

It is figured out that the people of England spend \$750,000 a day moving.

Maine unanimously suggests sturgeon and sardines as suitable articles of diet, now that beet's so high.

The American cutfish has been planted in the streams of Belgium and flourishes there, to the delight of the fishermen. It is regarded as a superior food fish.

Rev. Dr. Armory H. Bradford, the well known clergyman and writer, says his experience as a preacher in various colleges leads him to believe that there is more skepticism among college women than among college men.

Bayers and distributors says that a large proportion of the public of this continent have only recently begun to be consumers of canned salmon, a result ascribed by the New York Sun, to the recent innovation of packing perfect steaks of the fish in oval cans.

This country is a nation of workers, exclaims the New York Mail and Express. Over forty-eight per cent of all Americans over ten years old are employed. The total is 22,735,661. This is a big industrial army. The percentage of workers will be greater after 1896.

In Chicago was built the first great elevator, boasts the Times-Herald. Before the grain elevator era handling of grain was excessively costly. Safe and cheap storage not only lowered the price of bread, but tranquilized the commercial world by furnishing exact knowledge as to the quantity of grain on hand.

The Baptist general missionary in the northwest says its hard to get ministers to stay there, they get so lonesome. It is interesting to note, says the New York Recorder, that the same difficulty was found in New York in the early years of the century, when that state was the "far-West" of New England.

Professor Wiley says that "one of the grandest discoveries of modern science" is the agency of microbes in snabbing plants to absorb from the air the nitrogen, which is the chief factor of their growth. The theory was first suggested by Pasteur, and it is thought to be fully confirmed by the researches of independent investigators. If it does not deceive expectation it will completely revolutionize agriculture. To increase the growth of plants it will be necessary to feed their roots with water containing the proper microbes.

By no means the least interesting items of news from London, maintains the New York Tribune, is that the carriage roads of Hyde Park have at last been opened to bicycle riders, at least until 10 o'clock in the morning. This will be a great boon to clerks and others who must do their riding before business hours, if at all. It is shrewdly suspected, however, that fashionable society is really most interested in the matter, and that Lord This and Lady That will be seen wheeling about the Park. Royalty itself has set the fashion, and its loyal devotees must follow it.

The Washington Star observes, sarcasm and reproach have been hurled at the Kodak fiend. Professional humorists have depicted him as doing all sorts of absurd and annoying things until even the uninterested citizen has come to regard the amateur photographer as an unmitigated nuisance. But ever as the despised mother-in-law is generally much better than she appears to be in the comic papers, so the amateur photographer superior to such portraits of him as have compelled laughter. It is entirely reasonable to insist that the amateur is responsible for the tremendous advances made during recent years in the art of photography. Taking up the camera first as a toy, many of the brightest of Americans have become interested in improving the mechanism of that remarkable instrument, and so well have they succeeded that we now have cameras capable of doing about everything that a camera could be expected to do. Scientists, who had photography remained in the hands of the purely professional, would never have become interested in the wonderful art, found themselves deeply concerned soon after becoming possessors of the magic boxes, and as a result photographic methods have bounded forward so that they are now quite abreast with the times and far ahead of where they would have been had matters remained entirely in the hands of those whose interest in photography was of the purely commercial sort.

In Sun or Shade.

A fair boat lightly seeks the sea,
Whose waters blue are crested white
The filling sails in buoyant glow
Are bearing forth into the light,
And like an angel's wings are bright
From every earth-stain free.

Another tack, and, turned away,
The white sails, shadowed, are but dark;
So good deeds look like ill the day
That life's slanders set their mark
Upon a life's fair sailing bark,
Headless as clouds at play.

But slanders are like shadows, all,
They shift, or pale and die;
Neath ruderst blame we need not fall,
Face we unshakably the sky,
And light before the storm winds fly
At only duty's call.

—HELEN SMITH, in Independent.

BRADSHAW'S RUSE.

BY ALICE IVES.

Bradshaw was jealous. There was no denying it. But what can you expect of a man who is very much in love, or at least thinks he is?

The mother of his charmer approved of him and had promised a friendly alliance, but the charmer herself remained neutral, which, you must admit, looked doubtful for the alliance, and especially for Bradshaw.

He was a well-meaning, well-conducted, industrious young man, who by strict attention to business had become the confidential clerk of Mr. Joseph W. Burphy, wholesale dealer in tea, coffee, spices, etc., a liberal discount to the trade, etc.

"But I tell you I don't care for him," Miss Vera White spoke decidedly and looked straight into her mother's eyes.

"He's a young man of such nice, steady habits," remonstrated the mother.

"So am I," retorted the daughter. "Seems to me it's a thing to be in earnest about. I should say he ought to be."

"But my dear, you let him come here."

"It's you who let him."

"But you talk with him and go out with him. I don't think you dislike Mr. Bradshaw."

"No, I don't."

"You'll throw over a man who'll make you a good husband and take up with some dashing, showy spendthrift yet."

"But, my dearest mother, the spendthrift hasn't even appeared to ask to be taken up. So what's the use of borrowing trouble? I don't want to get married anyway. I should have to fall in love first, you know. And, as I've got all that to go through with there's plenty of time."

"But, you know, dear, since the reduction in the rates of interest our income has grown so small I can scarcely make both ends meet. You need more than when you were little, and—and I don't know what to do. I hate to put a mortgage on the house."

"Oh you mustn't do that! I will get some work to do. It was true there was very little to live upon. Mrs. White had been a widow for ten years. Vera was her only child, and at 19 was as unsophisticated in the ways of the world as many girls are at 12.

It was settled she should learn typewriting. After she had mastered it the next thing was to find something to do. Here Mr. Bradshaw came to the rescue and got her a place in Mr. Burphy's private office. Of course he didn't want them to lose the home he had had his eye on it for some time. His desk was in Mr. Burphy's office and it was an admirable arrangement.

"You know," he said to the widow, "they call Mr. Burphy a crank. To be sure he is an old bachelor and has stuck so closely to business all his life that it has made him a little gruff and peculiar. But if any one could be with him as I have been and could see the real tenderness underneath, the good he does in a quiet way, and the strict, fine integrity of the man, they'd know, as I do, that he's one in ten thousand. Oh, I'll look after Miss Vera; she'll be all right, I assure you."

So Vera went to work. The next day after she began she made some mistake in a dictation, and Mr. Burphy spoke sharply to her. The tears rushed to her eyes, but she choked them back and said quietly: "I shall try faithfully to do what you wish. If I make too many mistakes and don't suit, you have only to send me away."

There was something in the independence of the answer that caused him to think twice about her. He studied her furtively and found the study interesting. She attended strictly to business and he saw that she was intelligent and reliable.

After a time Mr. Bradshaw made an unpleasant discovery. He believed Miss Vera was in love with her employer. The signs were to him un-

mistakable. It was here that he became jealous.

Besides his own feelings in the matter he felt that he must save a young innocent girl from wrecking her happiness on a man, who, he believed, cared no more for her than the ledger on his desk.

So he resolved on a bold step. He went to Mr. Burphy and told him he had reason to believe Miss White was in love with him, and for her sake something ought to be done to cure the infatuation.

Mr. Burphy looked positively stunned, but he agreed to do his best in any plan Mr. Bradshaw might suggest.

"Suppose you dictate a letter to a young woman showing your admiration, etc. How would that do?" "Excellent—excellent!" cried Mr. Burphy.

Accordingly, the next day, after Miss White took her dictations, her employer in a rather embarrassed manner gave her this:

"My dear Miss (you can leave the name blank)—Will you ask your mother if I may have the privilege of calling at your home? I am anxiously awaiting your reply. Faithfully yours, JOSEPH W. BURPHY."

Somehow there were so many mistakes in the letter she had to make the second draft, and that wily old bachelor actually saw her fingers tremble.

"I will address it myself," he said, taking it from her.

"Beautiful!" chuckled Bradshaw to himself, seeing how finely his plan worked.

The next day there was another letter to be written to the same woman.

"I love you," it said. "I want to make you my wife. If you care for me, say that I may come to your house to-morrow evening."

This time the typewriter made worse mistakes than before, and complained of feeling ill, and asked to go home a little before the time.

As she rose to put on her wraps Mr. Burphy sent Bradshaw out of the room for something.

"Will you please mail these letters for me?" he said, handing her two. "And—and I wish you'd see if I've addressed them right."

She looked at them, then at him in a dazed way.

"Why, they're addressed to me!"

"Yes," said Burphy shortly. "Number right? Please open them and see, too, if the contents are correct?"

"Good heavens! Was it a dismissal?"

She opened the envelopes with trembling finger and a faint heart.

"Why, Mr. Burphy," she said, it's a mistake. These are the letters I wrote to that lady."

"No mistake at all. Quite correct," replied that businesslike individual very brusquely. "Will you have the kindness to give me my answer?"

"You may come to-morrow evening," she said, and ran out of the office.

"How did it work?" asked Mr. Bradshaw when he came back.

"I'm afraid not just as you expected," replied the proprietor, with his back to him.

Bradshaw thought so when he got the wedding cards.—New York Advertiser.

Africa Needs Railways.

The Paris Figaro publishes an account of an interview which its London correspondent had had with Mr. H. M. Stanley on the subject of African colonization. Mr. Stanley is represented to have said in the course of the interview:

"The future of Africa belongs to those who shall the soonest and the quickest act on the simple truth that what is wanted is railways to bring travelers back in three days from the Western Sudan to Algeria. The construction of such railways would not cost more than \$8,000 per kilometer, and with some Tirailleurs as an advance guard the Tuaregs would leave the working parties alone. When you have 1,200 miles of navigable waterway on the Niger—that is to say, almost the entire commerce of that great river—then you will have ivory, copal, skins, gold, india rubber, etc. There is indeed, as great a wealth of resources in Africa as in France, as has been proved by the results obtained since 1825 by the English in the South, where gold, diamonds, and the rest today bring England in \$2,000,000 a year.

"Why," Mr. Stanley is reported to have continued, "has France still done nothing with the Niger, although you have many French explorers in its vicinity? The French are very good explorers, and thanks to them, you know perfectly the topography of the country. But how many years will it be before you know what there is underneath? Surely there is gold, surely there is coal, perhaps diamonds,

but they have to be sought for. Today the French may despise the Sudan, but the Sudan is for them the means of arriving at the Niger basin, which is a marvelous garden provided with a very luxuriant vegetation, and filled with charming spots watered by countless tributaries, which will pour into the great river which is yours the immense wealth of their banks."

In conclusion Mr. Stanley is reported to have said: "The French are still engaged in the policy of annexation. Explorers are always on the move, but the time has now come to set to work. You have established a military station at Timbuctoo, but that is an isolated post connected with no point of the French colony. The river is waiting for the steamboat, and the country for its railway. Without them all these conquests of yours will remain barren."

An Irish Mad Cabin.

It consists of two rooms and possibly a small semi-detached outhouse which is used as a store-room for perishable articles. There is not a chink in the walls or thatch save a narrow chimney, which seldom if ever answers its purpose; the doorway faces the east and emits the smoke. What little light penetrates inside through the tiny window discloses the deep chocolate stain from the eternal turf-reek which pervades the atmosphere of the interior, and literally paints walls, roof and furniture a uniform color. The furniture is rough and also scanty, a few stools atoning for the occasional complete absence of chairs.

The mud floor is always more or less wet from the pattering of the children's bare feet or from the animals which have free access to the house. At night there is a goodly company within the walls of this spacious mansion. In the inside room there are two or three box beds or berths, where the children sleep, according to their age and sex; from nine to twelve is not an uncommon number in a family. In the state berth in the callogh, or recess at the side of the hearth, the father and mother repose unscreeened from the live stock of the farm, and breathe the same atmosphere as some eight quadrupeds beside the poultry. Pigs, cattle, dogs, cats, and probably a horse or donkey, have their bed space, respectively, and jealously resent any encroachment by a bedfellow.

Astonishing as it may appear, there are hardly any disagreeable odors. The overpowering smell of the peat smoke evidently acts as a complete disinfectant, and fortunately it is innocuous to the inhabitants of the hovel. Equally astonishing is the fact that the whole community are in comparative harmony, and even the babies rarely cry. There is plenty of occupation for all the family who are able and willing to work, the mother doing little else but nurse the youngest infant.—Cornhill Magazine.

His New Straw Hat.

The friends of Billy McHale, who is popular with the bankers and brokers along Third street, are having a quiet laugh at that young man's expense. One of McHale's friends, while passing a hat store during one of last week's sizzling hot days, noticed him inside negotiating for the purchase of a straw hat. Now, Billy is particularly tidy in his dress, and like most people possessing that characteristic, is somewhat sensitive regarding adverse criticism. Knowing this, the waggish friend determined to play a practical joke. Despite the broiling hot sun the joker visited twenty or thirty of Billy's friends in different parts of the city and related the fact of the purchase of the hat. He then arranged to have McHale at a certain resort that evening, and instructed all the friends to drop in one at a time, and remark in an off-hand way: "That's a nice hat you've got, Billy, but it's too old for you. That shape was intended for a man 50 years old." Billy started in to explain to the first six or eight friends; that he was tired of flippant straw hats, as they made one look so giddy; then he swore at the salesman, but finally, when twenty-five friends had criticized the new headpiece, Billy grew furious and tearing the unlucky hat from his head, he dashed it to the floor, and with a wild yell jumped upon it. "There's the hat, take it, keep it, and you can all go to thunder!" The next day Billy appeared in his old hat.—Philadelphia Record.

They Come High.

She (poutingly)—Before we were married you used to bring me candy every time you came.

He briskly—Yes, my dear, and it cost a good deal less than the meat and potatoes I bring you now.—New York Weekly.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

BENEFITS OF BICYCLING.

A French physician who has written approvingly and at some length on bicycling for women believes that the training it gives to hand and eye and muscles will make women walk better and carry themselves more gracefully and freely than they do. He has noticed that while a few women walk well and preserve a satisfactory balance, the effect is ruined by their indecision and uncertainty of movement at street crossings. Other weaknesses that are very prevalent among women in middle life are obesity and shortness of breath, and those he believes, are to be overcome by riding the wheel.—New York Post.

CAPE FOR SUMMER.

The latest capes for summer wear are triumphs of color and decoration. One example is made of glace silk, that with three colors to it has a chameleon effect. It is slashed to the neck at intervals all the way round and cream guipure is inserted in the openings. While the whole is spangled with small black sequins and lined with white silk, a special model for young ladies is a short, full black satin cape entirely covered with cream guipure spangled with paillettes and finished at the neck with a black chiffon ruche. Another novelty in black satin has a narrow yoke of green velvet, and the satin is cut in a deep point at the back, on the shoulders, with two points in front and covered with spangles to match the velvet.—New York Sun.

QUAINT DECORATIONS IN FANS.

Quaint decorations on fans promise to be popular this season. Among these are noticed a fan leaf bearing various scenes descriptive of the joys and sorrows of apple stealing. On the panache is shown the sequel. Through the gilded bars of the prison window peers forth the woe-begone visage of the culprit. This is cleverly carved in ivory, in high relief and shows well on the ebony ground. Lovely fans of bronze gauze, with black gauze, are introduced largely. The dainty French scrolls outline the former. On the latter are painted most delicately water lilies, dragon flies and water plants. The centre subject is entirely carried out in graduated shades of brown on a cream and brown background, the attitudes of the figures are graceful and the distance is cleverly given. Quite as artistic as the leaf are the sticks, the gilding being slight relief. Bulrushes, butterflies and foliage ornament the panaches.—New York Telegram.

WHAT KEEPS WOMEN YOUNG.

A woman is happy just in proportion as she is content. The sun has a way of changing the spots upon which it shines. Especially is this true of our land, where one is up to-day and down to-morrow, and vice versa. The wisest woman is she who trusts in a to-morrow, but never looks for it. To sit down and wish that this might be, that that would be different, does a woman no good. It does her harm in that it makes her dissatisfied with herself, unpleasant to her friends, and makes her old before her time. Happiness is not always increased in proportion to enlarge success. This may sound like an old saw, and I think it is, but there is a world of wisdom in many an old proverb just the same. Contentment is a wonderful thing to cultivate. There would be fewer prematurely old women in the world if it were given more of a trial and it became a more universal quality in womanhood.—Ladies' Every Saturday.

DOLLARS ON THE BARGAIN COUNTER.

It has long been considered a foregone conclusion that two things, at least—money and postage stamps—cannot be purchased in retail quantities under their face value. A Chicago business house, however, has proved how fallacious this theory is as regards money. The other day it sold silver dollars at ninety cents a piece and five-dollar gold pieces at \$4.75 each. The primary object of this bargain sale was not to get business away from Uncle Sam's Sub-Treasury across the street, but to prove to the solons at Springfield that things can be sold below cost, and that no law can prevent such action. It was the twentieth anniversary of the store, and to commemorate the event money was put on sale at a discount. The cashier of the store made on an average five sales a minute from 9 o'clock in the morning till 6 o'clock in the evening, and over \$75,000 was discounted. The hungry crowd of bargain hunters was not slow to take advantage of the offer. The

rules of the game prohibited selling more than one gold piece or silver dollar to one person, but there were many "ringers," who, after receiving their bright new piece of money, took the foot of the long line again and slowly moved forward to the desk. The sale lasted only one day.—Philadelphia Press.

WOMEN FLORISTS.

A young woman who is a successful florist in London has made her fame principally through her wedding-bouquets. She does not favor the shower-bouquet so popular with us, as she says that it is rarely held gracefully, the only way to hold it being close to the gown below the waist, and to hold it in this one place continually becomes awkward and monotonous. She, however, favors flowers loosely arranged, and has a great liking for using black velvet ribbons to bind flowers of either gay or pale hues; finding it more effective than ribbons of the same tint as the flowers. At the recent fashionable wedding, for which this young woman furnished the bouquets, those for the bridesmaids were Catharine Mermet roses, shaded brown foliage, and asparagus ferns tied with moss-green velvet ribbon; that for the bride was of tuberoses, ancharis, and orchids, a combination that would seem to our florists in very bad taste, because of the association of the tuberoses with the funerals of young children, and also because of its powerful odor.

Cherry geraniums with black ribbons for bridesmaid's bouquets commend themselves to the eye, as do field daisies and grasses in loose bunches, with floating bow and ends of black velvet ribbon.

The American liking for wedding flowers, however, is quite different, and one flower only is often chosen for bridesmaids and house decoration, even the bride, though her bouquet is of rarer blossoms, carrying out a color scheme; thus there are green and white weddings, in which the maids carry lilies of the valley, with their foliage, which is itself like green ribbons, and the bride has white roses; or if it is a pink wedding, the bride's flowers are of palest blush-roses, while the maids carry those deeper in hue. Sweetpeas are suitable and beautiful for a country wedding in June. Ribbons, wherever used, should not be so wide nor used in such quantities as to obscure the flowers. They must appear to be a necessity, not an ornament.—New York Post.

FASHION NOTES.

Some of the new crepons show changeable effects.

Novel French creped silks are printed in chine devices.

Fancy dress buttons match Dresden designs in silk and satin ribbons.

Many of the new silk waists have entire fronts of guipure or point de Gene lace.

Undressed-kid gloves of pale cameo pink are worn with evening toilets of cream or pale rose-color.

Box-pleated waists of light-colored Liberty satin are fashionably worn with full gored skirts of white serge or crepon.

Pure undyed silk with a weave resembling canvas and rather coarse in texture is called Arabian silk. It is used for tailor suits for morning and travelling wear.

Dimities, organdies, lawns, and light silks are more tempting just now than any sort of cloth, and lovely gowns of these delicate fabrics are made in most instances without lining, and worn over silk petticoats.

Black and white striped taffetas, organdies and swivel silks will be much worn this season, and they make extremely stylish gowns, combined with a trimming of bright satin or velvet to give the dress a touch of color.

Melton cloth of the finest quality is used by fashionable tailors instead of covert suiting for costumes and jackets for cool days at the seaside or in the mountains. Alpaca and English mohair are likewise extremely popular.

Costumes of pure white, from the plain crepon or silk parasol to the tip of the shoes, will be one of the prevailing fashions in summer dress, and they will be worn morning, noon, and night, in all the varying graces of elegance.

Yokes, revers, sailor collars, and bands of satin of velvet ribbon edged or covered with jet are favorite modes of decorating silk or light wool dresses. The bands extend from belt to neck, and three in front and three at the back are the usual number. When used over a contrasting color they are very effective, making a short waist look longer.