In Japan the railways are mostly under government control, and the uniform rate is one cent a mile.

Each convict at the New Hampshire state prison is furnished a Bible and a dictionary, and Greek and Latin text-books are supplied those who ask for them.

English butterflies unluckily command an exceptionally high price in the collectors' market. This is probably one reason why, as Natural Science points out, many important species of British butterflies are disappearing.

That the country is safe, so far as Madison county, Indiana, goes, is demonstrated, thinks the New York Sun, in the statistics of the health board, which show five pairs of twins born in a week. It is not long since the report recorded two sets of triplete.

The Government owns one-tenth of the railroads in Canada and rents them at a loss of half a million a year. With an increase of its holdings, which the new Hudson's Bay road may saddle upon it, will come an increase of its deficit, that being the way in which the scheme generally works.

An "amphibious boat" is an actual fact in Denmark, and last season carried twenty-thousand passengers. It operates on two large lakes, the bodies of water being divided by a strip of land eleven hundred feet in width. It is to cross this strip of land that the boat leaves the water and for a time becomes a locomotive. Her full complement of passengers is seventy, and when she is loaded she weighs fifteen tons.

The working girls' home has just been opened in Denver, Colorado, in which furnished rooms can be had for \$2 a month. The design is to give comfortable quarters to young women who are working for small wages-\$4 or \$5 a week. The building contains thirty-two rooms, and fifteen girls are already being accommodated. There rooms, too, which all working girls are invited to frequent.

The food of San Francisco laborers is to be analyzed by the professors at the California State university. Professor M. E. Jaffa, the head of the dietetic department, has just decided that elaborate investigations shall be undertaken. Several hundred families of the wage-earning class will be called upon to take part. When the statistics have been collected and tabulated it is expected that poor families will be able to live much less expensively than they do now and at the same time on a more healthful diet.

1 There is a scarcity in Florida waters of the best sponge, the "sheepwool," and the returns to the sponge-fishers have been gradually lessening. A like scarcity in other waters is indicated by the increased demand for inferior sponges, which have heretofore been looked upon as comparatively worthless. One of these, the grass sponge, is very abundant in Florida. It is of coarse texture and has large internal channels, but has proved to be a fair substitute for the better sponge. A demand for it, both in this country and in Europe, has resulted in raising its price to the fisher from twenty-eight to sixty-five cents a bunch. Its gathering is profitable at fifty cents a bunch, and the demand for it has infused new life into a guishing for seven years.

Georgia is claiming possession of the best fire clay in the United States. The state has been a producer of clay in a modest way, standing twentieth in the list of clay-producing states, but it hopes soon to take a much higher position. This hope is based on a report by Dr. G. E. Ladd, the assistant state geologist, who has been testing the Georgia clays for a year, and who has found a bed of the very best clay, extending across the state from Columbus to Augusta. This clay, Dr. Ladd says, is "the most refractory in the United States," that is, it "will stand a greater heat than any clay I have ever tested in America." The bed varies in width from five to fifteen miles, and follows an irregular line, sometimes running north and again to the south. At some points the clay is very pure and refractory, but often it is full of impurities and is not valuable. The best of it is worth \$10 a ton in the markets. In South Caroline, just across the river from Augusta, there is a clay deposit of the ne character which brings in \$300,-600 a year. That clay is shipped to New Jersey for manufacture.

THE SLEEPING SEA.

The sun sinks down where sky and water Tingoing with red and gold the dark'ning

sheet; The cloudy curtains close around his bed, And Twilight comes with soft and stealthy

The pale moon, peeping from her fleecy screen.
Lightens the waters with a silv'ry sheen.
The seaguils dip and skim along the waves
Toward their homes, among the the rocks and eaves.

Sleeping Sea! How beautiful thy face, issed by the moonlight! With a stately Caressing the white sands, thy waves ad-And roll away into the vast expanse.

Upon the cliffs projecting gaunt and gray, And down beneath, amid the foamy spray, Where dolphins sport themselves and mer-

maids weep.
The nymphs and fairles their night vigils

Ah, Sighing Sea! I wist why thou dost griove; 'Fis for for the wrongs that thou cans't ne'er retrieve—
Hearts thou hast broken, lives that thou dist blight—
Tis for the lost, that sleep with thee tonight.

O, Mighty Deep! When we would comprehend How thou wast formed or what shall be thy end.

end. We are bewildered—'tis not ours to see Thy hidden power, or solve thy mystery.

Yet, Boundless Sea, a lesson thou dost teach, Lifting our thoughts above the realms of

speech,
To thy Creator—Him whose potent hand
Guides and protects us over sea and land,
—University of the South Magazine.

**************** HELEN'S ORDERS.

*********** The day Jack Harford sailed for Europe he was too much excited over the pleasant anticipation of his first ocean voyage to remember very distinetly the numerous parting words showered on him by the members of the "assembly" to which he belonged, and who waved the club colors until the great ship had swung far out into the stream.

From the midst of "Bring me back a bit of the Blarney stone," and "Don't forget to chip a piece of wood from Yale's training quarters,' sundry other reminders of what he was to do for his friends, the soft voice of Helen Jackson still murmured in his ear: "I will be so disappointed if you don't see the Prince of Wales. It would hardly seem right for the president of the 'Prince of Wales Assembly' to go abroad and not see the royal good fellow for whom the club was named.

"It is all very well to tell a fellow are pleasant parlors and reception to see the Prince of Wales, but as I do not expect to be presented at court, and may find my short visit even more expensive than I have planned, I can't exactly see how am I going to hobnob with royalty even to please Helen," thought Jack as he went to the hold to see if his bicycle was all

> Jack Harford had been left an orphan at 12, with the prospect of a fair inheritance when he came of age. His little patrimony had but the week before been hunded over to his keep-ing, and the first use to which he had put the surplus interest was to purchase a steamship ticket, the dream of his life having always been to see the countries of the old world.

> Of business in a practical sense Jack knew nothing; he had had the regulation school and college training; he was popular in society, which fact was attested by his continued presi-dency of the "Prince of Wales As-sembly," a village organization de-vised solely for amusement, and to which all the young people of New-

> burg belonged. When the gong for luncheon sounded Jack discovered that even the novelty of a first voyage had not the power to destroy a very vigorous ap-

Seated next to him was a bluff, but good natured Englishman, who or-dered the most surprising dishes of fowl and cabbage, much to the secret amusement of Jack and the evident disgust of a lady opposite, whose pale face warned her companions that her place would be vacant much of the

By night the ship was pitching and tossing like a nutshell in a millrace, A cyclone that had been threatening to strike the coast had fulfilled the for it has infused new life into a promise of the weather bureau, and Florida industry which has been lan-dining saloon, music room and deck were deserted.

Jack enjoyed the excitement, and though pitying the sufferings of those less fortunate in the matter of health, could not help being amused. Steadying himself as best he could, he made his way about 6 o'clock to the smoking room, trusting and hoping that his "cabbage" friend was as good a sailor as he looked to be.

True to his own estimate of himself. the Englishman was comfortably ensconced in one of the great leather

chairs, placidly enjoying a pipe.

"How now, my young friend?" he exclaimed, in what Jack inwardly dubbed "his fat voice." "Don't be-

gin to feel a little squiffy, eh?"
"I feel like a top, and scarcely need to remark that you, too, are undis-turbed by the storm. It makes me think of a football game," gasped

"Better sit down before you get a broken arm," came the bluff invita-

"You spoke of football. That's no kind of a game," was the abrupt in-troduction to the conversation begun as soon as Jack was seated and the steward had done his duty in the matter of another bottle. "Cricket is

matter of another bottle. "Cricket is
the only game for men to play."
Now, this was too much for Jack,
with his American love for all things
American, and the discussion on college sports and athletics waxed hot
and furious until the dinner gong
irought it to a close.

surprise, instead of resenting the emphatic method of speech employed by the young collegian, was apparently drawn more closely to him, for if

there is one thing dear to a Briton's heart it is sport, and Jack's all-round and thorough knowledge had done more to win for him a place in the good graces of his fellow-traveler than all the letters of introduction that he could have carried in his grip.

That night the machinery broke down and for twelve days they tossed in the trough of the sea, uncertain as

to the outcome. Twelve days at sea under such circumstances brings two people into closer relations than twelve years on land. Therefore it was but natural that by the time the battered grey-hound was finally docked and her cargo of pale, but thankful, humanity discharged, Jack and the Englishman had become great friends, the latter insisting on showing him about London and determined upon sharing his chambers in a quaint little street run-ning off Piccadilly. During those long days Jack had

told of his desire to see the prince, and had also revealed to his bluff but keen-witted companion why be was so specially auxious to get a peep at roy

ality.

"All the swells are out of town at this season," was the disappointing comment this confidence received. 'The prince generally goes to Homburg, but if you can't see him in the flesh I can show his exact counterpart at Mme. Tussaud's," and the Briton chuckled at what he considered was a great joke on his part. Arriving in London, Jack went at once to his banker's, and to his delight found awaiting him there a letter from Helen. In it was a picture of herself, taken on the lawn where Jack and she had often played tennis together, and,

less you see the Prince of Wales. With this missive in his pocket and sundry crisp Bank of England notes, Jack went back to Piccadilly circus, where he was to meet his friendly guide, determined to "do" Mme, Tus saud's the first thing, for, argued he, "if it is not the real thing, it is the next to it, and when I write Helen can at any rate show her that I had her admonition in mind."

underlined with the heaviest of black

lines, "Don't dare to come back un-

"This is a good day to go," said the Englishman; "we are not likely to meet a holiday crowd, as the admission is, I think, raised to eighteen pence in order to keep the rabble out.

"Good gracious," gasped Jack, "I never saw anything so realistic. It takes you people to give us Americans cards and spades on some things and then you beat us out, and this is one of them, I admit. Why, it is the most natural piece of work I ever saw," and Jack paused before a life-sized figure of the Prince of Wales, which evidently was the object that had drawn the crowd to this spot.

"I am glad you are pleased," came from the waxen lips, and Jack, with a feeling as though water had been poured over him, realized as he turned and saw the Englishman's ruddy countenance blanched to a deferential whiteness, that he had seen the "real thing," and that it was his highness in very truth, and not his waxen presentment that he was looking at in Mme. Tussaud's.

For one moment, as he said afterwards, his great desire was to flee, but, noting the good humor of the royal glauce, and inspired by a desire to do something especially fine for Helen, he stood rooted to the spot, the nearest beholders regarding him as a lunatic—a belief which his friend as well as the rest seemed to share.

"The shock has turned his brain," murmured the Englishman, as he stood, hat in hand, deferentially gap-ing at the prince, who apparently took in the situation at a glance, for, turning to Jack, he said: "I infer that you are an American, and I am fond of Americans. Can I do anything for

Jack's heart gave a great bound. Suppose he could get the royal autograph; what a trophy to carry home to Helen!

And before he knew what he was doing he had told of the "assembly" and Helen's admiration, and when, five minutes later, he was being hus tled into the waiting hansom by his friend he had in his possession the prince's own visiting card, with the inscription on the back:

"Albert Edward's best wishes for the Prince of Wales' assembly."
Well, maybe he didn't feel like

hero, and maybe he didn't lord it just a trifle over the prince's loyal subject, who had no such precious pasteboard in his possession.

"You are a ninny, young man, to give that royal document to a girl," growled the envious one. You ought to keep it in the family as an heir-

"Perhaps it will be," enigmatically replied Jack.—New York Times.

Plan to Reclaim Sahara.

Many travelers have entertained sanguine views regarding the cultivation of the Sahara. While it seems hopeless that the arid plateau could ever be improved, it is pointed out by Mr. Deschanel that local experiments at El Golea and elsewhere prove that in valleys favored with a small amount of water, such trees as the acacia, eucalyptus, tamarisk and poplar can be successfully grown. The poplar proves to be most capable of resisting the influence of the desert. Under the shelter of these trees fruits and vegetables can be cultivated. - Chicago Inter-Ocean.

He (at Miss Tartlet's)—It is not nod for man to be alone. She (bored)—Then hadn't you bet ter go home to your mother?

NICKNAMES OF THE STATES.

But the Englishman, much to Jack's The Complete List With the Mottoes on

> The following are the nicknames by which the different states of the Union are called, and the mottoes on their great seals of state: Alabama, "Cotton state"-Here we

Arkansas, "Bear state" - Regnant populi.

California, "Golden state"—Eureka. Colorado, "Centennial state"—Nil sine numine.

Connecticut, "Nutmeg state-Qui

transtulit sustinct,
Delaware, "Blue Hen state"—Lib-erty and independence. Florida, "Peninsular state"-In God

Georgia, "Cracker state"-Constitution. Illinois, "Sucker state"-State sov ereignty; national union. Indiana, "Hoosier state"—Consti-

intion. Iowa, "Hawkeye state" - Our libery we prize, our rights we will main-

Kansas, "Sunflower state"-Ad as-

tra per aspers. Kentucky, "Blue Grass state"-United we stand, divided we fall. Louisana, "Pelican state"—Justice Maine, "Pine Tree state"—Dirigo. Maryland, "Old Line state"—Crescite et multiplicanini.

Massachusetts, "Bay state"—Ense placit placidem sub libertate quietem. Michigan, "Wolverine state"—E pluribus unum; tuebor; si quaeris peninsulam ameuam, circumspice. Minnesota, "Bayon state"—The United States of America.

Missouri-United we stand, divided we fall; salus populi, suprema lex esto. Montana, "Stub Toe state."

Nebraska, "Blackwater state" — Equality before the law. Nevada, "Silver state"-All for our

country.

New Hampshire, "'Granite state"-Sigillium reipublicae neo hautoniensis. New Jersey, "Jersey Blue state" New York, "Empire state"—Excel-

North Carolina, "Old North state." North Dakota, "Flickertail state." Ohio, "Buckeye state"-Imperium in imperio.

Oregon, "Bever state"-The union. Pennsylvania, "Keystone state"— Virtue, liberty, independence. Rhode Island, "Little Rhody"—

South Carolina, "Palmetto state"-Animis opibusque; dum spiro, spero, South Dakota, "Swinge Cat state" Tennessee, "Big Bend state"—Ag-

riculture, commerce. Texas, "Lone Star state." Vermont, "Green Mountain state"

Freedom and unity. Virginia, "The Old Dominion"-Sic semper tyrannis.

Washington, "Chinook state." West Virginia, "The Pan-Handle"—

Montani semper liberi. Wisconsin, "Badger state"—Forward.

Victoriana.

After the death of Prince Albert the Queen went to the Highlands, and one of her first visits was to a widowed peasant woman. The two cried together, and when the old woman begged pardon for not controlling her feelings, the Queen said she was thankful to cry with somebody who knew exactly how she felt.

The Queen's coronation ring is never out of her sight, and is worn by her every evening. It is a band of gold containing a cross in rubies, surmounted by white brilliants. A coronation ring is supposed to symbolize the wedding of the sovereign with the

Victoria's marriage it was suggested the word "obey" might be left out of her response. The Queen instantly checked this piece of snobbery, and declared that she would be married

'like any other woman." Her Majesty and Prince Albert were on a trip in the north of England and a gentleman in hearty fashion expressed the pleasure he felt at seeing the consort and "his wife." The Prince was greatly delighted with the homely reference and expressed pleasure that his beloved partner should be spoken of by an appellation which was the highest honor that could be bestowed upon

any woman.

The Queen is to be put on canvas in company with the three generations of heirs to the throne that are now on deck, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York and little Prince Edward. The artist to be honored with the royal command is William Quiller Orchardson, R. A.—The Pathfinder.

A Shrewd Scotchman.

The Scottish American tells a story of a cobbler who was sentenced by a Scottish magistrate to pay a fine of half a crown, or, in default, twentyfour hours' hard labor. If he chose the latter he would be taken to the jail at Perth. "Then I'll go to Perth," he said, "for I have some business there." An official conveyed him to Perth, but when the cobbler reached the jail he said he would pay the fine. The governor found he would have to take it. "And now," said the cob-bler, "I want my fare home." The governor demurred, but discovered there was no alternative; the prisoner must be sent at the public expense to the place he had been brought from. The cobbler was sixpence ahead through his shrewdness

A Donation Party Incident,

"Yardsley donated a castor worth ninety-seven cents to the minister, and put a tag on it marked \$16."
"Yes."

"Well, the parson took the article to Yardsley's store yesterday and traded it for drygoods. Yardsley's smile wou't be able to be out again for six weeks."—Harper's Bazar.



Little Miss Sullivan. Mrs. Sullivan of Callao, Mo., has a little daughter seven years of age, who is without doubt the most expert telegrapher for a child anywhere in the Since her earliest remembrance she has studied telegraphy with her father, the division superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph company. The wire from her model little office in her home connects with several similar rooms in the homes of her playmates, where the telegraph has supplanted the telephone. Little Miss Sullivan is matured far beyond her years, and pre-fers as a pastime to talk by the half hour over the wire to her father, three

Hues in Rhyme,

White is the conventional color for brides, but it would appear that the following hues have great significance:

Married in white, You have chosen all right. Married in gray, You will go far away Married in black, You will wish yourself back, Married in red, You'd better be dead. Married in green, Ashamed to be seen. Married in blue, You'll always be true. Married in pearl, You'll live in a whirl, Married in yellow, Ashamed of the fellow. Married in brown, You'll live out of town, Married in pink, Your spirits will sink,

Sashes Are the Thing.

She is an unhappy woman who cannot rig up some sort of a sash onto her choicest summer gown. lighter in weight it is, provided it has body enough to hang and not to float -the better it harmonizes with the mode.

Fashionable women here in New York are greatly taken with sashes of black liberty silk having delicate black lace ends and insertion. These streamers usually are fastened to the belt line on the left front side of the dress. There are two short loops and two ends which hang nearly to the bottom of the skirt. They swing gracefully when one walks. As you sit they are too long and require careful manage-

ment. This new mode in dress decoration is a boon to the fidgety woman who is not able to think she appears at ease unless she is twirling something-her handkerchief, her lorgnette, her chatelaine, or her ribbons. Of course, the mondaine has no such trivial need of a sash. Has she not been taught from the cradle that she must not remem ber her costume or any detail of it? The fan and parasol are the only permissible weapons of defense of woman who prides herself on her selfcontrol.-New Orleans Picayane.

A Success of Farming.

If Mand Muller could make a success of farming there is no reason, so argues Mrs. Hattie N. Bemis of Arabia, Neb., why women of the present age and generation should not do equally well. She is going to see if the plan won't work. She owns a large tract of land in Northwestern Nebraska, which, she says, she intends to give to twelve deserving widows of north-western farmers. In return she will require them to cultivate it without

man's assistance.

She says she will start them out with all the machinery they need, a sufficient supply of cattle, horses, swine and poultry to serve as a nest egg, and money to last them until the first harvest can be disposed of. She admits that the climate is dry, but proposes to instruct her wards in the operation of the Campbell system of soil culture, by which method experiments have proved the rainfall of the section is sufficient to insure bountiful crops. The nearest the women will be allowed to come to dealings with men is to sell the crops to them. Mrs. Bemis ever learns that a man has been employed about the premises the farm will revert to her. Any member of the community who marries will also forfeit her title to a share in the property.—New York Telegram.

A New Rose Sachet.

A novel and pretty method for preserving rose petals is the rose sachet. Not the old-fashioned sort, with cotton batting and perfumed powder, but a dainty bag of sheer muslin or silk. into which the petals are dropped and allowed to dry, without the addition of salt, spices and the numerous other ingredients that used to make the rose jar a troublesome expense.

One pretty rose sachet seen the other day was of the finest flowered chiffon, with drawing strings and bows of delicate green taffeta ribbons. The filling was of rose leaves—pink, yellow and deep red—and had come all the way across the continent from Tacoma. Another rose bag was of white chiffon, embroidered in colored butterflies, with triple, accordion-plaited frills to set off the sides and bottoms. The roses were of all colors

and represented the flowers used by the owner during her first season, at the various cotillions, tens and receptions she had attended. These sachets were suspended by long ribbon strings to the backs of artistic chairs. When the room is heated they emit a deli-

Yet another use is to be made of rose petals which may not sound so artistic, perhaps, but to the woman who is fond of daintily perfumed clothing it is equally as acceptable. Petals are sewn in thin muslin bags and placed in bureau and chiffonier drawers among the clothing. The result is exceedingly pleasing. One young woman boasts that she has a rose bag woman boasts that she has a rose bag for each sleeve of every one of her bodices, besides a goodly supply for her bureau drawers. They are made from flowers presented by her numer-ous men friends, and "keep her things" fresher and sweeter than any sachet she could purchase.—Chicago Record,

Straw Hats in the Lend.

In general appearance the latest summer millinery is much less fantas-tic in character and coloring than it was in the early spring, now that white and yellow straw hats have the lead, and white wings, white lilacs and dainty chiffon are the favorite trimmings. Light transparent effeets are sought after in millinery as in all other departments of dress, and Neapolitan and zepher braids, and then the old-fashioned leghorns, trimmed lavishly with white feathers, are worn again, with pale ecra Pana-mas trimmed with various flowers, tulle and wings bringing up the end of the line. Black hats are quite as much worn as ever, but the straws in vivid greens, brilliant reds and gorgeous purples worn early in the season look out of place with the dainty light gowns.

One of the special features of the summer millinery is that the hats should be in one line of color, with as much white as may suit the fancy. The motley combinations of two months ngo have worn out their popularity. Turquoise blue or yellow chiffon, with white wings and white lilacs on a white Neapolitan hat, makes about the daintiest headgear a woman can wear. White corn flowers with blue centres and blue forget-me-nots are very popular just at the moment. One rather striking leghorn hat has a wreath of green oats, a bow of green antique satin ribbon, and two black ostrich feathers standing up at one side. White chiffon and tulle hats, with white ostrich feathers, are worn with thin white gowns, and pretty little toques are made of black lace over white tulle, and trimmed with pale blue chiffon rosettes, a white ibis wing and a black aigrette. Another very dainty toque is made of yellow silk straw and lace insertion, radiating from the crown in alternating bands, and black ostrich feathers, yellow and white rosettes of chiffon and tea roses

are the trimming.
Strings of velvet and of lace ribbon or tulle are a feature of some of the latest hats and toques, and all the newest hats have higher crowns than were shown in the early part of one season. Very pretty and simple hats of yellow straw, in the round shape, turned up at the back, are trimmed with yellow or pink roses and a bunch of black quills at one side. —New York

Fashion Notes.

Skirts of deep green moire are new, with dressy bodices of sheer mate-

The mode in summer frocks is apparently a close resemblance to a fluffy

Of shirt studs and cuff buttons a well dressed woman must have several sorts, to blend with assorted colorings in cowns. Duck in blue, white and fawn is

the proper thing for outing costumes. Red or blue with white polka dots is also worn. Of wee brooches and stickpins a

woman cannot have too many. are needed to fasten refractory bows and belts and laces. Fancy Oxford ties with patent leather vamp and finish are made of

moire velour in various tints of green, blue, dull red and brown. The transparent fabric which requires a silk lining is the most to be desired this summer. The lining is

made separate from the skirt. New sidecombs are of amber or shell, curved and topped with rhinestones. New ornaments for the hair are in wing and a hundred devices,

jewel studded. No woman can be really content in the treacherous dews and damps of summer if she is without a handy comb. The cunning little ones of tortoise shell may be carried in a purse, a match or stamp box or stuck in the

For an all-diamond buckle Louis XV or XVI is the favorite design. The newest diamond combs to keep tidy the turned up heir at the back are in a pretty waved pattern, and a diamond prong, also for the hair, is a spray of roses and leaves.