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The Maria Teresa's performance indicates that it is very hard for a Spanish ship to get over its old habits.

There is a tendency of the day, both in this country and Europe, toward municipal control and support of all new hospital projects. Much can be said in favor of such control if the municipality be inspired with enlightened and humane ideas.

The density of the population of London has been doubled since 1857. "It is truly wonderful," says the Lancet, "that its vast population of 6,291,667, located on only 693 square miles, should have in 1897 so low a death rate as 17.7 per 1000. This rate is not greater than that of a fairly rural district. England well deserves the name she has received as the birthplace and home of sanitary science and practice."

There is a certain gratification in knowing that, small as is Samoa's foreign trade, Europe exceeds us in imports from that quarter, while we exceed combined Europe in exports. This is shown in the annual report of Consul-General Osborn, who adds the pleasing fact that, while nearly half the Samoan imports come from Australia, a large percentage of these are of American origin—goods east of California being shipped to Atlantic seaports, thence to Sydney, and from Sydney to Apia.

The defacement of rural scenery by ugly advertisements on fences, rocks and barns, is an old story; but in spite of frequent and vigorous protests the evil custom seems to continue. This is largely because many farmers have not a keen appreciation of the artistic offence of such advertisements. They are a good illustration of the old adage that familiarity breeds contempt. They have spent their whole lives amid the beauties of nature, with the result that their eyes are blinded to those beauties. In this respect they are no worse than city people, who, for the same reason, are almost wholly indifferent to excrescences that may mar the beauty of city streets and buildings.

If we may judge from the ship-building returns for the quarter ending with the close of September, the engineering trades in Great Britain have fully recovered from the evil effects of the great strike, at least as far as the volume of trade is concerned. The various yards had under construction no less than 598 merchant vessels, with a gross tonnage of 1,364,250 tons. This is an increase of 143 vessels and 450,000 tons over the returns of the same date last year. Of these ships 572 were steamers, and only 26 sailing ships. The list of customers is of interest. It shows that 492 of the vessels were for British owners, while six were to go to the colonies. Germany had ordered eight of the ships, aggregating 47,700 tons, and Russia 11 vessels, of 26,480 tons. Then in their order come Japan, 11 ships; Norway, nine ships; Holland, six; Denmark, six, and Austria-Hungary, three ships. The vessel of large displacement is growing in favor, for the tables include six vessels of over 10,000 tons, seven of from 8000 to 10,000, 39 of from 6000 to 8000, and 57 from 4000 to 6000. There are 124 steamers, chiefly of the "tramp" class, of a tonnage varying from 3000 to 4000.

Poetic Retribution.

A curious story comes from Monte Carlo, the heroine of which has lost a large sum through excessive feminine vanity. She entered the Salle where a former friend and protector of hers was winning in a sweeping style that seemed destined to break the bank. "I am so glad to see you here, prince, and in such good luck, too!" she exclaimed. "Do tell me a lucky number; it is sure to win for you are now in the vein." The prince generously placed a pile of gold louis before the vivacious lady, whose beauty had successfully defied the effects of 36 winters, and said: "Put it all on the number of your years and reap a golden harvest." The lady reflected, hesitated and then placed the pile on 27. An instant later the croupier sang out: "Thirty-six red wins!" The lady muttered: "Ah! mon dieu! Thirty-six is exactly my age!" and fainted on the spot.

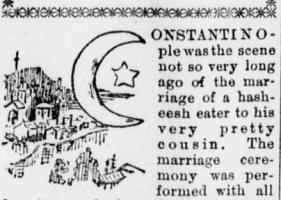
UNSELFISH LOVE.

It takes great love to stir a human heart to live beyond the others and apart. A love that is not shallow, is not small, is not for one, or two, but for them all. Love that can wound love, for its higher need; Love that can leave love, though the heart may bleed; Love that can lose love, family and friend; Yet steadfastly live, loving, to the end. A love that asks no answer, that can live moved by one burning, deathless force—to give. Love, strength and courage—courage, strength and love; The heroes of all time are built thereof. —Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

"POOR FOOLS."

A TURKISH TALE.

BY ANNIE C. BRATT-WOOLF.



CONSTANTINOPLE was the scene not so very long ago of the marriage of a handsome easter to his very pretty cousin. The marriage ceremony was performed with all due rites, and there had been much feasting, and everybody agreed that it had been a delightful wedding. The festivities concluded, the bridegroom conducted his friends and relatives to the door, and then negligently forgot to shut it before returning to his wife.

"Dear cousin," he said to her as soon as he discovered his mistake, "do run and shut the street door?" "What! I shut the street door? I, beautiful and young, dressed in satin, and wearing all these precious stones—am I to go and shut the street door?" "Well, and pray would you have me shut the street door? I, a bridegroom, clothed in silk, wearing this magnificent shawl and carrying a dagger set with diamonds? Is it fit, I ask you, that I should shut the street door?"

"You are both crazy and lazy," said the young wife, "to think that I should shut the street door. You are the proper person to do it—and you must," she added, stamping her little foot to add emphasis to what she thought was wisely authority.

"And you are lazy and disobedient," retorted her husband. "How dare you disobey my very first order?" And he angrily shook his fist at her.

"Do not let us quarrel," said his wife, "but rather agree that the one who speaks first shall go and fasten the door." The husband surlily nodded his head to this proposal, and they both sat down, dressed in their wedding garments, on couches opposite to each other, looking more cross and angry than bride and bridegroom are ever supposed to have looked before. One hour, two hours, three hours passed, and yet neither spoke a word. They only fidgeted, tossed and turned, for they were both horribly tired and sleepy, and longing to speak to each other. Then it chanced that two thieves passed through that street. At once they remarked the open street door.

"This is curious," one said to the other. "I know that there has been a very fine wedding here to-day. Let us go in very, very quietly. There must after so much feasting be plenty of rich and valuable things about. We are certainly in luck." Stealthily they entered the house, first they went into one room and then into the other, taking and putting into sacks all that pleased their fancy and was most valuable.

The man and his wife, alert to every sound, heard their gliding footsteps, and at once guessed that thieves were in their house. Still mute and motionless they sat, neither uttering a word. The thieves, emboldened by the silence, next entered the room in which the bridegroom and his bride in their sullen obstinacy still sat staring silently at one another. At first when they saw two people there they rushed back as if to hurriedly retreat. Half a second they hesitated, then, since not a voice was raised nor a hand moved to arrest them, they grew yet more adventurous and entered the room. They collected all the valuable ornaments and eating utensils that littered the room and stuffed them into their sacks, and then, growing bolder and bolder, they dragged away the very carpets from under their feet. Still neither the man nor the woman uttered sound or syllable.

Then the thieves, with an ever-increasing audacity, laid hands on the woman and took from her every jewel and stripped her of her wedding dress. With lips tightly pressed together she bore all these indignities in stoical silence. But when they took away her gold-embroidered slippers she with her eyes mutely besought her husband to come to her aid. Calm and stationary he sat there; then their expression changed to one of blazing anger, and out of their dark brown depths she seemed distinctly to utter the word "Coward!"

The thieves now turned their attention to the man. With desperate strength he struggled to retain his precious dagger inlaid with diamonds. For a minute or two there was a hand-to-hand fight, and the man was so cruelly hurt that in his pain he nearly screamed "Oh!" Fearful that he might be made to utter some exclamation, and so, according to the bargain, he obliged to fasten the street door, he gave up the contest and quietly resigned to the thieves his dagger—which had been a present—his shawl and all his wedding garments.

The robbers having taken everything that was of any value, now staggered away under their load of ill-gotten gains. Still the bride and bridegroom uttered not a word. Day

dawned, and a police officer came round on his tour of inspection. He also remarked the open door, and walked in to see what was the matter. Topsy-turvydom reigned supreme in all the rooms that the thieves had ransacked. He searched thoroughly everywhere, but to his surprise could see no one, nor could he hear a voice. At last he came to the room where the bride and bridegroom were sitting. "Why do I find the street door open?" inquired the police officer. Neither the man nor the woman deigned to reply.

"Explain at once why your street door is open and your house in such a fearful state of disorder?" angrily shouted the police officer, sternly regarding the man. Still not a word did the man answer.

"Once more I command you to explain the disreputable condition in which I find you, your wife and your house. Fail to answer and your heads shall pay the forfeit."

A dead silence followed this awful threat. The police officer waited one full minute, and the bridegroom and his bride could almost hear each other's heart-throbs. Yet neither stirred nor spoke. Then with loud and furious voice the police officer ordered that first the man's head should be cut off, and afterward the woman's.

The few necessary preparations were quickly made, and the executioner's sword was just about to perform its horrible task, when the woman, unable any longer to restrain her agony, fell on her knees and said: "Sir, have pity, I implore you. Spare him; he is my husband. We are only wedded yesterday."

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed the man, clapping his hands; "I have won the wager! so, dear wife, at once—shut the door." "Surely, they are both mad. The evil eye has been cast upon them," ejaculated the police officer.

"Say, sir, we are neither of us mad," said the husband, voluble enough now since his wife had spoken first, and therefore gone to shut the street door. Then with many gestulations he told the man how it had all happened, and how he and his wife had been robbed of all their wedding finery, and reduced to a state of beggary.

"Poor fools!" was all the police officer said, as he turned on his heels and went out, leaving the street door wide open for the second time!

Patting Moonlight in Music.

Beethoven's famous composition, the Moonlight Sonata, is said to have been composed under the following circumstances:

One evening, as Beethoven and a friend were hurrying through the streets of Bonn, they heard the familiar notes of the Sonata in F. Something in the musician's touch attracted the attention of Beethoven, and he stopped and listened. Suddenly the music stopped, and the despairing words of the musician came to him through the open window: "Oh, if I could but hear some really good musician play this wonderful piece!" and the words ended in a sob.

"Let us go in," said Beethoven. They entered and found the player a young girl, poor and blind. Beethoven sat down at the old harpsichord and played as he had never played before. His listeners were spellbound. "Tell us," they begged, "who are you?" For answer he played the opening bars in the Sonata in F. "It is Beethoven!" they exclaimed in awe and admiration.

Suddenly the candle flickered and went out. Beethoven ceased playing and bowed his head upon his hand. His friend threw open the shutters; a flood of beautiful moonlight entered the room. Its transfiguring light touched the poor old instrument and rested upon the noble figure bowed before it. The profound silence was broken at last by the musician, who said, "Listen! I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight." Then was created this wonderful sonata, beginning in a sad, tender movement, the embodiment in sound of the gentle moonlight transfiguring and glorifying the dark earth.

Suddenly the music ceased, and with a brief farewell Beethoven hurried home to put upon paper this famous composition. —Philadelphia Saturday Post.

Picks From Portugal.

Next to Portugal, Japan sends the greatest supply of toothpicks to the United States. These are made by hand from fine reeds. They, too, are sold in close competition with the American product, owing to the cheaper labor in Japan. The cases in which the Japanese picks are inclosed are fine specimens of skill with the jackknife. They are of wood, cut into strips as thin and delicate as tissue paper, but very strong. The cases are ornamented with hand-painted Japanese scenes and are of a size convenient to be carried in the vest pocket. The competition between the Japanese and Portuguese makers on the one side and American manufacturers on the other has become very keen. An importer of toothpicks said recently that the Japanese picks can be made and sold in the American market, cases and all, for less than the cost of the paper boxes that contain the domestic picks. —Philadelphia Times.

Jamaica's Large Fruit Plantation.

Jamaica has the largest fruit plantation in the world, of which 28,000 acres are owned by an American company, and the other 16,000 acres are held under lease by the same company, making the total acreage owned and operated by it 44,000. This company owns and employs in the fruit carrying business twelve steamers, and last year shipped to America and elsewhere.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

SOMETHING ABOUT SILKS.

They Were Never So Cheap and There Were Never So Many of Them.

"It is a funny thing about silks this season," said the silk man. "At one time you could say that such and such a silk was in fashion because all the women were buying that kind, but it isn't that way now. Women are buying everything under the sun in the way of silks. There are brocades, small-patterned silks, stripes—everything; we can't say that we are selling more of one kind than another, because we sell them all.

"Women like 'something different?' Well, I guess you are about right there. I had a woman come in the other day and say that her sister had bought such and such a kind of silk at another shop, and she wanted a silk, but that it must be entirely different. Well, I showed her everything there was in the shop, but the trouble was she didn't know what she did want, except that it must be different from anything she had ever seen. That is the way it is. At one time a man had his regular customers, who would always come to him for what they wanted, and he could always supply them. But it is not so now. A woman comes in and looks everything all over, and then—takes a sample. It is hard on a man who is judged by the sales he makes, and the firm thinks he is no good if he can't sell.

"Why, I can remember the time, when I went into the business as a boy, that women were perfectly well satisfied if they had only a few kinds of silk to select from, say a brown and a green and a blue and a few colors like that. Now you can't get up new things fast enough for them and they are not satisfied at that. With the competition, it means a great deal. You can't have a few pieces of a certain kind of silk on hand, and where there is a greater variety and a larger stock there is more danger of loss.

"Take light silks. At one time silks that were used for house wear in the winter would do for outdoor spring and summer wear. But there is nothing of that kind now. We have a special variety of silk for the spring trade. Silks never were so cheap. Last year they were cheaper than they ever had been in the history of the trade. If a woman doesn't have a silk gown nowadays, it is because she is too particular to find anything that suits her. Women are doing less of their own shopping now than they used to. They leave more of that to their dressmakers now. Think of a girl letting any one buy her wedding gown a few years ago! She and all the members of her family would make a business of shopping for it, but there is nothing of that kind now. Perhaps there is just as much sentiment, but the bride simply tells her dressmaker what she wants, and she gets the goods, possibly a sample first, if the girl has a great deal to say about her gowns, but more likely she will not see it until the material is in the house. Things are different, and we all feel it. The competition is so great that the salaries of the clerks are not half what they were, and now, where a man would a number of years ago have had a small shop of his own and make enough to support his family comfortably, he has to take half the money in the employ of some one else. Oh, yes, women spend more money than they did, but they have more things for which to spend it." —New York Times.

Velvet Coats in Style.

A London costumer suggests this black velvet jacket, lined with American beauty satin and trimmed with jeweled buttons and two flat chinchilla reverses. The collar, faced with chinchilla, may be left open to show the wide bow of the violet stock beneath. That the coat is cut with spoon-shaped tails and small sleeves it is hardly necessary to state.

Another beautiful cutaway in plum colored velvet has the slight fullness of the double-breasted front, strapped in by a band of black satin ornamented with genuine gold buckles set with precious stones. The fancy-shaped reverses are of white satin, covered with lisse and edged with a piping of chinchilla. A chinchilla piping also borders the rolling velvet collar, which fastens with two little furled heads. The sleeves are half tight and half puffed. A coat of this kind is made snug and durable and practicable during cold weather by an interlining of chamois skin concealed by the mauve taffeta lining.

Young married women who revel in their newly acquired dignity as matrons lavishly admire the longer coats. They are at the same time demure and coquettish, and are not lacking in chic, with their flat circular ruffles quaintly applied, stitched bands and gorgeous linings. One is in green broadcloth, lined with beliotoppe cord silk and trimmed at the long cutaway fronts with a circular flounce, cut wide at the back and tapering into points up the front. What appears to be a dress skirt in the same cloth shows beneath the open fronts. In reality it is a part of the coat, to which the circular ruffle is applied in cutaway form.

The other long coat is a blending of princess and redingote in Havana brown cloth, dashed with oblong lighter spots. The skirt and flat collar piece are outlined with scallops. The coat is double-breasted and fastened toward one side under a loose, narrow front piece. The side and back are tight-fitting. A tailor-stitched band trims the collar and front and heads the shaped ruffle. Little reverses of zibeline open over a tucked shield of rose velvet. The rolling collar and the piping of the beige

hat are also of zibeline. Rose velvet in a large loose bow is used on the hat without further trimming. The costume is lined with rose taffeta, and may be worn either as a gown or as a wrap. —Philadelphia Times.

A Woman's Unique Diary.

A young woman who revels in woe has evolved, or at least revived, an excellent way of keeping herself in a state of perpetual gloom. She has a diary with two pages for each day. On one page she writes what she expects to do, where she proposes to go and whom she hopes to see during the day. On the opposite page she writes what she has done, where she has been and whom she has seen. The pages, says the young woman, never agree and are usually flat contradictions of each other. The silver lining of the cloud of pessimism which such a perverse state of affairs would otherwise engender is that she has noticed that when she predicts and expects a gloomy day, filled with disagreeable duties or monotonous dullness, the opposite page is sure to glimmer with pleasant surprises—calls from pleasant people, letters from absent friends, invitations of an especially tempting character and all sorts of unlooked-for enjoyment. The writer of the diary says she finds it an excellent antidote for undue elation of spirits and a check to despair. When she feels "down" she can turn to her blue days and see how well they turned out, and when she feels particularly exuberant a glance at the record of days joyously anticipated but miserably spent has a wonderfully sobering effect. The book keeps her in a state of tranquil neutrality very restful for the nerves. The absurd young woman has had the odd diary bound in pink and purple, typifying joy and woe, and calls it her book of faith. —New York Commercial Advertiser.

Beautifying the Neck.

To beautify the neck the following directions, if carefully and persistently carried out, will bring satisfactory results: Bathe the neck and shoulders every night in warm water, then rub them with olive oil. Use the palm of the hand, making the strokes from the neck downward, and then in a circular direction. Keep this up about five minutes. Lay the chin against the throat and turn the head slowly to the right and around again slowly to the left. Repeat this latter movement five times, then rub the thinnest part of the neck or chest briskly with the palm of the hand, using the downward stroke. When you have done this for a few minutes stand with your shoulderblades and head firmly placed against the wall, the tips of your fingers resting on your shoulder, and then take a long breath. Gradually relax. This concludes the exercise. Retire immediately, and generally one's sleep will be good and sound the whole night long.

A Queen's Alliance.

The Queen of the Belgians has issued a rescript to her sister queens and empresses asking them to form an alliance for the purpose of helping the lacemakers of Europe. She has appealed to them to forswear wearing imitation lace and to bind themselves to wear only hand-made lace, pointing out that the machine-made fabric threatens the extinction of artistic, hand-worked lace. The number of lacemakers in Belgium and France has diminished since the advent of lace machinery by forty thousand persons. The Queen's appeal met with a ready response and the queenly alliance has already become a fact.

Satin Cords For Trimming.

Black satin cords made—not covered—as a trimming to be used like braid are very effective in patterns or sewn on in straight rows quite close together. White satin cords are especially pretty sewn on white tulle and net for yokes, collars and vests.

A Novelty in Tucks.

A pretty sleeve, which is tucked nearly half way down to the elbow, has the tucks turned up instead of down. It has that much-desired quality of being "something different."

Fashion Notes.

Round rosettes of black velvet baby ribbon are used as a trimming on lace evening gowns.

White cloth, fine and silky in finish, is one of the fashionable materials for the bridesmaid's gown.

Very pretty filigree bracelets are shown, and evidently are again in favor. Some are set with gems.

Cherry-red taffeta is the latest thing for petticoats, and if you would be quite up to date have corsets to match.

Many handsome imported gowns are in cashmere of delicate shades. A coarse lace applique is seen on handsome afternoon and evening gowns.

Hoods for evening wear are in vogue. They are built of flowered silk and lined with satin, turning back from the face after the manner of an old-fashioned sunbonnet.

Pompadour oombs are now studded with gems, some being of great value. The jeweled side oombs are still fashionable, the newest styles being made entirely of gold or silver and set with small diamonds and other precious stones.

A black velvet coat, at which the women exclaim, "Isn't that sweet?" has a little double ruffle of white ribbon at the upper edge and a design in the same ruffled white ribbons of a double bowled Empire knot, and curving ends joining.

Something novel in a bridesmaid's costume is a white taffeta-silk coat with round tails and elbow sleeves, worn with a white net skirt trimmed with chiffon ruches. The edges of the coat are finished with rows of stitching, and the reverses are covered with handsome lace.

ELECTRICAL POWER

Charles H. Summers Gave it Many New Uses—One of the Pioneer Experimenters with the Telephone.



CHARLES H. SUMMERS, the celebrated electrician, who died in Chicago the other day, was born in Fleming county, Kentucky, of parents who had emigrated from Virginia. It was an old Virginia family. In his younger days he was a good horseman and an excellent pistol shot, and though he possessed a mild character and gentle disposition, he was absolutely without fear. When very young he studied telegraphy and began the practice of it at a time when telegraph lines were strung along turnpikes and highways and not along railways. Indeed, there were but few railroads in the west at the time he commenced with telegraphy. His first engagement was with the old Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Louisville line, and he remained with this line, receiving from time to time many promotions, till it was finally consolidated with the Western Union Telegraph company. Then he visited different points in the northern country, working at short engagements in many different places. In 1859, while working at Indianapolis, he accepted a good position on Indiana railroad lines with headquarters at Indianapolis. In that position he continued till 1867, when he was made superintendent of the Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Lafayette railroad lines, with his own headquarters at Cincinnati.

In 1864, when the civil war was in progress, he had frequent occasion to go to the union front and set up or repair or take down telegraph plants. On one of these occasions he ventured too near to the confederate lines and was taken as a prisoner of war, but not being a belligerent in the true sense he was soon let go.

Other prominent people spent much time there, all anxious to try the new invention. Even before that time the principles upon which the telephone operated were thoroughly familiar to him, for his home had been the scene of many of Elisha Gray's experiments, and the Western Union wires had often vibrated there with the harmony of Professor Gray's musical telephone.

In the experiments with telegraphing across the continent after the lines had been constructed to San Francisco Mr. Summers played a prominent part and his ascertainment of the effects of distance upon wires and the atmospheric effects upon the capacity of wires, and the influence of one wire upon another, antedated much of the work which has since been done in electric power transmission. In much of the experimental development of various systems he was intimately associated, and his testimony in regard to early inventions was much sought after.

Poor Field for Inventors.

The patent laws of Japan afford little protection to foreign manufacturers or inventors. A native may patent any trade mark of a foreigner if the patent be taken out before the real owner has moved in the matter. Then the only course open to the owner is to buy from the native the right to use his own trade mark in Japan.

Never Touched Him.

De T.—How startling are statistics. We drank seventy million gallons of whisky last year. Mrs. De T.—Speak for yourself, please; you know I never touched a drop of it.—Harlem Life.

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and that it was these suggestions which enables the system to be operated. Hence it is true that largely to Mr. Summers is owing that which has since become a standard part of land and ocean telegraphy.

Mr. Summers caused to be erected the first incandescent electric lighting plant in the west. He was equally early in the field of telephony. The first Bell telephones were brought to Chicago by Gardner Hubbard, Graham Bell's father-in-law. There were two sets of instruments and they were taken to Mr. Summers' office to be tested. A line from his home at Highwood (now Fort Sheridan) to his office in town was made use of, and the first telephoning over actual lines was done from Mr. Summers' home.

There are many anecdotes related of these early experiments and the amazement with which people regarded the magic "talking boxes" which were a conspicuous figure of Mr. Summers' offices in the old Union building at the corner of Washington and La Salle streets, Chicago. General Phil H. Sheridan, then commander in his department of the army, had offices adjoining Mr. Summers, and the loud talking, singing and yelling once made him ask if a riot was in progress. When he found that it was not a riot, but noise created over a cumbersome-looking wooden box about the size of a small traveling trunk, he was inclined to question the sanity of those about it. But he was usually chary of questioning any odd thing Mr. Summers might do, for he had had proof before of the electrician's ability at scientific joking. Afterward General Sheridan used often to say he did not believe that box could talk, until one time he got Mr. Summers to sing through it "Old Rosin the Beau," which was one of his occasional musical achievements. His offices became the center of general curiosity. Newspaper men and



CHARLES H. SUMMERS.