

A St. Louis court has ruled that an engaged girl has an insurable interest in the life of her fiancé.

Gladstone said recently that he was too old to have an opinion on the new woman. His "ideal woman had not altered in the last three score years and ten."

It has been recently calculated that during the eighteen years ending with June 30, 1890, no fewer than 1826 persons were killed in cyclones in the United States.

The Kansas City Journal observes, facetiously: "People seldom kill themselves in the city of Brooklyn. When they get tired of life they simply quit dodging trolley cars."

"The craze over roller skates some years ago is nowhere near so sweeping and widespread in its effects as the present craze over the bicycle," maintains the Chicago Record.

A society for the suppression of scandal has just been started at Insterburg, in East Prussia. Every scandalous story spread in the town will be traced and the originator prosecuted by the society.

The New Orleans Picayune is astonished because Henry W. Ball, of New York, has been sentenced to prison for a year for shooting himself, and the same day, in the same city, a woman, who had tried to murder her husband, was discharged.

Two reasons given in the New York Sun for the falling off in the receipts at Monte Carlo are the financial stringency in the United States and in Italy—the Nations that spent most money at the tables—and the rise of Cairo as a winter resort.

The bicycle has had a serious effect on rents in Chicago, claims the New Orleans Picayune. Clerks and people of moderate means find that they can get to their business as early and as easily from a distant suburb, and can save in the rent more than the cost of the wheel.

An international monument to Hermann von Helmholtz is to be erected in Berlin. It promises, remarks the Washington Star, to be a unique memorial, for the money with which it will be purchased is being contributed by Germany, France, England, Italy, Russia and the United States. Science knows no nationality.

One of the great blessings which will undoubtedly result from the war in the East is that China will be opened to the trade of the world. Mr. Denby, United States Minister at Peking, in a late report, predicts that Japan, in making a treaty with China will, to a great extent, endeavor to remove many restrictions now existing on foreign trade.

Miss Estelle Clayton, an enterprising New York actress, is trying to have every one else enjoined from acting the part of Tribby with bare feet, avers The Pathfinder. She says she has a copyright on bare feet on the stage. In that case the law requires her to send two specimens to be filed in the Library of Congress. What's to be done? There is no provision for storing bare feet in the Congressional Library.

The growth of cotton mills in the South has increased nearly 100 per cent. in five years. The total number of spindles in operation in 1895 was 3,091,349, against 1,633,982 in 1890, and the number of looms in operation in 1895 was 79,874, against 33,865 in 1890. It is said that New England manufacturers, who represent 1,500,000 spindles, have recently been investigating the advantages of the South for cotton manufacture.

There have been few deaths of Cabinet officers since the war. Mr. Gresham being only the fourth to die in all that time. General John A. Rawlins, who was Secretary of War under President Grant, died while still in service. Charles J. Folger, who was Secretary of the Treasury under Arthur, died in 1884, and William Windom died in 1891, after making a speech at the Chamber of Commerce banquet at Delmonico's. At that time he was Secretary of the Treasury in Harrison's Cabinet. Mr. Gresham is the fourth Secretary of State to die in service. The others were Hugh S. Legare, who died in 1843 while Acting Secretary of State under Tyler; Abel P. Upshur, who followed him in the same Cabinet, and who was killed by the explosion of a gun on board the war vessel Princeton; and Daniel Webster, who at the time of his death was Secretary of State in Fillmore's Cabinet.

### "TIME BRINGS ROSES."

When from my mountain-top of years I gaze  
Backward upon the scenes that I have  
passed,  
How pleasant is the view! and yet how  
vast  
The deserts where I thrived many days!  
There, where now hangs that blue and shimmering  
haze,  
And there, and there, my lot with pain  
was cast,  
Hopeless and dark, but always at the last  
Deliverance came from unexpected ways.  
And now all past grief is but a dream:  
Yet even now there loom before my path  
Shadows whose gloomy portent checks my  
breath.  
But shadows are not always what they  
seem—  
God's love sometimes appears to be His  
wrath,  
And His best gift is the white rose of death.  
—John H. Bower, in the Century.

### THE LOST PURSE.

Mlle. Daurel stopped in front of the postoffice. Her right hand held up her skirts. She released them with a sudden movement and thrust her hand into her muff, which she held in her right hand. At the same moment she uttered a cry of surprise. The little purse that she always carried in her muff was no longer there. "O mon Dieu!" she cried, looking to the right and to the left. A few feet away from there stood a man of about fifty years of age, clean shaven, stout, well dressed. He was looking at her attentively. Then he suddenly came toward her, and with a polite bow and an evil smile he said: "Mademoiselle, I live nearby in the Rue de la Michodiere, No. 69. M. Chouinot, man of business. If you desire to have news regarding the purse you have been so unfortunate as to lose, I can furnish it to you." M. Chouinot was a fine specimen of a rascal. It must be confessed life was difficult for him. He had endeavored to make a success of several enterprises, but every time, just as the longed-for end was in view, an obstacle had risen up and overwhelmed him. That obstacle was Justice. The clients whom he had attempted to dupe had made complaints to the police, and the police had started investigations which had finally brought M. Chouinot face to face with the superintendent of police, the judge on the bench and then the prison of Meuzis. Happily, he had so far been able to avoid long terms of imprisonment, which was something, but he had been obliged in every case to disgorge his gain and restore to their rightful owners the sums of money that had been confided by them to his care. In short, he had so far been successful only in putting to one side his scruples. That day he was walking behind Mlle. Daurel. Was he looking at her? It is probable that he was, for Mlle. Daurel deserved it. Rarely has a more charming woman been seen. That she had the appearance of the smart woman, a supple and graceful figure, beautifully proportioned, could be seen from her back. In front it was seen that she had a lovely face, dark ardent eyes, an adorably chiselled nose, a fine mouth, and besides these an infinite and subtle charm that was indefinable. She was a woman no man could help looking at. So, as has been said already, M. Chouinot was walking behind Mlle. Daurel. Suddenly he saw that she had dropped something on the pavement. He was about to call her attention to the fact when an idea presented itself to his mind. "Never trust a first impulse," thought he. No one happened to be passing at the moment! Why should he not take possession of the article, provided it was worth the trouble? M. Chouinot opened the purse. For it was a purse that Mlle. Daurel had let fall, a mignon little purse with her name on it in neat silver letters. It contained a fifty-franc bank note, several scraps of paper and a letter in an envelope ready to be posted. M. Chouinot rapidly looked over the pieces of paper. They were letters that showed signs of having been read an I-ro-read many times. They were almost in pieces, and all bore the same signature, Henri. The letter in the envelope was addressed to M. Henri de Prejailles. So the owner of the purse was answering love letters! "Ha, ha!" exclaimed M. Chouinot to himself. Then he found some cards bearing the name, "Mlle. Daurel," and M. Chouinot began to think deeply. Mlle. Daurel to a male friend, Henri de Prejailles, who is bitterly opposed by her father. Excellent affair! Without a tremor he opened the envelope, and taking out the letter began to read. "It remains to be seen now whether Mlle. Daurel is rich," said M. Chouinot to himself. "In any case it will be sufficient if her friend is. Henri de Prejailles sounds well. I will find this out as quickly as possible." Talking thus to himself M. Chouinot kept following Mlle. Daurel. When he saw her stop in front of the postoffice he stopped also. It was the decisive moment. "She wants to post her letters now and discovers that her pocketbook is lost," continued M. Chouinot in monologue. "I will approach her very politely and beg her to come to my office for news of the lost article. There I shall tell her my conditions."

M. Chouinot's deductions were perfectly accurate. Is it necessary to say that when Mlle. Daurel heard M. Chouinot address her she turned in surprise, which rapidly changed to confusion and terror, and left her without a word of reply? As soon as she recovered her self-possession, M. Chouinot, who had turned upon his heel as soon as his little speech was concluded, was already disappearing down the street. Thus she found herself at the mercy of this man. Doubtless he had opened the pocketbook, had read her letters, and now would only restore them to her in return for a large reward. Mlle. Daurel faced the situation. "There is no use hesitating," she thought; "I must go to this man." And she went. M. Chouinot was waiting for her, and as soon as she had made known her name she was introduced into the private office of the man of business. M. Chouinot rose to meet her and bowed. "Here is your pocketbook," he said to her, holding out the article he had picked up shortly before on the pavement. Mlle. Daurel, a little surprised, was about to thank him warmly, when he began: "I hand you back your pocketbook, but honesty compels me to state that it does not return to you intact. It still contains, indeed, the note for fifty francs, because money is always sacred. You will also find here your visiting cards. But I thought it was imprudent of you to keep your letters there. An indiscretion is so easily committed. Therefore, I will take care of them for you—on the utmost care, I assure you!" Mlle. Daurel understood. The man had laid a trap for her, and she had tumbled into it. "Mais, monsieur," she stammered. "The pocketbook you have picked up is my property. You have no right to keep it, whatever it may contain." "You think so?" "I can go to the police, and they will force you to give me back those letters." "And I can go to the police and tell them that I picked up nothing; that I know nothing of any pocketbook, and that I, M. Chouinot, a business man, am above all suspicion of such things." Mlle. Daurel did not insist on this point. "But," she said, "why do you keep those letters? They have no interest for you. I assure you—"

"Do not tell me that," said M. Chouinot, "I assure you, very nice to keep. M. Henri de Prejailles writes most interestingly, and your own style, madame, is delightful." Mlle. Daurel flushed. She had loosened for a brief second her grasp on the pocketbook, and that little moment of negligence was going to cost her dearly. "You forget," continued M. Chouinot, "that everybody who recovers a lost article is entitled to a reward." "I am prepared to give to you, monsieur." "Agreed. But there are reward and rewards. I think the correspondence of Mlle. Daurel and Henri de Prejailles is worth a good price." "Oh! Monsieur—" "A very high price I repeat. For 20,000 francs I will return you your letters. Otherwise I will give them to your father." Mlle. Daurel became furious. "But it is a swindle!" she shrieked. "That is a lousy word for such an exquisite month." "Wretch!" And Mlle. Daurel threw one of her cards in the face of M. Chouinot. The man of business remained calm and said: "A second card is useless; I have already taken one. Twenty thousand francs, I repeat. M. Daurel is a builder and is rich; 20,000 francs is nothing to him." "This was said quietly and with calm cynicism. After her anger a reaction had followed and Mlle. Daurel grew quiet. She was frightened now, panting and overwhelmed. M. Chouinot did not move or say a word. She sank down on a chair, with her eyes on the ground, listening to this man as if she was being sentenced to death. Then there was a silence, and Mlle. Daurel rose and walked towards the door. The unhappy girl went out pale and trembling, with sobs in her throat that suffocated her. What was she going to do? That was what M. Chouinot wanted to know. Several hours later she would return. Probably she would try and bargain with him for 15,000 or 10,000 francs. But he, M. Chouinot, would remain unalterable—20,000 francs. And then Mlle. Daurel would spread out on the table, not without regrets, twenty bank notes of 1000 francs each. At the thought of this M. Chouinot rubbed his hands. "Oh, la belle operation! Twenty thousand francs for merely picking up a pocketbook." But the hours passed, and Mlle. Daurel did not return. Probably she acceded more time to get the money. Meanwhile M. Chouinot sang to himself while he waited. Presently an employe of the office came in. "Monsieur, there is some one asking for you outside." "The girl, no doubt?" "No, sir; it is a gentleman!" "A gentleman? Show him in." The visitor came into the office. "Monsieur," he said, looking M. Chouinot in the eye, "I am M. Henri de Prejailles!" The man of business took a step backward. "Oh, do not be afraid. I have no intention of administering to you the thrashing you so richly deserve. It gives me pleasure, however, to say that you are an infamous villain. Having said this, I ask you now to follow me."

### THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND OR SEA. A Duel in a Grave—Another Electric Girl—A Shower of Birds on a Ship. ON the Island of Jamaica there was once a meeting between a Scotch captain and a noted Creole duelist, named Henri d'Egville. The captain had gone ashore and was dining at a hotel in Kingston, where, as not infrequently happened, the company indulged rather more freely in drinks than was wise in those quarrelsome days. All went well until Captain Stewart was requested by d'Egville to sing a song in Gaelic. Now, although a Scotchman, Stewart claimed he knew no Gaelic, but the Creole being persistent, rather than give offense the captain sang "And Lang Syne," and supposed the compromise was satisfactory. The company broke up and Captain Stewart returned to his ship, accompanied by a friend. On their way back the friend mentioned d'Egville's reputation as a bully and expressed his opinion that he had deliberately sought a quarrel for the purpose of engaging the captain in a duel. Captain Stewart then said: "There is no more horrible practice of our time. Once and only once have I fought a duel. That was when I was a young man, and for the sake of a lady for whose hand my dearest friend and I were suitors. I killed him. Since I saw him lying dead at my feet I have never known a happy day. I thought to-night that fate had overtaken me, and I should be challenged to give up my life for an offense more trivial than that for which I took the life of my friend." Arrived at the ship the captain stood leaning against the bulwarks watching the lights fade out as dawn came over the town, when he saw a small boat coming toward his vessel, which was lying at anchor. As it drew near, he recognized an officer of the Columbian service, a friend of d'Egville. He boarded the vessel and going up to Captain Stewart said he had come from d'Egville with a challenge for the insult of substituting an English song for Gaelic and thus attempting to make him a laughing stock for those of the company who knew better. Stewart turned to his friend and said: "My forbodings were right after all." He tried, however, to explain to d'Egville's messenger that no offense had been intended and to point out the absurdity of a duel for such a cause, and at last finally refused to accept the challenge. A few days afterward Captain Stewart met d'Egville and as might have been foreseen was instantly assailed as "coward" and, what was worse, was struck across the face with a horse-whip. This was more than the Scotchman could stand, so he sent the messenger to d'Egville so much desired and at the time appointed took two of his sailors with him to the rendezvous. The men carried a pickaxe and a spade. Stewart ordered them to dig a grave sufficiently deep to receive two bodies and to d'Egville's astonishment insisted that they should both stand in this grave holding a pistol in one hand and in the other the diagonal corners of a handkerchief, which stretched taut, would regulate the distance. The Creole thus ordered had no choice but to accept the conditions. The two men stepped down into the grave and Captain Stewart firmly grasped the handkerchief, saying, "The world will be well rid of a scoundrel and also of a miserable man." The seconds drew lots for the word of command. Meanwhile d'Egville fumbled with his corner of the handkerchief, dropped it and picked it up again. His face was as white as the piece of linen and before the word "Pile" had passed the lips of the man whose duty it was to give it, he fell forward in a dead faint. Captain Stewart looked down on him for a moment, then with a look of disgust kicked him, scrambled out of the grave and made his way back to his ship. New York's Electric Girl. The southeastern part of Jefferson County, New York, that strange region of hermits and recluses, is all agog over another sensational discovery. Miss Mary Birchall, who lives with her parents in a dilapidated frame house on the lake shore, in that rock-riven scrub pine district of Henderson known as "The Jobs," has become possessed of a wondrous power. Miss Birchall is a comely girl of eighteen, tall and graceful, with an abundance of dark brown hair, regular features and a complexion rivaling La France roses. She is almost a recluse, however, and is rarely seen away from the tumble-down structure she calls her home. She is also uneducated save for the knowledge she may have gleaned from the birds, the flowers and the forest of scrub pines that surrounds the house. But she is endowed with a strange electric power that would make her famous in the museums of the country if she would consent to exhibit herself. One of her methods of utilizing the power is the transmitting of a current of electricity to a sewing machine and a grindstone, causing them to run at any desired rate of speed, and all the family sewing is performed on an old-fashioned machine driven by the electric current from the girl's finger tips, while the edged tools of the little farm are sharpened on the grindstone revolved by the same force. She can, in a measure, likewise light up a dark room at her will by her presence. When Farmer Birchall wants to investigate matters at night in the barn, Miss Mary accompanies him and illuminates the building and there is not

the danger of fire there would be by the use of a lantern. When producing the phenomena she seems to be charged with all the electric energy of a live wire, and it is extremely dangerous for a person to touch her. The heavily charged atmosphere that surrounds her at such times repels, and thus has saved many from injury. A large shepherd dog owned by the family rubbed his nose against Miss Birchall when she was transmitting force to the grindstone and received a shock that stretched him lifeless. When illuminating the cow stalls one night a vicious heifer kicked at the girl, striking her on the hand. Instantly the animal experienced a shock that paralyzed its limbs, and not recovering afterward, it was killed by Mr. Birchall. A young man named Charles Harris, who lives at Six Town Point, volunteered to investigate the mystery. He asserted his willingness to undergo the risk of the girl's powers; took hold of her hands, and at once began to experience terrible shocks, and in a few seconds was unconscious. There are many other strange things told of the girl, but her extreme diffidence and shyness have led her to refuse to see many who have visited the house. A Shower of Birds on a Ship. While on her last outward bound passage from Baltimore to Liverpool the Johnston line steamship Ulstermore had a most unusual experience 500 miles off the English coast. When thus far out at sea, much to the astonishment of every one aboard the vessel, great numbers of strange birds could be seen fluttering about the sea. Curiously enough, too, no sooner did the birds spy the ship than they flocked toward it. Some fell helpless and exhausted on the deck, while others managed to hang on to the spars and rigging. The birds proved to be a species of bittern and snipe, which are usually found in the swampy regions of Great Britain. How they had managed to keep up their winged flight so far out at sea is a mystery. They had hardly come out of their own choice, but they were probably caught in the off-shore hurricanes which swept the English coast about that time, and being unable to battle against it, were carried out to sea. The instance illustrates that the love of life is almost, if not equally as great, in a bird as in a human being. The poor creatures had been flying over the sea hither and thither for days, unable to get back to land, and were all the time being swept farther away from shore. For nights and days they had kept up the ceaseless flight. Exhausted and starved, they kept their weary wings in motion until the Ulstermore came in their vicinity. For a time it seemed to rain birds over the vessel and dropped, some bringing up in the rigging and others on deck. The whole ship's company turned out to see the strange sight. Starvation and fatigue made the usually timid creatures fear nothing. The sailors caught them without the least difficulty. The men offered them food, and they fought to get a chance to pick crumbs from the seamen's hands. The birds perched in the rigging, came down to pick bits of food that were thrown over the deck, and the whole flock seemed as tame as pet pigeons. It was one of the most novel sights imaginable to see birds of the air feeding like a lot of barnyard fowls on the deck of a ship miles and miles out at sea. The sailors secured a good many of the feathery wanderers and made them prisoners. The Land Octopus. Naturalists are familiar with a number of carnivorous or flesh-eating or flesh-destroying plants, and they are very curious in their operation. Usually they are of small dimensions and confine their homicidal tendency to insignificant insects. The most remarkable in size and strength is that described by M. Fabiani Carlo, who tells of a naturalist named Dunstan who, while traveling with his dog on the shores of Lake Nicaragua, heard the animal give vent to cries of pain. Going to the spot he found his dog held by three black, sticky bands, under which the skin was bleeding from chafing even in the few minutes that had elapsed. These bands were the branches of a new and gigantic carnivorous plant, which Dunstan calls the "land octopus," and which apparently is about as formidable as his twin brother of the sea. These branches are flexible, polished, black, without leaves, secreting a viscid fluid and furnished with a great number of suckers by which this "land octopus" attaches itself to its victims. Dunstan, with great difficulty, cut away the branches after having his hands severely injured by the tentacles of the "land octopus." Under the circumstances close investigation of this plant monster was not very convenient or comfortable, but Dunstan proved that the fetid odor attracted the prey, while the sucker tentacles secured and destroyed it. After sucking out the nutritive elements of the captured animal the land octopus cast it away.—Atlanta Constitution. Odd Mexican Custom. The Mexican who acquires fame and fortune never forgets or neglects his poor kin; he treats his more impecunious relatives in a queer way. He takes them into his household as servants, giving them the most menial service, but never denying the relationship or attempting to conceal it. There are many instances where a rich Mexican's mother is his cook, his sister his parlor maid and his father or his brother his butler.—New York Mail and Express.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS. USES OF LIMEWATER. Limewater should always be kept in the summer. A teaspoonful added to bread sponge will prevent souring. A little in cream or milk will retard acidity several hours. Milk, which would otherwise "turn" when heated, will not curdle if a little limewater is added before it is put over the fire. Limewater and milk used freely correct indigestion. Keep it in jugs or colored bottles.—New England Home-Stead. TO CLEAN GLOVES AT HOME. To clean gloves with gasoline first stretch them either on a frame or on your own hand. Have abundance of clean flannel and cotton near by. Clean a little benzine on a small piece of flannel over the entire glove, flinger by flinger. As soon as the flannel becomes soiled exchange it for clean. Do not use enough benzine to saturate the leather, but simply enough to clean off the soiled spots. Rub the gloves from the finger tips, generally downward and upward, and not in a circular way or across the leather. After using the gasoline on a soft spot rub it with clean flannel until it seems perfectly dry. Only the very highest quality of benzine, or, better still, gasoline can be used. When the gloves are thoroughly cleaned rub them with clean flannel and abundance of talcum powder. This powder can be bought at your first class drug store, and ten cents' worth is ordinarily enough for a year's supply. Rub the leather thoroughly in every part with this talcum powder. It makes the glove not only pliable and pleasant to wear, like a new glove, but it puts a soft bloom on the leather.—Milwaukee Journal. CRYSTALLIZING FRUITS. Few confections are more delicious than candied fruit, and, too, few sweetmeats are more expensive, sixty cents a pound being the regulation price, and a pound represents a very small amount. They can be prepared at about half the cost, however, at home, if care is taken. Cherries, currants, pine-apples, apricots, pears and peaches are best experimented upon. The two former can be used in bunches; the pine-apple is sliced in bunches; the peaches are cut on one side and the stone slipped out, while pears and peaches are halved, and, of course, pitted. Make a very thick syrup, pound for pound, adding for each pound a small cup of water. Boil the sugar first, then drop in the fruit, and when they have boiled clear take out and drain from the syrup. If the cherries are stoned (the rad exchests make the finest, being not so sweet as the white and without the rank tartness of the sour red ones), it is nice to string them on a broom splint as they can be more cleverly handled. Sprinkle liberally with powdered sugar, lay on a sieve, and set the fruit in a warm oven. I used a wire dish, such as our grandmothers kept fruit in, set within another dish to catch the syrup. In two hours turn the fruit, sprinkle with sugar again. Keep this up until the sugar has all dripped out. On no account have the oven hot, as it will dry the fruit and leave it like so much leather. And, of course, the fruit must be laid in single rows when drying. When the juice has evaporated and the sugar has formed a glazed surface, put away in boxes in a dry place. Waxed paper should be laid between each layer. A bureau drawer is as good a place as any to keep them.—Detroit Free Press. RECIPES. Stuffed Sweet Potatoes—Slice cold steamed sweet potatoes into a frying-pan with butter in it, just enough to cover the bottom. When lightly browned shake the pan and toss the slices over. Dredge with salt. Baked Bananas—Peel the bananas and split them lengthwise. Lay these strips closely in a baking pan, strew sugar over them and some bits of butter and grate a little nutmeg over all. Bake in a moderate oven twenty minutes. They should come out glazed, and if there is not sirup enough in the pan a little should be mixed in a cup to baste them with. Serve with small cakes and milk. Baked Mutton Chops—Trim off the bone and fat pour a little melted butter over the chops, cover and let stand in a cool place all night. In the morning roll each piece in beaten egg and cracker crumbs and lay them in a dripping pan with a very little water in the bottom. Cover this pan with another and bake half an hour. Then remove the top pan and let the meat brown, basting frequently. Serve with gravy. Flapjacks—Make a batter of one pint of sour milk, one teaspoonful of baking soda and a little salt, with wheat flour enough to thicken sufficiently to fry neatly. Fry in cakes the size of an ordinary breakfast plate. Butter each cake and sprinkle it with sugar, piling them one on top of another. A little grated nutmeg improves them. Have the batter as thin as it is possible to turn the cakes well. These are delicious, especially if sour cream is used. Sponge Gingerbread—One teaspoonful of molasses, three large tablespoonfuls of sugar, one small teaspoonful of butter, one cupful of milk, three eggs, one large teaspoonful of ginger, one large teaspoonful of baking powder, one quart of flour. Warm the milk and mix in the butter, add molasses and powder, and lastly the flour. Beat thoroughly and spread an inch thick in buttered pans. Bake twenty or thirty minutes.