The Empress Dowager of China has demonstrated that the woman in politics can command unlimited consideration under certain conditions.

Six of the foremost colleges report that their freshmen classes this term are the largest they have ever received. There is undoubtedly a boom in education as well as in business.

Thirty-three schools have been opened in Santiago De Cuba and these are to be conducted on American lines. The pupils will be instructed in the English language and American history.

Broadminded educators are striving to establish special classes for deficient children. The idea deserves careful consideration. The pitiful sight is often witnessed in our public schools of the teacher who never looks below the surface of things holding up to admiration the bright pupil at the expense of the child whose dormant faculties, if properly developed, might in the end win the race of life.

Means taken by the Maryland Board of Health to insure a good water supply at places of public resort in that State would be very efficient if the majority of people had learned to take seriously the warnings of sanitary science in this respect. It has ordered that examinations be made from time to time by the chemist and the biologist of the Board of the water supplies of such resorts, and that the results be reported to the owners of the resorts and be made public. This is not altogether a new line of sanitary work in Maryland. The Health Board has the power to inspect water sources, and has done so, reporting the condition to the owner, and if the source was found to be faulty has suggested that it be abandoned. It has no further power in the matter, however, except in the presence of epidemic disease, and as its suggestions have been disregarded in some instances, it has adopted the plan of publicity. This may influence the proprietors of public resorts, and thus the people may be protected against the consequences of their own carelessness.

Manchester, England, is now confronted with a serious problem in connection with its ship canal, says Bradstreet's. When that canal was begun, twelve or fifteen years ago, provision was made in the construction of the canal for steamships drawing about twenty-two feet of water and of a capacity of not over 3000 tons. Since then there has been a steady increase in the capacity and draught of ocean-going steamers, and the canal, owing to the lack of foresight of its projectors, is unable to accommodate the new class of ocean tramps, to say nothing of the liners which the sanguine do not despair of seeing setting forth from Manchester on transatlantic voyages. It is also pointed out that if Manchester is to succeed in building up a direct trade in cotton with American ports there must be more dock and warehouse accommodations. It cannot supersede Liverpool as a cotton port when there is no adequate provision for storing the staple as it arrives. It would seem that this lack of capacity in the canal itself and that of warehouse facilities are affecting the growth of the canal business. In the first half of 1898 its revenues increased about $45,000, but in the corresponding half year of 1897 the increase was $80,000, and, in 1996, $90,000.

What is probably the most radical departure from the old system of trial by jury is under test in Louisiana. The change is by authority of the recent Constitutional Convention in the State. That body, in addition to other remarkable acts, provided that in criminal cases where the punishment may not be imprisonment at hard labor the trial may be by the judge, without a jury; if the punishment may be imprisonment at hard labor, the case must be tried by a jury of five; and if the punishment must be hard labor, then the jury shall consist of twelve, the concurrence of nine of whom is sufficient for a verdict. As explained by a Louisiana paper, the purpose of the enactment was to get rid of the delay and expense of long jury trials and of disagreeing juries. In this respect it is a success. The courts have been able to dispose of much more business, and at lessened cost, the reduction in expense at a single term of one court being $2000. It remains to be seen, however, how the change will affect the prisoner. On this point the framers of the constitutional clause appeared to entertain doubts. They made its place in the constitution tentative, by a provision that the Legislature may change it after 1904, and return to the old system if the new one is found not to work well.

GREEN WOODS.

Oh, sweet it was, and fair it was,
In the green woods to-day,
With only tree-tops bending near,
And all the world away,
When fearing not, and caring not,
And hoping, hoping all,
My heart danced as the shadows dance
The swaying boughs let fall.

Oh, balmy was the pine-tree's breath,
Stirring its tasselled plumes;
The slender birches, maiden-white,
Leaned thro' the forest glooms;
And birch, and beech, and bending bush,
And brook and blossomed spray,
Were childhood voices long forgot,
In the green woods to-day.

Oh, sweet it was, and fair it was,
In the green woods to-day,
To hear the birds trill out their tunes,
And all the world away,
And fearing not, and caring not,
And hoping, hoping all,
In notes they stole from out my dreams
To hear them call and call.

Of fairy pipes the wood was full,
And stir of airy feet;
The nesting robin to his mate
Sang only, "Sweet, sweet, sweet!"
And far and high the hermit-thrush
Thrilled his ecstatic note,
As if the songs of love and death
Lived in his slender throat.

Oh, sweet it was, and dear it was,
In the green woods to-day,
The echo of a silent voice,
And all the world away.
For fearing not, and loving much,
And hoping, hoping all,
Across the cloudy silences
I felt her presence fall.

They made her grave the other day,
And yet it well may be
That all along that woodland path,
Viewless, she went with me;
For life is stronger still than death,
And love will find a way,
And heaven and earth were all as one
In the green woods to-day.

—Martha Baker Dunn.

IN DURANCE VILE

GABRIELLE always remembered the day when the ringmaster of the circus came to see her pony jump. She was proud of her pony, who was dapple gray and Welsh, and could jump nine inches higher than himself.

Gabrielle was five, and had ridden without a leading-rein for two years, but her father never let her jump Roland, the pony. So the pony jumped by himself, greatly to the edification of the ringmaster, who had been bidden to see the feat.

While all this was going on, Nana called her to nursery tea, and as she trotted down the long yard, past the stables, and toward the drive, the ringmaster turned to Jack Ainslie, Gabrielle's father, and said:

"Has the little missie hurt her foot? She's a thought lame."

Jack Ainslie looked hastily after the idolized little figure, and noted that the ringmaster was right. She was a thought lame.

Hastily excusing himself he ran after the child.

"Have you hurt your foot, darling?" he asked anxiously. "You're limping a little. Did you twist your ankle?"

"Oh, no, Daddy dear, I'm not hurt. I'm going to tea."

Gabrielle put up her face for the ever-expected kiss, and ran after her nurse. Jack Ainslie dismissed the subject from his mind and showed the ringmaster the rest of the horses.

From that day, however, things changed for Gabrielle. Other people noticed the little limp, and her parents, terrified and distressed, sent for the family doctor. He discovered that in some way, probably at birth, her hip had been dislocated, and had formed a new socket for itself, and that henceforth she would limp unless—and here all the mischief began—something could be done. Her father was frantic. Of course something must be done. That his Gabrielle, his dainty little lady, with her pretty face, her quick intelligence and her gracious ways, should be lame—oh, it was intolerable! He was broken-hearted and rebellious, and even his wife's steadfast patience and unchanging tenderness could not make him resigned. Then began for Gabrielle a series of visits to London. She was taken from one great doctor to another till she grew quite used to marching about on thick piled carpets, clad in nothing but her bonny brown hair, while they discussed her interesting "case."

"Doctors are chilly men," said Gabrielle; "their hands are always cold to my body."

An operation was arranged, but at the last moment Jack Ainslie drew back, for the surgeons would not guarantee success, and the family doctor said grave things about Gabrielle's constitutional delicacy. So it was decided that more gradual means must be tried to bring about the desired result. The "gradual means" assumed the shape of an instrument, hideous to behold and painful to wear. It broke Jack Ainslie's heart to see his little lady cabined and confined in such a cruel cage, and for the little lady herself, it blotted out the sunshine and made life very gray and terrible. One thing was quite plain to Gabrielle, and that was that evidently nature was very much to blame in having provided a new "socket" for the poor little dislocated bone. That impertinence must be interfered with at all costs—the doctors seemed to agree upon that. And Gabrielle wondered why it was so wrong to have no pain, to be perfectly unconscious in her "affliction," as her nurse called it, and so interesting (to the doctors), and to be uncomfortable and to wear a hideous high-soled boot and an iron cage, with crutches under the arms that pushed her shoulders up to her ears.

As for that instrument, it was designed and ordered by three famous surgeons, and it cost the price of many ponies. Gabrielle tried to be brave. She was curiously conscious that the pain her parents suffered was far greater than her own. The instrument was adjusted in London, and on the way home in the train her mother asked her many times, "Does it hurt you, my darling?" And Gabrielle always answered bravely, "I can bear it, mother dear; I can bear it!"

When she got home that night the poor little leg was black from the cruel pressure and Mary Ainslie broke down and cried till she could cry no longer. Gabrielle tried to walk bravely in her cramping irons and to smile at her parents when she met their troubled eyes. At first she broke the thing continually, for she was an active child, much given to jumping off chairs and playing at circus on the big old sofa. But by and by all her desire to jump and run left her. She grew high shouldered and would sit very still for hours, while her Daddy told her stories, or drove her behind Roland in a little basket carriage he had bought for her. Truly the iron had entered into her soul, the cruel iron that cramped the child's soft body; and Gabrielle's eyes grew larger and larger, and her chin more pointed, while the once plump little hands were white as the petals of the pear blossom outside the nursery window.

"I wish people wouldn't ask me about it; they are kind, but I wish they wouldn't," Gabrielle would say. "I'm tired of telling them about the socket, and I'm not 'a poor little soul'—I'm Daddy's little lady!"

There came to Jack Ainslie a very old college friend, a doctor, Gabrielle's godfather, and devoted to her, and he was supremely dissatisfied with her treatment and implored them to take her to see a young surgeon, a friend of his own, who was making a great name and doing wonders for everyone who came under his care. Jack Ainslie and his wife needed but small persuasion, and it was decided that Gabrielle should go to London as soon as possible.

What hastened the visit was this: Gabrielle was devoted to fairy lore and a favorite play of hers was to be a beautiful princess who is freed from giants and dragons and lions by the gallant "Boots" of the Norse tales. Her father always acted the part of that redoubtable third son and was wont to kneel before her, making extravagant protestations of his devotion, which she accepted with gracious condescension. On this particular afternoon, just after tea, her father proposed to play the favorite game, but Gabrielle would have none of it.

"I can't be a princess any more, Daddy; I'm sure no princess ever wore an instrument!" she said. "I don't feel like a princess any more at all."

Her father caught her up in his arms with a great hard sob, which frightened her, and she stroked his face, saying tenderly:

"Don't be sorry, dear, dear Dad! I didn't mean to hurt you. I'll be a princess; I will indeed! I will feel like a princess, really!"

The next day Jack Ainslie and his wife took Gabrielle up to town. They did not even take the faithful Nana, for Gabrielle's mother could hardly bear to let any hands but hers touch her darling, ever since the day that the ringmaster had made his sad discovery.

Mary Ainslie took Gabrielle to the new doctor the following morning, while Jack sat in the smoking-room of the hotel, lighting innumerable cigars which he did not smoke, and turning over illustrated papers which he did not see. Then he turned out of the hotel and walked down Piccadilly, blundering into the passers-by, and when he crossed the road was nearly ridden over by an omnibus, so blind and stupid was he in his heavy sorrow. Poor Jack! His honest heart was very full of grief, for he loved his little lady dearly, and he felt that unless something were done quickly he would soon have nothing but a tender memory to love.

Gabrielle and her mother were shown into the new doctor's consulting-room at once. He was a tall young man with red hair and keen green eyes. Her mother undressed Gabrielle, and when the "instrument," which clasped the tender little body and seemed so cruelly unnecessary. The young doctor frowned when he saw it; then he took it off himself, and Gabrielle noticed that his touch was as gentle as her mother's and that his hands were warm. She gave a happy little shake when she was free of it—a little wriggle and jump of relief. Then the doctor made her walk, and then felt her all over, after which he rolled her up in a big fur rug, to sit in front of the fire, while he went into the next room with her mother. They were not long away, and on their return Gabrielle looked at the doctor with bright, curious eyes.

"Does the instrument hurt you?" he asked.

Gabrielle looked at it as it leaned feebly against a chair, and said:

"It does, rather; but it does its best to. I think——"

"Well, any way, you're not going to wear it any more; are you glad?"

"But what will the socket do?"

"Bless the child; they've talked about you far too much. The socket will do beautifully—much better without it than with it!"

"May I wear shoes like other little girls?"

"Certainly; the prettiest shoes that can be got!"

"Not compensatum shoes?"

"No; ordinary shoes, exactly alike!"

By this time Gabrielle had been arrayed in some clothes. She noticed that her mother's hands trembled, but that her eyes were glad. The child looked up at the tall, young doctor who was watching her with his keen green eyes, and said:

"My daddy will be so glad. He will look at me and not look so sorry, and there will be no hard things to stick into him when he cuddles me! He will be so glad!"

The doctor made a queer little sound in his throat; then he lifted Gabrielle in his arms and carried her to the window.

"Do you see the end of this street," he asked, "where the roar and the rumbling sound comes from? That's Oxford street. Well, in that street is a beautiful shop full of shoes—shoes for little girls—and you are going there directly to get the nicest shoes we can find for you."

"May they have silver buckles?" Gabrielle asked eagerly.

"I think it extremely advisable they should have big silver buckles. You will walk both fast and far in buckled shoes, and you must learn to dance the tarantella and all the dolls will sit in a row to watch you!"

Gabrielle gave a delighted laugh.

"Will the leg that wore the irons get fat again, like the other?"

"Oh, dear, yes! You mustn't think about that leg any more, but you must do all the exercises mother is going to show you, and when you can hang on a trapeze for twenty minutes without falling off you must write and tell me."

Then Gabrielle's mother finished dressing her, all but her boots. The boot with the compensatum sole lay near the instrument. Gabrielle looked at it with great aversion.

"It's a very dry day," said she. "May I go to the cab in my stockings, and not put no shoes till I have my new ones?"

The doctor pushed the little boot out of sight under the chair with his foot, and said:

"I'll carry you to the cab, and mother or the cabman will carry you to the shop across the pavement, and you shall never see that iron horror or that boot again!"

As the doctor carried her across the hall Gabrielle put both her arms around his neck and kissed him on both his eyes.

"Your eyes taste very salt!" she said. "But you are the best man in the world!"—London Outlook.

A Barbarous Exhibition.

The seventy-two-hours bicycle race, which ended at the Velodrome of the Parc des Princes, Paris, was concluded amid scenes that can only be described as sickening. The agony suffered by the competitors owing to the terrific heat may readily be imagined, and their condition toward the finish, and, indeed, long before it, was pitiful. On the last afternoon Frederick, who ultimately came in second, fell off his machine five times in quick succession, but each time, in spite of his protests, he was lifted back on his seat and made to continue by his manager.

None too soon the public gave expression to its disgust at this inhuman spectacle. Frederick was at last carried off the course more dead than alive. Several of the men had attacks of delirium. Fischer suddenly jumped off his machine, and out of the course, and climbed a chestnut tree before anybody could imagine what he was about. "I am hungry, and want to eat chestnuts," he cried to his manager, who had the greatest difficulty in persuading him to come down from his perch. Another competitor, in a fit of madness, seized the umbrella of a spectator, opened it, and proceeded to cut frantic capers round the course. The press is almost unanimous in describing the race as a monstrous exhibition, and it is hoped that Paris will be spared similar spectacles for the future.—London Post.

The Mud House of the Laplander.

The most pretentious habitation the Laplander knows is a mud house. These, at a distance, look like small hillocks, and remind one of the relics of the mound builders. The floor of the hut (or gamme) is the hard trodden bosom of mother earth. There are no chairs, no tables, and no beds. The hut is one compartment, and in the center, within a rude hearth of stones, is a fire, and all of the smoke that cannot manage to stay in the room goes up through a hole in the roof. Bags stuffed with straw and skins for robes, are the only comforts for sleeping. A very odd kind of bundle often forms a stumbling block to locomotion about the room, for the baby, done up in a tight leather case, papoose fashion, is usually cradled on the floor.—Detroit Free Press.

Youngest Daily Editor.

The Tuscaloosa Daily Herald is a new enterprise at Tuscaloosa, Ala. It has the youngest editor ever known in the daily journal field. He is Frank Lawrence, and is twelve years old. He writes the locals, sets the type, prints the paper, and then delivers it. The paper has quite a number of subscribers and a fair amount of advertising. The Herald is a three-column four-page sheet and is making excellent progress.

Riches on a Beggar.

A well-known beggar who for more than twenty years has frequented the neighborhood of the Paris Opera House and the Church of St. Roch, was the other day prostrated by sunstroke. He was taken to the hospital of La Charite, where banknotes amounting to $80,000 were discovered in a leathern belt the mendicant patient wore.

Ornamented Toilet Appointments.

Very charming toilet appointments in glass, including boxes for powders, pomades, creams, etc., have the now popular silver gilt top with some dainty design, such as the wild rose, enameled in colors.

A Fashionable Hat.

Three-cornered hats are coming into fashion. These are trimmed with ostrich plumes and rosettes. There is also a tendency towards the scoop hat, which resembles a small inverted butter bowl. One of the most attractive of these models is a hat of butter bowl shape, the top fairly loaded with nasturtiums, and the brim underneath filled in with ruchings of diaphonous fabric, flowers and foliage.

A Woman's Carriage.

Much of an Englishwoman's beauty lies in her proud carriage, the erectness of her figure and the poise of her head. The aristocratic carriage is within the reach of every girl who will take the trouble to have it. It is a question of a few years of vigilance, during which she should never relax the watchfulness over herself. Sitting or standing, the erectness and pose must be preserved. The result will be that at the end of that time it has become second nature to her. In this way the figure is also preserved, the muscles are kept firm and well strung, and the sinking down of the flesh round the waist and hips is prevented. —New York Ledger.

Marvellous Hat Ornaments.

Hat ornaments are enormous. It is going to be a marvel how the heads upon which they are to appear will support them. It will require some management of the head to obtain an equilibrium. Many of these enormous clubs are of jet, and two stylish ones seen in one hat—big pins with enormous round heads, in the front of it—were of dull black, ornamented with cut steel. Many pretty bonnets are made of slung jet, or black sequins, as many people would say. All colors are combined with the black. A beautiful shade of orange that appears in millinery might be called frosted orange in contradistinction to the burnt orange which has been so much used. It has a pretty white frosted effect.

Man's Gifts to Womanhood.

An English writer points out the fact that the most generous gifts to women in America have all come from the liberality of men. Vassar College, the pioneer of women's universities, was the gift to American womanhood of Matthew Vassar; the women's department of Cornell was built and endowed at great expense by Russell Sage, and in almost every other of the many cases it is men who have made the munificent gifts to the future girls in American colleges. It is stated further that the same rule holds good of Great Britain. Mr. Holloway left a magnificent sum, however unwisely arranged, with the best of intentions, to erect and endow for women's higher education the pile bearing his name near Windsor. But a few weeks since in England it was recorded that a Scotchman had left a bequest of many thousand pounds for the purpose of building a woman's medical school in Glasgow. The Pfeiffer bequest of $250,000, to be divided at the discretion of Sir Josiah Finch between several great educational institutions for women and of incalculable service to them—the new buildings of the London School of Medicine for Women opened by the Princess of Wales on July 14 being an illustration of how the money has benefited the recipients—was in the most part the property of Mr. Pfeiffer, and it was his will that actually so bequeathed it, though it had been his wife's idea, as well as his own, that their money should be so dispensed. In both countries, therefore, it would seem to be a case of man's generosity to woman, in face of which Smith College, the gift of a woman to women, appears to be unique.

How to Teach Children.

A mother sees an entirely new side of her child's character when the little one is with other children. A selfish or domineering or obstinate spirit, utterly unknown before to the loving parent, is apt to manifest itself. With older people a child is more or less restrained, but with little people of his own age he feels perfectly free to do as he pleases.

Companionship is an excellent thing for children. It not only makes them happier, but they are observing little mortals, and quick to imitate. The rough boy will try to be gentle to his timid little cousin if he is stirred by the idea that he must protect her; the little tomboy will try to follow the gentle graces of her pet friend, seeing how much she is loved for her quiet sweetness; while the bashful, shrinking little lassie will strive to emulate the strength and good sense of her lively comrade. Let the mother welcome her children's little guests cordially, observe their characters, and encourage her children to follow their virtues.

A little pained expression at some discourtesy will often do more than a severe scolding, and a quick, cheerful "Thank you," or "How thoughtful, dear," will work wonders. Praise freely the kinds acts; show the right path to the ignorant little one, anxious to please; reprove gently the thoughtless one.

Little boys should very early be encouraged to protect their sisters and mothers, they should be allowed to pay the omnibus or tram fare, and to hold tickets; they love responsibility. Accept their little services gratefully, and never forget to say "Thank you."

They are conscious of trying to please, and appreciate acknowledgment.—London Mail.

The Wedding Refreshments.

At the wedding reception or a breakfast the forms are very much alike. The bride and groom stand among flowers and greens, to receive congratulations with the bridemaids at the bride's side, the bride's mother and father receiving near, and the groom's people not far off. The ushers have plenty to do. They must be careful to guard against crowding or confusion, and be alert to act as escorts to the guests. But after the formal part of the reception is over, comes a jolly time. The majority of the guests take their departure when they have given the young couple their good wishes and partaken of refreshments, and only those nearest and dearest to the bride stay. A sit-down repast is now served to the bridal party, even if the others have not been served at small tables, but have eaten, sans ceremonie, standing about the room where a large centre-table is spread and decorated fittingly for the occasion. Here is a modern weeding repast:

Bouillon.
Lobster Newburg. Salmon with mayonnaise.
Chicken croquettes.
Creamed sweetbreads and mushrooms.
Sandwiches.
Birds. Jellied game. Salad.
Individual ices. Cake.
Candied fruit. Bonbons. Fruit. Coffee.

When the bride's cake had been cut, and the wedding feast is over, the young couple disappear for a while to reappear in street dress. Then showered with rice they take flight to the carriage; amid cheers and shouts, with at least one slipper thrown after them, they roll off and are lost to view. —Harper's Bazar.

Gossip.

Princess Carlotta Iturbide, daughter of Prince Iturbide of Mexico, presides over a lemonade stand in the City of Mexico.

Mrs. M. S. Warren, of Colorado, is one of the few women foremen who ever served on a jury. She is a bright young woman, and is gifted with cool judgment and a reasoning mind.

Miss Martha Partington, who is the assistant clerk of the Court of Special Sessions, Second Division, has the distinction of being the only woman in New York City who is a court clerk.

It is said that the Governors of New Jersey, Kentucky, Maine and Illinois have voluntarily offered their co-operation in furthering the work of the women's organizations in their respective States, particularly those connected with the library movement.

Two young English women are contemplating establishing a Hindoo convent at Calcutta for the spiritual regeneration of Hindooism. One of these women is a graduate of Cambridge, while the other has been identified with the suffrage movement.

The highest honors at the commencement exercises of the Kansas City College of Pharmacy were conferred upon Miss Harriet Benton, of Odessa, Mo. She received a diploma, and also a gold medal, which was the first prize for the highest grade in all the branches taught at the college.

Mrs. Dickins, wife of Captain F. W. Dickins, who is acting chief of the Bureau of Navigation, has recently been appointed chairman of the subcommittee of the District of Columbia Relief Committee. This committee is an organization for the relief of distressed soldiers and their families. Mrs. Dickins was actively employed during the war in aiding the soldiers in Washington and at Camp Alger.

Gleanings From the Shops.

Tapestry curtains in Oriental, Empire and renaissance colorings.

Net and lace robes in beaded, applique and beribboned effects.

Dress skirts having simulated overskirts, especially the apron front.

Light shades of gray, tan, blue and brown cloth for the season's wear.

Persian cross stripes on plain grounds for dressy wool costumes.

Bodices and belts of cut steel alone or steel on a black velvet foundation.

Black satin stocks with short string ends crossed and held by a fancy pin.

Hats trimmed with a rosette in front and feathers spreading on either side.

Poplin weaves having velvet and chenille stripes, figures and hairlines.

Flannels for shirt waists with white dots woven or embroidered on the fabric.

Infants' first cloaks of cashmere, eiderdown, flannel, ladies' cloth or Bedford.

Coats in the Eton and tight-fitting styles of colored taffeta, green, blue and brown.

Stamped linen pieces for embroidering with a hem already buttonholed by machinery.

Marseilles counterpanes with a white centre and colored flowers in the border.—Dry Goods Economist.

NO UNPLEASANT THINGS PRINTED.

An English Newspaper Called the "Ostrich" Conducted on Peculiar Lines.

One of the queerest publications in the world is a newspaper called the Ostrich, printed in Cornwall, England. The paper, according to the New York Sun, is issued and distributed gratuitously throughout Cornwall twice a week. Its object is unique—to make its readers happy and healthy. The system of the publisher is based on the science of suggestiveness, and the Ostrich is so arranged that only the most agreeable things are suggested. It is printed on delightful pale rose colored paper, and certain words like happy, good, peace, success, amiable, health, beautiful, etc., are printed in heavy type. All such words as death, pain, killed, misfortune, horrible, etc., are avoided. In the entire paper, with the exception of one column, not a single disagreeable word is printed.

The motto of the Ostrich is: "Even of truth one-half is falsehood." One column bears the title, "What Would S. H. D. Say to It?" S. H. D. stands for Sir Humphrey Davy, and he is taken as the model of all human beings, the yardstick with which everything is measured.

Certain kinds of news are printed with a commentary in this column. For example: "At a banquet at Birmingham Lord Salisbury declared that the situation of the Armenians was such that demanded serious consideration.

"S. H. D. would say: "The consideration only becomes serious by Lord Salisbury's calling it so. There may be less in the matter than one would expect.'"

Another column bears the head, "The Demented of To-Morrow." Under it all important political news is commented upon and corrected. The corrections of the Ostrich are considered sound.

"How Does This Concern Me?" is the head of a third department, in which all the news from foreign countries is grouped.

Under the head "We Do Not Believe in It," all accidents, shipwrecks, earthquakes, murders, famines, etc., are collected. The Ostrich does not believe in such things, and in printing this class of news deprives it of all shocking features. For instance, a double murder, the result of delirium tremens, bears the harmless title. "More Milk," conveying the idea that the murderer needed more milk than brandy. The report that a member of Parliament fell from his horse and broke his leg is headed "At Lawn Tennis," and it begins: "At lawn tennis it could never have happened that Sir Robert Harcourt, member of Parliament for Dunbar, would fall from his horse," etc. A flood is called "surplus water," a famine is referred to as "a general frugality," in a railway collision twenty persons are "cancelled," a train is not derailed, but "glides from the track," and in the South no yellow fever breaks out, but a "yellowish" one. A building burns down and of 400 persons 277 perish. The Ostrich doesn't mention them, but says, "Not less than 123 were saved."

Very sad news is printed in the smallest type, so the experienced reader is warned. No unpleasant details are given. After a mere statement, the paragraph ends with "Continuation on page 13." There is no thirteenth page.

The man who has invented this peculiar newspaper is John Gillis. He was a school teacher, published some essays, and then became a journalist. He studied the population of London and Bristol and gradually formed his opinion of what sort of a newspaper would be appropriate for their health, doing it from purely humanitarian motives.

The paper is a favorite all along the coast. The words printed in heavy type were popular from the beginning. Children learned to read the conspicuous words for themselves and the mothers were rejoiced that their little ones learned first of all to read of joy, of happiness and beauty.

Two Narrow Buildings.

Philadelphia may not be able to boast the tallest buildings in the world, but she surely has her share in the narrowest. On the corner of Chestnut and American streets is located a building that at first glance would seem to reflect seriously on the sanity of the projector, but the multitude of prosperous tenants form a monument to the financial shrewdness of the owners. From outside to outside of the walls the structure is exactly five feet wide. It is 150 feet deep, and there are four stories. Every room in it is occupied by a shop of some kind or by families, who seem to be contented with their lot. The walls are over one foot thick, and this leaves less than one yard for the inside space. Therefore, it is a physical impossibility for the tenants to occupy a full-sized bed. If they desire to sleep it must be on a cot, and the sleeper extends his body from north to south. Among the numerous industries in this contracted building are a tailor shop, a restaurant, a printing office, a sign-painting establishment and a cigar store. Another narrow building is at Market and Letitia streets. It is five stories high, and six feet three inches wide. In its original state this building was six feet wider than at present, but a city improvement cut it down to the present size.—Philadelphia Record.

Early in the Field.

Clarence B. Martin, of Battery A, Missouri Volunteers, First Army Corps, has begun the publication of a newspaper at Guyama, Porto Rico. In his introductory editorial Mr. Martin says his editorial staff is completed with one exception, a circulation swearer. The paper is called the Porto Rico Pioneer Press.