

There are 70,927 people in Iceland, only one policeman and no jail. This would indicate that a low temperature is not conducive to crime.

The Supreme Court of Texas has decided that all the vacant land in the state belongs to the free public school fund. There are large areas of these lands and the schools of the state, even at the present low prices of land there, have a most valuable endowment.

For those who are interested in knowing to whom we sell and from whom we buy the figures are now available showing that more than half our exports go to British subjects and possessions and that less than one-third our imports come from them. They are our best customers.

If this country continues to drain Europe of its surplus gold much longer, as it seems likely to do, the result must be to make New York instead of London the most powerful financial centre in the world—the centre of the world's surplus of capital and credits, predicts an English expert.

Germany is about to wholly reform her consular service, now organized on lines suited to the needs of the nation when Germany was an agricultural state, without colonies and without any export trade to speak of—a system wholly inadequate to the demands of a modern, progressive and manufacturing country.

With all our devotion to hurry, there should be a long pause before slow transit of the canal is given up. Where these channels are owned by the state they are an important check upon railroad rates for carrying certain bulky materials. A turbine system gaining its power from a trolley wire gives hope, too, of greater speed with a minimum of bank-washing. An overhead cable is also a promising possibility.

The fact that Missouri is building up a big trade in poultry in Hawaii, having lately contracted to send 200,000 live chickens there, is full of suggestion to small farmers. Chickens thrive in Hawaii, but the people there do not care enough about bothering with them to go into the business on a large scale. As a result both eggs and poultry are dear. The opening in all the islands for chicken ranches is one that is bound to attract attention among the class that wants to find use in Hawaii for small capital and habits of outdoor industry.

A writer to the New York Sun says in a recent visit to London he counted nearly 200 workmen's clubs with an average membership of 600 each. They are managed and owned absolutely by working men, who elect their own officers, pay every dollar of the club's expenses, and at least sometimes, at the end of the year have a snug balance in the treasury—the "balance sheet" of one of these clubs for the last financial year shows a surplus of over \$2000. Each of these clubs is as independent and self-respecting as the "Union League" or the "Manhattan."

The automobile is the machine to watch. It has reached a stage in the process of evolution which renders it decidedly interesting, and which excites our curiosity and also the spirit of prophecy. It is rather crude at present and a bit difficult to handle, and, moreover, there is an element of insecurity about it which furnishes just enough of danger to stir the blood. At times it is gentle as a lamb, and then again it resembles the mule, especially the two hind legs thereof. What you want it to do, it does not; what you want it not to do, it does. But it is being tamed, and after a few improvements have been made it will be docile and obedient.

Some figures have recently been compiled showing the amount of sugar consumed per capita by the different countries of the globe. These figures are based upon official returns made within the past few years. Given in proper order the list reads as follows: England, 91.31 pounds; United States, 59.30 pounds; France, 31.02 pounds; Germany, 30.22 pounds; Austria, 17.84 pounds; Russia, 12.61 pounds; Turkey, 7.08 pounds and Italy, 6.28. Since sugar is one of the luxuries of life, it will be observed that in those countries where wealth most abounds sugar is consumed in greatest quantities. In the United States 4,400,000,000 pounds of sugar are consumed annually. This at the rate of 59.30 pounds per capita. Of the total amount of sugar thus consumed, 1,446,242,000 pounds are produced in the United States and in the colonies, while 2,953,757,000 pounds are imported from other countries.

**KILLED IN BATTLE.**  
And some are sleeping 'mid the cans,  
And some beneath the palm,  
Where tropic wind and tropic rain  
Sing their eternal psalm.  
But one (my boy, I loved him so!)  
(In vain the seas would part)  
Is with me whoso'er I go,  
At rest within my heart.  
—By Edwin L. Sabin, in New York Independent.

### Netting a Wild Engine.

By James Buckham.

It was lonely enough at the little Pineville railroad station, set down as it was like a box-trap in the heart of the woods. "Pineville was a good name for it," thought Arthur Severson, the young station master and telegraph operator. Great pine-trees towered all about, their thick tops and spreading branches casting a solemn shade all day long over the two or three small buildings that represented the "railroad centre" of this back-wood settlement. Yet considerable traffic came to the railroad company at that out-of-the-way station. During the fishing and hunting seasons it was a favorite point of departure for city sportsmen coming into the Maine woods. During the winter large quantities of hemlock bark, for tanning purposes, were shipped from Pineville; and there were always piles of furs and pelts on the platform, awaiting the "next train out." Nevertheless, for the greater part of the day, Pineville was silent and deserted save for the young telegraph operator, Arthur Severson, who had recently been sent there from Portland. It was the loneliness of the place that distressed him most. His work was light, as there were only four trains, freight and passenger, each day; and, aside from the train-despatcher's messages, he had very few telegrams to handle. But Arthur had been used to plenty of company, active employment, and wholesome excitement; and the utter quiet and lack of companionship at Pineville made him feel blue and homesick. He had not been at Pineville long, however, before an event occurred that gave him more excitement in half an hour than he had known in all his previous experience in "railroading."

It was a hot summer afternoon; and Arthur was sitting in his shirtsleeves on the station platform, about as lonesome and depressed a boy as could be found anywhere in the State of Maine, when suddenly he was brought to his feet by the sharp, distinct call of the train-despatcher over the wire. He sprang to his instrument in the little office, and promptly answered the call. Then came this startling message:

Wild engine on line between Racquette and Pineville. Side-track No. 40 if possible, before collision. Repeat.  
D. J. COLLINGS, Despatcher.

Trembling with excitement, Arthur repeated the despatcher's message, and added—he could scarcely tell why, for there was no distinct plan of action in his mind—"Will try to stop wild engine."

Then he sprang out on the platform and gazed up and down the long, straight stretch of track that cut the forests in two like the blade of a knife. No. 40 was the down passenger train, and she was due at Pineville in 15 minutes; but as yet there was no sign of her approach, not even the sound of her powerful chime-whistle in the distance. Neither was there any sign, in the other direction, of the coming of the dreaded wild engine—that terror of every railroad man's life. The woods were as still as death, save for creaking of a few locusts about the buildings and the "a-runk" of a big bullfrog in a ditch back of the station.

Yet, peaceful and reassuring as the silence was, Arthur Severson knew that, somewhere down the track between Pineville and Racquette—a distance of 15 miles—that engine was rushing toward him with the speed of the wind.

His first impulse was to run and throw over the switch at the lower end of the siding, and derail the wild engine, if possible. Then he remembered his orders—to sidetrack the passenger train, and let the wild engine go by. There could be no excuse for him if he disobeyed these instructions upon his own responsibility, and the collision should take place after all, as it might if the passenger train should fail to pass the upper end of the siding in time. "Obey orders first!" thought Arthur, as he ran at the top of his speed to the upper end of the siding, and threw the switch over for the passenger train.

The side-track now belonged to No. 40, and was out of the problem as a factor in stopping the wild engine. Whatever the young telegraph operator might do to redeem his promise to the train-despatcher must be done without its aid. This he thoroughly realized, as he dashed back to the station.

In circumstances of extreme exigency and peril the mind sometimes works as if inspired, suggestions coming to it with lightning rapidity from every object that catches the attention of the senses. As young Severson rushed back to his post of duty, his eyes fell upon a great heap of two-inch rope, coil upon coil, piled on the station platform—a coil just received by the Moses Valley Lumber company. Instantly a plan for stopping the wild engine formed itself in Arthur's mind, if he could only accomplish it in time. He would string those coils of tough rope across the track, from tree to tree, making a web of network of them, one behind another, and thus, perhaps, snare the plunging monster as a spider snares and binds a great green bottle-fly.

Oh for just ten minutes of precious time! Could he hope for them? Eagerly he sprang to the coils of rope, slashing off their fastenings with his knife, till every separate coil was loose. Then he ran breathlessly down the track, dragging the end of the top-most coil, as a fireman drags his hose. When the two-hundred-foot rope lay free behind him, he whipped the end in his hand about a monster pine, tied it firmly with a halter-knot, and then began weaving the rope from pine to pine across the track, encircling each tree with a double loop, so that the strands of his web would not draw. Back and forth he toiled with feverish haste, hope springing higher in his heart with every new mesh added to his net.

The first coil of rope was stretched and tied about the pines; and Arthur tottered with weariness and heat, was dragging the second coil from the platform, when he heard the distant thunder of the approaching wild engine. Must his plan fail, after all? Would he be too late in weaving his web of ropes? If he could only stretch a few more strands across the track! Even if the first should snap like strings, they might check the locomotive's momentum, so that the last strands would hold it. Fiercely and determinedly the panting boy worked on. The mad clangor of the wild engine drew nearer and nearer, till the wood about him rang with the sound. But not one glance did he spare from his task to see how close the monster might be.

Just as he had looped and knotted the last foot of rope, with a hissing, roaring rush the wild engine plunged into the hempen net.

Snap! snap! snap! like rapid pistol-shots, went the first strands of rope, as they burst asunder before the mighty shoulders of the iron horse. Then the stubborn net work began to tell on the strength of its captive, huge and powerful though the latter was. The sixth tough cable strained and creaked ere it broke, the seventh snapped, but not until it had almost thrown the iron horse back upon his haunches, and at the eighth the shinning monster stopped, its driving-wheels spinning madly round upon the rails, and the steam hissing shrilly from its valves, as if in conscious spite.

Even before the wild engine had come to a standstill, Arthur Severson sprang for the step and clambered up into the cab. Then he threw over the great lever and soothed the throbbing monster, till it lay quietly panting in the midst of its tangled net of ropes.

At that moment the passenger train came in sight far up the track. In a few moments it drew in upon the siding; and train-men and passengers came crowding around the engine, where the pale and exhausted young telegraph operator sat, with his hand still on the lever. The story of the wonderful rescue of No. 40 was not long in reaching official ears; and in less than two weeks Arthur Severson found himself established in the train-despatcher's office, filling an important position and drawing a liberal salary. He was not at all inclined to pose as a hero, however, but would modestly reply, when complimented upon his remarkable feat at Pineville—

"Why, it was as easy as stringing mother's clothes-line!"—Christian Register.

### THE IMPORTATION OF MONKEYS.

Organ-Grinders Do Not Carry Them Here Nowadays.

A man who had missed the monkeys formerly carried about by organ-grinders in the city streets, and who had attributed their disappearance to the changed conditions of the organ-grinding business, to the substitution of the big piano-organ on wheels, managed by two persons, for the old-fashioned smaller hand-organ, that was carried about by the player, found, upon inquiry, that, whatever influence the changed conditions might have had, the carrying of monkeys by organ-grinders is now prohibited here by a city ordinance. There are, however, places in which the monkey still forms a valuable part of the organ-grinder's outfit, and where the nimble little animal clad in an embroidered jacket, and wearing a fancy hat, which it doffs for the pennies, still climbs fences and rainwater conductors, and hops up on porches quite in the old familiar way, in search of contributions. While monkeys are not permitted here, there are men who buy monkeys and train them to sell to organ-grinders, who can use them elsewhere, and a well-trained monkey sometimes brings as much as \$10.

It had seemed, with fewer monkeys in sight, as though there must be fewer monkeys now imported, but the fact appears to be that, if anything, the importation is just now rather greater than usual, due to the increased demand from the show people, who are, after all, the greatest purchasers of monkeys in this country. The organ-grinders use a considerable number; a few comparatively are sold for zoological collections, and in recent years a few have been sold for pets; but the largest buyers of monkeys are the traveling shows, of which there are, besides the great, modern, consolidated shows, many smaller ones, showing in smaller towns throughout the country. Take them all together and these shows use up a good many monkeys. The life of a monkey on the road is usually but a single season. The show renews its stock of monkeys every year.—New York Sun.

### Old Dog Law.

The law of Paris forbids the possession of more than one dog, and a Mme. de Pomy has been condemned to five days' imprisonment and a fine of \$1 for having violated the commandment. The madame was found off our pretty pups, which she neglected or refused to drown, and hence her condemnation.

## NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

New York City (Special).—For outdoor children's garments the new models show a somewhat puzzling variety. First of all, jackets of all



PELLISSE FOR FIVE-YEAR-OLD GIRL.

shapes and lengths, and pelisses covering the skirt, then there are capes which will be much more worn than last year.

These are made round with little trimming and reaching slightly

with ribbon or wide velvet in loops at the back are the only novelties in this line.

**Gray Fashionable For Weddings.**  
The most charming materials for gowns to be worn at the weddings of the season are designed in gray crepe de chine garnished with gray pearl embroidery, and with such a gown a very flat-topped turban of gray silk, wound with a scarf of pearl bedewed white chiffon, is the smart and proper thing. No note of color is thought well of in connection with these very neutral harmonies, and for all stately affairs it is interesting to learn that trains will be even longer than we have ever before worn them.

**Fashion's Newest Fancy.**  
The young person who is fond of being tailor made may now add to her wardrobe a silk tailor-made gown. It is one of fashion's newest fancies. The silk tailored gown must be severely plain. It is very effective if made by an expert and trimmed with bands of machine stitching.

**A Beautiful Chatelaine.**  
Many unique designs in jewelry now appear in the showcases and on fashionable women. The newest chatelaine is small and of heart shape. It is a circle of pearls around a tiny enamelled flower with a diamond centre. The flower should be the flower of a girl's birthday month.

**Plaids Are Epidemic.**  
Plaids of the most pronounced type can now truthfully be said to be epidemic, so few women are there who are free from the infection.

The initial purchase of the season by every maid and matron, just entering on the delightful task of collecting an autumn wardrobe, has been at



below the waistline. They are frequently constructed with small pelerines, one, two or even three, superposed, and fastening at the foot of the collar by loops and buttons, so that they can be added or not at will.

They are chiefly made in cloth or Scotch tweed, and many have plaid pelerines, covering the shoulders only and forming the trimming, or the long cape itself is plaid and the smaller ones plain.

In the accompanying cut, reproduced from the Dry Goods Economist, is shown a coat-shaped pelisse for girl of five years. The material is white cloth. The revers of white velvet, stitched, are repeated on the cuffs and pockets. Three double rows of round crystal buttons ornament the front.

For young children, say from five to eight, jackets are mostly made loose with straight backs and fronts, with turned-back revers and no collar.

### Hats in Endless Profusion.

Hats for the season now at its height present a bewildering display. They are weighted with fruits and berries, leaves and blossoms which have been turned by the sun and frost in the workrooms. Straws the like of which never have been seen in a field are presented in combinations which require great courage to wear.

A toque of several shades of violet velvet in bands, interlaced with a black Paradise feather, fastened by a jeweled rosette, is among the recent styles, and is suitable for evening wear.

For visiting there is a broad-brimmed straw, lifted at the sides underneath by velvet bows and bands. It has three waving ostrich plumes, and pendant from the back are black mouseline de soie strings, which are tied under the chin a little to the side.

Most becoming to a young face is another broad hat in green fancy straw. Swathed around its crown is mouseline, the lightest shade of green. Clusters of cherries and their leaves finish the combination.

Brims are all wide in the new hats. One, loaded with autumn flowers, with loops of wired black velvet ribbon wreathed over them, is a charming creation, but this, too, is fastened by velvets.

The ever serviceable if not always appropriate sailor is to be found in all sorts and conditions among the new millinery. Those which are trimmed

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**When Each May Do as He Likes.**  
When that good time arrives  
That each of us who strives  
Along unpleasant ways to-day,  
May choose from all the rest  
The task that suits him best,  
What will your fancy turn to, pray?  
  
You who are weary now  
What time you guide the plow,  
Will you put on a helmet then?  
Or will you cruise the seas,  
Or will you seek to please  
The world with chess, brush or pen?  
  
And you who wield the pick,  
And you who build with brick,  
And you who toll with awl and thread,  
What ways will you pursue,  
What great things will you do,  
What high profession will you wed?  
  
I know before you say:  
When that delightful day  
For which we sigh, for which we sing,  
Arrives, at last, we'll all  
Let pens and trowels fall,  
And never more do anything.  
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald.

### HUMOROUS.

Johnny—What are nonsense verses, papa? Papa—Nearly all of them, my son.

"Parker is a good listener." "That may account for the fact that he and his wife seem to be such a happy couple."

She—A young lady acquaintance of mine is training herself for an editor. He—Indeed! What is the name of the editor she is training herself for?

Mother—There, now, be a little boy and kiss the lady, Johnny—Johnny—I ain't a kissing bug, I kiss everything that comes along.

Election Inspector (severely)—"Have you ever read the constitution of the United States?" Naturalized Citizen—"No. Have you?" Election Inspector—"No-o."

Teacher—Who was Mercury? Johnny—He was the liar of mythology. That's why they put him into thermometers. He's still up in his old business, pa says.

Papa won't buy me a 'mobile; Papa won't buy me a 'mobile; I've got a pony cart. But it doesn't touch my heart—I've got to have a 'mo-bile-bile!

"Gur-ruls are niver satisfied," mused the janitor philosopher. "Whif they are in short skirts they are crying for long ones, an' whif they git long wans they have to hold them up."

"Never fall in love with a girl who is absent-minded and devoted to clubs." "Why not?" "I proposed to such a girl once. She called in the whole family and moved me a vote of thanks."

Condemned man (to his lawyer)—"It's a long sentence, sir, to be sent to prison for life." Lawyer (inclined to a more hopeful view)—"Yes, it does seem long, but perhaps you won't live a great while."

Lady (to dog fancier)—What kind of dogs have you for sale? Dog fancier—Scotch terriers, Chinese pugs, French poodles and English setters. Lady—Have you any of those ocean greyhounds that I have read about?

Publisher (to Mrs. Newrich, who has compiled a volume of poems)—Of course, you will want your book bound in morocco. Mrs. Newrich—Well, if it's the proper thing to have it bound in Morocco, go ahead and send it there. But I don't see why they can't bind it just as well in this country.

### Cinderella Up to Date.

They had just returned from a wedding, and the two sisters were discussing all they had seen with their usual volubility.

Cinderella alone remained silent. "Yes," said one sister, "we, who have been through a private seminary and a college, have been taught to observe, and it is natural that, between us, nothing should escape our observation. Is it not so? Let me ask you, then, if you took it all in?"

"Indeed I did," replied the other sister. "I noticed first the gowns of every one of the relatives, and by invidiously comparing their styles and make I could tell within a hundred dollars of just how much each relative was worth. Not only this, but their actions towards each other revealed to me but too plainly just what their opinions of each other were. And then, the bride!"

"Yes, the bride!" exclaimed the other. "She was dressed—"

And in thirty-five minutes by the clock she described what the bride wore.

"And you," said the first sister, turning to Cinderella, "tell us what you saw."

Cinderella was silent until she spoke.

"I saw all you saw, and more," she said.

The sisters gazed at her superciliously.

"Indeed!" they chorused. "What did you see that we didn't see?"

"I noticed the groom," said Cinderella.—Tom Mason, in Life.

### High Lights.

With what stationery ye write ye shall be written an o.

A strong-minded woman never has to borrow a penknife from a man.

When fortune knocks at a man's door she sometimes holds it open and lets the flies get in.

The reason people don't value our advice is because we are so willing to give it away.

Sometimes an optimist is a pessimist who doesn't want other people to catch his disease.

When a girl refuses a commonplace man he often goes away and gets to be somebody just for spite.

A genius is a person who can make lemonade just sweet enough and just sour enough for everybody in the family.

The man who has a sad, far-away look in his eyes is usually wondering whether he mailed that letter or whether he didn't.—Chicago Record.

### A LATE PLAID WRAP.

ment. One and all they seem arranged to give the arms free play without exposing the rest of the body to the winds.

The Styles Suitable For Tall Women. Tall, slim women are best adapted by nature to carry out the present styles.