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The Chathaw Record

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ELOQUENTLY PLEADED CAMBON

Graciously Our Noble Executive Acceded to the Prayer of the Great Frenchman.

SILVER CLOUDS OVERSHADOW THE GLOOM OF STRIFE.

Prince Bismarck, the Great Ex-Chancellor of Germany Dead. The Spanish Ship Maria Teresa Saved. Gen Merritt In Command at Manila. Natives of Porto Rico for Vengeance.

EVENTS of the most momentous character occurred at the conference at the White House on July 30th, between the President, Ambassador Cambon, of France, and Secretary Day, carrying the peace negotiations far beyond the mere submissions of terms of peace by the United States and reaching the point of a preliminary basis of peace between the government of Spain and the government of the United States, needing only the ratification of the Madrid cabinet in what was done to bring the war to an end. This was accomplished on the part of Spain when Ambassador Cambon presented to the President credentials he had received from the Spanish government appointing him envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, with complete instructions as to the manner of acting upon every one of the peace conditions presented by the United States, including the disposition of Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, the Ladrones, indemnity, armistice, and all other questions likely to arise in the course of the negotiations. The meeting was held in the President's private library, and both in the subjects discussed and the impressive manner in which the arguments proceeded, it was a conference destined to become memorable.

The President and the ambassador addressed each other directly, with the greatest freedom and frankness, each maintaining the justice of his position on the several points involved. When at last, after an eloquent plea by the ambassador, it was agreed to modify the conditions in one particular, Secretary Day withdrew for half an hour and attended to drafting the modification. This accomplished, the ambassador addressed himself to the President, not so much as the advocate of Spain, but personally, having with the President, man for man, a like interest in humanity. M. Cambon is a man of fervid eloquence, and he spoke with an intensity of feeling which made a deep impression on the President and the others present. He spoke in French, each sentence being caught up and interpreted by M. Thiebaut with rapidity, so that the earnestness of the ambassador's expression lost little by this indirect method of communication. The President spoke with equal frankness, and in the lengthy discussion there was scarcely a point in the whole range of the war which was not met and freely considered.

Terms of Peace.

The outlines of the terms of peace as drafted by Secretary Day are as follows:

Cuba to be free: Porto Rico to be ceded to the United States; one of the Ladrone Islands (probably Guam) to be ceded to the United States as a coaling station, and, as an immediate step, all Spanish forces in the West Indies to be withdrawn, with the formal relinquishment by Spain of her sovereignty over any possessions among those islands. No war indemnity will be demanded.

As to the Philippines, the cabinet agreed upon the following point: That Manila bay, with the city and surrounding territory, should be retained in the possession of the United States at least for such a length of time as is necessary to devise and put in operation some plan for the future government of the entire group.

Natives for Vengeance.

The appearance at Ponce of a large body of volunteer Spanish deserters aroused in the breasts of the natives a desire for revenge, and they began to ferret out all the Spaniards in the city who had ever been in the volunteer service and dragged them to the plaza. Blood hounds could not have been more savage. The most of the Spaniards in hiding, upon being discovered were hauled in triumph by hooting, jeering mobs to General Wilson's headquarters, or to the provost marshal's office in the municipal building. Some of the natives even began looting the residences of the Spaniards. They mistook liberty for license and were crazed with a thirst for vengeance. General Wilson, however, soon taught them that revenge could not be wreaked under the protection of our flag, and peremptorily ordered that the arrest of Spanish suspects should cease.

Not Regarded as Serious.

The differences which have arisen between General Shafter and General Garcia are not regarded by the war officials as serious, and little doubt is expressed that they will be amicably adjusted.

Gen. Merritt Now in Command.

Gen. Merritt arrived at Manila on July 25, and immediately after reporting to Admiral Dewey on the flagship Olympia assumed command of the American forces. Gen Merritt was officially recognized by a salute of thirteen guns.

The Bank of Spain's report for the week ending July 30 shows the following changes: Gold in hand, increase, 1,700,000 pesetas; silver in hand, increase, 4,175,000; notes in circulation, increase 7,220,000.

PRINCE BISMARK DEAD.

His Death Due to a Culmination of Chronic Diseases.

Prince Bismark, Germany's great statesman and warrior, died at his home in Friedrichsruhe on the night of July 30. It appears that the ex-Chancellor's death was not precipitated by sudden complications, but was rather the culmination of chronic diseases—neuralgia of the face and inflammation of the veins—which kept him in constant pain, that was borne with the iron fortitude which might have been expected. The beginning of the end dates from July 20, when the Prince was confined to his bed.

Official Expression of Sympathy.

By direction of the President, the following dispatch was sent to Hon. Andrew D. White, United States ambassador to Germany: "Washington, D. C. July 31.—White, Ambassador, Berlin: The President charges you to express in the proper official quarter to the bereaved German nation and to the family of the deceased statesman, the sorrow which the government and people of the United States feel at the passing away of the great Chancellor, whose memory is ever associated with the greatness of the German Empire.

ALGER, Asst. Sec.

His Life.

Prince Otto Eduard Leopold Bismarck-Schonhausen, was born of an old family of the "mark" Brandenburg at Schonhausen, April 1, 1815. He was created a Count on September 16, 1865, and Prince (First) Von Bismarck, in March, 1871. He was educated at the Universities of Gottingen and Griefswald, spent some time in the army and subsequently settled down as a country gentleman. Brought up in the political faith of the Junkers, or Prussian Tory Squirearchy, he became, in 1845, a member of the old monarchical party. During the revolutionary period of 1848 the services he rendered in the public debates to the Conservative cause led to his appointment as the representative of Prussia, in the Diet of the old German Bund, at Frankfort. Bismarck was sent as ambassador to St. Petersburg in 1859 and held that position until 1862. In May of 1862 he became Prussian ambassador at Paris. Five months later he was made First Minister of the Prussian Crown. Within the next ten years he humbled the Austrian empire, destroyed the French empire and created the new German empire. He remodelled the map of Europe, dismembering Denmark and France. He enlarged the frontiers of Prussia by the annexation of various provinces, including the dominions of three dethroned German princes, and succeeded in placing Germany, which had previously been the weakest and least respected of all the great powers, at the head of all the States of Europe.

Battleship Texas at New York.

The Battleship Texas has arrived at the New York harbor preparatory to going into dry dock. She was given a great welcome from the thousands of people who crowded the decks of the outward-bound excursion boats. Every vessel that boasted a steam whistle let it shriek for all it was worth. The piping tones of little tug boats mounted with the deep-mouthed roar of the ocean and coastwise steamers, and the usual calm of the Sabbath was supplanted by a veritable pandemonium.

The Maria Teresa Saved.

The War Department has received the following dispatch from Admiral Sampson: "Playa, July 29.—The Infanta Maria Teresa, upon which the wreckers are now engaged, will be floated and brought to Guantanamo as soon as a small leak is located, which is somewhere in the bow of the ship. Whether this is due to a small valve being left open, or a hole which may have been made in the bow, is not known. Her own pumps are being used to remove the water, there being steam in one of her boilers. (Signed) Sampson."

Garcia Has Resigned.

Advices from Havana confirm the report that General Garcia has relinquished his command and gone to Camaguey.

Wants to Be Friendly.

There is a strong desire in French official circles to bring about a complete resumption of the pleasant relations with the United States which existed previous to the trouble between Spain and America, and which were disturbed by French newspaper utterances.

Federal Judge Hanford, of Tacoma, has decided that an insurance policy does not lapse because of non-payments until the holder has been duly notified.

WAR NEWS EPITOMIZED.

Briefly Told for the Hurried Reader.

MONDAY.—Gen. Miles arrived at the place of debarkation on the south coast of Porto Rico, near Ponce. All of the troops in the surrendered territory of Santiago have laid down their arms. Capt. William C. Buckly, of the supply ship Port Victor, reports that an attempt was made to blow up the ship. A box containing thirty pounds of gun cotton and dynamite, with a clock-like mechanism, was discovered on the main deck and thrown overboard. Large bodies of soldiers gathering at Newport News, Va., for the Porto Rican invasion. Russian men-of-war ordered to the Philippines.

TUESDAY.—Spain made a direct appeal to President McKinley for peace. Gen. Miles landed at the port of Guanica, Island of Porto Rico, after a complete rout of the Spanish forces. Admiral Sampson's report of the destruction of the Spanish fleet made public, also the supplemental report of Commodore Schley. Gen. Shafter cabled the Adjutant General the sanitary condition of Santiago for July. A great ovation tendered Col. W. J. Bryan at the Windsor Hotel, Jacksonville.

WEDNESDAY.—Spain will protest against an attack on Porto Rico. The Wanderer expedition a failure. All the Cuban troops at Camp Calla were transferred to Caimanero. Honolulu went wild with joy on receipt of news that the United States Senate had passed the Hawaiian resolution. The Spanish forces at Porto Rico are concentrating at San Juan. Japanese press generally favor the retention of the Philippine islands by the United States. Gen. Shafter reports 3,770 sick soldiers. Admiral Miller sailed for Honolulu.

THURSDAY.—Terms of peace being reduced to form. Fever report from Santiago, new cases 822, total 4,122, death from fever 2. Wood's immune regiment sailed for Santiago. The authorities at Fort Monroe refused to let the steamship Concho with sick soldiers from Santiago touch at that port. The third regiment of Pennsylvania and the third division hospital corps arrived at Fernandina. State Department replies to Spain's charge of bad faith. Wrecking expedition off for Santiago. Captain Cook's (of the Brooklyn) report on the destruction of Cevera fleet made public.

FRIDAY.—Port of Ponce, Porto Rico, surrendered. President McKinley and his cabinet were in session for five hours discussing the forms of peace that would be acceptable to the United States. British subjects and natives of the Philippine Islands in London cabled to President McKinley praying him not to abandon the Philippine Island for the sake of peace. Through Spanish sources it is reported that Manila has surrendered. Another transport sailed for Manila with the First Dakota Regiment.

SATURDAY.—Peace negotiations received a great impetus at the Cabinet meeting, when M. Cambon appeared in the capacity of plenipotentiary for Spain. News of Gen. Merritt's arrival at Manila reached the War Department. An ovation to Gen. Miles at Ponce.

SUNDAY.—Gen. Wade ordered to Porto Rico. The battleship Texas arrived at the New York harbor and was given a great welcome. Dispatches received in London say the Madrid government considers the peace terms as being very hard. Spain becoming despondent about the Philippine Islands. A military club formed in Santiago by the American military officers.

WAR NOTES.

Capt. Catchings, son of Congressman Catchings, of Mississippi, on duty in Gen. Lee's command, died at Jacksonville, Fla., aged 27.

Captain-General Macias, of Porto Rico, has ordered his 18,000 men, now scattered over the island, to defend themselves as best they can, and as a last resort to retire to San Juan.

The London Daily Mail understands that the British transport Jelunga, carrying grenadiers to Gibralter, was stopped in the Bay of Biscay by an American cruiser.

The fever situation at Santiago as reported July 30 was, total sick 4,279; fever cases, 3,406; new cases of fever, 696; cases of fever restored to duty, 590; deaths, 1; cause, asthenia, following malarial fever.

The Spanish two-masted schooner Gibara, loaded with firewood and charcoal, and with 500 wounded Spanish soldiers, was captured by the Nashville on the 27th of July while trying to enter the port of Gibara.

Letters received from Cavite, under date of July 26, state that the insurgents have done nothing since their second repulse at Malate, when the American troops were held under arms through fear of an attack by the Spaniards.

A dispatch from Madrid says that King Alfonso is convalescent from the attack of measles. The same dispatch says that it is quite apparent that everybody in Madrid is resigned to the acceptance of the American terms of peace. The only matter that is raising any difficulty is the Cuban debt.

An interesting feature of the military government at Santiago is the constant stream of native residents who are presenting claims against the U. S. government for losses sustained at the hands of Cuban troops in the last three years. These claims are promptly returned with an expression of regret.

Senor Enrique Trujillo, the editor of The Porvenir, of New York, the organ of the Cuban insurgents, who recently arrived in Santiago, applied to General Wood for a license to establish a Cuban paper there. The character of the proposed publication was not considered desirable by the general at present, and permission to publish it was absolutely refused.

Li-Lap-Yan, leader of the rebellion in the Province of Kwang-Si, China, has proclaimed a new dynasty, styled "vast progress."

Aid Wanted at Malate.

The governor general of Malate, telegraphing to the Madrid government, under date of July 25, says that aid is indispensable to resist the imminent attack of the American forces under General Merritt. The foreign warships in the bay, the dispatch says, answered the salute in honor of the Queen's saint day, and the American vessels displayed the American flag.

A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

When Margaret reached home after her ride, during which her thoughts had not ceased to dwell upon her late bitter knowledge, she found that Brian had arrived.

Believed at the intelligence, yet feeling the impossibility of meeting him in her then state of mind, she determined to feign a headache. Indeed her imagination was not greatly exercised for this end as a dull pain in her temples gave reality to her excuse.

If Brian had known the moment of her arrival she would not have escaped so easily, but he was in the library at the time, and Margaret was thus enabled to reach the welcome seclusion of her own room, from which safe retreat she listened for any chance sound that might reach her ears.

Nanny had assured her that Brian had been made comfortable, and she also confided that he looked paler than usual and had been asking every five minutes if Margaret had returned.

"The old refrain," thought Margaret, with a sigh. "He can spend days away from me without regret, but if I leave him a minute here he complains."

Nanny was sent with the message that Margaret was indisposed, and hoped he would excuse her for to-night. She returned with a few lines that Brian had scribbled on the fly-leaf of a book.

"Dear Margaret," they began, "I am so sorry you are not well. Let me come up and sit with you. I promise to be very quiet and my presence cannot hurt you. I miss you so much. It is dull down here, with only my thoughts for company. My miserable thoughts. Let me see you if only for five minutes, Margaret. I am eating my dinner all alone."

"All alone! Poor Brian!

"Let him come, if only for five minutes. A simple request, easily granted, and yet even a few minutes was more than she could bear to-night. And so she answered the note. She thanked him for his sympathy. Her illness was nothing more than a headache, for which quiet was the best medicine. She could not see him to-night, though she was sorry he was lonely. She had eaten her dinner alone for two weeks.

And Brian read these written words, but he read not a line between the lines.

CHAPTER XV.

MARGARET MEETS HER MATCH AND MORE.

Margaret could not make her headache serve her another day without arousing suspicion, so she was forced to come to breakfast next morning, where she found Brian before her. He greeted her with a warmth that expressed a variety of emotions, while she endeavored to show no change in her manner toward him.

"I hope the headache has quite gone," he said, taking his cup of coffee from her hand.

"Yes, entirely," she answered; "I feel quite well this morning."

Her appearance belied her words, and so Brian thought as he regarded her rather intently from behind of the table. Then a constrained silence fell between them. Margaret searched her mind for some remark. She found nothing but the question which she regretted as soon as it had passed her lips.

"Did you enjoy your ride?"

A change passed over his face, and he answered with an emphatic "No."

"Perhaps you wouldn't call it enjoyment, Margaret. I don't know. Sometimes I wish I could think and act like people. I would at least be spared the misery of regret, and I daresay I would be happier."

"Indeed you would," she interposed, quickly. "Not to think and act as I do previously. I do not mean that, of course, because I would never put myself up as an example; but if you would only feel different. If you would not do the things which bring regret."

"That is easily said, Margaret. I should be perfect if it were the case. I am unfortunate in the possession of a dissatisfied nature, and it can't be well helped now. I believe people are born to certain things, and I am born to nothing. There's Wilson. I was talking to him the other day. He's a good fellow, but a drank in his way. I call him a natural doctor. Takes to it like a duck to water, and is in his element when he's tending a lot of sick, dirty children. Of course people admire these things, call him noble, unselfish, and all that. Well, I do, too. Yet I can't do what he does. I'm of different caliber, I suppose. Some time ago he told me he could get me in a hospital. It was a splendid opening, no doubt, and any number of fellows would hang for it. But I told him I'd be charitable and let some other poor devil have it. He couldn't understand my refusal. Why? Because his ideas and habits are different from mine. I am sorry it is so."

"And I am sorry you have thrown away so many advantages, Brian. It is really a shame. I can have no patience with you."

Brian was silent under this outburst, Margaret's ideas might be right in the abstract, but he had no desire to practice by apply them to himself.

"You blame me for a very common failing," he said after a moment. "There are any number of men in New York today who have no business of any kind. They are well-to-do, of course, and they find plenty to fill their time. Here, however, it is different. There are no diversions, and one——"

"Must go to the city to seek them, I understand," said Margaret. "Under the circumstances it is surprising that you have Elmwood at all. Why not take up your residence in New York?"

He regarded her with more than surprise.

"Would you wish such an arrangement?" he asked, with much warmth. "Are you so ready and anxious to be rid of me? Does it look like the neighborhood to discuss our affairs, and——"

Margaret laughed bitterly. "The neighborhood has already discussed them to its heart's content. Be sure of that. I don't believe I can be hurt more than I have been on that point. As to getting rid of you, you talk without reason or sense, Brian. There'd be no getting rid of you, even if I regarded you in the light of a millstone around my neck, which I don't—quite. Now, I've been thinking a great deal, and I have decided that as you cannot endure life here I'll have to endure life in New York. I am going there next week."

"To New York," repeated Brian, scarcely able to credit his ears. "I thought you said it would break your heart to leave Elmwood."

Margaret dropped her fork and stooped to pick it up before she answered.

"Don't bring up things I've said," she returned, with some impatience. "One can't be accountable for every word. I am determined not to be talked about, and I want to see something of this wonderful New York, where life is so flexible that it can be lived every caprice." Your expression, sir. You will have to find me a resting place. Not a boarding house, that would be a bother. A small apartment will be best; please look for one, if you can find time from your important social duties."

"Yes," said Brian, gradually recovering from his surprise. "I'll do what I can, notwithstanding your sarcastic reference to my duties. Those sweet lips weren't made for sarcasm. Don't frown. I know I'm a sharing fellow. I wish I could understand this sudden whim of yours. It is sensible, I can't deny that. I've thought several times that it would be delightful to spend four winters in New York and our summers here. I shall be happy to enjoy your society and the city at the same time."

Margaret did not reply to this, and when she spoke again it was on another topic.

Brian found time to secure an apartment which seemed to Margaret suitable in all particulars, and as the time she had fixed upon for departure drew nearer she began to realize the cost of leaving Elmwood.

Her life was so thoroughly identified with this home she had learned to love so dearly, her mind and heart so fully wrapped up in all connected with it, that it was a hard and real sacrifice to break up old associations, and look forward to an indefinite stay among comparative strangers and unnatural surroundings. But the sacrifice had to be made, and it was best to make it seem the slightest. Dwelling upon it only made it harder, and after the actual leaving was over, the bitterness part she could force herself to be contented in that great busy city, which held no fear save for her.

She would have taken many quietly, to have avoided the pained saying good-bye to her friends. But this was not possible, so the ordeal was experienced that had to be encountered.

The tearful grief of the negro children, who had grown to love Miss Margaret as a second mother, tried her strength and resolution severely, and left her rather dreading her visit to Their cabins, in which she was sure to find the children so kind and sympathetic that it would be impossible to keep up.

"If he only understood how it hurts," she thought, making her way to Alice's room, "he would be only hard and cold. People call the world cold and unsympathetic, but it seems to me that——

"I am only a drawing you, Alice, such tempers are hereditary, you know."

These light words broke rather rudely upon Margaret's melancholy reflections, and notwithstanding her state of mind she was compelled to smile.

"Nell, I declare, she soliloquized, pulling aside the portiers and entering the room, to find the irrepressible young lady seated on a table, her foot dangling in the air and her laughing face mocking the wrinkled her mother had expressed.

"Merciful fates! It does look, Miss Margaret!" she cried, dropping from her perch and rushing to greet Margaret. "You didn't expect to see me. Well, I guess not, but here I am as big as life and twice as natural. Thank heaven, you've come. Take off your hat and coat. That's right. Now you feel more at home. You'll stay to dinner, of course? Oh, yes, you will. You must. I'm a good eh-ngur. Why, my anxiety, you ask? Be good what a want of conversation! Not you know the old bear, too; have seen his little ebullitions of wrath and noted the delicate pink that overspreads his expressive features when some body like me has an opinion that dear, quiet, beloved uncle of mine who tried to love me—is this morning and may be looking for me even at this moment. So, here I tremble, and shaver, and shake. So stay, I pray you, stay to aid the fleeing passer and throw oil on the troubled waters, as it were. Did you see him in your wanderings through the hall? Did you catch a glimpse of his seraphic cherubic——"

"For mercy's sake, be quiet," put in Alice, interrupting Nell's flow of eloquence. "You would set anyone crazy. Sit down, Margaret. I'll try to keep you from being talked to death. You look tired already."

"Generous creature, retorted Nell. "Take the chair by me, Miss Margaret. You'll be safe, really. Yes, sweet and I had a glorious quarrel this morning. I can't remember what about. Exercised to express emphatic opinion on some subject, I dare say. He differed with me. So we had a regular battle. He did, as poor old Tom says, and I defended myself against the onslaught of his tongue. Alice merely grinned. When you came in I was trying to tell her that such tempers are hereditary, and therefore she'd better look out.

"Did she thank you for your advice?"

"Thank me! Not she. Her mother's too ungrateful. There now! I had a question to ask you, and I've been talking it already. Oh, yes! is it really true that you are going away? Oh, dear—, this morning.

"Yes," answered Margaret, with a sigh. "I am going to-morrow.

"So soon?" asked Alice, coming to kiss Margaret's chair and putting her arms around her neck. "How shall I ever get on without seeing you every day or so. I can't let you go."

Margaret clasped Alice's hands in hers.

"It is hard for you, how more hard it is for me," she answered.

"Please don't be melancholy," begged Nell, with a quick glance at Margaret's face. "Alice, go and sit down. You give me the blues if I may be allowed to speak, as one of my friends says I remark. My disposition is really most solemn. I cry so easily that the slightest effort will bring an ocean of tears. Then my nose gets red, my freckles grow larger, and I'm a sight generally. So don't make me weep. If you are going to New York, Miss Margaret, I envy you. 'Cause why? 'Cause you've got money and can have no end of fun there. It's different with us. We are poor, as Alice has no doubt told you, and it's a nasty, mean, contemptible thing. Poverty was the reason for our moving to Philadelphia, nothing in the world else. Our friends were told that we liked Philadelphia, that the air agreed with us—we are all so healthy we'd thrive in a pig pen—when the real, unvarnished truth is the low rents agree with our pocket-books. I tell you, you don't half know our tricks."

"Oh, Nell!"

"Just hear Alice say 'Oh, Nell!' as though she doesn't know as well as I do the tricks of the guild. The social means poor people, you know. Not poor washerwomen, hard-working women, and such poverty-stricken wretches, but poor people like us, trying to keep up appearances on nothing. I abominate them, and I despise poverty so badly that I'd rather be rich than go to heaven. Now it's Miss Margaret's turn to say 'Oh, Nell!' and how shocked she looks in the bargain. It's evident she doesn't know anything about scraping and scratching. If she'd lived in cheap flats I bet she'd agree with me. They are simply horrible. And when it comes to furniture! Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner! We've had them, and I know whereof I speak. I remember one especially. The greatest place on record. Handsomely furnished, the owner called it. We didn't been in it three days before all that has been furniture vanished to pieces. A case of humanity treated to prompt, very likely. Now, I've grown suspicious. If I see a flat on a street I want to know what is underneath, and no matter how intent of the chairs and tables may look sitting around in their Sunday clothes, as it were, I know it's too good to last, that the tables will shed a leg and the chairs give up a leg or sit out just when one is needing such support. You see, experience is a good teacher."

"Thanks for your oration," remarked Alice, as Nell paused for breath. "Your tongue, my dear, is one of those infant, industrial not in need of protection."

"Nell's ex-cr-ess rather irritating, ma," remarked Margaret, with a glance at the late speaker. "Think so my fate at the department, and what is probable in store."

"A furnished apartment," broke in Nell quickly, in spite of her resolution to let that go from importance. I thought, as a temporary place, it would be pretty nice. Independent, cozy, and happy as a lark in a little apartment. A suitable place from two hundred to three hundred dollars a month. Now we never aspired to anything so fashionable. At that, nothing more or less than a flat was the object of our ambition, and there lies the difference. It is to enable me to one day live in an apartment like you that I am now and gladly scrimping on a lean and hungry diet. Beauty and Elegance! Money indispensable. If I'm a young well and good. If he's good, so much the better. Hell!"

"No more, please," begged Margaret.

"I came here expecting to be quiet, and you've made me lively——

"Comfort the servants," groaned Nell. "Overpowering work of the day, but I'm an excellent good action unconsciously. I'm an excellent young person, and, as you say, I don't imagine how they manage to spare me at home. Hit to tell the truth, May is the important one just now. She is soon to be married, you see, and by some curious sort of reasoning her value is increased fifty per cent. It is really a hard case. Too two members of the family going off in this style and leaving Ross and me to single blessedness. I don't appreciate such neglect decidedly. I wish I was beautiful. Oh, don't I wish I was beautiful! I'd like people to tumble into the last comfortably at once. What's the matter, Alice?

"I'll be glad to make a few remarks," was the answer, with affected in excess.

"Poor child! have you been waiting for a presentation all this time? Certainly you can talk. Don't put down your lip in that fashion. It resembles a Scotch Spooney when he indulges in Scripture. Scripture being something Decidedly unsanctified with. I don't want it mentioned in my presence. Spoiled ornament. His conversation with Biblical quotations, therefore I hate Spooney. Besides, he says Brian's daughter, and I any man, woman, or child who says Brian's daughter hasn't my private spite——

"What, Bess! Luncheon! Gracious, I'm glad. I'm as hungry as a bear. Miss Margaret, may take one under the shadow of your wing. Alice lead the way. I am in fortune. Oh, no.

"Expressing a mild hope that the combined influences of the tatters and her mother's presence might silence Nell's busy tongue, Alice led the way.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Milliner's Drummer.

Women have long been drummers for articles of female apparel. Many milliners send their representatives from one small town to another to take orders for hats and bonnets. Such women have a right to be enrolled in the noble army of drummers without further question.

I know a milliner's drummer once, says Charlotte Adams, in the New York Journal. I met her at a New York boarding house. She was a very pretty girl and she wore a tangerine colored gown made with slashed sleeves and plenty of diamond jewelry. I took her to the theater and she roamed her freely after the performance. She was also a buyer of milliners' goods, and her business at New York was to purchase for half a dozen houses. The last time I heard of her she had taken a young man to support.

Why, indeed, should women not be drummers? They are quite as capable and active as the men, and have far better morals. They do not ogle ladies, they do not romantic actresses, they don't run up hotel bills at the expense of their employer and they do not buy new clothes out of the money allowed for "extras."

CONSCIENCE, which we think we deserved we accept only as debts, with indifference, but those which conscience informs us we do not merit, we receive with the same gratitude that we do favors given away.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Ferns For Decoration.

Russian crash is a material which lends itself to the efforts of the decorator with excellent results. It is inexpensive, very wide, and, when painted, makes beautiful draperies. A clever woman is planning to gather a quantity of ferns this season, and, with a green dye, decorate a big piece of the crash with old-fashioned spatter-work, with the ferns for a pattern, for a bed cover.

How to Wash Silk.

Silk stockings should be washed only in lukewarm water. The best way to wash silk underwear is to let it soak for fifteen minutes in tepid suds containing a little ammonia. Soap should never be put on the garment, and it should not be rubbed, merely squeezed through the fingers. The article should then be rinsed through several waters, all lukewarm. The last water should contain a little bluing and a teaspoonful of liquid gum arabic, and the articles should at last be wrung out between towels and pressed between muslin while still slightly wet.

To Wash All Wool Flannels.

A family whose members wear fine all-wool flannels all the year through have solved the problem of having them washed well. To prevent shrinking they must be carefully pulled into shape. It is not necessary that one should stop in the midst of other laundry work to press flannels, for, if it is convenient, there can be two wash days in the week, flannel day on Tuesday, when no other washing is done. Strange sweeping by having different rooms swept thoroughly only on alternate weeks, the bedrooms, for instance, on one week and the living rooms the next, so that time is made for the extra wash day.

For a Cup of Good Tea.

"If you wish to have a good cup of tea," the man who knows tea says, "buy a little plain brown teapot, which looks not unlike as to outward appearance the common flower pot in which your plants come from the florists. But this red paste of which your teapot is made is of much finer material. It has a Japanese stamp on the bottom, and it comes from a small town in China not far from one of the large cities. Then when you have your teapot, take good care of it. Don't crack it. Why should your Biddy at out immediately after using. Be as careful of it as a man would be of a meerschaum pipe, and it will become seasoned and increase in value at the rate of $1 a year." If the connoisseur wishes to get some good fine tea it can be found at $1 a pound, and an expensive tea for it is strong and a little will go a long way.—New York Times.

Brushes for the Table.

The array of brushes for household use is constantly being added to by inventors with a quick eye for the exigencies of the moment. Besides the various kinds and sizes of the crumb brushes, recognized readily by their curving outlines, there is now a newcomer known as the five o'clock tea brush, and designed for use in brushing the crumbs from highly polished tables over which no cloth is laid. The bristles of this new addition are so soft as not to injure the handsomest table ever made. The handle is ornate enough to make the brush an appropriate adjunct of luxurious surroundings.

This brush is not a prosaic half moon like its older and tougher associates. It is higher than it is wide and altogether unique among crumb brushes. There is a ring on the handle through which a ribbon may be slipped for parlor decoration and the useful implement kept near at hand may be dolly scrubbed, in between times, by the fair tea tosser at an afternoon function.

Dusting brushes increase in number, as do duvets made of feathers and of strong hemp. The latest addition to this family is a revolving brush of steel, stiff bristles, made for wiping out the crevices and interstices of carved furniture. It is an automatic contrivance. One fix it in place against the stubborn dust lode in the nook, and by rotating the round handle more or less rapidly the work is done and the corner wipe clean well and effectually.—London Mail.

Recipes.

Chocolate Icing—Chocolate icing is easily prepared as follows. Melt three ounces of chocolate in half a gill of water, add half a pound of icing sugar directly the water is warm. Stir till all is dissolved, but do not let it boil.

Raspberry Foam—Whip the whites of four eggs until frothy, add four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and whip until very stiff, dropping in a little at a time three tablespoonfuls of raspberry juice. Heap in glasses and serve at once.

Corn Pudding—One can of corn chopped fine (about one pint), two eggs beaten, one half cup milk (omit if the corn is very liquid), one-half teaspoonful salt, a speck of pepper. Bake in a buttered pudding dish from twenty to thirty minutes, or till firm like a custard. Serve hot.

Currant Shrub—Wash and mash a sufficient quantity of currants to make one quart of juice, straining first through a coarse sieve and then through doubled cheese cloth. To this add an equal quantity of water and sugar sufficient to sweeten. After the sugar is dissolved, chill and serve with shaved ice.

Creamed Beef—Put a lump of butter the size of an egg in a frying pan, when it is melted add cold roast beef, cut in thin slices, or chipped dried beef, and fry to a nice brown; then add a tablespoonful of flour, and stir well; add of all add enough water or milk to make a nice cream. You can serve on toast or not.