

No one seems to know Bernhardt's age, but all agree that she doesn't look it.

The Monroe doctrine is the American doctrine. It can't be arbitrated, but it may be fought for.

England pays her poet laureate \$20 a month. Queen Vic occasionally drives a mighty vic bargain.

We don't blame Spain for getting mad; she will now have to borrow more money to continue the drubbing she is getting in Cuba.

Professor Garner is merely wasting time in South Africa. If he really wants to study monkey talk he should go to London or Berlin.

The Spaniards are going to change their plan of warfare. The Cubans don't have to change theirs; they have won all the victories thus far.

When a transatlantic liner's captain is so ambitious to make a record that he forgets to shut off steam and runs into dry land it is time to stop.

A New York paper wants to know "whether the new woman when she proposes will go upon her knees." Well, we'd rather bet that she will go on his knees.

We believe that an investigation of the story that a Hoosier laughed himself to death on seeing a Chicago comedian will prove that the visitor had heart disease and was scared to death.

The trouble in the case of the steamer St. Paul, which grounded off Long Branch, is that the United States had been carelessly left in her way while she was earnestly trying to break a record.

England doesn't endorse the views of the S. C. P. A. that "the practice of docking is cruel and inhuman." If the British lion's tail had been docked years ago it couldn't be twisted now by everybody that comes along.

A St. Louis man objects because when he went back to a dry goods store to complain that he had been overcharged, a shop girl kicked his hat off. Didn't he get the worth of his money then? Does he think he has another kick coming?

A floating news note says that "Jim Cash-Cash, a rich and influential Umatilla Indian of Oregon, is suing for a divorce on the ground that his wife paints her face." Such a ground for divorce, if given a standing in court, might unaccountably nine-tenths of the married palefaces.

New York comes forward with a woman who has eleven husbands and California claims a man with fourteen living wives. What is really needed in this country is some means of bringing the sections closer together. A great deal of trouble might have been prevented if this enterprising couple had arranged a pair awhile ago.

Some idea of the atrocities in Armenia may be obtained from the statement of Rev. Dr. Barnum, who writes from Harpoot that in the immediate vicinity of that town 175 villages have been plundered and burned, 7,000 homes have been destroyed and 15,000 Christians slain. What would happen in this country if the Sioux were to go upon the warpath and equal that record?

The Minneapolis Tribune asserts that "a young woman who married a disreputable young man a year ago in the confident hope of reforming him has been sent to a reformatory for helping her husband steal poultry." Our contemporary therefore argues that the experiment has proved a failure. Perhaps not; if she hadn't married him probably he would have progressed far enough in crime to be stealing horses now.

An exact definition of international law has been in request since Lord Salisbury declared that it does not include the Monroe doctrine. In a letter to the London Saturday Review, Prof. Goldwin Smith, the Canadian writer, supplies one in these words: "International law is a law between a Legislature, without a policeman, and without a judge. Its highest court of appeal is the cannon." As long as the United States backs it up the Monroe doctrine will be as good international law as any.

A young American woman engaged in missionary work at Van, Turkey, writes to her friends in Massachusetts that 277 villages in that district have been plundered by the Turkish fanatics, and that 8,000 refugees are in Van to be fed and clothed. Her brother is afraid to leave his house in Billis, where 500 Christians were recently slaughtered by a totally unexpected rising of the Turks. The world is full of rumors of war, but the Armenians alone are the victims of its savageries in the most awful form, with the fleets of Europe idly looking on.

There is a pleasing barbaric flavor in the manner of treatment employed by the English in the case of King Premph, of Ashanti. They hold him for ransom, after the manner of those gentlemen who haunt the mountain sides in Italy, commonly known as brigands. The first of their expedition was punitive, but it is to be observed that England invariably associates punishment with the payment of money, when a military or naval expedition is concerned. And yet John Bull wonders why he is criticised, and goes about the world asking, "Why does everybody hate me?"

LITTLE MAID-O'-DREAMS.

Little Maid-O'-Dreams, with your eyes so clear and pure
Gazing, where we faint would see
Into far futurity—
Tell us what you there behold,
In your visions manifold!
What is on beyond our sight,
Hiding till the morrow's light,
Fairer than we see to-day,
As our dull eyes only may?

Little Maid-O'-Dreams, with face
Like as in some woodland place
Lifts a lily, chaste and white,
From the shadow to the light;
Tell us, by your subtler glance,
What strange sorcery enchants
You as now,—here, yet afar
As the realms of moon and star?
Have you magic lamp and ring,
And penit for vassalling?

Little Maid-O'-Dreams, confess
You're divine and nothing less,
For with floral palms, we fear,
Yet must pet you, dreaming here—
Yearning, too, to lift the tips
Of your fingers to our lips;
Fearful still you may rebel,
High and Heavenly oracle,
Thus, though all unmet our kiss,
Pardon this,—and this!—and this!

Little Maid-O'-Dreams, we call
You divine and nothing less,
All your magic is, in truth,
Pure foresight and faith of youth—
You're a child, yet even so,
You're a sage in embryo—
President poet—artist—great
As your dreams anticipate—
"Creating God and man, you do
Just as Heaven inspires you to."
—Ladies' Home Journal.

A FANCY FAIR.

"Couldn't we get up a subscription or something for the widow?"

"Of course we must do something; in one's own hotel it is too dreadful!" and Mrs. Wildover shuddered and her companions did the same; in fact, the whole Hotel de Flandres had had its withers wrung and its nerves shaken in a singularly ghastly fashion. One of the waiters, while handing around a dish at the defunct, had suddenly turned white, red, and then, in sight of all the guests, fallen down in a heap upon the polished floor.

"Yes, we must undoubtedly do something," continued Mrs. Wildover; "but it's a pity it can't be something more general than a subscription among ourselves. Couldn't we organize some kind of a benefit—of entertainment?"

"A fancy fair!" exclaimed two or three ladies in a breath.

"It would be a splendid idea! But who is to organize it?"

"Oh, you—yes, Mrs. Wildover! Oh, do!"

Mrs. Wildover smiled modestly.

"Oh, but I'm afraid I shouldn't be able to—"

"Yes, yes, you would."

"But you'll all help, won't you?" asked the lady, looking around. "I think we'll keep it strictly among ourselves; only the English ladies of the hotel must be allowed to take an active part in the bazaar."

Her audience gave a rapid assent, and Mrs. Wildover immediately plunged into plans and projects. Mrs. Wildover was fat, 40, and, thanks to True-fitt, also fair; but had there not existed a meek, timid-eyed little creature known as Mrs. Wildover's husband, it is certain that she could have had as many suitors as she wished, for Mrs. Wildover was ridiculously, fabulously rich. The fact had come upon her as rather a surprise some half dozen years earlier, when she had fainted on her drawing-room sofa in the little house at Peckham after reading a lawyer's letter which informed her that an almost forgotten uncle in America had died, leaving her not only his whole fortune, but his share in some petroleum springs down country.

From that moment it had been Mrs. Wildover's not unattractive desire to soar above the musical evenings and card parties of Peckham and New Cross. She went everywhere, was indefatigable in all charitable undertakings, her shrewdness telling her that they often proved the thin edge of the society wedge. Now, at the Hotel de Flandres, there was staying at this particular moment a singularly beautiful dowager-countess, a lady most popular in London society, and one whose broad wings could, and they would, help poor Mrs. Wildover in her flight.

"Do you suppose Lady Lothair would help us?" she asked, tentatively. Nobody seemed quite sure, but everyone thought that Mrs. Wildover would ask her.

Lady Lothair was cordial and sympathetic, promised to attend the fair, and even volunteered to allow some of her photographs to be sold there. In fact, plump Mrs. Wildover, who was usually very sure of the ground she trod on, scarcely felt her feet as she left Lady Lothair's room. It was the beginning of her success, she thought, and thinking so, she collided heavily with someone coming in the opposite direction.

"I beg your pardon."

"Indeed, it was my fault."

And both passed on in their several directions.

The person who had gone to the wall in the collision was a slight girl dressed in deep mourning. She turned into a door to her left, and, closing it behind her, tossed her hat petulantly on to the table.

"Is that you, Nell?" called a voice from the balcony.

"Then—"

"Then, my dear child, I suppose you will be a little reconciled to our vegetation?"

The girl laughed, and the mother began to turn over a "Bradshaw" in a businesslike fashion.

The fancy fair was not to be opened until the evening. A great number of tickets had been sold, and there was quite an imposing list of figures in the account-book Mrs. Seymour carried, for she had arranged to relieve Mrs. Wildover of all the mere business part of the affair, and was really secretary and treasurer rolled into one.

"Do you know that Harry is here?" exclaimed Nell, in a low voice, as she burst into Mrs. Seymour's room on the afternoon of the great day.

"Of course he is. I sent for him—"

"How silly you are, Nell! You are delicate, I could not allow you to dance tonight there were an efficient medical man on the spot. Suppose you were to faint?"

"But if Harry forms one of our party—"

"That would be absurd; no, he will merely be there in case of an emergency."

At that moment Mrs. Wildover's maid appeared at the door, with her mistress's compliments and several morose cases, and a message that that lady would like to see Miss Seymour when she was quite ready.

"You are positively charming, my dear!" ejaculated Mrs. Wildover, when the girl stood before her dressed, "and let me tell you that you look worth more hundreds of pounds than you have lived years."

It soon became apparent that the attraction of the fair was in the little yellow-curtained booth, where a stage had been erected, and where several people were content to crowd together and endure the efforts of several singers in order to enjoy the sight of Miss Seymour's dancing. Nothing was spoken of but her grace, her charm and the magnificent diamonds which Mrs. Wildover had lent her.

Mrs. Seymour had, however, been so busy looking after other people, taking charge of their stalls during their temporary absences, that it was late before she was able to get near the place where her daughter was dancing for the sixth or seventh time.

The mother stood just inside the door, conspicuous in the black gown which she still wore; Nell was floating across the stage, her draperies waving fantastic figures round her, when suddenly her steps grew uncertain, her arms dropped limply to her side and she fell like a log upon the stage.

A cry ran through the little booth; Mrs. Seymour pushed quickly forward.

"She has fainted!" she cried in alarm. "A doctor! Is there no one who will fetch a doctor?"

"I am at your service, madam," said a young man, making his way rapidly to the stage.

The next moment he had raised the fainting girl in his arms and was carrying her to some quiet spot. Everyone was lost in pity for the poor widow, who was beside herself with grief and alarm.

In a very short time, however, a melancholy little procession left the bazaar by a side entrance. The men carried the still unconscious girl on a specles of improvised hammock, and Mrs. Seymour and the doctor walked sadly by her side. They all entered the hotel; the servants placed her on the bed, and then the doctor declared that they could do nothing more for their patient. They were, in fact, few hands to be spared, and the busy hotel-keeper was delighted when Mrs. Seymour declined all offers of help, and declared that she would nurse her daughter herself.

It was fully 2 o'clock in the morning when the strange doctor left the hotel; the night porter who let him out asked for news of mademoiselle. Her medical attendant shook his head:

"Don't let anybody go bothering there in the morning to inquire after her; everything depends on keeping her quiet."

At midday, however, Mrs. Wildover would take no further denial, and insisted on going to inquire for her friends. Several times she knocked ineffectually; at last, growing alarmed, she tried the door. It was locked. After considerable delay the door had to be forced open, and, white as death, Mrs. Wildover rushed in before anyone else. It was, indeed, her cry which made the others follow her with a rush, expecting they hardly knew what tragic spectacle. As a matter of fact, nothing met their eyes but a couple of mourning costumes, neatly folded on a chair and the diaphanous dancing dress lying in a heap on the floor. For the rest—nothing—nobody.

The astonishment was so great that it was fully a minute before anyone grasped the situation.

"Gott in himmel! My bill! They are swindlers!" gasped the hotel-keeper, finding his wits first.

"Swindlers!" ejaculated Mrs. Wildover. "Ah, my diamonds!"

Everyone gazed at her speechless; in a moment the whole thing was as clear as noonday, and, in the confusion of the fair, their mourning garb doffed, they had escaped, and won a good twelve hours' start.

Mrs. Wildover startled everyone by a peal of hearty laughter.

"She's mad!" screamed one in horror. "The loss of her diamonds has turned her head."

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CAN TALK FOR MILES.

WONDERS OF THE LONG-DISTANCE TELEPHONE.

By the Use of Prof. Bell's Invention Forty Millions of People in the United States Are Now Within Speaking Distance of Each Other.

Linked by a Copper Wire.

By the use of the long-distance telephone 40,000,000 people are within speaking distance of each other within the United States. Science has nothing more remarkable to offer than this achievement. When Alexander Graham Bell sat down at the instrument in New York and installed the service between that city and Chicago he had linked the people together in a bond closer than anything else could have done. There is satisfaction in writing to the distant friend. There is comfort in reading the letters that friend writes. There is a better pleasure in the message some mutual acquaintance brings us from that loved one far away. There is a resource in the telegraph when the stroke of trouble or the rush of business makes communication imperative. But there is nothing like the sound of a human voice in friendship, nor the personal spoken assurance of a business correspondent.

In 1876 Professor Bell exhibited to the public at the centennial exposition in Philadelphia his patented telephone instrument. It was the beginning of a new era. That the human voice could be projected to a distance seemed one of the marvels of the age. And it was. But that modest beginning held small promise of the astonishing results that have followed. Yet the beginning was a foreshadowing of a greater occasion; for if voices could be heard half a mile, why not ten miles? And if so far, why not for a hundred? It is likely there was a limit even in speculation. But that limit has constantly grown until to-day there is a direct telephone communication between both places and Pulaski, Tenn., which is far down toward the Alabama border. And within this triangle, between what is for the present the limits of the service, there are means of intercommunication, in every city and almost every town. And as the greater portion of the population of the country lies east of the Rocky Mountains, it is no exaggeration to say that two-thirds of all the people in the country are within easy speaking distance of each other.

In Chicago alone there are 4,000 long-distance telephones, for every telephone connected with the "central" may be switched at once on the long-distance wire, and a man may sit in his office

and speak to a man across the room with a man in New York, or in a New England town, or in the sunnier cities of the South.

In a great many business houses there are what are known as long-distance booths. They are simply little rooms that have been especially constructed for the exclusion of sound. And there the business man who does not care to have even his own employees hear him may retire and hold the most confidential conversation with the most distant correspondent. He may be assured not only that no one in his office, but that no one along the line will hear him. There are but two persons in the world to whom the substance of that talk is known, and they are the two who were intended to know it.

There are a good many towns out of Chicago where the old style of wire is still in use, and these are, for all practical purposes, deprived of the use of the long-distance service. It is impossible to get good results with any but the double metallic wire, which is used by the long-distance people. But, as the old-fashioned "grounded wires" are fast passing out of use all over the country and as the copper wire is being substituted in their place, the time is not far distant when the long-distance service will be coextensive with the distribution of the telephone from ocean to ocean.

Many stories are told of the strange uses of the long-distance telephone. The day the line was opened to Merrill, Wis., a Chicago man, hunting in the Northern woods, came into town and learned of the innovation. He went into one of the "sound-proof" booths and had himself put into communication with his family. As they had a telephone in the house, the task was a small one. He chatted with his wife, told her a fish story at which she might smile without embarrassing him, since he could not see the sign of incredulity, talked with his boy and girl, and then called for "Gyp."

"Gyp" was a setter, a great family pet, which had been left behind because of an accident which rendered it lame. "Gyp" was called to the telephone, and he stood on a chair, his fore feet on the back, and his mistress held the transmitter to his ear.



OPENING THE NEW YORK-CHICAGO LINE.

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TRANSFORMING FEATURES.

Hiddeons Become Beautiful Under the Skill of the Human Sculptor.

What seems to be almost miracles are now performed in the operations of plastic and dental surgery. If a man is not satisfied with his nose; if he too much of a Roman to suit his face, he can have it made over into a delicate Grecian.

As regards the face, the hare lip is the most common defect. This trouble is due to the failure of union between the margins of the maxillary and the front nasal bone. It not only causes a total disfigurement of the face, but it makes speaking an unpleasant matter, both for the speaker and the hearer. The defect is ordinarily seen in the upper lip, and is often double, the lip on both sides of the center being painfully drawn up. Bad as it looks and inconvenient as it is, the remedy is as simple as can be imagined. It merely consists of a triangular incision made under the nostril. A silk ligature is then put

through the incision and drawn downward. This inverts the flap and brings together the opposing surfaces, which may at once be secured with sutures. A slight projection is left on the border of the lip, but it soon disappears. The operation for the double hare lip is practically the same, simply entailing a little more work for the knife. The hare lip deformity is seldom found on the lower lip, and when it is it extends down on the chin, practically dividing it. This, however, can be remedied as easily as the other.

Next to the hare lip in the line of frequency comes the absence or the deformity of the nose as a congenital defect. In the making of the nasal organ plastic surgery has achieved wonders.

Between Chicago and New York the line is 950 miles long. The poles are of cedar and chestnut, thirty-five feet in length, and average forty-five to the mile. The use of cables is avoided as much as possible, as the wrapping diminishes the effectiveness of the service. Leave the hard-drawn copper wire absolutely free and it will bring together the most distant points. This rule has to find some exceptions in cities, and one of the common sights is the drawing of cables through conduits by a number of men working a winch above one of the openings in the street. Yet once away from the trammels of the town the line is carried high and free, unprotected from weather and unshielded from attack. Even the chance of accident is not great enough to warrant inclosing the line.

There seems really to be no limit in point of distance, as there was none for the telegraph. Whether in time a telephone cable may be laid under the ocean, that princes abroad may court rich American heiresses without annoyance of a trip to the "States," is a question which only time may solve. But it seems the heavier part of the problem is a thing of present demonstration. There is no doubt wires will be stretched all over the country, and that the Atlantic and the Pacific may soon be nearer neighbors than they have been in the past. There are speculative possibilities without limit. When the "long-distance" shall have penetrated the wilds of Africa, then Bishop Taylor, of that diocese, may sit in his home at Nyack, N. Y., and preach to the kings of the jungle. Missionaries who feel called upon to speak to the Arabs in Aethiopia may fill all the requirements of their call and run small risk of a Mussulman uprising. One is permitted to fancy a congregation of Armenians listening with receivers pressed to their ears while fervid preselyters address them from the comfort and security of a study in Chicago. Our ambassadors may listen to the directions of the President of the United States or the Secretary of State, and our Consuls may receive without a moment's delay the complaint of American merchants for a failure to bolster up business enterprises. The Marquis of Salisbury may

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