

Nearly every Oriental mail brings an account of the launching of some powerful new battleship or cruiser for the Japanese navy.

In British India no one can carry warlike weapons without a license, and a law of this kind would be desirable in many States of the Union. Deprive the Italian of his stiletto and he would become a peaceful citizen.

It is said the Tilden-Astor-Lenox Library of New York, when opened, will contain 450,000 volumes. This will be a most excellent showing. The Boston Public Library, an old institution, has only 663,736 volumes.

The past summer there occurred in Germany, according to the New York Independent, on an average over one accident on the railways a day; and it is conceded that want of proper machinery and the needful number of hands is to blame for the catastrophes.

In England every prisoner is guaranteed the right "to communicate with his solicitor before trial." A man recently arrested in London for a felony can neither read nor write and is dumb. Can he be convicted legally? asks the Chicago Times-Herald.

A country school ma'am, who teaches northeast of Emporia, Kan., has adopted a novel method to bring her literary productions before the public. She writes her own poetry and compels the poor children to recite it before the school. The trustees do not know anything about it.

Captain William Rogers, in a letter to the New York Herald, shows how lamentably weak is the American merchant marine. It includes only ninety-seven ships less than twenty-three years old, with a tonnage of 171,020. The United Kingdom is 1896 alone added 363 steamers and sixty-nine ships, with a tonnage of 2,797,764, to her great fleet.

Not the least interesting feature of Germany's seizure of Kiao-Chau is that that spot had been selected by the Chinese Government for its own use as a fortified port and naval station. That was the first recommendation made by Li Hung Chang on his return home, and it is by no means improbable that it was that fact that prompted Germany to seize the place.

The English sparrow is disappearing from New York. In places that used to see and hear much more of this noisy bird than was compatible with peace of mind, there is now no sign of him. He has either moved or been served to gourmands as a reed bird. It is about twenty-five years since the English sparrow was brought to New York to kill the worms that hung on webs from the alantus shade trees and caught in the hats or clothing of passers-by. He did that job well, but he multiplied so fast that he became a nuisance, not only in New York, but in most other Eastern cities and villages, where, among other sins, he is held accountable for the retreat of garden songbirds into the fields and woods. Hence a good riddance for his going.

The almost incredible story that comes from Washington about the finding of a large amount of money, in coin, bills, orders and notes, in the desks and drawers formerly used by Congress Librarian Spofford, everybody will hope to be true who knew or had dealings with that long-term official, now retired in disgrace from the place he occupied so many years, observes the Chicago Record. "The discovery of this money, if indeed the account be a true one, is less surprising than was the charge of defalcation under which he left his old office. We could all more easily believe that the old gentleman was absent-minded than that he was intentionally a defaulter. At the time his accounts were found to be short there was a surprise and sympathy, but no idea that he could have merely misplaced missing valuable papers. He simply could not produce them, and he was put out and forgotten. Everybody wondered but nobody upbraided; they were all too astonished for that. And now they find thousands of dollars in those old desks and drawers, the miscellaneous receipts of twenty-seven years! The fees for copyrights of a generation, which he had acknowledged to have received, but which he had never credited on his books, are said to be there. It is an extraordinary story of senility and carelessness. It is to be hoped that all the circumstances will clear the reputation of this old man, of whom all the world thought so well. He can afford to be charged with want of carefulness, but not with want of honesty."

MEMORIES.
Ghosts of departed better days,
Vague spectres of forgotten scenes,
Peace-Messengers whose presence brings
Tranquility, when twilight flings
Its purple gloom, and night convenses
Her spirit in the amber haze,
Dark-robed magicians by whose art
Forgotten forms are conjured up,
Nor mind the storm-kings' fractious shout
Who holds wild carnival without,
Throw charmed mantles over me,
My restless heart with dreams deligit.
Haste, while the deepening shadows steal
A-down the dusky path of night,
Dim hangers of spirit hands
Who lure the soul to unknown lands,
Haste, while the embers' dying light
Its mystic picture-love reveals,
What glories in your largest scene!
What grotesque foras your magic
makes,
And in the lights that come and go
Dream-phantom of the long ago
Its visions of dead days awakes,
And sets thought's smouldering fires a-
gleam.
What strange emotions thrill the heart
As each Elysian shade appears!
Sweet apparitions gliding by—
As clouds float o'er a summer sky—
These spirit-forms of bygone years,
These phantasms of memory's art,
—Youth's Companion.

HEADS OR TAILS.
MARIE," I began awkwardly, for I had never proposed before, "you must know—you must have seen for a long time that—that I love you." Marie said nothing, but sat looking down at her hands, which were twisting a bit of lace that she called a handkerchief. She was smiling before I began. She now looked distressed. "I do not like for Marie to look distressed, for she then looks as if she were going to cry. And a crying woman is not pretty. So for the minute I laid aside my own affair to comfort Marie." "Marie," I began, venturing with much trepidation to lay my hand softly upon both of hers, "what's the matter?" She looked up. Her lips were quivering, and a tear, balanced for the start, stood in each eye. "I don't know what to do," she whispered brokenly. "Well?" I said, inquiringly, inviting her to continue. She hesitated nervously for several seconds. Then she went on almost inaudibly: "You see, Mr. Transome told me last night what you told me just now." "Damn Transome!" I said to myself; and to Marie, "Well, Philip Transome is a fine fellow, you know." "Of course," said Marie, acquiescing a little too readily, I thought. "And he's good-looking." "Yes." "And rich." "Yes." This itemizing a rival's good points to comfort the woman you love is rather straining on one's generosity. It isn't so bad if the woman rewards your generosity, as of course she should. But Marie didn't. So I stopped. "Well, where's the trouble then?" I asked at length. "I don't know what to do," she replied, repeating her former wail. "I began to see. It is hard to decide between two lovers. I could sympathize with Marie, for I had once been in a similar predicament myself. Marie did not notice the sympathy. She merely looked uncomfortable at this bald statement of the difficulty. But she did not deny it. "You like me, don't you?" I ventured, with some fear in my heart. Marie nodded. I felt very comfortable. "And you like Philip Transome?" I continued. She nodded a second time. I believe I swore at Transome again. "But you can't decide between us, is that it?" "That's it," acknowledged Marie, weakly. "You have tried every way?" "I have, and I can't"—here Marie blushed, but it was a blush I did not like, because it was for Transome as much as it was for me—"and I can't tell which of you I like the better." The person who sits in the seat of the undecided sits not easily. This I knew. And any decision is better than no decision. This also I knew. So out of the sympathy which I had for Marie I made up my mind to help her arrive at some decision, even though I lost by it. But I did not intend losing if I could help it. I thought for a long time; but nothing came. Then I looked up at Marie. Her eyes were fixed expectantly on me, as though she had instinctively learned of my intention to help her and was awaiting my plan. "Well," said I, seizing on an idea that just then popped into my head, "since you have tried all other ways, suppose you toss up for us." "What?" exclaimed Marie, half starting from her chair. "Toss up for us," I repeated, calmly. Marie sank back in her chair and gazed at me in amazement.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.
Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.
THE sweetest flower of the gospel is charity. Some guns kick; revenge is one of them. "No man can help his belief." Unless he has brains. A poor picture is not helped by being put in a good light. The dullest man has in him something original. It is his. The man is usually in the right who owns himself in the wrong. In religious controversy ferocity is not the only sign of fidelity. For a certain class of minds, infidelity is the hall-mark of genius. The waters of Lethe drown the past; the blood of Jesus cleanses it. He who casts stones at others, makes of himself a target for their return. For an epithet: "He believed in a free gospel; it never cost him a cent." "Christianity is all very well, but a man must live." Yes, to all eternity. The confession of past folly may be only the profession of present wisdom. The thing that makes pessimism is failure to find in men what angels possess. Take care of Number One, but take care it is the right one—the soul, not the body. Who would refuse the offer of eternal life, if he could put a mortgage on it? Encyclopedias have to be re-written every ten years; the old Bible is still up to date. Temple to Venus was erected on Calvary; it was the best the devil could do. He who always complains of the clouds receives little of life's sunshine and deserves less. The mind, like the lens, may be concave and scatter brain power or convex and concentrate it. The man who denounces the existing order of things should speedily suggest some means of improvement. When the X rays are so perfected as to reveal a man's thought, there will be a radical change in thinking. St. John said in heaven "a great multitude which no man could number;" or what on earth are called "fools." Giving an inspiration to another is like filling a lamp with oil, some time the light will brighten a dark corner. It is the shadow on the dial that proves the sun is shining, so with our lives, affliction may show the presence of a Guiding Hand. We are training ourselves here for what we shall be hereafter; according to what we spend the Lord's day worshiping; others, smoking.

THE RIPPLE COLLAR.
The newest collar of the one known as "ripple," which really does not ripple any more than those of last year. It differs from the old collar in that it fits snugger to the neck, and yet has the same effect of flaring which it had. If the collar flares too much it loses in warmth, and yet it is the flare which is becoming to most faces. An ingenious maker of fur garments has obviated this difficulty by making the collar slightly more flaring, and then catching it in plaits about two inches wide at regular intervals. The plait is not evident except upon close inspection, and yet the collar has the effect of being extremely full, at the same time standing up snug and trim around the neck so as hardly to require fastening in front.

TURKISH GIRLS.
Turkish girls of the better class in the cities, after they are too old to attend the primary schools, are largely educated at home by governesses, many of whom come from England and France, but, unfortunately, do not always represent the highest culture of these nations, so that the real love of study is not as a rule, developed under their influence. Turkish women have a great aptitude for foreign languages, and those met on the steamers of the Bosphorus often speak French, and it is not unusual for them to speak German and English also. It is a well-known fact that many Turkish women are engaged in trade, some even carrying on an extensive business, involving frequent journeys to Egypt and other places, which presupposes the ability to read and write, as well as some knowledge of arithmetic. Moreover, conversation with the Mussulman woman in the capital reveals some progress at the present time in independence of thought, and, while social conditions have unavoidably arrested the development of Turkish women as a class, forces are slowly but surely working among them that will result in their final emancipation.

AN ECONOMICAL PRINCESS.
Though always elegantly and perfectly dressed, the Princess of Wales by no means errs on the side of extravagance. Her Royal Highness has been known to wear a gown three successive seasons when it suited her, and remained fresh and handsome. For instance, at the opening of the People's Palace at Whitechapel, the Princess wore a striking jacket of olive-green velvet, brocaded with small ripe red strawberries. There could be no mistaking so distinctive a stuff, and it was recognized by a woman who had seen the Princess in Ireland two summers before, as one that had been worn at several functions in that country. The style had been altered somewhat, but there was the same splendid fabric doing its thorough economical duty. Her Royal Highness's influence, too, has ever been against excess in fashion. She has always refused to patronize very wide skirts, balloon-like sleeves or huge over-trimmed headgear. When ordering new gowns, colored pictures of them, back and front, as they should look when finished, with scraps of the proposed materials and trimmings attached, are submitted for the Princess's approval, and it is a very usual occurrence for the Princess to take her own brush or pencil and alter the pictures to please her excellent taste. The gowns are fitted on a model of her own figure, and the work women do not see her at all, unless considerable alterations are necessary. The clever brush has made it so certain just what Her Royal Highness wants, that a personal interview is needless.—London Figaro.

ART GIRLS IN PARIS.
A young American, who, heaped with honors, has just returned from Paris, told me, greatly to my surprise, that she thought it an idle and unwise plan for girls to go abroad to study art until they had been drilled into the fundamental work at home. She gave me ever so many reasons for this, but that which seemed to her the strongest, was the fact that Paris is full of American women who, not having had their abilities tested at home, have gone there only to find that years and years of uphill work lie before them, with no prospects at the end. For that which they thought to be talent in themselves has proved, when taken to the other side, to be but a flimsy affair not worth cultivating for bread-winning purposes. With the poverty belonging to most of these women, suffering is inevitable, and this suffering, she argues, is best endured at home, where the young girl is near her family or her friends, and where the many forms of complicated miseries incident to a life alone in Paris are spared them—miseries easy to endure and accepted without question if success lie ahead, and one is assured of possessing real talent and power, but miseries that cut into the soul of one and destroy the finer fibers if endured for ends never possible of attainment. The mere cost of living may be cheaper in Paris, but the advantages to be derived among us for foundation work outweigh all other questions. One must have \$50 a month to live in Paris. With rigid economy \$25 may be made to suffice for one's personal expenses. The other \$25 must be set aside for the purchase of paints and

Marie's surprise at my suggestion angered me somewhat. Of course I can understand that choosing a husband in such a way may seem a little queer to some girls. But they needn't act as though it were so unusual. Besides, there are worse ways.

"Toss up for you!" Marie managed to grasp out at length. "Certainly," I replied with some asperity. "Have you anything better to suggest?"

A reluctant "No" came from Marie. "You'd better toss up, then," I said, decisively, drawing a quarter from one of my pockets and offering it to her.

She took it and gazed at it for a long time. I began to grow impatient, for the coin was like any other of its kind, and I could see no reason why she should study it. Then I saw that her look was the look of one who is thinking. Suddenly she raised her head and gazed steadily at me. And then a smile that I liked strangely well slowly came into her eyes.

"No, you do it," she said, returning the coin. "I don't know how."

We both stood up. "Heads, it is Transome; tails, it is I?" I suggested, briefly.

Marie nodded. I balanced the coin on my first finger. I felt sure of the result, for the man never lived who is as lucky as I am. I even began to pity poor Transome. But before this feeling had much opportunity to grow I flipped the quarter whirling into the air, and, as it struck the floor, placed my foot upon it.

I looked at Marie. "Which shall it be?" I asked, softly.

"You," she whispered.

I slipped my foot aside and we both stopped. The laurel-wreathed head of Liberty was up.

It was Transome!

We both straightened up. I looked at Marie and Marie looked at me. She was pale, and I could not have been otherwise. I had risked all on the turn of a coin—and it had turned the wrong way. Without a word, for I was not wise in the ways of women, I walked out of the room, secured my hat in the hall, and started to open the door and go out into the street.

As my hand was turning the knob something touched my arm. I turned and looked around. There stood Marie with a little smile—a little beseeching smile—on her face.

"Dick," she whispered, and then was silent. I still held on to the door knob.

"Dick"—this time the smile was still more beseeching—"can't you see? It's—it's you, anyhow."

I saw, and my hand left the door knob. And in the little excitement that followed I also may have kissed Marie. Such things have happened.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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materials necessary to her if she means to derive full benefit from her opportunities to work.—Harper's Bazar.

Gossip.
Miss Cora Dow, of Cincinnati, is the proprietor of four successful drug stores in that city.

Miss Marnane, a man hater, of Brushy Fork, Ill., has directed in her will that no men shall be present at her funeral.

Mrs. Elith, of Denver, drives about the city in a light wagon, drawn by an ostrich. She is the only woman in the world who owns a zoological garden.

Paris has drawn a line on bicycle riding in a rather unexpected quarter. Hereafter, none of the women teachers in the primary schools of that city may ride to and from the schools on their wheels.

Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber, of Springfield, Ill., a daughter of General John M. Palmer, has been chosen to succeed the late Miss Josephine Cleveland as librarian of the Illinois Historical Library.

An original idea of a New York woman's club, whose realization must occupy some time, is for each member to give a quotation at each club meeting in place of the regulation "here" when the roll is called.

The wife of Senator White, of California, does not live with him during his attendance in Washington, because she dreads thunderstorms, which they do not have in California, taking earthquakes as a substitute.

Miss Edna Whitney, the young woman who works in a cigar factory, and whom Kansas City rejected as maid of honor at the fall carnival, is going on the stage. She will study for her new profession in Kansas City.

Miss Ramsay Gibson Maitland, by the death of her father, Sir James Ramsay Gibson Maitland, in England, recently, becomes the possessor of a rental of about \$150,000 a year, and will soon be much richer from ground rents in Edinburgh.

Elizabeth Rider Wheaton, probably the best-known prison evangelist in this country, has visited every prison in every important city in the world. She has become known to most railroad men, and receives annual passes over all the large lines in this country.

The Empress of Austria has taken a dislike to the magnificent Villa Achilleon, which she had built at such a tremendous cost in Corfu, and all the furniture and objects of art which adorned it, including the gigantic statue of the dying Achilles, have been removed to the imperial palace at Vienna.

Miss Ellen Nassey, who was the intimate friend of Charlotte Bronte, died on November 26, at Gomersal, aged eighty-three years. It was largely by means of the 400 or more letters written to Miss Nassey by Charlotte Bronte that Miss Gaskell was able to give the public so much of the life of the author of "Jane Eyre."

Mrs. R. N. Perdue, of Fort Scott, Kan., was recently drawn by mistake on the jury of the District Court. She insists on serving, and says that as she voted for Mr. McKinley in Wyoming, she is a "qualified elector," and consequently a competent juror. She believes in woman suffrage, and says she will appeal to the highest courts about her rights as a juror.

Fashion Notes.
Old-fashioned pink cameos are coming into vogue again, and the old-time setting is to be retained.

Huguenot caps are added to the tops of many of the short, full, puffed sleeves of evening bodies.

Collars with stole ends are worn by the woman who loves frills. They can be fashioned by any deft fingers directed by taste.

Many of the demi-trained dress skirts are cut with nine gords, and at the back some are box-plaited and others fan-plaited.

The small pad bustle is now worn with the latest day costumes and evening toilets; and those of larger proportions are announced.

Cravats of white net, mull or liberty silk, trimmed with frills of lace, chiffon or net, are made easily and may be as simple or as elegant as time, skill and purse permit. Owing to their airy daintiness they seem especially suitable for gifts.

Among the handsome imported gowns seen at some recent openings, several were of black Chantilly lace, embroidered with steel or jet sequins and beads and made over black satin. It is predicted that lace costumes will be much worn in Paris next year.

Peplums, which are added to Russian blouses, jacket bodices, surplice waists and similar garments, are alaped in various ways. Some are credeleated, others cut in oval tabs or sharp Vandykes, and also in circular form, with or without plaits at the back.

Velvet is in high favor for smart gowns this season. Corduroy is seen in Paris, the ribs being wide apart. Some of the swellest carriage and evening wraps have bishop sleeves, quite wide, and the width equal from the shoulder to the narrow bands at the wrists.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.
A Course of Instruction in Road-Building.
A most excellent departure has been made in Rhode Island, where a course of instruction in practical road-building has been instituted in the Agricultural College, at Kingston, and the papers announce, with justifiable exultation, that "this State leads the world" in such an undertaking.

The course of instruction is to extend over two years. In the classroom, theoretical instruction will be provided, and the road-making plant of the college will furnish ample opportunity for the acquisition of practical knowledge. Students, who wish to enter the course, must be well grounded in the common branches, including algebra and geometry. During the first year, the course will include higher geometry, trigonometry, surveying and other English studies. In the second year, physics, electricity, physiography, geology, mineralogy and steam engineering will be taken. The practical work will run side by side with the theoretical during the course. It will include actual work on the roads, handling the shovel, driving horses, running the stone crusher, traction engine and road roller, and all machinery operated by the department. The student will thus actually perform all the varied operations connected with road-building, as well as receive competent instruction in all that pertains to the art.

In this way, not only will a large number of young men receive most valuable training, but a demand will probably quickly arise for special instruction for older men, who now are superintendents of streets, commissioners of highways and engineers.

There is here a field which is not yet crowded, or even full. As the Providence Journal remarks, "of late years there has been a demand for competent road-builders all through the States that have been constructing meadow-highways. In most instances, either theoretical engineers or highway superintendents have risen to fill the places. And to the sorrow and costs of the big cities and the disappointment of the counties, in many instances, the latter have been compelled to pay for the lack of practical knowledge of the civil engineers and the lack of theoretical knowledge of the highway supervisors."

"But, even with this school of men, who have been educated by building the roads, there have not been enough to go around in all the localities where good roads are needed, and where there is money to build them. A man who thoroughly understands road construction to-day may easily get a position. What is needed is the educated man, who not only knows how to build a costly, ideal road, but one who can economically construct an eight-foot country road—a man who knows both the theoretical and practical end of road construction. This is the style of graduate which the Rhode Island institution aims to turn out. * * * At the end of the course, they will have graduated a man who can plan the highway, draw the contracts, and who is able to run the machinery to build the road; a man who knows the business from the hoe handle to the tripod, from shoveling coal under the boiler of the steam roller to drawing the plans—a road engineer. * * *

"There are a number of openings which a practical road-builder may fill. He may become a road expert for the United States Government. By passing the civil service examinations of the Road Division, Department of Agriculture, he will be put on the list of eligibles, and as soon as a vacancy occurs will receive an appointment from the Government. Then, the builders of road machinery have a constant call for men to set up their plants in the various towns and cities which are constantly acquiring such equipments. They have to send with the machinery men who know all about operating it. As a rule, the men they send out are shop hands, and beyond the rule-of-thumb experience with these identical machines, they know but little. The builders say there is a constant demand for road builders with these plants, and that they consider that this is a good field for young men."

"But the largest field for men educated as road-builders will probably be found as highway superintendents among the various counties and towns. There are few first-class men in this line, and with the spread of the Good Roads movement, the demand for such experts is growing."

Road Improvement Items.
Permanent structures require solid foundations.

The vehicle that uses wide tires is contributing its share toward better highways.

About two miles of asphalt, said to be the first in the State, have been laid at Sioux City, Ia.

Over two hundred townships in Ontario are using grading machines to the great improvement of their roads.

A steam roller will do the same work as a seven-ton, eight-horse road roller at one-quarter the running cost and in one-half the time.

During the past year about three miles of new asphalt have been laid in Washington. New pavements in that city are to be of sheet or block asphalt or brick.

It is said that the Governor of Missouri was almost alone in taking strong ground in favor of good roads in his message to the State Legislature last year. He is likely to have good company next time.

Why should Congress not cease dredging un navigable streams and erecting expensive buildings in out-of-the-way corners? The same money spent in aiding the establishment of per-

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

Fortunes on Their Backs.
J. A. Lizotte, of Lewiston, now in Alaska, writes to his brother, Max Lizotte, of Lewiston, that he is waiting for the Lewiston party, and will start up country toward Klondike the last of February. He is now at Skagway, Alaska, again, and is having a suit of clothes made for his trip North. The cloth is nearly half an inch thick, all wool and a yard wide. He sends Max a piece of it. He says: "I am glad that I did not go up to Dawson when I had the chance last fall. I could have gone for nothing, but thought it best to wait here. Now there are hundreds of people up there who are out of provisions and must starve this winter. The people are getting desperate up there, and there will be trouble. The mounted Canadian police are doing all they can to make a chance to get provisions in. A party of twenty-one men recently came down with two hundred thousand dollars among them in nuggets. One man brought down fifty pounds of gold on his back. Every day now parties go by here pushing on to death and suffering. They seem crazed and will listen to no word of advice. The last steamer that went up the river with twelve tons of provisions was stopped half way up by a band of thirty men who robbed it of all the provisions and escaped. When the steamer got in and there were no provisions, terror seized everyone." He advises his brother to go to Alaska next year, and he says that he intends to do.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

The Muskrat Went Fishing.
Robert McWilliams, of near Sardis, is mourning the loss of about 1000 German carp which he was raising in a small pond he had constructed on his place. Mr. McWilliams had watched over his pets with jealous care, and they were rapidly approaching that stage when they would be suitable for the table. The pond was fed by a sluice from a little run which gurgled along to one side of it. When the late drought was on the water in the run got so low it would not enter the pond through the sluice. The bottom of the pond was higher than that of the run. It was about this time that a muskrat took up his abode in the run. Now, muskrats like German carp as well as any man. This muskrat went fishing. One night he drove a tunnel from the run up into the bottom of the pond. The rush of water that must have come down the tunnel probably astonished his ratship. When Mr. McWilliams went out to see his fish the next morning the pond was almost dry, German carp sticking all around in the mud. In a little pool, all that was left of the pond, were several hundred carp, some of them still gasping for breath. Some of them were dipped out and placed in the watering trough. There was no way of saving the others, and they had to die in the mud. If that muskrat should come back to the McWilliams neighborhood he will be assured of rough treatment.—Kensington (Penn.) Keystone.

Farmer and Trainmen Attacked by Wolves.
Wolves are making life unhappy for Minnesota farmers.

Henry Fellen was attacked by a pack near Deerwood, on the Northern Pacific, recently and killed several before he drove them off. When he ran to the rescue the wolves attacked him.

Fellen climbed a tree, and, seated on a limb, began war on the beasts. He shot several of them, who were immediately torn to pieces by the others.

Fellen fired all the cartridges in his rifle, and was kept a prisoner in the tree by the animals for an hour or more, until a neighbor, who had heard the shooting and the howls of the wolves, came to the rescue.

Later in the evening the crew of a Northern Pacific train discharging a cargo at the Deerwood station, was attacked by wolves, supposed to be the remainder of the pack which had attacked Fellen. The men had just time to draw their revolvers and make for the train. Shril blasts from the whistle and the opening of the escape pipes for steam scared the wolves away.

Already a considerable amount of stock owned by the settlers has been killed by the animals, and people are afraid to go out of their homes after dark. The heavy snow and the intense cold are driving the wolves into the settlements.

Duck Eggs in an Albumen Factory.
Near Chinking, China, is a great albumen factory, for the utilization of the duck eggs which are produced in that region in enormous quantities, flocks of 4000 and 5000 ducks being by no means uncommon. The eggs are broken at the rate of from 40,000 to 60,000 per day by women, who separate the white from the yolk, the former being carefully cleaned and dried until they resemble fish glue, when they are packed in 400-pound cases lined with zinc. The yolks are passed through sieves into twenty-five gallon receptacles, mixed with a salt and borax solution, packed in 500-pound barrels, and used in Europe for preparing and dressing articles of superior quality. The albumen find a ready market in England, France and Germany for dyes for the best cotton goods.—Philadelphia Press.

An Omnivorous Editor.
The editor of the Orange County (California) Herald advertises that he "can use seaweed, butter, eggs, chicken, bull calves, pumpkins, hay, petroleum, spuds, salt pork or any old thing like that." Delinquent subscribers who are long on any of these articles and short on cash might tarry long enough on this announcement to stamp it indelibly in their memory."