

Nebraska Populist papers want department stores abolished.

Paris florists are already setting out plants so they may sell flowers from the grave of Lafayette to patriotic Americans during the exposition of 1900.

Says the Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser: In the last twenty years the Southern States have expended \$80,000,000 for colored schools. Nearly every dollar was furnished by the white people.

A writer on beauty says that to obtain a perfect ideal of the female form divine one should study Greek models for the head, English for the complexion, Irish for the hands, American for finger-nails, Hindostanee for the feet and Spanish for the carriage.

The notion that the inhabitants of the South Sea islands are everywhere dying out is not borne out in Nanuru, where the German residents made a census of the natives on September 3, 1890, and found 1317, while in 1893 the number had increased to 1377.

The State of Massachusetts has alone and unaided fought the gypsy moth, and has thus far prevented it from spreading beyond its limits. It has within the past four years expended \$450,000, with the result of keeping the pest from spreading and eradicating it in a few localities.

Ontario farm lands have taken a big drop in value during the past twelve years. The total value in 1883 was placed at \$654,793,000; in 1895 the valuation was reduced to \$572,938,000. The bringing of new wheat districts into competition with the Ontario fields is given as the cause of the rapid decline.

One historical authority states that the earliest discovery of iron within the present limits of this country was the mountain range of western North Carolina, and the first effort to manufacture it into merchantable form was made in the State of Virginia in 1619. The foundry was destroyed by the Indians in 1622.

The County Court Judge of Oldham, England, has recently decided that a cat is "a quasi-domestic animal," and that its owner is not responsible for its actions. In the course of his decision, the judge said the feline's "intellect is not so extensive as to render it able to distinguish between chickens and small birds."

A Philadelphia payer gathers a certain amount of comfort from the fact that the "scrapple" of the Quaker City and the baked beans of Boston are to be found on the menu cards of the New York restaurants. It argues from this gastronomic fact that the above alimentary tit-bits have put the three cities on a more friendly footing.

An impressive instance of patriotic service is presented in the case of President Britlin, of the New Orleans City Council, who has directed the Committee on Budget and Assessment to transfer the amount of his salary, \$6000, to the contingent fund, as he does not intend to accept any money consideration for his official services. It is not believed that this sort of thing will ever become chronic.

Japan is a country already beginning to suffer from the "disease of civilization," although but a few years have elapsed since it emerged from primitive and comparatively innocent conditions. According to Mr. Saito Wokofu, a statistician of note, suicides have been extraordinarily frequent during the past ten years and are steadily on the increase, especially among women. The Japanese statistician, pursuing his investigations further, finds that about one-half the suicides are persons of unsound mind; and among men the most frequent causes of insanity is financial trouble. The people seem to be getting only what is worst in Nineteenth Century civilization.

The French Minister of Agriculture has instituted an extra parliamentary commission for the purpose of studying certain proposals for the improvement of agriculture. France contains about 15,000,000 acres of uncultivated land, and for some years there have been discussions as to the best mode of utilizing it. The proposals were reafforesting, irrigation, water supply and restocking with fish the ponds and streams. The area of land uncultivated is as follows: Moor and heather, 9,722,500 acres; rocky and marshy land, 4,895,000; hogs and swamps, 820,000, and peat land, 115,000. These figures show that out of every nine acres of land in France nearly one is in an uncultivated condition.

**A SMILE AND A FROWN.**  
Only a frown! yet it pressed a sting  
Into the day which had been so glad;  
The red rose turned to a senseless thing,  
The bird song ceased with discordant ring,  
And a heart was heavy and sad.

Only a smile! yet it cast a spell  
Over the sky which had been so gray;  
The rain made music wherever it fell,  
The wind sang the song of a marriage-bell  
And a heart was light and gay.  
—Emma G. Dowd.

### A BACHELOR'S DINNER.

Time is popularly represented as an aged man, with flowing beard and drapery of white, bearing in one hand an hour glass and in the other a scythe, so would I conceive a figure of Poverty, except that I would have him carry a bill or a sheriff's attachment, signifying that it was not his province to cut me off at one merciful stroke, but to worry and bore me to death by continually ringing my doorbell and thrusting the awful document before my bloodshot eyes. Branton is of a different mind.

"It is a misconception—a gross misconception," he declared the other night, resting his feet on the handsome brass fender and gazing meditatively into the fire that glowed on the hearth of his library. "Poverty should be represented as carrying in one hand a heart, and in the other, perhaps, a dart."

"Or a fat purse," I said to myself. But my friend's case is an unusual one. His kindly conception of what should be a grim, repulsive figure had its origin, and not without reason, in his own experience. With me it is different. My financial condition has changed but little since the day we received my aunt's hurried note announcing that she had run down from Newport with my cousin Lyvia, who, by the way, has not yet been introduced to society, and a charming girl from San Francisco. To be frank, I am still living in Holwood's pleasant apartment overlooking the avenue, and must of necessity continue a recipient of his kindness until he gets back from his tour of the world. What I shall do then I dare not contemplate. But that does not concern Branton.

When the note of my aunt's arrival my fortunes were at their lowest ebb. For weeks I had been doing my own cooking, and Branton's arrival from the West, where, through no fault of his own, he had lost the small fortune that had fallen to his possession on the death of his father, an English country gentleman who had left a large number of sons to divide a moderate estate, added an additional burden to my thin pocketbook. Just why my friend had left the West he did not explain further than that circumstances had reduced him to a menial position on a ranch, and he was in a fair way to rise when he suddenly made up his mind to go home, and landed in New York, penniless and compelled to accept my poor hospitality. For four days he had been seeking work in vain when I heard from my aunt. It was early in the fall; few people were in town; her house was closed and she thought it would be jolly for Lyvia and a charming friend of hers to spend an evening in bachelor hall. Would I pardon the sudden notice and expect them at 7 o'clock sharp? At the time pardon was not granted, but I had to make the best of circumstances. Even had I known just where to address my kind relative, I could hardly have dared asked her to excuse me, particularly on the ground of my financial straits, for, bred as she has been in the lap of luxury, poverty is a thing beyond her understanding. To her it is a crime. She cannot imagine that a person with a normal amount of common sense should be afflicted with it.

Fortunately I had still remaining \$10 from the last remittance of my father, which came enclosed in an affectionate epistle saying that he had given me the best possible education, and that thereafter I had better do for myself. With this money we procured the necessary supplies for a simple dinner, and I despatched a note to Carter asking him to join us. Then arose the question of service. We had no servant, and naturally it was necessary that some one attend at the table. As I was ruefully eyeing my small stock of remaining money, Branton, ever ready, came to my assistance. He knew no one in town and was going to sail for home just as soon as he could afford it. With his clean shaven face he would pass for a most respectable butler. Of course I demurred, but he insisted, and eventually won his point. To this little victory can be traced his kindly conception of an artistic figure of poverty.

Holwood's silver service presented a stunning appearance when we arranged it on the table that evening. The soup as it steamed on the back of the range, the roast as it sizzled in the oven, the few simply cooked vegetables in the pots all ready for serving looked excellent, and Branton made the most imposing butler I have ever set eyes on, for he always was a handsome fellow. So it was with a feeling akin to satisfaction that I threw myself into a chair in the study when the menial labor was over and awaited the coming of my guests. Already Branton was aping a well bred lackey, and so intimately did he play his part that I almost imagined myself the proprietor of a well appointed establishment, instead of a struggling young man with no occupation and but four dollars and thirty-two cents in the world.

At length the bell rang and my butler opened the door. It was Carter. He passed through the opening in the portieres that the obsequious Branton had made for him and was seated beside me. After the usual compliments of the day had been exchanged he glanced furtively toward the hall, then whispered: "A new man?"

"Yes," I replied, enveloping myself in cigarette smoke to hide the high coloring of my face. "I got him to-day."

"Hum!" he exclaimed. "Made a ten-frick at last, eh?"

He referred to my getting a ten-strike and a good servant on the same day, and I thanked him, but before I had an opportunity to go into particulars, for it was evident that he was curious, I heard Branton open the door and a confusion of soft voices. A moment later I had affectionately greeted my aunt and cousin, made my obeisance to Miss Rosa Mell and ushered my guests to the room set apart for them, for my butler had suddenly disappeared and left this last duty to me.

When I saw Rosa Mell in the full glare of the study lights I forgot the inconvenience to which I had been put, that to keep up appearances I had been driven to deception, and I was really honest in the thanks I showered on my aunt for the honor of her coming. She was a beautiful girl, with a tall, finely proportioned figure; deep black hair and eyes, and a face no feature of which was perfect, but which as a whole, was most attractive. To be frank again, Miss Mell's charms were further increased for me by a remark my aunt made as I led her out to dinner.

"Now, Frank, dear, mind your ps and qs," she whispered. "She's as rich as Mrs. Gross, and the charmingest—It's the best word—girl I know."

"Thank you for your kindly interest, aunt," I replied in an undertone. In a louder voice I added, "I am well contented with my bachelor condition."

"And who wouldn't be in such a jolly place," cried my cousin, as we were seated, and her eyes scanned the walls, covered with curios that Holwood had gathered from every quarter of the globe.

"I almost long to be a bachelor—" That was as far as Miss Mell progressed, for as she was speaking her eyes fell upon the butler standing behind my chair. She flushed, then the color left her face and she stared at him, unconsciously. Her confusion was but momentary. She recovered herself and with the greatest composure added: "Yes, it must be jolly to be a bachelor and live like this."

"Vandergust is certainly an extremely lucky fellow," cried Carter.

"Are you married?" inquired my pert cousin.

"Dear me, no! Never!" my friend exclaimed. "Now don't you think he's a lucky fellow, Miss Mell?"

"But none are quite so fascinating as a certain person you met on your ranch," interrupted my cousin.

"A cowboy!" asked Carter, suddenly becoming intensely interested.

"A cow-puncher, if you will," laughed the fair girl, "with a revolver, a red shirt, and all the appropriate trappings."

"She tries to laugh it off," cries Lyvia. "But really, Mr. Carter, it's true."

"Nonsense, Lyvia," Miss Mell exclaimed, with the most charming possible frown.

"Don't deny it," said I, for I was really getting just a bit anxious. "I can imagine him myself—a tall, bronzed chap, with flowing black locks, piercing eyes, a noble brow—"

"And a beard—a lovely Vandergust; don't forget that," my cousin interrupted.

"A cowboy with a Vandergust! Hum; Dangerous!" exclaimed Carter. "Don't you think it's dangerous, Vandergust?"

I admit that Carter has not a great mind, but at that instant it ran in the same channel as mine, for to me had occurred the idea that a cowboy in a Van Dyke was suspicious. The thing savored of the gentleman; perhaps one of those fellows down on his luck that I read of, or even like Branton.

My aunt smiled complacently. Miss Mell leaned back in her chair and sighed, "Oh, Lyvia, why did you ever?"

"Why, Rosa, you confessed it all; you know you did," cried my irrepressible cousin. "And what do you think?" She leaned over as if about to impart to my ears alone a secret of vast import.

"I don't think," I answered. "I simply wait."

My cousin passed unheeded this gentle, plaintive remonstrance, and in a stage whisper said: "I found her one day shedding crocodile tears over his photograph—a horrible looking thing, with fringed edges, you know, and a gilt border, and—"

# NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

### A NOVEL CONVENIENCE.

A New York woman who for ten years has been a successful general shopping and commission agent, which has brought her into close relations with many women in town and out, has now added to her former business a subscription-room for ladies. It is meant chiefly for the benefit of shoppers, and affords them a place where they can rest, write notes, receive parcels, etc. Here they may also have the services of a maidservant, of a boot-black, and the comfort of a bath and a cup of tea or coffee, may use the telephone or telegraph, order cabs, and consult the directory or railway guides.

### OFFICE GIRLS IN CHICAGO.

They are introducing office girls in Chicago, and those who have them in their employ are very well pleased with them. They say that the office girl is superior to the office boy in many particulars. In the first place she does not smoke cigarettes. As a rule she has absolutely no taste for dime novels. She is usually bright, quick and energetic, and ever so much cleaner and neater than any boy can be. Testimony upon this point is almost unanimous, and most of those who have tried office girls declare that never again will they have an office boy around the premises.—Boston Herald.

### "THE" MATERIAL FOR SPRING.

If the trade journals are to be credited, "the" material for spring and summer wear will be printed in Japanese silks. Always cool and capable of most artistic draping, usually smart in design and color and rarely unbecoming to most women, this prospect of the increased popularity of the fabric should be heralded with joy by femininity. No other kind of warm weather dress goods is, in the long run, more satisfactory. In light colors and elaborate patterns it is effective and elegant, while darker tints and quieter designs make it admirable for service. No "doing up," danger of soiling easily or losing its crisp freshness is feared where the Japanese silks are concerned. It only needed the favor of fashion to make them all that is excellent in the eyes of womankind. If the report proves to be true, and the lightweight, lustrous, artistic fabrics are indeed to be the "feature" of summer clothes, we have much to be thankful for.—New York Sun.

### RUSSIAN FASHIONS IN PARIS.

Everything beautiful, useful, or ornamental in fashionable Paris nowadays, according to Vogue, is made after Russian models. There is the Russian jeweled belt, with its precious stones in the matrix enormous in size, or studded with brilliantly cut gems, or surfaces sprinkled with turquoise the size of filberts, forming flexible gold pails, yielding to the curves of the waist; and the long chain of precious gems—rubies, diamonds, or pearls—measuring from forty-five to fifty-four inches in length. The cut gems are set in these chains so that they sparkle from both sides. No necklace is quite so smart as a golden thread, the finest of Venetian chains, from which are suspended marvelously brilliant stones. Then small fortunes lie in the jeweled bangles. Tiaras are splendid, so are rivieres, jeweled and the many rows of pearls, clasped by a magnificent stone. Beautiful rings, jeweled watches, brooches, scent and salts-bottles with jeweled tops, golden opera-glasses, diamond wreaths, jorgnettes, chain purses, fans more or less bediamonded, jeweled pins for the hair, and pins as lovely for the hat, side-combs that sparkle, and back-combs that rise in scintillating beauty of design—these are the trappings of grandeur, with as marked and distinct a time and place when they should be worn as the fasts and feasts on the church calendar.

### WELFARE OF WORKING WOMEN.

The Consumers' League is an organization of New York ladies interested in the welfare of working women and girls. They have published a "white list" of retail houses, and in connection with it offer much valuable advice to shoppers and salespeople. The league aims at the amelioration of the condition of workingwomen, and appeals to shoppers, when annoyed by apparent indifference or carelessness, to consider the hard labor, long hours and beggary salaries of those who serve them. This is all very well considered ethically; but, as the league acknowledges, the saleswomen in the shop which, of all in New York, "gives its employes the greatest number of privileges, have been so notoriously rude in their treatment of the public that ladies have given that reason for not patronizing it," and practically shoppers are always irritated and often exasperated by the impertinence of the ordinary run of these attendants. The question of manners and consideration is of far more importance to the saleswomen than to the customers. The customers are not obliged to submit to bad manners; they can go elsewhere. The bad manners of salesmen, and particularly of saleswomen, are one of the misfortunes of modern life. This criticism is not so true of the men when they try to be polite, especially with ladies, is coarse familiarity. The fault of the women is

rudeness and indifference, especially toward other women. They affect not to see them when they enter the store, not to hear them when they ask to see goods; fling the article asked for before them, and resume a conversation of their own with their mates, making it difficult for the customer to attract their attention again. "I am as good as you, and I want you to know it, though I am a saleswoman," expresses the feeling at the bottom of much rudeness and indifference. Manners should be considered by these people and their employers as necessary as neat dress, or ability to add and subtract, or English speech.—Argonaut.

### GOSPIP.

The late Mrs. T. S. Slade, of Cincinnati, left \$10,000 for distribution among charities.

William Stoiber, the newest Colorado millionaire, has his wife for a business partner.

Julia Levy, of New York City, gave up all her savings to save her father's business from attachment.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has just celebrated her forty-third birthday. The "Poetess of Passion" was born near Madison, Wis.

Miss Artz, of Chicago, has presented \$10,000 to the Boston Library where-with to establish a Longfellow Memorial Collection.

Women are employed by a New York goldsmith as gold beaters. They surpass men in carefulness and delicacy of workmanship.

Miss Knight, of London, has been appointed professor of anatomy and pathology in the Lhudiana Medical School, Northwestern Provinces, India.

Georgia Cayvan, the actress, says she eats an apple every night before retiring and another one upon arising. To this habit she attributes her health and spirits.

Queen Victoria is said to have been greatly pleased with a present of fruit, thirty boxes in all, sent her from Canada. It comprised apples, pears, grapes and guineas.

The No-Two-Alike Club is the name of an organization of women in Southington, Conn., which profess to abhor all of the opposite sex, and any assistance they might render.

Miss Agnes P. Mahony, of New York, has been appointed from the State Civil Service eligible list to the position of apothecary at the Manhattan State Hospital, on Ward's Island.

Miss Agnes G. Scott, of the Alexandra College, Dublin, Ireland, has been awarded the gold medal for first place in mathematics, in the senior grade, by the Board of Intermediate Education.

Princess Beatrice has recently discovered some very rare specimens of flowers and plants which she has placed in her herbarium. She is considered a reliable authority on the subject of botany.

### "THEY SAY."

"They say"—ah! well, suppose they do! But can they prove the story true? Suspicion may arise for naught, But malice, envy, want of thought, Why count yourself among the "they," Who whisper what they dare not say?

"They say." But why the tale rehearse And help to make the matter worse? No good can possibly accrue From telling what may be untrue; And is it not a noble plan To speak of all the best you can?

"They say." Well, if it should be so, Why need you tell the tale of woe? Will it the bitter wrong redress, Or make one pang of sorrow less? Will it the erring one restore, Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

"They say"—Oh! pause and look within; See how your heart inclines to sin, Watch! lest in dark temptations hour, Too, too, should sink beneath its power. Fity the frail, weak o'er their fall, But speak of good, "or not at all."

—New Haven Register.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Mamma—"Now, take this, Johnny. You like sugar, you know." Johnny—"Yes, but pills spoil it."—Pack.

Teacher—"Who is that whistling in school?" New Boy—"Me. Didn't you know I could whistle?"—London Figaro.

She—"Strange how wet it is." He—"Be stranger still if it were dry with such heavy rains."—Comic Home Journal.

He—"Miss Belle is easily deceived." She—"How's that?" He—"She thinks she's mad because I kissed her."—Town Topics.

He—"May I kiss you? I have never kissed a girl before." She—"You can't break any records with me."—Town Topics.

Beautiful Heiress (after the ball): "Mary, go back to the hall and see if perhaps there are any more gentlemen kneeling about."—Fliegende Blaetter.

His Father—"Now you can see what your course of living has brought you to." The Spendthrift—"Yes, indeed! I can't borrow another cent."—Pack.

"The man brought a ton of coal yesterday, and now it's gone. It must have been stolen." "Don't be hasty. Perhaps you mislaid it yourself."—Detroit Tribune.

Prison Inspectors—"That man over there seems to positively enjoy the treadmill." Warden—"Yes, sir. 'E's used to the haction." "E was a bicycle thief."—Household Words.

Mrs. Knight—"Does your husband treat you the same now as he did when he was courting you?" Mrs. Laight—"Pretty much. He keeps me in the dark."—Youkers Statesman.

"Look here, Gerald! Your father and Captain Armstrong are giving Ella a lesson on the bicycle." "Yes, Mamma; but why does Ella always fall off on Captain Armstrong's side?"—Punch.

"I wonder what got Bluebeard starting to cutting off his wives' heads?" "Very likely the idea occurred to him while he was at the theatre behind a big hat."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Has your husband the button-collecting pad?" inquired the caller. "Well," replied young Mrs. Torkins doubtfully; "the usually helps take up the contribution in our church."—Washington Star.

In Russia teachers are none too well paid. At a scholastic meeting some one proposed the toast: "Long live our school teachers." What on? asked a cadaverous-looking specimen, rising in his seat.—Tit-bits.

Cholly—"I wonder if your father would fly into a passion if I were to ask him for you?" Adelaide—"Not if you tell him first that he looks twenty years younger since he shaved off his whiskers."—Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Tamblin (tearfully): "They brought my husband home in a hack from the banquet last night. How did you get home?" Mrs. Sanderson—"I don't know, but I suspect that he was carried along by his breath."—Cleveland Leader.

Medium (to party at sitting)—"The spirit of your deceased husband desires to converse with you." Wife—"Huh! if he ain't got no more spirit now than he had when he died, he ain't worth troubling about."—New York World.

He—"I have often wished, dearest, that we lived in the old days of chivalry, so I could do some brave act to prove my devotion to you." She—"I have wished so myself, Edwin; but still, you haven't asked papa's consent yet."—Lark.

"How matrimony does change a man!" "Huh! It changes a woman, too. When we were engaged my wife-to-be was always trying to make me save money. Now she doesn't gimme a chance to save a cent."—Chicago Enquirer.

Magistrate—"The gamekeeper says that he saw you taking this pheasant. What have you to say to that?" Prisoner—"Six took it for a lark." Magistrate—"Only took it for making such an ornithological error. Consult your natural history in future."—Judy.

"Have you been able to catch the Speaker's eye?" asked the first lady member of Parliament. "Have I?" rejoined the second M. P. "Well, rather; I wore my navy blue bengaline with the heliotrope sleeves, and the Speaker couldn't keep his eyes off me."—Pearson's Weekly.

The Doctor—"Mrs. Briggs has sent for me to go and see her boy, and I must go at once." "What is the matter with the boy?" The Doctor—"I don't know; but Mrs. Briggs has a book on 'What to do Before the Doctor Comes,' and I must hurry up before she does it."—Collier's Weekly.