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No longer a fiction. John Doe and Richard Roe, heretofore supposed to be legal myths, made their appearance before the United States Commissioner at Boston as contestants in a seaman's lawsuit.

The King of Italy enjoys the distinction of being the only reigning monarch who was ever wounded in battle.

Public attention has been much diverted during the past year from the Klondike by stirring events in other parts of the world.

The effectiveness of American industrial competition with Germany has rarely been stated more clearly than in the speech delivered in the Reichstag by the German Secretary of the Interior.

Fox Terrier Cracks and Eats Nuts. A lively little fox terrier owned by a family uptown has developed a strange habit.

Echoes in Churches. In a Sussex church there is said to be one of the most remarkable echoes known, while in a Hertfordshire church the tick of a watch may be heard from one end of the building to the other.

It takes a crocodile eighty seconds to turn completely round.

President Faure's Daily Mail. It has been estimated that the average number of letters received daily by the president of the French Republic amounts to 23.

New Bank Policy. The Chicago banks have recently adopted the policy of charging \$1 a month to customers to keep a running deposit account of not more than \$300.



THE WORLD.

The world's as we make it and take it— A motto as ancient as sin; But for all of its sorrow— To-day and to-morrow, It's the best that we ever were in!

Lose or win— Sorrow or sin— The best and the worst that we ever were in!

And we're not in a hurry to shake it— The round of the next to begin; Single or double— In joy or in trouble, It's the best that we ever were in!

Lose or win— Sorrow or sin— The best and the worst that we ever were in! —Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

WHAT FRED SAW.

MUST confess that the day was very pleasant, but I could not enjoy it. Long, weary months I had been in the darkened room, and still they kept me there, allowing no breath of the pure, cool air to reach my feverish head.

I tried to open the window, but I was not strong enough, and I fell back in my chair, breathing the stifling air, which every moment became more oppressive.

I thought I could not endure it, yet how could I avoid it? There was only one way without danger of discovery; a step into the hall, and those spiral stairs would take me to the housetop.

Waiting until I was sure the way was clear, I stepped softly into the hall, and, ascending the stairs, though with much difficulty, I was soon enjoying the forbidden pleasure of breathing the free air, untainted with the fumes of the noxious drugs that had been dealt out to me with an unsparing hand all through the long, cold winter.

How exhilarating! I wondered that I had been housed so long. I looked down upon the group of young ladies who were sporting on the lawn.

Jennie Magrain was there, the daughter of my host, the only woman I ever loved, but I was nothing to her. She knew not how I worshipped her, and I should keep my secret well, for she was the betrothed of Gerald Macburn.

How I envied him and perhaps hated him a little, for I knew that he had not won her love. She had pledged her hand to save her old father from poverty.

She had consented to the sacrifice and Macburn was satisfied. Turning away I tried to banish the painful, hopeless thought that had been awakened.

Adjusting the telescope I took a survey of the farming and woodland that stretched far away to the east for many miles.

I caught sight of two men whom I recognized as Gerald Macburn and John Layton. They were evidently in search of game. The glass was small, yet a very superior instrument, and I could see them very plainly, notwithstanding the distance.

I presume I should have thought no more about them had I not known that but a few months before they were bitter enemies. I wondered how the reconciliation had been effected.

While puzzling my brain with these thoughts I had unconsciously moved the glass to keep them within range. I saw them stop, and I knew by their motions that they were angry.

I became interested. I could see them so distinctly that I found myself listening to catch their words.

I could see their lips move, and I saw John Layton's clinched hands. He was evidently much excited, but he did not offer to strike; and if one can judge by sight alone he was inclined to avoid any altercation, while Macburn appeared to seek a quarrel.

For full five minutes they stood there, gesticulating vehemently. They were some distance apart, Layton all the while endeavoring to widen the space and Macburn following him up.

At last Layton, goaded beyond all endurance, wheeled about and shook his fist menacingly at his tormentor. Macburn was so exasperated at this that he raised his rifle and shot him.

I saw the poor man fall out of sight in the bushes, and I saw Macburn calmly reload his rifle and walk toward the spot where his victim was lying.

Then I staggered and fell to the floor, and all was a blank. When I awoke to consciousness I was in bed. Cloths were all about my head, and in the dim lamplight I saw a watcher by my bedside. It was my old drum, Harry Wilmot.

It I could not then have told that it was not all a dream. To convince myself I inquired for John Layton. "He is—no one knows where," replied Harry; "but you are too weak to either talk or listen."

"No, I'm not, Harry; tell me about it." He yet hesitated, but I urged him, and he yielded.

"John Layton disappeared a week ago," said he. "Absconded is the better word, for he took with him quite an amount of money belonging to his father. The old gentleman is very wroth, and has used every means to find him, but has not succeeded.

"John Layton is dead," said I, without answering his question, though it had sent a pain through my heart that was agony to me. "He is dead, Harry Wilmot."

Harry gazed at me, pityingly. "There, Fred, I wouldn't talk any more," said he. "You are very weak yet. Try and sleep."

"You think I am still crazy, Harry?" "Don't Fred, don't! If you ever expect to get off this sick bed you must be more reasonable."

My question was answered. I turned my face to the wall and tried to determine in my own mind whether I was sane or not.

I went to sleep thinking of it, and when I awoke the sun was going down.

Harry, who had been out during my sleep, had just returned, and his entrance had probably waked me. "How do you feel now, Fred?" said he, drawing a chair to the bedside.

"Much better and stronger, Harry. I have had a most refreshing sleep." We talked awhile, and then I abruptly asked him if he would grant me one favor on the morrow.

"Certainly, Fred, if it isn't asking too much." "It will be quite easy, though none the less important. Will you promise to carry out my directions faithfully?"

"If reasonable, yes. But couldn't you postpone it for a day? You know the wedding comes off to-morrow." "Not an hour, Harry, after sunrise in the morning, and it should be done to-night, if it were not too late."

"Well, go on, Fred, and let us hear what it is." I did not tell him what I had seen from the housetop, for I did not consider myself competent to make an accusation against any one; but I described the spot where I firmly believed that I saw Gerald Macburn murder John Layton, and I requested him to take three or more companions with him—men that could be trusted—and explore the spot thoroughly.

"Will you promise, Harry? Now, don't say you will, and then forget it, thinking I do not know what I am talking about, for I tell you I'm not insane now."

"Well, Fred, I promise." I knew that Harry could be depended upon, and I felt much relieved, passing a very quiet night.

Gerald Macburn was to be married at nine o'clock, and at ten they were to start on their wedding tour.

This was why I was in such haste. If he was guilty, as I firmly believed, I wished to prevent the marriage, or at least to arrest him before he stepped aboard the train.

I hardly knew how I passed the time till Harry's return, I was so impatient.

I heard the carriages of the guests drive up to the door, and I could faintly hear the busy hum of preparation below; and then the old town clock, striking the hour of eight, startled me.

Only one hour longer, and Harry had not returned. What if he had missed the spot?

I watched the hands of the little clock and for once they went too fast. I could almost see them move. Twenty—twenty-five—thirty minutes past eight, and would he never come! Yes, thank God! I heard the gallop of a horse on the gravelled road, and in a moment Harry entered the room, flushed with excitement.

"What did you find Harry? Quick! Quick!" "The body of John Layton!" "I knew it, Harry! I saw the deed I saw the murder. But there is no time to lose. The wretch must be secured before it is too late. Bring a magistrate and an officer as quick as you can."

He was not long away, and he brought with him the old doctor, who was also a justice, while an officer entered by the back door and adroitly made his way to my room, unobserved.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Fashionable Bracelets. Bangle bracelets are again becoming fashionable.

A Novelty in Neckwear. An oddity in neckwear, which must be very, very dainty or a complete failure, is composed of white taffetas, combined with a colored taffeta.

Spring Millinery Ornaments. Odd devices for spring millinery ornaments are heraldic designs, Greek and Roman buckles and warlike weapons of various shapes, set with gems that are in all tints, and more or less valuable.

More Important Than the Dressmaker. Of all the things that go toward obtaining satisfactory dressmaking we must not lose sight of the carriage of a woman, which has a wonderful voice in the hang and swirl of her garments.

Belts For the Summer. The summer belts are narrow and have beautiful buckles. They are made of barbarically splendid materials—pale-colored kid embroidered with silver, cloth of silver lined with satin and studded with gems, and white satin enriched with brocades and embroidery of silver and gold and jewels.

Dressing For a Good Figure. Wear as few bands as possible at or near the waist, and in all cases wear them as far below the waist line as possible with comfort. Make drawers with as little fullness at the tops as possible, and always make them on a carefully fitted yoke.

Grenadines of Handsome Pattern. The spring grenadines are more open in design than those of last year and the patterns are decidedly original. Colors are found among some of the handomest patterns, but the most effective pieces are black. One very open pattern has a half-inch bar, separated from its counterpart by two narrow, almost thread-like bars.

Cuba's Girl Poet. "Pearl of the sea, star of the west! Beautiful Cuba, thy brilliant sky Night covers black with her veil, As veiled with grief an I."

This stanza is from the Spanish of a beautiful Cuban girl, whose poetry has not yet been translated into English, but is certain to interest American readers of verse when it becomes known.

before her delicate and exalted talents became known in Paris and in Madrid, where she lived for a number of years. The stanza quoted above is an imperfect quotation from a finished and moving sonnet, entitled, "To Cuba at Parting," written at the time Gertrude Gomez was taken by her parents to Spain, apparently to remove her from Republican influences. She was always an ardent sympathizer with the struggles of Cuba for freedom.

Gertrude was born in Puerto de Principe, where lived the elder Jose Maria de Heredia (father of the present Paris "immortal" poet) during his troubled youth. Gertrude was only a little girl of seven when Heredia lived in her native town, and not much older when, in 1823, the poet was in New York, exiled from Spanish dominations for working "Cuba libre." But his influence upon her thought and talent is very marked, although it does not appear that the two ever met.

The poem of Gertrude Gomez, written to the memory of Heredia when "the Cuban troubadour" died in Mexico in 1839, is full of fervor.

She was only twenty when she went to live in Madrid, and it is on record that she was much sought after and admired for her charms of personality, as well as for her literary talents.

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The University of Vienna, Austria, now offers a stipend for female students. Mrs. Evan James Jones, of Glyn-corrwg, Wales, has been appointed public lamp lighter for that district.

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Lincoln County, Kansas, has but one woman physician and surgeon, Dr. Sarah A. Cole. For some years Miss Cole was a teacher in that State, and her medical training began in the office of Dr. Sallie A. Goff, then practicing in Saffina.

Mrs. Anna M. Bach, a wealthy widow, who died at St. Louis the other day, bequeathed \$500 for the care of a pet canary and two dogs. This special duty was imposed upon a niece to whom Mrs. Bach left the bulk of her property.

A novelty in millinery is a shirred silk toque. A cream lace blouse is one of the smart accessories of fashionable dress at the moment.

Biscuit color and white are combined very smartly in some of the new spring costumes.

Government Hog Cholera Remedy. Pulverize and mix thoroughly: One part wood charcoal. One part sulphur. Two parts sodium chloride (salt). Two parts sodium bicarbonate (soda). Two parts sodium hyposulphite. One part sodium sulphate. One part antimony sulphide. Dose, one tablespoonful for each 200 pounds weight of hog once a day.

The Bite of a Hog. There is great danger of blood poisoning if a hog bites the flesh. There is no poison in the hog's teeth as there is in the fangs of a poisonous snake. It is rather the poison which comes from the saliva, as the hog is a very indiscriminate feeder and not at all cleanly.

Convinced that he should follow the advice of those who know how to improve the flock of fowls, the farmer is naturally anxious to know what the cost of new blood will be. If the flock is the ordinary farm stock, mainly mongrels, and the grade is to be raised chiefly from egg production, new blood of a dollar a head will be good enough.

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Long lace sleeves are still worn in evening gowns, but the elbow sleeve is more in demand as the season advances.

A toque of tacked white chiffon trimmed with black ostrich feathers and narrow folds of black velvet on the brim is very smart.

There are violets and violets, and the woman who dresses well wears flowers that match exactly the color tone of the accessories to her costumes.

The pompadour comb, one of the latest novelties for the hair, is extremely pretty in effect, as it fits in front of the high-perched knot rounding in the outline of the pompadour.

Ruches of mousseline de soie in a variety of pale colors, machine stitched on the edges with silk to match, are one of the novelties in trimming. They are very effective.

Mousseline velours is a new material for evening gowns. It has a finish like mirror velvet, but a longer nap, more like panne, and the warp is usually a contrasting color, giving it a changeable effect.

A trimming for a blue and white foulard is a band of white satin on which are sewn two rows of black velvet arranged in vandykes around the hem. Frills of white edged with velvet may trim the bodice with a vest of cream lace over white chiffon.

FARM TOPICS

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HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

How to Hang Pictures Straight. Landlords are in despair once more, for it is now the proper thing to drive small nails in the walls and hang pictures thereon. The old-time wires and chains are entirely out of date, and the means of keeping pictures to the walls must not be visible to the eye. Two tacks are usually used, one at either end of the frame. In this way the pictures cannot be easily disarranged and will hang straight and true.

Tapstry For Library Decoration. Squares of tapstry in French instead of Flemish designs are found in the shops and are very ornamental for dining-room or library decoration. They are worked in light pinks, blues and white, like gobelin tapestries or in the dull blues and reds and greens of the Dutch variety. Framed in narrow bands of oak or polished green wood, they make charming pictures for mantel niches, book-shelf tops or dining-room dados.

Makes a Pretty Tablecloth. Denim tablecloth contributed a pretty effect to a luncheon recently. It was made with the light side upmost, the dark side being turned up around the cloth as a deep hem, which was featherstitched down. The centerpiece, dish and plate dollies were all of Mexican drawn work, showing with excellent effect over the light blue cover. A pretty set of old blue willow ware was used for the luncheon service. When one does not own a polished table, or when it is not in good order, the denim cloth is a valuable possession.

Royal Road to Housecleaning. Now comes the time of year when the housekeeper wishes that there were some royal road to housecleaning. Every member of the family dreads the spring upheaval—when carpets are up, windows open, dust flying, everything in confusion, and the entire premises small of soap suds. Then meals are unappetizingly plain, and hastily eaten; for mother has no time to give to the preparation of dainty dishes. And the worst of it all is that this same mother is very likely to overwork herself to such an extent that, when the house is once more in a state of order, she is laid up with illness produced of physical and nervous exhaustion.

One housekeeper has discovered that there is what she calls a royal road to housecleaning, and it lies in the simple device of taking one room at a time. First of all, she attacks the attic, and gives one day to going through trunks, etc., and setting the place in order. Next, the cellar receives attention, and she hires a man for one day to perform the heavy and dirty part of the work. This is done before the other portions of the house are cleaned, as cleaning the furnace, removing ashes, etc., necessarily cause dust to rise to the upper floors. Then one room at a time is cleaned, and this is done in such an unostentatious way that the men of the family hardly know that the process is going on.

The room that is undergoing a transformation is thoroughly completed, the carpets relaid and pictures hung, before another apartment has so much as a chair removed from it. Our housekeeper has also adopted the plan of taking her housecleaning in a leisurely way, and not attempting to get it all done in a given space of time. She begins early in the season, and, if pressed with other work, cleans only one or two rooms a week. This method is so much pleasanter for all concerned than the old-fashioned system of much-dreaded housecleaning, that over-wrought housewives might find their work simplified if they should adopt this woman's plan.—Harper's Bazar.

Recipes. Scotch Broth Without Meat.—Soak four ounces of barley in a quart of cold water over night. In the morning drain, put in soup kettle with one onion, one turnip, one carrot sliced; add a few green tops of celery, half a green pepper minced and four tablespoonfuls of oatmeal. When done add two tablespoonfuls salt. Strain and serve.

Kidney Padding.—Skin three sheep's kidneys and chop them together with three ounces of suet until very fine. Put them in a basin, add one-half pint of bread crumbs, one beaten egg, one teaspoonful of milk, one teaspoonful of minced parsley, and season with pepper and salt. Stir the mixture well, pour it into a buttered dish, cover and steam for one hour.

Fried Frog Legs.—Use only the hind legs of the frogs. After washing in warm water soak well, then place them in cold vinegar and salt and let them remain two hours, then throw into scalding water and remove the skin. Wipe them dry and mix with flour, and fry either in butter or olive oil. When brown sprinkle a little salt and pepper. Garnish with cress or parsley.

Apple Tart Meringue.—Pare, slice and stew eight tart juicy apples, sweeten to taste, flavor with grated nutmeg, and rub through a sieve. Line a pudding dish with pie crust and bake, then fill the crust with the apples, and cover the top with a meringue made of the beaten whites of three eggs and three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Return to the oven and brown slightly. Serve cold.

Hoe Cakes.—Into one and one-third cupfuls of cornmeal mix one level teaspoonful of salt and one rounded teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat the yolks of two eggs until light, add one cupful of sweet milk and pour over the meal. Beat well together and then add the beaten whites of two eggs. Put a tablespoonful of lard into the frying pan, drop in the batter by spoonfuls and brown on both sides.