

A DREAM CHILD.

By FANNY H. AVERY.

Upon my breast a baby nestled,
Unutterably dear!
A little one unsexed by mortal eyes,
O'er whom I croon the gentlest lullabies,
To soothe my own heart's fear.

About my feet my other darlings play,
Nor dream the songs I sing
For them so softly at the close of day,
Are chanted also for one more than they,
Whose hands about me cling.

This baby's need of love they never miss;
A mother's heart is wide!
But, ah, the great, the deeply longed for bliss,
Of sharing with it, too, my care and kiss,
Is unto me denied.

Oh! little spirit-child! whose angel face
My fond eyes cannot see,
Our earthly fingers ne'er may interlace,
But thy small being's tender, subtle grace
Is ever felt by me.

RUTH RODNEY'S ROMANCE.

"Ruth!"

A girl with lightly clasped hands, and thoughtful eyes, her whole attitude suggesting happy day dreams, was leaning against the trunk of a dead tree at the foot of an old-fashioned garden. As the peevish, impatient voice reached her, her expression changed to one of love and anxiety.

"Yes, dear I am coming," she called in her clear young voice, as she ran towards the house.

"How neglectful I am of you!" in a tone of self-rebuke as she entered the little sitting room and gazed tenderly at a man seated in a large easy chair before a desk covered with sheets of paper.

"It was time for your medicine long ago; here is your paper to read, and I have left you to write so much and worry your poor brain without trying to stop you, and she lightly kissed his forehead. Mr. Rodney drew back and coughed nervously. The girl looked into his eyes.

"What is it?" she said at length.

"You were to have no secrets from me, remember!"

These two had the same low, broad forehead, the same large, gray eyes, thick brown hair; but the man's face was careworn and thin from illness; his eyes and mouth showed the result of dissipation, and his shoulders had a stoop from constant writing. The girl was health personified. You could see it in the firm, supple curves of her wrist and waist, in her clear complexion, elastic gait, and frank, sweet eyes.

"What is it, father?" she asked again.

Frank Rodney shifted his gaze from one object to another. He found it difficult to tell this girl that they had come to the end of everything.

"Where's Tom?" he asked suddenly.

"Still in Iowa, papa, and doing very well."

Tom Russell's father and Mr. Rodney were cousins, and college chums. When Mr. Russell died he appointed Mr. Rodney guardian of his only son, to whom he left a small fortune. Tom went into business, lost nearly all his money, and the year before had made them a short visit before he went West to see what ranching could do for him. During this visit he violently fell in love with Ruth. For three days he fought manfully with himself, but the last evening of his stay with them he asked Ruth to walk down to the old tree. Before he was aware he was telling her of his love and asking if he could not go away happy in the thought that some day she would love him in return. There was no engagement, but Ruth's answer must have been satisfactory, if one can judge by the long letters, which came regularly and the picture she wore in the vicinity of her heart. Mr. Rodney paid little attention to Ruth's answer, and began to beat a tattoo on the table with his pen.

"It's no use, Ruthie," he said finally. "We are in a tight place. You know we are mortgaged way up, the interest was due last week; Mr. Marsh came for it and I put him off. He comes again to-morrow, and I haven't \$100 ready money."

"Where is the money from your last book?" Ruth's eyes were wide open with astonishment and pain.

"That er—well, hem—it's all gone; how I can't say." Mr. Rodney blushed under the searching look of his daughter.

"Haven't you stories at the publisher's?" she asked again.

"Yes, a short tale or so, but they won't bring in much, and the worst of it is since my sick turn I can't write. That is the hardest blow of all to have my genius desert me and become an old man at 53." Mr. Rodney dropped his head in his hands and groaned.

Ruth was at his side directly, softly caressing his heavy hair. "Don't, papa," she cried. "Don't. It will be all right. We have each other, and if the old place must go we can live for each other somewhere else."

"Ruth," said her father gently as he placed his arm around her, "wasn't Mr. Marsh in love with you at one time?"

"Why yes, and you used to tease me about my ancient admirer."

"He is only 40," said Mr. Rodney shortly.

"Did he ever ask you to marry him, Ruth?"

"Certainly, I told you of it at the time, and how he said that possibly in the future I would change my mind."

Mr. Rodney's eyes still rested on a worn spot in the carpet.

"He's a rich man, Ruth," he said sheepishly.

The girl's face flamed, her eyes grew dark. "You wouldn't sell me to him, father?" she asked, in a low voice.

The man was immediately on the defensive.

"Why will you put things so bluntly?" he said, fretfully. "Of course you will marry whom you choose, but you are in love with no one—and that scamp of a Tom doesn't count." —(in answer to a look from Ruth), "and Marsh is by far the best catch here. He would make you a good husband. Your mother and I adored each other, but our very love made our married life wretched. Had it been a matter-of-fact friendship which we had entertained for each other we should have done very well! This love is a delusion and a snare."

The girl rose to her full height. "I hate your cynical ideas, your cruel skepticism. My mother loved you, but she had no trust in you. You have lived your life, and this is the result. Let me live mine, and I will ask for nothing more."

Mr. Rodney's lips curled. "You are dramatic. You will do for a character in my next novel."

His whole manner changed suddenly. "Sarcasm never appealed to Ruth. Forgive me, dear, I am nervous and sick and your words hurt me. Do not think again of marrying Mr. Marsh if it is so distasteful to you. But we must get through some way. Could you go to him and beg for a little more time? He would not oblige me."

The girl's face became hard and set. "You think if I asked him his old love for me would conquer his fondness for money and he would yield?"

"Your conclusion is quite what it should be. I really think Ruth, that a six months' abroad would make a new man of me; and you'll see Marsh to-morrow?"

"I don't know," she said abruptly, as she left the room.

"I cannot do it," she cried as she hastened toward the old tree, "and yet it is for father." She flung herself face downward at the foot of the tree and sobbed. It was dusk; the lamps had been lighted and Ruth did not return. Mr. Rodney smiled calmly as he rolled his chair toward the grate.

"Fighting it out with herself," he said, "as she always has from her childhood, and I am not afraid of her conclusion. And really I am not selfish. Tom will not amount to anything for a number of years, and I want to see her happy before I die." And yet he knew deep down in his heart that had he his life to live over, Ruth's mother would still have been his first choice. The door opened quietly and in a moment two hands were placed caressingly on his shoulders and a sweet voice said: "Tea is ready, father, and I have a surprise in the shape of the most delicious waffles you ever ate."

Mr. Rodney glanced at his daughter and knew that the house was safe. He was not sure in regard to her plan, whether she would accept Mr. Marsh or gain a reprieve because of his love. It made little difference to him any way.

"She shall never be able to say that I urged her into a marriage with a man for whom she had no love," he thought. "I have merely hinted at what I imagined would be for her best interests."

By a tacit understanding nothing more was said, and when Ruth came in the next morning dressed in her dainty walking suit to kiss her father good-by, he asked no questions as was his custom concerning her destination.

His only remark as she left him was: "You are prettier than ever to-day, dear, and I wish you good luck."

As Ruth reached the stairs leading to Mr. Marsh's office her heart beat violently and the color left her face. Her plan had been simple; she would ask Mr. Marsh if he could let the interest run a little longer, and if he agreed, and then was cowardly enough to ask for her love as a reward, why she would promise to marry him. Her own life would be ruined, but her father would be happy, and he should always be first.

Mr. Marsh was sitting in his office alone, savoring into vacancy. He was a stout, well-meaning man of 40, keen and hard in business transactions, but scrupulously honest. He had never married because he thought that no woman was worth a life's devotion, and he was so just that if he did marry no woman but his wife should ever come into his life. These were his ideas when he first noticed that Ruth Rodney had changed from a remarkably pretty school girl into a graceful, beautiful woman. She interested him. By degrees he came to the conclusion that she was the one thing needed to make his life successful. He asked her to marry him and she refused. He had bowed himself out from her presence, not a line in his face disturbed, and had made a firm resolution that in some way she should be his. Now as he sat in his office he was thinking that Mr. Rodney's interest was due. He heard a slight tap at the door. "Come in," he said, lazily turning his head.

"Ah, Miss Rodney," his voice was free from all surprise, "this is indeed unexpected pleasure. This seat by the window will suit you I am sure."

Ruth's cheeks grew pink.

"Thank you, Mr. Marsh," she said in a low voice, "but I prefer to stand. I have come to beg." Mr. Marsh raised one eyebrow and looked at his large, well kept hands. Ruth glanced at him desperately.

"That interest on the mortgage is due to-day and I have come to ask if you would wait a few months as a great favor. It shall surely be paid."

"So your father said two months ago," interrupted Marsh with a bland smile. Ruth's eyes flashed, "I thought as a favor you would."

"Excuse me," said Marsh, "but may I ask what favors you have ever done for me? This is a business transaction. Now there is only one way out of this decidedly unpleasant situation. That way is to make it into an unbusiness transaction. You marry me and the mortgage shall be your wedding present."

Ruth's breath came rapidly, her hands clasped each other convulsively.

"I have no love for you," the girl almost whispered the words.

"I do not remember mentioning love," he said; I am content with you now, later—"

"There will never be anything later," she replied; "as I am now, if you wish me why—"

She could not finish, but he was satisfied. He took her gloved hand tenderly; a feeling of remorse came over him, but he stifled it and said quietly, "You shall never regret your decision, for it must be in my power to make you happy, I have wanted you so long."

Something in his words, the most manly she had ever heard from him touched a new chord in her nature and she burst into tears. He stood awkwardly and said nothing. In a few moments she looked up. "My nerves are so unstrung and it is all so new you will forgive me and let me go now."

She turned towards the door, he opened it for her and said, "I understand; you would rather go alone."

He watched her figure until she reached the last stair then returned to his old seat and stared into vacancy as before.

Upon reaching home Ruth found Mr. Rodney twisting a crumpled envelope.

"Father I am engaged to Mr. Marsh."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "that is good news indeed, and it never rains but it pours; here is a telegram from Tom that he will be with us this afternoon. Why, Ruth, child, don't look like that, you are not faint?" for the girl had staggered slightly and her face was ashy.

"Do not touch me," she cried recovering herself by a strong effort of will. "I am not ill, it is the warm room; Tom is coming, I will lie down, I think, to be fresh and bright. Tom is coming and I—I am engaged."

She had dragged herself half way up the stairs when she remembered something.

"Father, dear," she called, "don't worry about me, and the mortgage is to be my wedding present!"

That evening Mr. Marsh came to the conclusion that sufficient time had elapsed for Ruth to be calm and he would make his first call then. His heart leaped in his throat like a bashful boy's as he reached the stoop, and a sensation of awkwardness and fear came over him. "This will never do," he thought, "I must walk down the path to calm myself."

As he approached the end of the garden he heard voices, then he saw the faint outline of two figures, a man and a woman standing facing each other. Surely that was Ruth's voice. He drew near and crouched behind a bush. A feeling of dread crept over him. Had she a lover? At last the girl spoke again in a low dispassionate voice. "Tom, I have tried to make you think that my love for you has changed in one short year, but you know better for you know me."

"My darling," cried the young man as he flung his arms about her. She yielded to his embrace for a moment, then pushed him from her.

"If you care for me, she said, "do not touch me, it only makes it harder for me Tom," she continued, "although I love you, I am bound to him, and I will be true to him with God's help."

She leaned against a tree as if needing its support.

"But you were mine before you were his," cried Tom impetuously, "and I am doing so well now that in six months we could be married, and—"

"You don't understand, Tom," she interrupted. It would kill father to give up his home. Tom, I love you, but don't you see I must save father."

"Your idea of duty is unnatural and morbid, and you do not love as you pretended. It is this man's money which has won you, and women like you throw it on some one's else shoulders."

Tom walked a few steps towards the house; in a moment, however, he was at Ruth's side.

"Forgive me, love," he whispered; "I was a brute, you are all that is sweet and good, and I am not worthy of you."

He was gone and Marsh saw Ruth clasp the tree with both arms, and heard her murmur, "It is all over! God help me to be a good woman and keep me from hating the man who has taken my love from me."

Mr. Marsh tiptoed softly out of the garden. When he reached his own room he sat down to think. For two hours he scarcely moved. At the end of that time he sat down and wrote this note:

My dear Miss Rodney:

I have come to the conclusion that I have lived too long a bachelor to impose myself and my whims upon a bright young girl. I promised you the mortgage, however, for a wedding present, and here it is in advance. I understand that you hear Mr. Russell is with you, and I hear also that he loves you. I knew his father very well, and if his son resembles him he is worthy of your love. If at any time I can be of service to you command me. Yours very truly,

JOHN MARSH.

After he had sealed the note he gave a long sigh. "Marsh," he muttered, "if love can change you and your ideas like this it must be a mighty power in this world."

Visitors at the Capital.

It has been remarked that an unusually large number of visitors have thronged the capital of late. If people have come here to escape cold weather at home, the keen air and blustering winds which Washington has had to endure for the past week must have been a disappointment to thousands. I met a senate page recently when the senate was not in session, and he said the chamber had been crowded with visitors all the forenoon. "And the brides!" he cried ecstatically, "there was ten of 'em' in that at one time." "How can you tell a bride when you see one?" I asked.

"I don't know how we do it, but we never miss. When the guide is talking she pretends to listen, but she is away off and don't know what he says. She is looking at the fellow most of the time."

To Thine Own Self Be True.

By thine own soul's law learn to live,
And if men thwart thee take no heed,
And if men hate thee have no care;
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed,
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer,
And claim no crown they will not give,
Nor bays they grudge thee for thy hair.

Keep thou thy soul-sworn steadfast oath,
And to thy heart be true thy heart;
What thy soul teaches learn to know,
And play out thine appointed part;
And thou shalt reap as thou shalt sow,
Nor help nor hinder in thy growth,
To thy full stature thou shalt grow.

Fix on the future's goal thy face,
And let thy feet be true to stray
Nowhither, but be swift to run,
And nowhere tarry by the way,
Until at last the end is won,
And thou may'st look back from thy place
And see thy long day's journey done.

—Pakenham Beatty, in Spectator

THE STOVEN BOAT.

Absorbing Incident of a Whaling Voyage
Marine Record.

Of all the pursuits that men follow in order to obtain a subsistence, there is none that will compare, in danger and hardship, with that of a whaler, and yet how little the people on the shore know of this. It is in order to let them have some insight into this business that the following narrative is written. The facts, as they occurred, were noted in the journal or log soon after they transpired:

On the 14th day of December, 1837, the good ship *Crossus*, of Newburg, Captain Perkins, was cruising somewhere between the latitude of 35 and 37.8 and longitude of 60 east, in search of right whale. It was in the forenoon and the old ship was moving along under the topgallant sails with a light breeze at the rate of about forty knots an hour. The most hardened grumbler could not find fault with the day. At the fore and main topgallant cross-tees were two men on the lookout for whales.

It was now nearly four o'clock in the afternoon when the man in the main sang out:

"There she blows!"

He repeated the cry regular five or six times. All was now excitement among the officers and men. Every one was anxious to know if it was the kind of whale that was wanted.

The mate hailed the man at the mast head.

"Where away is that whale? What do you call her?"

"Right whale, sir, on the lee beam, two miles off. Look out sharply for her."

"Sing out when the ship heads for her."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Keep her away," said the captain to the man at the helm. Boy, hand me the spy glass."

"Steady!" sung out the man at the mast head.

"Steady it is," answered the man at the wheel.

The captain started to go aloft "Mr. A." to the mate, "you may square in the after yards and call all hands."

"Forward there!" shouted the mate. "Haul the mainsail up and square the yards! Bill!" to an old sailor—

"Sir?"

"Call all hands."

"Aye, aye, sir. All hands ahoy," shouted old Bill, in a voice like a tempest: "stand by the boats."

In less than no time the deck was alive with men.

"Boat steers, get your boat ready."

In a moment the boats were in readiness, the tubs put in, and the lines bent on the harpoons, the crew standing by ready to follow the boat. Down went the boats and down followed the crew, down to the water when the word came from the captain to lower away.

"There she blows," sung out the man at the fore, "not half a mile off."

"Down helm!" shouted the captain. "Mr. A., brace the mizen topsail! Hoist and swing the boats and lower away!"

As the boats struck the water, every man on his thwart, with his hands on the loom of the oar, and in less time than it takes to write it the three boats were cutting their way through the water in the direction of the whale.

It was my duty to steer the mate's boat, and she happened to be the fastest puller, so that, although we all left the ship together, and for a few rods kept nearly head and head with each other, still we knew well enough that as soon as word came from the mate to "give way" we should drop the others in a moment. So we did not fret ourselves, but kept cool for a tight pull when the whale should show himself on the surface of the water again, which he did in a moment after.

"There she is," cried the mate, "and not over ten rods from the boat. Now, my dear fellows, lay back hard, I tell you! There she blows! Only give, my boys, and she is ours!"

The boat bounded forward like a thing of life.

"Spring like tigers!" says the mate, his voice sinking almost to a whisper. I looked to see what kind of a chance I was to have at the same time, pulling at my oar with all my might. We were going on to her starboard quarter, just the chance I liked to fasten to a whale.

"Stand up!" shouted the mate, and in a moment I had two harpoons to the hitches into her.

"Stern—stern all!" sung out the mate, as he saw the iron in the whale. "Come here, my boy," he said to me. We shifted ends, he to the head, and I to the stern of the boat. The whale started off like lightning.

"Hold on line," said the mate, and away we shot after her, like an arrow from a bow. The mate by this time had his lance ready.

"Haul me on that whale," he shouted, and all hands turned to hauling line while I coiled it away to the stern sheets.

We had got nearly up to the whale when she went to "sonding," taking the line right up and down from the

head of the boat. I cut two turns of the line around the logger-head, and was holding on as the boat would bear, when, all at once, another larger whale, that we knew nothing about, shot up out of the water nearly her whole length, in a slanting position, hanging directly over the boat. I threw off the turns from the logger-head and shouted to the men to "stern." But it was of no use; she fell the whole of her body on the boat. I heard a crash, and as I went down I felt a pressure of water over my head, caused as I then thought, by the whale's flukes as she struck. How long I was under water I know not, but I remember that all looked dark above me and I tried very hard to shove my head through, in order to breathe. At last I succeeded, but what a sight was that on which I gazed when I found myself on the surface of the water! About a rod from me was the whale that we were fast to, thrashing the water into a foam with his flukes, the ocean red with blood, and the crimson streams flowing from the wounds made by harpoons. In another direction I could see pieces of the boat floating around. At the distance of two or three miles I could occasionally get a glimpse of the ship as I rode on the top of a swell, and not a human being in sight. Most forcibly did the words of the poet apply to my situation at this moment:

"Oh, solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face,
Better than all the midst of alarms
Than dwell in this horrible place."

So thought I, as I struck out for a piece of our once beautiful boat, a few rods distant. The crew came up, one after another, catching at anything they could see to keep them afloat. One poor fellow came paddling along with two or three oars under him, crying out that his back was broken. Another of the crew and myself got him on the piece of a boat that he had hold of. His thigh was broken, and he could not move his legs at all. The second mate soon after picked us up with his boat, and so much had we been engaged in looking out for ourselves that we did not perceive that one of our number was missing. But, alas! it was too soon found out. He was a young man about seventeen years old, and did not belong to the boat, but went in the place of the midship carman, who was sick at the time. The whale fell directly on him and probably killed him in a moment. With what feelings we pulled round and round the spot where the boat was stoven, unwilling to believe even after we knew there was no hope, that our shipmate was gone never more to return. And how silently we glided alongside the ship and hoisted in our poor shipmate now named for life.

Oh, that some of these people who look upon sailors as little better than brutes, and who know little or nothing of the kind feelings and growing affections concealed under their rough exteriors, could have seen what I saw on board that ship, even their hearts would melt, and they would find that it is not always the polished and educated, the smooth-faced and handsome man that has the warmest heart or the most generous feelings.—J. W. H.

A Remarkable Career.

New York Letter in the Hartford Times.

Gotham has always been a wonderful place for ups and downs, but I doubt if it has produced anything more remarkable in this way than is seen in the career of "Ed" Stokes, or as an increasing number of people now call him, Mr. Stokes. His election recently as president of the United Lines Telegraph company marks an advance in a few years that may well excite surprise. Previous to the Jim Fisk episode the public in general knew nothing about Mr. Stokes. What it learned then was that he belonged to a respectable family, but had been rather wild. Fisk crossed his path for a woman, wounded him a good deal, and, it is said, also threatened his life. Then came the shooting in the Grand Central hotel followed by Stokes' long imprisonment in the Tombs and the still longer one at Sing Sing. That was supposed to be the end of him. Certainly no one imagined that "Ed" Stokes would ever be a man of note in the community, with so very dark a cloud hanging over him. He served his term at Sing Sing and soon after his release he went to California.

Very little was heard of him for some time. Only his personal friends knew how he was employed there. No one had any thought that, having been down so low, he would ever rise again. But the stuff that makes men rise was in him. After a while New Yorkers heard that a magnificent bar the most elaborate and costly in the city, had been opened in the Hoffman house, with Ed Stokes as proprietor, and they went in thousands to see it. It certainly was worth seeing, the pictures and statues alone representing a small fortune. The bar flourished and after another while it became known that the Hoffman house itself was largely owned by Stokes. Its business grew rapidly and Stokes made money fast. He also made the acquaintance of a number of Wall street men, for his bar became their favorite up-town resort. Gradually his footing among the Wall street men became firm and they, on the other hand, gradually recognized in him an uncommonly able business man. He went into Wall street himself and made some pretty good turns. And now he comes to the front as president of a telegraph organization that promises to give to the overgrown Western Union company a hard push. Some of the strongest financial men in New York are at his back and evidently have confidence in him. The rise of Ed Stokes since his dreary days at Sing Sing is very remarkable indeed.

Eugene, eldest son of Capt. A. H. Bogardus, champion wing shot of the world, died recently at Elkhardt, Ind., of congestion of the lungs, aged 22. Eugene was thought as good as his father, and they comprised the most important features of Forepaugh's show last season.

Abram's Wife.

From the Arkansas Traveler.

"Abram Sawyer," said the old judge, replying to an old negro who had just addressed him, "is it possible that you want a divorce when it has only been three days since you were married?"

"You doan know dat lady, jedge; you doan know her, ur you wouldn't meck sich er gre't 'miration 'bout de fact."

"Why, the other day you told me that if Silvy refused to marry you, you were a dead man."

"Yes, sah, I tole you dat."

"And have you gotten over your love so soon?"

"Wall, 'scratching his head, 'I has had eruff ter dribs lub an' 'faction outen de human brens'. I wuz er happy man at fust, an' 'mits dat life looked mighty promis'n', but all dat wuz changed dis mawnin'."

"How so, dis?"

"Wall, sah, you knows dat I keeps er pie stan' down on de corner. Wall, after we had dun got ober 'tivities o' dat marriage I went on down ter de conder to sell mer pies, an' I hadn' been dar laung till Silvy she come along she did. 'Law bless me, Abram!' says she, 'w'uter little cuddly-hole o' er place yer's got yer. My stars! look at dem pies, noney. W'ar you got all dem pies, noney?' 'Buys 'em at er mighty big cost,' says I. 'Ah, sah,' said she, 'an' reachin' ober she tuck er pie an' her face opened an' it wuz gone. Fo' de Lawd, jedge, I neber seed sich er mouf on er human bein'."

I look in 'stonishment, I did, and couldn' hardly, blebe it, but, bless yer life, de pie wuz done gone. 'Ab'ram, she-she, 'you is sich er good man, an' I lubs yer so awful much. Ef I hadn't maid you I neber woulder maid erder. Look out er' han' on dat glass, sez I, but she smiled an' den filed de smile up wid eruder pie. I tell you, jedge, I wuz gittin' anxious 'bout dis time, fur I seed nurr crepin' erlaung. 'Honey, s' I, you better go on back ter de house, fur I see mighty feerd you'll take col' out yere on dis dampground.' 'Oh, I ain't erfeerd, fur I see got on mer thick shoes,' said she. 'Lawd bless you, no, I ain't erfeerd, fur wen I wucked up at de still 'ouse I stood on de damp ground' all de time. Eruder pie wuz gone. 'Lawd bless yer,' she-she, 'w'y, yo' darlin', ain't neber luben nuthin' yit dat took de wire aoffen yer appetite.' She retched cut her han' after eruder pie. Den I say, 'Hol' on, lady, hol' on. Drap dat pie. Drap it right now.' She sorter laughed, she did, an' stopped up de laug wid er pie. Dat ins' pie settled it wid me, sah. I loked her, but I couldn't b'arter see all dem pies go dat way, so I jes' made up mer mine ter git er 'dorce. Jedge, dar's lots o' ladies in dis yere 'munty, but lemme tell yer dat durin' dese hard times pies is pies."

Dressmaking as a Fine Art.

Oscar Wilde in Woman's World.

I am sorry to see that Mr. Fawcett depreciates the engagement of ladies of education as dressmakers and milliners and speaks of it as being detrimental to those who have fewer educational advantages. I myself would like to see dressmaking regarded not merely as a learned profession but as a fine art. To construct a costume that will be at once rational and beautiful requires an accurate knowledge of the principles of proportion, a thorough sense of color and a quick appreciation of the proper use of materials and the proper qualities of pattern and designs. The health of a nation depends very largely upon its mode of dress; the artistic feeling of a nation should find expression in its costume quite as much as in its architecture, and just as the upholstering tradesman has had to give place to the decorative artist, so the ordinary milliner, with her lack of taste and her lack of knowledge, her foolish fashions, and her lack of inventions, will have to make way for the scientific and artistic dress designer. Indeed, so far from it being wise to discourage women of education from taking up the profession of dressmakers, it is exactly women of that class who are needed, and I am glad to see in the technical college for women at Bedford millinery and dressmaking are to be taught as a part of the ordinary curriculum. There has also been a Society for Lady Dressmakers started in London for the purpose of teaching educated girls and women, and the Scientific Dress Association is, I hear, doing very good work in the same direction.

The Money Kings of Russia.

Coal oil makes fortunes wherever it is found, and the two Noble brothers of Russia are said to be worth \$400,000,000. They are the standard oil men of Russia and they control more petroleum than any oil company in the world. If this estimate of their wealth is correct they are the richest brothers in the world and they have an income greater than the czar himself. The czar of Russia gets \$10,000,000 a year from his private estates, and as 10 percent is a low rate for oil profits the Noble brothers ought to receive \$20,000,000 each. The millionaire Steigitz, who was for years the richest private party in Russia, had only \$9,000,000 when he retired, and if all the Rothschilds had as much in proportion to their number as these two brothers they would be many times as rich as they are. One of the most enterprising of the Russian millionaires died in 1880. He was the Alfred Krupp of that country. He had rolling mills and mines, and he built guns and gunboats. He made a fortune during the Crimean war though he was simply a naval officer at its beginning, and before he died he owned 40,000 square miles of mineral lands, and among his works were those at the mouth of the Neva which employed 5,000 men and which made more than \$3,000,000 worth of steel rails a year. This millionaire's name was Nicolai Ivanovitch Putiloff, and he was the most enterprising manufacturer and capitalist Russia has had since Peter the Great. Nothing was too big for him and he dealt in millions.