

FASHION'S FANCIES.

Madras for Feminine Followers of the Latest in Dress.
Plain silk petticoats are much in vogue, reports the Brooklyn Eagle.
Panne cloth is enjoying an unprecedented amount of fashionable favor.

LESSON FOR TRAVELERS.

Stable Instance of the Inexcusable Enforcement of Uncle Sam's Customs Laws.
Smuggling is a crime much more serious in the eyes of the government officials than in those of many persons that cross the Atlantic every summer or so.

New England Indian Pudding.

Blend a half tumbler of fresh cornmeal in milk. Put a quart of milk on the stove and when it boils add the blended meal and stir constantly until it is smoothly scalded.

Spiced Grapes.

Pulp the fruit, putting the skins aside. Boil the pulp and put through a colander to separate from the seeds. Add the skins to the strained pulp, and also sugar, vinegar and spices as follows: To every seven pounds of fruit add four and a half pounds sugar and one pint of good vinegar.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

There are now some six Europeans in the Buddhist priesthood in Burma.
A missionary in India writes that for three weeks in May the temperature in her office ranged from 101 to 103 degrees, falling only one degree at night.

SERMONS TO THE PURITANS.

The Early Settlers Thought Themselves Sighted if the Preaching Was Not Long Enough.
At Lorimer hall, Tremont Temple, at a recent monthly meeting of the Congressional club, Leon H. Vincent spoke on "Kings of the Colonial Pulpit," giving a history of the Mather family and their habits, says the Boston Herald.

Anglicized Germans.

The German national papers publish statistics to show the number of Germans lost in the Fatherland by emigration to British colonies, especially Canada, South Africa and Australia. According to the figures given, for which an authority is quoted, there are about 335,000 Germans in Canada, mainly in the eastern frontier districts.

Drowning Sorrow.

Don't attempt to drown sorrow in drink; you will only discover that sorrow is an expert swimmer.—Chicago Daily News.

LONDON'S BIRD-ABOUT-TOWN.

A Widely-Known Jackdaw That Squawked Around for Years on "Buses and Trams."
Though by no means aged as jackdaws go, the remarkable bird which has just died at the Angel, Brixton, had made a considerable reputation during nearly 11 years of its association with mankind, and the original purchase price of 18 pence which was paid by its owner, Mr. Thomas Beck, some ten years ago, was but a fraction of its value at the time of its death.

Mulberry Trees.

In 1839, just before the people came to their senses in regard to the hallucination that mulberry trees would bring them wealth, a nurseryman sent an agent to France to purchase several millions of young trees. He carried \$80,000 in cash as a first payment. When the trees arrived the inevitable crash had come, and the nurseryman failed for so large an amount that he could never reckon up his indebtedness.

One Type of Man.

The man who sits around and waits for his friends to find him a job is always the first to line up in front of the bar on a general invitation.—Chicago Daily News.

The Best Way.

When you can honorably do so the best way to conquer your enemy is to concure with him.—Rum's Horn.

LETTERS IN SHELLS.

New Method of Communication by Armies in Time of War.

Ordinary Cannons Are Successfully Used as Mail Carriers—Bombs Explode at Will of the Sender.

One of the most interesting suggestions recently submitted to the military authorities is that made by Capt. Hardin Beverly Littlepage, at present employed in the division of naval war records in the navy department. It is a new method in the forwarding of dispatches in the time of war, a system by which time will be almost obliterated, while there will be no danger of the courier falling into the hands of the foe, says the Washington Post.

The means is an ordinary cannon, from which a "dispatch boom" can be fired to the distance to which a shell is sent. The projectile is a cylinder or sphere so constructed as to insure its flight, its explosion at the proper time, its breaking into harmless fragments and at the same time unfolding a trailing streamer of any color preferred containing the message.

A dispatch at night could be made of luminous ribbon, so as to be readily found in the darkness, while the shell itself would be so pyrotechnic in character that it would plainly indicate its course while in the sky and be easily seen at its explosion. The shell, which can be timed so as to explode at any point desired, is so arranged that when explosion takes place the sides of the projectile will fall apart, releasing the ribbon on which the message is written and allowing it to trail on the ground.

This method will obviate the difficulty which so hampered both armies during the civil war. Captured couriers have been the reason of one branch of the army being delayed or routed through their ignorance of orders which were intercepted, while the bad results of such orders falling into the hands of the enemy cannot be overestimated.

Had the French during the siege of Paris by the German army employed such methods they could have sent messages over the heads of the enemy right into the hands of friends. The confederates could have signaled over the union lines in the civil war at the assault on Fort Fisher, while at the investment of Fort Morgan, after Farragut's fleet had passed inside and the fort was entirely cut off from the confederates, the latter could have sent dispatch booms over the federal lines without a single message being intercepted.

At present the navy is experimenting with wireless telegraphy, which, of course, can be used as a means of communication even with an enemy intervening, but there are many points about the bomb which render it efficacious in places where the telegraph could not be conveniently utilized.

Capt. Littlepage is a Virginian by birth, a graduate of the naval academy at Annapolis and was in the service of the government at the beginning of the civil war, when he resigned his commission to cast his lot with his native state. He was one of the crew of the famous Merrimac, the building of which he graphically describes.

He also says that the statement so often made in histories and universal believed—that the Monitor defeated the Merrimac—is absolutely without a vestige of truth and that the facts are that the Merrimac not only whipped the Cumberland, Congress, Minnesota, St. Lawrence and Ioanoke, but that she gave the "little cheese box" such a shelling that the latter was glad to run into shallow water, into which she could not be followed by the Merrimac. On being invited to battle next day by the proud victor the Monitor drew away, declining to accept the gage.

The idea of arming the Merrimac, he also states, was not the result of one man's thoughts, but the gradual outgrowth of the suggestions of several naval officers. Railroad irons were first used in their original state, but later on were taken to the Tredager works in Richmond where they were rolled out. In this way they were fastened in overlapping style, both on the sides and top, while ship's grease was liberally rubbed over all to facilitate the glancing of the balls.

"That the Merrimac was not defeated by the Monitor, but that the latter declined to renew the contest," says Capt. Littlepage, "I can prove by the reports of the captains of several of the federal ships, as well as by dispatches sent to home governments by foreign ships in our waters."

The flag of the Merrimac was brought home by Capt. Littlepage, but is now owned by C. F. Gunther, of Chicago, the famous relic collector who removed Libby prison from Richmond. Capt. Littlepage is a warm friend and classmate of Marmaduke, now commander of the Bogota, which is fighting the insurgents in the interests of the Colombian government. The officials of the Colombian government first offered the commission in their navy to Littlepage, but as he was married, he was unable to accept and turned it over to Marmaduke, who, a bachelor, was free to seek his fortune in any part of the world.

Chopped Ham.

One cupful chopped ham, one teaspoonful butter in spider, when melted add ham, add 1 1/2 teaspoonful mixed with one-quarter cupful hot water, pinch of cayenne, stir all together; when heated well stir in one beaten egg.—Boston Globe.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

his face when there are women standing in a street car.—Washington Star.

A conceited man admires his own mistakes because he makes them.—Chicago Daily News.

Maig—"I hear that photographer takes a very flattering picture." Dolly—"I really couldn't say. It isn't necessary for me to go to that kind of a photographer."—N. Y. Times.

A Journalistic Requisite.—"Don't you think that a newspaper is smaller, more compact form would be appreciated?" said the publisher. "No," answered his wife. "It must be large enough for a man to hold in front of Barnes."—Charley appeared to be willing to acknowledge that he was in the wrong. He said he was quite aware of his shortcomings. She—"Isn't that just like Charley? Always bragging about what he knows!"—Boston Transcript.

Tess—"You and Miss Sere don't seem to be good friends. What's the matter?" Jess—"Why, she remarked that she was 24 years old, and—" Tess—"And you doubted it?" Jess—"Not at all. I merely said: 'Of course, but when?'"—Philadelphia Press.

Purposely Misunderstood.—"I'm going on the stage," announced the ambitious amateur proudly. "Oh, well, everyone to his taste," replied his sarcastic friend. "If you like it, of course it's all right, but when I'm going anywhere I prefer to go on a railroad train."—Chicago Post.

The Literary Outlook.—"What will be the theme of the great novel of the future?" I asked of the famous writer of popular fiction, who was resting after a wearisome effort to spend his royalties. "Really, I have not decided," he replied, with that charming smile for which he is so justly celebrated.—Indianapolis News.

HE HAD A NARROW ESCAPE.

Was a Doctor, But Not the Kind to Which His Loved One Objected.

"I have always insisted," she said, after a long, sweet silence, "that I would never marry a doctor or a preacher."

He turned pale and a look of despair crept into his eyes, relates the Chicago Record-Herald.

"Arthur" she exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

With a heaving sigh he answered: "Can't I induce you to overcome your prejudice? Ah, tell me, tell me that your decision against doctors and preachers is not irrevocable."

Six weeks before she had written a message on an egg and sent it out into the world. The frail messenger had fallen into Arthur Higginson's hands, and there they were sitting on the baggage truck at the railway station, waiting for the back, which they had missed, to return from town and convey them to the hotel, where they had planned to be married.

She looked up into his eyes with a wild yearning and cried: "Are you a preacher?"

"No," he groaned, "not that—not that."

"Oh, tell me, tell me," she wailed, "that you are not a doctor."

He hung his head. There was a guilty look in his eyes and she knew that the worst had come.

At last, pulling himself together with a mighty effort, he turned to her and said: "Yes, Emeline, you have guessed the truth. I am a doctor. But why should that matter? Why do you discriminate against preachers and doctors?"

"Because they have to be among women so much," she sadly replied. "I should want my husband all to myself."

CONSENT WAS UNEXPECTED.

Why a Little Girl Was Willing to Have an Operation Performed on Her Eyes.

There is one little girl in Washington who recently gave her parents an exhibition of her nature for which they were totally unprepared. The child was cross-eyed, and her affliction was a source of extreme annoyance to herself and family. An oculist was consulted, who advised an operation to remedy the defect, and so it was decided to take the little one to a hospital in Baltimore. The utmost secrecy was observed in the matter. Miss Annie had once made a great fuss about having a tooth pulled, and, of course, it was to be expected that she would enter serious objections to an operation on her eyes, says the Washington Post.

She was taken to Baltimore under the impression that she was going on a pleasure trip with her father and mother. When they arrived at the hospital the mother took her daughter in her lap and nervously broached the real object of the trip. She set forth in all its triple horror the embarrassment which is the lot of the cross-eyed person, stating that the trouble would increase as she grew older.

"Now, Annie," she said, finally, "we have brought you over here to have your eyes straightened. It won't hurt you at all. Wouldn't you like to have your eyes like other people's?"

"You just bet I would," exclaimed Annie, to the astonishment of the others. "You can go ahead and do anything you want, and I don't care how much it hurts. I'm just sick and tired of having a pack of colored boys spit into their hats and cross their fingers every time they meet me."

The operation was performed forthwith, and the young lady has as good a pair of eyes as anybody in Washington.

RELIQS OF ST. PIERRE.

Collection of Household Utensils from the Barred City for Boston Museum.

Dr. Thomas A. Jagger, of the Harvard department of geology, who has been engaged in scientific researches at St. Pierre, among the still smoking ruins of the demolished city, will be the means of placing on exhibition at the Agassiz museum over 300 relics of the great volcanic calamity, says a Boston report.

This collection is made up of knives, forks, spoons, coins, glassware, plates, platters, and many other objects of daily utility, some of which Dr. Jagger picked up in the ruins. However, the greater number of these souvenirs were received as a gift from the French government to the Harvard museum, and were selected by Dr. Jagger from a mass of similar material collected immediately following the full horrors of the catastrophe, and stored for safe keeping in the government vaults at Fort de France.

To those viewing this collection the personal character of the different objects gathered renders it of more than ordinary interest. In it are many strange freaks caused by the action of the molten lava and the different gases upon the different utensils gathered after the eruption.

Some of the knives, forks, and spoons are melted together by the tremendous heat, and many are stained in various colors by the oxidation of iron, silver and copper and by the overflow of the lava stream in which all the elements were combined. Glass vessels, pitchers, fruit jars, and other objects, which can only be guessed at, are run together by the heat.

Half melted candlesticks, coins welded together in indiscriminate chunks of metal, metal pitchers, sugar bowls, jars and platters are all in evidence among this strange collection.

Many of these household utensils bear the monogram of their former owners, who were lost in the awful destruction following the eruption of Mount Pelee. In the collection are plates still covered with fine gray dust, some melted into almost unrecognizable masses, others separate and still unbroken. Added to these articles is a cross fallen from a private shrine and two American gold pieces.

Nearly every article collected shows evidence of the tremendous heat which brought death to every living thing within the vicinity of the destructive mountain. Much of the metal in the collection has been changed from its ordinary color to a brownish appearance of great age. One of the most interesting and unique articles of this collection is a copy of the last issue of Les Colonies, presented to Dr. Jagger by a French planter. This copy is a most valuable accession to the collection, which the Harvard scientist obtained.

THE NICKEL HABIT.

When Acquired by a Woman It Is Apt to Lead Her Into Extravagance.

"Saw a habit and you reap a character." Get a nickel telephone and you acquire the nickel habit. The nickel habit consists in never parting from a five cent piece if you can help it, and planning every thinkable subterfuge to come into possession of the precious bits, says the Chicago Tribune.

Women are more addicted to the habit than men. That's because their pocket space is so limited that they can lay in only a limited supply at a time, and so must needs be at it persistently. You can tell the woman who has this trouble by watching her in a street car. She never gives the conductor a nickel. She will, if she can, present him with a dime. She is then sure of one five cents at least. If she hasn't a dime she will produce a quarter. This is greater risk for possibly greater gains. In the shuffle she may draw four nickels, which she'll keep for some time to come. The alternative is, of course, two dimes, which mean only one nickel, even after changing for carfare. Fifty cent pieces and dollars are a lottery the nickel woman may or may not get what she wants.

The nickel habit leads to extravagance. The addicted one will spend any amount in order to save her nickel. She gladly gives ten pennies to pay something which one five cent piece would have compassed. It leads to deceit, too, for the possessor of a nickel will cheerfully deny possession of it rather than let anyone borrow the coin to use for the telephoning or other purposes. Lastly, it leads to avarice, for the nickel woman argues with herself for many minutes before depositing this hard earned coin in the maw of the five cent telephone.

Whether any new Keeley will undertake to study out a cure for this bad habit is yet to be seen. The telephone company suggests one by asking the nickel subscriber to pay a hundred a year and do away with the nickel box, but that is found to be a stern remedy, after one has suffered from a stern case of nickelism. Certainly, for the sake of hell, in America some philanthropist ought to see what can be done to save this rapid degeneration and the sad refrain so often heard in afflicted families, "Has anyone got a nickel?"

And the other mournful command sounding over the wire like the irresistible voice of fate, "Nickel, please!"

Prepared for Emergencies.—The German War Department actually keeps in stock duplicates of all the bridges in the empire considered likely to be damaged or destroyed in case of war; and, what is more, it has duplicates of a good many French bridges and of other countries in which it is interested.—N. Y. Sun.