PHIL of THE HOLLOW

By SHAN BULLOCK

Copyright, 1903, by American Press Association

Affairs were marching now. I forgot my book, forgot that the sun was shining on the peaceful fields lying golden beyond the hedges. With leaping pulse I sat by the window, watching silently. Gara went for his cap, pausing a breath to whisper in Ned's ear; came back and fell again to whittling his scrap of tobacco. Leaning toward me, he sat, elbows out and hands—his lean, ready hands—busy between his knees. Suddenly he looked up and met my eyes.

"Still watchin'?" he said, with a grin.

"Yes," answered I, striving to smile. "I'm—I'm tired reading."

"I know." He pressed the tobacco into his pipe, then held out his hand, with the knife lying open on his palm. "That's a good knife," said he. I nodded. "Feel the edge it has," he went on and pushed the blade, edge upward, toward me. Reluctantly I tried the blade with my thumb. It was keen as a razor. With a quick movement he put its point against my breast and pressed slightly. "Just two inches home," said he, "an' ye'd watch no more."

I sat quite still, my breath held. "For two pins I'd do it," said Gara, pressing again, "an' close yer eyes forever. How do I know what ye are?"

There was a sound of shuffling feet in the farther corner, and from his place Ned Brady came quickly, his hands out and that look of horror once more on his face. "No, no, Phil!" he shouted, in terror of pleading. "My goodness, no!"

And with that, even as Gara rose swiftly, the engine whistled, the brakes shrieked, and, crouching upon the seat, Gara waved Ned back. "Down wi' ye!" he shouted. "Down, ye fool, down!"

During the minute that we stayed at Lack station the two huddled close in their corners, their faces turned from the platform, eyes fixed in a furtive stare of apprehension, ears quick on the tread of the stalking policeman, but once started again and slowly gliding past hill and hedgerow they sat upright and looked at each other. It was a significant look, narrow and tense, springing on that side from the gloom of tears, on this the black tangles of guilt, and from it Gara broke suddenly with mocking laughter.

"Bah! I'm sick with meself for a danged fool. What about them? Who cares about them?" Fiercely he held converse as with himself, his back bent, eyes on his boots, fingers met and twitching. "Bah! One 'd think we were"—

He stopped, pondered a moment, slowly and deliberately raised his eyes. "I wonder what yer thinkin' of us now?" he said, still with that air of asking a question not so much of me as of himself. "I'd give somethin' this mortal minute to know what's behind yer face. Tell me what is it yer thinkin'."

I hardly cared to answer boldly. "Well, to tell the truth, I'm not so much thinking as wondering."

"I know. An' what are ye wondern'?"

I meant to speak carefully, but the words leaped out. "What you're afraid of," said I.

While you might count fifty Gara sat eying me in silence. "Afraid of?" he said at last. "Then ye think we've done somethin'?"

"I do. How can I help it?"

"I know. I see. Well"—Gara paused—"an' what d'ye think we're afraid of?"

"I don't know," said I.

"Ye don't." Not for an instant did his eyes relax. "But ye'd like to know, nebbe?"

"Like?" I waved a hand. "Maybe I'm just as well not to know."

"Aye, for all that ye'd be happier if ye did?"

"I'd be wiser," answered I.

"Wiser?" Gara laughed in his knowing way. "Aw, troth might ye, an' even then ye'd be no Solomon, for sure as a gun yer a bit of a fool. Man, yer wits are out at grass. There's not what sense 'd catch a rabbit behind that smooth face of yers, an' as for pluck—phut! Ye've the pluck of a sheep." He laughed again, as if at his own discerning wit, then tapped my knee with a finger. "Listen to me an' I'll tell ye," said he, "an' may the hearin' do ye good. If ye knew more about the country that owns ye," said Phil, having glanced at Ned and crossed his knees and laid his hands upon them, "ye'd wonder little to see two country lads takin' a jaunt in a train an' keepin' an eye on the police, an' if ye knew the police ye'd not wonder at all. Ye can do nothin' but they're at yer heels. If ye play cards in a train, there's a helmet at the window; if ye take a drop too much, there's a black coat at your elbow; if ye brew a sup of poteen, there's an army on yer track, an' the man that raps a hare upon the head might as well kill a magistrate. Yer safe wi' yer bag an' yer black coat, but get inside this ould coat of mine an' see the face of the first peeler ye'd meet. I'm only a countryside bosthoon. I'm the man the police looks twice at. Well, they've need. I'm no saint if I'm not much of a sinner. I'll gamble so long as I can sit. I'll pick a pocket if I want a dinner. I'll crack a skull wi' the greatest pleasure. I'd shoot a landlord the morrow if so be I drew the bean. I'm a divil, sir"—Gara uncrossed his legs, drove a hand into either waistcoat pocket and faced me proudly—"a fair divil. In all Meath there's not a play boy to touch me. An' I glory in it, I glory in it! Jail or gallows, dock or bar, divil a bit I fear them, an' divil a straw I care. A free life an' a free hand—there's my sentiments. I envy no man. I care for no man. Only," and here Gara winked knowingly as he tapped my knee, "when somethin' happens I try to be careful, an' that's why ye see me goin' for a jaunt this mornin', meself an' the boy beyant."

Phil pushed back his cap, glanced furtively at Ned, leaned over his knees with his arms crossed upon them and, lowering his voice, went on. "It's all because of himself in the corner. Between ourselves he's a bit of a needle; out, like many another I've met, he's fond of me company, an' so he'd trot at me heel. An' last night, when his skull was bein' threatened, what must I do but take his part, an' here I am.

"'Twas like this, Ned, havin' a trifle of money to lose, half a crown or so, an' the fancy for cards bein' only young in him, comes to me in the evenin', tells me there's a drop of fresh poteen in a neighbor's an' asks me to keep him company. Where the house was an' who lives in it is no matter now. Well, we sampled the liquor, we smoked, an' we sung, we had our joke an' our argument, an' towards 10 o'clock we fell to at the cards. The game was twenty-five, penny stakes, an' every man for himself.

"'Twas on a chair our party played wi' stools for us to sit straddled on, an' Ned was facin' me, an' three others were between us, an' one of them was a boy called Micky the Wig, a big, thick witted butt of a man wi' red hair an' a temper like a chained bull's. The man that won was Micky's enemy. The man that lost, supposin' he wasn't himself, got Micky's jeers. An' last night, as it happened, Ned beyant had all the luck an' Micky all the losin', so Ned was the enemy.

"'Twas wonderful to see the two. Ned's face every time he looked at his cards or raked in the coppers beamed like a full moon. Micky's every time he looked at his or put down a fresh stake was black as the hob. 'Dang me, but it's great!' says Ned when a round was done. 'Divil the like I ever seen!' shouts Micky, with a scowl across the chair, an' bangs his knee. 'Not a card can I get!' shouts Micky. 'Not a pip can I make! Dang such luck!' shouts he at last, when he hadn't a cent, 'an' dang ye for a pup!' says he to Ned. 'Yer not playin', but cheatin', an' I say it to yer face.'

"Now, I'll say this for Ned—he's a good natured boy. But last night pride was big in him an' poteen strong, an' when Micky said the word he just leant over an' called him a liar. Up jumps Micky like a mad bull an' tears off his coat. Up stands Ned an' peels off his. Up gets the company like one man an' gathers round. There was more noise when ye'd clap yer hands than 'd drown a brass band. Such a whillabaloo ye never heard in all yer days. An' there was Micky squarin' an' jumpin'; there was Ned pale as a sheet, there the boys gatherin' into a ring, there meself. Aw, there was meself playin' the fool, for, instead of standin' back like another an' leavin' things to come right, what must I do but take pity on Ned's face an' his youth, step forward to his side, take his part an' challenge Micky meself. I was a fool," said Phil, flinging out a hand, "but"—

There came a sound from the farther corner, and, turning quickly, we had

"I'd do it an' close yer eyes forever."

sight of Ned Brady leaning toward us, a hand on each knee, mouth open and wonder staring from his eyes. Like that he may have been sitting for long enough listening and gaping. Now he shuffled along the seat and spoke.

"Phil," said he, his voice shrill and piteous, "what are ye doin'? Is it"—

"Ah, go back to yer place!" answered Gara, with a scowl. "Back, ye fool!"

"But, Phil—I say, Phil! Would ye"—

"Go back, I say!"

"But, Phil"—

With an oath Gara rose, took Ned by the shoulders and shot him back into the corner, stooped over him and whispered in his ear, came back and sat down before me. Bending forward, while Ned watched and listened eagerly, Phil hurriedly went on:

"At first Micky wouldn't fight. He had no quarrel with me, he said. It was Ned that had insulted him, said he. 'Twas Ned he'd fight. For answer I stripped to the waist, stepped out upon the floor an' gave Micky's face the back of me hand. That roused him. The ring closed in. Hammer an' tongs we fell to wi' naked fists. At first Micky had the best of matters, wi' his long arms an' big weight. Once he sent me sprawlin' across a chair; another time he just missed a blow at me chin that 'd ha' broke me neck. But he was soft, an' I was hard; he had strength, an' I had science, so in awhile he flagged an' I freshened, an' he was at me mercy. I toyed wi' him an' gibed him; I tapped him here an' there an' laughed in his face; I led him on till his guard got low an' his breath came short an' he lost his temper; then, seein' me chance, I stepped in like a flash, took him a blow on the chin like the kick of a horse an' measured his six feet upon the floor. Boys, the clatter he came down! Man, the hubbub was there! Stretched out he lay as pale as a sheet, wi' blood on his lips an' not a breath in his body. 'He's dead!' shouts this one. 'He's murdered,' says that. 'Catch him,' says the rest, 'till we have his life.' An' wi' that I lifts coat an' waistcoat, shouts to Ned, then out into the dark an' away, an' for an hour we ran, an' for hours we lay in a ditch. At last, towards mornin'"—

Just there Phil stopped, peered through the windows, turned quickly and waved a hand at Ned. "Here's Larah," said he, and to me, "There's little more, but I'll finish when we're started again."

I nodded. Ned gathered into his corner, Phil crouched low in his. The whistle shrieked, the brakes began grinding, slowly the train drew up, and there upon Larah platform stood two policemen by the doorway, while along it, from carriage to carriage, two more followed a sergeant with drawn staves.

Then I looked at Phil. "They're coming," said I.

"Who?"

"The police."

"Ah!" He sat upright, his face blanching and tightening, made a sudden dash toward the farther door, then, at sight of black figures on the siding beyond, turned and let fall his hands. "Trapped!" said he. "Trapped!"

He looked down upon Ned and upon his horror stricken face. "They're here," said he. "Come; bear it like a man. It'll soon be over, an' you needn't fear anyway." He took Ned by an arm, dragged him across the carriage, dropped him on the seat before me and took his place in the corner. "Hold up," he said, giving Ned, that poor misery of a Ned, a shake. "Be a man for once; be a man." He looked at me, a smile lightening his face. "All up," said he. "I can't finish, but ye'll see the rest in the papers. Goodby to ye." He laughed and turned as figures darkened the windows. "Aw, good mornin' to ye, sergeant. Come, Ned, boy; we're wanted." And quick came the click of handcuffs.

Some weeks afterward I found the finish of Phil's story in the newspapers; also I found details there which Phil had omitted and some which he had distorted. Up to a certain point his story to me kept sight of facts. Afterward it entered the region of fancy. It was Phil himself who had been accused of cheating; it was on his own behalf he had fought; it was when matters were going hopelessly with him at the hands of Micky the Wig that Ned had striven to help him, had clutched Micky's arms and tried to restrain him, had unwittingly held Micky tight while Phil got home with the knife.

Happily the wound was not mortal, so Phil lost his freedom for only three years, and because of his youth and innocence and of some generous evidence tendered by Phil on his behalf Ned was admonished and set free.

A VOCAL DUEL.

Tamagno and Lassalle Contended, but It Was a Dead Heat.

Herrmann Klein in a book on music and musicians tells this story: "Once I remember our party of four was joined by Tamagno when the celebrated Italian tenor was playing 'Otello' at the Lyceum. We all had supper together after the performance and were in the jolliest of moods. Tamagno had a slight cold on the chest, but protested that it made no difference whatever in the singing quality of his head tones. Upon this Lassalle offered to wager that he could sing higher with his falsetto than Tamagno with his 'voce di petto.' The challenge was accepted, and forthwith the two began a vocal duet the like of which I am certain I shall never hear again. Out came Tamagno's A's and B flats, as quickly responded to with the falsetto equivalents from Lassalle's sturdy throat. Then the Italian went 'one better,' and the Frenchman, in order, as he said, to help himself up the scale, mounted his chair and emitted the B natural, whereupon Tamagno also stood upon his chair and brought out not only a high C, but a ringing D flat. Lassalle was now for mounting the table, but, this being 'ruled out' as an unfair advantage over a less athletic opponent, he proceeded to get the necessary notes from the eminence of his chair amid terrific applause from the rest of the company. Tamagno now made a bold dash for a D natural, but did not quite succeed, and as Lassalle fared no better we pronounced the result a 'dead heat.'"

Puzzled His Tutors.

Lord Avebury, better known as Sir John Lubbock, was a naturalist even as a schoolboy at Eton. In his day there, however, the instructors cared for nothing except the classics and were ignorant of natural science. In his autobiography Lord Avebury says: "At that time Eton boys, especially if they were quick at writing verses and learning by heart, had much more leisure than they have now. I devoted a good deal of mine to natural history and geology in spite of the remonstrances of my tutor, who thought that it might have been better occupied on the classics. On one occasion we were given 'The Bee' as a subject for a theme. I took some pains with it, and my tutor sent for me and asked me confidentially whether it was all true. From what he said I inferred that they rather suspected I was quizzing them and doubted whether to commend or to flog me."

Cats Fond of Olives.

"I have often wondered if all cats like olives," remarked a woman who is very fond of the feline tribe. "All mine do, and I have six. Olives are usually an acquired taste with the human race, but cats seem to take to them naturally—at least mine do. An olive will set any one of them into paroxysms of joy. They will leave milk or fish or any other article of food for it, purring and rolling over it much as though it might have the intoxicating effect of catnip before they finally eat it. I have often tried olives on other cats in the houses of friends and have found them equally appreciative, only they prefer their olives cut up into pieces."—Philadelphia Record.

Fitted the Event.

"See here!" said the city editor. "I wish you would get away from trite old expressions as much as possible. Here you have written that at a certain point in this big meeting 'the silence was oppressive.' Now, that is a saying"—

"That is especially apropos," replied the dignified press person. "It was a meeting composed entirely of women."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Painter and Tavern Keeper.

Mariotto Albertinelli, who lived in the fourteenth century, was a painter who spent much time in endeavoring to produce certain mixtures in oil. He was not very successful and objected so much to the criticism he received that he gave up painting and kept a tavern, but his name as a painter still lives, while his tavern keeping record has passed away.

NEW SHORT STORIES

Saving Interest.

J. T. Trowbridge, the author, tells in his autobiography the following incident of his young manhood: "After I had been so far prospered as to be able to place a small deposit in a savings bank, the father of a family once besought me for a loan of $60. When I told him, to my sincere regret, that I had no such sum at command, he made answer that his quarter's rent was due, that he had been unable to collect some bills he had relied on to make up the needful sum, and he didn't know which way to turn if I couldn't help him. 'I haven't it,' I repeated, 'but'—I thought of my poor little savings bank deposit and of a family man's natural distress on being unable to pay his rent—'I might possibly raise it for you.' Although I knew there would be a loss of accumulated and prospective interest if I withdrew my money from the bank, and I could not think of taking interest from a friend, his expressions of gratitude paid me in advance for any such sacrifice. I went at once and drew the $60, which I handed him without saying how I had come by it. He paid me in a week or two, thanked me warmly and added this naive remark, 'If you hadn't lent me the money I should have had to take it out of the savings bank and have lost the interest.' I smiled and held my peace."

Couldn't Have Done Better.

In Academy and Literature a good story is told of Mr. Whistler in connection with his first official visit to the art school established in Paris as the Whistler academy. The great man, advancing into the room where the students were working, took his stand, hat and stick in hand, and addressed them, apparently seriously, in a few words expressing the honor he was doing himself and themselves in showing Paris and the world that he, Whistler, was in his school and that they, the students, were also there. Then fol-

"YOU COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER."

lowed a tour of the room, Mr. Whistler speaking to each student in turn somewhat as follows: "Ah, and where have you studied before?" "At John's." "Ah, you couldn't have done better!" And to the next one, "Ah, and where have you studied before?" "With M. Bouguereau." "Ah, you couldn't have done better!" So Whistler went the rounds, repeating the formula in each case without perceptible alteration in tone. Finally, the question being put to a very young man, the answer almost upset the general gravity. "Ah, and where have you studied before?" "I have never studied before." For just the fraction of a moment Mr. Whistler eyed him curiously and then, with perfect gravity, but with an enthusiastic accent, he said, "Ah, you couldn't have done better!"

Where Dignity Holds Sway.

Representative Cochran of Missouri had often promised Senator Carmack of Tennessee that he would present him with a special growth of the fine Missouri tobacco that could not be beat in the world. The Tennessee senator, who enjoys a good "chaw," waited in vain for this precious gift. So one day he wrote a note to Cochran telling him to come over to the senate side of the capitol quickly, as he wanted to see him on important business. Cochran, who is a short, stubby man, came down the corridor puffing like a gasoline runabout. Carmack led him quietly into the senate cloakroom, and Cochran settled himself back into a seat for the anticipated conference.

"Cochran," said Carmack, "give me a chew of that tobacco."

Cochran handed out a plug, and the Tennessean placed a good portion of it comfortably in his mouth. Quietly turning to leave the room, Carmack said:

"That's all, Cochran."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Why She Belonged.

Mrs. Kate Bostwick, who is active in political work among Brooklyn women, recently endeavored to induce a lively young matron in that borough to join the Woman's Republican league and met with a flat refusal.

"But your husband is a Republican, and you belong to the Woman's Suffrage association," persisted Mrs. Bostwick.

"I belong to the Suffrage association and also the Antisuffrage association," was the placid reply. "I like the women in one and the refreshments in the other, but honestly I do not believe in either."—New York Times.

His Fault.

Nodd—On the impulse of the moment the other night I told my wife an awful lie and got caught. Todd—Serves you right. Every lie a man tells his wife ought to be premeditated.—Life.

His Unenviable Plight.

"So Smithers finds himself between the devil and the deep sea, does he?"

"Well, it amounts to the same thing. He's between an empty furnace and an unpaid coal bill."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

GARDENS OF THE ALCAZAR.

One of Their Greatest Charms Is the Apparent Lack of Cultivation.

The garden of the Alcazar is one garden composed of several, each opening into the other by steps descending from a terrace or through arches in marble or living green.

All the gardens are surrounded with wonderful hedges of myrtle, juniper or box. If the gardens of the Alcazar should be stripped of all but their hedges, palm trees and magnolias, they would still be most wonderful. In some places walls about eight feet in height separate the gardens, and against these walls are trained orange and peach trees, with a tangle of jasmine and roses climbing among them as they will. In fact, the flowers grow in such careless and natural profusion and there is seemingly so little cultivation that one might almost think the hoe of a gardener had not visited the place for a hundred years. This very carelessness was one of the greatest charms of the place and added to the effect of age that clung to everything. Modern gardeners would stand aghast at such apparent neglect.

I recognized that the very lack of modern care was artistic and suitable and yet wondered, if the place were mine, whether I could forbear the use of shears, trowel and hoe. The hedges were trimmed. These, with some orange trees growing in a solid mass of green along some fifty feet of palace wall and reaching to the very roof, alone bore signs of the gardener's shears.

The flower beds were of intricate shapes, filled with a tangled mass of flowers and always surrounded with box. And such box! My heart sank within me when I thought of the box in my garden at home, where not even a hundred mild winters and a hundred rainy summers could give growth like the smallest of that at the Alcazar.

The bouquet that is considered in Seville as a model of beauty and elegance was to our eyes a most hideous thing. In shape like a pyramid, about fourteen inches high, it was formed by fastening a magnolia bud to the top of a smooth, round stick and then winding flowers tightly around the stick, each succeeding row becoming larger, so that at the bottom the bouquet was probably two feet around. It was a frequent sight to see two men carrying a pole between them with from six to a dozen of these bouquets swinging, heads down, from the pole.—Scribner's.

LONGSTREET'S ORDERS.

The Way His Soldiers Managed to Evade Them.

General Longstreet used to tell a good many stories to show that the men of his command always treated captured Union soldiers with as much consideration and kindness as was possible under the circumstances. He said that his orders on this point were very strict, and he never knew any of his men to disobey. As he went on to explain how proud he was of the record of his men on this point a listener employed in one of the departments at Washington interrupted him.

"Undoubtedly your orders were strict, general," he said, "but I happen to know that they were evaded. For example, in east Tennessee you ordered your men to respect the belongings of prisoners, and this is the way some of them did it: I wore a good pair of army shoes, nearly new. One day a good natured fellow in gray with no shoes to speak of walked along our line looking intently at the shoes of the captured Unionists. He put his foot by the side of mine and, remarking that I was just his size, added: 'Old Pete [Longstreet] says he will have every man shot who steals anything from a prisoner. To save my life, won't you trade shoes with me? For I must have them shoes.' Of course I traded, as did other prisoners."

At this Longstreet smiled, but insisted that the story didn't prove anything.

INDIA RUBBER.

The Second Voyage of Columbus Gave It Publicity.

The first notice of india rubber dates back 500 years, when Herrera, a Spanish historian, during the second voyage of Columbus, saw that "the natives of Haiti played with balls made of the gum of a tree, which were lighter and bounced better than the wind balls of Castile."

In a record published in Madrid, 1615, we are told: "There is a tree which the Indians call ulequahuitl, very high, with round, ashy gray leaves. It yields a milky substance, thick and gummy, in great abundance, which is collected and allowed to settle in calabashes and afterward softened in hot water or smeared over the body and rubbed off when sufficiently dry."

Even at that early date Spaniards used the juice of the ule tree to waterproof their cloaks.

The first accurate account of these gum elastic or caoutchouc trees was furnished by La Condamine, who was sent in 1735 by the French government to measure an arc of the meridian near Quito.

It was introduced into Europe as a drug about 1730, and some fifty years later was used commercially as rubber for pencil marks and to waterproof clothing.

Parliamentary Ruling.

"He said he could not help kissing you," whispered the first congressman's daughter. "He said when he sat beside you in the conservatory and looked into your eyes he was moved by an irresistible impulse and simply had to kiss you."

"Did he?" smiled the second congressman's daughter, who was listening with some interest to the apology thus being made for the boldness of the handsome cousin of the other girl.

"Yes. He said it was your eyes that won him. He"—

"Well, he'll have to come around and correct the minutes of that meeting. The eyes won it, but the nose got it."—Judge.

Haven't We!

"But," said the Englishman, "you have nothing to see over here—nothing in the way of grand old things that have long since fallen into disuse."

"We haven't, eh? Wait till I get you a copy of the city ordinances."—Chicago Record-Herald.

WOMAN AND FASHION

The Daisy Waist.

This is a stunning shirt waist of linen, an embroidered design formulating a half daisy, which is outlined in black embroidered silk. The shoulders have a stitched piece extending from the neck over the shoulder half way to the el-

THIS IS STUNNING.

bow, giving the very long shoulder effect. The stock point in the front is embroidered to correspond with the dots over the fastening line. The belt of novelty silk braid, interlaced with cords of gilt and fastening with a French gilt buckle, is a handsome finish to the tailored shirt waist.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Spring Hats.

From the early importations of frames it is safe to predict that the large brimmed hat is to have a longer lease of life. A notable feature of some of the models is the great width and marked upward tilt of the brim at the left side of the front.

Crowns are still to be low, but the blocked crown will take the place of the plateau style. The bell shaped crown is to be a favorite.

Of the "unusual hats" the triangular shape is expected to find the most favor with the public. The "marquis," a three cornered hat, trimmed in military fashion with gold and silver galloon and cockades of the same and sometimes with a fringe of ostrich laid around the inner edge of the brim, makes an attractive hat to be worn throughout the early spring. It is especially suited to tailor made costumes. This shape in white felt has a singularly smart appearance.

A Straight Front Corset.

A corset for the woman who wishes to have a straighter front than the ordinary straight front corset will give her has the lower part of the sides of the corset formed by two pieces set on and adjustable, being laced together in the front. These two pieces are made flexible by three bands of elastic set in on either side. The corset is laced with two strings, one carried from the top of the corset to the waist and the other from the waist line to the lower edge. The ends of the upper lacing are brought around to the front and carried down to the lower part of the corset, where they hold the adjustable pieces on either side firmly together. The corset steel is full length, and there are three catches on the lower part of it and three on the edges of each of the adjustable sidepieces, and when these are laced together the figure is reduced to girlish proportions.

A Pretty Frock.

This little frock gives the now very popular long shoulder effect, which is most becoming to small children. It is pretty made of white drilling or double

FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

warp, which comes at 12½ and 15 cents a yard. The design is embroidered in front in white working cotton, and the bands coming down the sides are brier stitched in the same. Designed for girls from five to twelve years of age.

Red For Children.

Red is going to be a fashionable spring color for children, as well as for grownups. Red serge makes a serviceable dress for the eight-year-old. A pretty model is in the long waist effect. The waist is narrow box plaited, the space between being strapped with the material edged with bright plaid silk. The pointed ends of the straps are caught by gilt buttons. Belt, collar and cuffs are similarly trimmed. Waist and skirt are cut separately, the skirt being box plaited to match the waist.

A Schemer Spotted.

"The young man talks a great deal about his estates abroad."

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox, "he's like one or two others who wanted to marry into the family. He's anxious to trade his imaginary estate for some of my real estate."—Washington Star.

A Case of Repeat.

Tess—I permitted him to kiss me on condition that he wouldn't mention it to any one. Jess—And did he? Tess—Well—er—he repeated it the very next minute.—Philadelphia Press.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

England usually imports $30,000,000 worth of eggs.

Russia has almost three times the population of Japan.

The average Frenchman eats 428 pounds of bread a year.

The coffee planter gets an average of 9 cents a pound for his crop.

It is estimated that there are 1,200 tunnels in the world of something like a total of 600 miles.

Orders have recently been executed in Japan for a supply of fishing nets for Alaska valued at $30,000.

In the island of Luzon there are nearly a million acres of rolling pine land, with no underbrush or tropical vegetation.

There were 9,708 failures reported to Bradstreet's in the calendar year 1903, with liabilities of $154,277,093 and assets of $84,060,471.

There is a great demand at the present time for brickmaking machinery in Cape Colony, Natal, Orange River Colony and the Transvaal.

Calculation confirmed by experiment has shown that, weight for weight, pine wood is stronger than steel in both transverse and tensile strength.

Harry Morris, an Englishman, who has given much attention to the subject of cancer, recently called attention to the pernicious influence of the clay pipe and the decayed tooth in causing cancerous growths.

The winter wheat acreage last year is placed at 32,510,510, yielding on an average 12.3 bushels, aggregating 399,867,250 bushels, marketed at an average price of 71.6 cents, representing a total value of $286,242,849.

German imperial authorities have secured a fine of $12,500 from the heirs of a German manufacturer on the ground of his having understated his income, and so paid too low a tax during several years of his lifetime.

The British workmen have managed to put away a goodly little nest egg in friendly, building, co-operative and trade union societies and savings banks. The records show that 27,580,000 of them have $1,814,000,000 in such savings.

Women in Scotland outnumber the men by 124,593 in a total population of 4,472,103, according to the returns of the census recently completed. Of the total number of women more than 44 per cent are in business or some kind of employment.

Only three of the fifteen members of the famous electoral commission of 1877 survive—ex-Senator Edmunds, Senator Hoar and General Eppa Hunter of Virginia. All of the five justices of the supreme court who sat on the commission long since passed away.

The number of claims for pensions filed for injuries in our hundred day war with Spain is now 60,000, and at the present rate there will soon be half as many claims as there were men in the war, although but 20,000 went to Cuba and but two or three regiments to Porto Rico.

Six million dollars' worth of shoes have been sold abroad by American shoemakers within a year. This shows the exports in that line to have multiplied by twelve in ten years. Mexico, Cuba and Canada each bought about $500,000 worth, and nearly all the remainder went to Great Britain.

Coal constituted nearly 40 per cent of the total tonnage of American railways last year. It cost $1.87 to carry a ton of coal from Yorkshire coal fields, in England, to London, a distance of 158 miles, while coal is brought from the Carbondale coal region in Illinois to Chicago, 276 miles, for 75 cents a ton.

Enough tea, coffee, wine, beer and liquors were used by the American people last year to make a lake two miles square and ten feet deep, which would be large enough to float several navies the size of our own. Enough alcoholic beverages were disposed of to fill a canal 100 miles long, 100 feet wide and 10 feet deep.

In the United Kingdom 37,500,000 people out of 40,000,000 receive less than $60 a month for each family; 1,000,000 are in daily receipt of poor law relief; 8,000,000 have only a week's wages between them and starvation; 500 hereditary peers own one-fourth of England, and they and their dependents spend every year $1,850,000,000.

Although the late Lord Salisbury was much interested in science and was a fellow of the British Royal society, he never approved of the extreme views of some of his associates. He was particularly opposed to the theory of evolution as taught by Herbert Spencer and of the descent of man as enunciated by Charles Darwin.

At a meeting of the trustees of the Lutheran Orphans' home at Reading, Pa., an itemized bill for $1.39 was submitted by the "Rat and Mice Trust company." Rev. Dr. Kuendig explained that he would pay the bill, as he had agreed privately to pay to the boys a cent each for all the rats and mice they caught, to rid the home of the pests.

Amherst college students have formed a mountain climbing club and have elected as its president Dr. Edward Hitchcock, dean of the faculty. The doctor is seventy-five years old and is a graduate of the college of the class of '49. Despite his years, Dr. Hitchcock is lithe and active and is known as the pioneer in the movement for physical education in colleges.

Miss Helen Keller, the blind deaf mute, is vice president of the senior class at Radcliffe college, the women's department of Harvard. She is pursuing four full courses, two in English and two in Latin. She has thus far passed all her examinations with as much credit as if she had all her faculties and is accomplishing more in scholarship than any other person in the world so handicapped.

Papa's Sage Conclusion.

"Papa," piped little Willie, "which is it better to be—a big toad in a little puddle or a little toad in a big puddle?"

"It's better to be a big toad in a big puddle," answered the ambitious father.—Detroit Free Press.

Soft.

"Yes," he declared, "I think one grows to be like the things he eats."

"You must have been brought up on marshmallows," she suggested.—Chicago Record-Herald.