

Everything that Admiral Dewey does or says confirms his title to glory.

The total losses on both sides of the Spanish-American war were less than those of single battles in our civil war.

Several of the largest banks in Nebraska have notified their depositors that they must reduce their balances for the reason that the institutions have more money on hand than they know what to do with.

If a census were taken it would probably show that the population of the territory now subject to American authority had increased about 10,000,000 within the last six months. Of these, 1,000,000 have been added by the annexation of Hawaii, while the war with Spain has added the rest.

Spanish statesmen now have an opportunity to study the art of ruling such colonies as are left to them. Their method for four centuries has been described as ignorant incapacity, tempered by cruelty. They may at last understand the wisdom of recognizing that subject races have some claims to consideration and a few rights to be remembered.

The trustees of several villages in New York state—Warsaw being the latest example—have passed ordinances forbidding children under fifteen years of age from "being on the streets, alleys or public places," after the hour of nine o'clock p. m. from April to October, or after eight o'clock for the other half of the year. It is made unlawful for parents or guardians to allow or permit children under their care to be on the streets during the prescribed hours, "unless there exists a reasonable necessity therefor." A fine "not exceeding \$25" is provided for parents who violate this section. The police are authorized to arrest and detain children found on the streets at night, but not to imprison them. Their parents are to be notified, and are liable to a fine for not thereafter keeping their children within bounds.

In her desire to both American exporters Germany has outdone herself. It was all right for her to condemn the American cattle and American canned goods, because the spite of such condemnation was expended upon herself. Nobody believed her to be self-supplying in these commodities. But trichinae have been discovered once too often. The result is no less a startling revelation to the world than it must be a blow to innate Teutonic pride. Trichinae, Berlin officials say, have been discovered in an American sausage. This is important if true, for it shows that Germany is not self-supplying even in sausages. The report of the British officials will probably be refuted from high authority. They will be told that there are no American sausages in Germany; hence trichinae could not have been found in them.

Shoes made in the United States and imported into Germany have gained so much in favor in certain parts of Germany that official attempts have been made to create prejudice against their purchase by German citizens. Consul-General Mason, at Frankfurt, in a recent communication to the state department, sheds some light on the character of this opposition. He furnishes a translation of an article published in a Leipzig paper, which reads in part as follows: "The Prussian minister of commerce and industry has addressed to the central committee of the Union of German Shoemakers' Guilds a summons to a systematic resistance to American competition in shoe products. It is known, and the fact is here emphasized by the minister, that recently American shoes of the so-called job-lot or inferior grades 'schleudersorten'—which are quite inferior to the solid German-made shoes, which possess a certain attractive elegance of form and finish—have been imported with growing success into Germany. In order to effectually oppose this import the minister recommends to manufacturers, shoemakers' unions and shareholders interested in the shoe industry to obtain samples of such goods, and by cutting and separating the soles and uppers, which are made of paper and joined by long stitches of thread, expose and show the base quality of workmanship, and to bring these facts to the notice of the press and the knowledge of their customers." The consul, however, advises that there is an opportunity to develop and carry on a legitimate shoe export trade with Germany provided that it is conducted on a straightforward, intelligent, commercial basis.

**LITTLE BROWN HANDS.**  
They drive the cows home from the pasture,  
Up through the long shady lane,  
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat-  
fields.  
That are yellow with ripening grain.  
They find in the thick waving grass,  
Where the scarlet-tipped strawberry  
grows.  
They gather the earliest snowdrops,  
And the first crimson buds of the rose.  
They toss the new hay in the meadow;  
They gather the elder-bloom white;  
They find where the dusky grapes purple  
In the soft-tinted October light.  
They know where the apples hang ripest,  
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;  
They know where the fruit hangs the  
thickest.  
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.  
They gather the delicate sea-weeds,  
And build tiny castles of sand;  
They pick up the beautiful sea shells—  
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.  
They wave from the tall, roosting treeps;  
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings;  
And at night time are folded in slumber  
By a song that a fond mother sings.  
Those who toil bravely are strongest;  
The humble and poor become great;  
And so from those brown-handed children  
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.  
The pen of the author and statesman—  
The noble and wise of the land—  
The sword and the chisel and palette  
Shall be held in the little brown hand.  
—M. H. KROUT.

### A Sage-Brush Nightingale.

Kitty Mims is not a common name, nor can it be truthfully affirmed that it is at all suggestive of romance. Yet Kitty Mims was a remarkable young woman; but this was due as much to her unusual surroundings as to her undoubted personal charms.

Simon Mims, Kitty's father, was the landlord of the Aurora hotel, the only tavern in the mining town of Experience, Nevada, that agreed to furnish accommodations for man and beast and kept its pledge to the letter.

Simon Mims was known far and near as "the Doctor," and he felt not a little proud of the title. "I ain't never gradduated as you mount say," he would explain to strangers who came for a prescription, "but that's two pains I set on relieving every time, and they're the pains that most troubles folks in these diggings—they're hunger and thirst. Are you troubled that way, friend?"

The population of Experience was largely transient and largely composed of rough miners, many of them foreigners, who seemed to have acquired the English language in a very profane atmosphere.

The gentler sex was not well represented. Four sets of cottillions exhausted the supply, and as they were not always available for the Saturday night dances, the younger men fastened handkerchiefs about their arms, and so were bracketed "ladies," for the time being.

But, had the ladies, been represented by the usual proportion, and had Experience been many times more populous, still Kitty Mims must have been the belle.

She was over the average in height, finely formed and with a certain piquant, self-reliant expression in her dark eyes and about her rich lips, that made her irresistibly attractive to the habitués of the Aurora hotel.

Her education was limited to a not very familiar acquaintance with the three R's. But the miners, one and all, were ready to wager their "bottom dollar" that as a singer "Kitty Mims would give odds to Neilson, Patti and the hull caboodle of 'em, and then come out many lengths ahead."

"But," he would say, "the gal's young, and as she ain't got no mother to advise with her, I calk 'late she'd better not think of marryin' for some years to come."

The younger men gradually dropped off one at a time, reluctantly leaving the field to Rufus Ford; the only exception was Tom Reed.

It might be said, however, that Tom Reed was really never in the field. He did not board at the Aurora hotel, Kitty had never "sweetened his coffee by looking into it"—a plan that was thought to save her father much sugar. He had never danced with her, though once when he did muster up courage to ask her hand for the next set, she was engaged.

Tom Reed spent many of his spare hours at the hotel, watching for Kitty Mims, and pretending not to see her when she came in sight.

On her nineteenth birthday Tom sent her a bouquet of wild flowers he had gathered in the hills that morning—in honor of the occasion the whole camp took a holiday—and in the center of the blossoms he hid a golden heart which he had himself rudely fashioned from a nugget he had long kept by him.

It was rumored that Rufus Ford had sent to Frisco for a "dime-ant ring," and that Kitty would wear it at the dance that evening.

As often before, the dining-room of the Aurora hotel did service this night as a ballroom, and from the crowded doorway Tom Reed looked at the dancers, and he caught the flash of a jewel on Kitty's hand.

After the dancing had progressed some time the men about the walls began shouting:

"A song! a song from the sage brush nightingale!" Having no cold to urge as an excuse, and being as willing to oblige them as they were anxious to have her, Kitty Mims mounted a chair amid great applause and sang the favorite songs. But the "Suawnee River" and "Home, Sweet Home" were not given tonight, there being no wish to divert thought from the present festivities to other scenes.

During the evening Kitty managed to get near to where Tom Reed was standing, and she whispered:

"Thank you, Tom."

His eyes did not deceive him. Some of his flowers were in her dark hair, and the golden heart hung from a chain that encircled her smooth, white throat.

Tom Reed did not wait any longer, but went to his cabin up the mountain side and lay down, but it was not to sleep. He could not define his feelings, could give, if questioned, no adequate cause for the tumultuous joy at his heart. He was too happy for reason, too much excited for rest.

It was near daylight when he fell into a doze, but in his dreams he still saw the blossoms in her hair and the heart of gold upon her breast.

She was calling his name—louder—louder. She was beating on the door.

"Tom Reed! Tom Reed! For God's sake, come out! The mine is on fire!" He sprang up and threw open the door.

There stood Kitty, white-faced and excited.

"See, Tom! see! There are eight men in the shaft and eight of them married!"

Tom Reed did not wait to hear more. He saw the pillar of smoke shooting up from the mouth of the mine, about which the people crowded, the bravest not daring to descend the fatal opening. Even Rufus Ford had lost his head and seemed paralyzed.

"What are you about, Tom Reed! Don't go down, man! Don't!" shouted the people.

"Stand by! the fire has not touched the shaft. Pull up—usual signal!" That was all Tom Reed said. The next instant he was lost to sight. He had gone down the chain, "hand over hand."

Encouraged by this daring example, the men got their senses and the women hushed their wailing.

After long minutes, a signal came up from the smoking depths. The stationary engine was started, and the bucket rose holding four blackened, half-suffocated men.

Again the signal was given and again the bucket rose, with four other men, and one of them gasped out: "For heaven's sake, lower away, quick! Tom Reed is roasting!"

The bucket flew down the shaft from which lurid heat gusts now came with the smoke.

An awful lapse of agonizing seconds, then came a signal to "Haul up!" The bucket flew to the surface enveloped in flame.

A cry of horror burst from the throats of strong men, and Kitty Mims fell, fainting, beside the blackened, blistered form that was snatched from the mouth of the pit.

"Any other man but brave Tom Reed would have died," was the general comment weeks afterwards, when it was found Tom would live—live, but never again to look up at the hills that he loved.

"Why—why did you go down?" asked Kitty, as she sat beside his bed, wondering why he was feeling her fingers—they had no jeweled ring now.

"I thought of the wives of the married men, Kitty. I was single. What mattered it so that I saved them?" "Hush! Tom!"

### FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT.

**A Black Satin Costume.**  
A costume of black satin has a skirt trimming of the richest imaginable applique set on in a band dividing the upper and lower halves of the skirt. This band extends around in a straight line. Below it is another band curved low in front and rising high at the sides. This band heads a flounce about 12 inches deep, which is gathered upon a cord, then shaped into loose plaits and tacked down upon the foundation. This gives the effect of great fullness without the weight of a large quantity of material.

**Royal Geography.**  
The youthful Queen Wilhelmina of Holland some years ago had misbehaved to her governess, an English lady. The governess, as a penance, bade her unruly pupil draw a sketch map of Europe with the principal cities and features indicated. In course of an hour the young empress presented herself and her map to the taskmaster. Holland was drawn with vastly disproportionate territory and careful detail. England was represented as an island too small in size for anything but its name; Ireland was made rather more significant; and across the margin of the work was written: "The actual English territory is too limited to allow details.—W." The sentiments of the governess are not on record.—Harper's Weekly.

**Draped Not Dressed.**  
Seldom is that a French woman is visible before 1 o'clock, and then, if she leaves her room, it is to be huddled in pretty soft crepe or thin white goods that give her the look of a fairy, too light and airy for earth. Bernhardt and Amelia Rives, the two women who have stood in these respective countries for the esthetic in dress, adopted the style of draping the figure in a loose, light material which was very becoming. Instead of cutting out a morning robe from the regulation pattern and sewing it in seams, they took the goods and gathered it around the neck and provided armholes for it. They draped them long and loose and caught them here and there with fancy ornaments. Bernhardt's dresses were generally in blue, while Amelia Rives chose the more picturesque white.—Chicago Times-Herald.

**Autumn Veilings.**  
New veilings are exhibited in some of the shops. Smaller dots set closer together than they were last winter are shown. Gray, white and blue silk mesh with black or white small dots is effective. White with black dots and black with white dots are seen again. A decidedly new veiling is a fine black silk net with small motifs of cream or white lace scattered over it. The effect is different from that of the ordinary lace veil and the edge is finished by a very narrow border of cream or white embroidery. Another odd veil has small black chenille dots set close together in groups of five, the groups set about their own width apart. The edge is finished by a triple row of chenille dots, set close together in straight lines. Red and blue veiling, with fine criss-cross bars and squares of tulle between the spaces, resembling some of the grenadine dress materials, are more curious than pretty, and will probably attain no great popularity.

**Miss Leiter's Paper Crown.**  
That is a very interesting story which relates how Mrs. Curzon, when little Miss Leiter, was seen strutting up and down a room wearing a paper crown while she remarked, "I will be a queen some day." The lady who tells the story, says the Chicago Post, adds significantly that "many a truth is spoken in jest." All of which is undeniably true, but at the same time we have no special reason to believe that the prediction has been verified or is likely to be verified, or that little Miss Mary prophetically gave utterance to a sparkling truth. We suppose there has never been a little girl in this delightful city of Chicago who has not at one time or another adorned herself with a paper crown and announced that she was going to be a queen. Little girls have a weakness for this sort of thing, and yet we have no recollection that any young woman of our town has ever ascended a throne, save for temporary or unimportant purposes. Somebody has said that all American women are queens. Of course, not even the women themselves believe such wild hyperbole, but it is a gallant remark, and if it makes them feel good for the time being there is no objection to the phrase. Let the little girls play with their paper crowns and utter their mock solemn predictions, for we are making history nowadays, and Cuba or Hawaii or the Philippines may yet ask for a queen.

**Ready for Fashion's Changes.**  
If there is one thing which changes as quickly as the fashions it is the inventive genius of the woman who has that elusive quality called style, attained at a moderate expenditure, the envy and despair of her more luxurious but less fortunate friends.

No sooner were the fashion papers filled with descriptions of that long coat which is destined to play havoc in the fall and winter wardrobes of those who believed that they had a supply for all emergencies, all short and "bobby," as the last season required, than the ready woman began to think how she could get the best of circumstances and still be in the swim.

asserted a bright woman on a hotel veranda the other day, after listening to the despairing wails of her colleagues. "Why, you can make your coats longer by applying the tails to the hips by cross seams. Of course it is nicer to have that long sweep from neck downward, but, after all, the long coats with the cross seam at the hips always fit better, and if you are fortunate enough to be able to match your coat, or if you have some material left, as a thrifty woman should, why, there you are. I am going to have all my coats made in that style, and if I get a new one I shall have it made in the same way, just to show that I prefer it, and to take the curse off the old ones.

"As to whether I really prefer it, that is my affair."—New York Herald.

**Care of Finger Nails.**  
To keep the nails in good condition it is by no means necessary that you devote much of your time or money to a professional manœuvre. A few minutes given every day, once the nails are properly treated, will keep them firm and exquisite in color. After the hands are washed each morning use the nail brush thoroughly, and then, when they are quite dry, push back, very gently, the skin that is inclined to grow up around the edges of the nails. Under no circumstance use a steel point to push this skin back, and do not cut it away as professional manuevers are apt to do. While the nail is still moist use the point of the file to remove any dust or specks that the brush has neglected, and then, with nail scissors, sharp, curved, and kept for this purpose only, cut the nails in a shape that suits your finger tips. The ridiculously long nail, which looks like a claw, is entirely out of fashion. Use the file to make smooth the rough edges left by the scissors, and then take the least little bit of red nail paste and smear the tiniest morsel on each one of the nails. Don't let it get into the edges or roots, for it is only intended as a sort of oil to keep the nails soft and to prevent their growing horny; then sprinkle a pinch of powder on the polisher and rub each nail with a quick, even stroke that will result in giving it a brightness that is refined looking, but not a brilliancy that suggests that you only shine at your finger tips. After this give your hands another bath, using hot water and a delicate soap, then close your hands and rub one set of nails against the other, achieving in this way a proper finish.—Ladies' Home Journal.

**The Blouse Waist.**  
The blouse waist is more popular than ever this season, and it is a question whether this most convenient and apparently indispensable article of toilet will now ever be given up. For travelers it is simply a necessity. With a couple of skirts any number of blouses may be made suitable for various occasions. There is the white muslin blouse, either plain or embroidered; the figured organdie blouse, which is not so pretty; the pique blouse, trimmed with light insertion; tulle and China silk blouses, etc. Half a dozen of these useful waists are none too many to own.

Blouses, however, are not, and never will be, full dress, and therefore will never take the place of the pretty toilets with waist and skirt belonging together. These seem to grow prettier and prettier as the season advances. A new importation which was greatly admired the other day at an outdoor function had the upper part of the skirt cut of a deep, vivid, rose colored Liberty satin; this was cut half way down the skirt and rounded up in front to a point where a huge applied Louis XV bow, with long, wavy ends, made in rose colored moose-line de soie, entirely covered the front of the tunic. The same rickling finished the edge of the satin, the rest of the skirt consisting of an ac-ordion plaited flounce of the moose-line de soie. The waist is a blouse of satin, made to open in a very pretty and novel fashion by having the collar and the front turned back at the neck to form revers. A butterfly of lace forms the revers of the collar with lace ends that cover the draped revers of the blouse, the opening being filled in with lace net. The sleeves have scalloped "jockeys" over the shoulders and flaring cuffs made in the same way.—New York Tribune.

**Fashion Hints.**  
One of the fads of the moment is the wearing of flowers in the hair. Small checks in silk are popular, and those with many colors are the most acceptable.

Pretty picturesque hats are those of white Panama, trimmed with large bunches of wild flowers.

The sailor hat really needs a veil this year, so small and insignificant it is without any adornment.

The wear-defying vicunas will appear in handsome colorings and new guises for the making of handsome tailor gowns.

**AGRICULTURAL TOPICS**  
**Potatoes and Apples.**  
Where farmers are fortunate enough to have large apple orchards, it is customary to limit the planting of potatoes in the year when the apple trees blossom freely. The present year, however, in many localities the show of apple blossoms was large, but the set of fruit was small. Each of these crops makes extra work in harvesting, and in both it comes about the same time and will not admit delay. It is not often, therefore, that a great apple crop and a large yield of potatoes happen the same year.

**Lime As a Milk Preservative.**  
Some of the Chicago papers complain, and with reason, against the practice of a few farmers in putting lime in their milk cans in order to keep the milk from souring. Salt also is used by some for the same purpose. Both lime and salt are alkaline, and will therefore help to prevent acidity. But in just the proportion they do this they make the milk indigestible. When put in the stomach milk becomes acid as the first step towards digestion. All alkaline substances are, for this reason, injurious when combined with food products.

**Skim Milk for Growing Chickens.**  
As a summary of experiments made at Purdue University Agricultural Experiment station on the use of skim milk as food for young growing chickens, it is stated:  
1. If skim milk is added to the ration fed to young chickens it will increase the consumption of the other foods given.  
2. The great increase in average gain was coincident with the periods when the greatest amount of skim milk was consumed.  
3. Skim milk is especially valuable as a food for young chickens during the hot dry weather; and becomes of less importance as the chicken grows older and the weather becomes cooler.

**Fall Seed-Sowing.**  
There is no good reason why the portion of the farm devoted to vegetable garden, be it large or small, should be permitted to grow up to weeds as soon as the summer-ripening crops are gone. The garden can be made to look as attractive in August and September as in midsummer, to say nothing of the additional profit to be obtained from the space at a minimum of expense. Something may be grown, if only a little rape for sheep or poultry; radishes, turnips, spinach, lettuce, and so on, may all be grown. Most of it will mature before frost and be very palatable. Any portion of it likely to be utilized as food for stock or poultry, or, if not enough for that purpose, it may be plowed under and add to the fertility of the soil, making it all the better for crops to be put in next spring. Bare late fallowing is no more necessary in the vegetable garden than on the farm generally, and the time spent in cultivating late crops will save just so much time next summer in pulling out or cutting down weeds.

**Wet Grain in Mows.**  
During the rains which have lately fallen, much grain has been put in mow and stack in much too wet a condition to keep well. While the grain itself is in not much danger, because it is surrounded by chaff, which being always dryer helps to take up its superfluous moisture, there is danger that the straw, especially where the bands enclose the bundles, will rot, and this may extend before checked all through the bundle, and may even affect the grain. It is a great deal of work to turn over a mow and relay it again, especially if this is done when the air is nearly saturated with moisture, so that exposure to it dries it out very little. The best remedy we know is to thoroughly dry some bricks or tile in an oven, and after digging down into the stack, deposit a few of these through it. A well dried brick or tile will absorb nearly or quite its own weight in water. In other words, weigh it when you put it in and when it is taken out, and any one will be surprised at the increase in weight after a few weeks exposure to damp grain. Care is needed when threshing such grain not to put the brick or tile through the threshing machine. The remedy for damp grain is applied without this danger if brick or tile is put among grain in the bin.

**Vermis on Trees.**  
Fruit growers have to contend not only with the various insects that attack foliage and fruit, but with vermin and insects that attack the bark. These are usually the borer and the mice. Many remedies have been recommended, all more or less valuable, but the following is known to be good. It is simply a mixture of water lime (hydraulic cement) and sweet skim-milk made to about the consistency of thick whitewash. The albumen of the milk unites with the cement and forms an insoluble compound, not at all injurious to trees, nor washing off, but effectually keeping off all gnawing vermin or insects. When borers have been at work on the tree, dig away the earth to the roots, dig out the borers if any, and apply this wash from the roots upward for two feet or more from the surface of the ground. Cover the bark thoroughly, filling all crevices, giving a second coating if necessary to do the work thoroughly. When the wash is dry, replace the soil removed. For protection against mice and other vermin, apply the wash from the surface of the ground up three or four feet, being sure that all grass or sod about the base of the tree is removed so that the trunk will be completely covered to the ground. As the tree grows this coat of milk cement will crack, but two applications a year on young trees will insure perfect protection.—Atlanta Journal.