

There are more American vessels on the great lakes than on the ocean, and their combined tonnage is greater.

Europe has increased its population by sixty-two per cent. within the last sixty-two years, but in the same time 33,000,000 of its inhabitants have emigrated to other countries.

By a recent decision of a Paris court "confirmed gambling" is regarded as a sufficient ground for divorce. A good many impetuous foreign noblemen will doubtless continue to regard it as also a sufficient ground for marriage.

The last of the old toll gates in Connecticut has been removed, and now there is not a road in the State that is not free to all who drive, walk or ride. The day when the toll road served a useful purpose has passed, comments the American Cultivator. Popular knowledge on the question of road making has increased, making many of the free roads better than some that have long required a toll to be paid for using them. It is a particular injustice to the farmer who, by underdraining, have improved their land for cultivation, and have thus done most of the improvement that has been made in country roads, yet are obliged to pay toll for the use of improvements which their labor and money have accomplished.

Somebody has been investigating the relation of the number thirteen with the career of Nansen, the Swedish explorer. Among the facts he presents are the following: The expedition numbered at first twelve men, till a thirteenth was picked up in a port on the way North; no one of the thirteen, however, lost his life. On March 13, 1895, Nansen decided to leave the ship himself and press north with one companion. The Fram struck a southerly current on January 13, 1896, and on August 13 she gained fresh water and Nansen reached land again. On February 13, 1896, the false report was telegraphed that he had been seen in Siberia. Three times were litters of thirteen pups born in Nansen's pack of Esquimaux dogs, though it is rare that more than six appear in a litter. And finally it is said that thirteen publishers attempted to secure the publication of Nansen's book, giving his report of his adventures.

One of the curiosities of commerce is a French report on the caravan trade of the Libyan Desert and the opening of a new trade route. To this is appended a list of prices in Bornu last year. Nothing could show more strikingly the difference between the value of articles at the place of production and at the place of consumption, or the universal readiness to sell cheap what we have in order to pay high prices for what we have not. Green glass beads were worth two Maria Theresa dollars per oke (2.69 pounds). Ivory was worth thirty Maria Theresa dollars for forty okes. An equal weight of green glass beads was worth \$80, so that the beads were worth nearly three times as much as ivory in the Bornu market. White and black ostrich feathers were worth \$2.50 per oke, which was exactly the price of soap. Slaves were worth from \$3 to \$7 a head, while Martini Henry rifles were worth \$100 each, and even the cartridges were worth half a Maria Theresa dollar apiece.

The important paper on "A Pre-Columbian Discovery of America," published some two years ago by Mr. Youle Oldham, late lecturer on geography at Owens College, England, is again brought into prominence in the current number of the Geographical Journal, says the Manchester (England) Guardian. The facts are, shortly, that in a manuscript map of the west coast of Africa, drawn in 1448, by Andrea Bianco, there is an extensive coast line indicated towards the south-west of Cape Verde. Along this is a half-indecipherable legend, which Mr. Oldham reads "isola otinticha xelonga ponente 1500 mia," that is, "island authenticated, distant towards the west 1500 miles." In the hands of unbelievers the words can be interpreted differently, according to the bias of their unbelief, after the fashion ridiculed by Dickens. But Mr. J. Batalla Reis defends the reading here quoted, and criticizes in detail the objections urged against it by Signor Errari and others; for example, the alleged ignorance of the Portuguese government on the matter, and the silence of historians. While strongly supporting Mr. Oldham's conclusions, he warns us against assuming as proved that which is only at present shown to be probable. It will be observed that the coast of Brazil, which is here in question, was thus apparently discovered nearly half a century before Columbus made his famous voyage.

BETTER THAN GOLD OR FAME.

Better than genius when applied
To work that aids the wrong
Is conscience linked to common sense
In effort clean and strong.

Better than good by cheating won
Is honest labor's pay;
Nobler than one enriched by fraud
Is he who toils each day.

Better than leads by sin inspired,
Though they succeed impart,
Is one kind act that friendship gives
To some poor aching heart.

Better than fame by sacrifice
Of manhood's honor won,
Is honest reputation gained
By many actions done.

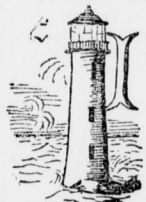
Better than vice, though it be clad
In purple rich and rare,
Is virtue, though a homespun dress,
'Tis doomed fore'er to wear.

Better than palace where sweet love
Has never held its reign
Is home where true affection dwells,
Though it be of a poor plain.

—Caleb Dunn.

"SAREY."

BY CHARLES S. REID.



It was a dark night that settled down over the mountains of Upper South Carolina. The sky was heavy with black clouds, and the low mutterings of thunder which seemed to issue from the ravines and gorges, and the zigzag flashes of lightning which darted away from the hill tops, all foretold the coming storm.

Down over the rocks and among the shrubs a young mountaineer was making his way. He seemed to know his ground, and moved onward with unhesitating step until he reached a point overlooking a deep, wild, gorge, where, far down through the darkness, shone the faint glow of light. The young woodsman stopped a moment, then muttered:

"He's there already. 'Pears to me that fire makes too much light, though. Wonder what Bob's a-gwine to say when I tell him! This is about the safest pocket in the hull ridge, and now I guess we'll have to move."

He turned away and passed around to the side of the gorge, where he made his way down by a circuitous path to the bed of the ravine below. When he came within the glow of the light, he entered the doorway of a small log house built up from the ground. In one end of the place was a rock furnace, and on it was a large copper kettle with a cap and stem. A fire was burning under the kettle, and near the furnace, seated upon a rough bench, was a young man with light reddish hair, sandy mustache, and blue eyes. His trousers were stuffed down into his boot legs, and by his side on the bench lay a large, wide-brimmed white hat, the brim turned up in front and pinned to the crown with his waist over two shining revolvers. The young man who entered the place was dressed and accoutered very much like the young man on the bench, and in his face was a blood resemblance, for they were cousins—Bob and Alf Rankin.

Alf entered through the doorway of the cabin and crossed the earthen floor to the furnace, where he stirred and replenished the fire. The place was a blockaded distillery owned by the two cousins and operated by them, with the assistance of Tom Drake, who worked on a profit sharing basis. Along one side of the shanty was a high platform on which rested two large vats. These were the mash tubs, and entering through the end of the house was a little trough which supplied the cool water barrel, in which the "worm" was coiled, with the waters of a bright little stream near by.

When Alf had "chunked" the fire, he sat down by the other man on the bench. After a little pause, Bob asked:

"Where is Tom?"
"What d'ye reckon?" answered Alf.
"About Tom? Dunno."
"Well, you moughtn't think it, Bob; but he's jined the revenuers."

"You don't mean to tell!"
"Yes, but I do, though. He went down to Wallhalla to-day to take the oath; and he's promised to gin us all away."

After a long pause, during which Bob sat with his chin in his hands, he spoke:

"Alf, I never 'spected it, I never did."
"No more did I; but hit's a fact, for Sarey told me no more'n a hour ago."

"Sarey told you herself?"
"Yes, and she's powerful out up about it."

"We've worked together right here, Tom and me, for nigh on to seven year, and never had ary shootin' or outtin' scrape atween us—not ary one. Alf, I don't hardly believe it."

Bob shook his head slowly and dropped his chin into his hands again.

"Well," said Alf, "I guess you'll have to arter a while. I seed Sarey jest about a hour ago, and she told me all about it; and, Bob, she actually shed tears, she was so out up, she was."

"What did she say, Alf?"
"She said as how Tom had jined the revenuers, and turned agin us; and as how we'd all better keep a sharp look out, 'cause Tom knows every smoke on the ridge."

"Poor Sarey," said Bob, half to himself. "She sot sich a powerful sight by Tom, and she was a gwine to marry him this fall. And I loved her enough more'n Tom did; but I seed she loved him, so I didn't try to come between 'em—didn't ever try to. And now he's gone and disgraced himself, and maybe broke Sarey's heart. Alf, we'll meet, him and me, and 'tain't a gwine to be long off. And when we do, Alf—well, it's him or me, him or me, that's all," and the young block-

ader tapped one of the revolvers in his belt significantly. "I loved Sarey; and Tom—well, I'd hate to do it, Alf; but it's him or me; that ain't no other way, as I can see."

Bob arose and "chunked" the fire under the kettle, then walked around to the side of the furnace, where a little white stream of spirits was pouring from the end of the protruding "worm" into a long keg.

"How is it?" asked Alf.
"Good enough; that mash will turn out all right," said Bob, returning and seating himself on the bench, where he again dropped his chin into his hands, and lapsed into silence.

The rain began to pour down with a sudden fury, the low hoarse roar giving back a melancholy sound to the patter of the big drops. The thunder and lightning had ceased, and the blackest darkness reigned without. But the weird shadows which danced around the walls in the freight were old acquaintances of the two men inside, who took no notice of their grotesque pantomime.

Finally the rain ceased, but the utter blackness still reigned without, for the clouds hung low down over the cliffs and the tree tops. For more than half an hour neither of the men had spoken. Alf had made a discovery, and had been thinking about it. Bob was in love with Sarey Mauldin, and Alf loved her himself. It seemed that all three of the partners loved the same girl. But Alf and Bob had seen that Sarey preferred Tom Drake, and both had secretly resolved not to come between them, each one ignorant of the fact that the other was making the same sacrifice. New hope had sprung up in Alf's bosom since Sarey had told him of Tom's treachery. Now he had discovered that Bob loved her. He resolved to keep the secret of his own love, for Bob's sake; and again the hope passed from his heart.

When the rain ceased, the two men arose; and, while one of them dragged the fire from under the furnace, the other removed the cap from the still, and then placed a cornucop in the bung-hole of the keg that held the product of distillation.

"Bob, I guess we better move the still to a safer place this very night," suggested Alf.
"Nary a move, Alf! This still has been here nigh on to seven years, and here she's agwine to stay."

"All right, if you say so; I'm not the man to step off and leave you."

"Alf, you can tote the keg down to the burnt poplar as you go home, and I'll stay here till she cools off and kinder straighten things up afore I go. I'll meet you at the burnt poplar agin daybreak in the mornin'."

Alf shouldered the heavy pine keg, and, passing through the doorway, was soon lost to view in the darkness. Bob again seated himself on the bench, with his chin in his hands, and gave himself up to melancholy reflections.

Alf had been gone some time, and the embers that had been raked from the furnace gave out only a faint glow to light the interior of the still house, when a dark form appeared in the doorway. Bob heard the step, and instantly sprang to his feet with a revolver in his hand, but as suddenly dropped the weapon and stood back when he recognized the visitor.

"You, Sarey!" he exclaimed. "What bring you here at this time o' night?"
"I've come to gin you warnin', Bob," said the girl, as she threw a light shawl from round her head and advanced across the earthen floor. The smooth, round cheeks were glowing from the exertion of her walk, her eyes shone brightly in the dim light, and her long, black hair hung in charming disorder about her pretty shoulders.

"Warnin' for what?" asked Bob.
"Warnin' agin Tom Drake. Has Alf been here to-night?"
"Yes; he's been gone about a half hour."

"And didn't he tell you about Tom?"
"Yes; but Sarey, somehow I couldn't more'n half believe it."

"But hit's so, Bob; he told me so himself, and he's gwine to git you and Alf first. I couldn't sleep to-night for thinking about it, so I jest got up and come over here to bog you and Alf to move your still somewhere else this very night."

"But I can't do it, Sarey; she's been here a long whet, and here she's agwine to stay."

"Oh, Bob, jest to think o' Tom a turnin' agin' all you uns, and I been a thinkin' o' him as a feller who would stick by a body forever; and now he's gone and upshot it all. I told him I never would speak to him no more."

Sarey caught up her apron, pressed it to her face, and began to cry. Bob looked at her, and choking back a great lump from his throat, turned away a step or two, then came back and laid his big brown hand gently on the girl's arm.

"Don't, Sarey, don't!" he said, "for Tom ain't with no tears o' youra."

He led her to the bench, where she sat down, and in a few moments had dried her eyes.

"Sarey," continued Bob, after a pause, "Tom ain't with nary 'nuther waste 'em on 'im. That's a plenty on us left yit that's a sight better 'n Tom."

"I know it; I only wish I'd a knowed it sooner."

"Sarey, won't you answer me one question? 'Cause I think a power o' you, and I want to know."

"Of course I'll answer any question you as, Bob, 'ceseyou've allers been so good to me, jest like a brother."

"Well, Sarey, tell me which one of the boys you liked the best arter Tom."

"Why, I allers did like Alf jest as well as Tom, but Alf never 'peared to like me, and Tom did."

Again Bob swallowed a great lump that had gathered in his throat.

"Alf is a good feller; he'd never go back on us," he managed to say as he arose from the bench, and began to put things to rights about the distillery.

His task completed, he turned to Sarey, who stood in the doorway. "I'll walk home with you," he said.

Bob threw some water on the dying embers of the fire, then led the way through the dark, wet woods, followed closely by Sarey, neither of them speaking a word until they came to the highway, about a mile distant. They did not have far to go after they had reached the road.

When Bob bade Sarey good night, he gulped down another choking sensation which arose in his throat, and turned about to retrace his way some distance along the road before turning off toward his own home.

In less than twenty-four hours every moonshiner throughout the mountain district knew that Tom Drake had turned traitor and joined the revenue force against his old comrades. During the whole of the second night after this information went abroad, men were at work moving their distilleries to safer retreats, one only remaining at its old stand—the one that belonged to the Rankin boys.

It was more than a week after the night on which Sarey had visited the still house, when Bob and Alf Rankin were riding along down the road towards the home of Sarey. Neither of them had uttered a word for some time. At length Bob broke the silence, speaking without turning his eyes from a direction straight ahead of him.

"Alf, you air the man."
"I'm the man?"
"Yes, you air the man for Sarey."

"What do you mean, Bob?"
"I mean that Sarey loves you better 'n ary 'nuther man on the ridge."

"You don't say? How'd you find out?"
"Arter you left the still house that night, Sarey was thar."

"She was?"
"Yes, and she was a cryin' about the disgraced doin's o' Tom; and—and, Alf, I axed her if thar warn't ary 'nuther feller she liked jest as well as she did Tom; and she 'lowed she allers liked you jest as well, but you never seemed to like her. Now I've told you, Alf, and I want to know if you love her."

"I allers have, Bob; but I stood back for Tom; and arter what you said t'other night, I was gwine to stand back for you."

Again that sensation as of the heart rising into the throat came to Bob, and the two men rode on in silence.

The sun was swiftly dropping towards the crests of the western hills, when Bob and Alf stopped in front of old Jerry Mauldin's long, double cabin. Sarey was sitting in the open hallway, shelling beans; but she arose and came out to the road when the two men had dismounted.

"Tom's been seed a foolin' around Long Creek to-day," said Sarey, "and I meant to send you uns word afore now, but pap's been ailin' all day, and I couldn't leave him."

"We ain't much afear'd of him," said Alf. "He's been a keepin' quiet a sight longer'n I 'spected, though."

"We've been a lookin' for him to come down on us at the still house afore now," added Bob.

"Sarey, have you got any cider?" asked Alf. "We're kinder thirsty."

"Lots of it. One of you hold the horses while t'other one goes with me to the spring house, and we'll fetch up the jug and gourd."

"I'll hold 'em," said Bob dreamily.

Alf and Sarey turned away along the path which led around the house, and were lost to view. Bob stood between the heads of the horses with his chin against his breast. He was thinking of the treachery of Tom Drake, and of the jewel he had lost in the love of Sarey Mauldin.

For once Bob allowed himself to relax his watchfulness. About thirty yards beyond the house the road bent suddenly to the right, and turned abruptly down the hill toward a little stream that wound its way along the base of the ridge. Bob's ear, usually sensitive to the slightest sound, did not hear the approach of hoof beats up the little hill behind the shrubbery until the horseman had reached the bend in the road. Bob's hand flew to his revolver as he looked up; but he was too late, he was under cover of a weapon in the hands of Tom Drake.

"I guess you are mine," said Tom, as he rode up.

"Yes; like a fool I went to sleep and got ketch'd. What's wanted?"
"You air gwine with me to Wallhalla jail."

"Tom, you air a measly, low down sneak."

"No, I've just now got to be a gentleman, and I'm a gwine to make gentlemen out'n all you fellers."

"Alf and Sarey will be here directly with some cider, then I'll go with you."

"Bob, you'd better let me have that weap'n."

"I'll never do it, Tom Drake!"

"Well, keep it, then; I guess I can watch you."

At this moment Alf and Sarey came around the house, Alf bringing a large jug in his hand. The young man's quick eye took in the situation of the two men in the road, and in the twinkling of an eye his revolver flashed to a dead level with the informer's breast.

"Hold on a minute, Alf!" shouted Bob. "I'm fairly took, and I guess I'd better go with him."

Alf quickly looked into the eyes of his cousin, and the two men seemed to understand each other.

"Pass the cider over here, Sarey, and I'll drink you a farewell for a while," said Bob, smiling.

Sarey passed the cider in silence, never once looking at Tom, who took the gourd offered him by Tom and drank.

"Now I'm ready. Good-by, Alf! Good-by, Sarey!" said Bob, as he mounted his horse. Tom mounted, and the two men, captive and captor, rode away in the soft light of the lingering sunset. When they reached the turn in the road Bob looked back and lifted his broad-brimmed hat to Alf and Sarey, who were standing side by side gazing after him. Then they faded from view, and the two horsemen rode on in silence. They were approaching the brook at the foot of the hill, when Bob spoke.

"Tom, I never would take no mean advantage of a feller; so I'll tell you now, hit's you or me. Pull your gun!"

Instantly two revolvers leaped to a level in the gathering light, and four shots passed with what seemed like two simultaneous reports.

Alf heard them, and, weapon in hand, sprang down the road, closely followed by Sarey. A riderless horse swept by them at the turn of the hill; and when they reached the sandy level near the brook they found two lifeless forms lying close together in the narrow road.

Bob Rankin and Tom Drake had settled the question of honor between themselves, and had settled the question of love for Alf and Sarey.—The Puritan.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A wild elephant has a keen sense of smell. At a distance of 1000 yards it can scent an enemy.

Compared with other large European towns, London is easily at the head for the magnitude of its electrical supply.

Numerous experiments to determine the best fire-resisting materials for the construction of doors have proved that wood covered with tin resists fire better than an iron door.

While Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria was visiting Bucharest, after the formal opening of the Iron Gates of the Danube Canal, he bestowed on Queen Elizabeth of Roumania (Carmen Sylva) the order of merit for science and art.

The remarkable peculiarity of the new dark rays, or "critical rays," reported by Professor E. Friedrich, of Elbing, Prussia, is that photographs by them of the living hand show the bones, while only the flesh is seen if the hand is dead.

Birds differ very much in the heights to which they commonly ascend. The condor, the largest of vultures and of all flying birds, has been observed soaring over twenty-nine thousand feet, or about five miles and a half above the level of the sea.

Persian papier-mache articles are made out of Bibles sent out by British mission societies, according to Mr. Hodgkiss, a recent traveler in the East. He quotes the British consul at Tabreez as saying: "You have no idea what a boon these Bibles are to the village industries of Persia."

A present of some deer from Queen Victoria is said to have been to the French colony of New Caledonia a pest similar to that of the rabbits in Australia and the mongoose in Jamaica. The deer have multiplied with great rapidity, and now invade the plantations, causing great loss to the farmers.

Petroleum is extensively used in Russia as a local application for the cure of gout, rheumatism, eczema and other chronic skin diseases. The city of Elizabethopol conducts an establishment called "Naphthalan," on the style of a watering place, where 500 to 600 patients are annually treated. Gratifying results are claimed.

A Remarkable Mexican.

Alejandro Ruiz, a Mexican antiquarian and traveler, whose collection of antique curios, paintings and carvings fills a private museum at his home in Puebla, Mexico, at the age of seventy is learning the English language as a means of occupying his time. He has traveled in almost all parts of the world, collecting whatever of interest was old. He has been an intimate friend of President Diaz since long before the time of his elevation to the Chief Magistracy of Mexico, and the President visits his home whenever he travels through Puebla.

Her Bones Brittle as Chalk.

Mrs. Mae Wilcox, of Bainbridge, Penn., has a peculiar disease. Her bones have become as brittle as chalk, and she is compelled to wear a plaster cast. Recently she was carefully placed in a carriage for a drive, when a slight jolt of the wagon caused the fracture of her left hip. Her condition puzzles the physicians of that section of the State.—New York Press.

Device to Dry the Hair.

To dry the hair quickly a new device has a cylinder, with teeth projecting from its side, in the interior of which is a flame of fire fed by a reservoir in the handle, from which a wick runs into the cylinder, thus producing sufficient heat to dry the hair as it passes over the drier.—Ram's Horn.



MILLINERY NOVELTIES.

The semi-annual prediction that bonnets are to be worn more than hats has cropped up again, but as usual it is a doubtful one, since hats are sure to be more popular in summer. Among the novelties is a rather startling shape with a bell crown and a brim much wider at the sides than either back or front. A new idea advanced in bonnets is that we are to have cape effects, not exactly in the old style, however, as they stand up instead of falling over the neck; but there will be bonnets and bonnets, and width is to be one conspicuous feature of them. One little shape is like a Flemish peasant woman's capote with a square crown and a four-inch brim.

SALARIES OF WOMEN TEACHERS.

New York City still follows the antiquated custom of discriminating in salaries against her women school teachers, notes a writer in the Illustrated American. Take, for example, the teachers of the grammar grade. The highest salary for men is \$2016; for women, only \$1116. The lowest salary a man may receive is \$1080, while the minimum for women is \$573. The salaries of primary teachers, all women, range from \$900 to \$574. The average of salaries of the male teachers in the city in 1896 was \$1509, and of female teachers only \$891, less than one-half. Should a woman attain the office of Principal her maximum salary is \$1900, and that only after fourteen years of service. Three-fourths of the male Principals are receiving the maximum salary of \$3000.

ETCHING ON LEATHER.

A new thing in the line of fancy work is etching on leather.

Undressed leather is required, and the implements of the craft are very simple—a bottle containing benzoline, which looks at first like an atomizer; to a round tube or rubber is fastened at one end a bulb, which is held in the left hand, while the platinum pointed pencil at the other end of the tube is held in the right hand and does the work. All you understand, are connected with the bottle, or the contents of the bottle, and by some mysterious process the platinum pencil is at a red heat all the time and thus etches the pattern upon the leather; the pattern is first drawn or traced upon the material. It is only necessary to trace the outlines of the design, because by keeping the pattern before one the shadings are easily added.

It is fascinating handiwork and requires no special skill with the pencil at the outset. Groups of cupids, garlands of flowers, dragons, heraldic designs are best suited for this work. And the purpose to which a leather etching is put? One's first attempt may result in nothing more elaborate than a roll for music or a belt to wear with one's new spring suit. As skill is required, possibly a dado for the dining-room may be compassed, or new seats for the dining-room chairs.

TO TAKE CARE OF SHOES.

Rub patent leather shoes, particularly new ones, with the palm of the hand until quite warm before putting on, and it will prevent spitting and cracking.

Wear overgaiters only when they are necessary to protect the upper part of your shoes from the swish of your wet skirts in stormy weather. The fashion of wearing them is out of date.

Don't have fancy pointed tips on your shoes these days—they are quite passé; the proper kind is a plain, straight-across one, with just a single row of perforations to mark the edge.

Calfskin shoes should not be polished with liquid dressing; it will crack them. The paste that men use is better, but too much of this should not be put on, or it will not polish so readily, besides hurting your shoe.

Don't neglect to turn the uppers of shoes down and put them by an open window for an hour or two after wearing. It is more hygienic, economical and fastidious.

Shoes run down at the heel are abominations. They detract from the nicety of a woman's dress and will very soon lose their shape.

Take good care of good shoes. Don't put them away soiled and dusty. When packing for a journey stuff them out with tissue paper, so they will retain their shape, and wrap each shoe in tissue paper, so it will not get rubbed or scratched.

THE SUMMER GARDEN OF GOWNS.

Most women who possess homes of their own, and who have a natural love for a needle and pretty stuffs, superintend the making of their summer gowns, using the Lentea season for the work. Thin materials are to be worn more generally this season than ever before, and they are to be found in a variety of exquisite designs. The earliest samples, shown late in January, were so much like those of last season in their set patterns that they involved few purchasers. Among the really new goods are some called "painted muslins," which are quite equal to their name, many of the patterns looking as if the hand of a master flower painter had wandered over them.

The gowns are not to be trimmed with so much lace as last year, "footing" taking its place. This gives the same light appearance to the dress, and is much less cumbersome,

being simply patternless net strips. In its train come hats made of net and trimmed in wreaths of flowers.

The new piques and colored lines are prettier than ever. They are made up in stiff tailor fashion, which is most becoming to a tall and well-groomed young woman. As braiding has been so universally used on winter gowns, the summer is loath to throw it aside. Skirts and jackets will be heavily braided in white, or sometimes with a braid matching the shade of the goods, but mingled with white.

A very handsome pique in a faint heliotrope is braided in this fashion. It is made with a many-gored skirt, for the excellent reason that skirts cut circular on the sides, or in few pieces, usually become drawn and droop after one laundering. This skirt is braided up the seams with a key pattern in mingled white and dark heliotrope braid, and the short, square bolero is trimmed in the same way.

Underneath, it has a waist of dark heliotrope and white madras, which is confined by a sash of the same color. Some of these colored piques have a satin stripe and are worn with soft silk waists; but these are like the table cloths of mixed linen and silk, and belong to the parvenu.

The self-colored grass cloth seems to have played its part as a really good material for gowns, but it is being much used in white, as it has a gloss and a capacity for wear which is shared by no other white material.

Indeed, this is to be a white summer. People of all ages will wear the color to the exclusion of other shades.—The Puritan.

MISS JANE ADAMS, the founder and head of the social settlement in Chicago known as Hull House, is one of the three women inspectors of that city, who voluntarily watch and report on the condition of the streets.

Photographic socials are among the latest notions in the way of church entertainments. Each woman is expected to bring with her a picture of herself taken in childhood, and then men undertake to pick the originals from the picture, and are rewarded with the privilege of buying supper for them.

Mme. Carlier, of Lille, in France, is a most remarkable centenarian, who, in all her life, in a nation of wine and coffee drinkers, has never touched these beverages. For ninety years she has not been ill. The venerable widow had an interesting ancestor—a Lille merchant, known as "Father Forty-two," because of the number of his children.

The Empress of Austria has the finest head of hair of any royal lady in Europe, and yet it is never washed. Every day it is brushed through, while a lotion (of which the recipe is jealously kept) is employed. Seven brushes are used one after the other, so that the perfect cleanliness may be insured, and the operation takes two hours, and four ladies-in-waiting.

The white materials selected for wedding gowns are satin, silk and satin brocade, taffeta, silk, mousseline over silk, peau de soie and silk crepon. If one wishes inexpensive goods select Swiss, flannel, fine woolen crepon, plain or figured Japanese silk.

"Vienna cloth, with its hairy surface, is in vogue for suits for general wear. It is being used in decided stripes, which are made up the wrong way of the goods, while the sleeves show perpendicular lines, and the bodice is cut on the bias.