WITH BALKY HORSES.

Kindness Generally Effective Where the Whip is Not.

A reader who has had experience in the management of balky horses, says of an instance wherein he was called upon to drive a team that was notorious for its balking propensities:

"The load being ready I took my whip and gave the word to start, but instead of starting with the load, oh, what a sight met my gaze! The leading pair began to plunge and bound. The near horse trying to get over the off one, got his feet entangled in the harness, and all sorts of gymnastics. The wheel pair trying to act as bad as the leaders, but could not, because they were encased, each one, in a pair of heavy shafts instead of a pole, as in this country. I stood a few seconds and watched their performance and finding they did not get their accustomed whipping, but instead a few mild words, they began to be a little more quiet. Then again I requested them to start, when they again became frightened and rushed any way but the right. I told them to stand still and not be worried, patted them on the neck, rubbed their noses and told them I knew they had been sadly abused, but that kind of abuse was done with; I talked to them as I would have done to a little child. I think perhaps we stood there fifteen minutes. I took the nigh leader by the head, after throwing my whip on the load. Letting them see I had no whip to use on them, I said to him, 'Come along, sir,' at the same time walking off myself. Then not looking at him in the face, but looking the way I was going, and being assured they were not going to get whipped, they all four put shoulder to collar and took the load half way up the hill, when I stopped, blocked the wheels and gave them a few seconds to breathe.

Again I asked them to start, when they began to rush here and there, trying to turn around and many other antics. I also began my part of the amusing performance by getting them into shape, all the while talking mildly to them and acting in a careless way as if I was in no hurry. I asked them to start, and after one or two trials at that, place they started and took the load up the rest of the hill. After this they seemed to place confidence in me, and I had no more difficulty during that day, although we returned and drew two more loads. Three days after the above I was sent to draw a heavy load out of a very bad place, where the waggon cut in to the hub, and when I was ready I spoke very carefully to them, so as not to excite their fears; they bothered for a few minutes, but the whip was not used once, and when they found they were not misused, they took hold and drew it out, and here ended once and for all the idea of balking. I never had one moment of difficulty in regard to a refusal to do what I asked of them after this. Permit me to ask if you have a balky team? Be ever on the watch, and the moment you see signs of their balking, speak in your ordinary tone of voice and say 'whoa.' Now sit or stand still, as the case may be; wait a few seconds, and then give the word to go. If they refuse, keep cool, jump down quietly, pat them on the neck and face and make as if you wanted to fix something on the harness or load; in a word, do anything to take their attention, and they will forget they had balked. Always remember not to get balky yourself. But if at any time you should find it absolutely necessary to use the whip do not use it while they are hitched to the load, but drop them out, gather up the lines firmly in one hand, take the whip, bid them go, but in a mild tone, and give each a sharp cut around the legs, letting them go a rod or two; then stop them a few seconds; then repeat, driving them in a circle around to the pole, hitch on, and in nine cases out of ten they go when bid.

A MONGREL NATION.

It is Rising up in Pennsylvania Coal Fields.

One who desires to study the vital phase of the immigration problem should go to the anthracite fields of Pennsylvania. There he will find one of the richest regions of the country overrun with a horde of Hungarians, Slavs, Polanders, Bohemians, Arabs, Italians, Sicilians, Russians and Tyrolese of the lowest class; a section almost denationized by the scum of the continent, where women hesitate to drive about the country roads by day, where unarmed men are not safe after the sinking of the sun. There he will see prosperous little cities like Hazelton, Mahony, Ashland, Shenandoah, with fine business houses and educated people of fortune, and surrounding these towns great wastes of the commonwealth, diseased by thousands and tens of thousands of foreigners who have no desire to become Americans, who emigrate to the United States for a few years to make money, who have driven to the cities and to the west the great army of English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Germans and Americans who once gave stability to the coal regions; in short, a condition of affairs which, if equalled elsewhere, may become more than a national problem—a national peril. They leave their families abroad and send their sums of money that seem enormous when the fact is considered that they belong to the laboring class. The little city of Hazleton is said to send each month to Southern Europe $75,000 to $125,000. Such immigrants, as a rule, make no attempt to become Americans. They care naught for our country but as a place where they can accumulate enough money to make them independent when they return home.—*The Forum.*

GEMS MADE TO ORDER.

A Glasgow Chemist Who Thinks He Can Equal Nature's Work.

Numerous methods have been suggested and extensively employed for the manufacture of artificial gems, but the production of crystals having the hardness, durability and other qualities, both physical and chemical, of natural stones has, up to the present time, been one of the unsolved problems of applied chemistry. A Glasgow chemist claims to have succeeded by a simple method in obtaining precious stones that approach in all their characteristics the noblest products of nature. The details of the process are of course kept a secret. Working on a laboratory scale and using small vessels, stones have been obtained over one-sixteenth inch in diameter, and very large numbers have been formed approaching that size. These are hard, infusible at all ordinarily attainable temperatures, and insoluble in any acid. The bulk of the gems are white, or rather colorless, sapphires. They are compact and transparent crystals, and many specimens have a splendid lustre. By subsequent treatment some of them have taken on the sapphire blue.

Apart from the possibilities of the process in the direction of producing the diamond, the chief point already established is that of having found an easy method of crystallizing alumina. The Oriental ruby, Oriental amethyst, and other gems, coming under the heading Oriental, are all of them only variously colored sapphires, and alumina forms the chief constituent of the series. There appears to be little doubt that the new process will yield the ruby and other varieties. Apart from ornamentation, their hardness will fit them for mechanical purposes, and their cutting power is remarkable.

He Meant Yes.

She (anxiously)—Have you asked papa, Reginald.

He—Yes.

She (nervously)—What did he say?

He—He didn't say anything, but I know he gave his consent, for he looked at me in a sort of pitying way, don't you know.

"How blue the sky is to-day,' chirped the optimist. "Yes, I feel blue myself," groaned the pessimist.

He—You know there are some girls who require that compliments should be paid them all the time. She—I know it. I should think it would be awfully tiresome to say flattering things to a girl when there is nothing to flatter about her. He—It is. I am so glad you are not that way.

The planet Jupiter is now so bright that it can be seen even before the sun has ceased to shine.

Agent—I have here, madam, one of the greatest inventions of the century. It is known as the everlasting suspender. By the aid of this marvellous invention no buttons are required. Think, madam, of never having to sew a button on your husband's trousers. Lady of the House—I don't think that would do. Agent—Consider, madam; reflect——Lady—I tell you I don't want it. If I didn't sew on a button for my husband consciously how on earth would I ever get him to buy me a new gown?

The bicycle has its drawbacks. It puts a permanent curve into backs and a stoop into the shoulders of persistent riders. Legs were attached to the human anatomy to walk upon. Those who prefer to roll along, atop of wheels, cannot expect that they will not be physically adjusted to their style of locomotion.

A LONDON LOVE TRAGEDY

Dr. Heron Poisons a Young Gaiety Actress and Suicides.

DID HE KILL HIS WIFE?

A London cable says: Further particulars of the Heron-Sharpe tragedy and the former lives and relations of the principals in it have been ascertained to be as follows:

Dr. Heron was a surgeon in the Colonial Department, and was tall, finely formed and handsome. He was 35 years old. In 1881, when he was health officer in Jamaica his wife died suddenly. About three years ago he returned to England. He met Marion Sharpe, or Ruby Russell, early in the spring of 1891 at the Gaiety, where she had an engagement, after having served some time as Mabel Love's under-study in a Drury Lane pantomime. The girl was about 18 years of age. She was extremely pretty, vivacious and well formed. A few weeks after Heron met her he induced her to quit the stage and live with him. When Heron was appointed to office in Gambia he took Ruby with him. He introduced her to his acquaintances in the colony as his wife, and their life together seemed to be exceptionally happy. He returned to London with her last July, and for several weeks they boarded in hotels. On September 9th he took apartments on Lillie road, near Brompton, in the vicinity of the Wild West show. Persons in the neighborhood say that he and the girl were seen daily in the street together and seemed to be completely devoted to each other. On Tuesday evening the girl retired soon after dinner. Five minutes after she left him he said he found her dying in her room. He shouted for help and summoned three physicians. Medical treatment was without effect upon her. She developed peculiar symptoms which the physicians, who remained with her all night, were unable to explain, and at five o'clock she died. Throughout the presence of the physicians she was unconscious, so no statement could be obtained from her. Heron suggested that she had a clot of blood on the brain. The whole affair was kept secret until the inquest on Saturday. Then Heron appeared to such disadvantage that he excited the suspicion of the coroner. He had hardly taken the stand before he began to cry like a woman, became hysterical, and protested incoherently his love for his dead mistress. He said that Ruby had often threatened suicide, but he thought she did not mean it. He was not aware at the time of her death that there was poison, although he feared that she had poisoned herself. When cross-examined he admitted that there was poison in the bedroom. He said he had forgotten about it. In answer to the coroner's question, he admitted that the sudden death of his wife in Jamaica had been so suspicious as to require an inquest. There was a sensation among the jurors, but further inquiry was stopped by the announcement of the coroner that a post-mortem examination of the girl's body had shown it to be perfectly healthy. Then, adding that the cause of death was a mystery to be solved probably only by an analysis of the stomach, the coroner adjourned the inquest for three weeks in order that the result of the analysis might be laid before the jury before the giving of the verdict. Heron was visibly agitated by all this, and left the room pale and trembling.

From the inquest Heron must have gone directly to his apartments, in Lillie road. He shaved off his moustache and then went to a Craven street hotel. He wrote in his room until late on Saturday night. On Sunday he arose early, despatched several messages, lingered around the house a short time and then went to breakfast. This was at 10 o'clock. He then went to his room. Here he took a heavy dose of morphine, but apparently the effect was too slow in coming, for he went to the glass and cut a gash in his throat. This was shown by a bloody razor on the bureau and the blood that spurted on the bureau and glass. He placed a pillow on the floor, set beside it the wash basin, and lay down to bleed to death. The gash apparently was not deep enough to hasten his death as he wished, so he inflicted a deeper one with a second razor, which he left on the floor beside him. While lying he scribbled with a lead pencil on the margin of a newspaper: "I loved my darling and she loved me. I am glad that I soon shall see her again."

When the door of the room was burst in at 4 o'clock Heron had been dead for at least four hours. On the bureau was a letter describing his plan of suicide, and the condition of the room showed that he had adhered to it. Other letters which he left will be withheld until the inquest on Thursday. One of them contains ambiguous expressions which might be interpreted as a partial acknowledgment of the crime. Such an expression as "I would rather die than face it out" might be interpreted as a virtual confession that he poisoned the girl, or as merely an expression of his shame in consequence of the exposure of his liaison. The opinion of the men at work on the case is that he gave the girl a mixture of various poisons so as to blind the physicians with the peculiarity of her symptoms. His reason for wishing to kill her is a mystery, for everything ascertained concerning their life together goes to show that they were deeply attached to each other.

A BERLIN ROMANCE.

A Would-be Suicide Rescued and Married By An Army Officer.

A Berlin cable says: Elizabeth Krehner, a young woman of good family and considerable beauty, was betrayed four months ago by the young man to whom she was to have been married. He deserted her recently and went to Vienna. Fearing to reveal her shame to her parents she decided to drown herself. She wrote a confession to her mother, mailed the letter, and then jumped into the Havel, near Picheisburg, a short distance from this city. An army officer who had followed her to the river bank jumped after and rescued her. He placed her in a cab and started for her home, in spite of her protestations that she could never again face her parents. While the cab was crossing a bridge Miss Krehner suddenly pushed open the door, leaped to the roadway, and before the officer could follow, threw herself into the water. The officer went after her, overcame her struggles to free herself from him, and brought her to shallow water, where the cabman came to his assistance and dragged both, completely exhausted to the bank. After entering the carriage again the officer proposed marriage and Miss Krehner accepted him. Mr. and Mrs. Krehner gave their consent to the marriage, and yesterday the engagement was announced.

Of No Use Now.

Nellie Fosdick—Papa, you might as well take down the front gate and fence.

Fosdick pere—Why, daughter, you always have objected to their removal.

Nellie Fosdick—Yes, but the city authorities have hung an electric light right in front of the house.

"Oh, Mr. Hunker!" exclaimed Miss Dorothy, who is an enthusiastic ornithologist, "which of the American birds are you the fondest of?" "I prefer the hen, Miss Dorothy." "But the hen isn't a song bird." "Well, it's the only bird whose lay I care for."

SANDY.

Guess what naughty Sandy did
Sandy is my brother;
In the cellar dark he hid,
Just to frighten mother.
From the cellar issued shouts;
Mother was enlightened
As to Sandy's whereabouts;
Some one else was frightened.

There are other sums in space that are infinitely larger than the one which gave us heat, light and life. The star Arcturus, which is known to be a sun for a far-away system of planets, is 11,600,000 times farther removed from us than is our solar luminary. His diameter is 71,000,000 and his circumference about 224,000,000 miles! Our sun is but 866,000 miles in diameter, a fact which proves that Arcturus is at least 551,000 times greater in bulk than is our "great orb of day."

"The other day," said the guest to the expectant waiter, "a man fell dead in a restaurant just after receiving a tip." "I knows, sir," replied the waiter, "but de tip was a $5 bill. I isn't in no such danger."

Temperance Worker—And what caused your downfall, my good man? Horrible Example—It was this stage realism. I was acting the drunkard in a temperance play, and the manager insisted on my using real whiskey, mum.

The largest telephone switchboard in the world is that in the Exchange at Berlin, where 7,000 wires are connected with the main office.

"Woman is a creature of moods," said young Kissam, as he toyed with a note he had just received from his best girl. "You are right," replied Peck; "and after you are married you'll find that it is usually the imperative mood."

BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH

Dangling in Mid-Air Above the Rushing Waters of Niagara.

A Toronto Lady's Terrible Adventure—She Falls From Suspension Bridge—Saved by a Pan-Presbyterian Delegate.

The delegates to the Pan-Presbyterian Council visited the Falls in a body on Saturday, and while there one of the ladies of the party had a most amazing and thrilling adventure. Her extraordinary mishap and marvellous escape are described as follows:

The pleasure of the day would have been greatly impaired, if not entirely destroyed, through the loss of a life but for a fortunate circumstance, which is probably almost without parallel in the history of accidents, and which, to the excursionists at least, had all the appearance of a Providential intervention. The occurrence was one of the most thrilling ever witnessed, even at that theatre of dramatic events. Many of those who have visited Niagara Falls have passed over the International Bridge, which is reserved for foot and carriage traffic and which affords an excellent view of the river and the waterfall, and they will therefore understand the particulars of the scene without much effort of memory or imagination. The iron railings which run along the sides of the bridge would be sufficient protection for the most reckless or the most unsteady if they were supplemented with some strong wire netting. But as they are now there is a possibility, especially in the case of a child, of a pedestrian falling through the spaces between the bars. This possibility was amply demonstrated by the incident of Saturday. It was across this bridge then that Mrs. Grimason of 57 Major street, Toronto, was passing, accompanied by her two daughters and Rev. John Ramsay, LL.D., of Ballymoney, Ireland, who during the continuance of the council is her guest. They had got about one-quarter of the distance across and were on the point of retracing their steps to take the returning train when the accident occurred. Until this time they had occupied the roadway as being safer than the sidewalk—safer to one whose head is easily turned on a height—and as affording a view equally good. The approach of a carriage forced them to the sidewalk. The planks of the footwalk are a few inches higher than the floor of the bridge, a fact overlooked by Mrs. Grimason, and the one to which the trouble was due. She was slightly behind the others, and in stepping up rather sharply her foot caught on the plank, and before she could pull herself up she went head first through one of the spaces in the railing. The absolute horror of her companion at her sudden disappearance under circumstances which to them meant

NOTHING BUT CERTAIN DEATH

is impossible of description. For a moment they were rooted to the ground with horror and amazement. They had seen her just as she passed over the side, and before they could reach an arm to save her she was out of sight. Dr. Ramsay, jumping to the side of the bridge, felt a great sensation of joy and sudden hope in seeing her clinging to one of the iron bracings against which she had fallen in her descent. He shouted to her to hold on with all the energy she possessed and he would find aid at once. She needed no encouragement to do this. She was clinging with all the despairing tenacity with which one is capable under such appalling circumstances. Her position was as secure as the situation would admit of. She had fallen astraddle of the bar, and thus while her strength and her senses continued she had but to balance herself to keep from falling off. To the eye-witnesses of the scene, however, it was one of hopeless horror. It seemed impossible that assistance would ever reach her in time, and she, a woman of over 60 years, enfeebled by age and by fright, clinging with a despairing and, but for the necessities of the case, an infirm embrace to a narrow strip of iron and with nothing but that between her and the howling river 170 feet below. How could she preserve her consciousness? How she did retain it during the ten minutes taken up in procuring ropes for her rescuers will probably herself never be able to understand. But if those ten minutes were full of unutterable terror to her, with what unspeakable horror, with what alternating sensations of hope and despair, with what emotion of anguish were they charged to her daughters. Unable to repress their own grief or to hide the horror in their white faces, they yet tried to buoy up the courage and strength of their mother with

WORDS OF HOPE AND LOVE.

It was for them a day crowded into ten minutes, but with the experience of that ten minutes came assistance. Mr. Ramsay had returned from the end of the bridge with ropes and assistants, one of whom was the bridge policeman. The ropes were quickly tied to the bridge, and the reverend delegate, as brave in danger as faithful in his calling, and young and active withal, with his companions, descended hand over hand to the side of the imperilled woman. She had succeeded in retaining her position till then, and a rope passed about her body, under her arms and securely fastened gave ample assurance of her safety. It was not a moment too soon, however. Her strength collapsed as her deliverers reached her, and a few seconds later their labor would have been without results. Several of the excursionists by this time had reached the scene, among them being Mr. Harvey, Mr. Nairn, Mr. Hugh Blain and Mr. Dalton, and never did these gentlemen pull with more hearty good-will than on the rope by which this unfortunate lady was rescued from a watery grave and restored to the arms of her daughters. The strangest part of the whole occurrence, and the part which cannot be explained, is how she fell against the iron bracing. To do so she had to fall in under the iron bridge. If her descent had been straight nothing could have saved her; and how she succeeded in getting so far under in such a short distance from where she fell off is and must remain a mystery. She was taken to a hotel, but, although suffering from the great nervous shock, she was able to return to Toronto on the excursion train. Dr. Causland, after an examination, found that she had not been injured physically.

Rev. Dr. Ramsay, who was the hero of the occasion, and not only then, but throughout the return trip, continued to be the centre of admiration for the gallantry and prompt action he displayed, is a comparatively young man, between 35 and 40. His father was a friend of Mrs. Grimason's family, and on his arrival here as a delegate to the council he accepted her warm invitation to become her guest. Dr. Ramsay has taken no prominent part as yet in the proceedings of the council.

A Lovely Evening Gown.

An exquisite creation of white moire and snow-white frostwork lace has a corselet of the moire running high at the shoulders, but deeply rounded over the bust. It is waist-line length with a little point front and back. Beneath the corselet is worn a blouse of the lace gown whose long skirt reaches half way down the gown skirt. Above the corselet the blouse makes a yoke that is gathered to a high standing ruffle about the throat. The sleeves had moire tops finished below the elbow with ruffles of the lace.

Too Serious for That.

Her mother—You think it is serious between you and him? Herself—Yes, mamma. Her mother—Then I'll try to get acquainted with his mother at the reception this evening. Herself—Please don't, mamma, it's too serious.

A baldheaded bachelor correspondent, who finds himself handicapped in the race for feminine favor by his lack of hair, begs the *Record* to help him out of his difficulty. As he does not wish to wear a wig, and as the hair lotions are one and all dangerous humbugs, his case is a difficult one. Yet there is a remedy. He can go bareheaded. Kind nature covers the bare head with protecting hair, as she covers the bare ground with waving grass. If we had been a hairless people, we would none of us have been hairless. By covering the head we promote disease of the scalp, and even soften the skull. Children—boys and girls—should go unbonneted out of doors as much as possible. Women are less liable to bald heads than men, owing to the airy and scanty headwear which they persist in donning all the year through. In the summer season women go hatless in a carriage oftentimes, and by the sea. A sunshade by day is the nearest approach to head covering one can; at night, perhaps, a gauzy veil confines the beautiful tresses. Summer and winter alike the former sex go with covered heads, while their luckier sisters rejoice in bareheadedness, possibly for three months out of every twelve, and at 50 years of age they can show bushy scalps.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"Is Mr. Peterely rich?" "I don't think so. He wears too good clothes."

THE WORLD OF PARK WOMANDOM REALM.

Vanity Fair's Efforts to Define "Vanity."

NOVELTIES IN LADIES' WEAR.

Points, Hints and Scraps of News for Feminine Readers.

A FEW weeks ago London *Tid-Bits* offered a prize of two guineas for the best definition of "Vanity." The definition submitted by Miss A. Rowland, 75 Median Road, Lower Clapton, London, N. E., has been adjudged to be the best sent in, and a cheque for two guineas has, therefore, been forwarded to the sender.

The winning definition is

The rose-colored spectacles through which we view ourselves.

The following are some of the definitions sent in:

The climax of nothingness.

Yet is a reflection of nothing seen in the glass of self-conceit.

The tendency which most men have to keep their best goods in the front shop window.

A bird that has a gorgeous wing,
Yet has no beauteous song to sing.

Fool's food.

Emptiness priding itself on its contents.

An attempt to recommend ourselves by a behavior contrary to our real character.

The minimum of egg and the maximum of cackle.

The egotism of little souls.

A hollow drum upon which any passerby may play.

A merciful provision of Nature whereby fools are satisfied with their folly.

An inflated belief in the vastness of our supreme nothingness.

A mirror in which we always see the faults of others, but never our own.

A sensitive plant, which cannot live without the sunshine of public applause.

The peacock's tail of humanity.

A grain of sand convinced that it is a mountain.

The outward fullness of inward emptiness.

Everybody's private opinion.

The gilded robes in which Ignorance wraps itself.

A mean, petty conceit of any superiority, showing want of true greatness.

A house of which the roof is emptiness, the walls shadows, the windows ignorance, the doors conceit, and of foundation there is none.

Self-esteem caricatured.

An undue sense of self-appreciation.

Man's meanest attempt to cheat Nature.

The incurable "I" affection which unfortunately blinds us all.

Pride demoralized.

The attribute that makes a farthing dip fancy itself an electric light.

A small "i" with a big dot.

Concentrated essence of self-opinion.

The glory of mean ambition.

A permanent eagerness to back in one's own splendor, and to dazzle others by it.

The difference between a fool's estimate of his own value and the estimate of the world at large.

Pride, in a state of effervescence.

An overdraft on one's personal account at the Bank of Self-Esteem.

The caricature of true ambition—regrettable in great men, laughable in small men.

That upon which the "knowing ones" play to attain their desires.

As to Getting Married.

Young ladies who wish to marry take care to parade their domestic talents. Here is a curious example of it, which is dedicated to gourmands:

Six young ladies in Ohio, having received attentions from six young men, exchanged confidences, and came to a mutual understanding.

Although matters seemed to be progressing according to their wishes, there is still a certain impatience of victory among Eve's daughters, and they resolved upon an audacious move which should prove to the objects of their affection that they were, one and all, really good housekeepers.

They fixed upon a day, secured the house of a mutual friend and sent out six invitations to a luncheon that was to be prepared and served by their own fair hands. Upon the appointed day the six young men, punctual to such an appetizing engagement, were welcomed by six pretty cooks dressed like the soubrettes in a comedy, with bare arms, dainty little caps, short skirts and embroidered white aprons. After having conducted their guests on a tour of inspection, letting them peep into the ovens and power see the cooking of the beefsteaks, that they might be sure there was no trickery, they all sat down to a table decked with flowers and enjoyed a delicious meal perfectly served.

A few weeks later Ohio was the richer by six more young households.

Novelties in Shoes.

The woman whose value to the shoe dealer is practically boundless is my lady of the little feet. The girl who buys a 4 C or any such size is usually content with unostentatious black, for in that her feet look smallest and least conspicuous.

But if she has a tiny foot, her great ambition is to shoe it in such a manner as shall make its small size apparent to all the world. For this woman there are a great many novelties shown now.

A new thing in slippers is of black velvet, starred with tiny steel points, which are guaranteed never to come off, as they are riveted on to a thin plate underneath. They are made also in green and brown velvet and studded with gold. A dainty evening slipper is composed of bands of openwork from the toe to the ankle. These are woven with jet, steel, silver or gold, as the slipper requires.

Another pretty thing is suede shoes made in two shades of tan and ornamented with tan-colored ribbon bows. For house wear, slippers in Morocco, lined with silk, are shown. These have lost a little brown and heels inclining to the common sense model, but they are very dainty things for all that—if they are small enough in size.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Wraps for Fall Wear.

If the fashions in wraps for the coming season are not eclectic, then present indications are most misleading. There is the ever popular cape in variety as to shape and also as to length. Then there are jackets, long, short and medium; coats that follow the lines of the figure and those that hang straight and full from the shoulders, apparently not filled at all and yet more carefully planned than the one that gives the figure the appearance of being moulded into it. Of the loose, straight-hanging sort is the Henry VIII. coat. The material used is cinnamon-brown corduroy with a cut pile. Brown, by the way, is all its tints is the color of the season. While both the front and back are straight it is so adjusted that it is graceful and chic. The rolling collar and fronts are edged with jeweled galoon. The sleeves and revers are of dark brown velvet and are narrowly edged with mink fur. About the skirt of this really fetching garment is velvet like that which forms the revers and sleeves, banded on each side with mink. Fur applied in this way will be much used, not only for street garments, but also for entire costumes during the coming winter.

Brave Ladies of Vienna.

The fair Viennese are growing weary of the tyranny of la mode de Paris, and propose to set the fashions in future for themselves. Why, they question with reason, should we wear a particular color or a special cut because Parisian milliners say it is the proper thing? There seems to be widespread discontent, not to say revolution, in this respect in fashion's realm. Only Parisian women are servile imitators of the mode, wear unquestioningly what the mysterious on dit of the oracle commands. In London French fashions are modified until scarcely recognizable to their own designers. Particularly is this true among American women, whose skill in the adaptation and manipulation of modes to suit various styles of beauty is quite equal to the fertility of French inventions, and results in an originality, individuality and harmony in dress unknown even at the great dress centre, Paris, the home beautiful of costume.—*New York Sun.*

Weddings Make Weddings.

I have long worshipped, and, though on familiar terms with my deity, I could not raise enough courage to pop the important question, says a writer in the Boston *Globe.*

At my sister's wedding I was beside the object of my adoration. Looking through the marriage service previous to the commencement of the ceremony, an idea jocular, though perhaps lacking in solemnity, struck me.

When the clergyman asked, "Will thou have this man?" etc., I murmured the same words into my companion's ear. Somewhat to my surprise, and greatly to my delight, she, with the bride, responded "I will."

The promise thus given was confirmed while driving home, and our engagement was announced during the nuptial festivities.

Best Diet for Young Children.

The best diet for young children is fruits and grains, with a moderate allowance of milk. Such fruits as baked sweet apples, strawberries, stewed prunes, peaches and grapes can be eaten with impunity, provided they be eaten at regular meals and not at all sorts of irregular hours, and if good bread and milk be added, nothing more is needed. Indeed, this diet is the best for anyone whose digestion is not strong. These constitute the best and most digestible of the fruits, and the ones least likely to disagree with the digestive organs. Children are often made chronic dyspeptics through improper diet before they are 10 years old. They are allowed to eat all sorts of indigestible compounds at irregular hours, to say nothing of meats, fats, coarse vegetables, sugar and other sweets, besides drinking tea and coffee. It is no wonder that the Americans are becoming noted as a nation of dyspeptics.

Fashion Notes for Little Folks.

Sleeves are made with full puffs reaching just below the elbow, and gathered on a fitted cuff, which is trimmed about the wrist.

Plain goods is little used for children's dresses. Cheviots in small plaids or checks are worn a great deal, and make up very prettily.

Small rosettes of baby ribbon are still used for trimming the waists of the little dresses, and in all cases elaborate trimming is not considered in good taste.

Wide rimmed hats for the little ones are always in style, and this season is no exception. Beaver is to be worn and feathers and ribbons are trimmings used on the new fall hats.

A simple and pretty hat for a child is of dark blue felt with a wide, soft brim, and trimmed with a big bow and three small ostrich tips. The stiff felt hats with wide brims are not as pretty as the soft drooping ones, which are so fashionable this season.

Fall cloaks for little girls have the military capes reaching to the waist. Some have one long cape, while others have two and sometimes three, each one edged with fur, sealskin and mink being given the preference. This style of cloak is becoming to the majority of children, especially the slender ones.

Seen in the Stores.

Cheviot suits, piped with silk on all edges, that matches the plastron.

Pearl buttons of wonderful shades in handsomely-carved designs.

Empire sashes and bows, of moire and satin or double-faced ribbon.

Girls' woolen dresses with accessories of velvet of a contrasting color.

Sealskin circulars and jackets having a Watteau fullness at the back.

Narrow fur bindings, heads and tails of the animals for dress trimmings.

Large and small buckles, of one or two metals, for millinery purposes.

Eiderdown quilts covered with light-colored satines in delicate floral designs.

Brilliant red bengaline for a vest in woolen gowns showing a tiny red thread.

Jet dress trimmings representing large half-moons with an aigrette up the centre.

Plaid dress goods in dark colors cross-barred with red and yellow, blue, green, etc.

Matter Out of Place.

The fierce animosity some ardent housekeepers exhibit toward dust seems amusingly exaggerated to quieter souls. To the true dust-hater no family trouble or family joy is paramount. With her mouth she may mourn William's sorrow or exult over Edith's prosperity. Her eyes are roving. They spy the bit of fluff upon the carpet, and she checks her sobs to pick it up. The recital of Edith's happiness is interrupted while she walks across the floor to wipe off a table's edge or to lament the difficulty of keeping a room clean when the windows are so often opened.

Births, deaths or marriages may come and go in her household. Not one of these disturbs her equanimity half so much as having her sweeping day postponed; they are all of less importance than the discovery that her dreaded enemy has gained a foothold in some unsuspected corner.

An enthusiast of this sort one evening, with a tragic air, requested her husband to accompany her to an upper chamber. The tired lawyer was impressed by her solemn manner, and heavily climbed the necessary stairs. The lady led him into a room and pointed sternly to a table

"Look at that," she said, indignantly. "Three times this week I have told Mary to dust it. I believe she neglects it purposely. I am completely disheartened."

The lawyer looked at the table and sighed.

"My dear," he replied, "to-day I have had to deal with a murderer and two burglars. I have also examined two wife-beaters and one child-stealer, but anything like the moral depravity of Mary I confess I never saw before—never!"

And the lady triumphantly led the procession down stairs.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The French Flag.

Do you know how often the French people have changed their flags? No nation has been so fickle in the matter of their standards. In the time of the Franks their banners were imitations of those of the Romans. Clovis adopted the lily as the emblem of France. Then came St. Martin with his blue cape or hood. Then, after various changes, came the oriflamme, which was originally the banner of the Abbey of St. Denis. When St. Louis came from his Eastern captivity he marched under a flag of golden lilies on a white ground. Next came the white cross, used in the long wars with the English, and up to the time of the Revolution white plumes, white scarfs and flags were characteristic of French soldiery. With the Revolution came first a knot of tri-colored ribbons on the top of the flag-staff. Next a tri-colored quarter was placed on the upper left-hand corner of the flag and border of red and blue fringed the edges. At the Restoration the tri-color was abolished and replaced by the illies, but in their turn they gave way again to the tri-color. Since then the French flag has changed with every form of government.

"Haddon Hall."

Sir Arthur Sullivan has so completely recovered from the grievous illness that threatened his life in the summer that he expects to be able to conduct in person his next opera, which opens at the Savoy next Saturday. Mr. H. W. Lucy writes in the Sunday *Tribune*, "Haddon Hall," as it is called, is written in collaboration with Mr. Sydney Grundy, vice Mr. Gilbert, who, in spite of reports to the contrary, has not returned to the old partnership and is not likely to do so. The story is founded on an old legend of the elopement from Haddon of Dorothy Vernon, who married Lord John Manners, youngest son of the Protestant Earl of Rutland. Haddon Hall still belongs to the Rutlands, and it is the favorite residence of the present Duke. To this day is shown Dorothy Vernon's door through which, according to the tradition, the lovelorn damsel stole. Mr. Hawes Craven has painted the doorway as part of the scenery in the new opera. Much interest is excited in the piece, which marks the return of Sir Arthur Sullivan to lighter opera after his not too successful excursion on high planes.

The English penny-in-the-slot machine for the sale of postage stamps is arranged to hand out a penny stamp with an envelope and a memorandum book for a penny. The profits of the business are expected to be derived from advertisements in the memorandum books, which will have an enormous circulation minutely distributed, and will therefore be a very attractive medium for advertisers.

Every square mile of the sea contains 120,000,000 fish, according to a scientist who never had to fish for a living.

A woman with an ordinarily poor memory will remember every detail of how much money her husband has spent on his relatives in the past ten years.

An aluminum bicycle is proposed. As it will probably be so light that it won't hurt so much to be knocked down by one the aluminum bicycle should be encouraged.

Ten Speck—How much do you suppose it would cost to start a new athletic club. De Jones—Not much. All you need is a couple of pairs of boxing gloves, a dozen card tables and bar fixtures.

HEROISM REWARDED.

One of the Boys of Nerve Developed By the Commune.

The scenes which attended the suppression of the Parisian Commune in 1871 were comparable in their horror to the bloody episodes of the French Revolution, in the last decade of the last century, says the *Youth's Companion.* Hundreds of men and boys who, scarce knowing what they did, or in the general confusion, to what force or agency their allegiance was really due, had joined the lately triumphant Commune, were led out on the plain of Satory, ruthlessly shot down by files of the soldiers of the new Republic, and buried in a common trench. This terrible period, however, was not without its humane incidents. One of these is related in a book which has lately appeared in Paris, "The Journal of a Conquered One," by M. Pierre de Lano.

The order has been issued by the new Republican authorities that Communist insurgents who were taken with arms in their hands should be put to death immediately. The order was being relentlessly executed when, in the garden of the Elysee Palace, a detachment of Republican troops came upon a small band of armed insurgents. Among them was a boy of fifteen years, still in short trousers.

The band was conducted to a larger party of Communists destined for execution. On the way the fifteen-year-old-boy broke out from among his companions, and placed himself in front of the colonel who commanded the escort. Making the military salute with a good deal of grace, he said:

"Mister, you're going to shoot me, I suppose?"

"Certainly, my lad," said the Colonel.

"Taken with arms in your hands, it's all up with you. That is the order."

"All right," said the boy, "but see here; I live in Miromesnil street, where my mother is concierge in a house. She'll wait for me if I don't come home, and she'll worry a great deal. I just want to go home and quiet her a bit, you know. And then again, I've got my watch here; I'd like to give it to mother, so she'll have as much as that, anyway. Come, colonel, let me run home a little while. I give you my word of honor I'll come back to be shot."

The colonel was struck with astonishment at the boy's demand. It also began to amuse him a good deal.

"You give me your word of honor, eh, that you'll return in time to be executed?"

"My word of honor, mister."

"Well, well," said the colonel, "this young scamp has wit as well as assurance. A rather young rebel to shoot, too. Well, his assurance has saved him. Go home, boy!"

The youth bowed and scampered off. "The last we shall see of him," said the colonel.

Half an hour passed by; the Colonel, who was now indoors in his headquarters, had forgotten; in the press of his terrible business, all about the boy whom he regarded as having been definitely set free. But all at once the door opened, and the boy-Communist popped in.

"Here I am, mister!" he exclaimed, "I saw mamma, told her, gave her the watch, and kissed her. Now I'm ready!"

Then the Colonel did what perhaps none but a rough soldier would have done. He rose, came over to the boy, seized him by both ears, led him thus to the door, and kicked him out of it, exclaiming:

"Get out, you young brigand! Get back to you mother, just as quick as you can!"

With a red face the officer returned to his chair, muttering to his companions, as he waved his hand towards a party of condemned insurgents:

"So they have their heroes, then—those scoundrels!"

Making it Easy For Him.

The time was approaching midnight.

The old gent was listening from a coign of vantage at the head of the stairs.

He had been there in his stocking feet for as long as thirty-two minutes.

The young man was lingering at the front door with the old gent's daughter.

As a listener he was a success, and he was aided and abetted by the girl.

This, also, the old gent knew, as well as several other interesting things.

That's why he became tired of listening at the head of the stairs.

He was not hearing any news.

At last he heard a shuffling of feet.

"It is so hard to say good-night, darling," the young man said to the girl, who believed every word he uttered.

As they always do before matrimony gets in its baleful work.

"Don't say it, George," sung out the old man; "wait about five minutes and say 'good morning.'"

It was then that the impediment in George's speech was removed, and with at least four and a half minutes to spare, the girl closed the front door and George trotted along home.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Chicken's Feet.

The mechanism of the leg and foot of a chicken or other bird that roosts on a limb is a marvel of design. It often seems strange that a bird will sit on a roost and sleep all night without falling off, but the explanation is perfectly simple. The tendon of the leg of a bird that roosts is so arranged that when the leg is bent at the knee the claws are bound to contract, and thus hold with a sort of death grip the limb round which they are placed. Put a chicken's feet on your wrist and then make the bird sit down and you will have a practical illustration on your skin that you will remember for some time. By this singular arrangement, seen only in such birds as roost, they will rest comfortably and never think of holding on, for it is impossible for them to let go till they stand up.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

To See the Wind.

Take a polished metallic surface of two feet or more with a straight edge; a large handsaw will answer the purpose. Select a cloudy day, whether hot or cold, clear or cloudy, only let it not rain or the air be murky—in other words, let the air be dry. Hold the metallic surface at right angles to the wind, i. e., if the wind is north, hold your surface east and west, and incline it at an angle of about 45 degrees to the horizon, so that the wind striking, glances and flows over the edge. Now sight carefully over the edge at some minute and sharply-defined object and you will see the air flow over as water flows over a dam.

The Love of Money.

The devil has a tight grip on the man whose god is money.

The love of money kills more people than the cholera.

The money-lover is never contented.

No man who loves money alone can ever be made rich.

When a man loves money with all his heart, he will break all the commandments in the decalogue to get it.

The love of money is another name for the love of the devil.

The more people love money the less prospect there is that