

Mulhall estimates that the civilized nations pay annually \$13,700,000,000 for food.

Secretary Coburn, of the Kansas Board of Agriculture, declares that the farmers of that State are \$40,000,000 richer than they were a year ago.

The Sultan has forbidden the use of the bicycle in Turkey, on the ground that it is immoral and dangerous to the State. Some enterprising manufacturer would probably be able to overcome his Majesty's objections to the wheel by presenting him with a revised edition of a "bicycle built for two"—a bicycle built for a harem.

In a genealogical way the funniest thing on record is that Menelik, Negus of Abyssinia, insists on his descent in a straight line from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. If this were questioned the angust Negus would have your head cut off, or if you hinted that there was a bar sinister somewhere you might be impaled. There is, however, a noble family in France, the Counts of Noe, who show on their family blazon the Ark and that most adventurous voyager, Noah, and they claim that veteran seaman as their remote ancestor.

American labor is acknowledged to be more efficient than the labor of any other country. We are fortunate in the possession of a class of skilled mechanics who are endowed with sufficient brains and alertness to quickly master the most intricate machines. Our common school system, which has been maintained for 100 years, has laid the foundation of superior average intelligence, and our numerous excellent scientific schools and schools of technology have given great opportunity to boys of a practical and mechanical turn of mind.

Says the New York Times:—A contemporary states that it is safer to be a convicted murderer in the United States than an innocent man, and submits these data as proof: Not one convicted murderer in fifty is hanged or killed by electricity; of the men lynched a much larger proportion than 1 in 50 was innocent. We have no means at hand for verifying these figures, nor are we able to determine what proportion of the population are convicted murderers or what proportion are unjustly executed. The conclusion, merely from casual observation, seems plausible; the logic is sound. Still, if it be not too optimistic, we should like some more data to guide us.

After all, schools are the greatest civilizers, exclaims the New York Mail and Express. Secretary Bliss, of the Interior Department, reports 26,000 Indian children enrolled in the schools last year. Tribal relations are being broken up and Indian lands divided into severalty. The aborigine, however, has not yet been educated up to the point of holding on to the land, and as a consequence it soon passes into the hands of his white brothers, notwithstanding the paternal restrictions thrown round him by the government. The Indian has not yet learned the necessity of promptly meeting taxes, and owing to his failure to come to time with respect to this exaction, a considerable amount of his lands, in Minnesota, passed from him last year. Until our red brother learns that taxes are as certain as that other certain thing, death, he should have some special provision in law for his protection.

One of the really valuable products of the Government Printing Office at Washington is the annual report which George F. Kunz renders on the yield of precious stones in the United States, declares the New York Sun. Mr. Kunz's expert knowledge in this specialty has been for years at the service of the United States Geological Survey, and thus becomes part of official literature. The report for 1896, just published, contains a table of values as represented by the various gems discovered in the United States during the year. It is interesting to observe how the values are apportioned. Here are a few items:

Turquoise	.....\$40,000
Sapphires	.....10,000
Gold quartz	.....10,000
Tourmaline	.....3,000
Garnet	.....2,500
Ruby	.....1,000
Amethyst	.....500
Topaz	.....200
Opal	.....200
Emerald	.....None
Diamonds	.....None

The list includes many precious minerals which would not strictly be classed as gems, and the total value assigned is a little under \$100,000. The prominence of the turquoise in the American list is recent, the yield being large in Arizona and New Mexico.

### THE UNCHANGING.

Too fleet the hours slip by  
With feet untravelling;  
Too soon is lost the sky  
Of life-renewing Spring;  
Too soon comes Autumn's breath  
With presages of death.  
Yet, though the red rose fade,  
And the green fields lie waste,  
Despoiled and disarrayed;  
Though ceaselessly we haste  
To our dim heritage  
Down the gray paths of age:  
There is one thing that Time,  
The great all-conqueror,  
May touch not with his rime,—  
The fond, true heart of her  
Girt with Love's mystic folds,  
There Youth perennial dwells.  
—Harper's Bazar.

### Love Levels All.

"Is this the ferry?"  
The speaker was a tall, fair girl, whose pale statuesque beauty was accentuated by her mourning dress and black hat, and her inquiry was addressed to a handsome broad-shouldered young fellow in flannels who was fastening a boat up to the steps.

As the young man did not reply, the girl repeated her question.  
"Can you tell me, please, if this is the ferry?"

Then he looked hastily around, and as there was nobody else in sight, he seemed to come to the conclusion that he was the one to whom the lady was speaking.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I did not know that you were addressing me. This is Twickenham ferry."  
"Thank you," responded the girl, "and will you be good enough to ferry me over?"

"With pleasure," was the reply, and stepping forward, he assisted her into the boat, shoved off, and commenced sculling across the river.

When they arrived at the opposite bank, and, as the young lady was being assisted out, she asked:

"How much do I owe you, please?"  
The ferryman turned rather red and hesitated for a few moments before he replied:

"The fare is a penny, but you had better pay when you come back."  
"I am afraid I shall have to," replied the fair girl, looking in her purse, "for I have nothing less than a shilling."

"Shall I expect you down this afternoon for a row?" inquired the young man.  
"Very probably—I think so, and, by the way, what's your name? Whose boat shall I ask for?"

"My name is John, but my friends usually call me Jack."  
"Very well, John, I shall be at the landing place about half-past 2." And she walked away with that grace and vigor which are inseparable from a girl who has been brought up in the fresh air and athletic surroundings of a country life.

The half-hour had barely struck when the young lady made her appearance at the ferry. Jack was waiting for her, and without any loss of time they got afloat and started up the river.

This was a memorable day with Geraldine, for it was her first introduction to the "Silvery Thames," and as she leaned back on the cushions in the stern sheets, the ripple of the water and the songs of the birds combined with the rhythmic sound of the boatman's sculls to make sweet music, which she enjoyed in silence until they arrived opposite Pope's Villa, which Jack duly pointed out.

"A grand poet!" exclaimed Geraldine, with enthusiasm.  
"Much overrated," answered Jack. "His brain was as crooked as his figure."

"You have been misinformed," observed Geraldine. "Of course, you have not read his 'Iliad'—it is not a book that would appeal to you. B—"

"Oh, yes, I have," interrupted Jack. "And his 'Odyssey,' too. But I would rather read one canto from 'Childe Harold' than the whole of Pope's works."

This led to a disputatious argument, in which Geraldine lost her temper, and was rude enough to say:  
"You are evidently an exemplification of the old saying that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing.'"

"Well, I'm bothered!" exclaimed Jack, with a satirical smile, "if that isn't a little too bad. For, if there was one thing that I was supposed to be good at, next to rowing, it was Greek."

"You seem to be very well educated for your position in life," remarked Geraldine.  
"O, I don't know," answered Jack, and he added, quickly, "the free libraries are so convenient, you know. But I might return the compliment, and say that you seem very well read for a young lady."

When they returned to the ferry Geraldine extracted her purse; but, as she was taking out the money, Jack said, pointing to Hammerton, the ferryman:  
"That is the person to pay, please. I am not allowed to take any money."

After she had gone Jack said to the ferryman:  
"Don't forget, Dick, if she should happen to make any inquiries, that I am only one of your assistants."

"All right, sir," answered Dick, with a knowing look, "I won't forget."

For the next month Geraldine went on the river every Friday, sometimes in the morning, sometimes in the afternoon; and those boating expeditions were extended on many occasions up the river to Kingston, Molesey, and Sunbury, and many an argument they had on literature and art—for, as a rule, their opinions on these sub-

jects were diametrically opposite—as they drifted down homeward bound.

One afternoon they were returning down the river when the conversation turned upon the wedding of a lady of property in the neighborhood, who had recently married her coachman.

"Poor, unfortunate woman!" exclaimed Geraldine. "How bitterly she will regret it."  
"Why should she?" inquired Jack.

"Because happiness is impossible with such an ill-assorted match."  
"How do you know they are ill-assorted?"

"Why! the man is only a common coachman."  
"But you must remember that she has married the man, not the coachman; and if they are fond of one another, why should they not be happy?"

"It is impossible!" exclaimed Geraldine. "How can she—a lady of birth and education—have anything in common with a fellow like that—a hewer of wood and a drawer of water?"

"Don't be too hard upon us," said Jack, half seriously. "Remember that Homer was a slave, Burns a plowman, and your favorite, Pope, only the son of a linen draper."

"Ah! but genius levels all things," replied Geraldine, with a smile.  
"There is something else which levels all things," observed the young boatman.

"What is that?"  
"Love," answered Jack. "That glorious feeling which is the true philosopher's stone, which glides the road of life, no matter how rough it may be; makes a dry crust with the object of one's affection more acceptable than a feast without her; and which sweeps away all distinctions of rank, as the running water washes away the dull earth and leaves the grains of gold exposed."

"How eloquent you are this afternoon!" remarked Geraldine, but her voice was tremulous, and it was evident that her playful sarcasm was but assumed. "What novel have you been reading?"

"Perhaps I am eloquent," replied Jack. "It has been said that all men deeply in earnest are so, and this is a question that affects me to the bottom of my soul! In days of old women married men because they loved them, irrespective of their banking accounts or pedigrees. If a man was honest, brave and honorable, he was considered a match for any 'lady faire,' and why should it not be so?"

"Times have altered," faltered Geraldine, her usually pale face a rosy red; "and we have altered with them."  
"Not so," responded Jack. "The times have changed, I grant you, and, in many respects, for the worse; but men and women are still the same. Indeed, so sure am I that this is the case, that I am about to stake my whole future happiness upon it. I love you truly and devotedly. I have never loved before, and I shall never love again. Will you be mine? Will you trust yourself and your future happiness to me?"

"O! this is unkind and ungenerous," cried Geraldine, her eyes filling with tears. "You should not—you ought not to—talk to me like this."  
"Why not? Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh," answered the young man, and, leaning forward, he possessed himself of one of her hands. "Put on one side all disparities of rank or fortune, and ask yourself the question: 'Do I love him?' Geraldine, dear Geraldine, do not let the cruel laws of society come between us and ruin the happiness of two lovers. Speak, darling, and tell me you love me."

"Can you not see," cried the poor girl, commencing to weep bitterly, "it is unkind of you to press me further?"  
"I want to hear it from your own dear lips," persisted Jack. "I only want you to say, 'I love you, Jack, and will be your wife.'"

"Oh, I cannot."  
"Do you love me?"  
"Yes, but—oh, look, there is my aunt!" exclaimed Geraldine. "Please put me on shore at once."  
Jack looked around and discovered an old lady watching them intently from the towing path, and, turning the boat's head, he sculled in to the bank, saying, as he assisted Geraldine to land:

"I shall call upon you in the morning."  
He did so, and was informed by the servant that the family had gone away early that day, and had left no address, as they were going to travel on the continent.

It was the middle of the London season, and Lady Althorpe's rooms were crowded with the youth, beauty and elite of the aristocracy. Bustling up to Geraldine, the energetic little hostess exclaimed:

"Don't move away for a minute, dear, I want to introduce Lord John Jasper to you. A most eligible parti, my dear. So handsome, as rich as Croesus, and so delightfully eccentric! Sets up as a woman-hater, you know, but if he resists you, my dear, why I shall give him up altogether."

A minute after she had gone in search of his lordship, a well known face caught Geraldine's attention, and the next moment Jack, the boatman, was standing in front of her.

"At last!" he said, in a low, deep voice, while his eyes seemed to pierce her through and through.  
"O! Jack," cried Geraldine, "what are you doing here?"

"I have come to ask you to finish what you were saying to me when your aunt interrupted our conversation," replied Jack.  
"O! but isn't it rash of you?" said the poor girl, half inclined to cry. "Suppose anyone should recognize you? I should never forgive myself if you got into trouble through me. Do go away, Jack."

"Tell me you love me, and I will leave you at once if you wish it," answered Jack.

"O! I do—I do!" exclaimed Geraldine. "I never knew how much until we were parted, and now please go away. O! there comes Lady Althorpe."

"Ah! Lord John, I was going to introduce you to Lady Geraldine, but it seems as though you have met before," rippled the genial hostess. "Ah! you sly thing!"

"O! Jack," cried Geraldine, when they were once again alone in the crowd, "why did you do this?"  
"Because I wished to be loved for myself alone, darling," whispered Lord Jasper. "And I had given up all hope of it, when Providence brought us together at dear old Twickenham ferry."—The Princess.

### BIG CHUNKS OF GOLD.

Some Famously Large Masses of the Golden Metal.

While the nugget found in the Blue Jay pocket by the Graves brothers is likely to become famous for its size and value, it is not, as has been stated, the largest one known in the authentic history of mining. This nugget stands, or rather stood—for it is now being minted—for about \$42,000, but saying nothing of the alleged Chilian nugget, weighing 400 pounds troy, the "Welcome" nugget of Ballarat, weighing 2217 ounces 16 pennyweights, was sold for over £10,500, or nearly \$52,500. It is even a question whether the Graves nugget is the largest one ever taken from the soil of California.

According to Hittell, a nugget was found at Carson Hill, Calaveras county, in November, 1854, which weighed 195 pounds troy, and was worth over \$43,000. Between the two there is no great issue of value, but what there is appears to favor the earlier specimen.

The first nugget found in this state, the one which Marshall picked up, was worth but 50 cents, and the next one discovered but \$5. A soldier in Stevenson's regiment found the first large specimen, a mass of gold weighing between twenty and twenty-five pounds, while stopping to drink in a small affluent of the Mokelumne river.

This nugget was taken east, where its exhibition confirmed the stories of California wealth and added naturally to the public excitement there.

In 1854 the "Oliver Martin chunk," which was auriferous ore mixed with white quartz, was picked up near Camp Corona, in Tuolumne county, in a hole which Martin had dug to bury a drowned comrade. It yielded \$22,270 and became the basis of a great fortune. In 1866 Daniel Hill, a pauper, found a \$14,000 nugget in Plumas county, and, coming to San Francisco, spent the proceeds quickly, \$5000 being squandered in one week's whirl. With his money all gone, he went to Dutch Flats, Nevada county, and while washing his hands in a stream saw lying on the bottom a nugget of gold and white quartz, similar in size and shape to a baby's head. This brought \$12,300, and sent Daniel Hill through a career of debauchery to the poorhouse.

The finds in later years up to the Blue Jay discovery have not been of a notable sort. In the fall of 1889 two tramps, who had been put off a Southern Pacific freight train, started to walk to Bakerfield, and found a battered nugget weighing 216 ounces on the way. In 1896 a chunk worth \$1400 was picked up in San Diego county, and there have been two or three discoveries on the Mojave desert. The majority of the finds have been accidental.—San Francisco Chronicle.

### Beards in Rome.

The Roman barber, besides cutting the hair and shaving the face, trimmed the nails and kept the fingers in order. The Roman philosopher, with a scorn of fashion's mandates still common to their kind in the nineteenth century, affected beards of enormous length, which became known as the badge of their profession. Lucian mocks them for considering these as a mark of wisdom.

Shaving actually became sacerdotal at Rome. One of the most important periods in the life of a Roman was when he celebrated his entrance into manhood and assumed the toga virilis, marking the full rights of citizenship. In the religious rites that accompanied this observance the puerile face felt the razor for the first time; the cuttings of the adolescent beard were carefully inclosed in a waxen ball and consecrated to some divinity. When Nero assumed the toga, his youthful beard was shut up in a golden casket studded with pearls of great price, and then offered to Jupiter Capitolinus.

Hadrian, having a face full of unsightly scars, covered them with a beard, and was the first of the Roman emperors to wear such an adornment, setting a fashion that was followed by his successors.

The majority of the Latin and Greek gods were represented with flowing beards; there was even a bearded Venus.—Lippincott's.

### Locks Are Smaller.

There is nothing which more illustrates the progress of science and invention than the decrease in size, weight and mechanism of locks and keys since these instruments were first put in use for the purpose of keeping out intrusive strangers. Years ago these mediums to secret chambers were made of wrought iron, and were of ponderous size and weight. The nineteenth century, however, has made wonderful improvements on these instruments. Nowadays a person may carry a dozen keys in his pocket with ease that will open stronger and more intricate locks than the grotesque specimens which prevailed in the days of our grandfathers.

—Baltimore American.



### Refurbishing Silk Waists.

A half worn light silk waist may be very satisfactorily refurbished by stripping it crosswise with black velvet ribbon, putting velvet ribbon around the plain collar band as previously described, and adding a new chemisette neck of lace and velvet belt.

### Odd Designs in Jeweled Pins.

Diamond sunbursts, turtles, and various large and odd designs in jeweled pins decorated the collar band in many a gown. Not one, but three or four, were pinned somewhere on the front of the bodice. Long chains set close by with a single row of diamonds were worn by the few, and diamond earrings were confined chiefly to the ears of elderly women.

### Infants' Long Cloaks.

Infants' long cloaks are made of cashmere, Bedford cord, China silk, fancy crepe and taffeta silks, with single, double or triple capes, embroidered or plain, on round, square or pointed collars. A pretty cape is made with a silk-lined hood. Short coats for little tots one and two years of age are of fancy figured material, white Marseilles, serges, linen crash, figured Bedford cord, fancy crepe, etc. A very serviceable coat is made of navy blue serge, with empire back, lappets over shoulders, trimmed with embroidery. A full turnover collar with fancy edge. Full fronts fastened with three large buttons at the top. More dressy is one of fancy crepe in pale blue, with silk-lined collar and ruffle, trimmed with three rows of narrow lace and baby ribbon, collar and cuffs trimmed to correspond.

### Harmony of Colors.

Every one must have observed that colors, when brought together, mutually set each other off to advantage, while others have altogether a different effect. This must be carefully attended to by every painter who would study beauty or elegance in the appearance of his work.

Whites will set off with any color whatever.

Reds set off best with whites, blacks or yellows.

Blues set off best with whites or yellows.

Greens set off best with blacks and whites.

Gold sets off best with blacks or browns.

In lettering or edging with gold, a white ground has a delicate appearance for a time, but soon it becomes dingy.

The best grounds for gold are Saxon blue, vermilion and lake.

### New Openings for Women.

Women who are at the head of the employment bureaus of the different large city exchanges are doubtless responsible for many of the new openings for women that seem to offer a fairly good chance of making a livelihood. Many people decry the complicated household arrangements of today, but on the other hand this very tendency has given rise to the new professions for women, that of household managers, which was inaugurated last spring by two well known society women, Mrs. William E. Wilmerding and Mrs. Lewis S. Chase. The duty of "visiting household managers" consists in the relieving of wealthy women of all household cares. Through them servants are engaged, rooms are redecorated, plumbing is made satisfactory, while curtains, carpets, rugs, blankets, table linen are all kept in perfect order. A wealthy woman decides to spend the winter in Europe with her daughter. She leaves everything in the hands of the notified manager, even to the packing, and making a list of the valuables to be sent to the safe deposit company vaults. Perhaps during her absence improvements are to be made and some rooms are to be entirely refurnished. Due notice of her return finds the house put in order, repairs made, servants engaged, and everything ready to welcome the mistress back, even to flowers in the vases and dinner on the table. Beside the large business of household managers due to these complicated wealthy mansions, however, there are many other employments due to the same cause as the professional mender, duster and packer, clock winder, shopper, gardener, substitute, waitress or cake maker.—Detroit Free Press.

### Old Garments Made New.

A woman of wonderful resources has just discovered a new and very sure way of renovating and restoring their former appearance spotted, soiled or faded cloth or serge gowns.

Pick about 20 ivy leaves, young green ones by choice, wash them carefully and place them in a jug or basin. Add about one pint of boiling water, cover up the basin or jug for two or three hours, when it will be ready for use. Meanwhile the garment must be thoroughly brushed inside and out and all untidy braid and lining removed from the bottom. When ready spread it on the table and carefully sponge with the ivy water. It must then be hung out to dry, when it will

be found to have recovered its former color and to look quite like new.

Black silk may be cleaned in the same manner, but it needs more care. If the silk is in breadth it must be lightly sponged and then tightly rolled over a cloth wound round a roller and left to dry.

Black lace may also be renovated when soiled or brown with age by sponging with ivy water and then rolling over a cloth wound round a roller. It should not be ironed.

To remove mildew stains mix equal quantities of soft soap and powdered starch with half the quantity of salt; make into a paste with lemon juice. Lay this paste on each side of the mildew stains and let the article lie out on the grass night and day until the stains disappear. Soaking the clothes stained in buttermilk for a considerable time, then washing them in the usual manner and finally leaving them to bleach all night on the grass is an old fashioned country method which is effectual. Another is to make a paste of table salt and lemon juice and lay this thickly on the spots, which should have been previously wetted and soaped, the linen so treated being left in the open air to bleach for several hours at least.

The best element in any of these treatments is the night's bleach. In towns where this is impracticable, the best thing is to make a solution of equal parts of chloride of lime and common soda in boiling water—one half pound each of the lime and soda to three quarts of water—dip the stains into this for a few seconds till they disappear, then rinse the article in boiling soap and send to the wash as usual. Do not let the articles stay more than a few seconds in the solution or it will burn them. Whenever possible do not omit the night bleach.—Chicago Record.

### Fashion Notes.

Pique gloves, with one or two buttons and heavily stitched, are the fashion for street wear.

Beautiful drawn work doilies have in the centre a butterfly made with fancy stitches on the drawn linen threads.

At a photographer's where many pictures are made of pretty children and beautiful women a transparency is made with almost every dozen pictures. The transparencies of the children are particularly attractive, but the beautiful head of a woman, showing the outlines of the neck and shoulders, is charming.

In the array of handsome silks lately received are delicate gray corded silks with dainty figures of roses and violets woven on their glossy grounds; white watered silks brocaded with shaded carnations in delicate tones, and French silks in vivid colorings, whose designs are toned by a wonderful film-like overweaving, which gives them a chine effect.

Black moire trimmed very elaborately on the bodice with jet spangled silk muslin forms a very elegant and very popular gown for receptions, dinners and afternoon teas. Many women who have tired of black satin have taken again to skirts of plain or flowered black moire, wearing the bodices decorated as just mentioned, or with the popular fancy bodices of every description.

Silk waists, fancy waists or extra waists, are just as much worn as ever. They are too convenient to be given up. Waists of this kind give great scope to individual taste, but the pouch or blouse in front must always be a feature, though it can be varied to suit the wearer's figure. The blouse back is not meeting with much favor. The front can be very full and quite long or just slightly draped.

A mink collar is made partly of sapphire blue satin antique, very much plaited, so that it looks like a full ruche around the neck; the middle part of the satin, which enables it to be more closely plaited. This collar reaches over the shoulders; the front turns back in long revers, faced with the mink and lined with the blue satin. The mink is entirely of fur, but has gathered ends lined with the satin.

Fashionable dressmakers, both here and abroad, are making most liberal use of beautiful artificial flowers that look exactly like nature's own, to decorate evening toilets, and not a few fichus and bodices are actually smothered with roses. Large, soft bunches wholly without foliage are seen on many full dress toilets, and demitained gowns for bridesmaids are decorated with rose garlands, or the flowers are arranged in Empire clusters down each side of the skirt front.

An exquisite waist was of cerise satin with a jet yoke, jetted black net draped in the front, plain black net gathered into folds in the back, collar and belt of cerise velvet. The collar was a wrinkled stock with box plaits of the velvet at the top of the stock and at the back, and an inner ruff of lace. The belt was drawn right around the waist in wrinkled folds. The sleeves were monastique, of satin, covered with plain net and having small puffs at the top, not set on separately, but formed from the sleeves.