

The canary bird industry in Germany is estimated at \$250,000 per annum, and what is better, the proceeds accrue to the very poor.

The shop assistants' seats bill has provoked the sarcasm of Lord Wemyss, a member of the supercilious British House of Lords, who suggests that the next measure before the House of Commons ought to be a "Shop Girls' Wet Shoes and Stockings Bill."

It is said that the 1899 corn crop of Kansas and Nebraska will amount to six hundred millions of bushels, and makes so vast a bulk that were all the railroads passing through those states to carry no other freight it would take them fully two years to haul that one crop out of the borders of those commonwealths.

The report of the Ohio's state college telling how largely the students come from the families of humble circumstances, will tend to increase everywhere the respect in which our state colleges are held. That they are destined to become recognized as the popular channel of higher education to which the public high schools will be largely tributary, seems, in this light, more and more probable.

Bogus jellies are interfering seriously with the sale and price of jelly made from real fruit. The manufacture of jellies from apples, currants, gooseberries and other fruits has already assumed large proportions, employing considerable labor and large capital and affording a market for great quantities of fruit. Already this trade is being injured by the unfair competition of spurious imitation. The subject is one that should have a prominent place in all the pure food laws, both state and national.

The German government has raised a new barrier against American meat by issuing an order that fresh beef shall not be imported from Belgium into Germany. This action was caused by Belgium's recent annulment of its restrictions against American cattle. Denmark has been anxious to welcome our fresh meats, but has been deterred for fear that Germany will apply to her the same rigorous rule she has established against Belgium. The people want American meats because the home supply is not equal to the demand.

The Roycrofters of East Aurora, N. Y., are working out a complex social and economic problem. They are doing a great work with a light hand. Think, if you please, of a manufactory that has a 15 minute recess in the middle of the forenoon and the same in the afternoon (besides the hour at noon and a Saturday half-holiday,) when all the workers get out and play handball; that surrounds its helpers with an atmosphere of art and beauty; that has a piano, bath-rooms, and a library; that has no "bosses"; pays good wages and divides profits at end of the year, and you have the printing plant known as the "Roycroft Shop."

The German minister of war recently stated that the military authorities were following the development of the automobile industry with the greatest attention and would do everything to further and make use of it. The appropriation for this purpose in the Military Budget was voted for unanimously. The general introduction of automobiles would increase the mobility of an army fourfold, especially in cases where the roads are such as to permit of rapid movement. Automobiles can be made use of as regimental baggage wagons and as ambulances for army postal service. In modern warfare the more the army can get rid of living creatures, man or beast, which are not combatants, and replace them by mechanical substitutes, the more confidently will a general take the field.

The textile school that has been established in Atlanta as a branch of the Georgia school of Technology will be one of the most complete and best conducted institutions of the kind in the country. Other southern states are moving to establish similar educational facilities. A textile school has been established at Clemson college, S. C. It is well equipped and admirably conducted. North Carolina, which leads all the southern states in cotton manufacturing, realizes the necessity of a textile school, and one is now being established. When the North Carolina school opens the south will have three first-class textile schools, as many as there are in the north. The only textile schools in the north are those at Philadelphia, Lowell and New Bedford. It was only about two years ago that the establishment of textile schools in the south was first talked of.

NEVER FORGET YOU

I think of you in the sunshine,
I dream night and day of you,
When all the world is silent,
And stars shine out in the blue;
And whether the hours be golden,
Or whether the day be drear,
Your love is beside me always—
I never forget you dear!

I see your eyes in the stars, love,
I hear your voice in the sea,
The spell of your tender presence
Goes o'er the world with me,
And distance cannot divide us,
Though far away or near,
In my heart of hearts you dwell, love—
I never forget you, dear!

The stars may forget their places,
The day may forget to break,
The flight of the hours may alter,
The rose may forget to wake!
But love that is true for ever,
Not a day, nor a month, nor a year;
To the end of the world I love you—
I never forget you, dear!

—Clifton Bingham in American Queen.

HIS SEVENTH WIFE.

Comic Fate of a Backwoods Bluebeard.

Sam Tuggins was preparing to take unto himself a wife. He had taken to greasing his boots and wearing white shirts on Sundays. What reason was there for don't after that?

Sam Tuggins had been married before to some extent. He had, to put it mildly, enjoyed a large and promiscuous assortment of wives during his time.

Sam had been married six times, to be exact about it, and he was not, strictly speaking, an old man yet. As he frequently jocularly remarked, he was good to outlive a half dozen more wives if he continues to have ordinarily good health.

So, being a widower for the sixth time, he was preparing to take unto himself the seventh wife. It was not known yet who would have the honor of becoming Mrs. Tuggins VII. Tuggins, even, was not decided on that point.

One day he rode over to Beckett's mill, and he and Beckett in a little friendly conversation fell to discussing this matter.

"I'm going to marry," Tuggins said. "That much is settled, and I'm going to marry right away, too. I've got to have a wife, for I need her, and need her bad. It's been three months since my last one died, and as a consequence of having nobody to look after matters, everything about the house is going to waste and ruin."

"Can't find anybody that suits you?" Beckett asked.

"Yes; I have had two women in mind," Tuggins replied. "Either, would do very well, but the question is, which would suit me best."

"You can't decide, eh?"

"No, I can't. If I could I wouldn't be fooling away all this time without a wife."

"I can believe that, Tuggins. But do you mind telling me what two women you have in mind?"

"Of course not. One of them is the widow Smart, and the other is Miss Wofford. They are both likely women, Beckett, and I calculate either of 'em would make me a good wife."

"Miss Wofford is the youngest and best looking of the two," Beckett suggested.

"Yes, and her age is a right smart in her favor," Tuggins said, "but I don't go a cent on looks. My opinion is that beauty don't count for anything in a wife's favor. The beautifullest woman going ain't likely to do any more work or bring in one more dollar than the homeliest old plug you can scare up. What I want is a woman who will be helpful—one that can turn her hand to all kinds of work, and who ain't afraid to do it."

"Then you rather lean toward the widow?"

"No, I can't say as I do. They're both got their strong points. Miss Wofford's strong point is her age. Bein' young, she's likely to live longer than the other. That's a heap in her favor, for I tell you this burying and marrying wives is expensive when it comes on a man so often. But on the other hand the widow offers advantages. She's a good worker, she's economical, and she's tough. For a woman of her age she's strong and healthy, and after all she may possibly outlive the other."

"Maybe the women themselves would help you out," Beckett suggested.

"How?" Tuggins inquired.

quired to do almost a man's work in the raising of the crops. He remembered, too, that one calico dress every year, a pair of cheap, misfit shoes, and an inexpensive bonnet was about all the good they got as the result of their labors.

Tuggins sat for some time deeply absorbed in thought; then he arose and said:

"Beckett, guess I'll marry the young one, and chance it."

In the course of time he reached Miss Wofford's home, and when he had "hallooed" a time or two she came to the door.

"Miss Wofford," he said, "I come by to tell you that I have decided to marry you. When will it suit you for me to fetch the squire over to marry us?"

Miss Wofford looked at Tuggins in astonishment. For a moment she was too surprised to speak. Finally, however, she said:

"What do you mean, sir, by coming here to insult me?"

"Insult you! Why, I'm in earnest. I'm sure going to marry you. Just name the day, will you?"

"Yes, I will. I'll name a day a thousand years after the end of the world. Now, you get out of this, you baldheaded old ape, before I sic the dogs on you."

Tuggins turned and rode away. He was greatly puzzled at the way Miss Wofford had received his announcement.

"I thought she was a sensible woman," he mused, "but she showed weakness somewhere when she throws away a chance like that."

He went direct to the widow Smart's, and to her made the same announcement that he had made to Miss Wofford. She received it graciously, and with a smile and a smirk, blushing named the day for the wedding. She was very shy and demure and her manner was all honey and sugar.

In time the wedding day arrived, and Tuggins took Squire Beeson with him over to the residence of the widow Smart, where in short order the wedding ceremony was performed.

It was a month later when, one day, Tuggins rode over to Beckett's mill. He and Beckett, as was their wont, fell into a neighborly conversation. At last Beckett made bold to speak of that which had been in his mind from the moment Tuggins had ridden up. He said:

"Tuggins something has gone wrong with you."

"How do you know?" Tuggins asked.

"I can see it in your looks and actions. You are not the man you have been, Tuggins, not near the man. You have a sad, dejected appearance, and you impress me with the idea that you have been having lots of trouble."

"Beckett, you are right. I have been having trouble, and lots of it, too. I am over my ears in trouble now."

"What is the matter?" Beckett asked.

"Everything is the matter," Tuggins answered. "But the chief thing that is the matter is that I am a fool, and that I have played the fool a little the biggest of anybody in this part of the country."

"But what have you done?"

"I have gone and made the mistake of marrying one wife too many."

"Hasn't the widow turned out to be as good a wife as you expected?"

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

New York City (Special).—There is more genuine novelty in the wraps of cloth and fur designed for the present season's clothes market than in



THE NEW WINTER COAT.

either the gowns or hats that are already casting their shadows before them. None of the fashionable newcomers at the furriers or cloakmakers is braided. The whole creed of decoration is cloth stitched on cloth and fur on cloth. Not one of the new coats or capes make the slightest pretense of fitting the figure. What the English call box and what the French volante shape wraps are being pushed for popularity most vigorously by the manufacturers, and the chances are just even whether this style, so frequently and emphatically rejected and despised by women, will now be accepted.

Clumsily large capes of the same type as were worn last winter are eligible for use in the coming season, and the handsomest are made of thick sleek-surfaced dark cloth with broad borders of gray and brown fur and finished by tall kaiser collars. An

other mode shows a cape with long kersey skirts to the hem of the dress and then over this to the hip falls another cape of fur, and it is perfectly patent that the long-haired pelts are to be first in the hearts of our country women this year.

Long cloth coats that might easily be called ulsters and made of broadcloth, vienna or Venetian cloth, are out on the Chesterfield and Raglan pattern, as those for men are modeled; their pockets are ample and the one feminine suggestion is the tall, up-rolled collar, often lined with rosette fur that gives the tenderest, most grateful touch to the face possible, and the smoked pear-gray color, which forms a soft becoming background for the face. The majority of these long coats are made to fasten with the buttons out of sight, or one or two very choice cut steel disks hold the fronts together and twinkle in the soft, deep hair.

There is a pretty fashion coming in of using bullet-shaped buttons of brass as trimmings on sleeves and yokes and the fronts of cloth suits. These are copies of the buttons that small boys in livery wear, and they are not the first brass ornaments that have crept into women's wardrobes. Brass is evidently the successor to much of the popularity accorded to gun metal, and by treating it with a peculiar lacquer it neither loses its luster nor conveys any ugly odor to the hands.

Shirt Waists Still Things of Beauty. Among the really indispensable things exhibited in the shops are the new shirt waists. Notwithstanding the fact that these comfortable garments have been in vogue many years and each season some one asserts that

they are "going out," they are still in great demand.

Styles vary, and special designers in the large shops always are working out novelties. The new flannel and silk waists merit going a long distance to see, for they are beauties, and not at all expensive. Of course, the best are tailor-made, as they should be to have the quiet style so necessary in this garment; but of all things worn by woman the shirt waist is, perhaps, the only article which can be made at home and really look the real thing. There are good patterns, which fit, too, and if the maker is careful about stitching well and pressing correctly, she can turn out a really good waist.

But silk ones are another story, with their endless number of tiny tucks; the delicate hemstitching; the rolled edges, with narrow embroidery slipped in, and all the perplexing details. So much depends upon the set at the back, the hang of the sleeve, the way buttons are sewed, and, above all, the cravat, that it is small wonder that a woman prefers to be well dressed in one expensive waist rather than have several badly made or inferior in quality.

For silk waists, tucks and hemstitching are the proper mode. The tucks may run lengthwise in groups, may be tiny or large, or stitched in squares. So long as tucks are used one cannot fail to be in the fashion.

For flannel a combination of stripes has the smartest effect. The examples shown in the large engraving, taken from the New York Press, are both of flannel, and for style and comfort no design can be found which will surpass them.

Reducing the Fashionable Chain. The fashionable chain is reducing, in some instances, both its dimension and weight. It is neither so long nor so heavy as heretofore. There seems an approach to the delicate beauty of the slender gold chains which our grandmothers wore reaching to the waistband into which the watch was tucked. Some of the newest chains are quite fine, and extend about half way to the waist, supporting a small watch or a fine pendant.

A Tailor-Made Pelerine. There is now a tailor-made pelerine. It is very simple except at the neck, where it is heaped with lace, silk muslin ruffles, accordion-platings, single,



ATTRACTIVE NEW FLANNEL SHIRT WAISTS.



ATTRACTIVE NEW FLANNEL SHIRT WAISTS.

Gloves and Shoes For Winter Wear. Heavily stitched stout gloves are the only kind allowable for the winter season. Thick, round-toed shoes are the proper footwear, and hats positively must be devoid of gowgaws and fussy trimmings.

A New Robe Design. A modest design in a robe conceived of cambrie is here introduced. Half-inch tuckings form the yoke and the trimming across the upper part of the



CAMBRIE ROBE.

sleeves. The wrists are finished with a soft, bell-shaped fall of lawn edged with lace, and that also outlines the fastening.

Oh dear, what bliss
It truly is
When weather is erratic,
To go upstairs,
Forgetting cares,
And rummage in the attic!

The ancient books
In dusty nooks,
And old-time family portraits
Of Uncle Sam—
He was no lamb—
And others with most sore traits!

The old-time toys
When we were boys,
With small chaps used to play with
At several courts
Of several girls
We sometimes used to stray with!

And, oh, the notes,
So full of "quotes,"
In many a scented package,
That came from dames—
What were their names?
They, too, are in the wreckage!

And old, old bills,
Not always ill—
For these are all receipted,
And plainly show
Why long ago
My purse was w'er depleted.

The flower-man—
Bonquets for Nan;
The large accounts for candy
I sent to Paul
And Jane and Moll,
Lucindy and to Maudy!

Ah me! Oh dear!
I feel quite queer.
To think of all that money,
And how today
I would help me pay
For trousers for my sonny!

And yet—and yet
I've no regret
I thus become a debtor.
Experi-ence
Can come but once,
And now I know much better.

—Harper's Bazar.

HUMOROUS.
Has a good delivery—The letter carrier.
If there is nothing else in a name there is at least one or more letters.
She—I wouldn't be silly, Algy, if I were you. He—Of course not, but not being me, you can't help it.

"My husband," said Mrs. Sellidom-Holme, "is always preaching economy, and I have to practice what he preaches."

Browne—A recent musical composition is called "The Bicycle March." Towne—I suppose it's written in handbells!

"Papa, what is this color they call invisible blue?" "It is the blue on a policeman's uniform when there's a row on hand."

Inquiring Child—Papa, why do people cry at weddings? Papa (abstractedly)—Most of them have been married themselves.

She—I don't like the preachers who read their sermons from manuscript. He—I do. If a man writes his sermons he is more likely to realize their length.

The spider may spin a silken thread
And consider the spinning play,
But he can't spin a top to save his life,
'Cause spiders ain't built that way.

Proprietor—Where is the book-keeper? Office Boy—He isn't in. His wife sent him word that the baby was asleep, and he's gone home to see what it looks like.

Nellie, who had been taught that her aunt's very thin figure should be described as "svelte," on seeing a half-starved kitten, exclaimed to the said aunt: "Oh, auntie, what a very svelte little kitty."

"Mildred," said her father, "I am willing that the young lieutenant who comes here should make a cooling station of my house again this winter, but if he ever hints at annexation, you may tell him, I am unalterably opposed to it."

"Well, little chap," said the stranger in the family, picking up one of the children, "what are you going to be when you're a man?" "Auffin," said the child. "Nothing? Why so?" asked the stranger. "Because," said the child, "I'm a little girl."

Mrs. Hunks (after a family quarrel)—How long have you and Rev. Dr. Lastly known each other? Old Hunks—Ever since I was a boy. Mrs. Hunks—Then I'm going to sue him for heavy damages. He knew, ten years ago, what kind of a man he was marrying me to and I didn't.

Will Not Forsake Her Parents.
"It happens often that the East-Side girl of New York is the sole support of the family," writes Charles T. Brodhead in the Ladies' Home Journal. "She works harder and just as cheerfully as ever, and turns every cent into the house as fast as ever she makes it. She assists with the household duties before she leaves in the morning and when she returns at night. The few articles of clothing she manages to get are made over and over again, patched, darned, and cleaned many times. In the winter she suffers from lack of proper clothing. She walks to her work every morning—it costs her too much to ride—through sunshine and storm, and back again at night. So she trudges on, month in and month out; and when the quiet young truck driver who lives around the corner asks her to marry him she regards him seriously and says:

"Honest, Mike, I'd like ter marry yer, because yer know I like yer, and ye're on the level, but me ole man and me ole woman ain't in it: anny more for workin', and if I left 'em they'd be in the soup. No, I don't stand for no game like that."

"So he goes away, and she grieves; but her conscience is clear—she is doing her duty."

Sternly Refused.
New Cook—Then I am not to wear your bonnets when I like?
Mistress—No, but think how large your wages are!
New Cook (haughtily)—My liberty is not for sale!—Detroit Journal.