

Fifty thousand beggars among the children of Havana alone! That will not do. Schools and shops and farms and gardens must convert them from their beggary.

Windsor Castle is to be fitted with electric lights and bells of American manufacture. The English makers will doubtless condemn Queen Victoria's course in ordering these improvements from the United States as inconsiderate and unpatriotic.

The average man has small comprehension of the cost of apparently little things. A railroad official in a recent lecture stated that it cost his road each year about \$1000 for pins; \$5000 for rubber bands; \$5000 for ink; \$7000 for lead pencils—also that it costs nearly as much for stationery to carry on the business as for iron.

Springfield, Ohio, has a noble Russian working there at \$1 a day. An effort was made to have him take \$1.25 a day, but he refused the advance, saying that he had enough to get along on, and this in spite of the fact that he can speak eleven languages, is a musician and a painter. This shows what education will do to a man, comments the Buffalo Express.

The burglars who robbed a New York city dressmaker a few days ago of goods valued at a thousand dollars had some feeling. The newspaper accounts of the burglary noted that it was the ninth time the place had been visited by thieves, and that each time the dressmaker's loss had been heavy, and the statement produced a remarkable and unlooked for result. A few hours later two bundles were received by her, brought by the city express, and on opening them she found the missing goods and an anonymous letter expressing sympathy for her in her previous losses.

A table in Science shows that Canada leads all other countries in the extent of her forests. She possesses 792,230,720 acres of forest-covered land, as against 450,000,000 acres in the United States. Russia is credited with 498,240,000 acres, about 48,000,000 more than the United States. India comes next with 140,000,000 acres. Germany has 34,347,000 acres, France 33,465,450, and the British Islands only 2,695,000. The table does not include Africa or South America, both of which contain immense forests. It may surprise some readers to learn that the percentage of forest-covered land is larger in several European countries, Germany for instance, than in the United States.

The government's department of labor has published an interesting statistical sketch of women's clubs by Mrs. Ellen M. Hernetin, president of the federation of these organizations. The number of women's clubs and their total membership is surprisingly large. Mrs. Hernetin states that in thirty states there were last year 2110 clubs, with 132,023 members. New York takes the lead with 196, followed by Illinois with 185, Iowa 181, Ohio 180, Kansas 124, Massachusetts 123, and Colorado 104. These are the seven leading states in the list, and it is a little remarkable that four western states should exceed Massachusetts, which is so largely busied with reform movements. In addition to the thirty state federations, with their 2110 clubs, there are 595 independent clubs in the general federation, and the number is constantly increasing.

The changes in Japan during the past three decades are simply astounding. It seems but yesterday that Commodore Perry put an end to the seclusion of the empire of the Mikado. Japan took the right way to develop her own power. Unlike China, she recognized her inferiority to western nations. She sent her young men by the scores to Europe and America to be educated; she invited foreign scholars to teach in her schools; she put herself under tutelage, but with the constant determination to graduate from that tutelage as speedily as possible. Now her scholars stand on a par with the scholars of the world. Her school system will compare with that of the most progressive country. A generation has accomplished this, and it is the most marvelous social and political phenomenon of modern times. It proves that ability and progress do not belong to one favored race; it shows us what China might do if the counsels of some reformer like the unfortunate Kang might be allowed to control in the court of the empire. There is no fear of Japan's being divided by greedy European powers. On the contrary, those powers are glad to accord to her her full rights. Here is the lesson which China is slow to learn, observes the Independent.

HOME.

Ah, home! when all elsewhere is dreary,
When we are most heartless and weary,
What place beside is half so cheery,
As home, sweet home!

There innocent gloe and childish prattle
Beguile the hours with noisy tattle,
Forgetful half of life's rough battle,
We are at rest.

At night, when home from work returning
We see afar a bright light burning,
In haste we seek the shortest turning
To home, sweet home.

Where o'er the frugal board presiding,
In hope and faith and love abiding,
The mother hears from lips confiding,
The day's exploits.

And thus the moments so entrancing
Glide swift away, when some one glancing
At the tall clock, sees near advancing
The midnight hour.

Oh, while the bird of night is brooding,
Oh, where, beside, come dreams so soothing
As now from out our brows are smooching
The lines of care?

Fancy in dreams her flight is winging,
In sweet low tones joy bolts seem ringing,
A palm of peace night winds are slinging
At home, sweet home.

—(M. E. J., in The Century.)

MISS ROSEANNA
—AND—
The Tall Clock.

"Things are in the saddle and ride mankind."

Miss Roseanna Meggs lived in a house of her own—a very commodious and comfortable one—on the corner of the principal street of Brambleville. She had but one companion, an antiquated woman called Lizette.

Miss Roseanna's ancestors were people of quality, and her house contained many valuable relics indicative of by-gone grandeur; indeed Lizette herself was little more than a relic, for as she was very old and very deaf and rather cross tempered, Miss Roseanna had no excuse for keeping her except that she had served all her life in the Meggs family.

But the inanimate heirlooms, the mahogany table and writing desk, the cherry clock, the brass candlesticks, the pewter plate and flowing blue china, these were almost as dear as life itself to Miss Roseanna's heart. Especially was the tall clock prized not only because it was solid cherry and a hundred years old, in a day, but because of a rumor that had come down with it, to wit, that General Washington had sat for a few moments in a great, great uncle's parlor while the tall clock prized, not only because it was solid had been brought to Roseanna's home by a maiden aunt who had grumbled at Roseanna's board and growled at her bed during five years of invalidism, and died at last, leaving behind a clean record for unamiable, but not a farthing in money—only the tall clock and some old clothes by way of compensation. The fact Miss Roseanna never complained or so much as hinted that her departed aunt's disposition was not altogether angelic, is evidence of the store she set by the tall clock.

It is not strange that she was quite overwhelmed with sorrow and chagrin, when, rummaging through a chest of old letters one June day, she chanced to find a little slip of paper, neatly folded and innocently looking as a school girl's note, but, alas, how deceiving are appearances! The note ran:

"When I am gone (which I am convinced won't be long, seeing I'm situated as I be), when I'm gone I want the cherry clock that was Uncle Dandel's, and that has the honor of being ticked in G. Washington's hearin'. I want to go to Sarah Maud Pitkins, and nobody else. And to this will and testament I hereby set my hand and seal under heaven this day.

"Jane Ann Meggs."

The slip dropped from Roseanna's hand, but she did not move or cry. Through the open window she felt the breath of the pleasant June breeze and saw her log cabin and goose chase and coverlets fluttering on the line, and wondered in a dazed way, if she could be identical with the light-hearted woman who hung them there an hour ago.

"Oh, I would rather part with anything else in the house—anything else!" she mourned at last. "And that it should go to Sarah Maud, Sarah Maud Pitkins of all people! If it had been any of the other cousins—"

Roseanna's breast heaved and she burst out crying.

Now every neighbor's child in Brambleville could have told you that there had been a feud of many years standing between the two cousins, Roseanna Meggs and Sarah Maud, who married a Pitkins. But though everybody knew of the rupture, very few pretended to know anything of the cause, and the stories of those who made such pretensions were so contrary that no one could be believed.

Some said that Roseanna had considered Lem Pitkins beneath the family dignity, and quite unfit for her first cousin's companion; others declared that Roseanna was jealous; that she had wanted Lem Pitkins herself, that was where the shoe pinched, while a large faction said that the whole trouble had come from Roseanna having said in Sarah Maud's presence that "she would never marry a man with such a one-sided, shamby-pamby gait as Lem Pitkins had," whereupon Sarah Maud had fired like a fuse and gone off in a rage that had never cooled since.

But whatever the cause, the fact of the feud remained. Seven years had passed since the cousins who had been like sisters in girlhood—had passed a pleasant word. Roseanna had never seen Sarah Maud's youngest child, though she was now past three, and as for the others she barely knew them by sight.

She thought bitterly of all this sitting there by the old trunk, in the light of the fair June day. She thought, too, of the martyrdom she had endured in caring for Aunt Jane Ann, and that Sarah Maud, during all that trying time, had never so much as stirred her a dish of corn-gruel—that gruel that she always ordered to be made "a little thicker'n than milk, but not near so thick as gravy." Sarah Maud had no time for cripples and insolent maiden aunts. And now the precious old clock would stand in Sarah Maud's house! Surely this was the unkindest cut of fortune's lash that Roseanna had ever felt.

But after all what use was there in fuming and fretting! There lay the "will and testament," and downstairs in a jug in the hall—where it fitted so nicely—stood the old clock. There was only one course open to a woman of honor. Roseanna asked herself, in bitter scorn, if she, Roseanna Meggs, was possessed either of honor or common sense? Then, summoning all her dignity, she closed the old trunk with a bang, and walked with stately measured steps down the stairs and through the dim hall. Hardly glancing in the direction of the old clock, she opened the mahogany writingdesk and penned a short, curt note. In cold, clear-cut English, without an unnecessary word, she explained the situation to her cousin. This done, she put on her garden hat and went out to find the man who did odd jobs for the villagers of Brambleville. He came in less than an hour, and the old clock, together with the note, was then sent to Sarah Maud Pitkins.

Roseanna's fortitude was admirable during the carrying out and packing of her treasure, but when the wagon was well out of sight she broke down utterly, and dropping into a chair cried her heart out, with the soft breeze fanning cheek and brow and catching gently at the fold of her print dress.

Old Lizette, understanding nothing, grew nearly distracted at her mistress' grief. Her own troubles were quite forgotten for the time—those frightful grievances that she never wearied of conjuring.

"Sakes alive, mum, don't take on so! You'll be sick, sure, as can be. Sakes alive, don't please, mum, for my sake, don't!" she kept repeating, while she marched back and forth, like a sentry, before Roseanna's chair.

Roseanna's sleep was troubled and unrefreshing that night. Her head ached wildly, and when at last she fell into a heavy drowse, a bevy of tall clocks came marching around her bed and began screwing up their faces and talking among themselves in thin, ticktockety voices.

"She's worse than Aaron with his golden calf about that cherry clock. Why, she'd sell her soul for it—and a Methodist, too! Now, if the old thing had been handsome like me there would have been some excuse," a pompous old clock was saying when Roseanna woke with a start and found it was broad day.

Having overslept so long it was quite late when she breakfasted, and the dishes were not all cleared away when some one drove up to the front gate. Roseanna's eyes were so blurred and weak from weeping that she could see but indistinctly, but she was not for a moment puzzled; the man shambling out of the wagon was no other than Lem Pitkins—nobody else in Christendom ever walked with such a graceless gait—and the woman he was helping out must be Sarah Maud. In her hurry Roseanna did not notice something long like a coffin covered with a blanket in the back of the spring wagon. A moment and Sarah Maud knocked at the door. Roseanna's heart leaped and thumped wildly, but she managed to reach the door; Sarah Maud stood before her.

"How do you do, Roseanna?" she asked thrusting forward her hand as if she was uncertain about its being clasped. But it was, though weakly.

"How do you do?" Roseanna returned.

"I got your note and the clock yesterday," Sarah Maud began. Her voice was strained, and she was rather out of breath. "And I thought we'd drive right over this morning and tell you that I don't feel right in keepin' the old clock, and so we've brought it back. You took care of Aunt Jane Ann, and you ought to have it. It was just one of her mean freaks a writin' that note."

Sarah Maud paused. Roseanna stood dumb like a sheep before her shearer. Her face was bloodless and her eyes dim and dazed. Then she made a rush forward and fell weeping on Sarah Maud's neck.

And in that hour the hateful breach was healed forever.—Waverley.

Alligators Fond of Babies.

Contrary to popular belief, no alligator will attack a man of his own volition either in the water or out of it. It is, however, passionately fond of pigs, dogs and babies, particularly black babies. All the loss of human life from alligators in Louisiana has been confined to negro infants. The saurian is sometimes trapped by tying a dog to a tree near the bank of a lake at night. The howls of the animal, which knows very well the perilous duty it is on, will bring an alligator out of the water inside of an hour. It is then surrounded by men with torches, peppered with muskets loaded with buckshot and finally beaten to death with clubs and axes. Not infrequently a broken leg or two results from the fall-like blows of its mighty tail. A good many alligators are killed in the latter part of February when they are just breaking from the mudbanks in which they have been increased all the winter. At this time they are stiff, not more than half awake, almost wholly blind and could not damage a child.—New York Sun.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.
Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

New York City (Special).—Few materials are so generally satisfactory for fall weather wear as is cashmere in its various colors. The charming little gown shown in the illustration



A CHARMING LITTLE GOWN.

amply exemplifies the fact, and is admirably suited to both dark and light tones, although the model is pale blue banded with ribbon of the same shade. The skirt, which is straight, falls in graceful folds and is finished with a deep hem. The waist, while simple and childish, is rendered dressy by the bertha, which, in this instance, is white like the gumpie, and made of fine needlework. The lining fits snugly and closes together with the bodice proper at the center back. As shown the gumpie is made of tuck material, but any plain, white goods,

When expense is no object, the petticoat, or skirt, and jacket of figured or flowered silk trimmed with ruffles of lace is a delightful costume; but it takes many yards of silk to make the requisite number of ruffles on the skirt, and it takes a great many yards of lace to trim both jacket and skirt according to the correct style; consequently most women find it better and much less expensive to have simply a pretty morning jacket.

A good model is the one that fits tight in the back, has a half-fitting lining in the front, the front of the jacket loose from the shoulders, tied in with a ribbon belt that starts from the side seams; the sleeves, medium size, finished at the wrist with lace ruffles; the collar a high one with a lace tie in the front.

This can be had in any color or in any material, is exceedingly pretty in dotted Swiss, or even in some less expensive cotton material, while in silk with insertions of lace it is very smart and attractive.

Dyed Gouper an Autumn Fancy.
A fancy of the autumn is dyed gouper, and a most comfortable sort of gown it makes for out-of-door gatherings. It is made over taffetas of contrasting tone. Lavender blue linen is another novelty which at this season is being used a great deal. A linen dress always looks well for morning wear, although some of them are quite dressy affairs. One which has a short bolero has rounded lapels fastened with a choux of black satin. Embroiderations of guipure and pipings of mousseline de soie made a gown of considerable effect.

New Neckwear.
It is said that velvet stocks are to be revived for the coming winter, and that velvet ribbon will be used exten-



LADIES' JACKET.

such as nainsook or Persian lawn, can be substituted if preferred. At the waist is a belt of the ribbon with roses made from a narrower width.

To make this gown for a girl of six years two and one-half yards of material thirty-six inches wide will be required.

Jacket That Matches Skirt.

Stylish tailor-finished jackets that match the skirt are made in this style of broadcloth, vienna, black and colored chevrons, handsome coverts and the latest weaves in French camel's-hair serge. In the large engraving gray chevrot is illustrated with collar, lapels and pocket-laps of velvet in a very dark shade. The black is rendered close fitting with the usual seams and the fronts may be finished in box style or be fitted with single bust darts. The fronts lap in slightly double-breasted style, round flat crystal buttons effecting the closing. The lower outline, which displays the dip effect now fashionable, curves slightly over the hips, and the backs have flatly pressed coat plaits at the side and lap at the termination of the center-back seam. Pockets are inserted on each front, the openings being covered with square laps. Above the closing the fronts reverse in prettily rounded lapels that meet the rolling collar in uneven notches. The stylish coat sleeves are shaped with under and upper portions which may have the fullest taken up in four short darts or be gathered, if so preferred. The buttons may be omitted and the jacket finished with a fly closing, and the collar lapels and pocket laps may be of the material, strictly tailor finished with machine stitching. Separate jackets in this style may be of fawn, tan, brown, blue or black cloth, chevrot, kersey or melton, braid or straps of cloth giving a fashionable completion when a more ornamental effect is desired.

To make this jacket for a lady of medium size will require one and one-half yards of fifty-four inch material.

Morning Jackets.
Soft silks, soft woolsens, and even cotton crepe cloths make very attractive morning jackets.

sively for trimming gowns. The long scars of tulle or chiffon are retaining their popularity and increasing their length. Lace and net fichus and jabots are reappearing, and the fashion will probably grow, as the Empire mode of dress seems to hold its own.

Skirt of Figured Lawn.

This stylish skirt of figured lawn is made without a lining, and simply worn over a white or colored petticoat of taffeta, lawn or nainsook. It may be trimmed with foot ruffles or decorated in any desired way. The skirt has smooth front and side gores that flare stylishly at the foot, the fullness of the straight back breadth being collected closely in gathers at the top, from where it falls in graceful folds to the lower edge where it measures three and three-quarter yards in the medium sizes. For drop skirts of thin silk or foulard, this style is appropriate, soft ruchings of mousseline de soie, frillings of ribbon or bands of insertion forming effective decoration. Lawn, dimity, grenadine, madras, percale, sateen, gingham and other



WOMAN'S SKIRT.

thin or washable fabrics will develop satisfactorily by the mode.

To make this skirt in the medium size will require five yards of thirty-six-inch material.

NUTS AS FOOD.

The Use of Them for Culinary Purposes in Some Foreign Countries.

We have little idea in this country to what a considerable extent the nut is used for food in a few foreign lands. Our consuls have been sending information on this subject from far and wide, and the facts here given are condensed from a number of these reports. We are trying to teach foreign nations that Indian corn is an excellent article of food, but most of the European peasantry still believe that maize is fit only to fatten hogs and feed cattle. Many of these same persons sit down to a dish of steamed chestnuts with much relish and are content if they have nothing else, which shows that tastes differ.

Throughout the center of France, from the Bay of Biscay to Switzerland, there are large plantations and almost forests of chestnut trees. The nuts are very large, resemble the American horse chestnut, and are extensively eaten by the peasantry and animals. In the fall and winter the poor often make two meals a day on chestnuts. They are steamed and eaten with salt or milk, and physicians say they are wholesome, hearty, nutritious and fattening. In some parts of France walnuts also are a regular article of diet, but they are losing ground as an article of food, because of their comparative scarcity. Walnuts are also used to make oil, and the convicts in some prisons are employed cracking the nuts and picking out the kernels from which the oil is expressed.

Almonds grow well in the middle and southern parts of France, and while the shell is soft, green and tender, the nut is sold largely as a table article. The meat is white and creamy. Hazelnuts are always high priced and are a luxury. The peanut is rarely eaten in France, though the taste for it is growing. It is imported in enormous quantity for its oil. A few years ago there was a good deal of talk about the merits of bread made of peanut flour, and it was thoroughly tested in the German army, where for a little while it was a part of the ration issued to a number of regiments. It was declared to be a too highly concentrated and an irritating sort of food, and the soldiers didn't like it. The use of peanut flour was accordingly discontinued.

In Italy almonds are eaten, while green or soft as dessert by the well-to-do, but the poor cannot afford them. Chestnuts are the only nuts that enter into the regular diet of the people. Almonds, figs and walnuts are more of a luxury and are served as dessert or with wine at social gatherings.

The chestnut almost takes the place in Corea that the potato occupies in the Western world. It is used raw, boiled, roasted, cooked with meat and in other ways. In Syria nuts are not a part of the regular diet, but enter into the composition of some popular native dishes. "Nuts in this country," writes our consul at Alexandria, "may be classed as a luxury, for use as a dessert and for consumption by the natives at night just before going to bed."

WHY THE BULLDOG IS LIKED.

He is a Good Companion and is Loyal to the Death.

A real lover of dogs is apt to have a preference as to type, but he is apt to be fond of all good dogs, no matter what the class of special purposes in the world. The dog lover is very like in this regard the truly gallant man—he may prefer blue eyes and fair hair or the opposite, but his heart goes out to all women who are good because they are women and because they are good. To the uninitiated an affection for a bulldog is strange, for a bulldog is not symmetrical, is not graceful and sometimes appears to lack intelligence. About his intelligence, however, there is more than one opinion; about his affection and his loyalty there can be no doubt whatever. His affection knows neither hesitation, wavering nor change, and he is a rare comrade. He is not noisy, he is not nervous, and he is not given to demonstration. He fills the requirements that Emerson formulated as to perfect companionship. He does not need to speak to show his sympathy. He can tell you what he wishes to say with his little eyes, and he can be eloquent with his stumpy tail. This kind of a companion is not such as commends himself to all persons, for there are those in the world who like chatters and consider the unending small talk of the drawing room the highest and most pleasurable expression of human wit. For such as these the bulldog is not likely to have the greatest attractions. Let such have a frolicsome dog or a kitten that will chase its tail. But the bulldog is a good companion for a quiet man of a thoughtful and philosophic cast of mind. The bulldog will not disturb the musings, the bulldog will not say the wrong thing at a time when silence is precious, for the bulldog rarely speaks. When he does he is short, though not sharp, in the communications and very much to the purpose.—The Criterion.

Emperor Upset the Plans.

Kaiser Wilhelm's restlessness has brought about the retirement in disgrace of the chief magistrate of the Metz district. When the Kaiser visited Metz lately a programme was arranged according to which he was to be entertained at lunch at a certain hour and was then to make a triumphal progress through a number of villages, where school children and societies of all kinds were to be arrayed on either side to greet him. The Kaiser insisted on getting up from lunch an hour before the appointed time, which upset the arrangements, so that he found the streets deserted on his journey. The magistrate had to pay for the fiasco.