

The consumption per head of iron in Great Britain is more than three times as much as in Russia.

North Carolina leads all the Southern States in cotton manufacturing. She has 158 mills—nearly as many as the whole South had in 1880—743,299 spindles and 14,376 looms.

The Boston Journal of Commerce thinks that New Englanders, who dream that fine goods cannot be manufactured in the South, are likely to have a rude awakening ere long.

The "new woman" is beginning to ask why the title "Mr." may be given to a man whether he is married or single, while the equivalent title "Mrs." can only be given to a married woman. She thinks the discrimination is a badge of thralldom.

There are about 1,300 Indians in the Osage tribe, and the government holds in trust for them the sum of \$8,500,000 or over \$6,500 per head. Nevertheless, to the astonishment of the Chicago Herald, they are supported at the public expense, like so many destitute persons.

There are over 300,000 totally deaf persons in the United States, and a much larger number whose hearing is partially defective. It is now believed that catarrhal and other affections which often impair sight and hearing are frequently caused by the presence in the mouth of "dead" teeth.

Barbed wire fencing has interfered with hunting in Shropshire, England. Farmers claimed that this cheap form of fencing was forced upon them through agricultural depression, and at a meeting of persons connected with the county hunt a fund was raised to compensate them for taking up their wire fences during the hunting season.

According to a French military paper, the small arm projectile of the future is the Hebler-Kruka tubular bullet. It is made of steel, and has a tube open at both ends running through its centre. This tube seems to have the effect of diminishing the resistance of the air and of increasing the steadiness of the projectile, so that longer range and greater flatness of trajectory are obtained without any increase of muzzle velocity. It is said that a maximum range of 10,000 metres was obtained and that at 6,000 metres the bullet penetrated 14 inches of pine wood.

At Cornell University the faculty have settled the question of athletics and scholarship. It has been charged by many writers that the college men who go upon the football teams and boating crews are poor students. There is little ground for this assertion, declares the San Francisco Chronicle, except in a few cases, but President Schurman of Cornell declares that hereafter at his college no one will be allowed to take an active part in athletics who has not reached a certain grade of scholarship, and only on a certain number of days will athletes be permitted to absent themselves from classes. This is a move in the right direction and other institutions would do well to follow the example of Cornell.

Both Chinese and Japanese have shown in the war the excellent results of American training, the New York Independent notes with pride. In 1872 thirty Chinese boys, selected from the best families, were sent to the United States to be educated, and others were sent later and put under the charge of Yung Wing a graduate of Yale College. Subsequently it was reported to the Chinese Government that the boys were losing or had lost their patriotism, and in 1881 they were all recalled, and the system of education was abandoned. Of ten Chinese recommended for honors recently, four were former America students. One of them Wo Ho, studied in the Sheffield Scientific School, New Haven, and was brevetted a captain, with a red button of the second rank for bravery. Tseo Kin Chiong, brevetted a captain and decorated with a red button was graduated at Phillips Academy. Ten Chung Tong was graduated from a Massachusetts college, and has a second rank button and a first lieutenant's commission. Shun Son Quan, a graduate from a Connecticut academy, has a second rank button and a brevet of captain. Two ex-American students were killed in the Yalu battle—one Chin Fin Quai, a graduate of Phillips Academy, and the other, Shun Sow Chong, a graduate of a Massachusetts academy. The former was an officer on the Chi-Yuen and died from wounds, and the latter was killed by a torpedo on the cruiser Chi-Yuen, of which he was an officer.

**Summers.**  
In summer when the poppy-bed  
Lies all the lawn with glory,  
To-day, sweet eyes and down-bent head  
He told the old sweet story.  
  
In summer when the joyful swing  
The bride-bells swept the land,  
He drew a golden wedding-ring  
Upon her trembling hand.  
  
In summer, when the sunshine made  
A pathway to the sky,  
Upon his breast she laid her head,  
And did not fear to die.  
—JOSEPHINE H. NICHOLS in the Century.

## A HOTEL ROMANCE.

Fannie Proctor was very popular in the family hotel, and Will Branford or Willie, as many styled him, was envied.

It seemed almost certain that Willie had captured the girl. Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Cole thought so, and, as they enjoyed unlimited opportunities to observe what was going on at the hotel, their joint opinion carried weight with it.

These estimable women were childless and burdened with leisure. It was but natural that to relieve the tedium of hotel life they should spend much of their time in the first floor parlor, discussing their neighbors within the walls and gathering information such as satisfies a motherly, or, perhaps, a sisterly curiosity. They knew how to worm secrets out of the pleasant blonde who officiated as clerk. Whatever happened in the lobby and parlor came under their placid observation. They had an indirect way of asking questions, and all information coming to either was shared without reserve.

These two, putting this and that together, viewing one circumstance in the light of another and basing opinions upon their own knowledge of how matrimony is approached, concluded that Fannie Proctor would become the wife of Willie Branford.

Having settled comfortably into this belief they were amazed to learn that Fannie had accepted Al Maynard, a broad-shouldered, "nice" young man whose characteristics had been an apparent indifference to the charms of the young women and an undying aversion to whist and round dances.

Albert Maynard, indeed! Had he ever hovered around Fannie at any of the Saturday night dances in the main dining room? Had he sent flowers to her day after day and smiled at her every time he came in to breakfast? Had he come out in evening dress and tagged after her when she went into the parlor? Had Fannie ever addressed him familiarly and sent him on errands? Had they organized theatre parties and played duets on the piano?

No, to every question. Al Maynard had not figured as a possible candidate until the engagement was announced. Mrs. Cole remembered that Fannie had once spoken of Mr. Maynard as "a big thing who always looked at a girl as if she amused him." Mrs. Williams recalled the fact that she had seen them talking together a few times, but Fannie didn't act toward him as she did toward Willie, not at all.

At the first opportunity they cornered her in the parlor. "Is it true?" asked Mrs. Williams, as she took hold of the hand on which was the ring.

"Of course it's true."

"But we always thought it would be Willie."

"I'm afraid Willie did, too, but—pshaw!"

Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Cole spent two hours in analyzing that significant "pshaw."

It would appear that Bibbs was the only one around the hotel who had grasped the situation from the start. Bibbs was the elevator boy; size, 12 years; suspected age, 16 years; self-assertion, 75 years. The buttoned English uniform in which they had dressed him could not hide his largely American qualities. He was a servant, but had no servile trait. Without attempting to be presumptuous, he placed himself on terms of easy equality with every one in the hotel. He was abashed at nothing. Elderly gentlemen, dignified matrons, bums and beaux—it made no difference to him. If he believed that a young woman's gown was becoming he told her frankly that she was a "peach" or "out of sight," and she believed him. If the clerk had said the same thing there would have been a vacancy. If the porter had said it someone would have sent for a policeman.

Bibbs was a privileged character. He received more Christmas presents than anyone else in the hotel. If the management had removed him there would have been a protest from every guest.

Probably he had worked into the confidence of so many persons that they were in his power.

It was nearly midnight on the second day after the news of the engagement had startled the hotel. Bibbs was seated outside the open door of his elevator waiting for the stragglers, and two of the "night hawks" were "drawing him out."

"Did you know, Bibbs, that Mr. Maynard is going to marry the Proctor girl?" asked one of them.

"Did I know it? I haven't heard anything else since yesterday. You've got a smart lot of people around this hotel. I've been on to that for six weeks, and everybody else here was picking Mr. Branford. He wasn't in it at any stage of the game. I remember the day Miss Proctor came here with her father. I took them up, and Mr. Maynard went up the next trip. He says to me, 'Who's the new girl?' and I told him she had come to Chicago to study music. He says to me: 'She's a dandy.' That's the first time I ever heard him say anything about a girl in the house."

"Well, I s'pose it was a week after that, both of 'em got in the elevator together. Mr. Maynard's a good-looking, you know, but shy of women. He took off his hat and kind of turned his back to her. I let him off at the second and I saw her looking at him, so I spoke up and says: 'That's Mr. Maynard.' She laughed and says to me: 'Who's Mr. Maynard?' I told her he was a good fellow, and then, just for a kid, I told her what he had said about her. She blushed and said: 'The idea.' You know how they can do it. I ain't been runnin' an elevator for two years for nothin'. If you want to stand in with women just tell 'em anything you hear real nice about 'em—understand? It makes 'em awful mad, but they remember you at Christmas."

"The very first ball that Miss Proctor went to she made a big hit. That's the night Mr. Branford got stuck. I could see it. He marched her all around the first floor here and nearly talked an arm off her. We run the elevator late that night and when I took her up she asked me if Mr. Maynard ever went to the Saturday night dances. I told her no, that he didn't care much for girls. As soon as I got a chance I told Mr. Maynard what she had asked me, and he wouldn't believe it at first. It was none of my business, of course, but he's a nice man and ain't stuck up over his money, and he's done me a good turn, and I thought I'd put him on to this girl asking about him. Mr. Branford's all right, too, but he makes me kind of sick at times."

"The first dance after I told Mr. Maynard he came down looking out of sight in his full-dress suit and loafed around the office like a chump, instead of going in where she was. Purty soon she came out with Mr. Branford and saw Mr. Maynard. I guess she must have asked for an introduction; anyway they went over, and Mr. Branford gave her a knock-down to Mr. Maynard. Mr. Maynard got as red as a beet, and she had to do most of the talking. I s'pose he didn't ask her to dance; anyway, some one else came after her, and he went into the billiard room."

"That was about the time that Willie (that's what she called him when she was with the girls) began to make a hard play. I guess she had lots of fun with him, and was ready enough to wear flowers if he wanted to send 'em, but I knew all the time that she wasn't stuck on him. When she'd leave him and get on the elevator he'd grin at her and say in that soft way he has: 'Good-by,' and she'd say 'Good-by,' but as soon as we got past the first floor she'd laugh out loud, and I'd have to laugh, too. She knew all the time that I was on."

"Mr. Maynard met her once in a while in the elevator, and she acted different with him. I ain't very keen, but I think I could have caught on quicker than he did that she liked him, but didn't want to tell him so in just so many words. He didn't really act like a sucker. He's been around too much for that. But she'd throw out little hints, and he didn't seem to understand what she meant."

"That man didn't know how strong he was with the girl. She could see that he was all right if he'd only get his nerve. About two weeks ago I says to him one day: 'Mr. Branford's rushin' Miss Proctor pretty hard.' He says: 'Yes, I s'pose they are engaged.' 'Rate!' I says; 'she don't care for him.' 'Well,' he says, 'she wearsin' his flowers all the time.' I told him that was because no one else sent her any. Next evening she came to me and said if I saw Mr. Maynard to tell him that she wanted to see him. I took him up in a little while, and she met him in the hall wearin' a big bunch of roses, and I saw her take one and pin it on his coat. That's some-thing he'd never done for Willie."

"Mr. Maynard was jollied up that evening, but the next evening he came in from the billiard room and found Miss Proctor and Willie promenadin' around here, and I could see in a minute he was sore. Then he done something that paralyzed me. He walked over to a sofa and began to talk with that Miss Morrison that wears the glasses. I guess she was surprised, too, but she was tickled all right. I'm here to tell you there ain't a woman in this hotel that wouldn't have been tickled. I could see Mr. Maynard look at Miss Proctor when she went by and then she'd look at him. Willie and Miss Morrison didn't cut any figure at all. They thought they did, but they didn't."

"Now, the rest of this on the q. t., and Mr. Maynard would kill me if he thought I told anyone. That same night when he went up I says: 'Mr. Maynard, excuse me for saying it, but Miss Proctor's stuck on you.' He looked foolish and says: 'Who told you that?' I said I had my eyes open, and that she went around with Mr. Branford because she couldn't get away from him. Next night he faked up and went to call on her, and that's how he got her before he took her to a show or a dance or anything. Did you hear about Mr. Branford giving up his room?'—Chicago Record.

## The Switzerland of Asia.

Korea, says Frank G. Carpenter, may be called the Switzerland of Asia. It is a land of mountains and valleys, of crystal lakes and trickling streams. We rode for days through one beautiful valley after another; now going for miles through fields of rice lands, laid out in terraces and covered with water, out of whose glassy white surface the emerald green sprouts were just peeping. Such valleys lie right in the mountains, and the hills which rise from them are as ragged and as bare as the silvery mountains of Greece. They change in their hues with every change of the heavens, and they now look like silver, and again turn to masses of velvet and gold, spotted here and there with navy blue pines. The clouds nestle in their hollows, and their tops, in the ever-varying air of Korea, assume at the edge of the evening all sorts of fantastic shapes. Our first day's ride was through a valley which was as rich as guano and as black as your hat. It was cut up with creeks, some of which were a half mile wide, and at these we found rough men clad in white, with their pantaloons pulled up to their thighs. As we came up these men bent their backs and our grooms crawled up them, and claspings them around the neck they were carried through the water. The porters received one cent for each trip, and General Pak told me that this work is sometimes done by men out of charity, and that the gods esteem it a good act, and the water which washes their legs at the same time carries away their sins and gives them a clean road to heaven. Other devotees stand with cold water in the streets and give drink to all that thirst.

## Pneumatic Stone-cutting.

The dressing of stone by machinery has not hitherto been an easy task, although some tools have been belt-driven with fair success, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. The use of the pneumatic stone-dressing machine has of late, it is said, given great satisfaction. The pneumatic tool is mounted on a movable carriage, upon which it can be swung around on a horizontal axis, while it can also be shifted backward and forward on runners, giving it a playing area twenty feet in diameter at any time without moving the carriage. The power is conveyed to the tool through a gaspipe terminating in a flexible hose, with which connection to the tool is made. Steam can be used, but compressed air at seventy-five pounds pressure is preferred. The tool takes granite from a rough point of at least one inch above the level and reduces it to the finest six, eight, ten or twelve cut work with great rapidity and cheapness, while the quality of the work is improved, showing that one stone-dresser will, with his machine, easily reduce sixty superficial feet in nine hours. Among the work done with it may be mentioned some of that on the Iowa State Soldiers' monument.

## In The Operating Room.

"Great guns, how that razor hurts!" cried the patient. The barber paused and ran a thumb nail critically along the instrument's edge. "Aw no," he cheerfully answered. "It is not ze razzor zat hurts, it is ze face." And he passed on to the next operating table, leaving the head nurse to complete the dressings. —Bookland Tribune.

## SPRING FASHIONS.

PARISIAN STYLES NOT CLOSELY FOLLOWED IN AMERICA.

Skirts Growing Wider for Warm Weather Wear—Organdy the Coming Craze—Decided Change in Sleeves.

HERE is an item, culled from a celebrated French authority, that will, says a fashion writer in the Washington Star, create some little consternation in la mode circles: "It will take American women the usual six months to discover that the pre-eminent huge sleeves and the immense flaring skirts they hear such fairy stories about are not, and have not been, the vogue in Paris. Moderately large sleeves and gracefully flaring skirts, not excessively wide, have prevailed and are still la mode, and are likely to continue also to be favored by the most celebrated ateliers in France for months to come."

American modistes are telling their deluded customers that skirts are growing yet wider for spring and summer wear, and that eight yards around will be a modest limit. The text of this celebrated French authority and its illustrations do not agree, however, and the women are pictured in petticoats that flare like those of a ballet dancer. Truth to tell, women do not pay a great deal of

plush rose pink, comes next. Hello-trope in its varying shades will be as much worn as ever, and blue seems to have taken a new lease on life, too. Of course the silk mulls and dotted Swisses are out in force. They will



have colored slips also, to match the ribbons worn with them, or can be worn in all their virgin purity, if so desired.

To wear with these organdies and lawns, and with sheer white goods, are ribbons with bouquets of flowers embroidered on them. At least, they look to be, and some others look as though they had been done in water colors they are so exquisitely lovely.



attention to the letter of fashion anyhow. They take the suggestion and dress it up to suit their individual needs, and that makes American women the best dressed in the world. American women, as a class, have not worn the excessively wide skirts complained of by the French authority. The well-groomed woman has too much sense to go to the extreme in anything.

It is true that the skirts are going to be wider, but have you seen the fabrics that they will be made of? Why, they are so sheer and fine that you will be able to draw the whole skirt through your finger ring.

The stores are full of the new summer goods. Organdy will be the craze, if the counters will tell the truth, and anything prettier than organdy can scarcely be mentioned. It comes in all the daintiest and most delicate shades, and is drifted over with bouquets of blossoms that are so real looking you almost think you can smell them. Most of the designs are large, but a few are small and delicate. A single violet, or a long-stemmed crocus with a leaf or two. The purple iris is one of the favorites, and an exquisite half-blown rose is another that attracted universal attention. These organdies are to be worn over colored slips, and will have a great deal of ribbon garniture, and

If it were possible to make ribbons any more the vogue, these pretty flower-sprinkled designs would accomplish it, but as ribbons are already worn on everything everywhere, one can only say that a new phase of them has been added.

There is a decided change in sleeves. They drop—or they droop—just as you like to state it. For ball gowns, they simply slide right off the shoulder, as in the design, which represents a bowknot sleeve of lisse caught in the center, with a flower or any fancy thing you like to put there. Some bodices have straps of velvet or ribbon passing over the shoulder well to the front. The "drooping sleeve" has not much in its favor, unless you have a very fine pair of shoulders. Its effect, as will be seen, is to lengthen the shoulder effect by showing the upper arm, and to broaden one across the bust by making the puff widen out at the elbow. This puff in some of the very latest sleeves is three yards around. This sleeve, on a woman who could wear sackcloth and grace it, will, of course, make a stylish appearance; but on a woman who gets her ideas of what is stylish from the magazines of her modiste, and makes no effort at adaptation, this sleeve will look like the mischief, till we get used to it.

Crepion is the gown goods of the present moment, and unless there is a rapid change in sentiment it will be worn all the spring. It comes in wool, silk and cotton. It costs a fortune for the finest, and a few cents for the cheapest, and it all has a singularly distinguished air. They come in plain and fancy weaves, in colors and in plain black.

The flat Dutch bonnet is hideous, but it is here. It looks like a pan cake on a spree. It squats down on the head behind, just above the knot of hair, and suddenly bulges out on the sides in rosettes or bows or artificial flowers, and sprouts up in front in a surprising and very disconcerting manner. Another phase of it is a gigantic bow with rows of immense half-blown roses along, back of and above the ears. There is nothing else of it worth mentioning. One of the spring shapes in a walking hat is rather chic. It has a rosette right in front and a row of loops drooping a little over the brim above with a rosette of velvet above each ear.

## ARTISTIC BUTTONS.

Very handsome and artistic buttons are sold both for coats, vests, fancy waists and for fastening the sides or front breadths of gored skirts, redingotes and cycle costumes. Many of the new jaunty street jackets and jacket bodices on tailor gowns, that are to take the place of the three-quarter coats, are finished with vests that button visibly from neck to lower edge.

Another case of typhoid fever contracted from eating raw oysters is reported from England.

