

Seventy-five per cent of the enlistments in our regular army last year were of Americans.

Kier Hardie, the British labor agitator, believes that the day of trade unions, are past and that an industrial commonwealth will shortly be evolved.

The only two civilized countries in the world in which a white man is not permitted to acquire civil rights or to own property are Liberia and Hayti.

It is said that not until the late Robert Louis Stevenson, who in his youth wrote a beautiful, clear hand, had the writer's cramp and wrote so badly as to puzzle his friends, did the printers begin to send him "clean proofs."

From the top of the Cathedral spire in Mexico, you can see the entire city, and the most striking feature of the view is the absence of chimneys. There is not a chimney in all Mexico; not a grate, nor a stove, nor a furnace. All the cooking is done with charcoal in Dutch ovens.

France pays \$5,200,000 a year in mail subsidies for voyages amounting to 1,125,000 sea leagues; England pays \$5,000,000 for 1,550,000 leagues; the United States \$3,100,000 for 485,000 leagues; Spain \$1,950,000 for 361,000 leagues; Italy \$1,800,000 for 543,000 leagues; Germany, \$1,200,000 for 382,000 leagues, and Austria \$1,150,000 for 480,000 leagues.

On the Belgian State railways fares are lower than anywhere else in Europe. Recently the Belgian Government has made a fresh concession. For five dollars the traveler can obtain a ticket available for one person to travel over the entire system for a fortnight. For second-class the charge is about half as much again, and for the first-class about double.

The year 1895 will witness a greater revolution in the architecture, building science and mural improvement of New York City, predicts the Chicago Times-Herald, than was ever seen in any previous year. Landmarks are disappearing, the atmosphere is full of the dust of disintegrated brick and mortar, while the sky line is obscured by the web-like structures of steel and terra cotta which are climbing heavenward, trying to outdo Chicago.

There are twenty-seven highway bridges over the Mississippi between Brainard, Minn., and Muscatine, Iowa, a distance of 500 miles. Those above Minneapolis are seldom above 400 feet long, while one at Muscatine is 2,500 feet long, not that the river is ordinarily so wide at that point, but to make provision against freshets. Of the fourteen highway bridges between Minneapolis and Muscatine only one is a drawbridge. It is only in its infancy that the river has been bridged for ordinary highways.

The New Orleans Picayune relates that "some time ago a little girl in Brookline was run down by a trolley car and lost both her feet. She sued for damages and got a verdict of \$13,268.68. The money was deposited with a trust company, and the court has now ordered the company to pay the girl's lawyer, as his share of the cash, \$7,244.85, leaving for the cripple but \$6,023.83. Probably the division is according to law, but it would be hard to convince the average lay mind that it is a fair thing. The jury, no doubt, thought that the cash was going to the cripple, and had no idea that the lawyer, who applied to them so strongly, was coming in for the lion's share."

Book stores and newstands are numerous both in England and on the continent. In France Zola's books are displayed in greater profusion than those of all other authors combined, from which it is a fair inference that the demand for them is greater. The novel is enormously consumed there. The news stands are more like American newstands than any others in Europe, although in England, writes Amber in the Chicago Times-Herald, I observed in scores of book stores the novels of Richard Henry Savage and Gunter, and much other like trash. This seemed to me an indication of the beginning of the general decay now slightly manifesting itself in the English mind and character, but the solidity of her general literature and the great consumption of it by the English people will stand a deal of Zola and Savage and Gunter before it will be seriously affected. The German and Swiss book stores display solid matter. It is a delight to observe Shakespeare in almost every book store in both of these countries.

Dawn.
The earth awakes with a passionate thrill
From the icy throat of her winter dreams,
The hawthorns bloom on the opposite hill
Where the shadows slant to the curving
streams.
Orioles, swallows and bluebirds throng—
Each heavenly voice that soars and sings,
With a rapturous rush of exulting song,
And a tremulous flutter of glancing wings.
So much more than we know is meant,
So much more than we ask is given,
That our hearts are filled with a sweet content
And our pulses stirred with the peace of
heaven.
—FANNY JOHNSON, in Youth's Companion.

PENELOPE'S ELOPEMENT

At thirty one is popularly supposed to have arrived at years of discretion, and to be fairly in possession of one's faculty of choice. In the case of every accepted truth, which may have become axiomatic to the rest of humanity, there are always those who reject, or affect to reject, its teachings.

A very sturdy opponent to the proposition first set down was Mr. Phineas Paine, a hard headed and successful grocer in the town of Careville. Mr. Paine, it is true, did not deny the proposition generally, but he signified his denial by his conduct toward his daughter, Penelope, who had arrived at the age mentioned in single blessedness.

If there ever was a woman in the end of the nineteenth century who had cause for complaint on the score of repression it was Penelope Paine. Her mother had died when she was five years of age, and her father, possessed by the idea that he knew how to bring up a child right, had immediately begun the systematic course of repression that made his daughter a demure, timid little girl, and a meek, spiritless woman.

He had kept down all her youthful joyousness by straight-laced rules of deportment of any natural tendency. People looking at her would say:—

"That girl looks as if she had been boxed up all her life." And, in a measure, she had been.

But Penelope, prim as she was, grew to be a fair woman to look at, and, in spite of the difficulty of approach, she had many stealthy admirers. The grocer was, in his way, a social man. That is, he liked to have someone to listen while he gave his views and opinions, and at first young men would affect to be coming to see him. But the moment they were so imprudent as to let it leak out that Penelope was the real object of their attentions, they were summarily dismissed.

"I just won't have it," the old man would say.

"Young folks don't know what's good for themselves, and they need the guidance of some older head to keep 'em out of mischief."

Penelope never seemed to care much about her beaux or the loss of them, till Ned Holburn began going there. He kept a feed store and was a brother Odd Fellow with the grocer, so the old man liked him pretty well.

Penelope was clerking in the grocery, as she had been doing ever since she was old enough to tie up a package of sugar, but she always left an hour earlier than her father, so as to be at home and get his meals for him, for Mr. Paine's hard hearted frugality forbade his keeping "a girl," albeit, he was abundantly able to do so.

It was during these happy intervals of time, when Penelope was entirely alone, that Ned Holburn was wont to steal a few minutes away from his store, and unceremoniously drop in for a short chat. It was the first of such pleasure that the girl had ever known, and these stolen moments had come to be inexpressibly sweet to her.

She knew that her father would not have approved of this intimacy between Holburn and herself, and for that reason, at first, she took a shy delight in it. For with all his repression the hard-hearted grocer had not succeeded in crushing out of his daughter that touch of romance which is in the nature of every woman.

But there came a time when there was more than the romantic secrecy of the affair to give it charm. The intimacy had ripened into love. The young man had placed his honest affection in the keeping of the quiet, demure girl, and she had given her heart unreservedly in return.

As the days went on the stolen meetings grew sweeter and sweeter to both, and Philip Paine measured his pickles and weighed his pounds in blissful ignorance of what was passing. But the state of affairs got to the ears of a jealous rival of Holburn, and a word to the unsuspecting grocer brought him up standing. The scales fell from his eyes, and shortly after the lovers were surprised to see him

walk into the house in the midst of one of their tete-a-tetes.

Of course there was a scene. The old man, stormed and Penelope, wept, but staunch Ned Holburn stood up like a man and "faced the music." He told the old man that he loved his daughter, that his love was returned, and she had promised to wed him, and the end of it all was his dismissal from the house and a peremptory command never to return.

And Paine's Paine was grieved for a while all those years of confidence: his his system had proved a fault. In spite of all his repression he found that his daughter was not well brought up, and when she had been put to the test had fallen signally.

After this the old man was his daughter's shadow. He never allowed her to leave his side. Necessity checked frugality and he hired a house girl to take care of his furniture and get his meals.

In vain poor Holburn sought for a chance to talk to his sweetheart. She was as effectually shut away from him as if she had been immured within the four walls of a convent. Ned groaned in spirit and the grocer chuckled within himself.

But no one state of affairs can last forever, least of all such a strained one as this. It has been said before that Mr. Paine was an enthusiastic Old Fellow, and it was his devotion to the duties of that order that first made him relax his vigilance. It was to be a banner night, with the initiation of some ten or a dozen candidates as its leading feature, and in the depths of his innermost soul the old man longed to go. But prudence said no. Painfully he argued out with himself. Was his duty to the lodge less important than his duty to his daughter?

Then visions of the society in session and the frightened candidates came before his eyes. He laughed to himself, for this hardened old tyrant had not lost all his taste for fun. But Penelope, passing through the room, made him sober again as he thought of all the possibilities that might arise from leaving her alone. Then his apologetic mind said, "One night can't do any harm. You can leave her alone this one time and, after all, Ned Holburn will be at the meeting, too, he'll want to see the men initiated." He hesitated and was lost and after seeing Penelope securely locked in her room for his lodge.

But love has won the reputation of laughing at locksmiths and embodied in the person of Ned Holburn he went knocking at Penelope's window. Something in the character of the tap or some subtle intimation which only love inspires, told her who it was and she forgot her timidity enough to raise the sash and opened the shutter a little.

"It's me—Ned," said the ungrammatical Holburn eagerly, and there was a note of deep pleading in his voice as he added:—

"It's our only chance, darling. Get you up and climb out of the window. I've got a chair here for you to get down on."

Penelope went away from the window for a moment, and when she returned she had her hat tied on, and a shawl thrown about her shoulders. Her heart was beating very swiftly as she stepped out of the window on the chair and into the arms of her waiting lover. Holburn was a thorough going fellow, and he had his buggy waiting at the fence. They got in, he exultant and the girl all tremulous, and away they went across the river to the old minister, who was already famous for marrying runaway couples from three counties.

In the meantime, the grocer, not finding Holburn, who was a regular and devoted attendant at the lodge meeting, had grown uneasy and suspicious. A vague foreboding, which gradually grew into a terrible fear, filled his mind. When he could endure this suspense no longer, he was excused and started for home. He had hardly entered the yard when an open shutter flapping listlessly on its hinges arrested his attention, and his heart sunk within him. Penelope, he thought, would never leave a shutter that way under any conditions. The key gave forth a hollow lonesome sound as he turned it in the lock, and the sound of his footsteps on the floor was altogether too weird and unusual.

"Penelope," he called, with a trembling voice, "Oh, Penelope."

But only the echoes answered him, and the unwelcome truth forced itself upon him that Penelope was gone. He went outside, and, sitting down upon the step bowed his head in his hands. Just then the sound of wheels fell on his ear, and a buggy was driven up and halted at the gate.

Then a man helped a woman to alight. The grocer recognized her, and ran down the steps, crying:—

"Penelope, Penelope, ain't you ashamed—you've been riding!"

But here the voice of Holburn broke in:—

"We're married," he said.

"Well, well, Penelope Paine."

"Holburn," said Ned, proudly.

"Penelope," went on the old man, ignoring his son-in-law, "I would never have thought it of you."

The girl was silent, frightened and tearful.

"And you, Ned Holburn, to think of you being a brother in the same lodge and all of that and then playing me such a trick."

"I guess I'm able to keep a wife," said the young man.

"Able to keep her, able to keep her! That ain't it, it's the way you got her Penelope Paine, and after all the raising I've been giving you, do you realize what you have done? You've been guilty of eloping—eloping, do you hear?"

"That's all right, father-in-law," said Holburn, "Penelope's past thirty now, and she'll soon come to know her own mind. When she comes to know it I hope she won't change; if she doesn't, she'll never regret this elopement," and he kissed her.—Buffalo News.

Panther Against Bear.

In the dense forests of Sullivan County, Pennsylvania, Nelse Hoose, a settler, was one day hunting for a stray cow, and presently he sat down on a fallen tree to rest, at the mouth of a dark glen, on the north side of South Mountain. While he sat he heard a bear growling up the glen, and, as the sound came nearer, Nelse got upon the log and cocked his rifle, which he always carried in that wild country. In a moment a big panther came trotting through the bushes, with a squealing bear cub in its mouth. It carried the cub as a cat does a mouse, and did not seem to be in much of a hurry. Close at the panther's heels lumbered the wailing mother bear and when the panther, which evidently knew the bear was afraid of him, put the cub on the ground as if to get a better hold, the bear gained courage, plunged at the panther, and caught it around the body just in front of its hind legs. Quick as thought the panther flung the cub in the air, tore himself loose and pitched into the bear. At the first stroke the bear knocked the panther to one side, and a second stroke sent him flying into the bushes. But at this stage of the fight the cub squealed once more, and the mother bear, seeming to forget everything but her young one, rushed to its rescue. She had not taken three steps when the panther sprang at her and settled his claws in her shoulder and his teeth in her neck. The bear struggled hard to shake off the great cat, but she couldn't do it. Just as she gave her last kick and the panther rose in triumph, Nelse took a hand in the fight and with two bullets killed the panther. The cub also lay dead, the panther's teeth having crushed the tender bones in the neck, and further up the glen Nelse found the bear's nest, with a live cub in it, which he carried home.—Atlanta Constitution.

Curious Statutes.

In the sixteenth century there was a curious law in England, whereby hawkers were forbidden to sell plums and apple, for the reason that servants and apprentices were unable to resist the sight of them, and were constantly tempted to steal their employers' money in order to enjoy the costly delicacies.

Potatoes were unknown to the civilized world before the latter part of the sixteenth century. For many years after they were introduced into Europe they were considered as luxuries to be eaten only by the wealthy.

In 1633, in the list of prices established by proclamation of the government, potatoes were ordered to be sold for two shillings, (50 cents) a pound, equal to \$30 a bushel. A few years previously the wage of a bailiff of husbandry, head man on the farm, were fixed by the court at 32 shillings (about \$13) a year; and of mechanics, carpenters, masons, etc., at eight pence (about 16 cents), with board, a day.

Thirty-two years later, in 1665, Muffet, writing on food and diet, says: "Potato roots are getting to be quite common now; even the husbandman sometimes buys them to please his wife."

Excellent in Theory.

Mrs. Dorcas—Our League of Emancipated Women is going to have a lecture on the social equality of the sex. You must be sure to come.

Mrs. Cobwigger—Certainly, my dear, I shall bring Miss Smith with me, as she believes in social equality.

Mrs. Dorcas—Not for the world. You know she isn't in our set.—Judge.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

ALL FIELDS OPENING TO WOMEN.

Chicago has a woman barber and Philadelphia has a college for barbers, with a woman, Mrs. L. H. Bailey, in the chair of tonsorial science. With a woman keeping a boarding stable in Brooklyn and the recent recognized eligibility of women to the position of electricians, their success at conducting a ranch in the far west, and their qualification for the position of steward in hotels, the last named now being perfected in Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, it begins to look as though the problem of the future will become more and more involved as time brings us nearer to that period, once roscate, now lowering with ominous clouds.—Chicago Times-Herald.

FUR BEARERS DISAPPEARING.

What are women going to do a hundred or so years hence for their winter furs? Fur-bearing animals are rapidly being exterminated, and, unless soon protected, there is reason to believe future wearers of ermine, sable and marten must pay fabulous prices for the privilege of being kept elegantly comfortable, while humble, ordinary mortals will have to resort to imitations or to the skins of perennial cats. The employment of so much fur as a personal adornment has led to a fearful slaughter of animals in British North America, which was supposed to teem with material for cold-deriding garments sufficient for all time. But such is not the case; the north is not so productive as the tropics, and we had better hang on to our Russian sable overcoats and frilly espes. There never may be any more!—Boston Herald.

ATTRACTIVE DETAILS OF DRESSES.

While there are so few novelties in the actual cut of gowns or in fabrics, there was never more ingenuity displayed in the invention of details, especially in the finish of the necks and the arrangement of trimming on the fronts of corsages, which are dainty in the extreme, and often bewildered in their intricacy. There are all sorts of cunning little tabs, turrets, and points of tucked and lace-frilled mull and batiste which are turned over the front of silk, ribbon or velvet neck-bands to stand up its soft, irregular ruffles. In fact, except in the stiff, matched arrangement of double trimmings on some hats, fashion seems to avoid regularity in anything.

The tucked and lace-frilled mulls can now be bought by the yard, in black frilled with white lace, and white and delicate colors frilled with white lace; and the tabs and points are sold by the piece. Abundant use is made of these tucked lawns with every possible fabric, but they are especially pretty when combined with silk, challois, and organdies. White satin and moire are also in great favor for the blouse fronts, not only of dressy silk and crepon gowns, but also to complete serge and mohair suits made with jackets and coats.—Demorest's Magazine.

JUVENILE COOKS.

The mission classes of the New York Cooking School held their closing exercises and displayed the skill and accomplishments of forty-eight little girls who had worked faithfully and well through the winter and spring just passed. Very few of these when they joined the classes knew anything about cooking, beyond the simplest facts respecting boiling and roasting. Five months of intelligent labor on the part of kind and efficient instructors has changed them into very excellent plain cooks, who can make cake and other delicacies in which children take delight with an ability and quickness bordering on the marvelous. Both the teachers and the children have had a very happy season together, and seem to regret that the time of separation has come. The little ones, especially the Italians, are very docile and affectionate, and display an interest and a gratitude when they are in the school room that at times are extremely touching. Many of them have expressed a strong desire to come back next year and go into a higher class, if accommodations can be made for them. Beside this noble work the school has given instruction to young women of all sorts, and conditions, ranging from those about to be married and who desire to come to the altar with enough culinary knowledge to please a critical husband, down to ambitious "slaves" who look forward to the proud position of chef.—New York Mail and Express.

FASHION NOTES.

Fancy straw bonnets with winged pieces attachments are among the novel offerings.

Japanese wash silks are in much request and are crowding China silks out of the market.

Dresden ribbons are seen on dark straw hats to good effect, as well as on leghorns and French elips.

A new bicycle boot which is attracting considerable attention is a legged boot, the top reaching as high as the knee.

Plaid are still in great favor and they are to be procured in every quality and grade from 25 cents to \$3 a yard.

Sad leather is being used to some extent this season in high grades of ladies' and misses' fancy-colored shoes.

The covert cloth has a good deal to commend it for sitting purposes, and it is likely to be used very extensively this season.

The craze for rosettes is not by any means over; they will be seen on our millinery, gowns, etc., in increased size to those of last year.

There is already a decided reaction against the very stiff haircloth and other heavy skirt linings, which would certainly prove intolerable during the summer months and also unsuitable for supple or transparent fabrics. In their place the more pliable crinoline lawn or gauzy foundation muslin is used.

the young Queen of the Netherlands was engaged to the only son of the Duke of Coburg and Edinburgh, was probably but the forerunner of many rumors yet to come—reports of her engagement to every eligible prince of Europe—for the little queen, though now only 14-12 years old, is the greatest matrimonial prize in the royal market. It is said that she is to visit England next summer, which amounts, we suppose, to her "coming out;" and her marriage will be planned and talked of as a matter of affectionate interest as well as of great political importance, for already, says the Rochester Post-Express, she is much loved by the Hollanders. Should Wilhelmina die without an heir, the crown of Holland would pass to a foreign family.

Wilhelmina is a pretty, sweet faced little girl, with a fine royal courtesy and dignity, and she is as good and as interesting, it is said, as she is pretty. Very much a loving, thoughtful, girl, and very much a queen; most charitable to the poor and the aged; most majestic in her strong will; most unaffected in her pleasures. Such, at least, is the notion one gets of her from her own subjects, who seem to like nothing better than to talk of their "little queen" and in her face one may see the blending of all the characteristics which they ascribe to her. It was the writer's fortune to be in Holland just before Wilhelmina's last birthday, and though he could not stay to see the actual festivities, he did not leave her capital city of The Hague until the eve of the anniversary, and so caught something of its spirit. That day of preparation was a gloriously perfect one, and the flags and bunting were early arranged. In the morning all the shop windows were filled with the new photographs which the queen had had taken for the occasion. They were of various sizes and styles, all finely finished and all showing the same sweet face, whether the fair smooth brow supported a crown, or whether the silver headgear of a Dutch peasant closely clasped it. The sale of the pictures seemed to be very great, but then the staunchest republican might buy one and forget that the little girl was a queen. In the evening the arches and the frameworks for the gas illuminations began to appear, and after nightfall the streets were noisy with the cries of the hawkers of her pictures, of flags and of badges. Of the latter the most popular was an orange colored bird, fixed to a stab pin, to wear in the lapel of one's coat. By 9 o'clock it seemed as though everybody in the streets had one, and very graceful and pretty they were, and the writer was as proud of his as though he were a Dutchman. There was something quite touching and interesting, and very foreign to a republican, in the thought that a whole nation was on the eve of thus loyally celebrating the birthday of a little girl, only just in her teens. How much it all meant! And was there not something pathetic in it, too, in the thought that such a child, must seriously note these manifestations of popular love, and now in the news that she must think of a husband? Poor little girl, life's best is closed to her!

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