WEAVING.

Daily, hourly, we weave and weave,
And whether we sing, or sit and grieve,
The weaving goes on without delay,
Shaping our robe for the judgment day.

Our smiles and our tears in blended sheen,
All through the woof of the fabric gleam;
And the garment glitters with threads of gold
Wrought in by a patience manifold.

The kindness that won an erring soul
Strengthens the strands and brightens the whole;
While the deed we deemed not worth a place
In the finished web with joy we trace.

Our very thoughts in the pattern fair,
Now light'ned with love, now dark'ned with care,
The weaver's mystical shuttle throws,
Till into the robe their likeness grows.

The tangled threads, the knots and the ends,
All into the woof the Master blends;
And with a touch of His skillful hand
Brings into its place each straying strand

* * * * * *

O beautiful garment, thou sheen of pure gold,
Reflecting God's glory from seam and from fold!
Environ my soul with thy beauty and light,
That, approved, I may stand in Heaven's clear light.

S. S. EDDY.

A Glittering Temptation.

When Leander Clarke married Mabel Thorpe, he had no expectation of ever being a rich man, but as his affairs appear at the present time he is on the broad highway to future wealth. It all arose from the fact that he took time by the forelock, the only way poor mortals have of ever getting even with him of the scythe and hour glass.

But it is this very thing that is causing him such a lot of mental anguish now, making his nights sleepless and threatening to undermine his domestic peace.

Mabel Thorpe laid no claims to social distinction when Leander met her first at some entertainment, where she rendered selections of classic music in such a masterly manner that he, being a lover of music, was instantly attracted to her side, and staid there during the evening. For the rest she wore glasses, being near-sighted, and having been graduated from an Eastern college, was rather stiff and pedantic in her manner—a grateful change from the ordinary frisky young creatures with whom Leander had been associated.

It takes all kind of people to make a world—more's the pity—and love goes where it is sent. Mabel had expected to become one of that noble army of martyrs, teachers, but when Leander proposed she reconsidered the matter, and thought she heard the voice of duty bidding her answer "yes," and without more ado she accepted him.

Now Mabel Thorpe did not expect her hero to swim the Hellespont of life, with all his armor on, but she did demand from him—as she had a right to do—a high moral standard, for she had not married him until she had seen, as she believed, his whole past life open before her like a book. There is no time when a man is as weekly sentimental and religious as when he is trying to live up to the standard of a pure young girl's ideal, and Leander became almost an angel.

There are very few of us capable of making human angels of ourselves. Good and evil are as persistently present in our moral nature as light and darkness are in our atmosphere, and one serves as the complement of the other. To banish night we use the light of science, to counteract wrong we invoke divine help; but so largely is our worldly nature in excess of our spiritual powers, that we are constantly in danger of erring to be forgiven, in other words, sinning and repenting.

Mabel Thorpe believed in an inflexible uprightness. The command to do evil that good may come was her perverted text. She was not aware that there are sins of omission, as well as of commission, and that her uprighteous condemnation of sinners, and her severe judgements, were in themselves of a sinful nature. The self-righteous are too often harder to live with than the sinner.

Leander Clarke had been a good son, and he intended to be a good husband. He was both proud and fond of his wife, but certainly regretted that he could not give her all the luxuries that she could appreciate, not even the grand piano that her musical talent deserved. But he went to work with a will to make her happy, and hoped in a few years to be able to add all other needful things.

Among the wedding presents of the young couple was one that far outshown all the rest—a superb set of diamonds sent by an uncle of Leander's who was near to death, and gave the residue of a large estate in this extravagant present. Leander himself was genuinely sorry that such an undesirable gift had been made, but he argued that his wife was a sensible woman, and would turn them into something more suitable to their condition in life—a piano, for instance, which was a necessity rather than a luxury. What was his surprise when his bride said:

"I never was so pleased in my life. Diamonds represent to me the crystallization of everything beautiful in art and nature. I never dreamed that I should possess such magnificence."

"But these have no associations," said her husband, "they are not heirlooms."

"They will be; all diamonds were new at some time. And are they not associated with the dear old man who gave them?"

The dear old man had been a terror in the family, and had only given the diamonds to Leander's wife because he hated that nephew a little less than the others, whom he hoped to make horribly jealous and angry and—had succeeded.

When Leander asked his wife to keep her diamonds in the bank, she promptly declined.

"But you surely will not wear them dear?" he suggested.

"Why not?" she asked.

"It would injure our prospects, and not be consistent with our position."

"They were a gift to me, surely I have the right to do as I please with my own."

"The right—yes; but I thought my wife had more discretion. I did not know you cared for gew-gaws, Mabel."

So the first cloud came on the horizon of their love, but Leander was good-tempered, and Mabel satisfied and it disappeared. The truth was that Leander had expected a handsome sum of money from this very uncle, who was a bachelor, and very old. But age had not mellowed an ugly disposition to thwart his relatives, and after raising the young man's hopes he took a malicious pleasure in disappointing them.

The young couple began life in a pretty furnished cottage on the modern plan of a chafing dish and hand-painted china, and it worked like a charm. Mabel presided over the dainty cuisine, the butler's pantry, the parlor and really did wonders. Leander fell in love with her over and over again. But for the diamonds they would have been as happy as larks.

Did they hear a sound at night—it was a burglar after those precious gems. They were afraid to leave the house alone lest thieves break in and steal, and one or the other of the two was compelled to be the hiding place of the jewels, when they went out together. Mabel did not care to adorn herself with diamonds when she went to market or to church, but she could not listen to a sermon in peace if the gems were not about her. And somehow it did annoy her to carry concealed wealth, like a brigand or a smuggler.

But when Leander had a chance to buy shares in the "Little Catawba" Lumber Company, and to make as much in three months as he would in a year by his clerkship, Mabel would not listen to the suggestion that the bank would advance enough on the diamonds to enable him to make the investment.

Then Leander discovered that his wife could be a very obstinate woman. It was in vain that he laid before her the benefit that would result from a transient disposal of the gems. She replied, not without logic on her side, that the "Little Catawba" might be a failure, and then her precious securities would be forfeited. Leander, man fashion, grew angry, and after some hot words reached the penultimate of passion.

"I wish," he said, in tones of invective, "that burglars would get the hateful stones. They might at least be of some use to them!"

It is said that curses, like chickens, come home to roost. After Leander had asked forgiveness for his rudeness and Mabel had sweetly extended the olive branch of conciliation, he suggested that she be doubly careful of her cherished possessions.

"The town is full of burglars, and they know the people who have fine diamonds, and if they once set out to get them they'll succeed."

Mabel did not sleep with the diamonds in the same room. Womanlike, she thought if she secreted them in some place where they would never be detected, they would be safe. Neither the ash barrel nor the rag bag entered into her calculations, but places just as inconsistent did.

One night there was a crash in the room below. Mabel shook her sleeping husband and whispered in his ear:

"Burglars! Get your revolver and go down stairs. The diamonds are in the bottom of the clock."

Leander was startled and confused, but as the noise continued, he hurried on his clothes, and taking his revolver ran softly down the stairs. Mabel remained where she was, shivering with fear.

There was a fearful commotion below, the noise of falling furniture, opening and closing of windows and the rapid firing of the revolver after some flying robber. Then regard for her husband's life compelled Mabel to hurry to his assistance. She found him lying on the floor grasping his revolver.

She did not faint or shriek, but kneeling beside him bathed his face and besought him to speak to her.

"Where am I?" he asked feebly, as he tried to raise himself. "Are the diamonds safe?"

"Never mind the diamonds," said his wife. "Are you mortally wounded anywhere?"

"I don't know," answered Leander feebly, and, to her credit, be it recorded, Mrs. Leander assisted her husband to a couch and sent off, or rather called for assistance, before she even thought of her diamonds.

Then the open door of the clock told the whole story. The diamonds were gone, root and branch! And they were the only things stolen.

If Leander had been surprised at the manner of his wife on receiving the jewels, he was astonished at the calm indifference with which she parted from them. She allowed the usual course to be taken to recover the thief, or thieves, to justice, but when no results followed, she said she was glad of it, that the gems had been like an evil eye to them, and for her part she never wanted to hear of them again.

"I wonder," she said, "that I did not see it in that light before. I will never keep anything in my house again to tempt the cupidity of the wicked or unfortunate. To that extent am I my brother's keeper."

But the effect upon her husband was entirely different. Either he caught cold on that night of the burglary, or his nervous system received a shock, for he was almost ill from the effects of his tussle with the burglar. And he could not endure to have the subject mentioned before him. Not even the success of the "Little Catawba," in which a friend had invested for him, gave him the peace and rest he craved.

A little incident that happened at that time did, however, help to restore him to his normal condition. His wife received a small package, accompanied by a soiled and dilapidated note, which, upon being opened, read:

"honord madem:

"i gets no sleap sence I stoal yure dimons i no yure laidy an i am a retch if i giu them up pra fur me.

"an unnone frend."

And in the package Mabel found her diamonds, exactly as she had last seen them.

She was pleased—where is the woman who would not have been?—and she at once showed her confidence in her husband by placing the gems in his hands for safe keeping in the bank.

"I wish I had taken your advice earlier," she said gracefully; "it would have saved us so much trouble."

Leander murmered something about all being well that ends well, and at noon brought her a certificate of deposit.

There we leave them, on the way to fortune and happiness if—if—Leander's conscience does not upset the whole scheme. He would give a great deal to know, what no clairvoyant could tell him, how much or how little Mabel has discovered. My own opinion is that she saw through it from the first, and holds herself equally guilty as accessory after the crime, and with that sweet fickleness which even an upright woman employs she will make herself a loving accomplice. For it is a foregone conclusion that Leander Clarke was his own burglar—Detroit Free Press.

SACRED BEETLE.

An Insect That Invested the Wearer With Rare Powers.

The Egyptian scarabaeus is the most distinguished insect in history, just as the American Eagle is the most distinguished bird.

According to Mr. Isaac Myer the scarabaeus was the symbol of an elevated religious idea embracing that of a future life of the human soul, a resurrection of it from the dead, and, most likely, of a reward or punishment to it in the future life, based on its conduct in the terrestrial life. Mr. Myer has just written a work on this subject, which is published by Edwin W. Dayton, in this city.

Three thousand six hundred years before the birth of Christ, he says, the Egyptians believed in Osiris, an eternal, living God, as is proved by the tomb of Men-Kau-Ra, king of the fourth or Memphite dynasty, builder of the third pyramid at Gizeth.

The Egyptians believed the heart to be the seat of intellect and source of life and when it was removed in the process of mummification a model of the scarabaeus was put in its place.

The scarabaeus is a beetle of which there are many varieties. The insect commonly represented by the ancient Egyptians is the ateuchus sacer. It had thirty toes representing the thirty days of the month, and the movement of the ball, which it constructed and in which it deposited its eggs, symbolized, among other things, the action of Ra, the Egyptian sun diety, at midday. The soldier wore the beetle as a charm to increase bravery, and the women to promote fertility. It was supposed that the scarabaeus was exclusively of the male sex, but this was a delusion. In this capacity it represented the creator of the world—self-begotten and conceived by no female.

It was often portrayed as a passenger in a boat holding the sun in its claws, representing the sun god. The other deities prayed to it.

A great many other powers were symbolized by it, including Ptah, the creative power. It was also used as a seal for the receptacles of valuable things, so that they could not be removed without destroying the sacred emblem.

The models of the scarabaeus used by the Egyptians were commonly made of such stones as green basalt, granite, lapis lazuli, jasper, cornelian, amethyit, sardonyx, agate and onyx. Many of them were very artistic.

Pharaoh took his signet ring, in which was probably set a scarab, and put it on the hand of Joseph to confer authority on him.

The stone scarabaeus was variously a religious symbol, a charm, a medal struck in honor of some event and a coin. The Egyptians were troubled with no coinage question, for a sacred image on any piece of stone made it money.

Small scarabs are usually found on the breasts of mummies suspended by a wire of gold or worn on the forefinger of the left hand.

Mirrors of Thought.

Men will forget what we suffer but not what we do.

To struggle again and again to renew the conflict, this is life's inheritance.

The rainbow—see how fair a thing God hath built up from tears.

The woof of life is dark, but it is shot with a warp of gold.

A wide, rich heaven hangs above you, but it hangs high; a wide, rough world is around you, and it lies very low.

Goodness has slowly proved itself in the world—is every day proving itself—like a light broadening in darkness.

In every sphere of life the post of honor is the post of duty.

If there is a virture in the world we should aim at its cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness creates hope, which is the foundation of faith, and faith is more than life, because it reaches into the beyond.

The world is shadowed or brightened by our own heart rather than by anything itself. Our joy makes the cloudiest day glad, and our grief finds night in the sunset sky.

The truly noble heart bears no resentment.

Many a man who now lacks shoe leather would wear golden spurs if knighthood were the reward of worth.

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 goods, 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 postpaid. This is a great offer and is open to new subscribers only.

Surely a great opportunity for the people of Pennsylvania, but why the Journal don't throw in a cake of soap is more than we can understand.

Raise a Crop of Pickles.

A great proportion of the cucumber pickles used in the East are grown in one Main County. Over 160 acres are given up to pickle growing in the vicinity of the town of Camden. The crop is a profitable one, usually yielding an income of $100 to $150 an acre.

WATER LIFE IN CHINA.

FLOATING HOUSES OF MILLIONS OF PEOPLE.

Numerous Craft of Queer Shapes--Express Boats--Cormorant Fishing Vessels.

Julian Ralph has in Harper's Magazine an interesting article on Chinese life. "The activity on the water," he writes, "is marvellous. The craft are as numerous and varied as the water will hold or the mind can fancy. The most impressive are the junks, with preposterous sails that hide everything behind them from earth to sky. These junks ride low in front, and are built up behind like the Pinta, Nina, and Santa Maria. They have great goggle-eyes painted and carved on their bows, and turned to look down at the water. Every European in China loves to tell a stranger why nearly all the boats, of every shape and size, are thus ornamented. It is because, 'if no hab eye, how can see? If no can see, how can savey? If no can savey, how can walk?' Then there are large cargo-boats shaped like long barrels or large cigars. Their rounding tops are made of bent mats that can be piled on top of one another in one place to make a little cabin, or can be pulled out, end to end, to cover all the cargo. There are other long narrow boats, laden high with garden truck, with potatoes or pease or beans or rice straw, and looking like so many Flatbush farm wagons afloat. There are little sampans, from which men and women fish with nets. And there are innumerable other small boats, wherein men, women and children are working those tools, like oyster tongs, with which they tear up the weeds that grow beneath the water. These are spread on the farms, and thus raise all central China higher and higher above the water of the creeks and canals, which is where the ocean water once was, though the land now rises from four to six feet above it. The express boats are very interesting. They are slender, long row-boats roofed over with mats, for one or two passengers, and carrying in the stern a muscular Chinaman, who propels a big-bladed oar with his feet. With a small oar in one hand to steer with, with the other hand holding a parasol or fan, the while he may be puffing at his pipe, he toils carmly on, all night or all day, seated on the point of his spine, and describing endless circles with his muscular legs and his dexterous feet.

"Thousands of the vessels, even the smallest, are the only homes of the people in them. In them men take wives; in them children are born and reared; in them death pursues his rounds. In them we saw whole families at work making baskets, making lanterns, busy at many sorts of labor. The family cat or dog, or the melancholy chicken perched on an outrigger and watching the family duck at his ablutions, tail up in the water, with a string tied to his leg to keep him at home—these were some of the assurances we had that certain of the craft were floating homes. Often, on the cargo boats, the dwelling place was beneath a great square mat in the stern. There the man slept, the woman cooked the rice and fish, and the tiniest children worked the yoolo to send the boat ahead. Baskets hanging behind served as closets and clothes chests. On the chop boats, which are floating homes of the best grade, we saw pots of pretty flowers, and kitchens and cooks, and gentle ladies and solemn looking mustachioed old grandees, as well as nurses and children.

"Most of all were we interested in the cormorant fishing boats. These are the size of a Whitehall row-boat, and are all open within, to permit the fisherman to walk from bird to bird between bow and stern. Often he is alone; often he carries a boy or a wife to work the yoolo. The birds sit at the sides of the boat, on projecting sticks over the water. They perch in pairs, and there may be ten of them or two dozen. They are the size and look very like the fish hawks of the Atlantic coast; but they are dirty birds, with ragged wings, plucked to keep them from flying. In color they are a metalic black, with mottled or creamy or even white bosoms. They have long, narrow, curved bills of the flesh-tearing character. Their perches are wrapped with straw, to give the birds a good foothold. When fishing is done their master tightens the noose that each wears round its neck, and, putting a stick before each one, lifts it down to the water. When they have caught fish enough or, more likely, have become so soaked that they must be taken aboard to dry, he rows among them and lifts them back on their perches. Their skill lies in their greed, and their greed has doomed them to servile labor.

"They are caught on the sea coast when young, and are trained by their purchasers until they become worth ten dollars, Mexican, apiece. Their training consists in starving them all day and in throttling them so that they cannot swallow what they catch. When they are in the water they not only dive for fish, but are said to swim swiftly under the water after their prey. When a fish is caught, the bird rises to the surface and gasps and chokes to get the fish down. The other birds rush at him to wrest his prey from him. The fisherman hurries to the spot, beats the other greedy birds away, and lifting the successful cormorant into the boat, takes his fish from him, loosens his throttling string, and pokes some food into his ravenous beak as a reward of merit. At last the birds are all returned to their perches. They yawn and flap their wings to dry themselves, and he prepares for them a fairly good dinner of rice and small fish, or whatever is cheapest, stopping now and then to scold and beat one with a cane if one is quarrelsome."

CHILDREN WHO TOIL.

Shocking Conditions Found in Wisconsin Factories.

Ethelbert Stewart, special agent of the United States Labor Department at Washington, who is looking up labor strikes from 1887 down to and including the American Railway Union Strike of last summer, in an interview with the St. Paul, (Minn)., Dispatch, said:

"You talk about the sweatshops and homes in the big cities, but I have seen places over in villages of Wisconsin that are about as bad in every particular. I was amazed in the first place to learn of the immense number and variety of factories in Wisconsin. They had every kind of factory of which I know anything and the number of children employed is something wonderful. In the town of Oshkosh they had more children employed in proportion to the population than in any city I have visited in the East or South, and in many factories the condition is simply awful.

"The children are crowded into poorly ventilated and unsanitary rooms, and the long and short of it is their lives are coined into dividends for the company that employs them. Then there are the cotton mills, where they employ little children and compel them to work eleven hours a day—a custom which was abolished years ago in every other community. The factory inspection law of that State is a howling farce.

"At the big bottling works at Milwaukee they have 900 boys and girls, ranging in age from 11 to 19 years, employed, and that is the toughest sight of all, for the roughness comes right out on the surface. The children are employed at bottling beer, and there is no limit to the amount they are allowed to drink.

"The match factories are just as bad, though of course the employees are not half drunk all the time and not so much of the rottenness appears on the surface.

"I aim to get both sides of a story when a complaint is made, that of the employees as well as of the employer. Besides I made some personal observations, and the conditions were worse in the Wisconsin factories than anywhere else I have been."

THE MARE WAS RETURNED.

Many Brave Feathers Takes a Long Ride.

"Kahmeeschetookeehewup, will you ride a fine horse once?"

The Cree chief looked at the handsome black mare the chief factor was leading toward him; then he called one of his braves. "Bring my painted buffalo-robe and my bow and feathered arrows," he said.

He mounted and rode back some way along the trail which stretched over undulating prairie and on far to the south, where the buffalo fattened numberless on the rich grass. He would "run" the mare as though he was running buffalo; he would show these white men how Many Brave Feathers hunted!

He turned and gave her her head. On he came like the hawk, shooting his arrows at the little poplars in the bluffs along the trail as he rode. A crowd had assembled to see the run; part were his own people, the others the staff of the Company at old Fort Ellice.

He was riding very fast. As he neared the stockade he tried to pull the mare in. But she declined to be pulled in; she was just getting nicely going.

"Ay-ay-yah!" yelled the spectators, giving the war-whoop as he shot past, and he kept on and circled the fort.

Now a bad thought came into his head; he would run away with the mare!

The chief factor's face did not entirely dissemble the feeling of chargrin with which he beheld his favorite beast vanish over a slope in the south under the sailing buffalo-skin. Then he went to his quarters. The features of the other on-lookers wore a big general smile as he disappeared. The genial sun smiled broadly too, in the summer sky; in fact, everything seemed smiling—except the chief factor.

"Well if that ain't a good un!" remarked the clerk to the rest of the staff as they sauntered back.

Many Brave Feathers passed the night at Moose Mountain. Moose Mountain is only seventy-five miles from Fort Ellice, but then it was afternoon when he started. Next day he arrived at a camp of his own tribe and Assiniboins on Broken Shell Creek in the buffalo country.

All that fall and winter he staid out on the plains, running buffalo with the stolen horse, though he never lent her to any one except his sweetheart, who used to ride her when they moved camp. In the spring, when the grass was green, the camp, with its store of robes and cured meat, journeyed toward Fort Ellice. Many Brave Feathers ordered one of his men to catch him three horses out of the band. He came to the fort riding the mare and leading the three other horses, and asked for the chief factor. He had had the mare seven moons, but she had been well cared for and was fat.

"Ah-ha, 'Mistahuse,' you speak true. The mare is very fast," he said, as he put the lines of the four horses into the chief factor's hand.

"Blamed if I wouldn't like some aboriginal Augustus to borrow my pinto cayuse for six months on the same terms!" exclaimed the clerk. He thought the old man had the best of it after all.—Harper's Weekly.

A CAT'S QUEER KITTEN.

Experiment in Foster-Mothers Wherein a Young Hare Took Part.

An interesting experiment in the rearing of animals is recorded by a German journal. A country gentleman, having captured a young hare a few days old, conceived the idea of giving it as foster mother a cat which had just had a litter of kittens. The cat showed no objection to this curious addition to her family, and the herbivorous nursling seemed to take very well to the regime to which it was so unexpectedly subjected. The hare throve and grew, and the cat soon thought it time to begin the education of her foster child.

For the catching of mice, however, the hare showed not the slightest disposition, and at each fault committed the adoptive mother administered vigorous correction with her paws. This produced but little improvement, and the relations between the two animals were becoming somewhat strained, when one day they were placed together on the lawn in front of the house. The hare at once proceeded to nibble at the vegetation with remarkable avidity, to the evident astonishment and indignation of the cat, who could make nothing of such conduct. Finally, perceiving that she had nourished anything but a kitten, the disappointed nurse withdrew with an expression of unmistakable disdain.

Rise and Fall of a Town.

Red Mountain, Col., which four years ago was a prosperous camp of several thousand people, and did the largest money order business of any camp in the San Juan country, is now without a postoffice.

Temple Emanu-el, of New York City, is the richest Hebrew congregation in the United States.

HE LEFT IT OUT.

She Wanted No "Obey" in Her Marriage Ceremony.

Mayor Strong, of New York, recently had an experience that amused him very much—a bride who wouldn't say "obey." The couple were from Philadelphia. They were Charles F. Sessinger, a widower, aged 29, and Pauline E. Beckler, a widow, aged 27. The groom was short, with a good-natured face, brown mustache and dark hair tinged with gray. He said he was connected with a financial news agency. The bride was taller and thinner, with light brown hair, a prominent nose and a firm mouth. She wore glasses, a light tailor-made suit, and a straw hat with a black band. She used her maiden name, though, calling herself a widow, and told Clerk Burrows that she had ideas of her own. They came in talking earnestly. He evidently coaxing and she unrelenting.

"Will you please let me see that a moment," she said, turning to her companion, as the Mayor picked up the marriage formula to begin the ceremony, and ran her eye over it. "Yes, there it is," she said. Then there was more whispering between the two. The young man looked annoyed and embarrassed, but it was a case of "if she won't, she won't." Turning to the Mayor the woman pointed to the word "obey" and said: "Please leave that out. We have agreed on it." The Mayor's eyes twinkled with fun, but he took the book and the ceremony began. "To love, honor, and," he read, then there was a pause, "as a faithful woman is bound to do."

"I am not a member of any woman's rights association," she explained afterward, "but I believe in the equality of sexes. That word 'obey' is a relic of barbarism, coming down from the time when women were slaves."

"Screaming Colors" in Fashion.

I don't think the present screaming colors are due to French influence, but I do think art and artists have had something to do with them. A couple of years ago Mr. Sargent painted a wonderful portrait of a lady in a magenta dress. That was the beginning of it. Every one talked of the picture, and every woman talked of the dress, and before the season was well on the detestable color was fashionable. The following year Mr. Hacker painted a number of sleeping girls in a wood. The sun streamed down through the green leaves, and purple poppies were growing in the grass. The poppies were not as daring as the pink magenta, but they were more becoming. Last year the same painter gave us another green and poppy picture. Then the milliners took it up, only they changed the poppies for roses, and they added the screaming magenta to the purple and set the ball going. That ball is going at a mad rate now; cornflower blue and peacock green, pink magenta and violet, emerald green and lavender, these combinations screamed from coaches in the park this morning. This is not French taste—it is English taste.

Coal Production of the World.

According to the latest reports upon the coal industry, England is the largest producer in the world, her output during 1894 having been 188,278,525 tons. This was mined by 705,244 persons. The United States comes second in the list with 164,000,000 tons. Germany produced during the same year about 73,000,000 tons, exclusive of lignite. The other coal-producing countries mine practically the same amount from year to year, as follows: Austria-Hungary, 10,700,000 tons; France and Russia, 6,250,000 tons each; Australasia, 4,000,000; Japan, 3,250,000; Nova Scotia, 2,250,000; Spain, 1,300,000; British Columbia, 1,200,000; Italy, 300,000; Sweden, 200,000.

The consumption of coal per head of population is lowest in Austria, where it is only one-sixth ton per annum, and highest in Great Britain, where each person averages three and three-tenths tons each year. In the United States the average is two and one-fourth tons a year.

The Mustang Has Endurance.

The Mexican mustang pony will very likely be introduced into the United States Army. The mustang is a small, tricky animal, mostly used by cowboys in running down stock. Recently the War Department made a series of tests and the official reports show that it is stronger, faster, cheaper, and can endure more than the large cavalry stock of the East. One of the tests included a horseback ride from Santa Fe, New Mexico, to San Antonio, Texas. The animal averaged forty miles per day, and once went without water or food for forty-eight hours.

Was Misunderstood.

A professor who visited the Russian town of Vitebsk for the purpose of making anthropometroc studies of the local inhabitants narrowly escaped with his life. The measurment of the heads gave rise to the conviction that he was the evil one in person affixing his seal to their foreheads, and the more courageous among them resolved to attack him and, if possible, to destroy him. Fortunately the Ispravnik of the district prevented the infuriated peasants from carrying out their intentions.

Greatest Bridge in the World.

The greatest bridge in the world was planned by a Chinese engineer and built by Chinese workmen. It is of stone, and reaches across an arm of the China Sea by 300 arches. Over the pillar of each arch reclines a lion carved from a block of marble twenty-one feet long. The roadway is seventy feet wide.