

Gems In Verse

Remorse.
I killed a robin—the little thing,
With scarlet breast on a glossy wing,
That comes in the apple tree to sing.
I flung a stone as he twittered there;
I only meant to give him a scare,
But off it went—and hit him square.

A little flutter, a little cry,
Then on the ground I saw him lie;
I didn't think he was going to die.
But as I watched him I soon could see
He never would sing for you or me
Any more in the apple tree.

Never more in the morning light,
Never more in the sunshine bright,
Trilling his song in gay delight.

And I'm thinking every summer day
How never, never can I repay
The little life that I took away
—Sidney Dayre in Youth's Companion.

The Losing Side.

Helmet and plume and saber, banner and shield,
Scattered in confusion over the trampled field,
And a band of broken soldiers, with a heavy, hopeless air,
With heads in silence drooping and eyes of grim despair,
Like foam flakes left on the shifting sand
In the track of the falling tide,
On the ground where their cause has failed,
And they stand in the losing side.

Wisdom of age is vanquished and generous hopes of youth,
Passion of faith and honor, fire of love and truth,
And the plans that seemed the fairest in the fight have not prevailed,
The strongest blows and the strongest arms have failed,
But souls that know not the breath of shame
And tongues that have never lied
And the truest hearts and the fairest fame
Are here on the losing side.

The conqueror's crown of glory is set with many a gem,
But I join not in their triumph—there are plenty of shafts for them,
The cause is the most applauded whose warriors gait the day,
And the world's best smiles are given to the victors in the fray,
But dearer to me is the darkened plain,
Where the noblest dreams have died,
Where hopes have been shattered and heroes slain,
In the ranks of the losing side.
—Arthur E. J. Legge.

ORIGIN OF WHIST.

The game was first called **Triumph and Afterward Trump.**

Whist was first called triumph, a name which was afterward corrupted into trump. The eighteenth century saw whist in its primitive form, the whole object of the game being to win tricks by leading high cards or by trumping. Then came the era of Hoyle, which may be said to have lasted from 1730 to 1800 and taught players to think not only of their own hands, but of the other hands also, and to take advantage of the positions of the cards in them. Hoyle also taught that trumps might be more profitably employed than in simple trumping and showed that they might be used to disarm the adversary and to obtain secondary advantage in trick making by other suits of less apparent power. It was not until 1800 that the philosophical era can be said to have begun, and the origin of the new movement was a knot of young men at Cambridge, England, known as the Little Whist school. This body kept records of its games, but no one thought of making the data known until 1861. Coherence in the system of play was still wanting, and this was supplied in 1864 with Dr. Poole's essay on the theory of the modern scientific whist.

THE ART OF EATING.

Food Must Please the Mind as Well as the Palate.

Pawlow has established the physiological importance of the mental state on digestion, having shown, for instance, that delicacies produce secretion of gastric juice as soon as they are perceived by the eye, even before they are eaten.

The food must not only be palatable, but must be served in an attractive manner—fine dishes, table decorations, etc.

In eating we must take time to chew our food thoroughly. This serves a double purpose—first, through the act of mastication the coarser particles of food are broken up; second, more saliva is secreted and is thoroughly mixed with the food. The digestion of starch is thus materially aided, and the proteids are made more easily accessible to the action of the gastric juice.

Water should accompany each meal. It increases the appetite and the enjoyment of food.

After eating we should rest a little while before returning to our work.—Dr. Max Ellhorn in Medical Record.

A DIFFICULT PENANCE.

Irish Pilgrims to the Skellig Rocks Risk Their Lives.

Ten miles off the coast of Kerry, in the west of Ireland, lie the Skellig rocks, one of which has been for years the scene of a difficult penance. A zigzag path leads up some 700 feet to a light-house, but 700 feet more must be climbed before the summit is reached, where stand the ruins of St. Finian's monastery and a cross of St. Michael.

Here on the anniversary of St. Michael devotees risk their lives in performing their devotions. First they have to squeeze themselves through the Needle's Eye, a tunnel in the rock thirty feet long, the passing up which is like the ascent of a chimney. Then they creep on all fours up the Stone of Pain, on whose smooth surface one false step is fatal; then, getting above the Spindle, a rock 1,500 feet above the Atlantic and projecting some ten feet, each pilgrim must "ride a cock horse to St. Michael's cross," say a Pater-noster and shuffle back as best he can.—Pearson's Weekly.

Their Only Chance.

A party of soldiers was taken to the shooting range for the first time. The men first fired at a target 500 yards away, and not one hit it. They were next fired at a target 200 yards away, and still every one missed. They were at last tried at one just 100 yards away, but no one hit it.
"Attention!" thundered the drill sergeant. "Fix bayonets! Charge! It's your only chance!"—Kansas City Independent.

Miss Felicia's Fall

By Eleanor Porter

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MISS FELICIA was the soul of honor, but there came a day when the serpent entered her garden of Eden, and she succumbed. It was after this manner:

Felicia strongly disapproved of men on general principles. In her young school days no small boy beamed and perspired under a load of her school-books, and at Miss Gray's select finishing school not a round teacher caught her in clandestine flirtations. Miss Felicia was thirty now, and man was a sealed book to her.

It was at the Ladies' Aid society so-called that the serpent first wriggled into her horizon, and it was the silly chatter of Helen Armstrong and Maude Norton that brought it forth. Miss Felicia sat just in front of the gushing maidens, and their girlish confidences were distinctly audible to her.

"Why, Helen, I should simply die of mortification if I didn't have an offer before me," said Maude in a horrified whisper.

"Me, too," giggled Helen sympathetically, quite unaware of the iron that had entered the soul of the little woman in front of her.

Miss Felicia was proud. Her blood was the bluest in town and her laces the oldest and rarest. Her pet vanity was the thought that all the village must look upon her with perhaps a mild envy, but here was something wanting, something so profoundly essential that the lack of it caused these chits of girls to look upon her with scorn and derision—upon her, Felicia Winthrop!

It was only a day or two later that Miss Felicia received a letter—a business letter—addressed in a bold masculine hand. While she sat reading it in the garden Helen Armstrong came rushing heedlessly through the gate.

"If you please, Miss Felicia," said the young girl breathlessly, "mamma wants to know if she can take your cure for angel cake." Then she caught sight of the boldly addressed envelope in Miss Winthrop's lap and raised a playfully admonitory finger. "Oh, Miss Felicia! From a man! I know! I never, never would have thought it!"

A bright red spot blazed up in either cheek, and something caught Miss Felicia's breath away. Now was the time to show this saucy chit of a girl that her scorn was quite unavailing for Miss Felicia laughed self consciously and hastily put the letter out of sight.

The blush and the hurried motions were enough for the romantic Helen, and before night half the town knew that Miss Felicia had had a letter from her "beau."

The fair deceiver was besieged with questions.

"Who is it, Miss Felicia?"

"Where did you know him?"

"Why didn't you tell us before?"

It was then that Miss Felicia suddenly found herself possessed of a wonderful fund of imagination. She put all her newly awakened romantic sentiment into the development of the personality of her lover, and it was not long before she almost believed in him herself.

When they had asked her his name, she had given the first that came into her mind. Paul. She was thinking of Paul Raymond, the curly-headed little boy that used to sit across the aisle from her at the village school. Paul had worshipped her in those faraway days, but the chilling dignity of the sedate little miss had effectually prevented his showing it save in soulful glances. Felicia never forgot the queer little fluttering feeling she had when ever she encountered that compelling gaze, and some way "Paul" slipped easily from her lips as her lover's name.

Though she constantly refused to give his surname, her neighbors had no idea of being obliged to forego the pleasure of knowing it; so after wisely putting their heads together and remembering the adoring glances of this same small boy they informed her one day that they had found out and that Paul Raymond was his name. The youth in question having left the town for parts unknown at the tender age of fourteen, he was not there to dispute the honor, and as Miss Felicia gave only a frightened, embarrassed exclamation in response to their confident announcement the name remained.

As time passed Miss Felicia sank deeper and deeper in the toils of her own invention. She intimated that she had met and known her lover again while at boarding school, and since then they had corresponded. This, of course, necessitated a regular and frequent interchange of letters between her and the aforementioned business man of the bold handwriting, for she must receive letters to give color to the statement. Indeed, she now squandered a large portion of her income on books, her correspondent being in reality a dealer in all kinds of publications. Then, too, once a week she inclosed a blank sheet of paper in an envelope and addressed it with elaborate care to "Mr. Paul A. Raymond, Care General Delivery, Boston, Mass." After a time she occasionally ventured to pen a word or two of greeting on the blank sheets to her imaginary sweetheart, and once she wrote: "You are my lover now, but you don't know it. I hope you don't mind. I only wanted you for now, you know." She derived a sort of almost comfort from this explanation, feeling that something was due this creature of her brain.

One day the village gossip said to her: "Do let me see your ring, Miss Felicia." "Ring?" repeated Miss Felicia inquiringly. "Yes—engagement ring, of course. Haven't you got one?" said she, looking sharply at her.

Miss Felicia's cheeks grew pink. "No—yes—er—I mean—it's coming soon," she stammered confusedly, and the next day a certain city jeweler was slightly amazed by an order for an "engagement ring suitable for a maiden lady—something nice," signed "(Miss) Felicia Winthrop."

All this was very well, but it could not last forever. The villagers insisted upon knowing when the wedding was to take place, and this was particularly disquieting to the bride elect. She could only gasp and hurriedly "Oh, I don't know; not yet awhile!" but it cost her many a sleepless night before she solved the problem—she must kill her lover.

She had no trouble in manufacturing a convenient deadly disease, and she promptly went into deep black. She wrote to the book dealer and told him she never intended to buy another book as long as she lived and not to write again. This she made sure that none of those incriminating, boldly addressed envelopes should come through the mail.

It must have been a fortnight later that Miss Felicia received a call from the village gossip. The woman's face was flushed, and her nervously excited movements plainly portended something unusual.

"Now, Miss Winthrop, I hope you'll be calm. It ought to be broken gently, you know. Now, be calm—very calm—it's a nice day, ain't it, Miss Winthrop?"

By this time Miss Felicia was thoroughly unerved.

"Sarah Ann Jones, what are you talking about?" said she sharply. "Tell me—tell me this minute, now! Quick!"

"Be calm, Miss Felicia; do be calm. 'Tain't much, only you've been deceived—your lover ain't dead!"

"What?" demanded Miss Felicia, starting from her chair.

"I say your lover ain't dead, and he never did die. He's come back, and he's right here in this very town, and maybe you'll see him tonight!" blurted the woman, fairly bursting with the exuberance of her disquieting information.

She had her desired reward, for Miss Felicia fell in a limp little heap, and four distracted neighbors had to be summoned before she was brought back to life—and her lover. Then she shut herself up in her room and refused to come out, even when a stalwart, blue-eyed man came up her little path with long strides and pulled twice at her tugging doorbell.

Toward night she shot down stairs and out the back door, following a winding path to a little grove of trees behind the house. From a child she had always taken her knotty problems there to solve. The big, blue-eyed man was on the watch and followed, so Miss Felicia had scarcely seated herself when she sprang to her feet with a shriek.

"Don't be frightened, please; I am Paul Raymond—don't you remember? I used to sit opposite you in school. Won't you please shake hands with me?" said he pleadingly.

Miss Felicia gave him limp fingers and looked longingly toward the house.

"No, don't go back just yet. I want to speak to you, please." Then the color in his face matched her own as he began a little awkwardly: "Miss Winthrop, I don't know how to say what I want to, but I used to know and—er—like you long ago, and—and I understand that the people here have had of got the idea that you and I are lovers"—speaking very fast—and I just wanted to say that maybe you could keep 'em from talking if you'd be willing to be sort of friendly with me. Of course," he added quickly, "I shouldn't expect you'd give me anything else—till by and by—when you knew me better. If you thought you could, perhaps?"

It was long years afterward that Felicia found among her husband's papers a worn package of letters, most of them, but not all of them, blank, and addressed to "Mr. Paul A. Raymond, Care General Delivery, Boston, Mass."

A German epicure comes to the rescue of the Chinese in regard to their alleged habit of eating rogan eggs. The eggs, he says, are simply preserved in lime until they get a consistency like that of hard butter and they taste somewhat like lobster. He declares them one of the choicest delicacies he has ever eaten. He thinks there are no better cooks in the world than the Chinese. When he went to live among them his friends predicted he would starve, but he had a good time and gained weight—more than he wanted to.

Balky Steam Boilers.

According to an engineer, though there may be every reason present why a steam boiler should steam there are occasions when it simply will not. It refuses duty and sulks without any cause that can be detected. On such occasions every one takes a hand at the fires, but the result is the same—no steam or only enough to keep three-quarters speed. Marine and stationary boilers are both thus afflicted. There are "good days" and "bad days," in the performance of each.—Chicago News.

Two Views.

"A man's vote is too precious to be sold," said the patriot.

"Perhaps," answered Senator Sorghum, "although a number of people of my acquaintance regard it as too valuable to be given away."—Washington Star.

A Secret Society.

Carrie—I've got a dance for a girl's secret society. Belle—A secret society? Do you think it would be practical? Carrie—Surely. We wouldn't keep secrets; we'd swap them.—Puck.

WOMAN AND FASHION

A Modish Costume.
A modish costume is here shown in brown broadcloth, with vest and cuffs of lace dyed to match the material. The skirt is of the latest shaping, having the front gone and yoke all in one piece. A graceful fullness is given by the plaits that are arranged on each side of the front and back gores. The pattern provides that the skirt be cut in either dip or round length. The yoke and shoulder straps combined is



BROADCLOTH SUIT.

A pretty feature of the waist. Stitched bands of the material outline the front closing, and the yoke and straps are edged with a narrow plaiting of brown taffeta. The sleeves are made with the fashionable full puff to the elbow, ending in a close fitting cuff of lace. Broadcloth, voile and crepe de Paris are all suitable for the making. The medium size will require three and one-quarter yards of forty-four inch material for the waist and five and seven-eighths yards of forty-four inch material for the skirt.

Fashion Hats.
The front panel is quite the newest thing in skirts.

Most of the small hats are tricornees or boat shaped turbans.

The crown is quite distinct from the brim in the new turbans.

Tulle is one of the latest trimming ideas and is used in great quantities.

Coq de roche is most effective as a relief note with gray green and brown.

Not for years has the separate warp been such an important feature of dress.

Ribbon of two contrasting shades is very smart for trimming tailor hats.

Pads For Evening Toilets.
Clusters of pink roses with white frosted leaves are very much used as a supplementary adornment to the evening gowns of today.

For the evening headress a distinct novelty is a cascade of silk or satin to which is attached a cluster of white or shaded opseys. Combs of tinted horn represent a popular fad in Paris which is attracting a good deal of attention.

The Pad For Real Lace.
The real lace pad is extending to chemises. Not nearly as much embroidery is used on smart lingerie, lace being used in the greater profusion.

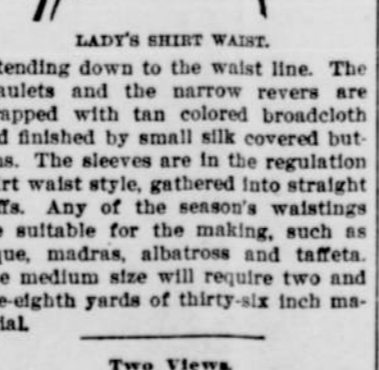
Flounces of lace to the knees and little applied berthas and shoulder capes add great beauty to both chemises and night dresses.

The New Rushings.
Colored edges to white rushings—gay little plaid pipings—are an innovation.

Black rushings, too, come with black and white plaid edges.

A New Design.
New designs in shirt waists are being constantly brought out, and this one, showing some novel effects, was stylishly developed in brown mohair.

The front laps in double breasted style, and the right front is slashed to allow the tie to pass through. Three deep tucks in the upper part provide sufficient fullness, and a shapely appearance is given in the back by the tucks



LADY'S SHIRT WAIST.

extending down to the waist line. The epaulets and the narrow revers are strapped with tan colored broadcloth and finished by small silk covered buttons. The sleeves are in the regulation shirt waist style, gathered into straight cuffs. Any of the season's waistings are suitable for the making, such as plique, madras, albatross and taffeta. The medium size will require two and five-eighths yards of thirty-six inch material.

A FROLIC IN MEXICO

BREAKING THE PINATA DURING THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

This Mirth Provoking Pastime is the Great Social and Fun Making Feature of the Season—Dressing and Filling the Olla.

Christmas in Mexico is not the typical Christmas of cold and snow and ice, but one of bright, warm sunshine, cloudless blue skies, flowers in profusion, trees in full foliage and a life of out of doors.

At least a week before Christmas in the principal streets of Mexico arches are erected from sidewalk to sidewalk, festooned with wreaths of flowers and hunting in the national colors—red, white and green. Under the arches booths are erected, and every toy manufactured in Mexico is on sale.

In every Mexican house great preparations are made for what is called the "pinata." Every child begs and scrapes and saves the centavos for weeks and months ahead. All kinds of articles are made especially for this ceremony, and every family vies with its friends and neighbors to have its pinata more beautiful and fanciful than any one else's.

The pinata is really an earthenware utensil which is in general use for cooking. It is called in common parlance an olla and is of brown pottery something like the old fashioned earthenware crocks used in the north before enamel ware became the fashion.

The pinatas are large or small, as the purse of the purchaser permits. They are round, pot bellied and very large at the top. They are sold from door to door on the streets and in the markets. They cost only 10, 15 or 20 centavos, but the olla is the least expensive part of the game.

The body of the olla for a woman is covered with tissue paper; then a crinkled paper dress is fashioned; then a bodice is built up draped to represent a loose white waist, and above this is placed a false face. The hair is made with black paper, braided into one long plait at the back, as the women wear their hair in Mexico. Sometimes a white tulle headress is made of the paper used by bakers and confectioners.

A flower pinata is decorated with large paper flowers in every color of the rainbow. Red, white and green ribbons, forming long streamers, and silver and gold tinsel, glass balls and colored lights all help to make the flower pinata very beautiful. The possibilities for dressing these pinatas are endless.

In a large family the mother and daughters have their own pinatas, and great secrecy is maintained in the decoration of the olla. It is the aim of each to devise an original dressing for the pinata as possible, and it can be made a very extravagant ornament. In the families of wealthy Mexicans the luxury of the pinata often mounts into thousands.

After the olla is decorated to the taste it is filled. The filling consists of peanuts, hazel nuts, hard candies, like marbles, and all kinds of Mexican dulces. These dulces are candied fruits, nut paste, etc.

Christmas night the pinatas are carried in great state into the sala and suspended from the ceiling one at a time. All the relatives of the family are present, and as numerous of the fifth and sixth degrees are recognized and children are very numerous there is generally a large gathering. They all sit very demurely on chairs ranged in a row around the walls of the room.

One person is constituted master of ceremonies, the eldest son or daughter of the house. He or she stands in the middle of the room. Near by is a jar or umbrella stand filled with aplsco canes or sticks. When everything is ready a child or grown person is selected and called by name. She comes forward and is blindfolded.

Then the fun begins. The person blindfolded is turned round and round until she loses all knowledge of where she stands. A can is put in her hands, and she is told to hit the pinata and to break it. She is given three chances. If she fails to hit it she sits down amid laughter and ridicule. If she hits it without breaking it she is entitled to a small prize.

And so it goes on, one after another being called up. The blindfolded and given a chance at three chances to break the pinata. Finally one more fortunate than the rest succeeds in giving a hard enough blow, and crash, the pinata falls to the grounds in hundreds of bits, and its contents are scattered far and wide.

A wild scramble ensues. Everybody rushes forward to gather up much of the spilled contents as possible.

The fortunate breaker of the pinata gets a handsome prize and is awarded the seat of honor. He or she sits down and is debarré from another trial at breaking another pinata. As soon as the confusion dies down and order is somewhat restored one of the olla is hung up and the same routine gone through. So the fun continues until the last pinata is broken, and then the prizes are awarded.

The pinata party is the great social and fun making feature of the Christmas season. After the pinatas have been broken and a supper has been served there follows dancing, or a traveling company of Indians from the mountains is brought in to sing and dance in native costume.

These traveling Indians are somewhat like the singing bands which go around at Christmas time from house to house in England, Germany, France and Italy. They have been known and popular in Mexico from time immemorial. There are much in demand during the Christmas holiday season.—Kansas City Star.

Need Never Reproach Himself.
"What would our father send after he had found out about your elopement?"

"Oh, he wrote me a very kind letter, saying he was glad you'd taken that course, as it relieved him of the necessity of giving his consent and having it on his mind all the rest of his life."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Ignorant Reason.
There is two individuals who cannot be reasoned with—a girl in love and a man who is determined to run for an office.—New Orleans Picayune.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Couldn't Drown Him.
"Do you remember," said a middle aged man as he entered a stationery store and was asked what could be done for him—"do you remember my being in here about four weeks ago?"

"I can't say that I do," was the reply.

"Don't you remember I asked you to give me a postage stamp to put on a letter and you refused to do so without the cash?"

"Postage stamps cost money."

"Yes, I know, but I explained to you that I was in love with a widow and had written to ask for her hand. You said it didn't make a turned bit of difference to you who I was writing to, and you didn't care a copper whether I got the widow or not. You ought to remember that."

"Yes, I think I do. Well, what is it today? Still after a postage stamp?"

"No, sir, I'm not. I came in here to tell you that in spite of your meanness the widow is mine. When I went out of here I found a cent on the sidewalk and bought a postal card with it, and she accepted my love the same as if I had sent a letter."

"Then you are happy, no doubt?"

"I am, sir. The widow is worth seven hundred dollars, fat as butter and as good natured as a goose, and I am walking around on eggs. Yes, sir, I am a happy man, sir, and you will be hanged and go to grass, sir, and I wouldn't patronize you if penholders were selling five for a cent. That's all. Good day, sir."—Brooklyn Citizen.

Retribution.
First Suburbanite—The reincarnation theory is a queer idea.
Second Suburbanite—Very. If it is true, I think that you and I in some previous state of existence must have been unscrupulous real estate speculators who tried to beguile people into owning their own homes.—Brooklyn Life.

How She Does Her Shopping.



"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Blobs, "shopping at the store is so handy and simple!"

This is Mrs. Blobs doing her shopping. Very handy and simple, isn't it for her?

A Bad Cynicism.
"How do you manage to remain in politics when you have so few political friends?"

"By realizing that I haven't any friends," replied Senator Sorghum. "In that way I avoid displacing my confidence and having my plans go wrong."—Washington Star.

Something New.
Mrs. Good (shocked)—Mrs. Talkalot just told me something that I know was manufactured out of whole cloth.

Mrs. Chatterbox (eagerly)—Well, let's have it, quick! All of the gossip in this neighborhood is about worn threadbare.—Judge.

Bashful Fred.
Kate—Did Fred ask you for a kiss?
Nancy—No, indeed. He's too bashful for that.

Kate—Too bad, wasn't it?
Nancy—Oh, no. You see, he kissed me without asking.—Boston Transcript.

A More Satisfactory Solution.
"I think all sinecures ought to be abolished."

"Oh, I don't know. I think it would be better if they could be multiplied so that everybody could have one."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Perhaps He Did.
Cultured Father—A German physiologist has discovered that the red corpuscles of the blood are spherical.

Little Son (interrupting)—Why, pa, did he think they were square?—New York Weekly.

Lucky Willie.
Miss Dashing—And I suppose you are sowing your wild oats.

Willie Callow—Now, by Jove; it's too much like work. I let my "man" sow them for me.—Chicago News.

Almost One.
Mr. Sappy—She said I was a practical man, didn't she?

Miss Peppery—Not exactly. She said you were practically a man.—Philadelphia Press.

His Line.
"Yes," said the lecturer, "I'm dealing in furniture these days."

"How is that?" asked a listener.

"Making one night stands under a lecture bureau, with the help of the time tables."—Baltimore American.

When to Cut Weeds.
She—When should a young widow discard her weeds? He—Oh, I don't know, but I suppose she should cut them out just as soon as she wants to raise a second crop of orange blossoms.—Baltimore Herald.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

The negro voter, it is said, holds the balance of power in Indiana.

Japan has established her up to date system of education in Formosa, with much success.

The Russian minister of finance has raised the question of the creation in Russia of chambers of commerce.

Fresno county, Cal., produces 40,000 tons of raisins yearly. The profit on them ranges from \$5 to \$200 an acre.

The bones of all flying birds are hollow and filled with air, thus combining the greatest strength with the least weight.

An oyster containing pearls of the value of \$1,250 was found by a fisherman at Neumunster, Germany, a few days ago.

European medical experts have come to the conclusion that boiled and sterilized milk is not as nutritious for infants as fresh milk.

In Paris there is now open an exhibition of works of art, pictures and sculpture, executed by porters and other railway employees.

The buildings of the Lewis and Clarke exposition at Portland, Ore., are approaching completion, although the exposition is not to be opened till June 1.

According to the latest official statistics, the numbers of the sexes in Holland are almost equal, women having a preponderance of only 1 per cent.

With the withdrawal of the training ships Northampton and Cleopatra from the active list the other day the last shred of canvas disappeared from the British navy.

Hamburg is to have a school for training servants. It is not intended to compete with existing schools which provide training in domestic science for girls of well to do families.

Value and duty on a shipment of 3,000 hogsheads of tobacco from Kentucky to Messrs. Gallaher of Belfast amounted to \$3,000,000, which constitutes, says Tobacco, a record for tobacco imports into Ireland.