

If all the railroads were placed end to end and side by side there would be seventeen tracks all the way round the world, and enough left to put in side tracks at all important points.

A Fayette County (Pennsylvania) board has adopted this resolution: "Teachers must not make love while employed by the board or during school hours. The violation of this rule will be sufficient cause for dismissal."

That there may justly be hope, even when all seems hopeless, in the case of a person overcome in the water, received a fresh illustration a few days ago up in Ashland, Wis. August Anderson, ten years old, was pulled out of the water after he had been submerged for five minutes, and he recovered consciousness after an hour.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat exclaims: What a system of fireproof building is worth to a city is shown by the fact that the Fire Department of Paris costs \$514,600 a year, while that of New York City requires an outlay of \$2,345,355. To this must be added the losses caused by the far more numerous and extensive conflagrations in the American city and the heavier premiums on insurance.

The American Federation of Labor and the Laboring Men's Protective Association in the city of New Orleans are disturbed at the rapid immigration of Italians, and have protested to the authorities at Washington against the violation of the Immigration law, which, they say, has been going on for some time. They charge that Italians are brought into Louisiana through the port of New Orleans for the sugar season only. Contracts, they say, are made with the Italian laborers in Italy, guaranteeing them the payment of their passage to America and return to Italy and work at seventy-five cents a day during the sugar season.

Emperor William's offensive speeches in Russia contained one passage which has set everybody wondering what he could have meant, states the New York Post. He spoke of some mysterious "disturber of the general peace," against whom or which William was determined to take a firm stand. He was not afraid of it. The malign influence, or Nation, or whatever it was, had no chance of succeeding against his resolute purpose to keep the peace, even if he had to kill 100,000 men to do it. But which is the wicked, warlike country which the good and peace-loving William, armed to the teeth, had thus to rebuke? Is it England? Is it France? Some able journalists champion one view, some another.

In speaking of the unimportant place which women have occupied in the world of affairs in years past and gone, a well-informed and observant woman was recently heard to remark that the advancement of women in lines of business and practical affairs can be traced by noting the evolution in pockets. Time was, and is not wholly past, either, when it was not deemed proper for a woman to have any sort of receptacle about her gown in which to carry the various traps which mark an independent career. As civilization advanced women gradually insisted on at least one pocket, even if it was hidden and wellnigh inaccessible. An ordinary man's suit has fifteen pockets, of all sizes and in every conceivable place, and is it any wonder that, with the wide latitude allowed in that particular direction, men have taken similar freedom in other lines and refuse to be bound by conventionalities?

Dr. David Starr Jordan, chief of the American Commission to investigate the seal fisheries of Bering Sea, has just returned from those waters, and his report confirms the predictions that were made a year ago with reference to the effects of pelagic fishing upon the seal herds. The animals on the breeding grounds, he says, have decreased fifteen per cent, in number, and those in the hunting grounds have decreased thirty-three per cent. in the last twelve months, all because of the destructive methods employed by lawless fishermen. The decrease, he argues, will be still greater during the present year, and even if pelagic fishing were totally suppressed this season, he believes that the shrinkage in numbers would continue until 1900 because of the destructive work which has already been done among the infant seals. These statements fully confirm the report made last year by the American Commission, and they emphasize the contention, so strenuously urged by this Government, that unless more effective measures for protecting the seals are speedily provided the herds are doomed to total extinction.

THE OLD SPINET.

It is slim and trim and spare
Like the slender Lady Claire
In the gowns they used to wear
Long ago;
And it stands there in the gloom
Of the gabled attic room,
Like the ghost whose vacant tomb
None may know.

I can see the lady's hands,
White as lilies, as she stands
Strumming fragments of Durand's
On the keys;
And I hear the old-time hymns again,
Of the Plymouth hymns again,
Like the sob of windless rain
In the trees.

She would play the minnet
For the stately-stepping set,
While the ardent dancers met,
Hands and hearts,
Did the old-time spinet care
If Dan Cupid unwearied
Pricked the breasts of brave and fair
With his dart?

Now the spiders with their floss
Up and down the keyboard cross
And the strings are dull as dross,
Once so bright;
No one cares to touch the keys—
Stained old yellow ivories—
Save the ghost some dreamer sees
In the night.

—James Buckham.

TALE OF AN HEIRLOOM.

By REBECCA BARRETT.



HERE'S one matter that I want to speak about in time, and that is when we come to divide Aunt Desire's things, I'd like the tester bedstead," and Mrs. Redfern leaned forward in the carriage that she might get her long crepe veil in place. "It's the only piece of furniture that came from Uncle Abner's home, and I'd prize it above everything else."

The funeral procession had gone some distance bearing the remains of Mrs. Desire Boutwell toward the country cemetery, three miles off, when the foregoing remark was made.

These mourners in this first carriage had talked over many things as they slowly jogged along over the rough-rutted road. How, just five years previous, even to the month, they had buried their uncle. Then they dwelt at length on the last illness of their aunt and had brought up many of the events that had taken place in that long life of eighty-one years.

Mrs. Boutwell was deeply loved by all, and many tears were shed by these relatives as they thus conversed together of her. For, having no children of her own, her heart had gone out in double interest toward the children of her brothers and sisters and their families. But besides being so universally loved, the Coles family, one and all, looked up to this relative in consequence of being connected with one of the most aristocratic families in Mount Otto. Desire Coles had married Abner Boutwell, the son of Judge Boutwell, the latter of whom was prominent in the early history of the town. In fact, so important was this personage in the affairs of the village that there was a saying that when Judge Boutwell took a pinch of snuff all the inhabitants sneezed in sympathy.

Now, it did not matter to the Coles family that this son had amounted to little—that he had always been content to live upon the money his wife had inherited—and that he had been somewhat intemperate all his life; they had all regarded him as a gentleman and overlooked these shortcomings.

The Coles family had been pioneers in Mount Otto, too, but they had simply been known for their thrift and their ability to make money. But all of this they would gladly have exchanged for just one of the ramparts of lions, of which the Boutwell coat-of-arms boasted four.

"The tester bedstead! Why, I always supposed I was to have that. I was with Uncle Abner more than any of the other nieces, and I'm sure it would be his wish," and Mrs. Ganson's pale and usually placid countenance was flushed and disturbed. She had seen a great deal of trouble in her lifetime—had lost her home and property—but had borne it all with such patient resignation that the family had come to believe that she was above caring much for material things.

"Well," spoke up a third occupant of the carriage, who was designated in the family always as "Abner's wife," "it has never even occurred to me, but that tester bedstead would naturally come to our branch of the family. Abner often spoke of it, when he was alive, that of course it would fall to him for his name, and then, as we called our only son the same, it does seem to me as if there should be no doubt as to where the bedstead belongs."

The Coles family was a most united family, who seemed to see only the good in one another, but they had found it very hard to overlook one trait in Abner's wife. That was her seeming disregard for the name of Boutwell. And she had even been known to laugh at her husband and his relatives that they had paid such homage to it. And now here she was putting in her claim for the only article of furniture that had come from Judge Boutwell's home.

There was still another murmur in the carriage—an old lady who had been wearing silently all through the dialogue, excepting as she from time to time nervously clutched her black-bordered handkerchief. Now she aroused herself, and said in a voice that trembled with emotion:

"I've never had any other thought if I outlived sister Desire but that that highest bedstead would come to me. I was a little girl twelve years old when Desire was married, and the very next winter after I came out from the farm to stay with her and tend school. I'll never forget how pleased I was when brother Abner told me I was to sleep in the high-post bedstead up in the spare room. I can remember just as well as if it was yesterday how Desire used to iron the bed every night with

the warming pan. I haven't got long for this world—I'll be seventy-five my next birthday—and it does seem to me that I should have the bedstead while I stay. I'm sure if Desire could speak this minute she'd tell me to take it."

"Aunt Hester, where on earth could you put it in your little house, I'd like to know?" spoke up Mrs. Redfern, excitedly. "Such a bedstead, with its tester and valance, needs a very large room, and it seems to me our house is the one most fitting in which to show off Judge Boutwell's bedstead."

Mrs. Redfern was the richest member of the Coles family. Her husband had made a fortune from a fertilizer. They owned one of the most pretentious homes in Mount Otto, and were slowly, by persistent efforts, working their way into the aristocratic society of the village.

"Why, it'll go nicely in the parlor bedroom," proceeded Aunt Hester, not seeming to notice the slur on her small house. "I've got it all planned. I'll shut up the closet, I don't use it for much, and then move the bureau out into the parlor."

"I should say so," echoed Abner's wife so loudly that Elder Cheesbro leaped out of the buggy and looked back to ascertain the cause as the funeral procession turned into the cemetery.

The Boutwell lot was the only one in the cemetery divided off by an iron fence. Even here the family showed their exclusiveness, and the huge padlock hanging to the gate told plainly that they wished no intruders.

On the way home hardly a word was spoken by these mourners in the first carriage; each drew her veil over her face and wore a much-abused air. One remark, however, was ventured by Abner's wife, which she designed to be very cutting.

"The Boutwell lot can fence people out of their cemetery lot, but they can't fence out the mullain. There was a stalk half as high as the monument on Judge Boutwell's grave."

No one condescended to reply to this observation, but a very perceptible "heh" came from Mrs. Redfern's corner.

In the carriage just behind the conversation had been of a very different nature. The harmony of the Coles family had formed the principal topic among the occupants as they rode out to the cemetery, and coming home they had dropped into the same subject again.

"Ma was saying this morning," remarked Augusta Ganson, "that our family hadn't missed coming together for thanksgiving dinner in over twenty-five years, and that's a pretty good record. She said, too, she didn't believe we'd ever had what could be termed a family quarrel. Once, you remember, Aunt Hester made some trouble for ma over that swarm of bees; but ma let it all go. Then, you know, when Cousin Jane coaxed the side-saddle away from Aunt Desire to send to the missionary, Cousin Carline got awful touchy, and was going to make a great ado about it, for she wanted the saddle herself for one of the girls, but somehow it all blew over and nothing came of it. I do hope there won't be any trouble now when we come to divide Aunt Desire's things."

"Oh, there won't be," answered Abner Coles, confidently, "for there isn't one of the family but would give up for the sake of peace. The only thing that I am particularly anxious to have is Uncle Abner's tester bedstead, but that would naturally come to me anyway for my name."

At this Augusta Ganson straightened herself up. She had a pale, ashen complexion, but it turned crimson when her cousin made this announcement.

"The tester bedstead! Why, it doesn't seem to me as if ma, if any one, ought to have that. She was Uncle Abner's favorite niece, and then she has so little to make her happy, anyway, in comparison to what the other relatives have."

That the other two occupants of the carriage were not indifferent as to who should have the ownership of the bedstead appeared plainly indicated. The pink and white faces of Julia and Carrie Redfern, which had remained almost expressionless during the ride, now showed signs of great emotion.

"Mamma has always supposed she would be the one to inherit Uncle Abner's bedstead," spoke up the oldest of the two girls, "and when we had our lovely spare room done over last spring she sent to Buffalo and had some old-fashioned wall paper made to order, that it would harmonize with the bedstead when it came to be hers."

"Yes, and then we entertain the Boutwell girls," continued the second daughter, "and I'm sure they would wish to see their grandfather's bedstead in our house."

well's house. The executor had thought it best, as there were a number of heirs and several legatees—many of whom were from out of town—to adopt the old-time custom of reading the will directly after the funeral. Accordingly, all assembled for that purpose. Mrs. Boutwell had not a large property, but she had cut it up pretty well, going down even into the third generation with her legacies. And that was quite remarkable about it all was, with the numerous bequests, there was no fault found with any portion as assigned in the will. All expressed themselves satisfied.

But before Executor Hanford left the house he learned of the storm brewing over who should be the possessor of the tester bedstead.

"I'm not surprised," he remarked to the younger executor, as he drew his fingers through his long gray hair, "for in all my years of experience in settling estates, I've known of more family quarrels over a few old household things than over the division of the property many times over; and the very worst feud of all commenced over an old fennel kettle."

The contention, thus begun in the Coles family, created rancor, bitterness and suspicion, so that when the inventory came to be made and the things assigned, nothing could be divided satisfactorily.

Aunt Hester and Mrs. Ganson renewed hostilities over a feather bed. "You've got the bed Desire meant for me to have," Aunt Hester complained, bitterly. "I've heard sister say time and time again that mine was to be the one with the goose quill in each corner, and your's a got 'em in and mine hasn't. That one they've given you is made of live geese feathers, and the one I have is nothin' in the world but hen feathers."

Abner's wife and Augusta Ganson quarreled like two children over which one should come to own a little china lamb that had stood on Aunt Desire's what-not.

And Mrs. Redfern, finding two enstard cups missing from the set of china assigned her, accused one of the other heirs of being the thief, and even threatened to make serious trouble if said cups were not returned.

And so one strife after another followed along until it was hard to find a more bitter family, one toward another, than the Coles family.

Meantime Thanksgiving came and went, and no one even thought of a family dinner.

The executors found the disposition of the household effects of Mrs. Desire Boutwell a long and tedious proceeding, but finally, after much wrangling, a division of all the articles had been made. All but the tester bedstead—the settlement of that remained as far off as on the day of the funeral. Not one of the claimants showed any sign of surrendering. There the bedstead up in the spare room, the only article of furniture left in the house.

What to do in the matter the executors were at a complete loss to decide. But one day the affair settled itself. The several heirs to Mrs. Desire Boutwell's estate had been summoned to Lawyer Hanford's office. While the business was going on a little dried-up old lady, in a rusty black silk, came into the office. Some of the heirs recognized her as their Uncle Abner's sister, who had moved West a number of years before, and who had wounded the Boutwell pride considerably by marrying a poor tradesman.

"You'll see by reading this," she said, handing the lawyer a letter in Abner Boutwell's handwriting, "that my brother gave me a long time ago a tester bedstead that he had in his house."

At the mention of this coveted article of furniture many of the heirs gave a start.

"It never belonged in father's family—Judge Boutwell's"—she continued by way of explanation, "but was one my brother took on a debt just before he was married. It was owned by a man named Lon Johnson. He and my brother got into some trouble together over money matters—and the bedstead came into Abner's hands."

"Lon Johnson!" echoed the lawyer. "The man died up here in the poorhouse not long ago. So the bedstead belonged to his family?"

"Yes; it hasn't much of a history, to be sure, but I thought as I was down here on a visit I had best take it home with me, although it's altogether too high for my bedroom, and I've got to have those big high posts sawed off."

This remark caused a perceptible shudder among some of the heirs here assembled, but there was nothing to be said.

Mrs. Redfern was the first to speak after the old lady had gone out. "It's just as well after all that I did not get the bedstead," she said, loftily. "For now my husband will buy me the beautiful rosewood one that he has talked about."

"Such possessions do not make much difference to me one way or another," observed Mrs. Ganson, sighing heavily.

"If the Boutwell family would pay me what they owed Abner when he was in the grocery business, I could own a tester bedstead myself," spoke up Abner's wife, sarcastically.

"As for me," piped Aunt Hester, "I've come to think, after all this, just as well I didn't get the high-post bedstead, for I see now it would have turned everything around so in the parlor bedroom."

"Well, I am glad you are all so well satisfied," observed Lawyer Hanford, as he tied up his legal papers with a piece of red tape. "For now I consider the only obstacle to the settling of the estate of Mrs. Desire Boutwell has been removed."

The Largest Creamery.

The largest creamery in the world is located near St. Albans, Vt., converting the milk of 12,000 cows into 10,000 pounds of butter daily.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Plants grow more between 4 and 6 a. m. than at any other time of day.

Professor E. C. Pickering, of the Harvard Observatory, announces the discovery of 142 new double stars in the Southern skies.

The speculative astronomers are now arguing that the moon is in the shape of a plumb bob, and that the large end is always towards the earth.

The teeth of insectivora are sharp and pointed, and so disposed that they keep each other sharp by wearing against each other instead of coming in direct contact.

Evidence of the complexity of cathode rays is found by M. H. Deslandres in the fact that when a ray is turned aside by a neighboring body it is divided into several unequally deviated rays.

Anthropologists have ascertained that the Andaman Islanders, the smallest race of people in the world, average less than four feet in height, while a few of them weigh more than seventy-six pounds.

The fruit-eating bats do not live on insects, nor attack animals and suck blood, as do the vampires. The vampire is a small bat, with exceedingly sharp front teeth, making a slit in the sleeper's leg and sucking the blood. They are seldom dangerous to human beings, but are to cattle.

When you pinch your finger you think you feel pain the very same instant, but really the hurt and the pain are not quite simultaneous, although they seem to be so. If a person had an arm long enough to reach the sun, it would be 132 years before he would feel the pain of the burn.

The depth to which the sun's rays penetrate water has been recently determined by the aid of photography. It has been found that at a depth of 533 feet the darkness was, to all intents and purposes, the same as that on a clear but moonless night. Sensitive plates exposed at this depth for a considerable length of time give no evidence of light action.

It has been known for some time that red hot iron is pervious to carbon dioxide. M. Grehant has found by experiment that the carbon dioxide does not only freely pass through the iron, but is decomposed, carbon monoxide being set free. This may account for some of the accidents which the monoxide has caused. Rooms must not be heated by a red hot iron stove.

Race For Life In A Tunnel.

The story of an unhappy bridegroom, whose hair grew gray in a single morning, and that the morning of his marriage, is reported from Zigrad, in Hungary.

Mitru Popa, born in Teregova, son of a small farmer, and affianced to a daughter of a prosperous citizen of Zigrad, recently started for Zigrad, there to wed and bring home his bride. The place can be reached in two hours by the mountain road. There was, however, a short cut; it led through the railway tunnel with a single line of rail. Popa laid ear to the ground and listened. As there was not the slightest vibration he took courage and ventured into the dark passage. Here, the report goes on, he had been stumbling along as best he could, when, after ten minutes passed in the total darkness, and being, as he judged, near the centre of the tunnel, he heard the distant rumbling of an approaching train.

The noise grew louder behind him, and Popa ran; louder still, and Popa raved. It was a via dolorosa with the small point of daylight-far off amid the darkness, and if he could win it, then it meant life, safety and bride, but the thunder of the train grew ever nearer. Fortunately the gradient was a steep one, and the express was called express by courtesy only, and the race between the man and death terminated at the tunnel's outlet, the man winning by about his own length.

The mercifully sluggish "schnellzug" passed into the daylight as the bridegroom fell prostrate on the bank. When he had started he had dark brown hair; when he arrived at the bride's house it was white as the bride's veil. The lady, however, accepted him on the somewhat dubious grounds "that the hair would come all right in time, and that the injury was covered by insurance."

A Gold Mining Story.

At Ballarat, Australia, a ruined gold miner once committed suicide in a dramatic manner. During the time of the gold rush a certain deserted claim was for years held sacred, and the tools left strewn about the windlass were left to rust away untouched. A party of "varsity men, old school fellows, and of gentle birth, had sunk their shaft there and worked without success until all their money was spent.

One evening, one of them, at work at the bottom of the shaft, shouted: "Haul up, boys, the time has come at last!" They hauled up, and when it came to the top they found their comrade's lifeless body hanging from the chain. He had detached the bucket, tied a noose about his neck, fastened the noose to the chain, and was hanged by his dearest friends.

The party had been much liked and respected by the other miners, who would readily have subscribed 1000 ounces of gold dust to give them a fresh start, but ere the dawn of the next day the whole party had disappeared, leaving their claim in the same state as it lay at the time of the tragedy.—Weekly Telegraph.

An Electric Railway.

The Illinois Central Railway is about to experiment with electricity as a motive power, with a view to its adoption on all the suburban lines of Chicago. It is said that both the third rail and overhead trolley system will be tried exhaustively before a decision is come to on equipment.



Hiding a Royal Scar.
When the Duchess of York was a little girl she fell and made a very ugly scar upon her forehead. It is to hide the scar that H. R. H. always arranges her hair in a point upon her forehead.

One of the Season's Freak Gowns.
Braiding is put to all sorts of uses and abuses this season. Why a woman wants to get herself up in a series of geometrical problems passes all understanding; nevertheless she does, and enjoys it, to judge by some of the advance fall styles. The woman of good taste, however, will eschew gowns covered with "fancy work."—St. Louis Star.

Mrs. Cleveland's Guest.
One of the observed of all observers at a recent tea given by Mrs. Cleveland to a number of ladies, gentlemen being barred, was Mrs. Pak Ye, wife of the Minister from Korea. She was clad in a quaint gown of dark blue brocade and wore a curious headpiece which sparkled with jewels. Mrs. Pak didn't know a word of English, and could only look on, but seemed to enjoy the occasion as much as her more loquacious sisters.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Refloated Gowns.
Have you hidden away among your most precious possessions three lace flounces by any chance? Because, if so, the time has come to revive the fashion of sewing them on the skirt of your best ball gown. Chantilly, point d'Alencon, Honiton and all the other priceless hand-wrought laces that once flounced the dresses of royalty are now returning to favor, and by another year the great dressmakers will force their customers to give up their heirlooms for trimmings, and at the same time take shawls and veils to eke out the short lengths. The Princess of Wales has been the first to approve of this lace-floated skirt. Her own set of magnificent round point was mounted on a white satin gown for Lady Londonderry's ball, and so immediately the cachet was given for lace flounces. The effect, which was thought to be wonderful, will, of course, be imitated in less regal fabrics, but ladies possessing "real lace" flounces need not be afraid of any reproduction or imitation.—New York Mail and Express.

Latest Capes for Women.
Autumn hats will be fashioned of mouchou braid, which is really a cylinder of felt. It can be sewed into any shape and consequently made becoming to all faces. Stiff felt hats will not be in vogue. Hats of gray will be trimmed with white and harmonies in violet, mixtures of green and black, gray and rose color will also be in evidence. Beige color will be fashionable, especially in the soft Tyrolean shape, with a wide band of gros grain ribbon around the crown and a bunch of quills. The new models are considerably smaller than those worn this summer. Low crowns are in favor and toques are slightly smaller than they were last year, and most of them are turned up abruptly on one side. Velvet and fancy woven material, lace and soft silks will be used for puffed toques. Velvet will be much used as a trimming and plumage of all kinds will be much in demand. The ostrich plumes will be deemed the smartest. Jet and lace will be employed on many of the handsomest hats. Capes will be larger and a little fuller. The collars will be cut in one piece with the garment. Braiding is used extensively as a decoration for these graceful garments. A dainty cape cut on the new lines is built of soft gray, braided with a little darker shade in a simple but effective pattern and lined with rose pink taffeta. Braiding with silk cord numbers among the latest fancies of fashion. Still another new braiding is to be used on short jackets. It consists of an outline of silver or gold braid.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Housekeeping Schools.
The Belgians have a good idea which would be worth adopting in this and every other country. Les ecoles menageres, as the housekeeping schools are called, are conducted on practical principles. The girls are taught housekeeping in all its branches. They are sent to market in town, and are expected to provide a dinner for six persons upon a limited sum, so that they are first required to get the best articles in vegetables and meats for a small cost. When they return they are taught to cook the dinner, and after they become proficient as to marketing and cooking they are allowed to order others and superintend the cooking. In this way they are gradually fitted for their duties as future housekeepers. This is the kind of instruction that the everyday girl needs who cannot tell good meat from bad nor fresh vegetables from stale ones. The students are also taught how to set a table, how to mend, how to sew, and they are required to attend lectures on hygiene, so that they may understand the simple chemical laws that naturally enough come into the notice of every housekeeper. They also learn how to take care of and to manage children. A real, live baby is sent by its mother (usually a working-woman), who is only too glad to leave her child in the care of some one. The members of the class bathe it, dress and

dress it, and are taught all the practical rules which should govern its diet and general healthfulness. There are also classes in dressmaking, and in every useful thing that may render a household comfortable and healthful.—Household Queen.

Gossip.
The medical department of the University of Illinois has decided to admit women.

Trilby hearts, that American fashion which was debarred by the age limit several seasons ago, is now the raging fad in London.

It is said that another attempt has been made in England by the Victorians to revive white stockings, but without any effect so far.

Geneva, N. Y., has a woman undertaker, Batavia a woman lawyer, many towns women doctors, but Ovid takes the prize by having a woman butcher. A monument to the memory of Lucinda Horn, who went through the Civil War with her husband, has been placed above her grave in South Carolina.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Reed, of Chicago, has been elected a member of the Royal Asiatic Society of London, this in honor of her successful work in Hindoo and Persian literature.

A prosperous farmer is Mrs. Adelaide E. Sherry, of West Point, Ind. She is a young widow, and owns and manages a farm of 1000 acres a few miles north of Baden Baden Spring.

Mrs. Mildred A. Charlesworth and Miss Julia H. O'Brien have been appointed by the Secretary of Agriculture as assistant microscopists in the Bureau of Animal Industry, in Chicago.

The Queen of Madagascar has been exiled to the Island of Reunion. It is said of her, "She was passionately devoted to her country and showed a strong sense of justice in her public duties."

Miss Mary McLean, daughter of the Rev. J. C. McLean, of the Pacific Theological Seminary at Oakland, has accepted the chair of Professor of English literature in Stanford University.

Mrs. M. A. Bates, of St. Louis, who is a grandmother and an invalid, intends to go to the Klondike in the spring. She says she will open either a boarding house or a bakery at Dawson City.

Lady Aberdeen, wife of the Governor-General of Canada, is one of the few women in the world upon whom the degree of Doctor of Laws has been conferred.

Mrs. Eleanor C. Ransom, deaconess in the National W. R. C. Home, at Madison, Ohio, is eighty-two years of age, and was a nurse during the war. She attended the G. A. R. Encampment at Buffalo.

Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, has been recently appointed Postmistress of sub-station No. 10, in Chicago. She did not ask for the place. She gets \$200 per month salary, and the public seems much pleased with her management.

Mrs. Jernie Benson conducts a large store in Omaha, Neb., and employs only women and girls in the establishment. She has managed her business alone for nearly ten years, and comes to the East regularly to select and purchase her stock.

Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, wife of the English Secretary for the colonies and daughter of W. C. Endicott, Mr. Cleveland's first Secretary of War, has a special evidence of the favor in which Queen Victoria holds her, has received from Her Majesty the gold medal of the silver jubilee medal. The gold medal was conferred, as a rule, only on royal personages.

Fashion Notes.
Rugs and wraps for travelers are in Scotch and fancy plaids.

Rows of No. 2 satin baby ribbon finish neck ruffles of mousseline and chiffonette.

White spots in four sizes are printed on navy blue Japanese silks for tennis shirt waists.

Black satin and black lace can be used with lovely effect on yellow organdy, dimity or lawn.

Plaitings of white ribbon are an expensive but beautiful trimming for frocks of printed silk.

For evening dress young girls wear wreaths of flowers in their hair, which is arranged high on the head. Forget-me-nots are very pretty and a narrow wreath of green leaves is often very becoming.

A smart gown of white is light cloth, the skirt trimmed with bias bands of satin, quite narrow, put on in garlands and knots. The waist, a jacket blouse, is lined with green taffeta, and is worn open to show a smart green taffeta silk blouse, which has a collar fastened with a gold buckle, and another gold buckle to fasten the belt.

Duck suits are highly approved, and many ladies prefer them to serge on account of the ease with which they are freshened up. It is possible to secure a good laundry when one could not find a first-class professional cleaner, and the comfort and luxury of a clean white dress is so highly appreciated that the extra trouble and cost of doing dresses up is not to be taken into consideration.