

The London Times publishes an estimate that Europe will need twelve per cent. more wheat this year than usual.

An English missionary has solved the problem of African exploration. He made his way on a bicycle from the East coast to the capital of Uganda in three weeks, a journey that would have required three months by the old caravan methods.

At last accounts it cost twenty-eight cents a pound to pack goods across the Chile coast to the capital of Chile. That was before any snow fell. Later it may be more; but \$560 per ton will be quite enough to curdle the enthusiasm of half-heeled gold-hunters who are now ingathering at Dyea.

The trade in condensed milk is rapidly growing, and yet the factories are so few that the business is practically a monopoly. Farm News thinks it is probable that co-operations for this purpose would prove more remunerative than creameries. A gallon of milk makes about three pounds of condensed milk.

About \$70,000 a year have been saved by the state of Virginia through a reform in regulating criminal expenses. One change which results in a large saving is that which provides that convicts sentenced to the penitentiary shall be sent for by the authorities of that institution, rather than escorted to it by sheriffs or police in the various counties and cities.

Of the \$400,000 trust fund bequeathed last March by Miss Belinda L. Randall of Roxbury, Mass., to seven trustees with discretionary powers for its distribution, \$500 has been given to Phillips Exeter academy, \$70,000 to the Foxcroft club of Harvard university to furnish board at low prices to poor and meritorious students, \$50,000 each to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Children's Aid society of Boston, \$20,000 each to Radcliffe college and the Tuskegee (Ala.) institute, and \$25,000 to Hampton institute, Va.

A medical journal makes the frequency of suicide by carbolic acid a text for the insistence that doctors and medical officers of health should urge the introduction of a non-poisonous disinfectant for household use. An investigation of the tables of suicide cases in the United Kingdom shows that at the present time suicide with carbolic acid promises to outstrip the united poisonings by oxalic acid, opium, laudanum, prussic acid, cyanide of potassium and strychnine. At one time laudanum, morphine and opium were the favorite poisons, but now carbolic acid has taken their place, and according to the returns for 1894, the latter caused more than twice as many suicidal deaths as the three former combined. In the period 1861-5 the suicides by carbolic acid were 0.99 per cent. of all the suicides with poisons; in 1866-70 they were 1 per cent.; in 1871-5, 5.82 per cent.; in 1876-80, 7.93 per cent.; in 1881-5, 15.37 per cent.; in 1886-90, 15.49 per cent.; and in 1891-4, 28.01 per cent. It is doubtful whether this disinfectant ever would have got such a hold on the public but for two facts—it was practically the first in the field, and it was cheap.

Comparative figures, compiled by the department of labor in the form of deductions from the last census statistics relating to workers at gainful occupations, point to the fact that persons at work, especially women, have increased very much faster than the population at large. As a result the statement shows that the proportion of workers relative to the total population and to the whole number of people of the respective ages was considerably greater in 1890 than at the preceding census periods, and that this increased proportion is apparent for each of the great classes of occupations except agriculture, fisheries and mining. All this, the statement sets out, shows very clearly the constantly increasing disinclination of our population to follow agricultural pursuits, a tendency materially hastened, doubtless, by the wide application of machinery to the processes of agriculture. Despite this disinclination and the recent overcrowding of manufacturing and commercial centers, the analysis demonstrates that the increased proportion of workers is found generally in the higher walks of business life and in those occupations which call for skilled labor principally rather than in the lowest or more laborious forms of employment. The conclusion is accordingly stated to be inevitable that the great body of workers has, as a whole, progressed and has perceptibly risen in the social scale of life.

DREAMS.

Dreams, like children hand in hand,
Wander through the shadow-land;
All the night they softly creep
Down the corridors of sleep.

Dreams, like children, laugh and weep
In the mystic house of sleep;
Then hand in hand they run away,
Frightened by the noisy day.
—Robert Loveman, in Current Literature.

AGAINST THE TIDE.

BY MAJOR ALFRED B. CALHOUN.

"No sir, no fashionable watering place for me; I want rest and comfort during my holidays," said Alick Freeman to his friend, Casper Burns, with whom he was discussing the place where they should spend the two weeks' vacation allowed them by the bank in which they were both clerks, and of which their respective fathers were directors.

"We had a good time at Saratoga last year," said Casper Burns, adding, with a sly laugh, "but you are afraid of meeting Miss Julia Fletcher there again; well, I don't blame you; she is as rich and pretty and heartless as you find them."

"No, confound it, Casper, Miss Fletcher is all right; it is I who was the fool, and a presumptuous one at that, for thinking she looked more favorably on me than she did on the score of fellows who danced about her like midges in the sun. I hate fashion. Why, only the strongest constitution can stand the dressing, the driving, the dining and dancing of those fashionable watering places. We want rest, or, rather, change. Now what do you say to White's Inlet?"

"White's Inlet? Never heard of such a place," replied Casper.

"Than I'll enlighten you," said Alick Freeman, stopping in the midst of packing his trunk and turning to his friend. "White's Inlet is near Barnegat."

"Down on the Jersey coast?"

"Certainly; the fishing is good, the shooting tip-top, and there is no such place for boating and bathing. And then it is pretty well out of the world, and the chances are we'll be the only visitors within miles—"

"And we can wear out our old clothes," interrupted Casper Burns.

"Of course no one would think of wearing anything but old clothes down at White's Inlet. Oh, we'll have a splendid time, free as the winds, and almost like being in a state of nature—"

"I know, Alick, but people in a state of nature eat and sleep; how are we to obtain these necessary comforts?"

"The point is well taken," said Alick, slamming down the lid of his trunk and facing his friend. "Right near the mouth of the inlet there lives a fisherman named White—"

"The inlet takes its name from him?"

"Just so; and he has all accommodations necessary. I sent him word we'd be down next week, and he's expecting us."

"Got any pretty daughters?"

"No; that's the beauty of it; has no one but his wife, and the only neighbor is a mile and a half away across the inlet. Oh, we'll have peace and no end of a good time," said Alick Freeman, rubbing his hands in anticipation of the pleasure in store for them.

The result of this interview was that the young men found themselves at White's Inlet within a week. After leaving the cars they had to go in a wagon some twenty miles over a sandy road that ran through a forest of funeral pines and distorted scrub oaks, on which the sun beat with tropical intensity and along which the mosquitoes prowled in fierce, bloodthirsty bands.

The fisherman's house was perched on a verdureless bluff of white sand, with a swamp in the background and a glorious expanse of blue ocean in front. If the structure did not promise comfort it was certainly picturesque, and told of wrecks and dangers along that treacherous coast.

One end of the cabin was the stern section of a wrecked schooner, with the name "Eliza Jane" still visible; the chimney of rusty iron had once done duty on a tugboat, and the Gothic doorway was the under jaw of a whale which Sam White had killed on the bar, about a mile from his cabin.

"It doesn't look promising, I must confess," said Alick Freeman, as they got out of the wagon which they had hired at a round price to fetch them over, "but it looks as if we might have all the quiet here that heart could wish for." This was Alick's first visit to the place, which had been recommended to him by a bachelor friend, and though he pretended to like it, he felt in his heart that it was not all he desired.

"It must be a splendid place for fish," said Casper, with a grim smile.

"Oh, it is! Why, there's no end of fish out there," said Alick, waving his hands at the water.

"If it isn't a good place for fish," continued Alick, "then it's about the most worthless place I ever set eyes on."

Sam White, a weather-beaten man of fifty, came out of the cabin to welcome his guests and help them in with their "traps," as he called the goodly array of baggage they had brought with them.

Mrs. White looked enough like her husband to be a twin, but she was a clean, wholesome, hearty woman, an unconventional as the most ardent admirer of nature could wish.

The young men were given a room there were only four apartments in the house—in the annex made of the section of the wrecked "Eliza Jane." The windows had once admitted light to the captain's cabin, and it required no stretch of the imagination to pic-

ture themselves on shipboard. The very decorations of the chamber had a strongly marine aspect, from the highly colored print of a naval battle to the shell that answered for a soap cup.

The young men were hungry and dusty and in no good humor; so that while washing and changing their traveling dress for natty sailor costumes, they did not exchange many words, though Alick ventured to say:

"I'm sure, old fellow, we'll like it hugely after we get used to it."

"People like whisky and opium after they get used to them, but is it worth while acquiring the habit?" said Casper Burns, with a shade of sarcasm in his voice.

Alick was about to respond at a venture, but at that moment Mrs. White, without the formality of knocking, put in her head to say that dinner was ready, and to add that in her opinion they "was purty nigh starved."

There was a roast duck, two or three kinds of fish, potatoes like snow-balls, hot biscuit and yellow butter, and a pot of steamed coffee, all served on a clean crash table-cloth.

Sam White asked a long, old-fashioned blessing, to the great amazement of the young men, who expected to find him a profane old sea dog, and then he said:

"You must make a long arm, boys, and help yourselves."

"Well," said Casper, as they strolled down to the beach after dinner, "I must confess I haven't enjoyed a meal so much for years. I was hungry and it went to the right spot."

"Oh, this is just the place for an appetite. You can find one here sooner than in any other part of the country," said Alick, handing Casper a cigar, and feeling that there was something to redeem the place in the eyes of his friend.

As they stood on the shore the sun was setting, and the blue expanse took on a crimson tinge. They sat down on the white sand, and they could see away up the shore and across the inlet two figures—females. One of them had a white scarf about her head and the other a scarlet one, but beyond this the young men could not make them out.

"Ah! it is a comfort to know we are not wholly shut out from the world," said Casper, blowing a whiff of smoke in the direction of the figures.

"I am willing to worship at a distance," replied Alick. "I'm glad the inlet separates us, but I've no doubt they are the wives or daughters of some of the fishermen up the beach."

"Then?" said Sam White, when one of the young men asked him who his fair neighbors were, "them's some folks from the city as have taken the ole Benner place for the summer. It's more lonelier over there than it is here, but when ole Cap'n Benner was a-livin', there was no end of company over there, but that's years and years ago."

"I suppose there's no danger of any of the strangers coming over here?" asked Alick Freeman, with the slight hope that the old fisherman would say there was a great deal of danger.

"Not the least bit," replied Sam White, "but as there's two young ladies over there and two young men over here, why, the chances is that somehow they'll get together afore long."

"That's human nature," said Mrs. White, looking up from the potatoes she was peeling; "the boys'll seek out the gals just as ducks goes barefooted to the water."

Alick hinted that he was an exception, and that while he did not positively hate the other sex, their presence was essential to his misery, and much more to the same effect, all of which Mrs. White heard with a twinkle in her gray eyes that plainly told she had her doubts, not of the young man's sincerity, but of his reasoning.

The friends slept in the cabin that night, as they had not slept for years. Through the little windows the cool sea breeze poured in, laden with health and the balmy odor that brings sleep.

When they awoke the sun was flashing on the sea and transforming into a snow bank the bar about two miles out, where a great, black buoy rose and fell on the waves.

They had a dip in the ocean that sharpened their appetites, and after breakfast they started off with Sam White to fish outside the bar over a spot known to the fishermen of that coast as the "wreck," though there was nothing on the surface to indicate that ever a wreck had taken place there.

The fishing was all that it had been represented—indeed, the fish bit so fast as to change the sport into hard work and rob it of much of its pleasure. On their return they caught a glimpse of the two female figures beyond the inlet and far up the beach, and Casper Burns waved his hat to them and the two white handkerchiefs were waved back in reply.

The friends soon grew to like this strange life, and they began to feel that the earth had lots much less desirable than that of a fisherman—so far they had only played with the ocean in its sleep.

They frequently saw the ladies up the beach, and they made an effort to learn who they were, but Sam White either could not or would not gratify them.

Three days before the expiration of their leave of absence Sam White proposed to take them up the shore to a point from which they could get a good view of the New York yacht regatta, which was to have a race.

Alick Freeman, still declaring he wanted to see nothing that might remind him of the world he had left until he returned to it, decided to remain back.

Alick did not long enjoy the part of hermit which he volunteered to play. He strolled along the shore, with his

fishing pole on his shoulder and cast many an anxious glance in the direction where he had often seen the young ladies, but they did not gladden his sight. No doubt they had gone off to look at the regatta.

About three o'clock in the afternoon Alick Freeman put on his bathing dress and went down to the beach. He was a good swimmer, though until this summer all his practice had been in tideless, fresh water lakes or streams.

He boldly plunged through the rim of surf and swam out for a hundred yards, rising and falling on the swells that rolled in and broke on the white shingle.

"I'll lie on my back and let the waves wash me in." Suiting the action to the thought, Alick floated himself on his back—he could float without moving a muscle—and, closing his eyes, he was rocked by the swells, which he imagined were bearing him nearer and nearer to the shore.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and, wondering why he was not thrown among the breakers, as he expected, Alick Freeman turned over on his face and rubbed the water from his eyes.

Instead of being near the shore, he was a half mile out, and the tide, on which he had not counted, was bearing him rapidly to sea.

He took in the situation in an instant, and, though realizing the danger, he did not lose his presence of mind. His safety depended on his coolness.

He struck out for the shore, half throwing himself from the water by his powerful strokes, but all in vain. The tide still dragged him out farther and farther toward the foaming bar, on whose white crest tossed the black buoy.

He took off his wide-brimmed straw bathing hat and waved it in the hope that some one might see him; then, anxious to reserve his strength, he again threw himself on his back and drifted with the tide in the line of the buoy. "If I can reach that," he thought, "I can cling to the chains till help comes—if it ever does."

Before entering the line of breakers that marked the bar, he again waved his hat, then threw it away.

He reached the buoy, but the chains that kept it anchored were slimy and covered with seaweed, yet he so placed his body across the chains as to keep from drifting farther to sea, and there he hung for what seemed an age.

The sun was setting, and he was losing all heart, as well as all strength, when he heard a shrill voice above the thunder of the breakers.

He tried to reply.

The next instant a boat with a single occupant—a girl—on the oars, shot past him and turned toward the buoy.

"Where are you?" she shouted.

"Here! Here!"

Alick let go his hold, and, with a new strength made for the boat.

The young heroine caught him and helped him on board, and the moment he was safe he fainted.

When he came to he was back on the shore, and Sam White and Casper Burns, who had come up, were chatting him with the aid of a gentleman whom Alick recognized as Julia Fletcher's father.

"Take him up to the house," said Mr. Fletcher, "and then go to your cabin for his clothes. Poor fellow, he had a hard tussel for his life!"

But the heroine? Well, as the fates would have it, Mr. Fletcher, his wife and his niece, Dora Weldon, had gone off to see the regatta, and Julia, acting under a whim, as the others supposed, remained at home. She saw the swimmer in distress, and interpreted his signals, though she knew not at the time who he was. She ran to the inlet, got a boat and boldly started out with the result already shown.

Next day Alick was himself, and he sent word to the bank about his accident, the result being that he and Casper had an extension of another week.

How the time was spent we need not say. Alick owed it to his fair preserver to become her servant, and so he was with her nearly all the time, strolling on the sandy roads and salt-marshy byways.

"Never had such a pleasant summer in my life as at White's Inlet," said Alick to a friend some years after.

"It's so nice and quiet there. Casper and I were unmarried and clerks then, but we roughed it and enjoyed it, eh, Casper?"

"We met our wives, or rather, we became engaged there," laughed Casper. "So you see, it'd have to be a rough place that wouldn't seem pleasant under such circumstances."—New York Ledger.

The Kite an Aid to Science.

It is said that experiments are about to be tried with kites to assist in discovering the conditions of high altitudes. A camera will be attached to the kite, and the shutter will be worked by an electric automatic device. In this way photographs will be taken of the tops of the most inaccessible cliffs. It is also proposed to utilize kites as a means of climbing to the tops of places which even the most experienced tourists have failed to reach. Kites may be made strong enough to lift a light person to a great height, or they may be so hauled in the wind as to draw a line over some point, and by means of this other lines sufficiently strong to carry weight can be pulled over. An expedition of six persons from Princeton university is about to undertake a trip to New Mexico for the purpose of such explorations. It is not too much to expect that before many years the kite will prove to be the explorer's best friend, as the recent improvements in what was a childish toy have demonstrated that the lifting and sustaining capacity of a properly-constructed kite is little less than marvelous.



Gowns With Trains.

There comes a hint from Paris that gowns with trains will be worn next winter on all "dressy" occasions. There is an elegance about a train for full dress that commends itself to most women. The "dragging" skirt, however, which has appeared during the summer, has but little to be said for it. It is delightful to be able to chronicle that "foot-free" skirts are to continue to be an regle for walking costumes.

Oldest Woman's Club.

The Female Charitable Society of Baldwinville, N. Y., which recently celebrated its eightieth anniversary, has a remarkable record. It is not only the oldest woman's club in the United States, but during all these years it has continued to hold regular monthly and annual meetings. Its original constitution, with all the records since, is still preserved. At the recent celebration the fifty women who entertained were all descendants of the original charter members.

Paris's Beauty Club.

No, it does not mean a club composed of beautiful Parisiennes. It means an organization devoted to the pursuit of that fleeting good, loveliness. The preservation of looks by means which might be too expensive for the individuals, but which are possible to a collection of individuals, is the avowed object of the society. Milk baths, melon baths, herb baths, honey baths and raspberry lotions are among the luxuries which the club dispenses to its beauty seekers.—New York Journal.

Solid Colored Dress Goods.

Solid colored dress goods will be popular next season. This is the belief of leading dry goods men. Bird's eye effects in self colored goods will be much worn. Armures come under this head, and are to be shown in all the new shades. A new corded goods resembling the Bedford cord, and called "cable cord," is among the coming novelties. In mixtures there will be cover cloths with iridescent figures. Then there are vicunas, with soft "spongy" effects. Broadcloths, camel's hair goods, and other soft textures are to be much in evidence. Many tailor made suits are likely to be seen during the coming season, since plain and self colored figured goods lend themselves naturally to this style of dressing.

Advice for Women Gold Diggers.

The Rev. Dr. J. T. M. Johnston lectured the other day at Chautauqua on Alaska, which he visited in 1893 for the purpose of securing investments in the gold mines. He believes that the Klondike mining district is one vast gold field. While there he visited the famous Treadwell mine—the richest gold mine in the world—and he is confident that the entire surrounding region is full of gold. "But no one should think of going," he says, at this season of the year. If he does, he will be likely to sink a gold mine in his living expenses till next June, for up to that period glaciers of ice and snow cover the mines. He would, therefore, simply sit in a house, wrapped in blankets before a big fire, and pay \$15 a day for the privilege. A pick to dig with would cost him \$25. The only time it is possible to work the mines is during the months of June, July, August and September." He advises the woman's expedition to think well before landing on the Klondike too soon.—New York Tribune.

At the Universities.

Some man has discovered and called general attention to the fact that in this country, the schools closed to male students exceed in number those closed to female students. Another man (Professor von Hartman of Germany), consoles the women who are shut out of the universities in this wise:

"The lecture rooms seem to have a magical attraction for you; they are for you the paradise of intelligence. Absurd mistake! They are much more like barracks, where one learns mechanically the manual of arms. I am going to tell you the great secret; the best means of education is reading. Let those of you who care little about diplomas, and whose sole ambition is to cultivate your minds, stay at home and read! Get it well into your heads that your brothers and your future husbands, who, after leaving the university, do not read, will never be anything but stupid ignoramuses, and that all the universities in the world are useless to a woman who knows how to read."

Popular Girls.

"I would like to know why Katharine is so popular," said a bright, vivacious young woman, as she stood at the window looking out at one of her young friends who was passing. "Just note the difference between her and Emily, who is a regular harmony destroyer, while the other makes peace and pleasantness wherever she goes." "I think, said one of her grown-up friends, and grown-up and middle-

aged friends are exceedingly desirable associates for young women.

"I think the secret of Katharine's popularity lies in her absolute genuineness. She never makes pretenses, and being a religious girl, she always has the soft answer that turneth away wrath.

"Half a dozen times last winter we had more or less disagreement in our church guild. There were several persons connected with it who seemed always ready to strike fire when they came together. She was oil on the troubled waters, and smoothed all irregularities in the most delightful fashion.

"And while such dispositions are greatly to be commended, they are, for the most part, possessed by persons who have sufficient spirit to defend themselves and their families against imposition and abuse. They are long-suffering, slow to anger and often bear that which others would not, and for which they are more or less severely criticised. But they win in the long run. 'Blessed are the peacemakers' are words the sweet significance of which did not end with the speaking. They have come to us down through the dim aisles of the past, with their divine flavor still clinging to them, and areas applicable to the sons and daughters of men as when they first fell from the lips of the Nazarene."—New York Ledger.

What Deft Fingers Can Do.

The custom of taking a course in dressmaking and millinery is becoming a fashion, and the confidence acquired by thorough grounding and instruction in such matters is so well worth while that it is remarkable that more persons do not avail themselves of some of the most excellent opportunities that are at hand to go through this training. An example of what deft fingers can accomplish in this way was lately shown by a young woman who is a teacher, but who manages every year to give herself a few weeks' recreation at one of the most fashionable watering places. With three or four pretty organdies, simply made and with very little trimming, a white India silk evening dress with colored ribbons, an accordion-plaited taffeta in soft mixed tints, with a design in flowers and leaves, a black satin skirt with a couple of pretty waists, she managed to get on beautifully until near the end of her visit. Then came an unexpected invitation for a week longer with an ultra-fashionable friend to mingle in the society of women whose possessions ranged well up into six figures. She was almost in despair, but could not resist the temptation at least to make an effort to put her wardrobe in such shape as to make her presentable. One of the organdies was given a couple of lace flounces at the hem, another was tucke! until the skirt was only half the original length, and this tucking was set on a yoke of lawn, which was covered by a lace flounce that had seen its best days, but which answered this end admirably. Shoulder ruffles of lace were added instead of those of organdie, which had originally been put on, and the dress was by far prettier and more attractive than it had ever been. The white India silk, which was slightly soiled around the lower portion of the skirt, was flounced to the waist with chiffon. The waist was profusely draped with the same garniture and bows and loops of ruby velvet gave a most exquisite finish to what was really one of the most artistic dresses that was worn at a dance attended by people to whom money was not the slightest object. The black satin skirt needed nothing, and the waists were merely refreshed up with chiffon, ribbon and lace. The taffeta was changed entirely in character by the addition of rows of spangled gimp, set on from waist line to hem, and extended above the belt, spreading slightly on a corselet of the same material. This covered some soiled spots near the waist line, besides greatly improving the appearance of the waist.

In this way and with a few minor touches, suggested by a thorough course in an institute where the making of feminine gear has been successfully taught as a science, this energetic and capable young woman prepared herself for an additional outing that gave her very great pleasure, and resulted in advantages that will benefit her as long as she lives.

Shown on Dry Goods Counters.

Many mohair braid yokes and shaped waist pieces.

Pale green, grayish blue and pearl gray note paper.

Girls' checked chevrot frocks with braid trimmings.

Small toques trimmed with knots of velvet and wings.

Band trimmings of silk embroidery in applique effect.

Boston bags of brown cloth mounted in crocodile leather.

Close reefers in tan, navy and grayish blue cloth for fall.

Cambrie and batiste nightdresses having a small square neck.

Long black and white net scarfs edged with a plaited frill of lace.