

Times change. This year all the county fairs have X rays, bicycle races and the magaphone as purely agricultural exhibits.

The British authorities in India have been obliged to discontinue the bounties on dead snakes, because the natives went into the business of breeding the reptiles on a large scale in order to secure the reward.

One curious result of the fall in cereals and other products is to render obsolete the cable codes used by shippers and speculators. Prices have gone under the lowest figures which were thought to be possible when the codes were compiled.

The development of the railroad, the bicycle, and other substitutes for the horse has brought about a peculiar condition of affairs. In North Dakota, Montana, Northern Idaho, and Washington, there are one hundred and twenty-five thousand horses roaming around the prairies, and eating the grass that might be used profitably in feeding cattle and sheep. The horses are practically valueless, and the owners are helpless.

The British Government is about to copy a leaf out of Uncle Sam's book in regard to the consular service and the assistance which it can render the commercial interests of the country in providing reports on the state of trade and labor, and the class of merchandise which would be likely to meet a ready market in each particular district. Europe is to be mapped out into four districts, each under the control of a commercial attaché, whose duty it will be to forward systematic reports from his district. Asia is apparently to be treated in the same manner, as consuls are to be sent out to the recently opened ports of Japan and China.

A German gentleman one day received a telegram from the proprietor of a hotel in the South of France, informing him of the death of his aunt, and asking for particulars as to the disposal of the body. The gentleman begged that the body might be sent to Cologne, and, after telegraphing to the deceased's relatives to assemble in that city, traveled thither himself. In due time the coffin arrived. On being opened, it was found to contain the body, not of an aunt, but of a Russian general in full uniform. Further telegrams elicited the information that the coffin containing the body of the deceased lady had been forwarded in error to the relatives of the Russian general at St. Petersburg. Urgent telegrams were despatched to St. Petersburg, and after three days of anxious waiting this answer was received: "Your aunt has been interred with full military honors."

In the North American Sir Walter Besant discusses in a very interesting way the "Future of the Anglo-Saxon Race." He begins with the well established proposition that wherever the Anglo-Saxon goes he absorbs—he is never absorbed. He is a restless and masterful creature. He is never content with what he has, and is both individually and collectively grasping more and more property and power. The Anglo-Saxon possessions at this moment take in 120,000,000 of people who speak English as their native tongue, without counting the Hindus, who are fast acquiring it. The English speaking race in the sixteenth century did not number more than five millions, but they have come to stay, and where they are located they are destined to remain. The Anglo-Saxon absorbs foreign races like the French, Dutch, German, Italian and the Norwegians. The remarkable fact is that in a hundred years the English speaking race has leaped up from 20,000,000 to 120,000,000 and has extended its possessions to something like the fifth part of the habitable globe. The English speaking race is one great empire and one great republic. The advantage, so far as position and strength go, seems to be with America. While all the States that have come out of Great Britain have had to create their own form of Government, every one has become practically a republic. In the beginning, the development and the present position of the Anglo-Saxon race, there are six great countries, two fully grown, the United States and England, and four, Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand, practically only in their infancy. The future of this race is one of the greatest and most fascinating problems, adds the Atlanta Journal. It is not an idle boast that English will one day, in all probability, be the language of the great mass of the human family, and that there will be as National power on earth which will compare in strength with those of the Anglo-Saxon.

### Memory Children.

I see them when eye-time cometh,  
Where misted meadows glow—  
The beautiful fair-haired children  
From fields of long ago.  
Swiftly they gather about me,  
Each with a rose in her hand,  
And glints of gold in their tresses  
Of a far-off, sun-kissed land.  
But they will not stay—the children—  
The I fondly call each by name,  
Fades where the misted meadows  
Border on seas of flame;  
And singing still as they vanish,  
Calling me fondly by name,  
The beautiful fair-haired children  
That seem forever the same.  
Some times in the care-worn faces  
I pass on the busy street,  
I see a look of the children—  
A gleam of their smiling sweet,  
I long to say as they pass me,  
Dear hearts, let us not forget  
The love and trust of our child-time  
Will keep us like children yet.

Pray God, when my eye-time cometh,  
The gray of life's afterglow,  
The beautiful fair-haired children  
From meadows of long ago  
May gather blithely about me,  
A star-eyed and laughing throng,  
Voicing the hush of my eye-time  
With faint, sweet echoes of song.  
—Sophie Fox Sea, in Iowa State Register.

### Farnsworth's Revenge.

In all Singleton there was not a prettier girl than Bessie Wells. With the moderation of this statement her many admirers would doubtless quarrel; but, since the fact of their being admirers exposes them to a suspicion of partiality, the first limited claim shall suffice. Very pretty she was, then, and endowed by nature with an inexhaustible fund of gaiety, forever welling up from the light heart, to sparkle in the sunny, hazel eyes, and dimple about the ripe red lips.

But, beside all this—partly, perhaps, in consequence of it—Miss Bessie was a flirt. Unfortunately, there can be no question upon the subject. Never a city belle has been more thoroughly versed in wiles and witcheries than was this village beauty, who counted her victims by the score, and whose rustic coquetries were so many meshes for the hearts of the unwary. Yet the girl was not cruel, nor even deliberate, in her mischief. It was constitutional—instinctive—like the sport of the kitten with her mouse. This impulse of fascination seemed as natural, and often as unconscious, as the drawing of her breath. If harm came of it, she was ready to shed piteous tears, and be everlastingly sorry—for five minutes—after which the smile came out once more, and she began to weave fresh snares. So it was, and so it was likely to be, until her own heart should be held in the bonds of a strong, real love; the only lasting spell of such a nature.

Among Bessie's suitors, Will Farnsworth undoubtedly had the advantage, if resolute persistence could avail to win the prize. Energetic and determined, he had no thought of yielding to despair until such a signification became absolutely necessary—which certainly was not yet. For, if a negative hope be worth anything, Will's case was far from hopeless, since his sweetheart at least afforded little encouragement to his rivals. Wherefore he kept a stout heart, under the conviction that, as long as her liking belonged to no other, there was a chance of its some day becoming his own.

Such was the young man's theory, from which, hitherto, he had derived a good deal of comfort. But, in the summer about to be recorded, he seemed in danger of witnessing its inverse demonstration after a fashion not at all to his taste. That Bessie Wells had at length found her match the young men and maidens of Singleton agreed; so did the elder village gossips, whose time and tongues might have been more usefully employed; and, last but not least, in view of its vital importance to his own happiness, so did poor Will himself. And it certainly did look very much as if the little coquette had surrendered to Alfred Gaines, the young city gentleman who occupied the "parlor chamber" in the widow Wells' pleasant, white cottage. Not only had he become her constant attendant at all the rustic merry-makings, but, day after day, the two might be seen strolling throughout the sunny, dewy mornings, over meadow and woodland, with smiles on their lips and flowers in their hands, or passing away the long and lovely twilights, among the woodbine and climbing roses that twined around the pillars and swung from the roof of the cozy cottage-porch. And, all the while, people talked and speculated; the girls envied Miss Bessie; the boys hated Mr. Gaines—and Will Farnsworth was miserable.

For a time he kept away from the house, but finally absence grew too heavy a burden for endurance, and, at

the risk of increasing his unhappiness, he resolved to see her. For once she was not in the porch, nor yet within, where he sought her, unsuccessfully, until directed by Mrs. Wells to the garden. Turning his steps thither, he presently came upon a picture which, however charming from an artistic point of view, was anything but pleasing to the unappreciative gaze at that moment bent upon it. Standing beside Bessie, Alfred Gaines held her in the swing with one arm, while the other was stretched upward in the endeavor to gain something which, with both hands, she held away from him. Both were laughing, but not too heartily to hear the rustle made by the intruder, as, in turning quickly, his hand hit and shook a low-drooping apple-bough that fell across the path. Recognizing him in the clear moonlight, Bessie started so violently as to throw her head against Mr. Gaines' shoulder, but for which, and the encircling arm, she would have fallen to the ground. Immediately recovering herself, however, she drew away from him into a patch of shadow near by, leaving Will no choice but to advance, with a very hot and uncomfortable sense of false position, indicated by his first words.

"Good-evening," he began, doubtfully, addressing no one in particular—"I hope I'm not intruding?"

Beyond a corresponding salutation Bessie made no reply, but her companion was not so reticent.

"On the contrary," he said with a mischievous laugh, glancing toward the girl—"you are extremely welcome—to me, at least. I have quite worn myself out with swinging Miss Bessie—whose weight is really something surprising!—and shall be glad to find so able a substitute."

But, with a saucy retort, Bessie declared herself tired of the sport, and the party sought the porch. Here, however, it was no better. A spell of mischief seemed to hold Bessie, who could not or would not talk, but sat silently weaving a wreath of rosebuds with the ivy that entwined one of the rustic pillars. Chilled with this cold reception, Will very soon rose to go, but, making one last effort, he said, hurriedly:

"Bessie, won't you walk down to the gate with me? I've a message for you."

Slowly and reluctantly the girl complied, stopping short at the gate, and asking, coldly:

"Well, what's your message? I shall be taking cold here."

Now Will's message was some unimportant trifle which might as well have been reserved for another time, and, having heard it, she tossed her head, saying:

"Oh, is that all? I'll go back, then. Good night."

"Well, go back!" said Will, fiercely, as she turned away—"go back to him, if you want to, but I swear—"

"What do you mean?" she cried, half frightened by the savage whisper, the abrupt stop, seeming to mask some terrible meaning, and the desperate, passionate face revealed by the moonlight—"What were you saying—please, Will?"

She took a step toward him, just touching his arm with her hand, but he shook it off, and muttering—"No matter—I'll not keep you here," pulled open the gate, and walked down the lane without a single backward glance. Bessie, after watching him out of sight, returned with a rather troubled face.

Will's intention had been to solicit Bessie's company for a sail which was to come off the next day, on Brant pond, but the coldness of her reception had checked his purposes. Nevertheless she was there; all life and gaiety as usual, and as usual also accompanied by Alfred Gaines. Will was there, too, for, as the best sailor, his skillful management could not be spared from the boat. But, silent and busy, he had very little to do with Bessie, who in the other end of the boat, laughing and chatting, amused herself by unsuccessful snatches after floating water-lilies. Presently Mr. Gaines volunteered his assistance, reached far out, lost his balance and fell, just as Will Farnsworth, perceiving his peril, gave a shout of warning.

"And he cannot swim!" cried Bessie, in trembling dismay. Before the words were spoken, Will had made ready for the rescue.

"Oh, Will!" sobbed Bessie, in a tone that betrayed her heart, as she saw his purpose. He gave her one look, and plunged in. Gaines had sunk twice before he could reach him, and was just going down for the last time when a strong hand caught him, held him and bore him in safety to the boat. His exhaustion was complete, and, when somewhat revived, he was placed in one of the smaller boats, rowed ashore and carried home by Will Farnsworth, who quietly carried

on all the preparations without a word or look for Bessie, pale and silent in her seat.

Worn out as he was, Alfred Gaines was quite able to talk, and during their solitary ride to the Widow Wells' cottage he manifested his gratitude toward his preserver as best he might by certain statements to the effect that he was engaged to a cousin of Bessie; that he had known the latter from her childhood, and that, on his establishment in the household, he had entered into a playful compact to shield her, by an apparent devotion, from the unwelcome attentions of others, adding his own private conviction that the girl was fonder of Will than she would like to admit, and, girl-like, sought to freeze him into an unconsciousness of a feeling that frightened herself. To all of which the young man listened rather silently, promising compliance, however, when his companion entreated as a personal favor, that he would come to the cottage that evening, when he himself should be more fully recovered. The result of which strategy was that Will did come to find on the porch, not Alfred Gaines, but Bessie Wells, who, greeting him shyly, but sweetly, murmured:

"How kind it was, Will! How noble to risk your life for him—when you were—"

She stopped, blushing. The young man filled up the pause:

"When I was jealous of him? Yes, that I was, wickedly jealous—but, Bessie, must I be so, after this, of him or anybody? Tell me, Bessie darling, and he took her hand.

"Oh, Will! you are a great deal too good for me," she said. The tears were in her eyes, but she did not take away her hand, although feeling herself drawn closer and closer. I do not think that Will Farnsworth has ever regretted his revenge.

### Birds of Prey.

The manner in which vultures and other birds of prey gather whenever a carcass is left exposed is explained by Sir Samuel Baker, as follows. He writes: "When an animal is killed and skinned, before the operation is completed the first bird to appear is the wily and omnipresent crow; the next is the ordinary buzzard. Both these birds are near the surface of the earth, seeking their food with untiring energy. But although they may have great powers of scent, even they, in my opinion, are mainly guided by their acuteness of vision, as they are always on the alert, hunting in every direction, and in fact keeping a sharp lookout. The third arrival is the small, rednecked vulture. The bird descends from a great height. It is now most interesting to watch the concentration from all quarters of the compass. This is easily arranged by lying beneath a bush and shading the eyes while you gaze into the deep blue sky.

"It will appear to be all alive with the smallest flies, all moving, all hurrying and descending. These become rapidly larger and you are aware that they are vultures, collecting from such enormous altitudes that were a mountain top exposed it would be capped with everlasting snow.

"While you are straining your eyes to peer into these blue vaults you are startled by a tremendous rush, like the roar of a rocket. This is the descent, with closed wings, of some of the large bare-necked vultures, who have plunged like a plummet for some thousand feet, to share in the feast below. All these birds flying at high altitudes have been soaring upon tireless wings, never fatigued by motion, as they seldom flap, but only adjust themselves to the currents of air upon which they float; and having, with their extraordinary powers of sight, observed the hurry of smaller birds to some attractive point, they have at once directed their course to fulfill the biblical expression: 'Where the carcass is, there shall the eagle (vultures), be gathered together.'"

### Strength of Wire Rope.

Given an equal number of strands to make up the rope, and each of the same in circumference, it may be readily shown, says the Chicago Chronicle, that wire-twisted into rope form, will make a rope so strong as to admit of no comparison even with the best hemp rope. Twisted hempen cords will sustain 8,740 pounds, if the rope be one inch thick, but one-eighth of an inch in diameter of iron will sustain more than one inch in circumference of hemp rope. No rope, whatever its material, could bear comparison with an inch rope made of piano steel wire, such a rope being able to bear not less than 268,000 pounds, or nearly 120 tons, before it could be torn by a dead weight.



### BLIND WOMAN LAWYER.

Miss Christine Blanche Labarraque, a blind girl, who has been a study for the educators at Berkeley College, California, is going to be a lawyer. She will be the first blind girl lawyer in that State, and her determination to take up the profession of law has led to much discussion among those that have assisted in her college course. The young lady has had a remarkable career, and has been the subject of much comment because of her great learning.

### THE NEWEST SUNSHADE.

The latest Parisian sunshades are small. It is suggested that at the present rate of decrease we shall soon be using the tiny silk and lace togs of our grandmothers.

Those most popular at the present, however, are of rational size. A recent novelty is white, with flowers printed on its surface, such as convolvuli, poppies and the like, used with a handle whose color harmonizes with the flower and a knot incrustated with precious stones.—New York Journal.

### QUEENS AS MOTHERS.

The Queen of Spain looks upon the personal training of the young King as part of the business of a sovereign, and has rarely, since her widowhood, been absent from him for a single day. The Queen Regent of Holland has educated her daughter almost in solitude—a state of things which, it is rumored, the little Queen Wilhelmina promises herself one day to alter. The Empress of Germany is an equally devoted mother, and would possibly take a more active part in the destinies of her little sons if her somewhat autocratic consort permitted her to.

### "MURDERHATS."

A correspondent of the London Chronicle thus relieves her mind, that paper printing the letter with the above heading:

Sir: Mr. Ruskin tells us that the real meaning of the term "vulgar" is callousness, indifference to the feelings of others; and Cardinal Newman's famous description of a gentleman is summed up in the sentence, "One who never unnecessarily inflicts pain." According to these authorities, then, I think the wearing of the poor heron's plumes may justly be described as a vulgar fashion, and one unsuited to a lady. Yours faithfully,  
A LADY.

### SHE DESIGNS PAPER DOLLS.

The paper doll seems an insignificant article of trade, but its designing is a not altogether unimportant branch of art. One of the firms which is responsible for the brilliant-looking dancels who inhabit "play" houses in all well regulated nurseries has for its chief designer a young girl of sixteen—Marguerite Macdonald. When she was only thirteen the little girl began her career as a seller of designs, although for years before she had delighted her own circle of acquaintances with her handiwork. She is the daughter of a naval officer, and lives in Washington. She has received no instruction whatever beyond that afforded by the public schools, but her talent is so marked that she expects some day to be as successful in "regular" art as she now is in its toy department.

### THE "BIKE BOUQUET."

Two pretty new fashions have appeared recently, adding much to the brightness of our public gatherings. One is the adoption of white cycling habits by lady riders. They are beautifully cut, having the skirt a trifle fuller than the old riding habit, and the natty little coat finished by a pale-colored tie, which matches the ribbon on the white sailor hat. Thus attired, a pretty girl looks her very best. It is now the correct thing to carry a big posy of flowers fastened to the front of the bicycle, near the handle-bar. One damsel will have roses, white, red, pink or yellow; another cornflowers, another pinks, and so on. What a brilliant opportunity for devoted swains desirous of paying delicate yet not too obtrusive attentions! The

"bike bouquet" ought to have a distinguished reign.—New York Advertiser.

### SHE RUNS A SAWMILL.

A woman runs a sawmill in Maine, and the Lewiston Journal thus describes her: She doesn't run her sawmill at arm's length or in a dilettante fashion. No; Miss Clara M. Stimson of Houlton not only has had the practical experience in making boards and planks and shingles, but she applies it, and there are few mills in Maine where the employes are scrutinized more carefully by the proprietor than at the busy, screaming mill at Masardis, Aroostook county Me. Miss Stimson is a firm believer in the theory that any woman ought to do what she can do well, and make money by doing. She is a sawmill owner by choice.

"Now, I could make a living at dress-making," said she, as we sat in her cosy Houlton library the other day. "I know that the hats I would trim wouldn't have any sale, and as an artist I would have a struggle for bread and butter. But when we come to shingles and handling a crew of men, I claim, without egotism, I trust, that I know my business. If I didn't, I should have left the trade."

Shingle making comes to Miss Stimson as a natural heritage. Her father was a lumber manufacturer. When he died some years ago his daughter took up the business where he left off, and since then has handled that line along with other speculative operations with such energy and rare good judgment that she now is reckoned with the solid manufacturers of Aroostook.

Her lumber and shingles have earned a reputation in the markets now, but the plucky little woman found many discouragements at first. When she went away to Worcester, Mass., a few years ago, dealers, she says, were afraid of her. They couldn't understand the situation. The idea of a woman operating a shingle-making establishment evidently inspired them with as much apprehension as though she had come with a proposal to cut their hair and trim their whiskers. But she had samples, and she knew how to talk plainly, directly and eminently business-like. She said, "No, you don't know me, and I don't know you either. But you're buying shingles and I'm selling them. I back my shingles. I live in Houlton, Me., but I haven't any references. I won't ask any one for references and I don't think they amount to much. But my shingles are just what I say they are, and I warrant them to be so on the word of a woman with a desire to develop a business and make an honest dollar. Do you want to purchase?"

The dealer with whom she talked looked at the alert woman from Houlton, Me., and said that he believed he did. He bought, and has been a patron ever since. Her market now comes to her. Occasionally she makes a trip to the big cities when prices do not suit her, and she never fails to stir the dealers up to an appreciation of the quality of her goods.

### FASHION NOTES.

Skirts made in seven gores are very popular.

Side-combs are as stylish as ever, but are not so conspicuously worn as formerly.

Stockings with small pockets on the outer side, just above the knee, are shown in the shops.

Black etamine made up over a brilliant colored silk produces a handsome frock for matrons, either young or old.

The fohm needs the touch of an artist quite as much as the veil, as the folds must be arranged gracefully and the ends coquettishly twisted and fastened with fancy pins to make a success of this pretty article of dress.

For house gowns the princess reigns supreme in favor. The big Paris dressmakers are turning out costume after costume on this pattern. All shades of gray are eagerly sought, but the slate, the gris ardoise, as our French cousins have it, is perhaps the most popular.