

## WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

Away in the sea, oh, I wonder where,  
Somewhere, somewhere in the waters blue,  
Where the winds are soft and the skies are fair,  
In a mystic canoe no man ever knew,  
My ship rides safe in a dreamy cove,  
Perhaps by an isle where the lotus grows,  
Perhaps by an isle of the spreading palm,  
Perhaps—by whom? Ah, yes, who knows?  
But her crew is safe where'er she be,  
And her crew will tire of the lazy life,  
And her prow will cut a course through the sea,  
Some day, I know, like a gleaming knife.  
But, oh, as I patiently sit and wait,  
It seems so long to me, no harbor gate,  
She lingers outside the moor gate,  
And her sailors list to the mermaid's song,  
But ships come in, and I'll yet see her  
In time that is long or time that is short;  
Although, forsooth, she seems to prefer  
The sunny isles to the grimy port.  
—(Carl Smith, in Harper's Weekly.)

## SPIRITED AWAY.

BY J. A. BOLLES.

The inhabitants of Albuquerque, New Mexico, had become greatly excited on account of a series of daring robberies that had been perpetrated in their midst. The principal dry goods store had been broken into and five hundred dollars' worth of silks taken from the shelves and two hundred dollars in specie and in bills stolen from the safe; the post office had been robbed; and even the vault of a bank had been blown open, and not less than twenty thousand dollars in money and forty thousand dollars in coupon bonds had been secured by the miscreants. In not one instance were any of the fellows captured, and no clue as to their hiding place or rendezvous for the planning of their robberies could be obtained.

Alarming as was the continuation of the robberies, it was surpassed by an occurrence that proved to be the culmination of the work of the desperadoes. One night the heated heart of the city, and Bleeker, the richest citizen of the city, was kidnapped. That the deed had been done by the robbers for the purpose of keeping the maiden captive until they could obtain a liberal ransom from the distracted father there could scarcely be a doubt. The circumstantial evidence showed that Helen Bleeker had been chloroformed while sleeping in her bed, after which a light had been wrapped about her, she had been borne from the house and spirited away.

Helen had a lover named Malcolm MacDonald, shrewd young lawyer, who was confident that the headquarters of the kidnappers were in the crater of a lava bed about twenty miles southwest of Albuquerque. This belief was not shared by many people, however, for the cave had often been visited by hunters, contained no hidden recesses, and was not adapted to purposes of concealment or defence. But suffice it to say that MacDonald knew what he was about when he resolved to attempt the rescue of the dear girl to whom he was betrothed, by organizing a party to search for her captors among the lava beds. Five or six of his friends, all of them stout-hearted and adventurous young fellows, agreed to aid him. Armed to the teeth, and mounted on good horses, the party quietly left Albuquerque three hours after the abduction of Helen became known. When they arrived within sight of the lava beds they placed their horses in the care of a trustworthy ranchman, and with watchful eyes walked toward the destination.

The lava beds were several acres in extent, and were in the shape of a low and broken cone, the top of which was hollowed out so as to resemble a huge bowl. The latter was all that remained of the crater of an extinct volcano, and so long had destroying influences been at work that the sides had considerably fallen away and crumbling lava once deep bowl was now so shallow that it was easy to walk into and out of it.

The young men, holding their rifles in readiness in case of an attack, descended into the great bowl and advanced until they came to the mouth of the cave. The opening was large enough, and from it a good-sized passage wound downward a distance of 200 feet to the cave, which was about a rod long and shaped like a right-angled triangle. The adventurers satisfied themselves that a cautious exploration that the robbers were not in the cavity. A little later, while, torch in hand, they were examining the bottom of the hollow, they discovered a square section of the lava floor which was slightly separated from the surrounding lava. The excited men pounced on the slab of lava until they broke it sufficiently to enable them to grasp the pieces and remove them. To their surprise, however, except where narrow shelves extending on four sides had served to support the edges of the block, it was probable that the party was at the entrance of the hiding place of the robbers, at the mouth of a second cave lying beneath the one they were in. The supposition was that one of the robbers had accidentally broken through the floor of the first cave at a point where it was thin, and had thus discovered the entrance to the second cavern. It was further surmised that in order to keep their valuable discovery a secret the outlaws had immediately cut a block of lava from the extensive beds outside of the cave and had fitted it above the hole in the manner already described.

MacDonald determined to make the descent of the shelving side of the hole. He argued that the robbers were undoubtedly asleep at that hour, and that the chance of coming upon them before reaching the main cave was small. Seeing that they could not dissuade him, and admiring his boldness, the young men discontinued their objections; and after they had assured him that they would defend him should he come forth pursued, and would revenge his death should he be killed, they bade him good-speed as he entered the cavity. He was armed with a long hunting knife and a brace of pistols, and carried in his hand a dark lantern. Closing the slide of the lantern so as to conceal the light, he crept in darkness down the passage. At last he stood upright and moved on a level. He was in the cave. The sound of washing water came to his startled ears, and he inferred that he stood upon the edge of a subterranean lake. After considerable hesitation he ventured to turn on the light. A weird spectacle was presented to his view. Above was the roof of the cave, composed of shaggy lava, from which small rocks protruded so much of themselves that it seemed as if they might fall at any moment. The sides of the cavern were equally rough, and with the exception of the shelf of lava on which MacDonald stood the bottom of the cave was covered with a gloomy waste of waters.

Soon MacDonald's attention was arrested by a singular sight. A huge mass appeared from the gloom beyond the reach of the lantern's rays and slowly advancing toward him. It was not a craft belonging to the robbers, as MacDonald had at first feared, but was an island of lava. That so great a mass of lava could float seemed incredible, until MacDonald doubtfully commanded of pumice, a feldspathic scoria produced by volcanoes, that is lighter than water.

It immediately occurred to our hero that the robbers were probably on the lava vessel, and he closed the lantern without delay. Once more he was in intense darkness. As the island came nearer he could discern a dim light. He at once came to the conclusion that the mass was of considerable size, and that the light arose near its center from a camp fire around which the outlaws were probably gathered. He breathed more freely, feeling confident that he had not been discovered.

When the island had almost reached the shore it caused a slight swishing of the water, and the sound of the sound, MacDonald could almost tell where the floating lava was. Cautiously putting out his hands, he felt them come in contact with a hard and moving service, and as the island touched the shore he gave a leap of sufficient power to carry him well upon the singular craft. He sat still for a few moments, and to his alarm noticed that the island was not as large as he had hoped that it would be. It was already moving steadily away, and he surmised that the currents of the singular lake, or river, so ran as to carry the mass round and round the cave. So regular appeared to be the movement that he believed the robbers had been able to ascertain just at what times during the twenty-four hours of the day (for he could not believe that the lake was of so vast a size as to require days to make its circuit) the island could be depended upon to touch the shore that he had left.

After slowly climbing upward for six or seven feet MacDonald came to the top of the island, and then learned that his theory as to the dim illumination was correct. The island was circular, about one-half acre in extent, and near its center was the fire, now burning low. The island shelved from its elevated sides toward the center, and on account of the bowl-like surface it was possible to see the entire area, although the edges could not be distinctly seen on account of the inability of the fire, except in its immediate vicinity, to overcome the power of the darkness. Rolled in blankets and stretched around the fire were eight robbers, asleep. About ten feet from the fire was a wigwag covered with strips of straw matting that had been laid upon the slanting poles of the frame. That his dear Helen was in this wigwag MacDonald felt almost certain.

How to act under the circumstances was perplexing. To attempt to rescue Helen and then to communicate with her, would be an undertaking fraught with the greatest hazard. While our hero hesitated his eyes were attracted to some plunder that the robbers had left in a pile a short distance from where he stood.

Among the articles were heavy horse blankets. A bright idea came to MacDonald. He remembered his shoes, and his stocking feet to the pile, selected two blankets, told them into as small a compass as possible, placed them on one arm, and, lantern in hand, approached the fire and the eight men, who slept soundly after the arduous work of the previous night.

When he was a few feet from the fire MacDonald paused and laid the blankets on the lava. It was a singular and most exciting situation. Far from the aid of friends, in a cavern, on a mysterious lava island, that floated in a subterranean lake of unknown depth and extent, our hero stood in the presence of foes who, should one of their number happen to awake and give the alarm, would shoot him in an instant.

MacDonald did not, however, spend any time in thinking of the singularity and peril of his situation. In the most careful manner he proceeded to cover the burning sticks with the blankets and to smother the fire. Owing to his precautions, should the robbers awake, before they could light their lanterns he could escape in the darkness.

Once more the cave was wrapped in inky darkness. MacDonald moved the side of his lantern sufficiently to give him the little light that he needed. He approached the wigwag with a beating heart. At this moment one of the villains stirred and groaned. It was a moment of terrible suspense. The man muttered something, and it seemed as if he must certainly awake. MacDonald closed the slide and waited, while the perspiration started from every pore in his body. But the danger passed. The man spoke no more, and MacDonald gave himself a little light a second time, and peered into the wigwag. Yes, Helen was there!

She recognized him, and did not scream. "What a dear, brave fellow you are," she murmured, "to risk your life for me."

At this moment one of the villains awoke. "What is the matter with the fire?" he cried.

MacDonald had taken the precaution to close his lantern while Helen and he were whispering, so that there was no danger of immediate discovery.

The man got up and began to fumble around. His companions awoke, and swore because they had been disturbed. Not a moment was to be lost.

The situation was desperate, well-nigh hopeless. MacDonald feared he had played a brave and most perilous part only to be defeated. While he was in terrible suspense not knowing what was best to do, the dear girl whispered to him: "Let us fly. There is a boat. I came in it."

"Can you find it?"

"Can you find it? I stake with a red flag on it that will guide me to it."

Meanwhile the robbers had discovered the blankets, and were removing them from the fire. Two of the fellows approached the wigwag. As they reached it MacDonald and Helen left it, after he had hastily cut the cords that bound the maiden's hands behind her back. One of the men went to touch our hero, the latter, with quick presence of mind, felled his enemy to the lava. Then he fled, with Helen clinging to his hand.

The robbers, now thoroughly aroused, hurled forth imprecations that echoed in a deafening manner throughout the cavern. But they could not readily find a lantern, and could not tell where the fugitives were running noiselessly in their stocking feet, were. The pursuers discharged their pistols at random, and one bullet whistled by the heads of our hero and heroine. They continued to run, keeping as nearly as they could a straight course.

MacDonald guided the mass of the lantern as soon as he dared to do it. They had reached the top of the height just above the shore; but no flag was in sight.

The robbers saw the fugitives, yelled viciously and fired their pistols. Bullets whistled alarmingly near the intended victims.

MacDonald closed the lantern, and, holding Helen's hand, walked along the island's edge. Again he heaved a gleam of light to escape. He saw the flag ten feet from him, and closed the lantern before the villains could fire.

The steps of the pursuers sounded fearfully near.

The fugitives ran forward, expecting each moment to be precipitated into the water. But fortune favored them. They fell against the flag-pole, and recovering themselves in a second, slid down the island's steep side. MacDonald opened the lantern. "Thank God! the boat was at their feet. They sprang into it. MacDonald handed Helen the lantern, cut the rope, grasped the oars, and they were afloat.

At this moment three of the robbers, waving pistols, gained the summit of the bank.

"Shut the lantern!" MacDonald cried. Before Helen could obey the cavern rang with a great discharge of firearms. The three men threw up their hands and fell forward into the water.

MacDonald knew that his friends had come to the rescue just in time. He looked behind him and saw on the lava shell his five brave companions waving their hands with delight.

The boat touched the shore. Willing hands assisted our hero and heroine to alight.

Award by the fate of their comrades the five robbers on the island surrendered, and, with most of the property which they had stolen, were taken back to Albuquerque in triumph.

Young MacDonald, the fair Helen and their five gallant friends were received with raptures by Colonel Bleeker and his wife, and were lionized by all the people of the city.

## PROTECTION MUST GO.

### DEMOCRATS SHOULD NOT HESITATE IN THEIR DUTY.

If the Party Shall Keep Faith with the People It Will Hold Its Alliance in the Northwest—The Protected Coal Barons.

Cleveland Will Do the Work.

No intelligent, unprejudiced observer of current political conditions and events has any doubt as to the cause which operated to produce the recent Democratic victory in the Northwest. Such an observer is able to account readily and confidently for the Democratic majorities in Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin; for the Republican losses in Minnesota and Nebraska, and for the political revolutions in Kansas and North Dakota. He knows that all these things are the result of popular opposition to the tariff protective tariff system.

Moreover, the free traders and the tariff reformers in the Northwest supported the Democratic ticket at the last election because they believed the Democratic party to be sincere in its professions favoring tariff reform. They looked upon Grover Cleveland as being the greatest living representative of the principle that, all tariffs should be levied only for revenue. Thus finding the Democratic candidates and the Democratic platform in harmony with their own views respecting the tariff, they voted for the Chicago nominees in most of the States, while in others they supported Weaver and Field as the best method of contributing to the election of Cleveland and Stevenson.

The effect of the political changes in the Northwest was to make certain the success of the Democratic Presidential ticket, no matter if the electoral vote of New York had been given to the Republican candidates. Had there been any doubt of the earnestness of the Democratic purpose this revolution would not have occurred. The voters accepted as honest the declaration of the Chicago convention. They heard with delight the ringing words of Mr. Cleveland in accepting his nomination at the Madison Square meeting in New York.

The people of the Northwest not only believed in the sincerity of the Democratic promises of reform, but they believed that with the triumph of Democratic principles at the election reform would not be delayed beyond the earliest possible moment at which it could be accomplished. They have commissioned the Democracy with power to correct certain evils and abuses from which they have suffered and still suffer. More than this they cannot do. They leave the destiny of the Democratic party in the hands of its own managers. One thing only is certain. If the Democracy shall keep faith with the people it will hold its allies in the Northwest; if it fails it will lose them. There must be neither hesitation nor delay on the part of the Democratic leaders. Protectionism must go.

Take the Duty Off of Sugar!

If there is one duty in the McKinley bill that is more of a curse than any other, it is the duty of 1 cent per pound on refined sugars. It produces almost no revenue at all, but puts about \$20,000,000 a year into the pockets of the Sugar Trust. If there were any doubt that the industry of refining sugar would not remain in this country without such Government aid, there would be an excuse, from a protection point of view, for this duty. But there is none. Sugar is refined as cheaply here as anywhere on this earth. H. O. Havemeyer testified to this fact several years ago. The only excuse the Republicans had for leaving this duty, was that it would give them an opportunity to fry fat out of the Sugar Trust—an opportunity that was utilized during the last campaign to the extent of \$100,000 or \$200,000.

The Sugar Trust, the sole beneficiary of the sugar duty, has an unusually unsavory record.

To gain complete control of the refining business in this country, it has purchased refineries at three or four times their cost, only to close them up to restrict production. A few months after it was formed, in November, 1887, but ten of the twenty original refineries in the trust were in operation.

It has reduced wages in refineries to \$1 per day for common labor. No Americans will work in the intensely heated rooms at these wages; hence their places have been filled by Hungarians, Poles and Italians.

It makes use of the rebate system to kill its competitors. By this system, large wholesale grocers who bought only from the trust, obtained special prices.

It has since it gained complete control of the refining business last winter, depressed the price of raw white it has advanced the price of refined sugars, as is shown by the following table.

Dec. 31, 1891.....34 1/2  
April 1, 1892.....31 1/2  
Nov. 26, 1892.....31 1/2

The cost of refining is less than 1 cent per pound. As the per capita consumption of sugar in the United States is about seventy pounds, each difference of 1-16 of a cent between the price of raw and of refined sugar amounts to \$2,500,000 from the pockets of the people and puts it into the pockets of the trust. Without any duty the trust would be making about \$30,000,000 a year clear profit (nearly 100 per cent). With the duty it can and does raise prices 1 cent higher and adds \$20,000,000 to its already enormous profits.

If the duty of 1 cent per pound were levied upon raw instead of on refined sugar it would produce about \$15,000,000 a year revenue and would encourage sugar growing in the South. The people would pay the same for sugar as now, but only a small portion would go to the trust. This would be far preferable to the present duty. But the people want entirely free sugar, and they will not be content till they get it.

Coal Is Protected 75 Cents Per Ton.

Should coal be discovered opposite Detroit or Buffalo in such vast quantities that it could be furnished to manufacturers for 3 cents per bushel, the owners of coal mines in the

United States would ask, doubtless, for an artificial obstacle (there being no natural one) between these cities, and this great store of wealth, sufficient to prevent its being used. But how ridiculous such an enactment would appear to common sense and to a business instinct. The establishment of such an obstacle would seem to exhibit an intelligence no greater than would the passage of a law prohibiting the introduction of the light of the sun into dwellings, that our electric plants might extend their field of operations; or, of a law prohibiting the importation of tropical fruits, that the hot-house gardeners might cater to a larger trade.—T. M. Gilmore, in St. Louis Courier.

Unanswered Questions.

Perhaps some of the big Republicans can now find time to answer the following questions. They are some of those prepared by Mr. D. Webster Croh, President of the Chicago Question Club, and fired from all points of the compass at McKinley, Sherman, and the other tax-yourself-into-prosperity professors. If they will now give satisfactory answers, they will be forgiven for neglecting to do so in the rush before election, when the salvation of the nation was at stake and all protectionists were engaged in repelling the threatened invasion of pauper labor, pauper-made goods, and Cobden Club gold.

Would Carnegie and other shrewd protectionists desire a tariff, if it cheapened what they sell—goods—and made dearer what they buy—labor?

Why more laboriously make tin-plate itself instead of its cheaper exchangeable equivalent? If toll itself is more desirable than its fruits—labor products—why not destroy all labor-saving tools and machinery?

If the tariff is no tax, why refund to exporting manufacturers 99 per cent of the duty on their imported raw material?

Unless protective tariff enhances domestic prices, why give sugar producers a bounty in lieu of the removed sugar duties?

If a tariff on articles cheapens them, should it not be placed lightest on the finished product and heaviest on raw materials to cheapen them, and thus widen our manufacturers' margin of profit? Why does the McKinley tariff invert this order?

If protective tariff is good, would not prohibitive tariff be still better? If international trade is economically injurious, is not interstate trade equally hurtful?

Can "trusts" be injurious and the tariff fostering them beneficent? Can foreign trade be injurious yet shipping subsidies desirable?

Can tariff cheapen an article yet simultaneously raise its producers' wages?

Free Wool Needed at Once.

The strongest argument we have seen from the business man's standpoint in favor of an extra session of Congress is that of Mr. Abraham Mills, which we publish to-day. Mr. Mills is known as a first-class authority in the wool trade. He says that there could not be a more propitious time for the inevitable change in wool duties than the present; whereas every moment of delay will be taken advantage of by the foreign manufacturer to accumulate goods for the American market, with all the profit that the present low price of wool gives him. This low price in foreign markets results largely from the absence of American buyers who are handicapped with duties averaging 50 per cent, and some of them as high as 120 per cent. The longer this discrimination lasts the more goods the foreigner will pile up to be thrown upon our market when the change comes. Therefore the time to make the change is now. If it is made soon, our manufacturers will have an even chance, indeed, much more than an even chance, since even the Mills bill left them more protection than they ever asked for under the regime of free wool.

Every day's delay will make it worse for them. If they are wise they will ask their friends in the Senate to pass the Springer bill this winter.—New York Evening Post.

Pearl Button Trust on Deck.

The combination that succeeded in raising the duty on pearl buttons from 25 per cent to something like 400 per cent in the McKinley tariff does not seem to have learned much from the recent election. It is stated that the Pearl Button Association has recently met and appointed a committee to look after legislation at Washington. This committee may as well save its pains and lobby expenses. The next tariff, including the duties on pearl buttons, will be revised in the interest of American consumers, as well as of manufacturers. So there will be no need of sending committees to Washington to instruct the representatives of the people in regard to their duties. The educational campaign has fully developed the truth about this pearl button business, along with the other tariff inequities.—Philadelphia Record.

All Is Lovely Now.

Now that the election is over and the calamity howlers shut down, New England cotton manufacturers have increased the wages of their operatives. The Carnegie Steel Company starts the last of its idle mills and announces its purpose to increase its plants. The "paralysis and ruin" that were to follow at the chariot wheels of Democracy triumphant are limited to a decline in trust stocks and the seizure of "Prince Rus" Montana newspaper by the Sheriff.—Louisville Times.

MR. BAYARD says there is no precedent for an extra session to revise the tariff. Neither is there any precedent for the tremendous expression of public opinion against the tariff that recently occurred. It is time to make new precedents throughout.—St. Louis Courier.

A FEMALE temperance lecturer visited Valdosta, Ga., the other day. She published a pamphlet setting forth the horrible effects of intemperance, and exemplified them in person by getting on a rousing drunk.

SOME of the cottonwood telegraph poles used in Nevada chanced to be sunk in marshy places with the bark on. They have been rooted, and display attractive foliage.

## FOR THE LADIES.

### THE ORNAMENTS OF HOME.

It has been said that the ornaments of every home are the friends who visit it. Now, though callers and more intimate acquaintances may be morally decorative, still the real ornaments of the home are the women who live in it. They are the bits of prettiness that turn even plain surroundings into something most attractive and delightful to the man who wends his way thither at nightfall or sets out from thence every morning to assume the duties imposed upon the breadwinner.

"What is home without a mother?" is a very much quoted expression, yet in it lies a concise and resonant truth, though wife, sisters, daughters, each and all types of home femininity, go as much toward the making up of that one special nest for many of have been deprived of the tender and loving care of parents years ago.

A sunny faced wife who kisses her husband goodby in the morning, a bright eyed daughter who follows him to the door with gay little admonitions as to the care of his health during the day, or a sister who places his gloves and hat in readiness for him as an act of affectionate attention, these are the ornaments of the home he leaves behind that a man remembers, though he might not be able, to save his soul, to recall the special name of any ware in his cabinet or on his dinner table.

Do not, forget this, ye little home circle of busy women. Make yourselves bright and attractive to the men folks that belong to you and they will not invent so many business engagements and lodge meetings in order to get away from you.—[New York Advertiser.]

HINTS FOR SLIGHT MOURNING.

Slight mourning should be handled with great care, as in most cases it appears to open the door wide to fearful errors of taste. Purples and violets, mauves and grays are very difficult colors to blend; to employ an ugly but expressive phrase, they oftentimes "sweat horribly at each other." All shades of purples and grays can be tastefully blended in gowns which will do admirably for slight mourning and yet can well be used for ordinary wear. An ideal slight mourning gown is made of black material, thickly spotted with tiny raised dots of heliotrope color. The skirt is plain and fastened over the bodice with a twisted sash of black satin ribbon, edged with a tiny ball fringe, and a black satin frill, also finished with ball fringe, is prettily arranged down the front of the bodice. Another taking gown for slight mourning is made of a material having a broken check of heliotrope and white lines and spots on a black ground. The skirt is trimmed with a broad band of black velvet. The bodice trimming repeats the velvet and introduces effective reverses of very pale stone-colored cloth into the waistcoat. A rather more elaborate costume is a dress of soft purple and mauve rep, with a frill of silk and velvet round the skirt, which combines almost every shade of purple and mauve; a sash gracefully tied in a large bow is of the same coloring. Ribbons of black satin are also effectively employed, and all the ribbon is edged with a tiny rim of pale heliotrope showing through an equally tiny jet beading. This gleam of color puts the finishing touch of perfection to this charming slight mourning toilet.—[Once A Week.]

THE ARTIFICIAL FLOWER WORKERS.

A more pleasing and graceful employment for women cannot be found than the industry of artificial flower making. It is a quarter of this city, of making bead and paper and linen flowers to adorn the graves of the dead. It is an industry especially suited to women's deft fingers, requiring delicate manipulation and rare taste and ingenuity. Some of the designs displayed in the old-fashioned showcases are marvels of beauty and ingenuity, and a peep back into the old shops, where dozens of girls sit quietly around a great table working away with an interest that shows their love for the work, is well repaid. One fashions the dainty petals, another the delicate leaves and tendrils, another the graceful stems, while still another mounts the whole and frames it into a thing of grace and beauty. New Orleans is famed for many unique industries, but none is more interesting than that of artificial flower work.

—[New Orleans Picayune.]

SUPERFLUOUS BUTTONS.

The buttons on the sleeve of a coat seem to be useless excrescences, and so at present they are, but they are reminders of the days when men wore cuffs which extended down over the tips of their fingers, says the Philadelphia Record.

Gloves were not then in use, and during cold weather a man turned down his cuffs and so kept his hands warm. When the weather was fair he turned up the cuffs and buttoned them to keep them out of the way.

The buttons at the back of the coat are equally suggestive of former styles of dress. Coats, 100 years ago, were made with very wide skirts and a button-hole in the corner. When a man was riding he drew his skirts over his knees to keep his legs warm, but when walking the long skirt would be in the way, so he turned them back and buttoned them up.

VICTORIA'S SURNAME.

The oft-asked question as to Queen Victoria's surname is thus answered by a recent writer. She is, of course, a Queen by ancestral lineage, which is traced by the genealogists from the Empress St. Catherine, consort to the Emperor St. Henry II., A. D. 1024. Both are canonized saints and both were solemnly crowned at Rome by Pope Benedict VIII. But all this relates merely to the pedigree of Princess Alexandra Victoria prior to her marriage in 1840 to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

She was of the ancient house of Saxony, whose family name is, and has during more than four centuries been, Wettin. Obviously, therefore, the Guelph princess became, upon her marriage, Mrs. Wettin.—[Chicago Herald.]

NEATNESS IS NEEDED.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young, she never will. It takes a great deal more of neatness to make a girl look passable. Not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort, not so many colors in them, and people don't expect a boy to look so dressed. Her face may be pretty, and her eyes bright; but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek and her fingers' ends are black with ink and her shoes are laced or buttoned up, and her apron is dirty and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked.—[New York Journal.]

THE NEW BANG.

There is a new bang on the market. It is a beauty, as dainty as a dimple, as

sweet as a kiss, and you can imagine the rest. It has just come from New York, and is getting to be popular. The fashion-makers have called it the butterfly bang. It is somewhat like the present way method of dressing the hair, with a part in the middle, but with an improvement. The hair is curled in two small waves on each side of the part, the rest of the hair being fluffed out and the two waves of curl reach to the front of the forehead, where they are flattened and formed into conical bands, resembling nothing in the world so much as a butterfly. It is very pretty. Short hair will be in style again before long.

FASHION NOTES.

Pongee and white China silk are pretty materials for work aprons.

Velvet is to be the rage, the great success of the season.

Black-edged visiting cards should be used during the whole time mourning is worn.

Hats and bonnets never have been prettier than they are this year; never seemed newer or fresher.

Mixed silk and wool fabrics that are repped from selvedge to selvedge are in great favor.

Mahogany brown of a decidedly reddish shade appears among the handsomest dress fabrics of the season.

Venetian velours is a soft thick cloth with a velvet finish. It is used for jackets, capes and portions of winter gowns.

From Paris comes the announcement that silk, velvet and cashmere corsages are to be worn with black silk skirts.

Bonnets for second mourning may be of black straw trimmed with crape and a little dull jet.

Of the new evening fabrics, it is to be noted that fancy moires are once again in favor and are distinguished by many novel and beautiful effects.

Another has a narrow gold line between the close ridges of the fabric, these being of a dark shade, crossed vertically with vivid stripes in several tones.

A reception gown in ombre peau de soie, showing a bodice of gale velvet reflecting the same shades of green, brown and dark blue, is one of the masterpieces of the season's creation.

Round and slightly pointed waists with corsets, girdles and bretelles are still in high vogue. The short empire effects have their many admirers and followers, but they are as yet in the minority.

Overdresses have appeared among the latest importations from abroad. One arrangement shows a very close bell skirt with six breadths (unopened, and either open on the sides or down the immediate front) falling over the bell underskirt.

Pinks-dotted Bedford cords are in colors of Venetian brown, tan, olive green, Napoleon blue, heliotrope and the dahlia shades. These are dotted in black, and larger spots on the same fabrics are in black or colors of a deeper shade than the ribbed goods.

Among the Winter suitings, nothing is so recent or so stylish as the Russian velours, which come in a number of distinct weaves, each one more attractively odd than the other. One, having a pale ground, is embellished with a melange of black, white and gray, having no particular design.

Velvet-finished fabrics for skirts, corsets and sleeves appear in great variety. Some are quaintly figured, others mottled, striped, dotted and cross-barred. Striped corduroys are also imported, some very narrow, others exceptional wide. The blending of rich, winter colors in these materials is very artistic and novel.

One variety shows satin stripes in palest green on a ground of straw color, upon which are figured short cross dashes like those observed in birch-bark. Chameleon moires represent changeable effects; one ranges from Nile to rose; another, from white to silver; a third wavers between gold and pale blue.

Many women who follow the lead of fashion very closely are, however, insisting upon serviceable gowns of cloth, tweed, cheviot, etc., being cut to escape the ground for street wear. Box-plated, to say the least, every mile or two, often far from any roadway, totally inaccessible to wagons without laying waste the fences, you come upon little rock-walled or rail-bound inclosures containing the dead of one family. Father, mother and several children lie there, and none others.

"These places have long been forsaken and forgotten. Weeds flourish in profusion and hide the wind and rain-stained tombstones from view. Often with a companion I have entered one of these little inclosures, trampled and torn out the weeds and righted the five or six headstones that had fallen and buried under the inscribed virtues of the dead into the wormy earth.

"These people had no country churchyard; no preacher except the visiting parson, who came monthly on horseback. They had no funeral in the present sense of the word. Plain wooden boxes were used for coffins, and often the sturdy youth of the family made the coffin for the dead parent or relative. These little spots were dear to those families. One can see that by the loving little inscriptions and decorations. When they were all dead no one remained to care for them, and they fell into decay and ruin.

"They are loathsome sights to these little groups of white pillars. In the winter, when the trees are bare and the grass dead, I have seen flocks of crows coming and circling about the clump of trees that usually cluster about those places. The bitter wind moans through the crackling branches, and those crows wheel about and caw and croak until the world seems truly a place of sorrow and death."

A Wonder In Eggs.

The number of eggs in the medium-sized egg at the beginning of the breeding season is stated by allied authorities on fishes and their allied creatures to be fully nine millions (9,000,000), a sum so great as to almost paralyze the intellect that tries to grapple with it. To the