

America is an enormous customer in the diamond market.

The man who fails to pay his income tax when it falls due will be charged at the rate of one per cent a month until he pays.

Says Dr. Simon Baruch, a famous physician of New York: "More cold bathing, more fresh air, less meat, tea and coffee, and more milk, cream, cheese, bread and butter, with easy-fitting clothing, will rejuvenate and be the salvation of our workingwomen."

A recent scientific writer says that the effect of a "good novel" on a woman's nerves is very much the same as the effect of brandy on a man's. He asserts that this sort of stimulation may induce hysteria, which differs only in degree from delirium tremens.

American millionaires are not the only ones who find life in England best suited to their tastes, notes the Chicago Herald. The South African millionaire, J. R. Robinson, will henceforth regard London as his permanent residence and South Africa as but a winter resort.

There is a growing practice in college towns for lawyers who collect debts due by graduates by attaching their diplomas. The young men just turned out after a long intellectual struggle are generally brought to terms by this unique process, declares the Chicago Herald.

The Russian thistle, which has wrought such damage in the far northwest that congress was asked to exterminate it, has appeared in Illinois. A few plants have been found growing along the river bank near St. Charles, Kane County, and the farmers of the neighborhood are much alarmed in consequence.

Professor James Taft Hutfeld thinks that the region of Massachusetts in which Northampton is situated has contributed to this country a larger share of intellectual ability than any other of its size. He regards Dr. William D. Whitney, the Sanskrit scholar, as the most distinguished native of that region who has recently joined the army of the dead.

Now, exclaims the Chicago Record, we have a new set of alarmists, one of whom has figured out that the Atlantic coast is settling at the rate of about the millionth of an inch in a million years, and that New York, will, in time be under water. This same person calculates that in 8,000 years Lake Ontario will be running up Niagara falls and down through Midway pleasure to the Mississippi river; that Chicago will be swept away.

Mrs. Virginia L. Minor, of St. Louis who leaves \$1,000 in her will to Susan B. Anthony, was plaintiff in the celebrated case, of Minor vs. Happersett in which she claimed the right of suffrage under the fourteenth amendment. She was a descendant in two lines from the grandfather of General Washington and showed the Washington blood in her face. In her youth she was a beauty, and even at seventy her face retained a delicacy and refinement which years could not obliterate. Three of her ancestors were members of the commission which sentenced the rebels in Bacon's rebellion, and it may interest antiquarians to know that they were also ancestors of the rebel Washington who just a hundred years later completed the work Bacon had begun.

The New York Tribune maintains that Switzerland has done perfectly right in declining to accord to the Russian government permission to erect a granite cross 130 feet high on the rock overhanging the Devil's Bridge at Andermatt. The object of the projected memorial was to commemorate the passage of the Muscovite General Souvaroff and his army over the St. Gothard in 1799. Although the plea put forward by the Federal Council at Berne for its rejection of the Russian application was that the monument would be "out of keeping with the aesthetic exigencies of the situation," yet it may be taken for granted that the real considerations which led the Swiss Government to raise objections to the proposal were to be found in the fact that the monument would, after all, serve to commemorate a most flagrant violation of that neutrality which is the basis of Switzerland's treasured independence, and to honor one of the chief offenders in the matter. Indeed, the demand of the Russian Government can only be regarded as one of a coolness as monumental in size as the projected cross.

One Passes in the Dark.

The white stars, one by one,
Lean out of their casement high
And the lily-cup is folded up,
And the moon-clouds wander by.
Come hither, ye little wildwood things,
That sing when the errant night-wind sings
Far up in the windy sky.
Ours is the moon
Of the lute moon,
And a voice in the dark am I.
Morning will come to greet
A little new rose, I wis;
But the loving air that heard it ope
Hath welcomed it with a kiss,
And the clouds with the white ag-gathering
hands
Bringing the rain from far-off lands,
They sing as they wander by,
All are awake
For singing's sake;
A voice in the dark am I.
What shall we hear by day?
The tread of a thou-and feet,
Come but here when the night is near
And listen, and find it sweet.
The voices of the things ye dream are dumb;
The murmur of living, the waters' hum,
And the growing of the grass!
Voices of all
In the night that call,—
A voice am I that pass.
The tremor of moths that flit,
The laughter of leaves that blow,
And the hurrying wings of a wind that sings
And the bending of grass below.
The little white voice of a flower unborn
Thou shalt not blossom for many a morn;
Yet it grows all steadfastly;
Under the night,
It feels the light
Of stars in an unseen sky.
The little hastening hare
Listens with anxious ear
To know if the Day be on her way
Day that must never hear
Chameleons shy, and the hidden bird,
The silver lizard, all these be heard
In their strange and wilding speech.
If ye but bark,
They sing at dark,
In the night that loves them each.
Who passes beneath? Who sings?
A voice that may live or die,
Let the only thing you know of me
Be the song that wanders by.
Come hither, ye little living things;
Sing with me now as each star sings,
Each star in the beaming sky;
For the day must come
And we be dumb,—
And a voice in the dark am I.
—New York Independent.

A Song That Joined Hearts.

"How oddly things come about!" Mrs. Marshall said, coming into the room where her sister and two daughters were busily engaged in the manufacture of two elaborate evening dresses. "Mrs. Montgomery has just called, and tells me her brother Harold will be home in time for Mrs. Grant's party."

The knot of blue satin ribbon was suddenly crushed out of all shape by the quick, convulsive grasp of Miss Effie Selwyn's fingers, while about that lady's lips gathered a whiteness and moisture that threatened a fainting fit.

For a moment the room looked dark and the voices sounded far away, and indistinct—only for a moment; then she roused herself bravely, to see that her agitation had been unnoticed, and to hear her niece, Carrie, saying:

"I never knew Mrs. Montgomery had a brother."

"Probably not," said Mrs. Marshall. "He has been in China for—how many years is it, Effie?"

"Twelve."

For her very life Effie could not have spoken more than one word with composure.

"Twelve years!" cried May. No wonder you think Carrie and I know nothing about him. He must be as old as his sister."

"Let me see; he was about twenty-three when he went away," said Mrs. Marshall, musingly. "He is not more than thirty-five. That is still young for a man."

The Misses Marshall, brightest of blondes, were to appear at the coming festival in clouds of white tulle with blue trimmings, and the multitudinous skirts, puffs and ruffles demanded by fashion required busy stitching for weary hours beforehand.

Miss Selwyn had also been bidden to the party, but "Aunt Effie never went anywhere," the girls said, so there was no dress preparing for her adornment.

As her needle went in and out, through cloudy tulle and lustrous satin, Effie Selwyn thought:

"Oh, the bitter folly of the past! May and Carrie are now as light-hearted and gay as I was when Harold Russell and I clasped hands, with a promise to be all and all to each other. Only one little week of happiness and he left me."

"How long was it? A year, two years, before I knew that he thought me false to him, never guessing that it was Kate's betrothed husband he saw me greet so warmly, when I never guessed he was near."

"Poor sister Kate never knew the

anguish her handsome lover caused me."

"If Harold Russell loves now, it will be some brilliant girl, not the faded shadow of his old love! Yet—yet—"

The eventful evening came at last, and the girls were shut up in their rooms, untwisting wonderful crimps and otherwise preparing for conquest.

In her own room with the door securely fastened, Effie Selwyn was, she said in her own heart, "making a goose" of herself.

Her thirty years of peaceful life, with only one heart struggle, had left her face as smooth as in girlhood. Blooming she had never been, her oval face having a soft, dreamy complexion that was seldom flushed with color, though its exquisite fairness was never pallor.

"Considering it is twelve years since I wore this dress and flowers, I do not look so antiquated. A train is always a train, and I suppose the over-skirt modernizes it," thought Effie.

Then she went to a box hidden away in her bureau drawer, and from its most secret corner she took a ring, wrapped carefully in soft cotton.

"Dare I?" she whispered, turning it round under the gaslight and showing the device, an enamelled violet, with a flashing diamond for its heart.

"Will he despise me if I put it on?" she thought. "Will he think I am too easily won back again? Should I despise the hasty judgment that led him to condemn me unheard, twelve long, long years ago?"

She hesitated some moments, then put the ring upon the forefinger of her left hand, turning it so that the violet was hidden, and only a plain gold band seemed added to her other rings.

"Effie, are you going? Girls, your aunt is going."

"O!" cried Carrie, "you magnificent aunt! you will throw all the girls into the shade. What a superb silk! and you in full dress!" she continued, with more enthusiasm than grammatical precision.

"Where did you dig up that violet silk?" asked Mrs. Marshall. "I thought its glories had departed years ago. Do you remember the evening you wore it, when papa gave Kate her first party?"

"I remember," Effie said, in a low voice.

The evening was half gone, and Effie had only seen at a distance the tall figure and handsome face of the hero of the evening.

He was much altered, Effie thought. Yet, as the hours flew by, she caught herself recognizing certain expressions of the dark eyes, the mobile mouth, certain inflections of the deep, manly voice, and once her heart beat tumultuously as a familiar laugh rang out upon the air.

More than once she had screened herself from a tall figure approaching the place where she stood, and more than once the violet silk had fitted into another room just as Harold Russell thought he could touch it.

There had been much dancing when a small party of music lovers collected around the grand piano, begging Miss Selwyn to sing.

"Just one song, Miss Selwyn," Mrs. Grant herself entreated. "There are so many anxious to hear you."

Very reluctantly the lady drew off her white gloves and seated herself before the piano.

The group around her listened for the usual brilliant prelude and an elaborate and difficult "show off" song, but after a moment of silence the little hands struck two rich, full chords. A moment she paused then to steady the trembling heart; then, in a clear, sweet voice, she sang the opening verse of "Auld Lang Syne."

The second verse was sung, when close beside the singer a deep bass voice joined in the chorus.

Quick crimson flushes passed over Effie's cheek, but she sang steadily, at every chorus the voice she knew so well joining her own.

Nobody else noticed it, but with each verse these voices, so estranged, grew stronger, clearer, more jubilant, till with the last one the spirit seized them all, and a deafening chorus of the company closed the song.

They drifted away, broke up into couples and groups, while Harold Russell, affecting to turn over some music, said in a low voice:

"Can we indeed be as in Auld Lang Syne, Effie? Can you forgive me?"

For answer she slowly turned the ring upon her finger until he recognized the device he had chosen for her twelve years before.

"Mamma," May Marshall whispered, "do you see Aunt Effie dancing with Mr. Russell? I do not see one young couple so handsome and distinguished looking as they are."

A sudden memory flashed over Mrs. Marshall.

"The last time Effie wore that violet silk," she thought, "she danced with Harold Russell, and the next thing we heard of him he was on his way to China. I remember now, Effie soon after began to withdraw from society. I wonder—"

Constant Work Stunts Man.

Professor Max Muller has been regretting that "the luxury and beauty of scholarly leisure" at the universities have passed away forever. "It is quantity today rather than quality, I fear," he said to an interviewer of the Quiver. "The tutors become teachers far too young, and they work so hard that they have no time to look to the right or the left; and what is life if not a continually glancing to the right and left? They give themselves no time to develop. They take a good first-class and then give out what they have learned as teachers. This engenders the moneymaking spirit. I have no word to say against it, but it all tells on the spirit of the university."

The present system of constant examinations finds no favor with Professor Max Muller. "They stunt our young men," he said, "they have no time or opportunity to be idle. Now, do you know, it is my idle friends," he added, "who have become distinguished men in later life? I believe in cultured idleness. It gives a man time to read for himself. But look at these examinations; why, a man knows exactly what he has to read frequently to the very page. You don't call that study."

The professor confessed that at first he had been opposed to the girls' colleges, but they are, he said a great success, "and it is a real pleasure to me to see the young girls so eager to learn. Young men do as little as they can, young women do as much as they can; too much, indeed. Again, they work more systematically, and their knowledge is better arranged. It tends wonderfully to the improvement of the whole of their character. I wish the men could be ashamed and spurred on to further effort. Indeed," he added, laughing outright, "a friend of mine and his wife went in for the same examination; she took a first class, he only a second." Professor Max Muller, however, thinks nothing tangible comes of all the labors of the girls, while if only they could get fellowships they might do good work.—Westminster Gazette.

Flood Uncovers an Old Village.

Since the subsidence of the recent flood which swept through the Genesee Valley, curious things have come to light. Among the most interesting is what appears to be the unearthing of an old Indian village. On a farm worked by James Shefflin, on the west side of the Genesee River, near where the Jones bridge crosses the stream, about two miles and a half from this place a large quantity of the earth was washed away. Since the water got down so that an examination of the place could be made to determine the amount of damage, the prospectors were considerably surprised to find a lot of old style pottery, such as was in use in the eighteenth century by the aborigines, scattered over the place left bare by the water. Further examination resulted in the finding of a number of old copper coins, arrow heads, etc., and among other things a double solid silver cross four inches long and well preserved. These ancient relics are being treasured by the finders, who are still on the search. The supposition by many is that at some time or other an Indian village was located here, as the site is only a few miles below the junction of Canaseraga Creek with the Genesee River, and about three miles from the White Woman's Spring on the Squawkie Hill plot. Considerable interest is manifest and the digging will be continued.—Rochester, (N. Y.) Herald.

An Electric Incubator.

A novelty in the hatching of eggs has appeared in the shape of an electric incubator, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. The special feature of this machine is that the heat of the egg drawer is automatically regulated to the fiftieth part of a degree. It consists of a tank incubator, heated by radiation from the bottom of a water tank, which is constructed on the multi-tubular system. When the egg drawer reaches the temperature of 104 degrees an electric thermostat connects up a dry battery with an electro-magnet, which actuates a damper, allowing the heat to escape through the open air, instead of passing through the flues of the water tank. This entirely automatic device is said to effect a saving of thirty per cent in the fuel used for heating.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

"FAIR MAID OF PERTH'S" HOUSE.

The house of the "Fair Maid of Perth" has lately been reconstructed and restored so skilfully that it seems an Old-World dwelling in every particular. It has the quaint cupboards of a former time, and at the door is the "Jaupin-on-stone," which recalls the period when the stirrup-cup was the indispensable accompaniment of every leave-taking.—New York Tribune.

MRS. LEATHERS IS A GREAT SAILOR.

Blanche S. Leathers, a woman of charming personality, wife of Captain B. S. Leathers, owner of the steamer Natchez, plying between New Orleans and Vicksburg, has been granted a master's license, after undergoing a rigid examination before Captain O'Brien, Supervising Inspector of Steam Vessels, and Baker and Youngblood, local inspectors. Mrs. Leathers has passed the greater part of her married life afloat, and, as her husband is often detained ashore, she concluded that by mastering navigation she could relieve him of the expense of employing a substitute.—New York Recorder.

BUTTONS HER HOBBY.

Mrs. Mary E. Harris, of Roxbury, Mass., has had for thirty years the hobby of collecting buttons, until now her collection numbers 12,000 different kinds. Thirty years ago she made a wager that there were more than 999 different kinds of buttons; she reached the thousand mark inside of a year, but once started in the fascination of "collecting" her pursuit was kept up. Mrs. Harris has some interesting buttons in her collection. One was worn by a soldier in Napoleon's army; another by a soldier in Washington's there are buttons from the uniforms of half a dozen European armies, as well as those from South American republics, the confederate army and the uniforms furnished by different states during the civil war.—Atlanta Constitution.

THE DISCOURAGING HAND MIRROR.

Nothing on the toilet table has done more harm to beauty than the ubiquitous little hand glass. The young girl knows nothing about freckles until somebody makes her a present of a hand mirror. One blemish reveals another, ignorances magnifies the defects, and then unapprehensively begins: Quack medicines are resorted to and alleged remedies tried that are usually expensive and either worthless or dangerous. The vain little woman goes on studying her glass and losing contentment. Gray hairs and wrinkles come long before their time; her temper loses its sweetness; she gets round shouldered from constantly scrutinizing herself, and at the very time that she should be sweet and amiable and serene she is a screwed up, squint-eyed, sour old woman. A toilet mirror is the very worst present that a plain girl could receive.—New York World.

A WOMAN NATURALIZED.

The unusual spectacle of a woman being made a naturalized citizen of the United States was presented in Judge Hutchin's court in Cleveland recently, when Mrs. S. Louise Pattison took the oath of allegiance to support the constitution of the United States. Not many weeks ago the general assembly passed an act permitting Ohio women to vote in elections for school officials. Desiring to take advantage of the provision, Mrs. Pattison found it necessary to be naturalized, inasmuch as she had been born abroad; but having come to these shores before her 18th year, she had only to take out one set of papers, and may now vote at any election when school officials are to be chosen. She is the first woman to be naturalized in Ohio, and possibly in the United States. She was born in Wey-ach, Switzerland, on February 14, 1853, and came to this country when only 14 years old. She is a business woman, supporting herself by work as a stenographer, especially in and about the courts. Everybody acknowledges her to be a brilliant woman, and she is universally respected.—New York Times.

LONGEVITY OF FEMALES.

The Medical Record says woman has the advantage of man as regards longevity; she suffers less from accidents, injuries and many forms of disease; she is, in fact more tenacious than man of the limited enjoyments allowed her. Dr. Brandreth Symonds has collected and studied a large number of statistics to illustrate this interesting fact, (American Journal of the Medical Sciences). The comparative mortality of the sexes at different ages

shows that in the first year of life the mortality of the female is much less than that of the male, being at birth 92.64 per 1,000 as against 112.80 and at the end of the year 31.87 as against 35.08. This difference continues up to the fourth year. From 5 to 12 the female mortality is greater than that of the male, being at the latter period 3.56 for males and 4.28 for females. At the age of 46 the male mortality equals that of the female, the latter having been up to this time slightly in excess. During the years 46 to 56, the period of the climacteric, the male mortality gains rapidly on the female, being 6.32 per annum for the one and only 3.47 for the other. Hence the climacteric is really a much more serious time for man than for woman. After 56 the female mortality gains on that of the male, but is always slightly below it. Woman has not only a less mortality, but a greater longevity than man. There is, also, a plurality of female births.

FASHION NOTES.

The toque is to be one of the favorites of the coming season.

Jet birds having wings of celluloid scales or paillettes are very Frenchy. Small bird effects are preferred, whether they are quiet in color or brilliantly cheerful.

A rain-proof velvet will prove an excellent trimming for an everyday or "back" hat or bonnet.

Very large spreading bows of five-inch ribbon or piece velvet will ornament the fall headgear.

A touch of magenta or cherry in black, brown or green hats will be quite the correct finish.

Haircloth and alpaca skirts, made with three ruffles up the back and a steel in the bottom, are prophetic of a crinolone scare.

Moire ribbons in delicate colors and chine patterns are in use for trimming black dresses and giving a touch of color to white crepon gowns.

The newest waistcoats for wearing with open coats are made of brown holland, thickly embroidered down the front with fawn color and white flax threads.

An excellent black dogskin glove, with four buttons, is made of the same skin as the tan driving gloves, which are said to last two years. In light gloves the specialty is the cinder-colored glove, plain or with black stitching.

The newest parasols are in moire, with either jet or cream guipure carried up each rib and a vandyked pattern between each. Also those composed of crimped chiffon, with guipure trimmings. These are made up to match special costumes.

The newest thing out in straw hats for women are the Panama hats, never before worn except by men. The straw is left in the natural tint, which is yellow, with a tinge of brown, and the same straw dyed black is used in some pretty hats as a lining.

The newest vests are of thick ribbed cloth in fawn or bright tan shades, made with extremely large lapels, showing a considerable amount of shirt, usually accompanied by a tie, and the double breast fitted with very large buttons of fancy bone or smoked pearl.

All the best dressed women are wearing white petticoats of the most elaborate detail, flounced with lace trimmed with insertion and with ribbon. Some of them boast accordeon plaited frills, others have innumerable beadings run through with different colored ribbons.

Sets of three gold and silver butterflies in flagree, with some decided color shading in the center, are sold for the waist, the top of the shoulders and the hair. There are some of the most fairylike flowers, such as pink mimosa and the tamarisk, made in the same flagree thread to be used for the same purpose.

The newest guipure lace has a renaissance design with a net groundwork, the patterns often copied from the finest Spanish and Italian designs; but, besides this, a great deal of coarse, thick-patterned guipure is introduced on to dresses and mantles, and is fashioned into tapering battlements and deep vandykes, so that they are introduced between plaits of the material. Insertions of all kinds are placed horizontally and perpendicularly on the mantles.

Chiffon is the favorite trimming and decorates the throats of all the fashionable cloaks. No costume is complete without its ruffles. They set out round the back of the neck, but separate in front, leaving a space about three inches under the chin, and they terminate with a plated end on either side, which hangs to the bust.