

According to the Chicago Tribune the race between corn and coal for the honor of being the cheaper material for fuel is interesting this year.

A statistician reports in the Journal des Debats that 12,000,000 newspapers are printed annually on this little planet of ours. The total number of paper mills is 3,985.

The canned and corned horse industry is not so new as is generally believed. For the past three years an establishment for killing and packing horses has been in operation near Hammond, Ind.

All of the states, kingdoms, principalities, empires, etc., of Europe (except Russia) and all of the United States, including Alaska, could be placed side by side in Siberia, and yet but little more than cover that immense country.

M. Dupuy Dutems, French Minister of public works, impressed by the recent railway accidents in that country has ordered a close inspection of the permanent way, especially at the points and level crossings. He also proposes to put an end to the system of firing engine-drivers for unpunctuality and rewarding them for making up lost time by greater speed.

In Spain exemption from military service may be obtained by the payment of 1,500 pesetas. The other day a worthy man presented a petition to the Queen Regent, stating that he had already paid 15,000 pesetas for ten of his sons and requesting that he might be excused from paying for the other fourteen, as he had no money left. His request was granted.

W. E. Curtis writes from Tokio that most of the bookkeepers and cashiers employed in Japanese business houses are Chinamen, who are given the preference for such positions because of their honesty. It is said that a Chinaman will cheat if he gets a chance, but if intrusted with money he keeps it safely, and if in making a promise he utters the words "can do" those words are as good as a bond. The manager of a Hong Kong bank declared recently, after forty years of active business life, that he had never known of a Chinese defaulter.

Says a London paper: Furious cycling may, as the doctors say, have a deleterious effect on the spine, on the heart and on the nervous system, but at least it seems to leave the stomach unimpaired. There was a 24 hours' bicycle race at Aston the other day, and a local rider named Winchurche carried off the prize in more ways than one. In the course of the day he consumed, according to the local papers, "six chickens, two stewed shins of beef, two 16-ounce jars of bovril, six pounds tomatoes, five pounds grapes, four pounds pears, a basket of apricots, fifty bananas, eggs, custards, jellies, a pint of port wine, a pint of sherry, champagne, milk and chocolate." Mr. Winchurche's gastronomic feat overshadows the other.

The Chicago News says that 100 years ago Dartmouth College consisted of a wooden building 150 feet long, 50 feet wide and 36 feet high. English grammar and arithmetic were text books in the sophomore year. Princeton, the greatest Presbyterian college, was a huge stone edifice, its faculty consisting of a president, vice-president, one professor, two masters of languages and seventy students. Harvard University had four brick buildings; the faculty consisted of a president and six professors, and in its halls thronged one hundred and thirty to one hundred and sixty students. Yale boasted of one brick building and a chapel "with a steeple 125 feet high." The faculty was a president, a professor of divinity and three tutors. The greatest Episcopal college in the United States was William and Mary's. It was under royal and state patronage and was, therefore, more substantially favored than most of our American schools. At this time, it is said in a curious old state report, the college was a building of three stories, "like a brick kiln," and had thirty gentlemen students. The students lodged in dormitories, ate at the "commons" and were satisfied with what we would consider prison diet. Breakfast, a small can of coffee, a biscuit, about an ounce of butter. Dinner, one pound of meat, two potatoes and some vegetables. Supper, bread and milk. The only unlimited supply furnished was cider, which was passed in a can from mouth to mouth. The days were spoken of as boll day, roast day, stew day, etc.

Silk to Silk and Flax to Flax.
The weaver stays his shuttle's moan
To rend the alien thread,
That ruins with its fatal tons
The beauty of the red.
Its coarse, discordant, ugly tracks
No gloss nor grace can screen,—
Silk to silk and flax to flax,
Clown may not mate with queen,
And lives are marred when two shall tread
With ill-assorted feet
The ways through life's dense narrows led,
And steps jar as they meet.
Such heart-beseeching, soulless tracks
No outward gloss can screen,—
Silk to silk and flax to flax,
Clown may not mate with queen.
—Mac St. John Bramhall in Demorest's.

"A BIT O' MEADER."

BY LOUISE R. BAKER.

Old Davy King stood in his doorway laughing. To look at the broad wheat fields surrounding the farm house, to take in a sweep of the corn waving in the summer breeze, to watch the flock of turkeys sunning themselves in the lane—all these things were enough to make an old man laugh, but Davy King was looking inside the house as he stood in the kitchen doorway.

"They're thinkin' about bringin' the subject up in meetin'; what you think o' that, mother? Better be concentratin' their thoughts on gittin' the wheat crop stacked before the rain, hah? Howsomever, they got plenty o' time a-Sundays." Again the old man laughed.

Some one inside the kitchen laughed, too, a shrill, contagious little laugh.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the old man.

"He, he, he!" shouted little Davy.

Mrs. King did not speak until little Davy's laugh had died away in the kitchen; then she said decidedly, as she took two apple pies from the cupboard and laid them upon the brown table cloth spread for the mid-day meal: "I don't see the sense o' neighbors continually peekin' an' bickerin' at one another fer nothin', and it don't do no good, fur's I can see, to learn a little feller five years old ter like sech things. Some folks say as it'll be all the same in a hundred years, anyways."

"Wal," remarked old Davy, dryly, "I reckon even in a hundred years once upon a time Davy King will have had the biggest right a-goin' in the bit o' meader yonder, hah?"

"'Twouldn't hurt to give 'em the road," said Mrs. King.

"They can drive through it; I ain't a-hinderin'; but the gates is got to stand."

"Sam Dove, he's willin' to give the road through the whole of his farm, didn't you say?" inquired Mrs. King.

"Yes," replied old Davy, "Sam's ready to act the big man all round. He lied on me up to the polls; give it out as I was thinkin' one way and votin' t'other fer spite. I reckon as I'm thinkin' and actin' one way about the road; I'm thinkin' they will run no public road through the meader, and I'm fixin' up the gates; them two things correspond purty good together."

"You ain't goin' to give 'em the road, are you, grandpapa?" cried little Davy's shrill voice.

"You hear that!" exclaimed Mrs. King.

"He's a chip o' the old block, sure, the boy is," said the old man proudly. "After my time you ain't gunno let 'em have it neither, air you, honey?"

"You bet I ain't, said little Davy.

"The neighbors is a God-fearin' lot of customers, little Davy," said the old man, solemnly; "and they've got a prominent matter to bring up at the next meetin'. Has a old fool named King a right to prevent a public road from goin' through his bit o' meader? The county ain't much bent on patronizin' such a road, but they're thinkin', no doubt, about kickin' old King out o' the meetin' house; they're wantin' a lively time a-Sabbath well as on a Saturday night."

"Now, to come to the pint under discussion," continued the old man. "Your grandmother thar, little Davy, thinks as the old fool ought to hand over the land and run a fence on to t'other side to keep the stock off the new public road. What do you think o' it?"

"I'd keep my bit o' meader," said small Davy, bringing his hands together with an enthusiastic clap. "I wouldn't let the cap'n ride over me, grandpapa."

The old man had shoved back his chair from the table; he was standing in the door again; the expression of his face had changed somewhat; it had assumed that gentleness that one one likes to see in an old man.

"Wal, I dunno, Davy," he said, "as I'd be so hard on the folks if Sam Dove weren't in it. I've lived among 'em all my life and six o' 'em's gunno

carry me to the grave. But they're sort o' took up Sam Dove as a leader. Hullo, thar, you shet that gate!"

The old man's voice rose into a perfect roar as he uttered the last words; his eyes grew furiously angry. "You shet that gate," he called again, "or go round by the pike; that ain't no public road."

"He's done shut it," said the small boy, peering down toward the meadow.

"Can you make him out, honey?" asked old Davy. "One o' the cap'n's men, wern't he?"

"No," said the small boy, truthfully; "'twasn't nobody but a colored boy."

"I thought you was gunno raise the roof off the house, the way you holored," remarked Mrs. King evenly. "If Cap'n Dove can spare a two-mile road I should think you could let the bit o' meadow go; besides, folks is feared to pass through on account o' the Darm."

"The Darm ain't gunno hurt nobody," said old Davy, "thar ain't no more harm in him than in a colt. If they set down on the Darm at the meetin' I'll have my say about Dove's dogs."

The old man was sitting in the doorway now, the small boy close beside him. "Wal," he said, speaking to himself, "leavin' the cap'n out, they ain't a bad set o' folks. Ef they'd been satisfied with the fust arrangement, and taken nothin' but the strip o' woods from Dove, they could a had the bit o' meader. But I ain't gunno give a piece o' road that's as necessary as the whole big bit, and have it said that Dove give the people the road."

"He's mighty little and peaked; is that what you're thinkin' o' father?"

Mrs. King's calm voice somehow seemed to startle the old man. "No," he cried roughly; "I ain't thinkin' o' nothin' o' the kind. He's big enough fer five year old."

"Johnny were bigger," said Mrs. King. "He had stouter limbs an' weren't so pny in the body. Davy most skeers me when he's undressed. Johnny were bigger in every way."

Mrs. King gathered the little boy into her arms, the old man helping her tenderly. "He's a mighty light weight," she said anxiously; "mebbe as Benjamin Stone were thisaways; I dunno; I think o' I was you, and wanted to raise the boy, I'd let 'em have the bit o' meader."

The old man closed his lips tightly for an instant; then he spoke gravely. "You've got a lot o' foolish notions in yer head, mother," he said. "I lamored you more'n once, but it didn't do no good. I let Jim Coombes have them seed taters, when I knowed he weren't gunno pay fer 'em, and I got that there colored man off without a trial. But you didn't raise Johnny."

"He weren't so little and peaked as this'n, said Mrs. King unreasonably.

"Wal, mother, I ain't gunno do no manner o' foolish things skeerin' myself about the boy," said the old man impatiently. "The Lord's give him to us, whether to keep or not I can't say; but I know fer one thing Sam Dove ain't gunno pint no fun at me about the meader road on account o' a little feller like that. No, they ain't gunno git the bit o' meader that-away through little Davy. Mebbe after awhile they can put in a good flyin' machine to carry 'em over an' the cap'n can give the whole o' the road sure enough an' run the flyin' machine into the bargain."

"You're bound fer to keep the Darm in the meader?"

To this question old Davy answered testily: "The Darm's got as good a right to the meader as you and I have to the house. I don't buy animals to pen 'em up in the barn or stake 'em round the place. The meader's a mile long and if thar ain't room in it fer the Darm and the road, too, why, the road can go. I ain't too much fer accommodation anyhow. Them dogs o' Dove's'll worry the bull mad some day. I'd a shot the bull mad dead if he'd a bit Davy."

"He wern't thinkin' o' bitin' the child," repeated Mrs. King. "John Peter says as he b'lieves the dog were laughin'."

The following morning old Davy busied himself measuring the bit of meadow in order to satisfy himself in regard to the exact amount of land that his neighbors coveted. He was vastly amused by the gracious "Good mornings" of the passing neighbors, their gay remarks about the weather and the glorious promise in the waving wheat.

"They think as I'm measurin' it fer the use o' the public, jest to see how much I'm abandin' over," said old Davy to the little white-haired boy, who kept close at his heels. "It ain't such a bit after all, Davy; thar's two hills in it an' a holler."

"And a crick," cried Davy, enthusiastically.

"Yes, and a crick that can rise and spile the whole road for a spell," said the old man, cheerfully. "Tain't sech a little thing now. The road commissioners would have to put up a bridge, the county a-payin' fer it. Wal, wal, the cap'n may help along his man runnin' fer office, but I'll keep the county from a-layin' out a pile o' money on the new public road."

Two hills and a hollow creek were, indeed, to be found in the bit of meadow land that the church people were talking over in meeting with the minister not on the side of a new public road.

Old King got in the habit of paying daily visits to the meadow; he liked to make out who the people were who quarreled every time they had to shut the gates, and he liked to see them stare about to see if the Darm was in sight, for tales had been growing in regard to the Darm.

"Jest about as playful as a calf runnin' 'roun' its mother," soliloquized Davy Sr., watching his property down in the meadow enveloped in a cloud of dust of his own raising. "He ain't old enough yet to turn into bull meat. But Dove best keep his dogs from worryin' the critter if he don't wunt 'em tore to pieces. The little feller were goin' into the hound with a stick; he ain't afeared o' nothin', but thar won't be nobody fer to keep the Darm back of the dogs is in his way. Them dogs is with a heap o' money, the Cap'n brags, but the Darm ain't gunno stand back fer that. I reckon he thinks he's with more'n a onery dog."

The old man was standing at the outer gate one day when he beheld his enemy lead his horse through the other gate, pause a minute, then pull a rail from off the fence, leave the gate open behind him, his horse standing loose, and run full speed toward the creek. Then up the meadow, flying along at breakneck speed, now pausing an instant to horn the sod, Davy King beheld the Darm.

"One o' them dogs," he muttered, and then he raised his voice and yelled, "You shet that gate, will you!"

But the Cap'n did not heed if he heard. "That bull's with more'n a onery dog. You teich the Darm, and I'll have the law on you." Old King's trembling hands tore a rail off the fence beside him, and he too rushed for the hollow, shouting furiously that he'd kill the dog at the first lick.

Half way down the hill he stood still as if something had caught him and held him fast. Below him in the hollow he saw a tall figure standing waving a little red coat at the Darm. They brought the puny little grandson home in triumph to his grandmother, a number of neighbors passing through the bit of meadow in time to witness the cap'n's victory.

The boy had not a scratch upon his small person. He was declaring, through his tears, that he would have hit the Darm if he'd had come any nearer. He was furiously angry with Cap'n Dove for killing the Darm. They brought the old man more slowly and carefully, the cap'n tenderly holding up his head. The sudden shock had made him faint. He had had a bad shake-up, the cap'n said.

"Yes," muttered old Davy, feebly, while mother stroked his clammy hands. "I holored to him that I'd have the law on him if he struck the Darm, and then I seen the little feller. Yes," he added, with a weak smile, "they'll git the road after all through the little feller. You'll be pleased to have it thataway, I reckon." —Washington Star.

New York is a Big Place.

Two men who had been schoolmates in Kentucky met in Broadway on a recent morning.

"Hello!" said one, "I haven't seen you in ten years. Going to be here long? I'd like to talk over old times with you."

"Going to be here long?" repeated the other. "I've lived here for eight years. My office is in Broadway here. Are you just here on a visit?"

"Great Scott, no. This has been my home for six yerra. I've been here all that time. Funny we never met before, isn't it?"

And they agreed that New York was a big place. —New York Tribune.

Peculiarity of Russian Depots.

It is a peculiarity of Russian railways that their stations are generally two miles distant from the towns and villages which they serve. This is said to be on account of the danger of fire, the houses in small places generally being thatched with straw. —Detroit Tribune.

LADIES DEPARTMENT.

STYLISH HAIR DRESSING.

The tendency in hair dressing is towards extreme simplicity. It is considered bad taste to make any addition to the natural hair, and false frizzettes, puffs and switches are very little used. The most striking innovation of the season is a distinct parting of the hair in the middle from the forehead to the crown of the head. This may undoubtedly be traced to the influence of 1830 styles. For morning the hair is worn in some soft, fluffy way round the face. There is a slight fringe of hair over the forehead, but this fringe is parted in the middle, curling in on each side. —New York World.

A CALIFORNIA PRODUCT.

Miss Edith Dadami of California is only seventeen years old, five feet one and a quarter inches high, and weighs only 128 pounds, but this don't prevent her from being able to pick up a sack of barley weighing 125 pounds and toss it into the farm wagon—just by the way of amusement, be it understood, for Miss Edith Dadami, when she is not breaking a wild mustang or driving a gang-plow team, sings and plays the piano with any drawing-room belle of them all. She is not a little of an artist, and is a needle-woman of great skill. She can lasso a steer or a wild or unbroken horse like a regular cowboy; she can tell a horse's age and value by looking at him, can milk and make butter, doubtless, and can beat a Philadelphia cooking school graduate at the mysteries of the cuisine. With all these accomplishments she has committed the folly of falling in love.

ACCOMMODATING FASHIONS.

Attention has frequently been drawn to the very accommodating nature of prevailing fashion. All sorts of notions and et ceteras which provide great variety without corresponding outlay are not only permitted us, but Fashion herself has gone out of her way to devise such notions, as, for instance, the sleeve with its huge overhanging puff at the top, and the close-fitting shape from elbow to wrist, which is so constructed that the lower half can be easily removed, and when a long glove replaces that half a very smart appearance is imparted to the gown. A dress of handsome black crepon, with bodice of black satin, looked a very simple toilet, but with the lower half of the sleeve removed and replaced with long white kid gloves stitched black, and worn with a white satin sailor collar with immense revers trimmed with jet lace insertion bands, dark crimson roses being thrust into the folded belt, the gown was completely metamorphosed. This same dress did duty on another occasion. This time the gloves were soft almond-colored suede, the bodice was decorated back and front with adjustable straps of willow-green satin ribbon covered with black guipure insertion. There was also a removable neckband of satin and guipure with rosettes, and at the waist the ribbon was passed through a buckle of French brilliants, tied at the back on long loops, the ends falling quite to the hem of the gown. —New York Post.

PROFESSIONAL BEAUTIES NO MORE.

Mme. Duse is preserving in London the privacy of her sojournings in all other cities. She walks down Piccadilly without any recognition, and she avoids all large social functions. At one or two little "at homes" she has been conspicuous by her silence, even when surrounded by sworn admirers. In hotels she avoids making acquaintances with her fellow-guests, but if the porter has a child Mme. Duse delightedly secures a playmate and companion for hours. No portrait of Mme. Duse is anything like an advertisement of her; so she safely comes and goes without recognition. As her temperment has always been against publicity off the stage, and her present health makes any society obligations too great a fatigue for her this is fortunate. She might otherwise have come in for some of that English mania for lionizing, which, by the ordinary laws of recurrence, must be now about due. The Gannings, in the last century, outlived their wonderful popularity, to their own relief, one supposes; for it must have been awkward to have a crowd waiting all night under your bedroom windows, and humiliating to see the boots you sent to be soled exhibited by an enterprising shoemaker to an enthusiastic populace at a fee. The professional beauty, too, of ten or twenty years ago is a deserted deity. Few thoughts go to Mrs. Wheeler in illness; the photograph of Mrs. Corn-

wallis West is never seen; and even country cousins turn no heads to look after Mrs. Langtry in the park. So the times are ripe for new goddesses; and Mme. Duse, had she cared, might have been one of these.—The New Budget.

WOMEN AS INVENTORS.

A pamphlet recently published by the United States patent office gives a list of the patents issued to women by the government. The pamphlet is supplementary to those published heretofore, and brings the list of such issue up to March 1 last. The office was established in 1790 and the first patent issued to a woman in 1899 to Mary Kies, for a method of weaving straw with silk or thread. Six years later one was issued to Mary Brush for a corset. It was not until 1828 that more than one patent per year was issued to women. In 1862 only fourteen patents were issued to women, that being the largest in any year up to that time. The war however developed the inventive genius of women, and the annual number of patents issued to them increased rapidly. Many of them were for inventions for either fighting or nursing devices. The annual issue increased steadily year by year. In 1870, it was sixty, in 1880 over ninety-two, in 1890 over 200, and in 1893 over 300. From 1899 to 1888 women inventions averaged thirty a year; from 1888 to 1892 250 a year, and since 1892, 280 a year.

The pamphlet gives a classification of women's inventions. This shows that wearing apparel leads the list, with 160 different patents in thirty months. Then come cooking utensils with 100 inventions, furniture with thirty-five, heating and washing or cleaning apparatus with forty odd each, sewing and spinning devices and building apparatus with about thirty each; educational, medicinal apparatus, toys and trunks about twenty each. Other things in which women have tried their inventive faculties are baby carriages, barrel and bicycle attachments, printing and bottling apparatus, boxes and baskets, clocks, flowers, horseshoes, motors, musical instruments, plumbing and preserving devices, screens, stationery, theatrical apparatus, toilet articles and typewriter attachments.

Few of the patents issued to women were for entirely new creations. Excluding those especially concerning women's work, nearly all of the other patents were for attachments to some previously existing device.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FASHION NOTES.

Striped and glace velvets will be used for handsome waists and fitted blouses.

Shot velvet and rich wide ribbons pen de soie will be very fashionable on winter hats.

Among the black crepons for autumn are those having a tiny stripe in a brilliant color.

Among the new fashionable gray-blue dyes the shade named Napoleon finds greatest favor.

Opal and fine gold beads are intermixed with jet on trimmings used for elegant evening toilets.

Changeable and Dresden effect in ribbons both for dress and millinery uses continue to be highly favored.

Very often the new coats, in blazer fashion, and with strapped seams open over blouse vests, of checked silk like that which trims the coats.

Some of the elegant taffeta silks have green and gold shot backgrounds patterned with small brilliant Persian or chine figures in shaded effects.

The latest fancy is to brush the hair straight back from the forehead and wave it into a soft flat knot at the back of the head—the kind of a knot that does not protrude, but seems to follow the shape of the head.

A sleeve that is wide enough for a small child's petticoat is none too large for present demands, and the newest sleeves are nothing less than startling as regards size even to eyes accustomed to the exaggerated styles of seasons past.

A very handsome French crepon just completed for the wife of a United States senator is in pale cream yellow, the trimming of wide black velvet ribbon overlaid with very elegant cream-colored Venetian guipure lace insertion about an inch less in width than the ribbon.

The pointed revers and deep collars on some of the new cloth jackets are faced with shepherd's-check taffeta silks, cream and brown checks are on tan-colored box coats, and black and white mixtures on black diagonal jackets. Green and gray combinations are also seen and blue and white or cream and violet.