BIRD WITH A BROKEN PINION

Once a Sin is Repented of It Has Ceased to be a Part of Life.

In response to a letter from a young man who thinks that all is lost because he has committed a great sin.

Text—Psalm ciii., "Like as a father pitieth his children." "For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust."

The biography of Audubon, the naturalist, holds a page thrilling indeed. Going into the mountains the scientist began to study and paint the eagles. One morning, hidden in a cleft of the rock, he was watching a great eagle and lingered near a cliff. Round and round the bird soared, when suddenly he swooped down with more than an arrow's swiftness; then, curving upward, the flight was slower, for the eagle held a serpent in its talons. In his excitement Audubon sprung up just in time to see the serpent throw a fold around the eagle's neck. Now the battle was on. With talon and claw the king of birds fought for its life, and in the fight all but forgot to fly. But that sting about the neck tightened, and still tightened, and suddenly the eagle fluttered with uncertain stroke, and then bird and snake went crashing into the boughs of a tree.

Hastening forward Audubon saw the eagle rend its enemy, and, alarmed, spread its wings for flight. One wing answered and one made feeble response. Since it could not rise swiftly it struck out slowly across the valley above the tops of the trees. But try as it would, the eagle moved in a circle, for if one beat true the other pinion was broken. Soon joined by its companions, the bird found that they brought no help. Curious as to the result, weeks afterward Audubon visited that spot again. Once more the eagle rose from its cliff; it flew, but the pinion was broken, and it

NEVER ROSE SO HIGH AGAIN.

In his letter this young man reveals the fact that the soul also can suffer grievous injury. For years he had built the battlements about his honor and integrity. One by one habits rose, but in a single weak hour, influenced by companions and making haste to get rich, he was overcome. In a careless moment he lost all. Just as the keeper of a castle gate might in a careless mood permit the enemy to enter, to lift the firebrand and ruin the fortress. This letter is typical. We have all known one boy who has dulled his senses and in a drunken hour fallen to break arm or ankle. He needed but one lesson—but nature is pitiless, and that one error has brought lifelong consequences, and henceforth he always limps.

Here is the clerk, who owes his position and his every advancement to the generous employer, but the youth is unfaithful and ungrateful—in losing his position through dishonor he has embarrassed his entire future. Here is the man who at 40 wakens up to discover that he is unfitted for business—that he loves professional life. Against all protests from father or mother he left the high school or college, closed his books, played the truant, threw away his chance. Now he would give all but life itself to retrace his steps. But the angel of opportunity has gone forever. No prayers in August will produce a sheaf or shock for the man who did not plow and sow in April. Success in maturity is simply the autumn day where the well-used spring pours forth its rich treasures. In the intellectual and industrial life a mistake may lead to life-long consequences. For the bird with a broken pinion will never fly so high again.

Not less fatal are other mistakes. Gone the era of Homer, but Circe's palace has been rebuilt, and the sirens sing sweetly. The old poet, speaking to the youth of his day, warned them against wasting their offerings on

STRANGE ALTARS AND GODS.

Never was the injunction more necessary than to-day. One of our great books holds a most pathetic charter. A gifted youth, leaving college and coming to the great city, dwells with his companions in the outskirts of Sodom. The time came when he was mature and successful; when he met a woman whom he loved with all his heart and soul.

"You would have loved me, then, if I had led a different life," he said.

"Yes," she answered simply, "I should have loved you. You were born for me. Why, oh why, did you not live for me?"

"I wish to God I had," he answered.

"You meant to marry always," she said. "You treasured in your heart your ideal of a woman. Why could you not have lived so that you would have been her ideal, too, when at last you met?"

"I wish to God I had," he repeated.

Ah, what a page is that! It is like the opening of the door that Bunyan saw into the hill of fire where Apollyon dwelt. For this man the mistakes are irremediable, the injury is lifelong. The soul rises on wings of love and hope. But the soul's wings may be broken. Any injury to the wings of love and hope and faith means that the bird with its broken pinion will never rise so high again. But even so, there is hope and promise for the fallen one. For it is just here that the evangel of God's love comes in with its hope and promise. The youth cannot forgive himself, others may not forgive him, but God can. Nature is good and

NATURE IS GOD.

Physicians have found that a broken finger, if properly set, is sometimes stronger after the break than it was before it. Out of the battle and the enmity and the conflict come the courage and the strength and the victory. Who shall say that in the rebound from sin Paul is not greater and better than the old Saul? And with Saul in mind, why should this youth or any man despair? "A bruised reed will he not break" is God's word. Look at those wrecks of men and women whom Christ turned to heroes and apostles and saints for purity, beauty, sweetness and service!

There is medicine and healing in God's heart. Life is full of recreative forces. No mistake is fatal; no life is ever hopeless. My answer to this youth is the long line of men, from Saul to Augustine, to Bunyan and Gough, who have risen up to surrender the will to God, to live with the unseen one, who is nearer to man than breathing, who have "climbed" on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things. God says: "I will cast all your sin behind my back." What God forgets you should not remember. Once a sin is repented of, once restitution has been made, forgiveness sought and gained, the sin has ceased to be a part of the life. For the soul has sometimes fallen only to plume its pinions for a new and a wider and a higher flight.

MARKET BUILT BY PIRATE

AN ORNAMENT TO THE CITY OF HAVANA.

And the Most Splendid Building of Its Kind in the World.

The finest market building on the Western continent, if not in the world, is the Tacon Palace Market, at Havana, Cuba. This magnificent market was built by a Spanish pirate and smuggler named "Captain" Tacon, who for years preyed upon shipping in West Indian waters, smuggling into Cuba the cargoes thus seized. At last, in 1870, the Spanish Government determined to put a stop to the smuggling carried on by Tacon and his band, and for this purpose sent to Cuba a Governor named Martz. This new Governor offered a fabulous reward to anyone who would bring Tacon to him, dead or alive. When several months had passed, and no one had come forward to claim the reward, the incident occurred which led to the building of the city's palatial market.

A stranger entered the Governor's room and closed the door behind him. The official was alone, seated at a table writing, and the stranger stood quietly before him. With a glance of surprise and anger the Governor asked:—

"Who entered here, unannounced, at this hour?"

"One who has important information to impart to the Government," was the answer.

"Very well, then, what is the nature of your news?

"Excellency, you have offered a handsome reward, a princely sum, for the person of Captain Tacon; is it not so?"

"Yes. You have nothing to fear. Speak!"

"I must do so with caution, Excellency. Otherwise

I MAY CONDEMN MYSELF.

A free pardon is offered even to him who will turn State's evidence. So?"

"Yes. The offer is unconditional."

"Well, Excellency, it is a full confession I have come hither to make. Will you give the your word that you will grant the free pardon to me if I reveal all that you require?"

The Governor hesitated, then said: "If you are able and willing to pilot our ships and reveal the rendezvous of Tacon and his followers, you shall be rewarded and pardoned."

"I know your character well, Excellency," said the stranger. "So I will speak without further parley. The man for whom you offer the great reward is before you. I am Captain Tacon."

The Governor started. Such was the outlaw's reputation that his Excellency instinctively glanced at a brace of pistols that lay before him on the table.

The outlaw saw the glance and handed his own pistols to the Governor. "I have no further use for them; in future, diplomacy, not fighting, for me."

"I shall keep my promise," said the Governor, "providing you faithfully perform your part. But you must remain under guard."

And Tacon was forthwith placed in confinement, though made as comfortable as possible. The next day he was transferred to the Government boat and began the task of piloting it through shoals to the various

HAUNTS OF THE SMUGGLERS.

At every place, however, the smugglers had disappeared. The result was just as satisfactory, for, with their places of rendezvous known, their trade was broken up. Tacon returned with the ship and was summoned to the Governor's presence.

"I will now fulfil my part of the agreement," said his Excellency. "In this package you will find a free pardon for past offences. But any disloyalty on your part shall be promptly punished, and as rigorously as though these late services had never been performed. Here is an order on the Treasury for the sum of money named as the reward."

"The pardon, Excellency, I will gladly receive. As for the money, let me make a proposal. The Treasury is poor; I am rich. Retain the money, and in place of it guarantee me alone the right to fish on the coast of Cuba, and declare the business of supplying fish contraband, except to me and my agents. This will compensate me, and I will erect a public market at my own expense—one which shall be an ornament to the city—the most splendid building of the kind, indeed, that the world has seen. And at the expiration of twenty-five years my market shall become the property of the city."

The Governor granted Tacon the privileges asked, and the result is that to-day Havana possesses a market palace which serves as a model for architects in other cities, but which has never been

EQUALLED IN SPLENDOR.

The correspondent who writes this was in Havana in the days before the Spanish-American War, when the city was given over to dirt and pestilence; but in that uncleanly city there was even then one ever-clean spot, and that was the Tacon Market. Pirate Tacon said: "The only way to keep a market clean is to give not part of it, but the whole of it, a daily bath." And the custom in this direction that he established is still practised. Every morning, after the marketing for the day is over, every part of the building—floor, walls, ceiling, stalls, and all—is washed—drenched in tons of water. The marketman who has not disposed of all his produce must take his goods elsewhere while the building receives its "bath;" a process that actually constitutes one of the sights for visitors in the city. The entire floor is of white marble, and all the stands, or counters, for the display of goods are of a kind of white stone, as are also all the walls.

Tacon himself was killed by an American bullet while fighting in the Spanish ranks in 1898 in the defence of Santiago. He died a poor man, three years after his beautiful market palace became the property of the capital city of Cuba. In the fish department of the market is still sold a most delicious breakfast fish known as "tacon."

A STAMPEDE OF CAVALRY.

Terrible Scenes at a Camp Near Southampton, England.

A stampede among cavalry horses is always a troublesome thing, and may easily become a terrible one. The recent stampede of one thousand horses near Southampton, England, was singularly exciting, and had serious results. Several soldiers were dangerously trampled, and two hussar regiments were rendered unfit to participate in the Essex manœuvres, and had to be sent back to Aldershot, where, too, a whole train-load of wounded horses was despatched for surgical treatment.

The stampede began at two in the morning. A horse, plunging about in the horse lines, was thrown and broke its leg, and an officer shot it where it lay. The sudden flash and report so terrified the neighboring animals that they broke loose, pulled up the pegs to which they were tethered, and stampeded more and more of the other horses as the sound of their thundering hoofs and excited neighings rang through the camp. Straight through the tents of the sleeping troopers they charged, overthrowing and trampling everything before them, while the iron-shod picket-pegs, swinging free at the end of their loose ropes as they ran, cruelly wounded many, and goaded the horde to madness.

From Baddesley Common, where the camp was, they dashed away in droves of fifties and hundreds in all directions. One great squadron galloped wildly through the streets of Southampton, and brought the sleeping citizens half-clad to their doors and windows. Many were crushed against the masonry of the narrow passage; others met death by crashing into trolley-poles, against walls, or into a trench where the road was under repair. But the greater number kept on unhurt till they reached the harbor, and, never halting in their terror, plunged straight into its waters. Many were drowned; many others were rescued by men who put out in boats and rounded them up as they swam, driving them ashore as soon as other men had broken down the steep landing stages enough to permit them to scramble up.

The next day search-parties of troopers went horse-hunting over a radius of twenty miles. They brought in their mounts from field, farm and forest by ones and twos and dozens—limping, weary, sorely battered beasts. Many could not be brought in; they were found dead or hopelessly hurt by the roadside.

Some five years ago an American cavalry camp near San Antonio, Texas, met with an experience similar to this, although less disastrous. More than eight hundred horses, led by a beautiful, wild dun mare, broke from their corral at Fort Sam Houston. Part were trained mounts, dashed across the parade-ground a bugle-call rang out from the officers' quarters, and the trained chargers slackened their pace immediately. Again the bugle sounded; the wild mare and a third of her followers kept on; the other two-thirds turned squarely at right angles. The bugle sounded once more—"Columns right!" and they turned still again at right angles, and galloped back in the direction whence they had come. At another call the gallop slackened and fell to a trot. A last time it rang out: "Halt!" and the riderless squadron, panting and trembling yet, but obedient to the summons they knew, halted and stood still.

As for the wild horses that kept on through the city of San Antonio, they killed no one, for a wonder, but the property loss was great, and the trail of the stampede was as plain as the path of a cyclone.

The Home

OYSTERS.

If you would enjoy the oyster to the fullest, two rules should be observed in the cooking and the serving of them. First, never overcook them, it makes them leathery and, second, always serve oysters as prepared—allowing them to ... and ruins them.

Raw Oysters.—Oysters are prettiest when served in a ... milax-enwreathed iceblock (hollowed out by means of a hot iron), but they are best served on the half-shell. Only newly opened, the natural juices around them. In either case serve them lemon slices and thin slices of buttered rye bread.

Oysters Cooked in the Shell.—The most delicate cooked oysters are those which are cooked in the shell. They can be steamed, baked in the oven, broiled over coals, or merely laid on a griddle on top of the stove. The points to remember, however, are: To place them, however cooked, the round side down, to hold the ices; to take them from the stove as soon as the shells open (about fifteen minutes); to scrub the shell before putting them on to cook, and to serve them immediately, first removing the upper shell with butter, pepper and salt.

Broiled.—Dip in melted butter, season with salt and pepper, and broil over hot coals. Serve on well-buttered toast sprinkled with chopped parsley.

Fancy Roast.—Put the oysters in a dry spider (not too hot), and shake about on the stove until they give out liquor and are ... seasoning with salt, pepper, butter and a dash of mace.

Panned.—Drain one pint of oysters and strain the liquor through a very fine sieve. Put one tablespoonful of butter in a spider, as soon as melted add the oysters, shaking them about a moment to ... then, with dredge immediately with flour, one teaspoonful of flour, pepper, add the salt and a little strained liquor, half a teaspoonful of lemon-juice and a dash of cayenne. Shake or stir them until the edges curl, and serve on buttered toast.

Smothered.—Prepare oysters, omitting the liquor, for panned oysters, adding one level teaspoonful of flour, chopped parsley and keeping the pan covered while baking about ten minutes. Paprika may be used instead of pepper.

Steamed, with Sauce.—Steaming the oysters place them, after draining, in a dish and steam in a steamer, cover the dish and steam until the edges curl. Be ready to pour over them a sauce made as follows: Beat three yolks of eggs until light, add to them one cupful of thick cream, one level teaspoonful of salt, half a saltspoonful of pepper, and a little mace; bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Before pouring this sauce over the oysters add to it the liquor which has been given out by them in the steaming. The dish containing the oysters in the steamer should be covered.

Creamed.—Put two tablespoonfuls of butter and a slice of onion in a spider, and when it has begun to brown add one tablespoonful of flour, one level teaspoonful of salt, one-third of a saltspoonful of mace and a dash of cayenne, and well, and add one pint of cream. As soon as the boiling-point is reached put in one quart of oysters, cook until the edges curl.

Fried.—Drain well select the oysters and roll them lightly in cracker crumbs until well coated, and stand in a cool place for an hour. Have ready then a pot of deep fat (home-rendered leaf-lard is best) at that stage of heat when it emits a blue smoke from the middle. Place enough oysters in a frying basket to cover the bottom, immerse them in the fat long enough to become a rich golden brown, then transfer them to a brown paper in the open oven. When all are fried, lay them on a folded napkin on a platter (both hot), and garnish generously with parsley. Serve always with fried oysters, crisp celery or cold slaw, and for variety's sake tomato or cream horse-raddish sauce.

A MODERN PROBLEM.

One feature of modern life which assails the happiness and the security of home is the discontent prevalent among housekeepers.

So many married women are self-supporting that one who is not feels that she lacks either ambition or ability, and frets at the routine which bind her to the routine of housework and those daily economies necessary to make the earnings of her husband cover expenses.

She is tired of running after kids or thinking up something for the next meal, and envies the women in business.

She is apt to express her feelings upon the subject quite freely, while the woman in business keeps silent about the things that worry her. But there are plenty of them, and of a character which make the care of children and meals seem very insignificant.

If she attempts to keep house in connection with her business things are sure to go awry, and waste, while a cheerless atmosphere prevails. Bills meet them; customers take the advantage of her; neglect to pay, and find fault with her work, while she must contribute to this or subscribe to that, or else be put down as mean and miserly.

Her children are neglected morally, mentally and physically, while she has no time or thought for that sweetness and comfort which is the true joy of motherhood and housekeeping. These crosses and losses are not noticed by the looker-on, but she is envied because she is making money.

To keep up with our progressive age we must leave so much behind that there is danger of casting away something for which we can find no compensation. The two who walk together with separate purses sustain different relations from those who keep up the old fashion of looking upon the husband as one who protects and provides for his home and all within it. The chivalrous spirit is not awakened. The wife can take care of herself, and perhaps put up considerable for the house, their children and himself. This idea may shock a man at first, but he soon becomes familiar with it. To live upon the earnings of his wife casts so little odium upon a man now-a-days that he soon ceases to care, and in many cases takes life easy while she takes it hard.

A woman supporting an able-bodied man or working as many hours as he for wages and doing housework before and after is too common a case to attract attention.

A lady once remarked that this was a prominent feature of all manufacturing towns. If they can get the work, many women and girls will do it, even when there is no necessity.

Now, girls, are beginning to declare themselves afraid to marry lest they meet the fate of many whom they see working hard to support not only themselves but husband and children. Escaping this as a necessity, they stand a good chance to join the mass of housekeepers who sigh for the independence of individual earnings, and add to the number of homes which fail to be as happy as they ought because of this popular idea of woman being self-supporting.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To make stuffing for the turkey or chicken, slice a sufficient quantity of stale homemade bread, break it up, season with salt and pepper, and a generous lump of butter, moisten with a bit of boiling water, and cover closely to keep the steam in. Mix thoroughly and stuff the fowl; not too tightly or the stuffing will be soggy. As there is always a great demand for this part of the dinner, particularly where there are children, make enough so that a portion can be baked in a closed covered dish beside the turkey.

A corresponden says that, if the plum pudding is boiled in a linen cloth, it will "turn out" whole and without breaking. Ordinary butchers' liner, often used for savouries, is the best.

A housekeeper has discovered that it is not necessary to roll and cut out doughnuts. Add less flour than when you intend to roll them, and drop by the teaspoonful into hot fat. Instead of rings, you have golden balls that, rolled in powdered sugar, look as pretty as they taste good.

Clothes are often torn in cold weather, in taking them from the line, as they have frozen under the pins. They say that if the corners that come on the line are dipped in strong salt water there will no such trouble.

CURIOSITIES OF THE PEERAGE

Two British Lords With Remarkable Careers.

It is doubtful whether two more remarkable men exist in or out of the peerage than Lord Leicester and Lord Ellesmere.

Lord Leicester, who is 83, is in many ways unique among English nobles. He is the father-in-law of four earls, a viscount and a baron, and is not only a great grandfather several times over, but also the proud father of a small boy of 11; while there is a difference of half a century between the ages of his eldest daughter (Lady Powerscourt) and his youngest son.

Perhaps, however, the most extraordinary thing about Lord Leicester's family history is the unparalleled fact that he married his wife, the present countess, exactly a hundred years after his father married his first, the dates being 1775 and 1875.

As well as being prominent in the literary world, Lord Ellesmere is a notable figure in racing circles, being the owner of Hampton, the sire of no less than five Derby winners; and it is a curious fact, though the owner of some of the finest racing stables in England, Lord Ellesmere has never made a bet.

In the agricultural world he created a sensation by a special breed of white pigs; he is also known as the man who gave $5,000 for a fighting gamecock, and, as if all this did not lend him distinction enough, he is the owner of the finest private picture gallery in London.

COLONEL AND KERNEL.

A short time back Colonel Carr's gardener was going through the woods belonging to his master when he saw a man gathering nuts. As the Colonel had given strict orders that this was not to be permitted the gardener accosted the man.

"I've orders to keep all these nuts for the Colonel this year."

"That's all right," said the man. "I'm a-getting 'em for the kernel."

A week later the gardener came across the same man again.

"Look here," he said angrily. "You're not getting those nuts for the Colonel at all."

"I tell yer I was," was the emphatic reply. "Do you think I was getting 'em for the shells?"

Daughter of the House (dishevelled and torn after one turn round the ball-room with clumsy partner)—"Do you mind very much, Mr. Quickstep, if we sit out the rest of it?" Mr. Quickstep—"Just as you like, miss. I'm only a-dancin' for your pleasure."

WONDERFUL OPERATIONS

SOME OF THE MARVELS OF SKIN GRAFTING.

A Little Finger Turned into a Nose—Dog's Hair Growing on a Boy's Head.

There is a man in Philadelphia who has the strangest nose in creation. It is not really a nose at all, but the little finger of his left hand which has been amputated and ... to his face by the wonders of skin-grafting process.

This young man, named Oscar Leonard, had the misfortune to be born without the usual nasal organ. Suffering in secret, until he had reached manhood, he at last persuaded the surgeons of the University Hospital, Philadelphia, to give him the best possible substitute.

Accordingly, one day, he was put under chloroform, the nail and part of the skin of the fourth finger of his left hand removed, and the hand fastened to Mr. Leonard's face on the spot where the nose should have been by means of a plaster bandage.

For three weeks the young man held his hand to his face, never removing it, asleep or awake. Then when it was seen that the circulation of the blood had taken place, and that the finger was growing as a nose, the patient was again subjected to an anæsthetic, the hand and the nose were separated.

A fortnight or so later Mr. Leonard was delighted with a new nose that was in no way different from that of his more fortunate neighbors.

LITTLE LESS WONDERFUL

was the operation performed on a boy whose nose had been torn off by a bite from a horse. The case on this occasion, however, was constructed from a strip of flesh taken from the boys arm. With the aid of an eminent French surgeon named Ollier, the lobule and other parts of the organ, and completed the operation by covering the flesh with skin from the brow.

A nine-year-old New Yorker, Otto Trammer by name, has a patch of dog's hair on the top of his head. The little fellow was playing in the street when he was caught by an electric car, and dragged him along for fifty feet before being stopped. Picked up insensible, with an arm, a leg, and a few bones broken, had several lacerations, it was also noticed that the child had lost his scalp. The wounds were soon set, and the scalp replaced to its place, and secured by sutures. There remained the difficulty of replacing the missing patch.

Eventually little Otto, who had become very attached to the family dog, started the surgeons by asking if part of the dog's hair could be applied to the bald patch. The experiment proved completely successful, the dog's long, black wavy hair blending nicely and growing admirably.

ON THE BOY'S HEAD.

Pig skin was not long ago grafted on the arm of a negress named Grant, of Richmond, Virginia, who had been terribly burnt in a gasoline explosion. It was necessary that a certain amount of skin should be grafted on the woman's arm before her life, and as none of her friends would consent to be operated upon the surgeon, seized by a brilliant idea, sent for a pig two months old, had it chloroformed, and depilated a sufficient skin to cover the part of the patient's body. The operation was entirely satisfactory.

Frog's skin has been also used—also on the arm of a patient who had lost twenty-five square inches of skin through blood-poisoning. Four days after the operation the frog's skin had taken hold, forming a red, healthy epidermis.

A much more extraordinary feat, of course, was that which restored sight to a Mr. Strichell, of Canton, Ohio. The creature used in this case was a rabbit, whose eye now enables the mine-owner to read and to see everything just as well as if he had never lost his sight. Mr. Strichell, who had lost his eye in a mining accident two years previously, had given up all hope of ever again being able to see, when Dr. Walter determined to try the

A BOLD EXPERIMENT.

Though the patient's right eye was entirely sightless, and the left had only sufficient power to detect a lighted candle placed before it, Dr. Walter was of opinion that a healthy rabbit's eye would provide a solution to the mystery.

Selecting a fine-looking rabbit, he took a piece of bunny's cornea (similar to the white part surrounding the iris and pupil of your eye), and with wonderful skill grafted it over the sightless eye of Mr. Strichell. The grafting being successful, the patient was again able to see, and in a very short time, as his health improved was with glasses enabled to see as well as ever he could.

Not long ago Mr. Henry Blase, a member of the Second Regiment National Guard, of New Jersey, was severely burnt in a naptha explosion, the regiment's colonel called a meeting of his men and asked for volunteers willing to provide a portion of the skin for their comrade. With one accord the whole of the regiment stepped out of line, and eventually twenty-two of them were operated upon. The subsequent grafting to the body of Mr. Blase was entirely successful.—Pearson's Weekly.

A match-cutting machine is an automatic curiosity. It cuts 10,000 a day, and arranges them over vat where the heads are put on.

Dr. Breuilard has invented a shoe with a spring in the heel which promises to make walking more easy and pleasurable.

"They said all sorts of unkind things about you." "Such as what?" "Well, they said that you married for money." "But you didn't believe it, did you?" "Not until I had your husband." After that there came an estrangement between the two fair friends.

PEOPLE W... LIVE LIES

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

Devices Some People Adopt So That Strangers May Think They ...

The mad ... prosperous as ... born, is waged ... common-sense ... by the shallow-... young men and ... Where will ... appear what ... wealth at any ... people believe we ... poor, or in many ... carry us, if it ... too many ... papers testify ... and disgrace. ... deflications, the ... the petty ... bookkeepers ... people in various ... trust, are due ... to make a show.

CLOTHES.

All ... classes ... From the ... clerk and the fashionable ... masquerading idea ... as much display ... cannot tell by ... ance of many ... anything about ... their homes. ... among their wealthy ... and costly garments ... out reference to ... ciency in the ... seen.

I know of young ... afflict in the ... surroundings, ... all but the best ... in order that the ... or three evening ... suits in some ... Young women ... salaries in dress ... go without proper ... in order that ... purchase cheap ... borate garments ... wealthy woman ... It is pitiable ... vices that people ... to live upon ... the public. ... not the ... falsity and ... straining for ... lead. ... is natural ... young ... the ... live it ... backed ... able ...

Oscar ... to be ... organ, ... had ... per... niver... make ... put ... part ... of his ... fas... the ... have ... old. ... allow ... meet ... Then ... cula... place, ... crow... again ... the ... pend... mar... able ... out ... cency ... seen.

EIGHT DESTR...

Report That R... Squadron G...

DESTROYERS ESCAP...

A despatch to the ... graph from Chefoo ... ported that eight Ru... boat destroyers have ... Port Arthur.

OCCUPIED THE HE...

A despatch received at To... telegraph on Thursday from ... panese army before ... says:—

"The right column ... 5 o'clock Thursday ... advantage of the ... ment, drove them ... north of Houssanyentao ... and occupied the ... 7 o'clock this forenoon ... a height on the ... Houssanyentao, which ... capturing one small gun ... Japanese occupation ... the enemy ... but was immediately ... present our occupation ... is practically ...

AN EXCUSE ...

A despatch to ... The Russian ... ceived information ... the Novoe Vremya ... Wednesday reads ... nation, indicates ...

SAPS ...

According ... spondent of ... graph from ... flanking the ... The Japanese ... forced the ... section from ... Mali, with ... ed that Gen. ... commander ... asked for ... Many ... north ...

Concerning ... of Kikwantsai ... Struck the ... exploding ... ades. The ... three Great ... there were ...

The unnamed ... tured by the ... time they ... fort is called ... crowned by a ... sian fort. After ... captured in the ... the position, left ... on 203-Metre Hill ... the Russian ... there. ...

The value ... pressed is ... because it is ... ed from the neighborhood ... which must be ... mated that the Japanese ... taken ... 400 ...

GUNS CAPTURED.

A despatch from ... The ... following ... Tokio, Wednesday ... at the Japanese ... "Port Arthur ... trophies at the ... fort of Tukuwan ... quick-guns, which ... our machine-guns ... five field guns, which ... application, besides ... invention, grenades ...

SEBASTOPOL ...

A despatch from ... miral Togo, who ... a series of observations ... sian battleships ... graphs to the Navy ... pressing the opinion ... topol is disabled ... attached to Togo's ... vations and opinion ... the fact that when ... flagship Petropavlovsk ... so was one of the ... entire Japanese ... caught the wreckage ...

Commander Nebogatoff ... while torpedo ... been promoted ... other posthumously.

STEAMER RUNS ...

At despatch to the ... Telegraph from Chefoo ... steamer Lady Mitchell ... British flag and having ... crew, reached Port ... Tsingtao last Saturday night ... carried a cargo of ammunition, ... dynamite, and thus ... snowstorm to run the ... blockade of the port.

BOATS STILL SEAWORTHY.

A despatch from ... says:—While declining to ... tails, the Admiralty admits that ... Russian advices from Port Arthur ... cent by Gen. Stoessel substantially ... confirmed the Japanese advices ... the partial wrecking of the Russian ... ships in the harbor and that ... has been instructed to permit the ... publication of the despatches. It is ... claimed that several of the largest ... ships and a respectable number of ...