SALVATION ARMY SONGS.

Martial Music of Booth's Devil-Fighting Host.

(Boston Herald.)

One of the least noticeable phases of city life to a city-bred person is a band of men and women marching to the rolling beat of the drum and singing to the rude tinkling of shaking tambourines songs whose swinging, ringing melodies force the passer-by into rythmic motion.

The words, when carried from the uneven, muffled roar of basses and tenors to a staccato enunciation by some shrill soprano are generally found to be something like these:

We've something better far than tin,
The Prince of Glory dwells within.
We walk before him without sin,
Sir, this is the Salvation Army.

Or it may be that in some familiar chorus the voices will sweep on together:

Blessedly kept, kept by the blood;
Blessedly kept by the blood of the Lamb;
Happy and free, Jesus with me;
Blessedly sacred, blessedly kept, yes, I am.

It is not unusual, when in the midst of such a confident and peacefully sung sentiment as this, for the Salvationists to abruptly "change their tune" to welcome the secular guardians of order who may be bearing down upon them.

As a soldier proudly said, "The cops get this welcome," and, to the tune of "Here's to Good Old Whiskey," he sang:

See the brazen hosts of hell
Are and power employing;
More than human tongue can tell,
Blood-bought souls destroying.
Hark! from Ruin's ghastly road,
Victims groan beneath their load,
Forward! O, ye sons of God,
And dare or die for Jesus!

There is, perhaps, nothing more characteristic of a religion than its songs. A 63,000 soprano sings "Ave Marias" to fashionable congregations who shudder at the popular tunes and street vernacular of the Salvation Army songs; but if the soprano were to sing her "Ave Maria" in a downtown alley the loungers would think she wanted pennies for stuff which

HADN'T ANY "CHUNS" TO IT.

But when a score of Salvationists march through the alley singing slangily about spiritual affairs to the band music of "Marguerite" or "Kook Him Down, McClosky," the loungers know pennies aren't expected, and straggle along to the "barracks" to find out what the noise is all about. The songs of the people have reached the people, and the master of music himself could not make music do more. Many of these street marching songs have been written by the converts who have come from the streets and have worked out their own peculiar daring and warlike "salvation."

Here is one written by a Londoner, who was known as the "Mayor of the Sandfields," a title conferred upon the worst character and the hardest drinker in the neighborhood. The "Mayor" enjoyed the distinction of being elected to ride upon a plank three successive years before his conversion. His favorite song when singing on a spree was "There's No Oae Like Mother Can Cheer Me To-day," and to it he set these words:

I've travelled the rough path of life in my day,
But Jesus, he met me upon the broad way.
He pardoned my sins, my soul he set free,
And the broad way to death is now vacant for me.

And here is one which is, in the estimation of the class for which it is written, deservedly popular. It returns to the

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF RELIGION,

when the devil wore red silk tights and carried a pitchfork and could sustain a polite conversation:

Now the devil wants me back again to what I have been,
But I tell them I have found a better friend,
and I'm not quite so green.
When I tell him "Jesus saved me," he answers: "What stuff!"
Then I tell him of his service I have had quite enough;
And I tell him I've deserted him, and that soon makes him frown;
And I tell him that the blood now cleanses me, and that soon knocks him down.
So, don't you see, when you're properly converted, and your heart is quite clean,
You can snap your fingers at Beelzebub, you know who I mean.

The song which has gone round the world from the African velt to the Indian bungalow was written by Commander Herbert Booth to Capt. Pearson's words.

They call it the army war song, because it was used more than any other one at the Torquay and Eastbourne riots in England. The melody is at once plaintive and martial:

With salvation for every nation
To the ends of the world we will go,
With a free and a full salvation
All the powers of the cross we will show.
We'll tear hell's throne to pieces
And win in the world for Jesus,
We'll be conquerors forever,
For we never will give in.

Ballington Booth has commemorated a dying Maori, who said he saw chariots and horses lowering from the clouds, by a quaint and characteristic song, with this chorus:

When the chariot's lowering, if I have no sin,
As the angels are hovering He will take me in,
Jesus, Jesus can wash away the sin,
Jesus, Jesus, I know He'll take me in.

MANY OF THESE "FOLK SONGS,"

not often heard upon our streets, are full of poetry and real music. This is Herbert Booth's, and is beautiful in the refinement of its melody and verse:

All the rivers of Thy grace acclaim,
Ever every promise write my name;
As I am, I come believing;
As Thou art, Thou dost, receiving.
Bid me rise a free and pardoned slave,
Master over my sin, the world, the grave,
Charging me to preach Thy power to save
To sin-bound souls.

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

Hash and Prunes Were Unknown in This Boarding House.

He was taking his first meal at his new boarding house and there was some evidence that he didn't like it, says the Detroit *Free Press*.

"Waiter," he said, "bring me some hash."

"Some what, sir?" asked the waiter, politely.

"Some hash. Don't you know what hash is?"

"No, sir; we don't have it here."

"Can I get it if I want it?" he asked, dictatorially.

"No, sir. If you want hash you'll have to go somewhere else."

"Well, bring me some prunes, then," he said, changing the subject.

"Haven't any prunes, sir," responded the waiter.

"No prunes?"

"No, sir."

"Can't I get prunes here, either?"

"No, sir, not here."

The new boarder was becoming excited.

"Tell the landlady to come here," he commanded.

The waiter brought in the landlady.

"I am informed, madam," he said, "that I can neither get hash nor prunes in this house."

"You have been correctly informed," she admitted, with some trepidation, for he looked like a man who could pay.

"Am I to understand that those dishes will not be served here under any circumstances?"

"That's the invariable rule, sir."

"Very well, very well," he said; "I'll see you after this meal and pay you for a year's board in advance."

Oil on the Troubled Waters.

After a seventy-day passage from Gothenburg the barque Montreal anchored the other day in New York Bay, a survivor of one of the fiercest and most protracted storms that has visited the Atlantic Ocean for many years. Her captain attributes the escape of his vessel to the liberal use of oil from her bows. This additional testimony to the efficacy of oil in preventing waves from breaking over a vessel was scarcely required; yet it is somewhat strange that the process should be regarded as unusual. Shipbuilders are proverbially conservative; but at this late day it would seem as though no sailing vessel could be regarded as completely equipped unless there should be on board an adequate oil-dripping plant.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Starch That Will Not Stick.

Moisten the desired quantity of starch in a bowl, adding sufficient water to make it liquid, then pour over the boiling water until you have a clear starch. This must not be too thick or it will invariably stick to the iron. See that all articles are starched on the wrong side and the starch well rubbed in. Just how one can make linen stick I cannot tell. If, after you have added the last boiling water, it becomes jelly-like when cold, add each time, to thin it, boiling water and not cold.

According to life insurance statistics the average of man's life has increased 5 per cent. during the last twenty-five years.

Elderly Widow—Well, there! I believe I've made all the bequests I wish to make. Still, I find $10,000 remaining. Mutual Friend—Oh, that's all right. It will take all of that to prove you were of sound mind when you made your will.

AN UNPRECEDENTED WINTER.

Severe Cold Destroying the Wild Animals in Austria.

RAVAGES OF WOLVES.

A Vienna cable says: The annihilation of game during the excessive cold of the three last days has been beyond all precedent. On one estate near Stirin, in Bohemia, 30 deer, 700 rabbits, and between 2,000 and 3,000 birds have been frozen within a few hundred yards of the castle. In the Bohemian forests it is believed that two-thirds of the game will die should the present weather continue two days more. On the preserves of Hungary the situation is still more deplorable. Near Algeo thousands of head of small game have perished around the castle of Margrave Faltvance. The poor people of the village, despite the extreme bitterness of the weather, have gathered already no fewer than 3,000 rabbits and foxes and birds. Five deer were found frozen to death in the street yesterday morning. Hundreds of deer are reported to linger round the castle on the outskirts of the village of Nida. Scores undoubtedly lie under the snow drifts, which are piled up fifteen or twenty feet high all over the fields and through the forests. As soon as the weather moderates, the peasants will go out in bands to get the meat, which the Margrave has already placed at their disposal. From all parts of northern and eastern Hungary with which communication is still open similar reports are received. Sportsmen in this city believe that owners of preserves will be obliged to abstain from hunting for two years at least, so that the game may multiply sufficiently to replace the enormous losses now suffered.

From several villages of Galicia and Hungary depredations by wolves have been reported. In a blinding snowstorm this afternoon a pack of wolves ran through the street of a suburb of Buda Pesth. One seized and devoured a 4-year-old child. Two wolves attacked a man at his door, but he kept them off with a club while he opened the door and escaped inside.

In Janow, near Lemberg, a wolf entered the kitchen of a peasant woman while she was in the stable, and tore and partially devoured her ten-months-old baby.

This city is suffering severely as far as its business interests are concerned. The business usually following the holidays is almost suspended. The theatres are doing practically nothing. As all balls and receptions to have taken place this week have been postponed indefinitely, the shopkeepers have lost 30 per cent. of their most profitable custom. The decrease of business has caused an increase in the number of unemployed despite the efforts of the city government to find work, in cleaning the streets, for the poor. Numerous deaths from exposure and lack of nourishment are reported. To-night it is rumored that a whole family have been found frozen to death in Wiener Neustadt.

A NOTED BANDIT KILLED.

Overtaken and Shot While Carrying Off a Young Woman.

A Rome cable says: A despatch from Sassarri says that Crisculazzi, the notorious bandit, was killed by five militiamen. For years he has been the chieftain of the worst band of highwaymen and murderers in northern Sardinia. He and his followers had headquarters in the forest recesses near Aggius and Tempiio. No fewer than ten murders, twenty-nine highway robberies, and some forty seven burglaries have been traced to their instrumentality within the last two years. Formerly Circulazzi was seen occasionally in the streets of Sassarri, where he would appear suddenly of an evening, terrify a few reputable citizens, maltreat a policeman, and then drop out of sight before the police could gather a sufficient number of men to capture him. Recently he carried off a handsome young girl from the outskirts of Sassarri. He was hotly pursued, but succeeded in the escaped had he given her up. His followers abandoned him one by one as they began to realize that his fate was sealed unless he would free himself from the girl. When hard pressed, about ten miles from Aggius, he placed her in a cave and shot at his pursuers from the bush outside. He wounded two men before he was killed. The girl was taken back to Sassarri.

NO PARRICIDE THIS.

The Saginaw Murder Case Growing Sensational—The Widow in Charge.

At the inquest Mrs. Foote told the story of the shooting, saying she heard two shots while in her bed-room, and ran into the kitchen in time to witness the third discharge of the pistol. She said she had never written to George Foote, and denied that she knew he had another name. She always supposed the murderer and her husband to be brothers, and heard them talk of their parents, both having been born in London. She was born in Green Island, below Quebec. Her brother-in-law is here from Bay City, but, notwithstanding his presence, she had frequent attacks of hysteria. An officer has been detailed to stay at her house pending further investigation. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict that George Foote wilfully and maliciously shot Frederick Foote, thereby causing his death. At the inquest Mrs. Foote presented a pitiable grief-stricken appearance. She listened attentively to the reading of her testimony by the coroner, and signed her name to it as certifying to its correctness. When she pointed out the accused as the one who shot her husband, he stood unmuchingly, although all eyes were upon him, biting his lips, but appearing nothing daunted by the direct accusation.

Do Women Know

That ribbon bows may be kept stiff and fresh by stuffing them with tissue paper before they are put away?

That the big sleeves now in vogue will keep in shape longer if they are filled with tissue paper before being hung up?

That tissue paper put under the buttons on a plush, velvet or heavy silk garment or gown, when it is laid away even for a few days, will protect the material from the pressure of the buttons, and keep them looking fresh?

That a little lavender strewn upon the shelves and floor of the wardrobe is said to be an excellent preventive of moths?

That "a stitch in time will repay the woman who must be careful of her expenditures?

That mantles and draped dresses are better hung up in wardrobes or small closets where they will be kept freer from dust than they would be if folded and laid away to become creased?

That woollen dresses should be well dried from perspiration and aired, after removing them, before they are hung away?

Keep Your Mouth Shut.

A noted specialist connected with one of the largest English hospitals devoted to the treatment of throat diseases, renews attention to the risks attendant upon the practice of breathing through the mouth. That the natural method of respiration is through the nasal organs is a fact which many people studiously ignore, and this to their great detriment, as Dr. Smith conclusively shows. To breathe through the mouth (which, during sleep, is the cause of snoring) is to pave the way for the entrance of an almost endless series of ills, and anyone who has contracted the bad habit should endeavor to follow the healthier and more natural method. This physician especially warns parents to see that their little ones do not acquire the habit of mouth breathing. He emphasizes the fact that when a child begins to breathe otherwise than through nature's channels, it is in danger.

She Never Tried It.

He—Miss Kitty, I've heard it said that a kiss without a moustache is like an egg without salt, is that so?

She—Well, really, Mr. Smoothface, I don't know—I can't tell—for in all my life I never—

He—Now, now, Miss Kitty!

She—Never ate an egg without salt.

The Honest Buffalo Speculator.

To buy a lot in a residence block, frighten the residents with threats of a stable, and sell out to them at an advance of 50 to 100 per cent., is a game that has been played many times in Buffalo. It appears to be a sure card in the hands of an unscrupulous speculator.—*Buffalo Courier.*

The speed of the fastest railway train is not much more than half that of the golden den eagle's flight. The bird often covers 140 miles an hour.

Gilgal—If you want anything well done, do it yourself, is the rule. Mullins—I know a better one. If you want anything well done, tell the waiter to bring it rare.

A telegraphic signa passes from end to end of the Atlantic cable, a distance of 2,700 miles, in less than one-third of a second

GAIL HAMILTON'S APPEAL.

She Writes an Extraordinary Letter to Mr. Gladstone.

I SINUATES ANTI-AMERICANISM.

A Berlin despatch says: Miss Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton) has reopened her batteries in the Maybrick case, and tonight publishes a long sensational letter, addressed to Mr. Gladstone. She says in part: "I regret to contribute to the harmony of your birthday congratulations a note of discord, but humanity is a more sacred thing than harmony; justice is more exacting than congratulation. I therefore, in the name of God, arraign you, the head of the British Government, for the murder of Florence Elizabeth Maybrick, now dying in the convict prison at Woking. The Home Secretary of this late Liberman, who began the torture; the late Prime Minister, who sustained him in it; the present Home Secretary, who continues it—these are all as guilty as you, but I do not know whether they believe in a God—you believe in God.

"It's therefore because you believe in God that I invoke the witness of Almighty God while I charge you with the murder of the innocent woman who is perishing in the Woking prison.

"We have been asking justice in the name of mercy. I ask it no more. I ask for justice and for justice only, and I ask it in her own stern and sacred name.

"You have been personally appealed to and you have passed by on the other side. You said it was the business of the Home Office, which would of course do its duty. Is is the old, old pretext of Cain, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' The pretext availed nothing to Cain with the God whom you profess to worship. If God is the same yesterday, to-day and forever it will avail nothing to you.

"What ground have you for assuming that the Home Office does its duty? We appeal to the Home Office and the Home Office asks for new evidence. It is deliberate murder.

"Rumors are rife that it is resentment of American intervention which keeps her prison doors locked. There are rumors that it is a tone of menace in American intervention which acts against her. The only menace is the voice of eternal justice speaking through the British conscience, and that still small voice will speak louder and louder till the Judgment day.

"Go on your path of blood. We lovers of justice shall continue to the end every effort for her release, but do not expect to release her. We expect the fragile creature to die in your cruel clutch.

"Go on in your cruel way because you can. She is alone and poor and weak, and a foreigner. She can lose you no votes in England, for she has no friends, no family. Make the sacrifice complete. But if there be a God, who marks and notes the ways of this world, who hears the voice of innocent blood crying unto Him from the ground, it is better to be the young wife and mother perishing in Woking Prison than the Prime Minister of the Government which works her torture and her slaughter."

VICTORY CHANGED TO DEFEAT.

The Dervishes Almost Annihilated an Egyptian Contingent.

A London cable says: The reports received here from Cairo to the effect that a body of Egyptian cavalry had recently defeated a force of dervishes near Ambigol are generally discredited at the army clubs. Officers who are thoroughly conversant with the condition of affairs in the Soudan do not hesitate to declare that the despatches in regard to the battle concealed the truth. Some of the officers who have taken part in Soudan campaigns say they believe that instead of the Egyptian troops winning a victory they were completely annihilated by the dervishes. The Egyptian forces consisted of fifty men and two officers. Further news from Cairo is anxiously awaited.

Details of the recent fighting between dervishes and the Egyptian troops near Ambigol have just been received at Cairo. The Egyptian camelry numbered 120, including a body of Shaggiyen irregulars. The dervishes were surprised by the camelry at daylight and retreated to the hills, keeping up an incessant firing. A squad of camelry which followed them soon found itself cut off from the main body by ambushed dervish cavalry, supported by spearmen. A hand to hand fight ensued, in which the Egyptians made a gallant defence, but unsuccessfully, as they were greatly outnumbered. A similar fate befel another detachment of camelry that followed the dervishes. The fighting continued until Capt. Paine and a native officer fell. The Egyptians then retreated. Besides the losses mentioned 28 of the camelry and 8 Shaggiyens were killed and 15 wounded.

A Scotch Tenor.

Durward Lely, the tenor who is to accompany the Patti company through this country, and is likely to be heard here in English opera before beginning that engagement, says the New York *Times*, is regarded as one of the foremost professional vocalists of the British operatic stage or concert platform. He is a native of Blairgowrie, Scotland, where he is better known by his real name, James Durward Lyall, than by his more euphonic stage appellation. For several years he was employed as a clerk in the law office of Anderson & Chapman in his native village, but he soon developed marked vocal abilities, and his time was spent in the study of music to the neglect of legal affairs. He took part in several local concerts and created such an impression that one of the local gentry, Patrick Allan Fraser, sent him to Italy to get the benefit of tuition in the best schools. The young vocalist studied under Lamperti for three years, and then settled in London and began the usual battle of all new singers for recognition. This quickly came, and he soon found himself very popular with all classes of concert-goers. In Italian and English opera Mr. Lely has been as successful as on the concert platform, but it is said by those who are most intimate with him that his own preferences are for ballad singing. In this respect he desires to imitate his countryman, Templeton, who, after sharing operatic honors with such artists as Malibran and other famous singers of a time now long past, made a specialty of the ballads and songs of his native Scotland, and sang them to delighted audiences all over Great Britain with a degree of artistic success which no one has ever since attained. Mr. Lely is at present giving a series of ballad concerts throughout Scotland and England.

It Was Unexpected.

Col. Fred Grant told us this story in Vienna as one of his father's favorites. The circumstances occurred when Gen. Grant was living in Missouri on his farm, says the Hartford *Courant*. It has never appeared in print. One day a country lad, a neighbor, who was not only clever, but made up for his slowness by his respectable qualities, came to pay a not infrequent visit.

"How's your father, Johnny?" said the General.

"Pretty well," replied Johnny with his drawl—"for him."

"And your mother?"

"Pretty well—for her."

"And your brothers and sisters?"

"Pretty well—for them."

"Well, Johnny, and how's your grandmother?"

Silence for the space of a moment—then "She's dead."

"Oh," said the General, "very sorry, very sorry—rather unexpected, wasn't it?"

"Well," admitted Johnny, "well, rather—for her."

Some of George Eliot's Thoughts.

A woman's hopes are woven of sunbeams A shadow annihilates them.

Each woman creates in her own likeness the love tokens that are offered her.

She is grace itself. That is what a woman ought to be. She ought to produce the effect of exquisite music.

We can only have the highest happiness by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves.

It's good to live only a moment at a time. It isn't for you and me to lay plans; we've nothing to do but to obey and trust.

Half the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless, nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter.

Too much care cannot be exercised in the use of electricity for any purpose. In Chenango County, N. Y., recently a fire was caused by the crossing of an electric light wire and a telephone wire thirty miles way.

There are a great many good things in these days.

STRIKES IN GERMANY.

Serious Disturbances Caused by Riotous Striking Miners.

A PRIEST FIRED UPON.

A Berlin cable says: This has been a day of keen anxiety in the Saar district, where striking miners and their Anarchist leaders have made a desperate attempt to navigate cause by spreading terror and threatening open conflict. In Puttingen this morning a mob of 200 strikers raided the houses of the men who had refused to join them, dragged out and beat several and smashed the windows.

In Forbach a mob, starting out with a similar purpose, was stopped for a moment by a priest, who begged the men to be reasonable, and not to make innocent workingmen suffer for trying to support their families. The doctrines of anarchy which they were trying to realize were disgraceful to Germans and Christians. A pistol was fired at the priest as he spoke against anarchism, and then a shower of stones fell around him. The mob made a rush for him, but he saved himself by running away. The mob broke a few windows, beat two miners who refused to stop work and dispersed.

At the pit mouths the men still working and mine officials have been in constant danger of being killed. Many of the strikers were armed with revolvers and a few with rifles, and they have been firing recklessly in the neighborhood of the pits.

A meeting of 3,000 strikers was held to-day near Saarlouis, and four leaders were elected to act in the room of the two already arrested. Five men and three women delivered violent harangues. They demanded higher wages and shorter shifts. The Government, they said, was trying to frighten the strikers into submission, but if the men would hold out they would be able to rally the German masses to their aid, inaugurate a general strike of German workmen and paralyze German industry. The men became intensely excited during these speeches and frequently cheered the speakers. After the meeting broke up the men marched off in three bodies, firing revolvers, singing the Marseillaise and shooting at all respectably dressed men in sight. Other meetings in the district were hardly less uproarious. All speakers announced with special virulence the clergy, who have incurred the hatred of anarchists by counselling moderation.

At Etzedorf the strikers have requested the mayor to propose a compromise for them to the mine officials.

Reports from Saarlouis to-night are to the effect that despite the bombast of the leaders and the apparent responsiveness of the men, the strike is weakening. The striking miners are suffering keenly from the severity of the weather, and the expected contributions from England, France and Belgium have not come in. As the men were unprepared for the strike they must either return to work soon or starve.

A Berlin cable says: Despatches from Saar-Louis this afternoon show that the whole Saar district is in a condition of high excitement. Many of the men who refused to join the strike have armed themselves with revolvers in order that they may protect themselves against attack while on their way to and from work. Last night three men were caught by strikers leaving the pit's mouth near Puttinger and were terribly maltreated. One was dragged along the road until he was unconscious, and was then thrown into a thorn hedge. The other two were half stripped and were beaten with heavy rope. The agitation is no longer under the guidance of Anarchist emissaries from Berlin and Frankfort. It is under the control of the women, who are preaching the gospel of hatred toward the Government and capitalists. These women have long been regarded by the Social Democrats in Berlin as most desirable converts, and no pains have been spared by the social democracy to inoculate them with the most revolutionary doctrine. The wisdom of this course from the Socialistic point of view is now apparent. No fewer than 500 miners' wives are walking through the coal districts to talk with the strikers in their homes, or to address them at their meetings. All these female orators and wire-pullers are of the worst type of fire-eaters. They exhort the men to neither ask nor give quarter, and to burn, seal and murder rather than submit to a reduction of wages or to an increase of the working time. No meeting in the Saar basin is held now without one of these viragos to stir the bad blood of the men. In a little village on the outskirts of Saar Louis one of these converts to anarchy was arrested in the act of placing a gunpowder bomb upon the window sill of a blacklog's hut. When questioned at the police station in Saar Louis as to her motive, she said: "Merely to kill those who will not help us." When locked up she cried out: "Even the little children will avenge me, for we have taught them how to do it."

The Government has decided to cease temporizing and will now take steps to suppress the disorder in the mining district. No mercy will be shown to the leaders, although for the sake of his own name as a reformer, the Emperor has ordered that the strikers who merely follow be treated leniently. The opinion is general here that matters have gone so far that the strikers can be brought to their senses only by a severe conflict, involving bloodshed and death.

For the Family Doctor.

Fever blisters, when they are allowed to develop, are very painful and most disfiguring; and yet they can easily be cured in the beginning by keeping a ball of saltpetre on hand at their first appearance, moistening the ball with water and rubbing it on the spot.

Hot water is good for sprains.

Raw oysters are good for hoarseness.

Turpentine is good for lockjaw.

Raw eggs are good for a scald.

Salt water is good for falling hair.

Quicklime in water is good for poison.

Tar on sugar is good for weak lungs.

Hot lemonade is good for colds.

Sugar moistened with vinegar is good for hiccough.

Hot milk is good as a stimulant.

Milk puddings and stewed fruit are good for bilious dyspepsia.

When giving medicine to a baby, hold the point of the spoon against the roof of the mouth; it will then be almost impossible for the child to choke or eject the fluid.

The Crafty McSwat.

"I presume, Lobella," said Mr. McSwat, casually, as he put on his overcoat preparatory to starting down town, "the remains of that Christmas turkey are all gone by this time?"

"Not quite," replied Mrs. McSwat. "There's enough for another meal."

"Um—anything you want me to bring home this evening?"

"I don't think of anything, Billiger. Come as early as you can."

"I shall be detained at the office this evening," said Mr. McSwat, with decision, "till about 9 o'clock. Don't wait dinner for me, Lobella. Good-bye, dear!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Suspicion Confirmed.

A bell boy was found one morning at the Great Northern who does not believe in going beyond his literal instructions. A guest rushed to the chashier's desk. He had just ten minutes in which to pay his bill, reach the depot and board his train.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "I've forgotten something. Here, boy, run up to my room, B 48, and see if I have left my toothbrush and sponge. Hurry; I've only five minutes now."

The boy hurried. He returned in four minutes out of breath.

"Yes, sir," he panted; "you left them there."

The Modern System.

Ottaby—Here's a delightful arithmetical puzzle. I'm pretty good at figures, but it took me two hours and a half to find out the trick of this one.

Hungg—By all means let me have it! I am getting out a school arithmetic for beginners.

Realism in Toys.

First little girl—I've got a doll that can say 'mamma,' and you ain't.

Second little girl—I don't care. Papa's goin' to get me a doll that can wind up, an' it'll wake up in the middle of the night an' cry for two hours.

George—They say the fish bite now through the ice. Mame—Horrors! And I had looked forward to such jolly times skating.

Paris gardeners use toads as insect exterminators, and every week there is a sale of toads in the French capital.

Teacher—What is the third letter of the alphabet? Tommy Traddles—I don't know ma'am. Teacher—What do I do with your eyes? Tommy Traddles—Squint.

THE NEXT ROYAL WEDDING

Something About the Trousseau of the Princess Marie, of Edinburgh.

DRESSES OF FERDINAND'S BRIDE.

The bonnet represented above, says the London Daily Graphic, has been prepared for Princess Marie of Edinburgh, daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, to be worn with Prince Ferdinand, who shown by special permission of the Duke of Edinburgh to a favored few. The trousseau has been devised and carried out under the direct supervision of the Duchess and her daughter by the dressmaker who has made Princess Marie's dresses since she was quite a little girl. It is all remarkable for its artistic taste and its avoidance of the slightest tendency to extremes of fashion. It introduces one or two materials entirely new to London models, and one item at least which is a complete novelty in trimming.

DAY DRESSES.

Some five-and-twenty dresses of various kinds are included in the trousseau, and notable among these is one for travelling or walking, of beaver-colored Scotch tweed. The body has a broad waist-belt of passementerie, of which a wide band in a design suggesting a ribbon drawn through large rings passes round the skirt also. The ground of this is made of the finest sheets of oat cork, and the pattern upon it is worked in fine pearl silk cord, showing here and there a glimpse of pink as well. This combination of soft tones produces a subtily pleasing effect, and the idea, which is the very latest from Paris, is expected to be a feature of the spring fashions. Dark heliotrope and green stripes, as narrow as conceivable, in the color combination quite vivifying dress. Green velvet fronces borders the skirt, and the body reveals a full vest of the same, with full high sleeves to correspond. Vieux rose is one of Princess Marie's favorite colors, and one of her dresses is of smoth cloth in this shade.

A beautiful dress for visiting is in old blue crepon de soie. Round the skirt is a very broad band of dead gold ribbon, upon which an Oriental design in many tones is worked, but all is softened down by the thick bordering of soft brown chenille—thick and soft as sealskin—above and below. A short bodice and sleeves of shaded velvet, across which the least glimmer of pink has been shot, accompanies this, and the gold embroidery is repeated on it squarely over the bust. Yet one more day dress claims notice. It is Russian in general style, and approximating to beaver in tone, made of the new material to be known as "Zoibelline." This is a delightfully soft and light fabric, with a velvety bloom upon its surface that distinguishes it from the best of serges or cloths.

FOR SKATING AND SLEIGHING.

A lovely costume in modified 1830 style has been specially devised for skating. It is of "Zuibelline," in brown and beige diagonal lines, and the skirt has bands of velvet moiré and mink placed at several depths on it. The jacket is of the Bavarian shape, in smooth cloth of light brown, with a very deep cape of velvet matching that used upon the dress, embroidered in gold and bronze. A band of mink passes down the front and is used also for the narrow cuffs with which the sleeves are finished off. To complete this dress a pretty little toque has and muff, all en suite, are to be included. The cloak for sleighing is a truly luxurious wrap, and is made of Zuibelline brochein shades of blue, gray and beige. It is lined throughout with richest beaver, and has a high collar of the same fur. For this also a toque and muff to match will be provided.

EVENING DRESSES.

Not less charming and tasteful are the evening dresses, among the most striking of which is the "Rainbow" silks, which have just appeared in Paris. The tints are very d'eau, fading into a delicate pink. Round the sweeping train is a quaint little pattern of flowers and crescents, borrowed from authentic Empire sources in paillettes of gold and silver, and beyond this folds of the pale green velvet appear. The seams of the skirt are outlined in the same metallic embroidery, and the low body has a deep and sharply pointed bertha, worked to correspond. Soft twists of green velvet are placed above this in a manner that will be extremely becoming, and the full sleeves are also of velvet. Another very lovely dress is of warm pink satin glace, with a dainty broche pattern on it of small flowers in a darker shade and pale green leaves. This reveals glimpses in the skirt of mison velvet, combining the pink and green, but the feature of the dress is its bertha of priceless old Point d'Alencon lace.

This is one of the most perfect examples of the kind in existence, and comes from the Duchess of Edinburgh's own rich collection of lace as a gift to her daughter. Another fascinating dress is of pale butter yellow crepe de chine with small spots. This has a folded sash of black velvet, and a pretty bertha of pale yellow mousselin de soie, dotted with minute rings of glistening jet, while a thick bordering of black ostrich feather trimming surrounds the demi-trained skirt. One of the most perfect of all, however, is a perfect Louis Quinze dinner dress of white satin, to which a delicate tint of shimmer has been imparted by the expedient of lining it throughout with rose pink silk. The body is cut square, just showing an edging of pure sky blue velvet, of which there is also a folded sash. The puffed sleeves are embroidered in raised rosebuds, and the white silk stockings, with openwork fronts, are similarly worked to match. Turquoise blue is used with excellent effect for the yoke under sleeves, skirt of a medieval dress in old rose peau de soie.

NOTABLE CLOAKS.

For useful travelling wear is a full wrap of reversible Zuibelline, deep heliotrope on the other side, checked inside in bold squares of black, white and pink, this being used also effectively to form a full frill over the shoulders. A visiting jacket of black velvet is about three-quarter length, and is made in Louis XV. style. It is elaborately worked on the shoulders with jet, garnets and bronze, and opens slightly to show an under vest of silver fox, of which fur the muff is also made. There is a pure white opera cloak of white Bengaline cadiz embroidered in crystal and silver, and having its collar lined with white ostrich feathers; and there is another splendid evening mantle of creamy pink Zuibelline, with drm coloring in china pompadour. Over the shoulders are full rouleaux of geranium pink velvet, held in place by broad bands of gold ribbon, and down the front is a wide bordering of white fox.

THE WEDDING DRESS.

The wedding dress is not quite finished yet, but it will be of white *soulit de soie.* Round the skirt it is embroidered in a simple festoon design of silver and pearls, tiny sprays of orange blossom looping these up. A cordon of orange blossom will border the immense train, which will also be embroidered to correspond. The low body will be Empire in general style, with a corselet of silver and pearls, and a white tulle veil fastened with orange blossoms will be worn with it.

Woman's Progress.

Glasgow University now has a college for women.

Edinburgh and Aberdeen Universities have opened their art classes to women.

St. Andrew's University, Scotland, has opened three of its schools to women—those of theology, medicine and the arts.

Those enlightened people, the Danes, have sanctioned the presence of women verbatim reporters in the House. The first woman to avail herself of the permission is Mme. Grundtvig.

Willing to Oblige.

Jones (on his knees)—Oh, Maria, be considerate and put me out of my misery at once. Maria—I will, Mr. Jones. You stay here till I get the shot gun. (Exit Jones through the window.)

Until a man starts in to build a house for himself he has no idea how much gratuitous advice the neighborhood he lives in can produce.

Man a great deal like a fish. know the fish would never get in ve serious trouble if it kept its mouth shut.

[illegible] day are two inches taller, on [illegible] twenty-five [illegible] the change [illegible] the tennis [illegible] parasites

LONDON CHRISTMAS COSTUMES.

Lovely Effects from Cute Combinations of Shaded Velvets.

HOW TO WEAR WIDE SASHES.

Styles of Gowns Fancied by Leading European Queens—Big Jewels in the Small of the Back Now the Correct Thing—Royal Purple Tries Hard to Slip into Favor—Frocks of a French Actress.

LONDON, January. The Londonistores (and for the matter of that, storeverywhere) at Christmas time sparkle and glitter and attract and seduce the unwary customer into investing in sickmakes, which at the moment seem very desirable, but which not infrequently hang afterwards heavily on the hands of purchaser or recipient. There are very few real "novelties" among the Christmas presents of the season as seen in the London stores; a day's shopping establishes such a conviction beyond a doubt.

Hosts of girls and women start on a day's shopping expedition at this time of the year with a vague notion that they need not buy. "We'll look about," they say, "and no doubt we shall find what we want." This plan is a very bad one, and hardly ever answers. You buy what you don't really want, and what rarely proves the right present for the person for whom it is intended. And it is much better not to give any presents at all than to give carelessness, thoughtless, foolish ones. It is not the cost or appearance of a gift, especially a Christmas gift, which constitutes its true value. Far from it; the thought, the care, the work bestowed on it—in short its suitability—is what makes a present agreeable.

ROYAL PURPLE TRIES TO BOOM.

While the shops are livelliest, the fashions are at their dullest. It is all settled what is to be the winter's wear, morning, noon and night, and before, with the first snowdrop and crocus, the first flutter of spring fashions begins anew. There is a lull, a very welcome lull. Nothing looks strange, nothing new where dress is concerned, but one fact which is perhaps quite realized, begins now to be very evident. It is this, that "royal purple" in velvets, silks, brocades and other rich materials is pressing to the fore in a somewhat aggressive way, which is a pity, for, "royal" though the old-fashioned purple may be, it is not a color which "works in" with the lovely artistic shades and tints of to-day. As a patch it is right enough, but not as a dress, or even as part of a dress.

SHADED VELVETS ALL THE GO.

The fashion of wearing a velvet bodice with evening gowns of silk or light material is a very useful one. Black velvet is particularly becoming to both figure and complexion. The other evening a dress was seen that might have been worn with the strictest orthodoxy twenty-five years ago. The skirt was in white poplin with a deep flounce of lovely old Limerick lace round the edge, headed with a small cluster of baby ribbon, a twist of the latter being carried along from rosette to rosette. The bodice was made of black velvet and was cut out in square tabs just below the waist, these tabs falling over a short frill of the lace which got very full as to make a sash bow, but simply "eased," as the dressmakers term it. Round the shoulders was a bertha of Limerick lace, and the sleeves were entirely composed of this, a great quantity being used in each to form the necessary puffs, which were caught up in the centre of the sleeve by a rosette of ribbon. Soaked velvet is often used for bodices and the now fashionable flounces, and sometimes very good effects of color are produced in this way, so beautiful are the shaded velvets in some instances. Violet and yellow may possibly seem a combination of violent contrast placed in such close propinquity, but in reality they form a quite exquisite harmony, so gradually and softly are the hues of each tint merged into each other.

A dress of the palest possible heliotrope silk, so pale as to be scarcely warmer than grey, was trimmed with a flounce of shaded velvet, the upper part of which exactly matches the silk, the heliotrope then shading down to the deepest pansy purple. The sleeves are in the velvet, as well as the bold revers, which are now so prominent a feature of the evening bodice.

A HARMONY IN BLACK SATIN.

A very curious dress is composed of black satin, with a deep flounce of shaded velvet yellow and revers of the same from the waist in front, crossing the shoulders and meeting again at the waist behind, the interval being filled in with yellow crepe embroidered with jet daisies. The sleeves are in black satin and yellow crepe, with a bunch of the shaded velvet round the arm, the huge satin puff being gathered into this. A lovely ornament of yellow butterflies, hovering over a spray of autumn leaves, was sent home to be worn in the hair with this dress, a bunch of autumn leaves being also fastened on one side of the bodice, and a little knot of violets in the centre. As yellow was the dominant color in the leaves, the violets looked lovely. The dressmaker, being of the artistic order, recommended that whenever possible real violets should be substituted for the artificial.

PINK AND PEACH COMBINE.

Pink and peach colors are a favorite combination for evening dress this winter. At one time the union would have been considered highly heterodox, but so much improvement has taken place of late in the matter of tints, that it is now not only possible but admirable. Pink and peach color combined are wonderfully becoming to the young who are gifted with good complexions. The soft pallor of the tints seems to set off the dainty hues of a creamy skin to great advantage. A lovely Spitalfields brocade is woven in these two tints, the ground being of a most delicate pink and the blossoms in peach color, with leaves of that dull green which so admirably sets off brighter tones, and helps them to harmonize with each other.

WIDE RIBBON SASHES.

One of the prettiest evening dresses is in white satin, covered with a single veil of white tulle, across which run diagonally quares of pink and green, carried out in slender lines of satin woven in with the tulle. The squares are as large as those of a chess board, perhaps a little larger. A large bow of black velvet placed at one side of the waist concealed the point where draperies of the tulle crossed each other, and a wide sash of pink ribbon fell over the skirt at the back. These sashes are all in style, both for af