

Chicago gives notice at this early date that in twenty-five years she will be "treading on the heels of London."

The Washington Star thinks "International arbitration would be an excellent thing if England could be persuaded to forego the privilege of dictating the terms of every compromise."

The industry of instructing murderers in the manly art of insanity is something new, and, in the opinion of the San Francisco Examiner, ought to be profitable if the lawyers in the case can be induced to divide on a fair basis.

In a recent lawsuit it was shown that the materials for one of our best makes of bicycles cost only about \$15. The work costs say, as much more. "But so long as enthusiasts will pay \$100 for all the wheels first class makers can produce, the makers would be foolish to reduce prices," remarks the Pathfinder.

The trolley car and the bicycle are credited with being mainly responsible for the remarkable fact, stated in the Department of Agriculture reports, that the value of horses and mules in this country decreased by almost one-half between 1892 and the end of last year. The aggregate decline in the value of horses is put down at \$500,000,000 and of mules \$80,000,000. The stories that have come from Western ranges lately seem to bear out the figures in general.

The lightning performs some curious freaks, but the other day it took it into its head to befriend a woman out West. This woman had straight hair, relates the New York Herald, and, of course, she despised straight hair and wanted it curly. We always want what we don't have and can't have. Well, this woman was caught out in a terrific thunderstorm. The lightning played all about her in the most caressing fashion, and on one occasion took a little excursion through her body, starting on the picnic at her head, and saying farewell, or an revoir, at her feet. When she recovered consciousness she found that her hair was frizzled as nicely as though it had been done with the curling tongs. Well, a more grateful creature you never saw. She believes in electricity with all her heart, and is glad that she was struck by lightning.

How strange it is, muses James Payn in the New York Independent, that Africa, the least populated, and on the whole the least interesting of the four quarters of the globe, should always be written about at greater length than any of the others. From the days of Livingstone down to that of Slatin Pasha accounts of this region have always been published in extension. When you have read one chapter about the Sudan you have read almost all; one chief is the fac simile of another; one tribe, one army stand for all; one rule of cruelty and bloodshed extends from end to end of the great barren tract. The pictures of hideous men and still more hideous women that illustrate works on African travel do not enhance their attractions. If the writers would condense a little I feel sure they would have much more of the public's attention.

In a paper in the Forum on "The Future of the South," A. S. Van de Graaf says: "The South is large; it yet remains thinly peopled and practically undeveloped. Great as has been the industrial advance made, considerable as appears the present immigration movement, they but faintly foreshadow the development now at hand. If so much has been done in the last thirty years under such disadvantages and practically unaided by immigration, what may we not expect when that rich tide which has created the Empire States of the Northwest is turned in even greater volume southward? Only the marvelous growth of the great West itself can guide the imagination in attempting the forecast, and even that must be surpassed. To the South unquestionably belongs the future. In such an expansion of its population and wealth as even a single generation has witnessed in the West, its race problem must vanish even though the emigration of the colored people should cease; sectional lines must be blotted out and South and North merged in the indivisible Union, which is identity of interest and conditions, as well as of blood, of language and of history. The people of the South are ready for this the more perfect Union, the prophetic aspiration—never the attainment—of the fathers: Louisville, Chattanooga and Atlanta have spoken our feeling. It but remains for the people of the North to come and share 'all the wonder that shall be.'"

### THE DAY I CARVED THE DUCK.

I went to dine the other day  
With my mother-in-law-elect,  
And lost thereby my fiancée,  
So my future hopes are wrecked.  
We'd reached the roast, when, woe is me  
(I never did have luck)  
The hostess asked me pleasantly  
If I would carve the duck.

With confidence born of youth  
I hastened to comply,  
And little thought that foul forsooth  
Could make a fortune fly.  
Nor did I deem so small a bird  
Like any goat could buck.  
But I gained some points I had not heard  
The day I carved the duck.

I drove the fork up to the hilt  
Within its bonom browned,  
And sought to see how it was built,  
But not a joint I found.  
I sawed it here and jabbed it there,  
With perturbation plunk;  
Oh, deep was my desire to swear  
The day I carved the duck.

A cold dew perled my forehead fair,  
As I chased it round the plate;  
It could not, built on wheels, I swear,  
Have struck a livelier gait.  
The table was a saddening sight,  
As if by lightning struck;  
You'd never have dreamed the cloth was  
White.

The day I carved the duck,  
The hostess cast a ghastly glance,  
Rose wore a pensive smile,  
As sprinting round that bird did dance,  
In most antique style.  
I pinned it down—it upward soared  
And to my bosom, stuck;  
There were pallid cheeks around that  
board.

The day I carved the duck,  
Then, seized with rage I could not still  
And hate I could not hold,  
From me I hurled that bird of ill,  
With fury uncontrolled.  
Then from that scene I fled away  
Like one who runs amuck,  
And 'T've never seen my fiancée  
Since the day I carved the duck.  
—Twentieth Century.

### TRAPPED BY TELEGRAPH.

There have been a great many stories about attacks on lonely stations in the West. Here is another, which is perhaps one of the best on this well-worn subject:

While in a small town in Wyoming Territory I learned that a lady living there had been the heroine of a thrilling adventure with train robbers, and curiosity and love for the brave induced me to call on her to tell me the story. When I went to her house I was welcomed by a handsome lady of about 30, and in response to my earnest request for this one chapter of her life, she related the following:

"In 1873, when but a girl of 18, I left my home in Omaha and came out to fill the loneliness position of night operator at a small station on the Pacific Railway in this territory. It was a dreary, desolate spot in the midst of a desert. The only buildings at the station, aside from the depot, were the section house, occupied by a track foreman and a few Chinese laborers; a water tank, and a coal shed. The day operator and agent, a mere boy, slept at the section house, 200 yards distant, so that during the long, dreary nights I was alone in the depot.

"No, a express train, bound east, was due at 2:15 in the morning, but it never stopped unless signaled, and as this was the only train during the latter portion of the night, you can imagine my lonely situation upon the desert wild. I had my books and guitar for companions, and passed much of the time reading, and when the doleful howling of the wolves were borne to my ears from the distant sand hills, I would pick up my guitar and endeavor to drown their cries with music and song.

"The superintendent of the division, a buoyant, light-hearted young gentleman, came over the road at frequent intervals and cheered me up with promises of a better position when a vacancy should occur. He often found me on the very brink of despair, almost on the point of resigning my position and returning to my humble home and the mother who depended on my salary for the necessities of life, but his promises, his genial conversation and words of encouragement drove away the gloom and I came to look for his visits with a sense of the keenest pleasure. I began to regard him with a sisterly affection, he was so kind and tender and so solicitous for my welfare and comfort.

"One night shortly after midnight, as I sat at my table reading a late novel, I thought I heard a shuffling footstep on the depot platform, but as it was not repeated I concluded it was a wolf more daring than his cowardly fellows and resumed by book. A few moments later I heard a low knocking at the door, which I always kept locked, and a strange feeling came over me. During my several weeks' stay at the station I had never had a visitor, and the sudden knock, so low, yet so startlingly clear in the stillness of the night caused my form to tremble and my cheek to blanch.

"My first thought was of Indians, and then I reasoned that it might be some tramp desiring shelter. While I sat there in affright the knock was repeated louder than before, and mustering all my courage I approached the door and asked:  
"Who's there?"  
"A gruff voice replied:  
"A traveler who desires to take the east-bound train."  
"It was my plain, unmistakable duty to admit him, and with trembling fingers I drew the bolt.  
"Instantly the door was pushed violently open, and I sprang back to the table and sank into my chair in terror when seven burly men wearing cloth

masks on their faces and armed to the teeth entered the office. One of them, evidently the leader, walked up to me, and, pointing a huge revolver at my head, said in a low, firm voice:  
"Gal, we don't want to hurt you, but if you make a suspicious move or scream or give any alarm so that any of the men in the section house kin hear you I'll spill the looks of that purty face with a bullet. Be quiet and sensible and behave yourself and yer shan't be hurt. What's yer red signal lamp?"

"What would you do?" I gasped.  
"None of your business. We don't want to hear any unnecessary back talk nor no impertinent questions. What's the red lamp?"  
"A chill of horror swept over me when the truth burst upon me that I was in the hands of a band of desperate train robbers, whose evident intention was to signal the train and rob the express car at my station. What could I do? It was yet three hours until the train was due, but I could not elude my captors to rouse the section men, and I knew by the ugly gleam in the leader's eyes, through the holes in his mask, that if I made the least outcry he would not hesitate to carry out his threat and murder me. I knew they could find the lamp easily by searching for it, and in a trembling voice I told them it was hanging just inside the door of the freight room. One of the men got it, and, after examining it to see that it was in order, the rough hand took seats to await the incoming train.

"The leader lit his pipe and, looking at me steadily for a few moments, said:  
"Young gal, when that train toots her whistle, we's got some work for you. An official duty, as you might call it. You must get out thar on the platform and signal the train to stop an' take on some first-class passengers. An', lookee here, if you make a suspicious move, or don't swing the red lamp in the proper way, we'll just vent-

other to the young superintendent who was at Green River, telling how my slowly written words had been heard by the dispatcher, and asking him to supervise the preparations to fly to my relief. Then a third dispatch to the master mechanic, instructing him to fire up his fastest passenger engine and couple on to a carriage and await the superintendent's orders. My heart beat so violently that it almost took my breath away. It seemed an age ere I heard the Green River operator call the dispatcher and say:  
"The superintendent, with sheriff and twenty armed men, are aboard, and train ready for orders."

"The order came flying. It told the engineer he had a clear track and to run at his very highest speed to within a half mile of my station, and with his party to alight. Then came the welcome report from the Green River office:  
"Special east departed 1:15."  
"Oh, how my poor heart beat, and how my every nerve tingled with excitement. One-fifteen. I mentally figured that the train on such a desperate errand should make nearly a mile a minute and reach the stopping point about 1:35.

"The robber chief gave his men their instructions. I was to be sent out alone to signal the train, and when it halted the band would make a rush and board it.  
"Bill you jump on the engine as soon as she stops, and hold the engineer and fireman under your gun. Jack, you pile into the mall car an' make the clerk give up his registered letters, an' Yank an' Aleck 'll work the express car, while Tom an' Shorty hold the conductor an' brakeman back. Do yer work quick an' bold, an' don't be afeared to burn powder if necessary. Thar's a big haul on that train, and we've got to have it."

"How eagerly I watched the clock, and how slowly, how very slowly the hands seemed to move. One twenty-

## NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

### A FRAGRANT BATH.

We have always known that Parisian ladies know a trick or two not generally known by the world at large for preserving their youth and brightness. We have it on the authority of a contemporary that these ladies put starch into their bath water to soften it, as it is cheaper than borax or toilet vinegar, and more trustworthy than ammonia, which is said to induce a growth of down on the skin. The Parisian ladies' maids are adepts at preparing delicate toilet waters, and always have material ready for use, meal baths, starch baths, flower baths, sea baths and medicated baths. One bath which is considered somewhat of a luxury must have a curious pudding effect. The bath tub is lined with a linen sheet, gored properly to fit it. Then a bag containing almond meal or oatmeal, with orris root and dozens of other ingredients, is put in, giving it a delicious fragrance. The bath being filled to the brim with water, the intending bather goes in and remains until she is saturated with the perfume.—Invention.

### FANCY COTTON WAISTS.

"Fancy cotton waists are of cotton and silk crooked, silk gingham, organdy, dotted Swiss, dimity, etc.," writes Emma M. Hooper in the Ladies' Home Journal. "They are unlined, with a reinforcement of the same goods around the armholes, or with a lining of plain lawn of the predominating color. One of the silk and cotton crepes of an ecru ground, with dark pink roses and green leaves, was lined with a deep pink lawn, which gave a rosy tinge to the entire garment. It had only side and shoulder seams and was shirred at the neck and waist-line, back and front. Instead of a drawing string half-inch white elastic was run around the waist-line in a casing, which kept the waist down and allowed the person wearing it to move the fullness as it should be when the garment was on. The sleeves were the full, straight bishop shape, with a cuff four inches deep. The high collar was two inches deep when finished. The trimming consisted of number nine green satin ribbon laid over number twelve pink for a band collar with bow at back, a row on the cuffs, with bow; belt and bow and bow and bretelles back and front, from wrist-line to shoulder, with a bow at the latter part. A ruffle of two-inch lace was sewed thickly around the inside of the collar, and allowed to stand out all around. This waist required eight yards of each ribbon, a yard of lace, five yards of crepe and four yards of thirty-inch lawn, and was suitable for all-summer visiting, demi-evening toilet wear."

### SHOES AND STOCKINGS.

Shoes and stockings may be very mundane things, but they are very important additions to a thoroughly fit costume. For evening wear it is now the style to have the slippers made of the same material as the gown itself, a piece being sent to the shoemaker for that purpose. High heels are only used on slippers, and the exaggerated high ones are not permitted. The toes of these slippers are not so exaggeratedly pointed as they were, the vamp is short, and tiny buckles or embroidery in steel or pearls are the only ornamentation. Open work silk stockings, the same shade as the gown, are worn with these slippers. Patent leather slippers and black silk stockings, and bronze slippers with bronze silk stockings, are in fashion, but are not considered dressy enough to wear with light brocades and satin, and are instead relegated to demi-toilette. To wear with summer dresses the low shoes or ties of Suede are to be worn, while black patent leather and tan and russet ties will again be seen. These are made with long lumps, and, excepting in the Suede, with common sense heels. The care of the boots and shoes is made quite a point of now. There are lasts for every pair, and, as a rule, the boots and shoes are made to order. In fact, much more attention is paid to being well shod these days than was formerly the case, in the days when women did not walk so much as they do at present. The plain golf stock-ings seem a little loud, but it is considered quite smart to wear them with tan shoes when bicycling. By the way, what stockings or shoes to wear when bicycling is a question that puzzles many women. With the light costumes the tan shoes and the canvas leggings look very smart; with the dark costumes black shoes and black leggings are the best.

Gloves are another detail of toilette worthy of consideration. The four-button glove kid and the mousquetaire are preferred for summer ordinary every day use. The Suede mousquetaire in the different tan shades are for rather more dressy use. For evening wear, the light shades of tan, white and black lace are very much the fashion. The Biarritz glove, which has no buttons at all, and which is worn a size larger than other gloves, is a comfortable one for hot weather, as it pulls on, and there are no buttons to give an uncomfortable tightness around the wrist. For bicycling there is a heavy dog-skin glove, which also must be a size larger than the ordinary walking glove. The all white stit-head glove with four buttons is still in fashion for wear with silk

gowns in the afternoon, and this very expensive fashion—for the gloves must be immaculate—bids fair to continue for some time.—Harper's Bazar.

### GOSSIP.

Susan B. Anthony is lecturing in California.  
The young women of the Boston University have taken to baseball.  
Eighteen American women bear the title of princess in Italy, Russia and other continental countries.  
An enterprising statistician has discovered that this city has 125 women's clubs devoted to political study.

Mrs. Maybrick's mother says in a New Orleans letter that she will work for her daughter's release till she dies.  
The annual pension of \$5000 granted by the French Government to Pasteur, is to be continued to his widow.  
The Earl of Chichester's farms are all carried on under the name of his wife, which appears on his wagons and other portable property.

The two daughters of Vice-President Stevenson have left for Europe, to be gone more than a year. They will study German in Berlin.  
The Brooklyn Health Protective Association declares that the big hats which women wear are dangerous nuisances and should be abolished.  
It is announced that the debts on the home of Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague have been at last wiped out, and she is no longer worried by her creditors.

Max O'Rell says that it was in the streets of Buda Pesth and in the drawing-rooms of Dublin he found the finest and the most beautiful types of womanhood.

Mrs. Catharine W. McCullough, of Chicago, maintains that she will never be coerced into taking off her hat in a theatre, if she has to fight it through every court in the country.  
Mrs. D. J. Davis, of San Francisco, claims the distinction of having the longest hair in the world. She is five feet nine inches in height and her hair is six feet eight inches long.

The daughter of General Hippolyte, the lately deceased President of the Haytian Republic, is at present in Paris for the purpose of perfecting herself in the French language.  
Mrs. J. M. Savage, of Boston, has a remarkable record as a cyclist. During the five years that she has been riding she has made thirty-three centuries and covered altogether nearly 20,000 miles.

Early rising is said to be vogue among the royalties of Europe. The Queen Regent of Spain is at her work at 7 o'clock every morning, and the Empress of Austria rises at 4 and goes for a long walk.  
Mrs. Cleveland's favorite pets are a pair of mocking birds, of which she is particularly proud. Mme. Romero, wife of the Mexican Minister, is another bird fancier, and has a great collection of parrots.

Miss Annie Scott, a student at Central Normal College, Kansas, has been appointed Clerk of the Venozuelan Commission. She is a niece of Justice Brewer, of the Supreme Court, Chairman of the Commission.  
North Dakota women will have equal representation as delegates at the next annual Methodist Conference, that privilege having been granted by the State Conference at Jamestown, North Dakota, a few days ago, by a vote of 34 to 2.

The Empress of Austria the other day came ashore from her yacht at Naples to visit a fair. Seeing some poor children staring with longing eyes at the treasures of a toy booth, she bought the whole stock and distributed it to them.

### FASHION NOTES.

A trimmed shirt waist is an abomination.  
It is well to provide a scented box for loose photographs.

Bonnets have evidently passed into the realms of oblivion.  
Occasionally there are to be seen veils, black with fancy dots, trimmed around the edges with white Valenciennes lace. This is a becoming fashion, but is not considered so smart as the all black.

Elderly women with gray hair have adopted a clever scheme to keep their front locks in order when they do not care to wear a veil which hurts the eyes. They tie a piece of soft gray, almost white, tulle over the front hair, and fasten it at the back under their bonnet. The tulle is so fine it scarcely shows at all.

It does not take long for a pair of boots that are worn constantly to get so shabby that frequent blacking seems powerless to restore their freshness. Then is the time to cut off the old buttons and put on a set of bright new ones. Shoe buttons are not an expensive luxury, and yet they are a pet economy with the majority of women.

The doom of the abnormal dress sleeve is sealed. All gowns now brought from Paris by returned importers and tourists show the bodice finished with a close fitting sleeve, completed at the top by a very moderate puff, or slightly larger divided puff, a Vandyke point, Hungarian cap, or tucked or gimp trimmed chataleine drapery falling to the elbow.

### WISE WORDS.

Flattery is the food of fools.  
Levity sometimes weighs a great deal.

Consistency is a jewel, but it is sometimes merely a pearl before swine.  
The pessimist is an ill-natured person who has fallen out with his own liver.

One should try to be satisfied with his own lot whether it is a corner lot or not.

Much as a woman loves her husband, she always hopes her daughter will marry better than she did.

Do not waste too much time scowling your courage up to the sticking place or you may be stuck yourself.

There is one thing certain, a woman with her hair in papers can't look as tough as a man who needs shaving.

The first thing some people do when they have made a promise is to look for some one to coax them to break it.

Just at the time when a man gets the knack of accumulating money his wife learns new devices for spending it.

It would be pleasant living in this world if there were not so many fools in it, but more difficult to make a living.

When there is a dog fight, all the other dogs chase the loser, and make it as uncomfortable for him as they can.

A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.

Don't let a fool annoy you; work him. In case you can accumulate a little sense yourself a fool is a great blessing.

The breath of winter may be cold, but it is not half so cold as the glance of the man you strike for the loan of a half dollar.

As much as a woman loves her husband's company, she doesn't like to have him around when a crowd of women meet at her house.

There is only one thing for a man to do when he finds himself married to a woman who enjoys spending money and that is to learn to enjoy earning it.

A woman never sees a man filling out a bank check without thinking how nice it must be to pay a lot of horrid bills in such a simple and easy way.

### A Drive on South American Pampas.

A four-in-hand waited for us at the door, to drive us to the camps, where saddle horses would be given us, if we desired them. The vehicle was one of those in which the front wheels turned round under the front of the body, and the interior of the body was seated and covered with home-dressed horse hide. The whip was horse hide, and the paces was a run, trotting being unknown.

It was a pace for experience. Rising in his seat the driver made his whip whistle through the air, like a reed pipe sounding, and then he brought it down on the flanks of his team. The animals gave a leap which assuredly tried every joint in the hide and chain harness. I wondered why the nags did not start at the whistle of the whip (like the South African steeds do, thus escaping quite a good deal of the blow). Away we sped, faster and ever faster, across the pampas. The peon driver displayed great skill in keeping the four horses together, there being no pole to the wheelers, and each horse being geared and run independent, like the Huskies to a dog sleigh in Northern Canada. Nor was less skill needed to avoid the cattle wallows, which could only be distinguished by the color of the grass.

In something less than sixteen minutes the team was pulled up, the harness dragged off, the horses allowed to stray, or do as they please. On my asking if they would stray too far, our host said: "Oh, no. They can go where they please. We seldom use a team more than once to the house and back, just to keep the 'driven' strain in him."—Ontario.

### Why Food is Cooked.

We cook our food to render it more agreeable to our sense of taste and smell. Cooking develops flavors and odors not present in the raw state. Thereby we facilitate the process of mastication. Some foods are tough or hard, and can neither be finely divided nor well mixed with saliva. Again it is often desirable that the food be chemically changed; thus some foods or portions of them are absolutely indigestible in the uncooked state.

A fourth reason for cooking food is that the warmth which is thus imparted promotes digestion by causing an increased flow of blood to the digestive apparatus, and hence a more copious secretion of the digestive fluids. Finally, cooking destroys any parasites that may be present in the food. Of these trichinae in pork and the scollex, or encysted head of the tapeworm, in what is known as mescal beef, are the most common.—New York Advertiser.

### Toothpick Plants.

Ammi Visnaga, an unbeliferous plant, is called the toothpick bishopweed on account of the use made in Spain of the rays or stalks of the main umbel. These, after flowering, shrink and become so hard that they form convenient toothpicks. After they have fulfilled their purpose they are chewed, and are supposed to be of service in strengthening the gums. The spines of Echinocactus Visnaga are in common use among the Mexicans for the same purpose. The number of these spines upon a single plant is something enormous. A comparatively small plant in Kew Gardens was estimated to have 17,600, and a large specimen at the same place could not have less than 51,000.—Scientific American.