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"Girls," said the girl who is said to wear the prettiest clothes of any girl in New York, "what do you think I have? A parasol with the most artistic carved ivory monkey you ever saw for a handle, and an array of little monkeys, little dears, also carved ivory, one on every parasol tip. If I don't break some one's heart this summer despite the war, it won't be the fault of my parasol."

She Posed For the Queen.

Miss Sully, who recently died in Philadelphia at the advanced age of 83, had the honor of posing for Queen Victoria. She wore the royal robes and jewels for many days while her father painted the famous coronation portrait of the queen, the queen only posing long enough for the painting of the face. The queen presented her with her autograph and a silver medal.

She Loves Birds.

One of the hobbies of Mrs. Paul Kruger has been discovered. She has for years been known as "the friend of birds," and some days ago she took the liberty of recommending to the committee arranging for the statue of President Paul Kruger that the hat which will surmount the figure should be concave, so as to hold water for the little thirsty birds.

Not Infallible.

Harriet Martineau, the English author, was shrewd and practical and had what men are pleased to call a "masculine intellect." But she was not always correct in her deductions, a fact illustrated by the following anecdote, told in her "Memoirs," by Sir Charles Murray, who was then the English consul general in Egypt:

She Was Costly.

Father-in-law—When I give you my daughter, I give you the costliest thing on earth.
Groom—Per heaven's sake, what does she cost a month, and why didn't you tell me so before?—New York World.

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Chesterfield Superficiality.

Chesterfield's idea of excellence was essentially superficial, for his praise of solid acquirement and genuine principle is always coupled with the assertion of their entire inutility if unaccompanied by grace, external polish and an agreeable manifestation. He omits all consideration of their intrinsic worth and absolute dignity; their value to the individual, according to him, is wholly proportioned to his skill in using them in a social form.

One of his earlier letters to Philip Stanhope he writes:

"What an advantage has a graceful speaker with genteel motions, a handsome figure, over one who shall speak full as much good sense, but who is destitute of those ornaments. In business how prevalent are the graces, how detrimental is the want of them! If you should not acquire manners, all the rest will be of little use to you. By manners I mean engaging, insinuating, shining names, a distinguished politeness, an almost irresistible address, a superior gracefulness in all you say and do." He would have manners overlay individuality and goes far as to declare that a soldier is a brute, a scholar, a pedant and a philosopher, a cynic without good breeding.—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Former Chinese Fleet.

It consisted chiefly of old junk which had not been in the water for more than 30 years. During this lengthened period the sea had receded, and the land had formed to the extent of more than a mile, the consequence being that these ancient vessels were high and dry, their masts, sails and gear had rotted away from long exposure to the sun and rain, the paint had peeled from their sides, and, in some cases, the very planking had been stolen for firewood.

Moved Nine Million Pounds.

American engineers have just performed a feat at Bismarck, N. D., which has never before been equaled. It took them an entire year to make their preparations, and when all was ready they moved a pier of the Northern Pacific railway bridge, weighing 9,000,000 pounds, about four feet in a few minutes.

The allowance of the lord mayor of London, up to the majority of Sir Sidney Waterlow in 1872 was \$40,000 annually, but it was increased in that year to \$50,000, at which sum it has ever since remained.

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One afternoon we met at the villa of my old friend, S. W. Larking, on the banks of the Mahamoudieh canal. In the course of our stroll through the garden we came to a small gate, the pattern of which was new to Miss Martineau, who was walking in front.

She stopped, and looking at the gate in an attitude of intense admiration exclaimed: "How truly oriental! What wonderful taste these easterns have in design!" She went on, and as Larking and I followed through the gate he whispered to me, "I got it out last week from Birmingham."

A POPULAR SINGER.

One of the greatest honors of the Transmississippi exposition at Omaha was accorded to Miss Anna V. Metcalfe, who was selected as one of the two soloists for the opening concert, Mr. Charles Clark, baritone, being the other. Of Miss Metcalfe the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says:

Miss Metcalfe came to St. Louis a few months ago to accept the position of soprano in the choir of the Second Baptist church. There has been scarcely a week since her arrival in St. Louis that she has not been asked to sing in some other city, and she has just returned from giving a recital at Cairo, Ill., where she also sang before the Alexander club of that town. She was one of the soloists at the recent Moberly (Mo.) music festival and sang at the last con-



MISS ANNA V. METCALFE.

cert of the Tuesday musicale in this city. She has appeared at various other concerts, and so marked is her ability that although she has been in the city for so short a time she has been engaged as vocal teacher at Forest Park university for the coming season to succeed Miss F. Aline Watson, whose marriage takes place the last of this month.

The talented young singer is well equipped for her profession. Her voice, which is naturally strong and sympathetic, has been trained by several years' study under the best masters both in this country and abroad. She is a native of Iowa, but from childhood lived in southern California.

After singing successfully in churches in this country, Miss Metcalfe went abroad to study under Vanini, in Florence, Italy. This eminent teacher was much pleased with her talent and secured her the exceptional opportunity of singing at a distinguished concert of classical music given by the most aristocratic families of Florence, at the Palazzo Amari. Ladies of foremost rank in the Italian nobility were patronesses at this concert, and a long line of successes followed Miss Metcalfe's appearance there. She then went to London and studied under Georg Henschel and William Shakespeare, taking special lessons in oratorio singing from Signor Baudegger.

An Unfair Condition.

The University of Rochester has resolved to open its doors to women, the policy to take effect when the women of Rochester raise \$100,000 for the use of the university. Rochester papers report Miss Anthony as saying that the one blot on her city is removed, and she is as happy as if another state had been carried for woman suffrage. The condition attached to the concession, however, prevents The Tribune from feeling very hilarious over it. Unless the University of Rochester is very different from all other universities women have already contributed their fair share and ought not to have to buy the educational privileges which should be long equally to the sons and daughters of the city and state.—Woman's Tribune.

The Maine Flag Pole.

There is a New York woman artist living in Brooklyn who expects to be the envy of the neighborhood before long. She is about to come into possession of something for which relic seekers would give—in extravagant phraseology—their eyes. It is a flag pole from the Maine. In due time there is to be a flag raising at the artist's house, to which no one will be invited, but the neighbors will be allowed to look on with admiring envy.

But,

as the artist says, "there isn't half the satisfaction in it, for there will be no placard on it, and the passersby will never know that it isn't just an ordinary flagstaff such as they could buy themselves at a department store."

Elevating.

Miss Emilie Wagner of Baltimore, formerly a student at the Peabody Conservatory and a graduate of the Woman's college of Baltimore, has established a conservatory of music in a New York tenement house. The idea is to interest the ignorant and degraded in music. A beginning was made with a single room in a crowded tenement district, where lessons were given at a few pennies apiece to little ragamuffins. Now the conservatory has 80 students, are assistants, and some have developed extraordinary talent. The work is carried on from philanthropic motives, but has become self-supporting.

A Bit of Etiquette.

The bride acknowledges her presents as soon as possible, using paper with her new monogram. Paper for this purpose with a new seal is usually provided beforehand by the bridegroom. A letter of thanks is not necessary, but the note must contain a few well chosen words in the bride's own handwriting. Cards with a sentence of thanks are not considered "good form."

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Brave American Women.

American women are showing in every way possible their patriotism and pluck, and while a great deal of the enthusiasm finds vent in belts and hats those women who have been called upon for graver proof of their loyalty have in most cases given it unhesitatingly. It takes more courage for a mother to send her son to the front than for the son to go, and the wives and sweethearts of the men who are with the fleet in Cuban waters are having a worse time than the sailors, who are wild with excitement and longing to follow Dewey and Hobson and make a bit of history themselves.

But American women have never been found lacking in patriotism, bravery and capacity for self sacrifice. Very few of them have been celebrated, but scattered through our history from early colonial times down to today there are records of brave deeds that show the American spirit of bravery and independence to belong as much to the women as to the men.—New York Sun.

Fluffy Hair.

"I'll tell you a secret," said the girl, "and it is one that is worth while. It is a discovery I made myself, and is really worth knowing. You know how hard it is to keep your hair in curl in summer and how it will get stringy and sticky in spite of everything. You should not give your head a thorough shampoo too often, for that ruins the hair, besides making it unmanageable. Still, you must have the hair around your face fluffly. Well, this is what I do: I do my hair in curl papers. I don't like to, but that is the best way, I find, and the quickest. Well, when I put my hair up at night, I just dissolve a little borax in the water, wet the hair that I am going to put up, taking care not to have it too wet, and the result is light, dry fluffiness that will warrant the curl staying in longer than by any other method. Just try it and see if you don't think so."—Exchange.

Mrs. Edward Bellamy.

Conchology is Mrs. Edward Bellamy's fad, and her favorite "fancy work" is darning stockings. The Bellamys have spent their summers at Noyes Beach for several years, and Mrs. Bellamy devotes much time to gathering and arranging seashells. A basket of shells and a tray holding brushes and mangle, with sponge, cup and scissors upon the table before her, are the tools with which she works, and a natural history is always within reach. Thus many hours are happily spent in classifying, labeling and arranging rare shells. Mrs. Bellamy is an accomplished housewife, looking well to the ways of her household. She is 15 years her late husband's junior and is comparatively a young woman, not being 35 years old yet. Her two children are Marion and Paul.

For School Superintendent.

Miss Mary Nesbit of Charleston, Ill., has just been nominated for superintendent of schools by the Democrats of Coles county—the first woman ever nominated for the position in that county. She was a Coles county girl, her father having been for many years a prominent teacher in the public schools there. Miss Nesbit's whole life has been devoted to school work, though her actual experience as a teacher covers only four years. After leaving the public schools in the village of Rardin she became a pupil in the Oakland high school. She was afterward graduated from the Indiana state normal school, and then studied at the Illinois university.

The Scrapbooks.

What a time for scrapbooks this! Many ladies have started books with the first war news and pictures and are compiling illustrated works of history that will be valuable in the future. The newspapers are carefully clipped each day, and the volumes are rapidly filled. Those who have friends among the volunteers are especially interested in this work. One lady makes notes of her own and friends' opinion as to the outcome of the various anticipated movements of the fleets and army on the scrapbook pages, and this adds much to the novelty.

In three years the progeny of a pair of rats, under favorable conditions, will number 1,000.

DESCENT OF LOVE.

Hath man e'er had experience like this (For poets sing a love which children mock, And bliss of love therein is laughing stock.)
Their silly words make creed for common men!
Our life had long been dreary holiday, Till when one even on the bleak highway,
I told her that I loved her, and she left Her soul upon my lips, and thus we staid Secret of earth, and then—oh, strange!—we fled
Down the bleak highway till the place's fear Had closed his wings and left from following. So here, within sound of her sweet singing,
This summer's day I fathom that dread time And liken it—how up some desert peak Sublime went ancient men and heard God speak
And won his law. But once they went, no more! Yes, though God's dreams ran burning in their brain,
They hurried to the ways of humble men, Nor prayed of him to visit them again!
—A. Boyd Scott in Black and White.

MAY BE THE MISSING LINK.

That Mysterious and Useless Organ of Man, the Vermiform Appendix.
A distinguished paleontologist claims to have discovered facts serving to show that the vermiform appendix, that annoying human family so much of late years, is no more nor less than the rudimentary remnant of the gizzard with which he believes the monstrous progenitors of man of the tertiary period of the earth's existence were supplied. Some of these gigantic creatures, lizards in form, birds in kind, animals in some functions, are believed to have developed by the gradual stages described by the supporters of the theory of evolution into the semblance of a human being.
If the bird form be the original of the human race, it is reasonable to believe that it may have been supplied with a gizzard, which in the bird of modern time possesses a definite and important function in the digestion of the food. The bird having no teeth the food is in many cases swallowed whole. Some birds can crush the food with their beaks, but normally the digestion is permitted largely through the agency of the gizzard, where the food is ground into fine particles. The interior coating of this organ is rough and muscular. Many birds swallow, as far as the gizzard, small pebbles that aid the process of attrition. Thus if the latest theory be correct a curious paradox is presented. Whereas in the beginning, as now, the gizzard performed its functions most satisfactorily when supplied with indigestible substances, its rudiment that now remains in the human structure becomes a center of dangerous conditions as soon as any foreign substance, and especially any hard matter, is deposited in it.
One of the marvels of anatomy for some years has been this strange sac in the upper intestine, apparently without the least function in the digestive system and capable of being removed without affecting the health of the patient save to a favorable degree. Researches have revealed many traces of such rudiments in the human system. Darwin's studies brought to light many resemblances between man and the lower orders. It may now be that the despised vermiform appendix will be exploited as the real "missing link" binding man to the past ages, when life assumed many forms that are today unknown.—Washington Star.

Villager's Idea of Hotel Hostess.

A young lawyer in one of the leading lake cities recently passed a few days at the home of his childhood, a rural hamlet in an adjoining county. While there he ran across one of the characters of the place, a quaint old man whom he had known ever since he could remember.
"How's bizness in town?" inquired the aged man.
"Pretty good," replied the lawyer.
"What ya doin now?"
"Practicing law."
"What's your brother Jim doin?"
"Jim is running a hotel," and he named one of the largest public houses in the city.
"Is Jim married yet?"
"No."
The old man raised his head with a commiserating glance. Then he dryly observed:
"Has to doo-pond on hired help, eh?"
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.