

Reports of the exports of domestic products show that this country will be depended on more than ever this winter to feed the world.

The demand for Southern pine increases and it is already shipped to all parts of the world. The extent of the lumber export trade of the South is not generally appreciated, declares the Atlanta Journal.

More than one invader of the Klondike region will be ready, before spring, to paraphrase the cry of the ocean eastward. With them it will be, "Gold, gold everywhere—but not a loaf of bread!"

A Maine man says he will try to cross the Atlantic in a barrel. Many a man has succeeded in getting "half seas over" by sticking to a barrel, but this is the first time that the second half has been attempted, observes the Chicago Times-Herald.

To facilitate the transportation and preservation of hay, an apparatus has been devised at Buenos Ayres for compressing it to one-length its normal bulk. In this form, as "hay biscuits," it can be preserved dry and sound an indefinite period, without losing its flavor or value as food.

Adirondack "camps" are not as primitive as the name would imply, some of them, on the contrary, being as costly and as elegant as Newport cottages. H. McK. Trembly owns one in the St. Regis region, which is said to have cost not less than \$90,000. Collis P. Huntington fitted up a camp in the same region a few years ago which cost about \$35,000, and White-law Reid has a camp constructed on the same expensive scale.

As a result of some experiments on cows supposed to be infected with tuberculosis, Director Phelps, of the Storrs (Conn.) Agricultural Experiment Station, says: "Above all things, the experiments made by this station show that we are deplorably in the dark regarding this disease and its danger to our herds, and through them to the human family, and that there is need of further study and research before we can deal with tuberculosis wisely, either as individual farmers or as a State."

According to the New York Ledger a reconstructed adage reads, Eternal vigilance is the price of safety of valuable property, and in pursuance of this idea an ingenious inventor has devised an electric safe, which is made with an electric lining, consisting of thin metal sheets and strips of such delicacy that the slightest rupture will close the circuit and give the alarm. The thrust of a pin point will penetrate this metal. The casing is of steel and is built inside of a cover, which is also lined with thin metal. There are several sets of bolts, which are so arranged that a considerable length of time is required to move them. The slightest displacement starts off the alarm and long before the burglar can get to the treasure in the heart of the safe the neighborhood gets altogether too warm for him.

"The growth of the iron industry in the South during the past few years has been truly phenomenal. For the year 1896 the total output of iron in this section amounted to 1,833,235 tons; for the current year it will exceed 2,000,000 tons. When the Southern iron manufacturers first sent their product to Pennsylvania," says the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "it was thought most extraordinary that they should be able to invade that territory. At the present time, however, their ship to England at least ten per cent. of their product. Southern iron, like Southern cotton, now finds its way to all parts of the globe, and some of it has recently been used in the manufacture of basic steel by the Martin process. It has been possible to lay it down in England at \$7.50 per ton, and it can be manufactured for even less, as the cost of production in the Birmingham district is reduced from year to year. The chances are that nearly one-third of the total iron product of the country will come this year from the South, the largest share of this industry it has ever had. Nor will its field be limited to iron, for the metal is now being extensively converted into steel, and it is predicted that the South will ultimately furnish the steel plates for our men of war, which it has been found impossible to get in the East on reasonable terms. Much of the Southern iron is being converted elsewhere into steel, and the new steel mill at Birmingham, Ala., is now operating ten revolving steel furnaces, turning out 1600 tons of steel ingots per day, the latter being converted at once into billets, steel rails or bar steel."

BRETHREN.

After all, we're brethren—no matter where we be—
We folks that conx the soil to life, or you that sail the sea;
Don't matter where they place us—don't matter where we roam,
This world—for all its trials—is still our home—our home!

I mean, while we're a-livin' here—on th' here mortal side—
And so, when night is fallin', let's throw th' windows wide
And let the lamps shine out! Because, wherever we may roam,
This world, until we reach the next, is still our home—our home!

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Capt. Blake's Home-Coming.

"It's you that's cruel, Teddie Blake!"

"Cruel, Nellie, dear—Nellie, you little demon! Why, I wouldn't touch a hair of your head, harrin' the bit I want to cut off to carry with me to India, and you're tensing the life out of me with your contrariness and making it much harder for me to go than even you dream of!"

"And what do you want to go for? leaving your home and your regiment that you were so proud of and the people that know you and the girl—here Miss Nellie breaks down with a little sob, and it is all Teddie can do to remember his promise to her father and keep his two arms from going round her.

"And the girl—what?" he says, huskily; for the life of him he can't resist that much.

"That was brought up with you and has been a sister to you all your life," chokes Nellie O'Malley.

"I'll tell you what it is, Nellie," the poor, young soldier says, pulling himself together and speaking much more severely than he really feels, "you must try to understand my position, and then we'll say no more about it, if you please, once and for all. My uncle's dead (heaven rest his soul), and he's left the old place to me, but it's up to the chimney pots in debt, and unless I let it to this English fellow I'll never be able to clear it all my life. Then, if I don't exchange for India, I can't keep my place in the service at all, and besides, Nellie, with the old regiment quartered at Thomastown, it would be mighty hard for me to see another man fishing my salmon and shooting my birds and sitting in my chimney corner every day of the week, with his great ugly face looking over the pew at you on Sundays! I couldn't do it, Nellie, not even to remain near—near the friends I've known ever since I was a baby. So that's all about it, and you musn't make it harder for me than I can bear—do you see?"

It was a good thing that Aunt Ellen called them in to supper at this moment. Nellie had one of her teasing fits on her, trying by this means to hide her heart-break at Teddie's departure, and her perversity tried poor young Blake sorely. He had promised her father, the rector, that he would not, by word or act, reveal his feelings toward her. They had been children together, almost brother and sister, for nearly 20 years, since Teddie first came to Moylisicallan, and this state of things must be maintained. Mr. O'Malley decided, till Teddie's fortunes should bear closer and more satisfactory inspection. Perhaps a few years of Indian soldiering, while the old castle was let to a rich English tenant, might put the said fortunes on their feet; meanwhile, lingering in the old rectory garden was a dangerous occupation, and Aunt Ellen did wisely to ring the supper bell out of the window.

Presently the parting came. It was Sunday evening, and the rector kept early hours. Supper was over, and the O'Malleys were making their farewells to Teddie, the almost son of the house, for he had to get back to Thomastown that night and start for England next morning.

"There's something I want to take with me," he announced, stoutly, before them all, "a lock of your hair, Aunt Ellen, and another of Nellie's. You know you two are the only woman-kind I have or ever had. Give me each a bit of a curl, and I'll have them put in a locket together and wear it on my chain, and you won't be sorry to think I've got it when I'm away from you."

He looked at the rector as he spoke. It was all open and above board, and the old gentleman nodded and reached down a pair of scissors from the mantelshelf, which he handed to his sister. Aunt Ellen cut her little lock carefully, as belted a lady of five-and-forty, whose hair is still abundant and ornamental, if not so bright as it has been. Nellie whisked her bunch of curls over her shoulders and snipped off a thick brown ringlet. Teddie twisted them together in his pocket-book and said, with a feeble attempt at a joke: "They'll go with me everywhere and bring me back to Moylisicallan. Don't let me find you've been, either of you, flirting with Strangeways while I'm away, or putting him in my place."

Then he kissed the two ladies, as he had always done on great occasions, at New Year or on birthdays, ever since he was three years old, shook hands with the rector twice over and hurried off to Thomastown and thence to India. And, oh dear! it was dull at Moylisicallan without him.

Five years later Captain Edward Blake was coming home on sick leave. It had been a "near squeak," as he said himself. That wondrous head, that the Burroo Pass affair, had set all Europe talking about him, but had nearly done for him all the same. Then came weeks of fever and the weary journey to Bombay; the relapse on the road, which, but for Mrs. Diamond's nursing, must have finished him; the almost miraculously accomplished move on to shipboard, which the doctor allowed was an experience of kill or cure.

And now he was steaming home as fast as the P. & O. line could do it, and

every day some fresh sense of power in mind or body was reborn in him; one day he could arrange his own pillow, the next he could read a few lines of the paper. A little later he asked Mrs. Diamond if she could find him paper and pencil, as he wanted to write a note "home." Life was worth living again with Moylisicallan drawing nearer day by day. Mrs. Diamond was a little widow lady, who, since her husband's death, had been keeping house for a brother in the civil service. "The Judge," as she called him, had fallen a victim to the charms of an 18-year-old schoolgirl, fresh from England, and Mrs. Diamond's services were required no longer. Coming down country she had stumbled upon Teddie Blake, fever-stricken and virtually alone, and it was undoubtedly to her care that he owed his recovery from the relapse, which had been worse than the original attack. She had deferred her own plans to the convenience of the patient, had superintended his transfer to the steamship from the Bombay hotel, which she had hardly dared to hope he would reach alive, and was a witness of his convalescence on board ship, as day by day his strength and spirits returned. So it was not wonderful that Teddie turned to her for paper and pencil on the very first occasion that he felt he could scrawl a line, and imperiously demanded that he be allowed to write "to his people."

"Are you sure you can do it?" Mrs. Diamond asked, producing her writing board, but not giving it over to him unconditionally.

"Quite sure—that is, not a bit of it—but I'll try."

"I thought you said you had nobody belonging to you?"

"No more I have—no real relations—but an adopted family that is the dearest in the world—not a mere accident of birth like other people's families. I must write them just a few words to say I'm alive and coming home, and it'll be ready when an opportunity comes for posting it, though it can't reach Moylisicallan more than an hour or two before I do myself."

"Moylisicallan," repeated Mrs. Diamond, "what do you know of Moylisicallan? I only heard of the place for the first time a month ago, and now it turns up again!"

"It's my home," Blake said, painfully scrawling the date at the top of his sheet of paper. "The castle belongs to me, only I've never been able to live in it. My people live at the rectory—it is to Mr. O'Malley, the rector, that I'm writing. And what did you hear about Moylisicallan, the sweetest place on all the earth?"

"Why," cried Mrs. Diamond, excitedly, "this is the oddest thing! My cousin, George Strangeways, rented the castle from some one some years ago—from you it appears—and now he is engaged, married probably by this time, to one of the rector's girls, Ellen O'Malley, a daughter, I suppose, of this very old gentleman you're writing to. I had the letter just before I met you at Rahmedinggar and had scarcely given it a thought since."

One of the rector's girls!

Teddie Blake had seen death glaring at him from a wall of black Afghan faces; he had looked fever in the eyes more than once; but he had never known what despair meant till Marcia Diamond told him her little story of odd coincidences sitting on the steamship deck, halfway through their homeward voyage. For a moment he repeated the words, "Ellen O'Malley; there is only one daughter at the rectory;" and Mrs. Diamond, whose eyes were on the silk sock she was knitting, went on cheerfully: "Oh, then, that's the girl. I did not hear from George Strangeways direct; the news came through my brother, but, of course, it is the same—the young lady at the rectory. Fancy old George succumbing to an Irish girl's fascinations after going all over the habitable world unscathed till now!"

"Is he a good fellow?" Teddie asked.

Something in his voice made Mrs. Diamond give a swift glance at her companion, and in that glance she understood everything.

"He is a very good fellow," she answered, a little more seriously than she had hitherto spoken; "any girl will be happy and tenderly treated by him, though he is an elderly man—55, I should think—and a little eccentric and old-fashioned in his ways. You will find letters telling you all about it when you reach England, you may be sure. Don't you think you had better let me take that writing board down stairs again? It will be time enough to write when there is a chance of posting your letter."

He let her lift the writing things away, only putting out a feeble hand to crumple up the sheet on which he had begun his letter. Then he lay back with his eyes shut, and her tact took her a little apart, for the struggle which he had to go through now must be fought out alone. By and by his servant came and helped him down stairs, and Mrs. Diamond saw him again no more that day.

Moylisicallan woods in September! How often Teddie Blake had pictured his home-coming through the green glades that stretched between the cas-

tle and the rectory. Those sylvan aisles were the rally place of all his favorite dreams, for did not Nellie cross them day by day, and would it not be here that he would bring her to tell her the secret which he thought she must have guessed long ago. Rector O'Malley would let him speak at last, for the long waiting had borne its fruit in recouping the Blake coffers, while Teddie knew that the Burroo Pass affair, of which he himself thought and spoke so modestly, was not likely to be forgotten when his name came up at the Horse Guards. A thousand times he had gone over all this in imagination, lingering, meanwhile, the little flat locket that hung at his watch chain—and now—and now, he was creeping back to Moylisicallan like a thief, having given no word of warning either to the rector or to his agent at the castle—creeping home just to see Nellie's face again once more and then to go away anywhere and die. He was still weak and wan from the fever. Mrs. Diamond had tried hard to persuade him to remain a little time in London for a consultation with a first-rate doctor, but the determination to see Nellie at Moylisicallan once more was the only desire that remained to him in life, and till it was accomplished his shrewd little friend saw that there was no good talking of anything else. So he hurried over to Ireland and had reached Thomastown the evening before. Today he had taken a car over to the village (in the old days it was the shortest and pleasantest four miles ever known) and, leaving the driver asleep in the sun at the cross roads, had turned into the wood that is a short cut to the two principal houses in the parish. He had no very definite idea of the plan to pursue. Now that he had reached his journey's end, it seemed as if all power had left him. Perhaps somewhere among the trees, crossing from the castle grounds to the rectory side, he should see Nellie passing by, and he would slip down upon his knees among the fern and look at her—George Strangeways' wife—and oh, this faintness! Merciful God! is that Nellie?

"Teddie, is it really you?" Teddie was on the moss, stretched flat, save that Nellie's arm was under his head; Nellie's little, bare, sunburned hand unfastened his collar—he could only look and smile. The green Moylisicallan leaves were overhead, dancing against the blue, Nellie's face was very close, and he thought he must be in heaven.

"How could you come like this and take us by surprise, and you so ill, Teddie," the girl went on, reproachfully; "if I hadn't been going across to the castle this morning early and come on you lying here in a heap—"

"Going across to the castle?" Teddie found time to utter, his eyes on Nellie's left hand. "Don't you live at the castle now altogether?"

"And what should I go and live at the castle for, when I've a good home of my own, intruding on newly married people, as if I didn't know better? Besides, Aunt Ellen isn't home from her honeymoon yet, and Uncle George—what, are you able to sit up? Take care or you'll—"

She could not finish the sentence, for Captain Blake was sitting up with a vengeance, and to steady himself he had got his arm around her waist.

"So you never thought of Aunt Ellen?" said Nellie, by and by; "well, you wouldn't have been an Irishman if you hadn't made a mistake sometime. Only if you'd ever seen Uncle George I don't think you'd have doubted me, Teddie dear. Oh! they have been so funny courting one another these five years, and if I hadn't been so well amused I think I must have died, for you kept me a long time waiting without a word!"—Boston (England) Guardian.

Gold Is Not Everywhere.

His poor, work-calloused hands were despairingly entwined; his emaciated form was bowed down with woe, and the hollows in his care-worn cheeks were slowly filling up with tears that ran down from dull, tired eyes. He was a young man whose early life had been spent amid careful home surroundings under the influence of Christian teachings, and now in this hour of dark despair and deep dejection, when reason tottered on her throne and fierce pain pangs assailed his flesh, the habits of his youth were strong upon him. With weary footsteps he crossed the floor, and from an oilskin pouch drew a Bible.

"The last gift of my mother," he muttered; "before I came to this accursed place."

As he looked at it in his hand he noticed a certain bulkiness about it and felt a heaviness he had never felt before. A thousand wild conjectures flashed through his mind and many instances of where fond mothers had secreted treasures in the Bible presented to their departing son came to him at memory's beck.

"Dear mother!" he murmured; "a big fat bunch of currency, I suppose!" and with a half-smile he opened the bulging Bible.

An hour afterward he recovered consciousness.

"Thank heaven," he cried. "Joy does not kill! Mother, dear old mother—by what divine inspiration did she gaze into the future and see my hour of bitterest need. I'll just send her a million dollars by the next mail."

And with a ravenous, running gulp the young Klondike miner devoured one of the three apple fritters he had found in the Bible.—San Francisco Examiner.

Polite Georgie.

"Georgie, I'm glad to see that you are polite and offer sister the oranges first."

"Yes'm, 'cause then she has to be polite an' take th' little one."



Advertised for Homely Girls.
A telephone exchange manager in Staunton, Va., recently advertised for "ugly girls, who would attend to business." There were actually 25 who applied for the positions and confessed themselves qualified to fill the bill.

A Titled Woman Bagpiper.
Inverary Pipe Band, the distinguished combination of bagpipes which created a sensation by promoting Glencoe in charge of Lord Archibald Campbell, walked abroad in Inverary the other day, headed by a young lady, who blew the piob mhor with all the dexterity and success of a prize bagpiper at Oban Highland games. This was lady Elspeth Campbell, Lord Archibald's handsome daughter. She is an expert player and has done a good deal to make the dreaded instrument popular in fashionable circles.—Westminster Gazette.

For Wheeling Skirts.
There is a new arrangement gaining favor among woman cyclists which helps not only in keeping the short skirt from blowing back in the wind, but also keeps it from dragging heavily across the knees after a long ride. This invention is a keep cap of ventilated cloth three or four inches wide, worn just below the knee; this bears a tiny fastener. In the skirt, on the underside, is a corresponding fastener, which may be clasped into the knee band by a simple pressure on the outside of the skirt. When the rider alights a mere twitch releases the fastening.

Brilliant Colors the Rage.
The summer fad for dashing colors has overlapped the fall fashions, and brilliant reds, greens and blues are shown in plain goods and in checks and stripes. A shepherd's plaid skirt in large red and white checks, with a box-plated waist of all red wool, is a new and pretty design for a child's school frock or a young girl's morning dress. Checks are far more fashionable than either stripes or plain material; but they are invariably combined with plain silk or wool goods. A touch of black is considered indispensable with these suits, either in the soft collar and crush belt, which fastens at the back with flaring bows, or in the cuffs, collar and vest. The black goods may be either satin, moire or faille Francaise.—Demorest's Magazine.

Tyrolean Bridal Handkerchiefs.

A touching and poetical custom prevails in the Welsch-Tyrol. When a young maiden is about to be married, immediately before she steps across the threshold of her old home, on her way to the church, her mother solemnly gives her a new pocket handkerchief. The bride holds it in her hand throughout the marriage ceremony, using it to wipe away her tears. So soon as the marriage festivities are ended the young wife lays the handkerchief aside in her linen closet, and there it remains while she lives. Nothing could induce a Tyrolean wife to use this sacred handkerchief. It may be half a century, or longer, before it is taken from its place to fulfil the second and last part of its mission. When the wife dies, perhaps as a gray old grandmother, the loving hands of the next of kin place the bridal handkerchief over the face of the dead and it is buried with her in the grave.

Hemstitching.

In London hemstitching is having quite a revival. It is being adapted not only to muslin, soft silk and soft fabrics for trimmings, but also to glace, and even to velvet, the frillings being hemmed and then headed by these open stitchings. This work adds a good deal to the expense of dresses, because for such materials it must be hand drawn, and in velvet it has to be punctured by a stiletto. Some charming sashes are made in pure white silk with open hemstitching on either side, the hems two or three inches broad. These are most effective with white gowns, and are employed a good deal for children as well as grown up people; but perhaps the charm of the hemstitching is best seen on the new Paris skirts, which have graduated flounces from the hem to the waist, each one treated in this way. An enterprising dressmaker has the hemstitching in a different color, but it has not been altogether a success. It looks unlike the real thing.

A New Business for Women.

And now a woman is running a trolley car. This new field for woman-kind may strike the casual observer as somewhat peculiar, but the young lady who has taken it up says that it is much easier than housework and a great deal more agreeable than a good many other things that women are called upon to do. There is a great deal of nonsensical talk about the necessity for strength in the ordinary pursuits of life. As a matter of fact brute force or what we call physical strength is one of the minor items in the success which people meet with in almost all of the ordinary occupations by which men and women earn their bread.

It does not require physical strength

to command a ship or to fill the position of conductor; indeed, some of the most successful men in the world have been physical weaklings; but they had brains, tact, nerve and alertness, which goes a very long way in making up the sum total of elements that conduce to success.—New York Ledger.

Poke Hats in Season.

The poke hat is becoming to so few faces that it is with much hesitation that the style is adopted. Milliners, however, declare that the poke hat will be the hat of the season, and it certainly will if they have their way. One seen was of light gray chip, caught up in front with pale yellow crepe rosettes. Long black feathers drooped down over the sides, giving it extra breadth. The dress worn with this was of gray striped chevot, trimmed with blue braid and made with a natty cutaway jacket effect that was very becoming. A stock of the dress goods was worn, and the same goods was made into a fichu for the finishing of the sailor collar. The sleeves were double balloons, set over a very tight fitting coat sleeve.

Pearl gray gloves matched the hat, and a stiff white linen shirt front gave a decidedly tailor made finish to this neatest and latest of gowns. In place of the parasol a small umbrella is now carried, rolled tight around its stick and finished with a ruching of black satin ribbon, which is tied around the handle of the umbrella.

Fashion Notes.

The Russian blouse craze is likely to continue through the fall and winter seasons.

A smart hat is composed entirely of red currants, with a blackbird nesting in the midst of them.

The large black velvet hat, with its drooping plumes, is the most favored style in feminine headwear.

Black silk stockings have medallions of fine black lace set over the instep. They are for wear with fancy slippers, and are very smart and dainty.

Princess Beatrice, who still wears deep mourning for her husband, Henry of Battenburg, always wears the usual widow's bonnet, with its Marie Stuart point in white and a long crepe veil.

The military effect on the tight-fitting coat is good this season, especially where the garment is all black, though we see tan, green, blue and violet combined with the black ornamentation in this way.

Bands of embroidered velvet are worn as trimming for gowns and coats; some of these in black, with steel paillettes or with golden thread and tiny colored beads, are very rich and handsome.

A cloth dress is made with a skirt in about thirty tucks. The waist and sleeves are similarly tucked. The effect is desirable enough, but the weight of the garment is simply past enduring. The lady for whom it is made finds it impossible to wear it without great fatigue.

Corduroy waists are making their appearance. Some of them are made entirely of corduroy, with plaits at the front and back, and a high rolled back collar, inside of which is a collar of silk of the same color. Other models have belt, collar and cuffs of plain velvet of the same shade as the goods of which the waist is made.

A stylish dress of dark blue broadcloth is made with a plain skirt trimmed with rather an elaborate pattern of the finest military braid and fine cord. The waist is in Eton jacket fashion and is almost covered with a handsome design in cord and braid. It is lined with cardinal satin and wears over a waist of black and cardinal taffeta.

Prettiest among the street costumes are the cloth gowns, made with braided skirt and blouse jacket, with little basques. The braided design is intricate, but light in effect, and covers the whole of the skirt in the front and back of the jacket. Sometimes the jackets have tiny revers of embroidered velvet or astrakan, or of the cloth braided. The basques are very short and are very jaunty and becoming.

The fronts of most jackets are to be adorned with military frogs and braiding; a style very becoming to those who dread the severity of a tight fitting jacket. Elizabeth collars and belts of embroidered velvet are to be worn. A handsome coat of dark purple cloth has two bands of jetted black in front; an Elizabeth collar of black velvet jetted and a bow of black velvet under the chin give a very rich effect to this winter garment.

Poplins are "coming in," and both plain and figured patterns are to be seen. Bright plaids, checks and stripes are exceedingly effective, and look as though they might be very durable. All the Scotch plaids are fashionable, and many new plaids have been recently designed. On a dark brown, blue or black background the bright colors stand out clear and sharp. They will be made up in skirts to wear with plain short coats, for school frocks, and will be greatly used for combining with other materials for vests, sleeves and trimmings.