

Considerable money was lost last year in attempts to introduce California grapes in the English market.

At a recent meeting of the premiers of the various Australian colonies at Hobart a resolution was passed unanimously declaring a federation to be the greatest and most pressing question of the day.

In sixteen months the great drainage canal of the City of Mexico will be opened. The canal is over thirty miles long, and the tunnel through the mountain six miles. The total cost will be \$20,000,000, and they have been fooling with the thing off and on for 300 years.

An iron monger of Vienna, Austria, has left \$65,000 to the Vienna Academy of Science, "partly for the promotion of scientific research both in the heavens and the earth, with a view to physical and chemical discoveries, and partly for promoting the moral and material welfare of mankind."

Business methods prevail in South Africa. Instead of each man's raiding for himself, the plunder taken from Lo Bengula's Matabeles was turned over to a committee, which now announces in the Bulawayo papers that it has finished its work and has distributed \$210 among the victors. Two hundred thousand dollars from savages is not a bad showing.

A young French lad named Debré, who is only 21 years old, has just returned to Paris after spending three years among the Berber of Morocco. He started out on an original plan of exploration. He determined to learn Arabic, and then to travel from the domain of one chief to that of another depending upon personal letters of introduction for his safety. His scheme worked well for a time, but after several months he was detected and held a prisoner by the Sultan. Despite this he accompanied the court in its travels, and he was thus able to secure a mass of fresh material in regard to Fez and the little known country south of that city. He made drawings and plans of many towns, and the result of his work is given in an elaborate article, in the official paper of the Paris Geographical Society. The boy showed so much skill and courage and was so fertile in resources that, the San Francisco Chronicle believes he is sure of a promising future if he devotes himself to African exploration.

The New York Mail and Express notes that "the college man in business has at last found a defender and an eloquent and able one, too. At the dinner of the Williams Alumni recently our honored townsman, J. Edward Simmons, spoke for him and declared his belief that the time has come when the training of a college to a young man is a potent factor in the forming of his business character. He presented as proof of the advantages of a university education the success of such men as Chauncey M. Depew, Edward King, Brayton Ives, John Crosby Arown, John Claffin, Frederick Tappen and Robert M. Gallaway, and he declared that the supremacy of this country as a producer is largely due to the brains and energy of the college man in business. There is no doubt that the drift of sentiment is strongly in favor of Mr. Simmons' contention. Not only is a young man in business benefited by the knowledge obtained at a university, but he also finds a decided advantage in the discipline and social features of a college career."

Hypnotism is rather a dangerous thing to play with. At a young people's party at Rockford, Ill., the other evening the conversation turned on the subject, and one of the young men said that he could hypnotize anybody in the room. A young woman offered herself as a subject. In a minute he had her unconscious, but when he attempted to restore her he found he was powerless to do so. The guests became alarmed, shook her, threw cold water in her face and shouted frantically, "Right, right," but she would not come "right." Finally another amateur hypnotist happened in and brought her out of her trance. Another lady a night or two ago, at a dance given by the Rockford Rifles, was thrown into a mesmeric condition. She was seized with giddiness and created quite a scene before she could be brought out. South side young men have a hypnotist club, but their practices have become so dangerous that the council will probably be called on to pass an ordinance imposing a heavy fine for exercising this power.

What of Our Gold?

What is our gold to us—
Is it wings? Is it lead?
Is it red blood shed
By some tool we employ
For diversion or joy?
Is it lips to repeat
Chicane, deceit?
What is our gold to men—
Is it blessing or curse?
Is it cord to coerce—
By a jerk of the hand—
Some tool we command?
Is it sweetness or gall
In the drops it lets fall?
What is our gold to life?
Is it weakness or strength
Is it spread its length
On humanity's trail
To uphold the frail
Through time's vale of revel
To change, to exalt?
—GEORGE KLINCKE.

The Brother of a Gentleman.

She was a sweet girl, a pretty girl, every one thought, but these mild terms did not half express Ernest Wilson's opinion of Ruth Adams. She was a perfect woman, in the highest and purest sense of the word, and to a man who looked upon all women as being far superior to men, this meant a great deal. That was what he thought of her; she did not think of him at all, except when she happened to see him, and then he reminded her of his brother Will.

Ruth was engaged to Will; she had been for two years; he had been by far the handsomest man in town, and she was the prettiest girl, and he had been proud of her. That was before he went to the city. Now he thought there were girls galore better looking than Ruth; but he said nothing of the kind to her, for it was pleasant to have some one to make love to when he was obliged to go to the country sometimes, for Papa Wilson had a full pocketbook, and Will had not.

So, in the soft light of an afternoon sun, Ernest Wilson stood and waited for Ruth to pass, and watching her as she approached him, thought with a little wistfulness of the injustice of fate. Not that he imagined for a moment that he deserved such a woman as did his handsome brother, who was a "gentleman," only he would have loved Ruth tenderly, been very thoughtful of her, very kind to her, if she could have cared for him—and Will was so careless.

Ruth did not pass this time; she paused and looked up into his good, honest face, and then said, a little timidly:

"Ernest, have you heard from Will lately?"

"No," he said, kindly. There was a letter in his pocket from Will, received a few moments before, speaking of hard times and asking for the loan of a few dollars. "No, not lately; he is busy, you know, Ruth; you must not think anything of not hearing from him—he does not like to write."

"Ernest, when he first went away he wrote to me every day."

He looked down at her flushed face with a world of love and pity in his eyes; but she did not see that; she was thinking of Will.

"Are you going home?" he asked. "I will walk with you, Ruth. Are you worrying about it? If you are, then—don't."

"I will tell you honestly that I am. You are one of the people, Ernest, that no one would ever think of deceiving. I am unhappy and I am annoyed; it is not pleasant for a girl of spirit to hear the things people are beginning to say. At the same time I know it is only carelessness on Will's part; he has given me his word; there is no one who could say otherwise than that Will is a gentleman, and a gentleman keeps his word. I would not have him keep his promise against his will," she said proudly. "Never that. If he has changed toward me, then he owes it to himself and me to—"

"To be a man—not a gentleman," he said savagely.

"To be both," she said. But her lip quivered.

They were at her gate by this time, and he opened it and waited for her to pass. Instead, she stood and looked at him.

"Ernest," she said, "tell me just what you think."

"What I think, is this: That no man, and I make no exception whatever, would possibly throw away the chance of winning you if he were in his right senses. If a man is not in his right senses, he is deserving of our pity, not our blame. I wish you good evening." And he left her looking after him like one bewildered.

It may have been a letter she wrote to Will that night, or it may have been one that Ernest wrote refusing the loan, but for some reason Will came home a few days later. He had learned a new way to carry his case

and his bows were more profound than ever; but his accomplishments seemed to have small effect upon his father and brother. As for Ruth—well, it may have been that she had grown tired of giving admiration, love, everything, and receiving in return indifferent attention. When a woman begins to draw comparisons between her sweetheart and other men things are not as they should be, for love knows no comparisons. She did think, and often, of the way Ernest had spoken to her, and of the manner in which Will talked, as if she were the one favored in their love affairs.

And yet, to her, Ernest was nothing in the world but Will's brother. When Ernest thought of it seriously, he had never been anything to any one, but Will's brother. He had been so unassuming, had cared so little for appearances, and Will had cared so much. Ernest was an excellent business man; he did the thinking, Will did the talking; Will used all of his ideas as if they were his own, and transacted business for his father in an easy, off-hand way, forgetting to mention that Ernest had spent hours of careful thought and study before the line of action had been decided upon.

It had been the same when they were children. Ernest read a book carefully; Will read a criticism upon it, combined it with Ernest's opinion, and carried on brilliant conversations upon it with older people, impressing all with his remarkable mind, while Ernest sat by and said nothing.

Ernest had realized this for a long time, but there had never been any reason to care before; he did care now.

"I am not good enough for Ruth," he said to himself. "I do not know any one who is; and I would not for the world make her think less of Will if I thought he loved her or would make her happy; but he would not so I intend to let her see how superficial is his knowledge, and what a shallow man he is."

When Ernest Wilson made a resolution it was as good as accomplished, but this was the most difficult undertaking of his life; for he intended not only to prove to Ruth that she was wasting her affections on a man who cared nothing for her, but to teach his little world to speak of him as Ernest Wilson, not as any man's brother.

He was so accustomed to sit by silently when questions were discussed, knowing all the time that he had more knowledge of the subject than those who were talking, that it produced a surprise that amounted almost to a sensation when he first began to express his opinion in a modest way.

It was very hard for him, as he was not only a modest man, but a timid one as well, and had been long in the background; he succeeded well with the men, however, and with a dogged determination to carry his resolution through, he was not willing to stop until he convinced all his friends that he had a mind and opinions of his own.

They were not so long in finding it out as he had been, fortunately, and soon he began to be spoken of as Ernest instead of "Will's brother," or "Mr. Wilson's other son." Much of the attention he had formerly given to business he turned upon himself, to the delight of his mother, who understood him better than any one else in the world, as is the way with mothers, always, or nearly always. She encouraged him, then she went further; she dropped a word here and there of what Ernest thought; how much they relied upon his judgment, and the like; and all this time Will lingered, wondering why Ernest and his father did not help him pecuniarily, so that he could return to the city.

The climax was reached when somebody gave a ball. Ernest went to the city, returning in garments of the latest cut, and appearing as much at ease as Will had ever done.

Ruth was looking very downcast at this party, and apparently did not notice Ernest's altered appearance, much to his disappointment. He went to her after a while.

"You are not enjoying yourself, Ruth," he said. "Do you want to go home?"

"Yes."

"Then come along."

A few minutes later they were walking together through the moonlight; the wind blew the brilliant autumn leaves about their feet, and they trampled down their red and gold glory into the soft earth. Ernest took the small hand that had been clinging to his arm and said gently:

"Ruth, dear little woman, you are unhappy—breaking your heart over a young rascal who is not worth one thought from you."

Ernest sighed; he had hoped she had grown more indifferent to Will than this answer proved.

"Ruth," he said desperately, "let me tell you something. Will is a gentleman—I admit that. But he is not the man to make you or any other woman happy. I am not pleading my own cause, for I learned long ago how hopeless that would be; but I have loved you always, and I cannot bear to see you throwing away the best part of your life grieving for an unworthy man."

"I tell you he is worthy."

"What do you women call a worthy man? If that is what you consider Will, then break your heart over your gentleman! I have done my best."

"I am not breaking my heart over a gentleman."

"Over whom then?"

"The brother of a gentleman! O Ernest!"

The tone, was it, or the look she gave him out there under the stars? But in some way he understood at last, and he clasped her to his heart, and thanked God with a voice that had tears in it, for this great blessing that had come into his life.

International Signal Code.
On July 2, 1855, a committee was appointed by the British Board of Trade "to inquire into and report upon the subject of a code of signals to be used at sea." In September of the following year this committee presented a code made up of eighteen flags and pennants representing the eighteen consonant letters of the alphabet, out of which 78,642 combinations could be made for words and sentences. A signal-book of combinations, with the words, sentences, names of places, and ships with these combinations represented, was prepared, adopted and afterward translated by many foreign nations. This code has now become established all over the world, and is known as the International Signal Code. Now when a ship meets another ship at sea, her captain looks in his signal book for the combination of flags which represents this ship's name, and hoists them. The captain of the other ship looks at that combination in his book and reads opposite to it the same name. Then he tells his ships name in the same way. Then he may ask questions to tell anything by looking in the signal book for the sentences or parts of sentences he wants, and hoisting the combination of flags which makes them. In his own language, the other captain will find the same sentences opposite the same combinations of flag letters in his own signal-book.—St. Nicholas.

Fewer Locomotives Built.

One flourishing American industry which the pressure of hard times has deeply injured is locomotive building. There are five cities in the United States in which locomotive building is carried on so extensively as to be an important local industry. These are Philadelphia, Paterson, Schenectady, Pittsburg and Troy. In each of these cities there is at least one large locomotive works, the total number in the United States being thirteen. In 1893, which was a good year in the business on account of the extra traffic caused by the World's Fair, 2,011 locomotives were built in the United States. In 1894 the total number fell to 695, of which eighty-three were built for use in other countries. Three big concerns filled no orders whatever in 1894. In 1890 the total number built was 2,300; in 1891, 2,165; in 1892, 2,012.

The railroad companies of the United States have now a greatly diminished volume of business, and some of the large systems are sailing so close to the financial wind that they are buying no new equipment. With a practical cessation of railroad building has come the decrease in the orders for locomotives, though the foreign trade keeps up fairly well, the United States exporting locomotives to several of the South and Central American countries.—New York Sun.

The Wife's Retort.

Once Mr. Gladstone had been cutting down a tree in the presence of a large concourse of people, including a number of "cheap trippers." When the tree had fallen, and the prime minister and his family who were with him were moving away, there was a rush for the chips. One of the trippers secured a big piece and exclaimed: "Hey, lads, when I see, this shall go in my coffin!" Then cried his wife, a shrewd, motherly old woman, with a merry twinkle in her eye: "Sam, my lad, if thou'd worship God as thou worshipst Gladstone, thou'd stand a better chance of going where the chip wouldna burn!"—Argonaut.

DRESS NOVELTIES.

THE SHOULDER IS THE "THERMOMETER OF FASHION."

Inflated Balloon Sleeves Are Still Here, But Will Disappear in Time.—Flower-Bedecked Parasols Will Be the Rage.

IN the Delarte philosophy of expression the shoulder is designated "the thermometer of the passions." When our spirits are up our shoulders are elevated; when we are "blue-spirited and low in our minds" our shoulders are down; when our tempers are awry our shoulders have crooked, variable inclinations and movements, and when we are determined to bravely meet whatever fate has in store for us, or if we are resolved to assert ourselves and "snub the sun," our shoulders are firmly and squarely set. So goes this "shoulder philosophy" through as many phases as men and women have moods. Apropos of this diverting conceit ancient shoulders, it is quite plain that in the philosophy of modes "the shoulder is the thermometer of fashions"—the fashions in sleeves at least. It depends upon the arrangement of the sleeves at the shoulders, whether these arm envelopes have an aggressive, or a meek, or a perky, or a coquettish air. They have had for

The fashion oracle further asserts that this sleeve is "quite a novelty." It is as novel as the stars, which seem everlastingly fresh, although so eternally old.

FLOWER-BEDEDCKED PARASOLS.
The coming season's sunshades are bewildering in floral effects. One is



SUMMER PARASOLS.
of violet-colored chiffon, with wreath and nosegays of artificial violets. Big bows of violet ribbon ornament its stick at top and handle, and the graceful ruffle around its edge is gay with



STYLISH GOWN FOR SPRING WEAR.

some time that air of supreme exclusiveness that challenges the observer to keep at a respectful distance, as plainly as if, instead of embroidered and sequined, each voluminous sleeve were lettered with "Touch me not!" "Stand off!" "Beware!"
In view of this there is something almost pathetic in the meek little shoulder cape shown in the sketch, which the oracles of fashion say is "a forerunner of the coming mode." It looks like a very trumpet, forsooth, to herald the news all over the world that the inflated balloon sleeves are gradually and gently disappearing. They are not going in undue haste, but this quaint sleeve is indicative that the tremendous sleeves that have made a wider breach between men and women and impeded man's daily progress more than the insistent sisterhood who are demanding enfranchisement will gracefully disappear. By the way, this is an admirable pattern for a lean, unshapely arm. If the shoulder is not defective in lines and the upper arm is, the fullness above the elbow is just the one thing needed to

silver spangles. A nosegay of the violets nestles in the knot of the ribbon on the handle and the whole is delicately scented with violet sachet.
Another new floral parasol, although more severe in style, is even more chic. It is trimmed with orchids, one huge cluster hanging from the bow at the top and a smaller one at the handle. The sunshade itself is of heavy cream-tinted silk, with mother-of-pearl handle. All the parasols this year are noticeable for their elegance and showiness. Every detail is most costly, and, in many instances, most perishable, as the fluffy and flowery effects so greatly in vogue are not meant for wear and tear. The good old-fashioned plain parasol, lasting a whole season through, is completely obliterated by this crowd of fragile and efflorescent novelties.

PLAIN SKIRTS CONTINUE IN FAVOR.
The plain skirt continues in favor, both for street and evening gowns. Indeed there is little likelihood that very elaborate skirts will be worn until the excessive trimming of bodices and the enormous sleeves now in style cease to be fashionable, for it is a general rule that when the bodice is simple the skirt is elaborate, and vice versa. The bell shaped skirt, just touching the ground all around, is still the prevailing style for all costumes, trains being worn only on occasions of exceptional ceremony.

A FEW MILLINERY POINTS.
Spring millinery is a conglomeration of shapes, materials and colors of the most dazzling and bewildering hues. One special feature is that the flowers and leaves are mostly very large, the hydrangea being one of the favorite blossoms. The most popular color seems to be petunia, and the effect gained by wings and outspreading bows is still dominant on both bonnets and hats. The broad Dutch bonnet has grown a little point in front, and toques are a little larger, but both are to be worn as much as ever.



FORERUNNER OF FASHION IN SLEEVES.

disguise the lack of harmonious proportions from an unsympathetic world. On the other hand, a shapely shoulder is revealed to advantage and the frills may be dispensed with.

Disraeli was the last novelist who received \$50,000 for a single work, and that proved so disastrous to the publishers that the author offered to return part of the money.