SUPPLEMENT.

Our hats cost us $100,000,000 less a year than we pay for our shoes.

The increase of murders in the last three years in this country from a little over 3000 almost 7000 is something frightful.

About $100,000 worth of pearls have been taken from the waters of Wisconsin streams during the last few years. Some single pearls obtained there have been estimated to be worth $1000.

The Paris Gaulois has a long article on the American influence which is changing the typical French maiden with downcast eyes and timid, hesitating manner into a girl of the modern American and English type.

Efforts are being made to open a market in France for Australian mutton. The English market prefers the fat cross-bred mutton of New Zealand, but the French like small joints of lean, juicy meat, which it is thought the Australian merino carcass should be able to supply.

This is likely to be a dull year for the guides all over Europe, predicts the New York Tribune. Tourists from America will be as angel visits—few and far between. Many thousands of those who are able to travel are going to the World's Fair to get acquainted with their own country.

The great discovery of the day in France, avers the American Agriculturist, is that the phylloxera avoids sand and salt marshes. Vast tracts of such land, previously useless, have been reclaimed for vineyards. Every other means of extirpating the pest has been tried, often at an expense of $100 per acre. Prior to the appearance of the phylloxera, many vineyards had not been manured for 50 years.

Some of the most capable men who spend spring and summer on the Alaskan islands looking after various commercial interests, earn very large salaries and live what some folks might call double lives. They are able during the winter in San Francisco, New York or Europe, to be lavish in expenditure and to enjoy all the pleasures of life, and the fact that there is little to be done on the islands but attend strictly to business enables a man to recuperate from the wearing joys of civilization and thus to prolong this dual existence.

In Switzerland the minute division of the land and the cheapness of labor do not justify the general use of modern labor-saving agricultural implements. For cutting, threshing and winnowing purposes the scythe, flail, and winnowing-basket are used. The scythe is apparently an exact counterpart of that which is seen in the hands of "Time" in the school primer. The plow would adorn in archæological collection, requiring four horses and three men to work it, and cutting only one furrow. Instead of the harrow or cultivator, a number of women and children, armed with clubs, go over the ground after it is plowed and pulverize the clods on the surface.

The Salvation Army has secured a site for its new headquarters in this city, announces the New York Independent. It is in Fourteenth street near Sixth avenue, and the ground is at present occupied by the barracks of the army. It was purchased for a sum of $200,000, and covers an area of about 12,000 square feet. A four-story, fire-proof, iron building will be erected. On the ground floor there will be an auditorium, which will seat 3000 people, and the other three floors will be used for offices for the army. Ballington Booth has been asked to receive a large farm on Staten Island, upon which to establish a colony for those rescued from the slums who are willing to do farm work. He has not yet decided to accept it.

It is high time, the New York News thinks, that some effort were made to mitigate the dangers resulting from the employment of incompetent persons to manage elevators. Accidents resulting from this source are so frequent, and the nature of them is usually so shocking that there can be no excuse for failure to take every possible means of prevention. The chief cause of danger seems to be in the supposition that any sort of person will do to run an elevator. The machines themselves are now probably as nearly safe as inventive genius can make them, but powerful machinery is never safe in the hands of a novice. Why should not the elevator "boy" undergo a test of examination as to his fitness for the trusteeship of human life, as well as the engineer who is obliged to have a license?

Little Brown Hands.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat field,
All yellow with the ripening grain.
They find, in the thick, waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-dipped strawberry grows,
They gather the earliest snowdrops
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,
They gather the elder-blossoms white,
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted autumn light.

They know where the apples hang ripest
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit is thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings,
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great,
And from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of the land;
The sword and the chisel and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hands.
—[Philadelphia Times.

SOPHIE'S LOVERS.

BY MAUD DE FRIETAS.

"You tell your ma the reason I keep boarders is because I'm to poor to keep anything else." Sophie always answered people tersely. Boarders were business with her, and she ran the house on a business plan.

"I've known Sophie Hurd these thirty years," one old crone said, "and I've never known her to do a foolish thing. No, sir, she never had no lover to my knowledge, and she never will."

These were the statements of the villagers; verify them for yourself. I'm looking at things from Sophie's standpoint, and the years back didn't look quite so placid to me.

Sophie was worn out with the heat, and all the afternoon had tried to sleep, but that Robbins dog would bark, and the Brown baby was fretful, so she gave up in disgust, and washed her hair instead. She was awfully sorry she had, for no matter how hard she brushed it the little curls would bob up behind her ears. She had a dark room on the ground floor, with the bureau right by the window. How pretty the miniature of her mother looked with that splash of yellow sunlight across it. That miniature always had a prominent place on the bureau, for she loved it so. Her mother had been dead 10 years when I first knew her, and that's some time ago.

"They say I look just like my mother," she said, reflectively, with the little chintz frame in her hands. Then she looked from it to the glass.

"Ma always was dressier than I am," and she smiled at the recollection. Suddenly an idea came into her usually matter-of-fact head, and, deliberately propping the faded miniature up against the old pincushion, she pulled all the hairpins out of her hair. Five minutes later you would have looked about for a chintz frame for Sophie, for the lovely curled hair added the last touch to the marvelous resemblance.

At this critical moment Jane bounced in without even the ceremony of a knock. "Mary wants to know if it's beef or mutton you'll have tonight;" then coming a little closer, "Been washin' yer hair—looks nice," and she grinned approvingly.

Sophie told me afterward if it hadn't been for Jane she would have done her hair over in the old way, and if she had done it over in the old way—you're not going to pump me.

"Jane, you shouldn't bounce into a person's room like that. I might have been—saying my prayers," she concluded lamely. "Tell Mary to let that beef alone; the mutton's enough. I'll be out presently," and she turned her back on the grinning girl.

"Mary," said Jane, a minute later in the kitchen, "mark my words, it's a man—she says the mutton's good enough."

In Sophie's room Sophie was smiling to herself as she pinned a few pink roses at her neck in place of the pin she always wore. "If I'm going to make a fool of myself, it will to be a big one," and she rubbed her cheeks with the crash towel, for the cheeks of the miniature were a faint pink.

But once in that stuffy dining room and all thoughts of her hair and pink roses vanished. There were five of us in that house, four men and one woman, and it was something of a job to get a tea for us. Boarders always have a good appetite. We were all late that night. How well I remember every detail.

"Gracious! how hot it's been," one man remarked, dropping into his chair. "You look cool enough, Miss Hurd," and he looked keenly at the landlady.

"I don't feel it," she answered, and her cheeks rivaled the roses. To herself—"Laughing at me for making an old fool of myself."

"Could I have just one more cup of tea?" Sophie looked gratefully at the speaker, as she took the cup. For the last month or two she had gotten into the habit of looking at this boarder for sympathy when things didn't go just right. I found out afterward he sometimes called her 'Sophie' when they were alone. I hated that man, anyway; to hear him draw his chair raspingly over the wood floor, ugh!

It was fully 8 o'clock before Sophie got through that night, and the peaceful cool of the coming night seemed to rest her, as she stood in the doorway, twisting the poor little pink roses that had long ago faded around her finger.

"Do you mind cigars, Miss Hurd?" It was her sympathetic boarder, stretched lazily out in the hammock, his dark eyes gleaming through the meshes.

"I don't mind smoke," she answered, sinking into a chair. "Smoke keeps the mosquitoes away," and she laid her head back wearily on the chair.

The pink roses lay on the ground at her feet.

"Poor little roses!" he said, tenderly picking them up. "She throws you away when you're dying. Sophie," and a gleam shot from the cigar; "Sophie, I wonder if you'd treat a man as you treat these flowers?"

Sophie made no answer. I don't think she really heard him. You see, "it was just his way," at least she thought so.

"What's the matter, little woman; some one's bill overdue? Some day we'll cut the whole concern, you and I," and he took her hand in his.

"Don't!" she said. She told me afterward his trifling seemed almost sacrilegious in the mood she felt that night. "Here comes Mrs. Brown," moving her chair near the railing.

"Here's a letter for you, Miss Hurd," and flirty Mrs. Brown came sweeping up the steps. "It's been too hot to go to the postoffice today. You two look cool. There! there's that baby crying again," and she whisked away into the house.

Sophie was reading her letter carefully, juding from the time it took her to get through with it. Somehow her face wore a curious look, and her mouth was trembling as she laid it down.

"Bad news?" the sympathetic boarder asked. By the way, the man's name was Calkins Jim Calkins.

"No," she answered, "not exactly bad news," and her eyes looked eagerly down the dusty road. "It's from Mr. Trip; he says some one must sit up for him to-night; he left his latchkey home." How easily the words came.

"That Trip's an impertinent fellow," he said, standing directly in front of her. "I wish he'd leave. The very way he spoke to you to-night about your looking cool proved him a cad," and he leaned over the back of her chair.

"I wish you'd sit down; you make me nervous," she said, sitting bolt up. "Suppose some one came out here?"

"I shouldn't care tonight if they did," he answered coolly, putting his hand on her shoulder. "Confess; you wouldn't either? Let's see Trip's handwriting," and she tried to take the letter.

"Don't!" she said, shrinking away from him into a corner of her chair.

"Sophie, I insist on seeing that letter," he said, presenting it in a low tone.

"By what right?" she answered quietly.

"Do you ask that?" reproachfully.

But Sophie's eyes had spied through the vines some one coming up from the gate, and she walked eagerly to the top of the steps.

"John, I don't think you're late enough to need a latchkey," she said, as some one caught her outstretched hands. "Mr. Calkins wanted to read your letter," she added, mischievously looking back at the man standing in the shadow of the vines.

"He will have to ask my permission to do that," I answered.

"It reached you safely," looking down with thankful eyes at the woman beside me, the woman that the villager said had never had a lover. "And did you tell Mr. Calkins you will only keep boarders a month longer?" but Calkins had gone down the path and out the gate. We didn't miss him, for Sophie and I had so many accounts to settle. You see, I was the last of Sophie's lovers.—[New York Recorder.

Finest Tree Museum in the World.

We hear so much about the Jardin des Plantes, the Botanic Gardens at Kew, and other well known collections of plants in Europe, and so little about the Arnold Arboretum that it would perhaps be safe to say that there are not a hundred people in the country who are aware that Harvard University owns the finest tree museum in the world. Boston, itself, though the Arboretum is a part of its park system, has hardly waked up to the fact of its importance, and wonders vaguely, what the name implies, and why the scientific treasure is unique. What is there about this place, where you see just such things along the parkways as you find beside the roads, and just such trees as you find in the woods outside, to make it peculiar and interesting?

It is thus that this extraordinary outdoor museum strikes the careless observer, unaware that he might find here two thousand varieties of woody plants, and walk for two miles and a half up and down the lines of labeled shrubs without finding two alike.

The differences between trees of the same species are hardly apparent to the ordinary man. He may recognize a blue spruce when he sees it, but it would puzzle him to know in what a white spruce differs from a black, or a Carolina hemlock from the New England variety. The subtle distinctions in oaks and maples, the innumerable subdivisions of birches, the fine lines that separate families of familiar trees, are all unseen by him. Hardly can he discern a hemlock in a pine forest, or a black birch in a group of beeches. How should he know the worth of an institution whose business it is to tell him about these things? He has never heard of dendrology, he has the vaguest views about forestry as being somehow connected with the water supply, and his greatest wonder is that anybody should want to know about trees except as furnishers of lumber, or as ornaments of a place or road, comfortable to sit under on a hot day.

That there should be a hundred and sixty acres given over by a college to the cultivation of plants of woody fibre, trees, shrubs and vines in all their infinite variety, fills him with astonishment and some dismay. This is not exactly a park, he says, nor yet a garden, in spite of its flowers and fruits. What, then, is an arboretum? and what purpose does it serve? and how does it differ from foreign botanic collections?—[Century.

The Story of Creede.

A prospector named Creede had spent a good deal of time in the mountains of southern Colorado without making his fortune, when one night his jack or donkey strayed from camp and disappeared. It will never be known whether that donkey had privately made up his mind to take a "flyer" in prospecting on his own account, although, judging by results, this view of it seems reasonable enough; but it is quite certain that Mr. Creede was a wrathy man on discovering his jack's absence, and no doubt indulged in expressions highly disapproving of the conduct of any jack that would stray off for the purpose of prospecting or anything else. It is the weakness of some jacks, however, to "skip out" whenever a good chance occurs, and at such times there is but one way to remedy the trouble—go find 'em and bring 'em back to camp. This is just what Mr. Creede did, and he never was sorry for it after coming to a full appreciation of what his jack's erratic conduct led to. He walked a long distance to find that jack, and maybe he threw away one club and cut a heavier one at the end of each mile of his tramp. I don't know how that was, but his search was finally successful in a greater degree than there had been any reason to expect, for the beast was grazing on the "croppings" of a mineral ledge, which Mr. Creede "located" and named "The Amethyst." Development-work made so good a mine of it that the locator was offered as much as $1,250,000 for it. He declined all offers, however, and in the summer of 1892 his interest in the Amethyst property was yielding him a profit of $400,000 per month. The moral of this story is that if you are going on a prospecting trip take along a jack that is a pretty good prospector himself.—[Harper's Young People.

Wanted No Extremes.

Employment Agent—What was the matter with your last place?

Domestic—The couple had only been married a month, an' I cudn't stand th' love makin'.

Agent—Well, here's a chance in a house where the couple have been married ten years.

Domestic—That's too long. I likes peace an' quiet.—[New York Weekly.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

HOW ONE PRINCESS LOOKS.

Princess Kaiulana, the young Hawaiian princess, who sailed for England on the Majestic, after a message of thanks to the American people, was rather an interesting young woman.

Many persons seemed to think that the Princess Kaiulani, or Miss Cleghorn, was of the very dark order of complexion. On the contrary, she was no darker than many an American beauty of the brunette type.

Miss Cleghorn was dignified in bearing and suggested the Boston girl known as a bluestocking.—[New York Herald.

THE NEW "HORROR."

In reading of the new "horror," the the gown faced to the knees with crinoline, bear in mind that the crinoline alluded to is simply the thin, slightly stiffened material long in use for lining panels, cuffs, collars, etc., and not more than half so stiff as the canvass with which most gowns have been faced for a long time. Hoop-skirts will hardly be worn this coming summer; and though dark hints are thrown out that autumn will see a radical change in styles, the dire prediction need not cause alarm.—[Demorest.

JEWELS FOR EMBROIDERY.

The employment of imitation jewels in connection with embroidery and their use upon fancy knick-knacks is very popular among workers in decorative arts, as they impart to such articles a sparkling effect which is very good if carefully managed so as to gleam out unexpectedly and in unlooked-for places. The jewels are in a great variety of tints, representing pink and yellow topazes, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, diamonds, opals and aqua marines. Two holes are ready pierced in each stone, by which it can be sewed on. The stitches which hold the stone down should be as invisible as possible, and fine sewing silk as nearly matching the color of the stone as possible should be used. A mistake easily made is the mixing of half a dozen colors and kinds of stones upon the same piece of embroidery. Two or three colors give the best result.—[New York Tribune.

A QUEEN'S LACES.

The Queen of Italy, like the Princess of Wales, is noted for her taste in dress, though instead of the tailor-made serges and cheviots in which the princess is wont to dress, the Italian Queen essays sumptuous brocades and velvets rich in color and texture, like the robes of the stately ladies Titian and Veronese painted in the old days. The Queen has been a patron of the lace-making industry of the Italian people, encouraging the revival of the old stitches and the designing of new patterns. They tell a story of how one particular stitch, in guipure, was almost lost to the world in the decay of the art.

It was discovered at last that a bed-ridden old lace-maker of Buram was the only person alive who could do the stitch, and by dint of good food and wine she was fairly coaxed back to life long enough to impart her precious secret to the young lace-makers of the new Venetian school. Queen Margherita is rather short in stature, but so well does she carry herself that she always conveys the impression of a tall woman. Her neck and arms are beautiful in outline and tint, her skin delicate and creamy, the color coveted by Italian women. She speaks French, German, Italian and English, and her favorite books are those belonging to English literature.—[New York Advertiser.

THE NEW SILKS.

The thin summer silks, of which very many are being made up, are, as a rule, left without stiffening or stiffened only for a few inches above the bottom. The silk is too soft to bear the interlining. Where it is used the character of the goods is destroyed, and the gown seems to be made of crackly paper. The best modistes recognize the fact that crinoline has its limitations, and wisely adapt themselves to the necessities of the fabric they are handling.

The new chene silks are soft and take gathers nicely. Many have the skirts trimmed with only one flounce or narrow ruffle of silk or lace, or perhaps with a band of openwork lace over a lining of colored satin. No skirt, however, is prettier on the thin silks than the skirt full of flounces—that is, flounced from waist to foot in ruffles of six-inch width, or graduating from six to eight, ten, or twelve inches. The flounces are of silk, and are prettiest when pinked top and bottom and put on with a narrow ruffle heading, the heading on the top flounce only if the flounces overlap, or on all if they are set on separately.

A charming design for trimming the silk skirts is that of a succession of narrow ruffles to the knee, pinked and caught up in the festoons by knots of velvet the color of one shade in the silk, the upper ruffle having a heading of folds and butterfly knots. Shirring on stiff cords is used on thin silks and cottons. The cords are in close-set groups of six or more, making perhaps an inch-wide band, and the goods is drawn upon them at the waist, around the yoke at the wrists, at the head of ruffles and so on.—[New York Times.

THE WOMAN PREACHER.

There seems to be no objection whatever to women taking control of Sunday-schools, benevolent institutions, church fairs, festivals and all other means of caring for the flocks and filling the ecclesiastical exchequer, but when it comes to women in the pulpit there is trouble at once. This is only another of the relics of barbarism.

In old times if the church could get control of the women and little children they felt pretty sure of their ability to manage the rest of the human family.

Half a century ago a woman doctor was scarcely recognized in reputable circles, and a woman lecturer was a monstrosity. Contrasting that date with the present and taking note of the change in sentiment from one decade to another, it is scarcely too much to expect that by another fifty years we shall see a most wonderful revolution in matters of this sort. It is safe to predict that before the end of the first decade of the next century the woman preacher will be no more of a novelty than the woman doctor now is. Woman is specially fitted for such work, and even were she not so it would be only the strictest kind of justice to give her some of the honor as well as most of the hard work of the church. When once it dawns fully upon the minds of the people of this generation that there is no sex in intellect or moral achievement, the first and most difficult part of this knotty problem will have been solved.

By all means open the pulpit doors to women as well as those of the Sunday-school room, the hospital and the Executive Committee.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.

FASHION NOTES.

Corkscrew bengalines are new and stylish.

The law has been laid down: Short skirts, and only short skirts, are to be worn in the street.

A new navy-blue serge has a single thread-stripe of deep green, and is pronounced very stylish.

Cream white, old pink and light blue seem to be the colors selected for young girl's evening costumes.

New skirts for the street do not touch the ground, but house-skirts are almost all made with short trains.

The handsome French challies are "the thing." The puffed sleeve falling over the elbow is a good model.

Accordion-plaited skirts of surah or India, with plaited waists in sailor fashion, are rather new and effective.

Wide-brimmed hats, with an abundance of ostrich-plume trimming, will be popular for early-summer wear.

Bodice effects reached by means of bands of ribbon are often seen, and are especially affected in evening gowns.

The pretty colored Henriettas are well adapted for this purpose, and with yokes of Irish lace are very stylish.

The dotted or sprigged lawns are trimmed with ruffles embroidered in the dominating color and with knots and streamers of ribbon.

One of the new ideas is a black-satin bodice and a skirt of some dark, rich cloth. Indeed, black satin as a waist material is quite to the fore.

The crisp, clean-looking French batistes, the poetic flower-strewn organdies, the neat-patterned linen lawns and ginghams all make pretty negliges for warm weather.

The white dotted swisses, the plaided nainsooks, and bishop's lawns launder well and are made up with plaited or gathered ruffles, torchon lace, and ribbons of pale green, mauve, or blue.

Sensible and pretty house robes are made of the fine French or Scotch flannels in stripes or figures; pale gray and pink, marine-blue and ponceau, Nil and heliotrope are among the new blendings; these gowns are usually made with yolks or in the loose princesse shape and trimmed with lace and ribbon.