NEWSY CLEANINGS.

Austria is arranging a commercial treaty with Mexico.

A cotton mill, to cost over $500,000, is to be erected at Spartansburg, S. C.

A non-partisan City Council is expected from the next election in Chicago.

A splendid laboratory for anatomical purposes is contemplated by the University of Chicago.

Navigation to the St. Clair flats in Lake St. Clair has been opened, the earliest ever known.

Peru has accepted the invitation to participate in the St. Louis Exposition, and will be well represented.

A movement has been started in Belfast, Ireland, for the erection of a statue of the late Lord Dufferin.

It is estimated that over 4000 buildings will be erected this year at Birmingham, Ala., at an aggregate cost of $4,000,000.

It is stated that there will be 2500 colonial troops in London for the coronation. Practically every colony will be represented.

An agitation is on foot among certain villages in Lincolnshire, England, with a view to having poor tenants excused from paying poor rates.

Glasgow, Scotland, has decided to seek Parliamentary powers to borrow $3,750,000 to build houses for the poor. This sum will build 400 tenements of three stories, accommodating 3600 families.

During the year 1900 the number of establishments in the bicycle business in the United States was 312; the capital, $29,783,659; number wage-earners employed, 17,525; total wages paid, $8,189,817, and total value of products, $31,915,908.

The present industrial activity in Mexico is hardly less noted than that of the Southern United States, and among the principal enterprises are the cotton mills, which have been very successful, considering the difficulties to be overcome.

The Dollar Savings Bank, of East Liverpool, has taken out a certificate of incorporation to conduct business which savings and loan associations are authorized to engage in. Capital $100,000.

The Standard Oil Company is securing options on land in the vicinity of Austinburg and Thompson, Ashtabula county, and it is understood that test wells will be put down soon.

City bonds of Alliance for street improvement to the amount of $101,400 were sold. The Alliance City Savings Bank was the successful bidder. The premium was $100.

The Christmas tree was first heard of in England about 1444.

Electric cab service in Paris has proved very unprofitable.

In 1909 the Eiffel tower becomes the property of the city of Paris, and will then be used for its weather bureau.

Ratio of mortality in Switzerland has decreased one-fourth in thirty years.

P. N. U. 14, '02.

A Question.

They say a tiny little stream
Helps make a mighty sea,
But do you think that Lincoln once
Was just a boy like me?

I know a small black apple seed,
Can make a tall, straight tree,
But do you think a Washington
Can be made out of me?

And if I grow and grow and grow,
And do the best I can,
Do you suppose I'll ever make
A celebrated man?

—Brooklyn Eagle.

Nippy's Breakfast.

"Bow-wow!" said Boxer, the great St. Bernard.

"Woof!" said Rex, the collie.

And both the big dogs looked up from the bones they were gnawing to snap at Nippy, the little fox terrier, who had come up to near to the butcherman's cart, they thought.

"Go away!" snapped Rex. "This is our butcherman; he brings meat for our master and us. He wouldn't give anything to a little dog like you."

"Please, big doggies," said Nippy, "can't I have the bones when you get through eating them?"

"If you don't bother us may be you can," Boxer growled, munching away.

So Nippy sat down and watched them gnawing away. How he wished his master knew such a good butcherman as theirs did, so that he, too, could have nice juicy bones!

The butcherman came out of the house talking angrily to himself.

"Here, get out of the way, you dogs!" he said, shaking his basket at Rex and Boxer. My, how quickly those two big dogs slunk off with their bones in their mouths.

Poor Nippy, he too, dropped his tail between his legs and turned to run away. No bones for him today.

"Why, come here, you poor little fellow. Wouldn't those big ones let you have a share? Well, you shall have some breakfast this minute. Here's a bone for you. Now be off, and don't let them get it away from you, mind."

Nippy knew better. He grabbed that lovely bone from the butcher's hand and put for home as fast as his four legs would carry him.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Winter Nutting Party.

"A letter for you!" said Mr. Chadwick, looking up from his morning's mail and tossing a small square envelope to Mabel.

"For me, papa? I wonder who it is from!" and Mabel in a flutter of anticipation ran for her paper-cutter.

It proved to be an invitation from Ethel Cheney, one of her school mates, to her nutting party on the next Saturday afternoon.

"I am so glad!" said Mabel. "We always have such nice times at Ethel's house. But isn't this queer?" and she read aloud, "'Baskets, but no extra wraps, will be needed.'"

"That means you are to gather your nuts in the house, instead of in the woods," explained Mabel's brother Ralph, with a laugh.

"I don't just see how," said Mabel.

Nobody else seemed to see "just how," and for the next three days the nutting party was the principal topic of conversation among Ethel's playmates.

Saturday afternoon found Mabel, with a half-dozen other children, on the steps of the Cheney home, each carrying a basket. Inside were more girls and boys and baskets, and for a time the maid who attended the door was kept busy admitting the bright, merry-faced guests.

When all had arrived, Ethel's grown-up sister, Miss Eunice, made known the way in which the nuts were to be gathered.

Two bushels of walnuts had been scattered through the house from garret to basement, and the childrens' part was to find them. Each one was to carry home all that he gathered, and they were at liberty to search anywhere for them wherever there were open doors. The only restrictions made were that neither doors nor drawers were to be opened.

When the signal was given there was a moment's hesitation, and then what a scampering there was in all directions! Closed doors were soon found to be in a very small minority. The large house had been thrown open and thoroughly warmed from top to bottom, and everywhere the searchers came upon nuts, either singly or in small piles.

Beds and bureaus, chairs and tables held the coveted prizes, and many an explorer of some particularly dark corner of stairway or closet was rewarded by the addition of a big handful to his store.

Was there ever such another merry time! Such a clatter of nimble feet! Such shouts and squeals! Such musical laughter! Such a hum of happy voices! It was worth far more than the trouble just to see and hear it all, asserted Mrs. Cheney, as she watched the boys and girls flying hither and thither in their eager haste.

But it was in the old garret that the children had the most sport. The queer hiding places in which nuts might be found gave zeast to the search, and when Mabel emerged from under the cobwebby eaves with hair a little rumpled, but triumphantly holding a full pint of walnuts, what a dash there was for the dark corners!

At last it was over, the children could find no more nuts, and down stairs they trooped to consider their spoils. It was soon decided that Mabel Chadwick's basket was fuller than any other, and she was a very happy little girl when, as a reward for being the best nut-gatherer there, Miss Eunice presented her with a beautiful little china nut-dish that had two miniature squirrels for handles. There was a pretty box of assorted nuts for the small boy who has the lowest number of walnuts to carry home, and everybody seemed contented with the results of the nutting, all agreeing that it was almost more fun to hunt for nuts indoors than out in the fields.—Younth's Companion.

A Russian Romance.

Miss Kondacheff, a Rusian author, tells in the St. Nicholas the folowing pretty little romance of Twelfth Night fortune-telling:

Here is a true story I was once told, showing that once upon a time this prophecy actually came true.

It happened somewhere in the country, many, many years ago, in the "good old days," when there were no railroads, and people traveled about mostly in their own sledges or carriages drawn by post-horses, or if the distance was not to great, by their own "troika"—a Russian sleigh drawn by a team of three horses.

The heroine of my story was at that time a young girl still in the school room, greatly troubled with lessons, governesses, and dancing-masters, and becoming rather tired of her quiet life in the country. So, one fine evening, just before going to bed, she thought she would like to cast one look into the future and see from what direction she was to expect her fate. She stepped out accordingly upon the terrace, and—whiz—her slipper went skimming through the cold night air. But what was her discomfiture when she saw it fly over the high fence and into the road beyond! Here was a predicament.

She could not posibly folow and seek it in the deep snow, her feet clad in silk stockings, and only one slipper for them both! She did not like sending out the servants, who were all at supper, and it did not seem worth while to put on thick boots and begin a regular search so late at night. "This comes of being too curious," she soliloquized, as she limped to her own room. "Well, never mind; I dare say I'll find my slipper safe and sound tomorrow morning." But her search next day proved vain; fresh snow had fallen during the night, and the lost slipper, she thought, was probably buried deep beneath the soft white covering.

Several years passed. Her parents moved to Moscow, where, in the course of time, she married an officer in the Emperor's guards. In her husband's study, on the mantel shelf, she often noticed, among other knick-knacks, a girl's dainty but faded satin slipper. It certainly seemed familiar to the sleigh. The 'something' prove l dered about it, she never could remember where and when she had seen just such shoe as that. At last her curiosity grew to such a pitch—the old slipper was always half reminding her of something, she knew not exactly what—that she decided to question her husband about it.

"It is an old story," he answered, "and happened many years ago. I was then a young fellow, just beginning life, and traveling post-haste to join my regiment. Happening to pass through a village one evening, at a great speed (my horses being fresh and in high spirits), I suddenly felt a stinging blow on the cheek, I heard an exclamation from the other side of a fence—and something dropped into the sleigh. hTe 'something' proved to be a satin slipper, and as I took it up, my cheek stinging with pain, I own that I felt very angry and indignant at this unexpected assault.

"Then I rememoered it was Twelfth Night; I remembered, too, the ancient custom, and by that time my wrath had calmed down. I even thought of turning back and delivering the weapon into the fair hands that had, unintentionally, dealt the blow, but on looking round, I perceived that the village, 'Krasnoe' I think it was called, was far behind us, and I, still holding the slipper in my hand, was being carried along over the snowy steppes at full speed.

"I have never since been in that part of the country, nor have I any idea whose feet once tripped about gaily in this old thing; but I came to have a tender feeling for it. I was sorry for the girl who had surely been looking for it and probably wondered about its mysterious disappearance, and as time rolled on I somehow came to associate it with my early youth, and all its golden dreams; that is why I have kept it all through these past ten years. You are not jealous dear, are you?" he added, smiling.

"Jealous!—of my own slipper?" she cried. "This is fun! Why, it is mine, mine, mine! and she clapped her hands and laughed a joyous, ringing laugh. "You said the village was Krasnoe, on Twelfth Night, and just ten years ago? Why, it must be mine! From the very first I though it looked familiar and like an old friend! Ten years old! I was 15 then, and, oh, so tired of lessons, lessons, lessons, and snow, snow, snow, all day long, with nobody of my age near, and the winter evenings so lonely and dull that one evening I decided to try the old experiment, and see whether there was any hope of a change for me. And it has come true! for didn't it strike you on the cheek? Poor old cheek!" and she patted it tenderly.

Five yards in four years is the rate at which the water pouring over the falls of Niagara wears away the rock beneath.

Paper Tapestries.

While fashion sanctions tapestry papers as being excellent imitations of the genuine antique tapestries, yet they should be used with the greatest care. As they absorb light ravenously they should only be used in a very light room. They are a very undesirable background for pictures also, but where very few pictures are used, and it is desired to tone down the lighting of a room, they are quite useful and attractive.

The Trifling Annoyances.

It is the little things of life often that prove the most trying. Bureau drawers that stick are sometimes more difficult to endure than a serious trouble. It is worth while to stop and remember that to rub the offending edges with a cake of hard soap, a bit of stove-blacking, or even a soft lead-pencil wil make life worth living again. If the window of our poorly built houses rattle at night aggravatingly in these spring winds, a few slips of folded newspaper will stop the noise and bring peace and slumber.

To Remove Ink Stains.

I had the misfortune to spill ink on the front of a handsome double-faced walking skirt. I sponged the spots immediately with cold water, then with sweet milk, changing the milk and the rag used in sponging as often as they became discolered, and kept this up until the rag showed no further discoloration. As soon as the skirt was dry I sponged it thoroughly with gasoline, and not a vestige of the ink remained. Soak the worst soiled sponge in sweet milk and it will come out sweet and clean. I usually rinse mine afterward in water containing a few drops of carbolic acid.—Good Housekeeping.

Sea-Bathing at Home.

There are few people who do not find the daily sea bath an agreeable tonic; yet there are multitudes who hesitate to continue such baths in their own homes after they have left the seashore. The truth is that daily bathing in any water is in itself refreshing and agreeable, so long as the individual is in health, and it is just the tonic that weak, nervous women need.

The best time to bathe is usually early in the morning, and the best temperature for the person in health is about 70 degrees, or the temperature of the room in which the bath is taken. Such a morning dip should not be continued longer than from three to five minutes, and should be instantly followed by brisk rubbing with friction towels in order to put the skin in a glow.

The best authorities seem to agree that all the advantages that come from a sea bath can be secured in from five to eight minutes. It is also desirable to keep up brisk exercise in sea bathing in order to gain the greatest benefit from it.

All these rules apply with double force to a bath at home, which lacks the tonic effect of salt water. A great many persons always add a cup of rock salt dissolved in a little warm water to their daily bath. It tends to prevent a chill. A little perfumed alcohol is also used for the same reason. A bag of bran and orris root, soaked in the water, gives the bather the faint, fresh fragrance of violets, though it has no special hygenic value.

When one feels chilly after bathing it is a sure indication that there has been no reaction of the skin, and that it is not safe to indulge in so cold a bath. Such peoples hould take baths at night at a tepid temperature. And if a morning bath is also desirable, it should be at least slightly warmed, of short duration and a brisk rubbing.

Baked Bananas—Remove the skin from six medium bananas, lay in granite baking pan, sprinkle with one tablespoon of sugar and pour over one cup of hot water. Bake in a good brisk oven 20 minutes; serve with or without cream. Very wholesome.

Stuffed Prunes—Soak California prunes in water until soft enough to pit, then fill each prune with one teaspoon powdered sugar, one-half teaspoonful chopped English walnuts and one-half date. Shape the prunes. Heap them in a glass dish and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Horseradish Sauce—Scrape clean and grate one stick of horseradish. Add one gill whipped cream, one dessertspoon of made mustard, one dessertspoon of powdered sugar, one teaspoonful salt, a generous dash of pepper and a tablespoon of vinegar. Mix well and cook for five minutes. Serve cold.

Kidney Omlette—Chop cold boiled kidney quite fine; make an omlet with three beaten eggs, three tablespoonfuls of milk, a pinch of salt and a little pepper. Put one teaspoon of butter in a frying pan; when melted turn in the mixture; let cook slowly until a crust forms on the bottom. In the meantime sprinkle over the omlet the chopped kidney and a little chopped parsley. Fold in half, turn out on a hot platter and spread with butter and garnish with parsley.

Nome's population this winter is estimated at about three thousand, which is 1,500 less than last winter.

London requires 600,000 cows to supply it with daily products.

Scabbards worn by Russian officers are made of papier-mache.

The biggest average farm in the world is in South Australia, where the average squatter holds 78,000 acres.

Sir Conrad Reeves, of Barbadoes, who was the first negro to receive a knighthood, has just died, aged 75.

Australia wants to form an Australasian navy as an auxiliary to the British sea forces. A naval reserve will first be established.