

ALL: SAVE ONE.

The lady rode in her coach of state, As the air grew chill and the day grew late.

But she felt no longing to turn and go To her own hearthstone with its royal glow.

For though it was warm, and rich, and fair, There was never a child to greet her there.

What treasures had she in that princely home! There were silks from Persia, and busts from Rome.

Oh, women who fret at the ills of life, The round of duty, the small, small strife

Of daily living, with children's needs Drawing your back from prouder deeds—

Think of yourselves bereft and lone, For love, for ambition; for bread, a stone.

Louise Morgan Still, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

ON CANCER CAY.

There is a tiny islet on the outskirts of the Solomon Archipelago that to all such casual wanderers as stray so far presents not a single feature of interest.

One of these devastating cyclones that at long intervals sweep across the Pacific, leaving a long swath of destruction in their wake, had overtaken the pearling schooner of which I was mate.

Always reckoned a powerful swimmer, even among such amphibians as the Kanakas, I don't remember making a stroke.

When I awoke it was fine weather, though to leeward the infernal reek of the departing meteor still disfigured a huge segment of the sky.

The recent launch of the formidable battle ship recalls the fact that Great Britain has had twenty first class battle ships launched and completed since 1890, against ten in France.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

If all the illeged pieces of the Maine preserved as souvenirs could be gotten together they might make a very respectable battleship.

A party at which the guests wore their clothes wrong side before was a social event in New York city. The fearful mental strain involved in an effort to be original may be responsible for the declaration some time ago that society does not get sufficient sleep.

At present the Czar is getting rid of his army by marching it over into China. This is not exactly disarmament, but then if his troops live off the country it will materially reduce the cost of sustaining the arms during the time he is compelled to retain them.

A municipal ice supply in Boston is one of the latest innovations to be introduced by that progressive city. The ice is being cut by the water department from its reservoirs.

New York city has a barber shop in which music is the accompaniment to every shave. Every artist must be a musician, and when not busy with razor and shears is expected to manipulate his instrument.

According to a table prepared for the London Statistical Society, the proportion of the trade of the world carried by British ships is as follows: Russia, 54.4 per cent.; France, 45.6 per cent.; United States, 56.1 per cent.; Holland, 53.4 per cent., and Germany, 55.5 per cent.

Kansas City has adopted a trademark. Hereafter it will appear on all manufactured goods sent out from that city. It consists of a map of the United States, with Kansas City represented by a star in the exact centre.

In 1840 there were but seven occupations open to women in the way of wage-earning, whereas now the field includes several hundred branches of industry. About sixty-one per cent. of the women of Massachusetts between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five years are wage-earners.

Koreans attribute the invention of the kite to a general in the war with Japan four hundred years ago. His soldiers were dispirited by reverses, and at last altogether discouraged by the appearance of falling stars in the sky.

A future of the annual report on the Ontario asylums for the insane is the statement by several superintendents and physicians that while the number of patients in the asylums is increasing, insanity is really decreasing.

Within the memory of men still in active business life the exports of Germany were utterly insignificant as compared with those not only of Great Britain, but of at least two other European powers. In 1897 the exports of Great Britain amounted to \$1,140,829,269, and those of Germany to \$856,650,968.

The resources of China are almost beyond computation. Until recently it was little but surmise and rumor of natural wealth that we had from which to form an opinion, but now there has been enough of real exploration and prospecting to afford some basis for an estimate of what the future may bring forth in Asia.

It may surprise many persons to learn that a steadily increasing item in our volume of export trade is the sale of horses to foreign buyers. A valuable report upon this subject has just been made to the President by the Secretary of Agriculture.

fit for work in the armies of Europe as well as for use in both business and pleasure.

The London atmosphere is notoriously the worst in the world for statuary; not only does it coat everything with a thick layer of black, but like an acid, it corrodes the finest stone.

From official data recently compiled under the direction of the government authorities of Mexico, it appears that the agricultural crop of Mexico during the past twelve months aggregated in value the sum of \$29,712,292.

If the development of our iron and steel industries has been the real basis of an American merchant navy, the recent war has made it opportunity.

About ten million feet of Maine birchwood will be sent to England and Scotland this year for spoils. The wood is cut in small logs in winter, sawed at mills near the forest in spring, and piled up for seasoning until warm weather, about the middle of June.

The automobile movement already has a sure and firm grip on the country. Even the mustangs which drew travellers over the sixty miles' journey between Flagstaff, Ariz., and the Grand Canyon are to be shelled to make way for a line of autocars.

Only about one-half of the counties in Pennsylvania have almshouses, the paupers in the other counties being looked after by overseers, and being supported at their homes or farmed out to the tender mercies of those who agree to accept the lowest price for their maintenance.

The custom of observing May-day, or the first of May, with floral or festive ceremonies, dates farther back than the Middle Ages, and is in all probability the lineal descendant of the Roman "Floralia," or festival in honor of the goddess Flora.

DEWEY'S ONLY DEFEAT.

Twenty Odd Years Ago a Spaniard Won the Girl He Loved.

There may be an embarrassing meeting in Washington some day, when Admiral George Dewey returns from the Philippines. Naturally he will visit the national capital, and official courtesy may require him to meet the new Spanish Minister.

Reports from Madrid say that the Minister will be Senor Don J. Brunetti, Duc d'Arcos, who took Dewey's sweetheart from him some twenty years ago. No Spaniard could be expected to become enthusiastic over meeting Dewey in peace or war, and the Duc, therefore, scarcely will be expected to be most cordial toward the American conqueror.

Perhaps the Duc may have to present his wife. She may think of what she missed. The hero of Manila may have similar thoughts.

When Dewey was a young man holding a subordinate position in the navy, with all his honors and glory hidden in the future, he was stationed for a while in Washington.

Virginia was beautiful and talented, and one of the belles of Washington. Dewey fell in love with her, and asked her to be his wife. There was a rival. He was Jack Brunetti, an attaché of the Spanish Legation.

But her proud, old father would have none of either of the young upstarts. He thought he saw something better in store for his daughter than either of these youngsters could give her.

After the Maine was blown up and before the war began the Duc d'Arcos and his wife left Mexico and passed through New York on their way to Spain. Every effort to get the Duc to speak of the troubles between the nations was useless.

The officials in Washington say that the Duc will be "persona grata," his long residence in Washington and his American wife making him particularly acceptable to this Government.

Whether it illustrates fertility of resource of force of habit—or both—there is humor in the Cleveland Leader's story of "an old man who sells newspapers in the square."

One evening last autumn he stood at his accustomed place when the late "extras" were brought around. After securing a bundle he scrambled to his corner, saw a half dozen men approaching and cried out:

"Here's your extra paper, just out; all about the horrible—horrible—" Then he stopped. He had forgotten to look at the headlines and find out what horrible thing had happened.

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thorn branches, which they brought home with songs, music and merriment, and decorated every door and window in the village. The fairest maid of the village was crowned with flowers and the lads and lasses met, danced and sang together.

BABIES FROM THE CLOUDS.

The Arrival of Two Infants in the Basket of a Runaway Balloon.

Mr. William Harvey and his sister, Miss Mary, living about six miles east of Richview, Ill., tells a very interesting story of themselves, which happened a number of years ago.

They were quite small, the boy being about five and his sister seven years old. During the year 1858, while the State Fair was being held at Central City, Ill., an aeronaut of Chicago made an ascension in a balloon at the State Fair on Saturday morning, and his balloon came down about six miles east of here, near the country residence of William Harvey, Sr.

A search was made all over the farm for the missing ones, but without result. The father at once drove to Rome, a short distance from his farm, and told the story. At once people followed the balloon. It went north about five miles, then turned west, going over Central City.

The little boy commenced to get cold and began to cry. Mary untied her apron and put it around Willie's head and he went to sleep in Mary's lap. About seven o'clock the next morning the balloon came down in a large tree on a farm southeast of Mount Vernon, Ill.

John got the children out of the tree, took them into the house and after they were warm asked Mary who her parents were. She told them, and the farmer took them home.

Many of the visitors to the State Fair in 1858 will remember the above story and may be pleased to know that the little children who made this trip are now living and delight in telling it.

A New Name For It.

A teacher in the sixth grade of one of our city schools finds time, now and then, in spite of the ten thousand and one things unkind to the school man's of our youth which the modern teacher is expected to teach, to give her pupils a talk on current history.

"I can tell what he is, Miss Blank," she said proudly. "He's the heir presumptive to the British throne."—Washington Post.

A Kalakaua Anecdote.

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