THE EVENING STAR.

When sunset light
Gives place to night
On mountain tops afar,
With light more soft,
In heaven aloft
Appears the evening star.

Its beauty seems,
As high it gleams,
To lull the heart to rest
We mourn the day,
But gladly say
We love the starlight best.

When grieved in heart,
Though 'tis our part
To know more night than day,
The star of hope
Forbids us mope,
And cheers with soothing ray.

—Waverley Magazine.

Almost a Burglary.

MRS. DRISCOLL had a mind of her own.

Some uncharitable people went so far as to say that if she had not had so much mind her husband might have been living to-day. Be that as it may, he died and left her sole mistress of a handsome property, with no one to oppose her will.

She adopted one of his nieces, and loved her as well as she could love any one but herself.

The niece grew up a winsome lassie, and had lovers, as maidens will.

Luckily her choice was her aunt's as well, and the day was set for her marriage with Harry Winship without opposition, the only condition being that they should return to Mrs. Driscoll's home after a brief wedding tour.

"Well, Kate," said the stately lady, the day before the wedding, "everything is ready, and I must say that I never saw preparations more complete—not even for your uncle's funeral, poor man! I always meant to give you a handsome marriage portion, so get your hat—we'll go to the bank."

What girl would delay under similar circumstances?

The carriage was speedily ordered, and soon stopped before the bank.

Except the bank officials, there was in the building only George Travis, one of Kate's discarded suitors, who was getting an insignificant check cashed.

Mrs. Driscoll was not slow to see an opportunity to flutter her sails, as her worthy husband had been accustomed to say.

Drawing her check book she smilingly wrote a check for £2,000 and presented it to the cashier.

"Payable to Miss Kate—a marriage portion, I presume. Ah, very generous of you! Miss Kate, I congratulate you," said the cashier. "Shall I make the new book in your own name?"

"She wants no book—at least not yet," retorted Mrs. Driscoll, sharply. "When I give a thing, I give it. I want good, solid money for that check—bright, yellow gold."

"But—why—you live fully a mile from a neighbor. Have you—do you think of the temptation?" he said, hesitatingly.

"Did I ask your advice?" snapped Mrs. Driscoll. "I am able to take care of my own property, and, if it will not break the bank, I want it in gold."

"Certainly, madam. My conscience is clear if you wake up to find yourself murdered to-morrow morning. This bank can pay ten times that sum at sight, madam," was the dignified reply, to which Mrs. Driscoll listened in curt silence.

The cashier went into the vault, closing the door behind him.

George Travis, having counted the money received on his check, went out without a glance at the two ladies.

"There! Now I reckon Travis begins to realize what he has lost," nodded Mrs. Driscoll.

Kate blushed slightly.

"But, aunt," she said, uneasily, "wouldn't it be better for me to take a book with the money left to my credit? Harry will not be here until to-morrow, and—and think of the risk! It is unsafe."

"How long is it since I came to be told my duty by a miss of 18?" breathed Mrs. Driscoll, scornfully. "What a coward you are! If you don't want the money, say so, and I'll let it remain where it is. If you do want it, hold your tongue, and help me take care of it until I can give you both into Harry Winship's keeping."

Further conversation was prevented by the cashier's return.

He carried a strong iron box.

"Count it!" commanded Mrs. Driscoll.

One by one the golden coins were counted under her admiring eyes.

"There, that is money! That is like a wedding gift!" she ejaculated, in a satisfied tone.

"Better let me give you a receipt for it and put it into the safe to-night," suggested the cashier.

"Put it into my carriage!" was the sharp order to the bank porter.

The man obeyed and watched with a puzzled face the carriage out of sight.

"She beats all I ever saw," he said. "I don't wonder her husband died."

Meanwhile Mrs. Driscoll returned home well satisfied with the world and herself in particular.

She had had her own way.

"I shall not put this under my pillow as I generally do," she said to Kate. "This box is harder than feathers. I shall put it under the corner of your bed."

"Thanks, aunt! Iron is as soft as feathers for me to lie on," laughed Kate.

"You needn't lie upon that side of the bed at all," was the cool reply.

"There's a man in the kitchen as says he's had not a mouthful to eat for ten days," said Norah, the servant, appearing at the door.

"The farm is only a mile further on. Send him about his business," answered her mistress.

Norah went out.

Soon a figure clothed in rags went by the open window.

The man turned and shook his clinched fist at the astonished lady.

"Of all things! The impudent thing," she gasped.

"Oh, but, aunt, I'm sure he has heard all that we said about that horrid money!" faltered Kate.

Mrs. Driscoll's face told the concern which she felt, but she turned her back upon her niece and took up a book.

Darkness came.

The lights in the house were extinguished at the usual time.

Kate could not sleep. In vain she counted slowly from one hundred to one, and said the letters of the alphabet backward.

She heard the village clock slowly strike the hour of midnight, then one, two, and three.

Kate's apartment was dark, but the moon shone dimly into her aunt's room just across the hall.

Suddenly a form stood in the doorway, then vanished within.

Was it the tramp? Was that something in his hand a knife?

Kate stole softly through the doorway, listening breathlessly. Then she darted into a small room, near Mrs. Driscoll's door.

Suddenly the door was noiselessly closed, and a man stood so near her hiding-place that she could hear his hurried breathing.

The faint odor of chloroform told why the door was closed.

What if he gave an overdose?

Kate loved the stern woman, and notwithstanding her timidity, that thought nerved her to action.

She sprang from the room with a shrill cry, clinching both hands in the hair of the intruder. It is needless to say that he was startled out of what little common sense he possessed.

He threw her violently aside with a muttered oath and fled. But he left a generous lock of hair in her hands.

Her head struck a corner of the door in falling, and it was dawn when she awoke to full consciousness of what had happened.

Womanlike, she rushed to see if the iron box was still safe. It had not been disturbed. Then she threw open the door of Mrs. Driscoll's room. That lady was unconscious, but breathing evenly. Kate's courage returned.

Silently she opened the window, letting the fresh morning air draw freely through the room. Then she crept into her own bed to await developments.

Before sunrise Mrs. Driscoll awoke.

"Mercy on us!" she screamed. "Norah did not shut the window last night. I shall get my death of cold. Kate!"

But Kate did not stir until her name had been called several times; then she answered drowsily.

"Get up, child! It's your wedding day, too, and I in danger of pneumonia," called her aunt.

Kate shut the window, and helped the irate lady to dress, touching her hair with dainty, soothing fingers as she arranged it.

The household arose and went about its tasks. Visitors came and went. Kate kept her secret well. The ceremony was over which made her a wife. The bridal dress was exchanged for a traveling costume.

"I shall take the iron box to the bank as we go to the train, auntie," Kate said as she bade her good-by.

"As you please. I've had my say about it, and no harm came of it, either," was the tart reply.

No one knew of the tragedy which did not take place in the silent watches of the night.

No one knew until Kate, nestling in her husband's clasp as the train sped onward, told him the story in her own way and time.

"But the hair—did you save it? It is a clew," he said quickly.

"I burned it," was the calm reply. "I did not need to save it, for I knew whose it was. I always thought he liked aunt's money better than me. Now I know that he coveted the dowry more than the bride. But the money is safe in the bank, and wasn't it strange that he should be there to see it deposited?"

"Not George Travis?" ejaculated Harry.

"Yes. Let him go," she whispered softly, nestling closer. "Think what he lost—what you gained, Harry, dear. Let his own conscience punish him—if he has any. We'll never let aunt know. We will keep our first secret forever."

Harry Winship was a man. He could not refuse his wife's first request, and Mrs. Driscoll does not know to this day what danger menaced her.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Ten Thousand Feet Limit of Depth.

Mining engineers agree that the limit to which shafts may be sunk into the earth with the present machinery and equipments is 10,000 feet. The deepest shaft ever dug is the one now in existence in one of the copper mines on Lake Superior. It has a sheer depth of 5,000 feet. Dr. A. C. Lane, the assistant geologist for Michigan, in an article in Mineral Industry on "How Deep Can We Mine?" places the probable limit at 10,000 feet. He sees, however, that enormously rich deposits might lead man to dig to 15,000 feet with profit. The element of danger is not considered in these calculations. In conclusion he says. "The present knowledge cannot foresee reaching a depth of 20,000 feet."

More Foreigners than Natives.

Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota and California were the four states which by the federal census of 1890 had a larger foreign-born than native-born male population of voting age.

LOST ON THE OCEAN.

SEA DISASTERS THAT ARE SEEMINGLY INEXPLICABLE.

Instances Where Great Ships Have Disappeared, Some of Them in Calm, Bright Weather and on Untroubled Waters, Leaving No Trace.

It seems passing strange, considering the enormous amount of ocean traffic carried on nowadays, that it should be possible for a vessel to put out to sea in fit condition, only to vanish from the face of the waters and leave no indication of its fate. True, there are hundreds of unidentified derelicts floating about the seas and some of them may be the vessels which have so mysteriously vanished. It is appalling to think of such mysteries as the fates of these vessels, which, setting sail with hundreds of passengers to whom the voyage perhaps promises happiness, wealth and all the joys of life, never reach their destination and are never again heard of.

Take the case of the Burvie Castle as a striking example. She vanished not in mid-ocean, but between the ports of London and Plymouth. Into the latter port she should have put on her way to Australia. But she never reached Plymouth and not a living soul knows how or where she vanished. It is most extraordinary that she should have been lost so near to land without so much as a spar being washed ashore to tell of her fearful fate.

Equally mysterious is the case of the Atalanta. This famous training vessel was stationed off Bermuda with more than 250 souls aboard. Early in 1880 she set sail for a short cruise and from that day to this she has never been heard of.

A very considerable percentage of the vessels which disappeared forever in this mysterious manner were running between England and America at the time. It might be thought that the terrific seas of the vast Atlantic were responsible, but it has been proved that many vessels were lost when the ocean was almost at dead calm.

A large sailing ship left New Orleans some years ago for London. Thrice she was spoken and reported all well, and she was facing exquisite weather and a smooth sea at the third time. Yet, it is known, she was lost with all hands within twenty-four hours, and to this day no trace of her has been discovered.

In the early part of 1892 a five-masted bark, the Maria, a newly constructed vessel, and at that time the third largest in the mercantile marine, set sail, in beautiful weather, from one of the biggest ports in Cochin-China for Hamburg, with every promise of a fair voyage. But she never reached Germany. She vanished shortly after being spoken off the west coast of Africa, and nothing has been found since to indicate the fate that befell her.

Another vessel running between England and America which met an end of a kind none but those who shared it ever knew, was the first-class steamship President. She sailed from New York for a journey to Liverpool, in the spring of 1841, having on board a full crew of experienced hands and officers and a distinguished company of passengers.

She left New York in fine weather, in splendid condition, and with no reason for fearing anything she was likely to meet. But she was never spoke and never heard of again, and, although fifty-seven years have passed, no one yet knows to what dire calamity her end was due.—London Mail.

A FIRE-ENGINE IN MANILA.

Powerful Machine Made a Decided Sensation About the Quay.

In "Yesterdays in the Philippines" Mr. Stevens gives an account of the testing of a new fire-engine which had been imported from the United States for a wealthy resident of Manila. El Capitan was delighted with the appearance of the machine, glistening with brass and nickel, and invited all the prominent people of the city to witness its trial. The important day came and a crowd assembled, curious and expectant, to see what the great American fire-engine could do.

The engine had been placed out on the quay; all around stood groups of open-mouthed natives.

My associate and I felt fairly important as we gruffly bade the police clear the ground for action, and blew the whistle to scare the crowd.

The huge suction-hose was run into the river and ten natives were stationed at the nozzle of the four-inch hose, which was pointed up the small plaza running back from the quay. The bell rang and steam was turned on.

It worked well, and the big stream went so far as to soak down a lot of baled tobacco lying on a street corner at the next block, supposedly beyond reach. The owner of the tobacco came to the door to see what had happened, and as the engine began to work better the stream of water knocked him over and played around the entrance to his storehouse.

To avoid complications of this sort we shut off steam long enough to shift the hose over for a more unobstructed spurt along the river.

A few minutes later an open throttle caused a huge torrent to belch from the long nozzle with such force as to make the ten hosemen feel nervous, and in their excitement they turned the stream toward a lighter which was being poled down the Pasig by two Malays. The foremost of these was washed backward into the lighter, and the hindmost swept off into the river. A Chinaman who was paddling a load of vegetables in a hollow tree-trunk suffered a similar fate.

Then suddenly, as we opened the throttle to its last notch, the excited hosemen tried to turn the torrent; but with its force of fifteen hundred gallons to the minute it was too quick for them, and with one mighty kerchug it broke away and sent the nozzle flying round like a windmill.

Before they knew what had struck them the ten men holding the nozzle were knocked prostrate, and two small boys were whisked off into the river like so much dust. A dozen lightning wriggles of the hose, and the frenzied cataract shot a third boy into the office of our friend, Don Capitan.

Inside the door, on a wooden settee, were sitting some of the family servants holding their infants, and the same stream on which the boy traveled through the door washed the whole party, settee and all, across the hallway into a heap at the foot of the stairs.

The crowd stampeded, and then, before further mischief was done, we managed to shut off steam.

BITS FOR BOOKWORMS

"White Dandy," by Velma Caldwell Melville, is a companion story to "Black Beauty." It concludes with "An Old Horse's Appeal" in poetry.

Mrs. Voynich has dramatized her novel, "The Gadfly," and it will be performed in this country next fall. Henry Holt & Co. have issued the seventeenth impression of the novel.

Some one has said that "a woman of genius is a wolf with wings, and paws on the ground, pinions in the air—a shudder and a struggle between the two kinds of locomotion; a tearing apart of body and spirit; a general unrest."

Sidney Lee, the editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography," and author of the "Life of Shakspeare," appeals to Englishmen owning copies of the first folios of Shakspeare to keep a firm grip upon them, as that country is being rapidly drained of these treasures by the United States.

The title of James Lane Allen's forthcoming novel is 'The Mettle of the Pasture." Shakspeare lovers will remember the stirring lines in "Henry V." in which the phrase occurs. It is to be another novel of Kentucky life; the largest and the most important work he has yet written. Mr. Allen expects to have the work ready for publication in the autumn.

The Nineteen Hundred, an illustrated Paris (France) periodical, now appears regularly in both the English and French languages. Editor Frederic Mayer has made a great success of the journal, which treats of the coming Paris exposition from a literary and pictorial standpoint. The directors and leading architects of the exposition and several literary men and women of Paris are contributors to the Nineteen Hundred, which is a most successful example of American intelligence and enterprise across the ocean.

Half-Dead.

A child-like faith in the arithmetic confounds all the logic of the schools. This was the experience of a Pittsburg life insurance agent who, says the News, wrote a policy on the life of a Chinaman—the first ever written for a man of that race in Pittsburg.

How the insurance man did it he alone knows. The Chinaman had no very clear idea. He only understood that if he paid the premiums promptly he would be entitled to five thousand dollars some time. He began bothering the agent for the money after a couple of weeks had passed, and the agent tried to explain to him that he would have to die before any one could get it. Then the Chinaman fell down a cellarway on Grant street and was badly hurt. His friends tried to attend to him without calling in a doctor. When they did call in one, two days later, the doctor was angry.

"Why didn't you call me sooner?" he asked. "This man is half-dead now."

Next day the injured man's brother was at the insurance office with a claim for twenty-five hundred dollars.

"You're not entitled to anything on this," said the insurance man, "until the man is dead."

"Doctor say him half-dead," answered the brother. "Why he no get half?"

Sunday Letters in Holland.

In Holland the Sunday delivery is opposed by the religious classes to some extent, and those who do not wish that a letter be delivered on Sunday leave the small notice attached to the stamp, and the letter remains over till Monday in the postoffice. Those who do not care if the letter is delivered on Sunday, or, rather, who wish it delivered on that day if it arrives at its destination, simply tear off the small restriction clause. Therefore, the matter simply is the delivery of the letter on arrival, and has nothing to do with its travels on Sunday.

Old Names in Kansas.

An old deed unearthed at the Rock Island offices in Topeka discloses the fact that at one time the Kansas river was known as the "Camp" river and the bluffs at Kansas City as the "foothills of the Rocky mountains of Missouri."

When there is a wedding in the neighborhood, work is suspended all day while the women keep count of how often the express wagon stops at the house.

Most things taste as if the cook had put them on the fire, and had gone off and had forgotten them.

WOMAN'S REALM

ARE WE SLAVES TO CHILDREN?

SOMEBODY has said recently that Americans are really in bondage to their children, and that what was needed more than anything else in this country was a "revolt of the parent" and a complete downfall of the tyrant.

This wise observer also remarked that what made the American child so thoroughly disagreeable was the system of indulgence practiced by parents, beginning in the cradle.

It is not the province of the writer to discuss the pro and con of the question, but to relate an incident which perhaps bears directly on the subject. The other day the cars on a suburban train were filled to overflowing. Men and women were standing in the aisles unable to get seats, and were jostled to and fro by the motion of the train, which was flying swiftly toward town. One seat was occupied by a woman and a 2-year-old baby, who insisted on standing up and looking out of the window. He would not allow his mamma to sit up close to him and give someone a seat beside her. No. The little fellow insisted on occupying one-half of the seat, and in making mamma keep the other.

Elderly women gazed at the seat longingly, but that made no difference to the fond parent. King Baby must have his way. He had intimated in a forcible manner that mamma was not to sit near him, and no matter how many old people were standing, she was a slave to the young tyrant.

But when the conductor came along there was a change. Baby's seat had not been paid for, and he had no right to it.

"Please move along, madam, and let this lady sit down."

Mamma had to move up close to King Baby, leaving ample room for a tired old woman to sit down, for his tiny feet only took a few inches of space. But he was a little crowded, so he turned round and, seeing the situation, began to howl. It lasted only a minute, though mamma looked at the woman beside her as if she were a decided interloper.

Who wonders that the American child becomes a tyrant and that parents fear him?

A Famous Horse's Owner.

Miss Virginia Harness, the owner of the now famous mare, Imp, which upset all tradition by winning the Suburban handicap recently, is a true lover of a fine horse. Imp has won forty-three races, and yet Miss Harness, without referring to notes, can tell exactly the time, the names of the placed horses and the date of each race. She has always been very fond of the mare Imp, which was given to her by her father, Dan Harness, with the understanding that she was to have all the money made. The Harness family live in a beautiful country home near Chillicothe, Ohio. Virginia, the owner of the horse, is a beautiful girl, of the heroic type of beauty, a fine horsewoman, and an ardent lover of all outdoor sports, fairly idolized by the men of the family, and loved and respected by all who know her.

MISS HARNESS.

Brave Women.

The Army Nurses' Association is an organization that, like the Grand Army, cannot be recruited. It is composed of women who saw actual service as army nurses during the civil war. There were many of these women while there was need for their services, but now their ranks are thinning year by year. The society was organized in Washington, in 1881, by Dorothea Dix. Mrs. Elizabeth W. Ewing, of Pennsylvania, is the national president.

MRS. EWING.

He Loves Her Still.

When they were married she was fair
And he was young and brave;
To-day gray threads shine in her hair
And he is stout and grave.

She looked into his face and sighed,
As loving women will,
And then in trembling tones she cried:
"Oh, do you love me still?"

When they were married, years ago,
It was his wont to say:
"My little one, I love you so!"
A dozen times a day.

"And do I love you still?" said he,
As gruff old fellows will;
"I do"—and added on, ah, me!—
"With the accent on the still."

—Chicago News.

The Birth of Vanity.

Mothers are often responsible for the vanity which they may deplore in their daughters. The atmosphere of the home is too largely one of perhaps millinery and mantua-making. The dress of young children is often so exquisite that continual caution is necessary to prevent its injury, and play is robbed of spontaneity and activity. A mother who had educated her children to all these punctilities of dress, said: "I regret so much the exquisite wardrobe of my little children. I see now that it hurt their character." The dress of little girls should be as simple and substantial as that of boys. Everything which prevents activity and fosters vanity should be conscientiously avoided. Love of dress is also fostered by the passion for dolls, which is said to be inborn in every right-minded girl. Doll playing is really doll dressing. Every bit of gew-gaw is eagerly sought to bedeck this miniature travesty of a fine lady. The doll mother is but a prophecy of the child mother. If doll playing is the legitimate occupation of girlhood, we ought to have dolls which do not cultivate a taste for wash waists and the trivialities of fashion.

Summer Aids to Feminine Feauty.

Cucumber peelings, boiled in water, will be found good for the skin. A slice of cucumber may be rubbed on the face instead of soap. Lemon juice will remove sunburn. Dill-water is as good for the complexion as rose water, though it makes the skin paler.

Elderflower water is famous for its coloring properties, as is also lavender water.

Never go out in blustery weather without a veil unless you wish a tanned skin or freckles.

Do not forget, when drying the face after washing, to rub upward toward the nose. This will prevent wrinkles, and will help to smooth out to a great extent the crease alongside the nose.

Use neither hot nor cold water exclusively in bathing. A good rule to follow is a hot bath at night and a cold one in the morning, but be sure to take a bath daily if you wish to keep your skin in good condition.

Do not wear tight shoes if you desire a graceful carriage; no woman can walk comfortably or well in shoes that are too small for her feet. Do not wear too small gloves.

Avoid tight lacing and any form of dressing which compresses any organ of the body.—Mrs. Humphry, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

A Petticoat Precaution.

The next occupation, after one's gowns have been put in order, is to turn attention to our petticoats, for, unless they are every one properly mounted on deep yokes, the skirts of our gowns will not fit over them. It would be madness to attempt wearing the old-style petticoat with drawing-string fastening in the back. We shall find, in altering wash skirts made in this style, that the gores will need altering as well. Less fullness is absolutely necessary at the top—in fact, only enough is required to set the petticoat into the yoke with ease.

Our house petticoats for summer wear require to be long, as well as prettily flounced, and made up of sheer lawns. Two rows of flounces laid in inch plaits, with a lace edge, always look well, and such a petticoat does not cost a small fortune to be laundered, as the more elaborate ones do.—Vogue.

The Unpopular Girl.

The girl whose talk is all of I, I, I, who takes no interest in anybody else, and cares for nothing but the sound of her own voice.

The girl who says unkind things of her friends and relatives in their absence, who is always telling tales and making mischief.

The girl who looks down upon her mother, and snubs her brothers and sisters, and grumbles generally about her home.

The girl who is rude and disagreeable to those whom she considers her inferiors, and who never shows any consideration for one poorer than herself.

The girl who is so vain of her personal appearance that she thinks everybody is looking at her, and cannot talk to a man for five minutes without fishing for a compliment.

Just a Few Prices.

Sash ribbons are inexpensive.

Percale waists, of good pattern, $1.

Pretty neckware from 25 cents up.

Some figured neck ribbons at 12 cents.

Leather belts of good quality for 50 cents.

Moire ribbons as cheap as 15 cents.

Taffetas for 10 cents.

Taffeta shirt waists, for summer, $3.50. White China silk ones about the same price.

Trimmed pique skirts are not cheap. Take a $5 bill along, or $10, if you want a very pretty one.

A Matter of Home Discipline.

A child should never be discussed within his own hearing. Unfortunate is that family where the little ones learn that they may appeal successfully from one parent to another, or where upon one falls the onus of every necessary denial or reproof, while the other stands sponsor for every pleasure and indulgence! Let us spare no secret effort, as parents, to appear a unit to the child.—Woman's Home Companion.

Her Only Care.

She doesn't care for operas, the drama or the play.
She doesn't care for housework—she isn't built that way;
She doesn't care for dancing, for flowers or for books.
She doesn't care for bloomers—she doesn't like their looks;
She doesn't care for picnics, they freckle her and tan—
The only thing she does care for is a marriageable man.

—Chicago News.

Hair Crimping a la Mode.

Girls in France have discovered something new. In order to get their hair to remain curly or waved for some time, before putting it into pins at night they damp the hair with a little lemon juice and sugar mixed. The effect is quite magical, and the hair lasts crimped for days.