

PLOWED UNDER.
I believe me much, the homes that I have
spelled.
To my happy field today I toiled
Plowing the furrow.
And of such that grain by grain have had
Their strong emblems
Were overhauled by my unhappy rail-
road and equipment.
The silver ropes a cunning gymnast upon
Not such disaster
That a lovely woman watched the spider run
Buzzed out with laughter.
Beneath a roof where dandelion stars
The rafters glided,
Secured by no abstract bolts nor bars,
Some birds had builded.
I peeped within, despite a sally told
Of dainty metal,
Where shining and I knew of old
His name was Nettie.
It was not his rude protest made me spare
My sparrow's minter:
I laughed him, but he still still buttering there
The flower petals.
And oh! I give that I who late to roam
From my own barrow
Have turned blind little miles out of their
lonely
Beneath my furrow!
—May Riley Smith in Wide Awake.

QUELTING A MUTINY.

"Am I fond of yachting? Well, no, I can't say that I am, although I once owned as pretty a craft as ever flew a pennant. I made but one cruise, and the experience of that trip was of such a nature that I bade farewell to salt water and pleasure craft for good and all. I lost my heart, however, before I got through with it; and as it has been a matter of considerable speculation among my friends as to just how I won the best woman on earth, I don't mind telling you the story, if you are all so inclined."

It was at the Hoffman, in the celebrated "pink room," that the popular and genial Harry Lacy was entertaining a number of his club friends and old associates. He had lately returned from Europe, where he had been absent two years or more; and upon his return to the shores of his native land brought with him, to the no small astonishment of his intimate acquaintances, a bride possessing both beauty and rare accomplishments, to share his love and the ample fortune that he had inherited.

Settling back into the depths of his luxurious chair, and lighting a fresh cigar, the host, amid a general chorus of eager assent, began his story:

"I was beginning to weary of Paris, and had lost all interest in the gay city, when it was proposed one evening to drop into De Mores's, a fashionable gambling resort, where one was almost certain of meeting the leading celebrities of the gay life."

It was late when we arrived; the rooms were crowded with tables running, surrounded by a jostling throng intent upon the turn of a card or the twirling of a ball.

The center of attraction, however, clustered around a young Irish nobleman who had been going at a rapid pace for some time, and whose escapades had been the talk of Paris for the past month.

Poor fellow! I shall never forget the pale and haggard expression his handsome features bore that night. It had been whispered that he had about arrived at the end of his resources, and the crash could not be much longer averted. He was the owner of a yacht possessing great speed, unrivaled for sea qualities, while the cabins and appointments were reputed to be something more than luxurious and ornate. The stakes had been large, the bank had been winning, and the gambler's eyes glittered with excitement. His hand trembled as he made bet after bet, only to see the gold raked over to the care of the imperturbable croupier.

Pushing his chair back, he wiped the perspiration from his brow as he hoarsely muttered:

"My yacht is worth £10,000, and is a bargain at this figure. She is lying at Cowes, fitted out complete for a year's cruise. I will pledge her against the amount named."

The proprietor never hesitated, and while tapping a gold snuffbox bearing the medallion of Louis XIV nodded gravely to his antagonist. A hushed, almost painful, stillness settled upon that immediate circle, and with breathless interest the result was looked for. It was not long deferred. The bank won, and the desperate gambler arose from the table a ruined man. Five minutes later a pistol shot rang out, alarming the patrons of the place; the croupier fled in terror, and the corpse of the gambler was taken to the morgue.

The affair made a tremendous stir, with public sentiment running high against the proprietor of the gilded den, so much so that the Irish nobleman gladly disposed of the yacht to me for a ridiculously small sum, glad to rid himself of the elephant at almost any figure.

I proceeded at once to Cowes to take possession of my new purchase, and to my great disappointment found that the crew had dispersed. No one was on board but the steward, who had long been in the employ of his late unfortunate master.

"I was fortunate in running across a bright young fellow at the American consul's, whom I engaged at once as master. He had been left behind, sick in the hospital, and was looking for a chance as mate when I appeared upon the scene. His name was Crowell—Fred Crowell—and, like most of his namesakes, was a thorough seaman, and a man every inch of him. We struck a bargain at once, and leaving all the details in Crowell's hands to get everything ready for a cruise up the Mediterranean, I departed for Paris to arrange a pleasant party to accompany me on the trip.

One of my friends, who was compelled to back out at the last moment on account of urgent business, made a strong appeal in behalf of a relative—an old gentleman, a widower, having no one to care for or care him but his daughter, Isabel Raymond, a beautiful girl, whose rare devotion and lovely traits of character impressed me at once.

I must confess that I did not view favorably my friend's proposition, for I had no intention of receiving ladies on board, but as he put it so gently on the basis of a personal favor, I finally consented, not without a shade of annoyance in my manner.

All were delighted with the yacht, and everything was pronounced perfect on board, from the azure silken hangings and upholstery in the cabins to the mahogany carriages and brass bootcases ornamenting the snow white deck of the handsome craft.

The yacht had been out, I think, about four days, and all of us were beginning to get our sea legs on, when Captain Crowell knocked at my stateroom door, just after breakfast, and requested a private interview. He usually bright and open countenance was now troubled expression. I conjectured at once that my sailing master had intelligence of an unpleasant character to communicate. And so it proved.

"Mr. Lacy, I dislike exceedingly to disturb your pleasure or excite unnecessary suspicions as to the state of affairs on board your yacht, but I should not be performing my duty, sir, if I neglected longer to give you my views on the matter. To be brief, sir, I found it extremely difficult to secure a crew for the yacht, and it was simply impossible to follow your instructions relative to accepting none but picked men. Seamen were not to be had, for somehow they fought shy of making so short a trip on a yacht. I suppose you would expect the yacht ready upon your arrival at Cowes with your party, and I had some pride in the matter as to reporting everything ready, having just entered your employ, so I had recourse to the services of the American consul. With his assistance I shipped what you see here, twelve men in all—five Frenchmen, four Italians, one Maltese, one Norwegian and a negro. I cannot vouch for one of them, and if you had not been in such a hurry I would have rejected every mother's son of them. As it is, we can get rid of them at their heads together, later on, and you see, sir, we are at a disadvantage in not having a good second mate and boatswain. The gentlemen aft here, including yourself, wear more or less expensive jewelry, and the young lady, who is—"

"Good heavens, Crowell, what of her? Come to the point at once!"

"Simply, that the Maltese sailor has been eying her much as a cat would a mouse, and I fear there is trouble ahead. I have my revolver loaded and ready. I would suggest that you and the gentlemen do likewise, and be ready for a call. In other words, sleep with one eye open; and, bowing respectfully, my broad-shouldered captain returned to his duties on deck.

Here was news with a vengeance, and you may depend, gentlemen, I had but little appetite for dinner, while my interest in yachting took a sudden tumble. The unfortunate Irishman's yacht had been obtained through bloodshed, and I was superstitious enough to believe that the fatality might cling to her. I heartily wished myself and the entire party on shore. I would not alarm them by what the master had stated to me, but a casual inquiry revealed the fact that there was not a weapon of any description aft save my own revolver, which I at once loaded and placed in an inner pocket.

Of course the crime was broken up, and I had to keep on when they realized the danger they had been in and the narrow escape we had all experienced.

We all lent a hand in working the craft into Gibraltar, where the men were tried and condemned to the chain-gang.

During the excitement and row of the melee the frail hold that Mr. Raymond retained upon life was loosened. The shock and fright proved too much for the poor old gentleman, and he breathed his last as we were giving the minceurs their coup de grace. He was laid to rest in the beautiful English burying ground at Gibraltar, and his daughter was left an orphan.

One year from that date I led her to the altar, and that was the outcome of my yachting cruise, gentlemen, my first and last. Neither Isabel nor myself has any desire to ever step on board of a pleasure craft of any description. The associations, for her at least, are too painful, and we are content to remain upon terra firma.

The yacht I turned over to Crowell, and the brave fellow deserved all I did for him. The understanding was if he could do anything with her he was to pay me one-half of the proceeds. He gave her. He took her round the Cape, went into the China sea and although I cannot vouch for all that followed I always suspected he went into opium smuggling. At all events, in a little more than a year he owned the yacht, and I was glad to have the ill-omened craft off my hands. Captain H. D. Smith in True Flag.

The Flag of the Suffrage Cause.
Mrs. Clara B. Colby, the editor of The Woman's Tribune of Washington, in her address before the suffrage convention, happened to mention the colors of the Woman Suffrage association—the narrow orange ribbon worn on the breast of every delegate—explained the circumstances surrounding the adoption of the emblem.

The women of the state of Washington, on the first election day when their newly acquired franchise was in force, each, without respect to the political party with which she cast her ballot, displayed orange colors somewhere about her throat or bonnet in acknowledgment of the obligation to Judge Orange Jacobs, whose efforts were largely instrumental in securing for women their right to vote in the state. The right had since been rescinded by judicial decision, but the more courageous Judge Jacobs' services are commemorated by the orange ribbon.

The flag of the suffrage cause—an orange star on a blue field—was first raised on that election day in Washington, and stars have been added as Colorado and Wyoming have also acknowledged the worth of women's opinion in political affairs.

The Miner's Lamp.
In many respects the miner's electric handlamp meets the requirements of mining work infinitely better than the old safety lamp, but it has a radical fault, which must be overcome if it is to be kept in use. The rush of mine gas to the working galleries is often so sudden that the miner has no idea of its presence, and the only means he has of discovering it is the combination that goes on within the netting of his safety lamp. As a matter of fact, an electric lamp will give a splendid light while its too confiding owner is being smothered. What is wanted is an electric lamp fitted with an appliance that will automatically give warning of the presence of either black damp or fire damp without the making of any special observation. Until this is done the use of the electric lamp in mines will be attended with anything but safety. —Chicago Record.

AN ODD REGULATION.
HOW THE HOUSE OF COMMONS GETS MEMBERS TO PRAYERS.
Pity Not Always the Incentive to Frugality—Spurred by the Desire to Sit During the Day's Proceedings—The Ceremony of Opening the House.
The house of commons is unique among the legislatures of the world in having no complete accommodation for its members. There are altogether 670 members of the house, and there are exactly 430 seats, of which only 306 are on the floor. The speaker takes the chair at 3 o'clock, except on Wednesdays, and unless the house has agreed to what are called "morning sittings," which begin at 10 o'clock. Three o'clock is sufficiently late in the afternoon, judging by the example of other legislatures, but it is too early for the men of business, the practicing lawyers and the men of fashion who still form so large a factor in the membership of parliament. It is rarely therefore that there are more than a few members in attendance at that hour. Another reason for this abstention may be that this is the hour of devotion. Each sitting of the house is begun by the solemn reading of prayers by the speaker's chaplain, at present the well known Archdeacon Farrar. Those who attend prayers reap an immediate and earthly reward. On the large table that stands in front of the speaker's chair there is a box which contains a number of cards with the word "Prayers" printed upon them.

The member who has attended prayers writes his name on this card and thereafter places it in the small slot which is at the back of each seat in the house, and for that particular evening that seat is his. He may leave the seat for hours, but he is entitled to it whenever he returns and can expel any person who may have taken it during his absence. There are only two classes of persons in the house who have any settled rights with regard to seats. The front bench on the right hand side of the speaker's chair is called the treasury bench, and on this sit the various members of the existing administration. The bench immediately opposite is called the front opposition bench, and on this sit the members of the previous administration.

There are, it will be thus easily understood, two peculiarities under these circumstances about the attendance at prayers. First, the gentlemen usually present are not always those most distinguished for their piety. The caustic editor of Truth has taken in recent years to laying the foundation stones of nonconformist places of worship, but nobody would be likely to set up a claim for special piety than Mr. Labouchere. Nevertheless, every night of the week Mr. Labouchere listens with pious attention to the ministrations of the chaplain. The secret reason is that the first seat on the front bench below the gangway is a place peculiarly well suited for the guerrilla that is ever on the watch for the moment to make an onslaught on a wicked administration, and Mr. Labouchere, as the chief of the guerrillas, is especially fond of this seat and has occupied it for years. This incumbency, though sanctified by so many years of usage, has still to be won by regular attendance at every evening's prayers. The rule is inflexible, except in the cases already mentioned, that a seat can be held only for one night, and that then it shall be won by attendance at prayers. The second peculiarity is that the men who are most in want of the assistance of prayers, as having the heaviest responsibility upon their shoulders—the members of the administration and the leaders of parties—are always conspicuously absent.

Just before prayers are begun the procession of the speaker to his place in the house takes place. Enough of the old ceremonial still exists to make this a quaint and interesting spectacle. The speaker still wears the large, full-bottomed wig of state occasions, is dressed in a short tailed coat, covered by a sweeping robe, wears knee breeches and low shoes with large buckles. Behind and before him is a small cohort of attendants—the sergeant-at-arms bearing the mace, the chaplain with prayerbook in hand, the trainbearer holding up the train and two or three other attendants—the exact purposes of whom it is impossible to tell beyond the desire to make the procession more imposing in point of numbers. The sergeant-at-arms, like the speaker, is arrayed in knee breeches, with low shoes. He carries a sword by his side, but is allowed to dispense with the wig. The ceremonial is made more imposing by the policemen and attendants, who shout along the corridors which separate the speaker's house from the house of commons: "Speaker! Speaker!" a shout which has a strange, indefinable effect, however often heard, and stirs the blood somewhat as the dreams of De Quincey were moved by the recollection of the Roman consul passing over the Appian way. It sounds like a reminiscence of the military and aristocratic or of the more dramatic oratorical triumphs, tragic and world shaking events which are associated with the history of the august parliament of Great Britain.

When the speaker reaches the lobby, the chief of the police force attached to the house repeats the cry, "Speaker!" with the additional words, "Hats off, strangers," and it is rarely that the lobby, however noisy and tumultuous before, does not fall into a certain timid silence as this black, solemn and picturesque group sweeps by.

When the speaker enters the house, every member rises from his seat. The speaker bows two or three times as he walks up the floor, and some of the contented gentlemen and the more mercurious members of the house bow at the same time. —Thomas Power O'Connor in Harper's Magazine.

Curious Spectacles.
This curious specimen of orthography was displayed on a house in a street in Marylebone: "The Mangelling Traid removed from the Street round the Cornish. Thereapense a Duzzen. N. B. New Milk and Creme Sold Here. Warentidd Fresh and not Stall every Morning."

The Drinking Cup.
"It is a somewhat curious thing," observed a confidential traveler, "that even the most fastidious individuals who will reject with indignation a tumbler that had been used by another diner at a hotel will not hesitate to drink out of a cup or glass on a railway train, although it may have been used by thousands of persons, many of them not overcleanly habits. The same thing applies to the persons who use the ice water coolers in public buildings or hotels. Why, then, should so much fastidiousness be displayed by persons at a hotel or other table as to the use of a tumbler, even when a single person had previously drunk?" —Philadelphia Record.

AN AMERICAN IN AFRICA.

William Astor Chandler Was Distinguished Himself as an Amateur Explorer.
William Astor Chandler has added himself to the list of successful African explorers. With one of the largest private expeditions ever organized, fitted out entirely at his own expense, he has explored an extensive section of the dark continent; never before visited by a white man, and among other interesting discoveries has succeeded in adding a hitherto unknown range of mountains to the map. These are the Jombene mountains, in which Mr. Chandler found the Mackenzie river has its source. The party ascended them to an altitude of 7,200 feet and report that the region is very fertile and thickly populated by a branch of the Kikuyu tribe.

Mr. Chandler's expedition started in June, 1902, from Lamu, on the coast of British East Africa. With him were but two white men, Lieutenant von Hoehn, an Austrian explorer who was with Teleki's expedition in 1890, and George Galvin. He had nearly 300 natives, however, including 12 Sudanese soldiers and a great number of donkeys, camels, oxen, sheep and goats. During their two years' stay many of the blacks died of fever, and a few were killed in a fight with hostile natives on the western slope of the Jombene mountains. In October, 1898, Lieutenant von Hoehn was so severely wounded by a rhinoceros that he was forced to return to Europe. After that some of the blacks deserted, but Mr. Chandler managed to pull out all right and will soon return to home and glory.

Mr. Chandler is but 36 years of age and was graduated from Harvard a few years ago. Soon after leaving college he went to Africa on a hunting expedition and made a daring trip through Masailand, going around Mount Kilimanjaro, where credit he was the first white man to make. That trip incited him with the exploring fever, and he returned with his expedition, intending to explore Mount Kenya and map the country about Lake Rudolf.

The social prestige of Mr. Chandler's family made him a conspicuous figure in New York society. His father was the late John Winthrop Chandler, who served in congress for a time. The family is wealthy and is connected with the Astors, the explorers being a great-grandson of the original John Jacob. One of his brothers married Amelia Bires, the author of "The Queen of the Desert," and the other, Winthrop Chandler, married Miss Terry, the daughter of Luther Terry, the American painter, who is so well known in Rome. F. Marion Crawford, the violinist, is Mrs. Winthrop Chandler's half brother.

THE VEILED WOMAN.

A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER'S VISIT TO SING SING PRISON.
Every Two Months Regularly She Makes Her Appearance, and With Her Face Covered Stands and Watches the Line of Passing Prisoners—Known to No One.
Sing Sing prison has a mysterious woman visitor, but that is not remarkable, because seven-eighths of the visitors to the convicts there are women. They all have burdens of sorrow to bear, but rarely of their own making, and they come and go, year in and year out, to see loved ones whom the world does not love and has put behind bars. The grey prison walls hold all that is dear in life to these mother, wives, sweethearts and sisters.

Many a romance brought to a tragic climax by the merciless hand of the law is suggested by these unending visitors. Even the ubiquitous hackmen who infest the Sing Sing railway station seem to appreciate this, for when these unhappy ones alight from the trains and look uneasily and self-consciously at the drivers realize intuitively the nature of their errand and treat them with a deference rarely met with in their class. They approach respectfully and in subdued tones say kindly, "To the prison, madam?" or "Right this way to the prison."

About one visitor only is there any mystery. Others give their names and go to see some convict who is known to the keepers. This one goes veiled, and no one knows who it is she goes to see.

A tall, lithe, graceful woman, attired all in black and wearing a heavy black veil, occupied the seat in a car directly in front of and opposite that occupied by a World reporter one Saturday recently.

She was uneasy and restless, though not obtrusively so. She carried herself with the fine reserve of a woman of breeding accustomed to do just such things. Sometimes she would look at the convict in the car, as if in fear of being recognized, though with her veil recognition, even by an intimate friend, would clearly have been impossible.

An old time hackman at the Sing Sing station approached her and asked, "Where do you go to see?" She got into his ransacklike conveyance as if she had been in it before, and it rattled up the hill and over the stony road yards to the bluff to the prison a few hundred yards in advance of the equally noisy conveyance of the World man.

It was the hour at which the convicts, having finished their evening meal in the great feeding hall—it would raise the ghost of Brillat-Savarin to call it a dining room—march in lockstep to their cells in long single file. They came through the prison flagging their way, with a steady, machine-like shuffle of their heavy prison shoes. Keepers stand about with heavy sticks in their hands.

Near the entrance to the long granite building containing the tiers of cells are two great open boxes of brass. Each striped miserable reaches out and takes a place with his left hand as he passes. Slung on the right arm of each is an iron ball, on which is painted the prisoner's number. The shuffle of the slowly moving line continues for perhaps 30 minutes at the end of which time each of the 1,300 has, with his supper in one hand and his ball in the other, been locked in his cell.

The woman had been shown to the yard and stood, a keeper by her side, under the portico of the imposing looking hospital building. The long lines of convicts marched toward her and turned not 10 feet from where she stood and marched past the breadbox into the building. She supposed herself with one indistinct glance against the stone wall, and leaning forward in an attitude of eager interest faced down the approaching line.

She tapped the pavement impatiently from time to time with the toe of her neat black shoe.

Some one, but that long line riveted her attention, but there were hundreds there, and the veil prevented any one from seeing which striped one it was.

The prisoners all turned away their heads as they passed the woman. Was it a prison rule that prompted this, or a sense of shame that has survived hardening crime? Not one did otherwise. Many faces flushed; and if any one in that line recognized the trim figure and graceful poise of the stranger woman he could never be detected by the flush, for flushed faces were too numerous.

When the last man of the last line, a negro on crutches, who killed a policeman on Wall street, had disappeared in the door, the woman was escorted out by the keeper. She turned Principal Crawford, Connaughton for his courtesy, which, to all visitors, men and women, is always the same. Her voice was pleasant, and there were no tears indicated in it. Her manner indicated nothing in particular, and certainly not grief. She was driven away to the station and returned to New York.

This woman's visits occur once every two months. Sometimes the interval between them is longer, and sometimes, but seldom, she misses one.

She has been coming for nearly three years, and her visits are always at the same hour. She sees all the prisoners in their lockstep march, and no one connected with the prison knows her face. No one in the prison has ever seen her face.

There are two ways of accounting for the periodical visits of this mysterious woman. She either loves or hates, with a greater love or a greater hate than ordinary, some one of the Sing Sing convicts. Perhaps it is love that impels her to reject veiled and thus to spare the object of her affection's humiliation and shame. Unrequited love perhaps leads her to conceal her face. Possibly her hate of some one in that long line of erring men drives her in the moment of his disgrace to hide her face.

Who can tell why she hides her face? Is it because of love or hate?—New York World.

AN ILLINOIS PIONEER.

The Father of the State University in West High Station.
Among the noted nonagenarians of the west few are held in higher esteem than Professor Jonathan B. Turner, the father of the State University of Illinois, who settled in Jacksonville in 1833 as a professor in Illinois college, and who, living in that city, enjoying a serene old age, Chicago in those days was a mere collection of rude log huts, and during the first year of Professor Turner's residence in the country he went there and saw the hanging concluded by which the Potawatomi Indians sold to the government for 3 cents an acre the land where the Lake City now stands, which price, by the way, has never yet been paid.

Professor Turner was born in Templeton, Mass., Dec. 7, 1810. His father was a farmer whose sons all knew what hard work meant. Jonathan was given a deed of the paternal farm when he was 18 years old, on condition that he should stay at home and work it. At 23 he decided that he didn't want any more farming, but wanted to go to Yale college and get an education, so that he might be a lawyer like Daniel Webster, whom he knew well and whose great speeches had fired his youthful imagination. His older brother, Asa, had been there before him and was one of the famous "Yale band" that did so much good in the west in the matter of founding colleges and schools.

Jonathan made an arrangement with President Dwight by which he was to teach arithmetic in return for his own education. He never graduated from Yale, for, in 1833, before he had completed his course, Illinois college, which was one of those founded by the "Yale band," offered him a position, and he went there to complete his studies and take his degree. In the beginning of his career at the college he taught all branches of the curriculum, often doing the work of two teachers in order that one of the faculty might be spared to beg for funds with which to carry on the institution.

When he had been teaching for 13 years, President Dwight concluded he had got enough of that also and returned to the occupation of his youth—farming. He made a success of it this time and soon acquired a fortune. One of the things that most impressed him was the lack of knowledge among farmers about the principles of scientific agriculture. This it was that led him as early as 1848 to agitate the establishment of an agricultural college, and of 10 years of that agitation the state university at Champaign is the beneficently fruitful result.

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SHE BEARS A MASCULINE NAME.

A Girl of the Tennessee Mountains Who Writes Entertaining Fictions.
The pretty town of Murfreesboro, the ancient capital of Tennessee, pops up in history occasionally as if it would not be denied a claim to the remembrance of future generations, but it is doubtful if even the fact that it was near the scene of one of the great battles of the civil war will do so much to preserve its memory as the other fact that within a decade two of its daughters have made fame for themselves as writers under masculine names. Will Allen Dromgoole is the latest of these; but, unlike that of Charles Egbert Craddock, a near neighbor and friend she is, the pseudonym of her name is not a mere ruse of the pen, but was the deliberate choice of her parents at her birth.

Miss Dromgoole was the sixth daughter in her family. When she was born, her parents gave up the hope of ever having a son and listened to the half humorous suggestion of a neighbor that the baby should have a boy's name. As she grew older she developed traits in keeping with her masculine appellation. Her father was a persistent hunter and fisher, and she became his constant companion. She is an expert with the rod and gun, and does not know what "fowl" means. Her hunting costume is of gray corduroy, such as the mountaineers wear, and the short skirt reaches just to the top of the boy's boots with which she covers her little feet.

Up in the Cumberland foothills Miss Dromgoole has a pleasant cottage where she and her father, as chimney as ever, spend their time from April to November every year. The father is now 88 years of age, but is still an expert angler, and many a day the pair of them walk 10 miles in pursuit of their outdoor pastime. Miss Dromgoole christened her cottage "The Den," but her neighbors call it "The Yellow Hammer's Nest." Her study there is decorated with the skins of animals which she and her father have shot, and the floor is carpeted with similar spoils of the chase. The walls are decorated with pipes and walking sticks, gifts from admiring mountaineers. Each of the sticks contains a story, and some of them are handsomely carved, for carrying is a natural gift of those strange, shy people whom Miss Dromgoole has actually as well as artistically "made her own."

Miss Dromgoole is a prolific writer and finds a ready market for the product of her pen. She studies her characters from the life and knows whereof she writes. Method says she has none, but depends upon the inspiration of the moment. She recently made an extended visit to the north and was much pestered by literary people of New York and Boston.

Expensive Cigarettes.
A London west end tobacconist states that many of his customers do not hesitate to give half a crown for a single cigarette, and show at a shilling apiece are by no means uncommon. The present craze for cigarette smokers is for tips of a costly and expensive character.

Expense Not Considered.
Wife—Now, if you intend to give me a birthday present you need not go to one of those cheap John ninety-nine cent stores for it.
Husband—No indeed, my love, I'll give the expense! I'll go to a dollar store.

Her Preference.
"How is it your little baby sister goes to sleep as soon as your father takes her?"
Little four-year-old—"I see it's cause she'd rather do that than stay awake and hear him sing." —Beat Motte.

HOT TAMALES IN THE STREETS.

A New and Picturesque Feature of Life in Cosmopolitan New York.
The cry of the tamale vendor is heard in the metropolis. "Tamales—chicken tamales—red-hot!" And he lies, like the Greaser who wares he pretends to vend. His tamales are not chicken tamales at all, but are made of minced veal. A Mexican would not think of calling tamale anything more than an English boy would call a tart pie. They are a bogus filippine imitation of the thing they pretend to be, but they have the merits of cleanliness and cheapness and one of the virtues of pioneers in that they "blaze the way" for the genuine article. If New Yorkers ever acquire the taste for them, as New Yorkers probably will.

The New York tamale vendor is an immense improvement on his Mexican prototype. He is clad in a suit of spotless white duck, instead of a dirty blanket, and on his head is a white cock hat, instead of a greasy sombrero. The kettle in which he carries his wares is in keeping, too, with the improvement. It is of polished copper, instead of dented tin, and is only about 3 feet deep and 10 inches in diameter, which suggests a more frequent replenishing of stock than the 10 gallon can of the original Mexican. The New Yorker has a basketful of nice clean paper boxes for his tamales up in the Mexican uses brown paper. These boxes show that the vendor is merely the agent of a company (in which it is safe to bet a California plays the leading hand). The Mexican, on the other hand, is a "hot" book.

When you put up your nickel for a tamale, however, the difference is not so favorable to the New York man. He gives you a little cylinder about 4 inches long and an inch thick wrapped in cornhusk, the ends tied up with little strips of the same material. The Mexican would hand you a cylinder half again as long and four times as fat. You strip off the husks and find a little roll of cornmeal dough, which is supposed to inclose minced chicken flavored with red pepper. The pepper is there, but of the mixture that does duty for it there is no more than one puts of butter or a slice of bread. The Mexican gives you a much more generous supply, and his meat is not minced so fine as to be unrecognizable. And he always slips an olive or two into the bundle, which is a treat the New York man doesn't sell. Still it must be admitted one has to shut his eyes to many things to really enjoy a Mexican tamale.

The Drinking Cup.
"It is a somewhat curious thing," observed a confidential traveler, "that even the most fastidious individuals who will reject with indignation a tumbler that had been used by another diner at a hotel will not hesitate to drink out of a cup or glass on a railway train, although it may have been used by thousands of persons, many of them not overcleanly habits. The same thing applies to the persons who use the ice water coolers in public buildings or hotels. Why, then, should so much fastidiousness be displayed by persons at a hotel or other table as to the use of a tumbler, even when a single person had previously drunk?" —Philadelphia Record.

ENOUGH TO REPLENISH THE BURNING LAKE.

The steamer that has been expected for several days with a cargo of sulphur has arrived. There are 4,300,000 pounds of brimstone in all, half of it being destined for Wayne, where it is to be put into sulphuric acid, and half for points on the Grand Trunk. The sulphur is valued at \$50,000. The vessel and cargo come from Palermo, Italy.—Eastern Argus.

University Statistics.
The new catalogue of the University of Pennsylvania shows 1,764 students or twenty less than Yale, while the University of Michigan has 3,438, or just twenty less than Harvard. In the number of teachers Harvard now comes first, with 233; the University of Pennsylvania second, with 227; Columbia third, with 220; Yale fourth, with 153, and Michigan fifth, with 145.

The man who wrote to his wife in the country that he didn't know how to endure the heat was told to keep the gas turned down and not to play poker all night.

The legislative assembly of Styria, in Austria, has passed a law forbidding poor people to marry without a special license from the authorities.

A calf with a single eye, no ears and five legs is the joy of Wayne county, Ia. It is now over a month old and bids fair to grow into full cowhood.

