



THE ANSWER.

The ghost of my old self I saw to-night,
Into its piercing eyes mine looked with fright.
So stern they glared—'Behold this wasted youth,
The faithful wreck thou'st made of faith and truth!
Ah, turn not yet away, look well: canst boast?'
And I—'The promises I early made
To thee I tried to keep, with none to aid,
Secure in my own strength I meant to be,
Which only weakness was. Ah, pity me,
Compassion have, not anger, gentle ghost!'
—May W. Donnan

A Tribute to Genius.

This is a tribute from a meek and lowly man to the genius of woman. He wishes to answer those men who sneer at women and their shopping. He wishes to express in a humble way his fervent gratitude. He is not rich, he has several relatives and many warm friends. He is fond of them all and it pleases him to please them. He had estimated, figured, planned, walked, shopped, laid awake nights, torn his hair, pinched his expenditures to add to his capital, and all for what? Christmas, of course. He saw bankruptcy and poverty staring him in the face. He hunted high and he dug low and he could find nothing which his friends would like, as he thought. He was, in Western slang, absolutely "stumped."

In a shame-faced way he went to his cousin. He hated to do it. She is a little woman in a big house, with servants limited, children unlimited, and a husband to govern. She is interested in several charitable works. She is teaching her daughters to speak French, and is "grinding" mathematics with her son. She has numerous friends, and she manages to see them all and to be seen by them. She is a very busy woman, and her cousin hated to impose upon her, but he was desperate.

"What's the matter, dear?" she asked, when the good-for-nothing cousin appeared with a long face. She is five years younger than he is, but she is "motherly" because she knows his lack of woman's genius.

"I'm up a tree," he answered, and then he told her his woes and misfortunes.

"How much do you feel you can spend?" she asked.

"Well, there's Ella and Jen and Ben, Tom"—and he gave her all the names, which promptly went down on a slip of paper.

"All right," she said, "come around day after to-morrow and we'll see what we can do. And you are just in time for dinner," she added.

And on the second day following, that cousin, who had both transferred his responsibility and gained a good dinner, returned.

"Now, come in here," said that little woman, leading him to a room where arrayed in an order to make a fascinating display, were a dozen and more Christmas gifts, on each a little tag showing for whom it was intended. Everything seemed just the right one for the right person. It had all been done in one day.

"And here," she said, putting something in his hand. It was \$7 of change. That is all there is to this story—just a tribute to the genius of woman.

The Useful Art of Laundering.

Some of the domestic virtues of the good old days when every woman knew how to wash lines and woolens beautifully, to iron her husband's shirts until they glistened, and to "do up" laces are of necessity being restored. The woman who does not know how to wash her flannels and has not enough money to hire very skilled laundry talent finds her wearing apparel shrunk to a very diminutive size. The woman who does not know how to wash her own laces will soon have no laces.

Woolen undergarments and flannel ones have to be differently treated. Flannels should be shrunk before being made up. Boiling water should be poured on them, and then they should be let to lie until the water is cold. Then shake, stretch, and fold smoothly to make them straight and even and hang them out. When half dry shake, stretch, and turn out. Take them in while still damp, then smooth and in half an hour iron with nearly a cold iron.

To wash them do not soak or put any soda in the water. Wash in lukewarm, not hot, water, finish quickly, and dry at once in the open air. To wash woolens, wash in clean, hot soapuds, rinse in clear, hot water, and shake out the water without passing through the wringer.

To wash lace, cover a bottle with fine white flannel and tack the edges of the lace upon it, being careful to fasten down every point and to lay the lace quite straight. Squeeze the bottle in plenty of lukewarm suds till the lace is clean and rinse in the same way. Dip it, bottle and all, in starch, wrap clean cambric around it and let it dry in the open air. When nearly dry the lace may be untacked and shaken dry. It will need no ironing. When black lace is to be cleansed, a few drops of ammonia should be substituted for the soap.

To wash any sort of lawn, boil two quarts of wheat bran in six quarts of

water for half an hour. Strain through a coarse towel and mix the liquor in the water in which the lawn is washed. Use no soap and no starch. Rinse in clear water.

If one wishes to iron well it is necessary to own the proper sort of irons. If one undertakes to iron collars, cuffs or stiff shirts polishing irons must be used. Fluting irons will improve the appearance of ruffled underwear. Embroidery should be ironed on flannel and on the wrong side.

Chemistry for Girls.

Knowing the chemical composition of flour, meat and potatoes, and the effect of various methods of preparation, a housewife can put her learning to economical uses, and do her cooking on such a basis as to produce palatable dishes with no loss of nutriment and at the least expense. As a matter of fact, an uneducated cook, even though she enjoys the reputation of "making things taste good" is seldom a saving cook; not because she intends to be wasteful, but because she has not the scientific knowledge regarding good materials and their management which would enable her to be saving. On the other hand an intelligent cook has a scientific reason for every direction and every process. She is able not only to produce the most appetizing results, but to do so with the greatest economy of time, labor and money.

The same is true in other departments which come under the care of the housewife. A knowledge of chemistry and the ability to make a few simple tests would enable her to avoid the use of a great many frauds, useless and injurious articles—for example, washing compounds that are utterly worthless, or that will rot the clothes; toilet powders, containing bismuth or arsenic, for her own complexion or use in the nursery; expensive baking powders that contain alum or something worse; a wonderful furniture polish at 50¢ a pint, that costs 15¢ a gallon; poisonous hair dyes; dangerous ointments, quack medicines, warranted to cure the most severe attack of something in half an hour, etc., ad infinitum.

Therefore, we say, let the girls study chemistry in the school, not merely for the culture and mental discipline to be derived from it, but for its practical, economic value; and not only "let" them do it, but insist that the school directors furnish the opportunity for them to study at least the elements of the subject.

A Royal Baby's Cradle.

"Uneasy rests the head that wears a crown," may apply well enough to other monarchs, but it has absolutely no bearing on the little new-born prince of Roumania. At least if it has he is an extremely ungrateful infant and without sense enough to know when he is well off, for no baby ever had a more luxuriant resting-place prepared for his head, royal or otherwise, than this same little prince.

The dainty little bed was carved in wood by Testolini of Venice by the order of the queen of Roumania. The design is elaborate, introducing, appropriately enough, frolicking cupids, one of whom is made to look over the edge of the cradle, as much as to say to the little prince: "Wake up, there, old fellow. What are you sleeping for when you might have such playfellows as we?" The hangings of the crib are all of softest silk.

One of the most amusing and attractive of the domestic groups seen among foreign royalties just now, by the way, is presented by the young Roumanian princess and her baby. This young lady, better known as Princess Marie of Edinburgh, looks so youthful as to seem more like her small prince's half-grown sister than like his mother. One might almost imagine her a little girl playing with her doll. The baby has a rather unusual name—he is "Prince Carol."

Photograph Frames.

Some pretty frames for photographs that sold readily at a woman's exchange were of coarse, heavy, white lace, pointed with ivory-white enamel, with the flowers and leaves in the pattern touched with gold paint. The edges of the frames were bound with gilt. The lace was used on the same frames that are usually covered with white embroidered linen or leather. Frames for small or medium sized pictures to be hung up on the wall may be made in the same way. Take Torchon lace, for instance, and lay it on a plain pine frame that is covered with shellac. When the shellac is dry glue on the lace, cover it with the white paint and let it dry. Then use the gilt paint. Cut the lace at the corners so that it will fit smoothly where the frame is mitered. Gilt or colored paint may be used entirely for these frames, but they are not as pretty as the white and gold.

What to Do With the Remnants. Put remnants of waste beef, uncooked bones, giblets, trimmings and bones of poultry into three quarts of meat liquor. Add salt and skim carefully. Boil two hours, then strain and return the soup to the kettle. Add two turnips and a carrot chopped fine. Slice two onions and fry brown in a little butter and a teaspoonful of powdered sugar and put in soup. If you have any cold gravy remove the fat and put the gravy into the soup. Boil an hour and a half longer. A few moments before serving sprinkle in a spoonful of farina dry.

Her Imagination.

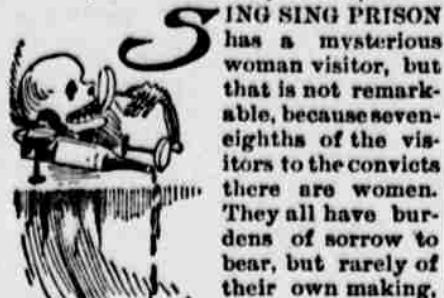
Lillian Bell, who wrote "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid," is 26 years old, and owns many of the qualities which she has given to her old maid. Not long ago she was detailed by one of Chicago's literary clubs to write up the famous women of the country. The paper was a brilliant one, and was seriously commended by the literary women who had gathered to hear it. A week or two later they were surprised to learn that the characters portrayed were imaginary.

THE WOMAN IN BLACK

SHE FREQUENTLY VISITS SING SING PRISON.

A Mysterious Woman Whose Repeated Visits to the Famous Penal Institution Have Excited Interest as to Her Identity.

(New York Correspondence.)



SING SING PRISON has a mysterious woman visitor, but that is not remarkable, because seven-eighths of the visitors to the convicts there are women. They all have burdens of sorrow to bear, but rarely of their own making, and they come and go year in and year out, to see beloved ones whom the world does not love and has put behind bars. The gray prison walls hold all that is dear in life to these dear mothers, wives, sweethearts and sisters.

The husband who has committed crime that his wife may have luxurious surroundings usually retains the affections of that wife, even when he dons stripes and is close cropped. The professional burglar often is a model family man and does not sever his family ties when he "does time." The man who kills his fellow man for the affections of a woman and is paying the penalty for that crime has surely a right to expect that that woman will care enough for him to remember and visit him while he is the servant of the state.

Then there is mother's love, never failing, never even wavering in its unassailable constancy, and that accounts for one-half the visitors to the Sing Sing convicts. Thirteen hundred men are confined at Sing Sing, and the army of women—sad women who are sad because of the thirteen hundred—must easily equal the convicts in number.

Many a romance brought to a tragic climax by the merciless hand of the law is suggested by these untiring visitors. Even the ubiquitous hackmen who infest the Sing Sing railway station seem to appreciate this, for when these unhappy ones alight from the trains and look uneasily and self-consciously about the drivers realize intuitively the nature of their errand and treat them with a deference rarely met with in their class. They approach respectfully, and in subdued tones say kindly, "To the prison, madam?" or, "Right this way to the prison."

About one visitor only is there any mystery. Others give their names and go to see some convict who is known to the keepers. This one goes veiled, and no one knows who it is she goes to see.

A tall, lithe, graceful woman, attired all in black and wearing a heavy black veil, occupied a seat in a car directly in front of and opposite that of the writer recently.

She was uneasy and restless, though not obtrusively so; she carried herself with the fine reserve of a woman of breeding accustomed to do just such things. Sometimes she would look anxiously about the car, as if in fear of being recognized, though with her veil recognition, even by an intimate friend, would have been clearly impossible.

An old-time hackman at the Sing Sing station approached her as she alighted. She got into his ramshackle conveyance as if she had been in it before, and it rattled up the hill and over the stony road along the bluff to the prison a few hundred yards in advance of the equally noisy conveyance of the writer.

It was the hour at which the convicts, having finished their evening meal in the great feeding hall—it would raise the ghost of Brillat Savarin to call it a dining-room—march in lock-step to their cells, in long, single files. They come through the stone-flagged prison-yard with a steady, machine-like shuffle of their heavy prison shoes. Keepers stand about with heavy sticks in their hands.

By the entrance to the long granite building containing the tiers of cells are two great open boxes of bread. Each striped miserably reaches out and



THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

takes a piece with his left hand as he passes. Slung on the right arm of each is an iron sloop-pail on which is painted the prisoner's number. The shuffle of the slowly-moving line continues for perhaps twenty minutes, at the end of which time each of the 1,300 has, with his supper in one hand and his sloop-pail in the other, been locked in his cell.

The woman had been shown to the yard, and stood, a keeper by her side, under the portico of the inhospitable-looking hospital building. The long lines of convicts marched toward her and turned not ten feet from where she stood, and marched past the bread-box into the building. She supported her-

self with one daintily gloved hand against the stone wall, and, leaning forward in an attitude of eager interest, faced down the approaching line. She tapped the pavement impatiently from time to time with the toe of her neat boot.

Some one in that long line riveted her attention; but there were hundreds there, and the veil prevented any one from seeing which striped one it was.

The prisoners all turned away their heads as they passed the woman. Was it a prison rule that prompted this, or a sense of shame that has survived hardening crime? Not one did otherwise. Many faces flushed, and if any one in that line recognized the trim figure and graceful pose of the strange woman he could never be detected by the flush, for flushed faces were too numerous.

When the last man on the last line, a negro on crutches, who killed a policeman on Wall street, had disappeared in the door, the woman was escorted out by the keeper. She thanked Principal Keeper Connaughton for his courtesy, which to all visitors, men and women, is always the same. Her voice was pleasant, and there were no tears in it. Her manner indicated nothing in particular, and certainly not grief. She was driven away to the station and returned to New York.

This woman's visits occur once every two months. Sometimes the interval between them is longer, and sometimes, but seldom, she misses one.

She has been coming for nearly three years, and her visits are always at the same hour. She sees all the prisoners in their lockstep march, and no one connected with the prison knows her name. No one in the prison has ever seen her face.

There are two ways of accounting for the periodical visits of this mysterious unknown. She either loves or hates, with a greater love or a greater hate than ordinarily, some one of the Sing Sing convicts. Perhaps it is love that impels her to remain veiled, and thus to spare the object of her affections humiliation and shame. Unrequited love, perhaps, leads her to conceal her face. Possibly her hate of some one in that long line of erring men derives a certain pleasure from the sight of him in the moment of his disgrace.

Who can tell why she hides her face? Is it because of love or hate?

GEN. SHIELDS IN BRONZE.

The Hero of Two Wars in the American War.

In one of the arches in the National Walkway at Washington the other day was placed a statuette of the late Gen. James Shields, in honor of the Illinois hero of two wars. Gen. Shields, like



GEN. JAMES SHIELDS' STATUETTE.

nearly all the great men who have "risen to the occasion" in the affairs of this republic, comes from the humblest walks of life. As Gov. Aitgeld of Illinois said at the unveiling ceremony, the life of Gen. Shields is an inspiring lesson to the youth of the country. "He had to toil for his daily bread, not only for himself but his family; and, notwithstanding this poverty, by strong resolution, by lofty purpose, by keeping his eye fixed upon the star of patriotism and of duty, he won renown and a place in the galaxy of the world's heroes. Every age has produced millions of brilliant and able men who, failing to keep their eye turned to the sun, losing sight of lofty ideas, gave way to dissipation and carried only indescribable wretchedness to miserable graves. Every age has produced millions of strong and industrious men who knew no higher god than the dollar; who coined their lives into sordid gold; who gave no thought to blessing the world or lifting up humanity; men who owned ships and palaces and stocks and riches of the earth; who gilded meanness with splendor, and then sank into oblivion. Posterity erected no statue to their memory and there was not a pen in the universe that would even preserve a letter of their names. Let the young men of America learn from this statue and from the career of Gen. Shields that the paths of virtue and of honor, the paths of glory and immortality are open to them."

Pure Iron.

Prof. Arnold of the Sheffield Technical school, recently produced, with the aid of aluminum, a sound ingot and bar containing 99.81 per cent of pure iron. So far no absolutely carbonless iron has been obtained commercially. An analysis of Prof. Arnold's bar by Mr. R. A. Hadfield showed the following composition: Carbon, 0.07 per cent; silicon, 0.04 per cent; sulphur, 0.03 per cent; phosphorus, 0.015 per cent; iron, 99.81 per cent; total, 100.035 per cent. Its specific gravity was 7.863; limit of elasticity, 18 tons per square inch; breaking load, 23 tons per square inch; elongation, measured on 2 inches, 49.25 per cent; reduction of area, 60.60 per cent; fracture, silky.

On an average the letters received by the German emperor number nearly 600 a day.

LESSON TO AN OUTLAW.

WHAT THE MAN GOT WHO ROBBED LUCKY BILL.

Frontier Justice in the Early Days of Nevada—A Very Curious Case in Those Days of Lawlessness—Lucky Bill Was a Humorist.

In the early days when what is now the state of Nevada was Western Utah a well-known character among the residents of Carson valley was William Thorrington, a man who was so fortunate in all his undertakings that he was familiarly known far and wide among the valleys lying along the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada mountains as "Lucky Bill."

On one occasion "Lucky Bill" was at Eagle ranch at a time when a big emigrant train from Illinois was camped there. A poker game had been running, in which Bill had taken a hand with his usual good luck. Presently some excitement started that attracted the attention of the players and broke up the game. Bill got up and rushed away, leaving upon the table a sack of gold dust and his pocketbook containing valuable papers and a considerable amount of money.

An hour later "Lucky Bill" missed his valuables and returned to the table to look for them, but both the dust and pocketbook had vanished. As soon as he made known his loss the cry of "a thief in camp!" was raised, and there was a big excitement. But there was no clue to the thief. No particular person was suspected, and so nothing was done in the matter further than to utter threats of hanging the thief in case of his being found, that being then the penalty in California for such a crime.

Two or three days passed without anything being heard of "Lucky Bill's" pocket-book and gold dust, when a boy about 16 years of age, belonging to the Illinois train, came to Eagle ranch and informed parties there that a Dutchman of the train, traveling with Dr. Pinigre, had shown him a pocket-book and asked him to read some papers, not being able to read writing himself. The boy said that in looking over the papers he had seen Thorrington's name on several of them.

Men were sent to the train to bring in the Dutchman, the boy being taken along to point him out. Dr. Pinigre was greatly astonished at seeing his man arrested on a charge of theft, and would not believe he had taken the missing valuables. The doctor and a great crowd from the Illinois train went up to the station with the Dutchman and the settlers who had him in charge, all curious to see what would be done by the impromptu court.

The alcalde held his court in the open air, and as soon as the prisoner was brought before him ordered him to be searched. On his person were found both the pocket-book and the sack of gold dust. The valuables were identified by "Lucky Bill" as being his property. Bill found the dust intact, but some of the money was missing, and also a number of valuable papers; among others a note for \$1,500 on parties in California.

Alcalde Cook then sentenced the fellow to be whipped—to receive twenty lashes upon his bare back. The man was then at once stripped naked to the waist and tied to a pine sapling with buckskin thongs.

Then by general acclamation, it was decreed, as "Lucky Bill" was the man who was robbed, he was the proper person to do the whipping. Bill said he was ready and willing to execute the sentence of the court.

A big black-snake whip was obtained from a man with a train of pack mules, who had come up and halted to watch proceedings of the court. The whip was handed to Bill, who at once began preparations for using it in a vigorous manner. He took off his coat and vest, then rolled his shirt sleeves above his elbows.

Taking the heavy whip, he placed himself in position behind the naked culprit, who stood in readiness to take his allotted punishment, his hands tied to the tree, high above his head. Taking his distance, Bill cracked the whip and whirled it about his head, as though to stretch and supple his muscles.

The poor devil at the tree was twisting his neck about at every "swish" of the whip through the air and Bill's ferocious aspect inspired him with such terror that his eyes were almost starting from their sockets. All present wondered why Bill did not begin his work instead of whipping the air, and there were murmurs about the cruelty of keeping the culprit in such an agony of fear and suspense.

Suddenly Bill threw down the whip and drew a murderous-looking bowie knife, at which every spectator shuddered and a few started toward him. He waved all back and cried: "As I have been appointed to punish this man I will not disgrace him by whipping him." Then, turning to the Dutchman, who was twisting his neck in order to watch his motions, he said: "Now, you have been turned over to me as the man you wronged and I intend to do as I please with you." Apparently Bill had worked himself into a perfect frenzy of wrath.

"Don't kill him!" cried Dr. Pinigre, alarmed at Bill's ferocious look. "Think of his poor wife and children."

"No, don't kill him," chimed in some miner or settler, "it'll be enough to cut off his ears."

"Oh, mine Gott! mine Gott!" cried the poor Dutchman, whose eyes were

following every whirl of Bill's glittering knife.

"Shut your mouth!" cried Bill, addressing the trembling wretch. "Now, listen to me. I am told you have a wife and children who are good and respectable. I will not bring disgrace upon them by either whipping or in any way marking you."

Then with a sweep of his knife Bill cut the thongs by which the fellow was bound and said to him: "Go! Off with you, and let this be a lesson to you all the rest of your days."

The crowd lustily cheered this unexpected ending of the affair, and Dr. Pinigre shook hands with Bill, and, with tears rolling down his cheeks, thanked him for sparing his erring servant.

"I think he is cured," said Bill. "I don't think he will ever again be tempted to pocket things that are not his own."

The Dutchman was dressing, and as he "skinned" his shirt over his head he said: "Never, never, so help me Gott!"

Public-Spirited Citizens.

Middletown, Del., was left by the shifting of the peach belt with 1,500 inhabitants and no one considerable business interest, so a few men of the place got together \$3,000, built the plant of a shirt factory and turned it over rent free to a large concern in a neighboring city. The factory now, at the end of two years, is turning out 600 dozen shirts a week, enough to clothe every man in town a dozen times over, and employing at wages varying from \$3.50 to \$10 per week eight young women, or more than five per cent of the population. The concern to which the plant was turned over takes the entire product and pays out in wages \$25,000 annually. Nearly all the employees are persons who heretofore have earned nothing. The factory is about to be extended, and the concern operating it will pay for the extension rent equal to the interest on the original investment. The shirt factory is the pet of the place, and when any one of the prosperous citizens who started the concern meets one of the factory girls on the street he takes off his hat with the same elaborate courtesy he would show to his neighbor's wife.

Sheep Growing in Australia.

High prices are sometimes paid by Australian sheep growers for thoroughbred rams. A breeder named Russell once gave \$5,000 for an animal bred in Victoria. This is because Australian bred sheep when in-bred for three or four generations lose their wool and become hairy. A somewhat similar change is observed in rabbits. To check this tendency sheep herders import thoroughbred rams and pay almost any price.

Engaged on the Spot.

Lady of the House to servant applying for situation—You were in the service of my friend, Baroness K—Why were you sent away? Servant—Please, ma'am, for listening at the doors. Lady—Ah, then, I will take you, only you must promise to tell me all you heard.—Chronique Bourgeoise.

Contradictory.

New York Magistrate—I don't understand this. You say you are an American citizen? Culprit—Yes, sir. Magistrate—And then you tell me you were born in New Jersey. How is this?—Chicago Record.

SONS OF ADAM.

The man who doesn't think his baby is the prize baby hasn't got any baby. It will make any man vain to see his picture in a photographer's show window.

John E. Collins, of Rimini, Montana, was married, divorced and committed suicide in one week.

Rev. A. S. Freeman, of the Central Presbyterian church, Haverstraw, N. Y., has completed forty-seven years of pastoral service.

Fish Dealer—Do you think your wife would like a fine roe shad? Customer—No. She can't talk and eat shad at the same time.

It is not safe to gauge a man's courage by the tone of voice he employs when he speaks to the office-boy. Wait till you hear him address his wife.

In Paris there are several women who are empowered by police permits to wear masculine clothing. These include a famous artist and several whose professional duties are arduous.

A certain country sexton in making his report of burials is explicit to a commendable degree. For instance, such entries as this occur: Died, John Smith, male; aged 3 days; unmarried.

"Yes," said the old man, "I have always paid it best to pay cash. I have paid cash for everything I've got but my wife. I got her for nothing, and she's the dearest thing I ever got."

A man was seen loafing about a building that was being painted at Belfast, Maine. When asked if he wanted a job he said he was only waiting for the men to be paid off, as he wanted to borrow a dollar.

"Do you find enough to keep you busy these days, Jim?" "You bet, I'm putting in a bigger day's work these days than I ever did before."

"Why, I thought you had given up your job?" "So I did. I'm looking for another."

"Begorra, but I've got the best of that murdering railway this time, anyhow!" said a Hibernian, who had a grudge against the company in question. "How is that, Dennis?" asked a bystander. "I bought a return ticket, and faith I'm not coming back at all at all!" was the triumphant reply.