

The United States acreage in grain is greater than the entire area of the German Empire.

What can you expect of a country like Spain, when, in the time of her disaster, a bull fighter continued to be the most popular man in the land?

Forty thousand tons of American coal were sent to Admiral Dewey at Manila. That amount of fuel ought to make things reasonably warm for anybody who attempts to upset his plans.

Good gunners with poor ships are more effective than poor gunners with good ships, but the American combination of the best gunners with the best ships beats them all. Manila knows this and so does Santiago.

The sinking of the French steamer La Bourgogne with its loss of over five hundred lives is an appalling disaster in the commercial marine, a disaster relieved, in its terrible features of cowardly inhumanity, only by the courage of its captain, who stuck to his post to the last and went down with his ship, thinks the Trenton (N. J.) True American.

The Trans-Siberian Railway, according to United States Consul Smith, of Moscow, has cost, in the five years, 1893 to 1897, inclusive, \$188,014,938. In addition to the above, \$5,978,663 has been spent for topographical and astronomical work, irrigation, surveys, geological study, agricultural instruments, etc., connected with the development of the country adjacent to the railway.

In 1890 the total farm capital in the United States, exclusive of cash in hands of owners, was, in round numbers, sixteen billions of dollars. The total value of farm products in 1889 was also in round numbers, two and one-half billions of dollars, which was, substantially, fifteen and one-half per cent. upon the capital invested. Out of this income, however, all expenses were paid, including support of owners' families. The percentage of profit upon farm capital has been steadily decreasing for several decades, and the next census will doubtless show a greater decrease than ever, unless there should be a decided decrease in the estimate of farm values. All this shows that farming is constantly becoming a closer business, with less and less margin for miscalculation and waste, observes the San Francisco Chronicle.

The long-talked-of telephonic communication between the two Russian capitals, Moscow and St. Petersburg, is likely this year to become an accomplished fact. The undertaking is under the control of the Imperial Telegraph Department, and the stations will be at the chief telegraph office in either city. As the average speed of ordinary telegraphic dispatches between Moscow and St. Petersburg, which are four hundred miles apart, is about that of the railway, ten or twelve hours being considered good time, the new telephone will prove an inestimable boon to business men, who in case of urgency are now obliged to pay three times the ordinary tariff to get their dispatches through as "special" messages. The line is not likely to be actually in working order before October, and it is said that the price for five minutes' conversation will probably be fixed at a little over seventy-five cents.

Interesting data recently compiled show the world's total output of gold for the year ending December 31, 1897. This is fixed at the prodigious sum of \$255,000,000, but indications make it probable that this year's output will be much larger, on account of recent discoveries in the Klondike and in other localities, thinks the Atlanta Constitution. In the following table is given the output of each of the gold-producing countries for the past calendar year:

Transvaal	\$1,400,000
United States	60,000,000
Australia	51,000,000
Russia	32,500,000
British India	7,000,000
Canada	7,000,000
Mexico	6,500,000
China	6,500,000
United States of Columbia	4,000,000
British Guiana	2,500,000
Brazil	2,500,000
Other countries	11,500,000

From the figures cited in the foregoing table it appears that considerably more than two-thirds of the gold produced in the world last year was produced under the flags of Great Britain and the United States, or, in other words, within the territory belonging to the Anglo-Saxon race. But the figures cited in the foregoing table represent only one phase of the enormous wealth in possession of Great Britain and the United States.

### A LAY OF A LAUGH.

Here I am, perched at my open case—  
Enjoying the laugh of some unseen  
That comes rippling up from some room in  
the basement  
Just below this.

Morning, noon and night I can hear her  
Babbling away with her chatter and chaff,  
And it seems as if all creation near her  
Was just a-laugh.

Picture her! Isn't her face just made for  
it—  
Crinkled and curved for the laughing fit?  
Could she be so solemn, d'ye think, if paid  
for it?  
Divil a bit!

I can fancy the dimples her cheeks imprint-  
ing,  
And see the mouth corners upward run.  
I can catch her eyes with the frolic glancing,  
Brimful of fun.

She must be pretty to laugh so prettily—  
Such a laugh couldn't belong to a frump;  
Humorous, too, to see things wittily—  
Probably plump.

There, now she's off again. Peal upon  
peal of it.  
Clear as a clarion, soft as a bell.  
Why, it's infectious! I'm catching the feel  
of it!  
Chuckling as well.

What! Was I dreaming? That musical  
melody  
Trips up the scale, arpeggio,  
So like a voice that was hushed—ah, wella-  
day—  
Long, long ago.

Heigh ho! To think of what little straws  
tickles us!  
Just a girl's laugh—and my laughing one  
beside.  
Silent, and I—well, now, this is ridiculous—  
Tears in my eyes.

## SANFORD'S REVENGE

By WALTER BLISS NEWGEON.



LITTLE after eight o'clock on the morning of a pleasant June day a number of bright, active-looking young fellows were gathered in the office of the Post.

They sat around in a longish fashion, as if waiting for someone to appear. At length the door opened and a tall, slightly-stooping, scholarly looking man entered.

"Good-morning, gentlemen!" he called out cheerily as he entered.

"Good-morning, Mr. Chipman," was the reply, uttered in unison.

"The first business of the day is for us all to become acquainted with one another, and then we will proceed to prepare the first number of the Crandall Post," he said.

Introductions followed. The men forming the editorial and reportorial staffs of the new paper were gathered from all over the country. The Post was backed by a syndicate of business men and politicians who considered their little city entitled to a daily paper embracing their political faith. Chipman, the city editor of the Times, the only daily in Crandall, had been chosen editor-in-chief, and he it was who had gathered about him this staff of assistants.

First of all must be mentioned Murdock, day editor. Next him in rank was the city editor, "Joe" Farrell, a young Irishman from Connecticut, who always declared comically that he was a Spaniard. The next man to be introduced was George Edward Huntington, called G. Eddie. He was a boy just out of the high school who wanted to become a journalist.

When Mr. Chipman presented Sanford to us all looked at him. Tall, slender, with handsome curly hair and a long blonde mustache, he looked a regular lady's man. We set him down as a "sissy" right away.

"An aesthete," I dubbed him when talking to Joe Farrell later.

"An ass, rather," replied Joe.

He came highly recommended by a Boston paper, however, so he was made a reporter at a fair salary. The other reporters were Crandall boys. Then there was the little French artist, and last of all, your humble servant, the telegraph editor.

Mr. Chipman having introduced the various members of his staff to each other, the group broke up, the chief going to his newly furnished sanctum, Murdock into his caddy, Farrell and the men under him into the city room, where the telegraph instrument and my desk were also located, the reporters to their various assignments. And so the new paper was in train.

The Times having had its own way in Crandall for so many years, it was only natural that the starting of a new paper to dispute the field with them should have made the managers sore. The rivalry between the editors extended down to the very devil in the press room. Especially was it bitter between the reporters. The Times men couldn't say anything mean enough about the Post men.

Sanford was at once picked out by the Times as a scapegoat. At noon of the first day he went to a restaurant frequented by newspaper men. He took a seat at a table beside one at which two Times men were dining. They were apparently deeply engaged in conversation, not paying any attention to their fellow quill-driver of the Post. Their conversation was carried on in so loud a voice, however, that Sanford could not help over-hearing what they were saying. Their talk was of a horrible murder committed the night before in the little town of Barlow, some ten miles north of Crandall. Sanford drank in all they said, his journalistic nostrils scenting a story afar. He hurriedly finished his dinner and went out.

"Dollars to doughnuts that clump will start for Barlow inside an hour," laughed one of the Times men.

"Ch, but he's fruit!" exclaimed the other, also laughing.

They finished their meal at their leisure, and, lighting cigars, left the place. They were outside just in time to see Sanford whirl by behind a pair of spirited bay horses. They stood and watched him as he drove up the street like a whirlwind, not a smile betraying their inward mirth.

"The bill for that team will make a howl in the Post office," remarked one, after Sanford was out of sight.

Meanwhile there were howls already going on at the Post office. They were anxious to get out a particularly bright,

newsy paper on this first day, and here it was after noon, with one reporter missing. Farrell was fretting and fuming when a boy from the stable which furnished Sanford his turnout walked leisurely into the office, bearing a hastily written missive from the missing man. It read thus:

"Just heard of great murder at Barlow. Have hired team and gone up to get story. Hold paper until you hear from me again."  
"SANFORD."

"Say, Jack," said Joe, turning to me, "that man ain't such a fool, after all. Read this."

I took the note and glanced hurriedly through it. Then I read it again. I don't know, but I seemed to have a presentiment that Sanford would get no story.

"Sanford may be all right, Joe," said I, "but I should let the paper go to press at the usual hour, and then if his story is anything big we can get out an extra."

"I guess you're right," answered Farrell. "I'll go and see the old man, anyway."

Mr. Chipman agreed with me, and the paper went to press at the usual hour without any story concerning a murder at Barlow. We got out no extra, either, for about five o'clock Sanford burst into the office and threw himself into a chair. He was the maddest man I ever saw.

"Gentlemen," said he, just make a note to the effect that James Robinson Sanford is the most unmitigated fool in Christendom."

"What is the matter, Mr. Sanford?" asked Mr. Chipman.

"I am a confounded fool," Mr. Chipman, answered Sanford, his high-pitched, feminine voice making his language irresistibly funny.

After much persuasion he told us the whole story, ending with the remark—

"And that lively man charged me ten dollars for the team. I'll pay it now, but those ruffians from the Times will pay it eventually."

The Post will assume the bill, Mr. Sanford, said the chief editor, kindly.

"I shall pay it myself, Mr. Chipman," replied Sanford. "If I am fool enough to go off on such a wild goose chase I am willing to foot the bills. As for murders, I am afraid there will be a double one when I meet those Times men on the street."

Sanford was true to his word; he paid all the expenses connected with his journey to Barlow, and in a week's time we had forgotten the circumstance.

The first outburst of jealousy over the Times men became quite friendly with the Post men, and after old Tom Shannon, the retired pressman of the Times, opened up a small restaurant just around the corner from the post-office, it was no rare sight to see Times men and Post men mingled promiscuously about the tables in his back room. We sometimes had a gay time together, even going so far as to start a press club. In business we were still rivals, each paper constantly endeavoring to get a "scoop" on the other, but socially every one except the chief editors were good friends.

We soon found that our first impression of Sanford was an entirely erroneous one. He was one of the best fellows that ever lived, and turned out to be, moreover, a newspaper man of the first water. His Barlow experience was never repeated. It was his first and last wild goose chase.

The Post boys were not long in learning that Sanford was not dependent upon his salary. He and his sisters were orphans and almost alone in the world. They had inherited considerable property from their father. They hired a pleasant place in a fashionable part of the town, and Sandy's house was always open to his fellow journalists. The little sister was somewhat of an attraction to the boys, but she treated us all alike, so there is no romance in my little tale.

The Post was a trifle over six months old when, one morning in December, each member of the Post and Times forces received through the mail the following invitation:

"Mr. James Robinson Sanford requests the pleasure of your presence at a bachelor party to be given to the newspaper men of Crandall at his residence, One hundred and eighty Hungerford Avenue, Saturday evening, December twenty-three, 1895, at eight o'clock."

The eventful evening arrived, and a goodly company of journalists gathered in the pleasant Sanford residence on Hungerford Avenue. Crandall had not yet learned the dignity, if dignity it can be called, of possessing a Sunday paper, so Saturday evening was

an open one for all the newspaper men in the city. Among the company were Benham and Stevens, the two men who had sent Sanford on a ten-mile ride to Barlow after a murder that never took place. To all outward appearances the incident was long since forgotten, but, as we soon learned, the whole evening's enjoyment was only an adjunct to a carefully concocted plan of Sanford's to pay them off.

Out of doors it was a terrible night, very cold and stormy, a steady fall of snow and sleet being driven against the panes by a fierce northwest wind. The weather bureau must have been taken into Sanford's confidence. Indoors all was life and cheerfulness. We were gathered in a large apartment on the second floor, used by our host as his own private lounge-room. In the fireplace burned a bright and roaring wood fire.

The room abounded in comfortable easy chairs, and each chair contained a happy journalist. Such a meeting as this always brings enjoyment to a Bohemian. Inspired by the cheerful fire, we waxed talkative, and many a good story was related. Several of the company were accomplished musicians, and varied the instrumental.

After two hours or more had pleasantly passed in this manner, Sandy's sister invited us down stairs to partake of refreshments. Led by her brother we went to the dining-room and took seats around the well-laden table. We had hardly seated ourselves, however, when the bell rang. Old Aunt Sallie, the servant, came bearing a letter which had been left by a messenger boy. It was addressed to Benham of the Times. He read it, and then threw it impatiently across the table to Stevens.

"What is it?" we asked, seeing by their looks it was unwelcome.

Stevens read to us as follows:

"Mr. Benham: I have just received word of a bad wreck on the railroad at Smithtown. A passenger train collided with a freight, causing great loss of life and property. Go down and get all you can about it. We will get out a paper to-morrow if the news warrants it. Take a team to Chappell's Station. I will wire further instructions to you at that point, and will provide transportation from there to Smithtown."

"Downs, city editor, Times," said P. S.—"Take Stevens with you and have him make a few sketches." D.

"Well, are you going?" asked one of the company.

"I suppose we shall have to," responded Benham.

Without waiting to finish the repast they left the table, and donning their caps and ulsters, went out into the storm. It was an awful night to send men after news, no matter how important it might be; but when the true reporter gets an order to go, he goes with never a thought of the difficulties awaiting him.

As they closed the outside door, a fierce gust of wind assailed them that almost took their breath away. They bent their heads to the blast and slowly plowed their way down the street to the nearest stable. The place was closed, but their repeated knocks awakened the night hostler, who was taking a quiet nap on the sly.

"Hitch up a pair of horses for us, and drive us down to Chappell's Station," ordered Benham.

"I will for a ten dollar bill," said the sleepy hostler.

"Never mind the tax," said Stevens. "The Times will pay that."

It took some time—an hour it seemed to the waiting and impatient men—to hitch up; but all things were finally accomplished, and the two men, bundled up in fur robes, climbed in behind the driver, and they started toward the little country station, six miles away, at as good a pace as the fierce wind and deep snow allowed.

It was an awful ride, bundled up though they were—a ride neither of them ever forgot. Nevertheless the thought of the big story to be obtained made them fairly content with the hardships involved. Although the distance was only six miles, it took them an hour and a half to accomplish it, and it was just midnight when their sleigh drew up beside the platform of the little station.

There was a turnout at Chappell's where trains often met, so there was an operator on duty at night. They could see him now sitting at his instrument, writing as if taking a message. Both men alighted.

"You can go back," said Benham, to the driver. "We are going on down the road."

"All right, sir," he answered. He wasted no time, but, turning his horses' head homeward, started off toward Crandall at a rapid pace. They stood on the platform and watched the sleigh until it disappeared over the first hill, then entered the station. The operator glanced up from his writing as he heard the door open.

"Have you any message for Benham?" asked the operator of that name.

"Yes, sir," he answered; "it has just come."

He handed the reported a slip of yellow paper. Benham read it through in silence and gave it to his companion without any comment. These were the words that stared at the two men:

"Do you remember sending an anonymous letter young man ten miles off in the country on a wild goose chase last summer? You have been sent on a similar errand. Get back to Crandall as best you can. Revenge is sweet."  
SAXTON.

"Well, I'll be darned!" exclaimed Stevens. "I supposed he had forgotten that thing long ago; I had myself."

"I suppose we deserve it, but it comes hard a night like this. The only thing to do is to take our medicine like men and go home as if nothing had happened," said Benham.

"Yes, but how are you going to get there?" asked Stevens. "You sent the team away."

"The deuce!" was Benham's only reply. "I say, Mr. Operator, where can we

find a place to sleep to-night?" asked Stevens.

"The only place I know of around here is out in the freight room. There is a lot of baled wool out there. It will make a soft bed."

So the two jokers spent the remainder of the night on the soft side of two wool bales. Sanford was revenged.—Waverley Magazine.

### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Almonte, Ontario, has a woolen factory which uses compressed air as motive power.

A procession of icebergs sent against the surface of the sun would melt at the rate of 300,000,000 cubic miles of solid ice a second.

The discovery has been made that metal filings of any kind can be compressed into bars which will stand as severe tests as the original bars which supplied the filings.

A process has been recently perfected by which thin sheets of absolutely transparent celluloid are silvered by a similar process to that formerly used on glass.

Typhoid fever in Italy seems to be of a milder type than it used to be. In 1894 Milan had 468 cases of the disease and 269 deaths, while in 1897 she had 1525 cases and only 242 deaths.

The Journal fur Goldschmiedekunst states that precious stones may lose their color in the light. A ruby left for two years in a show window became lighter in tint than a twin stone kept in the dark. Similar effects have been observed with emeralds and sapphires. Cheaper gems, such as garnet and topaz, lose their tints even more quickly.

Count de Barthelemy, who traveled recently across Indo-China, has brought to the monkey house of the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, two fine specimens of the Semnopithec monkeys, which are among the most curious of the monkey tribe. As their name indicates, they are venerable in appearance, and resemble old scholastic doctors with gray beards and black velvet skull caps.

The Dispensary on a Warship. In most of the modern war vessels the dispensary takes the form of a tiny stateroom, some seven feet square, adjoining the "sick-bay," as the ship's hospital is termed, which is on the berth-deck in the bow of the vessel. The sick-bay thus possesses the advantage of having port-holes on both sides, which insure good natural ventilation and light. The berth of the apothecary—which also does duty as a sofa—with drawers below it for his personal effects, occupies one side of his stateroom. Another side is occupied by a dispensing counter, below which are drawers containing a portion of the stock of drugs. The liquid preparations are contained in bottles on shelves above the dispensing counter, each bottle being held in place by means of spring clips. The counter is provided with scales, graduated, pill-tiles, mortars, spatulas, etc., and also a set of instruments for minor surgery. In a medical storeroom, usually located somewhere near the dispensary, the reserve supplies are kept, as are also the medical chests and outfits for boats and landing parties. This storeroom is under the care of the ship's apothecary.

The apothecary, yeoman, and others charged with special duties form a class called "idlers" on ship-board, as they do not have to stand watch nor take any part in the ordinary routine of the work and drill of the ship's crew.—New York Post.

Sabbath Worship of the Shakers. Sabbath worship is usually conducted at the public church, where visitors from the world are free to attend, writes Madeline S. Bridges, of the Shakers of Mt. Lebanon, New York, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

"Four sisters and four brethren stand in the centre of the room and form a double quartette. The Shaker dance, so miscalled, is in reality a more or less stately march, in which all the members join—the brethren in a procession, two by two, followed by the sisterhood in like order. They move in step to the hymns they are singing, either slowly or quickly, as the measure of the time demands. The ritual is of the simplest: Testimony of faith fervently uttered by those who feel impelled to speak, a few earnest words of exhortation from the Elders, the march and the singing of hymns.

"Something curious in regard to these Shaker hymns is the fact that they are claimed to be largely inspirational—the music and words come together as gifts, and frequently to those who are not musical. For instance, very often a tap will sound on the door of a musical sister, and an unmusical sister will enter with the announcement, 'Sister, a song has just come to me. Can you take the words, and note it for me?'"

The Way of Military Girls. Two or three pretty maids, with the war spirit sparkling in their eyes and tongues, were talking about the various officers they had been meeting, the mother of one of them listening in silent pleasure to the chatter.

"Who is it, Ruth," she asked of her daughter, when the others had gone, "you speak of as Mr. Sixteen-inch?"

"Oh," laughed the girl, "that's Lieutenant Blank of the artillery."

"And why do you call him Sixteen-inch?"

"Because, mamma, he's such a great bore, don't you know."—New York Sun.

Dressing For Leather Shoes. When shoes have become stiff from being wet a good dressing which will make them soft is composed of vaseline or glycerine and vinegar. When the shoes are wet stiff them with paper, which will absorb the moisture, and then apply the vaseline dressing



A Departure In Leghorns. A new hat has the brim of leghorn, and the crown of gathered lace or chiffon. A black leghorn with crown of jetted net and a quantity of black plumes is a very stunning covering for a pretty head.

The Trimming of Skirts. Thin skirts are profusely trimmed with comet ribbon, a favorite style just now being to make a little frill of this narrow satin ribbon and sew it at intervals around the skirt. Some skirts recently made show as many as seven rows of gauged ribbon, and the fashion is a very pretty one for any material but cloth. When mousseline de soie or net is employed to cover a skirt the comet ribbon is run on at the edge of narrow flouncings of the thin materials, but the ribbon is always gauged.

Where Women Rule. We occasionally hear of towns in America and New Zealand in which the woman voter is dominant; but how many of our women readers are aware of the fact that in Great Britain there is a large centre of population in the same—shall we say happy?—condition? This is Caermarthen, where the women voters on the local government register are no less than sixty-three per cent. of the whole. This is more than double the proportion existing in any other town, and the explanation given of it is that the industries of the town have greatly decayed, and its main dependence is upon its reputation as a health resort. Hence a large number of its householders are women who keep lodgings.—Westminster Gazette.

Freshening Up Rusty Dress Materials. When black materials begin to look gray or rusty, brighten them by sponging on the right side with equal parts of alcohol and water, and, while damp, iron on the wrong side. Mud will often leave a stain, which may be removed with naphtha after it has been allowed to become thoroughly dry. Black silk-warp goods will shine as they wear, and expose the silk threads; this shine may be partly removed by sponging with alcohol and water, though it will likely return; if it does the silk must be redyed. Colored cashmere, serge, albatros, etc., may be cleaned by sousing in a fluid composed of one dessertspoonful of beef's gall to a pail of warm water; use less gall in the rinsing water, dry in a shady place, and iron on the wrong side, when nearly dry, with a moderately warm iron.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Jackets and Capes. One of the most pronounced novelties of the season is an outside jacket made of black taffeta silk. It is cut double-breasted and tight fitting with stitched seams with revers. In fact, it follows in every detail a tailor jacket. The lining is white. The newest capes for dressy occasions are built with the shawl back. They are made of chiffon and lace, with rows of ruching running around from neck to the hem. The round cape is also in vogue. A scarlet silk cape is veiled with black chiffon and trimmed with plaited frills edged with lace. Another cape is cut circular. It consists of two flounces of black lace. The garment is held in at the back by a belt of turquoise ribbon, which passes around the waist and ties at one side with long bows and ends. Over the shoulders is a deep rever collar of white satin, embroidered with turquoise. One rever crosses over to the left side and joins the ribbon bow at the waist line. Useful capes for early spring are built of top coating arranged in three circular flounce-like capes. A storm collar completes the neck.

The Style of Straw Hats. A lace Tuscan straw is quaintly fashioned to frame a charming young face, with brim curved up in the centre, the quaint high gown encircled with a twist of Bordeaux velvet tied in a knot at one side, and lightly covering the front is a large shower bouquet of exquisite white roses and foliage. A picture hat with soft black crown, scrolled with a tiny black straw cording, is drawn into a band of beghemmed white kid; the brim of yellow straw caught up in front by a clump of shaded ostrich feathers, has long black plumes drooping on each side of it, and just above rises a group of black tips. This hat could only be worn by a picturesque type. A smart little hat of bright red straw, its crumpled crown draped with coral moire ribbon, clasped with a buckle of jet and paste, the upstanding ends veiled in fine black lace, would be becoming to almost any face, while a pink hat in fancy rice straw, with a brim mushroom shaped and curving over bunches of rose leaves at the back, with garlands of shaded pink roses, veiled with Chantilly above, would make a brunette beauty radiant.

Social Aspects of Life at Vassar. The social life, apparently very simple, is in reality complex, with subtle distinctions, perhaps more just than the distinctions of the world outside. In the main it is, as all genuine college life must be, democratic. All possible types are represented here. In the adjustment of the diverse aims and peculiarities and the working out of a homogeneous whole lies the interest of college social life. The New England girl is here, with her brains, and then apply the vaseline dressing

this world's goods; the Western girl, perhaps an heiress, perhaps not; the girl from a Southern plantation, gifted with fire and energy that turn into a high quality of brain-work; the missionary's daughter from South Africa; the descendant of some old Hudson River family, with a stock of prejudices and convictions to be tried in the crucible of this existence. The maiden who goes arrayed in purple and in fine linen, who fills her room with exquisite carved furniture and rare pottery, lives on the senior corridor, next the girl who is so poor that on winter nights she is forced to pile her clothing on the bed in order to keep warm. Out of elements like these the college life is made up, with its gayer side, and its side of strict discipline, mental and moral.—From "Undergraduate Life at Vassar," by Margaret Sherwood, in Scribner's.

Gossip. The Empress of Germany has been elected a member of the Imperial German Yacht Club.

Princess Alice of Albany, now sixteen, has developed the fondness for art common to the women of the English royal family.

Queen Victoria will be represented at the coronation of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland on September 6 by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Rosa Bonheur commissioned Miss Klumpke, an American artist, to paint her portrait. Miss Klumpke has won several medals both in France and America.

The Medical School for Women was recently opened in London. It is not entirely completed, but will be finished as fast as funds can be collected for the purpose.

At Winthrop, Mass., was celebrated recently the fiftieth anniversary of the first woman's rights convention in this country, which was held in Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Mrs. Campbell Copeman, of Washington, has made over 500 mountain ascensions and is the only woman who ever succeeded in reaching the summit of Mount Rainier.

Mme. Dreyfus is a very beautiful woman, tall and graceful, with features of an extremely delicate Jewish caste and eyes that are as lovely as they are mournfully resigned.

Miss Janet Richards, of Washington, makes a business of coaching women of the National Capital on things in general, so that they may be properly posted and prepared to join intelligently in conversation on any current topic.

The Union Missionary Training Institute, Brooklyn, sent out during the last eleven years sixty-four young women missionaries, and the fields covered have been Africa, India, China, Burmah, Japan, Bulgaria, Mexico and the West Indies.

The Indian women who formed themselves into a club some little time ago on Indian Island, Me., have decided to establish an industrial school there. The club is called the Wabanaki, and the members will endeavor to preserve historical facts and relics of their tribe.

Mrs. H. H. Wilson has been made Dean of the Nebraska State University at Lincoln, which has 1901 students. She is the first woman to hold the position. Miss Ellen Smith is registrar. The Board of Regents has voted to add to the university a department of domestic science, with Mrs. Rosa Bouton as director.

Fashion's Dictator. A fad of the hour is a sun umbrella with a gilded sword handle.

Rever jackets of red and blue serge, with brass buttons, are the swell thing for golfing and coaching.

Shirt waists are much more elaborate than they were in the past. The blouse seems to be the most popular of all designs.

Owing to its excellent dust-shedding qualities and light-weight, black taffeta will be extensively used for outside garments.

Gauzes and mousselines and other transparent fabrics have endeared themselves to the public in a way which insures them a long stay.

Changeable silks, shading from light to dark, make up very effectively in the odd bodice, using the dark color at the waist and the light around the neck.

Changeable silks with fancy striped borders are one of the novelties seen in the shops, and they are corded in fine tucks all ready to make up into fancy waists.

In selecting white canvas shoes, one should be careful to buy only those of the very best quality. A cheap black shoe is poor enough economy, but a cheap white one is a waste of money pure and simple.

Among the favorites for the season's wear are tailor-made white pique skirts.