

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

Can the sensible, thinking man cast the flashlight of dispassionate and unprejudiced thought into the future industrial and moral condition of this country without some misgivings as to the future? To my mind he cannot.

I am no statesman, philosopher or fanatic. One is not compelled to be sometimes think for himself. In days gone by the American people have been prone to let the politicians, ministers and other professionals do their thinking for them. But that is changing. The politics of our fathers is not always ours; the religion of our mothers is not always indorsed by us. Why? Because we are doing more thinking. We are looking more to our present and future condition, and in doing so we are showing no disrespect to our grandfathers. We are living in a different age; in a different atmosphere—different conditions confront us and must be met—conditions that grow more complex and uncertain as the months go by.

Even now there are those who see in the very near future an impending crisis. Some who are not gifted with prophetic sight are led to wonder just what will happen. Why should we not, when we look about us and see the dissatisfied elements in our country? There is no gainsaying the report that we have reached a period of distrust and unrest. This is true of those who are seemingly satisfied with present conditions. They do not talk, but in their unoccupied moments they do some hard thinking. If one could read these thoughts, one would be surprised—surprised that the thoughts are uncommon, but that they are unexpressed.

Every day the common man sees his lot growing worse, or if not worse certainly no better. The rich man is getting richer and the poor man poorer, and yet how can we blame the rich man for getting richer? Would we not do the same thing if the opportunity offered? Yet we are selfish and cannot help entertaining a dislike for our more fortunate neighbor. We probably started out with equal chances, but luck, circumstances or something was against us.

Deep down in our heart we know that our rich neighbor should not be censured. Better censure the condition which we have helped to bring about.

It is not my purpose to say harsh or bitter things about either rich or poor, but there are some facts that confront us, of which we cannot lose sight. We know that every day increases the number of idle men; every day adds to the list of trusts and monopolies; every day sees more women employed and more men cast adrift to become vagabonds; every day sees a hundred and one other unwarlike things that do not always bespeak a contented and happy future for the country. I am sorry that these conditions exist; so are you. Would they were otherwise. But whose fault is it? Is it the fault of the lawmakers or the people? Could it not be both? There is seldom a disease without a cause—seldom a disease without a remedy. Sometimes we do not always thoroughly understand the disease and often the right remedy is not applied when we do so. To do is often too much trouble; it would interfere with some of our rights or traditional convictions.

We blame ourselves and our neighbors because we do not always do our duty. We are ruled too much by others for convenience, call it custom—rather to be popular. We do things we should not do—many things—just because some one else does and we know that we have the same rights as the other fellow. We know we are doing wrong, but self-necked pride tells us to go on. To be outside world, to our conservative mind, be nothing less than a crime—an unerasable spot on our forehead and dignity as an American citizen.

Theoretically this is all right, but it does not always work to our advantage in every-day practice. We forget that we must live a life of self-sacrifice if we would do our duty to our fellow men and ourselves. Not the self-sacrifice that wounds our dignity and makes our own condition worse, but the self-sacrifice that makes us no worse off and adds much to the happiness of others.

It is the little things that count the most and the ones to which the vast majority give little or no attention. It is not always because we do not want to do it, but because we do not think.

Again, we allow our minds to be influenced and blindly follow prevalent customs, no matter where they may lead us. We have not the courage to break away from the usual practices of our neighbors, yet we cannot help wondering at times where we are going. You know only to look about you and recall that a few things in your present and past life to realize you would have been better off to have done as your countrymen dictated, or would have dictated, had you thought sensibly, rather than followed the leadership of some masses or persons more blind, thoughtless and reckless than yourself. Of course, the past is past, but there is a future, and it is never too late to do better.

If you would improve your condition and first improve yourself. Improvement, like starting a good habit, takes up your mind to do your duty, like others do and act as they will. Do not let your mind be so much influenced by the crowd as to let it be carried away by the crowd. Do not let your mind be so much influenced by the crowd as to let it be carried away by the crowd. Do not let your mind be so much influenced by the crowd as to let it be carried away by the crowd.

your less fortunate neighbor. Our lot never gets so hard but we can look about us and see someone worse off than ourselves. Even kind words bring sunshine and cost us nothing. Don't be sparing with words of encouragement and praise. Begin at home. Try it on your mother, sister, wife or any other member of the family. Wear the bright side out. One gloomy person can cast a shadow over an entire household. He can even infect a whole neighborhood.

Let us be honest with ourselves and our fellow beings. Suppose we do a little calm thinking and see if there are any existing conditions we have not brought about or, at least, very materially assisted in bringing about. Good, bad or indifferent, let us be candid and see if we are not just a little at fault. We do not like to acknowledge our faults, but we always feel better after we do. My condition would be improved if I had taken advantage of the opportunities as they were offered, so could yours.

Instead of taking advantage of the opportunities presented, I have abused the advantages that forced themselves upon me; so have you. Every one has, no matter whether he be rich or poor at the present time. Suppose you are a boy and your inclination is toward mercantile lines. You secure a clerkship where honesty and integrity are rewarded. At first you only earn a few dollars a week and you take home your earnings and they are spent wisely, but by and by you are promoted, your salary is increased. You get in with a fast crowd, you have to keep up to the standard of your associates. You drink, gamble and dissipate in other ways, and it begins to tell on you. You lose interest in your work. You no doubt think you are a part of the concern and your employer could not get along without you. Just at this time probably forbearance has ceased to be a virtue with your employer and you are discharged and a woman or girl takes your place. Why? Because she will work cheaper, is more attentive to business and does not abuse herself or her privileges.

Whose fault is it? Your dissipation has done you no good. It has wrecked you morally, physically and every other way. You lose courage and are miserable. You know what has brought this condition about, but you have not the moral courage to break away from old associates and be a man. You have not the nerve to improve the future. Is not this so? Have you ever known a man to lose his place anywhere except through his own shortcomings?

Suppose, on the other hand, you are a workman in a factory. You have a family to support and your wages are barely enough to support that family. Yet you do not hesitate to spend one-fifth or perhaps more of this amount for drink. Yet you know that you are depriving your wife and children of the necessities of life. You grow discontented, you abuse your employer because he is rich, you abuse your wife and children, you hate yourself and everybody else.

Some walking delegate comes along and recites your troubles in highly colored pictures and you, with others of your class, decide to strike. You are idle for a month or more, maybe only for a few days, but your have got behind with your landlord and your groceryman, and your wife and children are denied more necessities until you are square again.

Your liquor bill cannot be curtailed, because you are not man enough to acknowledge what you know—that you and your family would be better off without it. As a citizen of the United States you have a right to drink whenever you please, and you are going to do it, no matter who has to suffer, or how much happiness the money thus spent would bring to the dear, patient little housewife who so much needs it. Then you have won your strike, or maybe you have not, and you feel elated. It is different with your employer. He has been having this thing happen—or, if not happen, brewing—for years, and he has encouraged some inventive genius to invent a machine, which if it does not work automatically, does the work of a number of men. Who is to blame if the machines crowd you out? Don't you think you have contributed a little to the cause?

One might go on indefinitely citing instances like those above, but if you only take the trouble to do a little thinking on your own account you can easily see that the cause of the present condition is not all one-sided. Every one is the author of his own fortune.

Unselfishness, self-denial and strict economy will make any man better and eventually bring the proper reward, if he only has the patience to wait a while. You and every one can improve your condition and that of your fellow man by improving yourself. You have only just started on the down grade now. You can stop if you will and get on the road that is smooth and leads up to things higher, better and nobler.

Which road do you think it would be best to take? It is a little harder to start up an incline, but it is ever so much pleasanter, once you are started.

—Wilbur T. Hicks, Winchester, Ill.

Princess Naali Hanun, says the Woman's Journal, paralyzed Cairo society by giving a reception to which both men and women were invited. She is the niece of Ismah Pascha and wife of the ex-minister of foreign affairs at Constantinople. The reception was magnificent and most of the distinguished people of all nations in Cairo were present. The princess is said to be deeply versed in eastern political literature and art, besides possessing much charm of conversation and manner. She has been known to have been invited to hold a social reception.

TWO STORIES OF DEWEY

DEWEY'S FRIENDLINESS.

Men in Manila who have associated frequently with Admiral Dewey have begun to realize the greatness of the man. His simplicity, naturalness and affable manner, almost approaching familiarity, invariably mislead one at a first meeting. Go aboard the flagship, ascend the gangway, step upon the deck, as white almost as the duck uniforms of the officers, and send your card to the admiral. You half fear this famous idol of seventy millions of people will not see you. You take a seat aft and wait a few minutes. Mr. Brumby, the admiral's flag lieutenant, suddenly interrupts your reverie. "The admiral will see you," he says, and you rise and follow him down to the admiral's spacious quarters. The door opens, and a beautiful Chinese "chow" jumps bounds before you and jumps upon the admiral's legs, for the hero has arisen and is advancing to meet you. "I am very happy to see you," he says. "When did you come to Manila, and what is the news from America? Take this chair." And the admiral, having shook hands, gets you a chair, and, after you are comfortable, takes one himself and continues, almost before you have had a chance to answer him, "What do you think of my dog?—Bob, get down, charge—there, isn't he a beauty, though? He was sent me from China—Bob, behave!"—for the great, bounding pet is trying to lick his hand.

Of course you feel at once at home and quite at your best. You launch into all the news at the end of your tongue, and go away after half an hour's chat to find yourself surprised at how intimately you know him.

His mind once made up, his judgment never falters. I know of more than one man who has mistaken Admiral Dewey's affability for weakness, only to regret it bitterly. A well known instance in Manila was that of a prominent newspaper correspondent who was permitted the freedom of the flagship. One day this correspondent, who was frequently in the habit of chatting informally with the admiral, sauntered into Dewey's quarters and, interrupting him in his work, blurted out: "Well, admiral, what are your plans regarding future action here?" "Plans? Plans?" the admiral replied in surprise. "How dare you ask the plans for publication? Get off this ship, and don't you let me see you here again until you know more."

The correspondent realized his mistake, but too late. He got off, and has since been allowed to resign from the paper he represented. Admiral Dewey is one of the best specimens of Americanism our country has produced. He is fearless to a point little short of recklessness. Not once, but every week he visits the firing lines, and he takes chances that make every one present fear for his safety. His character shows that simplicity and approachability are attributes of true worth. He is not averse to fondling his pet dog, nor is he wanting when the harsh measures of war are needed. When, one day, I showed him a number of photographs of the dead insurgents, he exclaimed: "Poor fellows! Too bad, too bad! Isn't it a pity we have to do it?" Then he added, entreatingly: "Don't send them home; they are too horrible."

The admiral is quite proud of his "gallery of beauties," as he calls the array of photographs that decorate his salons on the Olympia. "This one," he said, "writes me she is a distant cousin of mine. Isn't she pretty? I am sorry she is so distant. I wrote, thanking her, and told her I was proud to acknowledge the relationship. Wouldn't you be?"

The admiral's cabin is stored with remembrances from admirers, and, to me, it seemed greatly to his credit that he was gratified by the gifts that were sent him. "I am afraid, though, if I kept them all aboard I should have to enlarge the Olympia," he said. And so he would. For there are books by the hundred, vases, cups, albums, statues, table services, embroideries, paintings and knick-knacks galore, to say nothing of the hundreds of buttons and pictures of himself adorning everything from a medal to a beer-tray.

DEWEY'S HINT TO A LADY.

Manila, March 20.—Admiral Dewey is not, like Napoleon, a woman hater, although many naval officers' wives are almost convinced to the contrary. The admiral does not hesitate to say that he believes the presence of a woman interferes with a man's efficiency as an officer in war time. Many officers' wives, as soon as they became convinced that their husbands would remain an indefinite period at Manila, set no time in hurrying over to join them, and some, 'tis said, even though their husbands called "no to their petitions. The admiral did not look with favor upon their arrival, for to his mind a meant impaired efficiency in some of his best officers. They came, however, and before the outbreak of hostilities between the insurgents and the Americans, dances and yacht excursions in the bay and up the Pasig river became quite frequent, even the admiral himself giving a large ball on the Olympia. He, however, always maintained his position, and no woman was allowed aboard ship when she went to sea or during the subsequent period when the fleet was in battle array around Manila bay.

One young lady, engaged in newspaper work, drew heavily on the admiral's kindness, who called her to his quarters. He began to talk to her about her duties.

a daily practice among the officers to, in turn, take her driving in the cool of the afternoon. As the principal drives of interest lay in close proximity to the firing lines the excursion was not without the element of danger so dear to the heart of both officers and adventurous women. The admiral looked on for some time in silence, but eventually, meeting the fair charmer one day, reproached her for taking such risks, thinking perhaps in this way to stem the practice so rapidly becoming popular among his men. The young lady promptly replied that she was not at all afraid of bullets when protected by one of Dewey's officers.

"Well," replied the admiral, "if you do not object to being killed I have nothing to say; but I cannot spare any of my men."

The young lady does not know yet whether this was a compliment or a reproach.

THE DREYFUS CASE.

In one respect, the Dreyfus case is unique in the history of the world. Never before has the simple question of the guilt or innocence of one man of no great station or importance produced such astonishing developments, such a bewildering morass of assertion and contradiction, plot and counterplot, murder and sudden death. What other affair in all the absorbing records of crime has so enthralled the whole civilized world?

We have seen the courts of august monarchs agitated, and the diplomacy of Europe on the alert, while France herself has been divided as with a sword. But it is not a little curious that the warm hearted champions of Dreyfus, both in England and America, should have ignored so completely what seemed, to observers who knew France well, one of the most striking features of the affair almost from the very beginning. Foreign opinion, with few exceptions, condemned the anti-Dreyfusards in a body as either knaves or fools. But it is the simple truth that the anti-Dreyfus flag has formed the rallying point of the most extraordinary diverse elements. It was, to those who knew France, as if Mr. John Morley, Mr. Kensit, Cardinal Vaughan, Mr. Balfour, "Nunquam," Mr. Hooley, Sir Walter Besant, Mr. G. R. Sims, the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Harry Marks, and Lord Cross, all took the same view of some public question and publicly expressed their agreement. Obviously any opinion held in common by men differing so widely in intellect, character and pursuits would deserve at any rate careful examination. Unfortunately, the majority of English observers did not pay sufficient attention to the remarkable variety of the elements which went to make up anti-Dreyfus feeling in France, but were content to see in it the intrigues either of Jesuits or of the army, or of the pretenders. No doubt a certain number of persons in France adopted an anti-Dreyfus attitude from ignoble motives, but it is manifestly unfair to attribute the same motives indiscriminately to every one on the same side.

Largest Passenger Locomotives.

The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad has just put in service two locomotives which are claimed to be the largest ever constructed for passenger service. They are to be used upon the Denver express and upon the fast mail trains, with which an enviable record has been made during the past winter. The engines are numbered 1591 and 1592, and their general appearance is shown in the accompanying illustration from a photograph of No. 1591, furnished by the courtesy of the Burlington officials.

The new engines are of the Atlantic type, and are compounded on the Vaucain system, having been built by the Baldwin Locomotive works. The weight is 127 tons. The cylinders are 22 and 26 1/2 inches, and the driving wheels are 84 1/2 inches in diameter. The trailing truck wheels are 60 inches in diameter. The boiler is designed for a steam pressure of 220 pounds to the square inch. It is fitted with 294 tubes 2 inches in diameter and 18 feet in length. The tender carries 12 tons of coal and 5,000 gallons of water. On the first trip No. 1591 with the Denver express hauled a solid vestibuled train consisting of two small cars, one composite library and smoking car, two sleeping cars,—a total weight of 371 tons. The working is spoken of as admirable and excellent results are expected when the "limbering" process is completed.

Fred Wellhouse of Topeka is the largest apple grower in the world, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. He has 300 acres in apples alone. His orchards are in Leavenworth, Shawnee and also in Osage counties. His largest orchard consists of 300 acres at Wakarusa, in Osage county. He has over 100,000 apple trees. In 1890 Mr. Wellhouse raised 90,000 bushels of apples. This year, he says, the indications are that he will raise 100,000 bushels.

Mr. Wellhouse grows other fruits, but apples are his specialty. He was the first Kansan who had the courage to engage in fruit raising to any extent, and he has been well rewarded for his faith and enterprise. He has made a handsome fortune, has retired from active business, leaving his orchard in charge of his sons, and lives in a \$15,000 residence in Topeka.

Mr. Wellhouse considers the Ben Davis apple the best staple, and has a third of his orchard planted in that variety. Four hundred and nine acres are planted to the Missouri Pippin, 190 to the Jonathan, 100 to the Green and York, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco and the City of Mexico, and a considerable quantity goes to the markets of Europe.

Mr. Wellhouse is from Indianapolis, Ind. He was once editor of the Indiana Farmer.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

There is one branch of a housekeeper's education that I fear is much neglected. At least one might think it was from the frequency we hear womey remark that they do not know one piece of meat from another. For a woman to go to the butcher wagon to buy, and not know what part of the animal is tender and what tough, is to acknowledge that she is not an adept in the art of cooking; for she must know the quality of her meat ere she can know how to prepare it properly for the table.

A long while ago, a butcher who had served us with meat for some time, very acceptably, told me one morning, in a little confidential gossip we had at the meat wagon, of a neighbor of ours who did not know much about meat. She always wanted to get it two cents a pound under price, though, he said, and didn't like it if she couldn't. He liked to make people happy when he could just as well as not, so he stopped over by the woods under a certain tree, that the horse had learned to know, and always drew up there without a hint, while he cut steak for her from a chuck roast.

He asked eighteen cents a pound for it, and then generously knocked off two cents, and she was happy and so was he. He got sixteen cents for twelve-cent meat. Of course when she came to chew on the steak, she belabored butchers generally for the tough beef they sold nowadays; but her own mind was at rest, she had at least saved two cents a pound, which would go a little ways toward repairing teeth, and the butcher was none the worse for her scolding, not being there to hear. On the whole it was the most satisfactory cheating that I ever heard of; but it wouldn't work well on a woman who is booked up on porterhouse, sirloin, rump and round steaks. No butcher could sell shoulder blades at high prices to a woman who knows where good steaks are located. Nor could he palm off a tough stew for a good roast if the buyer knows what is what.

If women are willing to remain ignorant and not study this meat matter, they will often get a piece worked off on them that they do not want, for butchers have been built that way from the earliest recollection of the oldest inhabitant.

Your ignorance is their bliss, their harvest. It is not to be expected of the young girl just setting up housekeeping to know much or even anything about the different cuts of meat. Standing ribs, briskets, plate, rumps, shoulder cuts, cutlets, chops, tenderloins, filets, saddles of mutton and loins and knuckles and racks of veal are all Greek to her, but she should begin at once to take an interest in this important branch of her work, and every piece she buys find out where it comes from, and its name and quality. She must know that a piece that would make an excellent dinner if stewed and nicely browned, would not be eatable roasted or fried. She should also familiarize herself with all sorts of hashes, Hamburg steaks, pressed meats and croquettes. Every part of the beef, veal, mutton or pork can be made into good reliable dishes if the cook understands her work. If she give half as much attention to meat lore as she has to give to the rise and fall of her sleeves to keep them neighbor-like, she will soon master the situation.

Providing food for a table is one of the penalties of matrimony. There is an unexplored region in man calling constantly for good fare; and through vigilance in this line, a woman may attain great heights in her husband's esteem, and thereby conduct him through the devious ways she wishes him to go, even after his pate is polished, and she seems to have no hold to guide him in.

Meat is a leading article in diet, second only to bread, and the most costly of any.

Buying meat of the butcher is one of the most trying tasks that a housekeeper has to do. Butchers are a knowing set, and a timid little woman that has not overly much faith in her own ability dreads to come in contact with such astuteness. She may think she knows just what she wants when she goes out to buy, but finds herself lugging in just the reverse. He has convinced her that he has a piece that would suit her much better. If she ask for two pounds of steak he will make it thick enough to weigh three; if she desire a six or eight-pound roast, he has a ten or twelve-pound one that is just the thing; and so on through the list. Women can face danger without flinching, but I do not know a single one who dares to blurt out to her butcher, "I'll have what I want or go without anything." They make miserable cowards of us all. I once bought meat nearly a whole season of a butcher who never told me what a piece of meat weighed. I told what I wanted, steak or stew or roast, and he cut and weighed and flopped it down, saying it will be so and so, and I paid the bill; it was all the interest I was permitted in the transaction. One day I screwed myself up to asking gently as I counted out the money, "What did this weigh? I saw at once that I had made a mistake; it was not a proper question; he grew red in the face, said he forgot and jerked up the steelyards and weighed it again, and said, "Oh, it is more than I thought it was; it will be ten cents more than I said." The head of the Sidneys said, "Maybe he thought a woman could hold her tongue and quit prying into things if it cost her ten cents a pry. But she can't, and I won't have my wife deprived of this privilege of her sex; we'll try another butcher next summer." And we did and prebided by the change.

Now that I am old enough to see more clearly and hold enough to speak plainly, I will say that it is a woman's

right to know the weight of her purchase and what she pays for the pound. She is entitled to polite treatment, and should not have to buy and pay for more than she needs, and so rob her husband to enrich the butcher.

If a piece of meat is boned and trimmed after it is weighed the bones and trimming are hers, and not to be thrown back and carted away. Bones flavor and help any soup she might make, and the fat is better to use for frying purposes than lard alone.

The American housekeeper should learn some of the thrift that is said to be practiced in French and German homes. The day is coming, and now is, when it is hard enough for the farmer to meet the demands made upon him and his land without any waste in the kitchen.

The politicians will see to it that he is taxed sufficiently without his wife taking a hand in it. This is a study any intelligent woman may acquire by her own energies. Indeed, there is scarcely any branch of knowledge but may be secured in that way if we choose; but we are rapidly rising above self education, and send our children abroad to anatomize bugs, stuff dead birds, etc., but to carve a chicken and manipulate the side bone gracefully is beyond the skill of the average graduate of the schools, and the different parts of eatable animals are almost unnamable by the habitue of the class room. It is the ornamental and impracticable parts of an education that take the parents' hard earnings to provide, while we must look elsewhere for that knowledge which is to be helpful to husbandmen and housewives, those occupations that William Penn desired for his children because, "It is industrious, healthy, honest and of good example." I like best a country life and estate for my children, said he, and advised his wife "to keep an ingenious person in the house to teach them, rather than send them to schools, too many evil impressions being commonly received there;" and the tendency of the schools is just as evil today, hedged about as they are by saloons and night juneckings.

The time that those who are to be farmers or housekeepers spend in the modern boarding school rooms seems to be wasted, for they get there neither observation nor instruction in their line of life work, and lose while there the practical application, which is best of all, that their own homes with parental guiding affords. This may be treason, but it is true. "What would college graduate Seward weigh in any scale against Lincoln, bred in affairs?" said Wendell Phillips.

HOUSEKEEPING ACCOUNTS.

The habit of keeping a strict account of every cent received and spent is one of the most effectual checks to unnecessary outlay. If it is to be of any service this account must be kept regularly and precisely. The entries, however trifling, should be made daily, and at the end of the week the sum total on either side should be added up and balanced, care being taken to notice whether the cash on hand agrees with the statement of account. At certain fixed dates, such as the end of each week or the end of each month, the details of payment should be examined, and each item carried out and placed under its respective head, such as meat, bread, milk, etc.

By this means a comparison can be easily made between the expenses of one week and those of another, and excess of unnecessary expenditure can be at once discovered and checked. When the ready money system is not adopted in the family, and bills are sent in for payment, a separate book should be kept, in which an entry can be made of every article supplied for household use, and this book should be compared with the tradesmen's accounts when they are presented for payment, so that any discrepancy between the two may be pointed out and rectified.

FEMINE PERSONALS.

The oldest queen of Europe is the Queen of Hanover, who was 81 years old in April. Queen Victoria comes next, being 80 this month, while the ex-Empress Eugenie is 73.

Mrs. "Jeb" Stuart, widow of the Confederate cavalry commander, has resigned the principalship of the Virginia Female Institute, the diocesan school of two dioceses. She has occupied the position for many years.

Mrs. Oliver Combes of Ocean Side, L. I., was born on the same day as Queen Victoria. Both women married in the same month and each lost her husband after twenty-one years of wedded life. The similarity in personal appearance of the two women is striking. In build, in height and in features there is a marked resemblance, so much so that if it ever becomes necessary to personate the queen her Long Island counterpart could do it with remarkable success.

The ex-queen of Naples was much disturbed by the cats of Cardinal Antonelli's mother and in her desperation purchased several rifles and air guns and proceeded to shoot the disturbers of her rest. The old countess, frantic with rage, appealed first of all to her son, the secretary of state, and then to the late pope himself, insisting that some check should be put upon the sporting proclivities of the royal Diana and that she should be debarred from potting cats under the shadow of the wall of St. Peter's and the Vatican. But the good pope declined to interfere, intimating that the cats should not have made such horrible noises and that they practically deserved their fate.

A handsome collar buckle of gold in the shape of two mussels is set with imitation pearls.