WHICH ARE YOU?

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day,
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say. Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood

The good are half-bad, and the bad are half-good. Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth You must first know the state of his con-

science and health. Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span Who puts on vain airs is not counted a

man. Not the happy and sad, for the swiftflying years Bring each man his laughter and each

man his tears. No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean Are the people who lift, and the people who lean. Wherever you go, you will find the

world's masses Are always divided in just these two And oddly enough, you will find, too,

ween. There is only one lifter to twenty who lean. In which class are you? Are you easing

the load Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road? Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear

Your portion of labor and worry and -Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

**************** A Rummage Romance

.......

HEN energetic Mrs. John Andrews, who had been upon mously elected general manager of the rummage sale, came in the course of her canvassing to Miss Hunter's house, she hesitated at the gate, and finally walked slowly on. But she went only a few steps, then turned abruptly round, walked quickly back, opened the gate with a decided hand, and, without giving herself time to change her mind, stepped firmly up the path and knocked sharply on the door. "Almira Hunter has been let alone longer than is good for anybody," she said to herself. "She used to be real active in church affairs, and there's no reason why she shouldn't be now. It's unchristianlike to let her ostracize herself as she has done of late years." Miss Almira looked not a little surprised to see Mrs. Andrews, who had



"RELICS OF HAPPIER DAYS." been one of her intimate friends in

former years, standing once more on her doorstep, but she said quite simply and cordially: "Why, Mary, how do you do? It's

a long time since you've been to set

"No longer than since you've been to see me," chided Mrs. Andrews gently, perplexed, musing eyes as he threw the when she was seated in the cozy dining room. "But we simply can't get along without you any longer, Almira. I've come to get you to help us."

When the explanation of the rummage sale was finished, Miss Hunter | Hunter's. sat silent in her chair, gazing reflectively out across the meadows which rolled away to the south.

"I do not think I can come to help you sell the things, but I will 'rummage' and send or bring you the spoils. Will that do?"

And Mrs. Andrews was well content with her partial victory.

When her visitor had gone, Miss Almira slowly climbed the stairs to her attic and reluctantly opened a trunk which had long been closed. It cost her a pang to look again on these relics of happier days. With reverent fingers she took out one garment after another, examined and laid it aside. Here was a dress of her mother's-no. she could not give them that. Here was the coat her father had worn in the war-every thread of it was dear to the patriotism within her. Here was a dress of her own youth, a delicate sprigged muslin; how well she remembered the first time she had worn it! Caleb had admired it and that night as she stood a moment at the gate with him he had touched it timidly, caressingly, and said:

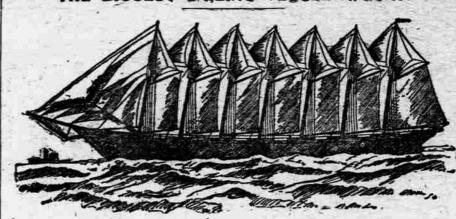
"You are prettier than ever to-night. Mira."

What had come between them? Why had he never answered her last letter? How happy she had been when he wrote asking her to be his wife! She had the letter still, laid away among her most cherished possessions. But she never looked at it now; there was no need; every word, even the shape of every letter, was engraved upon her heart.

"Dear Mira," (so the letter ran), "you must know what I tried to find words to say the last time we met. I couldn't put it as I wanted to then, and I can't now, so I must just tell you that I love you, Mira, darling. I love you and want you to be my wife. Will you? fully, and replacing it in its envelope You will thing this a short, abrupt letter, but when the heart would be most that he still wore the old coat, for now eloquent the tongue is silent and the his only thought was to get to Mira, pen refuses to be fluent. Thus it is he strode out into the night and hurwith my pen to-night. It will write ried, almost ran, down the village nothing but what has rung in my thoughts a long, long time; Mira, I love thinking you not quite indifferent to leb Thomas, me Yours, for life, death and for-

ever. Caleb Thomas."

THE BIGGEST SAILING VESSEL AFLOAT.



The Thomas W. Lawson, the first seven-masted schooner ever built, the first steel schooner ever constructed in America, and the biggest sailing vessel affoat, has been launched at the yards of the Fore River Ship and Engine Company at Quincy, Mass. Her cost is \$250,000 and her building occupied eight months. She is owned by a syndicate headed by Capt. John G. Crowley, and will be used first in the coastwise coal-carrying trade, and it is expected that later she may be sent to the Philippines.

The Lawson is the first of an entirely new type of schooner; indeed, she might almost be called the pioneer of a new kind of merchantman. She is not only the largest sailing vessel in the world and the first American schooner built of steel, but she is the first sailor to be also equipped with steam as a mean's of meeting the competition of steam freight carriers. The crew expense has been cut practically in half by the introduction of engines to manage all the sails, to handle the enormous anchors and to do the stevedore work. She is lighted by electricity, and steered by steam and equipped with a telephone system, Sixteen men, including the captain, the engineers and the cook, will be the

seven-master's full complement, while a square-rigger of even less cargo capacity -the Lawson's is 8,100 tons-could not get along with fewer than thirty-five or The Thomas W. Lawson measures 403 feet over all, but her steel spike bow-

sprit is 85 feet long, and from its tip to the end of the aftermast boom is nearly 500 feet. On the water line her length is 368 feet, while her beam measurement is 50 feet, her depth 34 feet 5 inches, and her loaded draft 261/2 feet.

came straight from her heart, and told fore her. him of the love she bore him, and that she would be proud and happy to be his wife. And-that was all. He had as though his letter had never been yet so new. written and answered.

George (married now and living in a mean it still. Say that you will-" distant state), and several other garwith one or two articles of furniture gry arms which caught her and drew where the rummage sale was to be and Home.

It was on the evening of this bright October day that the sale was to commence. The town had been ransacked from end to end, a little judicious advertising done, all the articles collected and arranged, and now, with a sigh of ere they went home to snatch a hasty supper before returning for the openng of the sale in the evening.

Among those who dropped in that evening to "see how the women folks were getting along," was Caleb Thomwould think it came over in the May- college.

"I'll take it," interrupted Caleb shortly. "How much is it?"

"Fifty cents," was the wondering answer. The girl watched him with coat over his arm and made his way straight to the door. She wondered if there was any truth in the gossip she had heard but hardly heeded. which called him an old lover of Miss

Meanwhile Caleb Thomas took his way homeward, the coat pressed tightly to his side. Once in a while he stroked it tenderly, almost timidly-it

was something Mira had touched. Arrived at his bachelor home, he spread his purchase on a chair and sat down facing it. Somehow, the sight of something connected with her brought thronging back the old pain, the old question, "Why?" Why had she never broken her proud silence?

With the question still echoing in his heart he took the coat and slowly put it on. It fitted well, He remembered sealed, stamped, but not postmarked, tation for scholarship made.

dream. What did it mean? all clear to him. Here was the answer ments, with such success that the to the why, the long-delayed answer to teaching staff rose from 54 to 135 and his letter. She had given it to George | the students enrolled from 573 to 1,506. to post, and George (he was always a careless boy) had slipped it into his pocket and forgotten it, and it had versity of Wisconsin at Madison, and lain for twenty long years between the failing health compelled his resignacloth and lining. And, miracle of tion. In degrees he received that of Member of the "Spellbinders' Trust' miracles! It had at last been deliv- LL. D. from the University of Chicago

ered to its rightful owner. He finished the letter, folded it care-

There was a light in Miss Hunter's you, I love you, I love you, over and sitting room, where she sat trying to and foreign reviews he wrote Repreover again. Write to me, dear, and read. But she could not concentrate sentative British Orations and a numtell me, if you can (and oh, I hope you her thoughts upon her book; they ber of historical contributions to curcan!), that I have not been deceived in would turning again and again to Ca- rent literature.

Suddenly there was a step at the She had answered his letter. Yes, and someone stepped toward the inner and causes a rude awakening.

she had answered it with words that room. Then Caleb Thomas stood be

"Mira!" he said simply, "Mira!" Miss Hunter started to her feet, pale trembling, speechless. Caleb fumbled never written to her again, and when in the pocket of the old coat and drew he came back to Brentley they had met out the letter, her letter, so old and

tinued her search. At last she found and which I bought because you had books and pamphlets, and 4,000 packs were a bright lot and up-to-date. My coat that had belonged to her brother touched it. Oh, Mira, say that you of gold leaf for the titles of volumes friend read on for some twenty min-He stopped suddenly, for with making them into a parcel sent them and would have fallen but for the hun-

"See, dear," he said, "I found it in

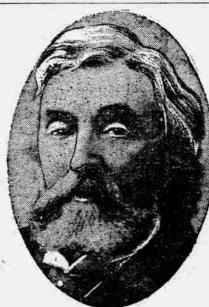
A NOTED EDUCATOR.

Dr. Charles Kendall Adams, Who Died Recently in California.

The recent death in California of Dr. Charles Kendall Adams, formerly presrelief and anticipation, the maids and ident of the University of Wisconsin, matrons of Brentley stood and looked removed one of the most gifted and moment on the work of their hands progressive educators in the United States. Dr. Adams had been ill for several months and death came as a disease.

Charles Kendall Adams was born in as. He passed down the hall, exchang- family where intellectual strength was ing a pleasant word with an acquaint- more conspicuous than worldly wealth. tors and Representatives, who scatter made a hit. ance here and there and amusedly in. He entered the public schools at Derby, specting the heterogeneous conglom- Vt., but at the age of 20, when his pareration of donations, until he came to ents removed to Iowa, he was still uncounter presided over by the daugh- decided whether his life work would be ter of an old friend, who laughingly as a student or a factor in the commer- total number of volumes of various would be a wonder." challenged him to pick from her stock cial world. At 21 he definitely deterbest. She had charge of a part of the the summer of 1856 began to study 000, representing a total cost of some clothing and merrily exhibited her as- Latin and Greek at Denmark Academy sortment, commenting gaily on each. under the instruction of Rev. H. K. Ed-At last she held up a coat in the style son. In September, 1857, he was admitof twenty years ago. "See," she said ted to the University of Michigan, and lustrations, and the cost of these ran gleefully, "Miss Almira Hunter sent literally, so far as finances were conthis in; how old-fashioned it is! One cerned, worked his way through that

flower and hadn't seen the light of He became interested in historical day since; and, indeed, it must have studies and took a post-graduate course pictures. The most costly illustrations by that I would buy the yield of been laid away for ever so long, for in that line. At the same time he be-



DR. CHARLES K. ADAMS.

that her brother George had been about came assistant librarian of the univerhis size. He ran his hand over it in sity and had charge of one of the lower an awkward masculine way, patting classes in history. It was 1864 before it abstractedly. Suddenly, near one of he began to reap a reward for his lathe pockets, something rustled. He bors. He then received an appointfelt in the pocket, but there was noth- ment as instructor of history and ing there. Still the rustling continued Latin, and a year later he became an ator is entitled to 42. Anybody may when he touched that part of the coat, assistant professor. When Prof. White It occurred to him that there must be resigned in 1867 to take the presidency something between the cloth and of the Cornell Prof. Adams became a the lining, and searching carefully he full professor of history of the Univerfound a rip and drew out-a letter, sity of Michigan, and found his repu-

and addressed to himself in a hand Other universities and colleges sought that sent a thrill along every nerve. him, but he remained with the Univer-Slowly and wonderingly he broke the sity of Michigan until called to the seal and glanced at the date. It was presidency of Cornell, a position which of copies of them have to be printed 1882. He rubbed his eyes as if in a he held for seven years. At Cornell he A bill must go through a great many devoted himself largely to consolidat-Suddenly, like a flash of light, it was ing and reorganizing many depart-On January 17, 1893, Prof. Adams was inaugurated president of the Uniworked its way through the rlp and held that position until last year, when

in 1878 and from Harvard in 1886. Prof. Adams was the author of Democracy and Monarchy in France, was translated into German. He was a purposeful. He gave the University of creased its business strength manifold. Resides his contributions to American

Love's young dream is all right until

NATIONAL PRINTERY.

GIGANTIC BUILDING IS NEARING COMPLETION.

Will Have a Floor Space of Over Fourteen Acres and Nearly 4,000 Persons Will Find Employment-127 Presses Will Be Running.

The new government printing office s approaching completion and will be gigantic affair, writes Rene Bache, the well-known Washington correspondent. It will cost \$2,000,000, and will provide a total floor space of over fourteen acres-more than two and a half times the floor area available in the present establishment. As yet the building is entirely covered with scaffolding, but it is substantially finished, except for the interior woodwork and painting. It will be the greatest printing shop in the world, employing the services of nearly 4,000 people. Accurately speaking, 3,889 persons will toil under its mighty roof, nearly 1,000 of them being women and girls. Each year it will expend the enormous sum of \$4,000,000, nearly three-fourths of it for labor, and in its main composingroom 824 printers will be engaged in sticking type. Eight hundred and eighty-five employes will be occupied in binding the books and documents produced, and an additional 665 will do nothing but fold the printed sheets. Figures like these give a notion of the gigantic scale on which the shop it will consume for bindings the skins dition to 75,000 square feet of "Russia white paper, 40,000 pounds of printing from which he started to read. ink and 37,000 pounds of glue, together She raised her head wearily and con- the coat you sent to the rummage sale with 7,000 pounds of thread for sewing all together, but at the same time they de luxe.

One hundred and twenty-seven ments with which she could part, and great cry of joy she swayed forward presses will be constantly in opera- derision. Nothing like this, however, tion in the great building, their total could stop him. All kinds of questions output in a working day of eight hours | were fired at him, but he paid no attenand various other things to the hall her home to his breast at last.—Farm being just about 1,000,000 impressions. tion and continued to read off long lists of the outrageous acts here described. These presses are of every conceivable of statistics. At last the chairman of kind, one of them being-capable of the meeting signaled the leader of the printing cards on both sides from a band to start up. The band played web of bristol-board at the rate of 65,-000 cards per hour, while four other machines turn out 40,000 printed envelopes every sixty minutes. The quantity of type actually employed will be approximately 1,500,000 pounds, or 750 what he thought was a blaze of glory.

No other government spends anything like the amount of money on public printing that is squandered by relief. His death was due to Bright's Uncle Sam. In this particular Congress osition, but I jollied along with the is always disposed to a reckless extravagance, and hence the huge size Vermont in 1835, and was reared in a of the plant required. Public documents them broadcast among their constituents. One hundred tons of a single report now in press will be issued and distributed in this manner, and the what more than \$1,000,000.

Nowadays government books, like other kinds of publications, require Il- Conclusion of the Deacon Who Refusup to about \$300,000 last year. It is safe to say that ten years from now Uncle Sam's printing shop will spend day, "I used to take some long chances pretty nearly half a million dollars for on the apple and peach crop. I mean are for the reports for the Department an orchard after counting up the trees of Agriculture and the bulletins of the in blossom, and, strangely enough, I Bureau of Ethnology, many of these never met with a loss of any account. being in colors. Each bureau furnishes My nearest shave was with a good old its own pictures, but the printing office deac. n. who had 500 peach trees in St. has them reproduced by firms in Bos- Joe county. I knew the orchard well. ton, New York and elsewhere. These It always sent fine peaches to market, greatest of book collectors, was at an, I got her to unfold her whole firms print the illustrations and return and one season I determined to copper

has to execute is the printing of the could not be less than 1,500 bushels. I said, persuasively: official reporters of the House and Senate, who take down in shorthand every word that is said at either end of the Capitol. They dictate from their notes to typewriters, and the material thus | for a while. reduced to typescript is sent over to the printing offices in batches by mes- offer.' sengers. The Record is ready for distribution early next morning. One hundred compositors are employed exclusively in the business of setting type for it, one department of the printing office being devoted exclusively to this publication, which is "set up" and sent to press just like any newspaper, being delivered every day to about 9,000 subscribers. Each representative in Congress gets 22 copies daily, while a Sensubscribe, the price being \$1.50 a month; but the paper is not directly profitable to Uncle Sam, inasmuch as it costs \$125,000 a year.

The printing of bills is another important feature of the work of the establishment. Though only a few hundred of the measures submitted to Con gress in a year become laws, millions phases before it can become a law, and during the process of its evolution it has to be printed again and again-perhaps dozens of times. If finally passed, a single copy of it is printed on the finest parchment, and this goes to President Roosevelt for his signature.

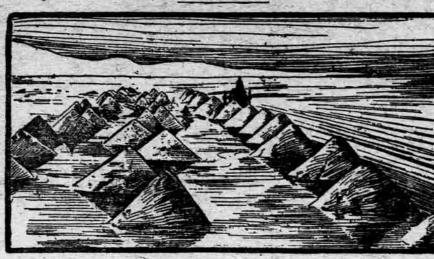
MAN WITH A BIG VOICE.

Tells a Story on Himself.

Grouped in the lobby one warm day. taking in the light southerly breeze, were half a dozen of the House leaders. enough to sign an agreement containing put it back in his pocket. Forgetting which attracted much attention and Then and there the "Spellbinders' trust" was formed. The coming cam- was to be paid quarterly in advance. capital organizer, strong-willed and paign and the probable amount of She was allowed to enter without any speaking that would be required were prepayment, and on the 25th of March Wisconsin a national education and in- discussed at length, and then the mem- six months, £19, was demanded, one bers of the trust drifted into anecdotes of the stump.

he, and soon he had a large and in- all its furniture save and except what must be remembered, is famous from of cancer. outer door, the latch clicked sharply, the matrimonial alarm clock goes off Seattle to Eastport, and his constitu- On Saturday last the broker paid a ents in Maine insist that they can hear second visit and made a second dis- tee is really back talk.

CURIOUS SALT DEPOSITS.



One of the unique sights of California is the remarkable salt deposits at Salton. This region lies in a depression some 300 feet below sea level, and is thought at one time to have been the bed of an ancient sea or lake. The tract of land looks like a vast snow field.

The rock salt deposits cover about 1,000 acres, and are now worked for commercial purposes. The output from this place is about 2,060 tons of salt annually, valued at from \$6 to \$34 per ton. The labor is done chiefly by Indians, who are able to withstand the intense heat of the desert (running up to 150 degrees in June) better than the white men.

The method employed is as follows: The salt is first collected by a peculiar plough having four wheels, in the center of which sits an Indian to guide it. This is run by a cable from a distant dummy engine. This machine cuts a broad and shallow furrow eight feet wide and three feet long, throwing up the ridges on both sides. Indians follow in the wake of the plough with hoes and pile up the salt in pyramids.

the rumbling when he speaks in the

"It was up in Buffalo in the '96 campaign," he continued. "A local lawyer will be conducted. Each twelvemonth and I had been assigned to a big meeting over on the tough side of the city. of 36,000 sheep and 11,000 goats, in ad- The local man, who was evidently making his first campaign appearance, was leather," made from cowhide. It will introduced first, and proceeded to draw use up in a like period 8,000 tons of from his inside pocket a manuscript,

"It was a pretty hard crowd, taken utes under great difficulty, and then the crowd began to cheer and shout in 'Home, Sweet Home,' as a gentle hint, but the speaker only waited until it finished and then continued. At the end of an hour of the worst rot I ever heard, my ambitious friend closed in domination" sometimes leads to a mis- The Odd Business of an Old Negress

" 'Three cheers for the speaker-for finishing!" some one yelled. "The cheers were given, and then I was introduced. It was a tough prop-

crowd for some fifteen minutes, and are an important perquisite of Sena- right, and the chairman said I had founding opposing counsel.

correspondence New York Herald.

TOO MUCH PROVIDENCE.

ed to Sell His Fruit. written from beginning to end by the 500. That was \$1 a bushel, and the guineas." picking and packing was to be at my

expense. "'No. I don't think I'll do it,' replied

"'I don't believe you'll get a better

"'Mebbe not, but I think I'll trust to Providence; I may get at least \$2,000 rather proudly.

for my peaches." "I didn't care to raise my figures," that price the marmalade should have said the buyer, "and so the matter was off. I heard from the orchard just as the trees were covered with young peaches, but about that time a drought set in and things began to burn. There marmalade pot, with a green thistle wasn't a smell of rain for six weeks, painted on it." and there wasn't a peach that wasn't baked and shriveled and dried until you couldn't tell what it was. The 500 Meeting the deacon along the week of August, I said:

"'Well, deacon, I'm \$1.500 in pocket." "'Yes,' he slowly replied.

"'Going to trust to Providence another season?

" 'Not entirely-not quite. I've figured it out that if Laccept 98 per cent. of a good thing and trust to Providence me a pair of new boots next year."-Detroit Free Press.

English Landlord's Ways. The secretary of the Tenants' Proculiarly unjust and hard-hearted distraint on the part of-a Peckham land-

Last December a widow took a house in Peckham upon an annual tenancy, at a rental of £39, and was foolish a clause which specified that the rent Charles Littlefield, of Maine, led off. and before March had run out her home at home." "I'm going to tell one on myself," said was stripped from kitchen to attic of creasing audience, including pages and was contained in one small bedroom, doorkeepers. Mr. Littlefield's voice, it where one of her daughters lay dying

traint, broke the lock and forced an entrance into the sick room, and cleared it of everything, even to the beef tea standing by the bedside, and would ing girl lay, but was prevented by the who was tendering to the girl dying of New York firm. cancer spiritual consolation. His de-

termined protest saved the girl her bed. The Tenants' Protection League will take the earliest opportunity of holding white satin ribbons and a wealth of a public meeting to protest against such barbarous proceedings. They have accordingly convened a meeting for 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon on Peckham Rye, where the chairman will give chapter and verse, names and details —London Chronicle.

The Day Was Fine.

A ten-ton steam-hammer is not the proper implement to employ in crushing peanut shells. Yet what Adrian H. Joline calls the "habit of intellectual use of mental force which suggests a similar disproportion between the work and the instrument.

Charles O'Conor, one of the last as well as one of the finest of our digni- an old negro washerwoman," said a fled lawvers of the old school, was a man of kind heart, but was rendered then launched into what I thought was somewhat overbearing by the practice my best line of talk. I finished all of cross-questioning witnesses and con-

"I have a vivid recollection of the "In driving to the hotel after the great lawyer," says Mr. Joline. "He the general plan she carries out. She meeting the local speaker said to me: was a 'character!' He had a melan- is an interesting old character, and Mr. Littlefield, if I only had your choly, subservient slave in his office, can quote coplously from the Bible. voice, with what I have to say, I named Effingham. Really, that was not This seems to be a hobby with her. She his name, but it will do. Poor old Ef- has some kind of construction to put kinds of literature turned out by the Just then a roll call was announced fingham would sometimes greet his on every line she quotes, too. She can in trade the style which suited him mined to fit himself for college, and in office in a twelvemonth is about 1,000, and the trust adjourned.—Washington master of a morning with fawning politeness, rubbing his hands and saying, from her way of looking at it. But

It's a fine day, Mr. O'Conor.' "Whereupon the jurist, fixing a cold and glittering eye upon his affable

clerk, would reply: "Years ago, when I was in the fruit in full possession of my senses. I know "'Effingham, I am in good health and business," said a Michigander the other, that it is a fine day, and I do not need

you to remind me of it!" " After such a snub gloom doubtless settled down for Effingham, however bright the sunshine, until his crushed

Lord Spencer's Bargain.

spirit had time to recover from the

Lord Spencer of Althorp, one of the home only in his own field. One day, them to Washington, ready to be the yield. I struck the place with in browsing about Bond street, he went those 500 trees loaded down with blos- into the shop of a dealer in bric-a-brac. The most important job the big shop soms and estimated that the yield The dealer, who knew him by sight,

Congressional Record. This daily news- offered the deacon \$1,000 cash in hand, "Here is a fine bit of pottery which paper, which records nothing but the but he shook his head. Then I went up your lordship really ought to have, and next door, who had employed her to doings of the National legislature, is \$250, and finally made the figure \$1,- you shall have it very cheap-only two

the deacon, after scratching his head visit, and Lord Spencer showed his bargain.

"What did you give for it?" asked the ers."-New Orleans Times-Democrat. connoisseur. "Two guineas," answered Spencer

"H'm!" said the connoisseur. "At

been included."

"What do you mean?" "Why, that precious piece of yours is nothing more or less than a shilling

about 2 per cent. I may be able to buy Queen's early life was spent, and the off, roared: young Princesses were required to dust "Has it come to this, that an old man their own rooms and to make them- like me can't even die peaceably in his take of the informal family luncheon on him?"-Philadelphia Times. dish chanced to need replenishing, and the Princess Louise (of Denmark), instead of summoning a servant, turned to her eldest daughter and said: "Alexandra, will you fetch some more butter?" And the future Queen of England departed on the homely errand to the larder.

wedding is to be a home or church af- as he walked through the village that fair. Aristocratic kin who look well quarter due and one quarter in advance. on parade means a church wedding; was followed by a wondering, if not This, of course, she was unable to pay, lots of poor kin means a "cosy wedding admiring, crowd, chiefly composed of

> We wish that we could take care of future ambitions as a girl speaks of getting married, and use "when" instead of "if."

That which some people call repar-

DRESS COST 840,000.

Gows Exhibited in Chicago Made for

the Czarina, but Rejected. The famous \$40,000 coronation robe made by the ambitious Mme. Barutti. of Paris, for the Czarina of Russia was placed on exhibition in Chicago recently. The robe, which is the finest ever shown in America, and one of the finest ever seen at any time in the world's history, was viewed by thousands of

The costly gown is a wonderful creation of gold thread, ermine, white satin and royal purple velvet. Not a jewel was used on it, but \$10,000 worth of gold thread and \$7,000 worth of royal ermine were fashioned into the gown during the two years it took Mme. Barutti to complete it.

The history of the royal robe is as nteresting as its folds are luxurious. Royalty never wore the gown, although it was made for the Czarina, but without her knowledge. When the old Czar of Russia died, Mme. Barutti announced that she had been commissioned to make the robe for the Czarina. She hastened to carry out her plans. After many months she began showing the gown to her creditors, who were harassing her, for she owed more than 6,000,000 francs. Ambitious to become the royal dressmaker for all the houses. of Europe and hoping thus to recoup her lost fortunes and clear up her credit. Mme Barutti convinced her tradesmen her day was coming and secured further credit from them.

The time arrived, however, when she saw the robe would not grace the corohave taken the bed upon which the dy- nation, and Mme. Barutti went to the room where the gown was displayed accidental presence in the room, when and killed herself. The gown and all the door was brutally forced, of a well- she owned were sold at auction, and known Church of England clergyman, finally came into the possession of a

The great mantle, twenty-seven feet long, is the main part of the gown. It is of royal purple velvet, trimmed with gold thread, and lined with 1,500 royal ermine skins. The gown proper is decollete, of double thickness of white satin. The train extends 100 inches from the waist, and is bordered with a gold fringe two inches wide. Every detail of the wonderful robe is elaborately wrought. The scattered gold decorations and scroll work, the rich laces and heavy satin make it a modiste's dream. -Chicago Inter Ocean.

PROFESSIONAL PRAYER.

in New Orleans. "In one of the more unique quarters of New Orleans I have found one of the most unique characters I ever saw, in

man who has lately taken up his residence in one of the more popular avenues of the city, "and she seems to be proceeding along original lines in the main purpose of her life. Washing clothes seems to be a mere incident to this is not the point I had in mind.

"Several days ago I got into conversation with the old woman, and she asked me if I didn't have some family washing to give her. I told her I did not, but encouraged the conversation, as I have a fondness for the negro of the ante-bellum type, finding them always very interesting. She finally threw a quotation from the Bible at me, and it was followed by another, and still another, and so on. 'Say, boss,' she said after a while, 'does vo' ever have anybody to do any prayin' fo' yo'?' I fold her I did not, and, becoming more interested in the old womscheme to me. She did it without any

sort of besitation. "She is a professional prayer, and makes no small sum out of it from what she told me. She told me she was praying once a week for the lady pray for her husband to quit drinking, although he is a very light drink-So Lord Spencer bought it and took er, to my own knowledge. The old it home, and set it in a high place. One woman seemed to be very proud of her day a connoisseur of china paid him a calling, and whatever other people may say about it she is an enthusiastic believer in the efficacy of her own pray-

Taxes Were Too Onerous. From Pottsville comes a story of an old chap who is proud to describe himself as the original anti-expansionist Soon after the breaking out of hostillties with Spain and the passage of the war revenue act by Congress he began to orate against the new taxes as an exhibition of federal tyranny. He would fairly froth at the mouth as he denounced the war tariff and would Anecdotes of the Queen's Girlhood. darkly hint at the possibility of a lat-Mrs. Sarah Tooley, in her recently- ter day Patrick Henry and a new awakpublished "Life of Queen Alexandra," ening of the people to a sense of the trees didn't yield five eatable peaches. tells some very interesting anecdotes of injustice. A severe cold laid him low, her majesty. As a child the Queen's and his doctor, finding him asleep one surroundings were exceedingly simple. day and thinking a little blistering "Mamma," said the little Princess one would do him good, applied a fine large day, "why may not Dagmar and I wear mustard plaster to the old fellow's back, muslin dresses?" "Because," replied The burning, stinging bite of the heated her mother, "your father is not a rich mustard awoke the crusty patient, "ho man, and muslin dresses cost so much relled over in agony for a minute or to get up." There were not many serv- two, clapped one hand behind hinf, felt ants at the Gule Palais, where the the plaster, and, frantically tearing it

> selves useful at meal times. A gentle- bed without baving the government man who was invited one day to par- come along and clap a revenue stamp

> > He Ate "Innards."

An actor who was accustomed to spend his summers in Wilton, Me., noted when, as the custom was, a farmer "killed a critter," the liver, sweetbreads, kidneys, etc., were thrown away. He offered to purchase these delicacies, but, though he got the goods, the "sturdy farmer scorned his prof-The matter of kin settles whether a fered gold." Not long after he observed he was the cynosure of all eyes, and the young. "Aha!" thought he, "I cannot escape my fame; my glory as an actor has followed me even to this obscure hamlet." And he was mightily puffed up till he overheard one yokel shout to another: "Bill, there goes the feller what eats innards!"-Boston Journal.