

"After the torpedo boat destroyer what?" asks a London paper. The Gloucester.

With a few battleships as interpreters Admiral Dewey can make himself understood in any language.

It is perfectly safe to assume that the flag of the United States looks remarkably handsome floating over Santiago.

The chief imports into China from the United States are cotton goods, cigars and cigarettes, flour, ginseng, machinery, medicines, kerosene oil and timber.

Heroes are as thick as grasshoppers in the army and the navy. If the hand of authority is laid upon any common-place fellow unknown to fame, he responds with some startling deed of valor.

The aggregate of subscription for the war bonds was \$1,365,000,000. It is interesting to compare this fine large sum of available cash with the scanty coins which were fished out of stockings and old teapots by the people of Spain.

The spectacle of Captain Glass being obliged to courteously inform the Governor of the Ladrones Islands that Spain and the United States were at war before demanding his surrender imparts that touch of humor which is rarely lacking in even the most tragic occurrences.

A little girl in Kansas City found a pocketbook containing \$150 in cash and \$800 in promissory notes, and returned it to the owner. Instead of sending her away with the usual thanks, accompanied with good advice, the owner presented her with a fine bicycle. This action was a tangible acknowledgment of honesty.

General Miles ordered veterinary surgeons to accompany troops into action, so that the sufferings of the horses and mules injured in battle might be ended. That may seem like a small matter, but it shows that in small things, as in great, Americans are kind hearted, and it helps to make the world understand that we are really capable of carrying on a war of humanity.

According to conservative estimates, nearly one-third of the native population of Cuba perished during the three years that have elapsed since the insurrection was born. What does this mean to the Cubans? It means precisely what the loss of 20,000,000 Americans by battle, disease and starvation would mean to the Republic. It is a blow equal in proportion, trifling as it may appear by comparison of figures.

The New York Tribune observes: Some German missionaries went to China and got killed by a mob; whereupon Germany, by way of indemnity, seized a Chinese port and the adjacent territory. And now a German Consul-General, in an official report, dwells upon the desirability of getting still more Chinese territory, and says the easiest way to do so is to send more missionaries! Talk about cold-bloodedness! That suggestion is enough to send cold shivers down the spine of the most heartless cynic in the world.

According to the revised report of the Census Board of the Russian Interior Office, the Empire of the Czar has a population of 129,000,000 inhabitants, of whom 94,000,000 are in European provinces. China alone surpasses this number, having from 350,000,000 to 400,000,000 of population. According to area, the provinces which have the greater populations are Caucasus, with 9,000,000, and Poland, with 9,500,000. Since 1885 the population of the Russian Empire has increased from 108,000,000 to 129,000,000, or at the rate of over 1,500,000 a year.

Learned men have been discussing the question for ages whether anything in the way of hospitals was known to the ancients. Now it is announced that one has actually been discovered at Baden, Germany, containing fourteen rooms, supplied with many kinds of medical, pharmaceutical and surgical apparatus, probes, tubes, pincers, cantherizing instruments and even a collection of safety pins for bandaging wounds. There are also medicine spoons in bone and silver, measuring vessels, jars and pots for ointment, some still containing traces of the ointment used. The latest date of the coins found appears to be the reign of Hadrian, who was Emperor A. D. 117-138, from which it is inferred that it was a military hospital. Verily there is nothing new under the sun.

HE'S THE HIRED HAND.

Jim Thompson, he's the hired hand, He's with us clean from spring to fall, And through the winter, understand, They cold days when the wood's to haul; He rousts out early, hitches up, Them clay-bank mules, and makes 'em stand, 'Till he climbs in and hollers "Hap!" Jim Thompson, he's the hired hand.

Jim Thompson, he don't say much, As some folks do—he's sorter slow, An' yet he's got an awful clutch, In them air hand o' his, you know; 'Pears like they're iron, say, or steel, An' some right down on you keels! An' when they grip you, seems they feel Some tighter than a muskrat trap.

Jim Thompson's this way—can't be drove, An' don't set much on clothes or style; He git's round by the kitchen stove; An' smokes his old cob pipe a pile; When anyone talks politics, Or how the lecture's going to go, An' how the country's in a fix, Jim Thompson says: "D'yo reckon so?"

Jim Thompson, he's the hired hand, An' he can huck an' pitch an' plow, Er tell you what's the best of land, Er drive a team or milk a cow; And if you ast him here some day, 'St keerless-like, you understand, 'Bout who he was, he'd up and say, "Jim Thompson, I'm the hired hand." —Chicago Evening Post.

IN BALLAST.

Outwitting a Spanish Man-o-War.

By GEORGE P. HAWTRY.



I HAVE often wondered whether it would not be possible to tell a tale of marine adventure in fairly intelligible language. All the sea stories that I have ever read have been written in a kind of nautical jargon. So far as I know, it may be correct enough, though upon this point I confess I have my doubts. Of course, we are all aware that every Englishman is a born sailor—a circumstance which is conclusively proved by the fact, so well established on the Channel boats, that no Englishman is ever seasick. But I question very much if even Britons can thoroughly understand nautical terms, unless they have enjoyed the benefit of a special education, and I have, therefore, determined to tell my little sea stories in plain, homely English.

I am quite aware that to some of my readers this may come as a disappointment. Only last night I told a lady, a great friend of mine, that I was going to make the attempt. Her face fell.

"Oh," she said, "won't there be anything about a belaying-pin?" "Certainly not," I replied.

"I'm sorry for that," she said. "I always attach so much importance to a belaying-pin."

"What is a belaying-pin?" I asked.

"I'm not quite sure," she answered, with a little hesitation; "but I rather think that the captain uses it to stick in his necktie."

I don't pretend to know whether she was right in her conjecture or not. But I shall not make use of the term. And I shall also avoid such expressions as "Avast!" and "Aho!" which always strike me as being particularly offensive. I don't object to plain, commonsense words, such as as mast and deck; and this, I think, should be accepted as a guarantee that the method which I propose to adopt is not the outcome of mere wriggishness; but an honest endeavor to make myself understood.

George Williams is a captain in the merchant service. I know him well. At the time of which I am writing he was a young officer, full of courage and resource, and, in spite of this, a great favorite with his employers, Messrs. Evans and Harrison. He had lately been given the command of a ship called the Crocodile, and he therefore went to see the owners, at their office in the city, in order that he might receive his instructions.

"Morning, Williams," said Mr. Harrison.

"Morning, sir," said Williams.

"The Crocodile is to go to Naples with a cargo of— Well, it doesn't really matter what the cargo was; it is sufficient for my story that it was a cargo of something. George Williams was quite satisfied, so we need not trouble about it any further. Why should we be bothered about matters that do not concern us? Mr. Harrison continued: "I don't think that you will be able to find a cargo for the return journey at Naples; so you will have to come away from there in ballast."

I am obliged to use this term because I know of no other that exactly conveys the meaning that I wish to express. But it is a most ridiculous and misleading phrase. When a ship is without a cargo, it has to carry some dead weight to prevent it from being too high out of the water, and this dead weight is called ballast. And then the sailors tell you that the ship is in ballast. Of course, what they really mean is that the ballast is in the ship, not the ship in the ballast. This I believe to be the true explanation, though I know it is dreadfully confusing.

Mr. Harrison went on to say that Williams would have to look into one or two ports on his way home on the chance of picking up a cargo. And he named the places at which he was to call.

Then it was that a brilliant idea struck George Williams. Coal would be much more expensive out at the foreign nations than it was in London. Why not take out sufficient for the whole journey, and use it as ballast before consuming it? I cannot say that I think very highly of the notion myself. It seems to me that the ship would be continually rising imperceptibly out of the water, squeezed up like an orange pip between one's finger and thumb. But, then, I know nothing whatever about such matters; so possibly my opinion is not entitled to much respect. Anyhow, the suggestion commended itself to Mr. Harrison, and, between them, they determined to adopt it.

"There is one thing," said Williams. "We shall not be able to put all the coal into the coal cellars." "Coal cellars" was not the expression which George actually used. He said "bunkers." But such a word as that would convey nothing to people who had been carefully brought up, and I should not think of employing it myself.

"We shall have to put some of it in to the hold," continued Williams. I am sorry to say you can only have little slices of this conversation at a time. It requires so much comment and explanation.

The hold is that part of the ship in which the cargo is put. It did not seem to me to have been quite the proper place for coals. I only hope that George was careful to have the hold washed before the next cargo went in. It may have been fruit, you know, or ladies' hats. However, I have no wish to find fault. No doubt George Williams knew his own business.

The Crocodile made a successful journey to Naples, and the cargo was landed there. As Mr. Harrison had foreseen, the Neapolitans had nothing which they wanted to send back, and so George Williams began the return journey with his ship in ballast. According to his instructions he called at Cartagena, a Spanish port, in the hope of finding a stray cargo there. As soon as he arrived he went to the custom house and explained that, as he had not brought any merchandise with him, there could not be any duty for him to pay. I think that this showed great politeness and good feeling on George's part, but I am sorry to say, the custom house officials did not meet him in anything like a friendly spirit. They were not content to accept his word, but asked him to produce his papers. Fortunately, George happened to have these with him, and so he very kindly allowed the chief custom house officer to look at them. A ship's papers give a number of statistics as to cargo, destination and so forth, calculated to satisfy even the most inquisitive mind. In the case of the Crocodile the papers contained nothing that George Williams did not know by heart. So, after all, they might have taken his word. As it was, however, the chief custom house officer examined the papers with an eye keen to detect the slightest irregularity. Among the first things to attract his attention were those unucky coals. The quantity carried was evidently far more than the cleverest captain could have squeezed in the ship's coal cellars.

"Oho!" he exclaimed, in excellent Spanish.

Many writers in recounting a conversation of this sort, would endeavor to heighten the description by putting in a number of Spanish words, and assuming that their unfortunate readers understood the meaning of them. In my opinion this is bad art. I never assume that my readers understand anything. It is safer not to do so. Therefore, although the custom house officer spoke in Spanish because he knew no other language, and George Williams got as near to it as he could, I shall not give the conversation as it was spoken, but carefully translate every word.

"Oho!" said the custom house officer. "What is this?"

"Coals," said George.

"You have large cellars."

"Yes," said George.

"But not large enough for all this coal."

"No," said George.

"Where, then, have you put it?"

"In the hold," said George.

"In the hold! Ah! Then it is merchandise. You are going to sell it. It is smuggled! Your must pay a fine."

"A fine!" shouted George. "What for?"

"You have endeavored to deceive the custom house. You are a smuggler! You will have to pay three times the value of the coal!"

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said George.

"Then I shall put your ship under arrest," said the custom house officer. And, sure enough, when George went back to luncheon he found two Spanish officials in charge of the vessel. The Crocodile was a prisoner until the fine should be paid.

George Williams was annoyed. It was bad enough to be fined when you were guilty, but to be fined when you were innocent was simply disgusting. Besides, the fine was a heavy one, and if the owners had to pay it, their feelings toward him might undergo a change. This would be unpleasant. To pay the fine himself would be more unpleasant still. What was to be done? There was a Spanish man-of-war lying in the harbor, and George

know that any appeal for help on the part of the custom house officials would receive immediate attention in that quarter. So he determined to proceed with the utmost caution. He sent for the engineer, and asked him how soon he could get up steam. The engineer replied that he could be ready in about an hour's time. You see this was really a most important matter. If a ship's boilers are once allowed to become cold, it takes, as a rule, a good four and twenty hours to get up steam again. But the Crocodile's fires had been banked up, so the engines could be made ready to start again at comparatively short notice.

Having given his instructions to the engineer and mate, George turned to the custom house officials and commenced a fluent conversation with them in his best Spanish. He began by observing that he thought he had been foolish; and that it was useless to struggle against properly constituted authority, and so he had made up his mind to pay the fine. He then remarked that the engineer had discovered a leak in one of the boilers and had been busy repairing it. He now wished to give the ship a short run just to see if everything was all right again. Probably they would not object to this. And he finished up by inviting them to step down stairs into his private sitting room and drink a bottle of wine with him.

Whether it was that these poor Spaniards were guileless souls, or that offer of a drink was one that could not be declined, I know not, but the invitation was accepted with avidity. Hospitality is one of George's strong points, and it is needless to say that he spent a delightful time with his two new friends. After a while the steady, regular throb of the engines began to make itself felt, but this in no way interrupted the harmony of the proceedings. Presently, however, the merry little party was startled by the boom of a gun. They all rushed upstairs on to the deck.

The Crocodile was steaming as fast as she could toward the mouth of the harbor. George turned and looked at the Spanish warship. An angry puff of white smoke appeared on her side, and the screeching of the shot as it passed overhead told him that she was really in earnest this time. One of the unhappy custom house officers gave a yell and leaped into the sea, where he was presently rescued by a friendly boat. The other, having a distaste for cold water, ran down stairs and hid!

George Williams at once made his way on to the bridge. This is another of those perplexing nautical terms. It means a sort of perch near the middle of the ship, from which the captain is accustomed to give his orders. Another gun from the warship, and this time the shot fell into the sea quite close to them.

"Steward," said George, "fetch me my glasses. You will find them on the table in my sitting-room."

It was the binocular glasses that he meant, not the other ones. But there was no time to explain. Fortunately, the steward was a clever man and understood perfectly. He ran down stairs, found the glasses and came back as quickly as he could. While he was making his way up on the bridge the warship fired again. The shot just whisked off the steward's cap, and passed on without doing further damage.

A friend of mine has asked me to suppress this fact on the ground that in a story of this kind some such incident invariably occurs. There is a great deal of force in this criticism, but I cannot comply with my friend's request. I feel bound to tell the story as George Williams told it. And he assured me that it was true.

The Crocodile had by this time got clear of the harbor and, though the man-of-war continued firing for some little time longer, none of the shots took effect. But George Williams knew very well that as yet he was by no means out of his difficulty. He had seen that the Spanish battleship was getting up steam as fast as she could, and he was quite aware that once she started she would gain upon him readily. So he steamed away westward as fast as his ship could carry him. It was all in vain. Far away in the distance a black smudge of smoke on the horizon told him that his enemy was in hot pursuit.

Hour after hour passed, while the Spanish warship came gradually nearer and nearer, and George Williams was enabled to experience those delightful sensations which all true sportsmen declare that the fox so thoroughly enjoys when he hears the hounds in full cry. At length Gibraltar appeared in sight. George, in his playful way, told me that he "made the Rock." But, of course, this was only his humorous exaggeration. George is a high-minded gentleman, and in his more serious moments I have never known him to deviate from the truth—except when he was talking Spanish. And that is a language which lends itself to allegory.

When he was within a mile or two of Gibraltar, George suddenly stopped and allowed all his steam to blow off through something which, I believe, is called the exhaust pipe. I have not an idea what this is, but I do know that the noise was simply hideous. The captain of the Spanish battleship very naturally concluded that the Crocodile's engine had broken down and prepared in triumph to seize upon his helpless victim.

Meanwhile, George was making signs to the lookout station at Gibraltar. He asked for no sort of help. All he said was—

"Please make a note of the exact position of this ship, the Crocodile. And the officer in command of the lookout station very kindly signalled back to say that he had done so.

Then the Spanish man-of-war came up in all her majesty, and immediately

took possession of the Crocodile. There was nothing for George to do but to submit, and so he and his ship were taken back to Cartagena.

But directly they arrived there, George telegraphed the British ambassador at Madrid to say that the Crocodile had been illegally arrested by a Spanish man-of-war. For the sea within three miles of the coast is held, by international law, to belong to the nation which owns that coast; and, as George had been within three miles of Gibraltar at the time when he was caught, his ship had been seized in British waters. He also sent a similar one to Messrs. Evans and Harrison in London.

In matters of this kind the British foreign office acts with great promptitude and firmness. They communicated at once with the authorities at Gibraltar, who confirmed George's statements in every particular, and in less than forty-eight hours the Crocodile was released. In addition to this, the Spanish government had the pleasure of paying twenty-five thousand dollars' damages for illegal capture and detention.

And, strange to say, George Williams is still a great favorite with his employers, Messrs. Evans and Harrison.—To-Day.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The heart weighs nearly twelve ounces.

Milk is not rendered less favorable to digestion by being sterilized.

Fine coal or slack coal has proven very effective in England as a filtering material for sewage.

A person walking at the rate of four miles per hour consumes 2300 cubic inches of air per minute.

The cost of fuel on steam railroads is about ten per cent. of the operating expenses and on electric roads it is about five per cent.

The Austrian Government serum factory in Vienna for the treatment of diphtheria disposed of 30,434 bottles of the remedy last year.

In Germany, 50,000 acres are used for growing willows for basket-making, and in France willow culture is a still more important industry.

A simple method of cleaning iron from rust, suggested by M. Carl Heron, is to immerse it with a rod of zinc in an acid bath, the two metals being electrically coupled.

The tip of the tongue is chiefly sensible to pungent and acid tastes, the middle portion of sweets or bitters, while the back is confined entirely to the flavors of roast meat and fatty substances.

A French experimenter, Camille Darest, has found that the germ in the hen's egg is not destroyed by an electric current that would kill an adult fowl, but that the germ is so modified in most cases that a monstrosity will be hatched.

The human system can endure heat of 212 degrees, the boiling point of water, because the skin is a bad conductor and because the perspiration cools the body. Men have withstood without injury a heat of 300 degrees for several minutes.

Was a Highly Esteemed Friend.

"A Worcester man," says the Worcester Gazette, "who makes frequent trips to Europe fell in with a fascinating stranger the last time he was across. The stranger, who may be designated as Ferguson, because that does not sound at all like his real name, was an American, his manners were those of a gentleman, and he seemed to be well supplied with money and to know a great many people worth knowing. In conversation with the Worcester man one day Ferguson said: 'Worcester is a charming city, and I have some very dear friends there. I presume you know Colonel E. J. Russell?' He is an old and highly esteemed friend, to whom I am deeply indebted for many favors.' When the Worcester man returned home he met Colonel Russell one day, and in course of conversation remarked that he had met a man in Europe who said that he was an old friend. Colonel Russell thought for a moment, and then he replied: 'Oh, yes, I remember Ferguson very well. I ought to, for he lived with me for seven years once. It was when I was warden of the State prison at Charlestown, and I will say that Ferguson was one of the quietest and best behaved prisoners that I ever had.'"

A Welsh Name Translated.

A correspondent of a London paper says: "I met recently with a translation into English of the name of the village in Anglesey which boasts the wildest name in the United Kingdom. I send you a copy below, thinking it may interest your readers:

Llan - fair - pwll - gwyn - church | Mary | a hollow | white  
gwyl - goger - y - clwyrr - vigil | near to | the | rapid  
hazel | near to | the | rapid  
drobwl - Llan - Disilio - whirlpool | church | (saint's name) | gogo - goch  
cave | red

—that is, the Church of Saint Mary in a hollow of white hazel near to the rapid whirlpool, and to St. Disilio near to a red cave."

Snakes as Rat Catchers.

They appear to be turning snakes to a good account in Brazil, for rats have become so abundant there that a domestic snake, the gobyra, which has about the circumference of the arm, is sold in the market place in Rio Janeiro to be kept in the house as a protection against rodents. It would seem that the serpent pursues its prey more for the pleasure there is in it than from a sense of hunger, since it is said that rarely eats the rats caught. Similar in its habits and attachments to the domestic cat of our more Northern latitudes, the gobyra will, it is said, find the way back to the house of its master even if transported to a considerable distance.



**Pocketbooks of Monkey Skin.**  
The fashionable leather for pocket-books and bags is monkey skin.

**A Novelty in Taffeta.**  
A charming novelty is the use of regular clan plaids in taffeta for shirt waists. These waists are worn with a linen collar, gold studs, and a black ribbon belt with a gold buckle. The skirt is usually of navy, black or dark-green serge.

**The Autumn Jacket.**  
Jackets for fall wear are to be made longer than last year. Flat bands are the most appropriate trimmings for heavy goods. Costumes are made of two shades of cashmere, cloth and other heavy goods; the darker color forms the side seams and upper part of skirt. The jacket may be finished with bands of velvet or fancy goods. The rest is of satin or brocade.

**Shirt Waists For Little Girls.**  
Shirt waists are now part of every little girl's wardrobe, and certainly they look much better on children than they do on older women, who have the shirt waist habit to an alarming extent. It is a mistake to have too elaborate shirt waists for children. The prettiest are really very simple, and look best worn with a ribbon around the throat instead of a collar.

**Cycling to Church at Eighty-four.**  
Mrs. Radle, a widow eighty-four years old, living in the eastern suburbs of the town, purchased a bicycle recently, and it is said that she has been making rapid progress in learning to ride. For years she has walked to North Dorset to attend church services, but on account of her declining strength, she has now adopted the wheel as the easier means to get to church.—Dorr (Mich.) Record.

**Woman's Work in Prague.**  
Mme. Peskova, of Prague, was recently decorated by the Emperor of Austria in acknowledgment of her great work among women. It is said that she is the second Austrian woman to be thus honored. She is a poet, editor and writer on educational matters, but her chief work has been the building in Prague of a magnificent women's building, which cost \$200,000, and which is the centre of woman's activities in the Austrian Empire. Here two thousand young Bohemian women are prepared each year for the University of Prague.

**A Stylish Dress.**  
A dress in a style which promises to be very popular in the autumn is of softest tan color. The short jacket, which opens in front to display a vest of white lace over pink silk, has six pieces, one placed over the other like so many little square boleros. The belt is of the lace and silk, but a tiny basque formed by two frills of the cloth gives breadth to the top of the skirt. The skirt has the same effect as the jacket, opening in front to show a panel of pink silk under lace and having five overskirts, the top one at about the height of the knee. The neck is finished by a Medici collar and a soft cravat of pink and white mouseline de soie.

**The Graceful Sash.**  
Nearly all the dressty tolets this season display a sash worn at the left side, directly in front, or in the centre at the back. Chiffon sashes accompany many of the chiffon-trimmed evening gowns, but the worst of these airy and graceful sashes of transparent textiles is, that after short wear, especially at the seashore, they get into a stringy condition that is anything but decorative. Sashes of Swiss, organdie, and other muslins, as well as those of sheer grass-linen, are open to the same objection. In their perfect freshness lies all the charm of such materials, and much greater care is necessary to keep these in an unrumpled condition than the more familiar sashes of satin moire and faille ribbon.

**American Engagements.**  
The American custom of a purely sentimental engagement frequently discourages all considerations of the everyday needs and conditions of life that young people must meet after marriage. The mention of finances is too frequently ignored.

After the betrothal the young woman finds herself an idol in the eyes of her fiance, and unless she has a firm mental equipoise and great common sense there is danger that this adulation will turn her head and that she will become affected and conceited. The result, if she is a weak woman, will be that all the selfishness that lies within her will come to the surface, and that in the wedded life she will be unwilling to assume the energetic housewifery duties, and all probability will sink into a complaining, petulant woman, who missing the constantly expressed adoration of her engagement days secretly blames her husband for the result.

There is no doubt that a great deal of the unhappiness of married life is a result of the selfish bathos of sentiment and self-adulation into which the woman allows herself to sink during the engagement. If she is naturally inclined to indolence, this tendency will be greatly fostered, for she will see her life smoothly mapped out before her by another and herself delivered from the necessity of exertion—her entire future painted in the attractive but evanescent "couleur de

rose." Because she is able to sink into a state of inaction she does so, and thus lets herself drift toward the saddest and most hopeless of a—an empty life.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Gossip.

In Maryland in 1820 women who were property owners and had no husbands were entitled to vote.

According to the registrar-general's latest blue book, Scotland still contains many more women than men.

Spain has only seventy-four women classed as literary writers and only seventy-eight women physicians.

Mrs. L. P. Johnson, a leading business woman of Idaho Falls, has been nominated for Governor by the Prohibitionists of Idaho.

Anywhere from 300 to 350 women journalists and authors of London meet once a year at some popular resort for a swell dinner.

The Army and Navy League of Atlanta, Ga., Mrs. William Y. Atkinson, President, has raised a fund to be applied for the relief of soldiers and sailors and their families.

It is reported that of the eighty-four women admitted to the St. Louis (Mo.) Insane Asylum last year, sixty-eight were those who had been engaged in domestic service.

At the University of Berlin, Germany, female students are not permitted to wear their hair in braids down the back. The young ladies who persisted in doing so were dismissed.

Miss Anna E. Mitchener is the superintendent of the Tuscarawas Electric Road, which is ten miles long and connects the twin cities of Uhrichville and Dennison with New Philadelphia, Penn.

In the five years since Yale University opened its graduate department to women 170 have availed themselves of the opportunity and nineteen have taken the degree of Ph.D., for which the requirements are becoming more stringent each year.

Mrs. Henry Nash, of Slade End, Wallingford, England, has been elected church warden of the parish of Stowell, Berks, for the seventh time. Mrs. Nash is an active member of the parish council, a supporter of woman suffrage and an earnest philanthropist.

The first kindergarten school was founded in 1858 by Miss Caroline Louise Frankenberg, at Columbus, Ohio. Ten years later, Miss Elizabeth Peabody, of Boston, who is generally regarded as the founder of the American kindergarten system, went to Germany to study the system under Froebel.

The London School Board has decided that one of the two medical practitioners to be provisionally appointed for one year to examine defective children shall be a woman, who, as part of her duties shall be expected to examine such of the Board's women applicants for teaching posts as prefer the services of one of their own sex.

**Fashion's Fancies.**  
The apron-front effect in trimming is still the correct thing.

A pretty way of making black skirt waists is to cross-tuck them.

Extremely large white chenille dots are seen on colored veilings.

Many of the new coats have the revers turned back and covered with lace.

Cloth walking gowns are being appliqued with ribbon in bowknot effects.

Embroidered chiffons are being much used for veils and hat trimmings.

Long sashes with lace edging are to be worn in all colors with white gowns.

Cloth gowns trimmed with straps of the same material are still stylish and pretty.

Beading with ribbons run through it makes a nice trimming for gowns of wash material.

Standing collars for dressy waists have a fall of silk and open in the back, and are ornamented with lace.

Waists trimmed with ribbon-velvet are pretty with steel buttons at regular intervals on the velvet. Expensive waists have a yoke of contrasting color.

Hats of mixed straw, prettily trimmed with loops of net and jaunty wings, and the sailor shape, with a plain black band, are much in favor for both bicycle and street wear.

Wash silks are great favorites for children's dressy costumes. Blue and pink, pink and green and yellow and black are pretty and effective combinations when trimmed with narrow velvet or lace.

The new blouse waists have large revers, edged with narrow lace insertion over a foundation of chiffon puffing. Silk waist, veiled with chiffon of the same color, have the waist body, basque and epaulets decorated in this manner or with baby ribbon.

**Sweetheart's Trials in Borneo.**  
All the suitors for a girl's hand in Borneo are expected to be generous in their presents to her. These presents are never returned; therefore the wily young lady defers as long as possible a positive selection of the happy man.