

HISTORICAL.

The Lincoln medal, struck in honor of Abraham Lincoln, is described in a catalogue by A. C. Zabriskie of New York, a celebrated student of numismatics. There have been 187 of the Lincoln medals struck, and no other American except Washington has received the honor.

The two houses of the Massachusetts Legislature were first established in 1644. Previous to that time the general assembly had constituted one body, but an arrangement was now made for the magistrates and the deputies to assemble separately, and the measures agreed upon by one sent to the other, and the passage of any bill depend upon the concurrence of both. From that date the present parliamentary conduct was established.

This first Boston woman to devote herself to literary study was Miss Hannah Adams. In 1784 she published a learned, but, it must be said, rather stupid book, called the "View of Religions." Later she published a "History of New England" and a "History of the Jews." The former involved her in a vigorous controversy. Rev. Jedediah Morse also published a New England history, which Miss Adams claimed to be an infringement of an abridgment of her own work, which she had arranged as a text book. It is said that the controversy was a lively one, and extended over a period of ten years. The place aux dames was not especially recognized, and the lady was compelled to assert her own right of way, a task to which she appears to have been fully equal.

The Bicycle Era.

As an evidence of the grip which the bicycle has on this community—if any evidence were necessary—a gentleman in Englewood tells this: "I had arranged to have a new walk laid in front of my house, and it was necessary to do some other work in connection therewith. The morning the work was to commence the contractor arrived—on his wheel. A few moments later the plumber came—on a wheel. Then the carpenter arrived—on a wheel. And next the foreman of the gang—on a wheel."—Chicago Tribune.

BERENICE ST. CYR. A Story of Love, Intrigue, and Crime.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"In that view of the case, I may venture to make him a proposition." "Let us hear it." "If he will promise upon this honor of his, in which you have such confidence, that he will at once reveal the hiding place of the bonds, I'll permit you to go." "With whom?" asked Cole, eagerly. "In the carriage, and unattended. The hackman will drive her home." "But what is to become of Cole?" queried the anxious girl. "If his information turns out to be correct, he will be set free." "When?" "As soon as we have an opportunity to cash the bonds and find a place of safety outside Chicago." "Very well," replied Cole, after exchanging a look with the young lady. "You promise, on your honor, to locate them?" "I promise, on my honor, to tell you where I placed them." "And where they still remain?" "For aught I have done to remove them." "Good enough. Remember, though, that any treachery will cause you to forfeit your life!" "I understand." "Take the young lady to her carriage, Mart, and tell the coachman to drive her home." "All right, this way, miss." Could our young friends have seen the look that passed between the two desperate men who were plotting for a fortune, they would have placed no confidence in their promises. "Good-by," said Cole, extending his hand. "Good-by," returned the girl, returning the pressure of his hand with a fervor that bespoke plainer than words her love and devotion. The situation of our hero was desperate in the extreme, yet his heart beat joyfully as he saw the fair girl disappear from the room. Not only had he secured her escape from perils greater than death itself but he knew now with what feelings she regarded him. "Now for your part," said Almon, impatiently. "Wait a moment." "For what?" "Until your partner returns." "And why?" "He may be detaining her outside." "Why couldn't he deliver her to a confederate?" sneered Sears. "I'm not afraid of that. You're playing too desperate a game to have many confidants." The entrance of Stoupe put a stop to the discussion. "Now, then," said the younger villain, "the bonds!" "I placed them in my right boot-leg. The two men sprang forward together, and in an instant the article in question was removed from the foot of the helpless prisoner. A bowl of rage went up from the two desperate ruffians when they found the boot to be empty. "Duped! duped! duped!" shrieked Almon. "He shall die for this!" cried Sears.

CHAPTER XI.

It was, indeed, Mat Hyland, the detective. He had seen Morris leave the house, and had shadowed him to a drug store in the adjoining street. As the money-lender was returning after having secured the restoratives, Hyland had come upon him unawares, and at once made him a prisoner. Then from the nearest patrol-box he had called a wagon and turned Morris over to the officers in charge of it, telling them to look him up on general principles and he would appear in the morning and lodge a substantial charge against him. Then he had withdrawn to a place he knew of in the neighborhood, where, by the aid of a case of cosmetics and a false beard which he carried with him, he succeeded in so changing his appearance as to readily pass for the money-lender, with whom he agreed generally as to size and form. This done, he had swallowed a mouthful of brandy to impregnate his breath, and, with the package of restoratives in his hand, had boldly entered the midst of the enemies of the law. He had speedily discovered that all his preconceived theories were entirely false, and that the young man he had been so relentlessly pursuing was as guiltless as himself. In an effort to save Cole Winters from what appeared to be impending death, he had been detected by Bloom, under whose powerful hand he had fallen senseless to the floor. "We're just a little bit clever ourselves," laughed Bloom, as he took a pair of steel handcuffs from the pocket of the detective and snapped them over his wrists. "I'm not going to steal 'em. I'll leave 'em in your possession, or rather you in theirs." "We won't quarrel about a technical point," put in Sears, "but what induced you to come here, Hyland, disguised as Max Morris?" "And disguised with liquor," added the burglar. "My duty," rejoined Hyland, who had now regained his feet. "I'm sorry you took that view of it," the younger man proceeded. "I've known you some little time, and always liked you, Mat. Your anxiety for promotion has led you into a position that has placed a duty—a sad and serious one—on Mat Bloom and myself." "You mean to kill me?" "No, on no account. We must, however, conceal, or, more exactly, sequester, you for a time. Our safety depends upon it, so you really can't object, old man." There was a cruel sneer about the speaker's mouth, and a cold, snakey gleam in his eyes. The detective noted both, and realized that they boded him no good. He was a shrewd man and an able detective, who had run down many a dark crime, and brought the perpetrators to justice. He had failed now and fallen into the hands of his enemies, not from any professional fault, but because humanity had induced him to come forward to the relief of our imperiled hero. Cole Winters appreciated this, and evidenced it by a look of gratitude. "You have been frank with me," said Hyland, after a momentary pause, "and I will be equally so with you." "That's kind of you," remarked Sears, with a bow. "I'm acting in my own interest. Any move on your part to harm either Mr. Winters or myself will prove in the nature of a boomerang." "How so?" "You know me for a detective?" "I've heard you call yourself that. I shouldn't have thought to hear anything you've done in this case." "No pleasure, please. As a detective I have taken every precaution for my protection. I am in your power. You may kill me, but your escape is impossible." "Why so?" "Because this house is guarded by officers on every side." "That for you and your officers," Almon Sears snapped his fingers, while Bloom leered at him. "What do you mean?" "That there are ways of killing a pig besides choking him with butter. We can quit this house when we please, and your officers be none the wiser."

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

American are the only women in the world who do not exhibit some sign of matrimony. Of course, those who follow in the wake of European etiquette would not appear with their daughters wearing a hat without strings, but the universal American woman wears what she likes, regardless of whether it be matronly or not, and what is worse, her daughters will select articles of dress only suitable to married women. In no other country is this the case. Among the Germans the badge of a married woman consists of a little cap or hood, of which they are very proud, and "donning the cap" is a feature of the wedding day among the peasants of certain localities. The married women in Little Russia are always seen, even in the hottest weather, with a thick cloth of dark hue twisted about their heads. In New Guinea a young woman lets her hair hang about her shoulders, but when she is married this is cut short. Chinese matrons braid their hair like a helmet. In Wadat the wives color their lips by tattooing them with the thorns of the acacia and rubbing them with iron filings; in parts of Africa the married women perforate the outer edges of their ears and their lips and stick rows of grass stalks in them; and among a certain Mongolian tribe of people, the Manthes, the women wear suspended from their ear a little basket full of cotton, to which a spindle is attached. Thus in every country, savage and civilized, but our own, there is a sign or symbol of some kind that distinguishes the matron from the spinster. Fashion Notes. Dress skirts remain smooth at the waist and flaring at the bottom. China silk crepon and chine striped tafeta are among the leading novelties. Round waists still hold their own in the front ranks of fashion, but are often varied by pointed effects, points of ribbon, narrow frills, etc. All the new jackets are short, extending only eight inches below the waist. Some are made very full in the back and others have plaits pressed flat. The little collared ruffs of net, chiffon or tulle give an air to any costume. Batistes, lawns, chiffons and broads are simply trimmed with frills and laces of their own material, the revival of an old style which cannot be improved. Not for years have muslins, organdies, berages, chambrays, zephyrs and all the rest of the good old-fashioned summer family fabrics had such a decided inning. Hand-painted satins are one of the latest novelties, and they are used for bodices, parasols and capes, and hand-painted ribbons are already imported for various purposes of trimming. The princess is slowly coming into form again, but it is made quite modern by the addition of epaulets, cape effects and all sorts of collars, such as appear on other gowns of the usual cut. Very natty bathing suits are made of black alpaca, with full skirts and trousers to the knees and full waists, with a square yoke outlined with white braid and short, voluminous sleeves that would do credit to a full-blown evening dress. The most fascinating shirt waists are made of French batiste in lovely colors and new patterns, rosebud silks which are reproductions of those used fifty years ago; chine, glace and wash silks, with dainty little lace-edged frills down the front and wide sailor collars, also edged with a frill. New silk waists of Rob Roy plaid tafeta silk are made with plaited fronts, bias yoke backs, full elbow sleeves, and velvet stock collar. A recently imported French grass cloth is made over a China rose silk, the intense glowing hue of the lining giving the entire gown a rosette tint. For a brunette nothing more becoming could be imagined than a rustic straw hat trimmed with pale ecru silk, guipure lace and rich-Jacque roses. Blouse waists of finely striped washing silks, with turn over collars of lawn or white silk edged with lace, are the coolest things possible and dainty to look upon. A very pretty tuck is given to the new striped silk blouses by making the collar in the stripe and trimming the edge with narrow cream lace. Beautifully tinted, striped batistes are made up with very broad white material edging the bottom of the skirt. Towels, but No Soap. A recent and noteworthy manifestation of the newspaper enterprise and liberality toward subscribers in the matter of premiums is to be recorded to the credit of our esteemed contemporary, the Journal, of Beaver Springs, Penn. It says: TURKISH TOWELS FREE. We are making every honest effort to secure new subscribers to the Journal, and now offer to send the Journal one year together with a beautiful brown Turkish towel, size 12x22 inches, two ply good fancy color, for only 15 cents. Send this amount in stamps to the Journal, Beaver Springs, Penn., and receive the towel at once and Journal regularly every month for a year, all postage free. This is a great offer and is open to new subscribers only. Surely a great opportunity for the people of Pennsylvania, for why the Journal don't throw in a copy of soap is more than we can understand.

SOME ITEMS THAT WILL INTEREST.

Earrings. The Shoulder Shawl. Women Win. Winter Crepons. A Congressman's Wife. Badges of Matrimony. Earrings are fast coming into fashion again, so an uptown jeweler declares. Twenty years ago they were considered very stylish, but for the past ten years there has been but little demand for them. About a year ago they began to be called for, and now the indications are that within a year they will be as much in vogue as they were twenty years ago. THE SHOULDER SHAWL. A shoulder shawl is a convenient article of one's dress, as the time draws on when one expects to sit more and more upon the veranda and lawn. About the easiest-made and most effective for the time, expended on it is a square of pale colored cashmere, with a crocheted border in zephyr to match the shade used, and worked in shell stitch. These shawls should be edged with floss of the same color. WOMEN CAME OUT AHEAD. Women came out ahead in an examination recently held for library cataloguer and library clerk for the Agricultural Department at Washington, D. C. Of the thirty applicants for the former position all of the men failed to pass, while only five out of the sixteen women did so. Of the ten applicants for the latter, eight men failed and two women passed. Although Secretary Morton wanted men for the places, he was moved by these results to change his mind, and appointed Miss E. B. Wales, of Chicago, clerk, and Miss G. F. Leonard, of Albany State Library, cataloguer. ABOUT WINTER CREPONS. A practical hint of the future is gathered from the gossip of the shops. One of the richest yet most conservative of the great dry goods stores when sending two buyers abroad in search of woolen goods for next winter instructed them not to buy crepon, believing this fabric to have had its day of favor with American women. At last report these buyers cabled home that they must buy crepon, as there is little or nothing else in the European market for the next season. At another house of great repute more than two-thirds of the wool samples received for next winter are crepon, but in new fanciful weaving, different from anything now seen. These crepons of the future are also two-toned, some of them changeable, others in stripes and plaids. These facts are of value to economists, who find crepons at greatly reduced prices filling the counters of the shops, many of them a dollar less in the yard than was asked at the beginning of the season. Black, violet or apparently safe colors to buy, and it is well also to look for those barred or striped in two colors, and also dotted, as a season of fancy fabrics is predicted. A CONGRESSMAN'S HELPMATE. Congressman Johnson, of North Dakota, has a wife who is a helpmeet of the proper sort to him without being a canvasser of votes, a lobbyist, a reviser of his speeches, or even one of those women who are described as taking the "keenest interest" in their husband's careers. Mrs. Johnson, to be sure, may have the virtues of all these classes, but she has won fame chiefly from the remarkably clever way in which she superintended the work on a farm of 1,800 acres while her husband was attending the legislative affairs of the nation. In the spring of 1893 Mr. Johnson invested heavily in hay lands. Before the hay was ready to cut he was called to Washington by an extra session of Congress. He tried to find a man who would attend to his hay for him during his absence, and, failing, allowed his wife to assume charge of the big hay farm. The harvest came on, and Mrs. Johnson was in the fields bright and early in her top buggy, looking after the men and teams, and, when one field was cut, selecting another, and then another. All of the hay on the Johnson farm was mown, and then Mrs. Johnson leased hay tracts in the vicinity of Petersburg until the total cut amounted to almost 300 tons. Mr. Johnson himself says that he never had a crop looked after in more business like way than the hay crop of 1893. His only regret is that the promised high prices did not materialize. There was a larger crop than usual, and the prices went down instead of going up, but no money was lost by the operation, and the last of the 300 tons was sold the next spring to a neighboring farmer whose supplies had run out.

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