

Astronomers are busily searching for another world. And yet this one seems to be more than people can readily handle.

Singing is now recommended as a cure for disease. There are diseases and diseases. And, naturally, there is some singing and other singing.

It is proposed to establish Chinese commercial schools in England which would be assisted by the government, and which would train young men for service in the Chinese export trade.

Two million tons of sugar are consumed annually in this country, while the entire product last year from all the sources under the control of the United States, including cane, beet, maple and sorghum, was barely one million tons.

One of the natural curiosities of the Rhine—the Laufenberg fall—is to be turned to commercial use by the erection on it of a turbine plant capable of producing thirty thousand horsepower at low water. Thus materialism is taking the place of sentiment in the show places of the Old World as well as on this continent.

President Harper of Chicago university, in a recent address, has spoken with great frankness about the prospect of careers for which college courses are especially designed. He said the "learned professions" are now four in number, Pedagogy being added to Law, Medicine and Divinity. He insisted that all four of them are now overcrowded to the starvation point.

There are few bits of news more satisfactory than that the island of Dry Tortugas, with its mighty fortresses, has been transferred to the navy, and will henceforth serve as a fortified naval base and coaling station, remarks the New York Tribune. It is the first such station ever possessed by the United States, and it is just where such a one is most needed. It will be a veritable "Gibraltar of the Gulf" for the protection of our southern coast, the guardianship of our Caribbean possessions and sentinelship over the eastern approaches to the canal that is to be. We salute the flag upon Fort Jefferson! Long may it wave!

The dealers in automobiles seem to have overlooked a useful point in advertising more copiously the special adaptability of their machines for Sunday use. The great objection of the more scrupulous Sabbath-keepers to permitting folks to take their carriages out on Sunday has been that it makes too much work for servants and horses. This is a fairly sound objection, for the desire to make Sunday, as far as possible, a day of rest for all hands has a great deal to recommend it. But an automobile, especially the sort that the owner himself guides, need make hardly any Sunday work in the stable, states E. S. Martin, in Harper's Weekly. At a pinch it can even stand unwashed until Monday morning. Neither coachman nor groom is needed to take it out, or even wait at home until it comes back. It is the ideal Sunday vehicle, beating even the bicycle, since its use is neither so laborious as to impair due Sunday rest nor incompatible with Sunday clothes.

The Water Valley (Mo.) Itemizer, and its former editor, the Rev. R. P. Gibbs, a Methodist clergyman, now dead, have been the cause of odd libel and newspaper litigation. In the severe winter of 1898 the Itemizer published articles written by its minister-editor, alleging that there was considerable suffering among the men and women employes of certain cotton mills in Water Valley, due to the excessive severity of the season, and reflecting on the treatment of the employes. The company got an injunction restraining the further publication of such articles. Subsequent to the granting of the injunction the minister-editor died. The injunction, when heard on its merits, was dissolved; but the widow, who by that time became a party to the suit, for some reason appealed. The supreme court affirmed the dissolution of the injunction on the grounds that an injunction could not be made perpetual against a man deceased, that a publisher could not be restrained from publishing such a man's articles, and finally that the articles were not libelous anyway. Now the widow has brought a damage suit against the president of the company, alleging that her husband, the editor, came by his death from injuries inflicted on him by the defendant in a street encounter, and from the humiliation and worry consequent on that encounter, which was brought about by the articles published in the Itemizer.

A SONG OF LIFE.
What are the lilies of love that I bring to you?
What all the music of songs that I sing to you?
Withering—dying!
The song and the sighing
Are passing away
As in the heavens of gray
The storm-clouds are flying.
And life that seems life is not life, dear, away!
Rare is the sweet breath of spring-winds far blowing
Unto the harvest the seed of the sowing;
But after the years,
In the valley of tears
Where the sorrowful stay
In the hope of the day,
Faint the harvest appears;
And life that seems life is not life, dear, away!
The tears that I weep, and the prayers that I pray to you—
The sweetest of words that I sing—that I say to you—
Sighing and singing—
The tender arms clinging,
Shall these, dear, delay
The best hours and the gray
Of life's twilight, swift-winged?
Ah, life that seems life is not life, dear, away!
But I know, with this sky of the springtime above you,
It is life for one beautiful moment to love you!
A life that still blessed
With tender caresses;
That lightens the day—
Hides the thorn-wealth away
With the gold of your transient
And love that is love—it is love, dear, away!
—Frank L. Stanton.

AUNT ROSE'S SECRET.

DELVALLEY rose, furious, his eyebrows contracted, his mouth drawn.

"I tell you this marriage shall not take place," he said.
"And I swear it shall!" cried Andre, with only a shade less of determination in his face and voice.
But the old man paid no attention to his son's words, and continued:
"Is it the most outrageous thing I ever heard of. A boy whose education has been what yours has, upon whom no expense has been spared, who for twenty years has been my constant thought, to be utterly lacking in every feeling of gratitude. Just at the very moment when I have made plans for your future you announce to me that you intend to marry the girl of your choice! And what a choice! A girl without a penny!"
"But you do not believe money to be the only consideration in marriage, do you?" said Andre, striving to be calm. "It seems to me that happiness enters in somewhere, and if I can be happy with no one but Noemie—"

M. Delvalley burst into a loud, exasperating laugh.
"That is too good! He can be happy with no one but Noemie; a person of whose existence he was ignorant month before last!"
"But father—"
"Enough!"
The tone in which this word was pronounced convinced Andre that his father's decision was inflexible. He was accustomed to bow to the will of a despotic father, just as he had seen his mother yield until her death. In his childhood he and his mother had been companions, and often together they had bent their heads to the fury of a storm aroused by some slight or irregular domestic occurrence. Not that M. Delvalley was a bad man. He was quick-tempered, but usually repented his outbursts and tried to make amends when he saw the effect of his harsh words. Before he was very old Andre had seen that the family life of his father and mother was not a happy one, though he did not know to what to attribute the state of affairs. Since his mother's death he had simply given in to his father when any question of disagreement had come between them, and until now they had lived comfortably together.

The next day Andre returned to the charge.
"I believe if you knew what an unhappy night I passed, father—"
"Enough, I say!" cried the old man, not allowing him to complete his sentence. I tell you I will never give my consent to the marriage. A girl without a penny!"
"I would not ask for your consent at all if she had not refused to marry me without it!" exclaimed Andre, hotly.

"Oh, you would not!" M. Delvalley laughed. "And pray, where would you live and what would you do to support your wife?"
"I could find something," replied the young man, in a tone which made his father say, more gently than he had yet spoken:
"I am convinced that this girl and her relations are after your fortune. You met them at a summer hotel. They found out who you were and thought you would be a good 'catch,' and have proceeded to catch you."
"If you would only listen to me, father, I could convince you of Noemie's sincerity."

Without replying to his son M. Delvalley went on: "As you can't take care of yourself, I must take care of you. Where do these Durands live?"
"No. 27 Rue Nollet."
"Rue Nollet! And you say they are not after your money?" M. Delvalley said, as he left his son. He returned in a few moments, a paper in his hand, from which he read in a loud voice:
"Mme. Durand, 27 Rue Nollet:—I formally refuse my consent to the marriage of my son Andre and your daughter, and inform you that if the event takes place I shall absolutely disinherit my son. DELVALLEY."

He rang the bell and a servant appeared.
"Send this telegram at once," he said.
Andre made a move to follow the servant from the room, but after a glance at his father restrained himself. The old man waited until the servant had had time to leave the house and then retired to his study, leaving Andre alone.

The unhappy young man sat thinking of his misery for some time. The words of Noemie spoken the night before came back to him; she had been so full of confidence, while he was doubtful enough of his father's approval.
"When he knows how much we love each other he will consent," she had said.
"But if he refuses?" Andre had asked.

"Then it must be good-by for us, because I can never let you ruin yourself for me." And in spite of pleadings and arguments she had remained firm.

"Poor Noemie," he thought. "How will she feel when she reads the telegram? And her Aunt Rose, who considered the marriage already made. She used to tell us when we feared to tell father that we had no cause to worry; that everything would come out as we wanted it; that she had a magic charm which she could apply, if necessary, at the last minute, and that charm a secret. What will she say now? Why not go and find out and give her a chance to try it?" Andre sprang up, seized his hat and ran from the house.

"Well," said Noemie, "what news?"
She had not yet received the telegram.

"The very worst," said Andre. "He refuses and threatens to disinherit me. But, dearest, you will marry me anyway. I can find something to do, and we will at least have each other."
Noemie was very much in love, and her good resolutions began to waver before the strength of her lover's desire. They were talking despondently when the door opened and a pretty elderly woman entered the room.

"Dear me, how unhappy you look!" she said. "What is the matter?"
"M. Delvalley has refused his consent," said Noemie.

"Indeed! Well, it would be funny if it were not so sad."
"Aunt Rose, how can you?" murmured Noemie.
"It is rather serious, madame," said Andre. "He has sent a telegram, but it has not come yet."
But still Aunt Rose smiled.

"Stay here until I come back, Andre! I am going to try my little fairy charm as a last resort."
All afternoon the two young people sat disconsolately together, waiting for the telegram and for Aunt Rose. What had become of his father's dispatch? Andre could not imagine. At last, long after the time it should have come, the maid entered with the formidable envelope. Noemie took it and was about to open it when Andre said:

"Tear it up without reading it. We know what it says."
"I want to see how it looks," replied Noemie.
As she read a wave of color swept across her face.

"Andre," she cried, "there is some mistake. Listen to this:
"I have the honor to ask the hand of Mlle. Noemie Durand for my son Andre. I will call at your convenience. Respectfully,
"DELVALLEY."
"Is it possible that Aunt Rose was successful?" cried Andre, beside himself with joy.

"It must be that. But what means did she employ? What is her secret?"
It was a long time before they found out, and then Andre overheard a conversation not meant for her ears.
"I was right, was I not, to keep my faith in your good heart, and to intercept that first dispatch before I went to see you?" asked Aunt Rose, in a voice that Andre had never heard her make so tender and soft in tone.

"Ah, Rose!" responded M. Delvalley in a voice stranger still to the listener, "how could I know that the girl of Andre's choice was your niece? To think that I was about to separate them, as your father separated us, because I was then poor—that they would have suffered all that I suffered in giving you up, and in thinking of you all these years! And now that we are united at last, you will not refuse"—but suddenly Andre realized that he was listening and crept softly away.

What His Leg Was Good For.
It will be remembered that shortly before the outbreak of the Boer war Sir George White met with an accident to his leg. He had by no means recovered when hostilities were in sight, and Lord Wolseley told him that he feared that his temporary lameness must be a reason for keeping him at home.

But Sir George White, who was lurching with his chief at the United Service Club, had an answer ready which clinched the matter. "I beg your pardon, sir," he answered; "my leg is well enough for anything except running away!" Sir George started for Natal by the next steamer.—Mainly About People.

Map of France Made of Jewels.
The Czar has presented to the French Government a map of France composed of a mosaic of precious stones. The map is a metre long and a metre broad, framed in slate colored jasper. The sea is represented by light gray marble, the departments are in jasper of various colors, and 106 cities and towns are indicated by gems set in gold.

Paris is represented by a diamond, Havre by an emerald, Rouen by a sapphire and Nantes by a beryl. The names of the cities are inlaid in gold and the rivers traced in platinum.

THE EDICTS OF FASHION.

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—It is remarked that the children's clothing is decidedly dressy. Frocks in their waist ornamentation are very ornate.



Little girls' dresses are not generally cut with skirts in shape. This is done only when the skirt is entirely pleated in narrow, lingerie pleats, which are stitched down about one-third of the skirt, and then allowed to fall loose, giving the necessary fullness to the lower part.
Dresses are shorter than they were last season. There has been some attempt made to introduce trimmings at the extreme edge of the skirt, but

round the court train is effective. Chiffon frills also trim the corsage at throat and the sleeves at wrist. Across the draped front of the corsage runs a garland of orange blossoms.

The quaint touch imparted by the flouze seems to be in high favor for bridesmaid gowns. Here, for instance, is such a frock in white Liberty satin, with yoke in white silk guipure and a flouze in white chiffon frilled all round. At the waist is a broad sash with long frilled ends in lily green chiffon.

Another model for a bridesmaid's gown has its flouze in white chiffon also, but edged with lace. Soft white satin is the material of this frock, the skirt of which has a deep shaped flouze edged with chiffon frills and headed by several bands of white lace insertions.

The no-collar vogue appears in a third bridesmaid frock model. This also displays the bolero, without which so few costumes of whatever sort are seen nowadays. The bolero is cream-colored guipure embroidered in dead gold; the under-blouse, which, finished with the finest of frills at the throat, does away with the necessity of a collar, is in killed lily green crepe de chine.

A Pretty Wash Frock.
A pretty little wash frock for a little girl is striped watermelon pink and white, each stripe having a little figure upon it. Stripes lend themselves prettily to trimmings. This has a pleated ruffle around the skirt, pleated so that the red stripes come together solidly at intervals. The waist is pleated back and front so that the red is again together, and the same effect is given in the short puffed sleeves. There is a lace insertion let in at all the seams of the skirt of this little frock, at the head of the pleated ruffle, and it outlines the pleats in the front and back of the waist. This is made to wear with a guipure.

Suits For Little Girls.
Many little girls' suits are made with Eton jackets and skirts like those of their elders. They are made



It has not been generally adopted. The deep hem or frill, with the trimming in the skirt above it still obtains. Designers have at last succeeded in producing a pattern for a circular-cut skirt in frock or coat that does not sag in the seams or hang unevenly. This model is universally shown.

In cotton frocks seams are connected with insertion by lines of veining. These stripes of insertion extend in some models to the extreme edge of the hem. In others they terminate where the additional circular is attached. The Eton or bolero effect is noted quite as often for children as for "grown-ups," not only in woolen frocks, but in cotton ones also.

Frocks For Weddings.
Decided originality is shown by many of the frocks now in preparation for weddings. The first one shown in the large cut, reproduced from the New York Evening Sun, is a wedding gown in white satin. Its long tunic, reaching clear to the skirt hem, is cut into a series of deep points finished all around with frill upon frill in white chiffon. A frilled and killed under-skirt in chiffon is revealed by the tunic's points. The corsage consists of an underblouse in killed chiffon with a bolero of the satin edged with a chiffon frill.

All-lace wedding gowns will be popular. Here is one fashioned in a fetching way that can scarcely be improved upon as a model for this sort of frock in this sort of material. Its foundation, of course, is white satin, over which is draped the lace. In this case, the lace is Brussels of the finest pattern. An edging of chiffon frills

MR. JOSH SIMPKINS ON ETIQUETTE.

I've studied up on etiquette, Read every book that I could get, And yet there isn't one in all the lot That tells a feller it is not Do rigger to eat pie For breakfast, hence why shouldn't I? And, furthermore, I cannot find In all the books I call to mind A single line That gives a reason worth a whoop Against a second plate of soup When fellows dine.
And as for eating marrowfat Without a spoon, I think that that's A fool's last sort of rule. When I eat pence I'll do as I darn please!
And what is more, till I'm a snob I'll eat my corn straight off the cob; And sparrowgrass I'll eat as I Have always done in days gone by— A sort of dangle from the sky; A sort of gift from heaven come, Held twist my finger and my thumb.
And as for those peculiar things Called finger-bows, I vow, by jugs! I will not use 'em as they say. This non-sens 'em 'em today. If my hands ain't both good and clean, The pump is where it's always been; And far as ever I could see, It's plenty good enough for me, I don't stand much on etiquette, But yet I'm too polite to wash my paws At this spite of social laws. —Harper's Bazar.

HUMOROUS.

"That was an arrow escape," remarked the confirmed bachelor, as he dodged Cupid's shaft.
Dix—Did that policeman die a natural death? His—Yes; he just went from one sleep into another until he fell into the last sleep.
First Medical Student—I believe in letting well enough alone. Second Medical Student—Then you'll never make a successful doctor.
"Girls are getting awful finicky. That girl refused me." "Did she give any reason?" "She says I made a pun while I was proposing to her."
He [at the club reception]—Are you a member of this club? She—No; only married people belong. He—Then suppose we organize a trust for the purpose of making each other eligible?
Magistrate—I believe you charge the officer with shooting at random. Plaintiff—No; I don't know nothin' about Random, whoever he is. The bullet took a slice of skin off my shin—that's what I'm in sore about.
"By the way," said the Cornfed Philosopher, "I think I may take advantage of this being the gardening season to remark that there is often very little difference between a budding genius and a blooming idiot."

One's sense of sight may be first-class Whose hearing may be weak. For many see the mountain pass Who cannot hear its peak.

"This bell," said a well-meaning sexton, when showing the belfry of an interesting village church to a party of visitors, "is only rung in case of a visit from the lord bishop of the diocese, a fire, a flood, or any other such calamities."

"Mamma, what would you do if that big vase in the parlor should get broken?" said Tommy. "I should whip whoever did it," said Mrs. Banks, gazing severely at her little son. "Well, then, you'd better begin to get up your muscle," said Tommy, "coz papa's broke it."

Wife (who has been struck by a bicyclist)—Never mind, dear; don't make a scene over it. Husband—What? Do you think I'll let him go without saying what I think? "But I'm not really hurt." "That don't matter. A little more and he might have run into me."

"And you are stuck on your last husband?" we faltered, wishing to seem very sympathetic. The beautiful woman burst into tears. "I never was so badly stuck on a husband in all my life!" she sobbed. "I supposed he was worth a million, and he isn't worth anything."

An Irish lawyer addressed the court as "gentlemen" instead of "your honors." After he had concluded, a brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately arose to apologize, thus: "May it please the court—in the heat of debate I called your honors gentlemen. It was a mistake, your honors."

Kindergarten Work in Cuba.
When the proper materials arrive in Cuba—which will be soon—the normal training will begin in earnest. A corps of teachers is to be sent out from the States. Under these, normal classes for teachers will be established in the island with a view to ultimately placing proper Cuban teachers in the public schools. At present education is of the most antiquated type. There is no class work at all; instruction is wholly individual. Each child is called up to the teacher's chair, recites his lesson rapidly and takes his seat again.

Judging by past experience, however, there is little doubt that modern methods will be eagerly accepted, for thus far no trouble has been experienced in the introduction of new ideas. And here and there one comes upon a struggling, groping aspirant to better things, hopelessly following the lead of some long-forgotten educator, under the blind illusion that he is on the right road at last.

As often have tried, I have found the boys deeply interested in agriculture—an entirely new phase of employment to them. In the little country town where I worked with my boys, the small experiences turned out huge successes, and my little agricultural lessons bore fine fruit.—Zillah J. Levy, in Harper's Bazar.

A Person We All Know.
An egotist is a man who thinks he knows more about himself than you think you know about him.—New York Press.



elaborate editions of the homely gingham and calico prototype of olden times.