

PROFIT FROM LOSSES.

UNCLE SAM HAS MADE \$30,000,000 IN UNREDEEMED MONEY.

Many Shipplasters, Greenbacks and Bank Notes are Mutilated, Wasted, Buried or Burned.

It is an easy guess that a nation which furnishes a people with their currency to the amount of the thousands of millions of dollars must find a profit in an account which cuts no figure in ordinary business books. To say that there must be an enormous profit in loss may sound somewhat paradoxical; but that is one of the orthodox sources of gain which the financiers of the federal Treasury take into calculation in the output and handling of the national currency.

This applies most directly to the issues of paper money, but the government even makes money out of its coin exchanges. A good deal that is called for by drafts of one kind and another fails to reach the hands of the payee because of the incorrectness of address, and sometimes by the failure of the payee to even take the trouble to call for it. And occasionally it enjoys a little windfall as the result of some one's misfortune. In this latter way it has just been confirmed in its possession of \$15,000 in gold that was captured during the war at Augusta, Ga. A claim was set up against it by some Richmond interests, and a request was made that it be refunded. The Secretary of the Treasury directed that the money be paid over to the claimant, but General Spinner, who was United States Treasurer at the time, refused to comply. The parties in interest appealed to the president, and he renewed the order upon the treasurer, but the general was still in uncomplacent humor, and while the matter was still pending he had the coin put into the crucibles and melted out of recognition. Some bank in Richmond has recently renewed the claim for it, and the controversy that ensued has confirmed the government's property in it.

Instances of gain in this way are, however, few and far between in comparison with the gains the government makes by the disappearance of its paper money. Its treasury notes and bank notes are so eternally on the fly that they often go astray. They are torn and destroyed in the handling, go down with luckless ships to the bottom of the sea, are hidden in forgotten places by boarders and burned up in fires. Every bill thus lost represents an obligation that the government is not obliged to redeem, and goes to the making of a recognized profit out of its banking system.

But when one undertakes to ascertain or compute this profit he finds a slim material for the basis of his calculation. If it were possible to keep track of the date on which every bill goes out of the treasury, and of its redemption, it would be easy enough, of course, by deducting the amount of the redemption from the amount of the issue, to ascertain the incidental gain; but if it is possible to keep accounts on any such close and particular basis as that they have not been kept.

A circumstance that embarrasses all attempts to figure out the profit derived from the disappearance of greenbacks is this, that notes of hand of all dates of issue are turning up at the most unexpected times for redemption, and not even the most expert accountant in the Treasury Department can begin to guess when the stream is to end or where. There is only one kind of paper money about the gains from which anything like a reasonable conclusion can be reached, and that is the shipplaster fractional currency that served as money during the war times and just after.

In 1874 there was \$45,912,000 worth of these bits of paper, representing dimes, quarters and half dollars, still in the hands of the people. The bulk was reduced to about \$34,500,000 in 1876, and to \$20,000,000 in 1877. The amount now out is \$15,270,655.82, and it is beginning to be assumed that this probably represents the gain of the government through their issue. They have been lost, or they are being kept as mementos by the people; and it is not likely that the government will be called upon to redeem any large number of them in the future. Only \$3,025 of them were sent into the treasury by their holders between the close of the fiscal year of '94 and the close of the fiscal year of '95, and for many years back the redemptions have not exceeded about \$4,000 annually. So it may be taken for granted that the government can put the bulk of the fund with which it expected to take up the rest of them into its pocket and sport around with it in whatever way it pleases.

Now to gather up the ends and bulk them so as to show the possible profits of the nation through its juggling with its currency of one kind and another there is first the \$15,000,000 and odd gained by the disappearance of the war shipplasters. Striking a mean between the two extremes of United States Treasurer Morgan's estimate of proportion of loss of greenbacks to the entire bulk, from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 of greenbacks will never turn up again, and, according to Comptroller Eckels' figures, an additional \$2,750,000 is made by the disappearance of the national bank notes. So that the entire profit of the government from this source since it began putting paper money into the hands of the people is not probably less than \$30,000,000.—New York Herald.

The coffee crop of Venezuela amounts to \$15,000,000 a year in value. The average crop is 60,000 tons of coffee. Two-thirds of this product is exported, mostly to England.—Washington Post.

THE TEXAS RANGERS.

Brave and Efficient and a Terror to Evil Doers.

A Dallas (Texas) correspondent of the Nashville Banner, thus writes about the Texas Rangers:

There are at present about 200 Rangers in Texas. They are separated into companies and are kept on the borders for the most part. They live in the open air the year round. Nearly every night in the year, rain or shine, they have only the sky for a roof and the bare ground for a bed. Their pillows are their saddles. They live the hardest, the roughest of lives, and danger is their delight. They are all young men—too young to count the cost when duty is to be done and odds faced. They are made up of the flower of Texas manhood. A wild, yelling, cursing cowboy is looked upon with contempt by them. They depend upon their six-shooters and carbines, their coolness and marksmanship, the known courage of their comrades and the fact that they are backed by the law of the State, and opposition to their will is a thing to be put down at all hazards with an iron hand.

The Governor of Texas is the chief officer of the Rangers. What he says is law to them. The Sheriff, the police, the militia must not stand in their way if the Rangers have orders from the Governor. The Rangers hold individually as much power as any Sheriff in Texas. They hold more. They may summon a posse at any time to assist them in making arrests. That they seldom or never do summon posses is alone due to their reliance in their own efficiency. They are proud of the great name which they and their predecessors have made in Texas. They are selected with the greatest care, and the standard is a high one. Every member of the force must so deport himself as to reflect credit upon the service, to compel that respect which is due from the people to every conservator of the peace. And conduct prejudicial to the service is not tolerated.

The section which the Rangers police is larger in area than all New England, and it is of such a character that were it not for their work it would be given over to lawlessness and disorder. The Rangers are sent to those sparsely settled sections of country where opportunity for escape from the regular peace officers is afforded. Whenever a Sheriff is unable to cope with lawlessness he calls on the Governor and the Rangers are sent to take charge. Many times in the past has the Governor of Texas ordered the Rangers to go to counties where the Sheriff was in sympathy with the lawless element, and in such cases they have acted independently and without regard to the wishes of the Sheriff or other officers.

The Rangers are paid \$40 per month, and their rations and arms and ammunition are furnished by the State. They provide their own horses, the State paying for them if they are killed. They are unencumbered with baggage. They will take the saddle at a moment's notice to go on a scout of a month's duration. They have no uniform. They have no military discipline, as discipline is generally understood, but they obey their officers and will go with them to certain death without a murmur.

GROWTH OF GUTHRIE.

The Wonderful Rise of a New Western Town.

At noon on the day of the opening of Oklahoma, Guthrie was only a town site; at nightfall it was a city of 10,000 and had taken steps toward forming a municipal government. Oklahoma City grew less rapidly, but perhaps more solidly. By June business blocks and residences had risen there, the wonder of all residents. On so short notice the Promised Land had gotten ready for the pilgrims no milk or honey—not even water, though a yellowish brackish fluid by that name was peddled on the streets. Sandwiches were hawked for 25 cents each, and in the restaurants a plate of pork and beans sold for 75 cents. In a day or two the vast majority of the rushers left in disgust at the dust, heat and hardships, many of them being on the point of starvation. Yet by December the territory was estimated to hold 60,000 people, who boasted eleven schools, nine churches, three daily and five weekly newspapers. Guthrie had 8,000 and Oklahoma City 5,000 souls, both towns being governed by voluntary acquiescence in the ordinances. Under acts of Congress proclamations from time to time opened other tracts, when in each case similar scenes were enacted. The Sioux reservation, in South Dakota, was unlocked on February 10, 1890. From the towns of Chamberlain and Peirre troops of boomers galloped and ran to locate claims. Carts and wagons loaded with building materials were hurried forward. In one case a house on wheels was dragged across a river on the ice.—Scribner.

More Than He Bargained For.

The little eight-year-old daughter of Cashier Ham, of the Anglo-Californian Bank, was playing around the vaults one day recently, when President P. N. Lillenthal, who delights in amusement for children, took her into the great treasure box to show her the great sacks of coin. On the floor lay a sack containing \$20,000 in gold.

"That sack is full of gold," he explained, "and now, my little girl, if you can carry it you can have it."

The little girl toddled over to it, grasped it with both hands and, to the consternation of Mr. Lillenthal, who picked it up and trotted out of the vault with it. He didn't know that she had been raised in the country, where big stones and great logs of wood were among her toys. How Mr. Lillenthal got out of his contract is not known, but the books of the bank fall to show \$20,000 to the credit of little Miss Ham.—San Francisco Post.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Japanese Government has just placed orders for 18,000 watches, not to cost more than \$2.50 each. They are to be distributed among the officers and men who distinguished themselves in the late war, and are to take the place of the medals usually awarded at the close of national hostilities.

Already Alfred Austin, England's custom-made Laureate, is paying the penalty of greatness. His mail is enormous, and the autograph fiend is after him in force. One of the curious features of the case is that Mr. Austin receives as many requests for his signature from the United States as he does from England. Olney and Lodge should look into this matter.

Benjamin D. Silliman, of Brooklyn, becomes the oldest living Yale graduate by the death of Charles L. Powell, of Alexandria, Va. Mr. Powell was born in 1804, and was graduated from Yale in the class of 1823. For several years his name has appeared first in the list of living Yale graduates. Below his name, in the class of 1824, was that of Mr. Silliman, who was born just one year after Mr. Powell.

There seems to be little doubt that John B. Robinson, of South Africa, is the richest man in the world. His fortune is estimated at \$350,000,000. In 1878 Robinson was in debt. He had kept a grocery store in the Orange Free State, but he could not make both ends meet. He and his wife begged their way for 300 miles to Kimberley. Here Robinson laid the foundation of his enormous fortune by picking up a rough diamond worth \$1,200. His ambition now is to be worth a billion.

Electricity is likely to be an important factor in the agriculture of the future, according to the Italian Professor A. Aloi, who has collected evidence showing that both terrestrial and atmospheric electricity are favorable to the germination of seeds and the growth of plants. M. Bouvier has found in the course of his experiments with continuous electric light on plants, that Alpine plants, cultivated under constant light, present points of structure identical with those of Arctic plants, which grow under the midnight sun.

A general, simultaneous census of the world for the year 1900 is asked for by the International Statistical Institute. It can be taken if slight modifications in the time of their regular censuses are made by the chief countries of the world. Portugal, Denmark, the United States, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Belgium, Hungary and Sweden will regularly take their censuses on different days of the year 1900, Holland on the first day of 1899, Norway on the last day of 1900, and Great Britain, France and Italy later in that year.

Prof. Becker, of the United States Geological Survey, who has just returned from the Alaska gold fields, states that although the precious metal abunds in different parts of Alaska, gold seekers should take into account the hardships and chances of ill-fortune that they will encounter. Food and other necessities are very expensive. Notably rich mines already developed are the Treadwell, on Douglas Island, which produces \$500,000 worth of ore yearly, and the Apollo mine, near Delarof Bay, with a yearly output of \$300,000.

Henry M. Stanley states that within the last ten years France has acquired of Equatorial Africa about 300,000 square miles, in which there are only 300 Europeans; Germany, 400,000 square miles; Italy, 547,000 square miles, and Portugal has a defined territory extending over 710,000 square miles. France, moreover, has been active farther north, in the Sahara and in West Africa, and claims rights over 1,600,000 square miles; while Germany, in Southwest Africa and the Cameroons, assert her rule over 540,000 square miles.

France is still much troubled over the found that Paris is not a city of Parisians, if even of Frenchmen. Only 36 per cent. of its inhabitants were born within its walls; and 75 in every 1,000 were born outside of France—a total of 181,000 aliens. Of these latter no less than 26,893 are Germans, while in Berlin there are only 397 Frenchmen. While Paris has 75 foreigners to the 1,000, London has only 22, St. Petersburg 24, Vienna 22 and Berlin 11. Perhaps, though, these figures are not so alarming to France as they are significant of the comparative attractiveness of the cities in question.

One unexpected but by no means unimportant result of Dr. Jameson's Transvaal raid has been to cast serious doubt upon the value of machine guns in civilized warfare. Those engines were certainly of little use in the Krugersdorp fight. It is to be remembered that in the Franco-German war of 1870-71, the famous mitrailleuse was a failure, and to this day the German military authorities put little faith in such devices. Against savages, the machine gun is of the greatest possible value; but there is evidently reason to doubt whether such will be the case against civilized combatants.

Our Baltimore contemporary, the Manufacturers' Review, prints a full review of the business advancement of the South during the last year. We learn from it that, in the year, the southward movement of population was of unprecedented magnitude; that cotton-mill building in the South was "phenomenal"; that there was a remarkable revival in the iron business; that the output of coal was heavier than in any previous year; that several Southern shippers made large contracts; and that, in short, the year was one of marvelous success in all branches of industry. After surveying the field, our Baltimore contempo-

ry says with pride that in the year 1899 "a solid, substantial foundation was laid for growth greater than any ever before seen in the South, if not in any other part of the country." A new chapter has been thus opened in the industrial history of the South.

Speaking of the quaint city of Kingston, Canada, a correspondent of the Chicago Evening Journal says: "It would not be easy to find a family in Canada within 100 miles of Kingston in which there belong a half a dozen children, where one or more of the children were not living in the United States. A great portion of those who have left the country are farmers' sons, and they are found filling situations all over the State of New York. But more significant than all this is the record of the graduating classes of the Royal Military College, the West Point of Canada, picturesquely located at the foot of the slope between old Fort Henry and the river. The college was opened in 1876. The course of study is four years, the same as at West Point, the chief instructors are regular officers detailed from the British army, and the curriculum is of the most exacting order. It is a school that Canada is justly proud of, but of its annual graduating class only the four highest are eligible for commissions in the regular army. Over 50 per cent. of all the graduates are filling positions in the United States, chiefly as civil and mechanical engineers."

A California Lion.

"Got to stir him up!" remarked the hunter, and the contents of the heavy shot gun went plunging into the darkness. With a wild scream the maddened lion sprang from the cavern and stood for a moment in the dim lantern light enveloped in the sulphurous smoke.

Turning quickly toward a rock projecting some fifteen feet upward, the lion crouched and sprang; but, just as his feet left the rock the mountaineer's Winchester rang out and the desperately wounded beast struck short of the ledge and rolled back screaming and tearing at everything within reach.

Tip fled wildly behind a bush; but Blucher with blundering zeal charged like a load of hay, followed by a fool tenderfoot who wanted to kill the lion with an axe. A fierce snarl—a thump—and old Blucher came end over end through the air, striking the unlucky tenderfoot amidships when the whole aggregation rolled into a manzanita bush twenty feet below.

"Look out! He's going to spring again!" yelled Charlie. As I sat far down the hill and dug the dust out of my eyes, I saw the long yellow body again rise into the air as it launched itself at the intrepid hunter. Billy made a splendid shot, for while the lion was in the air a bullet from the heavy 45 broke its neck.—Outing.

The Silk Thread Market.

New York is the acknowledged headquarters for silk thread, which is dealt in by experts in large quantities. The buyers of the entire country look to the great New York houses for their annual supplies, and the recent developments of the business have been very extensive. It is acknowledged throughout the country that the silk thread sold by the New York market is the best quality of thread to be found anywhere in the country.

The recent developments in this business have pointed out emphatically the fact that the quality of silk thread has improved wonderfully in the past few years, and has kept pace with the growth of the entire silk business. Dealers in silk thread have had a most prosperous trade of recent years, and they attribute their prosperity to the superior advantages offered by New York for the conduct of their business.—New York Mail and Express.

Oddities of Animals.

Observe for yourselves. Every spotted dog has the end of his tail white, while every spotted cat has the end of her tail black.

Try it. Gather 10,000 of the threads spun by a full-grown spider, twist them together and see if they equal in substance the size of one of your hairs.

Oysters live ten or twelve years when they have the chance. In this country they don't get the chance.

The large horned beetle can carry 350 times its own weight. One has been known to walk away with a two and a quarter pounds weight.

Live bees are sometimes shipped on ice so as to keep them dormant during the journey. This is particularly the case with bumblebees, which have been taken to New Zealand, where they are used in fertilizing the red clover that has been introduced into that colony.

Old Barbarities Recalled.

The very extensive excavations under and about the river at Blackwell have resulted in very few discoveries of any interest. One object, however, was unearthed, of a decidedly startling character. It was on the Middlesex shore, just at the crossing of two roads. Here the excavators unearthed a corpse or rather a skeleton, with a stake driven through the body. It was no doubt the remains of some hapless suicide, buried here at the cross-roads, after the charitable fashion of bygone times.

"Telling the Bees."

The curious custom of "telling the bees" is observed in parts of nearly every country in the world. When a person dies those who observe the custom go to the beehives and tap gently on each, then stoop and whisper under the cap that Mary, or John, as the case may be, is dead. The superstitious beekeeper believes that if the bees are sojourned to find out the fact of a death for themselves, they will forsake their hives and never return.

SYMPTOMS OF INSANITY.

Premontory Symptoms of Mental Derangement.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, the specialist in mental disorders, contributes an interesting paper on "Premontory Symptoms of Insanity." Following is an extract: "Insanity, like a number of other complaints, creeps on gradually and insidiously, and may have made serious ravages before its presence is suspected or apparent. There are so many varieties that each in its own individual way may be said to have different phases.

Among some of the most important premontory indications of mental disorder may be mentioned extreme irritability and excitability, often accompanied by intense loquaciousness. There is also great difficulty in the early stages in concentrating the thoughts and ideas, or of turning or fixing the mind on any one subject for any considerable time. The victim will doubtless have neglected his work and ordinary employment for no rational reason, and he will have turned his thoughts and attention to matters totally foreign to his natural temperament. From having been a neat and tidy person he will have become the reverse, and, indeed, it often happens that all his general usages and customs are completely changed. He may have insomnia of a distressing character, and suffer from great restlessness, pacing the bedchamber during the night, unable to rest tranquilly.

There is often found in the earlier stages of mental derangement a disposition to shun society, and to seek seclusion and solitude. He may be unusually elated or depressed, according to the form of insanity which is ultimately developed in him. The desire for this solitude is often one of the most important indications in our diagnosis of what is coming. There often is a great deal of morbid suspicion existing, frequently associated with a delusion that he is watched or followed; about. Delusions, hallucinations, and illusions may either be present or absent in the early stage, though sooner or later they will generally show themselves in one form or the other. The memory often becomes defective, especially in cases which are likely to become chronic, and this is frequently observed by the patient repeating in conversation the same thing over and over again. The period of incubation varies very much in degree, in intensity and duration.

Articular delusions, when he fancies that he hears voices telling him to do certain things, are very common, but very unfavorable; many murders and suicides are committed by those so afflicted, acting up to a belief that the voices must be obeyed to the letter, and therefore they do what they imagine they have been told to do. Sometimes the symptoms will lie dormant for a considerable period, whilst in other cases there is an absence of any important indications of mental derangement. Cases, however, where insanity occurs without previous warnings are uncommon, though they do sometimes occur.

Some persons first become insane whilst listening to sermons or discourses, but in such cases there must have been some strong hereditary disposition to insanity which would cooperate with the exciting cause. A wicked conscience tortures one; a wasted life becomes painfully conspicuous during the incubation of insanity; the mind constantly dwells upon itself. All the past is revealed to us like a hideous dream. It is a most curious but significant fact that strangers, as a rule, detect the indications of mental weakness before the family of the afflicted one can even realize it. Many persons appear to dream all through awake, but they are, to all intents and purposes, insensible to the impressions and actions which surround them. A mental shock is responsible for many a sudden case of insanity.

Chinese as Skaters.

Many people think of China as a tropical country. As a matter of fact, however, it is so big that it has as many kinds of climate as the United States itself. In the neighborhood of Peking the winters are very cold, and the Pisho for seventy miles is annually covered with ice from bank to bank, extending from Tung-Chow, the port of Peking, to the mouth of the river at Haku, in the Gulf of Pechili.

With such splendid skating grounds it is no wonder that skating is popular in China. During the five months of the year when Peking is icebound the Chinese spend much of their time on skates.

Skating is a business with the Chinaman rather than a sport, for he contrives to turn frozen canals into convenient highways for his merchandise, as they do in Holland and Denmark. Passengers are carried in sledge chairs, propelled by an active Celestial on skates, and there is no more enjoyable way of making a tour around the seven-mile miles of Peking than in a sledge of this description.—Golden Days.

Juicy Spoils of War.

A French Governor of the South Pacific colony of New Caledonia, who was also an Admiral of the navy, assumed his authority while the natives were still cannibals. There had been rumors of an insurrection, and the Admiral called before him a native chief who was faithful to the French cause and questioned him as to their truth. "You may be sure," said the native, "that there will be no war at present, because the yams are not yet ripe." "The yams, you say?" "Yes. Our people never make war except when the yams are ripe." "Why is that?" "Because baked yams go very well with the captives."

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

WHO KNOWS?

I wonder if George Washington, when he was nine years old, turned out his toes and brushed his hair. And always shut the door with care. And did as he was told. I wonder if he never said, "Oh dear!" when he was sent to bed.

TWELVE CONSIDERATIONS.

1. What is that which increases the more you take from it? A hole.
2. Why are coals in London like towns given up to plunder? Because they are sacked and burned.
3. Why is a gate post like a potato? Because they are both put into the ground to propagate.
4. What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it? Quick.
5. What is that we often see made, but never see after it is made? A noise.
6. What is that which Adam never saw, never possessed and yet gave to each of his children? Parents.
7. Why is chicken pie like a gunsmith's shop? Because it contains fowl-in-pieces.
8. What is that which no one wishes to have and no one wishes to lose? A bald head.
9. What is the difference between a sailor and a beer drinker? One puts his sail up and the other puts his ale down.
10. What is that which is above all human imperfections, and yet shelters and protects the weakest and wickedest as well as the wisest and best of mankind? A hat.
11. What is that which is often brought to the table, always cut and never eaten? A pack of cards.
12. What are the most unsocial things in the world? Milestones, for you never see two of them together.

LITTLE MARTHA WASHINGTON.

"What are you going to do?" called Martie to her brother, as he hurried through the hall one cold and dreary afternoon.

"We are going to celebrate Washington's Birthday!" Mother said we could have the attic all the afternoon, and I'm going to be George Washington, and he is inaugurated!" said George Dewell, in reply to his sister's question, as he rushed upstairs with three of his friends.

"Oh, let me come, too! Please!" said Martie.

"No, you can't!" called back George. "You'd spoil everything! We don't want any girls."

The attic door shut with a bang, the bright look faded from Martie's face, and tears shone in her eyes.

"I do wish George liked me better!" she said to herself, as she went back to the sitting-room.

Her brother came down-stairs for some heavy paper and a pair of scissors—"to make some hats of," he explained.

"Can't I come up and just look on?" pleaded Martie. "I might be Martha Washington, because that is my name. Mother has gone out, and it is so lonesome."

"No, we don't want you," returned George; "you'd only bother. What a tease you are!"

Martie stood looking out of the window after her brother had gone.

The day was rainy, and the city street did not present an inviting appearance; but Martie was not thinking of what she saw.

"I can make things to eat that he likes, if he does think I'm a bother!" she muttered, half-resentfully. "I believe I'll go and make some chocolate creams and eat them all up, and not give him one!"

Then her sweet disposition asserted itself, as a new thought came to her.

"I'll do it!" she said, and went smiling toward the kitchen.

Two hours later, as the four boys came down-stairs, they were met at the sitting-room door by a quaint little figure.

It was a little girl in a long, black silk skirt and neat-fitting Jersey waist. A white muslin kerchief was folded about her neck, and the ends crossed prettily in front. Her hair was brushed straight back, and was powdered slightly, while a dainty white muslin cap, with a lace trim, set off the sweet face beneath it.

In the dim light of the hall George did not recognize his sister for an instant. Then he exclaimed:

"Why, Martie, what in the world!"

But she interrupted him with a wave of the hand.

"Do you not know me?" she said. "It is Martha Washington, and I should like to have you come in and lunch with me."

What boy can withstand the word "lunch"? Certainly not one of these four. Entering the room, they saw a small table with five easy-chairs ranged about the open fire. On the table were little frosted cakes, rosy apples and a dish of chocolate creams, besides a pretty pitcher filled with lemonade.

Little Martha Washington served her guests with a pretty grace that made the strangers feel perfectly at home, while George wished he could recall those cross words that he had spoken to Martie. He had not been altogether happy since they had passed his lips, and this kind attention to his guests made him feel more uncomfortable than before.

But they had a jolly time, and after the other boys were gone George said:

"Martie, you are a brick! I say, it was mean of me not to let you come with us this afternoon; but you didn't mind much, did you?"

"Not so very much," said Martie. "But I don't care a bit now," she added, "if you really like me just a little. I was afraid you didn't at all."

"Like you?" ejaculated her brother. "Why, I'd be a pretty mean sort of fellow if I didn't! Why, Martie, you're a—a brick!"

Which Martie felt was the very best praise she could have had from George.

The Queen's Needle.

Queen Victoria is in possession of a curious needle. It was made at the celebrated needle manufactory at Redditch, and represented the Trajan column in miniature. Scenes from the Queen's life are depicted on the needle, so finely cut that they are only discernible through a microscope.

Fancy taffeta silks will be in high vogue the coming season.