

The Kaffirs, it is reported, have become opium eaters. The Chinese have taught them for the purpose of extending their market.

The use of petroleum is becoming common in China. As a result lamps and oil stoves are being imported heavily. Most of them come from Japan and Germany.

Russia is strengthening her forces in the North Pacific, as she did during the Chinese war. Russia means to control the destinies of northeast Asia. If Germany shall stay in China it will be because Russian policy permits it.

The United States is now regarded as the leading dairy country of the world. In 1889 the annual value of our dairy products was estimated to exceed \$400,000,000, and the value of the milk cows about \$370,000,000. There are about 17,000,000 cows in this country, or one to every four inhabitants; one cow, however, furnishes the milk, butter and cheese for more than four persons, as large quantities of our dairy products are exported.

The Atchinson (Kan.) Globe says that "up in Hiawatha the curfew will be rung twice—at 5 o'clock to call the women home from card parties to get supper and at 8 o'clock for all the children to scamper home. This is not a bad idea, and Atchinson should adopt it. If the whistle can be used but once a day, then let it be blown at 5 o'clock for the card-playing women. The women need a curfew worse than the children. They neglect no duties. By all means, blow the curfew at 5."

Says the Louisville Courier-Journal: "A late phase of New York journalism is the publication of twelve telegraphed interviews with murderers all over the country as to the guilt or innocence of Martin Thurn and Mrs. Nack. A specimen interview is with Lizzie Wong, a St. Louis white woman who married a Chinese gambler, and killed another woman through jealousy. This may be considered as going to extremes, but the readers of the New York papers must be instructed at any cost."

The Chicago Times-Herald philosophizes as follows: It was long since acknowledged that "care killed a cat" and that worry slays its tens of thousands where work kills its hundreds. Science comes to the defence of his philosophy and produces actual proof that worry kills as certainly, if not as suddenly, as typhoid or scarlet or yellow fever, and that many a disease that is attached to some other vital organ originates in the brain. Occasional anxiety or care and trouble at intervals may do little harm. But incessant worry, disturbing the brain cells from day to day and week to week, will injure the brain beyond repair. The brain being the nutritive centre of the body is thus unable to nurture the other organs some of which will give way, and the victim, though said to die of heart disease or lung trouble or disorder of the liver, is, as a matter of fact, killed by worry. So, if the brain is exposed to that reiterated hammering of an unpleasant fear it will finally succumb, and the human structure which it inhabits will tumble into ruins. The microscope is even able to detect this degeneration of the brain cells from week to week. Don't worry.

The special report of the agricultural department, Washington, that Austria-Hungary from being a great grain-exporting country is becoming an importing nation, is another assurance that the American farmer is going to get better prices for farm produce during the next few years. The empire has ranked fifth among wheat producers, coming after the United States, Russia, France and British India; but its tendency is to a smaller production year after year. Mr. Frank H. Hitchcock, chief of the section of foreign markets in the department, who has made a careful study of the matter, says that the acreage is steadily diminishing, while the consumptive requirements of the country are increasing. This applies also to the milling industry. The mills of Buda-Pesth are said to be the finest and largest in the world, and hitherto have exported a great part of their output. The annual average for the five years, 1886-90, was 1,775,827 barrels, but for 1891-95 the annual exports amounted to but 500,667 barrels. The grain which Austria imports has heretofore been almost entirely from Roumania, Servia and Russia, but the cessation of exports removes that much of competing supplies from the world's markets and the exporting nations, of which we are the greatest, must reap the benefits.

I once knew all the birds that came
And nested in our orchard trees;
For every flower I had a name—
My friends were woodchucks, toads and
bees,
I know where thrived in ponderosa
What plants would soothe a stone-bruised
toe—
O, I was very learned then,
But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill
Where checkerberries could be found;
I know the rushes near the mill
Where the pickerel lay that weighed a
pound!

I had the wretched bulldog as compensation and nothing more.
Now in the third or fourth week I began to experience the joys of being master of such a brute as Strong. He had to be kept in my own room, if you please, because there was no yard. While I was in it was all right; he would sit watching me as humble as a dog could be. But the moment I was free of the house he would bark and rave and keep it up until I returned. Of course I got served with summonses on behalf of the nuisance.
All this time I was without explicit intelligence of Julia. It was maddening. To think of this poor, dear wayward child alone, as it were (though not quite) in a great city, consuming her own pride. For I felt, you see, that she really still loved me as I loved her. And yet not one word could I get from the worthy, devoted old housekeeper who looked after her.
But one evening, when many weeks had passed and I had bred a wrinkle on my brow, who should come to see me but Mrs. Green herself—this same good housekeeper.
"Tis no good talking, Mr. Willoughby," she burst forth. "and for nobody that lives will I see my dear Miss Julia breaking her precious heart—least of all a cat."
"Go on, Mrs. Green," I urged, and she went on.
"The times we've had, sir, I'd never have believed possible, and all along of that Sweet wretch. You're acquainted with the animal, Mr. Willoughby, but not as she's grown up of late. There's an evil spirit in that beast not fit for a decent person to live with—and least of all a tender young lady like Miss Julia."
"You are extremely right, Mrs. Green, extremely," I remarked. "Tell me more."
"The very last thing, sir, was the scratching of the 'King of Scotland' from head to foot and him ready to be sent to the academy. 'Six weeks' hard work and all for nothing!' my young lady sobbed and said, pointing at the cat, which lay purring like the evil hypocrite she is. There's nothing safe from the false great object. And the milk it drinks and the dainty bits it does steal—why, it's \$5 a week damage it does one way or another, if you'll believe me, Mr. Willoughby."
"I believe every word you say, my dear Mrs. Green," I replied. "Look at that other object."
I pointed at Strong as I spoke and made a click with my tongue. Strong obeyed that click. He stole, growing towards Mrs. Green, who jumped up, screamed and fled. But I arrested her outside and took her by the arm and whispered in her large red ear and was so glad that I could have kissed her, though she carries much hair on her upper lip and unequivocal down on her chin.
"We will go in a cat," said I at length, when I had soothed her. And on the way I convinced her that my plan was a reasonable one and that she (Mrs. Green) would be far more comfortable and opulent as housekeeper to two souls than as housekeeper to one soul and a demon cat. And in the street, where Julia gives consecration to the atmosphere, I first pressed a dollar into the dear creature's palm and then set her on the pavement.
Then back I drove to my rooms to find that Strong had, in a playful fit, reached down my collection of foreign stamps (in a \$20 album) and divided it into an incalculable number of parts. But for once I did not curse the pretty creature.
"Good old dog," I said, as I patted him on the head. And he wagged his ugly tail and straightway proved his goodness by swallowing a British Guinea stamp of 1855 worth \$5 and scraping to morsels its fellow worth \$10.
That night I dreamed many dreams in which Julia, Mrs. Green, the dog Strong and the cat Sweet were strangely mingled. But I awoke refreshed, nevertheless, for I was full of hope. No—had I any compunctions, for I felt that the happiness of two human souls was better than the happiness of a couple of demoniacal quadrupeds.
In the morning an insurance agent called and, speaking in a high voice that seemed menacing (though of course was not), got mauled at the ankle.
"The law, my friend, will give me my revenge," said this gentleman, when I had escorted him in safety downstairs. You see, I had not wanted to insure my life.
But at half past three I arose and, taking Strong by the chain, led him into the street.
Thus to the studio. Here Mrs. Green received me with a pale face.
"Miss Julia is not in," she said; and I, dissembling, remarked that it was a pity.
"If I might rest awhile," I proceeded.
"Oh, certainly, sir," replied the estate creature. "Perhaps you would like to leave the door in the kitchen?"

LONG AGO.
And pining for the joys of youth,
I tread the old familiar spot,
Only to learn this solemn truth:
I have forgotten, am forgot.
Yet, here's this youngster at my knee
Knows all the things I used to know:
To think I once was wise as he—
But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain
Of whatso'er the Fates decree;
Yet were not wishes all in vain,
I tell you what my wish would be:
I'd wish to be a boy again,
Back with the friends I used to know;
For I was, Oh! so happy then—
But that was very long ago.
—Eugene Field.

A Cat and Dog Life for Two.

The good soul opened the door. Then I slipped Strong's chain, pushed him in and shut the door.
Immediately afterwards I invaded Julia's studio and Mrs. Green with me. We shut ourselves in and discussed the weather, the last cure for colds (Julia having one) and much else. We talked without ceasing, indeed, for many minutes.
But in spite of everything the riot in the kitchen reached our ears. Terrific at times it was, with fateful lulls, followed afresh by piercing cries, now of a cat and now of a dog. I opened the door an inch and peeped in.
At length, by half-past four, utter peace reigned. Mrs. Green and I looked at each other and started for the kitchen.

On the landing, however, whom should we meet but Julia.
"James!" she exclaimed, blushing divinely.

"I—brought the dog with me," I murmured. "I am going now. I only wanted to know that you were well. He is in the kitchen."
Her eyes brightened when I mentioned Strong. Hatred of Sweet possessed her—she said so afterwards.
Then I opened the door, and in a moment I saw that we were saved.
"Oh, Miss Julia!" cried Mrs. Green, running to the lifeless body of Sweet.
"Strong, what have you been doing?" said I. But I expected no answer, for side by side with the cat lay the lifeless dog.

For many seconds we contemplated the dead warriors. Then I turned to Julia. Tears were in her eyes. Mrs. Green considerably went away.
"Dearest," I said, "there is nothing now between us," and I opened my arms to her.
She hesitated for a moment, then came to me, and I kissed away her tears.
The death of Strong and Sweet was, after due legal debate, reckoned exceedingly natural.
The quadrupeds slumber in one grave.—St. Louis Star.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Infant schools began in New Lanark, Scotland, in 1815; in England not till 1818.
To improve her complexion, a young lady in Worcester, England, was in the habit of eating about two wax candles every week.

Chinese brides of high station frequently do not see their husbands until the red veils are lifted at the marriage ceremony.

The long tails of the Shah of Persia's horses are dyed crimson for six inches at their tips—a jealousy guarded privilege of the ruler and his sons.

In order to raise church funds, a Georgia minister charged admission to an entertainment where the contestants engaged in a ginger cake eating competition.

Detectives detailed to look after professional shoplifters always look to see if their suspects are wearing gloves. A professional, it is declared, never works with gloves on.

The ginger plant grows wild in some parts of Mexico, and its cultivation on the elevated plateaus is to be encouraged. An estimate of the value of the crop may be gleaned from the fact that one acre's yield brings in about \$300 in gold.

Showers of blood—bona fide, genuine blood, or at any rate, having the same properties—are by no means uncommon on the Mediterranean coast, and in some parts of Italy. The rain has been analyzed, and undoubtedly contains several of the mineral constituents of human blood.

Alderman Backer of Brooklyn is a philanthropist—also a real estate dealer. He has offered to the first family that is blessed with twins in his district a house, rent free, as long as they want to occupy it. To the first family that registers triplets he offers to give a house and lot.

It was not until 1878 that the manufacture of hairpins began in the United States. Previous to that time those used in this country were brought from England or France. Now the trade is such a large one that it takes 50,000 packages, each containing twenty-four pins, to supply the wholesale demand daily in New York alone.

There died the other day at Ellsworth, Ohio, a man who remembers with vivid distinctiveness the battle of Waterloo, of which he was an eyewitness. James R. Green was born at Bolton, England, in 1798. In 1815 he was doing service on the Royal George and he got permission to go to the front with a brother, who was in the Forty-fifth regiment.

O. C. Schulte, a member of the California Swimming club, was called upon to take the place of another diver who had been announced to jump from the balcony of the Cliff house, San Francisco, into the sea, but who refused to take the leap of eighty-five feet. Schulte promptly undertook the feat and made a successful dive in the presence of ten thousand spectators.

A very economical farmer in Mars Hill, Me., who is worth thousands of dollars, had the misfortune to lose his wife by sudden death. Her loss grieved him very much, occurring, as it did, in the midst of his fall work. He very reluctantly gave up his duties on the farm long enough to dig his wife's grave with his own hands, and then hastily returned to his more profitable labor.

Utterly Hopeless.
"It's all off, darling," groaned the disconsolate lover.
"No? Did papa refuse his consent?"
"Practically. He said that I might have you when I had earned and saved \$1000."—A monster, Amie.



No Pink Teas for Her.
A Norton county (Kansas) paper, in speaking of Miss Kate Johnson, the county treasurer-elect, says: "She is good looking, jolly, well fixed financially, full of business, likes company, but couldn't be dragged into a pink tea with a four-horse team."

Owms Two Hundred Teapots.
A woman in Chicago owns 200 teapots. Among curious pieces in the collection is a double Japanese teapot with two spouts, which is always used at wedding festivities in that country by the bride and groom. Then there is the pale blue, daintily figured combination teapot of two parts and two handles. The upper part has a sieve-like arrangement for the leaves, and the lower contains the cheering concoction.

A Woman as Consular Agent.
Little work and no salary was involved in Miss Emma Hart's tenure of office as consular agent of the United States at Edmundston, New Brunswick, during the two weeks' leave of absence granted to the regular agent, Mr. Guy. But as Secretary Sherman appointed Miss Hart in mid-November, and as it is unusual for a woman to act as a representative of our government abroad, the case is an interesting precedent to be recorded.

New Occupation for Women.
A new occupation for women is that known as "music teacher's assistant." This is a young woman who superintends the daily piano practice of the children of a family. Where expensive music masters are employed their work is frequently retarded by the careless practising of their pupils. To be on hand every day during the time spent at the piano by the young people of the family is the duty of the assistant; and her careful supervision of practice hours undoubtedly contributes to the successful teaching of the master.

Health and Hair Dressing.
The style and influence of hair dressing is a topic of importance to the fair sex. Every health reformer is bound to express gratification that the days of the chignon and of hair pads are past. The present Grecian style of dressing the hair, in which pads are dispensed with and the hair is gathered into a simple coil behind, is a return to a classic and healthy fashion. There may be objections on the score of taste—its variable condition—to the "boy's," or short-cropped hair, as a feminine style; but where health considerations intervene there should be no objection to the adoption of this latter mode, especially for girls. Many diseases of the hair are clearly traceable to the reign of the chignon. It is only to be regretted that what is rational in the modern headdress does not extend to the chest and to the feet. But our fair readers should know that singeing the hair is of not the slightest use as a measure for hair stimulation.—New York Ledger.

A Woman's Club of Indian Squaws.
The Maine Federation of Women's Clubs has admitted to membership a club of squaws, which will hold sales and give entertainments to raise money for charity, just as the clubs of white women do.

This latest development of the woman's club movement is the Waba-na-ki club of Indian Island. Its membership is limited exclusively to the squaws of the Tarratine tribe, which occupies the government reservation on Indian Island on the Penobscot, opposite Old Town.

The idea of the club originated with Mrs. Helen Coffin Beedy, author of "Mothers of Maine." Some months ago she became interested in the people of Indian Island, and, being an enthusiastic club woman, proposed to the squaws of the island that they form a woman's club. The proposition was well received, and within a few weeks an organization was effected. The club name comes from the tribal title of that branch of the Maine Indian tribe to which the Tarratine tribe belongs.—New York Journal.

Home Massage for Beauty.
You may use massage for obesity, for rheumatism, for weariness and for wrinkles. For all these ills to which femininity is heir it is excellent.

Massage of the body should always follow and never precede a hot bath. After bathing and being vaporized, the flesh is much more supple and flexible.

Massage consists in rubbing, kneading and pounding with the fingers all the fleshy parts of the body. A massage treatment is, therefore, difficult to manage if one has no maid, but it can be done by the use of long-handled rubber brush. The movements must be gentle and the treatment not very long.

In massage of the face, if the skin is sensitive, redness is apt to follow. The fingers should be dipped in olive oil to prevent the chafing of the skin. The face should be very lightly pinched and kneaded. The movement must

always be in an upward direction. On the face, neck and chin the tips of the fingers should be used, and used very gently, but not the whole hand.

If one takes massage for obesity the rest after it should be brief. If it is for weariness or rheumatism, a nap may very beneficially follow.—New York Journal.

Treatment for a Red Nose.
Nothing is a greater blemish to the face of a woman than a red nose. This irritating condition may arise from various causes, one of the chief being indigestion. A habit of boiling the feet is very often the cause of the indigestion which shows itself thus. Sufferers from red noses arising from indigestion should be most careful in their diet, avoiding heating foods and hot drinks. The food should be taken slowly and each mouthful be well masticated. Sometimes a red nose is due to dryness of the nasal duct or delicacy of the capillary organs. The inflammation may then be treated as follows: Prepare a wash containing 154 grains of powdered borax, one teaspoon of eau de Cologne and five ounces of soft water. First dissolve the borax in the water and then add the eau de Cologne. When the nose burns damp it with this lotion and let it dry on. If, when dry, it still burns, repeat the treatment. Another mixture for the same trouble may be made as follows:

Dissolve 30 grains of borax in one ounce of rose water and orange water in equal parts. Wet the nose with this lotion about three times a day, letting it dry on.

When the redness of the nose arises from a kind of congestion it should be washed in warm water only on going to bed.

A cold in the head will often produce a red and inflamed condition of the nose. A little cold cream should then be applied to the sore parts. The following is an easily prepared and safe recipe for cold cream: Get half a pound of the very best lard, put it in a basin, pour on it boiling water, and when cold drain it off. Repeat this process three times; then after quite freeing the lard from water beat it to a cream with a fork and scent it with essence of bergamot.

The nostrils should never be touched with the fingers. To wash them, a little hot water should be sniffed up and then ejected.—Chicago Record.

Fashion Notes.
Rose pink velvet turbans are much seen at the theatre.

The tiniest of tiny monograms are in vogue on smart stationery.

Salted peanuts are strong rivals of the salted almonds at women's luncheons.

Black velvet capes, trimmed with chinchilla, are much worn by the younger women.

The neck scarfs of sable, with many heads, tails and claws, are affected by the tailor made girls.

Eugenic caps are added to the tops of many of the short, full, puffed sleeves of evening bodices.

It is a great mistake to put too much handsome trimming on a hat. A little of a better quality produces a better effect.

Many of the demi-trained dress skirts are cut with nine gores; and at the back some are box pleated and others fan pleated.

The tiny empire fans are just the nicest sort of a gift for a debutante friend, whose ball attire is the delight of her frivolous little heart.

One cannot use too many ostrich feathers this season. If the hat becomes overloaded they can stray into the neck ruche or on a cape or muff.

The dolman style of wrap is likely to have a rather unwelcome reception. It is so difficult to move one's arms when wearing a garment of this sort that it would be small wonder if sensible women refused to accept the fashion.

There is nothing more becoming to the average woman than a hat of dark velvet. When loosely laid over the frame and caught down with brilliant pins or jewels and finished with a little very rich trimming, it is the ideal headgear.

Peplums, which are added to Russian blouses, jacket bodices, surplice waists and similar garments, are shaped in various ways. Some are crenelated, others cut in oval tabs or sharp Vandikes, and also in circular form, with or without plaits at the back.

Theatre wraps are elegant and elaborate in the extreme. They are immensely large and full, and as profusely trimmed as the most extravagant ball costume. Velvet, plush and brocade are the favorite materials, and far, lace and ruchings the approved garniture.

The shoulder cape wrap still continues in style, and probably has secured a place that will make it difficult to supplant it. It is comfortable, easily put on and very stylish. Such wraps are becoming to almost every woman, even the stoutest being able to wear them if properly modified and shaped to the figure.