Two 10,000-ton steamers will ply between Liverpool and New Orleans as soon as they can be built.

Last year was the most prosperous in the history of cotton manufacturing in the South, states the Chicago Herald.

According to the Industrialist, Kansas has 105 different kinds of native trees and shrubs, occurring chiefly in the eastern part of the State.

The people who reside on the Rue Panama, a street in Paris which received that name several years ago, want to have its name changed. Many of them have good reason to rue Panama, thinks the Chicago Herald.

An observant Philadelphian makes the amazing assertion that girls with retrousse noses marry sooner, and are more fortunate in catching good husbands, than young ladies whose features are of the Greek or Roman type.

Several lots in Cornhill, London, in the immediate neighborhood of the Bank of England, were sold several days ago at a price that averaged $250 per foot, or something over $10,000,000 an acre. Several lots of equal size were offered for sale some weeks ago, and were bought in by the owner at a price considerably higher.

The New York Press estimates that about 1600 novels were published during the past six years, or 270 novels a year. These 1600 novels were written by 792 authors who signed their names and 130 who did not. Only 240 of these authors met with success enough to encourage them to write a second time. In all, 2600 persons have failed as writers of fiction during the last eighteen years, as against about 80 who have succeeded well and 120 who have succeeded tolerably.

Uruguay, with her 800,000 inhabitants, owes in Europe and elsewhere $100,000,000 of gold; Argentina, with 4,000,000 people, owes $350,000,000 of gold; Brazil is utterly submerged with debt; Paraguay's credit is so utterly shattered with debt that she must pay $7 in her paper money for every dollar in gold; and Peru is in the hands of an American receiver, a syndicate, which for sixty-four years will pocket all her revenues. "Thus," muses the New York Mail and Express: "Europe has returned to the Spanish-American States almost as much gold as she ever took away from them; more, indeed, than the wildest dream of Pizarro and his contemporaries promised that they should find in all the mines of the new world."

The Census Bureau has issued a bulletin of prisoners and paupers in the United States. Some of the facts stated are of interest. In 1890 there were in the prisons of the United States undergoing punishment for crime, 82,329 persons. Of these, 75,924 were males and 6405 females. There were 52,891 white males and 4416 white females, making a total of 57,310 whites. The colored prisoners numbered 24,277, of which 22,305 were men and 1922 were women. There were 407 Chinese prisoners, of whom 406 were males and one a woman. Of Japanese there were twelve males and one female; of Indians there were 322, 307 being men and 15 women. In the matter of nativity, of the 57,310 white prisoners, 40,471 (that is, 38,156 men and 2315 women) were born in the United States, and 15,932 (that is, 13,869 men and 2063 women) were born in foreign countries. As to the pauperage the statistics are also interesting. In 1890 there were in all the almshouses in the United States 73,045 paupers, of which 40,741 were men and 32,304 were women. Of the whole, 37,387 were white men and 29,191 white women. The colored race showed up with 3226 men and 3092 women. When it comes to crime, comments the New Orleans Picayune, the men of all colors and races vastly outnumber the women, but in poverty the numbers of the two sexes more nearly equal each other, although there are fewer pauper women than men, although from the weakness and social restraints imposed on the sex it would seem that female paupers should be in a majority, which is not the case. In respect to crimes, the colored people in proportion largely outnumber the whites, but when it comes to pauperdom the white percentage is much the larger. Thus it appears that the colored man is not so willing as the white to become a charge on the public. When he goes into prison it is against his wishes, but tenantcy in the poor-house is voluntary. The showing is not, however, particularly flattering in either case.

Get Out the Way.

I climbed the hill one wintry day,
And mused my meditative way,
And lost in various thought profound,
Oblivious to all around,
I heard a shout ring loud and clear
And smite in terror on my ear,—
A shout that filled me with dismay,
"Hi! Mister, there! Get out the way!"

I looked and saw there in my road
A double-runner with its load
Of shouting, laughing, hooting boys—
A solid freight of solid noise.
"Hi! Mister, there! Get out the way!"—
A most undiplomatic bray,
A bold command without the stress
Of any courteous finesse.
I did not make a long delay
But I—well, I "got out the way."

My first thought was not one of peace,
But one of vengeance and police;
But then those boys, I thought again,
Are like all other sons of men.
All mount their sleds and shout each day,
"Hi! Mister, there! Get out the way!"

We have ambitions shod with steel,
Too swift to see, too hard to feel.
We mount them in the hope to glide
Down destiny's steep mountain side,
And lightning-swift through frosty gleams
Dart these fast runners of our dreams,
And loud we shout, a raucous bray,
"Hi! Mister there! Get out the way!"

We do not turn our coasters back
But warn all people off the track,
We claim an unimpeded slope
Down all the highways of our hope.
So, that our double-runners glide;
Let other men find room one side;
And they can stand there in the snow
And have the fun to see us go.
And so we shout day after day,
"Hi! Mister, there! Get out the way!"

And so I stood there in the snow
And watched the boys glide far below,
And swift my thoughts were thoughts of peace—
I had no use for the police.
Do I not shout myself each day
"Hi! Mister, there! Get out the way!"
—[Sam. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

HER DOUBLE GIFT.

BY LAURA LANSFELDT.

"A lady wishes to see you, sir," said the staid man servant to Dr. Hall. It was past 10 at night, and the physician looked up in some surprise.

"Show the lady in, please," he said, and rose as a slim young figure glided into the room. Her face was covered with a veil; her garments were black. She came forward quickly.

"You are Dr. Hall?" she said.

"Yes, I am. May I ask——"

"I will not keep you many minutes," she said; her manner was agitated, her voice almost trembled. "You have a patient in your care—Mr. Devereux?"

A little distantly Dr. Hall said again—"Yes."

The girl—she was plainly no more suddenly threw back her veil, revealing a pale, lovely face, with delicate features.

"You want to know who I am," she said, "and by what right I ask these questions. I have no right, but I beg of your mercy that you will answer me. I heard of his illness—that you almost give him up. Is that true?"

"Yes it is," said the doctor, gently.

"My name is Dorothy Clifford," said the girl. A flush swept over her cheek as the doctor gave a little start. "You know my name?" she faltered.

"From my patient," said Dr. Hall; "nothing—he has told me—simply the name he has repeated unconsciously."

"Then perhaps you guess," she said in low voice. "I am that Dorothy he speaks of. A year ago we were lovers—engaged. I thought I had reason to accuse him of unfaith. We parted."

"Ah," said the doctor, "I knew there was some cause for this breakdown besides the frightful hardships he has been through in America. Do you want me to let you see him?"

"No—no—! I want you to tell me if he must die—if it is true that there is but one chance for him—if I can give him that chance! It was all my fault, doctor! He was true; it was my madness that parted us. You must let me atone—give my life for his if need be; but he must not know who has saved him!"

"Do you know what his one chance is?" said the doctor, gravely. "A dangerous operation rarely practiced—dangerous to both the persons operated upon—what we call transfusion of blood."

"I will run the risk," said Dorothy, her eyes flashing. "I broke his heart—I sent him into those hardships that have shattered his health! I will give him my health—my life! Esric need not know"——

"My poor child," said the physician, in deep pity, "he will know nothing—he is almost unconscious—but I have doubts about this"——

The doctor slightly shook his head—he did not think his patient was a man likely to mend a broken life in that easy fashion. But he heard all the girl had to urge and questioned her in his turn. The girl pleaded frantically with sobs and tears, and at last Dr. Hall consented.

The patient himself knew nothing about it; he lay in the lethargy that precedes death and was only faintly conscious at intervals. There was very little chance that he would be aware of Dorothy's presence in his room. Indeed, when she entered it she stood by his side for a full minute without his stirring. The girl herself seemed scarcely to feel at all. Before her, senseless, dying, lay the man she had loved passionately through all her angry mistrust and injustice; yet never a quiver came over her beautiful face.

She went through the painful operation without a murmur—nay, with an exultant smile. Each drop of her blood transfused into the veins of the dying man was so much towards atonement.

"Still living," was the doctor's report to Dorothy the next day; and he went back to Devereux, at whose side he almost lived. The woman, healthy, vigorous, recovered rapidly; the man, who, besides anguish of soul, had endured enough cold and famine to shatter a less fine constitution, struggled painfully with death, though he did not care for life.

Then life conquered. "But after all she has done him a cruel kindness," thought the physician. "What has life to give him?"

"So we are not going to lose you yet," he said, cheerfully, coming to the young man's bedside one morning.

Devereux's only answer to this promise of life was to look up in the kind face with eyes full of pain.

"Don't you care to live?" said the doctor, huskily.

Devereux silently turned his eyes away. They wandered over the room as if they sought something. An odd feeling crept into the doctor's heart.

"What is it you want—or is it that you miss something?" he said.

"Nothing," Devereux murmured; but constantly the doctor detected that searching, wistful glance. He began to understand. The young man grew stronger in spite of his apathy—the physical need of life triumphed, and one day he began to ask questions: What had he talked about when he was delirious? Who had been with him—only the doctor and the nurse?

"No one else, and we don't notice sick people's chatter," said Dr Hall, smiling.

"I thought there was some one else," said Devereux, with a sigh; "perhaps it was a dream."

"I dare say. Who did you dream of?"

"She was here—I felt her. I don't think it was a dream. Doctor," lifting himself and looking eager, "you don't answer me—did she come?"

"Hush!" said the doctor, soothingly. "Yes; she was here—Dorothy Clifford."

"I knew it! I knew it!" Devereux whispered, trembling like a child. "Did she come to say good-by?"

"Devereux," said the doctor, "I made her promise, and I dare not break it; I cannot answer you; but that question to her."

"She will not come," Devereux said hopelessly.

"She will—I know the whole story; never mind how. I will send for her and you shall ask her that question. You are puzzled. Well, sleep now if you can—I will wake you when I bring her."

Devereux, too weak or anything but mute wonder, obeyed. The doctor left the house and drove rapidly to Dorothy Clifford. She thought he had come to give his daily report.

"He goes on slowly but well," said Dr. Hall. "I have come to fetch you to him."

"I!" She started back, crimson, quivering. "Impossible! You have not told him?"

"You must come," said the doctor, sternly. "I have told him nothing—somehow he has found out in part."

She went to get ready, sat silent in the carriage, and crept upstairs behind the doctor like a guilty thing, to the sick room. Devereux was lying back among the pillows, looking at the two as they came into the room.

Mute, with bowed head, the woman stood beside the man she had wronged. She waited for him to speak.

"Dorothy!" he whispered. She trembled.

"Put your hand in mine," he said. "Kneel down, so that I can see you; I have only a question to ask."

She obeyed—knelt down and put her hand in his, bending her head lower than before.

"You came before—days ago," Devereux said, in slow, half halting tones; "when they said I was dying. I kew you were here. Why did you come?"

She flushed scarlet.

"To save your life," she said.

"You! you saved it!"

She turned her head aside; her dry lips moved mechanically.

"It was your one chance. Now let me go. You bade me come, and I came—answer you, and I obeyed. I have had enough of torture—let me go."

"Darling, come to me."

The strength of a child in his clasp, but she yielded to it helplessly. She cried silent, passionate tears, and he kissed them away, and hushed her prayers for pardon.

"How can I forgive?" he whispered. "You have given of your life to save mine. You have atoned. Kiss me and stay with me now and forever."

* * * * * * *

"Doctor," said Devereux, an hour later, "I do want to live now."

"Ah! I thought you would. I kept my promise, didn't I?"

"Yes. God bless you for all your kindness."

"Oh, that's nothing. Now will you try and sleep?"

"Promise you will give my bride to me when the time comes."

"You dear, grateful fellow, with all my heart!" And so he did before long and sent the two away together to begin the life they had so nearly missed.—[N. Y. Advertiser.

Two Sorts of Men May Laugh Well.

A prominent Wall street banker and broker, who is reputed to be worth about ten millions, walked from his private office the other morning into the outer room, where was gathered a number of his friends and customers. He was laughing so heartily that his cheeks were highly flushed, and the merry peals echoed and re-echoed through the room. Everybody turned to look at him, and every other face but one wore a sympathetic smile. The single exception looked very grave, and watched the merry broker with intentness. When the banker's laughter had ceased he went back into his office, and the grave man said to a companion:

"He laughs heartily, does he not? Yes, it is easy for him to laugh, whereas it is very hard for many others. There are two kinds of men who thoroughly understand and appreciate laughter, in whom this expression of merriment is spontaneous, light-hearted, and without a tinge of the sarcastic or bitter. One kind is the rich, successful men who are beyond ordinary cares and harassments, and have learned to enjoy the power of wealth. They can turn from any annoyance or grief to the contemplation of their success and be happy. The other kind includes those rare beings who are poor and don't attempt to get rich. The plantation negro is a type of this class, and occasionally one encounters a white man who is imbued with the spirit of the proverb, 'As we journey through life, let us live by the way.' But I must say the rich man's laughter sounds much more musical in my ears. The poor man's contains a little defiance and recklessness, no matter how sincere it is. It seems to say, 'Well, what of it? I'm poor, but who cares?' The rich man's merriment, on the contrary, is free from anything objectionable. It carries with it an intimation of power, and if there is a suggestion of surfeit in it, is that an objection? Who would not like to drink so deep from the cup of pleasure as to make pleasure lose its novelty? Wouldn't we all like to try it? I think so. I only ask that I may laugh like the rich man, secure that my merriment today will not be soured by reverses tomorrow."—[New York Sun.

No More Objections Were Made.

A laughable story is told about town concerning A. H. Hummel, the criminal and theatrical lawyer. Every one knows that Mr. Hummel is not above the average stature of man (physical stature), and every one who has seen him in court knows how quickly and often he can jump up to make objections when he thinks them necessary. It seems that he came in collision a little while ago with ex-Judge Dittenhoefer, who was in an objecting mood, and he was greatly irritated by the latter's deliberate methods. Appealing finally to the court, he said:

"Your honor, it is not the gentleman's objections that I make exception to, but it takes him so long to get up and sit down."

Mr. Dittenhoefer slowly arose and replied as follows:

"Your honor, I possess a good deal of avoirdupois, and it requires some exertion for me to move. I am not like my little friend there (pointing to Hummel), who has only to slide out of his chair to find himself on his feet."

It is said that Mr. Hummel made no more objections.—[New York Tribune.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT

THE SWELL BANK CHECK.

The fashionable woman conserves as much elegance in her bank check as she does in her visiting card. It is engraved on the paper and has her monogram in graceful design at one side. Locked check books were almost unknown here until lately, but the one which plays an important part in a current English play has set the notion for them to an appreciable extent.—[New York Times.

TO WHITEN RED ARMS.

One of the hardest trials to endure philosophically is the very common redness and roughness of the arms when they are displayed in evening dress. This may be overcome in time by the following treatment. Wash the arms every night in water as hot as can be borne, with soap, and rub them vigorously with a nail brush. Dry on a rough towel and rub in any preferred preparation of glycerine—with rose water or cucumber jelly—until it is quite absorbed. In a month the arms should be smooth and white.

COLOR ARRANGEMENTS.

It is desirable, in fitting up a room for showing light colors, to arrange it so that six backgrounds are available according to the requirements of the case, for example:

Light yellows, the mutual opposite is dark purple maroon.

Light reds (pinks), the mutual opposite is dark green olive.

Light blues, the mutual opposite is dark orange brown.

Light oranges, the mutual opposite is dark blue slate.

Light purples, the mutual opposite is dark yellow citrine.

Light greens, the mutual opposite is dark red russet.—[Decorator and Furnisher.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Follow the modern American girl from the parlor to the kitchen, from the kindergarten to the ball room, from the cooking club to the lecture room, from the hospital to the afternoon tea, from the sick room to the art gallery, from the King's Daughters' circles to the tennis ground, from the shopping tour to the library, from the Bible class to the reading club, from the sewing circle to the swimming school, from the chit chat club to the gymnasium—and mark her broad development mentally, morally and physically. The American girl is a treasure and no mistake, but if she has to go to so many places it is unreasonable to expect her to be a kitchen expert. Even the strong masculine intellect could not be followed so far.

THE COMING PARASOL.

The coming parasol, says an eastern fashion writer, is a very elaborate affair indeed, with its ruchings and its flouncings and its ribbons. The more gauzy and "floating" it is the better, and some of the new designs look not unlike an elaborate lamp shade. Hand-painted parasols are much liked, whether in silk or muslin; and artificial flowers to match the design are bunched on top with ribbon of the same shade. Black parasols are heavily trimmed with jet, and either black or white lace insertion, let into the heavier material; and parasols made to match the gown will be a pretty feature of the spring costumes. They are to be trimmed with three widely separated, narrow silk flounces, like an 1830 shirt.—[Detroit Free Press.

LIKED PLAIN MARY ANN.

"Well, thank goodness, I am plain Mary Ann again," declared a young woman to a sympathizing friend on one of the cross-town cars the other day. "I did so hate that name—Luella. Missus said 'Mary Ann' wouldn't do at all. The called it 'outre' or something like that. She declared that I must be given some romantic name that would sound pretty for calling. So I have been 'Luella' for half a year, and I'm heartily glad that I left her and am going to Mrs. Northwest's." The other girl gave a horrified look at the mention of this name. "But, my dear," she exclaimed, "I worked for Mrs. Northwest and I know all about her. She has a daughter named Mary, and it will never do for you to be Mary, too. She called me 'Maizie,' and she'll probably call you 'Callie' or 'Susanne' or some other ridiculous name." Then both sighed.—[Philadelphia Record.

STICK TO ONE PERFUME.

There is a craze for perfumes nowadays, and the fashionable scent is that of violets. A first-rate modiste sends her dresses out with sachets sewn in round the hem, tucked away in the bodice and hidden in the skirt. Then gloves are scented to match; also the muffs, and of course the handkerchief, the effect being an all-pervading sweetness.

There are many whose individuality of taste in perfumes does not permit them to adopt any scent which just happens to be the craze of the hour, but who keep to the one that chiefly commends itself to them. This idea was fostered if not started by the play "Diplomacy," in which a scent used invariably by one of the women characters plays so important a part.

Women are already casting about them for subtle odors such as shall be pervading, yet quite uncommon, and these are by no means easily attainable. It is not so simple a matter to get as the monopoly of a French model gown or mantle.—[Chicago Herald.

HOW TO WALK.

Comparatively few women know how to walk, and so lose a great deal of the benefit to be derived from exercise. One shambles, another slouches, as if her shoes were down at the heel. But most of them drive, straining every muscle in their bodies, plowing along with labored effort like a ship in a high sea and facing head winds. Five minutes' instruction in stage-walk, properly observed, would rectify every bit of this. A perceptible swing of the body should be manifest, and every step all of one side should be advanced at the same time, with a slight turn right or left of the shoulders as the corresponding foot is projected. A long step—not a stride—should be taken, easy and unhurried, and the limb should be thrown forward; this is the secret of the ideal gait. A writer on the subject of the scientific preservation of beauty says that the issues on which it finally depends lie deeper than even in physical culture; the highest beauty is the beauty of expression, and the highest cultivation of this requires the crushing out of envy, hatred, malice and all low motives and passions.—[Chicago News-Record.

FASHION NOTES.

Empire buckles of all sorts are now the height of fashion.

Turn-over collars and turn-back cuffs are the latest fancy.

The large hat promises to be a feature of spring millinery.

Quill feathers and velvet loops make up the trimming of some of the new hats.

Black velvet dresses, both for old and young, are considered very stylish.

Dark green and claret color are two most fashionable shades for tailor-made gowns.

An abundance of ostrich-tips and plumes are seen on the most approved spring bonnets.

White, black, navy-blue, gray, tan, and brown are among the fashionable colors for veils.

Wings, soft downy feather-bands and aigrettes are seen on some of the millinery models.

The skirt portions of all the new spring jackets are much widened at the back, and slightly on the sides, to admit of their falling easily over the enlarged dress-skirts.

Small girls wear party-dresses, with slips of silk covered with crepe de chine or chiffon. Plaitings of lace around the skirt, over the shoulder and as a finish for the sleeves, are a favorite trimming.

New waists show the fronts cut away in the shape of the fashionable dress-vest. Inside of this is a front of shirred material, embroidery, passementerie, or the same goods finished with an edging of needle-work.

The new dress-skirts measure from four to six yards in width around the bottom, and the woman who decides upon the skirt with the latter measurement must also consent to wear its inevitable accompaniment—the odious hoopskirt.

A skirt of plain bengaline, trimmed with bands of embroidery, is worn with a pointed, low-cut bodice of velvet. Very wide-embroidered ruchings turn back from the neck, falling over the shoulders and front, and crossing at the back with a slight curve.

The most fascinating little addition possible is made to a black gown by a double shoulder cape of crape laid in five plaits. Don't make it too long; it is not for warmth but only for decoration; just out over the shoulders is enough. Add a boa around the neck and you have a most becoming frame to a head topped with the little cap just described.