

How Senator Sparks Took Tea With the Dunns.

By SUSIE BOUCHELLE WIGHT.

When a girl is 16, and her mother just 17 years older, they may be delightful chums; but when the rift comes within the lute, the president of congress makes it difficult for the mother to insist upon being treated with the deference that belongs by right to mothers. It is especially difficult if both parents have united all the 16 years in spoiling the girl, so that, sweet as she may be, she does not understand anything about discipline.

After her first year at boarding-school, Rosaleen had come home very full of the notion that her people in the pine woods of Georgia were far behind the times. Her mother immediately resented this, perhaps the more bitterly because her tender heart missed the former close relationship that had been so sweet.

Rosaleen had always had her way about things, and she resented her mother's refusal to accept new standards, so matters had gone on, until now the two were only united in one thing, and that was to keep the true state of their feeling from Dr. Dunn, the indulgent, dotting head of the family.

Affairs had come to a crisis, however, with the receipt of a letter from the doctor's best boyhood friend, a newly elected senator, who wrote to say that in passing through Georgia he was going to give himself the pleasure of stopping with his old chum from 6 o'clock one evening until 12 that night. Mrs. Dunn and Rosaleen began planning to have the house and supper worthy of the occasion, and were both treading at once when Doctor Dunn broke in with his big, hearty voice:

"You may call him Senator Sparks if you want to, and you may put on the big pot and the little if you so desire, but as for me, he is just plain Tony, the same as when we were barefooted chaps together, and I don't see the necessity for going to so much extra trouble."

"I should like to make a good impression on your friend, who has never seen your wife," said Mrs. Dunn, primly.

"And I have a little pride of my own," remarked Rosaleen, and she and her mother exchanged cool, determined glances. Their gray eyes were very much alike and their square chins were cut by the same pattern.

"Oh, well, well," the easy-going doctor tossed the disturbing letter on the table and took up his hat, "feel the

will. You two can agree upon, but don't make such good impressions that he will have no eyes or ears for me. The general run of company I am glad to have monopolized by my pretty young wife and daughter, but with Tony it is a different matter. I haven't seen the boy for more than twenty years, and to tell you the truth, I have a good mind to bundle both of you over to Grandmother Smith's, so that I can have him all to myself. Supper, mother? Hal'lo!

I wonder if you have already forgotten the tales I have told you of how Tony and I used to have possum roasts and oyster stews all to ourselves and those times when we hooked chickens and rice from our unsuspecting mothers, and went down into the swamp and made pilch in our own fireplace bellies? Just fix to your heart's content, but don't worry yourselves."

The doctor stopped long enough to kiss them good-by, and then set off upon an all-day trip.

"Fried chicken, boiled ham, hot rolls, boiled hominy, potato custards, salmon salad, potato salad, milk-yeast bread, pickled, chow-chow, watermelon preserves—"

"Mother!" Rosaleen's abrupt protest terminated Mrs. Dunn's hospitable enumeration, and recalled to her mind the fact that there were differences between herself and the young lady of the house. "You will kill the Senator if you make him eat all those things!" Rosaleen proceeded, conscientiously. "People don't have groaning tables any more, like those Grandma Smith fixes—they call it vulgar."

Mrs. Dunn's small figure grew alarmingly straight and her eyes were perilously bright, but she listened in silence not trusting herself to speak.

"I will just flush making the house bright and pretty," went on Rosaleen, "and then, if you will let me, I will take entire charge of the tea-table, if only you will make the pound-cake and the rolls for me."

"Yes'm!" returned Mrs. Dunn, simply, but there was enough sarcasm in the one word to reveal all that was in her heart. She went directly to the kitchen, and a few moments later, when Rosaleen leaned out of the parlor window to brush the dust off an ornament, she saw a cloud of smoke boiling out of the chimney.

"The big pot and the little one are evidently being put on," she said to herself. "But never mind. I don't just know how, but I will manage." She nodded her head until her brown curls shook and trembled, and then, a few moments later, began a serial course of turning up her small nose at various sounds and scents that reached her from the kitchen.

"That is the wooden spoon hitting the cake-bowl, and that is all right; but I smell sweet potatoes steaming for those custards, and I know that milk-yeast is already in process of being raised."

She dusted and tidied away, and

filled the bowls and vases full of sweet autumn roses. "Gracious!" she ejaculated, after a while. "That makes four chickens that I have heard sing their swan song. I wonder if mother is going to kill all we have. I know there are six dressed young partridges in the dairy, besides. Phew! I smell the ham boiling."

In spite of strong temptation to go at once into the kitchen and remonstrate again with her refractory mother, Rosaleen refrained. She felt that after their midday dinner her mother would be tired, and she knew that then she would have plenty of time to do her own cooking for the supper as she had planned it.

It turned out as she sad anticipated. They ate their dinner and maintained a conversation upon strictly neutral lines, although both of them were secretly longing for the jolly old frolics of these meals when they were alone together, and each felt secretly resentful of the other's unreasonable tenacity of purpose.

When Mrs. Dunn had put on a wrapper and darkened her room for her nap, Rosaleen's opportunity had come. She went quietly to the kitchen, rekindled the fire, and set about the preparation of sundry modern delicacies.

She made a mayonnaise dressing; she gathered late tomatoes, hollowed them out, and chopping up the breast meat of the chickens, which were already fried and ready just to be heated over for tea, she made a salad that satisfied her soul, filled it into the tomatoes, and set them in the ice-box. The milk-yeast bread was not yet baked, so she poured it into the pipe, and going to the bread-box, took out some of the last baking, cut the slices into slender bread sticks, and piled them away for future reference. She prepared several other dainty dishes, and after an approving look at the uncooked chickens, evidently laid away for the morrow's use, she said to herself:

"I shall broil those chickens, and I can serve the partridges broiled, on toast. Mother won't stand out. If it wasn't for father I'd never do it, for I hate to act this way; but it is for the credit of the family." She went to the pantry shelves and looked them over thoughtfully.

The Smith potato custards were famous, and there were six of the golden-yellow circles cooling within their tin in the pantry. Rosaleen had used the choicest parts of the fried chickens, and it was a bony array of pieces that lay on the old blue platter. She was wondering what she would do if her mother held out for her own way. It occurred to her that if she had a little help she could eat up the offending pies and most of the chicken, and she made a brave beginning as she sat on the high stool, pondering.

The custards, piebeban as they were, were perfectly delicious, and she came very near destroying a whole one. She picked the wings of the fried chicken and the trotters from the back; but she felt replete all too soon, and then sat looking out of the window wondering how she could dispose of the rest of the pies and fried chicken. Her early training would not allow her to give them to the pig.

"Ah!" Rosaleen hopped down from the stool, ran round to the gate, and very quietly stopped a queer old figure that was hobbling down the street.

"Come in, Miss Mary Jane," said she. "I have something good for you."

Miss Mary Jane Holland, the village beggar, came willingly. She carried two capacious baskets, and set them down at the kitchen door with a groan. "My rheumatism!" she grumbled. "I've took teas and doctor's medicine, and it keeps getting worse. If only folks would send my victuals to me, instead of making me trudge about with these basticks!"

"Too bad!" laughed Rosaleen. "But you must talk easy. Mother is asleep up-stairs, and I don't want her wakened. She has had a busy morning. I will get you the things."

With that she took one of the baskets, carried it within, and then with careful hands arranged all the pies, the remains of the fried chicken, and the two salads, which her mother had decorated in various designs with the grated whites and yellows of eggs.

"It is a sin!" the young woman admitted to herself, with some compunction. "If I didn't feel that it was my duty for father's sake, I would not go through with it, for it is the meanest thing I ever did, and my mother's the sweetest mother—when she isn't in one of her contrary ways! There'll be a make-up to do over this, but when we are great up we will make up everything else, and we can have our good old times again."

She was rather silent when she carried the basket back to its grumbling owner.

"It's heavy, Rosaleen!" fretted Miss Mary Jane. "Couldn't you walk a piece and help me carry it?"

"Not today," replied the girl, with another laugh. "I am tired, and I want to rest a bit, for we are having company to tea."

Before she went up-stairs she set the table, and arranged her own concoctions neatly in the ice-box, since everything she had chosen was to be cold, except the chickens and birds, which she was going to broil. There would be no need for a fire in the stove until

her father had started to drive to the railway station.

She fell asleep directly when she lay down and her nap lasted a little longer than she had intended, so that she had to hurry in dressing. When she ran down-stairs she heard her mother and father chatting at the front door.

"I shall drive slowly from the station, dear," he was saying. "I feel about Tony as Rosaleen acts when she gets with some of her cronies—but you are her best crony, aren't you? Pleased with the arrangements for supper? Of course I shall be? When was I ever not pleased with your arrangements? You're here, Rosaleen, just in time to kiss me good-by. Well, won't old Tony open his eyes when he sees my daughter, that is as large and almost as pretty as her mother? Good-by! I don't hurry. I tell you I shall drive slowly."

"We might sit down here for a little while," said Mrs. Dunn, after a glance at Rosaleen, whose eyes did not look very bright and whose face lacked its usual animation. "There isn't a thing to do, except put the rolls into the oven. The hominy is already on to boil."

Rosaleen could not speak. Somehow the helplessness of what she had done had all dawned upon her, and she felt frightened at herself, and afraid of what her mother would say when she missed the pies and other things.

"Dear me!" ejaculated the mother. "There is old Mary Jane Holland coming. Tell her I'll be back in a moment. I must take a peep at those rolls." A sudden impulse to rescue her dominions from the dirty old basket was immediately abandoned by Rosaleen. Mary Jane kept on past the front gate. She had seen the mistress of the house going towards the kitchen, and as her business was with her, she followed to the side entrance. Rosaleen, troubled in her thought, sat quiet a few moments, and then went to the kitchen, too.

When she entered it she noticed a heightened color in her mother's face. Mary Jane had just gone fussing on her way.

"Come, Rosaleen, we must get tea on the table, so we shall not be flustered when the Senator comes." Mrs. Dunn threw wide the pantry door as she spoke, and then stopped in sudden dismay.

"For gracious sake!" she exclaimed, and Rosaleen knew that the time had come for her to assert herself.

"Mother," she said, "I couldn't bear for you to put all those old-fashioned things on the tea-table, and so I have simply given them to Miss Mary Jane, and the milk-yeast, that I heard you tell father had mysteriously disappeared, I have thrown to the pig."

They stood and looked at each other for a time, and Rosaleen's lip began to tremble. She was very sorry, but she was determined not to say so.

"What are we to set before the Senator?" asked Mrs. Dunn, and Rosaleen bridled on a retort.

"O mother, I have made several lovely dishes, and I have come right now to broil the chicken and the birds. We shall have a splendid supper."

She studied her mother's face for some sign of approval, but it was sadly lacking. "You will find my dishes in the ice-box, mother," she concluded.

"No, I shan't," said Mrs. Dunn. "For I have just given Mary Jane every single bit of your fixings." At that they looked at each other again, and before they had time to think they had broken into a great laugh, and in a moment were fairly shouting with mirth that held a suspicious quaver in it.

"O mother, the hominy is burnt up!" cried Rosaleen, rushing to the stove and snatching off the bright blue boiler, from which rose the telltale odor.

"Oh, it is, it is!" Mrs. Dunn suddenly grew sober. "Rosaleen, it serves us right, but what is the Senator to have for supper? He will be here in ten minutes."

"If we try to cook things he'll have broiled hostesses for sure," replied the girl. She had come close to her mother, with the sputtering boiler in one hand, but the other one stole up about Mrs. Dunn's neck.

"I'll tell you," said Mrs. Dunn, after a moment, wherein her own hand had sought her daughter's. "Your father said he would like to have him to himself, and cook as they used to. Let's go to Grandma Smith's until train-time."

"Good!" Rosaleen hastily secreted the boiler beneath the sink. They worked in a hurry. They sliced bread and put it on the table, along with cake, preserves and pickles. They brought out the dressed chickens and partridges, and washed some rice, and set it suggestively near, with some cheese, some cream, some crackers and the teapot. Mrs. Dunn hurriedly wrote a little note:

"We have taken you at your word, father, and left you and your friend to enjoy yourselves alone. You may come for us as you return from the depot. We hope there will be some of the plau left for us."

By this time Rosaleen was at the door with the pony and cart, and as Doctor Dunn and his guest swept up the drive behind the Moran colts, the mother and daughter drove out of sight down the cedar avenue that led backward to Grandma Smith's.

Grandma Smith could not see the humor of the situation, and was openly scandalized. "Rosaleen ought to have been sent to bed and kept in her room for a week for such behavior," the old lady said, severely. "And instead of that, here you are, Kate, giggling with her and hugging her as if she had done something smart. Whatever Senator Sparks will think, I don't know, and if Billy Dunn has never before been sorry that he married you, I guess he will be when he finds he has to fix his own supper."

After awhile she went to bed. Rosaleen

found her mother sat on the floor, her feet round each other, talking as they had not talked before since the devious home-coming from school, awaiting for the sounds of baggy-wigs.

The midnight train passed, and presently the doctor's team appeared in sight. They went down the old boarded walk to meet him at the gate, but the moonlight showed that he had a companion.

"I was a delightful thought," the Senator was saying, cordially, a moment later, "and Billy and I have had some of your plau—you, saved some plau; but I couldn't go away without seeing the wife and daughter. He is so puffed up over, so I have had him to let me stay till to-morrow afternoon."

"And to-morrow morning you and Rosaleen shall prepare breakfast for us and put on all the frills you want to," said the doctor, looking smilingly at his wife.

"Yes, Rosaleen and I will fix your breakfast—or I'll fix the breakfast and Rosaleen will fix the frills," she replied.—Youth's Companion.

WOMEN AND SHOE BUYING.

Views that are Enough to Determine the Profits or Losses Sometimes.

Six months ago a merchant in a New York state town put in a line of women's shoes. He had been selling men's shoes exclusively for a number of years and had built up a first-class trade on \$3.50 and \$4 goods.

"So many women came into the store from time to time," he explained. "The Shoe Retailer man," that I decided it would pay to put in a line of women's shoes, and I did so. I have had one clerk to help me in the store, and I find that, situated as I am, the women's trade is a good deal of a nuisance. In the first place men have always felt free and easy in my store, which you see is a small one, and when I sent out invitations to the women of the town and they came, the men look fright and more than one man has retreated on seeing women occupying the chairs. I cannot say positively that I have lost any of my men's trade, but I know that my male friends do not like the change a little bit, and some of them have shown much interest when I have hinted that I might give it up.

"Then I find women much harder to wait upon. Why, I can wait upon six men while I am waiting on one woman, and so you see it isn't very satisfactory on a Saturday night to be hauling down the entire stock to show it to women, at the same time seeing men come in, stand around awhile and then go out. Men help themselves to a great extent, and they are willing to do so on a busy day. I can wait on five or six men at a time, but a woman wants a clerk's entire attention, and if she does not get it she is likely to go out discontented about buying shoes."

"I find also that a larger store than mine is needed in which to sell both men's and women's shoes. They come in close proximity here. Women want a certain amount of seclusion, and we are often compelled to give them seats near one another, which is humiliating to us and no doubt to them as well. So I think I'll go back to selling men's shoes only."

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

In a London theater, at which a musical play is having a long run, the members of the orchestra play chess on miniature boards during the waits between acts.

A parade was recently held in Manila, and among the civic bodies that marched were the official rat catchers. They all carried their rat traps in their hands.

In Sheffield and some other northern cities, whenever a child is lost the relatives chalk an announcement on the sidewalk describing the wanderer and giving the name and address of his relatives.

Baron Volken, chief of police of Warsaw, who was injured by a bomb explosion recently, is suing an insurance company on an accident policy. The company draws the line at attempts to assassinate with bombs.

A cartman of Dunfanaghy county, Donegal, has been fined one shilling and sentenced to jail for one week for having his name and address printed on his cart in the Irish language. The case has been before the Court of King's Bench on appeal, and the issue to be passed upon is whether Irish is a legal language or not.

A curious custom still holds good in the village of Waleston in Buckinghamshire, England, where, on any morning or evening of the year, a person can claim a free drink of new milk from a cow specially kept for the benefit of thirsty wayfarers. This animal is known locally as the "alms cow," and when she dies another has to be provided by the parish.

Richard Strutt, a son of Lord Rayleigh, has invented a clock that will run for two thousand years. The motive power is a small piece of gold leaf, which is electrified by means of a very small quantity of radium salt. The gold leaf bends away from the metal substance and keeps moving under the influence until it touches the side of the containing vessel. At the moment of contact it loses its electrical charge and then springs back and is again electrified, and the process is repeated. It is thought that a thoroughly reliable clock could be made with the use of radium salt for

SWEEDEN AND NORWAY.

INTERESTING STATISTICS REGARDING RECENTLY SEPARATED NATIONS.

The Combined Population Practically the Same as That of State of New York—Agriculture the Mainstay in Sweden—The Fisheries Are so Important as Farming in Norway.

Some interesting information concerning Sweden and Norway has just been compiled by the Bureau of Statistics, Washington. It is shown that, notwithstanding less favorable natural conditions, such as the poverty of the soil, about 75 percent of which is unproductive, and a rigorous climate in the larger part of the country, also a relatively larger emigration, the population in Norway increases faster than that of Sweden. Thus, the population of Sweden increased between 1893 and 1903 from 4,824,150 to 5,231,291, or 8.2 percent, while that of Norway grew from 2,082,160 to 2,288,525, or 12.6 percent in the same period.

The combined population of Sweden and Norway is 7,484,301, practically the same as that of the State of New York. The area of Sweden is about 40 percent more than that of Norway, the territorial extent of the two countries being 173,876 square miles and 124,120 square miles, respectively.

If the average population for the period 1894-1903—5,643,709 for Sweden and 2,185,600 for Norway—be compared with the corresponding average emigration figures—25,619 for Sweden and 11,203 for Norway—the rate of emigration appears higher for Norway than for Sweden, 8.2 per thousand, as against 4.7 per thousand. During the decade 1893-1902, of the emigrants from Sweden who left their country over 80 percent stated as their destination the United States, while of 124,336 Norwegians who left their native country about 97 percent, at the port of embarkation, indicated this country as their future home.

Of the total estimated population of Sweden in 1903 only 22.3 percent appear under the head of urban dwellers, while of the total population of Norway, according to the 1900 census, 23.8 percent are returned as living in urban settlements.

The difference in the industrial character of the population is shown, furthermore, by the fact that in Sweden the mainstay of the population is still agriculture, with its cognate branches, while in Norway the importance of agriculture is about the same as that of the fisheries, each of which industries, according to official estimates, furnishes an annual product of about \$15,000,000, or about 10 percent of the annual national income. The average value of the principal cereal productions in Sweden for the years 1898-1902 is stated at \$95,338,000, while the average value of Norwegian cereal crops for 1896-1900 was estimated at \$9,640,000 only. This, as well as the relative absence of minerals of industrial importance, involves a much greater dependence on the part of Norway on imported breadstuffs and raw materials, and results, as a further consequence, in a tariff policy distinct from that of the sister nation.

The imports of breadstuffs, including flour, during the calendar year 1902 into Sweden amounted in value to \$16,331,000, and to \$15,229,000 into Norway.

The only co-mineral industry of importance, especially for the foreign trade, is lumbering, inasmuch as both countries abound in forests, particularly spruce and pine, both of which varieties find ready sales in British and Continental markets. Of the total domestic exports from the two countries, the exports of lumber and timber and manufactures thereof, such as wood pulp and matches, constituted 51.7 percent in the case of Sweden and 49.4 percent in the case of Norway.

The mining and metal industry, which is an important source of national wealth in Sweden, giving employment to 33,731 persons in 1902, has but little importance in the national economy of Norway.

On the other hand, the earnings of the Norwegian merchant marine, especially of vessels engaged in the carrying trade between foreign ports, constitute a large portion of the national revenue, and serve to offset in part the unfavorable trade balance. Norway's merchant marine is fourth in size among the merchant marines of the world, being exceeded only by those of the United Kingdom, the United States and Germany. Its total tonnage is nearly 1,500,000 tons, as against 625,000 tons for Sweden. Its total earnings in 1902 were \$29,700,000, as against \$13,400,000 earned by Swedish merchantmen, while the amounts earned by Norwegian vessels in carrying freight between foreign ports only was \$22,375,000, as against \$3,644,000 earned by Swedish vessels for similar services.

Sweden imports about \$142,000,000 worth of merchandise annually, about \$6,500,000 being from the United States and Norway imports about \$78,500,000 worth of merchandise, a little less than \$5,000,000 being supplied by the United States. The exports from Sweden in the latest available year were \$118,250,000 in value, about \$3,250,000 having been taken by the United States, while from Norway the exports were \$46,550,000 in value, of which less than \$2,000,000 were imported by the United States.

Our exports of domestic products to Sweden and Norway amounted to \$11,325,283 in value during the fiscal year 1904, as against \$10,071,553 during the preceding year. Less than 20 articles or groups of articles supply the bulk of the merchandise exported to Sweden and Norway from the United States. Arranged in the order of magnitude in

1904, the more important articles exported include the following: Refined mineral oil, \$2,068,324; oleomargarin, \$1,201,206; raw cotton, \$1,155,708; iron and steel manufactures, \$786,671; lard, \$638,754; wheat flour, \$565,755; copper and manufactures, \$393,791.

Our imports from Sweden and Norway were valued at \$5,258,114 in 1904, as against \$4,975,234 in the preceding year. We are thus exporting to Sweden and Norway a little over twice as much as we import from those countries. Wood pulp forms a large portion of our imports from Sweden and Norway, the figures for 1904 being \$1,202,455. Bar iron is next in order, \$1,014,378; wire rods amounted to \$559,914; machinery to \$413,500, and hides and skins, except fur skins, \$369,518. Nearly all of the remaining imports were fish products, amounting to about \$1,000,000.

While no gold or silver bullion appears to have been sent to or received from Sweden and Norway, United States Consul Berth, at Gothenburg, reports incoming money orders to the value of \$2,500,000 sent from the United States to Sweden during 1904, and outgoing money orders to the value of \$500,000 sent from Sweden to this country, a net movement of \$2,000,000 to Sweden from the United States during a single year.

MUTINY WHILE BATTLE WAS ON.

Reason Why Two of Rojstvensky's Fleet Wouldn't Fight.

According to the St. Petersburg correspondent of La Liberté Admiral Rojstvensky, in his report on the battle of Tsu Shima Straits, which resulted in the practical annihilation of his fleet, says that his ships were bad. They had been not only hastily but dishonestly built.

The thickness of their armor did not agree with the official figures in the case of any of the vessels. Moreover, it was of inferior quality. The shells were bad. None of the ships attained the guaranteed speed. The engines and boilers were poor and always requiring repairs.

Two-thirds of the crews, including those of Vice-Admiral Niebogoff's squadron, were incapable. The gunners were ignorant of the elementary laws of firing. A mutiny occurred while that fleet was at Madagascar and fourteen men were put to death.

Admiral Rojstvensky had to train guns on two of his ships, the Admiral Seniavin and Admiral Apraxine, coast defense vessels, to restore order. The crews had decided secretly to surrender to the enemy. This was discovered too late. There was another mutiny in Vice-Admiral Niebogoff's squadron near Formosa, and Admiral Rojstvensky had difficulty in preventing the mutineers from seizing the greater part of the squadron.

Admiral Rojstvensky saw from the outset of the battle that the Admiral Seniavin and Admiral Apraxine were not fighting and were ignoring orders. They fired only when he sent torpedo boats to them and threatened to sink them unless they obeyed.

If Admiral Rojstvensky had not been wounded at the beginning of the battle the result might have been different. Almost simultaneously with his removal to a torpedo boat Admiral Enquist disappeared, Admiral Foelkersahm was killed and Admiral Niebogoff, who was unpopular with the sailors, was obliged to take command.

Then the rout began. Admiral Niebogoff's orders were ignored. It was every one for himself. The crews of some of the ships threatened to kill their officers unless they surrendered.

Admiral Rojstvensky confirms what is generally known of the shattering and scattering of his fleet. He describes the attempt to blow up the Orel after she had surrendered. He says that a party of engineers and young officers were surprised by the Japanese just as they were about to fire the ship's magazine. A struggle followed. If the Orel's crew had supported their officers the conspiracy would have succeeded, but none of the men stirred.

The admiral confirms the reports already published that he relied on the fog to enable him to get through the straits, but says it lifted two hours too soon.

The Race for Decoration.

The number of those decorated with stars, ribbons, orders, medals, etc., is remarkable in society nowadays. If women still retain the position of being the decorative sex, men are certainly the decorated. Orders, medals and so on are distinctly a decoration, as a general rule, and nothing more. The last thing is the world that they mark is personal distinction. It is a common masculine affectation that titles are accepted mainly to please wives, who have a weakness for being "my ladies." The ribbons, medals, etc., which are not shared with the wives are just as eagerly coveted and accepted.—London Truth.

How the Pigmies Shave.

The latest tonsorial fashion to be imported into this country is the eyelash shave. This may be seen at the Hippodrome when the pigmies are performing their toilet. After making their usual protest against being compelled to bathe in warm water, the pigmies, instead of shaving the stubble of beard from their faces as white men do, cut off their eyelashes with the razor-like edges of their tiny arrows. It is a painful operation to watch, but it is said to become fascinating. If a visitor shows too much interest in the proceeding, one of the pigmies will courteously offer in pantomime to give him an eyelash shave.—London Standard.