

PATTERING FEET.

Something's a-foot; beware, beware! Something is climbing the bedroom stair, With here a stumble and there a slip, Into the passage-trip, trip, trip.

Sharp little footfalls queer and quick, Never a careful step they pick. Quietly marking a morning song, Hurry-scurry they rush along.

Tripping bright on the passage floor, Up they come to your bedroom door, Never was music half so sweet, As the pit-a-pat patter of tiny feet.

Dear little voices, high and clear, Ring like a bell in the sleeper's ear, Small hands pluck at his tumbled head, "Daddy, oh, Daddy, get out of bed!"

Keeping the rules—it's all a game— Out they patter as in their cause, But somehow the song moves rather slow, As down the passage and off they go.

And they're off for the years that have passed away, And the feet that pattered at break of day.

Now they are heavily booted feet, And they tramp and stamp in the busy street.

And some of them seemed to tire of fun, So they wandered away till they met the sun; But he sends them sliding along his beams, To patter again in your morning dreams.

WHY I RESIGNED.

WHY did I retire from the force?

The speaker was a well-knit, clean-shaven man, whose face, without being handsome, revealed the possession by its owner of intelligence and a sensitive nature. His eyes were frank and observant, and his demeanor was one of alertness and vigor.

"Yes," proceeded ex-Detective Morrison, "I suppose it will ever be a bit of mystery to my late colleagues of the Criminal Investigation Department that I who had confessedly done much excellent work should have renounced my career when my prospects were most promising. 'What! Going to resign?' exclaimed the Commissioner. 'You who largely assisted to secure the arrest of the authors of the De Mallin-court paste-jewel frauds, who discovered the Hampstead poisoners, and who successfully traced the international banknote forgers to their den?'

"It certainly did seem strange, and I dared not explain. Are you listening? Well, what mystified Scotland Yard shall be made clear to you.

"Early in life I became enamoured of the idea of a detective's career. I was eternally picturing myself as an avenging instrument of outraged justice, rescuing innocent beauty from the grasp of remorseless scoundrelism, winning the plaudits of the world and the smile of virtue—you know the kind of thing that springs from the imagination of sensitive youth.

"My sister and myself had been left orphans. We had been given into the custody of a half-brother of my father's, as good and generous a fellow as ever lived, considerate as a father, and naturally less exacting in checking any of our original sins. He had a daughter, Ethel; and it was Ethel, sweet Ethel—here the narrator made an emotional pause—who unconsciously weaved herself into all my imaginary acts of heroism.

"I lived the ordinary life of a young man, helping my uncle in his business and taking part in no more escapades than do most fellows of twenty. I wasn't what's termed a mollycoddle—not at all; but the mere presence of Ethel and my sister Rose was a restraint upon any extravagant foolishness.

"They were a strange contrast in appearance. Rose was as dark as any Egyptian, with heavily-arched brows, eyes that sparkled with vitality, hair that nestled low upon the forehead; she was impetuous, eager, a child of impulse. Ethel was as fair as the morning sun—a clinging, easily-moved, trusting maid who seemed to lean for support on Rose.

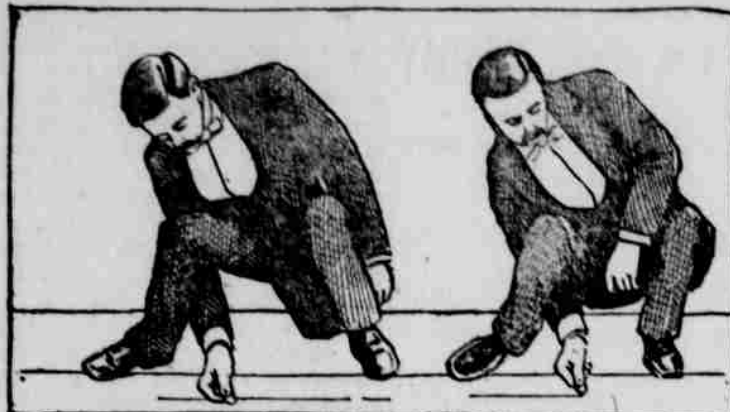
"Rose was my elder, and she lavished a passionate affection upon me. Ethel apparently reflected it in a less vehement and in a more regulated manner. 'When I quitted Northington to join the force I little thought that Rose's passion must have another outlet, and that in its turbulence it might overwhelm my darling Ethel, now secretly half-plighted to me.

"Yes, Morrison," said my chief, 'these are the cutest and cleverest frauds we have had to deal with for some time. The notes are so accurately executed as to deceive even the smartest of bank-clerks. Of course a thorough expert, if he were to examine them closely, would detect a variation in the water-mark and in the typographical peculiarities of a genuine note; but that variation is so slight that even he might be deceived. By the way, not a few of these notes have been in circulation at your native place, Northington. However you have got charge of the case.'

"My heart leaped at the thought of Northington. My sister Rose had been suddenly married to a gentleman whom I had never seen, but whose name did not impress me. It was Hubert Featherstone Maitland. I had not been able to attend the wedding because I was in Paris inquiring into the De Mallin-court frauds. Rose was wildly enthusiastic about her husband; she rhapsodized over his goodness, generosity, affection for her, and his unvarying devotion. How had she met him? He was staying at the county hotel and so ingratiated himself with some of the townsmen that he got invited to the annual bachelors' ball. Within five months he and Rose were married. Didn't I know something about his family? Well, Rose wrote enthusiastically about his brother, Hugh Featherstone Maitland, and somehow I began to fear for Ethel.

"I did not go to Northington, for on arriving at my lodgings, after the interview with the chief, I had a wire from Rose—or rather from Mrs. Maitland—saying that I might expect a call from her at any moment. She was then

ATHLETIC CONTEST FOR PARLOR FROLIC.



Here is a good game for an evening party. Let a line be drawn across a certain portion of the room and then let the men stand thereon and try which of them can draw the longest line with a piece of chalk without moving his feet. They must assume the attitude shown in the picture, namely, they must keep the left hand on or beside the knee and must only use the right hand. This seems an easy thing to do, but let anyone try it and he will soon find out that it is extremely difficult.

In London. Besides, news had come of these notes having been given an increased circulation at several West End establishments. Rose's wire gave no address. It was a bald note announcing her arrival, and was dispatched from Charing Cross.

"I was in Bond street, where as yet the forger had not commenced his depredations. I was persuaded that he would not relinquish so happy a hunting-ground, but was moody over my non-success.

"Don't forget I shall want some change!" "These words fell on my ears. They had been uttered by a well-dressed, handsome man, who was just getting into a cab from which a lady had only a second before alighted. He drove away, and the lady entered a jeweler's shop.

"I always act upon impulse. I was attired in fashionable clothes, and I too went into the shop. The lady bought a pair of links for her husband and gave a ten-pound note in exchange. She received seven pounds twelve shillings from the cashier. I had completed my inquiries as to the price of a hunter-watch which I did not want. When she left—her close veil had never been raised—her very movement was reminiscent. Who could she be? I saw her enter another shop eight or nine doors away, and I followed her closely in another cab. She had not entered the mansion ten seconds before I had resolved to make some inquiries at the office on the ground floor.

"In another minute I was standing outside the second shop which the lady had entered. I dared not gaze too intently at her as she left. However, by lounging near the cab I was able to learn the address she gave the cabman. It was 61 Overchurch Mansions—one of the best-known suites of maisonnettes in the West End.

"I followed her closely in another cab. She had not entered the mansion ten seconds before I had resolved to make some inquiries at the office on the ground floor. 'She was actually leaving the office as I approached. 'Yes,' I heard an obsequious clerk say, as she entered the lift. 'I can assure you that to-morrow a man shall come and see what is the matter with your gas service. We cannot understand it!'

"The lady still left an impression on my mind—an impression that her form and manner were not new. I imperatively dismissed the notion from my mind, for I had now a scheme in view. I hurried back to the jeweler's; he had in the meantime taken the note to the bank. After very careful examination the expert had come to the conclusion that it was a cash note. I went to the other shop—a similar note had been passed there. The manager laughed to scorn the idea that it was not a genuine one.

"The housemaid at 61 Overchurch Mansions was in a very unpleasant mood. 'Ere's the missus says as 'ow you wasn't comin' till to-morrow! It's most 'gravin'! An' master's bringin' g some friends to dinner, and the missus' cousin is a-comin' with 'er fiancé! Of course, what do it matter to you?'

"However, she had to put up with the presence of the workman—he assured her that he had been sent by the express instructions of her mistress to attend to the gas.

"The leakage was in a pretty little dining-room. It was only divided by a thin partition from another room in which two persons were talking. 'Ah, pauvre petite, you are tired! Never mind now why I want so many notes changed and never allow you to spend gold and silver! Remember our dinner party to-night!'

"This was said in a low, soothing voice—the voice of a man born to cozen women. The workman was listening intently. 'Well, well, dear!' the man went on. 'Don't you know that on the continent we can't change notes easily? Why, what a time we shall have! We shall have to play the roles of an old maid couple in the presence of the bride and bridegroom!'

"'Whew!' whistled the workman—a marriage! 'Reely, now,' said the supercilious housemaid to him a minute later—you can't finish the job to-night, eh? You must go and get some piping? Well, of all the aggravating creatures—'

"And the angry little cockney shut the door with a clang. 'Tell the guv'nor we want to see him,' said the Inspector, in a quiet assuring tone, to the housemaid at No. 61. 'We shan't keep him a second!'

"'We had followed the girl to the dining-room. The handsome man whom I had seen in the cab stood before us, framed by the doorway. 'I arrest you,' said the Inspector, 'on suspicion of having passed a number of forged notes on the Bank of England!'

"I brought him to the Inspector. A woman confronted me like a pythoness. 'You liar and blackguard, Richard Morrison! That man never circulated forged notes! He is my husband—an honorable gentleman! If notes were passed, I passed them!'

"'Good heavens! The author of this self-accusation was my sister Rose! 'Oh, Richard,' wailed a woman at my feet, 'don't hurt him—don't kill me! Let Hugh come with me! We were to be married the day after to-morrow!'

"I staggered back. This was Ethel—my Ethel! The man I had caught was Hugh Maitland. He was to have been her husband. 'They were two of the greatest scoundrels, sir, who ever played upon the credulity of women. They are now expiating their crime in Portland.

"And what of Rose and Ethel? Providence only knows. I am an outcast from their affection—a traitor, the ruin of their happiness, the man who has wrecked the careers of two heroes. Do you wonder, sir, that crime investigation has no longer any romance for me?—Family Herald.

CYCLONE CELLARS.

Means of Protection Against Storms by People in the West.

The cyclone is by far the worst form of disaster that visits this country, coming at unexpected times and dealing death and destruction in such widespread manner.

When the summer days bring waves of heat across the stretches of hot sod, then the residents of the prairie west begin to cast their eyes to the windward. They are watching the formation of the clouds, and he who could not distinguish a cyclone bank from any other is indeed a tenderfoot. Then the cry of warning is carried across the plains, and the members of every family make for their cyclone cellars. These cellars differ in various communities.



OKLAHOMA CYCLONE CELLAR.

The popular cyclone cellar on the plains of western Kansas, where cyclones a few years ago were almost a daily occurrence, are ordinary sod houses, built low and strong.

In the Russian communities of Kansas these cyclone houses serve as the family residence the year around. They are about seven feet high and built exceptionally strong. The roofs are slanting, and the houses are set to the wind—that is, the ends are faced toward the east and west.

In Oklahoma every farmhouse is backed up by a cave, a hole dug into the ground and covered by an earthen roof. Some farmers have gone so far in protecting themselves against cyclones that they have a small cannon loaded with salt and buckshot, which is fired into the whirling clouds as they approach. This has been known to turn the course of a storm. It is a common error to dismiss school on the plains of Oklahoma when a bank of clouds begins to arise in the southwest. These wind and rainstorms are becoming more uncommon every day, and it is believed that the planting of trees and settlement of barren sod has had much to do with it.

Sailor's Curious Pets.

It has been said of the jackle sailor boy that he is so passionately fond of pets he must have something to love if it is "only a cockroach in a 'bacxy box." This statement was founded on fact, for one of the most remarkable pets of an English ship was a monstrous cockroach. He was four inches long and one inch broad.

One of the sailors had tamed him and built for him a cage with a little kennel in the corner of it. This insect prodigy learned to recognize his master's voice, and when he heard him call would hurry out from his kennel in response.

Among other odd pets that have been beloved by English sailors was a seal, who had a tank residence on board and a daily round of pleasure and duty; his pleasure seven meals a day, his duty a bath after each meal. An other was a deer who would take a quid of tobacco with so much delight that the fellow feeling aroused by his appreciative taste made him a general favorite.

Two Sides of a Story.

Home—When you were in Paris did you find it difficult to speak French? Travers—Oh, no, I had no trouble in speaking it. The difficult part was in getting the jabbering idiots to understand it.

Sewerage in Mexico.

By the end of this year the capital of Mexico will have a sewerage system covering the whole city.

The course of true love never runs smooth, and in after years the bachelor is often glad of it.

HOW TO AVOID BALDNESS.

Do Not Wear Your Hat Too Tight Over Your Temples.

The writer of this squib has much hair on his head. As a young man it was black as a crow's wing, curly, the envy of rivals and the despair of imitators; as a middle-aged man, iron gray, thick, luxuriant, with no disposition to grow less. How does it happen that this one individual is singled out from all the rest to be the possessor of so much hair? Has it been the use of hair tonics? Is it the result of frequent indulgences in shampoos by the barber? Has he been spending money for some famous hair restorer? Nothing of the sort. None of these things has happened. It has been brought about neither by wise management nor heredity. This is the way it happened: The head upon which this luxuriant hair grows is of long diameter from before backwards, but of short diameter from side to side. That is to say a long, thin head, with rather hollow temples. This makes it impossible for him to buy a hat that fits tightly to his head. His head being so long, he is obliged to buy a 7 1/2, which is always too wide for his thin head. He has probably never worn a hat in his life that fits tightly over the temples.

Well, what has all this to do with luxuriant hair? It has much to do with it. The temporal arteries that supply the scalp with blood run up the side of the temples. The average person wears a hat that fits tightly over the temples. This constriction of the arteries and veins that supply the circulation of the blood and the pressure of the hat upon the circulation of the blood to the scalp. This makes the hair unhealthy and inclined to drop out. Baldness comes on prematurely. But in case of the long-headed person we are describing, no hat could be found that would fit tightly across the temples.

It was no wisdom of his that preserved his hair, but merely the accidental shape of his head. He has always been obliged to wear a hat that touched the forehead and back of the head, but did not touch the sides of his head. This left the circulation of the blood free to the scalp. Hence the bristling, rugged, healthy mop of hair on his head. Each hair stays in its place with the tenacity of a pine stump. A pound weight would not be sufficient to pull out a single hair.

Now, if there is any lesson to be learned from all this, it is simply to avoid wearing anything on the head that presses the temples. This is probably the reason that women have a better growth of hair. It is rare indeed to see a bald-headed woman. Women's hats are worn as ornaments rather than for protection. They rarely touch the head at all. Men wear hats tightly clasped about the head, interfering with the circulation of the scalp. This is why they are bald. They ought to be bald if they don't know any better. Doubtless they will continue to be bald in spite of this article or anything else that can be written. Round-headed men are bound to become bald-headed, simply because their hats hug tightly to their heads.—Medical Talk.

My Friends and I.

My little low room is five flights high, And some might think that its walls are bare; But sweet communion my friends and I Have often held in the silence there. Noble, exalted, they come to me Fair as they were in the earth's first bloom, Whispering hope for the time to be, These are my friends in the little low room.

Shakespeare of Stratford, Bacon, Carlyle, Emerson dreaming his long, long dream, Dickens with signs that are lost in a smile, Milton—unblinded—the gods for his theme; Goldsmith, weary no more nor lone, Chatterton, safe though the storm rides high; Byron unto his heritage grown—A royal companionship here have I.

Home, singing the song of strife; Virgil, at rest by a sun-kissed shore; Longfellow, chanting the "Psalm of Life," Poe, who will leave me—ah, never more! Gentle Hawthorne of Salem town; Whittier, thrilling the heart of the free; One and all from my shelves look down, Step to my side and talk to me.

Kings in your palaces, here is more— Here, in faith, in a little low room— Than regal state and golden store, The crowd's mad clamor, the cannon's boom. Shades of the mighty come to me, Sit and chat as the hours go by, Prophesy things that the soul shall see— And so we are happy, my friends and I.—Success.

As His Child Saw Him.

A prominent real estate man in Los Angeles had an experience a few evenings ago that kept him guessing for a little bit as to whether he should feel complimented or otherwise. He was at home with one little daughter while his wife and another of the children were downtown. Darkness was coming on and the little girl was anxiously watching for her mother's return. Her nervousness grew acute, in spite of the father's attempts at reassurance. At length the little one burst into tears, saying: "I just can't help it! I need mamma, and I must have her!"

"Do you do this way when your mamma is here and I'm away?" asked the father. "No, of course not," replied the little one. "Cause then there's some grown-up person about the house."—Los Angeles Herald.

Knee-Deep in Kansas.

Eugene F. Ware, the new commissioner of pensions, who, over the name of "Ironquill," long ago established his reputation as a wit and writer of verse, has been much interested for years in the condition of roads in his adopted State of Kansas.

Recently R. W. Richardson, secretary of the National Good Roads Association, who is preparing to take a good roads construction train across the continent, said to Mr. Ware: "How do the farmers in Kansas stand on the road question?" "Up to the knees," was the reply.—Philadelphia Post.

CRATER OF LA SOUFRIERE, ST. VINCENT.



This view of the crater of Mount Soufriere, St. Vincent Island, was made from a photograph taken with a panoramic camera, two weeks before the eruption, by a correspondent of the New York Herald. The crater is one of the most remarkable in the world. It is three miles in circumference and has walls 1,000 feet high.

DEED OF WILSON M'FIELD.

He Saved Two Lives by His Bravery and Perseverance.

From the records of the Royal Humane Society a writer in McClure's Magazine scans the story of an obscure negro seaman whose brave deed was discovered and honored by two of the great nations of the earth. One tropical night the schooner Dolphin rested almost motionless off the Cayman rocks in Nicaragua. Crew and passengers, some twenty in all, were asleep about the deck, for it was too hot to go below. Then came such a squall as comes only in those southern seas. The sails, all set, furnished ample leverage. Within ten seconds the Dolphin was bottom up, her passengers and crew struggling in the water.

Wilson McField, a negro and a subject of Great Britain, was the first to come to the surface. All his twenty-seven years of life he had known these waters, and he swam like a fish. He soon succeeded in climbing upon the bottom of the vessel. Then he shouted to the others, and one by one pulled up five of the crew.

Fortunately the squall was soon over, although the sea was high. After they had drifted two hours the men heard strange sounds, like pounding within the vessel. Some thought they heard voices. The more superstitious were afraid. The night dragged on, and by daylight the sounds had grown fainter. The crew concluded that men were imprisoned within the boat, but none could devise a way to save them. Then the negro proposed to dive under and into the ship. They assured him he would never get out again, but carrying between his teeth one end of a rope that had been dragging from the vessel, McField dived, passed under the gunwale and rose in the hatch.

It was pitch dark, and the interior of the vessel was full of the floating cargo, but he kept on steadily. Finally, concluding that he had reached the cabin, he rose, and in an instant his head was above water. Yet so foul was the air, and so narrow the space between the water and the ship's bottom, that he could hardly breathe. He could see no one, but he heard the knocking again, and called out. Then came voices, faint but familiar.

Swimming in the direction of the sound, he found two men braced against the cabin sides and holding their heads above water. One was a young rubber cutter, named Mallitz, the other a native Spanish-Nicaraguan, called Obando. Both were panic-stricken, and McField was obliged to threaten them with instant death if they did not obey him. He fastened the rope round Mallitz, and gave the signal to pull. McField dived into the water along with his man. In his fright Mallitz entangled himself in the hatchway, and precious time was lost in freeing him. When they reached the surface Mallitz was unconscious and McField more dead than alive.

They pulled Mallitz aboard, but McField would not follow. As soon as the rope was free he took it in his teeth and went under, found the hatch and entered the cabin. Obando was almost uncontrollable with fear and exhaustion, but McField finally secured him with the rope, and gave the signal to pull up. This time the trip was made without accident, and both men were drawn on board. All the men were saved.

The United States government awarded McField a medal and fifty dollars in gold, and the Royal Humane Society of Great Britain gave him a silver medal.

DOMESTICS IN AFRICA.

Most Work Done by Kaffir Boys Who Take "White" Names. An amusing picture of domestic conditions in South Africa is given by Mrs. Blow in an article in the New York Tribune. Mrs. Blow's husband was manager of a mine in South Africa, and both husband and wife lived there for several years. In recalling the domestic problem as it exists in that region, she says: "Most of the work is done by Kaffirs, who, like the Southern negroes in slavery times, are called 'boys,' no matter what their age may be. When the Kaffir boys come from the kraals no one ever uses their native names. As soon as they are brought into contact with the whites they take a 'white' name. This produces results which are not lacking in elements of humor. Among the house boys 'Knife,' 'Fork' and 'Spoon' were common names. 'Table,' 'Chair,' 'Carriage,' 'Watch' and 'Matchbox' were other names that I had in the house at various times. One of my house boys took the utilitarian name of 'Ham and Eggs.'

The Kaffirs are very fond of rice, when they learn to eat it among the whites, and our stable boy thought he had found the finest name in the world in 'Rice.' But the Kaffirs have the same difficulty as the Chinese in pronouncing the letter 'r,' and so poor Rice always called himself 'Lee.' The Kaffirs are the cleanest people in the world in some respects. They

WAS HAND OF PROVIDENCE.

He Missed the Explosion, but Isn't Sure It Was for the Best.

"I was never an atheist," said a northern Michigander who was loading about a Detroit hotel the other day, "but it used to make me smile to hear people tell about Providence doing this or that. I'll tell you why I quit smiling.

"I had an interest in an oil well in Pennsylvania, and one morning I planned to get up at an early hour and ride across country for eight miles with a teamster. I was up at the hour named, but found that the fellow had started off fifteen minutes ahead of the time set. My only recourse was to hire a buckboard, and while a man was looking around for me and I was eating breakfast there came a rumble and a crash, and I fled from the hotel, believing that an earthquake was on.

"Others thought so, too, but in the course of half an hour we got word that 400 pounds of nitroglycerin which was being hauled over the hill on a wagon had exploded. More than that, it was the same wagon I had missed getting a ride on. I went out with others to view the spot, or rather the hole. What they found of driver, horses and wagon you could have loaded on a wheelbarrow. The hole made in the highway was forty feet long, thirty wide and twenty deep, and men, horses and cattle for half a mile around were knocked silly."

"And you laid your escape to Providence, of course?" "Well, I'm not exactly sure about that," was the reply, according to the Detroit Free Press. "I told you I ceased to smile after that when anything was mentioned about Providence, but I was never quite satisfied that a mistake wasn't made."

"What sort of a mistake?" "Why, it wasn't three days after that when our well yielded up the company went into bankruptcy and I've hardly been able to raise enough to pay my street-car fare since. Sometimes it seems to me that Providence stepped in to save my life, and again it seems as if she missed me on the explosion and dropped the bottom out of that well to get even. It's about an even thing, I guess, but if you've got another cigar about you I'll tip the scale a little bit in favor of Providence and help me to believe that I was saved for some useful purpose."

SARAH'S SHOES.

Lady Presented Them Without Hurting Girl's Feelings.

Mrs. Anna Lyman, wife of Judge Joseph Lyman, was a fine type of the New England woman of fifty years ago. As wife of a judge she was called upon to do much entertaining, and her parties were famous in Northampton. Her daughter, Susan Lesley, in her memoirs of Mrs. Lyman, writes that no one ever declined going to Mrs. Lyman's parties.

One day, as she was preparing for an evening entertainment, she happened to look out of the window and saw a young girl, whom she liked for her talents and good heart, but who, from poverty, was not always able to go out into society.

"O Sarah," called Mrs. Lyman, "I am going to have a party this evening, and all the judges are to be here! I want you to come, my dear."

"O Mrs. Lyman," said the girl, looking sadly down at her feet, "I wish I could. But I can't, for my shoes are all out at the toes, and this is my only pair."

"Well, Sarah," said Mrs. Lyman, brightly, "at least you'll help me get ready for my party."

"Oh, yes," replied the girl, quickly, and she helped to good advantage, with willing hands and good taste. When the work was done Mrs. Lyman accompanied her home, holding her attention with cheerful talk.

Somehow, the girl hardly knew how, they were presently in the best shoe shop in the village, and when they left, Sarah had a beautiful pair of bronze shoes, and ran gaily home to dress for the party.

Their Last Words.

Mr. Rhodes was not given to high-flown talk and I suspect the story of his "last words" is a fiction. Sydney Smith observed that it seems a necessity that every distinguished man should die "with some sonorous and quotably saying in his mouth."

Mr. Pitt was supposed to have expired exclaiming, "How do I leave my country?" It was afterward established on conclusive evidence that his real last words were: "I fancy I could eat one of Bellamy's meat pies." Mr. Fox was credited with some becoming observation about public affairs, whereas his last words conveyed a requisite for barley water. Sir Robert Peel was stated to have died after an ejaculation about the blessings of cheap bread. In reality, he awoke for a few minutes, after several hours of sleep, said "God bless you all," and died. Lord Beaconsfield was reported to have exclaimed, "Any news in the Gazette?" with his last breath, whereas he muttered, "I feel overwhelmed."—London Truth.

Women Copying Men's Fashions.

Do women imitate men's fashions, or do men appropriate the ideas of the fair sex? Our opinion is that in the vast majority of cases it is the women who copy the men. For some time past the Englishman's ideal of style in clothing has been the easy-fitting waists and the emphasizing of height. Ladies have now adopted the same idea—the tall, straight figure, without form or shape.—London Tailor and Cutter.

Miners' Waters for Senators.

United States Senators are supplied with bottled mineral waters at government expense. Nearly every committee-room has something like a bar attachment. It is usually in one corner, behind a screen and next to the wash-bowl. The bottles of fizz water are supplied by colored messengers, who bring them in buckets of ice, like champagne. The excuse for the expense is the poor quality of the Potomac water. When you meet a woman on the street at any time of the day, month, or year, it is safe to bet that she is either going to, or coming from, a dressmaker's. Few critics ever get what they are entitled to in this busy world.