

Italy has given up her scheme for building \$104,000,000 worth of warships. She had unfortunately overlooked the important fact that she hadn't the price.

The average yield of wheat per acre in France has been steadily increasing for seventy years, until now it is one of the highest in the world. There is a lesson in agriculture which even the United States might heed with profit.

Steadily American ideas of liberty are invading the sacred precincts of Great Britain. Mill operatives in Lancashire, England, struck because they were not permitted to shut up shop and attend the Bazaar circus, which is touring Great Britain.

By the launching of the new battleship Illinois one of the five warships of the same displacement of 11,525 tons is placed in the water, to be followed by the Wisconsin, there having been already launched the Kearsarge, the Kentucky and the Alabama. The Illinois exceeds the Iowa by some scores of tons, and the Indiana, Massachusetts and Oregon by over 1200 tons. The armor of the Illinois will not be quite as thick as that of our first three battleships, but it will be of better quality and of a greater resisting power. It will be seen, therefore, that the Illinois forms a splendid addition to the navy, and will add materially to its efficiency.

The lack of education which prevails in Spain is something astonishing. Any knowledge of modern languages and of contemporary history is extremely rare among even statesmen, courtiers, politicians and journalists. When the government of Sagasta introduced the censorship of foreign telegrams, it could find no censor who understood German, and hence it decided to transmit German messages without examination, while identical messages written in French were often suppressed. This lack of education, particularly in the men who hold the destinies of the nation, could not fail to have its ill effect, and it is to this source that those terrible calamities may be traced which have reduced the Spanish people from being the greatest empire of Europe to their sad condition of today.

The supreme conflict of the nations in the twentieth century is to be one of trade, observes the New York Mail and Express. A people incapable of keeping pace with the new era of commercial expansion and colonial government must sink steadily in influence. Spain has lost her colonies, and her commercial importance has dwindled vastly in consequence. France has displayed the limit of her colonial aptness in Madagascar, and it is so discouraging as to promise little of lasting value in either Central Africa or Southern China, when compared with the accomplishment of other powers. Italy's fiasco in East Africa, in her Abyssinian ambition, dealt a death blow to her foreign prospects. In the similarity which existed in the intellectual influences governing the early literature of France, Italy, Spain and Portugal is found the root of deterioration which these nations experience in common today. Present decadence runs not in a national stream merely, but in a current which is Latin, and, therefore, all-embracing in Southern Europe.

A fire, with its consequences, in the courthouse at Easton, Md., recently, furnishes a hint for the novelist or the dramatist. To counteract the dampness in the vault of the probate court an oil stove was lighted. It was neglected, with the result that fire was communicated to some unfiled and unrecorded papers, which were charred beyond recognition. One of these papers was the will of a late resident of St. Michael's, who, for reasons not disclosed, had "cut off" his only child, a daughter, with \$10, bequeathing the bulk of his small estate to the Methodist Episcopal church in his village. By this accident of fire the condition, according to the law, was the same as if the St. Michael's citizen had neglected to make a will, and all of his property will revert to his next of kin, the daughter, who is traveling in the far West, as the representative of a commercial firm in Baltimore. There is an uncle in the case, who deposited the will in the court, and who was by the will, made heir to the favorite horse of the deceased. This uncle can easily be converted by the novelist into a wicked and scheming relative, the modest estate can be multiplied many fold, the quality of attractiveness can be given to the daughter, the once necessary honest wooing can be added, and the book is ready for the publisher.

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.
If you've a gray-haired mother
In the old home far away—
Sit down and write the letter,
You put off day by day.
Don't wait until her third steps
Reach heaven's pearly gate—
But show her that you think of her
Before it is too late.
If you've a tender message,
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it,
But whisper it today.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait—
So make your loved ones happy
Before it is too late.
We live but in the present,
The future is unknown—
Tomorrow is a mystery,
Today is all our own.
The chance that fortune lends to us
May vanish while we wait,
To spend your life's rich treasure
Before it is too late.
The tender words unspoken,
The letters not sent,
The long forgotten messages,
The wealth of love unspent,
For these some hearts are breaking,
For these some loved ones wait—
So show them that you care for them
Before it is too late.
—Ida Goldsmith Morris.

FOR LOVE OF HER MOTHER.
The Self-Sacrifice of Kaomouna, the Hawaiian Flower Girl.

The usual Honolulu crowd was down at the dock when the steamship Australia, seven days from San Francisco, pulled alongside the pier on a brilliant, balmy afternoon in January, 1895. American women, trim, groomed, wholesome to look upon, in summer afternoon costumes, such as happy feminine exiles in the subtropics contrive so prettily and effectively; a few English and a few German women of society, arrayed also for the steamer day (which is a Honolulu function), but lacking in the elusive distinction and that indefinable "last touch" that characterized the appearance of the American women—these leaned back languorously in their carriages and phaetons, under the shade of parasols, listening to the lazy, complimentary talk of the duck-clad, lei-enwreathed young business men who combined duty with pleasure in thus waiting for the great steamer to laboriously slip into her measured berth beside the pier. The usual groups of silent, expectant-eyed Kanaka men stood in the shade of the pier sheds, humble in attitude, chary of words, and yet not sulky—your ordinary Kanaka man is the sweetest-natured human animal in all this sunny world. Some of the men wore shoulder leis (wreaths of flowers) over their labor-grimed hickory shirts. All of the Kanaka women (there were perhaps fifty in all at the dock) also wore leis in cross belt wise over their flowing white mother hubbards. In truth, the flower wreaths were everywhere. Staid, middle-aged merchants among the whites wore them about their helmets and straw hats, and all of the white women in carriages had belts of Hawaiian exotics.

All of the Kanaka women were in their bare feet. They stood about in little groups, as silent as the men of their race. There was no envy in the glances they directed toward the female occupants of the carriages, even if there may have been some wonderment over the lavishness of the American and European women's costumes. A few of the Kanaka women carried tiny brown babies—silent also. Positively, Kanaka babies do not cry. No mother of children will ever believe this until she has lived somewhere in Hawaii.

The Kanaka women, young and old, wore the flowing mother hubbard. The young women were of varying degrees of prettiness, even of beauty—the countenance of no Kanaka young woman is actually homely. The figure of no Kanaka young woman is ever anything but genuinely excellent—the forms of most of them are simply beautiful.

One of these Kanaka women at the dock on this brilliant January afternoon was as beautiful in face and form as an empress—in a way of primitiveness, of course. She was clad like the rest of the women of her race. Yet she was stately, even in her bare feet—which were small and perfectly formed. She was fully five feet ten inches in height, and the white silk cord with which, unlike the other Kanaka women, she drew her white dress about her waist, emphasized the splendid, heroic proportions of her figure. Her glistening, raven-black hair hung straight down below her waist. Her features were of the aquiline, classic mold, her skin a dark olive, with a film of rose under her great black eyes. Kaomouna, who had been one of King David Kalakana's flower girls, was a woman such as many a young student, day-dreaming in the quartier Latin, would have given worlds to see—famous painters did see her, and portray her.

Kaomouna, surpassingly beautiful, seemed quite unconscious of her beauty on this brilliant January afternoon. The young shipping clerks, hurrying to and fro on the dock, with their pencils behind their ears, stopped suddenly when they caught sight of her, and then stole off behind bales of goods, in order that they might observe her carefully, unobserved themselves. The women in the carriages who had not been long down from the States or from Europe, saw Kaomouna, and asked the women of longer Honolulu residence. "Who is that glorious creature?" Kaomouna, with a very sad face, spoke only an occasional word to one of the Kanaka women. Her voice was a deep contralto, like the harmonious monotone of palms and the sea, heard from a distance. The Australia was made fast to the pier, and the passengers began to troop over the gangway. There was one man with his pretty, young wife and three-year-old little girl. The little girl was the first to catch sight of Kaomouna as she reached the bottom of the gangway. She quickly freed her hand from the grasp of her father's and ran toward Kaomouna with baby words. Kaomouna smiled at the little girl, but did not offer to take her up. Instead, she folded her arms, looking down at the little pink-faced child pleasantly. The child hung onto her skirts, and was thus found by her mother. When the mother had taken the little girl, she raised her eyes to look at Kaomouna. She gave a start—as, indeed, all men and women did, who first gazed upon this woman, who had been King David Kalakana's flower girl.

"Did you ever in your whole life see such a perfectly beautiful woman?" asked the young wife of her husband in a whisper when he came up. "And Tita seemed to take to her immediately. If we could only have her for a nurse for Tita!"
Kaomouna heard her. "Kaomouna would love to be that," she replied in a soft, Kanaka-accented speech, smiling. Then a look of pain darted across her face. "But it may not be—it may not be—" and with her hands on her eyes Kaomouna turned suddenly and disappeared among the departing men and women of her race.

Three months later the parents of the little girl—they had come from the States to settle in Honolulu—were at the dock together to witness, for the first time, the saddest sight in this world—the departure of the lepers from the island of Molokai. The Kilanea Hon, the leper steamer, was out in the stream, and the lepers were being carried out to her in barges. A litter was borne through the roped inclosure for the lepers. On it lay a very old Kanaka woman, loathsome in the final stages of the disease. At the side of the litter walked Kaomouna, still as beautiful as ever, with no tear in her eyes. Yet her face was very sad. The parents of the little girl wondered. They spoke to an official of the Hawaiian board of health, who was busy in the task of embarking the lepers.

"Surely," they said, "she does not accompany the lepers?"

"Who, Kaomouna?" replied the health official. "Oh, yes, she does, but it is her own choice. Kaomouna, you know, has been secreting her old mother, who, as you perceive is a leper in leprosy's advanced stage for a number of years. We always knew there was something mysterious about Kaomouna—that is, we have known it for the past five years. She had made queer visits to a palm hut far over in the Nuanuu valley. Last week we followed her—we felt there was leprosy in it. We found her mother in the hut—Kaomouna had had her in hiding, trying to save her from Molokai, ever since the disease became evident. Kaomouna is not infected in the least—she has been careful. But she elects to follow her mother to Molokai, and she will be a leper herself after a while. Extraordinary? Why, not at all! You do not understand the filial devotion of Kanaka women—men, too, for that matter. Such cases are common enough."

The parents of the little girl looked at each other. There were tears in the mother's eyes.

"That is why she folded her arms and would not touch Tita!" she said. "In this world of God, civilized or uncivilized, could there be anything more noble?"

All was ready, and the Kilanea Hon, with Kaomouna and her mother on board, slowly started down the harbor, the Kanakas on the dock setting up the weird, wild chant of farewell which is always sung when the leper ship sails.

The Passion for Wealth.

No insanity is more complete than that which unreasonable craving for sudden wealth often produces. The great Duke of Marlborough used to walk twenty furlongs through the rain and sleet in the middle of the night to add one English sixpence to his fortune of more than a million pounds sterling. A celebrated French miser picked bones out of the streets, gnawing them like a dog, while his income was over \$5000 francs a day. One of the most remarkable chapters in the early Dutch history is the reference to the tulip mania. The impression was that fortunes were to be obtained in the trading in tulips. The bulbs were bought and sold by weight, each fraction of a pennyweight counted as carefully as jewel merchants count their diamonds. The trade of the nation was turned into this single channel and ordinary industries suffered almost complete paralysis. So high at length did the fever rise that over \$5000 was offered and refused for a single bulb. At last the bubble burst. Men once rich became poor, people of the middle class were reduced to pauperism, and Holland hardly recovered from the blow in a hundred years.—Detroit Free Press.

Only One Way.

Someone tells a story of a judge who could not control his temper and so could not control other people. One day there was unusual disorder in the court room, and at last the judge could endure it no longer. "It is impossible to allow this persistent contempt of court to go on," he exclaimed, "and I shall be forced to go to the extreme length of taking the one step that will stop it!"

There was a long silence; then one of the leading counsel rose and with just a trace of a smile inquired: "If it please your honor, from what date will your resignation take effect?"—Youth's Companion.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.
THE LATEST DESIGNS FOR WINTER COSTUMES

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—It seems to be a foregone conclusion that the model skirt is to fit absolutely glove-like about the hips, defining the figure in an astonishing manner, and widening out at the bottom. The pointed flounce, as shown in the accompanying design, is very popular, but the dress-makers advise flat trimmings that do not destroy the contour of the figure. Embroideries and novel braiddings will be much used. The panel skirt will be chosen by those who wish something distinctive. The panel is usually the front breadth, narrow at the top and widening out toward the hem.



LADIES' SKIRT WITH POINTED FLOUNCE.

Among the new methods for achieving the lower fullness separately around the bottom of the upper skirt. The effect of one skirt draped above another so as to show the under one only in part by raising it an inch or two all round, and at one side raising the drapery after the Greek manner,

may have front and revers of fancy silk or satin, while fancy mixed woolen fabrics are in better taste with solid colors in combination.

To make this waist for a woman of medium size will require two yards of material forty-four inches wide.

Stylish Skating Costumes.

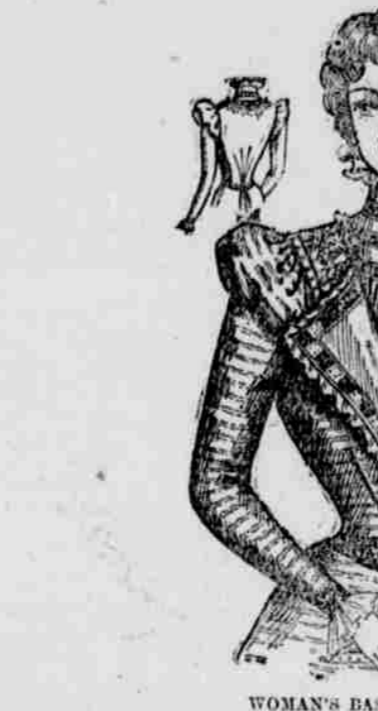
Pretty skating costumes from Paris are resplendent with fur or fancy braid and gay with silver buttons that are in reality tiny bells, jingling out fairy music at every motion of the wearer. The skirts of such suits are cut close at the hip and somewhat full below the knees, enabling the wearer to move with freedom and adding greatly to the sum of grace. Turbans of astrakhan, broadtail and Persian lamb are what the smart skaters wear. These are round cap shaped things with a tuft of bright feathers like a shaving brush stuck up in front and held by a pin of Russian silver.

A Color Scheme For a Wedding.

One of the prettiest weddings recently occurred in the Church of the Heavenly Rest. It was remarkable to the spectators because of the exquisite color scheme which prevailed. The bride, very naturally, wore white; the maid of honor wore pink, and the seven bridesmaids glimmered in silvery green satin. They seemed like living flowers—a white rose and a pink one with shining green leaves—and the effect was wonderfully beautiful when they passed down the aisle between tall standards filled with sprays of pink and of white roses.—Harper's Bazar.

Gems to Match Costumes.

Women now spend much thought in arranging their gems to match their costumes. Amethysts and all shades



WOMAN'S BASQUE WAIST.

or opening the sides, to show the under petticoat, are all charming models, which show off two distinct shades of one fabric admirably, the under petticoat always being of the lighter shade.

Polonaise motifs will abound in trimmings, and enter into separate parts of a skirt by the addition of a contrasting material to the polonaise forming the length and fullness of the drapery. There is no good reason why the old style of double skirt should not appear later, since the way has been so well paved by it, unless the slenderness now required for the upper part of the figure remains as fixed as it now is.

A Charming Waist.

Fancy ribbed poplin in willow green and gray is the material chosen for the charming waist that matches the skirt, shown by May Manton in the large engraving. The full front, yoke, collar and revers are of silver-gray satin, the trimming being of open bands of insertion, under which willow-green ribbon is placed. Silver passementerie studded with small mock emeralds is used to decorate the low-cut neck extending to the revers in front, the wrists and lower edge of basque waists. The waist is arranged over fitted linings that close in centre front. The yoke with full vest attached closes at the left shoulder, or the fullness may be sewed to the left front and close invisibly in centre, while the yoke closes over the gathers at top edge. The fronts, shaped with single bust darts, are laid in small side and box pleats at the shoulders that taper to the lower edge, the prettily pointed revers being joined to the front edges from the yoke down. Single bust darts cause a smooth adjustment at the sides and a very slight pouch effect is caused by the fullness in front.

The seamless back is arranged over regular back and side back forms, small overlapping pleats in centre adjusting the fullness at the lower edge. Smooth under-arm gores join fronts to back, and the lower edge is finished in gracefully rounded outline. The close-fitting sleeves are topped with puffs of fashionable fullness, the wrists being finished with chiffon plisse to match that at neck.

Separate waists may be made in this style in charming combinations of velvet and silk, plain and embroidered taffeta or satin, figured and plain satin or silk with lace, net or mousseline over satin for yoke and vest. Plain woolsens, such as cashmere or cloth,

Women now spend much thought in arranging their gems to match their costumes. Amethysts and all shades

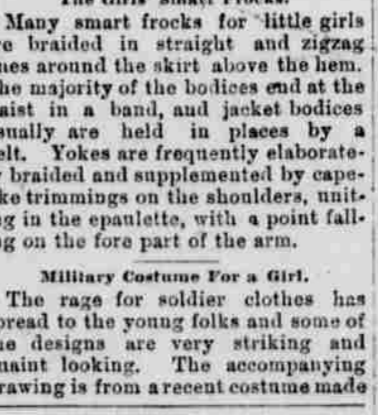


THE GIRL'S SMART FROCK.

Many smart frocks for "little girls" are braided in straight and zigzag lines around the skirt above the hem. The majority of the bodices end at the waist in a band, and jacket bodices usually are held in place by a belt. Yokes are frequently elaborately braided and supplemented by capelike trimmings on the shoulders, uniting in the epaulettes, with a point falling on the fore part of the arm.

Military Costume For a Girl.

The rage for soldier clothes has spread to the young folks and some of the designs are very striking and quaint looking. The accompanying drawing is from a recent costume made



GIRL'S MILITARY COAT.

for a patriotic little miss in New York City whose father has just returned from the war.

THE MARKETS.

PITTSBURGH.
Grain, Flour and Feed.

WHEAT—No. 1 red.....	69 3/4	70
No. 2 red.....	66	67
COBN—No. 2 yellow, ear.....	84	85
No. 2 yellow, shelled.....	84	85
Mixed ear.....	81	82
OATS—No. 2 white.....	31	32
No. 3 white.....	30	31
RYE—No. 1.....	59	60
FLOUR—Winter patents.....	4 00	4 10
Fancy straight winter.....	3 50	3 60
Eye flour.....	3 25	3 45
HAY—No. 1 Timothy.....	8 50	8 75
Clover, No. 1.....	7 50	7 00
FEED—No. 1 white mid, ton.....	16 50	17 00
Brown middlings.....	13 00	13 50
Brass, bulk.....	12 75	13 00
STRAW—Wheat.....	5 50	6 00
Oat.....	6 75	6 00
SEEDS—Clover, 60 lbs.....	2 50	3 00
Timothy, prime.....	1 20	1 40

Dates, Freshets.

BUTTER—Eggs creamery.....	24 00	25
Ohio creamery.....	22	23
Fancy country roll.....	14	15
CHEESE—Ohio, new.....	9	10
New York, new.....	10	11

Fruits and Vegetables.

BEANS—Lima #1.....	18 00	19
POTATOES—Fancy White, #1 bu.....	75	85
CABBAGE—Per bu.....	75	85
ONIONS—Choice yellow, # bu.....	35	40

Poultry, Etc.

CHICKENS—Per pair, small.....	45 00	45
TURKEYS—Per lb.....	14	15
EGGS—Pa. and Ohio, fresh.....	20	21

CINCINNATI.

FLOUR.....	3 10 3/4	3 30
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	69	70
RYE—No. 2.....	55	56
COBN—Mixed.....	80	85
OATS.....	25	28
EGGS.....	18	19
BUTTER—Ohio creamery.....	20	21

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR.....	3 60 3/4	3 85
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	71	72
COBN—No. 2 mixed.....	80	85
OATS—No. 2 white.....	31	32
BUTTER—Creamery, extra.....	23	24
EGGS—Pennsylvania firsts.....	21	22

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Patents.....	3 05 3/4	4 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	69	70
COBN—No. 2.....	80	85
OATS—White Western.....	25	28
BUTTER—Creamery.....	15	23
EGGS—State of Penn.....	20	23

LIVE STOCK.
Central Stock Yards, East Liberty, Pa.

CATTLE.

Prime, 1500 to 1400 lbs.....	4 80	5 0
Good, 1200 to 1300 lbs.....	4 40	4 75
Fair, 1000 to 1100 lbs.....	4 30	4 50
Fair light steers, 800 to 1000 lbs.....	3 70	4 20
Common, 700 to 800 lbs.....	3 40	3 70

HOGS.

Medium.....	3 65	3 60
Heavy.....	3 60	3 60
Roughs and stags.....	2 75	3 00

SHEEP.

Prime, 95 to 105 lbs.....	4 40	4 50
Good, 85 to 95 lbs.....	4 25	4 30
Fair, 70 to 80 lbs.....	3 80	4 10
Common.....	3 00	3 40
Veal Calves.....	5 50	7 20

LAMBS.

Springer, extra.....	5 35 3/4	5 60
Springer, good to choice.....	5 10	5 35
Common to fair.....	3 50	5 10
Extra yearlings, light.....	4 65	4 75
Good to choice yearlings.....	4 40	4 65
Medium.....	4 00	4 45
Common.....	3 00	4 00

TRADE REVIEW.

Class Workers Resume Operations—Woolen and Iron Manufacturers Gain in Orders.
R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade reports as follows for last week:
The situation is clearer and the improvement in business which was expected after the election has begun. Payments through clearing houses are far the largest ever known. For the week 37.3 per cent. larger than last year and 5 per cent. larger than in 1892.
The glassworkers have resumed, the anthracite coal output is heavy and much beyond the present capacity of markets, the troubles in Illinois coal mines have been settled, and the new strike of shoemakers in Marlboro, Mass., is now the only labor hindrance of consequence.
It is noteworthy that in spite of all changes the price of spot wheat has but slightly changed. The exports for the week, flour included, have been 1,576,000 bushels from Atlantic ports, against 2,191,334 last year, making in all for two weeks of November 3,312,231 bushels, against 3,923,504 last year.
Corn exports also exceed last year's, amounting for the week to 2,995,729 bushels, against 2,722,457 last year, and for two weeks of November have been 5,956,051 bushels, against 5,197,095 bushels last year. Such shipments after the middle of November go far to warrant the belief that the foreign trade demand for the grain is destined to be greater than has been expected.
Cotton crop prospects appear so good that even at the extreme low prices quoted there is little encouragement for advance, in view of the heavy stocks held here and abroad. Under the arrangement between the mills several have stopped, while others have started this week, and the production of goods has not materially changed. A break in bleached goods breaks previous records, but in general the demand improves.
The woolen manufacturers have galloped in orders for the coming season, which justifies the heavy buying of materials recently seen, and there are also better orders for speedy delivery, but the demand is not large, and much machinery is still waiting idly. While sales of wool at the three chief markets are heavy, 35,234,500 pounds in three weeks, against 20,865,502 last year and 17,103,190 in 1892, they include two large sales for export, covering 3,990,000 pounds of Montevideo and Australian wool at 16 and 18 cents respectively, which make clearer the fact that prices asked by holders here are relatively high.
Iron is in bigger demand all the time, and yet production steadily increases, and at Pittsburg bessemer pig is slightly lower at \$10.10. The new association being underdold. Orders for plates are beyond all precedent, including material for cars, bridges, vessels and work of all sorts, and structural work is seasonably quiet, though the mills have much ahead, while in bars the demand is considerably better at Pittsburg, with orders for material of 6,000 cars at Chicago. Some works at the East are short of orders and prices are held back. The expectation is that the proposed rail association will meet an extremely heavy demand for the next year, especially for trolley lines, but it is stated that prices will not be advanced above \$20 at the East and \$21 at Chicago. In iron products the next will probably be a record-breaking year.
Failures for the week have been 227 in the United States, against 267 last year, and 26 in Canada, against 32 last year.
The chief of police of Norfolk, Va., fears smallpox. He has given orders that witnesses will hereafter not be required to kiss the Bible but only to raise the right hand when being sworn.