

The Iowa State college, at Ames, is the first state agricultural college in the United States to build and equip a building especially for practical instruction in horticulture.

An inventor has perfected a method of cutting chilled steel with electricity. The safe burglars have not yet organized a syndicate to control the patent and so steel a march on the trusts.

The people living on the coast of Scotland have started a war of extermination on cormorants, shags and other predatory birds, because of the enormous destruction they have wrought among the schools of food fishes of the sea.

A wealthy Denverite conceived the idea recently of converting his \$400,000 estate into cash and distributing it among the poor, but his wife stopped him by demanding her half of it as community property. Wives have rights which husbands must respect, however philanthropically they may be inclined. The Denverite's wife was a wise woman.

The French language is undergoing radical reform. The French minister of instruction has altered French spelling and syntax by a special decree and an official French grammar is now to be issued, which will be the only one admitted to French schools. Commissioners have also been formed by him to revise the Latin, Greek, English and German grammars in use.

A list of the number of students at the largest universities in the United States has recently been completed by an officer of Columbia university, New York city, and the leading ten make the following showing: Harvard, 5,576; Columbia 4,422; Michigan, 3,812; Chicago, 3,727; California, 3,540; Minnesota, 3,536; Cornell, 3,216; Wisconsin, 2,812; Yale, 2,680; Pennsylvania, 2,520. Total, 35,841.

Under old British law, a husband was privileged to chastise his wife, provided the punishment was inflicted with a stick no thicker than two thumbs. Since then the husband's privileges have been materially circumscribed and wife-beating is frowned down in all civilized countries. Not long since a Chicago judge advised women to protect themselves with firearms, if necessary, against any attempted brutality on the part of their husbands, and a few days ago a New York judge decided that a woman may hammer her husband into docility with a stove lifter without exposing herself to a charge of cruelty within the meaning of the law affecting limited divorce. Wifely privileges are broadening out in these modern times.

A company has been organized in London which is expected to solve once and for all the eating problem as it faces the bachelor and the servantless household. This company guarantees to send a hot meal anywhere, at any time, at a moderate cost, the dinner to be as good as can be got in any of the first class restaurants. Not only is the dinner sent, but with it goes a complete table service, silver, glass and napery. The idea in itself is not particularly new, but the price for which it is done is surprisingly small. A dinner for one, comprising soup, entree, roast and sweet, is sent out for two shillings. Breakfast costs a shilling lunch a shilling and sixpence. The company undertakes to supply all the meals of a household at a guinea per week for each one. It has a central kitchen, where the food is prepared, and specially constructed baskets so arranged that the hot dishes will stay hot and the cold dishes cold.

When the outdoor and open-window season of the year rolls round, happy are they who can escape the heat and the noise of the city by an indefinite summer vacation. But the large majority of city dwellers can not shut up shop and house at will, and to many a vacation means but a few days or a month off at most. So it becomes a question in which almost every one is interested, how the hot, nerve-racking days may be rendered tolerable. That windows and doors must be opened to widest extent goes without saying. Every stray breeze must be enticed indoors. Then all at once one becomes conscious of the medley of insistent, irritating noises that previously penetrated only in subdued fashion, says the Galveston News. The grind of car wheels, the sizz of electric wires, the shriek of street car gongs, whistles and bells, the blast of locomotives, the jolting of heavy wagons, the piercing noise of quitting of telegraph—set the teeth on edge and the nerves throbbing. Few people realize how much of the daily wear and tear is occasioned by noise.

The Split Button.

I often think that the aphorism which proclaims the truth that trifles make the sum of human things was invented by a member of the profession to which I have the honor to belong, for in no walk of life more than in the detective business is the accuracy of this statement more often and more positively born out. In a case which passed through my hands some seven years ago and which created a profound sensation under the name of "The Margrave Mystery," it was the presence of a tiny witness, about one-tenth of an inch in dimension, which enabled me to track the perpetrator of the crime, and to bring him to the scaffold which he merited.

One morning, early in June, I received a telegram from headquarters bidding me to proceed at once to the village of Margrave, in Berkshire, where a certain Dr. Powis desired to interview me immediately. Arrived at the doctor's residence after a 40 minutes' journey in an express from Waterloo, I was ushered into his library, and found him awaiting me with anxious eyes.

He was a broad-shouldered, firm-faced man, with eyes and mouth which proclaimed honesty and steadfastness of purpose, but it was obvious to me that he was under the influence of some terrible shock, and his very first words proved that my diagnosis of his emotions was correct.

"A horrible and painful episode has just occurred, Mr. Harding," he said, speaking very hurriedly. "My patient, Sir William Margrave, of Margrave Hall, has been poisoned by a bottle of physic sent to him from this house by me—understand that—a bottle of physic prepared by me, with my own hands, last evening and taken by my messenger to his house. Unless the mystery is cleared up before the inquest, I shall be in a dreadful position, and may even have to stand my trial at the assizes. For Heaven's sake, tell me what is to be done."

"I can tell you, Dr. Powis, what is not to be done," I answered, without hesitation, "and that is not to excite yourself thus unnecessarily. By preserving your calmness as much as possible, and giving me a clear and concise account of this affair, you will be helping the cause of justice, and I have no doubt that I shall be able to aid you to some extent."

"Very well, then," he exclaimed, rising and pacing the room nervously. "I may tell you at once that for some time past I have been attending Sir William for gout, and have been in the habit of sending him a bottle of physic every Wednesday evening, to counteract the effects of the complaint to some degree. Last night I prepared the medicine as usual in my surgery downstairs, and having despatched my messenger with the physic, I sat down to read the *Lancet* in my study until bedtime."

He paused, wrung his hands in anguish, and then went on: "All went on as usual, but about midnight I was summoned from my bed by a footman from the Hall. He merely announced that Sir William had been taken very ill—and in violent agonies—and that the servants believed him to be dying. Without a word I followed the man back to the house, and only arrived in time to find the poor old baronet on the point of death, whilst he gasped out to me, as I knelt over him, these words:

"Analyze the medicine! Analyze the medicine!"

"He never spoke again, and from the manner in which his body was contorted, and from the odor in the room, it was obvious to me that he had swallowed a dose of the deadly drug known as oil of almonds—in other words, prussic acid."

"Directly I had laid the dead man upon his bed (for in his struggles he had fallen to the floor) I turned to examine the bottle of medicine, and one whiff at the drug told me what had occurred. An infusion of prussic acid had been added to the gout mixture, and to its addition Sir William's death was to be traced."

"I sent for the servant who had summoned me and bade him ride to the police station and inform the night inspector of what had occurred, and then lay down upon the sofa in the dining-room till 8 o'clock, when the official in question arrived in company with the police doctor. The latter agreed with me that the deceased had met his death through poisoning by prussic acid, and I can assure you, Mr. Harding, that from his manner toward me it was plain he considered that I was to blame, and that through some criminal oversight I had committed a blunder and sent Sir William to his death."

"However, he said nothing of the sort to me, and, having taken an official note of the affair, went away. The body now lies at the Hall awaiting the inquest, which will doubtless be held on the day after tomorrow, and you will, therefore, appreciate my position, Mr. Harding. If something is not adjudged by that time to show that the horrible affair has come about through no fault of mine my reputation will be shattered, and I shall be a ruined man."

"One moment," I said. "I should like to see this messenger of yours."

"You shall do so at once," returned the doctor, and, ringing the bell, he told the maid who answered it to send him in.

The messenger, Travers by name, was a tall, thin man, with bushy side whiskers and neatly-parted black hair. He answered my questions in a straightforward manner, and informed me that he had conveyed the medicine as usual to Margrave Hall, where he

had handed it to the footman. His master, he added, had seemed perfectly composed and calm when he handed him the bottle, and he was quite at a loss to account for the extraordinary incident.

It was so obvious to both Dr. Powis and myself that this man could have had no earthly reason for desiring the life of the departed baronet that we did not trouble to question him very closely, for after all he was but a messenger, and could not be expected to give us much vital information.

Having thanked him for his words, I told him he could withdraw, and he went away as silently as he had entered.

"He seems right enough," I said, when the door had closed upon his retreating form.

"What about the servants at the Hall?"

"All of them are absolutely trustworthy, and all of them loved poor Sir William as a father. He lived in the house quite alone save for the servants, and was a bachelor, his only surviving relative being a brother, who, however, has not been heard of for a long time."

"And the brother succeeds him, I presume?" I asked quickly.

"Yes, there is no other heir, and though the gentleman has not been in evidence for some years, I expect he will turn up now that a large estate and £20,000 per annum await him."

"No doubt," I replied drily; and then having asked Dr. Powis a great many more questions, all of which he answered most satisfactorily, I took my leave, promising to go on to the Hall and see if I could elicit anything there.

"Let me know," I said, as I shook hands in parting; "let me know by wire the exact hour of the inquest and I will come down, so as to back you up if you need any assistance. And let me advise you, Dr. Powis, to agitate yourself as little as possible, for I hope and believe that this mystery will be traced to its fountain head before you and I are much older."

"Heaven grant it so," he said wearily, and then taking my hat and stick I set out for the Hall.

Every information that I desired was given me at that place, but it helped me but little. I journeyed back to town at 4 p. m., telling myself that the affair was a black mystery and that the doctor's position was, indeed, a sad one. The jury would, of course, take the view that he had blundered in preparing the physic, and he would be a ruined man.

Next morning I received a note from the doctor that ran thus:

"Dear Mr. Harding—The inquest is fixed for next Friday at 12 noon, at the Hall itself. I would have wired you the information, but as I have some other news to communicate I write instead."

"The news in question is that my messengers, Travers, has suddenly disappeared. He went out at 7 o'clock this evening and has not returned. Following so closely on the terrible tragedy at the Hall, the disappearance seems suspicious, and I presume you will use all your influence at Scotland Yard to have him traced."

Yours faithfully,
"CLAUDE POWIS."

"Now, what does this mean?" I asked myself, as I read and re-read the letter. "Why on earth should the messenger vanish at this point? Assuming even that he was responsible for the crime, what possible motive could he have possessed for committing it?"

However, it was of little use to question myself thus, and I went to work immediately to have the man traced. All our efforts in this direction proved useless, and when I went down to Margrave to attend the inquest on Friday, the man was still beyond our reach.

Dr. Powis, who looked exceedingly aggrieved, was very pleased to see me, but his face fell when I told him that Travers was not to be discovered.

The jury will say that I have got him out of the country for some reason of my own," he mumbled helplessly; but perceiving that the coroner was at this moment entering the library where the inquest was to be held, he checked his speech and followed the official silently into the apartment.

The jury were called in, sworn, and seats were allotted to them. The usual formalities followed, and then the examination of the witnesses took place. These included Dr. Powis, two of the Hall servants, and the present baronet, Arthur Margrave, who had read of his relative's shocking end in the papers, and who had come down to the Hall immediately to take up his residence there and to give the lawyers any aid that might be required.

The evidence of the servants was disposed of very quickly, and was of small service. The doctor's turn followed, and it was evident from the manner in which the coroner addressed him the latter believed the physician to have been guilty of gross carelessness in the handling of the drugs. The doctor felt that the coroner was taking this harsh view, and it did not help to make him more comfortable. On the contrary, it broke down completely what little nerve was left in him, and when, at length, he was curtly told that he might stand down, he collapsed completely, and was obliged to seek the nearest chair.

returned to England, where he had resided at his London club for some five years. He was convinced that his relative had had no tendency toward suicide, and that the present tragedy must be attributed to something else. That was all he had to tell, and very well and very glibly he told it.

He was about to glide from the apartment when something that I had not noticed previously sprung to my gaze, and even as it did so an illuminating intelligence swept my entire consciousness.

Rising to my feet I said, in a loud, clear tone:

"Mr. Coroner, I must ask for an adjournment of this inquest, as I have new evidence to offer."

The coroner started, Margrave stood rooted to the floor, and the doctor's face lit up with joy.

"New evidence," said the coroner; "of what nature?"

"The nature of my evidence," I replied triumphantly, "will take the form of an accusation of 'wilful murder' against the last witness, Arthur Margrave."

A low murmur went around the room, and watching Margrave's face, I saw the color come and go. His knees shook, his hands twitched—if ever guilt was written in a man's face and in a man's figure, they were written in his face and his figure at that moment.

But I was resolved to lose no time in following up my master plan, and taking from my bag a pair of bushy whiskers and a black wig which I carried for the purposes of my business, I clapped them onto Arthur Margrave as he stood there, rigid and amazed, and then turning to Dr. Powis, who was regarding the scene with eyes of amazement, I cried out:

"Dr. Powis, do you recognize Mr. Margrave in his new character, or rather his old one?"

"Have I any mercy on me!" shouted the doctor, leaping back. "It is John Travers, my missing messenger."

"Exactly so," I returned, as I removed the disguise and quietly handcuffed the terror-stricken scoundrel, "exactly so; and there is no doubt, doctor, that your old messenger knew what he was doing when he took up his situation with you. Further evidence will, of course, have to be collected as to Mr. Margrave's alleged residence at his London club during the past few months; and I venture to think that the club is a myth, and that we shall have no difficulty in proving it to be such. However, all the necessary evidence will be forthcoming at the further hearing, and in view of these developments I must ask, Mr. Coroner, for an adjournment."

"It is granted," he said, without a moment's hesitation. "I hereby adjourn the hearing until this day fortnight."

"By which time," I added quickly, "I have every reason to believe that my case will be complete."

We went to work with a will at Scotland Yard, and very soon proved that Arthur Margrave had been seen at no London club during the past six months; and in view of the fact that he was unable to account for his whereabouts, the coroner's jury, taking into account also my evidence and the evidence of Dr. Powis, returned a verdict of "wilful murder" against him after a very short deliberation.

This verdict was confirmed a month later at the assizes, and he was condemned to death, while Dr. Powis received the congratulations of the whole district upon the glad knowledge that he was freed from all suspicion of having blundered on that fatal night.

On the eve of Margrave's execution he sent for the governor of the jail and made a full confession. It seemed that, being anxious to inherit his brother's estate, and believing that if he lived he might marry and have issue, the villain had conceived the notion of disguising himself as a man servant, had waited for a vacancy to occur in Dr. Powis' household, and then had obtained the post of messenger, knowing that all the medicine sent to his brother's house would be conveyed by himself. Gaining admittance to the doctor's surgery one night, he had obtained several drops of prussic acid, and on the following night had taken advantage of his position as messenger to infuse the poison into the medicine he was conveying to his relative's house. He had disappeared from the doctor's residence afterwards, in order that he might discard his disguise and turn up as his brother's heir.

And how had I associated the gentlemanly witness at the inquest with the servant I had met in Dr. Powis' library?

Well, I had noticed that the messenger's left boot contained a split button midway, and the very same mutilation appeared on the same button in Mr. Arthur Margrave's boot. I put the two unusual breakages together, and acting on the hint brought a murderer to his doom, being actuated, as I have said, by nothing more or less than a split boot button.—Tit-Bits.

Russians in Jerusalem.
The great Russian monastery occupying a dominant position at Jerusalem is little else than a strong place of arms in disguise, to which munitions of war are constantly brought in small and unobtrusive quantities. A few years back one of the grand Jukes inaugurated, with much imposing ceremonial, a church upon the Mount of Olives, the most noticeable feature of which is a tower of singularly disproportionate elevation, from the summit of which, it is said, one can signal as far as the Mediterranean. The Czar does not proclaim his policy from the housetops, but only men as simple and blind as the pilgrims at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre could miss the significance of these things."

TENDER-HEARTED BESS.

She wouldn't beat the carpets,
She wouldn't whip the cream,
She wouldn't pound the beefsteak;
Too cruel it did seem.
She wouldn't strike the matches,
She'd give hot tea no blows;
She made no hit at baking,
She wouldn't wring her clothes,
She wouldn't cut a chicken,
Or think of drowning care,
She wouldn't mash potatoes
Or tang her golden hair.
She wouldn't do all these things,
My tender-hearted Bess,
And so she smashed all records
At downright laziness.

—New York Sun.

HUMOROUS.

Hoax—Here comes the interrogation mark. Joax—Because he's a questionable character.

Neil—Mr. Sapphodie doesn't tick much, does he? Belle—No, but he generally manages to tell all he knows.

She—Men are so weak. Do you think they will ever learn to say no? He—Undoubtedly, when women propose.

Blotbs—Skinnim is rather exclusive, isn't he? Slohbs—Yes, there are very few people with whom he associates now. Fact is, he's in jail.

Stern Parent—Young man, do you think you can support my daughter on \$10 a week? Neryv Sultor—I'm willing to try if that's the best you can do for me.

Muggins—Do you think women dress to please their husbands? Buggins—Not on your life. If they did they wouldn't run up such infernally big bills.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," remarked the sentimental youth. "Oh! I don't know," returned the matter-of-fact girl. "Did you ever try presents?"

"Death is never idle," sagely observed the Wise Guy. "Oh, I don't know," remarked the Simple Mug. "It occasionally takes a Dey off in Algiers."

Ida—There is that editor ordering people around again. I wonder what makes him so dictatorial? May—Oh, I guess he is used to having people submit to him.

A dollar held close to the eye will hide the sun," observed the Wise Guy. "Yes," chuckled the Simple Mug; "and the further a dollar is away the bigger it seems."

Mrs. Newlywed—My husband never talks about the coffee his mother used to make. Mrs. Knowitall—I dare say not. His mother used to keep a boarding house.

Wigg—No; I can't say that Talkalot is a friend of mine. I merely have a speaking acquaintance with him. Wagg—Most people only have a listening acquaintance.

Hook—You can't make Henpecke believe that the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world. Nye—How's that? Hook—His wife makes him tend to the children.

"I'd like to know why they call this train a 'Limited,'" said the disgruntled passenger; "I don't see anything limited about it." "You don't" laughed the engineer. "Well, it's limited to ten miles an hour."

A Heavy Bluff—"Oh, maw," said the 10-year-old hopeful, "do you see how wet my clothes are?" "Yes, young man," spoke mamma, sternly, "and you have been in swimming." "No, maw," "Then how did you get wet?" "Why, some boys wanted me to go in swimming, and I ran away so fast I perspired."

SAKABULA PLUMES.

Feathers from a Rare South African Bird Recently Introduced Here.

An echo of the late war in South Africa is to be found in New York in the form of ornaments made from the sakabula plumes. They are very beautiful. They are made by a widow of a Boer officer, who is now trying to support herself in this way. The sakabula is as rare a bird in South Africa as the Impeyan is in the Himalayas. It belongs to the pheasant family and bears some resemblance to the bangkiva in the Philippines. The tail feathers are curved, slender, and of a wonderful chestnut color, which shades from the lightest hue into a red brown, almost maroon. At the tip of each feather is a white eye, which throws the surrounding tint into very high relief. The other feathers are small and brilliant, some of them having a semi-metallic lustre on the edge.

They were used by the Zulu and Matabel warriors as an ornament of the highest value, and are said to have many superstitions attaching to them. They are a part of the head-dressing of the chiefs and of the professional uniform of the witch-finders. These medicine men manufactured a head-dressing of the plumage, combined with small, dried bladders, skewers, and ornaments, fashioned out of tusks and lions' teeth. The tail-feathers stood up and produced an effect that was both picturesque and ghastly.

England's Gentlest Burglar.

The story of the Glasgow burglar, Goodfellow, who has just been sent to prison for six years, is very remarkable. Goodfellow did his plundering quite in the genteelst manner. He dressed and spoke like a gentleman and owned a beautiful yacht, in which he would drop gracefully down to some coast watering place and plunder it on the quiet. After the burglar had sailed away, no one for a moment suspecting the aristocratic visitor. He also had a carriage and pair of dashing gray horses that assisted him equally as a blind and as a means of escape. A favorite trick was to accompany his predestined victims to church, slip out before them and go through the house while the owner and his family were at worship.—Chicago News.

New Ideas in TOILETTES

New York City.—Bright red albatross is used for the dress with eru lace trimming, which is shown in the small illustration. When preparing for a



A GIRL'S DRESS.

trip to mountain or seashore it is well to provide one or two thin woollen dresses for cool days, and albatross is one of the most desirable fabrics for this purpose.

The waist is made over a fitted body lining that closes in the back, and is faced with lace to a pointed yoke depth in front. The full front is gathered and arranged to outline the yoke, a plain effect being maintained near the arm's eye.

The back is closed with small gold buttons and the waist forms a stylish blouse over the black velvet belt. A plain lace collar completes the neck. The bishop sleeves fit the upper arm closely and are finished with narrow lace wristbands.

The skirt is made in one piece and gathered at the upper edge. It is arranged on the body lining and closes in the back. Clusters of three tucks at the top of the hem and also about half way up the skirt provide a new and smart finish for a plain full skirt.

Attractive little dresses in this mode may be made of cashmere, challie,

quarter yards of forty-four-inch material.

Beautiful New Ruches.

One of the new bono or neck ruches seems almost too beautiful to wear. It is of cream white chiffon, massed in softly pleated folds about the throat, with a pleated and gathered cape over the shoulders. Each of the folds is edged with a quilting of the chiffon, and then they are severally joined with festoons of tiny pearls. An altogether novel decoration is a "chow" of white ostrich feathers, one placed at each side where the long ends join the shoulder piece. Pearls again appear here, a large cabochon centering each of the feather ornaments.

A Handsome Gown.

All-lace and linen and linen-colored gown has the foundation of lace, the bodice, sleeves and skirt plaided off in large plaids by inch and a half bands of linen. There is a flounce of the linen around the lower edge, and set into this at intervals are large diamonds of lace. This stock is of lace, with a narrow stitched fold at upper and lower edges.

New Evening Sleeves.

Very picturesque are the evening gown sleeves, some of which are merely deep platings of lace or chiffon, hanging from the shoulders to the elbows and open at the top of the arm. This sort of sleeve necessitates long gloves.

Picturesque Sleeves.

Very quaint and picturesque are the sleeves worn in the new silk coats that are so fashionable at present. The coats themselves are quite plain, but all the art and ingenuity of the modiste is expended on the sleeves. The illustration shows three stylish arm coverings.

No. 1 is a bell sleeve developed in black moire. It is shaped with upper and under portions and conforms to the outline of the arm from shoulder to elbow. At that point it commences



A SKIRT WITH GRADUATED FLOUNCES.

serge, French flannel or nun's veiling, with contrasting material for yoke and other trimmings. It is also appropriate for lawn, dimity, cotton, chevot or gingham. Tucked lawn or all-over embroidery may be used for the yoke.

To make the dress for a girl eight years will require three and three-quarter yards of twenty-seven-inch material with one-quarter yard of all-over embroidery.

Misses' Five Gored Skirt.

Costumes made of heavy wash fabrics are called "tub dresses" and well deserve their name, as they look just as smart after many trips to the laundry as they do when first made. Linens are quite elaborately embroidered in mercerized cottons that have a beautiful gloss, and this kind of decoration is very attractive.

The skirt shown in the large illustration forms part of a tub dress. It is made of pale pink linen embroidered in dark red. The polka dots are very large at the hem of each flounce and grow smaller toward the top.

The skirt is shaped with narrow front and side gored and wide backs that are fitted smoothly around the waist and over the hips without darts. The fulness of an underlying pleat at each side of the closing. The pleats are flatly pressed and present a perfectly plain appearance. The flounces are of circular shaping and slightly full at the top, where they are gathered and arranged on the skirt. They are narrow in front and graduate to a considerable depth at the back, flaring smartly around the bottom. This abrupt flare, produced by the flounces, is seen in almost all the new skirts of the season. A band of lace finishes the upper flounce.

The mode may be stylishly developed in any lightweight cloth, taffeta, foulard, peau de crepe, organdie, lawn or swiss with lace or ribbon ruchings for decorations.

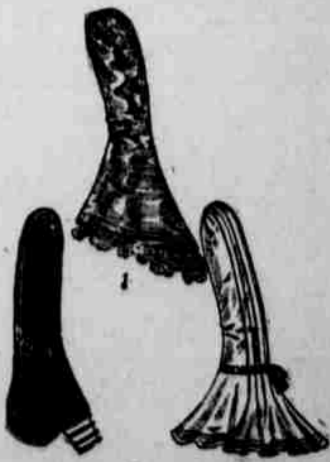
To make the skirt for a miss fourteen years will require three and three-

to flare, and at the hand forms a wide bell. A stitched band of moire finishes the lower edge and a fall of white lace fills the bell.

No. 2 is made of black taffeta with white peau de sole cuffs. It is shaped with inside seam only and fitted closely to the upper arm. Deep tucks are stitched flatly from shoulder to elbow. At that point the fulness forms a large puff that is adjusted on a fitted cuff over which it droops gracefully. The cuff is trimmed with narrow strips of pearl passementerie.

No. 3 is developed in white peau de sole with black velvet trimmings. It is adjusted with an inside seam and fitted closely to the arm with box pleats. These are stitched below the elbow but flare widely at the lower edge, where they are finished with narrow velvet ribbon. A broader band is arranged around the elbow and fastened with a silver buckle.

To make the sleeves will require two yards of twenty-one-inch material for No. 1 design, two and one-eighth yards



LADIES' FANCY COAT SLEEVES.

for No. 2 design, with one-eighth yard of contrasting material for the cuff, and two and one-half yards for No. 3 design.