elevated her to his own rank. After the marriage ceremony, as his bride knelt before him, the King, placing the bright new golden crown upon her head, said, in a clear voice, "Lavinia, I crown thee Queen of Tonga."

George Tubou II. is a handsome man, being six feet three inches in height, and turning the scales at three hundred pounds. In complexion he resembles the Mexicans (Tongans are lighter than Hawaiians), with a most gentle expression in his beautiful brown eyes. He was educated in New Zealand, and speaks English in a soft, well-modulated voice. In looks and bearing he is every inch a king, and as he stood by the throne-chair in his own splendid chapel awaiting the arrival of his bride, dressed in full uniform, his breast adorned with glittering decorations, his crimson robe, ermine-trimmed, upheld by two little boys of high rank attired in page suits of red and white velvet (the Tongan national colors), one could not realize that all this was happening on an island belonging to a group which many readers have supposed to be still lingering in heathenism and beyond the pale of civilization.

Quite a flutter of excitement passed over the assembled guests as Lavinia entered the church, leaning upon the arm of her father, Kabu, Minister of Police. She was exquisitely attired in white satin trimmed profusely with Honiton lace, and from her shoulders fell the train, composed of silver and white heavy brocades, fully five yards in length, which was held by her six bridesmaids dressed in white silk. The bride's trousseau was made in Sydney, and is very elaborate. King George is just twenty-four, and his Queen is nineteen.—Harper's Weekly.

Very Likely.

The lesson was from the "Prodigal Son," and the Sunday-school teacher was dwelling on the character of the elder brother. "But amidst all the rejoicing," he said, "there was one to whom the preparation of the feast brought no joy, to whom the prodigal's return gave no pleasure, but only bitterness; one who did not approve of the feast being held, and who had no wish to attend it. Now, can any of you tell me who this was?"

There was a breathless silence, followed by a vigorous cracking of thumbs, and then from a dozen sympathetic little geniuses came the chorus, "Please, sir, it was the fatted calf."
—Louisville Post.

An African Pocket Handkerchief.

I must not forget one particular, unique of its kind, of the most simplified toilet of the Barotsi; the pocket handkerchief. This consists of a thin blade of iron, finely wrought, with the handle of the same material. The whole is perhaps four or five inches long by one or two inches wide, and is hung around the neck by vegetable fibres or tendons. In blowing their noses they use it as a spring with an extreme dexterity, which I can say from experience is not a pleasant thing at a camp fire.—From "The Kingdom of the Barotsi," by A. Bertrand.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

One Woman's Work.

There's a quiet, clever, notoriety-hating little woman in Newark, N. J., whose occupation probably takes the prize for ununsualness. So far as heard from Mrs. Morrison is the only woman in the country, or in the world for that matter, holding the post of official photographer to police headquarters. Her work consists of taking pictures of criminals for the rogues' gallery which is a feature of police headquarters in Newark as well as other cities. Since criminals have begun to appreciate the possibilities of changing their appearance by a different arrangement of the hair or another style of hirsute decoration, photographs have fallen somewhat in esteem. Some day, no doubt, they will be superseded by a record of measurements, thumb marks and such things. It will probably not happen in Mrs. Morrison's day, however, and she has little fear on that score of losing her job.

She has a studio especially fitted up for her work at the top of the headquarters building, and the prisoners are brought to her under guard. She has been particularly successful in getting them to sit quietly and allow her to photograph them with no more trouble than any ordinary sitter would give. Men who have hitherto done this work have nearly always had great difficulty in getting good pictures, because the sitters would twist and turn and screw their faces up. Sometimes it was only after the guard had clubbed them into a proper frame of mind that they could be persuaded to allow the photographer to get a proper focus at all. It may be Mrs. Morrison's personality or that whatever good is left in the most hardened criminals responds to the polite feminine variation of the request to look pleasant.

After such a pleasant account of her success with her pictures it seems a pity not to be able to say that the financial end of the business is equally successful. There is no danger that Mrs. Morrison will grow rich as a result of her official labors. To be sure, \$3 or \$4 a day in addition to your income from other sources is not to be despised, and Mrs. Morrison feels very happy over her new post. She fitted up her studio at her own expense, and she is paid at the rate of a dollar a dozen for all the photographs she takes. She makes a dozen copies from each negative. One of these is regularly posted in the rogues' gallery with the record of the original written on the back. The others are kept for use in identifying suspicious persons. For instance, if the police in another city have arrested a man suspected of having been previously convicted, these extra copies come in handy as helps in identifying him. Then the detectives sent to identify prisoners find these extra copies of great service to carry with them for purpose of comparison.

Mrs. Morrison is a business-like little woman with a firm belief in the possibility of a working woman keeping the personal and domestic side of her life quite separate from business. She took up her present occupation because she was suddenly thrown upon her own resources. She had some knowledge of the work and a studio in the lower end of the city. She does all her own work except the retouching. Mrs. Morrison's opinion is that photography is a good, practical trade for a woman if she will learn the business right through. Few of them know more than one very simple branch.

Endless Procession of Neckties.

We are in process of varying our shirtwaist career with an endless procession of necktie ideas, some of which are pretty enough to be carried over into next season and used as light touches on our sombre woolen frocks. For instance, writes Mary Dean, numbers of women wear high straight stocks with their white skirts and round the bare stock with twice a length of cream maline net. When on the second winding the net is brought back to the front, instead of fastening its lace trimmed ends in a big bow close beneath the chin, they are brought down to a point midway between throat and waist, then pinned with a bright brooch and tied in a bow. By so simple a scheme, to the plainest silk or muslin waist an air of sweet ornamentation is given hard to derive by as inexpensive means.

Another noble invention is that of passing a broad satin ribbon of soft texture twice around the high collar. When drawn to the front, its ends are put through a small buckle of paste jewels, and this is pushed close to the throat, while from it flutter unconflated two long scarf ends of ribbon.

Women who do not take to these devices love to bury their chins in the cloudy masses of a wide-winged bow of nothing more costly than a long wisp of white silk muslin, edged with imitation Mecklin lace, which is nothing more after all than an incipient Bois de Bologne scarf that has ends fluttering to the knees.

Earrings Popular Once.

Earrings are coming in again, and while fashion's slaves are meekly protesting that they will not wear the barbarous things, they will undoubtedly submit in the end. The edict has gone forth that earrings are to be worn again, and the jewelers are prepared for an immediate demand for that article of jewelry, which was relegated to oblivion ten years ago.

One drawback to the revival is that nine out of every ten women will need to have their ears pierced again, and every woman has an acute remem-

brance of that painful ordeal in the past. When our mothers were young it was the custom to pierce the ears by putting a cork behind them, stretching the lobes of the ear tight over the cork, and then piercing with a needle, afterward drawing a silken thread and a gold ring, made especially for the purpose, through the hole.

Pearl or diamond screw rings will hold their own for a long time in woman's favor, but there are some new and startling fancies shown in the way of earrings in the jewelry shops.

Mourning Periods.

The different periods adopted by many for the wearing of mourning are as follows:

A widow should wear mourning for two years—one year deep crape, six months black, with less crape, and six months plain black.

Mourning of children for parents, or parents for children, must be of one year's duration—that is, six months crape, six months black, or four months black, and the two months black and white, gray or mauve.

A sister should wear mourning for a brother one year—six months crape, three months black, with or without crape, and three months black with a little white introduced.

For grandparents the mourning should be as for a sister or brother.

For an aunt or uncle the mourning should be of six months' duration—three months black with crape trimmings, two months black, and one month black and white.

For great aunts or uncles, cousins, nieces or nephews, three months black, with or without crape, as desired.

A variety of styles in mourning veils are now seen. A veil made entirely of crape has a scalloped silk edge with embroidered corners. Others, less heavy, are shown in fine Brussels or Russian net. One of the simplest has a band of crape an inch and a half wide all around, edged with tiny braid. Another is edged and trimmed with inch wide bands of the crape across the corner, while a third has a scalloped edge with an embossed crape and silk corner. The length of these veils varies from forty-one inches to fifty-four inches.

The many little accessories of the toilet should help to carry out the effect of the mourning gown and veil.

Handkerchiefs of Irish linen, plain or hem-stitched, have a band of black just inside the hem.

Folds, rufflings and pleatings are found in great variety. They are made of silk, crape or chiffon.

Jet brooches, usually of simple design, are worn with mourning costumes.

Women as Inventors.

Some of the largest and most valuable inventions are due to women. Mrs. Harriet Strong, who began by inventing a corset, ended by taking out patents for dams and reservoirs. Although now an old woman, she has but recently patented a device for storing water. Mrs. Ada van Pelt invented a permutation lock with three thousand combinations; also a letter box for the outside of houses that throws up a signal to the postman when there is a letter to collect.

A little girl by an ingenious invention revolutionized the making of seraws. A woman invented satchel-bottomed paper bags and was offered \$20,000 for her patent before she left Washington. A woman invented the Burden process of making horseshoes, which turns out such rapid work that it has saved the country \$2,500,000 in fourteen years. A number of women's inventions are known to have been patented under the names of their husbands, fathers or brothers.

The lecturer exemplified her woman's wit by an anecdote. She was out driving with an old Vermont farmer, and he said to her somewhat testily, "You women may talk of your rights, but why don't you invent something?" to which Mrs. Bowles immediately replied: "Your horse's feedbag and the shade over his head were both of them invented by a woman."

"Do tell!" was the astonished rejoinder.

The bright woman remarked in her lecturer, "I do tell, and I think it is good to tell these things."

A New Millinery Veil.

A new veil has been invented as a protection for the hat against the dust, which is almost more detrimental than the sun, and cannot be warded off in the same way. It is made of double width tulle. That portion which serves to cover the face is studded with spots, while the other half, intended to envelope the entire hat, but to hide it as little as possible, is plain. The arrangement of these veils is not an easy matter, and requires the addition of several long pins.—New York Millinery Trade Review.

Lace Trimming Bands.

Lace trimming bands, outlined and embroidered with chenille, are a novelty and quite pretty, and are used on grenadines, organdies and foulards.

Mania For Braiding Continues.

The mania for braiding dresses, and, for that matter, for braiding nearly every article of wear, is likely to continue through autumn.

To Have a Handsome Hat.

An artistic hat can be made by trimming a dull green straw with pale yellow and dark red chrysanthemums and gilded grasses.

A Novelty in Parasols.

Parasols, narrow tucked from the center to the edge, is the greatest novelty offered in one line of sunshades in years.

The production of copper in 1898 was over 526,000,000 pounds.

A BURGLAR'S MISHAP.

Ventriloquist Twisted His Visitor and Saved His Valuables.

The burglar who had served a short term for being caught while trying to leave a house he had entered without the authority of the owners was engaged in the practice of his profession again.

"They don't catch me in no self-actin' cage this time," he said to himself, as he raised a rear window of the house he had selected for the scene of his operations and cautiously insinuated his head through the opening.

"I don't see no cards tellin' me it's all right, and not to make a noise, and will I please shut the pantry window so's the things won't freeze. I guess it's all straight."

With a whispered caution to his confederate, who was to remain on guard outside, he crawled noiselessly in, stood a few moments to listen, and then proceeded to penetrate further into the interior.

Finding only a few things worth stealing on the lower floor, he started up the stairway.

One of the steps creaked and he stopped instantly.

Not the slightest sound came from the rooms above, however, and, after waiting a reasonable time, he moved forward and upward with great caution.

Entering what seemed to be the main upper room he glanced about him.

Sufficient light came in from the street lamp across the way to enable him to see a bed in one corner occupied by a man whose deep and regular breathing furnished sufficient evidence that he was sound asleep.

The man's clothing was hanging at the foot of the bed.

The burglar moved in that direction.

Instantly he heard a loud whisper: "Don't do that! You'll wake him!"

Annoyed and alarmed at what he conceived to be a wholly unauthorized and bungling attempt on the part of his confederate to take a hand in the fine work of the job instead of remaining at his post of duty outside, he turned his head and moved back a step or two.

"St!" came the whisper again, louder than before.

The burglar glanced at the sleeper, who had not stirred, and then moved toward the door with the intention of administering a voiceless rebuke to his reckless confederate.

"You blamed fool," whispered the voice again. "You haven't got sense enough to rob a sandbank. Let me do this!"

The burglar peered into the gloom of the upper hallway.

Not seeing his pal, he stepped out through the door.

"Stop!" exclaimed a loud, determined voice. "If you move another inch in this direction I'll put a bullet through you."

He jumped back and darted in the direction of the front window.

"Hi, there!" spoke another voice. "Don't go that way, either! Can't you see you're running right into a gun?"

Trembling in every limb he stood near the centre of the room, uncertain what to do.

He put his hand into his hip pocket.

"If you make another motion with that hand," exclaimed a voice from somewhere in the darkness, "I'll shoot! I've got the drop on you."
He stole another glance at the sleeper.
The man had not stirred.
The burglar felt a cold sweat breaking out all over him.
Then, as the savage yell of a fierce dog, apparently under the bed, came startlingly to his ear, he jumped with a yell of terror to the side window, five or six feet away, plunged through it, carrying the smash with him, and rolled down the kitchen roof into a deep snowbank, from which he emerged a second later and fled like a deer, followed by his bewildered confederate.

He had made the horrible blunder of trying to rob a professional ventriloquist—who happened to be awake.

Perhaps the Oldest Brick.

At one of the recent meetings of the Academie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, in Paris, the keeper of the Louvre, Mr. Henzy, showed a brick which is undoubtedly the oldest in existence, dating, it is estimated, from the fortieth century, B. C. The brick in question was discovered by the French savant and antiquarian, De Sarzez, during recent excavations at Tello, the ancient Sirlulo in Chaldea. The brick was somewhat curved and had been baked, but was of such crude form that it evidently had neither been put in a press nor moulded. The mark of the maker was simply the imprint of the thumb. It was clearly made very soon after the discovery of the art of brick-making, which art, as is universally admitted, marks the dawn of civilization. Other bricks of a much more recent date were shown. Some of them bore the mark of the coat of arms of Sirlulo, an eagle with the head of a lion. Others again were inscribed with the name of the reigning monarch.

Stockings Cost \$300 a Pair.

A noted costumer of London says he has designed \$200,000 worth of costumes for one woman, while a pair of stockings he provided for a noted belle cost \$500 and a tea gown \$8500. The designing and carrying out of these costumes is done by men. In the large tailors' establishments only the skirt hands are women, and the principal dressmaking houses in Paris are presided over by men. In addition, the finest artificial flowers are the work of male hands, and the designs and drawings for embroideries are prepared by them also.—New York Evening World.