Horseless vehicles are an accomplished fact. They are now being drawn by dogs and reindeer in the Klondike.

And now comes a scientist who asserts that the human system is full of microbes and that one is healthy just so long as one's microbes are in good health. If that's the case, it clearly is a mistake to wage war on these little fellows; better treat them well.

Weyler has left Cuba, but the memory of his monstrous cruelty will never disappear from that unhappy island, exclaims the New York Mail and Express. He goes back to Spain red-handed with the blood of his helpless victims, with his honor besmirched, his name reeking with infamy and his reputation as a soldier forever lost. His departure is like the vanishing of a hideous pestilence.

There are over 450,000 miles of railway in operation in the world, and, according to Robert P. Porter, the century will close with over 500,000. Of the present number, just about one-half are in this country. The cost of railroads all over the world, thus far, has been $36,685,000,000, and it is estimated that the street railways cost $2,500,000,000. The railroads employ almost 5,000,000 people. These are big figures, but the railroads represent a vast interest in the world's wealth.

Ordinarily people in Canada do not take sufficient interest in their politics or politicians to want to kill any of the latter. Since Thomas D'Arcy McGee was assassinated, about thirty years ago, nobody appears to have cared enough about any Canadian statesman to expend any powder on him, Premier Sir Wilfrid Laurier, therefore, who has just been fired at, ought to feel complimented. "Happy man," exclaimed old Dr. Arbuthnot to a patient dying with a pecular malady, "you have revived a disease which has been dead six centuries."

In the opinion of the Philadelphia Press expert testimony of all sorts in our courts has become disgraceful. The law in many States has now recognized the necessity of paying more than the ordinary witness fees to experts, so that there is a pecuniary recognition of its value. The three experts in the Barbieri trial in New York received from the county $7250. The fees given experts yearly in any one of our large cities would probably pay twice over the annual salary of permanent experts, but at present there is nothing permanent about an expert but his fee.

In his recent address before the English Church Congress, the Archbishop of Canterbury gave some advice to workingmen, speaking as a workingman himself. He had been left fatherless, he said, at the age of thirteen, and had been obliged to earn his own living since he was seventeen. He had known what it was to do without a fire, because he could not afford it, and to wear patched clothes and boots. He learned to plow as straight as furrow as any man in the parish, and he could thrash as well as any man. If, he added, the workingman would practice self-restraint, would never waste his wages in drink, but find happiness in the love of home and family, he would find little of the burdens of life or of the inequality which was inevitable.

A French statistician has recently drawn up a very interesting document showing in what time certain frontier towns at various periods could be reached from Paris. For convenient purposes the statistician has chosen the years 1650, 1782, 1834, 1854 and 1897. In 1650 it took five days to go from Paris to Calais. One hundred and thirty-seven years later, 1782, the duration of the journey had been reduced to sixty hours. In 1834 it had fallen to twenty-eight hours, and in 1854 to six hours and forty minutes. To-day one of the boat expresses takes three hours and forty-two minutes. The journey to Strasburg took 218 hours in 1650, 108 hours in 1782, ten hours and forty minutes in 1854, and to-day a matter eight hours and twenty minutes. The difference for Marseilles is still more phenomenal. From fifteen days in 1650 the duration of the journey was reduced to eighty hours in 1834, and to-day it takes twelve and a half hours. The distance from Paris to Bayonne two centuries ago took 388 hours; to-day it occupies eleven hours and eleven minutes. Brest can be reached in thirteen hours and thirty-seven minutes, while in 1650 it took 270 hours. Finally for Havre, ninety-seven hours was considered quick traveling in 1650. It took fifteen hours in 1782 and seven hours in 1834. To-day it is a matter of three hours and fifteen minutes.

DO NOT BORROW TROUBLE.

Only a day at a time. There may never be a to-morrow.
Only a day at a time, and that we can live. We know
The trouble we cannot bear is only the trouble we borrow,
And the trials that never come are the ones that fret us so.
Only a step at a time. It may be the angels bend o'er us
To bear us above the stones that wound our feet by the way.
The step that is hardest of all is not the one just before us,
And the path we dread the most may be smoothed another day.

ON THE SOUTH SIDE.

THEY had been in six room flats and nine room houses, up stairs and down, through block after block of bewildering streets, in all the dust and heat of an early spring day; so, when her aunt stopped in front of another office, Sara gave a little gasp of despair before resigning herself to the inevitable. That it was inevitable she well knew, for Aunt Jane never did anything by halves, and when she was house hunting, allowed no real estate signs to escape her watchful eye.

As they went in, a gray haired man came forward to meet them with the businesslike air of courtesy that Sara had come to consider more provoking than rudeness. A young man at a desk in the corner glanced up indifferently, but continued to look, with a strange expression on his face. Sara saw him, and conscious that her cheeks were reddening, turned abruptly about to examine the cards on the bulletin board. That one quick glance had brought back the scenes of the pleasantest summer Sara had ever known—the summer when Alan Slocum had spoiled it all by quarreling with her.

How could she ever have been so careless as not to notice the sign over the door? He was probably thinking at that very moment that her appearance there was a matter of her own conniving. What a long, tiresome talk her aunt was having with the senior partner! Sara could catch bits of sentences here and there, about furnaces, calcimine, and hard wood, so she knew they had gone from the abstract to the concrete. By the time she had read the list of houses and flats four times over, the agent turned from her aunt to the young man, and Sara's heart sank as she heard his words.

"If you have nothing else on hand, Al," he said, "I wish you'd take these ladies over to the Kimbark Avenue house for me. I've got to wait for Brooks."

The young man bowed, and, picking up his hat, followed them out of the office. He ignored Sara almost completely, and, walking by her aunt, began to speak of the desirable qualities of Woodlawn.

"It is very pretty here," said Aunt Jane. "I had almost despaired of finding a house in so popular a locality when my niece discovered your sign."

"I didn't discover it," said Sara rather hastily. "You spoke of the office."

"Well, what difference does it make? So much more credit to me," her aunt said easily. "My sister broke her leg at the last minute, and I am doing her house hunting for her," she added, turning to the young man at her side.

Alan Slocum smiled sympathetically. "It is extremely wearing work," he said pleasantly. "From what part of the city did you come, Mrs.——"

"Mrs. Harris," replied Aunt Jane. "From the far north side, and it's going to cost a small fortune to get them moved down here, too."

It was something of a relief to get to the house at last.

"Hard wood in both rooms, you notice, Sara," her aunt was saying. "Gas grate, bay window, side porch—let's see the pantry. That turn in the stairs will make a good place for the clock," she went on, as she started on a tour of inspection of the second floor. "Five bed rooms. Which will you have, Sara?"

"The second, I suppose," said Sara somewhat listlessly. "Mother'll have the front."

"There's a pretty little balcony outside of your window, you see," said Aunt Jane.

"Yes," said Sara slowly. "A cordial invitation to strolling burglars."

"I declare, you're the most provoking girl I ever saw," her aunt said wearily. "After I've come all the way from Edgewater to select a house for you, you might, at least, take a little interest in the one I select."

"I do, Aunt Jane," said Sara, trying to speak lightly. "I'm just tired, I suppose."

"Well, you hurry along and buy the tickets for home," said Aunt Jane, relenting, "and I'll go over to the office with Mr.——"

"Jarvis," said Alan, without winking.

"Jarvis, I'll take the house, subject to approval, if that is satisfactory."

Sara hurried away and bought her tickets for the express to the city, glad of a few minutes in which to collect her thoughts. She walked up and down outside the turnstile and tried to persuade herself that she wished Alan Slocum in the moon rather than on the next street to her future home. She gave up trying, however, for she could not think connectedly, owing to the shrill cries of a newsboy and the diabolical whistle of a popcorn stand. Aunt Jane hove in sight before long, and they went through the stile together.

"Such a nice young man, that Mr. Jarvis, Sara," said her aunt. "Did you notice him?"

"I never heard the name before," said Sara, peering up the track in the wrong direction. "What did you do about the house?"

"I thought the safest thing to do was to take it," Aunt Jane said. "Mr. Jarvis said there were three people to see it this morning and five yesterday, so I was afraid to wait."

They day they moved it rained—a cold, disheartening drizzle, that made Sara exceedingly low spirited and rather bitter in regard to wet feet and spots on her rosewood piano.

There were delays in getting off, for Aunt Jane had to see that everything was securely packed, that the movers were not intoxicated, and that the janitor's wife did not forget to clean up after them; so, by the time Sara's well nigh distracted mother had been escorted to the home of a kindly neighbor, and Aunt Jane had gone back for the fourth time to tell her brother-in-law not to forget the ice box on the last load, Sara felt sure that the slowest of wagons must have reached the new home.

The long journey over at last, her feeble attempt at rejoicing was suddenly checked at the sight of the van backed up to the curb with the dining-room furniture strewn over the lawn for companionship.

"Looks like a summer garden," said Sara, trying to discover whether the canary was drowned. "Some one had sense enough to cover the things, anyway."

A man on the seat stuck something into a box at his feet and poked his head around the side.

"We can't git in," he said in kindly explanation. "There ain't any key here."

"We took some o' them things out first," said a man who was sitting dejectedly on the tailboard, "and then we couldn't git 'em back again, so we left 'em out."

"Leave the bird with me, Sara," said Aunt Jane rather sharply, "and go to the office for the key at once."

Sara started off willingly enough, though the water was swishing and squashing in her rubbers, and her head ached. It was pleasanter to walk than to stand still—until she remembered where she was going, and then she wished her aunt had sent one of the men. She felt she could not go into the office again, and cast about eagerly for a substitute. Across the street a small boy was strolling along, kicking out his left foot at each step to make a loose sole flap back into place, and idly slashing at puddles with a switch as he passed. Sara hailed him. For the inducement of a nickel, the youth consented to walk half a block and deliver a message, and Sara, somewhat relieved, lowered her umbrella in the shelter of a friendly drug store. By the time she was beginning to wonder what had become of him, the boy returned, flapping his foot with renewed energy, and, planting himself in front of her, piped up:

"First thing, I want my nickel!" Sara was in haste, so forbearing to reprove him, she paid her debt and demanded to know the result of the errand.

"Feller says he ain't never seen me before, and he's sorry, but some one he knows is got ter come for the key."

Sara's face flushed, and she hesitated a minute. It was a choice between an awkward position and no home, so she chose the lesser evil and made her way to the office. Alan met her at the door.

"I trust you will pardon me, madam," he said courteously, "for making you come out in the rain, but I believe you see that I could not think of giving the key of any house to a little street gamin."

"The key should have been at the house," said Sara stiffly. "Our furniture is being ruined, so I will be obliged to you if you will give me the key as quickly as possible."

"Certainly, at once," said Alan, who seemed to have difficulty in finding it. "This is it. If you would like it, madam, I will stop at the house on my way home to see if there is anything to be done there."

Sara wondered if she had ever told him how much she hated to be called "madam."

"Thank you," she said coldly. "If there is anything else father will come for it."

Alan opened her umbrella for her, and, with a frigid nod, she started rapidly for home, trying to think out some way to explain her delay to the poor, forlorn lady awaiting her.

Sara's spirits were at low ebb, and there was no prospect of their rising again for many a weary day. For two weeks it rained steadily, the canary refused to sing, the chimney smoked, the pipes leaked, the plumbers struck, and Sara, unable to get away from her disturbing thoughts, "settled" with praiseworthy diligence. She had told herself many times before that it was easy to forget; but now, with little else to think of, she found it was only too easy to remember. As she put things away, or unpacked boxes, she was conscious of trying to soothe a queer, constant pain by giving free rein to her memory. As she laid the sheets on the linen shelf, she left with them the remembrance of boat rides and tennis games, of drives and of dances; and when she dropped a dinner plate on the kitchen floor, it was because she had come in the course of her thinking, to wonder if, after all, Alan was entirely to blame for the trouble that had sent him back to the city so soon.

Finally, the sun shone upon the world again—weakly, to be sure, but still with enough strength to dry up some of the puddles on the front steps, though it failed to bring into Sara's eyes the light that formerly lurked there. Like the little girl, Sara had discovered that her doll was stuffed with sawdust, and with the egoism of a pessimist she imagined it was the only one ever fashioned in that wise.

On the first bright day Mr. Maitland came home early to take his wife for a drive, and Sara, declining to join them, welcomed an opportunity to be miserable by herself. She wandered about the house listlessly for a time, and then, sitting at her piano, she wailed out all the sentimental ballads in her collection, until she came to one that Alan had spoiled for her by his theatrical rendition of it in his times of hilarity. She started it, but, remembering his emotional stagger as he sang "I go where honor calls me," she gave it up, and, bringing both hands down on the keys with a bang, cried "Oh, dear!" in a mournful, homesick wail that betokened the nearness of tears. Then, hearing a slight noise behind her, she abruptly wheeled about on the piano stool and faced Alan Slocum, with the quick color flaming in her cheeks.

"I beg your pardon," he said, and Sara fancied he was trying not to laugh. "The maid evidently thought you saw me."

Sara rose. "My father is not at home," she said distantly. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"At what time will Mr. Maitland return?" Alan asked, looking at his watch.

"Possibly not for two hours," Sara replied recklessly. "Will you come in and wait?"

Alan raised his eyebrows. "I think not," he said, quietly. "It is half past five now. I will leave the lease with you, if you will be kind enough to give it to your father when he returns."

"Certainly, as soon as he comes in." Sara took the formidable-looking document and bowed him out with a cold "Good evening, Mr. Jarvis," that froze poor Alan's boyish spirits. Whatever he had intended to say was left unsaid, and he strode away with a swinging step and his head held high in the air. If he had looked around and seen the miserable face watching him from behind the curtain, he would have come back; but he didn't.

There were many errands to be done in town that week, so Sara undertook them one bright morning, in a frenzied desire to be doing something rather than to be longer in lonely idleness. The express had gone when she reached the station, so she leisurely mounted the "local" stairs and strolled along the platform, looking into the cars for one where she could be undisturbed for the next hour. The car next the smoker held a gay party of young people intent on an excursion, and their laughter so jarred on Sara's loneliness that she quickened her steps to the second car. Here the prospect was pleasant, with the exception of three children racing up and down the aisle, so Sara passed on to the last car, which she virtually had to herself. Across the aisle was a benevolent-looking old gentleman, and in a side seat a man was so busily reading a newspaper that she could see nothing of him save eight fingers and two long legs.

The train started up by the time Sara had read over her shopping list and calculated her expenses, so she put the list in her purse again, and looked up to find that the young man had folded up his paper and was looking at her with the familiar, quizzical smile of Alan Slocum. She looked out of the window, but the quick color flamed into her cheeks, and she wished she had not come. Her attention was apparently riveted on the scene before her, but she was fully aware that Alan had come across to take the seat facing her, before he spoke.

"Good morning," he said genially. "The sun is a pleasant sight again, isn't it?"

Sara was proud of her presence of mind as she turned toward him with a chilly "You have the advantage of me, sir."

Alan cocked his head on one side.

"Yes," he said, no whit disconcerted, "in being able to sit opposite you."

The benevolent old gentleman half rose, and Sara, in a panic, discovered that he was intending to champion her cause.

"Why, you're Mr. Jarvis, to be sure," she said rather hastily. "The ceiling of the back room leaks."

The old gentleman sat down again.

"Would you like to have me come and look at it?" Alan asked soberly. "It does worlds of good to have the agent come and look at a leak for a half hour or so every day."

Sara bit her lip and said nothing.

"Or perhaps you'd rather I'd hire a substitute," said Alan, "and stand across the street until he comes back—without the leak?"

"Send a sensible man to mend the roof," said Sara sharply," and it's all I'll ask—of you."

"I have fibbed, hyperbolized, and everlastingly perjured myself to get you into Woodlawn," said Alan tragically, "and this is my reward."

Sara refused to smile. "I shall be obliged to you if you will take your old seat," she said coldly, "and that is all."

Alan's face fell. "I don't know how you feel about it, Sara," he replied in a grave, tired voice, "but I'm heartily sick of this confounded stranger business, and I want to be—friends again. Don't you?"

"I said strangers, and it's going to be strangers," said Sara, with strange stubbornness, shrugging her shoulders indifferently.

"Perhaps if I had not hesitated the first summer I met you, I might have had a show," said Alan deliberately. "But I'm a slow fellow when I really care, and I did so tremendously admire you. That Davenport slid in ahead of me and I had to step out."

Sara clasped and unclasped her purse nervously, but said nothing.

"The next summer was better," said Alan, continuing with rather a bitter smile. "I had a long vacation, and you were good to me. You were South all the winter, and I thought you were glad to see me—poor fool that I was! Davenport didn't turn up at all that year, and I didn't feel sorry. I was glad you'd turned him down, because I was a heathen, and I didn't know that even the truest and best of girls can make a man suffer like the dickens. I know it now."

Sara's face was very white. She looked at Alan, though it hurt her to see the tired look in his eyes, and her lips trembled.

"Oh, Alan, why didn't you tell me?" she cried, with a little sob in her voice. "How could I know that you cared?"

"My dear, my dear, how I did care!" he said slowly. "How I do care still!"

The color came back to Sara's face, and a queer little smile brought the light into her eyes.

"I am what is accounted a lucky fellow," Alan said in the same strained voice. "I have had comforts and pleasures and luxuries all my life, and have not cared for one of them. I would give them all for that which I want most and cannot have."

"You're a spoiled child," said Sara with an odd little laugh. "You cry, and you don't know what you cry for."

"I don't want to know any plainer than I do now," Alan gravely replied. "It's too confoundedly hard to bear."

"You never asked me what I thought," said Sara gently. "Hasn't it entered your head that a girl can care, sometimes, too?"

The train slowed up for a station with a great deal of noise and a bustle of people passing up and down. The old gentleman rose sleepily and tumbled out upon the platform. He passed down, and it was quiet again. After a time a band of men with mops and brooms appeared at the door of the car and began to clear up. The conductor, coming to a decision after much hesitancy, stuck his head in at the other door:

"Randolph Street!" he called. "As far as we go. All out, please!"—Emma Lee Walton, in the Puritan.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Tuberculosis is in England and Wales the cause of fourteen per cent. of all male and 13½ of all female deaths.

Some interesting observations concerning the physiological effects of electric currents have been made by M. Dubois. He finds that the effect depends much more upon voltage than upon intensity.

Lord Kelvin holds that the internal heat of the earth has nothing to do with the climates. The earth, he says, might be of the temperature of white hot iron two thousand feet below the surface, or at the freezing point fifty feet below, without at all affecting a climate.

The mean death-rate in Italy—a mean which takes account of deaths by malaria, pellagra, and by the chronic malnutrition of so many unfortunate regions—has sunk in a few years from twenty-nine per 1000 to below twenty-six. That of Naples, on the other hand, from 1879 to 1895 shows but insignificant oscillations—from 31.9 to 29.3.

In the French navy it has been found that the electric search light employed on men of war injuriously affects the eyes of seamen who have to work about the light, and dark blue spectacles are supplied to them for protection. Brown eyes are less affected than gray or blue ones, the reason suggested being that the former are more heavily charged with pigment.

A corduroy road made of small cedar trees, which were in a perfect state of preservation, was unearthed the other day thirty-eight feet below the surface of the earth, seven miles east of Ashtabula, Ohio. Professor Carl Wright, teacher of geology in Oberlin College, who has visited the spot and examined the wood, gave it as his opinion that the wood has been where it was found since the glacial epoch.

A difficulty encountered in the preparation of foundations for the Paris International Exhibition of 1890 is the character of the banks of the Seine, which are formed of stone and earth filling, resting on fine sand, easily washed out during periods of flood. This difficulty is being overcome by a new system, devised by M. Louis Dulac. Wells about two and one-half feet in diameter, placed about six feet between centres, are sunk to varying depths down to about fifty feet by means of a special pile driver, having a boring weight of conical form and these wells are filled with lime and cement concrete, which is rammed hard by a second weight of different form.

Shipbuilding in Great Britain.

There are at the present time eighty-seven warships in the course of construction in Great Britain, and of this naval armament thirty-four ships are being built for foreign countries. Nine of the warships are being built in Royal Dock Yards, but the rest, numbering seventy-eight in all, are being built by private firms. Twenty-five are torpedo boat destroyers, representing only 8300 tons. Elswick has 39,737 tons on the stocks, and the Low Walker Company has 19,530 tons. The Thames Iron Works Company is building a large man-of-war, and the Clyde Bank Company has also another big ship in hand.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.
C. FAST

New Zealand's Idle Women.

Women are allowed to practice law in New Zealand. But in a recent letter to a London paper mention is made of the suicide of a female lawyer who had waited three years in vain for clients. Reference is also made to thirty-two women who passed examinations as teachers, but were unable to get places, as men are preferred for the high schools.

The Becomingness of Fur.

What woman does not know the becomingness of fur on a cold crisp day, when the eyes are brightened and the color of the cheeks heightened by the stiff, bracing air? Fur, if selected to suit the wearer and worn consistently, does more to lend youth and freshness to the face and general style than almost any other accessory of feminine dress, and the woman of forty-five who affects furs to harmonize with her general coloring of hair, skin and eyes can take many years from her usual appearance.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Age of Women.

The common objection among womankind to letting their ages be known is not shared by the women of Japan, who actually display their age in the arrangement of their hair. Girls from nine to fifteen wear their hair interlaced with red crape describing a half-circle around the head, the forehead being left free with a curl at each side. From fifteen to thirty, the hair is dressed very high on the forehead, and put up at the back in the shape of a fan or butterfly, with interlacing of silver cord and a decoration of colored balls. Beyond thirty, a woman twists her hair around a shell pin, placed horizontally at the back of the head. Widows also designate themselves and whether or not they desire to marry again.—Detroit Free Press.

New Trade For Women.

A large firm of furniture removers in London have recently added to their staff a lady whose special business it is to advise a newly removing householder concerning the disposition of his belongings.

She takes all the responsibility about the placing of each chair, table and knickknack. The householder simply leaves his house one morning as usual, and returns at night to his new dwelling to find all the furniture in its place, and everything indescribably improved and homelike. The "adviser" has a most refined taste, and this, added to the knack of being able to picture the look of a room with any possible arrangement of the contents, enables her to transform the most unpromising material into veritable "bowers of ease and delight."

Her fee (half-a-guinea per room) includes three visits—to the house in order to view the furniture she is about to place—to the new residence to note the size and disposition of the rooms, and a final one to see that her instructions are being carried out by the furniture removers.—New York Journal.

Woollen Fabrics.

Among the woollen materials most worn this season is woollen poplin, plain or of various colors mixed, such as Sevres blue, indigo, navy blue, coffee color, beaver, beige, fougere green, etc.

Another novelty is that of tissus-passementerie, which gives the effect of silk ribbons passed through a network of mohair. Tartan materials are also made in mohair in small checks on a silk ground of the same colors.

Another kind of meterial is a sort of diagonal, in which are mixed brilliant threads, which give a lustre to the stuff.

Another tissue is a cloth with a black warp and colored weft, blue, red or brown, which produces a very pretty changing effect.

Other materials worn are amazon cloth, chine cloth, covert coat cloth and whipcord.

In the way of ornaments, I have seen applications of cloth of different colors, generally shaded, piped, braided and embroidered with small steel beads.

Mohair braids are also laid on in curls, grouped or isolated and sewn along one edge or both edges.

Lastly some very pretty embroideries are made resembling lace cut up, laid on over a ground of gauze, that can be sewn on the material, which produces the effect of being embroidered direct on the dress.—New York Herald.

Owls Now in Favor.

Owls are the latest "trimmings" for women's hats. From time immemorial the owl has been known as the bird of night, shrinking from the glare of sunshine and finding the greatest comfort in dark caves and the hollows of old trees, coming forth only at night, but now, under fashion's latest decree, this bird of darkness is in evidence on every side, and his broad, flat face, small eyes and hooked beak surmount fresh, rosy, youthful faces and form by contrast a strange frame for the female faces they adorn.

During last summer a few ultra fashionable women had two or three great owl heads crushed in among the wings and ribbons on their traveling hats, and from the very oddity of the idea the hats were striking and stylish. Not content with heads, fashion has now decreed that the whole bird shall adorn the fall and winter sailors and toques.

In spite of the society formed to prevent the killing of birds for ornamenting millinery, and the thousands of signatures affixed to the numerous petitions sent broadcast all over the country, in which women pledge themselves not to wear birds or feathers of any kind on their hats, this is essentially a bird year, and the favorite of all the feathered tribe is the owl.

To be strictly fashionable the head, wings and tail feathers of the birds must all be used on one hat, and sometimes these hats are very expensive.

Gossip.

Miss Grace McKinley, a niece of the President, takes leading parts in dramatic entertainments at Mount Holyoke College.

There has been a Government inquiry in Glasgow, Scotland, recently over the matter of the abuse of telephone girls by irate subscribers of the company.

Mrs. Alice Bradford Wiles, President of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs, is a New Englander, and boasts among her ancestors Mary Chilton, "the Orphan of Plymouth," and John Winslow, her husband.

A New Hampshire woman, Mrs. Maritta M. Ricker, who is an attorney-at-law, a politician and Commissioner and Examiner in Chancery, has announced herself a candidate for Congress from the First Congress District of her State.

French women of fashion are going in for fur trimmings to the greatest extremes. In addition to wearing bands of chinchilla on everything from ball gowns to tea jackets, some of them have the tops of their boots ornamented with a circlet of fur.

Mrs. Murfee, of Meridian, Miss., Vice-President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy of that State, is seeking the assistance of the Missouri Daughters of the Confederacy in the project to purchase the old home of Jefferson Davis at Beauvoir.

Miss De la Ramee, known to fame as "Ouida," is eccentric in dress. She favors light colors, quite out of harmony with her age and appearance generally. Her face is not innocent of powder and her hair is arranged in a curly mass, with ribbon on it.

When Professor Virchow, of Berlin, was in Russia a few weeks ago a deputation of women physicians visited him and thanked him for having thrown open his lecture room and laboratory to a Russian woman when the German universities did not admit female students.

Lola M. Coulter, a fourteen-year-old girl, of Stockton, Cal., is an engineer, and knows how to handle the throttle as well as a man. She has made trips over some of the most difficult grades and curves in the West and has proved that she has a steady nerve and a keen eye.

A professional woman who has to employ a young woman assistant says that one of her greatest troubles is that her assistants are constantly trying to impress not only upon her, but upon her patients, that they are not accustomed to such employment, but have been brought up to better things, though she is well aware of the fact that the young women have come from homes where there was neither culture nor money.

Latest Fashion Novelties.

Small back and hip bustles.

Black Chantilly lace flouncing.

Long, thin silk scarfs for the neck.

Soft tones of green in suede gloves.

Plaid and fancy hosiery in brilliant array.

Net by the yard crossed with braid for vests.

Long ulsters of plain cloth with fur finishing.

Shirts having but two seams, back and front.

Russian blouses and shirt waists of velveteen.

Corduroy costumes trimmed with jet and fur.

Cloth costumes made up with plaid accessories.

Fur coats showing a loose front and belted back.

Fancy muffs and collars in two contrasting furs.

Collars of silk with a gauze ruche and cravat bow.

Vicuna cloths in black and colors for tailored suits.

Plaitings of shaded silk for puff effects on large hats.

Plaitings of narrow ribbon or silk for dress trimmings.

Tailor suits of rough black goods trimmed with braid.

Glass lamp shades in translucent and enameled effects.

Girls' plaid frocks made with the blocks bias or straight.

Short petticoats of crepon trimmed with lace or silk embroidery.

Suits showing sleeves, belt and yoke of velvet and blouse and skirt of cloth, moire velour or drap d'ete.

The Cherokee form of marriage is perhaps the simplest of any. The man and woman merely join hands over a running stream, emblematic of the wish that their future lives should flow on in the same channel.