

It is shown by the annual report of one of the largest mining companies in Colorado that since the organization of the company the average cost of producing \$1 in gold has been thirty seven cents.

It says much for the recuperative powers of St. Louis, Mo., when the fact is realized that already 8000 of the buildings blown down or damaged by the great tornado have already been either re-erected or repaired.

Massachusetts has established eighty-five free libraries since the public library commission was appointed in 1890; Connecticut forty since 1891, New Hampshire 130 since the same year, and Vermont fifty-nine since 1894.

Another idiotic exhibition of shooting backward with a rifle at a woman, the aim taken from a lookingglass, has proved fatal, this time at Berlin. An expert named Kruger, after shooting various objects from the hands and shoulders of his sister, put a bullet through her head in the presence of 4000 persons.

The London Chronicle calls attention to the remarkably low death rate in many of the model dwellings in that city. In particular there is found in the houses of the Metropolitan Association for Improved Dwellings of the Working Classes, which is now in its fifty-third year, a death rate of only 9.64 to 1000. The inmates of these houses number 6430, and are housed in fourteen blocks in different parts of the city. This rate is only half the rate for the whole of London.

An attempt is being made to galvanize into new life the medieval city of Bruges, Belgium, and to shake off the rust and dust of its long ages of quiet by converting it into a seaport. A great canal is now being cut from the seashore at Ostend to Bruges, a distance of twenty miles. Electric power is being extensively utilized, and this is the first application on a grand scale of this agency in Belgium. Not only are the huge 250-ton cranes operated by electricity, but electric power is being applied to the brick-making machinery, and during the present year will turn out about 18,000,000 bricks for the sluice works and docks.

The widening market for fruit and the action of the railroad companies in giving the growers facilities for reaching the market in the great centres of populations have led to more serious attention being given to horticulture in many parts of the country, some of which are more or less remote from the large cities, notes the New York Sun. The conditions in the central West, the Southwest, and on the Pacific Slope have been reflected from time to time in these paragraphs. Just now grape-growing, which for some time has lagged in Florida, has reached so prosperous an activity about Orlando that grapes are being shipped from the Niagara vineyards at the rate of a carload a day.

In exploiting its resources Kansas is now directing attention to its mineral deposits and their possibilities. It produces coal, building stone, zinc, salt, gypsum, oil, gas, cement, mineral water and clay, the output of all these in 1895 being worth about \$5,000,000. This was triple the output of 1885, and is regarded as promising much for the future. The State stands first in the production of gypsum, its output being more than double the combined product of all the other States, Michigan excepted. It is eleventh among the coal producing States, eighth in oil production, and fifth in gas, having an oil and gas area of 9000 square miles. Nearly a million and a half barrels of salt are marketed annually, and about 21,000 tons of zinc. The zinc-bearing ore is very rich, the yield being 66 2/3 per cent.

The system of vertical handwriting adopted by the school boards of many of the larger cities is held to have scored a triumph in Boston already in turning out pupils who write rapidly and legibly, the two prime qualifications in chirography. The paramount virtue in handwriting is legibility. No matter how pretty and artistic handwriting may be, if it cannot be read easily it falls short of its purpose. This is secured in a conspicuous degree in the vertical system, while a majority of pupils add to it both symmetry and grace. With such results it will not be necessary for graduates of the public schools to take a course in penmanship after they have entered a store or office, as they have frequently been required to do in cities that boast the thoroughness and efficiency of their public school methods.

"BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS."

If any little word of ours
Can make a life the brighter;
If any little song of ours
Can make one heart the lighter;
God help us speak that little word
And take our bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale
To set the echoes ringing.

THE STRIKE OF TILLIE SLATER.



TILLIE SLATER often said she was working her fingers to the bone, but nobody seemed to care.

Tillie's sister Alice was the "fashionable" dressmaker in Roseberry row, and Tillie was her assistant. She cut buttonholes, sewed straight seams on the machine, pulled out basting threads, helped to cook the meals, washed dishes, swept floors and read the news to her brother Geoffrey.

There had been a time when the Slater girls had looked upon Geoffrey as a helper and a protector in the struggle with poverty, which was the only legacy their parents had left them. But that was before the accident on the new schoolhouse, where he was working. After that his arms were limp and lifeless, his back was bent and his eyes were bad, and the poor boy, with the hope and strength of his seventeen years all blighted, became nothing but a burden to his faithful sisters.

There were a good many times when Tillie worked herself into the belief that she was a martyr. Then she secretly rebelled against the hardness of her lot; but, with the exception of commenting on the condition of her finger tips, she considerably refrained from complaining in Alice's presence. But when they took the baby to raise she felt that she was justified in open rebellion.

"It's a downright shame," she cried out, bitterly, when Alice brought the little fellow home with her from the funeral and announced her intention of keeping him. "I declare, I won't put up with it. Just as if we haven't had a hard enough time already without this happening. It's been nothing but work, work, work, all my life. I've never had the time nor the money to go to places and do things like other girls. I've never said anything about how I felt, for I supposed, you and Geoffrey were suffering just as much as I did. But when it comes to saddling ourselves with other people's children, I won't stand it."

"But he's our own nephew," persisted Alice, gently. "Our own sister's child. Just before Clara went she called me in and asked me to take him and bring him up, and I've got to do it. Remember, he is an orphan as well as ourselves, Tillie. If we don't care for him, who will?"

"I don't know," said Tillie, stiffly. "I suppose you can put him in an asylum or an institution. That is where other babies go when their fathers and mothers die, and he's no better than the rest of them. There's one thing sure, we can't have him. One more month to feed and one more baby to clothe means a good deal to poor folks like us. And we need so many things, now, too. Besides, who's going to take care of him? A two-year-old baby can't very well shift for himself."

"Yes, I know," returned Alice. "I thought you could take him out for an airing sometimes and look after him a little nights and mornings. Geoffrey and I can manage to get along some way during the day. Then vacation will soon be here and you will have lots of time to give him."

"Take care of his nights and mornings and hand him around during vacation! Yes, indeed, I see myself doing it. I'll strike, that's what I'll do, Alice Slater. I won't turn my hand over to help about one solitary thing. If you're going to burden yourself with troublesome babies you'll have to get along the best way you can. I shan't help."

Alice sighed and commenced to pare the potatoes for supper. Tillie took up her Latin reader and tried to study, but somehow she could not concentrate her thoughts on the lesson. Through the open door she could see the baby sitting by the sewing-window in the midst of some flowering plants that Tillie had carefully nursed throughout the winter. He was a bonnie child, and he looked so sweet and pretty in his pink dress and white ruffled apron that even Tillie's hardened heart was touched, and the thought was borne in on her mind as she watched him that of all the flowers blooming there the faintest and fairest was her little nephew.

"Why don't you kiss the baby, dear?" said Alice, as she began to set the table. "Don't act that way. Poor little thing, he has been so lonesome yesterday and to-day without his mother. Clara always spoiled him, I guess. He'll get over it soon, but it's pitiful now to see how his heart is grieved for her."

Alice lifted a corner of her apron to her eyes, but Tillie turned her attention to the Latin reader once more and refused to welcome the addition to their family. She did not refer to the subject again, but her actions gave positive proof that the strike was on.

"Tillie's still sulking," Alice said to Geoffrey one morning, after her sister had gone to school without heading the boy who had held out his chubby hands and asked, in his baby way, to be taken, too. "There's been

"What's the matter?" repeated Alice. "Where's Hiram?"

"He's lost, or stolen or something," said Tillie. "I had him on a bench close to the lake, and I just went down to the edge of the water for a few minutes, and when I went back he was gone. O-o-oh!"

"Somebody's stolen him," said Geoffrey.

Alice was weeping piteously. "Did you speak to a policeman, Tillie?" she asked.

"N-no," faltered Tillie. "I didn't think about it."

Within an hour's time a description of the lost child had been sent to every police station in town. That was a proceeding Tillie had not counted on, and she wondered what the outcome would be. It practically resulted in nothing, for in spite of the assurances of the officer who patrolled Roseberry row that Hiram would be restored by morning, the next day dawned without bringing any news of the pretty boy. Tillie passed a miserable night. She begged to be allowed to sit up with Alice and the neighbors who had come in, but they bade her go to bed.

"It isn't your fault, child," they said, kindly. "Nobody blames you. You look like you'd been sick for a week. Go to bed and try to rest a little."

Their tender solicitude increased her feeling of guilt. Along toward morning she fell asleep, but she was tormented by such awful dreams that she was glad when they told her it was time to get up.

A week passed, and in spite of the efforts of the police the Slater baby was still missing. Tillie had accomplished her object. She had rid herself of her troublesome little relative, but somehow his absence did not bring the sense of freedom she had expected. The strike had been called off, and she again helped Alice of her own accord. But there wasn't much to be done. Sewing was slack just then, and all the duties pertaining to the baby were no longer needed. She had plenty of time to go visiting with the girls, but she had no inclination to improve her opportunity, and every day she looked longingly at the high chair which stood empty among the roses and geraniums and carnations, and wondered what had become of him. Of afternoons she went to the park and sat on the bench where she had left him in the chill of the coming night. The picture of the baby as he lay there was constantly before her, and she cried out that her heart was breaking. It was her first great sin, and the punishment was terrible.

On the eighth day after "losing" the baby Tillie walked dejectedly through the park toward the fateful spot. Her head was bent, and she did not raise her eyes from the ground till near the familiar bench. Then she stopped short with a cry of alarm and rubbed her eyes to make sure she was awake. Yes, she was right; she had lost her mind indeed, for there on that safe bench, dressed in the same pink frock, and lying in the same attitude, in the same corner, was the deserted baby.

Her heart gave a mighty bound as though it would jump clear out of her mouth.

"He's dead, and that's his ghost," she cried, faintly; "but I'm going to look at his pretty face once more, anyway."

A moment later she stood beside him, and in another instant Hiram Stewart, in flesh and blood, not in spirit, was clasped in her strong young arms.

"My darling, darling baby," she sobbed. "I love you; indeed I do."

There was a note pinned to his dress. It was addressed to her. She opened it and read as follows:

"On the afternoon of June 25 an old man who was resting in the shadow of a clump of bushes in Lincoln park heard a little girl saying some very cruel things to a baby. Among other things she threatened to 'lose' him. The old man was sorely grieved at that, and after the little girl had run away he went over and sat on the bench beside the sleeping boy. It was dark when the baby awoke and sat up and looked around him. He was chilled and hungry, and frightened at the lonesome stillness, and if the little girl could have heard his pitiful crying she would have vowed never to 'lose' him again, but to love him dearly.

"The old man took him home. He soon learned, through the newspapers, to whom the child belonged. He made a trip to Roseberry row and told the little girl's brother and sister a few things, and they decided it would be well to bring the little girl to her senses. The old man has given the child the best of care. He would like to keep him always, but there are others who have a better claim. He is yours henceforward."

There was no name signed to the letter. Tillie looked all around for the old man, who, she thought, must be near, but he had disappeared as mysteriously as he had come day she "lost" the baby.

Tillie clasped Hiram's chubby arms round her neck and pressed him close to her heart. She went straight to Roseberry row.

"I've found him, Alice," she said, simply. "You know all about it. I'm sorry. The strike is over, Alice, and if you don't let me work my fingers to the bone now, I'll never forgive you."—Chicago Record.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Married Man's Discovery—Under Mitigating Circumstances—An Expert Observer—Going by Contraries—Both Nervous—Force of Habit, Etc., Etc.

The Happy Man—"I tell you, old fellow, a man doesn't know what real happiness is until he's married."

Cynical Married Friend—"Then he finds it consists in being single."—Brooklyn Life.

A Selfish View.

She—"Look at that poor moth fluttering around the light."

He—"That's better than having it fluttering around my overcoat."—Puck.

Force of Habit.

"Does your husband act as he did before you were married, Mrs. Lightly?"

"Much the same. When he goes out at night he remains very late."—Detroit Free Press.

Merely a Suggestion.

Bridget—"Sure, ma'am, I wud call your attention to the beautiful sunset out of the kitchen window."

Mistress—"That's nothing, Bridget. You ought to see it rise some morning."—Life.

An Expert Observer.

Charley Checks—"Wouldn't yer like ter be an umpire, Sammy, an' get into all de games free?"

Sammy Spots—"Naw! What would be de use? Dem fellers never see nuttin' uv de game."—Puck.

Convicted of Insincerity.

"My motto," said the summer boarder, "is 'live and let live.'"

"Hypocrite!" sneered the mosquito which had been perched on his nose.

Only by a precipitate retreat had it been able to avoid a crushing blow.—Puck.

Under Mitigating Circumstances.

Jinks—"How much do you think a minister ought to get for marrying a couple?"

Filkins—"Well, if wholly unacquainted with them, perhaps he might be let off with six months."—Town Topics.

Going by Contraries.

Askins—"What do you think will be the outcome when you propose to Miss Swift?"

Teller—"She is such a contrary girl that I am inclined to think she will accept me because I feel sure she will reject me?"

His Usual Pose.

"Julia had her husband's photograph taken with his head stuck in a newspaper."

"Why did she do that?"

"She said that was the way he always looked to her when he was at home."—Chicago Record.

Both Nervous.

Suitor (nervously)—"Mr. Matchitt, I—er—why—er—your—er—daughter—I wish to—er—speak—"

Mr. Matchitt (also nervously)—"Look here, young man; out with it. If you wish to marry my daughter, say so. Don't keep me sitting here in this awful suspense!"—Puck.

An Unnecessary Admonition.

"Did you tell that young man not to call here any more?" asked Mabel's father, severely.

"No—no."

"Why not?"

"I didn't think it was necessary. I don't see how he could call any more, now. He calls seven times a week."—Washington Star.

Understood the Case.

Stranger—"I should like to retain you in an important case. It is a fight over a child."

Great Lawyer—"Between husband and wife?"

"No; she is an orphan and has no near relatives. The contest is between distant relatives on both sides of the house."

"Ah! I see. How much is she heirless to?"—New York Weekly.

Another Long-Felt Want.

Customer—"My wife has been pestering the life out of me to get her an easy chair. She's always nagging about something, and if it isn't a chair it'll be something else, and it's hardly worth while getting one; but, still, I thought I'd drop in so as to see what you had. She'll be sure to ask."

Furniture Dealer—"Here, sir, is a chair so perfectly easy and comfortable that she'll fall asleep the minute she touches it."

Customer—"Cracky! I'll take it."—New York Weekly.

The Seasons.

Little Girl—"Mamma, is this summer?"

Wise Mother—"Dear me, will you never learn to know the seasons? Now remember. When it is so hot one day you can't breathe, and so wet and chilly the next that you can't get out, it's summer; when it sn'd deny gets so cold that everybody shivers, and ice and snow appear, it's autumn; when it becomes warm and balmy, and the birds sing, and grass gets green, and trees begin to bud, it's winter; when the winds start up and cyclones sweep over the country, and blizzards carry death and devastation in their wake, and the rivers freeze, and the snow piles up three feet high, it's spring."—New York Weekly.

Public Land in Missouri.

According to the figures furnished by the Department of the Interior last year, Missouri has still 617,000 acres of public land subject to entry, a surprising quantity considering the age of the State and the price at which land is held in the more densely settled portions. The land offices for this State are located at Booneville, Jronton and Springfield.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Four-Minute Ice Cream.

Ice cream for a waiting invalid may be made in four minutes, as recently proved by a cooking-school experiment. Put two tablespoonfuls of cream into a bowl, sweeten with powdered sugar, flavor with a teaspoonful of clear strong coffee, beat light with a cream whisk for one minute. Then put it into a half-pint oyster pail, fit on the cover carefully, and set the small pail into a quart one, filling the space between them with shredded ice and fine salt. Three minutes' turning in this freezing mixture will give a saucer of smooth coffee ice cream.

A Hard Sauce.

Hard sauces are preferred by most persons to liquid ones. One that is very good is made by rubbing to a cream two cups of brown sugar and one cup of butter, adding three tablespoonfuls of milk, one by one, at the last, and beating the whole at the least one hour. A teaspoonful of vanilla should be stirred in just before serving. Another sauce is made from one cup of granulated sugar and nearly one-half cup milk, boiled together to a thick syrup, and then stirred till cool, when it may be flavored; or two cups brown sugar, one and one-half cups of milk, and butter the size of a walnut may be boiled to the consistency of honey and then strained.

Barley Pudding.

Soak half a box of gelatine for two hours in enough cold water to cover it. Turn over it a cup of boiling milk, and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Heat one pint of milk to boiling point, and stir into it three tablespoonfuls of sugar and the well-beaten yolks of four eggs. Do not allow the mixture to boil after the yolks are added, but take from the fire and stir frequently until partly cool; then add the dissolved gelatine. Flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla, lemon or orange, and finally add the whites of the eggs beaten light. Line a lightly-buttered pudding-mold with fitted half-inch slices of rick, black fruit cake. Fill the lined mold with the custard, and set it in a cool place for a number of hours or overnight. When serving, turn the mold of pudding out upon a dish, and heap round it whipped cream that has been suitably flavored and sweetened.—The Housewife.

Potato and Tomato Salad.

Boil in their jackets four medium-sized potatoes. While they are boiling make a French dressing and slice into it one good-sized onion; as soon as the potatoes are done, drain, salt and dry them. Remove the skins and cut the potatoes while hot into the dressing; toss them carefully until every piece is well covered. Put the mixture on a cold dish and stand aside until serving hour. Then garnish the dish thickly with parsley; sprinkle over the dish a tablespoonful of finely-chopped beet or celery tops; a small pickled herring may be chopped fine and placed diagonally across the dish. Sardines or pickled herring may also be used as a garnish and to give variety, and one may also stir into the dressing a teaspoonful of Anchovy paste.

Scald, peel and cool small round, well-shaped tomatoes. Dish them neatly on lettuce leaves, and put over each a teaspoonful of mayonnaise dressing. Keep in a cool place until it is time to serve.—Mrs. S. T. Korer, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Hints For the Housewife.

Many drooping flowers will freshen wonderfully if the tips of the stems are trimmed off and the ends are then held in hot water for a few moments.

When making corned beef steak moisten it with a little beef stock, if you have it, in place of water. A pinch of sugar added with the salt and pepper helps to bring out the flavor.

Marshmallow stuffed dates make a delicious after-dinner sweet. Remove the pits from the dates, fill the space with marshmallow and roll the dates in powdered sugar. One marshmallow will stuff four dates.

When one is hurried in mailing a letter, and the only available postage stamp is found to be without sufficient glue, moisten the stamp, rub it on the gummed flap of an envelope, and quickly press it in place upon the letter.

In ornamenting summer cottages a bare corner may be made very effective at a trifling cost. Secure an empty nail keg from a hardware store, cover it with ebony paint and gild the hoops. Partly fill the keg with sand to give it weight and fasten a piece of board over the top a little larger than the keg. Place it in the vacant corner and cover the wooden top with a fringe-trimmed square of pretty silk or cretonne. Stand an unused ginger jar or a cheap effective vase upon this pedestal and fill it with grasses, dried ferns and cattails.

To stiffen sheer handkerchiefs, laces, wash silks, or any other thin fabric, it is best to use gum arabic starch. To make it, put into a bottle one ounce of gum arabic and pour over it one cup of cold water; stand the bottle in a dish of cold water and place it over the fire until the gum is dissolved; then strain it through a fine sieve or piece of cheese cloth into another bottle. When it is cold put in a half gill of alcohol, and it will keep and be ready for use when needed. When dainty laces are to be stiffened, half a teaspoonful of the starch, mixed with a small cupful of water, will give the lace ample stiffness, adding a larger amount of the starch as it is needed for different fabrics.

"Dopes" Files.

A stupefier for flies is made by one teaspoonful of black pepper, two teaspoonfuls of moist sugar and two tablespoonfuls of cream, and place a little of it in saucers where flies abound.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The small British torpedo boat Turbina attained a speed of thirty-three knots an hour near Spithead, England.

In England and Wales the death-rate from typhoid fever has declined from 277 per million in 1876-80 to 135 in 1891-94.

A large Dussard microphonograph, now being constructed for the Paris Exhibition of 1900, is expected to make the voice heard by 10,000 people.

A medical authority asserts that death caused by a fall from a great height is absolutely painless. The mind acts very rapidly for a time, then unconsciousness ensues.

There are about one hundred grains of iron in the average human body, and yet so important is this exceedingly small quantity, that its diminution is attended with very serious results.

At present it is estimated that there are in the world's oceans 7,000,000 cubic miles of salt, and the most astonishing thing about it is that if all this salt could be taken out in a moment the level of the water would not drop.

Professor Dubard, of Dijon, contributes to the Province Medicale an article showing that tuberculous disease occurs in cold-blooded animals, fishes (carps) and frogs, and can be communicated to these animals experimentally.

The United States Government has been invited to participate in an international conference to be held in Berlin from October 11 to 16, to discuss the leprosy question. An exhibition appropriate to the conference and lectures on leprosy will be given.

The Schenectady (N. Y.) Locomotive Works has received an order from Japan for twelve passenger locomotives for the Kinsui Railway Company. The engines are to be of the American type, with cylinders sixteen inches in diameter and twenty-four inches stroke. This order is said to be the first of a series which will be placed in this country.

Nature provides a series of hooks on the front edge of the hind wings of insects, each hook fitting into a groove on the hind edge of a front wing. The front and hind wings are thus fastened together on each side while the insect is flying, and are unfastened at other times. This explains why you have occasionally noticed one of the species flying, apparently with two wings, and have seen him display four upon alighting. This arrangement is extremely convenient for such little creatures as the honey bee, which has to enter small holes, where a large expanse of wing would be useless.

President Pierce's Presence of Mind.

In the course of some reminiscences of President Franklin Pierce, G. M. McConnell tells this story in the Chicago Times-Herald: Some days later I went with the member of Congress whose Secretary I was to call on the President on some urgent official business. My chief was a very absent-minded man in some respects, and in catching up the short clock then worn, on leaving home, and throwing it over his arm, he had inadvertently caught up with it a certain intimate garment of his own which happened to be on the same chair. While he stood talking with Mr. Pierce he for the first time shifted this cloak from one arm to the other, and to my dismay this garment—an undershirt, in fact—dropped to the floor between them. Mr. Pierce saw it, but its owner did not, and turned to depart. The President saw my look of horror and heard the expressed snort of his own Secretary behind him, but only the faintest flicker of a smile flashed across his face, and as the gentleman—quite as courteously as himself—was in the act of turning he caught up the ridiculous estray, twirled it with a deft movement into a wad, so to speak, and pushed it, unseen by its owner, to me as he moved partly between us and bowed us both out of the room with grave, urbane, unflurried courtesy.

Artificial "Antiques."

A case came before a London Magistrate the other day, involving the possession of certain "antique" or-molu articles about which there had been an abortive trial. A firm of dealers claimed them, and two workmen did the same. The latter were particularly assertive in their ownership, saying they ought to know, because, as a matter of fact, they made the articles. To prove their point they set to work and showed, to the amusement of a critical audience, how or-molu was made "antique" by the aid of pumice powder.

An Electric Spur.

M. C. Tuttle, bailiff of the Common Pleas Court, Cleveland, Ohio, will spend his vacation in introducing a device for putting life into lazy horses. It is an electric appliance to be fastened to the harness. A battery is carried in the driver's pocket. Instead of whipping a horse, the driver speaks to the animal and at the same time touches a button attached to the rein. The horse is given a slight shock, which is said to have a wonderful effect on the animal.—New York Telegram.

A Wonderful Cat.

On board of Her Majesty's ship Palmetto, a cruiser, at anchor in Boston harbor, there is a very remarkable cat, the pet of the officers and crew, and a sort of mascot.

This cat has a unique habit of diving off the side of the vessel and getting a fresh supply of fish for himself at times. Most cats are afraid of water, but not so this tabby, and the officers and crew are naturally very much attached to such a distinctively sailor cat.—New York Telegram.

A Remarkable Cat.

Professor Hill, of Princeton University, once owned a very remarkable cat. It had but two legs, having been born that way. But in spite of this deformity it was a most engaging pet and walked glibly upon its two fore feet and frisked about as lively as cats blessed with four legs. When she died her skeleton was mounted and now reposes in a glass case in the university museum.