

Russia has ordered 50,000 American rifles by way of samples. If she likes them she may order a few hundred thousand.

Shanghai is being rapidly changed into a manufacturing town. Cotton factories are springing up in every direction, and the Chinese have the novel experience of smoke and screaming whistles.

A number of ministers and elders of the Southern Presbyterian church have signed a call for a conference to be held in Toccoa, Ga., April 11th, 1898, on the subject of the second coming of Christ, which the call declares to be the "pole star" of the church.

The experiment of compulsory voting is to be tried in Pennsylvania, the last legislature having passed a law to that effect. This, in the opinion of the American Agriculturist, "will be watched with much interest. Much can be said in favor of this, for if men are compelled to vote they will take more interest in public affairs. Pennsylvania is in advance on matters of this kind, as it compels the education of children prevents the employment of certain minors, fixes the rules of a day's work, provides for the payment of employees of the public and corporations at certain times, and compels the payment of taxes to support the state and local governments."

The whole trend of education has materially changed since the war, observes the New England Homestead. Public sentiment now demands the best education for the masses. The feeling is general that in endeavoring to supply this demand, we have gone to extremes in book learning, to the sacrifice of practical training in the manual or industrial arts. As President Fairchild of the Kansas Agricultural college truly says, there has been a wonderful evolution in the application of education to agriculture, yet we are but fairly on the threshold of such direction and successful investigations that shall make agriculture an art of the first rank.

The total amount of capital invested in the electric lighting industry in the United States is estimated at something over \$500,000,000. The number of public and private plants aggregate 10,000. The number of motors in use is estimated at about 500,000, and their value at about \$100,000,000. The electrical apparatus used in mining is estimated at \$100,000,000, and the value of the electric elevator industry will probably not fall short of \$15,000,000. The most important of all the electric industries, however, is that of electric railways. In this field the investment is very great, and in the United States is represented by a capitalization of over \$700,000,000. The number of trolley cars in use is now over 25,000, and these run over 12,000 miles of track. The electric railways represent more than 90 per cent. of all the street and suburban railroads of the country. The aggregate of all the capital invested in electric lighting, electric railways and electric power is about \$1,500,000,000, and this does not include the value of establishments that manufacture the machinery and apparatus.

Says E. V. S. Smalley in the New York Post:—A real estate man who goes about this city a good deal tells me that there are today in Chicago 30,000 vacant flats and dwelling houses, and that on West Madison street alone, a thoroughfare that runs far out to the city limits and is the chief business artery of the west side, 300 empty stores can be counted. When you go a little way out of the business centre by cable or electric cars you notice tall buildings and small buildings on either hand that are speckled with signs of "For Rent." In fact, this big, growing city was about as badly overbuilt during the period of excessive speculation as were any of the new and boastful towns of Kansas or of the Pacific coast, and it will probably take four or five years of steady development to bring the population up to full occupancy of the existing facilities for housing it and furnishing it with business offices and stores. The result of this zeal for building has been a heavy decline in rents. For flats and small stores the decline ranges from 30 to 50 per cent. Office rent in the new tall buildings has gone down about 25 per cent. If any properties now yield their old incomes they are such as are very favorably located in the immediate centre and whirl of the business movement. Chicago, like New York, has its best business district pretty closely limited and corralled. Here the boundaries are set by the river on two sides and the lake on a third.

## Children's Column



**Riding Home on the Hay.**  
Off with your hats, boys—lift them high!  
We have had a glorious day,  
And never such fun beneath the sun,  
As riding home on the hay!  
Never such fun in a coach and four,  
With a coachman stiff and tall,  
And a footman stout, to hand you out,  
And come at your beck and call!

Softer than silken cushions are,  
Is our seat of fragrant hay,  
As from side to side we slip and slide  
Upon our frolicsome way,  
Off with your hats, boys, sing for joy,  
And wake the echoes afar,  
Let the girls keep still, if 'tis their will,  
But we'll shout with a loud hurrah!  
—J. Zetella Cooke in Youth's Companion.

**Big and Little Postage Stamps.**  
Our young stamp collectors will be interested in hearing about some very large and some very small stamps. This country has the honor of having issued the largest stamp ever made—an old five-cent stamp, restricted to the mailing of packages of newspapers, and not intended for letter use. This stamp was four inches long by two inches wide—about two-thirds as large as an ordinary bank note.  
The quarter-shilling stamp of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, which was issued in 1856, is the smallest ever issued—less than one-fourth the size of the current penny English stamp—and it would take about fifty of them to cover the surface of the largest issued by the United States.—Chicago Record.

**A Family of Orphan Pigs.**  
A mother pig died leaving a large family of pink and white little pigs. All the hands on the farm were busy, and there seemed no way to do but to let the orphans die from starvation. The other pigs treated them with the greatest unconcern and apparently felt no pity for them.  
But a little girl came running around the corner of the big red barn, and when she saw the little pigs and heard of their sad plight she said quite promptly:

"I'll adopt 'em," and her father very willingly gave them to her.  
They were all squealing piteously for their dinner, and at first their little mistress did not know what to do with them or how to feed them, for they were much too young to drink out of a trough.

But she soon had a bright idea. She ran to the house and beseeched her mother for an old tin teapot which had long stood on the pantry shelf. Then she found a rubber mouthpiece exactly like those used on a baby's bottle. This she securely fitted on the spout of the teapot, which was then filled with milk. By this time the little piggies were in a pitiable state of hunger. The little girl ran out and took the piggies one by one from the soft straw of their box, and they laid hold of the teapot spout with little grunts of satisfaction, and when they had finished their dinner they all curled up together and went off to sleep. The little girl always fed the runts—the small, weak pigs of the litter—before the others, and they soon grew large and strong. In a few weeks the whole family of orphans would set up a great squealing every time their mistress appeared, sometimes following her across the yard like so many kittens. Few people know how clean and soft and cunning very little pigs are, and the little girl greatly enjoyed her family. When they were a little older she taught them to eat out of the trough, and now she has the finest litter of pigs anywhere in the township.—Chicago Record.

**The Young Chamois.**  
We had a full half hour to wait before the drive began, and were rewarded by one of the prettiest and most interesting sights and lessons in natural history I have ever seen—namely, the sight of an old chamois giving its young kid a lesson in jumping. I must premise by mentioning that it is very difficult—in fact, impossible—for any one but a very old hand to distinguish a buck chamois from a doe as they are moving, and the rule is not to shoot at a chamois if it has a kid with it, as that is a pretty sure sign it is a doe.  
A few minutes after we had been sitting quietly at our posts, and before the drive began, the keeper called my attention to a chamois head and neck, which had suddenly appeared on the sky line about 150 yards off. It turned out to be a doe with a kid. They came along slowly, not at all thinking of danger, and not in any way as yet disturbed by the drivers, who were a mile or two away, and who had not yet begun to drive. They both came quietly down the steep mountainside until they came to a place where there was a drop of about twelve feet, and then took place the following beautiful sight, which was also witnessed by S. and his Jager from where they sat. The old chamois jumped down, as a matter of course, but the kid "funkt," and would not follow. The old one looked up at it, and then went back another way to the ledge on which the kid was standing, and again jumped down, so as to show the young one how to do it, and looking up to it as much as to say, "Come along, you little stupid!

it won't hurt you!" But the kid funkt again, and would not follow. The mother thereupon returned a second time to the ledge, and proceeded to push the kid with her head, and made it jump down, and followed it herself. Then came the climax—the old one and the young one both went round again to the same ledge, and the old one jumped down first, and this time the kid followed immediately, having been taught that it was safe and easy enough.—Badminton Magazine.

**A Curious Insect.**  
It is in August that the naturalists observe the marvelous insect which is born, reproduced and dies in the period of a single night on the banks of the Warne, of the Seine and of the Rhine; it is the ephemere of which Strammerdam has written, and which is spoken of in Aristotle.

The life of this insect does not last beyond four or five hours. It dies toward 11 o'clock in the evening after taking the form of a butterfly about six hours after midday. It is true, however, that before taking this form it has lived three years in that of a worm, which keeps always near the border of water in the holes which it makes in the mud.

The change of this worm in the water to an ephemere which flies in the air, is so sudden that one has not the time to see it. If one takes the worm in the water the hand cannot be taken away before the change is made, unless by pressing the worm slightly in the region of the chest; by this means it can be taken from the water before the change takes place.

The ephemere, after leaving the water, seeks a place where it can divest itself of a fine membrane or veil, which entirely covers it. This second change takes place in the air.

The ephemere arrests itself with the point of its little nails as firmly as it can; it makes a move similar to that of a shiver, then the skin on the middle of the back breaks apart, the wings slip out of their sheath, as we sometimes take off our gloves by turning them inside out. After this stripping the ephemere begins to fly. Some times it holds itself straight up on the surface of water on the end of its tail, flapping its wings one against the other. It takes no nourishment in the five or six hours which are the limit of its life. It seems to have been formed to multiply, for it does not leave its state of a worm until it is ready to deposit its eggs, and it dies as soon as they are deposited.

In three days' time one sees appear and die all species of ephemeres. They last sometimes until the fifth day, for the reason that some malady has affected some of them and prevent them from changing at the same time as the others.—Atlanta Constitution.

**Driving a Dog Team.**  
Well, here we are down on the ice, and the dogs impatient to start. Let me describe. The sled consists of a narrow box four feet long, the front half being covered or boxed in, mounted on a floor eight feet long resting on runners. In this box the passenger sits, wrapped in rabbit skins so that he can hardly move, his head and shoulders only projecting. In front and behind and on top of the box is placed all the luggage, covered with canvas, and securely lashed, to withstand all the jolting and possible upsets, and our snowshoes within easy reach. An important item is the dogwhip, terrible to the dog if used by a skillful hand and terrible to the user if he be a novice; for he is sure to half-strangle himself or to hurt his own face with the business end of the lash. The whip I measured had a handle nine inches long and lash thirty feet, and weighed four pounds. The lash was of folded and plaited seal-hide, and for five feet from the handle measured five inches round, then for fourteen feet it gradually tapered off, ending in a single thong half an inch thick and eleven feet long. Wonderful the dexterity with which a driver can pick out a dog, and almost a spot on a dog with his lash. The lash must be trailing at full length behind, when a jerk and turn of the wrist causes it to fly forward, the thick part first, and then, instead of scapling me as I naturally expected he would from his previous actions, he assisted me to my feet, with a broad grin on his face, and grunted.  
"Ugh! Injun only yell for fun, Too bad scare white man. Injun don't want scalp. Want chew tobacco!"  
"The whole proceeding it seemed was only his humorous method of striking a stranger for a chew of tobacco. If I had had something to strike back with it might not have been quite funny—for him, but, unfortunately, I had left my weapons in camp."  
**Bones of Dead Soldiers Sprouting.**  
Old Nature is startling the humans again. Near the battlefield of Malvern Hill, in West Virginia, the bones of as many as six hundred skeletons are sticking up in the earth, all of a sudden, like sprouting plants. Evidently some subterranean force is bringing them up from the shallow earth in which they were buried. A bag full of the bones has been secured for exhibition as war relics.—Pathfinder.

**Happy Innocence.**  
The Wife—What a sweet smile there is on the baby's face, John.  
The Husband—Yes, he's probably dreaming that he's keeping me awake.

## PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Reckless youth makes rueful age.—Moore.  
Cultivation to the mind is as necessary as food to the body.—Cicero.  
A life spent worthily should be measured by deeds, not years.—Sheridan.  
Common sense in an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom.—Coleridge.  
O, what a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive.—Walter Scott.

The earnestness of life is the only passport to the satisfaction of life.—Theodore Parker.

I hate to see things done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly—if it be wrong, leave it undone.—Gilpin.

To persist in doing wrong exonerates not the wrong, but makes it much more heavy.—Shakespeare.

There is nothing more universally commended than a fine day; the reason is people can commend it without envy.—Shenstone.

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take anything for their own use, but merely to pass it on to others.—Steele.

To take for granted as truth all that is alleged against the fame of others, is a species of credulity that men would blush at on any other subject.—Jane Porter.

Set it down as a fact to which there are no exceptions, that we must labor for all that we have, and that nothing is worth possessing, or offering to others, which costs us nothing.—John Todd.

Intoxicating drinks have produced evils more deadly, because more continuous, than all those caused to mankind by the great historic scourges of war, famine and pestilence combined.—Gladstone.

Let no man be sorry that he has done good, because others have done evil. If a man has acted right, he has done well, though alone; if wrong the sanction of all mankind will not justify him.—Fielding.

The greatest and noblest work in the world and an effect of the greatest prudence and care, is to rear and build up a man and to form and fashion him to piety, justice, temperance and all kinds of honest and worthy actions.—Tillotson.

**A Kansas Town.**  
Chiefly by its newness and of a certain cosmopolitan aspect, says William Allen White in the Atlantic, the Kansas town differs from villages elsewhere in the United States, and presents a few interesting variations from the common type. The largest town in the commonwealth has hardly forty thousand inhabitants. Most of the county-seats in the eastern half of the state, where the rainfall is copious, and where crops are bountiful and regular, contain about three thousand persons each. The county-seat is in the strictest sense a country town. The inhabitants live almost entirely upon the tributary country. There are no factories. The money that the farmers of the county spend for food, clothing, fuel, and the comforts of the farm home is the cash capital upon which the town does its business. This capital is passed from the grocers to the clothing merchants, to the furniture dealers, to the hardware sellers, and to professional men. In the older communities of the Eastern and Middle States, necessity has developed factories, which convert raw material into finished products, and money from the outside world comes in. But Kansas is yet hardly a generation old, and it has not entered the manufacturing era of industry.

**An Indian Practical Joke.**  
It is a pretty general belief that the Indian is destitute of a sense of humor. An ex-army officer, however, recently had a little experience which would indicate that the noble red man can play a practical joke and appreciate it too. We find the story in the Detroit Free Press.

"I remember one time meeting (or rather discovering a few rods distant) a big Indian, when I was out walking alone about two miles from camp.  
"Well, he discovered me about the same time, and the minute he did so he let out a terrific war-whoop, began flourishing his tomahawk, and started for me on a run. He chased me until I keeled over from exhaustion, and then, instead of scapling me as I naturally expected he would from his previous actions, he assisted me to my feet, with a broad grin on his face, and grunted.  
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**Linen Traveling Frocks.**  
Two rather demure gowns were seen recently, one being linen, in plain and spotted, and the other a traveling gown of tailor cut, with gay revers and vest of bright tartan plaid, says the Philadelphia Times.  
The linen gown was in navy blue and white, the plaid being clear blue and the dotted the same, with white spots the size of peas.  
The skirt had the upper part of spotted linen, while the bottom was of plain navy blue, the spotted lying over it in large scallops bound with white.  
The bodice was all of plain navy blue, excepting the sort of bertha, which was scalloped like the skirt and bound with white. The deep belt or

What Mary Said.  
During a call that little 4-year-old Mary was making with her mother a slice of cake was given her.  
"Now, what are you going to say to the lady?" asked the mother.  
"Is you dot any more?" said little Mary, demurely.



**Women in Politics.**  
Mrs. Noble Prentiss has recently been appointed one of the executive committee of the Pingree commission in Kansas City, Mo. Mrs. Clarinda M. Cope, Mrs. Winnie M. Crissey, Mrs. Sarah Crowley and F. H. Greene, all of Chicago, have been appointed deputy factory inspectors for Illinois by Governor Tanner.

**She Is a Nightwatch.**  
Woman has been invading nearly every branch of employment once supposed to be the exclusive property of the stronger sex, and one of the latest ventures in this respect is that of Mrs. George Haber of New Brunswick, N. J. She has a position as nightwatch in the business district of that city, and has been as successful in the work since she took hold of it as any man might hope to be. She has a partner in her duties in the shape of an immense Great Dane hound, who accompanies her constantly during her hours of duty, and who would make things warm for anyone if his mistress gave the word.

**The Flight of Time.**  
The flight of time was made apparent to many during the Queen's jubilee procession by the altered appearance of some of the royal and imperial ladies who figured in the cortege. Empress Frederick of Germany, the eldest daughter of the Queen, now herself the grandmother of a girl of marriageable age, Princess Feodora of Saxe-Meiningen, has snow white hair. So, too, has Princess Mary of Cambridge, Duchess of Teck, mother of the Duchess of York, and Princess Frederica of Hanover, and of Great Britain, who fifteen years ago was renowned throughout Europe for her superb beauty and her golden hair. She has the reputation of having received and declined more offers of marriage than any princess of the blood, finally conferring her hand upon her father's devoted and faithful aide-camp, Baron Pawel-Ramingen.

**How to Pack Hats.**  
In order to secure their safety in traveling, hats must be packed with a great deal of care. If your trunk is lined with canvas, as most trunks are nowadays, the hats may be nicely secured with tapes and pins. The pieces of tape should be pinned to four sides of the hat in places where the pin holes will not show, and then stretch to the sides of the trunk, where they are pinned to the canvas. If there is no canvas lining, the tapes will have to be secured to the trunk with tacks, and a better substitute for the tapes would be a coarse white thread sewed through the hat and then wound around the tack heads. To remove the hat cut the threads and pull them out, after lifting it from the tray. One can pack several hats in a large hand-box to send by express by sewing them to the sides of the box. The thread is sewed through the box and knotted on the outside. A little soft tissue paper should be used to support the trimmings and to fill the crown.

**Dainty Lingerie.**  
Ribbons play an important part in dainty undergarments, and are run through or under insertions and tied in bows wherever possible. Fronts of Empire gowns are sometimes tucked down for three or four inches from the throat in very fine tucks, whence the fullness is unconfined, and below the tucks are crosswise bands of insertion put on straight or in Vandykes. The shoulder collars are usually pointed into revers in front, and run down both sides of the front, well over the bust and even to the waist line. The backs of the Empire gowns are laid in box plaits the depth of the yoke, and sometimes tucked to the waist. The embroideries used are of fine lace like patterns, and they are put on as gathered ruffles or frills, not in straight edgings.  
The very daintiest corset covers are marvels of fine needlework, often being made entirely of rows of insertion between bands of linen cambrie, nainsook or silk. Fine embroidered beadings heads most ruffles, whether of lace or embroidery, and is used in almost all joinings, between bands of tucks and insertion, and on all edges; often all the seams of silk undergarments, room gowns and matinees are put together with it.—Demorest's Magazine.

**Fashion Notes.**  
Sailor collars of white linen are much worn on blouse bodices.  
All smart white dresses are trimmed with insertion of yellow embroidery or lace.  
Plaid blouses are dividing the honors with clear scarlet and checks of black and white.  
Elaborateness is being displayed in the make up of sleeves. Many of them are composed almost entirely of lace and insertion; others are tucked round and round and others are covered with rows of trimming.  
One of the handsomest waists of the season is made of white China crepe. It has vest, collar and cuffs of white satin ribbon. It is worn with a skirt of black satin made plainly, save for three bias ruffles at the hem.  
Short boleros and Etons made of cut work and embroidery, lined with tinted silk of some becoming color, are considered very smart with any sort of light summer gown. They give a pretty fluish that is both chic and dainty.  
Dresses of muslin, organdie and batiste have the ruffles edged with narrow lace. There may be but one or several ruffles on the skirts and they are set either in clusters at the foot or at regular intervals, covering about half the length of the skirt.  
A handsome imported jacket is made of box cloth, showing a white sailor collar and revers. The model is open fronted and extremely short. The jacket is a pale shade of cream, and is called the Redfern beach jacket, and other models are in pale green, mauve, tan, sage gray, silver gray, and also deep currant red.

corset was of navy blue bound with white. A large scarf of white silk tulle is worn about the throat and is tied in a huge bow under the chin.

The hat was of sunbonnet straw in a glossy rough braid, and is worn well off the face, with a chaplet of deep red and pink roses bordering the hair. The crown is trimmed with masses of white tulle silk—not ribbon, but silk, and the bows set up very high over the brim in front. The tailor gown was of smooth, lightweight cloth in a clean tan color. It is lined throughout with plaid tulle silk, and the lapels and waistcoat are of the same silk.

The bottom of the coat bodice was made in scallops, and it sets out jauntily at the back. The sleeves are exactly like the old time coat sleeves that we wore before large sleeves came into vogue, and they flare over the hands, showing the plaid facing.

Above the plaid waistcoat was a snowy linen dicker and front, with a little rim of collar standing out about the chin.

The hat is of fine orange straw trimmed with two flaring white wings and rosettes of cerise ribbon, a band of the same ribbon surrounding the brim.

## The Typical American Girl.

As a type the American girl smiles at us from the canvas of a great artist, and there is a dash of coquetry in her sweet eyes and a suggestion of mysticism in her grave, parted lips. In song and verse she is celebrated, and she is the very breath of life to the modern novel, to the writer and illustrator alike. But in real life who among us has seen her? Where is she to be found? Not in the West. She is charming there, breezy, spirited, original, slangy, independent and delightfully unconventional; but provincial rather than national. You may look in vain for her among the fragile, Dresden china bas-blens of New England, whose opinions and accents are equally chilling, and whose dainty eye glasses are never, by any chance, couler de rose. South of the Mason and Dixon line there exist sweet voiced, sweet lipped women, always gracious, graceful and gentle, but, alas! never typical. Surely it will not be necessary to pursue the ignis fatuus beyond New York, for New York expects to be patted every time the American type is mentioned; but, strange to say, it is by a careful study of the youth and beauty of this cosmopolitan city that the truth is brought to light that there is no typical American girl.

We have, indeed, been lured to worship at a false shrine. There is the Gibson girl, who is rather the Southern type with an added hauteur and directness of style; the Smedley girl, who is a combination of New York and San Francisco; the Howells girl, who has the manners of Boston with the soul of Chicago; and the Henry James girl, whose manners and soul are devoid of any local color whatever; but even a composite girl of these four types would scarcely be sufficiently representative. It would be quite as sensible to insist that the daisy should grow like a rose, blossom like an orchid and carry the perfume of a violet, as to attempt to condense American girlhood, with its varying qualities of earnestness, vivacity, mirth, dignity, gentleness, independence and mental alertness, into one typical American girl.—Demorest's Magazine.

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