

Turkey owes seventeen per cent. of her national debt to German capitalists.

It has taken an English authority to discover that our Indians make the best policemen of modern civilization.

Statistics disclose the fact that the United States consume annually about 640,000,000 pounds of wool, or about nine pounds per capita of population.

The Paris Figaro thinks that, because only twenty-seven per cent. of the persons who commit suicide are women, the contention that self-murder marches with civilization cannot be maintained.

In a recent article in Science, Dr. Brinton calls attention to the fact that the missionary Haverstadt was so well pleased with the language of the Aretcanian Indians of Chile that he published a work on it in 1777, advocating its adoption as a universal tongue for the world, a ready-made Volapuk.

The practice of applying cocaine to the eyes of firemen in order to reduce the sensibility of the eyeball to the effects of smoke has been greatly condemned by the New York board of health. Dr. Fletcher Engalls, in commenting on this custom, says that not only is it likely to produce victims to the cocaine habit, but that, when used often, cocaine kills the fine sensibilities upon which the eyes depend. But in any case, the application of cocaine to the eyes under such circumstances is quite wrong. If it does deaden the sensibility for the time being, it will not prevent injury to them by the smoke.

The Transvaal and the Klondike gold fields are likely to have a rival in South America, according to the recent reports from that country. A San Francisco dispatch to the effect that recent advices from Peru, which have been confirmed upon good authority, state that the wonderful rich strikes reported from the Klondike region have been eclipsed by discoveries in that country. This statement is based upon the rediscovery of the famous Inca gold fields, in the department of Cuzco and Puna, in the eastern border of that country, which has long been famous for its richness in precious metals. The supply of gold may run out some day, but there seems to be no immediate danger of it. On the contrary, at present it is greatly on the increase, and there is every reason to believe that the argument of the silverites, that there is not gold enough to answer the world's purposes, is based upon false premises. At least, the present generation is likely to have all the gold that it needs for the arts and for money, and a comfortable surplus beside.

Says the Washington Star:—"A peculiar situation has grown out of the efforts of certain railroad companies operating in the far west to secure the services of sober men on their lines. It is plainly to the best interests of the public as well as the corporations that inebriety among the employees should be reduced to the lowest possible point, for intoxication leads directly to carelessness and thence to accidents, costing many lives and large fortunes in damages. To avoid these results the Santa Fe road and some others have recently issued an order prohibiting all employees of whatever grade or class of duties from entering saloons, on pain of dismissal. There is, of course, a broad rule against intoxication in force. It was at first thought that this would suffice, but frequent cases of drunkenness proved that the only way to ensure a sober force was to draw a dead line around all places where intoxicants were dispensed. This order has aroused the resentment of the associated saloon keepers of the coast cities and their leader is now on his way to Boston to protest to the financial backers of the Santa Fe road and to threaten a boycott if the order is maintained. As a plain business proposition it is likely that the roads, if boycotted, would more than make up the loss of traffic resulting from this action in the form of damages saved, and also in the additional traffic attracted to roads known to employ only sober men. Thus the road puts a premium upon safety that has never before been possible on a broad scale. Some years ago one of the lines running out of Chicago tried the experiment of prohibiting the visiting of saloons. The liquor men and the brewers protested and finally boycotted the road. But the order was enforced, the average of accidents was steadily reduced and the road prospered as never before. The saloon order and the boycott still exist side by side and the former seems to be having the best of the bargain."

THE FAREWELL DAYS.

There's a murmur in the maples, a whisper in the vines,
A subtle sense of sorrow in the shadow of the pines;
And the stream in music flowing has the echo of a sigh,
And ripples: "Summer's going. Goodby—goodby!"

The lily seems to languish, the rose is ghostly white;
The golden sunflower droops and dreams through the enchanted night;
The wind is singing round the eaves, and ever with a sigh
That thrills and stills the listening leaves, it stups, "Goodby—goodby!"

"Goodby," the valleys echo; "Goodby," the hills repeat;
"Goodby," from daisied meadows, from garden violet-sweet;
And bells in dells of twilight, beneath a misty sky,
Seem singing in their ringing: "Goodby—goodby!"

And all the hills sing: "Linger!" and all the valleys: "Stay!"
And all the gardens: "Rest thee here on jeweled beds of May!"
But a sigh is thrilling—filling the earth and weeping sky:
And love, with lips unwilling, kisses "Goodby—goodby!"
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

A WAVERING CHOICE.

BY JESSY WRAN.

Alone in a large, comfortably, but somewhat sparsely, furnished room sat a young and beautiful girl.

Somewhat she and her surroundings did not seem in accord. The carpet on the floor was somewhat worn; the paintings on the wall gave no evidence of a master's touch; the upholstery was gaudy, rather than refined.

But the girl herself was attired in the latest fashion. Her dress was at once quiet and elegant, and but that she wore no hat, and leaned back the little head heavily on the cushions of her chair, you would not readily have imagined that this room and the one adjoining made the only home Irene Hutton and her widowed mother could boast.

Nor would one suppose that on this very morning, in the small, white hands which lay in such seeming listlessness in her lap, was the momentous scale which should decide the question of her whole future.

It was the old, old question, after all—love versus money—and alternately it balanced with her thought. She looked about the room, and her lip curled.

"Sentiment under these conditions!" was her mental reflection. "And what else could Harry offer me? What would his life and mine become in the ceaseless struggle to make both ends meet? Have I not seen enough of this wretched, genteel poverty? Poor mother! All goes that I may make a creditable appearance before the world; and now no wonder she thinks it hard that, after the long struggle to gain me a proper footing in the matrimonial market, I look coldly upon the first presentable bid. What matters it that the man is older than my father would have been? What matters it that I can never love him? I should wear diamonds; I should ride in my carriage. The dear mother would once more be happy, and only Harry and I would be miserable. Harry and I! Two paupers! What voice have we in the world? None—none!"

And then, with all a woman's inconsistency, down went the scale in favor of money, and down went the little head in the hands which figuratively held it, in a great burst of sobs.

"You mean you've decided to give me up, Irene?"

No one could dream the speaker, Henry Armstrong, could look so grave or speak so sternly, as when, a few hours later, standing in the same room where Irene had fought her fight, he thus addressed her.

His eyes, blue as heaven, seemed fitted only for laughter; his mouth, though it was marked by no lines of weakness, held wonderful sweetness in its corners.

He was a man, young and handsome, well calculated to win and hold a woman's love; and yet the love of the one woman in the world which was precious to him was slipping from his grasp.

"I can't help it, Harry," she answered, wearily. "I am selling myself—you and I both know that; but it must be done, dear. I haven't a cent in the world to bring you, and, poor as I am, I love luxury, Harry; and it would break my heart to see you grow old and gray in trying to make the income, not enough for one, answer the needs of two."

"But we are both young, Irene. With the incentive of your love I will soon double my income. Besides, one of these days I shall have plenty—you know that."

"Dead men's shoes, Harry. We don't either of us want to count on that, and there's no reason why your Uncle Richard shouldn't outlive you. Besides, he may change his mind about making you his heir. It's very strange, rich as he is, he won't allow you a penny now, and as to the incentive of my love, dear, it's only in romance that it has the desired money-making effect."

The girl's words were harder than her heart; but her listener could not look into its depths to discover the bitter ache which lent them their seeming coldness, and his own love and misery made them the more difficult to bear.

"It all comes to this, then—that you throw me over?" he said.

And somehow the question, quiet as it was, held such repression of feeling that Irene looked up, startled.

"Oh, Harry, don't be too hard on me! Don't doubt that my love was true—is yet—though my heart is breaking!"

"Your heart!" he echoed.

And then he laughed, but such laughter! It was more painful than any demonstration of grief.

"Do stones break?" he went on.

"You have worn your mask well. Until tonight I never dreamed what lay beneath it. I wish you all joy in your new life! I shall doubtless be to congratulate myself that you tore off the mask in time. You have given me a cure for my folly, though for the moment it hurts. But the girl I loved is dead. In you I do not recognize her. Therefore I can say to you, not to her—goodby."

He bowed and left her, heedless of, or unhearing, the one choked utterance of his name, which was her sole reply.

Six years later, Harry Armstrong, little changed in outward seeming, paced up and down the deck of a steamer, three days out from Liverpool.

The weather had been stormy, and the passengers for the most part had been confined to their staterooms.

Only today a few of the ladies had ventured upon deck. One of these braver ones was seated at the extreme end of the ship, and around her was playing a little child—a lovely boy, four years of age.

"A young widow," thought Mr. Armstrong, stealing a cursory glance at the slender figure draped in heavy black.

A thick, blue veil quite concealed her face, and usually indifferent as he was to women, he felt a strange curiosity to see her lift it.

When he passed a second time he extended his hand to the child.

"Would you like a walk, my little man?" he asked.

The boy ran to him.

"May I take him, madam?" he inquired, courteously lifting his hat; but if he hoped to hear her voice he was disappointed.

She bowed assent. He could not know that underneath the veil great tears were rolling down her cheeks.

The child was little more than a baby, his hair hanging over his shoulders in flaxen curls, but all his prattle was of "mamma."

"Where is papa?" questioned Armstrong.

Up went the little finger heavenward, while a solemn look stole over the baby's face.

"As I thought," reflected the man, and he felt a singular satisfaction in having his suspicion verified. "I will hear her voice at least," he determined, and he walked back to where she sat.

"Your little boy and I have become great friends," he said. "I am fond of children, and he has promised me we shall have many walks together."

"You are very kind," was the simple answer.

But Armstrong, as he heard it, grew deathly pale.

"Irene!" he said, as though the name burst involuntarily from his lips.

She instantly threw back her veil, but all trace of tears had disappeared, and only a smile was on her lovely lips as she extended toward him her hand.

"You won't refuse to shake hands with me," she said, sweetly. "I recognized you at once, Mr. Armstrong, and I also recognized that, on the narrow confines of the ship, avoidance of each other would be impossible. Here, at least, we may be friends!"

Not for six years—not since the moment he had left this woman's presence—had Harry Armstrong's heart beat as madly as in this hour; but her composure helped him.

He let his fingers close over hers with no warmer pressure than in unexpectedly meeting any chance acquaintance; but the warmth had gone from his tone, as he replied:

"Friends always, I trust. Six years have changed you very little, Mrs. Bacon."

A red flush rose to her cheeks as he spoke her name, and she answered hurriedly, as though some embarrassment possessed her.

"So my rival is dead," mused Armstrong, when he found himself again alone. "And the old madness is upon me. We both stand now on equal ground at least. Does she know? I wonder! Has she heard that one year after the day she jilted me I came into my fortune? Not a long waiting would it have been for either of us. Perhaps, as John Bacon's widow, she will endeavor again to inveigle me into believing her true. Ah, one lesson such as I have had lasts a man a lifetime. And yet—oh, God, why can I not forget her? Before I knew who she was the old attraction drew me toward her. After I leave this ship I pray that we may never meet again."

Perhaps because Harry Armstrong really was so earnest in this prayer he concluded he must make the most of the present. Perhaps it was the old story of the candle and the moth, but certain it was that day after day found him beside his old love.

They never spoke of the past. They never resurrected the dead. Their hands never met even in a "good morning." Yet they laughed and talked as though each did not feel the mad heart-beats every instant they were together.

It was the last day out. Irene and Harry were alone, the child playing at their feet, when a lady approached them, leaning on the arm of her maid, pale and wan from recent illness.

"I concluded the sir might do me good," she said, languidly, as Irene quickly arose and assisted her to a chair, then turned and presented her to Mr. Armstrong.

"You are my little boy's friend,"

said the stranger, extending her hand gracefully. "He has talked so much of you—and Miss Hutton tells me you are an old friend of her own."

From one to the other Harry Armstrong looked in blank surprise.

He stammered some reply illy according with his usual ease, then, standing before Irene, he offered her his arm.

"Will you take a turn on deck with me, Miss Hutton?" he said, emphasizing her name.

She rose instantly. They walked to the other end of the ship, when he paused and confronted her.

"Irene, now tell me what it all means," he said.

"Only that I am Miss Hutton still. I saw your mistake and encouraged it, hoping you might never know the truth. My mother died and I was penniless. I am companion to the lady to whom I just presented you and governess to the little boy."

"Why did you not marry?"

"You have no right to question me."

"I assume the right, and, by the heavens above, you shall answer me."

"I—I could not. Oh, this is cruel, Mr. Armstrong! Yet perhaps I deserve that you should know the truth. I could not perjure myself at God's altar. Loving one man, I could not swear to love and honor another. I chose poverty, loneliness and my own self-respect."

"And the man you loved—you have ceased to love him?"

She made no answer, but her head bowed lower, and he could see the great tears rolling silently down her face.

"Suppose he could offer you today little more than he offered you then, Irene, what would your answer be?"

"Harry, Harry, don't mock me," she cried. "You cannot know the emptiness of my life or you would not hold out to me the semblance of its rich fullness. I deserve my fate. Let me accept it."

"Only in accepting me, Irene. Ah, my darling, it was your true self I loved, after all. You strove to wear the mask and could not. Heaven has indeed been kind to us, my love. I came on this ship a lonely, desolate man, though fortune has smiled upon me, and I can offer you, Irene, a home worthy of you. The old days of toil and struggle have ended; but after all they were the rich days, dear—rich in hope and rich in love. I have been poor ever since in all that makes life's real wealth—until tonight. Irene, you have loved me always?"

And over the wide ocean the winds swept and whispered answer. "Always."

And into two human souls crept perfect peace.—Saturday Night.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Chechaco is Alaskan for tenderfoot. The Portuguese first brought tea from China and the East in the sixteenth century.

The first solid head pin was made in England in 1824 by an American, Lemuel W. Wright.

In 1850 the cultivation of tea began in Brazil, and a considerable quantity was exported from that country.

Paper flooring is in use in Germany. It is laid in a pasty mass, smoothed and then pressed. Footsteps on it are noiseless.

Massachusetts is one of the richest of the states, having a valuation of real and personal property amounting to \$1,584,756,802.

The finest human hair is blonde, and red is the coarsest. The thickness of human hair varies from the 250th to the 600th of an inch.

Only twenty-seven per cent. of the capital of this country is owned by men holding between \$100,000 worth and \$1,000,000 worth of property.

The largest mass of pure rock salt in the world lies under the province of Galicia, Hungary. It is known to be 550 miles long, twenty broad and 250 feet in thickness.

The smallest horse in the United States is owned by Colonel Harvey Botts of Carroll county, Missouri. The animal is five years old, thirty-two inches high, and weighs only 145 pounds.

A break in the main waterpipe in a street in Tombstone, Arizona, in November, was found to have been caused by the roots of a tree, which had grown around the pipe and crushed it so that it burst.

The cook working for a farmer who lives near Portland, Oregon, found a dollar's worth of gold in the gizzard of a goose the other day. Perhaps this goose was of the same breed as the one that laid the golden egg.

A nervous bridegroom in Auburn, N. Y., became so excited while dressing for the bridal, that he inadvertently put on two laundered shirts, and did not discover his blunder until the reception was in progress, after the ceremony.

M. Berthelot, the chemist who was foreign minister in M. Bourgeois's government, reports to the Academie de Sciences that the copper objects found at Negadah and Abydos, in Egypt, by M. de Morgan are of pure copper and not of bronze.

At Indianapolis, Ind., a street car conductor was just about to take up a fare when the trolley wheel slipped, the pole sprung upward and a loop in the rope caught the conductor under the arm and lifted him over the tail-board. He was landed in a heap on the pavement.

Too Hard Work.

Hungry Higgins—I wouldn't mind goin' to Klondyke, if it wasn't for havin' to dig out the gold.

Weary Watkins—That ain't the worst of it. It has to be washed after it is dug.—Pittsburg Chronicle.



Mrs. Vanderbilt's Cheap Gown.

The fashion correspondents have it that Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., went calling at Newport the other morning in a gingham gown that cost just 18 cents a yard.

Hand Painted Stockings.

Parisian hosiery novelties are black stockings, hand painted. Garlands of flowers, even figures decorate the whole length, but this style is not adopted by women of fastidious taste. The stockings are so fine in texture that they must be worn over a pair of flesh colored silk ones.

Pretty Gowns for Bridesmaids.

Fashion demands that bridesmaids should be dressed in some of the faint tints, and also in white in honor of the bride. Any fabric, more or less light, of course, out of which a picturesque costume can be designed, is counted good form. A toilet which might be worn when there are several bridesmaids has a foundation of pale green China silk; over that is worn a plisse skirt and blouse bodice of coarse fish net, which has baby ribbon of green velvet run through the meshes diagonally. The yoke, which is full, is of white chiffon, and, like the fish net, is over the green silk. The sleeves, full and finished with pretty frills, have ruffles of chiffon over the shoulders. At the top of the blouse portion of the bodice is a puckered heading of the chiffon, each little row of puckers being finished with a narrow velvet ribbon. The picturesque hat is of fine white Leghorn.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Mrs. Stowe Died in Poverty.

Everyone will be surprised to learn that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe died almost penniless, and that her homestead is now offered for sale. This statement, by Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, herself a famous writer, is made public in a letter. The twin daughters of the distinguished writer and philanthropist are in actual need.

It has been proposed that a monument should be erected to the memory of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, but it is not a question of monuments; it is a question of bread and butter for her children. The daughters of Mrs. Stowe have themselves made no appeal for aid. They are ignorant of the fact that others are making such an appeal in their behalf.

On the same block on which stands the home in which lived for so many years Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, stands also the home of Mark Twain. On its roof there have fallen the shadows of evil fortune, but life and will and vigor still remain with him, and it is hoped that kindly humor's smiles may yet banish the frowns that darken its deserted threshold.—Hartford (Conn.) dispatch to the Pittsburg Dispatch.

Bicycle Girls "Shoo" a Herd of Cows.

An incident which took place on Poplar street, just west of Ridge avenue, recently, demonstrates conclusively that the new woman has outgrown the most pronounced feminine follies. Next to a mouse, the object that inspired the most fear in the mind of the old fashioned girl was a cow, but neither of these ferocious animals seems able to live up to its past reputation. Two bicycle girls were spinning out Poplar street, while coming from the opposite direction was a drove of cows in the charge of a couple of drovers. Instead of showing the white feather and fainting from sheer fright, as most girls would have done ten years ago, these amazons of the wheel charged directly at the enemy. The cows were slow in making a passage for the wheelwomen, who tried to "shoo" them aside. One of the girls got wedged in the centre of the herd, and, being unable to proceed further, steadied herself on the wheel by actually clutching the tail of one of the animals and thus was not obliged to dismount. Finally a clear passage was made and the two girls rode through, laughing heartily over their adventure.—Philadelphia Record.

The Paris Fashions.

A Paris house furnishes the following real news of the fashions:

The heat has become so unbearable here during the last few days that all the Parisiennes who are still in town pass the day in idleness, and in anticipation of their dinner at a restaurant in the Bois. Crowds of carriages every evening spin rapidly down the Avenue de Bois, and their owners repair to Armentouville or one of the other fashionable restaurants.

A type of dress much favored at Armentouville just now is the black embroidered and beaded mousseline de soie. One of these becoming gowns was worn there the other night by one of our best known elegantes, with transparent neck and sleeves, the mousseline being just thick enough, with its design of roses and leaves, to allow of the omission of a lining. The embroidery is also introduced into the skirt above the flounce.

White foulards, with mauve flowered designs, are seen on a number of the smartest people; but there is so much variety

in the make of these dresses that they are not at all monotonous.

The exodus of the fashionable world has well commenced, and every seaside resort is filled to overflowing with visitors. "Pour les bains" is the cry, and "pour les bains" it is marvelous what costumes are here required. The influence of the prevailing modes is seen in the bathing gowns, which are worn trimmed with ruffles, galons and insertions of lace; large white collars fall over the narrow neckband. Shoes, with strings laced up as far as the calf, hats of a shape known aforetime as the "Dolly Varden," are now indispensable accessories to a Parisienne's bathing costume.

Three toilets a day for ladies is the dictum at all fashionable resorts. White reigns supreme this summer season, not only for gowns of washing material, but also for tailor-made costumes, which are now turned out in white cheviot, serge and cloth.

A most beautiful gown, worn by a stylish woman a few days since, excited considerable admiration among the crowd on the promenade at Trouville. It was of ecri lion, embroidered in black silk to about the knees, where the embroidery took the form of an uneven border, under which was gathered a deep flounce of Chantilly lace; the body was of linen, covered with narrow lace frills, each headed by a narrow band of black satin ribbon; the sleeves were of the embroidered linen. The hat worn was of black lace trimmed with ribbon and black feathers and roses. Black gloves, stitched yellow, and tan shoes with patent toes, completed one of the most "chic" costumes seen this season.

Light-colored gloves are worn, but a delicate biscuit or pale cane tint has been even more seen than the somewhat obtrusive white. White boots and shoes are making their appearance among us once again, but it is thought that they will figure but a very short time in the fashionable woman's wardrobe. They certainly look well beneath a white dress, but they are considered very unpractical. Nevertheless, very many ladies will wear white boots at Trouville during the summer months.—New York Mail and Express.

Fashion Notes.

Belts, chatelaine bags and purses are out in the fashionable purple seal leather.

Antique Cyprus and Cretan iridescent glass vases are out in both large and small sizes.

There is almost no end to the variety of table furnishings shown in silver plated ware.

Many of the designs of flowers and fruits wrought in silver are taken directly from nature.

India muslins, flowered taffetas, French organdies, plain and fancy grenadines and etamines, batistes and sheer silky grass linens are among the favored materials used in making these lace trimmed summer gowns.

Never before has there been such a variety of batiste embroidery as there is this season. Every tint of ecru, from cream to the brownish flax color, is represented in these lovely trimmings, and the latest designs come in deep flouncings and wide insertions, with irregular edges and open patterns exquisitely embroidered in various colored silks of subdued shades, artistically harmonized.

Feathers and flowers are united in another large hat of fancy yellow straw with a brim upturned at the back and standing out flat at the front and sides. Pink roses are clustered about the top of the crown, which is hidden by a deep frill of cream lace. Pink satin is frilled about the crown and three pink bows cluster at the back. Three white tips nod at the left side of this charming hat.

Yellow and mauve form a very pretty combination on light summer gowns when the tints and textures are carefully chosen. Black net over white satin, and black lace over white transparents, are the height of style in Paris. The gowns are finished either with sashes of silk muslin carried twice around the waist, or of soft, undressed silk in pale mauve, pink, lettuce green or black.

A ruche-like arrangement of flowers is a new feature in millinery. In a large hat of fancy geranium straw, silk poppies and buds are wreathed about the crown over a drapery of geranium red velvet and ribbon. The ribbon and velvet are formed in standing loops at the back, where poppies are bunched against the up-turned brim. A black straw facing relieves the warmth and intensity of the red.

The picturesque 1830 style is recalled by a large white chip hat with broad, drooping brim that overshadows the eyes in a captivating way. Cream lace is applied full as a facing to the brim, and lace is frilled over the brim and hangs in a loop low over the hair. Yellow chiffon is twisted softly around the high crown, and at the left side are disposed four white erect plumes and one drooping plume,