

Both Germany and Great Britain are at their old tricks again, attempting to find some excuse for barring out American agricultural products. The competition is such that it hurts.

Three autograph letters by Queen Victoria found their way recently into a London auction room. No special attention had been called to them, and, as a consequence, little or no competition took place. One, a letter to the King of Holland, was bought for \$35; one to the Duchess of Nemours, \$12, and the third only \$4.

Baron von Richtkoven says that at the present rate of consumption the world could draw its supplies of coal from southern Shensi alone for over a thousand years; and yet, in the very place referred to, it is not uncommon to find the Chinese storing up wood and millet-stalks for their firing in winter, while coal in untold quantities lies ready for use beneath their feet.

Abyssinia is likely to be conquered peacefully by Italy, as over four thousand soldiers taken prisoners by Menek are said to have settled in the country, refusing to go home. Meanwhile, their families are petitioning the Government either to get back the men who disappeared after Adana or to declare them dead officially, so that their affairs in Italy may be settled.

In accordance with a treaty between the Japanese and the Mexican Governments, ratified last year, Count Enomoto, ex-Minister of Agriculture and a wealthy Japanese landowner, has purchased 100,000 acres of land in Mexico, adjacent to the port of San Bonito. It is proposed to establish a Japanese colony there, and the enterprise is receiving the support of the Japanese Government. The entire acreage will be devoted to the cultivation of coffee. A line of steamships will be established between San Francisco and Acapulco, to connect with the new Japanese transpacific line.

It has fallen to few literary persons to receive such a letter as that which was sent to Mr. George Meredith the other day on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, observes the New York Sun. "You have attained," said the signers of the document, "the first rank in literature after many years of inadequate recognition. From first to last you have been true to yourself and have always aimed at the highest mark. We are rejoiced to know that merits once perceived by only a few are now appreciated by a wide and steadily growing circle. We wish you many years of life, during which you may continue to do good work, cheered by the consciousness of good work already achieved and encouraged by the certainty of a hearty welcome from many sympathetic readers." This remarkable letter was signed by every man and woman at present prominent in the English world of letters.

The Baltimore Sun observes: The destruction of the Maine—a vessel costing \$2,500,000—by an explosion, raises the question of the wisdom of putting two and a half millions in one ship. If we are not to take the offensive at sea, why should we build vessels of great size and cost? Smaller vessels costing not over \$500,000 would be ample for harbor defense. The torpedo boat is cheap and efficient for local defense. The torpedo boat destroyer, which is somewhat larger, is vastly more efficient, and Admiral Colomb, of the British navy, declares that it is the naval vessel of the future and will drive the huge battle ships and cruisers from the seas. He makes the point that over twenty such boats may be built for the money that one battle ship costs, and economy and good sense call for the abandonment of large battle ships and cruisers. It is unwise, he argues, to put all one's eggs in one basket. The largest ship may be sunk by one torpedo, such as a small torpedo boat or "destroyer" may eject from her "tubes." The ordinary type of torpedo is a long metallic cylinder, cigar-shaped, having at its front end a percussion cap and load of gun cotton and in its rear end a reservoir of compressed air, which acts on its screw propellers to propel the whole through the water at high speed toward the enemy's vessel. It is commonly ejected by means of compressed air—sometimes by explosives—from a tube in the bow, side or stern of a ship, above or below water. The ship or torpedo boat is so turned that one of its "tubes" will bear on the enemy's vessel and at that moment the torpedo is ejected. The torpedo strikes the enemy's hull under water and a single hit is sufficient to sink a \$5,000,000 battle ship. The enemy's means of defense is to destroy the torpedo boat by rapid-fire guns before it can get within torpedo range, which is not very great.

O, let us be glad that only the earth
Beneath us lies frozen and cold;
That still the days find beautiful birth,
Through orient gates of gold;
That still above us the fathomless
blue,
O'erarches the dazzling light;
That still the stars shine tender and
Through the infinite depths of night.

THE AFTER TIME.

O, let us be glad that only the snow
Lies white as a winding sheet;
That the heart of the earth has warmth
and glow,
And strongly her life-pulses beat;
That soon shall her fires awaken and
burn,
Each nerve of nature a thrill,
And brimming with beauty the earth shall
forget
That long she lay silent and chill.
—Dart Fairbrother, in *Vick's Magazine*.

THE LOST LOUIS.

By WILLIAM SAGE.

THE colonel, the professor and young Jack Hawley were seated around the table in a bay window of the club dining-room, over their after-dinner coffee.

The dinner had been excellent, and the old colonel, as the guest of the evening, was feeling particularly genial, as he drew a handful of change from out his trousers' pocket in order to reward the attentions of the waiter.

As he did so the quick eye of the professor took note of a silver piece considerably larger than a dollar.

"That's a curious coin, colonel," he remarked, leaning forward over the table.

"That's a Louis," said the colonel, picking it out from the other coins in his hand and passing it over to the professor.

"I always imagined that a 'Louis' was a gold piece," remarked young Jack Hawley.

"They are generally gold," replied the colonel; "but evidently some silver Louises were coined, for here is one."

"I have never seen nor heard of one before," said the professor, looking with interest at the large, clumsy coin, with the heavy countenance of Louis XVI, and under it the date 1776. "I suppose this must be both rare and valuable."

"I prize it more highly because of the wonderful coincidence connected with it," replied the colonel.

"Let's hear it," said young Hawley.

"Well," when I was a lad," began the colonel, leaning back in his chair and lighting a cigar. "Such a long time ago that your grandfather, Jack, was at school at the time and the professor's father was probably wearing kilts."

"Oh, hardly as long as that," interrupted the professor, laughing. "I'm over forty-six myself; you'll make me yourself eighty at that rate."

"Well, that would not be so far out of the way; I was seventy-four last month." And the old colonel stroked his white goatee complacently, for he did not look a day over sixty-five. "It was when I was a youth of eighteen, working in a jeweler's shop in Boston, that this coin first came into my possession. At that time, as you know, a great many Spanish, Mexican and French coins were in circulation in this country, and I took this one in my wages. The face of the unfortunate French monarch rather took my fancy, and I kept it for a pocket piece. But before I go any further I want to ask whether either of you gentlemen see any marked peculiarity about this coin?" And the colonel tossed it upon the table.

The professor examined it closely. "I notice that it bears the date of American independence," he said.

"Well, that's hardly a peculiarity. There were doubtless others minted in the same year."

"I don't see anything else."

The colonel smiled. "Well, there is, and I'll let you endeavor to find it out while I tell you the history."

"In the year 1845 I went to Mexico. Silver mining was what I went there for, but I did about everything before I left the country, and ended by going into Taylor's army when the war broke out."

"One day I was seated in a gaming-house at Saltillo. Oh, I was wild enough in those days, Jack Hawley, and hardly a week passed that Dave Cranston and Pedro Blanco (they were my two partners), and I did not come into town for a little game of 'brisca.'"

"Well, on this day—er—er to be remembered by me as the last time I sat down to a game of chance where the stakes were money—here the colonel took a long pull at his cigar and expelled the smoke slowly—"I was having a particularly hard run of luck and lost so rapidly that in less than an hour after first sitting down I was cleaned out. I had not had nearly enough excitement for my money, and wanted badly to keep on playing. Searching all my pockets in the hope of finding a stray coin I drew out this Louis, which I had carried for over four years. The thought at once flashed through my mind that perhaps on this piece my luck would change, and I might retrieve my shattered fortunes. So I tossed it on the table and took another hand at the game."

"And not only won back your losses, but such a large sum in addition that you wisely resolved never to tempt your luck again," interrupted young Hawley.

"Inside of five minutes," said the colonel impressively, "I arose from that table, having lost this piece and everything of value that I possessed, down to the silver mounting on my horse's bridle, and I would have staked the horse himself had not Dave Cranston and Pedro dragged me away from the table, and putting me on the animal's back, rode off with me be-

tween them to our camp. I'm not going to read you a lecture on the immorality of gambling, young Hawley, nor lengthen out this story with an account of my life in Mexico. Suffice it to say that I kept my resolution in regard to gaming, and whatever fortune I have made was not amassed in Mexican mines."

"I suppose you got this piece back by purchasing it from the winner," remarked the professor, dropping it on the table and putting down his ear to listen to the ring.

"To my great chagrin he left Saltillo that same afternoon, and I never set eyes on him again."

"Indeed! Then how in the world did you regain possession of it?"

"Forty years later," said the colonel slowly.

"Phew," whistled young Hawley, under his breath.

"I was sojourning for a few days in a small town in Southern Spain. Passing through a narrow street one afternoon on my way back to the hotel, I chanced to stop, as any one might, to look into the window of a dealer in curios, and the first object that caught my eye was this identical coin. Now, I know that this sounds incredible. I myself, at first thought it was merely a coin of the same denomination and date, but imagine my surprise when, upon going in and examining it closely I discovered that it was the very same Louis that I had lost at play in Saltillo so many years ago. I gladly paid the shopkeeper six pesos for it, and I have carried it in my pocket ever since."

Here the colonel stopped.

"Is that all?" inquired young Hawley.

"That is all, except that I will now proceed to show you—"

"Will you permit me to take a look at the coin?" The speaker who interrupted them had risen from a table in the adjoining alcove and now stood at the professor's elbow. He looked some years older than the colonel, his hair was white and he leaned upon a heavy cane, one leg being decidedly lame.

"I'm Major Traeger; I overheard part of your conversation as I sat at my table there, and I was so interested that I could not refrain from coming over and, at the risk of intruding, taking a part in it."

"No intrusion at all, sir. One old soldier is always glad to make the acquaintance of another, and your name, major, is known to every veteran of the Mexican War. Permit me to introduce my friends, Professor Langton and Mr. Hawley."

"The colonel has just been entertaining us with a remarkable account of the loss and subsequent recovery of this piece of money," said the professor, handing the coin to the major.

"Seventeen seventy-six—the same date," said the major half to himself. Then putting the coin on the table he took up a fruit knife and, placing the dull point exactly over the letter "O" in the word Louis, a hair's breadth from the edge, he gave a sharp, quick pressure and the face of the coin flew open as though on a spring. With an exclamation of surprise the professor took it and inspected it closely. Some skilled workman had cut it open all around the milled edge and fitted a spring inside, just under the letter "O." So nicely had the work been done that when closed it was not apparent to the naked eye. When opened, it was seen that a groove had been hollowed through the inside about an inch and a half long and one-eighth of an inch wide.

"By all the powers, how comes it that you knew that secret?" cried the colonel, dumfounded, as the major took the fruit knife back on the table.

Without answering the question directly, the major took the other old soldier by the hand and, looking into his face, asked: "Were you the man who did that delicate piece of mechanical work?"

"I was."

"Tell me what on earth induced you to do it?"

"For the life of me I can't say. What induces people to make baskets out of cherry pits, lockets out of hair and the thousand and one little cracks that are always being made? I was a skillful workman, and in an idle hour I took up this coin, cut it open and fitted it with a spring. There is just one way to open it. You must have had the piece in your possession at one time and stumbled upon the secret. I put something in that cavity in the centre—did you take it out?"

"I did."

The major drew up a chair and stretched his stiff leg out under the table comfortably. "In 1847," he began, looking fixedly at the colonel, "I was also in Mexico." The colonel nodded and handed the major a cigar. "Thanks. I was with Scott at Vera Cruz."

the country, I was more valuable in the secret service than in the field, so I was," here he puffed on the cigar for a few seconds to get it well lighted "a scout."

"I understand," and the colonel nodded again.

"The American army took up quarters at Jalapa, where I left them and made a detour towards the south, to discover a suitable route by which our forces could approach the City of Mexico, and avoid the fortifications and ambuscades which General Santa Anna had provided for their reception. I had been most successful, and had reached Molino del Rey, a small town almost in the shadow of the walls of Mexico City, when I was captured by the Mexicans and thrown into the jail to await trial as a spy. Imagine my despair. I had every inch of the ground from Jalapa carefully photographed in my brain. Could furnish Scott with information of the greatest importance, and here I was juggled in every prospect of being condemned to death, and no possible way of getting any part of my valuable information to the ears of the general."

"You will, of course, surmise that the first thing I had done on being left alone in my cell was to examine every avenue of possible escape. My room was ten by twelve. There was in it a table, one chair and a pallet of straw. One small iron barred window, looking out on the prison yard beneath, furnished what light there was. The bars were half an inch in diameter, and firmly set in the masonry. Using all my strength I could not budge them. I was not, however, kept long in suspense. On the afternoon of the second day I was taken out, tried, found guilty, and condemned to be shot at sunrise on the day following—that is, within fifteen hours."

"On my return to the hot, badly aired cell with the stunning effect of my sentence benumbing my brain, I sat listlessly down by the table and allowed my head to rest in the hollow of my hands. My attitude of dejection appealed to the sergeant who brought me in, for placing his hand on my shoulder he asked if there was nothing he could do for me. I shook my head. "There are some very nice grapes in the market place outside," he said persuasively. The sound of the word 'grapes' recalled to my mind how parched the roof of my mouth was, so I thanked him, and said I should enjoy a few. I handed him a half eagle, which my captors had overlooked when they took everything else of value from me. In less than five minutes he was back with a basket of delicious-looking fruit, which he placed on the table at my elbow, and offered me the change. I motioned him to keep it, saying that he could spend it to better advantage than I. He pocketed it with an expression on his countenance intending to denote commiseration, but he was such a happy, smiling fellow that the effect was rather comical. As he was putting the change in his pocket one of the larger coins slipped through his fingers and striking the floor on its edge it circled about the room and ended by nestling on the straw at my feet. Actuated by a feeling of delicacy the sergeant withdrew without stooping to pick it up, and hardly noticing the occurrence I remained seated at the table. After a short time I pulled myself together enough to eat some grapes, and then commenced to write a few lines to my friends at home in the hopes that through the kindness of my jailer, who had also furnished me with paper and pencil, they would some day reach the hands for whom they were intended. As I finished writing my eye caught the glitter of the coin at my feet. I picked it up and tossed it onto the table before me. On looking at it closer I noticed that it was a French coin, with the head of Louis XVI. stamped upon it. This sent me off into another train of thought, and as I mused I tapped mechanically on the coin with the point of my pencil, thus," and the major illustrated the action with the fruit knife. "I must have struck a sharp, quick blow right over the letter 'O,' for all of a sudden the face of the coin flew open and out popped a little object that fell on the table with a tinkling sound. I took it between my thumb and finger, and going to the light could hardly believe my eyes when I saw that I held a tiny file about an inch and a half in length, with delicate sawteeth, which were almost invisible to the naked eye. The next moment I was standing on my stool at the window, experimenting on the iron bar. The little instrument was made of the hardest steel, and its tiny teeth made some impression on the iron. For half an hour I worked away persistently, and by that time I had cut into the bar a little. 'Not much, to be sure, but still enough to raise my hopes. It was only a question of time and not being interrupted, and I should be through that window. I worked away like a beaver. Twelve hours to saw through two half-inch files made with watch-springs, had cut their way to liberty through iron bolts and bars, or with no other tool than the blade of a penknife had dug through a dozen feet of stone and mortar to the daylight beyond; but these men had taken weeks and months to complete their task, while I had just one short summer night. Nearly two hours passed thus when the faint twittering of a bird warned me of approaching day. I had not finished the first bar. I seemed to be making no progress at all now. Once the little file had slipped from my fingers and fallen to the floor, where I had been obliged to grope for it, and the constant fear lest it should slip again and fall outside made me doubly cautious and slow. As the first streaks of red tinged the eastern sky the roll of the drum in the guard room beneath

told me that the sentries were about to be changed. Exerting all my strength I wrenched the bar free at the bottom and bent it inward and upward like a hook. The aperture thus made was small, but still I might squeeze through. The remembrance how, as a boy, I used to crawl into my barn at home through a small window from which a pane of glass had been knocked, came to my mind encouragingly. Snatching up the pistol I pushed the table under the window, and, jumping upon it, began, feet first, to work myself through the hole. I was about the same size all the way up in those days—here the major looked rather regretfully at the present generous proportions of his waistcoat—but when I had gotten halfway through I stuck fast. Just at this moment I heard voices at the door and a key grate in the lock. They had some difficulty in unlocking it, for I had left the key in the lock on my side. Meanwhile I struggled valiantly, but the more I wriggled the tighter I seemed to get wedged in the window, and the blood surged up into my head with splitting violence. There I was, caught in my own trap, waving my legs about and striking them against the wall on the outside.

"The key on my side of the door fell to the floor, and the key on the other side turned in the lock. I called out menacingly 'My lack of breath would permit: The first who enters will be shot dead.' Here I gave a tremendous squirm. I have overpowered the sentry (wriggle), and have his pistol." The click of my weapon carried conviction with it, for the men in the corridor paused. By a superhuman effort I drew myself a little toward the inside of the room, and getting one arm outside, managed to slide out of the window. Here I hung by one arm from the bar, my shirt, having caught on the ragged stump of iron, prevented me for a moment from dropping to the yard beneath. A sentry on the prison wall spied me at this juncture and fired his musket. It was his last shot, for as his ball struck the mortar from the wall near me I raised my pistol and picked him off his perch. I let go my hold. There was a soft burr of ripping flannel, and I fell to the ground. I was upon my feet and over the wall like a cat. As I leaped a volley of shot followed me, and the soldiers poured out of the jail in pursuit. There were some horses tied in front of the postoffice opposite, and breaking the tether of one of them I was on his back and away up the street in a flash. It was only an eighth of a mile long. You know how these little Mexican towns are built. Pandemonium reigned there for about ten seconds, and then I was off towards the mountains. A dozen men were after me in full chase, but they never came within shooting distance again. You see, I knew the country even better than they, having been scouting in it for weeks. I made my way back to our lines with all possible dispatch, avoiding any encounter with the natives. Once, however, urged by hunger, I stopped at a small habitation for provisions. The Mexican who lived there was not inclined to be curious, and gave me an abundance of food, so to pay him for his kindness I gave him this piece of money, which was all I had.

"When I finally reached the American army I found that Scott had given up all idea of seeing me again, and was preparing to press forward to the attack."

"On the 18th of August our forces were shelling the City of Mexico from the very town of Molino del Rey, and on the 19th we took the city itself by assault."

"I wanted to have a hand at whipping Santa Anna, so took part in the charge and received a wound in the leg which resulted in this." The major stuck out his left leg from under the table. "Cork, sir!"

"That, gentlemen, is how I come to know how to open this remarkable coin."

Then drawing a fat wallet from his inside vest pocket he fished out from its recesses something folded in what had once been white paper, now dark with age. Unwrapping it he disclosed a tiny file, with delicate saw-teeth. Fitting the file into the cavity in the coin he handed it to the colonel, saying, as he did so: "Allow me to restore to you all your property." But the latter refused it. "No, major, I think it should belong to you."

"Well, I should like to keep it as a memento, but in turn you must permit me to celebrate my first meeting with the man to whom I am so deeply indebted, by ordering a bottle of champagne."

"With all my heart," said the genial colonel.

"And now," continued the major, after the arrival of the wine, as he filled the glasses around, "I want to ask you again: What induced you to put a file, of all things, into the centre of that coin after cutting it open?"

"And I can only say," replied the colonel, "that it was because that little file happened to be lying on my work table near at hand. It was the merest chance."

"It was a lucky chance for me," said the major, devoutly, as he raised his glass, "otherwise I should not have had the pleasure of drinking your very good health to-day."—Short Stories.

Fogger Than London.

Esquimaux is the only place in the British empire, according to a recent climatological report, that exceeds London in cloudiness. Esquimaux is also the dampest place in the empire, while Adelaide, in Australia, is the driest. Caydon is the hottest, and Northwest Canada the coldest possession that the flag of England floats over.

The loftiest active volcano is Cotopaxi. It is 18,880 feet high, and its last great eruption was in 1855.



Bicycle Tape Measures.
The latest trinket for a bicycle woman is a tape measure. The silken tape is inclosed in a little brass disk. A bicycle about half an inch high, but perfectly made, with rubber tires, etc., surmounts this pedestal. When one wishes to wind up the tape, the bicycle is twisted round and round, and the tape flies back to its reel.

The First Woman Aeronaut.
The first American woman aeronaut, Mrs. Lucretia B. Hubbell of Norwich, Conn., is still living, and has a thrilling story to tell of her adventure at Easton, Penn., forty-three years ago, witnessed by several thousand people. Mrs. Hubbell was then unmarried, and a lecturer on phrenology. She decided on an aerial flight "for pleasure and expansion of the lungs," to say nothing of a good advertisement. The balloon was a fine and large one of silk, and shot up so rapidly into the cold air that the aeronaut's hands were numb. While she was opening the bags of ballast with her teeth the balloon burst. By a strange chance the fragments formed a perfect parachute and drifted eleven miles further, landing with a hard bump in a New Jersey clover field. The daring young woman escaped without a scratch and had an immense audience at her lecture that night.

Children of Fashion.
For the children the world of fashion has pretty blouse front in reefers. The full front with the short skirt below the waist, which is belted in, suggests a "cut-to-short" appearance if shown off the form, but when adjusted it assumes a natty air and ought to become popular.

"Princess of Wales" is the name given to a little girl's suit made of red serge. This also has the blouse waist, although one-half of the front shows a pure white lawn tucked guimpe.

Another frock designed for an outgoing suit is made of blue serge with a full blouse waist; the front is inlaid with plaits of white broadcloth. The revers are also of the white cloth, but are embroidered in blue stars, which makes it truly a costume for the season.

Quaker-gray serge serves to fashion most acceptably a child's frock. Cream broadcloth lined with silver braid decorates the bodice, which is the prevailing blouse mode. There is an attempt to revive silver and gilt braid as a mode of ornamentation. The skirt falls in overlapping folds and is attached to the bodice by a sash of white broadcloth, which is fringed and braided with silver cord. The shimmer of silver and gray is very soft and pretty.

Empress a Samaritan.
No public character in all Germany is half so popular and none so genuinely beloved as the Empress. While the Kaiser is mapping out elaborate plans of warfare or designing new battle ships, his royal wife is visiting the homes of the sick and poor. She is a real flesh-and-blood saint to thousands of Germany's poor families.

The Kaiser is too busy to think of the welfare, physical or mental, of his people. He is a-brim with schemes for killing men and capturing nations; the Empress is absorbed with plans for relieving the destitute and dying. She cares very little for the pomp of court or the military pageants in which her fiery other half finds so much to amuse him. She is first a wife and mother, then a queen.

Tales of the Empress visiting incoherent families of whose poverty she had heard, but could not believe, are told on all sides in Berlin and other large cities of "The Fatherland." The Empress has spent thousands out of her private purse to make happy the homes of her unfortunate subjects.

Unknown to her, she was photographed by a member of the royal household during one of her recent errands of mercy. The picture has been suppressed by the Kaiser and no explanations given of his action.—New York Journal.

Why a Woman Can't Drive a Nail.
Dr. J. N. Love, a St. Louis physician, expresses his sentiments regarding women as nail drivers as follows: "Nature never intended that women should drive nails, but that they should have husbands to attend to such work for them. Women are to be housekeepers; not house builders. They are too emotional. That is why, as a rule, they are deficient in all things mechanical. When a woman is of a mathematical turn of mind it is an argument that her brain is more masculine than feminine."

"Woman is anything but practical. From childhood her training is all in another direction. For this reason it is rarely we see a woman who can drive a nail without great effort or probable injury to herself. The attempt almost invariably ends in a bruised finger. The very fact that she cannot drive a nail is prima facie evidence that she is a womanly woman."

"Man can acquire the ability to adapt himself to any condition by which he may be confronted. Most women, I believe, are deficient in this respect, but there is no telling what energies, mental and physical, she might not bring to bear in case of emergency if she were thrown wholly upon her own resources."

"But one thing is certain. What-

ever may come, woman will never be able to adapt herself to conditions as gracefully as man. She must be able to control her emotional centres; and the power of control does not rest entirely with her intellectual self. It is something higher—something which can hardly be explained."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Gossip.
Japanese women take a three years' course in arranging flowers.

In Venice ladies wear glass bonnets and Paris has caught the craze.

Little live tortoise studded with jewels and fastened to the bodice by a gold chain are the latest Paris craze.

It is understood in Washington that Mme. Pak Ye, wife of the Korean Minister, has expressed herself as being converted to Christianity and is desirous of espousing the faith.

An interesting dispute between the Oswestry guardians and the Local Government Board in London as to the legality of the appointment of a woman as relieving officer has ended in favor of the guardians.

Women in France have just secured a slight addition to their legal rights. They may henceforth be valid witnesses to registration of births, marriages and deaths and to the signatures in legal documents.

There is a Chicago nurse who may be called very lucky. Her name is Mrs. Minnie Haughwout. She nursed a rich New Orleans man through a dangerous illness and he gave her \$40,000 for doing it.

Miss Rosa Leech, the young Iowa school teacher who some time ago attracted considerable attention by setting in motion a "chain" for collecting pennies to pay for her college education, has now received enough money to study abroad.

Mrs. Draper, the wife of the American Ambassador at the Italian Court, uses at her formal dinners a gold table service which was used by her father, William M. Preston, of Kentucky, when he was Minister to Spain many years ago.

The Queen of Roumania, more poetically known as "Carmen Sylva," is probably the only living author who has written books in four languages. She can write fluently and correctly in Roumanian, French, German and Swedish, and has an adequate knowledge of English and Italian.

Lady Craven, the daughter of the Bradley-Martins, has just had published for private circulation a book dealing with English and American society, especially with their methods and differences of etiquette. She is rapidly acquiring the reputation of being a clever young woman.

Caroline Bartlett Crane is a young woman who for ten years has devoted herself to the pastorate of the People's Church at Kalamazoo, Mich. She has been well-known under the title of the Rev. Miss Crane. Recently she was married, and, it is said, is now purposing to take up the study of sociology at the Chicago University.

A number of important duties are fulfilled by Mrs. Estelle Reel, State Superintendent of Public Instruction for Wyoming, and president of the State Land Board. She is also secretary of the Wyoming Board of Charities, and recently made an arrangement with the Colorado State Home, at Pueblo, to take charge of Wyoming's feeble-minded children.

Fashion Notes.
Beautiful evening capes of satin in opera shades are covered with narrow alternating ruffles of white lace and black mousseline.

Pretty satin waists for evening wear are covered with alternate ruffles of jet and mousseline bands, embroidered in black silk and small jet beads.

Novel designs in girdles and chate-laines are shown among the new gold and silver ornaments. The Cleopatra girdles are set with real gems and their price is excessively high.

Leather caps, hats and leggings for little boys are much seen and give serviceable wear. The leather is usually in tan and brown shades, though black, dark blue and dark green may be had.

Black is exceedingly popular for millinery, blouses, street gowns and wraps. A handsome black net gown seen recently was trimmed elaborately with jet, a beautiful jet fringe ten inches deep falling from the waist line from a narrow black velvet belt.

Apart from its usefulness, an artistically constructed silver chateleine makes an effective break in the plainness of the dress skirt, more especially when it is tailor-made. The genuine solid silver chateleines worn at the waist of women in feudal times are heirlooms greatly prized, seldom seen and really beyond price.

Oxidized metal, which at first gives one an impression of silver work of very antique design, soon gets rubbed and the good effect is destroyed, so that nickel silver chateleines, which pretend to be nothing but the honest articles they are, are largely sold in place of oxidized goods. Occasional cleaning with whiting will keep nickel bright and the attachments, while less fanciful, are certainly stronger and therefore more likely to stand the wear and tear of frequent use.

"But one thing is certain. What-