R. R. HAYS. J. R. MARKLEY. W. F. D. JONES.

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WHOM OTHERS ENVY.

Through years of patient toil and sacrifice
He climbed fame's ladder round by round,
Nor rested till his hand had grasped the prize
For which he toiled. Self made, self crowned
He stood among his lofty dreams and weighed
Their worth, together with the price he paid.

A millionaire! He bartered love for this.
Love binds the wings of him who would arise.
He rose unfettered. Now with famished eyes
He gazes on another's Paradise,
While memory taunts him with a shy, sweet kiss,
A frightened, fluttering thing, the first, the last.
No childish voices echo through his past;
He wears his laurels, but he paid their price.
—Rose Hartwick Thorpe in Lippincott's.

MIRIAM GUNTER.

As I was hurrying homeward from my office one evening in October I was detained on a fashionable thoroughfare by many carriages. A society wedding reception was taking place.

I watched a few ladies pass out of their carriages to the awning, and thence into the residence. It was rather interesting to a novice—the begloved men were so thoroughly conversant with the minutiæ of attending to the wants of the fair ladies. From my position I could look into the vast drawing rooms.

There stood the "happy couple," a handsome pair. He tall and dark, but with eyes and mouth that spoke of a will it would be dangerous to cross. She was also tall, with a winsome face of unusual brightness.

It was a face that changed with every breath. The blue eyes would grow black with excitement. The merry looking little mouth disclosed most of the time a set of beautiful white teeth. A wealth of brown hair ruffled and curled all over the well shaped head.

Yes, she was a very bonny bride, and I did not wonder the young man looked at her with such an endearing gaze. No one would dare monopolize her attention with him around.

I finally moved on, considering I had sentimentalized long enough.

Six months later my circumstances were materially altered. I was in a position to enter society if I so wished, and at the urgent request of my uncle I did so. It being known that I was heir to considerable wealth, I had no trouble in securing plenty of partners.

One evening at a large ball given by Mrs. Fred Delancy, I was introduced to Mrs. Clarence Gunter, in whom I immediately recognized the bride of a few months before.

The face was the same, yet changed. The eyes seemed larger than ever. This was probably owing to some dark lines under them.

When the flush of excitement would go the face looked rather pale. It was an interesting face, and looked as though it held a story.

Her husband stood near her, jealously guarding her. At least it looked that way. I asked her for a dance, but she glanced nervously at her card and said:

"You must excuse me this evening, Dr. Warren, but the little I dance will be with Mr. Gunter."

"At least I may sit out a few," I murmured.

"Oh, certainly," with a bright smile.

Well, that was the beginning of the end. I forgot that she was married, forgot everything except that I was sitting by the side of the sweetest woman I had ever met. Her husband had left us with a scowl.

I wondered if she was in the habit of using those blue eyes to such deadly effect on all the gentlemen she met. If so, how many slain there must have been.

That evening I never forgot. Many more happy ones were passed by her side, but they never seemed the same.

All that season I met Mrs. Gunter. I called frequently at her house, became friends with her husband, whom I soon got to like exceedingly. He was very fond of his wife, although he had a peculiar way of showing it.

She was never sure of her position. At a dinner party he would sharply reprimand her until at times I felt like choking him.

She never showed by a sign that she noticed it. A laugh would turn the conversation, but I knew it cut like a knife.

I met her once alone, after such a time in the hall. She did not see me at first. Her face was ashy white, and her blue eyes were dilated and looked like coals of fire. No one would ever have dreamed of calling them blue; her hands were clasped convulsively, and in a hoarse whisper I heard:

"I hate him! I hate him! Oh, God! take him or me!"

I stepped quickly forward, and in my excitement unwittingly used her first name.

"Don't, Miriam, don't! You know not what you are saying."

"I wish I didn't," she sullenly replied, and pushing by me hurried into the drawing room, and there I found her brightly discussing the merits of some of Whistler's etchings.

I sat by her side and endeavored to converse rationally, but my heart's cry would not be stifled.

"Oh, Miriam, Miriam, why did I not meet you first?"

She caught the passionate look in my eyes, and involuntarily shuddered. I collected myself and arose, saying I would take a turn in the gardens.

As I did so there was a report and a bright flash, and there lay Miriam, white as death.

I rushed to her, and although nearly wild with excitement managed to use my medical knowledge to advantage, and she soon opened her eyes.

By this time the gentlemen who had remained in the dining room rushed into the room, and upon seeing Mrs. Gunter lying senseless the wildest excitement reigned.

Her husband could not be calmed, and insisted that he should shoot himself if anything happened to Miriam.

We calmed him finally by frequent assurances that she would recover. I had her carried to her room, and asked Mr. Gunter what medical attendance [illegible]

My heart throbbed at the thought of holding her life in my hands, but I was determined to prove worthy in thought and deed of the responsibility.

In the mean time the police had been summoned and the place ransacked, but no trace of the would-be murderer. I had had no time to speculate on that, being fully occupied in writing prescriptions to be filled and ascertaining the exact amount of danger Miriam was in.

I found that the ball had entered her left side, just escaping the heart. When my instruments arrived I probed for the ball and soon extracted it, leaving her free from danger.

For several weeks I tended her, and she gradually gained strength until at last she could sit on the piazza for an hour each bright day. During all the weeks the detectives had been at work, but no clew could be found. No reasonable theory could be formed.

I questioned her if she knew of any one who would have any motive for such a deed. She only shuddered, and it seemed to retard her recovery every time it was spoken.

So finally it became accepted as a mystery.

I had called one afternoon and found her sitting in her boudoir. She held out her hand and said:

"I am glad you have come, doctor. I want to talk to you."

"I am always glad to be talked to," I inanely remarked, wondering what was coming.

"You overheard some words one night that require an explanation," she began, and her face was bright scarlet. "They were wicked words, I am afraid, but I have thought them many times.

"I met Mr. Gunter when I was 17, and the fascination he had for me I mistook for love, so that when he asked me if I would marry him I said 'Yes.' In a few months I saw my mistake, but knew not how to communicate the fact. I threw out a few hints, and he immediately became of ashy whiteness, and said if he should lose me he never would live an hour, and rather than see me another man's wife he would shoot me.

"I was very young and believed him. In fact, I believe still he spoke the truth. I had no courage to face these facts, so gave myself up to the inevitable. I soon learned, even before marriage, that he had a violent temper. No one ever crossed him.

"I have been humiliated time and time again by that cursed temper. God knows, I am naturally of a happy nature, and I tried to make the best of it.

"I thought marriage would soften him, but no, it hardened him, and I had no love to help me bear it. I knew he loved me with a wild, selfish love, but it was not the kind to make me happy. You will wonder why I tell you all of this; no, don't interrupt—I cannot help knowing your feeling toward me, and I think it best that we should part.

"One thing more," as I tried to interrupt. "I have my suspicions about that horrible night. Don't, for God's sake, ask me any questions. Now will you be merciful and go?"

I was shivering.

The mere thought of going away, never, perhaps, to see her again, was almost beyond my power. But I saw to cross her would be detrimental to her health. So I said, "Yes, I will go."

"Thank you, Bentley," she said, using my Christian name for the first time. "You see you could not stay here after knowing my story. It would not be right."

"I shall try to see you again. Good-by, good-by, Miriam, God bless you, child!" and rushed from the room.

A week later I sailed for France. For months I traveled through Europe, then I went into the Holy Land and thence through to Japan. For nearly two years I thus wandered about.

One day while at Cairo I received my European mail, which had chased me for some time. I noticed a letter with a strange handwriting and immediately opened it. It ran thus:

DEAR WARREN—When you receive this I shall be among the "gone before." I am tired of life. But first I must ease my conscience, as all sinners on their dying bed are wont to do. When you were first introduced to us I noticed that you lost your heart to Miriam, and I was wildly jealous, but I finally got to liking and also trusting you.

The night of the dinner party I worked myself into a passion after you left the table, and leaving the room on the pretense of speaking to my man I crept around to the drawing room window and saw you two close together.

A passionate glance passed from your eyes, and I imagined that she returned it. The demon was aroused in me, and I lifted my revolver and fired at you.

My hand was unsteady, and it passed you as you know. I hurried in, and my horror was terrible when I saw Miriam. I gave her into your charge, because I knew if any one could bring her through you could.

The remorse has been gradually wearing me away. You will hear I died of heart disease. Don't contradict it, and let Miriam think the same.

Take care of her, and forgive me if you can. I liked you, Warren, and I leave Miriam to your care. CLARENCE B. GUNTER.

Oct. 8, "The Vetner."

I could not believe the letter at first. It seemed as if it must be a fabrication of my brain; but no, there was the letter to prove the truth of it. Gunter had tried to kill me, and now had committed suicide.

It was nearly a year later that I arrived home. I called on Mrs. Gunter at once, and she looked very pale and sweet in her mourning garments.

Before I left she had promised to leave them off for a wedding gown a year from that day. I never told her the truth about her husband's death. She had no suspicion about that, though.

I always thought she knew who fired the shot that nearly deprived her of life.

However, that is a subject we never discuss in our happy married life.—T. C. W. in Burlington Globe.

Eastern Trees in California.

California is nearly destitute of the trees and shrubs which furnish the brilliant autumnal tints of eastern hills and vales. A few venturesome spirits, however, have introduced from the east the sumash, dogwood, swamp maple, sassafras, red and white oak, etc. They are all growing satisfactorily in various portions of the [illegible]

WOMAN AND HOME.

A FASHIONABLE YOUNG WOMAN'S DEPLORABLE LOT.

At an English Wedding—A Rare Love Letter—Some Rich Women—Female Education—Girls Who Look Old—Mrs. Astor's Patronage—Womanliness Appreciated.

It isn't such an easy thing to be a bright light in society after all. There is an everlasting chasing after fads of all sorts—linguistic, musical, dramatic, historic, etc.

A fashionable young lady was deploring her lot the other day to one of her companions in a swell Fifth avenue lyceum.

"Why," remarked this young woman, "we have to know everything, only we don't have to know it all at once nor for very long at a time. If we did we could not stand up under the accumulation. We take our knowledge in periods For instance, I have been out four years, and during that time I have learned to play the banjo, mandolin and zither, as every one of these accomplishments had its brief run, all in addition to what I knew of harp, guitar and piano at my debut.

"To the French and Italian with masters before I finished, I have acquired a smattering of German, Volapuk and Russian successively," she went on. "I bowl, ride and fence equally poorly, but I do every one a little—I had to, you know. What I do well is to swim and play tennis. One season I belonged to a Shakespeare class, the next I had mornings with Shelley, and for two Lents I was a member of a Browning club."

She added:

"One has to know music, too, from 'Die Walkure' to 'Pinafore,' and to discuss art with the confidence of the Quartier Latin. I have been through several art sieges, the Morgan and Stewart collections, the Verestchagin display and the Barye exhibit, and for every one I have faithfully crammed. Ceramics, tapestries, heraldry—these are merely a hint of the subjects one may be called upon at any moment to discuss intelligently, and I really will not go to a flower show now, for orchids are a sealed book to me.

"The different imported entertainments are another tax upon one's knowledge," she sighed wearily. "Just when you know a kirmess from a May dance you are asked to participate in a Venetian fashing, and when you have read up to go to see a Greek play somebody lectures on Budhhist ceremonials for a fashionable charity, and you have to show there. It is really very fatiguing sometimes to keep up with the procession."—New York Journal.

A Rare Love Letter.

In the "Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe," by her son, is given a love letter of Professor Calvin E. Stowe to his wife, written before "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was given to the world. It is interesting, therefore, as being prophetic of her power and fame; but still more so as a picture of womanly character which should be framed and placed conspicuously in every household, as the Vicar of Wakefield kept his epitaph of his wife in her sight to remind her of what she ought to be.

This love letter would be valuable in teaching the wife to cultivate every noble, and to repress every ignoble, trait; the husband to recognize and appreciate all her true excellence; and the young persons of the family to seek not only the unfolding of special gifts and graces, but that balance and harmony which wins and preserves real affection.

"My dear, you must be a literary woman. It is so written in the book of fate. Make all your calculations accordingly. Get a good stock of health and brush up your mind. Drop the E out of your name. It only encumbers it and interferes with the flow and euphony.

"Write yourself fully and always Harriet Beecher Stowe, which is a name euphonious, flowing and full of meaning. Then, my word for it, your husband will lift up his head in the gate, and your children will rise up and call you blessed.

"And now, my dear wife, I want you to come home as quick as you can. The fact is I cannot live without you, and if we were not so prodigious poor I would come for you at once. There is no woman like you in this wide world. Who else has so much talent with so little self conceit; so much reputation with so little affectation; so much literature with so little nonsense; so much enterprise with so little extravagance; so much tongue with so little scold; so much sweetness with so little softness; so much of so many things and so little of so many other things!"—Youth's Companion.

An English Wedding.

We got there in good time to see the guests arrive. The Duchess of Leinster, in brown and gray, came with her sister, Lady Helen Duncombe, in a dark blue handkerchief dress, with dark jacket and furs. The Duchess of Manchester, in gray, wore a long velvet fur trimmed coat, which almost hid her dress. Mrs. Ronalds' coat was almost exactly like the duchess'. Lady Dorothy Nevill, all alone, wore garments in which dark Indian reds and a hint of orange were artistically blended, the whole being surmounted by a small gold bonnet. The dowager Countess of Airlie made a magnificent contrast to these brilliant apparitions, in her perfectly black gown and mantle and close widow's bonnet, with a long veil. Her stately figure is only less imposing than the beauty of her face.

The Prince of Wales wore a most delicious overcoat. I never saw him look so nice. It was cloth, either black or very dark blue, lined and faced with the darkest sable. I believe the prince must have known how becoming it was, for he never took it off. The bride's mother, whose youth and beauty have quite overshadowed those of her daughters, looked charming in a handsome gown of mignonette velvet and rich passementerie in jet and gold. The sleeves were very high and much puffed upon the shoulders, the passementerie running up the back of the arm. Her daughter, Lady William Nevill, whose thoughts must have reverted to her own wedding in the same edifice, looked even handsomer than she did as a bride, in her very becoming poplar green dress, with a small bonnet of the same tint, trimmed with pink wings. All the relatives of both bride and bridegroom carried bouquets. The bride's was a beautiful "Goodyear" arrangement in the choicest white orchids. She looked taller than ever in her bridal white.—Madge in London Truth.

What They Are Worth.

Mme. Modjeska could raise $75,000 tomorrow if anything happened to her. Mrs. Mary Livermore has $75,000 of the $120,000 made from her lectures, and hapless Anna Dickinson, who cleared $25,000 in one season and $160,000 in ten, hasn't a dollar of it left. But she is wiser than she was. Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford published ten books in the last forty years, the proceeds of which amounted to about $6,000 each. Ouida has earned more money than any woman of the [illegible] years ago as a steerage passenger and who pulled basting stitches for two years, has more money in her own right than any of the Vanderbilt women, every penny of which she made with her needle. She owns about ten cottages at Long Branch, facetiously known as the party dresses, one of which is fit for a king and brings in a kingly rent every summer. The most successful money maker among modern women is Lydia Van Finkelstein, a native of Palestine, a woman of about twenty-eight, and something of a linguistic wonder. She lectures, or talks, rather, on the Holy Land, and knows the whole geography of Asia Minor. In a little less than six years this large blonde biblical talker has cleared $100,800. She gets $100 a lecture, with a percentage of the receipts, and talks from October to May, often giving three lectures in a day.—Chicago Herald.

A Shopping Incident.

The Astors almost never shop, but Mrs. Astor has made the reputation of one interesting little milliner. A well educated young woman had fitted herself at the cost of considerable sacrifice on her own part and her mother's for teaching. She obtained a position, but proved too shy and sensitive to control the half grown boys. She was a poor "disciplinarian," and stung by a sense of failure wandered up and down the streets wondering what she could do. Down hearted, giddy and almost fainting, she stumbled against a milliner's sidewalk show case and stared blankly at the Paris bonnets inside.

Then she went to the bank, drew out her small savings, and induced a cousin who kept a little stationer's shop in a moderately good location to allow her window room for a half dozen hats of her own concoction. It sounds like a fairy story, but in three years she had sold barely enough to keep body and soul together, when a carriage drove up one morning and a lady bought a black bonnet that was as chic as it was unassuming. The lady had business, it seemed, with a decorator who lived next door, and something about the small stock of headgear had caught her eye in passing.

The lady was Mrs. Astor, and the sale was to the milliner the beginning of better fortunes. It was the one chance that comes to some people, not to everybody, in a life time. Mrs. Astor mentioned her discovery quietly to a few people, and the milliner has a tiny parlor now on the avenue, and is going to Paris for the second time for her stock in trade.—Cor. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

True Womanliness.

I was much struck by a little incident that occurred last year. I, among others, belonging to a large party who were waiting at a railway station for the train that was to carry us down to a garden party at one of the many lovely places on the Thames, saw an old man, a decrepit creature, bowed and palsied, making his way to where the third class compartment would be. His arms were full of bundles of various sizes. Coming near a truck, the old man, who was half blind, marched against the edge of it, and all his little bundles fell helplessly to the ground. Most of the young people belonging to our party broke into an irresistible laugh.

They were not so much to be blamed. You will see amusement in even trifles, but there was one among us who did not laugh. The old man's chagrin seemed to touch her. She went quickly forward, and as he groped nervously for his parcels she lifted them one by one and laid them in his arms. She was not a strictly pretty girl, but there was dignity and sweetness both in her face and in her action. I noticed that a young man, one of our party, watched her intently. He was rich, titled, one of the matches of the London season. Supreme admiration showed itself in his face. He demanded an introduction. I gave it. In six months they were man and wife. She made a good match, and so did he in every sense of the word.—Duchess in Ladies' Home Journal.

Why Do Girls Look So Old?

I live in a city that is comparatively small, and my circle of acquaintances is quite extensive. Among them all I notice that with few exceptions the mothers are better looking and in many cases but little older in appearance than the daughters. I know this is true in my own case. I cannot flatter myself that I am near as good looking as my mother. Nine persons out of ten who do not know us take us for sisters, and the tenth usually takes us for stepmother and stepdaughter. As I remarked before, a large number of my personal friends have the same experience.

Since I have been in Washington I have noticed that the same rule will apply, and with equal force. I often wonder whether it is that the mother looks younger than her age, or the daughter older, and I have come to the conclusion that it is both. But why is it? Is it because the girls keep later hours and dissipate more than they did a few years ago, or that the mothers take better care of themselves? It cannot be because the mothers work less than they used to, because many work just as much, and I have a very good example of the case in our colored washerwoman, who, attired in an old dress and hat, as she always is, looks as young as her grown up daughter, who, when she condescends to bring the clothes home, wears a nice dress, stylish hat and kid gloves, even if it is 9 o'clock in the morning.—Cor. Washington Post.

The Education of Women.

So prevalent among women is the amiable wish to please the lords of creation, that it may reasonably be doubted whether they ever do anything amiss the motive for which cannot be traced to this desire. Though Eve ate the forbidden fruit, it is nowhere denied that Adam had twitted her about the comparative unimportance of her attainments, and had bred in her a restless appetite for miscellaneous learning which made her the serpent's easy prey. Is it not so with our female education? If there is anything wrong with it are not the men to blame? If it is true, as Mr. Allen says, that the present system produces literary women, schoolmistresses and lecturers on cookery, it will probably be found, on investigation, that it is precisely those species of educated female that the unmarried male most affects. No doubt female education is all wrong, if Mr. Allen says it is, but if he is to set it right let him consider whether the best way to go about it is not to try and teach a wiser discrimination to males.—Scribner.

Ancient Egyptian Stockings.

These curious stockings are knitted in a very clever manner, and the material, fine wool of sheep, that might once have been white, is now brown with age. The needles with which the work was done must have been a little thicker than we should choose for the same purpose, and the knitting is loose and elastic. The stocking is begun just as we make the design, only in the simplest manner, with single thread; but in the continuation of the work it is not simply plain, but fanciful. The usual border of the stocking, which prevents the rolling up of the work, is narrow, consisting of a row of turned up loops; and the circle, the nicely shaped [illegible] fings run out in two large tubes of equal width, like the fingers of a glove. This strange shape is made to suit the sandals, which are furnished with a strap fastened about the middle of the sandal, and as the strap had to be laid over the stocking the division is needed.—New York Ledger.

Dresses in Montevideo.

While speaking of the Montevideo ladies, the author mentions for the benefit of his American lady readers that short dresses are worn in the streets—granting a liberal display of very small and high heeled French boots—with hats and without cloaks, and that the fashion seems to run altogether to the bustle, accompanied with great puffs calculated to make a Japanese girl die in envy. "I have frequently seen these posterior appendages projecting quite two feet from the body, and have wondered they were not utilized as bundle or wrap carriers. Every country, however, has its own standard of taste and fashion. In Valparaiso and Santiago it is the spray of feathers and topknot of artificial vegetation which marks the best society; in Montevideo it is the bustle, which, by its greater or lesser superficial area, distinguishes the patrician from the plebeian. The graceful lace mantilla, with the dignified black embroidered crape or silk shawl, is all unknown, the most extravagant French fashions having taken its place."—Frank Vincent.

Tests for Underwear.

A new method of testing woolen garments is by putting caustic soda into a cup of water and dipping the article whose genuineness is doubted into the mixture, of course being careful not to touch the liquid. The caustic soda will quickly eat animal fibers, but has no effect upon those of vegetable origin. If the article is all wool it will be dissolved in the liquid, leaving nothing but a track of coloring matter. If the material is cotton, it comes out unscathed. When the material is wool supported by a framework of cotton, the latter being indistinguishable to the eye or by ordinary tests, the caustic soda quickly divorces the two, dissolves the wool and leaves the cotton as clean as if it had been woven by itself. It has been suggested that people might buy a set of underwear made of wool and cotton mixed, that when the sultry days of spring arrive a bath of caustic soda might be prepared, the garments dipped therein, to emerge in the form of cotton gossamer for the summer season.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Mrs. Hearst's Fondness for Society.

Senator Hearst is not given to society. He is, on the contrary, inclined to get away from fine people and fine houses. But Mrs. Hearst is fond of social life, fond of young people and fond of keeping about her pretty young women as her season's guests. The senator evidently enjoys having his wife do all these things, and he is proud of her, with very good reason. She is a handsome woman, and strikingly of the Spanish type. Mrs. Hearst admits that she takes the best of care of herself, and this she considers every woman's duty. Her complexion is dark, but wonderfully soft and clear; her eyes are dark and expressive, her hair is dark and shining and worn as smooth as satin. She is slightly below medium height, with a slender, graceful figure. Her voice is low and her manner exceedingly quiet, gentle and easy. Senator Hearst is in his seventieth year. His wife looks scarcely half his age. Taking good care of herself has taken a good many years off her personal appearance.—Washington Letter.

Buckles for Armament.

The chatelaine should always be worn on the side, not only because that is where the lady of the olden time wore her [illegible] but also because it is never beautiful to pile decorations of that sort immediately in front. They will most certainly increase the size of the stomach, and take away from the grace of the figure. Buckles set with precious stones are in bad taste, except for full dress. A very smart set of buckles to be worn with a black tulle costume is formed of good sized diamonds, and consists of one long one that is worn with the sash ribbon at the waist; two small ones that go on the velvet slippers, and one very small one that clasps the velvet band at the throat. The long, narrow, perfectly plain silver buckle is fancied for the gray or green gowns for the early spring; but remember, unless your waist is small, you should not look at a buckle with an eye of envy, for it will certainly make a large waist look larger.—New York Letter.

The Woman a Man Marries.

A man likes a woman of independent and strong character, but he is not attracted to her unless she possesses some feminine weaknesses. He may admire her as a good comrade and even seek her advice, but he is more likely to love and marry the weak, clinging vine; and after the honeymoon is over he not infrequently wastes his life secretly longing for or openly seeking the companionship of the strong character he passed by. Here again let the discreet woman take warning and veil the full extent of her self reliance and strength from the sight of man till occasion demands revealing it.

She must keep it to surprise him ever and anon, instead of flaunting it forever in his eyes.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Babies' Toes and Fingers.

"Clarissa Potter" advises mothers to pay more attention to the fingers and toes of crawling babies. When baby cries examine her tiny toes and fingers to make sure that no splinter of wood or iron has entered them. "As baby grows older and boots take the place of soft wool socks, care must be given that the fast growing little feet are not cramped by too small boots. Even dainty kid can goadingly pinch and chafe the dainty flesh, and if the boot is too short, barbarously double the flexible, hapless toes in under themselves, causing baby much wailing distress, which we in our ignorance try to relieve with generous doses of castor oil and catnip tea."

The Mission of Educated Women.

Generous recognition is at once given of the beauty of the possible home, and of the power and importance of the woman who creates it; but that this is woman's only field is emphatically denied. There are now open to her many channels through which she can influence the race, and the question is raised as to whether the advantage in this respect is altogether on the side of the married woman.—Mrs. M. F. Armstrong in Popular Science.

The Decorated Dinner Table.

The over decorated dinner table is now being criticised. The man or woman who knows good cooking does not feel so sure of getting it when served with a lace trimmed and satin lined tablecloth as when the cloth is of fine linen, decorated simply with a few flowers, and lighted with candles in old silver candelabra.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

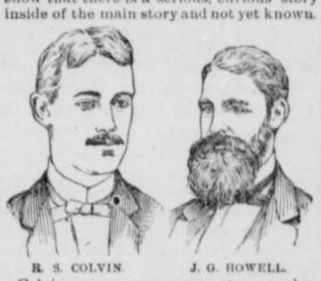
THREE MURDERS.

Each Had Its Origin in a Domestic Difficulty.

ROMANTIC TRAGEDY AT OAKLAND

A Queer Case of Love and Cross Purposes That Ended in Homicide—A Cincinnati Man Slays His Sweetheart—Possibly Justifiable Parricide.

Love, infatuation, folly, threats, death, such in brief was the strange, eventful history of R. S. Colvin, of Oakland, Cal. That he was shot and mortally wounded by John G. Howell; that his infatuation for the latter's daughter, Anne, was the beginning of the trouble, and that one Perrie Maxwell bore a rather doubtful part in the affair are the palpable facts, but everything goes to show that there is a serious, curious story inside of the main story and not yet known.

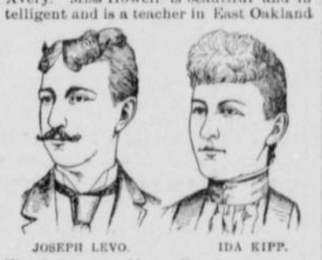


R. S. COLVIN. J. G. HOWELL.

Colvin was a prosperous stenographer and assistant on a weekly paper when he met Miss Anne Howell in 1887 and fell madly in love with her. He acted very rashly in pressing his suit, and when repulsed talked so strangely that his friends persuaded him to leave Oakland, and he located in Los Angeles. There he met Perrie H. Maxwell. He told Colvin that he had been a schoolmate and a lover of Anne Howell in their early home, that he had letters from her of an interesting nature and could influence the family about as he wished. More infatuated than ever, Colvin returned to Oakland, and with him Maxwell, who used Colvin's influence to get a position as stenographer.

Colvin became editor and publisher of a small weekly called Current Comment, and in it published squibs on the Howells, the name being thinly disguised, and hints of a "sensational story" to come. Miss Anne reproached Maxwell for allowing Colvin to see her schoolgirl letters, and Maxwell replied that Colvin had broken open his desk and stolen them. Colvin heard this and became frantic, demanding an interview with Miss Howell to set himself right. Her father came instead, and with him Maxwell, who had planned the meeting. There was a quarrel and Howell shot Colvin five times.

The complications are many. It seems most probable that Miss Howell's letters were given to Colvin by Maxwell's wife—a chorus girl whose stage name is Ethel Avery. Miss Howell is beautiful and intelligent and is a teacher in East Oakland.



JOSEPH LEVO. IDA KIPP.

The letters to Maxwell, she says, were rather light hearted schoolgirl effusions, but contained nothing improper. Much that is bad has resulted—Colvin is dead, her father is in prison, Mrs. Maxwell is at least unpleasantly conspicuous and Maxwell is in bad odor with young Colvin's friends.

Far more cruel and causeless was the killing of Miss Ida Kipp in Cincinnati the other evening by Joseph J. Levo, a poor spirited wretch, indeed, without the grace and courage to slay himself, though he professed to be anxious to die. Ida, who was well reared and of a good family, though not strikingly beautiful, seems to have favored Levo's suit at first, but soon, and very naturally, got tired of a young fellow who seemed to have no self reliance or independence. He moped and fretted and cried—yes, the testimony of his fellows is that he often sat down and cried because "his girl had gone back on him." Very naturally they tried to laugh him out of it, and then he got angry enough to shoot.

He came up to her as she was entering the Fifth street garden, and with but one exchange of words shot her, apparently from behind, as the bullet entered her head just back of the right ear. He continued firing after she fell and then made a desperate race for safety, but was captured. The girl died in a few minutes. The police say that of all the prisoners they have had for years Joseph G. Levo is the most disgusting, as he does nothing but cry. A stalwart machinist, twenty-six or twenty eight years old, crying like a child must be a depressing sight. Ida Kipp was twenty three.

GEORGE NIEMANN. CHARLES NIEMANN.

It is a shocking affair when a son kills a father. Yet if ever such a homicide was justified it was so in the case of Charles Niemann, of Cincinnati, who recently shot his father, George Niemann. When Charles was five years old his parents had a difficulty about some trifling affair, and it seems to have completely changed the old man's nature. For fifteen years he has done nothing but quarrel and find fault, occasionally maltreating his wife, who of late years has been supported by her children. The father was fifty eight and the son twenty.

Charles had come home to live. His mother had secured an absolute divorce, but allowed, [illegible] tall or too fat to be fitted by [illegible] ready made stock of the [illegible] This difficulty was soon [illegible] until to-day, although the [illegible] has by no means disappeared, [illegible] ready made dealer has for his customers that class of men who once scorned him.—Boston Advertiser.

No Use for Any of Them.

"It's funny, isn't it?" he said to his [illegible]

A LITTLE ISLAND COLONY.

Fifty White Folks Who Live on a Lofty Rock Just Big Enough for Them.

A few months ago the handful of people who live on Pitcairn island celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the landing of their fathers on that little rock. The world is always glad to hear of the prosperity of this people, and several other little communities inhabiting the smallest specks of land in the ocean also excite much interest.

There is one island, however, of which we seldom hear. It is Lord Howe island, the home of fifty or sixty white people, about 600 miles northeast of New South Wales. Years ago two or three families from New Zealand thought they would seek a new home.

They had heard of the profuse vegetation on this crescent shaped little island, and decided that they would build new homes there. So they went to Lord Howe island, which is only six miles long and about a mile wide, and rises precipitously from the sea to a height of nearly 3,000 feet at nearly every point. They built their huts, tilled the land, and after a while two or three other families joined them. Some of these original settlers are still living, but most of the residents are their descendants.

The island is under the government of New Zealand, and once a year it is visited by a magistrate, who settles all little disputes. It is a very easy task, for there are seldom any differences among the people. Like Pitcairn and other little island communities, they have never found it necessary to build a jail.

There were none of the higher mammals on the islands when they went there, but now there are quite a number of goats, swine and cats, which, having escaped from domesticity, have lived in the woods so long that they have become quite wild. While some of the men engage in tilling their gardens others are out fishing. A great many edible fish are caught there, and the people find it very easy to live in comfort without a large amount of labor.

They say they have not the slightest desire to return to larger communities. They do not encourage immigration because they think they and their children will need all of the 3,229 acres of the island. Sometimes a sailor from a passing ship spends a little while in the community, and has been known to carry away one of the daughters as his wife, but most of the people are born, live and die there.

They cannot travel more than a few hundred rods without seeing the sea, and of course they come to know every inch of their little world. Once or twice a year a vessel comes to them with a large variety of supplies, and they purchase with their corpa and other products the goods they need for the ensuing year. At the same time their libraries are replenished with new books, a large lot of newspapers come to their homes, and it takes them a good while to read of all that has happened in the busy world since they last heard of it.—New York Sun.

Loose the Bands of Thy Neck.

My mother used to tell a story of a curate in a Norfolk parish, where the rector was non-resident. One Sunday, just as the curate had entered the reading desk, the rector came into the church, and sent him a note to the effect that he wished to preach, but had forgotten to bring his bands. This appendage to the clerical wardrobe was quite indispensable in those days, and the only way in which the curate could help him out of the difficulty was to untie his own bands and hand them up into the three decker as soon as the rector mounted.

But when the time came, as ill luck would have it, the string of the bands got into a knot, and by one of those unaccountable coincidences that sometimes occur the singers in the gallery struck up the anthem "Loose the bands of thy neck, thou captive daughter of Zion," and as they repeated the words over and over again, and one part echoed another, "Loose the bands of thy neck—loose the bands—loose the bands," the hapless curate became more baffled in his hopeless endeavors to untie the knotted strings, and in his nervousness supposed the anthem to be directed to him. I do not remember how it ended, but probably the amusement it caused afterward may have more than compensated for the annoyance of the time.—Cornhill Magazine.

Ready Made Clothing.

I am sometimes amazed in passing the great ready made clothing establishments of Boston to note how differently they are regarded than formerly. It was less than a generation ago that they were patronized almost exclusively by workingmen, mechanics and farmers, who desired rough, cheaply made clothing. Merchants, bankers, professional men invariably left their measure with their tailors, and scorned what was familiarly termed "slop made" clothing. But a demand arose for fine grades of ready made clothing, and the alert American manufacturer was ready to meet the demand.

The demands of the customer were exacting, and to reach his high standard of excellence scientific methods were employed and competent designers. It was the old story of the relative cost of making one coat or of making 500. But there were men of peculiar shape [illegible] heretofore had been able to [illegible] fitted only by the custom tailor [illegible]