Last year the only four states that produced asphaltum were California, Colorado, Texas, and Utah. Indian Territory also contributed some.

Canadian capital will pay for the great Victoria bridge to be erected at Montreal, but the structure will be built of American steel and by American contractors,

It is near time that enterprising persons gave up trying to work the "English estate" scheme here, thinks the New York Sun. The public is getting tired of it as a method of earning a dishonest penny.

London newspapers have started a crusade against the use of the long hatpin. Although at least two serious accidents have resulted in this country in recent years from the use of these pins, dry goods dealers say they are essential to woman and her headgenr.

Arsene Alexandre, one of the clever Parisians, in an article called "The Farce of the Decorative Arts," attacks directly the society for the encouragement of these arts, and incidentally states, on general principle, that the whole idea of decoration as a special branch of art is nonsense.

Not a third of all the vast wealth which Americans took out of California in the twenty years after 1849 remains in America, estimates the Detroit Free Press, and not more than ten per cent, of it, with what it bought counted in, can be located now upon its native soil, what is left in coinage probably bears more British mint stamps than any other, Great Britian being the one creditor nation.

The unusual heat which has prevailed in London has produced a revolution in manners on the bench. A few days ago the lord chief justice, Lord Russell of Killowen, after ordering all the doors and windows to be opened, took off his peruke and robe, and authorized the advocates to follow his example. For three or four centuries, it is said, no English judge has ever sat on the bench without his wig.

It is often said "the old man is not wanted." But such is not the case in Spain. Its new prime minister, General Azcarraga, is nearly seventy years of age, and yet he is the most active statesman and the most popular man in Spain. With a strong tendency to institute reforms, he is a man of determined will, and it seems as though a new era might dawn upon Spain under the administration of its Grand Old Man.

The government reindeer farm near Fort Clarence, Alaska, in the vicinity of the lower Yukon, now has more than one thousand animals, and they are multiplying rapidly. The herd was started five years ago. None of the animals have been utilized as yet for any purpose, although it is said vice in transporting the mails. The Boston Traveler now suggests that a certain number of the deer be sold to the seekers after wealth in the Klondike. The revenue derived from their sale, it is argued, would reduce the heavy expenses attending the maintenance of the rest of the herd, and they would be the greatest possible aid to the miners.

The crime of kidnapping is comparatively rare in this state with reference to children, observes the New York Sun, most of the cases in the law reports relating to the carrying off of grown persons. The guilty parties in the Conway case at Albany, have rendered themselves liable to imprisonment in the state prison for a term not exceeding fifteen years, under section 211 of the Penal code, the second subdivision of which declares that a person is guilty of kidnapping who willfully "leads, takes, entices away, or detains a child under the age of 16 years with intent to keep or conceal it from its parent, guardian, or other person having the lawful care or control thereof, or to extort or obtain money or reward for the return or disposition of the child, or with intent to steal any article about or on the person of the child." In the early part of this century the law against kidnapping was most frequently in-voked in the northern states in behalf of free persons of color who were unlawfulfy seized for the purpose of enslaving them in the South. Of late years sailors have frequently been the ictims of kidnappers. The offenders in the Conway case when ascertained and convicted should be punished such severity as to prevent any emic of this form of crime.

LIFE'S COMPENSATIONS.

The skies cannot always be clear,

My dear,

The merriest eye must still have its tear,
My dear;

The clouds that are frowning above us today

Will presently break and go floating away,
And the skies will be blue that are sullen
and gray,
My dear!

If it's going to rain, it will rain,
My dear;

There are sorrows that every good woman
must bear:
There are griefs in which every good man
has a share,
It is only the fool who has never a care,
My dear.

We can't have just happiness here,
My dear;
My dear;
You would never be glad if you ne'er shed
We can't have just happiness here,
My dear,
My dear,
Sweets wouldn't be sweet were no bitterness

and gray. My dear.

a tear.

My dear:

The sorrow that lurks in your bosom, today,
Like the clouds, when you've wept, will go
floating away.

And the skies will be blue that are sullen

And the re's sadness as well as vain trouble here, My dear : There could never be joy if there never was to borrow, My dear! -S. E. Riser, in Cleveland Leader.

******* The True Story of a Sauce.

BY MANGHERITA ARLINA HAMM.

This is a true story of low life and very well received when he presented also of a great sauce. What his real name was no one ever knew. He had come into Rivington street in the arms \$25 a quarter. of a drunken woman who inexplicably had considerable money. On this ac-

count, and also on account of her gen-

erosity, she was welcomed by the so-ciety of that downtown district. Her name was Mary. Her family name was somewhat obscure. Once when arrested she gave it as Jones, another time as Schmidt, a third as Bonaparte and a fourth time as Washington. This variety showed her to be a woman of some information, if

nothing else. The baby was a bright-eyed little thing, which was lame. The woman was kind enough to it in her own rough way and left the child largely

to its own resources.

It was clever and soon found out which of the neighbors were kind and liked children and which did not. Jamsey, for so it was called by its mother, managed to get along like thousands of others in the submerged Tenth. He grew, but on account of his infirmity grew in a different way from the other children of the neigh-borhood. He did not care much for playing, but liked housekeeping, dolls and other girlish recreations. When he was four he could make himself quite useful in the kitchen and was so careful that he could be safely intrusted with plates, tumblers. When he was six his mother died.

No one ever appeared to claim the body, and the city buried it without ado. The kind-hearted policeman talked of taking the boy to a nice or-phan asylum, where the children are all dressed in uniform and are trained to walk alike, talk alike, eat alike, read alike and think alike and very often to misbehave and die alike.

He found to his surprise that even down in Rivington street there was an invincible antipathy to asylums. Mrs. Mueller, a childless German woman, said that the baby should stay with her as long as she lived and that no Irish policeman should take it away and have it ruined in an asylum. Jamsey became a member of the Mueller family, which consisted of the lady in question and her husband, who was employed in an uptown brewery.

Mrs. Mueller, like all German housewives, had a mania for cleanli-ness. In her particular religion it preceded godliness. She had the same reverence for a scrubbing brush that a poor Hindu has for Juggernaut, while a bar of soap gave her more pleasure than the heaviest black silk

Undoubtedly the cornerstone of her love for Jamsey was his taste for household pleasures, and they made a there was in regard to the kitchen.

that some of them may be put to ser- hand to her scrubbing up the floors and polishing the windows and in doing the family ironing. He was in-valuable in washing and wiping the dishes, and by degrees he came to cook all her favorite dishes as well as she herself did.

Once or twice she let him cook by himself, when he surprised her by the tastiness of his finished work. After that, when she had what she considered leisure, she would teach him all the secrets of old German country cooking as she had learned it in her youth, of fashionable Berlin cooking, where she had been a cook some eight years before marrying and coming to

his country. Jamsey made wonderful progress, and at 13, as Mrs. Mueller fondly admitted, was almost as good, if not very much better, than herself. The old lady had not neglected Jamsey's education. He had gone to the public school and had made fair progress. He had learned German from Mrs. Mueller and her husband and picked up a capital smattering of French from Monsieur Bonhomme, the poor little cobbler in the basement of the tene-

About this time Jamsey heard of the cooking school. It was conducted by some charitable ladies who lived uptown and was held one evening a

He obtained Mrs. Mueller's consent and applied for admission. He was a pretty boy; though poor, was as clean and neat as if he had been a millionaire's son. Although older than the other children, he was admitted to the

Before the first lesson was over the teacher found in amazement that in many respects the boy knew more of cooking than she did. After three months had passed, she said to him one day :

"Jamsey, you better go to a higher

Jamsey knew of none.

"Didn't bis friends know?"

Jamsey had no friends.

The teacher thought herself and gave him a letter to an eminent teacher of cookery uptown. He was

Jamsey had never had more than as many cents in all his life. He mused a little while, and then he said:

"Please, ma'am, I want to learn cooking with you, and I haven't got any money. But if you'll teach me what you know I'll teach you what I know, and I'll wash your dishes and clean your kitchen besides, in the bargain.

The professor of culinary art laughed very heartily and being a good-natured soul took Jamsey in upon these terms. One day a pupil desired to learn how to make two or three German dishes. Her husband expected to entertain some friends from Berlin and wished to surprise them. The professor was at a loss to answer, being, at a matter of fact, utterly unfamiliar with Tentonic cook ing. Jamsey, seeing the dilemma, whispered to the teacher:

"I know how. You let me teach

The professor said: "Thanks, Jamsey," and told the pupil that her assisant had made a specialty of German cooking and would be only too glad to give her the requisite tuition.

The lady accepted, and Jamsey was unspeakably happy. He gave three lessons and did it so well that both professor and pupil were deeply pleased. Better still, the pupil, who was very well to do, gave the little cripple a \$5 bill. He thanked her, chuckled, and then went home as fast as his lameness would permit. When he burst into the room where Mrs. Mueller was scrubbing the underside of the table, and hander that astonished woman a clean, crisp bill, she could not find words to express her feelings.

She went to a closet, unlocked and opened an ancient trunk and took from it a Dutch cap, black velvet, with a band in which velvet, with a band in which red, yellow, blue, orange, green and violet were massed in crazy style, and put it on the boy's head.

She said: "My boy, you have earned your first money, and you are now a man. You shall wear a man's hat. That hat is what my husband wore when he got out of his apprenticeship and became a brewery man, free and independent himself."

The professor was very well pleased with Jam sey's tact and gave the boy a very thorough training. Two years he remained there, at the end of which time the professor said that Jamsey the profession. Jamsey mastered was sorry to hear the news, because he was ambitions to learn everything

He had made a little money during the time, and he had bought cookery books under his teacher's advice. The latter had also presented the boy with foreign books, especially those in French and German, which were unknown tongues to her, but not to Jamsey.

He had also secured a number of implements and had-refashioned many to suit his own ideas. He was going on 15, and, though small for his age, he had already the soul of a man. About that time Mr. Mueller was taken

Ere long the sickness ended, and Mrs. Mueller was a widow. What money there had been put by had been largely consumed during Mr. Mueller's sickness, and his insurance was very small.

At the furthest there was but \$1200. and out of this came the expense of the funeral and the cemetery. In Rivington street they follow the ancient Irish practice of robbing the living to honor the dead. There was fine hearse and many carriages, a coffin, which the neighbors called "per-fectly illigant," a lot and a handsome tombstone.

There were the usual funeral festivities, and when this was over about \$700 remained. Mrs. Mueller, the evening after the funeral, said:
'Jamsey, we'll have to go to work
very soon. We have only a little
money, and it won't last two years if we are well, nor one year if anything happens to us."

Jamsey said: "I start out tomorrow, Frau Mueller, but you are too old to work at all. I'll get the work and take care of you," and so Jamsey

He tried one restaurant, and the proprietor, with an oath, said he didn't want any children around.

He tried another, and there was no acancy. He answered 12 or 15 advacancy. He answered 12 or 15 advertisements, but received no reply. He then secured employment in a Bowery restaurant, where on the third day he was brutally beaten by a waiter whom he detected robbing the owner. He was a plucky boy and was not disheartened. It was very hard, however, and it became doubly hard when

Mrs. Mueller one morning could not get up, and the doctor said she would have to remain in bed for many

The new burden acted as a stimulant upon the boy. He was up early in the morning and made the breakfast and cleaned up the rooms. He then ar-ranged medicines and a cold luncheon on the table alongside of the bed and then went up into the street to look for employment. An entire month passed, and then inspired by a happy thought he presented himself one morning before the proprietor of one

The proprietor said: "I'm afraid you're too young, my son, but you might go down stairs and see the head chef. He attends to that part of the business." Jamsey was encouraged by the manner if not the matter of the speech and went to the great kitchen beneath the dining hall. The chef had just come in, a handsome, blackmustached, rosy-cheeked Alsatian, who looked at the boy and said: "Well, what is it?"

Jamsey sa'd: "I'd like to be a cook here, sir.

The chef smiled and said in his own language: "What a dear little fellow."
then in English, "Can you cook?"
Happily for Jamsey he responded
in French, "I think I can cook as

well as most men, sir. I'd like to have you try me." His native tongue aroused the chef's

interest. He said, "You speak my language." "Yes," said Jamsey, "I speak some French."

"Do you speak German?" asked the chef.

"Yes," said Jamsey.
"Can you cook in French and Ger-

"Yes," said Jamsey, proudly,
"Well, you are a brave boy, and I'll try you, anyhow. You go over there to that stove and cook me some lamb chops in some French way and also in some German way, and if they are

all right I'll engage you." Jamsey went to work in a huzry.

The other cooks looked on amused by
the boy's enthusiasm. He picked
out a German sauce which he had learned from Frau Mueller and im-proved upon himself. For the other dish he made a special sauce which

the cooking professor had taught him. They were about finished, and he had raised the saucepan containing one, when a clumsy scullion going past, either by accident or through mischief, ran against him, and the contents of one saucepan went into the other.

It had no more than happened when the chef reappeared from some other part of the great establishment below stairs. He walked over to where the speechless boy stood and said:

"Hallo, that's a handsome sauce. I don't remember ever having seen it." He took the large spoon which was in it and stirred it. The stirring gave a finish to the mixture, which made it very attractive to the eye. It was of a rich green, with a wonderful perfume and a smooth, velvety exterior that was very appetizing. The chef raised the spoon and tasted it, smacked his lips and said:

"My son, that is the best sauce I have tasted in ten years. You can put on your cap and apron and go to work now, and I am very glad to get so promising an assistant in my kitchen."

The sauce has been made many hundred times in that restaurant since then and is as popular as ever.

Jamsey has risen to be the second in command and is looked up to by all his home.

The Sewing Machine.

How many women who, day after day, keep up the recking motion of vehicle sent her head suddenly toward the sewing machine treadle ever stop his. Another woman lost an eye by to think what this invention means, not only to them, but to the whole of a friend with whom world? And do they know that 90 ing.

It doesn't take long for a London It doesn't take long for a London the world are the product of this great or Paris style to reach New York, and

country of ours?
Sewing machines have revolutionized many branches of business; espe-cially is this the case in all kinds of leather work, from the heaviest harness

thousands of persons make their entire living by means of the sewing machine, and probably millions are gainers by its use. During a period of is a good idea to stand up in a street are by its use. over 30 years the value of the exports car if the only empty seats are beside of sewing machines was something women whose heads are equipped in of sewing machines was something like \$70,000,000. In 1896 they were considerably over \$3,000,000. Three hundred and fifty thousand pairs of shoes were sewed by machinery prior to 1877, and this product has multiplied almost past belief since that date.—New York Ledger.

A Knife Blade in His Knee, Gebhard H. Koch, who came East from Memphis, Tenn., years ago, entered the hospital at Peekskill, N. Y., recently, and shortly afterward Surgeon Stephen Frost Horton removed a large piece of knife blade that Koch had accidentally run into his knee in Memphis thirteen years before. At that time the wound healed and the hidden steel was practically forgotten. Recently the knee became very painful, and serious results were feared. Mr. Koch came to New York and had an X-ray photograph of the knee taken. The plate when developed showed the piece of knife blade embedded close to the bone. It was removed by Dr. Horton after a difficult operation.



Jean Ingelow and Mrs. Oliphant shared a really unreasonable dislike to "personal journalism," and went very little into general society; both were plain in the extreme in dress and gen-eral style; but both have left names that will live in honor in the literature of their period.

Woman Sanitary Inspector.

Miss Bertha Thergood, who for a year and a half has been a sanitary inspector at St. Pancras, a section of London, has sent in her resignation. Miss Thergood's reason is that her in-itiatory salary was \$150 less and her full salary \$250 less than the man who had formerly occupied the position. Her work was of a varied character, and the salary offered her was the amallest of any woman sanitary in-spector in England.

Popularity of Chantilly.

Scruples have vanished with the last turn of fashion's wheel. The old chantilly flounces, mantillas, sacks and parasol covers of our grandmothers, kept reverently through all vicis situdes, a badge of gentility, have at last gone the way of their predeces-sors. An enormous deal of chantilly, white and black, is worn. One sees it everywhere, chiefly over pearl, gray and white, which seems to give it added distinction, whereas color rather detracts and takes from its dignity.

A Woman of the Moment.

Mrs. Kate Henderson, who was re cently appointed superintendent of the Joliet (III.) schools, is the first woman to occupy such a position. She is a thorough educator, experienced and modern, and has won her way to eminence by natural ability and hard work. Her selection for the post of superintendent gives general satisfaction. The new superintendent was Miss Kate Alpine. She went to Joliet from Wisconsin in 1859, and her education was acquired chiefly in the public schools of the city. She began to teach in 1866 and continued in that work until 1879, when she was married to James E. Henderson. In 1881

she returned to her profession, and since that time she has taught in almost every department of the schools. Mrs. Henderson studied while she taught. In 1895 she was elected a member of the school board at large, and her work in that body was mos gratifying. Her good judgment in se-lecting and assigning teachers, in the instruction of young teachers and in other matters regarding the advance-ment of the public schools and their operation has now been rewarded by her appointment as superintendent.

Must the Long Hatpin Go?

The long hatpin which is being used this summer by women has caused a lot of trouble in London. The cable despatches recently stated that the the other employes of the house, and London newspapers had started a Frau Mueller has left Rivington street crusade against the new style in hatand presides over a very pretty flat pins on account of the serious accinear Central park, where Jamsey makes dents which had resulted from women wearing them in public places. One man had his eye put out by a pin in the hat of a woman sitting beside him in an omnibus. The jolting of the vehicle sent her head suddenly toward having it pierced by a pin in the hat of a friend with whom she was walk-

the women of this city commenced wearing the long pins in the early part of June. The new style of pin s anywhere from one to three inches longer than the old style. Instead of just coming through the band of the to the lightest gloves.

A really first-class machine ready for market costs about \$20. From the head, it sticks so far out that it is hat far enough to keep it securely on this figure the price drops to about dangerous to be near a woman who \$14, with possibly \$12, for the most inferior grades of what are considered few women wear less—sticking tolerable machines. Hundreds of through the side of a sailor hat look like nothing so much as the bayoneted ends of a lot of stacked muskets. They

> this fashion. What started the fashion is one the things no man will ever be able to understand. They are the style and women will wear them, and that's all there is to it. The London newspa pers have undertaken a big job, but, in the interest of humanity, it is to be hoped that they will succeed. The crusade should belong by right to the Humane society. There haven't been any accidents here from the long hatpins yet .- New York Sun.

In width the belt for next season's wear shows a decided increase. The narrowest shown are two generous inches in width, while the widest are deep girdles reaching half the distance between the arms and the waist line. Materials for belts are more varied of leather will be used, while the fab-ric belts will include even those of velvet. Velvet belts are, as a rule, several inches in width, and fastened by leather straps and leather covered

buckles. They are not particularly elegant and certainly add to, rather than take from, the size of the That one quality is considered by the dealers sufficient to prevent their wide popularity, though they are among the very latest things in belts. In leather black and the many

shades of brown promise to almost supercede the many shades of green, blue and red, so popular during the last two seasons. The buckles of these belts are likewise much less conspicuous. The harness buckle in glaring silver or gilt will not be used, and when not leather covered to match the material of the belt, the buckle will be of metal and almost as inconspicuous.

Jeweled buckles in silver, polished or rough finished, in silver gilt or solid gold will be used only with silk or satin beltings. These new buckles all call for belts two inches and upward in width. They are made in many new designs. There are buckles for the bicycle girl, the are buckles for the bicycle girl, the athletic girl, the yachting girl, the skating girl, the golf girl, the horsey girl, the military girl, the dancing girl and even the old fashioned girl, who is supposed to like things plain but elegant. Metal belts will be as but elegant. Metal belts will be as much used as ever. The newest de-signs are all made wider, though not sufficiently so to be uncomfortable or clumsy looking. Many of them show a profusion of jewels and the most stylish ones are very ornate. An especially pretty belt of this kind was a succession of silver shells enameled in natural colors and connected by tiny silver links made to resemble bits of seaweed. Another was a string of English daises with jeweled centres and petals of polished silver. The connecting links were of silver, green enamelled, giving just a suggestion of foliage.

For fancy girdles satin and taffets silk are the favorite materials. They are made with points, either before or behind, or both, while some are plain, fastening in front, just a little to the left, with a large, upstanding bow. Other girdles, so deep as to only need the addition of shoulder straps to serve as bodices, are made of bias silk or satin, fit as snugly to the waist as possible, and are closed at the seam under the arm. These deep girdles are becoming to slender women, and especially those lacking in well developed busts. Stouter women will stick to the two inch belt narrow under the arms and widening to a point in front and behind.

Fashion Notes.

Underskirts of striped silk are worn under gored skirts of grass linen. A tiny mirror is considered a necessary adjunct to the up-to-date girl's chatelaine,

Imitation Alencon of exquisite fineness is much used for garnitures for

transparent gowns.

It is reported in advance fashion notices that the jersey will be worn more or less this autumn.

Incoming Paris fashions prophesy skimp skirts and smaller sleeves for autumn and winter gowns. Long ends of No. 60 ribbon and an

enameled buckle finish crush belts of ribbon, satin, silk and velvet. Sheer batiste is the fabric most in

demand for petticoats, dressing sacques and long, loose negligees. Fine tucking and large collars of lace or embroidery distinguish smart frocks of garege, batiste and mull.

An evening frock of turquoise blue silk is trimmed with pearl passemen-terie, shading from white to green. Silver and gold button hooks and shoe horns are now finished with an

immense mineral stone in imitation of milady's birthstone. Colored wood sticks to match the

covering of parazols, are one of the season's features. The green, especially, are in great demand. Mull sashes or sashes of muslin edged with ruffles of the same material are far prettier, fresher and more

or silk. In Paris the hair is brought up quite to the top of the head, where it is formed into a knot; but it stands out well around the face and is friz-

youthful looking than sashes of satin

zled at the back. The former objectionable features of jerseys are now removed by the addition of slight trimmings, both on the bodice and sleeves. While fitting the figure perfectly, they are the ensi-

est garments imaginable to wear. Some of the very prettiest and most graceful models shown in the advance styles display the diminished sleeve puffs, yoke and vest effects, strapped seams, braided bolero fronts, jacket bodice fronts, double breasted styles buttoning from the left shoulder and

box-plaited or Norfolk jackets. Gold safety pins, large or small, and dainty little frosted safety pins of gold to catch up the always too long dress sleeves of infants are considered indispensable in the well-equipped nursery. These same pins may also be used to fasten mamma's cuff or hold her satin stock collar in place.