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It is said that the Keeley motor was worth to its inventor, during the last thirty years, five hundred thousand dollars in cash receipts. The inventor has died apparently without divulging the great and profitable secret of his success.

Treasury statistics go to show that during 1898 we exported about double the amount of our imports, and that the balance of trade in our favor will pay the war bill, including the Philippine item, with a tidy surplus left over.

It is interesting to read that the light-draught gunboat Wilmington is to make an extended cruise through the interior of South America, using the three great river channels, the Orinoco, Amazon and La Plata. This is the purpose for which the Wilmington and her sister gunboats were built, though they were diverted from it by the needs of the war.

In the proceedings of the boards of education of New York and Chicago much attention has been given of late to the question as to whether married women should be permitted to remain as teachers in the public schools. In Chicago, where Dr. Andrews is now superintendent, he has expressed the opinion that "each application of a married woman should be decided on its merits," a statement which means that if she has a husband living and if she ought to be with him, it is her duty to stay there. In New York, however, the rule is hard and fast that married women cannot be employed in the public schools.

The proposition of a local architect, says the Philadelphia Press, to construct a playground on the roof of a public school building is an unusual proposition, thought not absolutely new. It is the adaptation on a large scale of an idea that has been worked out to perfection in the crowded tenement districts of every great city. If it is possible to make a back yard for kite flying and clothes-drying on the roof of a tenement, why is it not possible to create a playground space on the roof of a school building? It is argued that it would tire the children to climb up to it. Such critics forget that thousands of children on rainy days climb up to their rooms from basement playgrounds. The development of the idea will be watched with interest.

The experience of centuries has demonstrated that where a reasonably convenient harbor gives access to the great ocean highways of the world, where there has been the intelligence to note its possibilities and enterprise to grasp the opportunity, there maritime commerce has invariably built up a splendid city. To such a city naturally gravitate art, literature, science, wealth and luxury. No such city grows of its own accord. The great seaports of both ancient and modern days have owed their successful development to the energy of their merchants in establishing maritime intercourse with the outside world. The harbor was but the fortuitous incident. Babylon, Carthage, Tyre, Alexandria, Ostia, Venice, Genoa, London, Marseilles, Havre, Hamburg, Bremen, Liverpool, and New York—all trace their prosperity to the intelligent and enterprising use of the facilities for maritime commerce with which nature had endowed them.

Go to Sleep Good-Natured.
Now, one word of warning. Try to keep your face as reposeful as possible when sleeping. This is the time that nature repletes the waste of the day. And if you would be pretty you must help her. She cannot do it unassisted. If she wants to fill up the tissues of the skin at night try to remember that when you go to sleep you must do so with a reposeful smile on your face.

Verbatim.

Pugnot—"Say, did you tell Haskill that I was an inveterate liar?" Paxnt—"No." Pugnot—"Well, it's a good thing you didn't." Paxnt—"No, I said 'chronic.'"—New York World.

HOW WE HID THE NIHILIST.

By a Marine Engineer.



OW we came to be let in for the job of hiding a Nihilist, and bringing him safely to England, I never knew exactly. Suffice it to say that it caused my fellow-engineers and myself a period of great anxiety. Our steamer was loading at Odessa in October, 1889, and the Chief, the Fourth, and myself (I was acting as third engineer at the time) were ashore one evening, in a ship-chandler's shop, in company with many other engineers of different steamers lying in the port. The proprietor of this establishment (whom for the purpose of this tale I will call George Dimitri) was a man well known to seafarers trading to that part of the world.

Several of those present, who knew the Greek better than I did, had remarked that he seemed to be in a most uncomfortable mood that night, and he had evidently told them the cause of his troubles, for much whispering had been going on between the Englishmen. Our Chief, who appeared to be "in the know," later on proposed that we should go for a walk, in the course of which he explained that a certain Nihilist, who had been captured by the Russian Government, and sent to Odessa for transportation to Siberia, in one of the volunteer fleet, had escaped, and was actually at Dimitri's shop in hiding. We were told, further more, that Dimitri had begged us Englishmen to get the man safely out of the country.

The Chief asked our opinion on the matter; sounded us, in fact, and I, for one, was strongly against having anything to do with the affair. I cannot say whether I was won over by the pitiful yarn that was spun about the poor fellow's condition, or the fact that it was understood that money was no object; suffice it to say, that at last we three engineers consented to smuggle this Nihilist to England. It had been decided that the representatives of those steamers in port should draw lots as to which one was to undertake the risk, for risk it undoubtedly was. We fully understood that to be caught aiding this man would be a serious business for us.

Well, our Chief lost the toss, and he had to arrange the matter as best we could. I may mention here that the looks of the fugitive himself (we could never grasp his crack-jaw name, and so always referred to him as "Him") were not by any means prepossessing, and so repelled was I when I first crawled into the hole under Dimitri's roof, and was introduced to the man as one of his would-be saviours, I could have recalled my decision there and then to aid and abet his escape. You see, there is no getting away from facts. In fiction the fugitive would be a really noble-looking fellow, possessed of every attribute that commands one's admiration.

"Him," however, was fully six feet in height, with a shaggy head of hair, reminding one of the traditional pictures of poets; a beard that covered the whole of his chest, and had apparently never been trimmed, and a face that generally seemed never to have known the cleansing properties of soap. His clothes, which had evidently at one time been Dimitri's, and were ridiculously too small all round, by no means improved his appearance. Such were our first impressions of our romantic hero. In dismay, we decided to leave "Him" where he was, for that night, at any rate, and hold a consultation with our second engineer, who was aboard the ship, before doing anything further in the matter.

Perhaps it would be as well to state here how matters stood in our steamer. The C— was a new vessel, owned by a Greek firm, and flying the Greek flag. The whole of the crew, with the exception of the four engineers, were Greeks, and we were put on board by the builders of the machinery, a well-known north-country firm, as their guarantee men.

Now, four English engineers, all fellow-townsmen, and all likely to be employed on this same steamer for about six months only, and then to return to the same engine-shop together, were more than friends. As a fact, we were more like four brothers. Therefore, when we told our second engineer what had occurred, he readily acquiesced, and we all four sat down in the mess-room and worked the problem out. I will not weary you with an epitome of the suggestions offered; let it suffice to say we decided that the best place to stow "Him" was in the evaporator.

Without diving into technicalities, let me say that the evaporator is a machine used in modern marine engineering for making fresh water (in the form of vapor) by boiling salt water. A powerful jet of steam is run through a series of coils. When the dome is raised, these coils can be removed, and then a cylindrical space is left, some six feet in height by three feet six inches in diameter. Of course, the machine can be worked or left unused as required, all ingress of steam and water being regulated by valves.

When we started work as usual next morning at seven o'clock, I got my men to raise the dome within; we then took out the coils, which, when clipped, I put carefully away in the locker in the Chief's cabin. At dinner-

time the Chief himself, who had been ashore all the forenoon, came on board with a stranger. Believe me, I should never have recognized the uncounted, weird-looking "Him" in the person that now stepped aboard. Our Chief had evidently not wasted his time, for he had taken a comb, a pair of scissors, and a razor ashore, and out off all the Nihilist's superabundant hair. Much soap had evidently been used on the large person of "Him," and now he really looked a smart fellow, arrayed in naval clothes. Old Mac, our beloved chief, had bought a suit of clothes from a very tall engineer belonging to a Swedish ship lying close to us, and had equipped "Him" in them.

That evening, when the men had left work, and our steward, who was also a Greek, had gone, as usual, to gamble on the fore hatch, we took "Him" down into the engine-room, and silently placed him on the evaporator base, finally covering the dome over him. Next morning I didn't forget to explain to the stokers that I had had to lower the dome myself, as the Chief didn't like to see it hanging in the slings all night. We next put in the bolts and fastened down the dome as if ready for use. No one would ever dream that the coils of the evaporator were not in the machine, their place having been taken by a stalwart Nihilist, whom we were kidnapping, so to speak, in this very extraordinary manner. This evaporator was fitted with a safety valve on top; this I took out, so as to give our captive fresh air. Through the hole food was also lowered to him, but we couldn't send down very large parcels because the hole was only thirteen inches in diameter.

In the course of the day we received a visit from the Russian police. They had been to other ships also; and let me tell you they searched our steamer from end to end almost as thoroughly as English Custom-house officers would do, but no one dreamt of looking into the evaporator. I really thought we had got off very nicely when we sailed for Antwerp that night; but we soon found out that our troubles had only just begun.

Of course, we had fully intended to liberate "Him" as soon as the ship was fairly at sea; according to our calculations, he was then to be located in the store-room, which, as it was only used by ourselves, would have made "Him" a comfortable home for the three weeks' run. The ship rolled so heavily, however, that the Chief would not allow us to raise the dome; he was afraid, and rightly so, too, that it would carry away and either smash something, or kill poor "Him" in its mad movements.

But what were we to do with "Him"? We understood that he had been used to roughing it, and could stand pretty nearly anything. As a fact, he had to, whether he liked it or not, before he finished that journey, at all events. We passed as much food down to him as we could, and although he didn't understand a word of English, we cheered him up constantly.

Forty hours' steaming brought us to the Bosphorus, and as we had to coal here, and should be very busy on deck, we pulled up the dome, and dragged poor "Him" out. "Oh! what a sight he was. He had been very seakick, poor wretch, while the heat had made him lose much flesh, even in that short time, so that his clothes hung about him like sacks.

I think our sense of pity at his condition made us fairly wild at our folly in leaving "Him" there so long; we really hadn't calculated on the heat of his prison, for you must remember that he was in a part of the engine itself. We bathed him, however, and changed his clothes as far as we could; we fed him on beef-tea and arrowroot biscuits; walked him gently up and down the engine room floor, and finally when we thought he was coming round a bit, we locked him up in the store-room, and went on deck to see that we were not robbed of coal by those rascally Turks.

The usual bustle and excitement were at their height, when the steward ran up to me and said he had been into the engine-room, and that a strange man was walking round examining everything.

Could "Him" have got out, I wondered, crossly; "what a fool he must be thus to expose himself to danger." Hastily I told the Chief the news, and ran down to the engine-room to expostulate with "Him." You may judge of my amazement on seeing quite another individual calmly walking the "staring platform," as though to the manner born. At first I thought he was a thief, but he politely informed me that he had booked a passage to Antwerp in this very boat, and he went on to apologize for going into the engine-room without leave. I might, he said, be quite sure that he was doing nothing wrong. The fellow evidently understood modern machinery, for he calmly asked me where the evaporator coils had got to. I was so thunder-struck that I couldn't reply for the moment, for there was the evaporator dome still in the slings—you see, we had been so horrified at our charge's condition when we dragged him out, that we forgot to put it down again.

Noticing my embarrassment, he smiled and said: "So the bird has flown, eh?" Without waiting for an answer, the stranger quickly ascended the engine-room ladder and was rowed ashore. I did not know what to make of the affair. It was evident

that "Him" had been betrayed, however. At any rate, I thought we had got rid of our mysterious visitor pretty easily, and I was complimenting myself on not being quite such a fool as he had evidently taken me for, when, to my dismay, on leaving the Golden Horn behind us, I saw the same man talking to the captain on the poop. Evidently he had found out that no one had left our steamer at Constantinople, and so had hurried back, determined not to be balked of his prey. We held a hasty consultation as to what was to be done with "Him" under these very alarming circumstances. The captain would undoubtedly search the engine-room and stoke-holds, and, if found, put both "Him" and the Russian officer, for such the polite stranger was, on to the first steamer we passed bound for Russia.

"Put 'Him' in the evaporator again," said the Second.

"What! and boil him to death?" said I, horrified.

"Not at all," said No. 2. "We can run a jet of water over it, to keep it cool. The water will only wash the bilges out, and that they sadly need."

"Good," said the Chief. "And we'll raise the dome every night when we have an opportunity, and let 'Him' have a walk around."

These plans were carried out at once. "Him" protested violently, poor chap, but we thrust him into his ghastly tomb, with all the food we could lay our hands upon. It seemed partly like burying a man alive, and partly like thrusting him into an oven. All went well till the mid-day watch next day, by which time we had left the mouth of the Dardanelles far behind us. I fancy our captain didn't want to start the search till we were quite beyond the power of the Turks, who will do anything for Russia in a matter of this kind.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the captain, accompanied by the Russian, came to the engine-room door, and said he was about to search the whole place. I called the Chief, who was lying down just then, but before he could come to my assistance the Russian had got round the evaporator (I had shut off the water as soon as I saw them coming, and good heavens! I saw with beating heart and feeling of indescribable horror he was going to open the steam valve on to the coils, and boil poor "Him" to death. I was about to shriek out, so great was my excitement, when a noise overhead attracted my attention. The Chief with magnificent presence of mind had dashed on to the boiler top and shut off the auxiliary valve, a thing which I had been told to do, but had forgotten in the excitement.

Quick as lightning, however, the Chief did it, and our poor, bottled-up fugitive was saved. The Russian police officer deliberately opened the valve, and then, turning round on me, laughed sardonically in my face. There was no longer any doubt in my mind that the whole of our plot had somehow been given away to the Russian police. In his pride at having, as he thought, baffled us, however, he forgot to feel the dome to see if it were getting hot. I should say that the anxious look on my face had told its own tale. The officer at any rate had fairly done his work, for when he had kept me talking for some time, he said, blaudily, "Well, Mr. Engineer, you are now at liberty to have what is left of that fellow. Good afternoon." And walking out of the engine-room, he never troubled us again that run.

We had a good laugh at his expense, though, when, later on, we again restored "Him" to liberty. He was an awful wreck when we lugged him out and made a nice bed in the waste locker, for we now wanted the evaporator to do its own legitimate work. Our next port of call was Algiers, and we spent our spare time here in maturing a nice little surprise for our Russian enemy. We created a fine, stalwart-looking man out of waste, using an old fire-bar for a backbone. This dummy was about the same build as "Him."

We reach Algiers after dusk, too late to coal that night, but the agent at once came on board with our letters. We bagged the loan of a boat, and then, lowering our dummy carefully into it, three of us jumped in, and pulled quickly for the shore. But, as we intended, our spy saw us as we passed the stern of the steamer, and we saw him running frantically to the captain for a boat to be sent in pursuit.

When close to the quay, we quietly dropped the dummy overboard, and pulling round some coal-lighters, glided swiftly back alongside our ship; we then climbed aboard and awaited the result.

All night long that Russian searched Algiers for "Him," but of course in vain, and next day we saw the indefatigable officer dragging the harbor. It had evidently leaked out that a man had been thrown from our boat.

It was a good job for us, by the way, that the relations between France and Russia were not so cordial then as they are now, otherwise we might have had to bid good-bye to the good ship C— at Algiers, and accompany our Russian back to Odessa.

confess that my share came in very handy.

But the most extraordinary part of the whole story I learned the following year when again at Odessa. Poor "Him," it appeared, was, after all, a mere scapegoat for a far greater Nihilist than he—a "political" of high rank. "Him" was deliberately smuggled out of Odessa on board our ship, not so much because it was necessary that he himself should escape (though he certainly was very much wanted) as to throw the Russian police off the track of the more important conspirator.—Wide World Magazine.

COMMON SENSE ON PUNCTUATION.

A Batch of Rules That Are in Accord With Modern Methods.

"Whose punctuation do you follow?" The answer is, our own. Unlike D'Israeli's alleged "sensible men"—who, when asked what their religion is, "never tell"—we are willing and glad to tell what our rule of punctuation is. Here you have it in a few words:

1. Never use a comma if "the way-faring man, though a fool," can grasp the meaning of the text without it.
 2. Never use a semicolon when a comma will serve the author and the reader as well.
 3. Never use a colon when a semicolon will serve as well.
 4. Wherever there is no climacteric effect to be preserved, cut up your semicolon and colon sentence into short sentences.
 5. Use commas and periods as your standbys.
 6. Use the semicolon chiefly to better express antithesis, and to group phrases and clauses.
 7. Use the colon chiefly in formal enumeration, after "viz.," "as follows" and the like.
 8. Use the dash to indicate an abrupt break in the sentence, an afterthought, and, in many instances where in olden times the parenthesis was used, to indicate that the words included are parenthetically employed.
 9. Use the parenthesis only when you find dashes are not sufficiently exclusive.
 10. Never use brackets except where you use some word of your own in a quotation from some other author.
 11. Never use an interrogation point except when your question is direct; e. g., it would be improper to use it after "girl" in this sentence: "He asked what ailed the girl."
- These are our rules to-day. Tomorrow, if we see any new light, we shall follow it. But we are not likely to stray away from the course above marked out. Punctuation, like sentence-making, becomes second nature after awhile. In punctuation, as in sentence-making, we do well or ill as we succeed or fail in presenting our thought in fewest words. The words should be chosen and arranged as to develop our meaning, our whole meaning, and nothing but our meaning.—Midland Magazine.

After the Catechism.

She—"Will you love me always."
He—"Passionately, my darling."
She—"And you will never cease to love me?"
He—"Never, my darling."
She—"And you will save your money?"
He—"Every penny."
She—"And you will never speak harshly to me?"
He—"Never."
She—"And you will give up all your bad habits?"
He—"Every one of them."
She—"And you will get along with mamma?"
He—"Yes."
She—"And papa?"
He—"Yes."
She—"And you will always do just what mamma wants you to do?"
He—"Yes."
She—"And just what papa wants you to do?"
He—"Yes."
She—"And just what I want you to do?"
He—"Of course."
She—"Well, I will be yours, but I fear I am making an awful mistake."
—Tit-Bits.

Pearls Made to Order.

M. Boutin, of the Sorbonne, since the announcement of his successful production of pearls in the Roscoff laboratory, has been inundated with letters from fashionable ladies who either want to know where they can buy these artificial products or whether they should lose no time in disposing of valuable pearl ornaments. To the trade, however, M. Boutin's discovery causes little agitation, for the dealers well know that he has merely done what has been for years a familiar trick with the heathen Chinese. A little pellet of some foreign substance introduced between the shells of the oyster will in the course of a few weeks become coated with the beautiful iridescent material known as mother-of-pearl. But the result is not a genuine pearl of any value, for that is a growth which only comes to perfection after a considerable lapse of time. Such a process of nature cannot be hurried.—London Chronicle.

Striking Contradictions.

A great contrast will often be found to exist between authors and their works, melancholy writers being the most jocular in society usually, and humorous mortals in practice.

"The Comforts of Human Life," by R. Heron, was written in prison under the most distressing circumstances. "The Miseries of Human Life," by Beresford, was, on the contrary, composed in a drawing room where the author was surrounded by the best of everything, and Burton, the author of "Anatomy of Melancholy," was extremely facetious in conversation.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

The Style in Braiding.
The military style of braiding and embroidery is very popular for cloth coats.

An Empress and Her Obesity Specific.
The Empress of Germany for some time has been using, as regular treatment for obesity, tablets containing the active principle of the thyroid glands of sheep, which is a specific for this trouble. While she has succeeded in reducing her weight, she has been suffering seriously in general health, is becoming nervous and is threatened with heart trouble. The Emperor, therefore, has induced her to stop using the remedy.

A Tale of a Bonnet.
Recently a lady of fashion received a visit from a country cousin, who came from a very out-of-the-way part of the world.

"Goodness gracious, my dear!" exclaimed the lady, examining her visitor's bonnet. "Wherever did you manage to pick up such an antiquity?"

"I had it made a week ago by the best modiste in the town."

"Incredible! Why, it is at least twenty years since that shape was in fashion. You must come with me to my modiste, who will turn you out something worthy of you."

On arriving at the modiste's the establishment was found to be full of people, and the new customer, leaving her bonnet in an outer room, went into an inner department to try on a new one.

The headgear suggested suited her admirably. With a few touches it was perfection.

The lady and her friend prepared to leave, when, lo and behold, the first bonnet was nowhere to be found. Search was made everywhere, till at last one of the head showmen, blushing up to the eyes, came forward and confessed with extreme regret that she had sold the bonnet for \$25 to a lady who wished to purchase it on account of its shape, which she found all the more charming since she believed that it was quite new.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

For Curling the Hair.

Curling iron manufacturers will not begin to believe it, but there are quite a few women left who curl their hair on hairpins or curl papers over night. That's all right as long as a woman's single, so the married ones assert, but they do say that this method won't do at all after a woman is married. Why? Because there is nothing that the average man dislikes more than curl papers, unless it is the horns which appear after a woman has skewered up her front hair on a lot of barbed-wire fence hairpins. An inventive genius has made it possible for woman to do her hair up, as the overnight curling process is called, and at the same time to enhance her beauty, if anything. This is done by the use of a set of hairpins and small rods and a few bits of baby ribbon. The hair is wound in and out on a hairpin and a piece of ribbon which has its two ends left out. When this is completed the two ends of ribbon are tied in a pretty little bow, the hairpin slipped out and there you are with your hair done up on ribbon. The rods are used to wave the hair in the much desired pompadour style and there are other little instruments in the outfit which make the most natural curls on the forehead and neck. Think how much more comfortable, as well as becoming, to sleep with the hair done up on ribbon than on steel or wire. And then it is mere child's play to accomplish this, for the outfit is simple and perfect as well as inexpensive.

Muffs of Old-Time Dames.

Like many another article of dress, the muff was at first the exclusive property of the nobility, but when it appeared in Venice it was carried by women of the highest rank. The first Venetian muffs were very small, made of a single piece of velvet, brocade or silk, lined with fur, the openings fastening with exquisite buttons of gold and silver enriched with precious stones.

By 1662 the muff seems to have been recognized as a necessary adjunct of the wardrobe of a lady of fashion. In Evelyn's "Mundus Muliebris," written at this time, numbers of gowns, "boddices," shoe buckles; of perfumed gloves, "joni-quil, tube rose, frangipan, orange, violet, narcissus, jessamine, ambrett, and some of chicken skin for night to keep her hands plump, soft and white," are enumerated, and also "three muffs of ermine, sable, gray."

At the time of the national convention in Paris the muffs were large and flat, fantastic as were all the fashions of that time. In colonial days in America they were also very large, but round.

About 1830 the muffs were principally of chinchilla, of moderate size, and were often used with what would seem to us an incongruous combination of straw bonnets and thin slippers.

In an old "Dictionnaire Amoureux" the muff is defined as a "letter box lined with white satin."—The Cosmopolitan.

Woman's Advance.

In the Woman's Journal the advancement of woman in fifty years is summed up by Colonel T. W. Higginson, and it is found that woman has very considerably assimilated herself to man in her education, employments, financial condition and social habits. No more is heard of the old argument that woman is unfitted for collegiate education. The old prejudice against girls' schools of high grade has vanished and co-education has gained

wide acceptance in all parts of the country. In employments women have invaded man's sphere. They almost displaced men as teachers in the public schools of some cities. In library work, bookkeeping and typewriting woman begins to hold the field, and there are very many lines of business in which she is numerous.

Our census reports show a permanent change of habits in the direction of substituting women for men in various occupations. As women have become bread-winners they have become much more self-reliant than formerly. Women are found to make good treasurers of societies. They now more frequently have an allowance and keep bank books, even when not bread-winners. The legal position of women as respects property has been greatly changed in their favor. The movement has, perhaps, gone too far in States where husbands are still liable for wives' debts, while wives are not liable for husbands' debts.

Socially woman has held her own and taken something of man's customs. She has her clubs in some sections in great numbers. These have given great opportunity of work, study and mutual co-operation among women. They have accustomed women to leadership, to rules of order, and to business methods. Much of their work may be thus far elementary and superficial, but this evil will cure itself.—Baltimore Sun.

The Hair-dressing of To-Day.

It is sad to relate that on the whole this end of the century has nothing characteristic in the way of hair-dressing to show. Our great grand-children will never hark back to 1898, as we do in 1798, for some lovely style to adopt with a fancy dress or borrow an idea from us. Go to the theatre or opera if you like, for even bonnets are no longer de rigueur, and you will be sure to observe that the rule of head-dressing is "go as you please." With three horizontally fixed rear puffs the hair is well arranged for the street, though the majority of women prefer to roll up the length of their tresses in a heavy long lump and fasten that as low as possible on the neck. With some women this bag of hair lies even out on the shoulders, and with a long short-toothed comb, that crosses the base of the head behind the ears, everything is somehow made fast. These combs are nothing more than the old round pompadour combs put to a new use. One drawback to this head-dress, as adopted by day, is that it can rarely be kept tidy; it is ludicrous with the new hats, and the natural hair grease rubs off on the shoulders of the gown. In the evening it is very pretty, for a mass of bright, black, yellow or brown hair down on white shoulders is becoming to most women, while some of these combs are topped with brilliants, and at either end the jewels form a sort of rosette, or two big glittering buttons behind the wearer's ears. Not a wisp of a bang is seen feathering out on any thoughtful white forehead, and only one new hair ornament is talked about. This is a little jeweled chain about eighteen inches long, having a fuchsia in diamonds or a daisy at either end. The chain is meant to be woven among the coils of hair, and the flowers of brilliants peep out at any point desired. Over in Paris a number of these hair chains are worn. Some of them, draped over the coiffure, are punctuated with small jeweled flowers at every inch, others consist of a chain of small curved gold bells that tinkle musically at every movement of the head they adorn.—New York Sun.

There are said to be 500 women who practice law in the United States.

Lady Cook, formerly Miss Tennie Claffin, announces that she will become a stockbroker in London.

Queen Victoria has presented Mme. Albani with a very handsome crystal umbrella handle studded with diamonds.

Mme. Algeria de Rayne Barrios, the widow of the late President of Guatemala, has arrived in San Francisco, where she will make her home.

American women in Paris have subscribed to present Paris with an equestrian statue of Washington by Mr. French. It will probably be erected in the Place d'Jera.

Mrs. Anna B. Averill, of Chicago, has given \$50,000 to the Presbyterian Hospital of Chicago. She has announced her wish that the money be an endowment for ten beds, which are to be used for men.

The Czarina of Russia has become quite proficient in using her typewriter. She can write fifty words a minute. The frame of the machine which she is using at present is inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and the bars are of gold.

The Rev. (Mrs.) Nellie Mann Opdale, of Racine, Wis., has been called to the pastorate of St. Paul's Universalist Church, La Crosse, Wis. She has been an accepted preacher in the Universalist denomination for a number of years.

Sister Polycarpa Staigle, a nun of the Order of St. Dominic, who has been made the postmistress of St. Joseph, a small village near Monticello, is thought to be the only woman belonging to an ecclesiastical order who occupies a post under the Government.

The Woman's Institute in London has published a "Lexicon of Employments for Women," from which it appears that there are in England female cab and omnibus drivers, street porters, "walking posters," cattle dealers, auctioneers, and one locomotive engineer.

About three seconds are occupied in transmitting a message from one end of the Atlantic cable to the other. This is about 700 miles a second.