

The reputation of a certain well-known "prophet" in London, who but lately announced positively the end of the world in 1930, has been seriously impaired by the fact that a fortnight ago it was discovered that he had since paid a high premium to secure the lease of business premises for fifteen years.

The Boston Transcript observes: To take pride in ancestry that was honest, clean and industrious, in men who hewed and plowed and paid their debts and prayed and loved their wives and children, is one thing; but this indiscriminate and silly worship of ancestry is quite another and seems about the most ridiculous vagary of this fall-pestered age.

The term "bordereau," used in the Zola trial to designate the incriminating paper alleged to have been written by Dreyfus, has puzzled a good many people not familiar with French idioms. The New York Times has the grace to add the English equivalent (memorandum), very much to the relief and gratification of its readers as well as that of the public at large.

Near Holbrook, in Apache County, Arizona, is the largest forest of petrified wood in the world and Land Commissioner Hermann is preparing a special report to the Secretary of the Interior recommending that it be a forest reserve and placed under the protection of the Government. The material is rapidly being used up for commercial purposes, and unless steps are taken for its preservation will soon disappear.

According to a cable correspondent of the New York Tribune, "the tone of the English press toward the crisis brought on by the destruction of the Maine at Havana is sympathetic and cordial, and its just admiration for the self-restraint, moderation and conservatism of President McKinley and the American press is unbounded. The American people are credited with a splendid exhibition of one of the best traits of the Anglo-Saxon character, that of coolness and self-possession in a momentous crisis, which is an unanswerable proof of their capacity for self-government. The common comment in England is that Americans can stand on the verge of a precipice and not lose their heads nor show any symptoms of giddiness."

The Chicago Post says: On the first trial the jury in the case of Luetger stood nine for conviction to three for acquittal, although in one ballot the number for conviction rose to ten. The jury on his second trial brought in a unanimous verdict of guilty. It also stood 11 to 1 for the death penalty, finally compromising on imprisonment for life. Out of twenty-four men chosen with infinite pains who heard all the evidence, twenty-one have been convinced beyond a reasonable doubt of Luetger's guilt, one was in doubt and two would have acquitted him. The final verdict is a grateful relief to the community and the character of the penalty saves to all those who cherish any doubt as to Mrs. Luetger's having been murdered at all, an anticipation of unavailing remorse should she reappear.

Rear-Admiral James E. Jonett, of the United States Navy, declares his belief in the New York World that "the heavy coast-defense monitors are the most powerful and best fighting ships in the navy, and I believe that one of them could whip any two of the heaviest battleships afloat. If war was declared I would guarantee to take the Puritan and the Terror and defend New York Harbor against all comers, and I am confident that I should win. While they would afford me an excellent target, with their lofty sides and heavy upper works, my vessels would offer them, as did the Monitor at Hampton Roads, practically no target at all. I think the United States should have many more heavily armored cruisers, the most efficient vessels for attack, and next to the monitors the most reliable for defense. The fact that battleships, owing to their size and weight, are ponderous affairs and difficult to move makes them an easy prey for torpedoes and torpedo boats. The United States should, in my opinion, confine itself to a fleet of heavy monitors, a powerful flying squadron of heavily armored cruisers, enough light cruisers to represent our country and carry our flag into the ports of foreign Nations, and a large number of torpedo boats and torpedo catchers to operate in conjunction with the monitors. We can do better without the battleships in pursuing our course of abstaining from entangling foreign alliances and minding our own business than with any other class of vessels. Give us low, free-board monitors and torpedo boats for coast defense and cruisers for operations abroad."

KINDLY WORDS.

A spark may to a fire grow,
And so another heart may glow
From one kind word you've said.

From life's field some have been slain
By those who from their hearts disdain
To say a kindly word.

A friend upon his dying bed
Has fell asleep, and you have said
So many kindly words.

But have you, when the road was hard,
And he seemed drifting from his God,
Said any kindly words?
—Adolph A. Kuester, in New York Tribune.

IN THE NAME OF THE LAW.

By BELLE MOSES.



ELL, Miss Doris, I've come for my answer; how's it to be?" Doris viewed the intruder with ill-suppressed disfavor. He was a tall, loosely-strung individual, whose bare presence seemed to fill every nook and corner of her rationally cramped quarters, and although he only stood carelessly against the open door, he hid from sight the imposing shingle, "Doris Woodford, Attorney-at-Law," which was that young woman's special pride.

"Come in, Mr. Watt," she said resignedly; thankful at last that the swinging door would close behind them, and so shut out the result of their interview from the gaze of the curious.

He obeyed her, carrying his whole length across the little office in one big step. Doris pointed to a chair, while she leaned back in her own. He took it, farmer-fashion, legs astride, his gaunt arms folded over the back, his watery blue eyes full on the blooming face in front of him.

"Well, he reiterated, his leathery countenance wrinkling into something like facetiousness, "what be the verdict of the court—that's the lawyer's term, ain't it, Miss Doris? Though it 'pears to me that another kind of courtin' would likelier come your way. Ha, ha!" Farmer Watt exploded with laughter, and slapped his thigh in huge enjoyment, while Doris bit her lip angrily, and pulled an aggressive brown lock until her head ached.

"Please be brief," she said with dignity, "I am very busy to-day. No doubt you have considered the matter and will allow me to take the case on my own terms."

"Oh, come now, not too fast; I ain't thinkin' but what you're in the right, I own to that; but on the other hand, I'm riskin' purty considerable in facin' the law behind a toddler like you. I know I ain't got much of a case—"

"Not the ghost of one," said Doris, decisively.

"Well, all the same, I ain't goin' to pay that money to Widder Barnes. Her cow had no business in my pasture; I said I'd shoot her, and I done it. Now, if you want the case, just for practice, take it, or leave it, as you like, 'tain't none of my business. I'll put up ten dollars on the job; it's all I'm willin' to pay. Of course, if the law sits on me an' makes me hand out the cash to Widder Barnes, it follows that you don't get none. See? I can't spend but a 'tenner on this concern, whichever way you fix it."

"Which means, if I don't win my case I receive nothing," observed Doris, in her chilliest tones.

"That's about it. You must take your risks, too. But I was thinkin', and so I said to my old woman this very morning, it would be a good thing for you to come for'ard and make your bow before them big guns, even if you didn't go off no louder than a firecracker; you'd have your sizzle and bang, anyhow, through my helpin'."

"You are very kind," said Doris, sarcastically.

That night at dinner the family raved, each member according to his or her views of the subject. Paterfamilias shook his head, Jack asserted that she hadn't a leg to stand on, Marcia sniffed disdainfully over the shadowy ten dollars, and the "mater" expressed herself gravely and disapprovingly.

"You shouldn't go against your moral conviction, Doris; that is what beattles the law. I'd rather have you lose your case, than sacrifice a principle," said this unworly woman.

"But, mamma, legally, the man has right on his side. The only trouble is Mrs. Barnes has Howard Peyton on her side, and—I'm no match for him."

"I fancy he thinks differently," said Marcia in her slow way.

Doris disclaimed the little side remark, though her cheeks flamed; she valiantly returned to the question in hand.

"In the name of the law, the case is mine," she declared. "One can't help one's moral convictions, mamma; but my maiden speech may spoil everything. I confess, I'm very badly scared."

"That's the least part," said Jack, sententiously. "Just get up and fire away; nobody's going to eat you."

This very wholesome advice Doris stowed away as a text. She went bravely to work on the defense, being materially assisted by the anxious farmer, who was continually "droppin'" in to make suggestions and create new perplexities.

"Look here, Miss Doris, I've got a pint for you," he said one morning in high glee, "as purty a piece of legal reasonin' as you ever seen, an' I heerd tell, the other side's goin' to use it as one of their trump cards. It 'pears that Jimmy Harroway seen me shoot that there cow, an' he up an' says, the beast hadn't nothin' but her forelegs, an' her head an' shoulders in my pasture. Now what you got to prove is, in the first place, that Jimmy is a liar. Give him the lie right hold out in the court. He's a kind of soft chap; he'd never dare to say 'no' to a lady. Then you can go on to prove that the head is always the biggest part of any animal—the thinkin', feelin' part, you know. You can make that great, and you can upset little Jimmy clean into the ditch. Ha, ha! I think we'll pull through all right; I ain't afraid," he remarked with a condescending chuckle, as he went away.

Yet, in spite of her bold front, Doris was afraid. She went over and over the scanty evidence she had in hand, trying in vain to evolve therefrom some point which might appeal to the jury; but a week's untiring work forced her to the sad conviction that there was no hope for either client or herself. Old Watt was too unpopular in the neighborhood, and she too newly fledged, to make much impression upon the court; and the loss of a good cow under such circumstances was such a serious consideration that it well might influence the most unprejudiced juror; and thus, in the very teeth of defeat, poor Doris armed herself.

When the morning came Doris was considerably "flustered." She showed this in a very ominous calm when she joined the family at the breakfast table. They were all in holiday trim, for to them "the case" was a grand event, and Doris' professional debut was quite as exciting as her first ball. But in her secret soul their evident intention to be present at the conflict only added new terrors to the situation. Still they were most considerate, making very little fuss over her, and allowing her to set forth to the scene of action quite alone.

The courthouse was crowded. Not only had the case itself excited unusual interest through the lamentations of Widow Barnes and the dogged defiance of Farmer Watt, but Doris herself was too well known in the little community to escape the general attention, so when the case was called, and she led the way to the space reserved for the combatants, closely followed by her beaming client, there was a murmur and a stir, which might have impressed her at any other time. As it was, she merely bowed gravely to the opposing lawyer and the fat plaintiff, and began to arrange her papers, and prepare for battle, with businesslike precision. Then she leaned back and studied the audience.

The front rows held the town supply of lawyers, old fellows, most of them, who beamed upon her with fatherly interest, and brought painfully to her mind the not very distant days of sugar candy and gingerbread babies. Even the heavy watch-chain that Colonel Stokes fingered so pompously, recalled the times when she had besieged that stately stronghold of legal lore, and grabbed the sacred links with the irreverence of privileged childhood.

She wondered, while the court was being called to order and the preliminaries were arranged, if she looked as ridiculously young as she felt; if she seemed as unchanged to the people who were looking at her, as they appeared in her eyes; and then the case was opened by the plaintiff.

Low well-chosen words. She owned to a secret admiration for this young man, his manner was convincing, his delivery excellent, and his method of handling begins incomparable. But then, to win with his case was a strong one, the judge and the jury were plainly with him, and Mrs. Barnes' funeral aspect helped him greatly, indeed, if people had not known that her widowhood was of many years' standing, they might naturally have concluded that her weeds were assumed for this occasion—in memory of the defunct cow.

But the strongest evidence was that of little Jimmy Harroway, all starched and hunched for this public exhibition, who "seen it done," as he asserted from the stand.

At this point Doris received a poke in her back—Farmer Watt was leaning over her chair.

"Here comes your pint," he whispered. "Watch out, you can trip him up by them greased boots of his. He's skeered into what he's sayin' now. You can skeer him 't'other side. You won't have many witnesses to bother with—there was only me and the cow left—which last party can't appear. Ha, ha!" laughed Farmer Watt. "Just you keep them purty ears well cocked, and we'll beat 'em yet."

He gave her a little friendly pat on the shoulder, as he subsided, which filled her with suppressed fury, and roused a faint titter from some corner of the room. Doris caught the sound, and her soul was sore with indignation; but the plaintiff's lawyer was closing his side of the argument, and hurling his sentences straight into the jury box, with the true aim of long practice. Doris felt her ground slipping from under her; all her cleverly-planned defenses were swept away by this masterly eloquence. What could she say—how could she refute those solid points which he was driving in with all his strength? Once the jury laughed, to a man; and the judge smiled at some droll allusion—there was an art in provoking laughter. She would never be able to do that; she could only go through her speech, stolidly, and thank her stars when the ordeal was over.

When Doris rose there fell a hush over the room. She may not have known it—this fair, slim girl—but her presence alone sent a telling thunderbolt into the jury box. It was their first public tussle with a woman, and they were making ready for the fray; but the sight of her standing there, so pretty and so earnest, touched a chord in their flinty hearts, and scored one in her favor.

The family, over in the corner, was visibly agitated. Doris would not look that way; she faced the judge, and brought her mind sternly to bear upon the subject. She had declined to cross-examine the plaintiff's witnesses, preferring to score them well, in her speech, and so when Farmer Watt had given his broad and humorous view of the tragedy, it remained only for her to provide the jury with the last threads of the narrative.

But the mind is peculiar, a most erratic bit of mechanism, and Doris, who filled all the little recesses of hers with such persistent care and energy, began suddenly to grope in the dark, and not to find what she wanted. She ransacked the corridors of her brain, only the echoes mocked her—there was a huge undefinable void. Thought was no more, memory was vanished, words seemed merely a chaotic mumbling. What was the meaning of it all? What was she doing in this crowded room, facing this strange assemblage? She must go, she could not stay here; but she was rooted to the spot, her limbs were deprived of motion; she tried to speak, but her tongue seemed paralyzed; she passed her hand over her eyes—she must do something, but she could not see, a great mist rolled between her and all that outer life—a horrible, swirling, engulfing mist; a frightened gasp, a little cry, a pathetic stretching out of small hands, and—she burst into tears!

Of course, after that, all was emotion. The family, in consternation, clustered round and hid the attorney-at-law from public view. The judge briefly summed up the case and handed it over to the jury, and the court took a recess.

Farmer Watt stormed up and down: "If I ever put my trust in a woman again. Twice I done it to rue the day. Here we are, clean swamped in them waterworks. Why, it's worse than a pipe bustin' in winter. How are you now?" he snapped, pausing in front of poor Doris, and glaring at her.

"Better, thank you," she said, meekly. "I—I'm sorry, Mr. Watt."

"Well, you couldn't help it, I suppose. Bein' sorry don't mend the pitcher, howsomever. 'It's a pity you're built that way; your 'jints ain't seasoned yet.'"

"I guess I'll go," said Doris; "there's no more harm to be done."

"Humph!" said Farmer Watt.

"The jury is coming in," observed Marcia; "they didn't take long to consider."

And, sure enough, they were filing into the box. The court was quickly called to order, and the foreman stepped forward after the usual formalities.

"A verdict in favor of the defendant, your Honor!"

For one moment there was dead silence, then, despite the efforts of the zealous clerk, pandemonium broke forth.

Farmer Watt stood stock still, his hands in his pockets, his eyes and mouth wide open with amazement, then he uttered a strange whoop of triumph, and scattered the family right and left, as he plowed through them, in his frantic efforts to get at Doris.

"You done it, you done it!" he cried, making a dash for her hand, and churning it up and down with great force. "Blest, if you didn't play that little game well. Great guns! I might have leaked bucketsful of salt water and it wouldn't ha' made no difference; but you just squirted a few drops of brine out of them eyes of yours, and you clean melted them soft fellows up there. Hooray!"

Howard Peyton jumped to his feet and cut him short. "Your Honor, I object to the verdict. I consider that the jury has been unduly influenced, and that the case, as they received it, was clearly in favor of the plaintiff."

The judge frowned down upon the young lawyer.

"Mr. Peyton, you are out of order; but this peculiar case calls for peculiar treatment. State your objections."

Howard Peyton glanced sidewise at Doris, but that young lady, now quite recovered, kept those dangerous eyes of hers glued to the floor.

"I think," said Peyton, slowly, "that the resort to tears was unfair on the part of the defendant's lawyer. They are a weapon of which I have no knowledge, and I am bold enough to say that it was bribery and corruption to those 'twelve good men and true.'"

"Gently, gently, Mr. Peyton, you are excited, we will argue this, if you please. Miss Woodford, be so good as to answer a few direct questions."

Doris rose obediently.

"Did you, with willful intent, seek to influence the jury by that startling burst of tears?"

"No, oh, no."

"Did you come into this court resolved at all odds to play this trump card, which, according to your opponent's expressed opinion, has clearly won this case?"

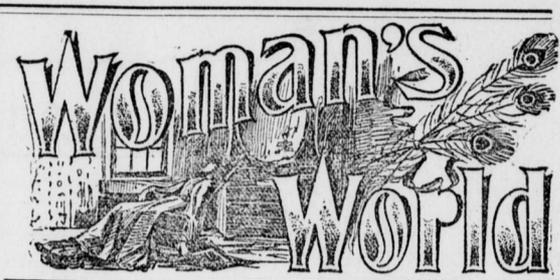
"Indeed not," said Doris indignantly.

"I'll be hanged if she did!" exclaimed Farmer Watt. "Ain't I been watchin' her all mornin', and tryin' to boost her up? Didn't I see her gettin' white, an' I up an' sez to her—"

"Order there!" cried the clerk.

"Order be blowed! I ain't goin' to pay my money on 't'other side if I can keep it on this bank, you bet I ain't."

"Order, or leave the courtroom," cried the clerk again.



Shopping Tour on a Wheel.
One of the common sights in London's smartest shopping districts nowadays is that of a woman cyclist attendant on her shopping tour by a page, also on a bicycle, wearing the regulation costume of tall hat cockade and a plenitude of buttons.

Odd Place For a Sign.
A woman who is a member of the Household Economic Association and consequently has advanced ideas about domestic science, has begun a reform in her household by having a sign which reads "No Thoughtfare" nailed up over the outside of the kitchen door.—New York World.

Patches Return.
Patches are now worn by New York beauties not only on the face but on the neck. As yet they are only cut square, but in time the fair necks and faces will be decorated with hearts, diamonds and other devices, and every chic woman will carry her enameled or jeweled patch-box, as they did in the time of Mme. de Maintenon. Patches are now universally worn in Paris.

Blue For the Golden-Haired.
Blue suits the golden-haired girl and makes her hair look more beautiful, but it seems to destroy all the beauty of some gray-eyed maids, and it is most unbecoming to those of all sallow complexion. Now, gold in some form will conceal any little yellowness of the skin, and white coming in contact with the face subdues the ill effects of blue and preserves its good ones. Only to the youngest and fairest do pink and white seem suitable, and yet white is much used by the old, and soft white laces are becoming even to the grandmothers.

Silent Women.
A New Yorker who has been spending the winter at Biarritz tells of a convent near that place which throws completely in the shade all the stories of the Trappists. The silent sisters never speak except to their mother superior, and then only upon necessary business. When they are at meals a book is read, and every Friday they eat their dinner kneeling. If one of the sisters loses her father or mother she is not told of the loss. The mother superior simply assembles the community and says: "The father or mother of one of you is dead." In this way the silent women cease to have individual interest in anything, or anything to talk about.—New York Press.

Women Typewriters Must Go.
President Burt, of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, is not a woman hater, but he has very decisive views on some subjects. That is why the women typewriters of the Union Pacific headquarters must go. The announcement of this decision on the part of the President was made this week. When questioned on the subject he said that women could not do good work where men are employed, and men could not do good work where women are employed. For this reason he will discharge the women. They will not be discharged without notice, but will be dismissed from time to time, beginning with the first of next month, or probably a little sooner. Of course, other stenographers will have to be employed to fill their places, and those employed will have to be men.—Omaha (Nebr.) telegram to the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Culinary Kindergarten.
It is an excellent thing to interest the little girls early in affairs of cookery. Girls of eight or ten years old can easily be taught to make simple cakes and desserts for those juvenile tea-parties which such girls always delight to give to their companions. In order to prevent waste of materials, the cups used may be the miniature toy affairs, holding about half a gill, and the spoons the small spoons that come with children's tea sets. The egg used is usually a divided one. Children will learn a great deal in a practical cooking lesson of a few hours. The manufacture of a small cake, the "brewing" of a cup of tea, the preparation of an omelet or of a simple dessert are the things which are most valuable for the foundation of a taste in housewifery and cooking. An hour a week spent in this way by a mother or older sister will interest these little women in culinary matters, and lay a foundation for useful knowledge. It is the foundation knowledge of cookery that many women are compelled to learn late in life, and from repeated failure in matters of which they are often ashamed to admit their ignorance.—New York Tribune.

"Occupation" the Keynote.
Occupation is rapidly becoming the keynote of the modern woman's life. Fields of labor are invaded not only by women who have to be breadwinners, but by those who follow various branches of industry for the mere love of work. Dairy maids have always been known to the world, and their praises have ever been sung by poets, but it remained for a nineteenth century woman of culture and cosmopolitan advantages to take up the work on a scale considered heretofore beyond the ability of a woman. Miss Anna

M. Litchworth, representing one of the oldest families in New York State, is the young woman who is affording this last notable instance of the capabilities and energy of the American girl. Miss Litchworth has had every advantage of foreign travel, and a delightful social position. After her father's death she decided to take her summer place at Willow Brook and turn it into a model dairy. She has now sixty cows, mostly thoroughbred Jerseys, and the care she lavishes upon them is so exceptionally good that the Practical Farmer says: "When I find such a marked instance of cleanliness, comfort, and tidy management, and that run by a woman, I cannot refrain from letting the public know of it." Miss Litchworth is a close student of improved agriculture; she attends all the farmers' institutes near at hand, and gives her personal attention to the management of the farm and dairy. Her stables are large, light and well ventilated. She keeps the stable floor whitewashed, and the floors are cleaned twice a day, and the cows are well bedded. The men employed as milkers wear white linen suits, and all the utensils are kept chemically clean.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Women as Composers.
Rupert Hughes contributes an article to the Century on "Women Composers," in which he says: "A prominent publisher tells me that where, some years ago, only about one-tenth of the manuscripts submitted were by women, now their manuscripts outnumber those of the men two to one. While this ratio will not hold in published compositions, the rivalry is close even there. Women are writing all sorts of music. A few of them have already written in the largest forms, producing work of excellent quality and still better promise. It is in the smaller forms, however—in instrumental solos and short songs—that they have naturally found their first success. So good has their work been here that honesty compels the admission that hardly any living men are putting forth music of finer quality, deeper sincerity, truer individuality, and more adequate courage than the best of the women composers. Besides these, there is a number of minor composers writing occasional works of the purest quality; and in art quality is everything."

As to nationality, one finds best represented the three countries that are now working along the best lines of modern music: Germany, of course (whose Clara Schumann wrote much that was worthy of serious consideration), France, and America; for America, whatever its musical past, is surely winning its right to the place in this triumvirate of modern music. Its tendencies are toward the best things. Italy has recently had a flurry of new life and of growth away from the debilitating manliness into which it had drifted, but has not yet produced a notable woman composer. The other Continental countries seem even more torpid; and though English women have written much, they have not got beyond the prevailing cheapness of the English school, except, perhaps, in certain of the compositions of Mrs. Marie Davies and Miss Mand Valerie White.

Fashion Fancies.
Lawns having a cord effect.
Stocks of gay plaided silks.
Printed mulls, dimities and Swiss.
Striped organdies on light grounds.
Black gowns covered with half-inch tufts.
Colored crepons having a buyadere effect.
Black satin ribbon having plaid edges.
Silk and cotton mixed mousseline de soie.
Checked silks with a white broad-edged flower.
Scarfs of mousseline edged with marabout.
Silk ties of a color edged with baby satin ribbon.
Black patent-leather slippers having red heels and bows.
Black, red, white, green and blue Ascot ties for women.
Black net veils having a chiffon applique or chenille border.
Gowns showing a princess back and apron front, with blouse above.
"Straw walking hats of two colors trimmed with black and white braid."
Band trimmings of black and white silk embroidery, with gold beads and spangles.
Cloth Eton suits having the skirt front, upper half of sleeves and entire jacket in tufts.
Double-breasted cloth blouse suits trimmed with fancy silk braid and buttons to match.
Light felt hats profusely trimmed with flowers and the favorite geranium velvet as a facing.
Ostrich feather boas fastening with a steel or brass buckle in front and with two to six short ends.
Black dresses of crepon, serge, cashmere, whipcord, etc., trimmed with frills of No. 12 black satin ribbon, and a vest of colored velvet.