

PATTERING FEET.

Something's a-foot; beware, beware!
Something is climbing the bedroom stair,
With here a stumble and there a slip,
Into the passage—trip, trip, trip.

Sharp little footfalls queer and quick,
Never a careful step they pick.
Quaintly marking a morning song,
Hurry-scurry they rush along.

Tripping bright on the passage floor,
Up they come to your bedroom door,
Never was music half so sweet
As the pit-a-pat patter of tiny feet.

Dear little voices, high and clear,
Ring like a bell in the sleeper's ear,
Small hands pluck at his couched head,
"Daddy, oh, Daddy, get out of bed!"

Keeping the rules—it's all a game—
Out they patter as in they came,
But somehow the song moves rather slow,
As down the passage and off they go.

And it's oh for the years that have
passed away,
And the feet that pattered at break of
day.

Now they are heavily booted feet,
And they tramp and stamp in the busy
street.

And some of them seemed to tire of fun,
So they wandered away till they met the
sun;
But he sends them sliding along his
beams,
To patter again in your morning dreams.

WHY I RESIGNED.

WHY did I retire from the
force?"

The speaker was a well-knit,
clean-shaven man, whose face, without
being handsome, revealed the possession
by its owner of intelligence and a
sensitive nature. His eyes were frank-
ly observant, and his demeanor was
one of alertness and vigor.

"Yes," proceeded ex-Detective Mor-
rison, "I suppose it will ever be a bit
of mystery to my late colleagues of the
Criminal Investigation Department that
I who had confessedly done much
excellent work should have renounced
my career when my prospects were
most promising. 'What! Going to re-
sign?' exclaimed the Commissioner.
'You who largely assisted to secure the
arrest of the authors of the De Mallin-
court paste-jewelry frauds, who dis-
covered the Hampstead poisoners, and
who successfully traced the interna-
tional banknote forgers to their den?'

"It certainly did seem strange, and I
dared not explain. Are you listening?
Well, what mystified Scotland Yard
shall be made clear to you.

"Early in life I became enamoured
of the idea of a detective's career. I
was eternally picturing myself as an
avenging instrument of outraged jus-
tice, rescuing innocent beauty from the
grasp of remorseless scoundrelism, win-
ning the plaudits of the world and the
smile of virtue—you know the kind of
thing that springs from the imagination
of sensitive youth.

"My sister and myself had been left
orphans. We had been given into the
custody of a half-brother of my father's,
as good and generous a fellow as
ever lived, considerate as a father, and
naturally less exacting in checking any
of our original sins. He had a daughter,
Ethel; and it was Ethel, sweet
Ethel—here the narrator made an emo-
tional pause—"who unconsciously
weaved herself into all my imaginary
acts of heroism.

"I lived the ordinary life of a young
man, helping my uncle in his business
and taking part in no more escapades
than do most fellows of twenty. I
wasn't what's termed a mollycoddle—
not at all; but the mere presence of
Ethel and my sister Rose was a re-
straint upon any extravagant foolish-
ness.

"They were a strange contrast in ap-
pearance. Rose was as dark as any
Egyptian, with heavily-arched brows,
eyes that sparkled with vitality, hair
that nestled low upon the forehead;
she was impetuous, eager, a child of
impulse. Ethel was as fair as the
morning sun—a clinging, easily-moved,
trusting maid who seemed to lean for
support on Rose.

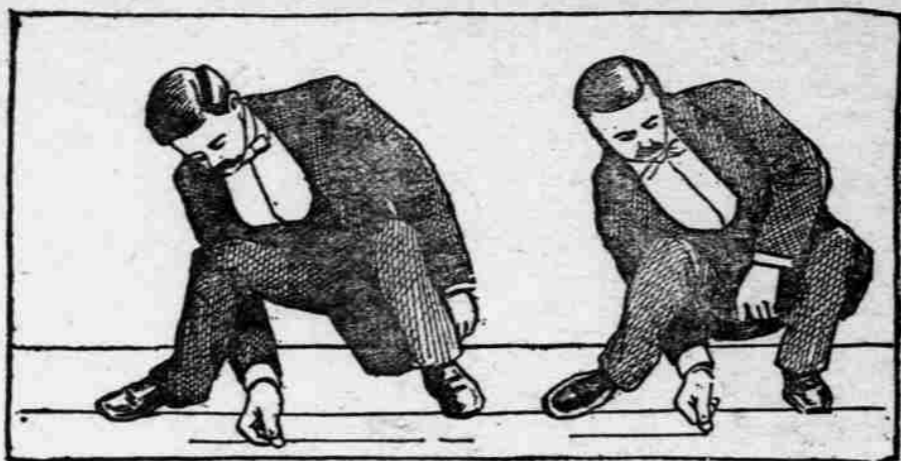
"Rose was my elder, and she lavished
a passionate affection upon me. Ethel
apparently reflected it in a less vehem-
ent and in a more regulated manner.
"When I quitted Northington to join
the force I little thought that Rose's
passion must have another outlet, and
that in its turbulence it might over-
whelm my darling Ethel, now secretly
half-plighted to me.

"Yes, Morrison," said my chief,
"these are the cutest and cleverest
frauds we have had to deal with for
some time. The notes are so accurately
executed as to deceive even the
smartest of bank-clerks. Of course a
thorough expert, if he were to examine
them closely, would detect a variation
in the water-mark and in the typog-
raphical peculiarities of a genuine
note; but that variation is so slight that
even he might be deceived. By the
way, not a few of these notes have been
in circulation at your native place,
Northington. However you have got
charge of the case."

"My heart leaped at the thought of
Northington. My sister Rose had been
suddenly married to a gentleman whom
I had never seen, but whose name did
not impress me. It was Hubert Feather-
stone Maitland. I had not been able
to attend the wedding because I was in
Paris inquiring into the De Mallin-
court frauds. Rose was wildly enthusiastic
about her husband; she rhapsodized
over his goodness, generosity, affection
for her, and his unvarying devotion.
How had she met him? He was staying
at the county hotel and so ingratia-
ted himself with some of the townsmen
that he got invited to the annual
bachelors' ball. Within five months he
and Rose were married. Didn't I know
something about his family? Well,
Rose wrote enthusiastically about his
brother, Hugh Featherstone Maitland,
and somehow I began to fear for Ethel.

"I did not go to Northington, for
on arriving at my lodgings, after the
interview with the chief, I had a wire
from Rose—rather from Mrs. Mait-
land—saying that I might expect a call
from her at any moment. She was then

ATHLETIC CONTEST FOR PARLOR FROLIC.



Here is a good game for an evening party. Let a line be drawn across a certain portion of the room and then let the men stand thereon and try which of them can draw the longest line with a piece of chalk without moving his feet. They must assume the attitude shown in the picture, namely, they must keep the left hand on or beside the knee and must only use the right hand. This seems an easy thing to do, but let anyone try it and he will soon find out that it is extremely difficult.

In London. Besides, news had come of these notes having been given an increased circulation at several West End establishments. Rose's wire gave no address. It was a bald note announcing her arrival, and was dispatched from Charing Cross.

"I was in Bond street, where as yet the forger had not commenced his depredations. I was persuaded that he would not relinquish so happy a hunt-
ing-ground, but was moody over my non-success.

"Don't forget I shall want some change!"
"These words fell on my ears. They had been uttered by a well-dressed, handsome man, who was just getting into a cab from which a lady had only a second before alighted. He drove away, and the lady entered a jeweler's shop.

"I always act upon impulse. I was attired in fashionable clothes, and I too went into the shop. The lady bought a pair of links for her husband and gave a ten-pound note in exchange. She received seven pounds twelve shillings from the cashier. I had completed my inquiries as to the price of a hunter-watch which I did not want. When she left—her close yell had never been raised—her very movement was reminis-
cent. Who could she be? I saw her enter another shop eight or nine doors away. I returned to the jeweler's, called the manager, showed my authority, and asked to see the note. I was certainly unable to discover any flaw in it, but was not convinced of its genuineness.

"In another minute I was standing outside the second shop which the lady had entered. I dared not gaze too intently at her as she left. However, by lounging near the cab I was able to learn the address she gave the cabman. It was 61 Overchurch Mansions—one of the best-known suites of maisonettes in the West End.

"I followed her closely in another cab. She had not entered the mansion ten seconds before I had resolved to make some inquiries at the office on the ground floor.

"She was actually leaving the office as I approached. 'Yes,' I heard an obsequious clerk say, as she entered the lift. 'I can assure you that to-morrow a man shall come and see what is the matter with your gas service. We cannot understand it.'

"The lady still left an impression on my mind—an impression that her form and manner were not new. I imperatively dismissed the notion from my mind, for I had now a scheme in view. I hurried back to the jeweler's; he had in the meantime taken the note to the bank. After very careful examination the expert had come to the conclusion that it was a flash note. I went to the other shop—a similar note had been passed there. The manager laughed to scorn the idea that it was not a genuine one.

"The housemaid at 61 Overchurch Mansions was in a very unpleasant mood. 'Ere's the missus says as 'ow you wasn't comin' till to-morrow! It's most 'ggravatin'! An' master's bringin' some friends to dinner, and the missus' cousin is a-comin' with 'er fiancée! Of course, what do it matter to you?'

"However, she had to put up with the presence of the workman—he assured her that he had been sent by the express instructions of her mistress to attend to the gas.

"The leakage was in a pretty little dining-room. It was only divided by a thin partition from another room in which two persons were talking.

"Ah, pauvre petite, you are tired! Never mind now why I want so many notes changed and never allow you to spend gold and silver! Remember our dinner party to-night!"

"This was said in a low, soothing voice—the voice of a man born to cozen women. The workman was listening intently.

"Well, well, dear! the man went on, 'Don't you know that on the continent we can't change notes easily? Why, what a time we shall have! We shall have to play the roles of an old staid couple in the presence of the bride and bridegroom!'

"Whew! whistled the workman—a marriage!"

"Reely, now," said the supercilious housemaid to him a minute later—"you can't finish the job to-night, eh? You must go and get some piping? Well, of all the aggravating creatures—"

"And the angry little cockney shut the door with a clang.

"Tell the gov'nor we want to see him!" said the Inspector, in a quiet assuring tone, to the housemaid at No. 61. "We shan't keep him a second."

"We had followed the girl to the dining-room. The handsome man whom I had seen in the cab stood before us, framed by the doorway.

"I arrest you," said the Inspector, 'on suspicion of having passed a number of forged notes on the Bank of England!'

"There was an exclamation from the inner room followed by a scuffling noise. Evidently a confederate was about to bolt. I bounded into the room, followed a retreating form into a second apartment, and caught him as he rushed into the passage leading to the lift.

HOW TO AVOID BALDNESS.

Do Not Wear Your Hat Too Tight Over Your Temples.

The writer of this squib has much hair on his head. As a young man it was black as a crow's wing, curly, the envy of rivals and the despair of imitators; as a middle-aged man, iron gray, thick, luxuriant, with no disposition to grow less. How does it happen that this one individual is singled out from all the rest to be the possessor of so much hair? Has it been the use of hair tonics? Is it the result of frequent indulgences in shampoos by the barber? Has he been spending money for some famous hair restorer? Nothing of the sort. None of these things has happened. It has been brought about neither by wise management nor heredity. This is the way it happened: The head upon which this luxuriant hair grows is of long diameter from before backwards, but of short diameter from side to side. That is to say a long, thin head, with rather hollow temples. This makes it impossible for him to buy a hat that fits tightly to his head. His head being so long, he is obliged to buy a 7½, which is always too wide for his thin head. He has probably never worn a hat in his life that fit tightly over the temples.

Well, what has all this to do with luxuriant hair? It has much to do with it. The temporal arteries that supply the scalp with blood run up the side of the temples. The average person wears a hat that fits tightly over the temples. This constriction of the arteries and veins that supply the circulation of the blood and the pressure of the hat upon these blood vessels cut off in part the circulation of the blood to the scalp. This makes the hair unhealthy and inclined to drop out. Bald-headedness comes on prematurely. But in case of the long-headed person we are describing, no hat could be found that would fit tightly across the temples.

It was no wisdom of his that preserved his hair, but merely the accidental shape of his head. He has always been obliged to wear a hat that touched the forehead and back of the head, but did not touch the sides of his head. This left the circulation of the blood free to the scalp. Hence the bristling, rugged, healthy mop of hair on his head. Each hair stays in its place with the tenacity of a pine stump. A pound weight would not be sufficient to pull out a single hair.

Now, if there is any lesson to be learned from all this, it is simply to avoid wearing anything on the head that presses the temples. This is probably the reason that women have a better growth of hair. It is rare indeed to see a bald-headed woman. It is very common to see a bald-headed man. Women's hats are worn as ornaments rather than for protection. They rarely touch the head at all. Men wear hats tightly clasped about the head, interfering with the circulation of the scalp. This is why they are bald. They ought to be bald if they don't know any better. Doubtless they will continue to be bald in spite of this article or anything else that can be written. Round-headed men are bound to become bald-headed, simply because their hats hug tightly to their heads.—Medical Talk.

My Friends and I.

My little low room is five flights high,
And some might think that its walls are bare;
But sweet communion my friends and I
Have often held in the silence there;
Noble, exalted, they come to me,
Fair as they were in the earth's first bloom,
Whispering hope for the time to be,
These are my friends in the little low room.

Shakespeare of Stratford, Bacon, Carlyle,
Emerson dreaming his long, long dream,
Dickens with sighs that are lost in a smile,
Milton—unblinded—the gods for his theme;
Goldsmith, weary no more nor lone,
Chatterton, safe though the storm rides high;
Byron unto his heritage grown—
Royal companionship here have I.

Homer, singing the song of strife;
Virgil, at rest by a sun-kissed shore;
Longfellow, chanting the "Psalm of Poe,"
Poe, who will leave me—ah, never more!
Gentle Hawthorne of Salem town;
Whittier, thrilling the heart of the free—
One and all from my shelves look down,
Step to my side and talk to me.

Kings in your palaces, here is more—
Here, in faith, in a little low room—
Than regal state and golden store,
The royal's mad clamor, the cannon's boom.

Shades of the mighty come to me,
Sit and chat as the hours go by,
Prophecy things that the soul shall see—
And so we are happy, my friends and I.—Success.

As His Child Saw Him.

A prominent real estate man in Los Angeles had an experience a few evenings ago that kept him guessing for a little bit as to whether he should feel complimented or otherwise. He was at home with one little daughter while his wife and another of the children were downtown. Darkness was coming on and the little girl was anxiously watching for her mother's return. Her nervousness grew apace, in spite of the father's attempts at reassurance. At length the little one burst into tears, saying:

"I just can't help it! I need mamma, and I must have her!"

"Do you do this way when your mamma is here and I'm away?" asked the father.

"No, of course not," replied the little one. "Cause then there's some grown-up person about the house."—Los Angeles Herald.

Knee-Deep in Kansas.

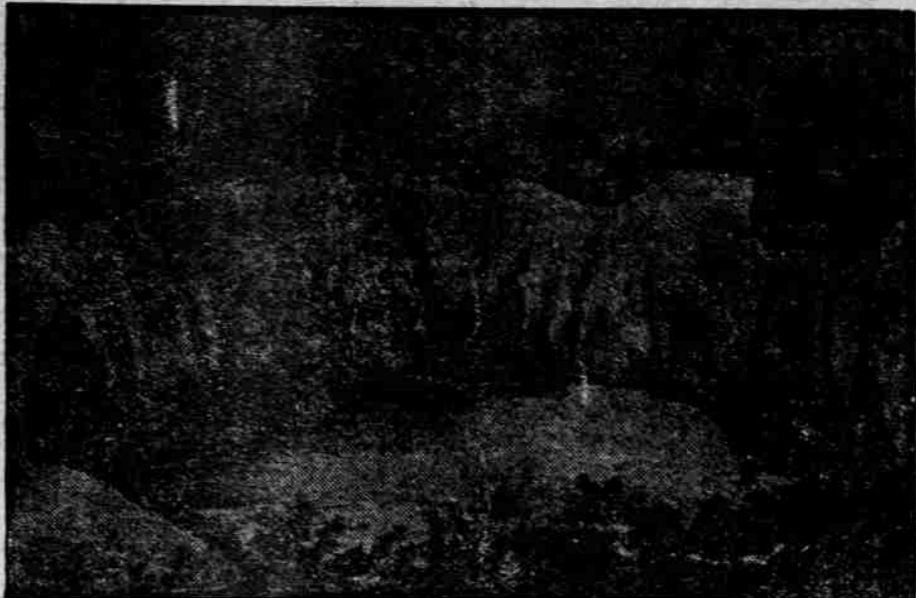
Eugene F. Ware, the new commissioner of pensions, who, over the name of "Ironquill," long ago established his reputation as a wit and writer of verse, has been much interested for years in the condition of roads in his adopted State of Kansas.

Recently R. W. Richardson, secretary of the National Good Roads Association, who is preparing to take a good roads construction train across the continent, said to Mr. Ware:

"How do the farmers in Kansas stand on the road question?"

"Up to their knees," was the reply.—Philadelphia Post.

CRATER OF LA SOUFRIERE, ST. VINCENT.



This view of the crater of Mount Soufriere, St. Vincent Island, was made from a photograph taken with a panoramic camera, two weeks before the eruption, by a correspondent of the New York Herald. The crater is one of the most remarkable in the world. It is three miles in circumference and has walls 1,000 feet high.

DEED OF WILSON M'FIELD.

He Saved Two Lives by His Bravery and Perseverance.

From the records of the Royal Humane Society a writer in McClure's Magazine draws the story of an obscure negro seaman whose brave deed was discovered and honored by two of the great nations of the earth. One tropical night the schooner Dolphin rested almost motionless off the Cayman rocks in Nicaragua. Crew and passengers, some twenty in all, were asleep about the deck, for it was too hot to go below. Then came such a squall as comes only in those southern seas. The sails, all set, furnished ample leverage. Within ten seconds the Dolphin was bottom up, her passengers and crew struggling in the water.

Wilson McField, a negro and a subject of Great Britain, was the first to come to the surface. All his twenty-seven years of life he had known these waters, and he swam like a fish. He soon succeeded in climbing upon the bottom of the vessel. Then he shouted to the others, and one by one pulled up five of the crew.

Fortunately the squall was soon over, although the sea was high. After he had drifted two hours the men heard strange sounds, like pounding within the vessel. Some thought they heard voices. The more superstitious were afraid. The night dragged on, and by daylight the sounds had grown fainter. The crew concluded that men, were imprisoned within the boat, but none could devise a way to save them. Then the negro proposed to dive under and into the ship. They assured him he would never get out again, but carrying between his teeth one end of a rope that had been dragging from the vessel, McField dived, passed under the gunwale and rose in the hatch.

It was pitch dark, and the interior of the vessel was full of the floating cargo, but he kept on steadily. Finally, concluding that he had reached the cabin, he rose, and in an instant his head was above water. Yet so foul was the air, and so narrow the space between the water and the ship's bottom, that he could hardly breathe. He could see no one, but he heard the knocking again, and called out. Then came voices, faint but familiar.

Swimming in the direction of the sound, he found two men braced against the cabin sides and holding their heads above water. One was a young rubber cutter, named Mallitz, the other a native Spanish-Nicaraguan, called Obando. Both were panic-stricken, and McField was obliged to threaten them with instant death if they did not obey him. He fastened the rope round Mallitz, and gave the signal to pull. McField dived into the water along with his man. In his fright Mallitz entangled himself in the hatchway, and precious time was lost in freeing him. When they reached the surface Mallitz was unconscious and McField more dead than alive.

They pulled Mallitz aboard, but McField would not follow. As soon as the rope was free he took it in his teeth and went under, found the hatch and entered the cabin. Obando was almost uncontrollable with fear and exhaustion, but McField finally secured him with the rope, and gave the signal to pull up. This time the trip was made without accident, and both men were drawn on board. All the men were saved.

The United States government awarded McField a medal and fifty dollars in gold, and the Royal Humane Society of Great Britain gave him a silver medal.

DOMESTICS IN AFRICA.

Most Work Done by Kaffir Boys Who Take "White" Names.

An amusing picture of domestic conditions in South Africa is given by Mrs. Blow in an article in the New York Tribune. Mrs. Blow's husband was manager of a mine in South Africa, and both husband and wife lived there for several years. In recalling the domestic problem as it exists in that region, she says:

Most of the work is done by Kaffirs, who, like the Southern negroes in slavery times, are called "boys," no matter what their age may be.

When the Kaffir boys come from the kraals no one ever uses their native names. As soon as they are brought into contact with the whites they take a "white" name. This produces results which are not lacking in elements of humor.

Among the house boys "Knife," "Fork" and "Spoon" were common names. "Table," "Chair," "Carriage," "Watch" and "Matchbox" were other names that I had in the house at various times. One of my house boys took the utilitarian name of "Ham and Eggs."

The Kaffirs are very fond of rice, when they learn to eat it among the whites, and our stable boy thought he had found the finest name in the world in "Rice." But the Kaffirs have the same difficulty as the Chinese in pronouncing the letter "r," and so poor Rice always called himself "Lice."

The Kaffirs are the cleanest people in the world in some respects. They

are always scrubbing themselves in hot water and anointing themselves with oil afterward, but the habit does not extend to their clothes. They will take an elaborate bath, and then put on clothes that never saw the wash-tub.

Our home was a typical one of the upper class, a great one-story bungalow, seventy-five feet long, built of brick, covered with the inevitable white corrugated iron, and with a veranda twenty feet deep. It was seven hundred feet above the entrance to the mine, and the hills all about were cut into great terraces, which were planted with magnificent tropical plants, besides oranges and lemons, guavas and pineapples, strawberries, peaches, all kinds of vegetables and the most beautiful flowers. We even had tea-plants in the garden. We raised the finest lemons I ever saw; all we could possibly use, and barrels and barrels for the hospital.

An idea of the enormous supply of native labor may be had from the fact that every foot of this great terraced garden was made of earth carried up the mountain on the backs of Kaffirs, and the irrigation, without which nothing could grow, was accomplished by watering pots in the hands of Kaffir boys.

PLOTS AGAINST LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Several Attempts Upon the Life of the King of the French.

Louis Philippe, king of the French, after experiencing several minor attempts on his life, was nearly murdered July 28, 1835. The day was one of the three appointed to commemorate the revolution of 1830. The king was, with three of his sons, taking part in a procession, and while riding along the boulevards a violent explosion issued from a window overlooking the line of route. Happily, the king himself and the princes escaped uninjured, though fourteen persons were killed outright and forty others wounded. On investigation the discharge was discovered to have come from a machine constructed of twenty-four musket barrels, laid horizontally on a single frame and so adjusted as to be raised or lowered according to the angle required, says the Gentleman's Magazine. The touchholes communicated by means of a train of gunpowder, and consequently all the barrels could be discharged simultaneously. The window behind which this deadly contrivance was placed stood open, but Persian blinds, not opened until the moment of discharge, screened it from the public gaze. It is probable that, owing to some delay in removing the blinds, the life of Louis Philippe was saved. He had hardly passed when the explosion occurred, actually wounding the horse he rode. The man who was guilty of the outrage, a Corsican named Fleschi, was seized and subsequently guillotined. Three more attempts were made on the life of the same monarch. One by the discharge of a walking-stick gun into his carriage June 25, 1836; another, at Fontainebleau, in April, 1840; while the third and final act of the kind may be recorded as having happened when the king was standing on the balcony of the Tuileries one day in June, 1840.

Haitian Honesty.

Haiti is the only country in the world "where black rules white." Although the present republic is not successful because so large a portion of the citizens are lazy and uneducated, yet the people have many good qualities, which, according to Hesketh Pritchard, show themselves in unexpected and contradictory ways.

One of the things that strike one most is that Haiti is a country of extremes and contrasts. Logic is always at fault. A Haitian's honesty is like a Haitian's mind; it is apt to surprise you round old corners.

For example! Hundreds of thousands of Haitian dollars pass annually along the lonely track between Jacmel and Port au Prince. The men who bear them are low-class Haitians; ragged, uncouth, uneducated, wild and untamed. Yet only once have the dollars failed to arrive. I have heard it said that ten dollars might tempt the Haitian's cupidity, but ten thousand awes him into immaculate honesty.

During the last thirty years uncounted couriers have made the desolate journey over the mountain passes, each with his load of wealth, and there is only this one instance known of the betrayal of trust. A fine record!

English Cattle Imports.

The United States sent to England 405,703 head of cattle in 1901—55,494 more than in the previous year; while Canada, with 88,211, sent 16,628 fewer than in 1900.

What has become of the old-fashioned boy who expected everything in the circus that he saw on the bills?

Probably the most important things in the world are those that never happen.

When a man drinks like a fish he doesn't take kindly to water.

WAS HAND OF PROVIDENCE.

He Missed the Explosion, but Isn't Sure It Was for the Best.

"I was never an atheist," said a northern Michigander who was loading about a Detroit hotel the other day, "but it used to make me smile to hear people tell about Providence doing this or that. I'll tell you why I quit smiling.

"I had an interest in an oil well in Pennsylvania, and one morning I planned to get up at an early hour and ride across country for eight miles with a teamster. I was up at the hour named, but found that the fellow had started off fifteen minutes ahead of the time set. My only recourse was to hire a buckboard, and while a man was looking around for me and I was eating breakfast there came a rumble and a crash, and I fled from the hotel, believing that an earthquake was on.

"Others thought so, too, but in the course of half an hour we got word that 400 pounds of nitroglycerin which was being hauled over the hill on a wagon had exploded. More than that, it was the same wagon I had missed getting a ride on. I went out with others to view the spot, or rather the hole. What they found of driver, horses and wagon you could have loaded on a wheelbarrow. The hole made in the highway was forty feet long, thirty wide and twenty deep, and men, horses and cattle for half a mile around were knocked silly."

"And you laid your escape to Providence, of course?" was asked.
"Well, I'm not exactly sure about that," was the reply, according to the Detroit Free Press. "I told you I ceased to smile after that when anything was mentioned about Providence, but I was never quite satisfied that a mistake wasn't made."

"What sort of a mistake?"
"Why, it wasn't three days after that when our well played out, the company went into bankruptcy and I've hardly been able to raise enough to pay my street-car fare since. Sometimes it seems to me that Providence stepped in to save my life, and again it seems as if she missed me on the explosion and dropped the bottom out of that well to get even. It's about an even thing, I guess, but if you've got an other cigar about you it'll tip the scale a little bit in favor of Providence and help me to believe that I was saved for some useful purpose."

SARAH'S SHOES.

Lady Presented Them Without Hurting Girl's Feelings.

Mrs. Anna Lyman, wife of Judge Joseph Lyman, was a fine type of the New England woman of fifty years ago. As wife of a judge she was called upon to do much entertaining, and her parties were famous in Northampton. Her daughter, Susan Lesley, in her memoirs of Mrs. Lyman, writes that no one ever declined going to Mrs. Lyman's parties.

One day, as she was preparing for an evening entertainment, she happened to look out of the window and saw a young girl, whom she liked for her talents and good heart, but who, from poverty, was not always able to go out into society.

"O Sarah," called Mrs. Lyman, "I am going to have a party this evening, and all the judges are to be here! I want you to come, my dear."

"O Mrs. Lyman," said the girl, looking sadly down at her feet, "I wish I could. But I can't, for my shoes are all out at the toes, and this is my only pair."

"Well, Sarah," said Mrs. Lyman, brightly, "at least you'll help me get ready for my party."

"Oh, yes," replied the girl, quickly; and she helped to good advantage, with willing hands and good taste. When the work was done Mrs. Lyman accompanied her home, holding her attention with cheerful talk.

Somehow, the girl hardly knew how they were presently in the best shoe shop in the village, and when they left, Sarah had a beautiful pair of bronze shoes, and ran gaily home to dress for the party.

Their Last Words.

Mr. Rhodes was not given to high-flown talk and I suspect the story of his "last words" is a fiction. Sydney Smith observed that it seems a necessity that every distinguished man should die "with some sonorous and quotably saying in his mouth."

Mr. Pitt was supposed to have expired exclaiming, "How do I leave my country?" It was afterward established on conclusive evidence that his real last words were: "I fancy I could eat one of Bellamy's meat pies." Mr. Fox was credited with some becoming observation about public affairs, whereas his last words conveyed a requisite for barley water. Sir Robert Peel was stated to have died after an ejaculation about the blessings of cheap bread. In reality, he awoke for a few minutes, after several hours of sleep, said "God bless you all," and died. Lord Beaconsfield was reported to have exclaimed, "Any news in the Gazette?" with his last breath, whereas he muttered, "I feel overwhelmed."—London Truth.

Women Copying Men's Fashions.

Do women imitate men's fashions, or do men appropriate the ideas of the fair sex? Our opinion is that in the vast majority of cases it is the women who copy the men. For some time past the Englishman's ideal of style in clothing has been the easy-fitting waist and the emphasizing of height. Ladies have now adopted the same idea—the tall, straight figure, without form or shape.—London Tailor and Cutter.

Mineral Waters for Senators.

United States Senators are supplied with bottled mineral waters at government expense. Nearly every committee-room has something like a bar attached. It is usually in one corner, behind a screen and next to the wash-bowl. The bottles of fizz water are supplied by colored messengers, who bring them in buckets of ice, like champagne. The excuse for the expense is the poor quality of the Potomac water.

When you meet a woman on the street at any time of the day, month, or year, it is safe to bet that she is either going to, or coming from, a dressmaker's.

Few critics ever get what they are entitled to in this busy world.