

One dollar a log is what a Boston firm pays the Nicaraguan government for all taken from the mahogany forests and shipped to this country.

A man will die for want of air in five minutes, for want of sleep in ten days, for want of water in a week and for want of food at varying periods, dependent on circumstances.

Six secretaries of state have been elevated to the presidency. No other Cabinet position has graduated a president, although Monroe was Secretary of the Treasury as well as Secretary of state.

The Osage tribe of Indians now number only 1500 people, and yet they have \$9,000,000 invested in government bonds. Evidently the Red Man has taken on civilization in this particular instance.

It has been said that if the sea dried up the routes of the various Atlantic liners between this country and Europe could be clearly traced by the innumerable empty champagne bottles strewn along the ocean's bed.

The Chicago pension office, which pays pensioners in five States, reports an increase of 305 pensioners last year, but a falling off of \$1,000,000 in the amount paid. Among the new pensioners are six widows of soldiers who served in the Indian wars sixty years ago, and ten widows of Mexican war veterans. Young wives of old soldiers extend greatly the limits of payments.

The Chicago Timberman estimates that the agricultural implement manufacturers in the United States use a total of 1,418,293,750 feet of lumber annually, of which white pine, principally low grade stock for packing purposes, furnishes twenty per cent., ash nineteen per cent., oak nine per cent., yellow pine eight per cent., cotton wood eight per cent., poplar eight per cent., hickory seven per cent., maple seven per cent., elm, very largely rook elm, four per cent., and basswood one per cent.

A singular effect of nomenclature upon commerce has been pointed out by an English chemist. Nitrate of soda, an imported fertilizer, is much used by the farmers of Great Britain, while sulphate of ammonia, a home product at about the same price, is strangely neglected. The suggested explanation is that the name of the former chemical carries with it the idea of nitrogen. As sulphate of ammonia really contains twenty-five per cent. more nitrogen, it is proposed to change its trade name to "nitrogenous sulphate."

The Atlanta Journal has been gleaming some facts which are worthy of mention as an offset to pessimistic views regarding the economic future of the colored race. It appears that the colored people in Georgia pay taxes upon \$15,000,000 worth of property in the state, and upon nearly a million dollars' worth in Atlanta itself. In Fulton County alone, outside the city limits, the colored people own 1221 acres of land worth \$114,185. It is apparent from such figures as these that many of the colored people are possessed of grit and go.

Quite a queer case of *lesse majeste*, or high treason, was that of Adolf Hamburger, in Aachenburg, Prussia. During a discussion in the tailor-shop of his father he made a rude remark about crazy King Otto. One of those present was a deaf and dumb workman, who, of course, had not heard this remark, but who, noticing the look of consternation on the faces of the others, had it transcribed to him on a piece of paper. Several years passed and nothing came of it, until one day the deaf mute quarrelled with the son of his employer, and then went and denounced him. The court sent the young man to jail for six months.

Let me ask, says Andrew Carnegie, the rich iron founder, in a recent address, under what conditions does the employer of labor make profits and become prosperous? Only when labor is prosperous, is his reply, and in great demand; when wages are the highest, and when the demand for his products are the greatest. Then, and then only, is the employer prosperous. On the other hand, when labor is not fully employed and can be obtained for the lowest wages; when there is little demand for his products, then the employer can never be prosperous. In most cases he must not only make profits, but he must see his capital impaired month after month, he cannot gain, he must lose. Before the employer can be prosperous, prosperity must exist throughout the land.

Song of a Golden Curl.

Stay a little, golden curls—twinkling eyes of blue;
Stay and see the violets, for they are kin to you;
Linger where the frolic winds around the gardens race,
Cheeks like lovely mirrors where the red rose seeks its face.
"Sweet—sweet!"
All the birds are singing;
"Sweet—sweet!"
The blossom-bells are ringing;
Kisses from the red rose—
Kisses from the white,
Kissing you good morning,
And kissing you good night!

Stay a little, golden curls—brightening eyes of blue;
The violets are listening for the lovely steps of you;
The white rose bids you welcome, the red rose calls you sweet;
And the daisies spread a carpet for the falling of your feet.
"Sweet—sweet!"
All the birds are singing;
"Sweet—sweet!"
The blossom-bells are ringing;
Kisses from the red rose—
Kisses from the white,
Kissing you good morning,
And kissing you good night!

—Frank L. Stanton.

A Mountain Rose.

"I reckon it's true that there is at least one romance in every life. From personal knowledge I can only cite my own case, but I'll venture that there was never a good, strong story written that did not find its inspiration in truth."

The author of this oracular deliverance sat with his children and his grandchildren on one of those great, vine-shaded verandas that belong to every pretentious country home in Tennessee. He was a giant slowly going down under the weight of years, yet to live in the past was to recall some of its vigor. Now his eyes brightened, his form straightened, his broad shoulders went back and his voice was without a quiver.

"You look the picture of her," he said to the little tot on his knee as he stroked her curls. Then it took a request for the story to recall the old man from his dearest memory. "In those days," he began, "there was more family pride than there is now. Perhaps I should say that family prejudices were stronger. We had a caste as well defined as that in India. For one to marry in a 'lower' class was social suicide, and my folks, being of the so-called aristocracy, were among the stalwarts of the stalwart in upholding this intolerant creed. I became something of a heretic while completing my education, but it takes time and experience to get rid of a strong hereditary bias.

"We were fairly well off for those times, but I had an ambition to do something more than cumber the world as a mere consumer. This inclination rather troubled the family, but after numerous consultations it was reluctantly admitted that I might superintend the development of some coal and iron interests that we had in a mountainous section of the state, and still maintain my social prestige.

"I went at the enterprise in earnest, bringing a lot of men from Pennsylvania that understood the work and founding a primitive village of log cabins in a region as desolate as any encountered by the original pioneers. The miners had their families with them and all supplies had to be brought fifty miles through the mountain roads. The foreman was a big-hearted but shrewd and fearless Scotch-Irishman who was just to the men and loyal to my interests. His home was looked after by a daughter who had lost her mother years before. The men used to call her the Mountain Rose, for she had all its delicate colorings and was just as fresh and dainty and graceful. Though strong and lithe because of the manner of her life, she looked the patrician from head to foot and had an innate refinement of character that no culture can supply. Her voice was musical and, to me, her simple songs were more charming than the usual efforts of a prima donna. Her education was of her own acquiring and was strangely out of the conventional lines. Her knowledge in some directions only surprised you less than her tact in acquiring information in others. But I would never tire of talking of her.

"After our rough colony had become settled and was progressing finely, undesirable characters were attracted to the vicinity. Some men put up a shanty just off my land and stocked it with mountain dew. Numerous rough looking characters came there for the ostensible purpose of hunting and fishing, pitching their tents in our vicinity. I heard stories of gambling and the men were not as regular at their work as they were before these interruptions. Rosser, the foreman, wanted to adopt heroic measures for getting rid of these pests, but I saw no way but to wait for some breach of the law and then secure the intervention of the authorities.

"Our pay day came every two weeks and I brought the money from the nearest bank, in a town some distance away, having two good men go with me as guard. On one occasion, Nettie, the foreman's daughter, met

us ten miles from the settlement, guiding us in a circuitous route, for she had learned through a wild young girl at the drinking den that there was a plot to waylay and rob us. Nettie had promptly pushed her way through the dangers of the mountain paths to warn us, fearing that delay in securing some other messenger might be fatal to us and at the same time endanger her informant. On the way in I learned more of the girl and her life than I had ever known and she aroused that interest which is so likely to eventuate in love.

"It was a month later before we were freed from a snow blockade and the next time I went to the bank it was for double the usual amount. I took more men and we returned without accident. Even this did not give me the pleasure afforded by the joyous welcome of the girl who had so evidently been in dread while I was gone.

"It was just coming dark when I tossed the canvas bag containing the money to the foreman, for he was the custodian and would pay off at the noon hour the next day. I never felt afraid when he was on guard. That night the storm was upon us again, and with a view to making some arrangements for the better protection of the mines, I sent for him. I never thought of the money till he appeared at my door shortly before 11 o'clock covered with dripping snow. Then he assured me that the treasure was safe with Nettie as no one would think of injuring her.

"We had been talking nearly an hour when there was the sound of a muffled cry and a body falling against the door. Rosser reached it with a spring and threw it open to find a woman stretched across the step. Quickly he lifted her in his strong arms and laid her gently on the rough couch I had pulled before the blazing logs. It was Nettie, unconscious and apparently more dead than alive. Her long, waving hair was loose, disheveled by the wind and wet with snow that melted to glittering drops in the warm glow of the room. Her upturned face with its perfectly chiseled features had the unattainable beauty of the artist's dream. Through all that terrible storm she had made her way for half a mile without a wrap or even the slippers in which she sat while awaiting her father's return, for they had been lost in the first few steps. As I grasped the pretty hands to chafe them they tightly clutched the canvas bag to her bosom and only when the half-crazed Rosser forced some brandy down her throat did she relinquish her hold.

"Trying to rise she said rapidly: 'Hurry, father, hurry. It was Black Joe. He's locked in the strong closet. I brought the money. You said you knew I would protect it. There it is. How Black Joe did curse and swear to kill us both. But I captured him,' and her unnatural laugh told how intense had been the strain upon her nerves.

"We found the villain vainly trying to batter his way out, and in due time a long sentence put him out of the way. He had stolen in upon Nettie shortly after her father left. No threats could induce her to betray the hiding place of the money till she suddenly devised a scheme to keep both it and the robber. Appearing to yield, she told Joe to look behind the chest in the closet which Rosser had built of strong oak planks as a place of safety for his few valuables. He made her hold a candle while he searched. As he leaned over the chest, Nettie summoned all her strength and courage, threw the door shut, clapped the heap over the staple and closed the lock that was attached. This she strengthened with an iron poker, and then, seizing the bag from under the hearthstone, hurried from her prisoner and his blood-curdling threats.

"I loved her and told her so. But she was as courageous morally as physically. She was not fitted for my station in life. Wait two years and see if I still wanted her. Her father

was going to send her away for a time. I protested, but she went and I only heard occasionally through her father that she was well and happy. One night some eighteen months later I was at a pretentious social gathering in Memphis. I was not a society man, but had gone as an old friend of the family. Some one sang and I thought it the divinest music I had ever heard. As the singer rose from the piano I got a view of a regal beauty that seemed familiar to me, but I only knew her when that voice I had learned to know so well in the mountains responded to an introduction. It was Nettie, who had been getting her education, and never had woman accomplished more in the same length of time. She was the belle of the aristocratic circles in Memphis, but when I had drawn her apart she laughingly admitted that I had the refusal of her and that she was just the same honest girl she used to be. I protested so vigorously that we cut the probationary period short. And she was your beautiful grandma, little one."—Detroit Free Press.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Birmingham, England, cremates stray dogs.

Asparagus is the oldest known plant used for food.

Pet toads are sold at eight pence apiece in Paris.

It is said that the Greenland whale sometimes attains the age of 400 years.

About 2,000 species of insects, on an average, have been discovered during each year of the present century.

Pottery clays have been found in ten counties of Missouri. It is reported to be worth from \$8 to \$12 per ton.

At Northampton, Mass., there is an artesian well, that has been sunk to a depth of 3700 feet and is still perfectly dry.

The expense of the Vatican at Rome would be covered if every Catholic in the world contributed three-quarters of a cent a year.

Mischievous boys distributed lighted cigarettes among the monkeys at the Paris zoo the other day and the animals puffed away until the keeper intervened.

The most valuable fur is that of the sea otter. One thousand dollars has been paid for a single skin of this animal not more than two yards long by three-quarters of a yard wide.

In London almost any commodity may be bought. One newspaper recently contained this cheerful advertisement: "Bargain—lady leaving England permanently must sell family grave; hold five; marble slab."

The English Island of Thanet is almost wholly composed of chalk. The island is ten miles in length and about five in breadth, and geologists say there are not less than 42,000,000,000 tons of chalk "in sight" on it.

The air is so clear in the Arctic regions that conversation can be carried on easily by persons two miles apart. It has also been asserted on good authority that at Gibraltar the human voice has been distinctly heard at a distance of ten miles.

A narrow escape was recently experienced by a man in Augusta, Me. While crossing a railroad track his shoe was caught in a frog, and he had just time enough to rapidly untie his shoe and withdraw his foot when an oncoming train dashed over the spot.

The skin of the whale is from two inches to two feet thick, and the skin of a large specimen weighs thirty tons. The rhinoceros is the thickest-skinned quadruped, with a hide so tough as to resist the claws of a lion or tiger, the sword, or the balls of the old-fashioned musket.

Growing Bamboos in the South.

Experiments in Florida and Louisiana have shown that bamboo will grow in those states almost as well as in the hotter countries. Around Fort Myers there are bamboos that have attained to a height of fifty or sixty feet. They are of a variety which usually grows to about seventy feet in India. In Orange county there is one clump of bamboos, said to be only ten years old, in which the stalks have attained to the height of sixty-five feet, the stalks averaging thirteen inches in circumference. There are eighty stalks in the clump. This particular clump is of a variety from Bengal, where the wood is used for building purposes, and for light spars for vessels.—Savannah News.

Mr. Moody hired Tremont Temple, Boston on his own account, and took up a collection at each meeting to defray the expense. The collections, however, did not meet the rent.



WOMEN IN PRUSSIA.

The woman's movement is progressing in Prussia. Not long ago Miss Marie Hassenstein was awarded a principal's certificate as teacher, the first ever given to a woman. She will establish a school for girls at Charlottenburg.

CARRIAGE SHOES.

Very dainty carriage and opera shoes, made to pull on over slippers in the evening, are made of various pretty materials. Those of quilted satin, lined and trimmed with white fur are open at the sides, but come up well over the ankle in front and at the heel. They come in every color and cost from \$4 to \$9. They are also used for bedroom wear. Perhaps the best carriage shoes are those made of black velvet, lined with white fur and laced up in front. These may be bought for \$3.99.

THE NEW BEAD FAD.

The present-day rage for beadwork revives much that is perilously near to those provincial "air castles" which were a horror of the middle of the century.

For, among the season's novelties, were to be seen imported lanterns to hold candies within, and constructed of a decorated material very like isinglass, if not actually of mica; these were hung with ropes and festoons of gayly colored tiny glass beads and formed something puerile in its barbarous notion of the ornate.

But the bead fad displays itself after another fashion which is merely and dignifiedly rich, although simple and easily attainable. Bands for holding back curtains and portieres are formed of carefully selected colored beads, either strung upon wires or stout threads, or set with beautiful effect a few large dull blue and white crystals in a pewter bar.

This last design must, of course, be purchased outright, but those composed wholly of beads could be readily made at home.—New Orleans Picayune.

CAREER OF A "WOMAN COWBOY."

One of the most noted "cowboy" women of the West, Mrs. Clara Omo, died at Perry, Oklahoma, recently, aged 56. She was born in New York City. Her father, Hugh Martin, was a cooper. He failed in business and came West. They located in southern Kansas, among the Caddo and Delaware Indians. At 15 Clara could shoot a bird on the wing while riding a pony at full speed. She was a favorite with the Indians.

Before she was 20 years old Miss Martin had two Indian scalps in her belt. One day she saw a Caddo raise his gun to kill her father, and before he could shoot she sent a bullet through his brain. Later a Delaware Indian bit the dust because of an assault on Miss Martin. She and her mother were alone one day, and she was compelled to shoot a white man for an insult. Her father moved to Colorado, and there she killed a man who was fighting with her father.

Then she married William Omo and moved to Montana and lived near Butte in Little Black Tail canyon. Her husband had many hired men. One of these, Edward Smith, fell in love with Mrs. Omo, who was very beautiful. He found Mrs. Omo asleep on a cot in her house. He kissed her and the woman awoke. Smith drew a long knife and attacked her. In the scuffle Mrs. Omo secured her pistol, which was under her pillow, and shot Smith. She was arrested, but turned loose, and the citizens of the town gave her \$250 and a watch in recognition of her bravery. Mrs. Omo had been living on a farm near Perry since the opening of the Cherokee strip. A month before her death she claimed to be the best shot and bareback rider in the West.—San Francisco.

WRONG EATING CAUSED MAN'S FALL.

The fall of man and the mush that mother used to make were discussed at the last meeting of the Domestic Science association, which was held in the rooms of the Woodlawn Woman's club.

Miss Siskels, in her lecture, "The

Relation of Foods to Social Reform.

told her hearers that sin came into the world from wrong eating, and women had been setting wrong food before men ever since. She said that the theory had been advanced that the wicked Cain was an eater of meat and Abel a vegetarian, and that universal peace would not come until the packing houses were changed into creameries and the butcher knife beaten into an apple-corer. She then said that the practical lessons of the afternoon would be the making of biscuit and the cooking of oatmeal—two articles in constant use and most often ruined in the preparation. She spoke of the necessity of adapting food to climate, and a woman on the back row confessed that her mind was not fertile enough to have different meals to suit all the kinds of Chicago climate.

The 60 women present sat in a double semi-circle, and as the oatmeal was being set on the stove, one of the end women asked how to make good cornmeal mush, that wouldn't taste like pap-rhanger's paste. This drew a reply from the other end—as in a minstrel show, the ends did the most of the talking—and she said that her mother used to stir mush all the time it was cooking, and that there was no such mush nowadays as hers. This caused a general discussion as to whether the former mothers really cooked so well, and we were retrograding, or whether youthful loyalty and appetite made everything go—down.

The flour, baking powder, bowls and rollingpins were set out on a table, and the two young girls who formed the practice class stood waiting, when a young woman asked how to tell a "biscuit oven." Another said that you could tell by browning flour or paper in it, but she had forgotten how long it should take. After the laugh at this accurate test, every one watched the sifting and mixing of the biscuit.

One of the class put in five heaping teaspoons of baking powder where two were needed, but she remedied her mistake, and the biscuits were sent to the oven as pale, fat lumps tucked in the pan, to return a few minutes later as fat, brown delicacies. Oysters, cream, coffee and crackers were served with the oatmeal and coffee, and the women dispersed to try the new recipe on their families.—Chicago Record.

FASHION NOTES.

A high necked gown of pink chiffon is made with a deep collar of pink velvet, embroidered with silver and steel. Velvet forms the belt, and the accordion-plaited skirt is bordered with tiny frills of the same material.

The Recamier style of neck, well off from the shoulders, is used in a gown of black net over yellow silk, trimmed with yellow velvet ribbon spangled with jet. A one-sided effect in the back is shown in the broad-sided silk gown, and the revers are faced with colored velvet.

White net is very popular for dressy gowns, and wide necks, with rows of narrow white satin ribbon between, are an effective skirt trimming, with frills of the net at the foot. The same necks and frills complete the bodice and sleeves, and a bunch of deep red velvet roses adorns the side.

Narrow bands are not an unusual decoration for chiffon gowns, and sable or pale green is charming. Flouncings of white chiffon, edged with silver thread, are a pretty finish for chiffon skirts; white satin bodices draped with silver-embroidered chiffon usually accompany this.

Pale blue mousseline de soie over blue makes a very striking evening gown, with the kilted skirt, kilted ruffles at the knee, and a blue satin bolero embroidered with pearls and silver sequins, finished on the edge with a fringe. A band of embroidered satin divides the puffs on the sleeves.

Vegetable silk plaits are rather expensive, so there is a mixture of hemp and silk, which is firm and wiry, and so thin and light that it is rucked under the brim of some of the large hats. This new braid is said to be made of the raw silk as it comes from the cocoon. Wood silk fibre is another which appears in the new braids.