

POWER OF LOVE.

"I will not marry for love," she said, "I am too wise, and she tossed her head; "The girls that are silly, soft and tame, Who eagerly love to change their name, And think that they, like girls in a novel, Could be content with love in a hotel, These are creatures that marry for love, And imagine all else will fly from above."

Cupid heard, and he laughed with glee; "Of all the sport this just suits me." And from his arrow he sent a dart That went straight to the maiden's heart. She fell in love with a man minus money, And felt that life would be sweeter than honey. To live for him, like girls in a novel, And be content with love in a hotel. —Brooklyn Eagle.

A White Woman's Expedition to Africa. Mrs. May French Sheldon, wife of E. L. Sheldon, who represents the Jarvis-Conklin Mortgage Trust company in London, is about to engage in a trip to a wild portion of Africa as the head of an exploring party. Mrs. Sheldon has lived most of her life in London, although she is a native New Yorker. She has given great attention to African exploration. Her home in London has been the rendezvous for African explorers and students.

She has been for a long time an intimate friend of Henry M. Stanley. She says she is going simply because she wants to, and is going to run the expedition herself and to suit herself. She goes to Africa for the purpose of learning the ways and customs, legends and folklore of the natives and incorporating them into a book. She is to sail from England in February, and will go first to Zanzibar, thence to Mombasa, and then will begin her journey inland. Mrs. Sheldon says: The expedition will be entirely my own, the honors, if any, shall not be divided, and the criticisms—and of course there will be many—must be aimed at me alone. I shall be the only white woman in the party. I shall be attended, of course, by several black women. I will also have such military protection as I think necessary. I expect to reach Mount Kilima-Njaro. My little venture, I feel sure, will be a comparatively safe one. I shall be in Africa three months.—Exchange.

Fainted in Front of the Locomotive. Mrs. H. M. Bennett, of this city, had a narrow escape from death several days ago at Monmouth Junction, N. J. Mr. and Mrs. Bennett have a country seat there, and they came to the depot to take a train for Pittsburg. The Pennsylvania road has four tracks at this point, and trains are passing most of the time, making it exceedingly dangerous for pedestrians. What is known as the Congressional express, which does not stop, was due, and Mr. Bennett saw it approaching, but there was plenty of time to cross over.

He started across the tracks accompanied by Mrs. Bennett, when a track walker called her attention to the express, and waved his hand in the direction of the train. It frightened Mrs. Bennett, and she fell on the track in a dead faint in front of the train. There was no time to lose, and Mr. Bennett and the railroad men, realizing her position, rushed to her side and pulled her off but a few seconds before the express passed by. Mrs. Bennett is a large woman, and her dress caught on a spike and was torn, but she didn't realize what an escape she had until she was restored to consciousness.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Miss Cary's Triumphs. Miss Lizzie Webb Cary, the soprano of the Church of the Incarnation, is one of the most popular church singers in this city. She is a native of Maine and came to this city about two years ago. Miss Cary is in distinguished company. The leader of the choir and tenor, Mr. Arthur D. Woodruff, is a famous director and soloist, and Miss Augusta M. Lowell, the organist, bears the unique distinction of being the leading lady organist in this country. Miss Cary is particularly well known in oratorio and concert singing. She has won many triumphs before Boston audiences and has many devoted admirers in other parts of the country. Miss Cary is one of the best paid singers in a New York choir and more than doubles her salary by her outside work. She has a brilliant dramatic soprano voice of great compass, fulness and purity.—New York Herald.

A Smoker's Revenge. The will of William Bachelor, a wealthy and eccentric resident of Coshocton, O., has been offered for probate. Nathaniel Bradner, a nephew, is disinherited, because, Mr. Bachelor wrote, "I don't like his wife pretty well." The will requires that all the heirs must file an affidavit with the executor promising not to give any part of their bequests to Bradner. It is reported that during a visit to this nephew in New York Mr. Bachelor could not smoke in the parlor because Mrs. Bradner objected. For this, it is supposed, Bachelor determined to "get even."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Potato Party. Miss Lavinia Kauffman, of East King street, gave a "potato" party to ten of her girl friends at her father's residence Friday evening. Each of the misses had eight potatoes to pick up with a teaspoon, placing them in a basket, and the one getting the greatest number of potatoes into the basket in three minutes was to be awarded first prize. The "booby" prize was a "bronzed" potato.—Lancaster Intelligencer.

Eccentric Conduct of a Washington Lady. A handsomely dressed lady created considerable comment recently by drawing a good sized dressed hog along Pennsylvania avenue on a child's toy wagon, while she led a little boy with the other hand. She passed serenely on, however, unconscious of or indifferent to the many amused glances and flippant remarks indulged in at her expense.—Washington Post.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, is making a statue of Queen Victoria as she looked in girlhood, which is to be given to Kensington in memory of the queen's early life there.

Christine Terhune Herrick. A daughter of Marion Harland, who has made a place for herself by her own work, has a double claim upon the interest of American women. So familiar has the name of Christine Terhune Herrick become upon the covers of books, and in newspapers and magazines, that it is difficult to realize that her first article was written only five years ago, and that she is one of the youngest in the army of American women writers. Marion Harland educated her daughter almost wholly at home, and trained her, as she insists that every woman should be trained, to be self supporting in case of need.

But, curiously enough, the vocation for which she was trained was not that of a writer, but of a teacher. She was thoroughly trained in English literature, Anglo-Saxon and philology, for a chair in English literature, and she taught her favorite subject in a New England woman's school long enough to become accustomed to teaching methods. She understands French, Italian, German and Latin, besides English and Anglo-Saxon. But all through her girlhood there was no thought of her writing. It was not until she had been married nearly a year, and was keeping her own house at Springfield, Mass., after Dr. and Mrs. Terhune had removed to Brooklyn, that she sent her first article to a domestic magazine. That was accepted, and was followed by several others, when their author found her work in demand, a demand which has increased from that time to this.—Housekeepers' Weekly.

Woman's Fondness for Scent. All dainty women are fond of scent. Some of them use it very extravagantly. They saturate their dresses with perfume, so that when they are taken out of the wardrobe they are as fragrant as a bank of violets. Lilac, heliotrope blossom and violet are all popular perfumes, but violet takes the palm. A saleswoman in a Regent street perfumery told me that fashionable women spent more on perfumes for the bath than for other purposes. She could not tell me what a fashionable woman's scent bill came to in a year. Some women bought their perfume in bulk, by the half gallon or the quart. A three half pint bottle of opposax costs three guineas. The young woman said that some of their wealthiest customers frittered away a small fortune in a year on expensive toilet trivolties.

There's a long list of things in a fashionable toilet bill. Scent is not the heaviest item. There's face wash, soap, powder, vinegars, pastilles for the breath, and rouge and other things. The principal items in the list—face wash, soap, powder and toilet vinegar, that is—are made to match all the newest perfumes. If your favorite smell is violet you can get all these things smelling of violets. It is a fact now to use only one perfume. I came across a new perfume for the bath at a place called Sicilian Vespers. A few spoonfuls of this poured into a warm bath, they said, would give you an idea of the famous perfumed bath of the Roman aristocrat during the Empire.—Miss Mantalana in Pall Mall Budget.

Interviewing Kate Field. In a room at the Victoria hotel is a desk covered with newspapers, books and manuscripts. At the desk sits a little woman in a blue cloth dress. Her eyes are very wide awake and penetrating, her hair is turning gray, her lips are pressed close together, her expression is frank and kindly. The little woman is Kate Field. She lives in New York and publishes her paper, Kate Field's Washington, in Washington. I would rather interview Kate Field than any other woman I know. What she says is always honest and lucid. She has original views about everything. She does not know what it is to beat about the bush. She has veracity and vivacity. As I was leaving Miss Field took me to a window in her study. "There," she said, "is a view I never tire of." I looked out, and I saw Twenty-third street at the junction of Fifth avenue and Broadway, the Fifth Avenue hotel, the Brunswick and Madison square. O' nights the long lines of street lights glitter like a diamond necklace.

I was congratulating myself that I had material for a capital interview, one replete with maxim, aphorism, paradox, but Miss Field nipped my congratulations in the bud. "All that I have said," she concluded, "is of course *entre nous*—it is not for print."—New York World.

Very Spoony. A spoon luncheon was the very novel entertainment given by a recent bride to the bridesmaids and ushers who were to attend the wedding. The table cloth was white linen with delicate drawn work over pale blue satin, the china white and gold, crossed spoons made of forget-me-nots were in front of each plate, and the central decoration was a mound of white and pink rosebuds, supported by china Cupids, each holding a large spoon made of forget-me-nots. The souvenirs were, for each lady, a silver spoon, with the combined monograms of the bride and groom and the date, and for the gentlemen, scarf pins shaped like tiny spoons, with a turquoise in the bowl of each.—Demorest's Family Magazine.

Compassion. An adroit Market street merchant corrected his wife's yearning for a seal-skin coat by carelessly leaving within her reach a copy of "Our Dumb Animals," containing an article on the cruelty of seal killing, which states that when the seals are frightened or hurt large tears drop from their eyes. Instead of the coat the lady has settled on an elegant hat set off with the plumage of four rare birds.—Philadelphia Record.

At Luncheon. Miss Brunc (who has passed the summer at Bar Harbor)—Kitty, will you do me a favor? Miss Blonn—Will I? Ask it. Miss Brunc—Let Peters bring me a chocolate éclair instead of this vanilla one. It doesn't match my tan, you know.—Judge.

Gen. Booth's Successor. I have always thought that the weak spot in the Salvation Army is that Gen. Booth places his children in high positions, and evidently contemplates the generalship being hereditary in his family. Now, the odds against the son of a remarkable man being the person best fitted to succeed him in arbitrary sway over a vast organization are great. We do not dream of judges' sons succeeding judges, or prime ministers' sons succeeding prime ministers, although possibly the fathers may think that the sons are more fitted than any others to carry on their work.

In a letter the general explains that the general of the Salvation Army for the time being is to have the fullest powers of administrative and executive control over the property (i. e., the funds subscribed), and that in the deed regulating this provision will be made for the appointment of his successor at his death. But he does not explain how this successor is to be appointed. If the funds are placed in the hands of Gen. Booth a committee should be appointed to whom he would himself be responsible, and which committee would have some voice in the appointment of his successor, and have some sort of control over him.—London Truth.

Electric Lights on a Railroad Track. The line of the Pennsylvania railroad, from Frankford creek on the south to Pooquessing creek on the north, at Torresdale, a distance of nearly seven miles, is soon to be lighted by electric lights ranged along at intervals, so that for that distance the tracks will be as light as Chestnut street. The contract for this latest great feat in modern railroad management for the security of the lives of passengers and employes, and the avoidance of loss by the smashing up of freight trains, has been awarded.

The stretch of railroad to be lighted is through a populous district, and has long been noted for the frequency of accidents on it. There is little doubt that the electric lighting will greatly reduce or almost entirely do away with this danger. It is understood that in time the electric lighting system will be extended along the railroad, and may in time extend all the way between Philadelphia and New York. In this way the track would be made almost as bright as day.—Philadelphia Record.

A Clever Smuggling Scheme. A string of sausages floated idly around in an eddy between two Pacific coast steamship docks two hours the other day. They popped up from somewhere, nobody knew where. The City of Pueblo had been thoroughly searched and nothing contraband discovered. Customs Inspector Critcher, standing guard on her deck, suspected nothing, but fretted by the persistency of the sausages in floating in the slip instead of following the tide, called to two boatmen to take them out of the water. The boatmen did so, and it was found that every "sausage" had a fine silk fish line tied to it, at the end of which dangled a box of opium wrapped in oiled silk. There were 2,200 boxes in all, worth nearly \$3,000. The "sausages" were scraps of cork wrapped in tarpaulin and linked with cord, each link being loaded with sufficient salt to sink it about a foot under water.—San Francisco Letter.

Both Elopers Wore Gowns. A novel elopement which occurred Saturday was that of Mr. J. T. Higdon, a young printer, and Miss Rosalind Bush, the 14-year-old daughter of Samuel T. Bush, a well known carpenter of Owensboro, Ky. As the girl could be gotten away from home only during the daytime, the groom conceived the idea of dressing in female attire and getting out of town without creating any suspicion. Accordingly he so dressed himself, and calling at the house of a friend for the girl, they escaped in a buggy to Rockport, Ind., where they were married. Too late the father ascertained that he had been outwitted, and swore he would kill, etc. He is tamer now, however, and the young people are happy.—Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.

Game at Small Expense. The crew and passengers of the Pittsburg were treated to a game dinner on the way down the river a few days ago. While between Keokuk and Quincy the river was filled with wild ducks. During the night a hailstorm set in and disturbed the birds, and they flocked around the boat, many being dashed to death against the cabins and masts and falling upon the decks. A sufficient number was picked up by the crew to feed everybody on the boat.—Louisiana (Mo.) Press.

The Biggest Texas Wheat Field. A company of capitalists has purchased 10,000 acres of land on the railroad at Vista, and will convert the entire body into one immense wheat field. Much of the land can be broken this winter. Twelve gang plows have been ordered, and the breaking of the land will commence as soon as these arrive. A wheat field 10,000 acres in extent is so far unknown in Texas.—Cor. San Antonio Express.

About the beginning of the century the London clearing house was established, while that of New York, which is the oldest in the United States, came into existence in 1833. Last year's clearances of the New York institution amounted to about \$35,000,000,000 and those of London's \$34,000,000,000.

The will of Charles Peck, which has been probated in New Haven, Conn., consisted of pages of paper so pasted as to make a sheet twenty feet long. It is thought that Mr. Peck's idea was to prevent substitutions or interlineations.

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