

THE DYING FIREMAN.

Didn't Have a Chance to Go to Church or Be a Christian.

A few years ago I was sitting one afternoon in front of the hotel in a little town in Southern California, says a writer, when news came that the overland train from the East had met with an accident near the outskirts of the village, resulting in the fatal injury of the young fireman of the locomotive, who, standing at his post, had saved the train from utter wreck. Almost simultaneously with the news came the sight of a small procession of trainmen, carrying upon an improvised litter their injured comrade.

They brought him to the little tavern and when they asked him if he wanted to see a priest he gasped out that his mother was an Episcopalian, and he knew she'd want him to see a clergyman of that church. A messenger was dispatched to a neighboring town and in an incredibly short space of time a young missionary was on the spot.

The injured man's brother, a brakeman on the same train, and several other trainmen were standing about his bed. As the minister entered the room the brother cried in agony, "Oh, sir, do something for my brother. Pray for his soul." Going at once to the bedside, the young clergyman saw that he had but a few moments in which to minister to the dying man, and asked him whether he was a believer in Jesus and had ever been baptized.

"Yes," said the poor fellow. "I do believe in Him, and I was christened when I was a kid, but God knows I haven't had a chance to go to church or to be a Christian."

"He has been a good boy," said his brother. "He worked day and night to support our crippled sister, old mother, and me, when I was laid up with the rheumatism and couldn't do a thing for a year."

"He took care of me through the smallpox when no one else would come near me," declared a big, burly rail-roader, with a sob.

"And after taking his own run," added a young, sickly-looking fellow, "he often took mine when I wasn't able to go out."

As these testimonials were finished, the brother asked in agonized earnestness, "God won't damn such a fellow, will He?"

Promptly the minister answered: "No! not if he is the God I have believed Him to be." And then, bending over the injured man he said, "In His name who declared, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.' I commend thy spirit into the hands of God who gave it."

A few moments' silence, a look of perfect peace upon the face of the dying boy, and then a whispered "Brother," instantly his brother was kneeling close beside him, and we heard him say, "Brother, you won't mind my telling you of it now, will you? and perhaps you'll tell Nellie how it when I'm gone."

"What! Jack," exclaimed his brother, "have you loved Nellie?"

Painter came the answer, "With all my heart."

"And you didn't tell her because you knew I loved her, too?"

Eyes full of tenderness and affection gave the answer which the lips could no longer utter, and with his brother's cry of mingled admiration, gratitude and love, "Jack, Jack, God bless you!" sounding in his ears, the soul of the man who "hadn't had a chance to be a Christian" passed into the other world.

An Infectious Laugh.

"There's nothing in the world more contagious than good, hearty laughter," declared a manager who had a rough-and-tumble time of it in his earlier days, but is now on the warm and sunny side of "Easy street."

"One time, down in Southern Ohio, I struck a town that was really virgin soil for the theatrical missionary. There wasn't a minute of daylight that our posters were not surrounded by a crowd with mouths and eyes wide open. When night came the hall was jammed, but it couldn't have been a less responsive audience if the penalty for laughing had been solitary imprisonment for life. The show wasn't half bad, and yet we couldn't get a hand or even a smile."

"While the people on the stage were gazing the crowd and talking about the comforts of the arctic climate, who should appear at the window of the box office but big 'Bill Meeker, that I used to know at home. He was a traveling man, and with him was 'Shorty' Thompkins, just as big and just as jolly."

"For heaven's sake, 'Bill,' I broke out, 'get right in there, you and your friend. Set that laugh of yours to going. Cut loose for all you're worth, and see if you can't prove an ice crusher.' No sooner were they seated than Bill caught a joke, opened a mouth big enough to catch baseballs, and let forth a roar that dropped icicles from the cave troughs. Shorty joined in, and the players couldn't escape the contagion. Pretty soon some of the old farmers broke into a cackle, and inside of three minutes it was simply pandemonium. People laughed until they were sick. Every act was encored. It was 1 o'clock before we could get the curtain down, and we had over 300 invitations to return."

Destroys Hair and Feathers.

According to a lecture recently delivered before the British Association by Dr. Morris, one of the most eminent of English botanists, the fruit, the seeds, the young shoots and even the buds of the wild tamarind, or jumbal plant, produce depilatory results of an extraordinary character. The plant in question is to be found in all the tropical portions of Asia, Africa and America; but it is especially in the West Indies that Dr. Morris had had the op-

portunity of studying its effects, not only on human beings, but also on animals and birds. The latter after a prolonged diet of jumbal seeds are described as rapidly losing all their feathers—the numerous parrots and cockatoos in particular, no longer able to fly, hopping about like toads in the undergrowth in a state of almost hopeless and ridiculous nudity. Horses, mules, donkeys, pigs and sheep are affected in a similar manner. Brush-makers would be unable to find even a solitary bristle upon a porker who has been gorging himself upon the pods of the wild tamarind. Jackasses which have been feeding upon its leaves present a singularly mangy aspect, while the first effects of the plant upon the horse is to deprive it of any caudal graces that it may possess.

Still more striking are the results of the wild tamarind upon the human being. It immediately diminishes the growth of the hair, and if the diet is continued not only does it produce complete baldness on the crown of the head, but even brings about the disappearance of eyebrows and eyelashes.



Prof. A. H. Sayce, the Oxford archaeologist, contributes an extremely interesting article to the Homiletic Review on "Light from the Tel-el-Amarna Tablets on Palestine Before the Exodus."

Israel Zangwill's novel, "Dreamers of the Ghetto," need not be looked for until the autumn. His brother, Louis Zangwill—better known as Z. Z.—has written a story that is about to appear under the title, "A Nineteenth Century Miracle."

The familiar cover of Lippincott's, the "red-headed magazine," as Bill Nye facetiously called it, is to undergo a change for the better, in the shape of a new cover design by Miss Nan W. Betts, a pupil of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia.

William A. Eddy, the expert, who describes in the Century his process of photographing from kites, made elaborate preparations for taking bird's-eye snap shots of the Grant parade, but was fooled in his efforts by reason of a wind that was blowing at the rate of fifty-seven miles an hour.

De Wolfe, Fiske & Co. will shortly publish "Samuel Sewall and the World He Lived In," by N. H. Chamberlain, author of "Autobiography of a New England Farmhouse." The materials for the volume have been gathered from the records of the old Boston and New England life of 1630-1730.

A third volume in the Macmillan Company's uniform edition of Friedrich Nietzsche's translated works is about to appear. It is entitled, "The Genealogy of Morals," and is considered scarcely less remarkable than the much-discussed "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

Several successful lullabies have been written by Miss Myra Angur Chisholm, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Chisholm, of Hinsdale, Ill., both of whom are writers. Miss Chisholm's "Stumber Sea" and "A Lullaby" have attained considerable popularity, and she has just written another called "The Sweetest Flower that Grows."

"The Treatment of Nature in Dante's Divina Commedia," by Prof. L. Oscar Kuhns, shortly to appear from the press of Edward Arnold, aims at giving "a complete picture of Dante's use of all forms of animate and inanimate nature, so arranged as to be read with interest not only by the special Dante scholar, but by the general student of literature."

"A Close Shave," a drama by Julia Terry Hammond, "written for the negro by a negro," shows a considerable appreciation of the dramatic elements in the question of race hatred, though its literary workmanship is crude. The action turns upon a negro barber's defense of himself against a white bully. There are some possibilities of pathos in the situations she conjures up, but she destroys them by making her colored characters speak in the stilted phrases of the melodrama.

Powerful.

A few years ago a noted scientist made a series of experiments with insects to determine their muscular force. He found that a cockchafer could draw fourteen times its own weight and a bee twenty times. From this he argued that, weight for weight, a cockchafer was twenty-one times stronger than a horse and a bee thirty times. Soon after another scientist, noticing the terrible snap of a crocodile's jaw, proceeded to experiment with one of these creatures. Having securely fastened the lower jaw and feet to a table, he attached a dynamometer to the cord which secured the upper jaw to a beam above. The crocodile, being angered by a slight electric shock, was induced to snap its teeth. The dynamometer showed that the beast, which weighed one hundred and twenty pounds, made an effort of three hundred and eight pounds in closing its massive jaws.

One Promised.

"Do you think, Harry, you could induce one or two boys to come to Sunday school?"

"I could bring one," he replied. "De udder fella in our alley kin lick me."—Dublin World.

Quite Proper.

Cynicus—I heard of a man to-day who buried a wife and child in the afternoon and went to the theater at night.

Manly—He was a brute.

Cynicus—No, undertaker.—Collier's Weekly.

A HOUSEHOLD PRAYER.

From a rusty needle, a pointiest pin,
A button minus an eye,
A torn-out, worn-out buttonhole,
Both now and by-and-by;
From a rotten string, or shoe-lace weak,
Collars that button hard,
Neckties that turn "hind-side before"
Without the least regard,
Good Lord, deliver us.

From a shiftless, thriftless wife,
A mother who doesn't care
Whether she tidily wears her gowns,
Or rarely combs her hair;
From a husband who doesn't see or know
How dirt tracks up the floor,
A father who thinks it foolishness
For the little ones to sneeze,
Good Lord, deliver us.

From a lazy man, a heedless woman,
A thoughtless boy or girl,
Who turn the world half upside down
With a whirr, a whisk, a whirl;
From such as these and many more,
As we go on our way,
That we may graciously be free
Forever, "Let Us Pray,"
Good Lord, deliver us.
—Good Housekeeping.

SIXES AND SEVENS.

"My last day at Oxford," sighed Mrs. Romer as she lay back in the punt and put up her parasol. "Isn't it a shame, Mr. Elsworth, that I have to go away on the first day of the 'eights'?"

Elsworth of Exeter, having moored the punt carefully, turned and sat down opposite Mrs. Romer, nursing his knees.

"Beastly shame," he said, with gloom in his voice. "But must you go?"

"Positively must," replied Mrs. Romer, shifting her parasol and looking at her companion round the edge.

"We've got to go to a dinner party tomorrow night in town and a theater and dance the next night, and—something or other every night till the end of the season. But you're coming to see us in town, aren't you? You promised, you know."

Elsworth dug his heel into the floor of the punt. "You won't have any time to spare for me in town—like up here, you know," he said, gloomily.

Then, more cheerfully: "We've seen a lot of each other the last week, haven't we? Seems as though we'd known each other for—for any amount of time."

Mrs. Romer shifted her parasol again in order to watch an eight paddling down to the starting point at Illey.

"They look such nice, clean, wholesome boys," she said. "That's what I like so about Oxford. All the boys look as though—well—as though they had a bath every morning. What boat is that?"

"O, that's the House—Christ Church, I mean. But let's—"

"And who is that at the end of the boat?"

"That's Barclay; he's stroke, you know; awful outsider."

"He looks nice," said Mrs. Romer, following the boat with her eyes.

"But I say," said Elsworth, "can't you cut the dinner party and stay on? We could have such an awfully good time."

Mrs. Romer turned her eyes to Elsworth and shook her head. "I'm to be carried off by main force to-night," she said. "You see, my husband is coming on from Birmingham this afternoon to pick me up, and we positively must go to town by the last train."

Mrs. Romer leaned back on her cushions and sighed. "But you're not smoking, Mr. Elsworth?" she said; "I don't mind your smoking, you know."

"I don't want to smoke," said Elsworth. "I say," he continued, after a pause, "we've had a ripping good time this last week, haven't we?"

"I've enjoyed myself immensely," said Mrs. Romer. "Everybody has been so kind. The Pethwicks are charming people, and let one do just as one likes, and—"

"Yes," said Elsworth, "I shall always be grateful to the Pethwicks."

"And you have simply devoted yourself to me—an old married woman like me, too?"

"What rot!" said Elsworth. "Why, I don't believe you're more than—than a year or two older than I am."

"Ah, but I am," Mrs. Romer sighed, shifting her parasol again, and turned towards the river. "Wasn't that the gun?" she asked. "Does that mean that the race is starting?"

"No; that's only the first gun," said Elsworth. "But never mind the race; let's talk about—I mean—I want to tell you—"

"Don't be silly," said Mrs. Romer, sitting up and looking with great interest down the course. "Of course, I mind about the race. That's just what I've come to see."

"I believe you are offended with me," said Elsworth, gloomily. "I suppose I deserve it. I'd have begged your pardon last night only I thought you didn't seem to mind, you know."

"Mind!" said Mrs. Romer, turning towards Elsworth and smiling what? "I thought you were particularly nice last night."

"Then, you weren't offended—really?"

"Why should I be offended?"

"At what—what I did."

"Why, Mr. Elsworth, what did you do?"

Elsworth turned a puzzled face to Mrs. Romer for a moment. Then, picking a bit of fluff carefully from the knee of his flannels, "I mean," he said, "I mean when I kissed you."

"O!" said Mrs. Romer.

"I'm awfully sorry if it annoyed you, but I did."

Elsworth looked up boldly at Mrs. Romer, whose eyes wandered vaguely round the horizon. Her eyebrows lifted.

"I don't remember," she said.

"Don't you remember," pursued Elsworth, "when we were standing last night—after supper at Brandon's look-

ing into the gardens? I was just being kind you—quite close—and—"

"Yes?" said Mrs. Romer, quite gently, as her eyes came to rest upon Elsworth's face, which was still bent on the knee of his flannels.

"Well, I couldn't help it, you know. But you did know, didn't you?"

"I did not," said Mrs. Romer. "I hadn't the least idea. And I can't understand—"

"I'm awfully sorry—really," said Elsworth.

Mrs. Romer watched him in silence for a few moments as he plucked at the knee of his flannels. Then her brow wrinkled a little. "Why are you so sorry?" she asked.

"Because I'm sure you are angry; now aren't you?"

Mrs. Romer reflected, rubbing the handle of her parasol gently against her cheek.

"Well, you see," she said, after a pause, "after all, I didn't know."

"But supposing you had known," said Elsworth, looking suddenly up at her.

"It would never have happened," said Mrs. Romer, firmly.

There was silence for a few moments, Elsworth looking moodily across the river to the towing path, where the townfolk stood to view the races, and undergraduates were hurrying down to run with the boats. Mrs. Romer looked reflectively at Elsworth.

"I don't think it was very nice of you, Mr. Elsworth," she said. "I do—to do that sort of thing without my knowing it. Why did you do it?"

"There didn't seem to be any—any other way," replied Elsworth. Then, meeting Mrs. Romer's eyes, he said: "But you needn't laugh at a man. It's rough."

"I'm not laughing," said Mrs. Romer. "I'm very much annoyed."

"But you said you weren't angry," said Elsworth.

"You haven't told me why you did it," said Mrs. Romer. "And there's another gun. That's the start, isn't it?"

"I couldn't help it," said Elsworth. "Don't you see, when a man sees you every day—talks to you—and all that, doesn't it stand to reason, V—I may call you Violet?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Romer; "why, I'm old enough to be your mother—very nearly."

"O, rot!" said Elsworth, "you look awfully young and—and jolly."

Mrs. Romer shook her head. "I put my complexion on every morning," she said.

"I don't believe it," said Elsworth. "And I dye my hair," continued Mrs. Romer.

"I don't care," said Elsworth. "And I—I'm married," said Mrs. Romer.

Elsworth returned to the obdurate bit of fluff on his knee.

"I suppose," he said, slowly, "that does matter," Elsworth looked up straight into Mrs. Romer's eyes. "You are laughing," he protested. "It's beastly rough on a chap."

The shouts of the spectators on the banks, on the barges, and in the boats grew in volume; a bell clanged—the signal from the bank that a boat was within bumping distance of another. Excited men tore along the towing-path with rattles, and shouted the names of their colleges in encouragement as the eights came up the course. But Elsworth heard none of these things. He heard only the laughter that bubbled from the lips of Mrs. Romer.

"O, you absurd boy!" she said. "There! Exeter has made a bump, and you haven't even cheered!"

"I wasn't thinking of the races," said Elsworth. "A man doesn't think of things like that when he's—"

"We ought to be getting back," said Mrs. Romer, as she watched the eights paddling back from the winning post to their respective barges.

Elsworth unmoored the punt and began punting up-stream. After a stroke or two he stopped, and trailing the pole in the water behind him, said, "I suppose I mustn't come and see you now."

"Why not?" said Mrs. Romer. "I was hoping to see a lot of you when you came up to town—or 'down,' you call it, don't you?"

"You mean it?" said Elsworth. "Because, of course, I should be—only the thought perhaps—after what has happened—"

"What has happened?"

"I mean—after last night, and—and what I've said to-day—but I couldn't help it, you know, but I thought you might find it a little awkward my meeting—"

"O, there's Dick on the barge," said Mrs. Romer. She waved a welcoming parasol, and a lifted straw hat on the Exeter barge identified Mr. Romer. Elsworth punted alongside, and was forthwith introduced to Mr. Romer.

Mrs. Romer held Elsworth's hand a moment at parting.

"You mustn't," she said, "take it too seriously—what I said."

"You mean—about—about minding?"

"No," laughed Mrs. Romer, "about my hair, and so on. Good-by. We shall see you in town."

"Good-looking boy," said Mr. Romer, as he walked up through Christ Church meadows with his wife.

"Isn't he?" said Mrs. Romer. Then, looking sideways up at her husband, she proceeded, "And O! Dick what do you think? He's in love with me—awfully in love, poor boy."

"What, another? Really, V, the Public Prosecutor ought to take you up."

"And—Dick—he kissed me!"

"O, V, come—"

"It was such an absurd little kiss—on my back hair. I could scarcely feel it. And I couldn't laugh because—because, of course, he thought I didn't know. And now he's so miserable about it."

"But why should he be miserable?"

began Mr. Romer, "if he—"

"O, don't be logical, Dick. You don't mind, Dick, do you?"

"Mind," said Mr. Romer, selecting a cigar from his case. "Of course not—if he doesn't."

They walked on for a little in silence, Mr. Romer puffing at his cigar.

"Well," he said at length, "you're very serious, V. What are you thinking of? The silly boy?"

"Stupid old Dick," said Mrs. Romer, glancing at her husband. "I was thinking of you. You are so sensible, Dick—so horribly sensible."—The Ludgate.

How It Feels to Be Blown Up.

"One of the most exciting episodes in my life," said Gen. Dudley Avery, recently, to a New Orleans newspaper man, "was during a thunder storm a number of years ago on Avery Island, when 10,000 pounds of dynamite exploded. It was a most remarkable happening, and the most remarkable thing of the affair was that I lived to tell the tale. I was in the vicinity of the building in which the dynamite was stored, and when the storm came on I took shelter under a shed which was some distance removed from the explosion, and which was used as a blacksmith shop by a man who was employed in this capacity, and who served with me during the war, and at the battle of Shiloh. We were chatting together when I felt a shock, and then, to my surprise, I saw the blacksmith going up in the air. I watched him pass through the roof of the shed, but the man, who, by the way, was an Irishman, did not seem to get any further from me. Then I realized that I was going up too. I suppose we must have ascended for thirty or forty feet, and then we came down with a rush, reaching the earth a little disfigured and with lungs in a state of collapse. When we caught our breath the Irishman remarked between his gasps that a little thing like that couldn't scare us, as we'd both been in explosions before. He was wounded badly, however, while I escaped with a few scratches. We found upon coming down that the lightning had exploded the 10,000 pounds of dynamite. Where the storehouse had stood there was a hole in the ground about thirty feet deep, and with a diameter of fully sixty feet, shaped like a funnel. Trees in the vicinity were burned black, and an oak tree two feet thick that had stood twenty feet from the building was torn into shreds so fine that scarcely a vestige could be found. I have been afraid to go near dynamite ever since."

Famous Spot in History.

The most important public square in Paris, and one of the handsomest in the whole world, is the Place de la Concorde. In the center rises the obelisk of Luxor, presented by the pasha of Egypt to Louis Philippe. It is flanked on either side by a large fountain. The Place de la Concorde seems somewhat wrongly called, in view of the history of the spot. One hundred and fifty years ago it was an open field. But in 1748 the city accepted the gracious permission of Louis XV. to erect a statue to him here. The place then took his name and retained it till the new regime, in 1789, melted down the statue and converted it into 2-cent pieces. On the 30th of May, 1770, during an exhibition of fireworks here, a public took place and 1,200 people were trampled to death and 2,000 more were severely injured. The occasion was the attempt of the people to express, by a grand celebration, their unbounded joy at the recent marriage of the young dauphin with the Austrian princess Marie Antoinette. On the 21st of January, 1793, they gathered here again in immense numbers to see the head of the same dauphin, now Louis XVI., chopped off by the sharp guillotine. During the next two years the spot well earned its title "Place of the Revolution," for the guillotine did not cease its work until Marie Antoinette, Charlotte, Mme. Elizabeth (the king's sister), Robespierre, and more than 2,800 persons had perished by its deadly stroke.—Chautauquan.

Electricity and Music.

An electrical attachment for pianos has recently been patented. A current is made to flow through the strings of the instrument, a powerful magnet being the most essential part of the contrivance. When a key is struck, the corresponding string vibrates in the usual manner; but it continues to vibrate and to produce the note until the key is released. Incidentally, owing to the electrical action, the harmonics are brought out in a wonderful way. It is suggested that much might be done for acoustic effect by stringing wires over the ceiling and walls of concert halls and theaters. If properly arranged, they would respond sympathetically to the sounds of human voices or of musical instruments. The singer's notes would actually play upon a gigantic Aeolian harp, and wonderful harmonic results might be brought out. This idea, so far as known, has never been tried. There is no telling how far the harmonics might be helped by causing an electric current to flow through the wires, as in the case of the piano.

Pond Alive with Goldfish.

Ferdinand Marker, a prosperous farmer at Malvern, near Canal Dover, Ohio, has a novel feature on his land in a pond of large area which is literally alive with goldfish. Several years ago he placed two in the pond and these have multiplied until there seems to be millions of them.

Not She.

Keen—Isn't your wife afraid to drive that horse?

Steam—Not at all. It's the people she meets who are scared.—Hartford Times.

Immoderately.

Robert—Is Harry fond of female society?

Richard—Immoderately. I've known him to play whist with three women.—Boston Transcript.

THREE DISPUTED INCHES

And What They Have to Do with a Lawyer's Advice.

"Many foolish cases are brought into the courts," observed an old lawyer.

"My advice to my clients has always been to keep out of the courts. I remember a case in which one neighbor was involved in a distressing controversy with another. The neighbor who was sued for damages had built a house on a corner lot, and when the house was erected the other neighbor discovered that it had encroached upon about three inches of his land. They had some words and the man who had built the house hired me to defend him in a suit brought by the other man. Well, after much trouble, I brought them together and tried to procure a settlement out of court. They argued with and abused each other and would come to no agreement. The land was worth 50 a foot; three inches therefore worth about \$12.50."

"I told my client he had better settle. No; he was right; he wouldn't. So the case was dragged along in one court and then another for over a year. When finally my client had lost the case had cost him about twenty times the amount of money involved and much mental worry, caused by hard feelings. It was Tolstol's story of the two neighbors who, had a falling out over nothing all over again. They lived thereafter on constant enmity, never speaking to each other and heartily detesting each other, while their children were reared to foster this feeling. One felt that he had been robbed, and the other that it had cost him a great deal of money to get what was his. It was as near a feud as might well exist in a civilized city, only instead of the dagger thrusts of a genuine, bona fide vendetta, there were the more dangerous weapons, venomous tongues, which gave utterance constantly to sneers, slander and backbiting."

"Thereafter, each was jealous of the other's prosperity or rejoiced when adversity sought his rival's family. The innocent as well as the guilty and obstinate contestants suffered, and it was altogether a detestable piece of business. So I am ever in favor of settlement out of court, just as I believe in arbitration to settle the trouble between nations. One is as essential to the happiness of the domestic circle as the other is to the well-being of the government."

Woman's Soprano Voice.

The scientist who discovered in the human larynx the anatomical reason why woman has a soprano voice and man a bass one was a woman, Mrs. Emma Seller. She was a German, born in Wurzburg. Left a widow with two children to support, she resolved to become a teacher of singing, but suddenly lost her voice. Then she determined to find out why; also to discover if possible the correct method of singing, so that others might not lose their voices. For this purpose she studied anatomy. She dissected larynx after larynx and spent years in her search, trying to find for one thing why women's head tones could reach high C while men had no soprano tones. At length her search was rewarded. She discovered under the microscope one day two small, wedge-shaped cartilages whose action produces the highest tones of the human voice. She made her discovery public. It excited great attention among scientists. Her own brother, a physician, praised the treatise in the highest terms till he found his own sister had written it. Then he dashed it down, saying in a rage that she would be better attending to her housework. Mme. Seller's portrait, a marble relief, is in possession of the American Philological Society of Philadelphia, of which she was a member. She wrote, among other books, "The Voice in Singing" and "The Voice in Speaking." She died in 1886.

Red Hats and Gowns.

The red hat worn by the cardinal as a badge of distinction is not really a hat at all, but a tight-fitting skull cap bearing a strong resemblance to the Turkish fez, but without the square cut crown and tassel. Red hats were first bestowed upon cardinals by Leo IV, at the time of the meeting of the council of Lyons, in the year 1245. No one knows exactly why red was selected for a distinctive badge to be worn by such a dignified person as a cardinal is or should be, unless it is that which has always associated the colors red and purple with kings, queens, emperors and other royal personages. Originally a red gown was as much a part and parcel of the cardinal's attire as the red hat, and this being the case,