

WOMAN'S WORLD.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF BROOKLYN.

Brooklyn's Mixed Club—The Daily Morning Scrub—Women and Theology—The Rustling Underskirt—Children's Alliments—A Woman Arctic Explorer.

Brooklyn is celebrating the completion of the building of the Young Women's Christian association, an institution which promises to do an important work for Brooklyn, where so many working women reside. The building, which is erected on a site partly purchased and partly given by the late Congressman S. B. Childs, is the magnificent gift of Cornelius B. Wood, and is erected as a memorial to his wife, who was a sister of Robert C. Ogden, of the firm of John Wanamaker. Mrs. Wood was a woman of an exalted type, and her life was notable for its spiritual and charity. Mr. Wood is a retired banker of wealth. In December, 1890, Mr. Wood offered to give \$125,000 to erect a building for the association, providing \$100,000 additional was raised as a permanent endowment. This gift, said Mr. Wood in his letter, "is made to honor a life of charity and love by husband and children in memorial of one who was a friend of working girls, who rejoiced when the association was organized, who labored for it and had faith in the grand work it would accomplish."

Mr. Wood not only gave \$125,000, but increased this to \$142,000. The endowment fund now amounts to \$122,500, and the association is aiming to increase this to \$150,000. The building is centrally located, and architecturally is an ornament to the city. The vestibule contains a big open fireplace. Opposite to this is the secretary's room. On this floor are also the cloakroom and the entrance to the elevators, and through a great well in the center one can look up through the six stories to the roof. In the basement are a medical department and a fully equipped pharmacy, a gymnasium and the intelligence office. The library, already filled, is on the second floor. It is a light and airy room and is furnished with a gallery and storage apartments. A room for typewriters is off the library, and from this floor access is had to the gallery of the memorial hall.

Over the hall on the third floor is a large lecture room with a seating capacity of 400, and there is a well furnished parlour connected with the lecture room. The fourth and fifth stories are devoted to eighteen classrooms, where millinery, dressmaking, sewing, embroidery, cooking, language, history, bookkeeping, arithmetic and penmanship are taught by eighty-seven instructors. The memorial hall which has been alluded to is a beautiful room containing seats for 600 and has been furnished by the Alumnæ association of the Brooklyn Heights seminary. This hall has been named in honor of Mary A. Brigham, who was a famous teacher of her time.—*Cor. Philadelphia Ledger.*

Boston's Mixed Club. Among the new clubs of Boston is the Unity, a club composed of men and women whose object is the furtherance of art and the promotion of social interests. Its members include a large proportion of the artists of the city, and it inaugurated its second season by a water color exhibition.

There are no lack of men's clubs and of women's clubs in Boston, as in other cities; but the club where men and women meet is as rare as most ideal things in this world. The regulation women's club is a rather dreary affair, as it is now conducted. Instead of having parlors, reading room and dining room always open, as is the case with men's clubs, where members may drop in at any time and meet each other, and invite friends and enjoy informal sociability, the women's club unlocks the doors of its portals for some one afternoon a week when its members and guests assemble, and after routine business, carried on in strict parliamentary order, a paper is read and discussed as formally as at any public meeting, and then the club adjourns till another week, to go through the same routine again. This may be all very well in some ways, but it is not the social pleasure that club life should render possible.

The Unity club here starts out on other lines. It is, first of all, a club for men and women together. It has secured ideally beautiful rooms on Arlington street, overlooking the public gardens. It has a fine gallery for picture hanging, and it is based on an idea that should develop, as the club grows stronger, into a very attractive and happy social center.—*Boston Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

The Daily Morning Scrub. Soon the days will be crisp and snappy and when you awake in the morning and thrust one bare foot out from under the cover you will give a little snatched "ouch" and cuddle under the blankets again. Every one knows the kind of morning we mean, when the window panes are covered with delicate traceries left by the artist Jack Frost, and when a compromise is effected by putting on one's stockings and shoes in bed.

Now it is just this kind of weather that makes us neglect our toilet. We hurry through our ablutions, giving a little dab at our face—an apology for a good wash—and get down stairs as quickly as we can. When we go outdoors we are shivery and creepy, and we feel very uncomfortable altogether.

Of course it is ever so much nicer to bathe in a warm room in tepid water and go through every detail of the day's toilet with a leisure that is a positive luxury, but when the weather prohibits don't neglect the details that count. A cold sponge bath, exposing but one portion of the body at a time, followed by a quick, brisk rubbing, sets your blood to tingling, your flesh glows with a warm pink tint and you feel like a bird, not a half awakened creature who has but one aim, and that is to huddle in.

The sponge bath seems too lengthy an operation, at least bathes neck, arms and face well with soap as well as water. There is nothing so good for the complexion as a regulation scrub, and nothing that will so soon make it muddy as a little dab that many women consider equivalent to a genuine bath.—*New York Journal.*

Women and Theology. "Women in the Pulpit" is the subject of discussion at a "morning lecture"

in Boston recently. The drift of opinion among the speakers seemed to be that women should be allowed to preach. The Rev. Lorenzo Haynes, of Waltham, said: "It is generally conceded that women are more religious than men—certainly they form by far the larger proportion of church members. In every church today they do a large part of the work. Take out that work and not a church could stand. As three-fourths of the church members are women, I know of no reason why the same proportion of ministers should not be women." Mrs. Jane L. Patterson, of Roxbury, spoke of what is being accomplished for the development of women since Tufts' college opened all its departments to them. "There is no circumscribing annex," she said, "no specifications to hinder their progress. A woman may enter as a man does. If she wishes to study electrical engineering, she can have through instruction; if she desires a course in the divinity school, the chance is given her."

The Rev. Mary T. Whitney, of Cambridge, could not give the same account of Harvard. She had applied for admission to the divinity school and received from President Eliot a letter of regret that her application could not be favorably considered, precedent being against it. A Miss Spindford, of Boston City, told her hearers that she had built up a congregation in Iowa, and thought that as a woman she enjoyed superior facilities of making her influence felt in the home life of her parishioners.—*Boston Letter.*

The Rustling Underskirt. There is no more melodious sound on earth to the shell-like ears of the woman of today than the rustle of silken skirts. It is as soothing to her senses as the plashing of limpid waters. She is content to wear a gown of last year's serge, and during the summer she was satisfied with cambric or gingham, if only the petticoat underneath, from which her little feet peeped in and out, was composed of the proper material, which material is taffeta—changeable, striped or even plain. Pinked ruffles are given place to flounces of lace, festooned and caught here and there with knots of velvet or ribbon.

So widespread is this tendency to rustle that the shops are offering petticoats advertised as "rustle skirts," and the term catches more women in fifteen minutes than a placard bearing the sign of "silk petticoats" in letters a foot high would catch in a week.

While the rustling crake lasts it is an excellent opportunity to lay in a supply of white muslin undershirts, which are bound to return sooner or later, and the dainty ones, with their frills and embroideries, make one wonder if, after all, it is not more refined and fitting to wear pure white underclothing, upon whose surface every spot can be seen, and which can be restored to its original purity by a flying trip to the laundry.

What would our grandmothers—those dear departed dames—have said to our wearing undergarments which did not show the dirt?—*New York Herald.*

Children's Alliments. It would be a great help to mothers and would save not only much needless anxiety but also many a doctor's bill and sometimes even a life, if the distinction between a slight and a serious ailment were more generally understood. Overcaution and not undercaution is apt to be the prevailing tendency. A child or young person complains of severe pain in the chest, and the mother at once fancies it is pneumonia, or if the trouble is in the bowels peritonitis is the dreaded enemy, and so on.

"Pain without fever," said a well known physician, "may be very severe and may cause much suffering, but it is not dangerous." "If you had this amount of pain that you complain of," he said to the patient who had hastily summoned him, "in any inflammatory disease, you would be in a raging fever; if you have no fever you need never worry."

Most serious illnesses are preceded by a chill. This is a symptom that should never be disregarded, and it is always safe to put a child to bed and stop his food. Warmth and dieting will be found to be the best remedy for any ordinary indisposition, while for the beginning of serious trouble it is often the only thing that can be done until the disease declares itself.—*New York Tribune.*

Another Woman Arctic Explorer. Travel in the far north has hitherto been attempted only by men, but the year 1892 has witnessed the breaking up of this monopoly. Mrs. Peary accompanied her husband to a point further north than any white woman has ever before penetrated, and early last summer Miss Elizabeth Taylor started from Winnipeg for the McKenzie river delta, and from this expedition she has just returned. Miss Taylor is by nature a traveler and by education an artist, and is greatly interested in natural history. She started on her trip alone and made it alone successful to the end.

She is the first woman explorer that has ever ventured into the polar regions on her own account, and with an amount of pluck and steadfastness that would have done credit to a strong man she has carried out her programme and completed her round trip to the far northern parts of the Hudson Bay company. Of the results of her trip we can say as yet know only in a general way. This much may be said, however, her sketchbook is full of drawings which are not only of great historical and topographical interest, but also of a very high order of artistic merit.—*Forest and Stream.*

oacy has much increased of late. The orchid from which the tea is made is a member of one of the handsomest and most expensive families which grows in the forests of Bourbon and Mauritius. The decoction is easy. You just lay the leaves and stalks in cold water, about one grain to a teacup—more or less, according to taste—close the vessel tight and boil for ten minutes. The tea may be sweetened.—*London Society.*

Exhibits of Woman's Work. The industrial features shown at the Mechanical fair in Boston include the establishment of a woman printer in operation, an exhibit from the laundry of the Home for Intemperate Women, a display of factory work by women, of silk culture from the woman's prison, and other industries carried on by women, such as the culture and preserving of small fruits and of beekeeping.—*Boston Letter.*

A Year's Work of the W. C. T. U. From the reports of the W. C. T. U. in Denver it may be computed that more than \$900,000 has been raised and expended by the different societies throughout the United States during the past year, and more than 150,000 women are united in the cause of temperance. Two hundred and eighty-two coffee houses, friendly houses and feeding rooms have been established and are maintained by the society.

A Club Without a Debt. The Ladies' club is the only club in Sydney, Australia, which is not in debt. Their rooms are in a central and convenient locality, where tea, coffee or cocoa are served at any hour, where dainty lunches are enjoyed by the members and their friends, and where private reception rooms are furnished to ladies who wish to entertain their friends. The club numbers nearly 100 members.—*Exchange.*

Co-education in St. Lawrence. Co-education is carried out to the most practical details in the St. Lawrence college, one of the earliest of co-educational institutions. During the recent campaign the Republican club included both young women and men in its membership, and together they marched from the college to the town hall through a pouring rain to listen to speakers on the issues of the campaign.—*Exchange.*

What Suffrage Is. We are often asked what suffrage is, and what it will do for us. It is the standard that leads the way, and the want of it is the bar that stands in the way of everything else. It is the demand for suffrage that has helped to bring all the gains we have already won, and these in their turn will help to bring suffrage.—*Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney.*

Suffragists Are Not Agitators. The advocates of equal rights for women are called agitators. But the people who oppose progress oppose the divine order, and it is they who make the agitation, just as a stone motionless in the bed of a brook makes more agitation in the water than all the boats that move along with the stream.—*Mrs. A. M. Diaz.*

Lucy Booth, to Live Like an East Indian. Lucy Booth, General Booth's youngest daughter, is about to go to India to be at the head of the work among the women of that dark land. Like all the women of the Salvation Army in India, she will go among the native women in their own costume and live in the same manner that they do.—*Woman's Journal.*

In military violet shades seem to be prime favorites. A bonnet for an elderly lady is made of violet velvet and canary velvet folded together in a skillful manner, with a jet ornament and a yellow feather.

Mrs. C. K. Garrison, widow of the millionaire and "commodore," has bought Lord Downton's house on Grosvenor square, London, which will henceforth be her residence in the season.

A band of twelve women in New York city started and supported by their own personal effort a free kindergarten for one year at the expense of \$700.

Miss Emice Ross, Davis, at Dedham, Mass., aged ninety-two years, is claimed to be the only surviving member of the Women's Antislavery society.

On a single Sunday in October last in the city of Denver thirty-five palpits were occupied by as many regularly ordained women ministers.

The nurses' pension bill has received the president's signature, and will relieve many feeble women unable to earn a living.

Two women have been elected to the vestry of St. Paul's Episcopal church at Hickman, Ky.

The secret of entertaining. A man does not enjoy the feeling that what interests a girl he has no knowledge of and rather than make mistakes will remain silent, for men are very sensitive to ridicule and are not going to let a girl laugh at them if they can help it, but touch on his favorite hobby and he will think you charming, simply because you have introduced a topic on which he feels at home. No matter what it is, if you simply arrive at the keynote there will be no trouble about conversation, and in this easy way you will have established your reputation as a charming, intelligent, well-informed woman, when, in all probability you will only be permitted to nod approval or say yes and no at proper intervals.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

UNCLE SAM IN SAMOA.

A STATEMENT OF HIS INTERESTS IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

Commercial and strategic importance of the islands—One Harbor of Pago Pago described as the Finest of All Polynesian Ports—A Lazy Man's Paradise.

The regularly recurrent discussions of the relations between the United States and Samoa will have one beneficial educational effect, whatever the final result of those discussions may be. People will be moved to learn all they can about the group of islands included in the little South sea kingdom and about their productions and the people who inhabit them. They will learn much that is interesting concerning these picturesque islands. One of the facts which will most interest the lay reader, if there be such a one, is that these islands compose an earthly paradise where a person can live with a superfluity of an effete civilization.

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THE COULDN'T KEEP STILL.

A Reporter's Harrowing Experience With the New Typewriter Gibe.

For a reporter with but little to write and plenty of time in which to write it there is nothing more pleasant than to dictate a narrative to a cheerful typewriter, particularly if she be young and have nice soft hands to do the work, and will do all the typing for you, and will do it so expertly and so quickly, and with such a long yearning to write and a limited amount of time to finish it, things some times have a different aspect.

Near Printing House square is a one-day typewriter office which many newspaper men frequent. A new girl came there one day last week—a real nice girl and an excellent operator—but she had never done that kind of work before. While she was sitting in the main room upon the afternoon of her first day a newspaper man came bustling in, and—

"Mrs. J., have you got anybody to take a two-column story in a hurry?"

"Yes," replied the manager. "Here is a young lady who has just come to us. Miss Brown—Mr. Smith. You can go in and have her try it. I'll be right with you."

In three minutes the young lady was seated at her machine, the newspaper man was sitting out his notes, and the door was closed as to have them undisturbed.

"Now, if you will please begin," the newspaper man said. "In these days of stern reality and suffering and struggle for existence a romantic episode comes upon one with the refreshing delight with which a traveler in a desert obtains an oasis."

"Clackety-clackety-clack went the keys, and then—

"Isn't that lovely? Is it going to be a novel?"

The newspaper man looked up in amazement, but it was utterly impossible to be angry with such blue eyes regarding him in admiration.

"Please go on." In the monotonous routine of Tombs police court cases, however, there was one yesterday, behind which lay a story so romantic and so picturesque that it would almost seem to have been created by a great novelist who had striven to exceed all his past efforts.

When this had been recorded, and while the newspaper man was wondering what he would say next, the young lady, smiling most radiantly, prattled on in this fashion:

"The first I ever read! It sounds like a real novel. Did you ever read 'Clarissa' or 'The Fortinbras'?" It begins something like that, only it isn't so interesting. Do you know, I never took dictation like that before. The last piece I worked in I had nothing to do but copy letters. Oh, dear, wasn't it tiresome, though!"

WOMEN AND THE BATH.

IT IS RECORDED BY THEM AS A GREAT BEAUTIFIER.

For They Use It and Increase its Effectiveness by Massage—Great Changes Wrought in Recent Years—Beauty's Baths in Other Countries.

There is no doubt that women are beginning to realize more and more the importance of the bath. It no longer continues to be a perfunctory duty, to be gone through with as a matter of course on Saturday night, much as the family washing is undertaken on Monday.

The relations of cleanliness to goodness has ceased to be of importance. The bath has grown to be considered, in the country, a close adjunct to woman's beauty. The fair sex have learned to study the bath and its effects upon their feelings, and incidentally the action of tepid or hot water on their fair skins and its efficacy in softening and beautifying their complexions.

No longer can it be said that the majority of American women take a bath merely wiping the face with a corner of a wet towel, even if the statement was ever true.

The women of foreign countries in the past undoubtedly had a greater appreciation of the near relation of the bath to personal beauty than the women of the United States. That a great change in this direction has been wrought is evident from the greater intelligence shown by the American women today in the matter of bathing and their growing predilection for what is known as Swedish massage.

In nearly all the larger Turkish baths or hammams here in New York city special accommodations are provided for ladies, and the proprietor of a well known establishment assured me the other day that he has five women patrons today where he had one a few years ago.

Besides these regular public Turkish baths there are many young women who make a very good living as skilled operators in the art of massage. Some of them are also manicurists and hair dressers, but primarily they are massage operators.

These young women ordinarily have a clientele which embraces a class of customers who can afford to pay well for what they want and do not hesitate to do so. Some years ago massage operators among their customers chiefly among invalids or people who were desirous of getting rid of their superfluous flesh. Today many women, young and old, take a thorough massage after their bath three or four times a week, and declare that besides softening and beautifying the skin, it soothes and soothes their entire nervous system. This massage they receive at home immediately after leaving the bath.

Massage, by the way, is a particular fad among those bright eyes, while some young women who affect tennis, riding, fencing and other athletic exercises which come within the feminine province. Immediately after finishing a bout with the foil, a deuce set at tennis or a brisk dash in the park, there is nothing that a young woman finds more delightful than a dip in her porcelain bathtub, followed by the soft part of an hour in the hands of an expert operator. When she has finished such a treatment she emerges from her boudoir with a perfect figure of that which we are all so proud a conscious American girl full of animal spirits and a native wit which has made her a favorite wherever she goes.

Long ago the women of the old countries appreciated the advantages of the bath and its power to enhance their personal charms. The almost dead Japanese beauty, with her darker complexion and gentle manners, gives an added suppleness and smoothness to her skin by a nightly bath and a morning dip in water as hot as she can stand. This plan, while it is said to work admirably with the Japanese women, would doubtless prove dangerous in this land of colds and rheumatism.

English girls have never been noted like their American cousins for their taste in dress, but what they lack in chic they make up for in other ways. The healthy, fresh complexion and beautiful skin of English women have, and besides, the world over. Of course in England women go in for riding to hounds and all kinds of athletics, but I have it direct from the lips of an English mother that she believed that the beautiful complexion with which her daughters were blessed were due more than anything else to the plunges which they took in cold water every morning immediately after arising. The dip in cold water is followed by a brisk rubbing until the skin is all aglow and as soft and pillable as velvet. Of course there is considerable shock attendant upon a plunge in cold water, and should never be attempted by weak or delicate girls, or, in fact, by any one whose skin does not assume a healthy, red hue after being vigorously rubbed.

The Frenchwoman as typified, at least, by the true Parisienne is nothing if not luxurious in her tastes. She pays the greatest attention to her bath and is also an ardent devotee of massage. After her morning bath, which she takes in lukewarm water, she indulges in a hasty shower bath, after which she lies down for her massage. Her session for perfumes then leads her to be lightly sprayed with violet water, while scented oris powder is sifted into her hair, to be carefully brushed out again later by her maid. After all this sort of thing is over you can imagine what a radiant, fragrant picture of health and sweetness the French belle presents when her toilet has been completed.

THE BALLOON IN BATTLE.

How It is Managed and Information Transmitted and Received.

Balloon and wagon have formed a junction and are ready to start with the troops. Away goes the wagon, with the balloon hanging on to its tail, while the steadiest sappers on each side keep it steady. The train moves along at a good rapid pace, easily keeping up with or even passing the infantry, and makes for the particular spot at which it has been determined to commence balloon operations, which is usually on the top of a good high hill.

An ascent is an easy enough matter and is soon accomplished. The balloon is securely fixed to the end of the wire-rope, and the two men who are to ascend take their places. At the word of command the man who has been holding down the end of the rope, and up shoots the balloon, sending the rope as it rises and allowed sometimes to ascend to a height of 1,000 feet. And suppose the officer receives instructions to move the position of the balloon, is it necessary to haul it down? Not a bit of it. A man is placed at the end of the wagon who carefully guides the connecting rope so that it cannot get entangled or run risk of being cut, and away goes the wagon, sometimes at a trot across fields and up and down hill, until the balloon itself is a long distance away from its original station. Next, suppose that it is necessary to lower the balloon. Is it needful to wind in all the wire rope that has been paid out from the reel? No such thing.

The balloon is brought to earth in a much more expeditious manner. A long, stout pole, in the middle of which is a pulley wheel, is laid across the rope. Half a dozen men seize the pole and run it along the rope, and their weight soon brings the balloon down to the ground. Passengers can then be exchanged, or any other operation can be carried on, and then the men run the pole back, and up shoots the balloon again many hundreds of feet into the air, without having been away from its exalted position more than a few minutes.

But it is not necessary to lower the balloon in this or any other way whenever it is required that messages should be exchanged between those below and those above. There are various contrivances for doing this. Sometimes, for instance, a wire is attached, through which messages can be sent to a telephone. Another plan is to send messages down the wire cable. A little wire hook is fastened around the cable, and the letter or paper, weighted with a small sandbag, is sent fluttering down. The sandbag, it may also be added, can be heard both from a considerable height and depth, so that verbal communication is not difficult if there is no wind.—*Good Word.*

Years from a Descendant of Heroes.

It was midnight and cold. A few shivering newboys close by Pie alley hung round a chestnut vender's stand like flies round the bung of a molasses barrel. The few passers hurried along with their coat collars turned up and eyes straight ahead. Trade wasn't good. Suddenly a heartrending shriek broke the stillness, followed by piteous sobbing. The chestnut man, wringing his hands like a maniac, lunged over his overturned stand. Sparks and glowing coals streamed across the sidewalk. A couple of boys shot out of sight around the nearest corner. The sobbing grew louder and mingled with imprecations in an unknown tongue. Like magic a crowd gathered. A policeman sauntered over. A herdic dashed up. Still the sobs burst from the bearded face of the poor fugitive. Some of the crowd laughed.

The herdic man asked him why he didn't chase the gamins and give them a sound thrashing. He had never thought of that, but at the word started after his tormentors, still sobbing. It was too late. He came back, righted his capsize apparatus, scraped up the chestnuts and replaced them over the little fire that remained, crying all the while like a whipped scoby. The crowd scattered, the herdic driver drove on, the sobs of the chestnut man grew less and less until the frosty air turned them into a chatter.

"Them Dages ain't with nothin," said one young fellow to another as they hurried down the street. "They hawl like babies."

And yet Cassa's legionaries and Garibaldi's riflemen were of that race.—*Boston Journal.*

A Troublesome Girl Said.

The state and general governments are very much alarmed over the Indian troubles in the western part of this state, in the Sierra Madre mountains. According to the reports which have reached here during the last few days, the Yaqui Indians have been greatly aroused by the wholesale massacre of their neighbor and friendly tribe at Tomachie by government troops. The peaceable Yaquis in the valleys of Sonora and Chihuahua are leaving their farms and ranches, and with their wives and children are gathering at an appointed rendezvous in the mountains north of Trinidad, where they have discovered another patron saint in the person of a beautiful Mexican girl named Anita Roca, whose father is a shepherd.

St. Anita urges the Indian worshippers to make war upon the Mexicans, and to reclaim the rich Mexican lands in the Yaqui valley which the government has taken from them. There are several hundred Indian braves and about 200 Mexicans now preparing to begin their depredations and war of extermination. They are nearly all well armed, and are expected to begin their campaign as soon as winter sets in.—*Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

More Canadians Here Than in Canada. There is trouble in the Young Men's Conservative club of Toronto. President Armstrong recently made some remarks derogatory to the Conservative government as to its policy, which allowed wholesale immigration of Canadians to the United States, and said Canada was being annexed to the republic by job lots. This led to charges that he was not loyal to the Conservative party, and at a meeting today the club was asked to pass a resolution expressing the disapproval of Armstrong's views. In the discussion that followed it was asserted that there were now more natives born Canadians in the United States than in Canada, and more in Chicago than in Toronto. The resolution was defeated.—*Cor. Chicago News-Record.*

Sweet Indifference. Chappie—James! His Man—Yesir. Chappie—I have a letter to write. What year is this—*Indianapolis Journal.*