

In Kansas, the farming State of the Union, a self-delegation of lawyers has been returned to Congress.

It is estimated that the introduction of the bicycle and the electric car has thrown more than a million horses out of employment.

Dean Gregory characterizes the proposal for the washing of St. Paul's, London, as one of the silliest suggestions ever made. If carried out, the dean says, the exterior of the cathedral would have the appearance of streaky bacon.

At first thought it is rather surprising the New York Sun admits, to hear of book publishing houses in Denver, Col., and at Portland, Oregon. But there are book publishers in these places and they get out some volumes that are creditable to their enterprise.

Dr. George O. Shattuck makes a vigorous defense of foot ball in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal. He is an overseer of Harvard College, so his editorial is significant. He says it is better to break a few bones than to abolish the game. Unfair players should be disqualified forever. He advocates some changes in the rules.

The English Zoophilist makes a virulent attack upon the new remedy for the cure of diphtheria because it is "the product of animal torture." It affirms that Dr. Schubert treats the disease most successfully with chlorine water, that a Dr. Draer cures it with insufflations of sodiolol sodium, and that there are half a dozen other remedies. The Zoophilist also denounces Pasteur's hydrophobia cure, and generally all the attempts at vaccination cure for various diseases.

One reason given by the San Francisco Chronicle for the extreme slowness of the movement of the Japanese army in Manchuria is that all the camp equipage and supplies must be carried on the backs of Japanese coolies. The soldier declines to do any manual labor. He will not carry anything which is not provided for in the regulations, and he will not dig trenches or throw up earthworks. The result is that labor which the American or European soldier performs cheerfully is flatly declined by the Japs.

A new social experiment is about to be tried in the south of France. A wealthy land owner in the department of the Cantal has given a large tract of land to a small sect headed by the painter M. E. Gravelle whose aim is to return to the manners and habits of primitive man. In France says M. Gravelle and his followers there are 40,000,000 hectares of land for less than 40,000,000 people. With one hectare apiece they can live a life of peace, comfort and rural simplicity. The exavens are to afford sleeping shelters and a few animals and a few crops are to furnish food as well as clothing.

The Boston News Bureau publishes a series of brief interviews with New England cotton manufacturers, and it is to the Atlanta Constitution a significant fact that nearly all of them predict a prosperous future for cotton mills in the South. Among the prominent men interviewed is the Hon. T. Jefferson Coolidge, of Boston, ex-minister to France and Treasurer of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company. Mr. Coolidge says: Regarding the present state of the cotton goods business I can only say that it is very dull, goods never sold at such low prices and I look for no immediate improvement. The future is unpromising. As to the movement on the part of certain cotton manufacturers to locate mills in the south, I think it will be a success. I know of no good argument to the contrary. Southern labor, especially in the mountain regions, is in every way equal to that of the north. The railroads have been and are still willing to make inducements as regards freight rates, so that the Southern manufacturer can deliver his goods in the western market cheaper than he can. This new enterprise is a blow to the prosperity of Massachusetts." Mr. Coolidge thoroughly understands the situation, comments the Constitution. He has investments in Atlanta, as well as in Massachusetts, and when he says that the Southern cotton mills can deliver goods to the Western market cheaper than can be done by the New Englanders he knows what he is talking about. When men in Mr. Coolidge's position express the opinion that the Northern mill owners would do well to locate their mills in the South their words will carry weight, and will do much to hasten the southward movement of enterprise and capital.

Curfew-Tide.
Sweet Sleep, the night time's fairest child
O'er all the world her pinions spreads;
Each flower, beneath her influence mild,
Fresh fragrance sheds;
The owls, on silent wings and wide,
Steal from the woodlands, one by one,
At curfew-tide,
When day is done.
No more the clanging rookery rings
With voice of many a noisy bird;
The startled wood dove's clattering wings
No more are heard;
With sound like whispers faintly sighed,
Soft breezes through the treetops run,
At curfew-tide,
When day is done.
So may it be when life is spent,
When ne'er another sun can rise,
Nor light one other joy present.
To dying eyes;
Then softly may the spirit glide
To realms of rest, disturbed by none,
At curfew-tide,
When day is done.

THE NEW WOMAN.

The dark-eyed Miss Brown smiled a little wickedly as she gathered her filmy skirt up in her hand and tripped up the stairs with the most approved Delsartean grace. She felt sure that Mr. von Ehren was watching her progress with admiration, and she suspected that each click of her high-heeled slippers upon the stairs brought a throb to his youthful German heart. That was why the dark-eyed Miss Brown smiled.

When she had hung up the filmy frock and kicked off the high-heeled slippers and was attired in a dressing gown and knitted, shapeless footgear she was still smiling. She brushed her hair and looked at herself critically.

"I am certainly better looking than I was," she murmured appreciatively. "And I know how to make the most of my charms better than I did. This pink thing is very becoming. He must be younger than I. It's almost mean of me to let myself fascinate him. Those Germans are so romantic. They are not flippant, cold-blooded things like our men." Here Miss Brown's eyes looked sombre, and she glared for a second at a photograph on her table. Then her face brightened again, and she went on in her reflections.

"If it were purely a personal matter," she decided, "I simply would not do it. But it is not personal. Those foreigners are really in a state of painful ignorance about the American woman. I dare not say they think a girl who has been to college cannot be fascinating. For me to prove that we can be all things to men will be really a patriotic act—a vindication of the New Woman, a triumph over the flaxen-haired, Madonna-faced, eternally knitting ideal. Still, of course, it mustn't be allowed to get too serious; I don't want him shooting himself or me."

With this charitable conclusion, Miss Brown climbed into the big four-posted bed, which filled the larger part of her room in the quaint old homestead, where she was spending the summer, and fell at once into the refreshing sleep which comes especially to those whose minds are free from guile.

In pursuance of her patriotic plan, Miss Brown permitted the young German, with the handsome, boyish face and the courtly air, to be her constant attendant everywhere. He seemed to like the position. His eyes sought her the instant he entered the dining-room. If she started out for a ramble, he always sprang to her side, and with his foreign air of deference and humility, begged permission to accompany her. Everyone about the place noticed and smiled at the young man's apparent infatuation.

Miss Brown played her part exceedingly well. She was a clever young woman and she never allowed her youth to become too personal or too sentimental. She told him about her college life and he seemed to never weary of her tales. She discussed everything with him from the classics to clambakes and from poetry to politics. She was one of the few young women who could do this in a way that would inspire the respect of a man who knew much on these subjects, but who was unaccustomed to women who knew anything outside the purely feminine realm.

It was before the evening that Miss Brown tried to instruct Mr. von Ehren in the beauties of Browning that she decided to stop playing with fire. She did not fear it herself, but, as she puts it, a conscience not quite outgrown kept her from getting real enjoyment out of other people's agonies. And the courtly, slow speaking young man had really seemed to her until last evening to be approaching the stage of agony.

"I cannot understand your Browning," he said in his deep voice, with the marked German accent which all

the summer boarders found so delightful. "What is it which he means by such things as this: 'Where he stands, the Arch-Fear in a visible form, yet the strong man must go?'"

"Oh, you've been reading 'Prospect,' have you?" said Mr. von Ehren's guide. "He means death, of course."

"I understand better the rest. The rest is very beautiful," said he, and he began to quote it. But Miss Brown didn't want to hear "Oh, thou soul of my soul," even with the quotation marks, so she stopped him.

"Well, if I may not be permitted to speak of that," said the gentleman, obligingly, "may I ask your permission to read the little poem I find here: 'One Way to Live?' You might kindly elucidate that."

Miss Brown didn't care to hear the poem.

"Ah!" said Mr. von Ehren. "It is not so love. When we have missed the heaven we do not say 'those who win heaven, blest are they.' We love otherwise."

"You are still Werthers over there, I imagine," said Miss Brown lightly, rising as she spoke.

"Pardon me," said the young man, rising also, "if I ask you what may seem to you a most impertinent question. You have told me and shown me so much about America and American ways, will you not tell me how it is that American women love?"

"Herr von Ehren must ask a more experienced American woman than I that question," answered Miss Brown, with a certain dignity. She was annoyed. If the man was going to make an idiot of himself it would be disgusting.

"It is not," pursued he, "as our women do. I am convinced of that. You are all different. You—"

"It is a subject on which one cannot generalize," broke in Miss Brown, quite curtly, "and on which we most certainly do not wish to particularize. I think there's a fog coming in."

"The fraulein wishes the subject changed," hazarded the German, smiling at Miss Brown in a peculiarly irritating way. "But before we leave it may I not ask her congratulations that I know about the German ways of loving?"

Miss Brown for the moment was almost staggered; but before the German had a chance to observe that she had recovered herself sufficiently to say:

"Ah, it is as I suspected. Indeed, I do congratulate you. And is she a flaxen-haired maiden?"

Mr. von Ehren kindly gave a brief description of the young woman who was waiting for him to finish his travels, and Miss Brown struggled desperately to think what had been the secret of his devotion to herself.

She never knew until the next winter, when there came a marked copy of a German magazine to her, containing a very delightful article on "The New Woman in America," by Professor Seigmund von Ehren.—Baltimore Telegram.

Fast Armaments of Europe.

Thirteen million bayonets prop up the czar's throne. That is the full strength of the Russian army on a war footing. Germany comes next, but after a long interval, with 3,700,000 soldiers. Italy has 3,155,000 and France 2,850,000, excluding 350,000 auxiliaries. Austria's fine army, which in quality is reckoned scarcely second to Kaiser Wilhelm's, contains a maximum of 1,794,175 men. England at home and in her colonies can mobilize a force of 662,000. The little martial republic of Switzerland can summon 486,000 soldiers to her banners in an emergency, and even poverty-cursed Spain boasts of 490,000. Austria, of all the powers, has the most burdensome military establishment. Her annual expenditures on her army are \$255,000,000, while Russia's, with an army seven times as large, are only \$86,000,000, and Germany's \$113,000,000. In proportion to size England's army is, perhaps, the most costly. Her 662,000 men require \$89,000,000 annually for their support, or only \$38,000,000 less than the amount which provides France with an enormous host of more than four times England's numbers.—Boston Journal.

Better Than Dumb Bells.

Dyspeptics may be interested in the experiment of a man living on Erie street. Being confined to his office most of the day, and having little exercise of any kind, his system got badly out of order. For some two months past he has been spending a half hour every evening in lying on his back on the floor and tossing his lusty two-year-old son back and forth. He says this exercise beats dumb bells and that it is only after an occasional immediate meal that he is reminded he has a stomach.—Chicago Tribune.

Arizona's Quaker Sheriff.

Arizona possesses a Quaker sheriff who is startlingly effective. He is Commodore Perry Owens, sheriff of Apache county, formerly city marshal of Winslow, and one of the guards of the Wells-Fargo Express across Arizona. He is an Indian who went to Arizona fifteen years ago. His people are Quakers, and live near Cartersburg, Ind. When a friend asked him the other day if the report was true that he had removed from active life more men than any other man in Arizona, he looked pained for a moment, then he answered:

"I was raised a Quaker; but out here, you see, a man can't work at that. It ain't suited to the Arizona climate. I have done a good deal of shooting, but it has all been necessary and in the line of my official duty. My good mother, back in Hendricks county, every now and then writes me a letter. She sees newspaper stories about me and she misunderstands them. You ask if I've shot 100 men. Well, no, I haven't; that is, unless you want to count Mexicans. I've only killed fourteen white men and wounded fifty-three. Some of them died after they were wounded, but that was the fault of the doctor."

"Over in Winslow, several years ago, I was the sheriff and had a warrant for a fellow's arrest. I wrote to him to come in and surrender. He didn't even answer my letter. So after a while I went after him. He was at his mother's house, a double log cabin built in L shape. I tied my horse and went to the house. As I knocked on the door I caught a glimpse of two faces at a window at my back. The door opened about a foot and the man I was after stuck a gun out. I let drive with my Winchester, and as I heard him drop I fired over my shoulder through the window. The second load caught two, killing one and shattering the arm of a younger brother. I knew that there was still another man in the house, and that it was dangerous to remain on the porch. I jumped out into the open ground and as I did so I saw a man sheltering himself behind a buckboard. I ran a few steps and uncovered him. When it was all over there were three killed and one wounded. The whole affair took place inside a minute."—New York Sun.

An Electric Horn.

A. B. Woakes has invented an "electric horn," says London Inventor, with which he has recently carried out a series of experiments, to take the place of electric bells or gongs, etc., where an alternating current of electricity is available. The apparatus is based upon the principle of the telephone receiver, and consists, in its simplest form, of a disc of sheet iron placed in front of one of the poles of an electro-magnet, the coil of the latter being arranged to take an alternating current of 100 volts.

The method of working is as follows: When the current is switched on the reversals of magnetism produced in the iron core by the current causes a corresponding number of vibrations in the disc. Thus, if a current with 200 alternations per second is employed, the disc gives 200 complete vibrations per second, and produces a note corresponding in pitch with the number of vibrations. With a current of a given number of alternations, the pitch of the note is constant, no matter what the diameter or thickness of the disc, since the matter, in all of these, is obliged to vibrate at the same rate. The timbre and intensity of the sound, however, can be made to vary in a number of ways. In order to obtain an intense sound with a small amount of current, the diaphragm or disc must strike, whilst vibrating, the iron core or some other body.

Sea Air vs. Living Skeletons.

Macdonald Gordon, of Healey, Australia, weighed but thirty-four pounds although six feet in height and broad in proportion. Some London speculators heard of the freak and resolved to put the "bloomin' living skeleton" on exhibition in the British capital. They sent a man to the Antipodes to bring the skinny Mac at any reasonable figure, but when he arrived they were on the point of arresting the agent for fraud—the "living skeleton" weighed 141 pounds! The sea air and change of food had ruined the speculation.—(St. Louis Republic).

A New Symptom.

Mama—I'm worried about Johnny. He complains of a severe headache, and you know, he has never been ill before—

Papa—Never been ill? He's always complaining of headache!

Mama—You interrupted me. I was going to say he has never been ill before on Sunday.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

RICE AND MACARONI.

Rice when served as a dinner dish needs to be in combination with some pantry element in order to give it favor, and nothing can be more highly recommended than curry. To curry rice properly a tiny onion should first be minced and fried a nice golden brown in a heaping tablespoonful and a half of butter. To this should be added a teaspoon of washed white Carolina rice, along with a bunch of minced market herbs, a level teaspoonful of curry powder, a pinch of pepper and a half a pint of liquid beef extract. Stir the compound lightly but completely, then over the top of the pan place a butter greased paper and let it all cook very gently for forty minutes.—New York World.

DAINTY DISH OF TURNIPS.

There is a way by which garden turnips whose virtues of flavor are so slightly regarded by the average housekeeper, may be prepared as the daintiest dish set before any well-fed New Yorker. Peel and wash a half dozen small white turnips, trim them down to shapes of hearts or diamonds, pieces no bigger than a Brazil nut. Drop them in cold, salted water and let them stay until it has boiled five or seven minutes. Lift them out and set again to boil until tender in milk and a half teaspoonful of butter. There are two methods of treatment now to be loved. One and the easier is to set the pot to one side on the stove and prepare a simple white sauce of flour with a few spoonfuls of the hot milk. Stir this in with the turnips, add bits of butter and pepper, and serve at once in a hot silver dish. The second process is to lift out the turnips when quite tender, let them drain, arrange in a hot dish and over them pour a rich tomato sauce. This last is of browned flour, a half cupful, and butter, made in a paste and melted, with a teaspoonful of any nice rich beef or chicken gravy. When stirred together add a small bottle of preserved French tomato, dash in pepper and salt and let this boil for a bit. Finkin cooks will strain the sauce when it is done, and reheat before pouring over the turnips, but the flavor and effect is quite as good without the extra pains.—New York Sun.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Ammonia will restore colors faded by acids.

Cayenne pepper and borax will free the storeroom from ants.

Wash out machine oil stains at once with soft cold water and soap.

Acid phosphate will remove ink stains from the hands when everything else fails.

Milk applied once a week with a soft cloth freshens and preserves boots and shoes.

One of the easiest ways of taking cold is to drop asleep without an extra wrap over the shoulders.

Canned sardines carefully browned on a double wire gridiron and served with lemon are appetizing.

Canned tomatoes are more delicious baked than stewed. About ten minutes before removing from the oven spread buttered bread crumbs over the top.

When an eiderdown comfortable has got hard and lost all of its elasticity hang it in the cool balmy sun for a few hours, and all the life will come back to it.

Calicoes, ginghams and chambrays cannot be properly washed along with the white clothes. They need a much quicker process, and the long delays of an ordinary wash day would ruin them.

Every good housekeeper browns and rolls or grates her stale bread, thus having it in readiness for scallops or frying meats, fish, croquettes. If, after being rolled, it is put through the flour sieve the additional fineness will amply repay the trouble.

Wall paper samples are deceptive. Never select from them. They will make your room look smaller quite often, though they had not that effect in the sample. Select from the roll and have several strung out at once, so that you may get the full effect.

Try boiling the soap before putting it into the tubs, and use it in liquid form. Borax can also be added to the soap while it is dissolving. Borax will not hurt the clothes, as it is a neutral salt. Housewives who cling to the economical and old-fashioned method of preparing "soft soap" find it a good plan to do their whole wash, except the flannel and colored calicoes, with the soft soap, pouring hot water on it in the tubs before the clothes are put in.—Philadelphia Press.

Drift-Ing.

On life's swiftly flowing stream
When I wake or when I dream,
Drift I onward with the tide
To the ocean vast and wide.
"Whither?" Thus I ask my soul;
"To that distant unknown goal?
Are there rocks and reefs ahead,
Biting from old Ocean's bed?"

Or beyond—I know not where,
Are there palms on islands fair,
Bathed in perfumes, wreathed in smiles;
Drift I onward those sunny isles?"
But my soul said, "Dream no more,
Trim the sail and grasp the oar?
Bouse thee! lest unfriendly shore
Bring to their end the breakers roar."

True it is those sunny isles,
Lie in ocean wreathed in smiles,
To reach them thou must work and wait,
Nor be dismayed by frowning fate:
Then drift no longer! At the last
They shall be thine when time is past.

Mrs. M. L. Oldham.

HUMOROUS.

Keeps in any climate—A Miser.

Fame is to have everybody know one's weaknesses.

A thing of beauty is a joy until the cost-price leaks out.

Of two evils, some people do their best to choose both.

Money talks; but it does not always speak when spoken to.

He—It goes without saying. She—What does? He—A deaf mute's convention.

If some men could save all the time they lose by hurrying, they would have plenty of leisure.

It is easier to cut fresh bread with a spoon than to profit by the advice of one who dispenses it gratis.

It is more difficult to go to sleep on a sleeping coach than it is to keep awake on a midnight way train.

About the finest combination of light and shade we know of is found in the white and dark meat of the turkey.

Lord Forgivuz.—Do you know, I am passionately fond of roses. Ethel Knox. What is your favorite? Lord Forgivuz.—American Beauties.

Minnie.—So they are engaged! Her family seemed to be bitterly opposed to him. May—Yes; at one time that was the only chance in his favor.

Bunker—That's a terrible old hat Biliter is wearing. Why doesn't he get a new one? Hill—He says if he did he would have to get a new suit.

Little Boy—Got the carache? Little Girl—No. Little Boy—Then why you got all that cotton in your ears? Little Girl—I've been helpin' tend the baby.

"Why is a great strong man like you round begging?" "Ah, madam; it is the only profession in which a gentleman can address a beautiful lady without the formality of an introduction.

She—You know very well that that man can't paint. Why did you tell me that he ought to have lived in the days of the old masters? He—If he had lived then he wouldn't be exhibiting his pictures now.

Tenant—Why, I haven't been able to make a fire in this fireplace all the winter. It doesn't draw. Landlord—So? Then it must have saved about five pounds for you in fuel. In such a case I'm afraid I'll have to raise your rent.

Mistress—What in the world is the matter with the twins? Nurse—Sure, I don't know; but, from the way they've been frottin' and cryin' all day, it's my opinion that they've mixed themselves, and can't tell which is which.

She—Do you think the time will ever come when women will propose? He—I don't see why it shouldn't. Suppose you proposed to me tonight and I said yes, what—She—Oh, Henry, this is so sudden! But never mind; it's just as well, and mother, I know, will be delighted.

Overheating Houses.

"I am fond of America and Americans," said Mr. R. d. Bustafzael of London, "but there is one thing in this country that is sadly in need of reform, though I fear reformation is impossible. I refer to the horrible habit of overheating all places of public resort, especially the hotels. There isn't a hotel in New York city where I can draw a comfortable breath at this time of year. They are veritable furnaces, and I can't understand how the American people manage to endure them. I think your people ought to live out doors more and take more physical exercise, and then they wouldn't tolerate these super-heated houses."—Washington Post.

The carelessness of householders in London is shown by the fact that in 1893 26,330 doors and windows were found open by the police at night.