

The Booby Prize.

It was the first prize money my wife had ever won, so naturally there was a good deal of discussion as to how it was to be spent. She had won it as a consolation prize at a booby golf tournament, and it was paid to her in two new bright five shilling pieces.

"Ted," she said, when I was just dropping off to sleep in my armchair after dinner, "I think a feather boa would be best, don't you?"

"Best for which, dear?" I asked.

"Best way of spending the money, of course. Do you like gray or a sort of mauvy pink?"

"Mauvy pink, dear, I always like mauvy pink." And for a moment the silence of the smoking-room was only disturbed by the click-click of my wife's knitting needles. My wife has a great fancy for knitting my golf stockings; she declares that home-knit ones are much more economical than those bought in shops. I never wear the ones she knits, but that does not seem to affect the principle of economy in her mind. I was going over in my thoughts the excellent approach shots I had made at the "home" hole, when her knitting needles were suspended for a moment at arm's length in my direction, and she caught my eye.

"Of course, dear, a new sunshade would last longer. Now, which do you advise, a sunshade or a feather boa?"

"A sunshade, darling; I always was dead on sunshades."

My wife looked at me with eyes full of proud happiness.

"Ted, dear, I am glad I won the prize; it will save you buying me a new sunshade or a feather boa to wear at May's wedding. I don't know which yet. Really, your silver sardine dish isn't half so useful, although it was valued in the prize list at seven guineas. Neither of us eat sardines, you see."

I had laid aside the sardine dish in my mind as my wife's birthday present, so this was not to be encouraged. "It was the first prize for the Bills-worth May meeting, dear."

"I know, darling, but when you think of it, a feather boa of the new mauvy pink, if it is only a 'booby consolation,' is much more useful. What can you do with a silver sardine box if you don't eat sardines? Whereas, if you have a feather boa—"

"You can make even the choir boys jealous on Sunday," I interrupted. My wife fell to knitting again. I always admire the brilliance of the checks with which she illustrates the tops of my stockings; the shelf of the wardrobe on which she displays them looks like a border of mixed primulas in full bloom, but one trait I like in my wife is that she seems to know by instinct the things that irritate her husband, and she does her best to avoid incurring my displeasure. Now, one of the things I dislike most is talking in bed at nights, but just as I was dropping off and was doing a marvelous creak shot, I had got out of a bunk that had cost my partner four shots, she exclaimed, suddenly: "Ted, are you asleep?"

I grunted "No."

"The worst of it is, darling, that feather boos dirty so soon; now, a silver puff-box would always last, and I could leave it to Gladys as a memento of her mother's"—my wife paused.

"Of her mother's first booby consolation prize," I said. Before I got to sleep I had promised to take my wife next morning to town, and help her choose a mauvy pink feather boa. It was raining next morning, so we had to take a cab. The cab cost me five shillings. My wife certainly chose an exquisite boa, and even a husband couldn't help noticing how becoming it was to her. In the cab on the way home I also noticed that the ticket was still on it; it was marked four and a half guineas. My wife said that it was awfully cheap at that. Of course I could not expect ten shillings to pay for a whole feather boa, but, as she remarked, it would have cost me four and a half guineas instead of four if she hadn't won the booby prize. It was so becoming to her that I let the matter drop, but the rest of our drive was continued in silence. The sardine box arrived to-night, and I sent it off as a prize to be awarded by me at a cottage flower show for the best example of cottage grown honesty.

"How proud the cottagers will be," said my wife, "to have a real silver sardine box!"

"Yes," I replied, "I wonder if they like sardines?"

We had some friends in to dinner next evening, and they pleased my wife much by admiring some candle shades she had put on the candlesticks I had won at the autumn meeting last year, answered as pleased as a child, and answered proudly: "Yes, I bought those with the money I won at the booby golf tournament."

I looked up in surprise.

"O, Ted, dear, didn't I tell you that I didn't spend my money for the boa, and these two shades came to exactly ten shillings. I was carving a rebellious duck, and was too anxious to tell her how clever I was to get to get the shades for exactly the sum she had to spend, but with her usual insight she said it for me. It was so much nicer to buy something that cost exactly what I had won. These are exactly my prize."

Some nights later, when I had had my second pipe, my wife spoilt my

peace of mind by heaving a deep sigh. "What's up now, old lady?" I asked.

"O, Ted, dear, I wish I could win another prize."

"Isn't it rather expensive, dear?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, with astonished eyes.

"You want to buy so much with it, dear," I said.

"O, Ted, I only bought part of the duckie chiffon sunshade you admired so much on Sunday, you didn't want to invest it for me, did you?"

"No, darling, certainly not; you have invested it much more cleverly."

"You know you like the sunshade, Ted?"

"I thought you bought the candle shades, dear."

She laid down her knitting, and was looking coldly at me. "No, dear, I didn't; surely I can change my mind about my own money. May said candle shades were such a prosaic thing to buy with a 'booby prize,' it would be nicer to get something you could enjoy as well."

"Yes, set, I always enjoy chiffons."

"Ted," my wife exclaimed, with burning eyes, "surely you always enjoy seeing your own wife look pretty?" Tears were near to dropping on my wife's knitting needles, and rusty knitting needles made the wool stick, my wife says, so I comforted her by telling her I always enjoyed looking at pretty women, and ten shillings would pay for the fifth part of my enjoyment nicely. She smiled and looked relieved. "Now, you see why I want to win another prize, don't you, dear?"

"Golf is an expensive game, darling, even if you do win a booby prize."

P. S.—My wife didn't spend her money on the chiffon parasol after all; she paid for the fourth part of a periwinkle blue hat.

WOMAN'S SUPERIORITY.

True, she cannot sharpen a pencil, and outside of commercial circles, she cannot tie a package to make it look anything save a crooked cross section of chaos; but, land of miracle! See what she can do with a pin! I believe there are some women who can pin a glass knob to a door. She cannot walk so many miles around a billiard table with nothing to eat; and nothing (to speak of) to drink, but she can walk the floor all night with a fretful baby, without going asleep the first half hour.

She can ride five hundred miles without going into the smoking car to rest (and get away from the children). She can go to town and do a wearisome day's shopping and have a good time with three or four friends without drinking a keg of beer. She can enjoy an evening visit without smoking half a dozen cigars. She can endure the torturing distraction of a house full of children all day, while her husband cuffs them all howling to bed before he has been home an hour. Every day she endures a dress that would make an athlete swoon.

She will not, and perhaps cannot, walk five hundred miles around a tankard track in six days for five thousand dollars, but she can walk two hundred miles in ten hours, up and down the crowded aisles of a dry goods store, when there is a reduction sale on. She hath no skill at fence, and knoweth not how to spar; but when she javelins a man in the ribs, in a Christmas crowd, with her elbow, that man's whole family howls.

She is afraid of a mouse and runs from a cow, but a book agent cannot scare her. She is the salt of the neighboring church, the pepper of the choir, the life of the sewing society, and about all there is for a young lady school or a nunnery. A boy with a sister is fortunate, a fellow with a cousin is to be envied, a young man with a sweetheart is happy, and a man with a wife is thrice blessed more than them all.—Robert J. Burdette.

A QUEEN'S CRADLE.

The oak cradle in which Mary Queen of Scots was rocked is very handsome and well preserved, though it has passed through many vicissitudes. She was born on the 7th of December, 1542, at Linlithgow Palace, which was the favorite residence of James V., of Scotland, and his young wife, Mary of Guise. The royal father never saw his child, for he was on his deathbed at Falkland Palace when she came into the world. The Palace of Linlithgow was burned by Gen. Hawley's dragoons after they had been defeated by the Highland army under "bonnie Prince Charlie" in 1746, and the oak cradle was most likely "looted," and got into the hands of a woman who used it for her own babies and passed on to her children and children's children. From her granddaughter it was obtained about sixty years ago by Mr. Joseph V. Paton, a well-known Scotch antiquary of Dunfermline, who made a fine collection of antique furniture.

His daughter, Mrs. D. O. Hill, gives the following account of it: "A man whom my father employed to look out for any old carved oak furniture in the neighborhood of palaces went into a house near Linlithgow Palace, where a woman was rocking a child in an old oak cradle without one of the rockers. The man said: 'What are ye doing, jumbly' your bairn's judgment in a thing like that?' She answered him: 'Eh, man! do ye no ken that was the Queen's cradle?' He said: 'You'll be asking a lot for it.' She replied: 'I wouldna tak a pound note for it.' The man on his return told my father about this, but thought the woman was asking too much for it. My father went off at once to Linlithgow and gave the woman a good price for it, and it has been in possession of the family ever since."

DREAD BUBONIC PLAGUE.

THE OUTBREAK AT VIENNA A VERITABLE TRAGEDY.

How the Disease Was Contracted—The Original Victim Owed His Premature Death to an Inoculated Rat—The Danger of an Epidemic.

A veritable tragedy of modern science is the outbreak of the bubonic plague in Vienna. It has already killed a doctor and a laboratory assistant, and threatens the lives of many other persons.

In Professor Nothnagel's laboratory, where this outbreak originated, experiments have been conducted with the plague germs since the outbreak in the East, nearly two years ago, of the most dreadful of all epidemic diseases. It receives great attention from the medical profession of Vienna, because, on account of that city's proximity to the East, the plague is more feared there than elsewhere in Europe.

Vienna has been a centre of plague investigation. It is now a centre of infection. The germs have undoubtedly been carried broadcast through the city from Nothnagel's laboratory. There is danger of a general epidemic.

Barisch, the original victim of the Vienna laboratory, owed his death, according to the latest report, to a rat. He was an assistant in the laboratory. The doctors had been making experiments with anti-toxin on the rat. In the first place, the germs were injected into the animal. Then it was put back into its cage, in order that the disease might develop and the anti-toxin be tested. Barisch was ordered to report on the condition of the animal. Familiarity with such experiments had made him careless. Instead of looking at the rat from a safe distance he took it out. He held it too loosely. Quick as lightning it twisted and bit deep into his thumb. The dumb victim of science took an awful revenge. Its sharp teeth carried the germs right into the man's circulation.

Barisch dropped the rat, which disappeared in a hole. He sucked his thumb and said and apparently thought no more about it.

For three days Barisch went about the city as usual, visiting friends, drinking beer and enjoying the largest possible amount of social intercourse. Even after he began to feel ill he said nothing about what had happened.

STRICKEN DOWN.

At the end of three days he was stricken down with the plague in its worst form. He had swelling in all the glands of his body, blackness of the skin and terrible vomiting. In eight hours he died.

Dr. Mueller treated him. In three days he developed the plague and died. Two women nurses, Albine Pecha and Johanna Hochegger, were dreadfully ill, but recovered.

Six other cases then developed. They were treated in an isolated building. One physician, Dr. Pooch, who volunteered for the work, stayed inside the building. He wrote his prescriptions and held them against the window pane inside. They were read by other physicians outside. All contact between occupants of the isolated building and outsiders was avoided.

Rats have long been dreaded as a means of spreading plague infection. They spread it in Hong Kong and Bombay, two cities where the disease has raged recently.

Wherever the pestilence has appeared vast quantities of dead rats have been about the houses. This was particularly true during the last epidemic in Bombay. After the dead rats had been seen the human death rate became high. It is conjectured that after one man had been killed by the plague the rats attacked the dead body. The rats carried the infection to other houses. The germs clung to their hair and whiskers. The animals contaminated human food, then sickened and died. Their bodies were eaten by other rats and vermin. Thus the disease was spread far and wide. It is also probable that soiled dressings were carelessly thrown away and gnawed by the rats.

SPREAD BY INOCULATION.

It was long ago recognized that the disease could be spread by inoculation. One of Dr. Kitasato's assistants in Hong Kong cut himself while performing an autopsy on a plague case, developed the disease and almost lost his life. The bubonic plague is the same as the "black death," which nearly depopulated Europe on several occasions. Its last appearance in England was vividly described by Daniel Defoe.

Dr. Kitasato, a young Japanese physician, is credited with having been the first to isolate the microbes of the plague.

The plague lurks perpetually in certain interior cities of Asia. Occasionally it appears in the great ports and creates a panic. In 1894 it broke out in a severe form at Hong Kong. It travelled down the coast to Saigon. Finally in 1897 it appeared in Bombay and other cities of India. Cold and heat have little or no effect on the disease. It flourishes wherever filth is abundant and where population has little vitality to resist disease.

The disease owes its name to its predominant characteristic, which is an intense inflammation of the lymphatic glands. These are situated in the groin, armpits, thorax, neck and abdomen.

Infection is liable to be carried for three or four months by a person who

has recovered from the plague. As the natives of Asia use the same streams of water for washing their clothes, bathing and drinking, it is not surprising that the disease is quickly spread. There is great danger of carrying the disease in merchandise to Europe or America.

PLAGUE ANTI-TOXIN.

Dr. Yersin, a French physician, who studied with Pasteur and then went to Asia, prepared a plague and anti-toxin designed to act in the same way as diphtheria anti-toxin. With this he reports that he cured twenty-one out of twenty-three cases of plague at Amoy, China, in 1896. There has been no opportunity to test the anti-toxin on human beings in Europe and America and therefore the experiments have been confined to animals, as in the fatal case at Vienna already described.

The method of obtaining the anti-toxin is as follows: A minute quantity of dead plague germs is injected into a rabbit. This makes the animal feverish, but it recovers. The injection is gradually increased until at last the rabbit becomes immune against the live plague germs. Then the serum of the animal's blood is collected and this serves as an injection with which the disease may be cured. The process is, of course, very elaborate, and delicate, and occupies about six weeks.

COSTLY PERSIAN JEWELS.

Who has not heard of the Persian jewels—their glory, their number, their priceless worth? When the doors were unlocked and I was taken into the peacock throne room I found myself surrounded by a mass of wealth unequalled in the world, writes a correspondent. Nowhere are such treasures, but nowhere also is there such an accumulation of rubbish. I will, however, dismiss the rubbish and refer only to the treasures. Down each side of the room were chairs entirely covered with sheeted gold, and at intervals were tables of gold, nailed, I should note, with the commonest of black-headed tacks.

At the far end of the room was the wonder of the world, the peacock throne. Whether it is one of the seven thrones of the great mogul, and was brought from Delhi, I don't know, but it is certainly the most costly ornament that the eye of man can look upon. I inspected it most carefully. It is entirely of silver, a great camp-bed structure, but modeled in lovely designs. It is encrusted from end to end and from top to bottom with diamonds.

At the back is a star of brilliants that makes you blink. The rug on which the shah sits is edged with precious stones, and the pillow on which he reclines is covered with pearls. I could keep on writing about the dazzling beauties of the throne of the king of kings, but I never could get beyond declaring it to be a superb jewel. Some people have valued it at £5,000,000. Its real worth is between £2,000,000 and £3,000,000.

But though the peacock throne is the magnum opus of the Persian crown jewels, it by no means extinguishes the magnificence of the other treasures. Who can attempt, however, to recount the number of bejeweled arms, the royal arms, the flashing aigrets, the trays piled up with cut and uncut stones and bowls filled with pearls that you can run through your fingers like a handful of rice? Everyone has heard of the Daria-Nur, or Sea of Light, sister diamond to the Kohinoor, or Mountain of Light. Everyone has also heard of the Globe of the World, made by the late shah, of seventy-five pounds of pure gold or 51,336 gems—the sea of emeralds, Persia of turquoises, India of amethysts, Africa of rubies, England and France of diamonds—and valued at £947,000.

MATES OF GREAT MEN.

Once when Gladstone was making an outdoor speech it began to rain. Quietly Mrs. Gladstone, who has the sweetest, most motherly face in the world, and who always accompanied her husband, stood up and, opening a domestic-looking umbrella of the Gamp species, held it over him. The spectacle which the old couple presented there standing together was so touching and appealed so thoroughly to the good feelings of the crowd, because of the striking picture of Darby and Joan domesticity, that when a burly cotermonger, who had been loudest in his cat-calls and hooting of Mr. Gladstone up to that moment, suddenly shouted, "Three cheers for the Grand Old Woman!" every one responded with a will.

Lady Beaconsfield showed similar devotion to Gladstone's great rival on more than one occasion. She, too, was devoted to her husband, and many old Parliamentarians recall the story of how, after having had her hand terribly crushed in the carriage door while driving down to the House of Parliament with Disraeli, she refrained from uttering a cry or from saying a word about her injury lest his mind should be diverted from the great and important speech which he was to deliver that night. It was not until he reached home and found the doctor at her bedside that he was made aware that she had sustained any hurt.

FAD IN JEWELRY.

Elastic bracelets that open at touch of a spring just far enough to permit one to pass one's hand through, and then close firmly round the wrist, are new, pretty and in no danger of being lost. They are of gold and come in a variety of handsome designs. Some are in scrolls, others in beautiful entwined rings, each one studded with a single pearl, ruby or emerald. As watch bracelets they are excellent, as they stay in position instead of endangering the watch itself or its timekeeping virtues by constant slipping up and down on the arm.

Women of Various Lands

Archduchess Elizabeth Marie of Austria, granddaughter of the Emperor and Empress of Austria, has just passed her fifteenth birthday. Elizabeth is the only daughter of the Imperial Crown Princess of Austria and the late Prince Rudolph, who died such a tragic death a few years since. If the constitutional laws of Austria were similar to those of England her young royal highness would be heiress to the dual thrones. The Archduchess Elizabeth was born at Luxemburg. She is much beloved by the emperor and spends much time in his society.

Grace Espy Patton is now superintendent of public instruction and ex-officio State librarian of Colorado. Miss Patton has been in office a little over a year. She is now 32 years of age, and has distinguished herself in the fulfillment of her varied duties. The department of public instruction in most western states carries with it many duties. Colorado, is no exception, and Miss Patton is a member of the state board, the state board of examiners, and the state board of education. After graduating from the state agricultural college, she was called to the chair of English and sociology in that institution, where she taught for twelve years. This experience has aided her to make her administration of great benefit to the school interests of the state. The establishment of school libraries, the extension of kindergarten work, and the general introduction of manual training have received special attention. School decorations are also one of the chief reforms. Miss Patton is a slender woman with a sweet, refined face, and a charming personality.

An interesting anecdote is told of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The famous portrait painter used great quantities of snuff, and he would take it so freely when he was painting that it frequently inconvenienced those sitters who were not addicted to it. During the time he was engaged in painting the large picture of the Marlborough family at Blenheim the duchess ordered a servant to bring a broom and to sweep up Sir Joshua's snuff from the carpet; but the painter, who always withstood the fantastic head tossings of some of his sisters by never suffering any interruption to take place during his application to his art, ordered the man, when he entered the room to obey the duchess' commands, to let the snuff remain till he had finished his picture, observing that the dust raised by the broom would do much more injury to his picture than the snuff could possibly do to the carpet. The servant was, for the moment, quite bewildered, but regaining his wits appealed to his mistress, and on receiving no sign from her he retired silently from the room, leaving his task unaccomplished.

The education of Turkish girls comprises only the mere rudiments of reading and writing and a few verses of the Koran. They do not go to school until they are 7, and leave when they are about 10. After they are of that age, unless they are of the poorest class, the girls are shut up with the women of the house, and never go out unless closely veiled. At 14 a girl is in the marriage market, and a Turkish marriage is purely a business transaction, the girl in most instances having never seen her future husband, and all negotiations are carried on by the parents. Some of the more progressive Turks wish to improve the standing of women in their country, but it is difficult to break down the customs of centuries.

The house of Lady Naylor-Leyland, formerly Miss Jessie Chamberlain of Cleveland, in London, is a treasure-house of art. Her husband's father, an English millionaire, noted for his love and patronage of art, brought together the nucleus of this valuable collection forty years ago. He also designed the house in which it is displayed. This fine house, built on a royal scale, and filled with specimens of art from all climes and countries, is said to possess that indefinable air of home and domesticity. Following the traditions of her husband's family, Lady Naylor-Leyland is a great lover of art and delights in the beautiful objects by which she is surrounded. She is especially fond of tapestry, and has several noted pieces among her possessions.

In western Austria they push the equality of the sexes to a conclusion that would satisfy even the most ardent "equal righters." In that land the men act on the principle that if women demand men's privileges they must take with them men's responsibilities. Accordingly, a bench of magistrates have charged a woman with deserting her husband, and what is more, they have sent her to prison for a month because she steadfastly refused to contribute to the domestic comfort of her life partner. A philosopher once remarked that human beings should have a care for what they wished, for that thing would surely come to them.

An Englishwoman, Mrs. Homewood, has completed a six months' tour a-wheel through Switzerland, Corsica, Sicily, and France. She went alone. In Sicily, she rode 800 miles, and says she didn't see the first sign of a brigand, but she advises nervous and timid people to avoid the wilds of Calabria. She thinks that if a traveler showed any signs of fear what she terms little adventures might have unpleasant consequences.

A feature of the London season has been the increased enthusiasm of titled women for the furtherance of charitable schemes. The Duchess of Devonshire recently opened the Children's Geranium Club, a competition being held for the rearing of these flowers among poor children. The Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Dickson and Lady Ribblesdale are deeply interested and work hard for the country holiday fund for the poor children of London.