

Spain has slowly but surely been forced to abandon its stand in consideration of "pride" and "glory."

The foreign demand for breadstuffs continues to be heavy, and the supply is still equal to the demand. A great country this, and the limit of its resources is not yet approached.

Apropos of England's warlike activity it is timely to recall Gladstone's famous reply in the House of Commons: "No, we are not at war; we are conducting military operations."

Coal mining is now one of Missouri's chief industries. The annual report of the United States' geological survey credits her with producing in 1897 2,665,626 tons, the cash value of which is placed at \$2,887,824.

The scheme of American popular education will not reach its highest development until every boy and girl shall be fitted, before leaving school, to use every power to its highest capacity to rightly perform the duties of family and civic relations, and to "make a living" by some handicraft the elements of which have been learned.

Time was when to have written a book gave a person some degree of distinction. Men and women were pointed out as the authors of certain books, and these books, once named in educated circles, were recognized. But that time has measurably gone by. To have written a book nowadays is to have done what thousands of others have done, and are busily engaged at this very hour in doing. The statement amounts to little more than does the statement that a certain person has designed an office building, has invented a labor-saving machine, has constructed a new kind of street-car rail, or a wagon.

While Porto Rico is densely populated, yet, in view of the great wealth of the island, there is still room for thousands of immigrants of the right sort. Under the stimulating effect of American ideas Porto Rico will soon begin to astonish the world with her growth. So long as she was fettered by the tyranny of Spain she could not do this, but now that she is permitted to inhale the atmosphere of freedom, she will speedily make up for what she has lost. We will miss our guess if Porto Rico within the next few years does not become one of the most coveted gems on the breast of the ocean, observes the Atlanta Constitution.

After struggling for a long time with the problem of over production, the butter makers opened a central warehouse at Sydney, New South Wales, where they sent all their butter, and whence it was sold at wholesale at certain fixed prices, varying according to the season of the year, but never falling below sixteen cents. What butter is not sold at that price is shipped in cold storage to London. In this way the price is kept up. Cooperation among farmers is admittedly one of the most difficult of social problems. Farming is generally carried on with insufficient capital, which makes the farmer a long-credit man, and places him largely in the hands of the middlemen. Farming really requires a liberal education and large executive ability. What the farmers of New South Wales have done, however, might be done by American farmers, especially since the London market is much nearer America than it is New South Wales. But it can't be done with cotton, for the obvious reason that the London market is glutted at the start.

The Abstract of Statistics of the Railways of the United States, for the year ending June 30, 1897, just issued by the interstate commerce commission, gives some interesting figures. There are 184,428 miles of railway in the country; of second, third and fourth tracks 12,705 miles, and of yard and track sidings 46,221 miles, making a grand total of 243,444 miles. One-third of the rails in yards and sidings are of iron, and 95 per cent. of all others are steel. There are 10,117 passenger locomotives, 20,398 freight and 5102 for switching; 33,626 passenger and 1,221,730 freight cars. There are 823,476 men employed by the railways; the amount paid them represents 61.87 per cent. of the total operating expenses. There were 489,445,198 passengers carried, and 43,168 casualties occurred, of which 6437 resulted in death; 1693 railway employes were killed and 27,667 injured. One out of every 2,204,708 passengers was killed, and one out of every 175,116 was injured; of employes one out of every 486 was killed, and one out of every 30 was injured.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

He was a friend to man, and he lived in a house by the side of the road.—Homer.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowship firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths,
Where highways never ran,
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press on with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife,
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan.
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead
And mountains of wearisome height,
That the road passes on to the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by,
They are good, they are bad, they are weak,
They are strong,
Wise, foolish, so am I,
Then why should I sit in the scorners' seat,
Or hur the cycle to ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

—Sam. Walter Foss.

A Happy Mistake.

Day by day I had seen the lines of care deepen round my father's mouth and forehead and watched my mother's pale and anxious gaze rest upon him.

Night after night did Maude and I lay side by side and spend the hours when sleep, they tell us, lends us beauty in wondering what trouble was hovering over us.

But the knowledge came all too soon. My father had lent money which he supposed he could call in at any time. The time arrived, but the money was not forthcoming. His health was rapidly failing him, a fact his business anxieties in no way helped, and we soon knew he must mortgage heavily the farm and that if his health continued to fail he might soon be unable even to pay the interest.

Then Maude and I began to hold our whispered conversations to better purpose—to decide that we are strong and young and healthy and that such gifts were given to us to be made use of. And so it ended in our sending off a mysterious letter to the old school teacher and waiting and watching days for a reply, which came at last to tell us she had succeeded in finding a situation as governess at a competency which to us seemed wealth.

The lady was willing to take anyone on her recommendation, and either of us, she felt assured, would fill the role. So she left it for us to decide—one must go and one must stay.

At last Maude said it must be she who would go and wrote and appointed a day for her coming.

The intervening time passed rapidly away in busy preparation, and at last the one Sunday left us rose bright and clear. Maude looked so lovely that morning in her pretty hat, with its long, drooping feather, that I did not wonder the eyes of a stranger in the church wandered persistently to our pew.

He was a tall, handsome man, sitting with the Leonards—a name which in our village represented its aristocracy and wealth.

There were gentlemen from London visiting there constantly, but their gaze did not often wander from the stylish, elegant Misses Leonard to seek any other attractions.

I saw them glance round once or twice, as if to discover what else in the church could possibly distract attention from themselves, and I fear I felt more pride in Maude's beauty than was quite consistent with the sacred place in which we were.

My father grew rapidly worse instead of better, and it was hard work to word my letters to Maude that she should not know of the skeleton in our home—the shadow of coming death.

Her letters were bright and cheery, and when at last I told her that our father grew no better she answered she had met Dr. Melrose, who was a relative of the lady whose children she taught, and asked him to go down and see father and that she would defray the necessary expenses.

I almost gasped when I read the name—Dr. Melrose. His name had reached even our ears. I wondered how she could have approached him with such a request; but I said nothing to father of her desire, and one morning, about a week later, his card was put into my hands.

With quick, trembling limbs I hastened down to meet him and opened the parlor door to find myself face to face with the stranger who, weeks before, had sat in the Leonards' pew.

My face grew red and pale as I recognized him; but he came forward very quietly and, taking my hands, said: "Come, we will have a little talk first, and then you shall take me to see your father."

Then when he left me to visit my father I found myself awaiting his return with a calm assurance that, could mortal aid avail him, he would find it in Dr. Melrose's healing touch.

A half-hour passed before his return, and when he entered the room I knew I might hope.

"It is not so bad as I feared," he said. "Time and careful nursing will soon restore him. The latter I shall intrust to you."

Then he gave me his directions so clearly that I could not misunderstand them, and when he bade me good bye, holding both my hands for a moment in his own, and said: "You must take care of yourself as well and not give me two patients instead of one," he smiled so kindly that I felt my heart leap as I thought:

"It's for Maude's sake he has done this thing. He loves her."

So the winter passed. Two or three times the doctor came to relieve the monotony. We looked to him almost as our deliverer, for father's health and vigor were at last restored; but

when he asked him for his bill he laughingly replied:

"That was a private matter with Miss Maude. She is to settle that."

My father looked amazed; but I could appreciate the payment he would accept, and imagined their surprise when he should demand it at their hands.

The summer was rapidly approaching. The time for Maude's homecoming was at hand. I had reason to be happy, for Maude was coming to a home over which hung no shadow of debt. The mortgage had been paid. What she had saved should go toward her trousseau when she needed one, for father had prospered beyond all expectations.

At last I heard the sound of wheels. Nearer and nearer.

"I bring you a surprise," she had written, and by her side sat Dr. Melrose. I knew it all. Was it not as I pictured, fancied, hoped? I only know that an impulse which sprang from some corner of my brain caused me to turn hastily up the stairs and, burying my head in my pillow, sob aloud.

"Ellie, darling! Where are you?" questioned a sweet, girlish voice; and I sprang up, ashamed of my momentary weakness, to find myself clasped in my sister's warm, loving embrace.

And, taking me by the hand, she ran rapidly down into the room where they all sat.

Dr. Melrose instantly arose and came forward with his old smile of welcome and made a movement as though he would already give me a brother's kiss, but remembered in time that his secret was not yet disclosed.

The evening passed rapidly away in pleasant laugh and jest. Occasionally I intercepted a glance between Maude and her guest, full of meaning, but no one else seemed to notice it. At last he rose to bid us good night, and as he held my hand a moment in his own he whispered:

"You have always been the most indefatigable in pressing my small claim upon you. Tomorrow I will present it to you for payment. May I see you for a few moments in the morning?"

"Certainly," I answered; but my voice trembled, and I think had he stayed a moment longer I should have burst into tears.

All through that long night I watched my sister, sleeping so peacefully by my side, waging my little war with myself.

How natural that he should love her, so young, so lovely! But, ah! why had my heart gone forth unasked to meet him? At least the secret was all my own—none would suspect it.

I had not known it myself until I had seen them side by side. With, perhaps, a shade less color, a little quivering of the lips, but nothing more, I entered the parlor next morning to greet Dr. Melrose, who stood waiting for me.

"I have come, as you know, to claim my payment, Ellie. Can you not guess it?"

A momentary struggle with myself, then I answered bravely: "Yes, I know it all. You have my consent, Dr. Melrose, although you take our dearest possession."

He looked bewildered, but suddenly seemed to understand, as he said, gravely:

"Then you know, Ellie? Since the day I first saw you in church I have loved you, have cherished as my fondest dream the hope of making you my wife! Darling, you are sure I have your consent?"

"But Maude?" I almost gasped.

"Maude is only too happy in the hope that I may win you. She is engaged to a cousin whom she met at Mrs. Marvin's and who is soon coming to claim her. He is a splendid fellow and well worthy of her; but I, ah! my darling, can accept no other payment than yourself!"

And, in a wild burst of passionate joy, of marvelous unbelief, I gave it to him, as he sealed it with the first kiss of our betrothal.

Caged Panther Attacks a Girl.

An unusual accident befell a young workwoman on the Boulevard Belleville, Paris, recently. The girl, who had been turned out of her room because she could not pay her rent, was wandering through the streets till she arrived on the Boulevard, where she crawled for refuge beneath the floor of a menagerie.

She drew so near to one of the cages that its occupant, which was a large panther, immediately put its claws through the bars and held her firmly. The girl's screams aroused the staff of the menagerie, who rushed to her rescue. They labored for several minutes to make the panther release its prey, but they did not succeed until a red hot iron bar was used.

The poor girl's arm and shoulder were fearfully lacerated, but the physicians say she will recover.

LOOKING AHEAD THIRTY YEARS.

Sequences in 1928 of the War Between America and Spain.

Extracts from the New York daily papers of 1928:

"The reunion of the Society of the Survivors of the Battle of Cavite at Madison Square garden last evening was a most successful occasion from both a social and financial point of view. Over 7000 men were in attendance, nearly four-ninths of the entire membership, and the accommodations of the hall were strained to the utmost. After the banquet addresses were made by a number of the prominent members, and letters of regret were read from the president and the governors of New York, Pennsylvania, Porto Rico and Cuba. Among those who addressed the meeting were Rev. George Dewey Fitzgibbons, Hon. Dewey Manila Brown, Hon. Cavite G. Jones, Governor Philippine Olympia Green and Vice-President Raleigh Concord Tubb. After the banquet was over dancing was indulged in until a late hour."

"The Patriotic Order of the Sons of Cuban Liberty gave an entertainment in their hall, No. 1674 Bowery, last evening, the receipts of which are to go toward building a monument to the memory of the Cubans who lost their lives in the late war. A fair attendance was present, and the musical numbers were well rendered by Mrs. Santiago Cortez Coogan, Cienfuegos Murphy, Amphitrite Cook and Matanzas Johnson. Mr. Habana O'Donoghue made quite a hit with his recitation of 'When Gomez Marched to Dinner.' Quite a neat little sum was realized."

"From Sampson, Ky., comes a dispatch which says that John K. Littlejohn, a gunner's mate on the Nashville in the late war with Spain and who claims to have fired the first hostile shot of the war, died in that town on Wednesday. We have no wish to doubt the veracity of the Sampson Bugle, but at the same time Mr. Littlejohn is the 23rd man to die since the war was ended claiming the honor of having fired the first hostile shot. Isn't this rather overdoing it?"

"Schley J. O'Brien, 28 years of age, was picked up by Officer Good in Bleeker street last night in an intoxicated condition. Before Judge Cooley this morning O'Brien claimed that his condition was the result of discussing the war with Spain in the Maine saloon yesterday evening with two cronies, Bill Dewey Naughton and Bagley Terror O'Rourke. Judge Cooley decided that, in view of the circumstances, the prisoner was lucky to offend by a mere plain drunk, and Mr. O'Brien was released."

"A youth giving his name as Augustus Cuban Libre Lightfoot was arrested yesterday while acting in a suspicious manner on Broadway. Lightfoot is thought to be an alias of 'Hot Shot' Smith, a noted sneak thief, who has of late been operating successfully in the neighborhood of Fifth avenue and Thirty-eighth street. The prisoner claims to have been the first child born on Cuban soil of America's parents after the capitulation of Havana. He is still in custody."—London Punch.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

South Africa has a telephone system. There are nearly 3000 stitches in a pair of hand-sewn boots.

California has a club of left-handed persons with over 2000 members. It has been ascertained that a telescope will make a more durable instrument the hardest granite.

In some of the farming districts of China pigs are harnessed to small wagons and made to draw them.

Two British Guiana stamps, dated 1850, and worth originally one penny each, were sold in Berlin not long ago for \$5000.

The old custom of watchmen calling the hour at night is still retained in two localities of London, namely, New Inn and Ely Place.

It is a remarkable fact that, as a rule, the sewing done by male tailors is neater, finer and more uniform than that done by women.

In Peru it was once the custom for domestic servants to have two of their upper front teeth extracted. Their absence indicated their servitude.

The largest woman in the South, Mrs. Mary Marique, colored, died recently at Little Rock, Ark. Her age was thirty, and she weighed 550 pounds.

A Walkden, England, mechanic has succeeded in breaking his legs twenty-four times in the last fifty-two years. The Manchester doctors look on him as a marvel.

A bill-board before a church in Paisley, Scotland, contains this announcement: "Only short sermons delivered here. Excellent music. This is the place to save your soul and be happy. Walk in."

A Convict's Remarkable Escape.

An extraordinary escape from jail was made the other week by a young man from the Pentonville prison. This prison is one of the great houses of detention for all sorts of criminals, and it is situated in the very heart of London, Eng. In some way or other a man got out of his cell, scaled the walls, several of them, and dipped in safety to the ground. He was at once pursued, as a laborer employed in the prison was applying for admission at the main gate just at the moment when the prisoner dropped from the outer wall. In five minutes' time at least a hundred persons had taken up the hue and cry; but the convict, who, it seems, can run like a hare and has a marvelous capacity for climbing up walls, managed to evade his pursuers and was soon lost in the maze of streets surrounding the prison. —New York Mail and Express.

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT.

Odd Waists and Skirts.

If you wish an odd waist have one of black net over white silk, with jet for a yoke and belt, and colored velvet, cherry pink, turquoise or green, for a collar to this or on the black China crepe gown, or on the latter you might like a sash, belt and collar of bright hued velvet. A pretty odd skirt would be of black taffeta with a shaped flounce, headed by a row of jet embroidered mousseline banding. Still another pretty gown is of black net over black silk, with the skirt flounced to the waist, and each tiny ruffle edged with two rows of velvet ribbon. Have a yoke of white lace guipure over white silk, with belt, sash and collar of bright velvet. With the net 50 inches wide and 85 cents a yard this is not an expensive gown.—Ladies' Home Journal.

In an English Home.

An American woman, during her stay of several months in a large English household in a London suburb, comments on the superior management of the hostess. There was never a visible or audible creak in the domestic machinery, and, in fact, the household was ordered with the least possible machinery conducive to comfort and health. The floors of the sleeping rooms were stained and only partly covered with movable rugs, the bedsteads were of brass, or brass and iron, the curtains were cretonne of tasteful pattern, the bed coverings thick, warm blankets. Below there was equal plainness and equal comfort. Whatever of fiction there may have been in the management of that household never arose to the dignity of a recognition. Friends came to lunch or dinner without a ripple of disturbance of the family life. The house stood for something more than its externals. Its life was representative of the character and disposition and likings of its inmates, and everything there was expressive of their taste and individuality.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Ding-Dong-Bell Girls.

Over in Hampshire, Eng., there are four pretty girls who have mastered the rare—for a woman—accomplishment of bell ringing.

These Hampshire girls are all members of the Winchester Diocesan Guild of Change-ringers, and also belong to the bands in their respective towns; two of them hail from Basingstoke and the other two from Alton. The latter are a clergyman's daughters, and can be seen any Sunday morning or evening taking their place with the other ringers in the belfry, and summoning the congregation to church, or, on Thursday evenings, attending the weekly practices of an art with which they are now thoroughly conversant.

No great effort is required to manage a bell. What is essential is knack, and this these girls possess in an eminent degree; they can ring a nine or ten hundredweight bell with ease. When a work they wear loose easy costumed, adaptable for other athletic exercises, and present a pretty picture as they take their places for a chime on the "ding, dong bell."

So fascinating is the study of bell-ringing that these enthusiasts spend hours over their books of instruction. A short peal is called a "touch," and when they meet for weekly practice and one of these "touches" is called by the instructor, it is a great triumph when he announces "All's well."—New York Mail and Express.

Recent Tall Brides.

Apropos of weddings, those of 1898 have caused a great deal of comment in one respect. The brides have been a group of young goddesses as far as physique goes. The bridegrooms, on the other hand, have literally fallen short, in a matter of inches, of any Olympian resemblance. Miss Katherine Duer, the favorite of all her set, who married Mr. Clarence Mackay last spring was a young Juno, who overtopped her husband by an inch or two. Mrs. George Vanderbilt, another June bride, is taller than her husband. The young Duchess of Marlborough, by-the-way, had the better of the duke in inches as well as in millions. And now another Englishman, Mr. Harold Baring, who recently married Miss Marie Churchill, will also look up to his wife in more ways than one. So it has gone until people are beginning to raise their eyebrows and wonder where this inverse proportion is to end.

A physician, who was addressing a woman's club the other day, had something to say on this subject. He declared unequivocally that "girls are taller, stronger, better than they were 25 years ago." He said, with a quizzical smile, that his only fear is that we will produce a race of girls six feet tall with brothers only four feet six." He thinks that parents coddle their children too much and said that there is more sickness caused by overdressing than by underdressing.—Harper's Bazar.

Mamie Frey, Watchmaker.

Watchmaking is such a fascinating, delicate, clean, dainty trade that it seems odd women have not found out its attractions and entered it extensively. There is one young woman in Chicago who long ago resolved that it should be her life work, but she encountered all sorts of opposition from her father, who is himself a watchmaker. He learned his trade in Switzerland, but for 20 years has pursued it in this country. It is a pretty story of how the passion to learn the trade developed in Mamie when hardly more than a child. Her mute interest in his work grew to work her

father so that at length Mr. Frey, to keep Mamie away from the shop and to turn her mind into other channels, secured for her the position of companion to the children of a wealthy neighbor. For a time after that Mamie's duties kept her away from the jeweler's shop, and her father decided she had outgrown her childish whim, as he regarded it. But his peace of mind was short lived. One afternoon, over two years ago, his daughter walked into his place of business, took off her coat and announced to her surprised parent that she had resigned her position and had come to study her father's craft.

"All right," said Mr. Frey, "but if you are going to become a watchmaker you must begin at the beginning like a boy apprentice and work your way up."

The plan suited the girl perfectly, and straightway she set herself to studying the work. Apparently she had inherited all her father's skill combined with the deft touch of a woman. The small tools that a boy would have bungled with for months she soon learned to handle with skill and ease. No mechanism was too delicate for her light fingers and sharp eyes to straighten out, and she quickly won her father's unwilling praise. In a short time he was forced to admit that his daughter had learned all that he could teach her in the watchmakers' art.

Miss Frey, her father now says, excels him in repairing or cleaning a watch, and far surpasses him in dealing with most customers. The girl is proud of her calling and is ambitious and says she is determined to become the most skillful workman in her line in the city.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Etiquette in Nurseries.

The nursery is the child's microcosm. Here he begins to practice those gifts and graces which will stand him in stead at a later day.

Let the children be taught to avoid the use of slang. It is as well that they shall have no especial pet phrase and that their speech shall be refined.

They may play as merrily as they choose, but it is well that they be not too rough or boisterous. In going about a house, children are not the gainers if allowed to tear from top to bottom of the stairs like little savages, or snuffed to shout at the tops of their voices or to interrupt conversation.

A well bred child will bring its toys and be neither a trouble nor a torment in the drawingroom where his mother and her friends are talking.

About children's questions. As a rule, they should be answered as fully and clearly as possible, but children should not be encouraged in the mere asking of a long string of questions simply for the sake of putting themselves in evidence.

One needs to exercise discretion in answering the question that is asked because the child really wishes to know and to decide what answer to give when the child is simply determined to be in the foreground. It is sometimes best to say very plainly and candidly to a child: "I cannot explain this to you now; I shall do so when you are older."

Mamma is to them a sweet presiding genius, something very like a queen, who comes in now and then, to whom complaints are referred, who is the real sovereign, but is not always at their beck and call. The soft, pillow-bosom of nurse, usually a middle-aged and comfortable sort of personage, receives their little heads in their childish trials and troubles.

The nurse takes the children to walk; attends to their meals; manages all their affairs.

The plan has something to be said in its favor, for certainly a mild-mannered and equitable nurse is better for a child than a wearied and half-hysterical mother.

Fashion Notes.

Gun metal belts with steel ornaments are very effective.

Many of the latest Parisian toques are ablaze with a mixture of red and orange that almost defies description.

Many round hats have the brims rolled up all around giving the effect of the crown set in a shallow bowl. The trimming is largely massed in front.

A tailor costume of the new double faced cloth has a yoke of velvet. The waist is cut in scallops and bound with braid. These scallops are sewed to the yoke.

One of the newest sleeves is made in one length but in two parts, the under side being straight and unimpaired. The upper part of the sleeve shows three large tucks at the top and these are repeated at the wrist, the lowest one forming a bell shaped cuff over the hand. This sleeve gives that somewhat broad effect to the shoulders which nearly every woman needs and at the same time it preserves the close, small effect so essential to style.

Bismarck Was Never Discourteous.

Strange as it may appear in the Man of Blood and Iron, Bismarck could not be discourteous to people—though others were not always as considerate to him. Professor Leubach, than whom perhaps nobody except Professor Schweninger knew Bismarck so intimately, once told me: "In all the years I have known Prince Bismarck I only remember him speaking hastily on one solitary occasion. A man-servant had shut the door with a bang. Bismarck rang the bell, and when he appeared, told the man sharply that he was to leave at the end of his month. About a quarter of an hour afterwards he rang the bell again, and said, in a mollified voice, 'You may stay.' That was all."—Sidney Whitman, in Harper's Magazine.