

Japan is about to send a lot of experts to this country to teach the people how to make tea.

English officials estimate that it will cost the Government \$15,000,000 to suppress the uprising in India.

Horses may be cheap enough elsewhere, but on the Klondike trail even the poorest cuts are worth fifty cents a pound.

In the period 1882 to 1894 the criminal record in the German empire increased twenty-two per cent., or twelve per cent. more than the population.

If there were more big estates to settle, observes the Detroit Free Press, there would probably be more lawyers. The attorneys in the Davis case in Minnesota got about \$5,000,000 before the heirs got anything.

The Germans seem to be losing their respect for the Emperor. Last year there was eighty-three per cent. more imprisonments for lese majeste, which is the term for the treason of speaking disrespectfully about royalty, than eleven years ago.

Deputy Attorney-General Elkin, of Pennsylvania, decides that mutual life insurance companies may issue policies requiring the payment of periodical premiums of a fixed and definite sum in lieu of the assessments made upon the death of members.

The Times of India directs attention to the influence which the prevalence of distress has had upon the statistics of crime in that country. As the scarcity of food pressed more heavily during the last two years upon the agricultural population the number of offences gradually rose. But it is noted that the excess of crime was almost entirely confined to petty offenses against property. This indicates that it was hunger which drove many of the offenders to do what, under normal conditions, they would perhaps have never dreamed of doing. Indeed, the emaciated condition of the great number of prisoners was further proof of this. A noticeable feature of the returns has been the increase in the convictions of old offenders, which leads one jail superintendent to suggest that "old offenders appreciate the advantage of jail life in a year of scarcity."

John Brisben Walker announces that E. Benjamin Andrews, who has resigned as President of Brown University, will take charge of the Cosmopolitan University. The method of the new school so far as worked out is as follows: A student will forward to the university his name and address and the purpose for which education is sought, and the studies which the applicant desires to pursue. Each such statement will go to Dr. Andrews, who will map out the course of study which he deems the best possible for the applicant in the light of the information conveyed. He will then dispatch his own diagnosis of the applicant's case and prescription therefor to the most eminent expert on the particular study with whom he is acquainted. This expert will revise the course and the accompanying instructions and return the document to President Andrews.

Czar Nicholas has been entertaining President Faure of France. Probably never before has the President of a Republic been received with such royal pomp. This time, asserts the Washington Pathfinder, it is the Russians that appear to have gone mad with enthusiasm at the idea of a French alliance. The Russian ladies have loaded the French officers with flowers; the French sailors have been carried on the shoulders of the frenzied populace of St. Petersburg, and fete upon fete has been given in honor of the visitors. Coming on the heels of the great demonstration to Emperor William, of Germany, this ovation to President Faure and his party is extremely significant. Politics is at the bottom of every such function, and the politics of the present summer's hospitalities at the court of Russia is that Russia, in the supreme conflict that she must sooner or later wage with England, wants to know whom she can depend upon. Germany and Russia are now sworn allies; France, though at sword's points with Germany, is so jealous of England that she, too, finds it good politics to follow Russia's lead, and through France it is hoped to enlist Italy, now, with an increasing navy, an ally worth having. Thus to-day, there is a more complete European alliance against England than has existed for a long period. Such, then, is the true significance of the flashy ceremonies lately witnessed at the Russian court.

THE CALF PATH.

One day through the primeval wood,
A calf walked home, as good calves should;
But made a trial all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do.
Since then two hundred years have fled,
And I, infer, the calf is dead.
But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs a mortal tale.
The trail was taken up next day,
By a lone dog that passed that way.
And then a wise bell-weather sheep,
Pursued the trail, o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-weather always do.
And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made,
And many men would find aid out,
And dodged and turned and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath;
Because 'twas such a crooked path;
But still they follow—do not laugh—
The first migration of that calf,
And through this winding woodway stalked

Because he wabbled when he walked,
This forest path became a lane;
That bent and turned and turned again,
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse, with his load,
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And traveled some three miles in one,
And thus a century and a half,
They trod the footsteps of that calf.
The years passed on in swift fleet,
The road became a village street,
And this, before the men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare,
And soon the central street was this,
Of a renowned metropolis.
And men two centuries and a half,
Trod the footsteps of that calf;
Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zigzag calf about,
And o'er his crooked journey went,
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.

WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT.

By LUKE SHARP.



THE freight steamer Russian Bear was thrashing a load of good ocean with her blunt prow facing south, and the captain reckoned he was somewhere off the Queen Charlotte Islands. The Bear was an iron ship of old-fashioned build and as slow as they make 'em; any old thing on the ocean could pass her; yet, pro tem., she was a passenger boat and was bringing down the last of the season's crop of Klondike miners. She was reputed to have over \$5,000,000 worth of gold dust and nuggets on board and her coming was watched for with some anxiety.

On the morning of the 7th the captain noticed on the western horizon what appeared to be a steamer coming towards him. As craft are scarce on these waters, except in the sealing season, the captain watched the stranger's approach with interest not unmixed with anxiety, because of the valuable cargo he had aboard. The sea was calm for the time of year, and the steamer seemed to be making for across the bows of the Bear. The captain ordered the flag hoisted, but the oncoming showed no answering colors, which did not tend to make the captain feel less uneasy. She was a trim craft, looking like a private yacht, painted black with two slim, tapering masts set at a rakish slope in line with her one funnel. She came swiftly through the water and turned her broadside toward the Russian Bear, when the man at the wheel calculated that she was as near as safe, and her engines slowed down so that the stranger's speed more nearly accorded with the slow progress the larger ship was making. A man on the bridge came to the edge nearest the slower vessel and placing his hands to his mouth, shouted:

"Ship ahoy. Is that the Russian Bear?"
"Who are you?" roared the captain; "and what do you want?"
"I want an answer to my question; then I'll tell you what more I want."
After speaking, however, the newcomer did not wait for an answer, but gave a command to the man at the wheel, who promptly signaled for the engines to stop, whereupon the yacht dropped to the rear, notwithstanding the slowness of the old Bear. The name was plainly painted on the stern, and the captain of the yacht having seen that this was the ship he was after moved quickly alongside again, this time with only a couple of hundred feet of water between the two ships. During the slight interval the crew of the yacht had been busy, and now a forbidding looking cannon pointed its ominous muzzle toward the Bear.

"I'm after the gold, captain," said the first speaker, nonchalantly, "as no doubt you are aware. I'm going to have it quietly or I'm going to sink your ship. Which is it to be?"
"Whatever gold we have on board, if we have any, isn't mine. I don't see what good the sinking of the ship will do you, and it would be inconvenient to me. Better sheer off and we'll say no more about it. I can take a joke as well as the next man."
For a time it looked as if the stranger heeded the good advice given him. The captain of the yacht rang full speed ahead and the sharp prow cut the water like a knife. The yacht described a large circle and seemed to be showing off its paces, but this, as the captain of the Bear remarked, was unnecessary, for he already knew that any scow on the Pacific could pass him. However, it was soon evident that this was not the intention of the enemy. Ranging alongside once more, but this time further away, there was a cloud of smoke from the cannon, a sharp report and the crash of rendering plates. A jagged hole had been torn in the ship's side near the bulwarks, which, while it did no harm, scarcely improved the appearance of the Bear.

Once more the yacht swung around the circle and again ranged alongside within a distance of a hundred yards.
"Haul down the flag," said the captain of the big steamer.
"Well, captain," began the young man on the bridge when at speaking distance, "a practical lesson is worth any amount of talk. I merely wished to convince you that we know how to handle our guns and that our guns can penetrate your rotten plates. Besides, you will have something to show for your money when you get to port. I take it we will have no further trouble, but I'll give you five minutes more if you wish to consult together."

The miners had no desire to be drowned, neither did they wish to give up their gold.
"Get him aboard, captain," said their leader, "and we'll have a fight for it. We are all heeled, and once we get that villain and part of his crew on deck here, you keep out of the way if you like, and we'll handle him."
"You couldn't run down that pirate, I suppose?" suggested another, more cautious than the rest.
"No more than I could run down Queen Charlotte's islands with this craft," replied the captain dolefully.
"Time!" shouted the man on the bridge.
"We'll give you the gold," said the captain, returning to his place.
"All right. And so that there will be no temptation to play us any tricks, for the amount I understand is demoralizingly large, I will stay here and receive your packages. Two of my men will go aboard you, and two others will work the ferry between your craft and mine. Those four men I can easily spare, and if you kill or capture them you are welcome to do so, but in that case I shall undoubtedly sink the ship. If you will think over the crisis for a moment you will see that nothing else is left for me to do. It is the only safe plan; therefore I trust there will be no trouble."

There wasn't. The miners saw at once that there was little use in making a row, and in a short time the precious cargo was transferred from the ship to the yacht. It came in boxes and bags, in large quantities and in small, and the man on the bridge opened every package so that there was no chance of fooling him. When the transfer was complete the young man sang out:
"I wish you good day, captain, and a safe voyage. It may strike you as strange that I do not sink the ship now and so destroy all evidence against me. I assure you that I gave the plan the deepest consideration, and if, unfortunately, one life had been lost, you would all have gone to the bottom, but as it is, this is only robbery or piracy, and I believe they don't hang for that now, so I chance your evidence against me, for I will be disembarked long before you can reach the nearest telegraph office. So, if I were you, I would plug right along to San Francisco and not give me the trouble of calling at Victoria or any of those intervening ports. Well, so long."

The yacht moved away from the ship at a speed which showed that all hope of keeping her in sight for long was hopeless. With sad hearts the plundered passengers watched her grow smaller and smaller to the south of them, while the Bear churned her leisurely course through the waveless sea.
At last the lookout shouted:
"The yacht's coming back, sir."
The captain put his glasses to his eyes and gazed for a long time at the horizon to the south.
"By jingo, she is," he said, turning a trifle less ruddy. Then he said to the mate, "What do you think of it?"
"He's probably changed his mind and is going to sink us. I thought he didn't seem to be more than half convinced when he talked of not doing it. What are we to do?"
"I don't know anything to do," said the captain helplessly, swearing inwardly that if he escaped he would have a faster steamer next voyage or quit the high seas.
Everyone aboard was now watching the northern bound yacht, and the same disquieting thought seemed to run through every mind, even before one of the passengers gave voice to his fears. Suddenly the captain cried out with his glasses still to his eyes:
"So help me! It's not the same yacht. Look, Joe!"
The mate examined the approaching steamer and coincided with the captain's view. Soon all doubt was set at rest. The oncoming boat was seen to be much larger than the yacht and apparently much faster, speedy as the other had seemed in comparison with the Russian Bear. A big black-bearded giant with a voice like a foghorn was in command. He wasted no time in talk, but sent a shot towards the Bear, a shot that skipped along the water and sank without coming within dangerous distance. Once more the Russian Bear lowered her flag, slowed down and stopped. The other came up with her.
"We want what gold you have on board," roared the man with the whiskers.
"We haven't any," replied the captain; "we've been—"

"I know better. You have \$5,000,000 worth of the stuff with you and I'll have it without any more nonsense. I'm not running a moonlight excursion with a brass band on board. Surrender, or I'll sink you."
"You're too late. We've been robbed already."
"Oh, that's too thin. Every man hold up his hands; we're going to lay alongside and the man that moves gets shot."
"You're wasting valuable time," said the captain, "come round to the other side and see the shot he put through us, if you don't believe me. We don't get such marks as this on moonlight excursions, either."
"Here's the shot that came through the side," corroborated the mate, holding it up in his hands. All on board cried aloud that this was true, and the pirate made an emphatic remark regarding his future destination, which was as likely as not prophetic.
"Didn't you meet a rakish-looking, black-bullied yacht about half the size of your own?"
"Yes, and it seemed to me at the time she sheered off and showed that she didn't want to be hailed. But as we didn't, either, I took no notice. Thunder! I can overhaul her before she reaches port." Any idea where she was making for?
"No, but as her master advised me not to drop into Victoria, I suppose he intends to run in there himself."
The pirate circled the Russian Bear, and the captain thereof saw him examining the hole made by the cannon shot through his glass. Evidently convinced, he rang full speed ahead, shouting back to the Bear: "If you've fooled me, I'll settle with you later."
No one slept on the Russian Bear that night. She veered toward the west and a keen lookout was kept till morning broke. She fancied they heard cannon firing in the distance, but no one was sure. Toward evening of the next day the outlook aloft shouted that there was something to the southwestward, and the Bear's course was laid in that direction. They came upon the yacht with one mast standing, on which flew a signal of distress. The smokestack and the other mast were gone, and the yacht lay helpless, with her prow high and her stern ominously low in the water. Men were pumping with feverish industry.
"Yacht ahoy!" cried the captain of the Bear. "Where's the other fellow?"
"You ask no questions and you won't be disappointed with the answers. I am ready to make a fair bargain with you, captain, if you are."
"Well, you don't look in condition to drive a very hard one."
"Oh, I'm in better shape than you think. We're good for two or three hours yet. You proposed to call this a joke and I'm ready to do so now. We'll put the treasure back on your old tub and you give us safe passage to port and no questions asked or answered when we go ashore. We're miners from Klondike, we are."
"That's compounding with piracy," objected the captain.
"Oh, no, it isn't. You said yourself it was a joke. Of course we were merely going to port to wait till you came. Anyhow, we're not going back empty to get into prison, you can make up your mind on that point. We stop pumping and down she goes, gold and all."
The passengers implored the captain to let bygones be bygones as long as the gold was recovered. The safety of the gold was his duty, they said.
"All right," cried the captain. "You put the gold aboard just as you took it off. Then each man must come on deck separately and must submit to be put in irons. I must insist on that for the safety of the ship. I'll let you free as soon as we are tied up at the wharf."
Each passenger swore he would not inform on the pirates, and when all the gold was once more on the ship, together with the prisoners, the old Bear moved slowly on while the yacht disappeared stern foremost. And because the passengers and crew all kept their oaths, this marine incident never got into the papers until now.—Detroit Free Press.

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Women in the Bank of France.
As the result of long and careful experiment, the Governor of the Bank of France has now entrusted the work of detection of forged bank notes and of debentures with altered numbers entirely to a special corps of women clerks. He declares that the keen sensibility of their finger tips enables them in handling a note to distinguish the difference, however slight, between the forged and the real article. The means adopted for bringing to light the falsified numbers on debentures are rather more elaborate, and consist mainly in the distinction of the difference in the symmetry of the figures and of the ink used, magnifying glasses being used for the former and chemical preparations for the latter.

Buoy to Locate Sunken Vessels.
A. J. Carson, a commercial traveler living in Kalamazoo, Mich., has patented a device to prevent foundered vessels from being completely lost. His idea is to place a buoy on the deck of the ship in such a position that when the vessel sinks the buoy is freed and stays on the surface. A long steel rope is connected with the buoy, the rope passes through a hole in the deck and is wound around a reel in the hold of the ship. This reel is mounted on ball-bearings and the hole through which the rope passes is similarly equipped to prevent friction and avoid the danger of entangling. After the vessel reaches the bottom the buoy will serve as a means of locating the wreck.



Precious Stones Fade.
The powerful chemical effects of the sun are felt even by precious stones. The ruby, sapphire and emerald suffer less than other colored stones in this respect, but it has been shown by experiment that a ruby lying in a shop window for two years became much lighter in tint than its mate, kept in a dark place during that period. Garnets and topazes are more easily affected. Pearls are said to show deterioration with age, but if they are not worn constantly they will recuperate wonderfully during brief vacations spent in quiet and darkness. The only species of ill luck which the practical person believes the opal will bring to its owner is that of loss if the stone is exposed carelessly to heat. It is liable to crack, being composed principally of silicic acid, with a little water.

Posing Sitters Before a Camera.
"As to the actual work under a skylight, only a few general hints may be given, as here each must 'work out her own salvation,'" writes Frances Benjamin Johnson in an article, "What a Woman Can Do With a Camera," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Do not attempt to pose people, or to strain your sitters into uncomfortable or awkward positions, in order to obtain picturesque effects. Watch them, and help them into poses that are natural and graceful. Study their individuality, striving to keep the likeness, and yet endeavoring to show them at their best. Avoid emphasizing the peculiarities of the face either by lighting or pose; look for curves rather than angles or straight lines, and try to make the interest in the picture center upon what is most effective in your sitter. The one rule of lighting is never to have more than a single source of light. Many portraits, otherwise good, are rendered very unartistic by being lighted from several different directions."

The American Girl in Fiction.
"Sometimes the characteristic type of the American heroine of fiction is vulgar, sometimes cold-hearted, or unkind, or willful, or indiscreet, but she is never stupid," writes "Droch" in the Ladies' Home Journal. "That is the verdict of contemporary observers on the American girl. Whatever she may be or do she always has her wits about her; she is 'smart.' While her father delights in managing factories, stock operations, or railroads, she delights in managing men. And in every kind of fiction which she dominates the men seem to be uniformly glad to be managed by her. Often in fiction she has been lacking in certain graces—chiefly the supreme grace of tact. But there are signs that our novelists have discovered that the American girl possesses this grace also, and so it happens that to-day she trails through fiction not only with fine clothes, and a beautiful face, and generous deeds, and witty, if impertinent remarks—but there is developing around her a gracious manner, an unconscious simplicity that shows itself in consideration for the weaknesses of others—in addition to that keen knowledge of their foibles which was always hers. What we have yet to hope for is that her wealth or her poverty may be made less obtrusive and less a significant part of her always attractive personality."

The Women of Tennessee.
In the success of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition the energetic women of that State has been a powerful factor. Their work did not appear upon the surface until after the gates were opened and the grounds were thronged with visitors from everywhere. It was then noticed that their building was the most beautiful of all there; that its interior construction was a model, so far as exhibiting, seeing, hearing, comfort and convenience were concerned. The next point noticed was the excellence and value of the articles exhibited in its rooms and halls.

Every woman's industry had there some product or creation as its exponent; every State showed its friendly offices in some object of beauty or of value. The history of Tennessee was written in curios, relics, paintings, manuscripts, miniatures and ancient documents, and suggestions for the benefit of the women of the State, for the education of the children of Tennessee and for the amelioration of its existing conditions were conspicuous every here and there.

Fine taste was manifested in the sequence of exhibits and in the arrangement of objects. Every precaution was taken to make the visitors feel at home and to supply any particular want.
Officials were always on duty, receiving guests with charming courtesy and extending to every friend a hospitality worthy of the capital of that heroic commonwealth.
Their work breathed a spirit of American ambition, energy and progress. It showed that the women of the Volunteer State were not behind those in any part of the Union in patriotism, public spirit and unflinching industry.
When it is remembered that Tennessee is not a rich State, nor Nashville an opulent city, that the financial resources of the exposition were not over large, and that the women depended chiefly upon their own exertions to make their department of any worth, their success is all the more praiseworthy.

worthy and their efforts the more remarkable.
They have done much for the exposition and for Nashville. They have done more for the State. They have helped to make Tennessee popular, to attract immigrants, enterprise and capital.
These are the things needed by every growing community, and whatever supplies the want is to be commended and admired.—New York Mail and Express.

Gossip.
There are 215 women serving on school committees in Massachusetts.
There are twenty-five Bulgarian women studying medicine at the Faculty of Nancy in France.
Out of the enormous number of women in Constantinople—the population is a million—not more than 5000 can read or write.
For the first time in several years there are no women at Cambridge University (England) this year in the first class in either classics or mathematics.
Mrs. Elizabeth A. Reed, of Chicago, has been elected a member of the Royal Asiatic Society of London, in honor of her successful work in Hindoo and Persian literature.

A scientist declares that the fine complexion of English girls is due to the fogs which so frequently sweep over Albion. Dampness seems to permeate the flesh and keep the skin soft.
Mrs. Alphonse Daudet once told of an old aunt who slept in the room next her room, and who every evening recounted all the doings of the day to the portrait of her husband, dead years before.

The Princess Louise is engaged in sculpturing the figure of an angel with out-stretched wings, which is to be placed over the altar in the Prince Henry, of Battenberg Memorial Chapel at St. Mildred's.
Mrs. Harriet Smith Cushing, the temperance and woman suffrage leader, who died at her home in Leavenworth, Kan., on August 12, was the originator of the Woman's Club, and was well-known in New York.

Elizabeth Marbury, playwright and adaptor also of Sardou and other French dramatists for the American stage, has just been decorated by the French Government with the purple ribbon that indicates an officer of the French Academy.
One of the pioneer women doctors in England, Mrs. Garrett Anderson, at one of the jubilee congresses spoke of the earnings of successful women as running from \$1000 to \$5000 per annum. The London Woman says the higher sum is seldom reached, however.

France is not usually considered a centre of feminine advancement, yet a recent census shows that it has 2150 feminine authors and journalists, while its female sculptors and painters amount to 700. Of the authoresses 1000 are novelists, 200 "lyrical poets" and 150 educational writers.
It is said that Helen Keller is much interested in matters of dress and that she is especially particular about the color of her dress. She has a fondness for the frill-fringe effect of her skirts, the rustle that betokens silken linings. In all the minor particulars of the toilet she is exquisitely fastidious.

In Chicago there is a colored woman who practices law with success; she passed the examinations with great credit and received her license to practice. Miss Platt speaks German and French with ease, and so secures good patronage from foreigners; her practice is of the office rather than the courtroom.

Fashion Notes.
A gray and black feather boa will be found among the new trousseaux.
French women never wear a glove too tight, so it lasts longer and wears better, and encourages them to buy a good quality as well.
Stockinet and good rubber dress shields can be washed in warm soapsuds, pulled into shape and dried by hanging them in a window.
Odd effects, combining features of a fancy short-skirted jack-bodie and a slashed bolero, appear upon the newest gowns for autumn wear.

The overskirt continues to put in claims for favor this season, and models pointed in effect and quite as long as the underskirt before they are draped appear among approved fashions for the fall and winter.
One or two leaders of fashion, not noted for ideas of economy, have worn gowns of one material for the sleeves and skirt and a second for a blouse, belt, collar and epaulette. This idea might be worked up in making over silk and woolen gowns from last season.

The slashed models, giving the effect of a long square apron front, reach quite to the bottom of the second skirt, and on tailor costumes of cloth, mohair, tweed, chevot, etc., the slashed edges are decorated with silk gimps put in various fanciful designs.
On French overskirt gowns some have very long sharp shawl points trimmed with triple frills, sometimes wide, sometimes very narrow. On such gowns the underskirt is trimmed to match, but the greater portion of the underskirts are finished with a deep machine-stitched hem.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Shade For Cows.
The fact that with good pasture cows are able to eat as much in a few minutes as she can digest in several hours is not properly appreciated by most farmers. If it were they would at least provide shade trees in their pastures lot, or better still, have a cool, darkened room where, after eating her fill, the cow could and contentedly chew her cud secure from the attacks of flies. It is the digestion of food rather than eating it that fills the milk pail. Yet we have known farmers who cut down shade trees in the pasture because, as they expressed it, the cows would lie in the shade all through the day, only eating at night and morning, when air is cooler and the grass is likely to be moistened with dew.

Roving Turkeys.
A flock of roving turkeys may not cost their owner a great deal if his neighbors are patient and uncomplaining people, otherwise they may cost him a lawsuit and damages, or, at least, a big lot of unneighborly feeling.

On the theory that turkeys can get their living and are not great eaters, they are too often left wholly to their own resources. This neglect leads them to wander far and wide for food, to commit depredations in neighboring gardens and truck patches, to fall prey to the wrathful stranger's club or dog, or perhaps to change their homes to that of a farmer who treats his poultry with greater generosity. It is good policy even at this season to keep faithful watch over the flocks, to notice where they roam in the day time and where they stay at night, and whenever they come about the premises to make friends with them by throwing out a little grain. The turkey crop will not be ripe until Thanksgiving, but it will be well to cultivate it now.—Farm Journal.

Salt Marsh Hay.
Professor Lindsey, of the Massachusetts Experiment Station, made some experiments last winter with salt marsh hay which has a distinct salt sea flavor and smell. The salt hay was fed after milking and precautions were taken to keep the milk as clean as possible and it was removed to the dairy room immediately after being drawn from each cow, and cooled by being immersed in ice water.

Samples of the butter were sent to Boston and Mr. Douglas said in his report: "You must have had some new milk cows to have been able to make any such butter at this season of the year."
While it seems to be a fact that certain feed stuffs are liable to impart an objectionable flavor to dairy products, these experiments serve as an illustration of what can be accomplished by using proper precautions in feeding and goes to show that by far the larger part of the bad flavor gets into milk or butter after milking rather than during the progress of milk formation.

Setting Raspberries in the Fall.
Most of the small fruits, excepting, perhaps, the strawberry, do as well set in the fall as in the spring. In latitudes north of Ohio results have been obtained from fall setting in latitudes much farther north by using plenty of manure. Most of my experience has been with spring setting, but a few years ago I failed to get a full stand of plants and so I tried to fill out the vacancies that fall; where I set on well-drained ground so that the plants would not have wet feet during the winter I had very good success, but some of the plantation was on low ground and many of the plants were killed out.

Here is a point which is often a mystery to many—why some years their canes kill back worse than others? If by any agency the growth of canes are prolonged in the fall their chances of ripening or hardening are lessened. Late cultivation, undue moisture in the soil, or excessive fertility are all agents in this delay, and so, for good results, we must seek to obtain conditions of soil which are not detrimental to the point.

I set my plants four by six feet so that I can use the cultivator both ways. This saves a great deal of hand hoeing and weeding; besides, where only rowed one way they soon mass into a continuous row, which will gradually encroach on the cultivator until it gets two or three feet wide, making a mass of bushes in which the fruit will be hidden and hard to pick; besides, weeds and grasses are sure to find a foothold which will eventually ruin the plantation.

Another advantage of hill culture is that the berries are more perfectly developed and firmer. When the growth of canes are left undisturbed the whole season, most of the strong fruit buds are at their top; then when cut back later it leaves most of the weak buds for the next season's fruit. This is one of the advantages advocated by many for pinching back the canes when only eighteen or twenty inches high; then laterals will be thrown out, and on these will form the fruit buds for the future crop. These laterals are less easily broken over with their load of fruit than a single cane.

After raspberries come into bearing a mulch is of considerable value in maturing a crop, especially in a dry season. Coarse manure is best, if it can be had; it can be placed on in the fall so that the rains may carry the plant food down to the roots, where it will be in readiness when needed. Then when the "dry spell" comes the coarse refuse will serve to keep the soil moist and cool, which will be just what the roots need to mature a crop. If this mulch is not extended more than a foot each way from the hill the soil can be frequently stirred, which in itself is equal to the manure.—B. A. Wood, in the Epitomist.