

There is a growing impression that Tesla belongs to the romantic class of fictionists.

It may not be generally known, but it is none the less true. The word century is not found in the Bible, states the St. Louis Star.

If the automobile and the bicycle people, by joining hands, can only accomplish good roads, then the people en masse will join in extending thanks.

One effect of the South African war is the great falling off in Scotch cities in the number of marriages during the past year. The war has taken from bonny Scotland thousands of marriageable young men.

Edward VII cannot complain of any lack of opportunity to distinguish himself as a statesman. Asia, Africa and Europe, not to mention North and South America, have a large number of problems which may be brought to his attention.

When finished the Arkansas state capitol will be a permanent exhibit of that commonwealth's resources if the suggestions of the architect and building commission shall be followed. The basement or first story will of Arkansas granite, the upper stories of Arkansas marble and the woodwork of Arkansas timber.

The latest thing in the life-saving line is a pitch cloak. It is a Swiss invention, and weighs about one pound, and will keep a fully-equipped soldier above the surface of the water. It has waterproof pockets in which food and drink may be carried, as well as blue lights in case he wears a shipwrecked in the night.

The first we know Africa will be taking rank as a wheat-growing country. Last year the Dark Continent turned out 44,000,000 bushels of the cereal of the finest quality. Australia produces only 25,000,000 bushels, but this small output is accounted for by the fact that wool-growing is more profitable than agriculture.

Recent storms in England have been playing havoc with the Druidic remains at Stonehenge, two of the larger pillars having been overthrown by them, and others are crumbling under the influence of the elements. It is now proposed to protect what remains standing by planting trees in the moors surrounding the ancient temples to serve as windbreaks.

Russia took first place in 1900 as regards turning out naval vessels, while England and France dropped behind considerably. Germany followed Russia, with Japan third and England fourth. Russia's quota was two first-class battleships, one first-class armored cruiser, eight destroyers and for Germany and France together three first-class battleships, one first-class armored cruiser, one second-class cruiser, two third-class cruisers, and three destroyers were launched. As for England, only two first-class armored cruisers, one third-class cruiser, four sloops and 80 destroyers were commissioned.

While two boys were skating recently on Crum Creek, in Swarthmore, Penn., they heard a cry for help, and, hastening to the place from which it came, they found a girl of their own age who had broken through the ice and was in desperate peril. One of the boys instantly leaped into the water and swam to the girl's assistance, while his companion remained at the edge of the ice, ready to do what he could when the rescue had been effected. The boy in the water reached the girl, and after a long struggle brought her almost within reach of the other boy. The motions of the latter caused the ice to break under him, and he, too, fell into the water. Then a terrible question assailed the first boy. He knew that the second boy, who was his most intimate friend, could not swim. His own strength was almost exhausted, and he could not save both the girl, whose name he hardly knew, and his closest friend. He had to choose, and did choose—the friend. Leaving the girl, he swam to the boy and held him above the surface until they were both pulled out by other boys who at last reached the scene. The girl's dead body was recovered several hours later. The boy who could have saved her at the expense of his friend's life is half mad with doubt as to whether his conduct was right or wrong. The question is not a simple one. Many considerations have to be taken into the account, among them, that the boy to whom the alternative was presented was only 15 years old.

### THE DREAM OF DREAMS.

I broider the world upon a loom;  
I broider with dreams my tapestry.  
Here in a little lonely room  
I am master of earth and sea,  
And the planets come to me.

I broider my life into the frame,  
I broider my love, thread upon thread,  
The world goes by with its glory and shame;  
Crowns are bartered, and blood is shed;  
I sit and broider my dreams instead.

And the only world is the world of my dreams,  
And my weaving the only happiness,  
For what is the world, but what it seems,  
And who knows but that God, beyond our guess,  
Sits weaving worlds out of loneliness?  
—Arthur Symons, in the Saturday Review.

### In a Toy Shop.

ME walked into the toy shop with the uncertain air bred by unfamiliarity. He was not old—perhaps fifty; he may, indeed, have been younger. The lines about his mouth and the crow's-feet about the eyes told of a life that had been none too easy, and yet there was that subtle air of prosperity about him, too, that in turn told its tale.

Outside in the street the sun beat down on the white sidewalk with a glare that reflected even into the carefully shaded shop. Behind the counters the young women stood or sat in small groups. They looked cool and pretty in their light summer frocks. On the counters were toys, heaps piled on heaps, it seemed to the man, although the arrangement was orderly enough.

For a moment he stood in the doorway. After the glare of the street the shop seemed almost darkness. Gradually the forms of the young women were outlined to his sight, and then he saw dimly the things on the counters.

An officious and obsequious young man came forward rubbing his hands. Within a minute the man was in charge of a cool-looking young woman, with a pretty smile and a gracious manner. Almost before he knew it the man was talking with her and explaining things that needed no explanation.

"I want to get a er—er—a toy, you know," he said.

"Yes, sir," said the young woman. "Here is a very pretty doll. How would that do?" and she brought out a wonderful creation with eyes that opened and shut, and long blonde curls. It was dressed in a pale blue silk gown. "How do you like that?" asked the young woman, holding the doll up for inspection. Then she pressed a hidden spring.

"Mamma, mamma, papa, papa!" said the doll.

"Great Scott! what's that?" almost shouted the man.

"I was making the doll talk," replied the girl.

"Do they make dolls that talk?" asked the man.

"Why," said the girl, with a pitying smile, "they did that ten years ago."

"Did they?" said the man; "well, you see, it's a good many years since I've seen any toys."

"Shall I send it home?" asked the young woman.

"No," said the man. "I don't think that would do at all. I suppose you think I'm a pretty old man to be buying toys," he continued, irrelevantly, "but you see, I've been so busy trying to get rich that I never had time to think of getting married till about two years ago. Been out West all the time," he continued, half sadly, "and, somehow, I didn't see many things like that out there."

"Here is something else that you might like, sir," interposed the young woman, as she brought out a wonderful locomotive and train of cars. She pressed a spring and the engine bell rang, the whistle blew, and off the train started on the circular track.

"Is that what they call a toy?" asked the man.

"That is certainly a toy," replied the girl, with a laugh.

"I wish I could remember some of the things I had to play with when I was a boy," mused the man; "I don't suppose you could get a Noah's ark, could you?" he continued doubtfully.

"I'll see, sir," said the young woman, "but they're awfully old-fashioned."

"Mebbe so; mebbe so," said the man absently.

The young woman walked to the rear of the shop and soon returned with the toy in question.

Yes, there it was. The Noah's ark! It hadn't changed a bit in all the years that had fled. The same old gabled roof, one side of which opened like the lid of a box. The same square windows, the same narrow ledge around the bottom, and the picture of the dove, bearing the branch of olive painted on the side.

Slowly the man opened the box and began to take out the little figures. His hands actually trembled with delight. The wonderfully made green trees, standing on the little brown bits of wood that are meant to represent mother earth. The quaint figures of men and women; the soldiers with their little wooden staffs. And then the animals. Where has their like ever been seen before?

He spread them out before him and looked at and beyond them, and the shop and the glare of the sidewalk without vanished from his vision. Green fields stretched before him, and deep in their hollows nestled the little white house with the bright green blinds and the red chimney.

In front of the house was a narrow little walk bordered on each side with sweet peas in bloom. How they smell! He could even smell them here in the shop. Then he looked up. The girl was wearing a bunch of those wonderful blossoms in her hair. He

had not noticed them before, and he had almost forgotten how sweet those blossoms can smell. There is a small lad running up the narrow walk toward the house. One arm, broken by a fall from a tree, hangs limp by his side. A sweet-faced woman comes rushing out to meet him, and with a cry of tender love gathers him in her arms. He lies in her arms, sobbing while they rush for a doctor. And as he lies there, bearing the pain as best he can, the little sister came toddling up with something in her hand for him.

"Take dis, Tommy; oo hurt," and she hands him the choicest treasure of all her treasures—the little blue camel from the Noah's ark!

And here, almost half a century later, he stands with something warm and sticky held tightly in his hand. He opens it, and lying in his palm is the little blue camel from Noah's ark! In all these years he had never forgotten the little blue camel, and its companions have not changed. They are the same now as then.

"I'll take that," he said, shortly, as he turned away.

At home his wife laughed when she saw the toy.

"Baby is too young for a Noah's ark," she said. "Why did you buy it?"

"There was a little blue camel in it," he replied, vaguely.

The wife laughed as she kissed her husband.

"I fancy you bought that for another baby," she said, tenderly, with perfect understanding.—Waverley Magazine.

### FUN IN CHINESE COLUMNS.

Curious Advertisements of the Wily Oriental.

A noticeable feature of the China newspapers is the "exuberant verbosity" of their advertisements.

This is due to cheap advertising rates, as well as to the flowery language of the Kingdom. All sorts of communications get into the newspapers, but the business system of Chinese editors is so admirable that instead of airing private and public grievances in "letters to the editor," they are inserted in the advertising columns, and thus help the editor to get an honest living.

An announcement inserted by a jilted swain whose lady love eloped with Chou Ling, closes with these heartfelt words:

"I cannot control my wrath and bitterness. My loved one has, it is plain, been enticed away by this rascal's deceit. How, I wonder, can a mere tailor's dummy like this succeed in winning her?"

"Surely he has no law or justice before his eyes. It is on this account that I am advertising. Should any kind-hearted gentlemen give me information of her whereabouts by letter, I will reward him with \$20; should he bring her back to her parents, I will joyfully give him \$40. I will most certainly not eat my words. His kindness and benevolence for a myriad generations, to all eternity, shall not be forgotten."

Quacks in China advertise in beautiful language. One such ad. reads:

"Our recipe has come down to us from a physician of the Ming Dynasty. A certain Mandarin was journeying in the hill country when he saw a woman passing southward over the mountains, as though flying."

"In her hand she held a stick, and she was pursuing an old fellow of a hundred years. The Mandarin asked: 'Why do you beat the old man?' She answered: 'He is my grandson, for I am 500 years old and he is 114. He will not purify himself by taking his medicine, and so I am beating him.'"

"The Mandarin alighted from his horse and knelt down and did obeisance to her, saying: 'Give me, I pray you, this drug, that I may hand it down to posterity for the salvation of mankind.'"

"Hence it got its name—'Fairy Receipt for Lengthening Life.' Take it for five days, and the body will feel light; take it for ten days, and your spirits will become brisk; for twenty days, and the voice will be strong and clear, and the hands and feet supple; for one year, and white hairs will become black again, and you move as though flying."

"Take it constantly, and all troubles will vanish, and you will pass a long life without growing old. Two dollars a bottle."

### Wardrobe as a Gallery Adjunct.

An enterprising photographer in Washington, D. C., who is making money right and left, keeps an elaborate equipment of opera cloaks, Parisian hats, ball dresses and other feminine apparel constantly on hand for his sitters, says the National Photo News and Views. Thus, the young woman who comes to him clad in a home-made "tailor" gown and a fifty-cent hat may appear before the eyes of admiring relatives and friends in other cities arrayed in sable furs and a beplumed chapeau, or looking the ingenue to perfection in a debutante's gown of white richly-trimmed with pearls, which for all the fortunate ones who receive the photographs know, are of great price.

### Heirs of Living Rulers.

Here are some interesting statistics in regard to the heirs of living rulers.

There are thirty-nine rulers in Europe and twenty of them have no male heirs. Seven of them have one son, three have two, four have three, one has four, three have five, and only one, the Emperor of Germany, has six. Altogether the thirty-nine rulers have fifty male and thirty-seven female descendants. Among these there are twenty-four princes and fourteen princesses, who are the descendants of German emperors, kings, grand dukes, dukes and princes.

### BACILLI ELECTROCUTED.

The Extraordinary Invention of a French Scientist.

A French scientist, Dr. Francisque Crotte, proposes to electrocute the bacilli in impure water and thus render it fit for drinking purposes.

The extraordinary feature of this invention is that Dr. Crotte charges the electric current used with an antiseptic gas.

Wherever the electricity passes the chemical gas goes, too, doing its work of cleansing but leaving behind not a single other trace of its presence.

It resembles a bactericidal X-ray, for it passes where it will and kills every microbe it meets.

So remarkable appeared the claims of Dr. Crotte that the Patent Office refused to grant his application for a patent until the most exhaustive inquiries and demonstrations. How thoroughgoing these have been is shown by the fact that a patent has been granted on "process"—a thing which the Patent Office very rarely grants.

Even by this new process the bacilli are not killed easily, for it takes a million volts to put them hors du combat, while 1500 volts is the power with which criminals are electrocuted at Sing Sing.

In using the Crotte method of electrically destroying germs the liquid which is to be purified is placed in a vessel, preferably a glass vessel.

Wires are attached to opposite points of this vessel, but it is worthy of notice that the metal ends—or what electricians technically call "electrodes"—do not come in contact with the liquid.

A perfect stream of sparks is poured into the liquid when the current is switched on, but there is no change in the temperature of the fluid, the only difference caused by the electric fluid being the total extinction of the germs of disease.

Fancies in Food.

Odd food fancies are met at nearly every house. I know a hostess who uses rock candy for sweetening in her afternoon tea and maraschino cherries for flavor, one to each cup. Nobody else brews such delicious tea, her friends declare, and they never seem to understand why. The rock candy comes in neat packages of crystal, which are dipped up by an antique sugar spoon.

Another young hostess made a specialty of cake and beverages in which she could serve whipped cream. She was under salary from the proprietors of flavoring extracts, which they were continually booming, and was supplied with the material, which she demonstrated in her refreshments every afternoon. She was a popular girl and had instituted a tea before she became an advertising agent. She was devoted to cooking, and therein lay her value to her employers. She began with vanilla, made cakes flavored with it, and put it in her tea. It adds a most fascinating flavor to the favorite feminine beverage. Then she added chocolate to her tea outfit and used whipped cream.

The next day she changed to lemon flavoring, then to almond and orange, and created such a degree of interest through her afternoons that questions began to be poured over her. There was her chance to speak a good word for the makers of the flavors, and she used it in such a clever way that their popularity was established without anybody suspecting her interest in it. You can readily see how valuable an assistant she was.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Ruling Passion.

The stage was rolling along the canyon trail when suddenly the horses reared back on their haunches as a lone highwayman with a Winchester appeared on the scene.

"Step out of the hearse, gentlemen, and hands up!" he ordered.

One by one they climbed out, with elevated hands. The highwayman relieved the party and several times was forced to remind one nervous little man to keep his hand from his pocket.

"What's the matter with you?" he finally roared. "You make another move like that and I'll pump the slugs in you!"

"Please let me," pleaded the little man, as his hand again slid toward his pocket.

"Please let you?" roared the desperado. "Please let you perforate me? You're imposing on my generosity, sonny. Look out! Look out! Keep your mitt away from that pocket or by the eternal!"

"But it won't hurt you!" protested the little man, "it won't hurt you at all! Stand just as you are now and keep your rifle levelled. There! that's it!"

And while the highwayman was recovering from his astonishment the little man had flashed his kodak and snapped the button.—Indianapolis Sun.

End of Century Gold.

Reports just completed show that the last year of the nineteenth century broke the gold record, with a production valued at \$307,000,000, an increase of \$400,000 over the yield of 1899. The great increase of the last two years was \$6,690,400 in the United States, \$7,685,000 in the Klondike and Alaska, and \$15,900,000 in Australasia. These were, indeed, wonderful gold producing years, with the latter only a little in the lead, and this notwithstanding a great falling off in Africa by reason of the war in the Transvaal, where for each of the years 1899 and 1900 the output was \$7,000,000 below that of 1898.

England's Richest Town.

Nottingham is the richest town in England. It has established the only university college maintained by a municipality.



## THE EDICTS OF FASHION.

New York City.—The comfortable, yet tasteful morning jacket is essential to every complete wardrobe and amply repays both the trouble of making

line. The shawl collar is tucked in groups, as indicated, finished and attached to the neck and fronts. The sleeves are in bishop style with the fullness arranged in tucks that fall free to form puffs at the waists. When the waist is made unlined the plastron is stitched to the right front and hooked or buttoned over onto the left beneath the collar. The standing collar is joined to the neck of back and plastron and closes at the left side.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size five and a quarter yards of material twenty-one inches wide, five yards twenty-seven inches wide, three yards thirty-two inches wide or two and a half yards forty-four inches wide will be required with three-quarter yard in any width for plastron and stock collar.

Fancy Bolero of Broadtail.

A beautiful example of a gray bolero in broadtail—the very darkest gray—is worn over a severely plain skirt of panne of the same shade. The front shows a waistband of the latter material decorated with tiny gold braided buttons and a chemisette of black and white chiffon crossed with gold and silver braid. The inner sleeves, which appear from under the bell shaped fur ones, are of the gophered chiffon in a tiny band of black panne at the wrists, adorned with the gold buttons. To give a ridiculous touch of summer to this cozy cold-weather costume there is a large tonie composed of four or five shades of blue tulle and some wonderful lace, with a gold wrought dagger stuck in at the side.

Traveling Capes.

Traveling and country capes are of three-quarter length, the shoulders covered with triple capes, shaped



MORNING JACKET.

and the cost of material. The really charming May Manton model illustrated combines many desirable features, and is well suited to washable fabrics as well as to challie, cashmere, albatross, French and Scotch flannel and the like. The original is made from linen Batiste with trimming of needle work insertion and edging, the fronts being cut away to form the square neck and the standing collar omitted. The fronts can be finished to the neck, as shown in small sketches, and either gathered or tucked to yoke depth, the sailor collar being used or not as preferred.

The backs are simply but correctly fitted with curved centre and side



FANCY WAIST.

back seams, the wide underarm gores connecting it smoothly with the shapely fronts. Each side of the opening in centre the fronts are laid in small tucks, which run to yoke depth and provide graceful fullness below. The sailor collar is joined to the back and rolled over its edge, meeting the outside tuck, and the trimming is extended to the lower edge, giving a vest effect to the full fronts. When the jacket is made high the neck may be gathered, simply finished with the standing collar and buttoned down the fronts. The sleeves may be finished with the trimming in bell shape or gathered into the straight cuff bands in bishop style.

To cut this jacket for a woman of medium size three and a half yards of material twenty-seven inches wide, three and a quarter yards thirty-two inches wide or two and a half yards forty-four inches wide will be required. To trim as represented will require two and a half yards of insertion one and a half inches wide and four yards of edging two inches wide.

Woman's Fancy Waist.

The waist with a shawl collar makes a marked feature of the season's styles—while tucking in some form is almost universally used. The very charming May Manton waist shown in the large drawing combines the two in a most attractive manner, and is singularly well adapted both to entire costumes and odd waists. The model is of white Liberty satin with trimming of lace, and is made over the fitted lining, but white and colored Batiste, organdy mull, Swiss muslin and all the similar materials offered as well as soft silks and wool fabrics are admirably adapted to the style when the lining may be omitted.

The lining is simply shaped with fronts and backs, only over it the seamless back of the waist proper is arranged with the fullness drawn down in gathers at the waist line. The plastron made of inserted tucking is sewed to the right front lining and hooked onto the left, under the edge of the fronts, which are plain at the shoulders and gathered at the waist

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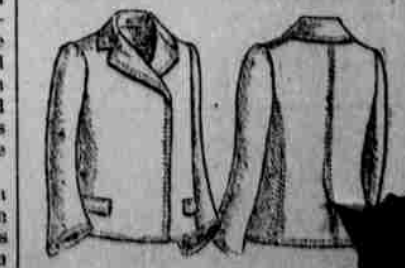
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GIRL'S JACKET.