

It will cost the natives of the Indian frontier \$15,000,000 this year to be suppressed by the British.

King Leopold of Belgium offers a prize of \$5000 for the best military history of Belgium from the Roman invasion to the present day. It may be written in English, French, German, Italian, Spanish or Flemish, and manuscripts must reach Belgium before January 7, 1901.

When a young Philadelphia woman, moved by a spirit of bravado, recently entered a street car and calmly proceeded to light a cigarette, even the unusual lethargy of the people of that quiet city was aroused, those of them who were in the car promptly taking hold of and ejecting her.

Bishop Fallows prefaced a recent sermon in Chicago by some remarks on "Why There Has Been So Much Lawlessness and Crime in Chicago." He announced himself a believer in curfew and flogging. Said he: "Robberies accompanied with violence have been so numerous that we may need the methods of Mr. Justice Day in Liverpool, England. For deeds of personal violence there the lash was unsparingly used, accompanied with long terms of imprisonment for the habitual criminal. This broke up the gangs which had so long infested that city. Corporal punishment in such cases, instead of brutalizing, became a potent agency in reformation."

The life of a locomotive is not as long as generally supposed. Investigations in this direction recently made in Germany show that the average locomotive has to be withdrawn from service after traveling about 500,000 miles. This does not include the time the locomotive is under her own steam without pulling a train. During the period a locomotive is in service a number of parts have to be repaired or renewed. For instance, the boiler and the firebox have to be renewed three times, the tires of the wheels five or six times, the driving cranks from three to five times. After a half million of miles of active service the average locomotive is no more worth repairing and is entirely withdrawn.

A feature of modern murders, noted by the Argonaut, is the callous indifference of the criminals when confronted with the evidence of guilt. It is prominent in both the Nack case in New York and the Leutger case in Chicago, was remarked in the memorable case of Holmes, executed in Philadelphia last year, and was the wonder of San Franciscans during the trial of Durrant for the atrocious murder of two girls. The old superstitions—such as that the corpse would bleed afresh at the murderer's approach—no longer terrify the would-be criminal, the old faiths have lost their hold on the mass of the people, and the new morality has not yet come to take their place as a bulwark against the lust of gold and pleasure.

The Chinese have subjugated Tibet. A French missionary stationed at Batang, on the River Di-chu, in the northwest of the Province of Szechuan, on the borders of Tibet, writes that the Chinese have suppressed the revolt of the Lamaists, subjugated Tibet and organized a government with Chinese administrators. Tibet has for some time been divided between Independent and Chinese Tibet, and it would seem that the Chinese have now decided to subjugate the whole country, especially that which forms the northern frontier of India from Burmah to Cashmere, and which is separated from India by the almost impassable barrier of the gigantic ranges of the Himalayas. The movement is probably backed by Russia.

It is significant of a change in the way of which woman is regarded in this country, declares the San Francisco Argonaut, that the daughter of a politician of note should have been considered by her parents too young to marry at twenty, they thinking that two or three years later would have been quite soon enough for her to assume the responsibilities of matrimony. A generation ago, twenty was regarded quite a mature age for a bride, and any parent who opposed the marriage of a girl of that age on the score of undue youth would have been regarded as most peculiar. This is one of the many matters in which the equality of the sexes is slowly developing. Young men of twenty and twenty-two are spoken of as boys, and their undignified pranks excused on the score of their extreme youth. The farther away the race gets from the harem idea, i. e. the purely physical idea of woman, the less artificial disparity as to youthfulness and oldness will there be between the sexes.

Let us rest ourselves a bit.
Worry? wave your hand to it—
Kiss your finger-tips and smile
It farewells a little while.

Wear of the weary way
We have come since yesterday.
Let us fret us not, in dread
Of the weary way ahead.

While we yet look down—not up—
To seek out the buttercup
And the daisy, where they wave
O'er the green home of the grave.

Let us launch us smoothly on
Listless billows of the lawn.
And drift out across the main
Of our childish dreams again.

REST.

Voyage off, beneath the trees,
O'er the field's enchanted seas,
Where the lilies are our sails,
And our seagulls, nightingales.

Where no wilder storm shall beat
Than the wind that waves the wheat,
And no tempest burst above
The old laughs he used to love.

Lose all troubles—gain release,
Langour and exceeding peace,
Cruising idly o'er the vast
Calm mid-ocean of the past.

Let us rest ourselves a bit.
Worry? wave your hand to it—
Kiss your finger-tips and smile
It farewells a little while.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

HARVEY'S ROMANCE.



It was during his freshman year at Harvard that I first became acquainted with Harvey. He had come to college from a thriving Western town, where his father was a banker and leading citizen. Harvey was a remarkable fellow in many ways. In the first place he was one of the handsomest fellows I have ever known. He was possessed of rare talents, and bore upon his face the unmistakable stamp of good breeding.

And yet, when I first knew Harvey, he was a freshman in every sense of the word. You could hardly call him green; he had seen quite a bit of the world and society, too, for all that, but it was of such a boy sees under the chaperone of a fond and indulgent mother. His experiences, while quite varied in their nature, were of a tame variety, so you will not deem it strange that when he arrived at Harvard, with an allowance of \$300 per month and no chaperons but sops and seniors, a new world was opened to him.

Like all freshmen of this type, Harvey fell in with a fast set, joined a swell fraternity and went straight to the bad. And what a winding and mellifluous path his Satanic Majesty has provided for the college devotees. Of course Harvey's apartments were the best in the city. His dog had whined everything that had been pitted against him, and his wine suppers to the fast set of which he was a part were the talk and envy of every cheap Cholly man in the college.

Long before the end of the first term Harvey was an acknowledged king of the bloods. He was a greatly changed lad; all that simple charm and frankness that had marked him when he came were gone. His manner, talk and dress had all changed, and now conformed strictly to the ideas of the set of which he had become a part. At the junior hop occurred a little incident which was to mark an epoch in the affairs and life of the freshman, and, in fact, to give birth to this story. The junior hop is the social event of the year at Harvard, and at all great American colleges for all that. This is the high tide of the year when the freshman sends home for his best girl to show her something of college life, and to show her how important he has become in one term. A few months before a beautiful young lady, the daughter of one of the Back Bay millionaires, had made her debut in Boston society. Bessie Hill was so refined and so charming that it was but a short time before all of the young men, both in Boston and in Cambridge, were wild about her. She was a model of beauty, but to stop here and say no more would be doing her great injustice, for she was not only a queen of beauty, but possessed of all the other qualities necessary to make her a type of perfect womanhood. Of course, she would be at the hop, and every fellow who had not already met her had set his heart upon an introduction. Every swell fraternity in the college attended in a body, and every big fraternity man individually did all in his power to bring Bessie Hill to his booth and make her a part of his Greek letter circle. Harvey looked that night as I had never seen him look before. With the efforts of nature and the tailor combined he was by far the handsomest man in the ballroom. He was introduced to Bessie Hill; it was Greek meet Greek. They exchanged glances; Harvey bowed low, she extended her hand, while the polite audience of students, mammas and sisters held their breath in astonishment. Never before had Bessie Hill extended her hand to any new acquaintance. She had been with Harvey but a short time when the cold and steel-like glitter left her eyes and her cheeks were suffused with the rose of nature's rarest red.

They danced together. Harvey was a perfect Tropicshorean. They glided off to the conservatory. Harvey's heart beat faster than usual and his bosom swelled with pride. But surely he had good reason to feel proud, for he had by his side the most admired woman of all Boston. The freshman had won the greatest of all social triumphs. It cost him a wine supper at Harvard and no little notoriety in Boston. Their meeting at the ball had caused quite a sensation. The daily papers reviewed his life and family history, and Bessie Hill was convinced that she had made no mistake. But Harvey was a beginner. He could not understand that a social triumph and a love affair were one and the same thing, and that at best should last only so long as people talk about them. Like a foolish freshman that he was, he allowed his head to be turned. He underwent a change. The wine at the midnight revelries grew insipid; the songs, however spicy, lost their charm. There would come stealing into his mind now and then a fancy that he should not be there. But who ever

heard of Greek and love uniting in the same character.

"Philosophy be blowed," he used to say. "I will win the girl I love; I will be a man of business; let other freshmen wreck their bodies, sell their eyes and lose their souls trying for a degree. I will marry the woman I love."

Harvey spent the major portion of his time in Bessie's company. They read together, compared notes and spent their time as all lovers do in that delicious pleasure of doing nothing.

Harvey came home one night on a car from Boston. He rushed violently into my room; his face was flushed; he was somewhat wrought up; I thought he had been drinking. "Congratulate me, old fellow," he exclaimed, "I have won her, but keep it still. The wedding is to be in June; I know father will consent. We'll have the affair in Boston, so all the fellows can be there. We'll go to Europe for the summer, and I will go into business with father when we return. I came to Harvard to scale Parnassus, but find myself worshipping at the shrine of Diana."

As it neared the first of June Harvey was almost constantly in Boston. He and his bride to be were ever together. The fellows all wondered what the freshman was going to do when examination day came round. Harvey, however, was preparing a surprise for them, but, alas, for the poor old chap, there was in store for him the greatest of all surprises. He came into my room one night; I shall never forget the look upon his face. I have seen men die in the throes of mortal agony, but pain was never pictured more vividly on any face than it was upon that of poor Harvey that night.

He held in his trembling hand a telegram; I knew some terrible calamity had happened. His father—his old and respected father—was a bankrupt and a defaulter. It is too painful even at this time to go into details of that sad night.

How all the fellows looked and acted. None could say a word. Harvey, poor Harvey, cried like a child. And when I saw him who yesterday was the man of all men to be envied; when I thought of his broken home—the stigma of disgrace the world would put upon his name; of how, perhaps, the prison cell yawned for his father; and when, above all, I guessed the thing that galled him more than all else, his love affair, I cried myself. The news was spread broadcast throughout the country by the morning papers. "Big-headed Harvey, Railroad Manipulator, a Bankrupt." Harvey's heart was broken; his spirit was crushed.

Hastily penning a few lines to Bessie, in which he referred to the sudden downfall of his family, of his disgrace; their present difference in position, life, etc., he gathered his belongings together and in half an hour was off on a midnight train for New York. He would not stay over a day. He said on leaving: "Fellows, I want you to remember me as Harvey and not as a beggar."

He would not and could not go home. He would only be useless to his parents in their hour of woe. He could not dare to go back to town a beggar where he had once been a prince.

Harvey shipped out of New York on a steamship bound for San Francisco. She was to take the place of a liner that had gone down off the coast of Lower California. After a vain effort to find something worth doing in the city of the Golden Gate, he shipped out of Frisco as a common deck hand on the fast boat for Japan. After a few months of knockabout life in Yokohama and Tokio he fell in with a party of pearl fishers and was faring well until a heavy sea tossed them all upon the rocks of Australia. He next tried sheep herding away back in the hills, where he lived for months with no company but his dog and the sheep. He was stricken down with a deadly fever while one of a party of adventurers were searching for a quick fortune in the diamond mines of South Africa. Three months later, more dead than alive, he found his way to Johannesburg. He here fell in with an English captain and made his way to London and then to Liverpool, and after four years of adventure, trial and sickness he landed once more in New York.

Harvey was a changed man—changed this time in earnest. He had learned a most valuable lesson, one worth going all the way to Africa to learn, my boy. He had learned to know the value of a dollar. Being a persevering fellow, he desired to raise himself to a better position in society. Knowing that an education was necessary, he looked for a school where his limited means would hold out for the longest time, and in a few weeks after we find him enrolled as a student of law in that greatest of all Western colleges at Ann Arbor. North of University Hall to-day still

stands a building that, had it tumbled down twenty years ago, would still have been old. This building is owned by some church corporation which furnishes students with rooms in the old shack at miserably low rates.

But more miserable than all else are the rooms; these are devoid of furniture, save a rickety old table, a chair and a rusty stove with a crazy pipe, some dry goods boxes and a broken looking glass. The decorations were the work of spiders and flies of generations gone. The windows, for the most part, were minus glass and stuffed up with copy books and old paper. Here Harvey was located. Just across the way was the local chapter of his fraternity. Little did his wealthy brothers think that the "Tramp Law," as they called him, possessed their most sacred secrets, knew their grip, had memorized their ritual and was indeed a brother in good standing.

It was the night of the junior hop. Across the campus the gay young dancers assembled from all parts of the country were whirling enmeshed in the mazes of the waltz.

It was just midnight; Harvey had put in a hard night over a still harder lesson in common law pleading. He crossed the floor to the window. The dingy old building shook in the wind that moaned bitterly out of doors. He brushed aside the frost from the pane and looked in silent meditation toward the scene of gayety and grandeur. He reflected on his own position; thought of a time when he was a part of a similar gay assemblage, and how now he was poor and more miserable than the coachmen that were knocking their heels together without.

He sat down before his dim fire, and thoughts of another junior hop came to him. He was back again in the good old days; Bessie was by his side; he saw her tender eyes looking into his; she seemed just as she did that night in the conservatory when, for the first time in his life, he felt the warm and gentle pressure of the hand of the woman he loved. His heart beat lively and his body thrilled through and through.

"Strange it is," he said to himself, "that a beggar dares love." As the blaze dimmed and the coals blackened he thought of his career, of his wealth, his life, his adventure and, last of all, his poverty. "Such is life," he said to himself. "Why not write a story about it all? It seems more romantic than real anyway. People would read it and be interested in the characters; they can never know, and besides, I need a pair of shoes and a new coat badly."

A few weeks later in a Sunday paper there appeared a most interesting college romance about the junior hop in Ann Arbor.

A pale and sickly newsboy was vainly trying to sell his wares in a crowded parlor car. Travelers fatigued with a long and hard journey, and chilled with the cold even in the car, were not interested in the paper, and only one was affected by the pale look upon the face of the poor and thinny clad boy.

This was a very handsome young lady; she was tired with her journey and seemed weary of the world. She purchased all the papers because she pitied the boy. She looked them over; her eye chanced upon a college echo. She read the story, for she used to know college girls and fellows, too, for all that.

The story finished, the paper at her feet, this very handsome young lady unconsciously lent a charm to her beauty by the tear in her soft blue eyes.

The next day shortly before noon there was a light step upon the dingy old staircase that led to Harvey's room, and there was a light rap at the door. Harvey, thinking it was his washwoman, called out, "Come in, but I have no washing for you to-day." The visitor came in, and Harvey looked up; he almost fainted, for before him he saw his sweetheart of other days, Bessie Hill.

I have just received a letter from Harvey to-day in which he says: "In this mail you will receive a printed invitation, etc. Well, old man, the affair's to be in Boston, so as all the fellows can be there, and it is a special request of Bessie's that you be the best man."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Cost \$3000 to Get Down Stairs.
It cost Columbus R. Cummings, of Chicago, \$3000 to get down stairs from the bedroom in his residence to the dining room. He made the trip on an elevator which he put into his home at the cost mentioned. The "lift" is of bronze, beautiful in design, and the best and safest manufactured in Chicago.

The capitalist, banker and street railway magnate has not left his bedroom since January. He is ill with a disease that may be arrested, but cannot be cured. His malady is dropsy. He is a restless patient. He insists on receiving friends when their presence is forbidden by the doctor and the nurse. He wants to give such attention to his large and varied business interests as is possible to give in the sick room, and he particularly desires to get down to the parlor floor of his dwelling house. So he had the elevator built.

Artesian Water in Sahara.
One of the most important results of the Egyptian expedition up the Nile has been the discovery that by sinking deep wells water may be found in the desert in many places where its presence had not been suspected. Not only will this give a secure basis for military operations, but it is possible that water may be found in sufficient quantities to serve for irrigation, in which case the Sahara may be turned into a flower garden. Its aridity comes from no material sterility of the soil, but simply from the lack of moisture.



Thread for Buttonholes.
Do not work buttonholes with too coarse a thread, says the American Queen. D twist for silk and woolen goods and 45, 50 or 60 thread for cotton materials are of the correct thickness.

News for the Stout Woman.
The stout woman will be pleased to hear that the serviceable and always graceful cashmere is to be the mode this season, and that she may do away with the torturing high collar and wear her gowns cut round or slightly square in the neck.—New York Times.

A Queen's Simple Taste.
The Queen of Spain is said to be most simple and domestic in her tastes. She and her daughters are admirable needlewomen, and embroider and make lace beautifully, the little King playing beside them while they work. The Queen teaches her children German herself. She has but one vice (if vice it be)—she smokes, and the little King delights in making cigarettes for her.

A New Corset.
The new shape of corset, which fashionable dressmakers announce as the sine quonon of the season's fitting, is made with the back very narrow, the hips very full and the bust without a definite shape. The corset scarcely touches the body except at the waist line. The upper edge just reaches to the edge of the bust, but holds it firmly in place by means of the corset line and the upper clasp. The hips and under arm pieces are very full, and the whole effect of the corset is to make the waist look smaller. It is becoming to slender women, but the reverse to stout ones.

The Fashionable Colors.
Soft beautiful tints in reseda or mignonette green, in rosignol or nightingale, marmotte, a pretty shade of roses shade, in doe color and reindeer, are among the fashionable colors in fabrics for tailor gowns in ladies' cloth, camel's hair goods, Fionas, silk and wool repps, and costume cloths. A few dyes are in metallic tones, but the greater number have a suggestion of mellow autumn sunshine in the glow. Still others are brilliant with a glow of beautifully interwoven Persian color-mixtures—small Oriental patterns figuring prominently among some of the handsomest 'faconne' woolsens of the fall season.

A Jean Ingelow Story.
A quaintly amusing story is told of the late Jean Ingelow by one who knew her well. Once, when she was staying with some friends in the country, it transpired that, although she often wrote delightfully of nightingales, she had never heard one sing. So one night the whole household went out in the moonlight especially to hear them, and, after, by an effort, holding their tongues for five minutes, while the nightingales sang divinely, they were startled by Miss Ingelow remarking: "Are they singing? I don't hear anything." With a Londoner's dread of draughts, the poetess, before going out in the night air, had filled her ears with cotton wool.

Rainbow Ribbons.
There are going to be ribbons this winter to an extent that hasn't prevailed for many seasons. Some dresses already shown by exclusive makers suggest that Dame Fashion has us on a string, that string being some new and dainty sort of ribbon of which the manufacturers have put out a liberal supply. Indeed, there are so many of these fascinating bands that selection is not an easy task, but when the one that seems just right is chosen the job is only just begun. For then comes study of the method of using it. Of course, it is more methodical to have the plan definitely settled before purchase is made, but these new ribbons are so alluring, so suggestive of new methods of adornment, that the best-laid plans are likely to go awry in favor of some later thought.

A Royal Wardrobe.
"Marie-Antoinette as Dauphine" is the title of an article in the Century, by Miss Anna L. Bicknell, who says: "The Dauphine was allowed a sum of 120,000 livres for her dress alone; but she never interfered in any way, and everything was decided without consulting her, by the dame d'atour, who ordered what was necessary according to her own appreciation, and settled the bills of the tradesmen. At the end of the year she presented incomprehensible accounts, which the Dauphine was required to approve, with the result that her expenses greatly exceeded the allotted sum, through no fault of hers. Mercy was called to the rescue, and discovered the most absurd extravagance. For instance, three ells of ribbon, to tie the powdering gown of the Dauphine, were put down daily; also several ells of silk (daily) to cover the basket in which her gloves and fan were deposited, with many other items of the same kind, noted by Mercy in solemn reprobation. With all this waste, the arrangements about her were strangely deficient in comfort."

Molasses for Horses.
In Germany and Austria molasses has recently been tried as food for horses, being substituted in part for corn and oats. When mixed in proper ratio with other food it is said to be well liked by the horses and to give them a sleek appearance.—Youth's Companion.

ODD FREAKS OF FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

Unexpected Windfalls of Wealth For People Much in Need.

While most people find it very hard to acquire even a modest competency, others are more lucky, and to them fortunes come without even the asking. Several such instances have occurred of late years, some of them of an interesting character. It was only a short while since that a poor rag-picker in Birmingham suddenly found himself a man of wealth. By dint of working from dawn till late at night he had been in the habit of making the not very exorbitant income of \$2.50 per week. One morning he heard from a firm of solicitors in London, who requested him to call, when he would learn something to his advantage. He found that a long-lost brother, who had made money in Australia, had recently died there, leaving him a sum of £8000.

At Tamworth, England, a tobaccoconist has unexpectedly found himself the heir to a baronetcy. For some time past he has been in receipt of 25s. 6d. a week, having served as a sergeant in the Suffolk Regiment; but, finding this sum inadequate, he took a tobaccoconist shop at Tamworth, and was apparently contented with his lot, when he awoke to find himself a baronet of the United Kingdom.

A schooner which went ashore off the American coast with 1200 tons of coal, being abandoned by her owners, was sold for \$70. Some 400 tons of coal had been got out of the hull, when suddenly the vessel slid off the rock and sank in deep water, only, however, to float again the next morning and drift with the tide right into port. It seems that sufficient coal had rattled through the holes in her bottom to let the hull come again to the surface with some 300 tons of coal still in it. As the vessel then stood she was worth \$3000 or more to those who bought it for \$70.

The effects produced by suddenly acquired wealth are sometimes startling in the extreme. A suburban Parisian, who lately inherited £16,000 from an elderly aunt, at once began to look about for some outlet for spending the money quickly. At length the craze for building speculation seized him, and he built houses wherever sites were obtainable. He went on in this way for some time, when his mind became unglued, and he was found one day walking around his newly built houses, firing shots from a navy revolver at imaginary enemies.—Boston Traveller.

Waste the Melons; Save the Seeds.

In Kearny County (Kan.) they grow watermelons not for the sake of the juicy pulp—but for the seeds. Acre after acre is grown with the good, green fruit, and then the harvest is not eaten; it is not even shipped to melon-hungry folk elsewhere. It is thrashed for the seeds.

Separating the seeds from the melons is an interesting process. It is done by "thrashing," but not with the ordinary thrashing machine. A special machine is built, having a large hopper at the bottom of which is a cylinder armed with stout, sharp spikes. The cylinder is run at high speed by means of an ordinary sweep horse-power, so that they break as they fall, and in a twinkling the cylinder teeth have torn them to pieces, releasing the seed-bearing pulp. The hopper discharges into a great cylindrical screen, set at a slight incline, in which long arms revolve on an axis, stirring up the mass of rinds and pulp and seeds, and continually pushing the seeds and pulp through the screen into a vat as the mass moves from the hopper down the incline. By the time the mass reaches the lower end of the incline it has lost all the pulp and seeds and consists only of rinds, which are thrown with a scoop onto the waste pile. When the pile of rinds becomes so large as to be troublesome it is not moved, simply because it is so much easier to move the thrashing machine. When a thrashing machine runs steadily it is necessary to move it at least every third day.

The seeds and pulp which come through the thrashing machine together are stored in great vats or tanks, water added and the whole left for two or three days to ferment.

The Cause of Apoplexy.

Apoplexy is due to the breaking of a blood vessel in the brain, which results in hemorrhage. It may occur at any age, but is most common in men who have passed the age of sixty, especially in those who have indulged too freely in alcoholic liquors. It may come on suddenly, or there may be warning symptoms. Sometimes the person suffers for several days previous to the attack from headache, congestion of the face and a sense of general discomfort. When the attack does occur the person is struck down very suddenly and is in a state of insensibility, from which it is impossible to arouse him. His breathing is usually noisy and labored, and he is unable to speak, or to recognize those about him. His condition is very critical, and he may die in the attack, but usually the patient recovers, for a time at least, but he is left more or less permanently disabled. When the attack occurs the person should be placed in a recumbent position, his collar and cravat should be loosened and the windows of the room should be opened wide. Then send for the nearest physician.

"Hoodlumism" Among the Pueblos.
Major Nordstrom, United States agent in charge of the Pueblo Indians, has been investigating the maltreatment of an aged squaw by Indians at the instigation of the religious order known as "Priests of the Bow." The old woman was suspended by the priests until she confessed that she had bewitched the nostrums of the medicine men and prevented them from effecting cures.