

It is expected that before long Canada can sell annually \$50,000,000 worth of butter and cheese to Great Britain.

Italy naturally declines to enter into land-grabbing ventures in China, partly, perhaps, because of some understanding with her partners in the Triple Alliance, but chiefly, suggests the New York Tribune, because she has had enough of that sort of thing in Africa to last her a while longer.

It is a great thing to be a writer from a State that is proud of itself and of its people, exclaims Life. That's an immense advantage that a novelist has who was born in Massachusetts, Virginia or Kentucky. He knows that, however cold at first may be the rest of the country toward his work, there will be one fine constituency that will open his book with a heart predisposed to receive him graciously. The consciousness of such good will warms the writer while he works, and the glow remains in his pages. It is contagious, and the reader from an alien State participates in it—proud that at least he belongs to the same federation.

Some time ago the Atlanta Constitution called the attention of its readers to the fact that the various European powers were engaged in making extensive naval preparations regardless of the talk of arbitration in which both hemispheres have glowingly indulged of late. In a recent document presented to the British Parliament the annual naval expenditures of the leading Nations of the globe were set forth in the following figures: Great Britain, \$126,000,000; France, \$64,000,000; the United States, \$30,500,000; Japan, \$23,700,000; Russia, \$29,000,000; Germany, \$21,000,000, and Italy, \$20,500,000. These figures are hardly in keeping with the dreams of universal peace in which philanthropic minds are wont to indulge, as they show that the day is still remote when the galling can will be exchanged for the olive branch in settling international disputes.

The case with which Colonel Ruiz and Mr. Tosa, a clerk in the office of the United States Consul-General in Havana, found their way to the camp of the Cuban insurgents near that city, suggests to the Chicago Record that "the commanders of the Spanish armies in Cuba are not very anxious to find the enemy. The members of the Spanish legation here explain that it is comparatively easy for an individual to approach an insurgent camp, but it is impossible for a body of troops to do so, for the same reason that the Irishman could not catch the flea. The insurgents have no wagons or baggage, they are not incumbered by supplies of ammunition or commissary stores, they sleep on the ground, with the sky for a coverlid, and when it rains seek shelter of sheds, plantation houses or trees. They move with great rapidity, and scatter into small bands and retreat in different directions whenever they are attacked or pursued. With this guerrilla mode of fighting it is impossible for the Spaniards to overtake or surround them."

Some people who are always on the lookout for dangers and difficulties have discovered that the employment of Japanese servants upon the men-of-war of the United States is likely to prove embarrassing if we should ever happen to get into a row with that enterprising little country over the annexation of the Hawaiian islands or for any other reason. Formerly, relates W. E. Curtis, the favorite servants on naval vessels were Chinese, but when the agitation against them on the Pacific Coast commenced some years ago they were rapidly displaced by Japanese, who are equally as skillful, obedient and attentive. They are better educated and often more intelligent, although they do not rate as high for honesty as the celestials. It is as difficult to denationalize a Japanese as a Frenchman. He may go to the end of the earth and remain for a lifetime. He may be under any kind of foreign influence and form any sort of attachments, but he is always a Japanese and the interests of his native country are uppermost in his heart. It would be easy for a servant on board a naval vessel to learn all about that vessel, her arms and ammunition, her speed and horse power and even the orders of her captain, but what good would it do? All important information concerning our ships is published annually in forms that the entire world may read, and it would be very difficult for a Japanese citizen on board a naval vessel to learn anything whatever that would cause apprehension if communicated to his Government.

WHAT CREATED THE DEMAND.

"What makes you buy that brand of soap?" I asked a woman abroad.
"Some others have far larger soap— Their names I have reviewed."
"What makes you buy that brand of soap?" The woman looked surprised.
"And this she answered my demand— Because it's advertised."
"Why do you choose that ribbon fair?" I asked a little maid.
"The other stores had others there, Why did you ask for this?"
"She gazed at me with pitying eyes, My face she scrutinized with care,
Then answered very simply, "Why, Because it's advertised."

"What makes you always buy that tea?" I asked a business friend.
"It's quite a favorite, you see," He said, "but why select this brand?"
"He looked at me with a puzzled aim He had not recognized,
But still he answered just the same— Because it's advertised."
"And so you'll find where you go, Whatever people buy,
The goods that have the greatest show, And on which looks rely,
Are those made known through printed ink Their merit is the people thing,
Because they're advertised."

MISS LUELLA PERKINS'S PARTY DRESS.

By MARY KNIGHT POTTER.



IT almost too lovely to wear?" asked Miss Luella Perkins with a blissful sigh. She stood looking at a delicate lavender silk dress which she had just taken from its many soft wrappings.

"It's the most beautiful thing I ever saw," answered Hattie Gimp, sighing, too, but longingly. Miss Luella caught the tone, and promptly turned to her niece.

"Hattie Edna Gimp," she said slowly, "next month I'll be fifty-five years old. Not," she said with dignity, "that you need blush that all around town. I don't see any call for a woman to tell her age to everybody, less she's that poorly she looks older 'n she is. But fifty-five is what I am."

She dropped into a rocking chair and punctuated her remarks with rapid, incessant swings. "In all those years I ain't ever been to a real party, and I ain't ever had a party dress. What do you think of that, Hattie Edna Gimp?"

Hattie's soft little face flushed up to her pale golden hair as she said, "I haven't either, Aunt Luella."

"You" and Miss Perkins sniffed contemptuously. "Why you ain't but nineteen years old. How'd you expect to go at that age?"

"Most girls," said Hattie timidly, but smiling, "I guess, do go before then."

"Well, exclaimed Miss Perkins, "why ain't you been?" Hattie looked at her reproachfully. "You know," she said slowly, "when I was going to school mother had all she could do to keep me there, let alone dressing me up for parties. And since she died, why—" the girl choked and went up to the elder woman and put her arms around her—"why, if it had not been for you I guess I should have been in the poorhouse, instead of having a lovely home here and a chance to study music."

And she patted her aunt's shoulder affectionately.

That evening Miss Perkins was sitting in her little room of the parlor, when Jennie Smith called to see Hattie. The two girls took music lessons of the same teacher, and next week they were to play at a purple concert.

"What do you think?" Miss Perkins heard Jennie say, "Mr. Lamont has decided to give the concert next Tuesday evening, instead of in the afternoon, and, it's to be at Blank Hall."

"It is!" asked Hattie. "Does that make any difference?" "Any difference?" exclaimed Jennie. "Well, it does to me. I haven't an evening dress that is fit to wear, and it is about as short notice to get one up in as one could have."

"Oh!" said Hattie, "have we all got to wear evening dresses?" "I should say," returned her friend, "that we have. My dear, no one ever plays at an evening concert, and especially in such a hall, unless one is dressed for it. Besides, we are to have a reception after the performance."

"Well," said Hattie mournfully, but with decision, "I haven't got any evening dress, and I ain't got wear my brown cashmere, no matter what the rest do."

Here Miss Perkins was called away, but she had heard enough. There was absolutely no way to get a dress ready for Hattie, even if she could afford such expense.

"An! I can't afford it," she said to herself. Three of the borders going to leave this week, the bill for her music lessons fifteen dollars more'n I expect, and such a lot for my lavender silk! I can't do it, anyhow. She'll just have to put up with her cashmere, and she's lucky to have that. I'd thought I was made, if I'd had such a pretty dress when I was her age."

In spite of herself, however, she felt much upset. She knew so well the natural discomfort a girl feels when she is inappropriately dressed. Had she not suffered real agony many times in her young life, because she could never dress like her companions?

"Well, I can't help it," she said to herself impatiently. "There ain't time to get a thing ready, even if I could manage with the money."

And she began to put away her own dress. She had almost finished folding it when she stopped short and dropped the dress upon the bed.

"If your concert is in the evening," she said tentatively, "won't the girls dress up a good deal?" "Well," said Hattie slowly, "I think they may."

"I wish, then, I could afford to get you a better gown, child."

"You're a dear aunt to think of it," answered the girl gratefully. "But you know you can't, and, anyway, I guess I'm not too proud to wear that nice brown cashmere."

Miss Perkins's face glowed, and she started impulsively to say something, but instead only chuckled softly.

The reception at her minister's was to be on Monday evening. When the time came for her to dress, she refused all Hattie's offers of assistance, and locked herself into her room alone. Three-quarters of an hour later, a handsome woman in black, courtesied graciously before Hattie, and said soberly, "How do you like your black bird?"

"What in the world!" exclaimed her niece. Then, before Miss Perkins could answer, "Oh! but how pretty you look, Aunt Luella!"

"Well, I concluded an old woman like me had better stick to her own colors. When it came to putting on that light blue, I couldn't make up my mind to it. Made me feel as if I'd have to be introduced to myself."

"My!" said Hattie with an unassuming bang, "you don't know how glad I am! You look ever so much better in this than in the lavender."

Miss Perkins gave a grant. To be sure she did not want Hattie to realize the sacrifice she was making. Yet she felt a little indignant at the girl's manner.

"Just as if," she said to herself, "it was for my good instead of hers!"

Something in the elder woman's expression made Hattie look at her keenly.

"Aunt Luella," she said slowly, "what are you going to do with the lavender silk?" "Oh! that?" replied her aunt. "Well, as I ain't going to wear it, you might as well have it. I won't take much altering to fit you first-rate."

Then she looked at herself in the mirror, long and critically.

"It is queer," she said to Hattie, "but it's the first time I ever saw how this looks on me. I've only seen the dress before. You are more'n welcome to it. I guess I won't try again to dress mutton lamb fashion."—The Housewife.

WORDS OF WISDOM.
A lie, like a note, must be met at last.
It is only the cross we carry that turns to gold.
No man suffers so much from rascality as the rascal.
Let not the preacher chafe rites above righteousness.
If you wish to know a man's character, learn his thoughts.
From the windows of home we may behold the heavenly city.
In judging another's honor, we often place a valuation upon our own.
Reading should teach us how to seek for truth, meditation how to find it.
The faults we rail at in others, are usually the ones we possess ourselves.
Whoever will do good, will find life too short for the work he will find to do.
If consistency were the first and great commandment, no man would be converted.
Never disparage the commonplace. What is more commonplace than a mother's love?
The development of the best within us, is often due to our failures than to our successes.
Never hope to hold a neutral position towards an evil, that which you do not positively discourage, you encourage.—Rama's Horn.

Testing a Big Light.
The Lightning Light, the immense bivalve lens which were exhibited at the World's Fair by Henry Lepaute of Paris, France, and was purchased for \$10,000 by the Lighthouse Board, and has since been on exhibition at the exposition at Atlanta and Nashville, is now undergoing a ten days' test at the general depot of the lighthouse establishment at Tompkinsville. If this test is successful, the light will be installed at some point along the coast.

The lenses are being tested in summer. The lamps have interchangeable carbons of different sizes, so that the light can be varied in intensity according to the condition of the atmosphere. With carbons one inch in diameter the light is equal to from 8000 to 10,000 standard candles.

At night, and with the light burning, the effect is bewildering. From without one cannot look at the flash of the lenses at short range. It hurts the eyes, even when closed. A captain in the lighthouse service says he can read a newspaper at Ridgecroft by the light from Staten Island.

The tests are being conducted under the supervision of Lieutenant Colonel D. P. Heap, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., engineer of the Third Lighthouse District, and C. A. Lamy, Superintendent of the depot. One criticism so far made is on the use of mercury for the bearing.

There are on the floor above the big light two smaller ones, one mounted in mercury, and the other on a ball bearing designed by Lieutenant Colonel Heap, and while the one in mercury, though it weighs only 300 pounds, moves no more easily than the 20-ton one below, a mere breath will revolve the one on ball bearings.—New York News.

A Big Dog Business.
In Manchuria and along the Mongolian borders of China, there are thousands of farms on which nothing is raised but dogs, of a breed peculiar to this region. Each proprietor keeps several hundred of them. They are of large size, and when eight months old are killed, usually in midwinter, for the sake of their skins. As a result of the severe climate, they are covered almost from birth, with a magnificent growth of fur. Hence they are much in demand along the northern Chinese as material for winter clothing.

They constitute the only wealth of this desolate country. In each family a certain number of dog-skins are laid aside as the daughter's marriage portion. Yet they command no very high price, eight skins being required for a gown about two yards long, and worth some three or four dollars. This would make the average value of each some forty cents, from which must be deducted the cost of sorting and dressing, and also the cost of manufacturing the garment. The hides find their first market in the several main depots, whence they are taken to Montreal, Fou-Tehou, and other cities to be made up. Last year the estimated proceeds of this traffic at Newchang, a leading emporium, amounted to \$200,000 against the year before \$350,000.

Cost of Car Cleaning.
The cost of cleaning cars is given as follows in the proceedings of the St. Louis Railway Club by J. A. Goben, master painter of the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis Railway: Wiping outside of coach, sweeping and dusting inside, cleaning windows and saloon, forty-two cents; washing steam pipes, washstand and window sills, and spraying with formaldehyde, twenty-two cents; scrubbing outside of coach with "Medoc," \$1.95; parlor or dining-car, \$2.10; baggage car, \$1.60, and mail car, \$1.98. Cleaning thoroughly with powdered soap inside, blowing cushions dry with compressed air and spraying with formaldehyde, \$1.98. General cleaning of dining cars, \$2.07. Average cost of cleaning, sixty cents for day cars and forty cents for combination cars.

A WINTER GARDEN.
Through the windowpane I peep,
And dream of how the lilies sleep
In their bedchamber underground,
Where is neither light nor sound;
And because they hide away
Fair snow-lilies bloom to-day,
See them standing white and tall
All along the garden wall.

Better still than snow's chill bloom
In the garden in my room—
Lily of the forehead white,
Violet with the scarlet light
In her lovely eyes, and Rose,
Dearest, sweetest flower that blooms,
Bravest were the winter hours
Without these beautiful human flowers.
—Mary F. Bates, in the Housewife.

PITH AND POINT.
A great many men who began life poor are holding their own remarkably well.—Washington Democrat.
Visitor—"And who are you my little man?" Outburst with comical pride—"I'm the baby's brother."
London Tit-Bits.
Bagley—"What makes you patronize the woman barber?" Bailey—"My wife wants to know all the gossip of the neighborhood."—Judge.
"Who is the meanest man you know?" "The one who will walk between a bargain window and the woman who is feasting her eyes upon it."—Standard.

Hicks—"I suppose that Feldspar has a large circle of friends?" Wick—"Well, if not a large circle, there are many rounders among them."—Boston Transcript.
The Count's Fiancee—"I received my engagement ring today. Isn't it beautiful?" Her Friend—"Very beautiful." Have you shown it to the count yet?"—Puck.
"Really and truly now, did he compare you to the swan? What was his exact language?" "If you've got to know, he called me 'trabberneck.'"—Indianapolis Journal.

Street Car Conductor (to driver)—"I wonder what that man is running so hard for?" Driver (looking back)—"Mebby the fool want's ter get on."—New York Weekly.
"I'm going to be one of them football fellers," said Tommy. "So's I can see my half so long that folks can't see whether I forgot to wash my neck or not."—Indianapolis Journal.

A St. Louis editor has got himself into hot water. His paper came out the other day with a personal item about a local Johnnie, and by mistake it was put under the heading of "Things Worth Knowing."

Sue Brettle—"I never saw such a sold audience in my life." Foote Light—"Didn't they warm up a bit?" "Well, when they spoke about bringing out the author, I believe some of the audience got hot."

Mrs. Yaast—"You say your husband never leaves the house in the morning without a smile?" Mrs. Trimsomback—"Yes; and I don't believe he ever came home at night without one."—Standard.

Mrs. Stuckup—"Is this Mr. Simmerson you've engaged yourself to a man of means?" Scoldie Daughter—"Yes, mother. He means all he says, and that's the sort of a husband I want."—New York Weekly.

The Post (reading)—"But why, oh why will men be hypocrites?" The Listener to himself—"That's it. First look at me. Why in thunder didn't I tell him I didn't want to hear his confounded poetry?"—Puck.
"She has a great deal of curiosity," remarked Willie Washington. "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "It is sometimes extraordinary. She even opens some of the fancy covered magazines to see what is inside!"—Washington Star.

Naomi—"He's a mean, insulting thing." Stella—"Why?" Naomi—"I told him I didn't know whether to go to the opera or the play, and he said I was old enough to choose for myself."—Philadelphia North American.
Mrs. G—"My dear, when will you learn to take your hat off in the elevator when you are with me?" Mr. G—"When you learn to take yours off in the theater when you are with me, my dear."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Washing the Face.
There are some misguided persons who object to washing the face often, especially with soap, thinking this is an injury to the complexion. Those, however, who have made a specialty of skin diseases, will say that no part of the body needs soap so much, that the face being constantly exposed to dust, collects so much that it is not enough to wash it in clear water. They agree that if soap makes the face shiny, as so many claim, it only shows that it is the more needed, and that the work of drying after the bath has not been properly performed. The face, however, should not be wet immediately before or after going out. Its most thorough ablutions should be performed at night before going to bed, and the following method should be observed in the process: Fill a basin with soft warm water, lather a medium-sized sponge with good soap, and wash carefully. Then take fresh water without soap, and wash again with the hands, and rub thoroughly with a Turkish or crash towel until the face is dry and tingling. This will do much towards improving and preserving the complexion.—The Ledger.

Hating the Judges.
While the Lord Chief Justice of England, with other of the Judges, was being entertained by one of the fellows of Downing College, Cambridge, in his rooms, some undergraduates tied up the door handle and then smoked out the company by pouring water down the chimney. The judges were obliged to get out through the window, and several students have been rusticated.