

A striking feature in the food situation is that every country in Europe, with the solitary exception of Russia, will want to import wheat.

Bishop John P. Newman stated in a recent speech that the annual liquor bill of this country amounts to \$1,000,000,000. This, he claims, is equal to the cost of twenty leading necessities of life.

Says the St. Louis Dispatch:—The bicycle, as well as the grain, is bringing money to the United States. While all the Europeans have not money to burn, many of them have enough to scorch.

We have often wondered, confesses the Atchison (Kan.) Globe, that Fox's "Book of Martyrs" didn't tell of the old-fashioned boy who had to shoo the flies off the table while the guests ate up all the good things.

The Phoenix (Ariz.) fire department turns out for parade and jollification whenever one of its members becomes a father. They have had eleven such "birthday parades" this year, and expect several more. Encouraging infant industries the social economist might call it.

England, as well as the United States, complains of an oversupply of doctors. More are annually graduated than there is room for, and the same is true in other countries. What to do with the surplusage is a problem of which no solution has yet been found. If the young sawbones could be set to doctoring each other for a term before trying their hands on the public their ranks would thin out with great rapidity, but such a course would probably be against the ethics of the profession. The complaint of too many doctors is not a new one, and the condition is not one easily remedied. The fittest will continue to survive, and the others will continue to starve or go into the drug business, according to their wont hitherto, serving as doorkeepers in the temple of medicine if they are not permitted to dwell in its tents.

The thriving city of Williamsport, Penn., has adopted a weed ordinance requiring all householders to keep their properties free from all vegetable nuisances that mar the lawns and injure the gardens. A small penalty is provided for negligence and a strict enforcement is said to operate most beneficially to the general appearance of the city. We all have so much to do in this country (though for several years hundreds of thousands of able-bodied men have been unable to find anything to do) that we have not yet come to realize the duty each owes to all to prevent the spread of weeds. Here indeed "a stitch in time saves nine," only the ratio of the multiplication of weeds due to letting them go to seed is far greater than this. If our farm and village communities would only swear the vendetta against all maturing weeds, as in the old countries of Europe, these pests, which are now so disastrous to agriculture, could be largely eradicated.

Further industrial disturbance caused by the bicycle is reported by the New York Tribune, from Great Britain. It has hitherto been explained how cycling has affected the horse trade, the book trade, the jewelry trade and various other lines of business. Now Yorkshire tells of its effects upon textile manufactures. These are two-fold—one bad, one good. The bad came first, and is only temporary. The good came second, and will probably prove permanent. The former was seen in a diminution of purchases. Thousands of women—or their husbands or fathers—had to choose between bicycles and new dresses. They chose the former, and the drygoods trade accordingly suffered. Manufacturers, retailers and dressmakers all felt the loss of custom, which was sufficient to make a serious depression in trade. The second effect has been a change of fashion. There is a vastly increased demand for dress goods suited to bicycling. It comes both from those who can afford special cycling suits and from those who cannot, for the latter naturally now make their ordinary street costumes of goods that will also do for wheeling. The goods demanded are chiefly those that are soft, closely woven and lustreless. The manufacturers who a few years ago were turning out mohairs and other "lustrous" have adapted their works to the production of serges and similar goods, and are now prepared to supply either class with equal facility. That is a great gain for the Bradford district. It means that manufacturers will no longer be dependent upon the vagaries of fashion. Cycling has come to stay, and so have its requirements of dress.

### THE PROSPECTOR.

Filled with hope and flushed with health,  
With wistful eye and willing hand,  
He hunts for nature's hoarded wealth  
From mountain crest to ocean strand

Around the camp fire off to lean,  
In northern lands of ice and snow;  
Again, he sleeps 'neath southern skies,  
Where soft the tropic breezes blow.

He braves the thirst, and stakes his claim  
Upon the burning desert's sands  
And risks the red marauder's aim,  
And landlits bold, in Arctoe lands.

The amidge he lights, at eventide,  
And slings his hammock 'neath the tree  
Where sweeps the Orinoco, wide,  
To wed the blue-waved Carribbee.

On Africa's dark and distant shore,  
From peak to plain, from brook to bay,  
'Mid serpents' hiss and lion's roar,  
He seeks the lustrous diamond's ray.

On far Australia's lonely soil,  
When low the sun sinks in the west,  
O'ercome by travel or by toil,  
Reclining on the ground, at rest.

When naught is heard but the Dingo's cry,  
And the owl and bat fit to and fro,  
He draws a sigh for the times, gone by,  
Of Ballarat and Bendigo.

When on the hills the twilight falls,  
In the "sun-kissed land of flower and vine,"  
With old-time friends he oft recalls  
Those golden days of '49.

When armed with shovel, pick and pan,  
They thither came from lands afar,  
And sluices set and rockers ran  
From Sutter's mill to Sawyer's bar.

Where sovereign state and nation stand  
And sprud cities proudly rear,  
There he is found, the foremost man,  
The patriot and the pioneer.

With fearless heart and hopeful breast,  
And naught but fortune in his mind;  
North and south and east and west  
He seeks until he strikes his find.

—Charles P. Holt.

### His Wife's Confession.

BY MARIAN BREGG.

When Harold Wilton married Edith Morse he knew very little about her past life. Indeed, she was so young, so like a flower that had but just fairly unfolded, that it was hard to realize that she had any past. It seemed to him when he found her sitting opposite to him one morning at the table, at a summer resort in the mountains, that she was a new Eve created for him alone; and as they were the only young folks in the house there was no one to dispute his claim.

There are people, no doubt, who would have hesitated to admit that Edith was beautiful, she was so unlike the brilliant brunette who sat next to her,—just as there are people who think an opal not worth looking at in comparison with a diamond; but young Wilton, who, without being conscious of it, was a poet and an artist, found an endless charm in the quick kindling of the frank blue eyes, and the coming and going of the dimples in the delicate nuzzle face.

Had any one told him that she had grown up among the sand dunes he would hardly have believed it, for, with the grace and sweetness of a wild rose, she had a fineness of voice and manner that told unmistakably of gentle breeding. Yet until the last two years, her home, from the time she was in short frocks, had been in the little village of Hardacre at the far end of Long Island, and, if her cousin had not chanced to discover her, she would surely never have found her way to this mountain paradise.

This cousin, two degrees removed, was a wealthy widow, who, on finding that the girl was an orphan, had at once adopted her. She was an elderly woman, and, having no child of her own, she had hoped to keep Edith with her for the rest of her days; but Cupid, when two young hearts are in his meshes, has scant consideration for the hopes and plans of the old; and presently Harold, with a becoming sense of his unworthiness, was begging for Edith's hand,—her heart, he was sure, was his already.

The young lovers never suspected the pang it cost the new mother to give her consent to their marriage, they were too thoroughly engrossed with each other. Harold was a fine fellow, and came of good stock; she knew all about his antecedents, and had no fault whatever to find with him; but it seemed hard that she should so soon rob her of this sweet daughter. It did not occur to her that there was any necessity of explaining to him how she came to adopt her. If he truly loved her, it would matter little to him how or where she had blossomed into this perfect flower of womanhood. And Edith herself was too happy to dwell on the past. It is chiefly the old who spend time in retrospection.

But when, on their return from the wedding journey, Harold took her to his city home, she began to be troubled. It was a stately old mansion, overflowing with rare books and works of art; and Edith was half beside herself. All her life she had been hungry for things of this sort, and her intelligent appreciation gave Harold fresh cause to congratulate himself, for he knew very well what his Grandmother Wilton would have thought of him if he had married a girl not able to discriminate between a masterpiece and a dabb.

Edith was especially fascinated by the family portraits; and Harold, as they went the rounds of the gallery, rehearsed the traditionary lore concerning the different ancestors, until she felt that she was intimately acquainted with them. This was his great-grandfather, and his brother-in-law of the Governor;—and this his great-grandson, the Governor's wife.

"And here," he said, with a shrug, "is another great-grandson, by marriage, a handsome high-stepping dame, if the painting is to be trusted, yet not a thoroughbred, according to my notion, for she deliberately separated from her husband to marry another man, a Sir Guy Somebody, who was

rich and—bestly. She went abroad with him and never came back, fortunately. But Grandmother Wilton is very fond of the portrait."

Edith did not wonder at that, it was so superbly painted. But the story made her look at it in a different light.

One picture that particularly interested her was that of a fine-featured old man, with a crutch at his side. It was hung in an obscure corner, and Harold passed it with the brief mention that it was the portrait of a remote relative, a soldier in the Revolution. Edith lingered for another look.

"He has a grand face," she said, "I wish we knew something more about him."

"I've no doubt he was a grand man," Harold answered her, with a droll smile. "But Grandmother Wilton relegated him this out-of-the-way nook because, coming home from the war lame and penniless, he disgraced the name, rather than ask the poverty-stricken government for his pay,—don't for the world hint that you know it,—by turning cobbler. Think of it! A Wilton with a cobbler's sign in his window! Poor grandma! It nearly used her up when she made the discovery, she had taken such pride in the belief that there was never a mechanic nor a working person of any sort in either branch of the family."

"The dear old patriot!" cried the girl. Then, suddenly realizing the nature and degree of the Wilton pride, she turned to her husband with a grave face.

"Harold," she said, "I have a confession to make. It will shock you, but I think you ought to know it. I'm afraid you will scarcely forgive me for not telling you before."

"Oh, come!" protested Harold. For what could this clear-eyed creature have to confess that would in any way tax his powers of forgiveness? To be sure, he remembered, he knew nothing of her past beyond the fact that she was the daughter of a college professor, but that had seemed quite enough, and he had repeated the information to his relatives with no little satisfaction when they asked the inevitable question, "Who is she?" But she was so much in earnest that he was compelled to listen.

"I was very young when we left the city," she began. "Papa had been over-working in the college, and the doctors said he must go to some quiet place on the seashore and rest for a year or two; so we went to Hardacre. It is a mere fishing hamlet, and so quiet that it seemed as if we had reached the place

Where one eternal Sabbath reigns!

"The people were very kind to us, and the sea was almost at our door. Papa liked it. He grew stronger every day, and at the end of the second summer he thought he was well enough to go back. But while he was making his arrangements, he was seized with what seemed to be a fainting turn. But it proved to be—the end."

The gathering tears made a break in her voice, and Harold, in quick sympathy, would have taken her in his arms. But she drew away from him.

"Wait till you hear the rest," she said. "The doctor called it heart disease. And before mamma had rallied from the shock, news came of the failure of the bank in which papa had his money. It was not a large amount but it would have supported us very comfortably. After that poor mamma had to struggle along the best she could. She was too independent to go back to the city, and be a burden to her friends, so we stayed in Hardacre; and by the time I was able to be earning something, her health gave way. And very soon she too was taken from me."

"She had trained me for a teacher, but the Hardacre school was supplied, and I had not got the heart to go elsewhere. Hardacre was my home. I had a piano, and mamma had thought I might be able to get a few scholars; but there was scarcely a family in the place that could afford to pay for lessons. It was the same with private instructions of any kind, and I was almost in despair. There was a man who came there in summer—a rich man, I think, for he always brought his carriage and coachman—he wanted me to marry him, but I couldn't, for I didn't love him."

"I should hope not!" blurted Harold. "I—"

"Oh, please don't interrupt me," she entreated, "or I shan't be able to tell the rest. My Hardacre friends thought I was very foolish to refuse him, knowing how little I had to live on; but at last I found something to do, something that brought me money. But, O Harold, I ought to have told you before you married me!"

"Go on," said Harold, visibly bracing himself.

"Perhaps," she continued, "it wouldn't have been so easy for me if I had not been so fond of everything pretty and dainty. Actually, Harold, strange as it may seem to you, I enjoyed it, for it's next to being an artist, Harold, to be a—good milliner."

Serious as the confession had seemed to her before beginning it, by the time she reached the end the dimples were trying to assert themselves; but Harold saw nothing but the tears on the downcast lashes, and with a sudden rebound from a dread of he knew not what, he caught her in his arms.

"You little goose!" he cried. "You precious little goose! What if you had married that man! Some girls wouldn't have hesitated a minute, if they'd had to choose between marrying a man they didn't love and making bonnets for a living. You brave darling!"

"But what will your grandmother say, Harold?"

"I declare," he exclaimed, "I had almost forgotten that I had a grandmother. Suppose," he went on hesi-

tatingly, with kisses for commas, "suppose we don't tell her. Poor old lady! she hasn't long to stay, and it isn't worth while to distress her. I'm afraid she would almost think there was nothing left worth living for."

So they kept the dreaded secret to themselves; and old Madam Wilton lived out the full measure of her days, and died peacefully in her bed, not knowing that the family had been a second time disgraced.—The Housewife.

### DON CARLOS, THE PRETENDER.

Facts Upon Which He Bases His Claim to the Spanish Throne.

Since the recent death of Premier Canovas, who virtually wielded the scepter of supreme authority in Spain, the followers of Don Carlos, grandson of the original pretender to the Spanish throne, have asserted themselves in large numbers, and signs of another Carlist uprising are distinctly manifest.

During the greater part of the present century Spain has been troubled with repeated efforts on the part of the Carlists to capture the reins of government; and, though each attempt to gain this coveted end has signally failed, the cost of subduing the Carlists into temporary submission has been something immense. In view of the likelihood of another uprising at some time in the near future, it is pertinent to inquire into the facts upon which the present Don Carlos grounds his claim to the Spanish throne.

What is known as the Carlist party in Spain originated with the first Don Carlos during the early part of the present century. This Don Carlos was a brother to Ferdinand VII of Spain, and next in order of succession provided Ferdinand should die without male issue. In spite of three marriages Ferdinand was left childless; but finally, as the result of a fourth union, a daughter was born to him. Under the old salique law a daughter could not inherit the crown, and Don Carlos rejoiced therefore in the prospect of his early accession to his brother's throne. This feeling of satisfaction was, however, soon converted into one of disappointment and chagrin by a repeal of the old salique law and the adoption of what was commonly known as the natural rule of descent, permitting any child to inherit the crown. Don Carlos entered his protest against this abrogation and, as the result of his refusal to accept it, suffered banishment to the papal states in 1833. On the death of Ferdinand in the same year the Infanta Maria Isabella was declared queen, but Don Carlos immediately set up his own claims to the throne, which he declared of right belonged to him.

In the assertion of this claim Don Carlos was warmly supported by the king of Portugal, and by a royal retinue of intrepid followers at home. His claim was rejected, however, by the Spanish cortes and also by the quadruple alliance of Spain, Portugal, France and England, which not only compelled Don Carlos to betake himself to some remote place of refuge beyond the borders of the kingdom, but also compelled Don Miguel, the king of Portugal, to surrender his crown as the price of his folly in supporting the Spanish pretender. Don Carlos found a safe retreat at Bourges in France, where he surrounded himself with the emulated pomp of the Spanish court and haughtily assumed the title of Charles V of Spain. Don Carlos died in 1855, leaving his imaginary crown to Don Carlos the younger, who renewed his father's claim to the Spanish throne under the title of Charles VI. This second pretender made various attempts to possess himself of the crown of Spain, but in each one of them failed ignominiously.

The present Don Carlos, who styles himself Charles VII, is a grandson of the original pretender, and son of Don Juan, brother of Don Carlos the younger. He was born in 1848, and first asserted his claim to the Spanish throne on the abdication of King Amadeo in 1873. In the northern provinces of Navarre and Biscay he secured many warm followers, but his effort to capture the throne ended, as did the effort of his predecessors, in humiliating failure. Don Carlos effected his escape, but the provinces of Navarre and Biscay were stripped of their feudal privileges and otherwise punished for supporting the pretender.

Since that time Don Carlos has made no serious effort to possess himself of the Spanish crown, but this is due to the fact that circumstances have been against him. His followers are numerous, however, and, should he again set up his claim, they could easily embarrass the kingdom. Spain is in no condition to brook another uprising of the Carlists, and realizing this fact, Don Carlos may yet renew his claim to the throne of his ancestors. Whatever turn affairs may take, the situation in Spain at this time is intensely interesting.—Atlanta Constitution.

**False Teeth Take Root.**  
A Russian druggist has, according to the London Figaro, at length solved the problem of supplying us with false teeth which will grow into the gums as firmly as natural ones. The teeth are made of gutta percha, porcelain or metal, as the case may be. At the root of the tooth holes are made, and also in the jaw. The tooth is then placed in the cavity, and in a short time a soft, granulated growth finds its way from the jaw into the holes of the tooth. This growth gradually hardens and holds the tooth in position.

It does not matter in the least, according to this enterprising Russian dentist, whether the cavity in which a natural tooth has recently been drawn or whether it has been healed for months or even years.



### Women's Advance.

Dr. Katherine Berry Richardson now occupies the chair of visceral and historical anatomy in the medical college of Kansas City, Mo., and the board of regents of the University of Michigan has modified the laws of that institution so as to allow women to be professors. A movement is on foot in Detroit to endow a woman's professorship, nearly half of the \$30,000 necessary being already subscribed, \$10,000 by a wealthy enthusiast for the rights of her sex.

### Daily Life of an Empress.

The present daily life of the empress Eugenie is in strange contrast to that formerly led by her. She lives, when at Farborough, in complete retirement, receiving only those old friends who have retained a peculiar right to her sympathy, gratitude and regard. She attends mass on most mornings, combining her devotions with a visit to the mausoleum. Each afternoon, wet or fine, the empress, who is now much crippled by rheumatism, takes a long drive. Since the death of the prince she has given nothing in the shape of a formal entertainment. The empress has been advised to spend some portion of each year abroad, and has decided to make her continental home at the Villa Cynos, on Cape Martin.

### Her Mint Farm is a Mint.

"Possibly the most curious farm around this city," said a saloon man recently, "is a mint farm out near the fair grounds. It is operated by a woman, and is the only one I know of. She has all the principal saloons and restaurants in the city for customers, and makes a very comfortable living. She does not waste her time on small groceries. Some of the larger places buy as much as \$2 or \$3 worth of mint a day in the summer, when cocktails and the hotter drinks give way to Virginia toddies, juleps and other concoctions which require a sprig of the aromatic herb. The product of her farm shows the good result of careful cultivation, for, unlike the ordinary mint, it has no runners, with troublesome roots. Each sprig grows erect. Her farm yields enough in summer to enable her to live in ease during the winter."—News Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Women Wearing Jeweled Crosses.

The up-to-date woman wears her cross if she is so fortunate as to possess one. As an article of jewelry this symbol of suffering is as popular as it was in the days of our grandmothers. When the grandmothers were girls the possession of a handsome jeweled cross that could be worn as a pin, a hair ornament or a locket amounted almost to a badge of aristocracy. The black ones, studded with diamonds or pearls, or both, were the highest in favor, as they are today. The fashionable cross must be antique-looking. Not everybody's grandmother possessed one, however, so the jewelers have come to the rescue of the woman who did not fall heir to one and are bringing out exquisite designs in Roman gold. Most of them are studded with precious stones and many have backgrounds of black enamel. It is by no means a taking form of personal adornment, but the women like it.—Manufacturers' Jeweler.

### Woman on a New York Jury.

Miss Rosalie Loew, counselor at law, claims the honor of being the first woman who has ever served as a juror in this state. It was at Judge Goldfogle's fifth judicial district court in Clinton street, Brooklyn, recently, when a landlord and tenant came up for trial. A juror was needed and it seemed a hopeless task to fill the last panel, when Judge Goldfogle suggested that perhaps the vacant seat in the jury might be filled by one of the lawyers present. The counsel objected, but when they looked in the direction in which the court's eye was turned and saw a well-dressed young lady they said they would be much pleased to have Miss Rosalie Loew fill the vacant chair. Afterward the judge remarked that Miss Loew made a model juror. She paid the closest attention to all the testimony, and at no time did she allow it to be noticed that she wanted to be more lawyer than jurymen.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

### New Occupation for Woman.

Once again a new and startling occupation has been found for the new woman. It is that of game warden, and the woman who distinguished herself by making this brand new departure is Mrs. Warren Neal of Neal, Mich. This woman was appointed game warden for Grand Traverse county not long since, and from the appearance of things, she will attend to the duties of her office in a business-like manner.

The duties of game warden are of such a nature that many men would not care to undertake to fill the place, but Mrs. Neal is a plucky little woman, and she has no fear whatever of not being able to overcome all obstacles. A game warden is supposed to

travel all over the county and keep a sharp lookout for violators of the game and fish laws. As Grand Traverse county, of which Mrs. Neal has control, is densely wooded and has many lakes, she will be kept very busy seeking out and bringing to justice violators of the law.

Mrs. Neal handles a gun like an expert, rows a boat and is a skillful woodsman, and she knows every inch of the territory she has to patrol. In order to make her way through the dense growths in the forest land as easy as possible, Mrs. Neal has adopted a costume modeled after the much-reviled bloomers.

She usually makes a trip over the entire county once a week. When out after the violators of the game law she rides over the country on horseback, and when she comes to a lake she secures a boat, and, with a steady, swift oar, she rapidly covers her territory made up of water.

She carries a rifle on all of these trips, and woe to the evil doer caught napping, for this plucky game warden is a relentless pursuer of all lawbreakers, and she has brought many of them to justice.

During May the state game and fish warden's department prosecuted 109 alleged violators of the law and convicted 96, growing out of 145 complaints. This breaks the record for any previous month in the history of the department. All but three of the convictions were obtained for violation of the fish laws, and the majority of these cases were established by Mrs. Neal.

Her skill with the rifle is something phenomenal, and she drops her quarry with the ease of a professional Nimrod. Mr. Neal, who is an enthusiastic sportsman, long ago taught his wife to be successful with the revolver. Last July when they were in the upper lake region camping he induced her to try her hand with the rifle. He declared that a woman who could shoot so well with a revolver would, with practice, become a dead shot with the larger weapon. Now, rifle shooting requires a good eye, a steady hand and wrist and a control of the nervous system that very few women possess. Generally the novice fires at a target. Mrs. Neal's first target, however, was a glass bottle thrown in the air, and at a third shot she struck the bottle, a surprisingly good attempt. Mrs. Neal kept on practicing, and now it is so expert that she can hit the glass bottle nine times out of ten.

In addition to her other duties Mrs. Neal carries the mail three times a week to Traverse City for Uncle Sam.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### Fashion Notes.

New cloth redingotes are trimmed with bands of embroidered velvet.

Do not set your belt up so high on a waist that it feels like it is short-waisted and pulling up.

Plaided and shot silk Russian blouses will be worn with English serge skirts throughout the autumn season.

All cotton and linen goods are apt to shrink, therefore do not forget to turn down an extra inch at the top of the skirt.

Stockinet and good rubber dress shields can be washed in warm soapsuds, pulled into shape and dried by hanging them in a window.

Do not forget that a better shape can be given to a cotton dress by cutting it off and then facing the lower edge rather than hemming it.

Bent whalebones, the genuine article, are straightened by soaking them in boiling water for a few moments and then ironing them straight.

Use small hooks and eyes for the front of a dress and the extra large for the skirt, which is fastened without seeing and needs larger catches.

Do not fail to run a skirt braided along the under edge of street skirts of linen or heavy cotton goods unless you prefer to see the edge cut out after wearing them a few times.

Some of the very smart fur garments for the coming season have a frilling of rich lace arranged inside of the collar, with ruffles to match at the edge of the flaring sleeve cuffs.

A number of cloth capes lap across the front like a double-breasted coat, and fasten with two or three large handsome buttons. This style of cape has small revers also, and is slightly pointed front and back, and rather short on the sides.

The deep rich "Cleopatra" colors will all be in marked favor this season; the tawny golden browns, russets and the choudron or pinkish copper tints mixed with other dark dyes; also many fruit and foliage shades; and particularly the velvety reds and yellows of the wallflower and nasturtium.

The Reclamier bodice made by French modistes has a seamless back, a bias front, and is cut in a low rounding shape, the edge exquisitely draped. It is quite long-waisted, but this effect is changed by a soft, wide silk sash that is wound twice around the waist, falling in long ends at the left side.