

There are no fewer than four European banks in Yokohama, and in all Japan 120, all with large capital.

One-third of the bicycles sold thus far in 1895 were for women's use. In 1894 the women's bicycles were only five per cent of the sales.

A proposition has been made by a New England paper to have the rich men buy up the abandoned farms in Eastern States and turn them into game preserves.

Savannah, Ga., is becoming a manufacturing city of considerable importance. The news of that city gives a list of 106 plants, with a capital of \$4,529,500, employing 2,885 hands.

Typewriting now has a legal status in Pennsylvania, the last Legislature having enacted a law declaring that all typewriting shall have the same legal force and effect as ordinary writing.

Says the Boston Transcript: "The bicycle is doing more to bring about dress reform than centuries of exhortation, even accompanied by heroic example by Mrs. Bloomer, could accomplish."

The report of the public schools of the United States for last year shows that there were in attendance 15,530,268 pupils. The country is safe upon this showing alone, which exceeds that of any other nation on the earth.

Argentina offers prizes of \$20,000, \$10,000 and \$5,000 for plans for a legislative building. The competition is open to the architects of the world, and the prize winner will get the construction of the building.

"Now it is rumored," notes the New York Mail and Express, "that a movement is on foot in down town business circles to employ mature and plain women in place of the young and pretty girls as typewriters, operators and assistant bookkeepers."

A large number of prizes are offered by the society for the Encouragement of National Industry of France, for various achievements. Competition is open to all nationalities. Among them is one of \$400 for a motor of some kind weighing less than 50 kilograms, (110 pounds) and to the horse power.

An Englishman at Jackson, Tenn., has invented a machine which it is alleged will revolutionize the compressing of cotton. The machine takes the cotton direct from the gin, explains the Louisville Courier-Journal, and compresses it on an iron spindle, getting a 500-pound bale into the size of a flour barrel.

Of the professional classes of this country, such as doctors, lawyers, teachers, journalists and clergymen, forty per cent have less than \$1,000 capital; fifty per cent rejoice in a capital of from \$1,000 to \$10,000; nine per cent have from \$10,000 to \$100,000, and only one per cent enjoy the possession of more than \$100,000.

Niagara, according to the New York Mail and Express, represents a potential force equal to that of all the coal mined in the world, computed at 7,000,000 horse-power, all of which has been running to waste for countless ages and aeons since the cataract first blew its trumpet from the steep and hung the rainbow amid its ascending spray. The economist may repine that so much working energy has so long been thrown away, but a sentiment of exultation that some part of it is now to be girded in the harness of the world's industry is more correctly in order. Skillful engineers declare that the available power of the falls, leaving its peculiar grandeur entirely unimpaired, will turn every wheel, run every trolley and light every city within a radius of 200 miles, and one of the most eminent among them says it can be conveyed in any desired volume as far away as Chicago or New York. The first wheel has just been set in motion, equal to the transmission of 5,000 horse-power, to be increased according to existing charters something like one hundred-fold as the need for it is developed. Henceforth Niagara possesses an industrial interest equal to that which it has always had as one of the most majestic spectacles on the globe, its latter attribution shorn of none of its glories by the creation of its new and stupendous utilities. The success of the work there shows that all waterfalls can be harnessed to production and made to do a part of man's work, and they will be, one after another, all over the world, producing industrial effects, comparable with those following the invention of the steam engine.

**A Contented Fellow.**  
I care not how the seasons go—  
The good Lord runs the weather;  
And if the stormy tempest blow—  
Rain or sunlight, hail or snow,  
Round and round the world will go  
And we'll reach home together!

I care not how the seasons go—  
The good Lord runs the weather;  
And when the roses cease to grow,  
I'm thankful we're in time for snow;  
For round and round the world will go,  
And we'll reach home together!

—E. L. STANFORD, in Atlanta Constitution.

### GAY DECEIVERS BOTH.

Of course it was very wrong of her, for we all know that you should not talk to gentlemen who have not been introduced to you. But when you are sweet and twenty, and are staying at a country house all alone, and are rather bored, and a handsome young man comes to your rescue in a wood, when your poor little dog has caught its foot in a cruel trap, how can you possibly pass him the very next day as if he were a stranger? And he was so kind to the dog. He bound up his poor little bleeding foot in his handkerchief, and carried it in his arms to the lodge gate. Then he said: "Do you often walk in the wood?" She was feeling too grateful to him to resent his impertinence as she should have done. So she only said, "Sometimes," and thanked him again with all her heart in her pretty eyes.

He looked up to where, through the trees, the big red house showed its twisted, old-fashioned chimneys, and said: "My name is Lavender. You are Miss Verinder, I suppose?" She looked at him quickly. "I am Miss Verinder's humble companion. My name is Smith."

"We are comrades in servitude," he said. "I am Lord Halibut's secretary. You walk in the woods sometimes. Then it isn't good-by. Do they let you come out often?" "I am my own mistress at present," she said. "A lot of people will be coming down on the 25th for the heiress's coming of age. They give a grand entertainment to the tenants. Lord Halibut is to be there. What is he like?"

"Oh," said the young man indifferently, "he's not a bad sort of fellow. There's some talk of their families wishing him to marry the heiress. The estates go very well together. But he's never even seen her; he's been so much abroad, you know."

"I don't believe the heiress will have him," the girl answered sharply, and turned away with her poor little dog in her arms.

Now, it is quite clear that she ought not to have walked in the wood, at least not so soon as the next day, or if she walked there the next day, she ought not to have chosen the very hour when poor Troil had met with his misfortune. But to the bored much may be pardoned, and, as for Lord Halibut's secretary, he had a right one may suppose, to amuse himself. And that meeting was not the last. How could it have been? And when you meet a person every day without chaperones or other tiresome people, you soon make friends. Before the week was out Mr. Lavender had heard how Miss Smith was left an orphan and had to earn her living; and she had learned that Mr. Lavender's part in life must always be that of a subordinate.

"Is she kind to you?" he asked one evening, as they sat on a mossed tree trunk, and watched the red sun set across the valley, where the corn grew.

"Oh, yes, she's kind enough," the girl said; "at least, I am sure she means to be."

"She's revoltingly clever, I hear. Beat the Senior Wrangler at Cambridge, or something, is it?"

"She did. But that's not criminal; and Lord Halibut is, at least, her partner in iniquity. He took a first class in Greats, didn't he? Oh, how I do hate clever men!"

"You have my sympathy. I abhor clever women!"

They both laughed. And the days went on; and July melted into August, and August grew in grace till the time came near for the coming of age of Miss Verinder; and if, during these days, there has been a hand pressure so slight as not to be worth resenting, or a look so nearly tender as to make a man's heart beat high with hope; if he had treasured the forget-me-nots she had gathered by the woodland pond, and pressed them in the volume of Browning from which he had read to her in the woods, and if she kept a certain handkerchief, stained with poor little Troil's blood, in a locked, saddle-wood box, and took it out and laid it against her face, for all its bloodstains, when no one else was by—all that concerned only the com-

panion and the secretary, and no one else in all the wide world.

It was bright noontide and they walked through the woods; and presently they came to the wishing-trees, with its two trunks growing from one root.

"If we pass through the wishing-tree," she said, "and wish as we go, the fairies will give us the wish of our hearts."

So they went through, hand in hand, because the way was rough. As she passed, out of it, a bramble caught her dress and he stooped to disentangle it, but the folds of her gown were electric, and his hands trembled.

"How tiresome it is!" she said: "I believe that bramble will never let me go."

"Can you blame it?" he asked looking up at her, and she turned her face away. They walked on. "A whole month," he said, "and seeing you every day! When did such good fortune ever before come to a poor secretary?"

"Or to a humble companion? No, I don't mean that. But it has been pleasant."

They walked in silence to the little gate that divided the woods from the grounds. Here they stopped, and she said, looking at him a moment, half shyly, half proudly, "Come in; I should like to show you the garden. All the smart people are coming tomorrow, to keep the heiress's birthday."

He hesitated, and she laughed. "Oh, we needn't go in sight of the house. The grounds are big enough."

He flushed, and stammered, in wordless denial of the thought she had read in him that his being seen with the companion might compromise her, and together they walked under the arching trees to the old lawn where the sun dial stands.

"This is where the tenants dance, I believe," she said; "and all the grand people dance with the cottager folks, which seems to me rather silly, for I am sure each set would rather dance with themselves. Lord Halibut is coming. Will you be here?"

"I shall certainly come if Lord Halibut does. May I dance with you?"

She laughed. "I don't think you know what dancing on the turf is like. Besides, probably, our steps don't suit."

"Let us try now," he said. He laid his arm on her waist. The next moment her hand was on his arm and they were whirling down the lawn toward the sundial.

"What foolish people we are," she said breathlessly, and half moved to pause. But his arm held her closer, and they waltzed to the end of the lawn, past the sundial, and into the shade of the great copper beech; and, there, before she had time to move her hand from his arm, both his arms were around her, and he was raining kisses on her soft, flushed cheek. She shrank a little, and then laid her face softly against his, and put her hand up to his neck.

"Ah!" he said, "the wish is granted. I have my heart's desire." You do love me don't you?"

### The Fishing Fish.

The remora is a fish that spends its life in fishing for its fellows. It uses no line, no bait, no hook, but its suction tackle is very effective, says Public Opinion. Its dorsal fin, instead of being placed, as in other fish, at one-third of the distance from head to tail, is moved forward upon the very forehead. The fin is, moreover, flattened out and furnished with a disk-like rim, by means of which the remora attaches itself firmly to any object with which it comes in contact. It can cling, too, despite any force that can be brought to bear. The remora may even be killed before his grip is weakened. It is only another instance of the providence of Dame Nature that these fish have their strange appliance, for they are constructed as to be able to swim only for short distances, though they move very swiftly for a few rods. With their vacuum attachment they can dart upon an unsuspecting shark, swordfish or turtle and in a twinkling become inseparable traveling companions. They do not appear to injure the larger fish in any way, but nevertheless seem to be a source of great annoyance, for if they stick to one individual long enough it will become sickly and poor. The remoras leave their protector and vehicle only for a few seconds at a time, while they dart away to seize a bit of food left over from the shark's or swordfish's meal. Like a flash the morsel is swallowed, and the parasite resumes his free-pass journey. Frequently sharks have been captured with their bodies all scarred where they had rubbed against coral reefs, oyster banks and rocks in wild efforts to scrape off the ever-present remora. The West India turtle fishermen long ago learned how to make use of this strange fish. Having captured a good, strong, healthy specimen, the fisherman fastens him to a long braided manilla line by a loop around the body just above the tail. Then he rows out to the turtle grounds, and, having spotted a victim prowling slowly along, or near the bottom, pitches the remora overboard. Quicker than thought the little fish instinctively makes for the nearest moving object, and, dashing its head against the turtle's back or under-shell becomes a fixture. The fisherman then hauls in his line, bringing the nutlike prey to the surface, and lifting him into the boat. The remora as a rule, at once drops off when this is done. In this way turtles that are too shy to come to the surface or within spearing distance are readily caught, and, more than that, are uninjured, which makes them more valuable for market purposes. Now and then the remora will make fast to a big fish and give its owner a lively tussle. The line may break or the angler let go, but the little sucker-fish never loosens his hold under water. Often remoras attach themselves to moving vessels, and are found clinging to the bottom when the ship comes into port. There are several species. One kind prefers sharks, and is always found attached to these monsters, while another usually clings to swordfish, and a third sticks to turtles.

### Glucose as Food.

In a recent issue of the Literary Digest an account is given of a paper by Dr. E. H. Bartley, recently read before the American Chemical Society, in which Dr. Bartley condemns the long accepted opinion that commercial glucose is suitable as a food. The Medical News, commenting on this, says that this opinion was promulgated some years ago by a committee of American chemists, appointed partly under government auspices, and it has been made the basis for justification of much substitution and adulteration.

Dr. Bartley says that more chemical knowledge, or even experiments on the lower animals or healthy subjects for a brief period, are not sufficient to establish the harmlessness of substitute food. Glucose made from starch by the action of acid is not the same as the product of digestion by animal ferments, and it is not likely that it will be a satisfactory substitute for the forms of sugar that arise in the process of normal digestion.

### The Oldest Physician.

The oldest practicing physician in the world is probably one who lives at Havre, France, the home of President Faure. Bossy is the name of this venerable doctor, and he has been in the active practice of his profession, principally at Havre, for seventy-six years. Despite his great age and the hardships which are the lot of most physicians the world over, Dr. Bossy's lean and wiry frame is not much bent, and his step, though it has lost the springiness of youth, has nothing shuffling or uncertain about it.

### FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

**TO RENOVATE BLACK LEATHER.**  
Mix two tablespoonfuls of gin with two of sugar, and thicken it with ivory black. Beat the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two, add to the mixture, and stir all well together. Put on with a brush like ordinary blacking, and leave the articles until dry. This mixture is useful for leather satchels, seats and other leather articles when they become dull looking and worn.

### BLEACHING LEGBORN HATS.

If you are one of those enterprising women who enjoy doing for themselves those many little things, the cost of which, taken in the aggregate, makes so startling a proportion of the month's expenses, you will be glad to know that the light leghorn hats of the family may be successfully bleached at home, and by the very same methods which are employed by those who make bleaching and pressing their business.

The first and "regular" method is that of bleaching with sulphur. This method is best pursued out of doors. Get a barrel, place in the bottom a tin pan, in which is some charcoal, and 5 or 10 cents' worth of sulphur.

First wash your hat with butter-milk, rub it thoroughly, then tie a string from side to side, so that you can suspend it inside the top of the barrel. Light the charcoal and cover the barrel closely with carpet or any heavy material, leave it until the charcoal burns out and the fumes of the sulphur have done their work thoroughly. You will find the hat as white as though it had come from a professional bleacher.

The second or "irregular" method is easier and quicker, but I would not advise its use in the case of an especially fine or expensive hat, as it is more injurious to the material, but for ordinary leghorns and straws, good for but one more season's use, it is very satisfactory and as inexpensive as the others.

Take a few grains of oxalic acid and dissolve them in soft water, or a weak solution of oxalic acid may be had at the drug store. This acid is poisonous and if left upon paper, clothing or the hands will, if at all strong, eventually eat its way through fabric or skin. The solution, therefore, must be weak.

Use a stiff brush and scour the hat with the solution till white. This will not only clean but bleach the straw. Next rinse it in clear, soft water and press into shape.

The pressing may be done by inserting a piece of stiff pasteboard inside the rim of the crown, or, better still, by putting a cloth over an inverted pail or similar tin. Leave it till nearly dry; then press the crown by laying a cloth over it and ironing it over the tin, and the rim may be ironed upon the table in the same manner, always having a cloth between the iron and straw.

A medium or dark-colored hat may be made a good shade of black by applying several coats of good shoe polish with a stiff brush, but a white hat can only be colored black by dyeing. To accomplish this, first clean the hat by leaving it over night in a solution of cooking soda, one ounce of soda to a half-gallon of soft water. Rinse thoroughly in the morning and put at once into the dye, as the straw must be wet in order to take the color. To make the dye, dissolve a package of dye in sufficient water to cover the hat well, and add one teaspoonful of salt for each quart of water. Let the hat boil for an hour in the dye, remove from fire and let it cool in the dye, then rinse and place to dry. When nearly dry press as already directed.

Hats of various shades may be colored to match a suit by an easy process, which does not destroy the shape, if the contrast in color is not too great. To do this dissolve a package of dye of the shade required in a little alcohol and add a half-pint of shellac varnish. Apply with a stiff brush. More alcohol and less varnish will make the hat more pliable; the proportion must be determined by the nature of the straw.

If the black hat, when dyed, lacks luster, it may be brushed over with a solution of one-half ounce of bonnet glue in one pint of water.—Chicago Record.

### An Exclusive View.

"So you've taken to cycling at last, have you?"

"How did you find that out?"

"I saw you on your wheel yesterday."

"By Jove! I'm glad to hear that; all the rest of my friends happened to see me when I was off."—Richmond Dispatch.

### SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Aluminum fellows in bicycles are regarded by some makers as an improvement on wood.

A fabric woven of spider's thread is more glossy than that from the silk worm's product, and is of a beautiful golden color.

A curious fact has been noted by arctic travelers, snow when at a very low temperature absorbs moisture and dries garments.

Experiments are being made in the German army with the use of an aluminum pontoon. It can easily be carried by four men.

Iron has been for ages a favorite medicine. Nearly a hundred different preparations of iron are now known to the medical chemists.

North Carolina diamonds are usually associated with intacolumite, or flexible sandstone, quite plentiful in certain parts of that state.

It is now proposed in England to drive tram cars by power derived from huge springs, which can be wound while the whole is in motion or otherwise.

If it were not for the salts of the ocean, the whole sea would soon become a mass of corruption, owing to the decay of the organic matter it contains.

Beautiful specimens of the anchorites or tormaline, have been found in Maine and elsewhere in New England. This gem is said to have been found in North Carolina also.

The limit for the construction of the new bridge across the Hudson at New York City, is fixed at \$25,000,000. It will probably be a center-bridged suspension bridge, supported by twelve cables.

Although a rubber horseshoe has been invented for use on icy pavements, nothing satisfactory seems to have been found for horses compelled to travel upon wet asphalt. It is noticeable that horses accustomed to asphalt learn the trick of stepping carefully, as men learn to walk with stiffened ankles on ice.

A Canadian company has put up an electric furnace for heating bar iron intended to be converted into horseshoe nails. The bar of iron is slid into the furnace, which consists of a carbon tube, two feet six inches long and two inches in diameter. The current is then passed through the carbon, the iron is rapidly heated, and five feet of the bar are brought to the proper temperature per minute.

### The Russian Thistle.

The plan of campaign against the Russian thistle resolves it self into one of stamping out the pest, root and branch, rather than attempting the half-hearted task of keeping it within bounds. It is like a thief; give it an inch and it will take an ell. It has been reported that the thistle has shown a disposition to loosen the hold it has obtained upon the land in some localities. Just how this may be we are not prepared to say, but it is extremely doubtful that this state of things should ever become at all general. When the Russian thistle goes it will be at the behest of man, and that behest will have to be backed up by a wonderfully vigorous and thoroughly systematic effort at putting the pest down at every point and by every means at command. No man has yet been able to point the way to do this. The unsettled state of affairs in the West, practically ever since the advent of the thistle, has had very much to do with the utter lack of any system that should have for its object the wiping out of the scourge. Until some regular plan of campaign has been formulated, however, it will be in order for every man to fight his own battles as best he can. The present year should witness a more serious attention to the matter of fighting the Russian thistle. It must be handled without gloves.—Nebraska Farmer.

### How Cloth Gets Shiny.

Cloth, of either hard or soft finish, will wear shiny when made into clothing, because of the dirt and grease it collects by coming into contact with articles that have not been cleaned. It is obvious then, that to remove the shine the clothing should be thoroughly cleaned of the accumulated grease and dirt. Sponging with alcohol, naphtha or chloroform will remove all but deeply-seated stains of this character. Lay the article on an ironing board and sponge always downward with the weave of the cloth, and change the sponging rag frequently. If the stains are deep, they may be concealed by sponging the cloth at least once a week with damp coffee grounds, and then brushing dry.