

A Russian economist estimates the annual cost of the armed peace in Europe at \$2,000,000,000.

John D. Rockefeller's wealth increases, it is said, at the rate of \$15,000,000 a year. The Standard Oil magnate will soon have the \$500,000,000 which it is his ambition to possess.

A railroad is building from Omaha, Neb., to Salt Lake, Utah, of which every employe must be a stockholder. "There will be no strikes on that road and little stealing," predicts Ram's Horn.

"The woman who is continually begging money of her husband," says the Mount Vernon Philosopher, in the Philadelphia Record, "is not likely to lose faith in the Biblical statement that man is made of dust."

Justice Barrett of the New York Supreme Court proposes a law under which 2,500 of the leading business and professional men of the community can be drawn for jury service, from which they cannot be excused unless shown to be physically incapacitated.

The Washington claim agents think that under the income tax decision they can make the government give up some \$350,000,000 of income taxes collected between 1863 and 1871. If the scheme works there will be some \$35,000,000 for the agents. It is worth trying for, they think.

They say in France all that it is necessary to do in order to have a man arrested and thrown into prison is to accuse him of being a German spy. This appears to be the only accusation that will produce such a result, proof and evidence being wanting. Of course, when the arrested person proves his innocence, he is released, but there seems to be no way by which he can get even with his accuser.

The humiliation of the horse is complete, admits the New York Sun, when yearling thoroughbreds are bid off at a public auction for \$10 or \$15. The cause of depreciation in this case was neither the trolley car nor the bicycle, but the flat of our constitution-makers. In Illinois racing is also under the ban, and in the natural course of events the race horse will soon be a relic and a memory, to be seen mounted in our natural museums or written about learnedly by bespectacled scientists.

The Canadian government has introduced a bill into parliament to forbid the letting of public contracts to aliens. There is a great feeling in the Dominion against American contractors, who figure close, and come in for some good things, under-bidding the Canadian contractors. The Minister of Railways has dropped a hint that even if the bill fails to get through he will see that no Americans get contracts in his department, even though their bids are lower than those of native bidders.

The sardine industry in the United States is largely confined to the eastern coast of Maine. There are in all about sixty factories, employing about 9,000 persons, the yearly product amounting to nearly 625,000 cases. The fish used is a small herring, from which the head is removed; cottonseed oil is used, and the tin boxes are made at an establishment in Eastport. The process used in this country is quite similar to that made use of by the French, and nearly all the domestic sardines are packed in boxes bearing French labels.

The lack of originality in American nomenclature is made freshly conspicuous in a new atlas of New York state, which gives a complete list of all the cities and villages of the state, laments the New York Mail and Express. Of these places 530 are possessed of so little individuality that they are distinguished only by the circumstance of their geographical location as compared with some other place. For instance, there are in New York 137 localities with the descriptive prefix West, 147 are East, 115 are North, and 111 South.

New York is the great centre of the ready made clothing trade boasts the Commercial Advertiser. In the manufacturing part of this business there are about 90,000 workers while within a radius of twenty-five miles from the City Hall there are probably 25,000 more. Of these, about sixty-five per cent are American and foreign Hebrews, twenty-five per cent Italians and the balance of American, English, and other nationalities. The great preponderance of Hebrews results from special European conditions, and in a substantial measure from the terrible persecution in Russia.

A Lyric of Joy.
Over the shoulders and slopes of the dune,
I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,
A host in the sunshine, a snowdrift in June,
The people God sends us to set our hearts free.
The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,
The orioles whistled them out of the wood,
And all of their singing was, "Earth, it is well!"
And all of their dancing was, "Life, thou art good!"
—BLISS CARNAN in the Century.

"SCRAP."

BY MATT CRIM.

Mrs. Heath rolled up her knitting and went to the door. The November air was tinged with frost and she shivered as she leaned out listening for sounds of travel upon the road.

"I declare, its plum night and Seab ain't here yet. I do wonder what's keepin' him. He's mighty nigh always home fore this time when he goes to Atlanta, on' he took a early start yesterday. It can't be that he's had any trouble a-sellin' that cotton. No, it was as fine as anybody need ask for."

"There' he's comin'! I hear him scolding old Whiteface. I don't know why that creetur can't work peaceably in the yoke."

She left the door open while she hustled cheerfully around, spreading the cloth and slicing the bacon. The frying-pan was over the fire when Seaborn Heath unyoked the oxen at the front gate and gave them their feed.

"Humph, Jane, that smells good," he declared, as he stopped to scrape his feet on the doorstep.

"I 'lowed you'd be hungry."

"That I am. How've you been gettin' on?"

"Oh, puty well. Miss Abemathy came over and stayed all night with me. Why don't you come in an' shet the door, Seab? I'd think you'd be tired as well as hungry, an' it ain't warm as it might be outside."

"Tis gettin' winterish, that is a fact. I fetched some company home with me, Jane," finally stepping into the room.

Mrs. Heath had just taken the frying pan from the fire to turn the rashers of bacon. She wheeled quickly with it in her hand.

"Comp'ny, Seab? For goodness sake, who is it?"

"Here it is," and he drew a little colored boy into the room, then retreated, leaving the child standing alone in the full glow of the firelight. He was a forlorn object, his ashy skin dry and withered, his face as full of wrinkles as an old man's. His clothes hung upon him a mass of rags; a battered old straw hat, probably picked out of a ash heap, covered his head. His bare legs were as thin as sticks, and appeared all the more pitiable from the size of the rusty old shoes upon his feet. Mrs. Heath sat down with the pan of smoking meat still in her hand.

"Well, I never! Where did you find that creetur, an' whatever possessed you to bring it home with you?"

"I'll tell you just how it happened, Jane. I didn't finish sellin' that cotton till this mornin', but I made a right good bargain. As I was walkin' along the street afterwards, feelin' so proud that all my debts was paid an' I had some money in my pocket, this little feller piped up an' 'lowed:

"'Mister, won't you have a shine?"

"I looked at him, and I 'lowed that I would, seein' that he 'peared to be a sight poorer than me. I asked him where he'd got his breakfast, an' he 'lowed that he hadn't got any at all. Then I asked him where he lived, an' he 'lowed that he jest slept around anywhere he could, that he didn't have no home. An' Jane, he was workin' away at them shoes o' mine till they shone like a lookin' glass." He paused and glanced at his big shoes half pleased, half ashamed. "Potlicker's always been good enough for me to put on 'em, but I didn't grudge that dime, no I didn't. An' Jane, I begun to think o' our own little Matthew an' what might become o' him if he'd a lived an' we'd a died, an' the more I thought the sorrier I felt for this pore little chap, for if he be black, he's a human bein', an' oughter have somebody to take keer o' him."

"But I don't think you need to be comparin' your own child to a little negro, Seab," his wife remarked, wiping her eyes on a corner of her apron, as she rose to put the meat back over the fire.

"He's a human bein', as I said, Jane, an' I 'lowed I'd fetch him out home with me to sorter be comp'ny for you an' help you 'bout the house when I ain't at home."

"You do beat all, Seab; you cer-

tainly do," she declared, in a softened tone. "I couldn't begin to count the stray cats and lame dogs you've fetched home with you to be comp'ny for me, and now this pore little chap. What's your name?" she demanded of the little fellow. He had removed the old hat and stood twisting it around in his hands.

"My name's Scrap, ma'am, said the boy, timidly.

"Nothin' else?"

"No'm."

"Well, I'll declare! Come up to the fire an' sit down on that stool in the corner. You must be plum froze in them rags. Did I ever? They're worse than a patchwork quilt, they're in so many pieces. How old air you?"

"Mos' twelve."

"Twelve, an' you ain't bigger than a child seven or eight. No wonder your'e called Scrap. Sit right down an' eat this hot potato. He's been half starved, most likely," she muttered as she dished up the supper.

Scrap smiled to himself and went out to get some wood for the fire.

It was a strange new world to the little boy. He sat down and spread his small, chilly hands before the fire, watching the flames leap up the wide, black chimney with fascinated eyes. He didn't have much to say to his new friends, but when the cat came purring around his legs he picked it up and stroked it softly. He was given a warm, abundant supper, and when Mrs. Heath saw him swaying drowsily on his stool she brought out a little trundle bed and prepared it for him.

"I don't know as I ought'r do it Seab," she said hesitatingly.

"He's a human bein', Jane, an' it can't hurt Matthew if he sleeps in that bed. We ain't got no other place nowhere."

So Scrap lay down on a clean bed with the cat curled up against his back and the firelight dancing on the walls, and the stillness of the wide, dark country spreading out all around him. It was such a strange silence and darkness to the child who had never known anything but the sights and sounds of a city with its crowded, gas lighted streets and crowded houses. He might have been homesick if he had not had that great blazing fire, that delicious warmth sending him to sleep as soon as he had eaten his supper.

On Sunday Mr. Heath found Scrap sitting on the bench in the sunshine at the south side of the house, with the big Bible open on his knees. Mr. Heath had bought that Bible from a book agent, and it was full of highly colored prints.

"Lookin' at the pictures, Scrap?"

"I was readin' 'bout where Isaac's pa took him to be crucified."

"Sacrificed, ain't it?" corrected Mr. Heath, sitting down on the bench at his side. "Do you mean to say that you can read, boy?" looking at him with something of awe.

"A little, sir."

That was the beginning of a new occupation for Scrap during the winter evenings. Mrs. Heath could not read either, so while her husband sat at one corner of the hearth feeding a fresh pine knot to the fire occasionally, and she sat on the other side with her knitting, the boy occupied his stool between them, the Bible open on his knees. He had to read very slowly, one thin black forefinger traveling over the page to guide his eye. Often he had to stumble over the hard words or skip them altogether. But his auditors didn't mind that. They were not critical, and it was such a novelty to have some one to read to them that they always listened gladly.

It came very suddenly, the end to this reading, and to some other things. Spring had come, and one Saturday afternoon Mr. Heath took Scrap over to where they were cutting the timber and clearing the way for a new railway line. Seaborn had some friends among the laborers, and he sauntered down the line where they were felling the trees, speaking to first one and then another. He had stopped to look at the time of day, measuring the height of the sun with his eye, when he heard the peculiar rending, rustling sound of a tree tottering to its fall, then wild shouts, and a shrill, piercing scream. It was the scream which warned him of his danger. He returned, saw Scrap flying toward him on the very wings of the wind, the whites of his eyes shining, his black face a picture of agonized terror.

"Run, run! It's a-fallin' on you, sir; it's a-fallin' on you!"

He did get out of the way, he hardly knew how, and the great tree came down with a thundering crash, the earth trembling, the air full of hissing vibrations. He covered his face with his hand for a moment, shuddering at his narrow escape.

"If it hadn't a-been for Scrap I'd

be right under it now. Where is Scrap?" he questioned aloud.

The workmen were already frantically cutting away at the timber to get him away from under a branch of the tree. But he was dead when they lifted him gently and placed him out upon a bed of grass.

"It all comes o' my bein' such a dog-gone fool," said Mr. Heath brokenly, the tears trickling down his face. He rubbed the dry, thin, black fingers he held in his, he passed a hand caressingly over the boy's wizened face, but it was no use. The breath of life had passed his lips for the last time.

He received burial in the country graveyard beside Matthew, and there were some sad tears shed over him.

"He was only a little colored boy, I know, but he done a great thing for us," Mrs. Heath explained to a neighbor.

"He was a human bein' an' one o' God-a-mighty's heroes," declared Mr. Heath.—Utica, (N. Y.) Press.

Made an Electric Spring.

In one of the shipyards of Cleveland there is a young man who demonstrated to some people of the Rocky Mountain country the great influence of the mind over the body. In their cases this influence was sufficient to cure various diseases, until they discovered the hoax, and then a relapse came to some who had not as yet thoroughly recovered.

The young man and his companions were not posing as priests of any peculiar faith, but were simply looking out for the dollars that might come from their patients, and the cures were in no wise accredited to faith, but to the natural properties of an "electric spring." This they claimed to have discovered under the bluff at Pike's Peak, and over the water they built a fancy sanitarium. Soon people came from far and near, and not only came but were cured. From various diseases the patients obtained relief, and the sufferers from rheumatism were numerous some being terribly crippled.

The phenomena of the spring were remarkable and unique. Those who bathed in its waters felt pleasing currents of the subtle energy coursing through their anatomy; and when a cup (which was chained) was touched to its surface a shock was felt by the arm which held the cup. Marvellous success came to the sanitarium, and wealth was rapidly coming to the young men during the several months that the cure was in operation until one day a party of electricians visited the place and discovered the secret of the spring's peculiar action. Thereupon, fearing the wrath of the people, the young men fled, leaving thing behind.

The visiting electricians, strolling over the mountain, had found wires, and these were traced into the spring. Beneath the rocky bottom of the basin there was a network of the conductors. The secret of the shock obtained at the drinking place was found to lie in the fact that the water was connected with a wire, and when the cup touched the surface a circuit was formed. The discovery of the fraud destroyed in many cases all the good that had been done by the treatment.—Cleveland Leader.

Wealth in Irish Peat Bogs.

Peat is a carbonaceous substance formed by the decomposition of vegetable matter in localities where the conditions of moisture and temperature are favorable. Ireland contains the largest deposits, it being also found in Holland and North Germany. There are two varieties of peat—the red and the black, found directly under the red. Heretofore its commercial value has been very low, as it was used chiefly as a fuel and as an ingredient in naphtha, paraffine, etc.

By a new process red peat, which is fibrous in nature, is combed out until it resembles wool, and then woven into either cloth, which is half the cost and far more durable than shoddy, or matting and rugs of fair commercial value. The waste product caused by the refined combing, bleached by the patent process, is utilized as peat pulp, which is cheap and equal to wood pulp.

The dust produced in refining is also a good disinfectant. Black peat is reduced into powder, compressed into blocks that are a perfect counterfeit of ebony, and can be readily used where it is required. It is not brittle and can be worked into pulleys, handles, etc., and as a non-conductor it can be used for electrical insulators. The process having been perfected, its manufacture is to be commenced in Ireland.

It is estimated that Ireland contains nearly 4,000,000,000 tons of peat, so that a new industry may soon be developed.—Industries and Iron.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

A POINTER IN VEILS.

Veils continue to be simple, with an occasional novelty, which, however, never seems to catch popular favor. The thin meshes, with dots, or a rather heavy mesh, perfectly plain, are the favorites. Golden brown veiling, with an entire brown toilette is pretty, but in all other cases it is black alone that is worn with all sorts and conditions of the headgear.—New Orleans Picayune.

A HINT FOR DARNERS.

Mothers who are confronted weekly with tremendous holes in almost new stockings, and it is remarkable what two flays' wear by an active child can accomplish in this respect, will do well to follow the lead of one home danner who has worked out her own salvation in the matter very cleverly. She takes a piece of strong net, bast's it over the hole, and then darns over it, thus accomplishing a neater and stronger darn than in the old way, and in a shorter time. The same method is successful in mending woven underwear.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

POPULARITY OF SHIRT WAISTS.

The continued popularity of the shirt waists is proved by the demand for them, which is greater than ever before, and they come in greater variety. They are made of dainty fancy shirtings, chambray, chevrot, lawns, wash silks, nainsook batiste, and linen. Pink, blue and yellow are the favorite colors, and these are made up with white linen collar and cuffs or all of the same material. Waists with starched fronts like shirts for men are rarely seen, and softer, more feminine waists are the proper thing. Linen and ecru batiste are especially suitable for traveling waists, and whether they are made of silk, linen, or cotton, they all have the pointed yoke in the back, full fronts, and are buttoned with pearl buttons.—New York Sun.

PRETTY SUMMER TOILETS.

Very pretty summer toilets are being made of the soft Chinese silks now displayed in every fashionable dry-goods house. Some of these show delicate wood tints mixed with pale pink, or soft gray, or fawn dyes, with shadowy leaves and flowers in old rose, reseda, and chestnut brown. Very often the bodice of these gowns opens over a blouse front of lace with the finish of a large lace collar. The sleeves are extravagantly full from shoulder to elbow, ending in falling ruffles of lace. On some of the models the bodice is cut in a very large square, and in this case soft chiffon is laid in folds, and so arranged as not only to drape the neck, but to partly cover the shoulders. A folded belt or a narrow girdle in silver filigree is at the waist. These new, pretty girdles are a decided addition to a summer gown, and if of genuine metal will last many years. They come in various graceful patterns and made of various metals; silver leads in favor, but there are delicate styles in "rolled gold"—i. e., heavily plated—that are warranted to wear as long as the vogue is likely to endure.—New York Post.

THE NEW BUSINESS WOMAN.

The occupations of all persons in the United States above ten years of age are reviewed in detail in a census bulletin just issued. The total working population in 1890 was 22,735,661, or almost forty-eight per cent of the whole number of persons ten years old or over. Of these 18,820,950 were males and 3,914,711 females.

The numerical increase in persons engaged in "gainful occupations" since 1880 is shown to be 5,343,562, the increase in males at work being 4,076,008, and females 1,267,554. The greatest increase has been in the number of persons engaged in trade and transportation, which was almost seventy-eight per cent the increase for females being especially large, or over 263 per cent. This increase is due principally to the large number of women now employed as bookkeepers, clerks, stenographers, typewriters and saleswomen.

Professional men and women have increased almost thirty-seven per cent in number, and those classified as in domestic and personal service over twenty-four per cent. In both these classes the percentage of increase for females is largely in excess of that for males. The number of persons engaged in manufacturing and mechanical industries has increased forty-nine per cent, and in agriculture, fisheries and mining thirteen per cent.

The number engaged in these classes are as follows: Agriculture, fisheries and mining, 9,013,201; professional

pursuits, 944,323; domestic and personal service, 4,360,500; trade and transportation, 3,325,963, and manufacturing and mechanical industries, 5,091,669.

TO KEEP HANDS DAINTY.

"Every time you wash your hands, press the cuticle softly back from the nails with the towel. This gives the desired length and prevents hang nails."

The statement was made by a manicure specialist, as I sat in her artistic rooms or rather reclined on the low cushioned seats, amid a bewildering vista of Japanese lanterns, bamboo screens, gorgeous show cases and well concealed appointments.

This pressing down of the cuticle is essential for well shaped nails. If the operation produces any raggedness a keen pair of scissors should clip it off. The scissors, the manicurist insists, must be of careful selection. The pair that does service for clipping thread or cloth will ruin the skin. The points should be very fine to insert under this hem of the nail.

To remove stains from the skin or nails use a few drops of oxalic acid in water, making the solution extremely mild. This should be rubbed under and about the nails with a tiny ash stick, which comes for the purpose at the cost of five cents.

Many women are worried by a constant tendency to perspire freely in the palms, which ruins their gloves. This is an expensive distemper, for I know women who spoil new gloves simply in one wearing. For this use magnesia. Get it in square blocks, and rub it thoroughly into the skin before pulling on the glove. Rigorously adhered to, the effect is entirely desirable.

There are small diseases of the nails also to be considered.

One of ridges. These form lengthwise on the nail, quite spoiling the shape. This is due to weakness and can be "amateurly" treated by constant use of the nail polisher dipped in pink enamel powder, for the cause is due to weakness and this method strengthens.

Another trouble is an aggravating splitting of the nail. Just to run it rapidly through the hair or over a piece of cloth tends to take the entire edge off down to the level of the finger. For this there is a tonic that is put up by manicurists, but they again advocate the friction of chamois skin as the most helpful application.—New York Press.

FASHION NOTES.

Sheer white lawn blouses are very popular.

Some of the pale-hued shot silks are brocaded with small dots, flowers and rings.

Evening bodices fasten almost invariably in the back, this being done to insure greater perfection of fit and style.

Solid-color silks are now trimmed with rich jet or guipure, the latter coming in all shades to match the material.

The canvas outing shoe comes in white only, with white glace kid trimmings. The colored canvases have disappeared.

There are strong indications that this fall trimmings will be prodigally used upon skirts as well as upon wraps and waists.

The newest thing in white lawn has a crepon stripe. White pique will be worn, also a fine new white, soft cloth known as oatmeal cloth.

A fine dust of pulverized and sifted fuller's earth such as is used in the nursery, should be sprinkled into kid gloves before they are drawn on.

Four and one-half and five-yard skirts made up without any interlining, are seen in serge, crepon, tweed and chevrot materials for outing wear.

Pearl gray is a late popular shade in cloth, and yellow in many different tones will be much worn in silk crepon in India silks and cotton dress goods as well.

Shot surahs, with narrow stripes, are very pretty, particularly for young girls, and among the newest shades are rose red, pale, dull green and mustard yellow.

A light and yet quite soft fabric recently revived is known as delaine and is most desirable for summer use. It can be found in delicate shades of mouse or blue, and is covered with a fine network of silk, which is dotted in turn with fancy sprigs.

Wash gowns will be more fashionable than ever this year, and the newest zephyrs are lovely enough to tempt any woman who loves a pretty summer outfit. These zephyrs come in minute checks in all the fashionable colors, and are so fine that they are often mistaken for silk.