

Along the grassy slope I sit,
And dream of other years;
My heart is full of soft regrets,
My eyes of tender tears.

The wild bees hummed about the spot,
The sheep-bells tinkled far,
Last year when Alice sat with me
Beneath the evening star.

The same sweet star is o'er me now,
Around the same soft hours;
But Alice moulders in the dust
With all the last year's flowers.

I sit alone, and only hear
The wild bees on the steep,
And distant bells that seem to float
From out the folds of sleep.

—RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

FAME VERSUS LOVE.

BY FLORENCE REVERE PENDAR.

"It cannot be!"
As these words fell from Helen Armstrong's lips she arose from her seat—an old overturned boat—and moved slowly toward the water's edge.

For a moment her companion—a man of perhaps twenty-five—hesitated; then he joined her, repeating:

"It cannot be, Helen? Surely you are not in earnest. You love me—have you not said it?—and yet you refuse to become my wife!"

"Edwin, I—"
"You did not mean it," quickly interrupted Edwin Bennett, adding: "Come, darling, why should we not be happy?" and he drew her hand within his arm.

For an instant she let it rest there, then slowly but firmly she loosened his clasp, as she said:

"For two years you and I have been friends. In that time did you ever know me to change my mind after I had once decided upon anything?"

"No, but—" answered her companion quickly, while she, unheeding, goes on with:

"You know the one great desire of my life is to win fame as an artist. Could I do this as your wife?"

"Why not, Helen? Would I not do anything in the world to help you?" came the proud answer, as Edwin Bennett bent his eyes fondly upon the fair face beside him.

"No, Edwin; as a wife I could never hope to attain fame. Marriage brings to woman so many cares that there is very little time left over for other work. I should not make you happy. I should be constantly longing for my old, free life."

"If that is all I am not afraid to risk my happiness, Helen," answered her lover, a more hopeful look lighting up his handsome face.

"Think how for five years," continued Helen, "I have worked with the one end in view. My home, you are aware, has not been particularly agreeable. Uncle and aunt are kind in their way, and have always let me have my will about painting, provided it did not cost them anything. As for love or sympathy, you have seen how much they have yielded me."

"Seen and felt for you, Helen, God knows. And now that I will make your life, if love can do it, one happy dream, you will not; and yet you do not deny your love for me."

For a second Helen's eyes rested longingly upon the face of the man who loved her so dearly; then into their dusky depths crept an intense, passionate longing, as they swept the horizon and noted the glorious splendor of the setting sun, while she exclaimed:

"Oh, Edwin! If I could only reproduce that sunset just as it is. If I only could!"

With an impatient sigh he turned away.

"Always her art, never me; perhaps she is right after all. It would always stand between us."

She, not noticing, went on with: "If it would only stay long enough for me to catch those colors, but no, it is fading now."

Turning, Helen found her companion had left her side, and stood a few yards away.

"Edwin," she called.

In an instant he was beside her, everything forgotten except that she was the woman he loved.

"I wanted to tell you how good Mr. Hovey is. It seems he was acquainted with poor papa years ago, when I was a baby, and therefore feels quite interested in me. You have heard how he praises my work, and last night he proposed—"

"Proposed!" exclaimed Edwin Bennett, hotly. "Why, you don't mean to say the old man actually had the audacity to ask you to marry him?"

"How ridiculous. How could you think of such a thing?" answered Helen, a ripple of laughter escaping from between her pretty teeth as she continued:

"No; he proposed, if I were willing, to send me to Italy for two years, he, of course, defraying the greater part of the expense. He said when I became famous I could refund him the little amount if I wished. Was it not generous of him? Just think, two years at work among the old masters. What could I do then? It would be such a help to me. One can live very simply there. My little income would do, with care, I think."

"And you would go?" As Edwin Bennett asked this question a look of pain crossed his face.

"Why not?" came the reply, as Helen raised her eyes questioningly to her companion.

"You say you love me; and yet you would put the sea between us. Helen, wait; I will work hard and earn money enough to take us both abroad. Do you think I could deny you anything? You should point to your heart's content, from the old masters, or anything else you pleased. So long as you were happy, I should be. Perhaps I might turn painter, too, some day, with you to inspire me," he added, smiling slightly.

"I do not doubt your love for me,

Edwin, but I shall never marry. I intend to devote my life to art. As a wife it would be impossible for me to do so. I should be hindered and trammelled in a thousand ways. Believe me, I have thought very earnestly of all this, and I—"

"Helen, when I came to spend my vacation here at Little Rock, so close to you, I said to myself, 'Now you can ask the woman you love to be your wife, and know that you have a home to offer her.' For your sake I wish I were rich; but I am still young, and with the good prospects I have, I do not see why I shall not be able before many years to give my wife all she can wish."

"It is not that, Edwin. I should not love you one bit more if you were a millionaire," interrupted Helen, glancing reproachfully at him.

"Helen, my holiday is over to-morrow. I must have my answer to-night." The words came somewhat sternly from between Edwin Bennett's lips.

Mechanically, with the end of his parasol, Helen Armstrong traced on the glittering, yellow sands, "Fame versus Love." Then, as she became aware of what she had done, she sought to efface them. Too late. Edwin Bennett's hand stayed hers, as, pointing to the letters that stood out, he said, hoarsely:

"Choose!"

For a second she hesitated; then, slowly came the answer:

"I accept Mr. Hovey's offer this morning. I am to sail in a week."

Spurning her hand from him, Edwin Bennett cried out passionately:

"God forgive you! I cannot!" Then without another word, he turned and left her.

A faint cry of "Edwin" escaped her lips, as her arms were held out imploringly toward him. They then fell to her side, and she, too, turned and went slowly across the sands in the opposite direction. If he had looked back and seen those outstretched arms how different their life might have been; but no, he plodded angrily along the shore, glancing neither to the right nor left. Little by little the waves crept up and Love was drowned, while Fame still stood out bold and clear upon the yellow sands.

Ten years have come and gone since Helen Armstrong and Edwin Bennett parted on the shore, and during that time they have never met. Helen had won that which she had striven for. She had become an artist of renown. Even royalty had been pleased to compliment her upon her art.

For the last month one of Helen Armstrong's paintings had been on exhibition at the Academy of Design, and crowds had been drawn thither to see this last work of the celebrated artist. The subject was simple, nothing new, yet visitors returned again and again to gaze at it.

It was the last day of its exhibition, when a lady, and gentleman leading a little girl of perhaps 3 years by the hand, passed into the room where the painting hung.

"Oh! isn't it too bad there is such a crowd; I wanted to see it," exclaimed the lady; to which the gentleman replied:

"We will look at the other pictures first and come back again; perhaps there will not be such a crowd then."

An hour or so later the gentleman and lady returned; then the room was almost deserted, except for a few stragglers here and there. It was just about time to close the gallery.

For a few moments they stood in silence before the painting; then a little voice said:

"Baby want to see too, papa."

Stooping down the gentleman raised the pretty, daintily-dressed child in his arms. After gravely regarding the picture for a second, the little one asked:

"Is zay mad, papa?"

"I am afraid one was, pet," came the low answer, as Edwin Bennett softly kissed the fair cheek of his little girl. Then his gaze returned to the painting.

A stretch of yellow sands; dotted here and there by huge boulders, and piles of snowy pebbles, against which the overhanging cliffs looked almost black. Gentle little baby waves rippling in toward the shore, while majestic purple-hued, silver-edged clouds seemed floating en masse toward the golden, crimson-barred sun that flooded the sky and water with its warm light.

In the center of the picture, where the beach formed a curve resembling a horseshoe, was an old boat, turned bottom upward; some few feet off, the figure of a young man, apparently walking hurriedly away. Although the face was not visible, the gazer felt that the man suffered; and the glorious sunset was this day naught to him.

Perhaps it was in the tightly-clasped hand, the veins of which stood out like great cords; or, maybe, in the man's apparent total disregard of his surroundings.

To the right of the picture was the figure of a young girl, trailing a parasol in the sand, as she appeared to move slowly in the opposite direction from her companion. Only a little bit of a delicately shaped ear and a mass of glossy braids showed from beneath the shade hat, but one could readily believe that the pretty girlish figure belonged to an equally attractive face.

About half way between them, traced upon the sands, were the words, "Fame versus Love."

"Is it not lovely, Edwin?" and Mrs. Bennett laid her hand upon her husband's arm as she added:

"Yet how sad it somehow seems. I can't help feeling sorry for them. I wish I could see their faces. I feel as if I wanted to turn them round."

Clasping the little hand that rested so confidently upon his arm, Edwin Bennett inwardly thanked God for the gift of his fair young wife, as he said:

"Come dear, they are commencing to close up. Baby's tired, too."

"Ess, me's tired. Baby wants to tizz mama," lisped the child, holding out her tiny arms.

Husband and wife failed to notice a lady who stood near, gazing at a painting. As the pretty young mother stooped down to receive her baby's kisses, which the little one lavished

on cheeks, lips and brow, a deep, yearning look gathered in the strange lady's eyes and she turned hastily away.

"Oh, Edwin!" exclaimed his wife as they passed the silent figure in black. "Wouldn't it be nice if baby should grow up to be a great artist like this Miss Armstrong?"

"God forbid, Annie, came the earnest reply, followed by 'let her grow up to be a true, loving woman, that is all I ask.' The lady's hand tightened its hold upon the back of a settee as the words reached her ears, but she did not move until they were out of sight. Then lifting her veil she went and stood before the painting that had won such fame. Tears gathered in her eyes as she gazed, and with the words, "I will never look at it again," she, too, passed out of the building, and in her own handsome carriage was driven home.

Scorn shone in her dark eyes as they fell upon the costly works of art scattered in lavish profusion about her luxuriously furnished apartments. Hastily throwing aside her wraps, she crossed over to a mirror. A very handsome face it reflected. Not looking the thirty years it had known.

Helen Armstrong—for it was she—had heard of Edwin Bennett's marriage; heard that he had succeeded in business beyond his most sanguine expectations; heard that his wife was one of the loveliest and gentlest of women, and that Edwin Bennett idolized both wife and child. This day she had seen them.

Then came the thought that she might have stood in that wife's place; she, too, might have had those baby lips pressed as lovingly to hers; but she had put it from her. She had chosen Fame versus Love. If she could only go back to that day on the sands, how differently she would now act.

Turning wearily away from the mirror, she exclaimed, bitterly:

"Too late, Helen Armstrong. As you have sown, so must you reap."

Gen. Butler Talks out in Meeting.

General Benjamin F. Butler being in New York looking after Miss Mary Hoyt's interests in the Hoyt will contest, a Tribune reporter asked him if he had read Warner's compromise silver bill. The inquiry lead to a long talk, in the course of which the General said:

"I have grandchildren who will live to see the Vanderbilts and the Goulds taken out to the nearest lamppost and hung in the most scientific and skillful manner. After there has been bloodshed we shall settle down again for a while. These money kings see the dangers already. But they do not see the remedies. When I was a candidate for President, Gould said Butler must be driven into the ground. He couldn't see that it was better for a man of considerable wealth and a family and property interests to beat the head of the masses, and able to control them. He only saw in the background the torch of Communism, as he thought. Some day a real red Communist will lead these men, and then he will see the difference. Every man is a Communist now, in the eyes of the community, who preaches the equality of men. Christ was the Communist of Jerusalem. As the head of the labor element I could have settled this whole railroad question as no other man could settle it. The mistake I made in running for President was like running against a stone wall. I knew that the people in all ages had failed themselves in every important crisis of importance to themselves. It is the history of the ages. But I was foolish enough to think that the people had grown wiser and better; that the world had progressed in the direction of human knowledge and understanding and power of concentration. I thought the laborers of the new republic were more intelligent. They are not intelligent. They were afraid of me because I had a little property. They were just as foolish as Gould. But that is not all. Nine out of ten of them would sell their votes for \$2 apiece. I was a fool to think that this age was different from any other. Experience has now taught me the same lesson as history."

An American Woman in an Italian Insane Asylum.

Washington Special.

A report received at the State Department from the American consul at Genoa, Italy, contains the elements of a first class romance. The Consul writes that on August 28 he visited, in company with a friend, the asylum for the insane which stands on the outskirts of the city. Before leaving the building he was informed that one of the patients, an American lady, desired to speak to him. Some objection was made by the officers in charge. The patient, they said, was very violent, and it would be better to disregard her wishes if it were not desirable to bring about a scene. But the consul persisted, and in the interview which followed satisfied himself that his fair countrywoman was no more insane than himself. He demanded her release which was not effected without some difficulty. The consul describes her as being very pretty and about twenty-five years of age.

The lady's story is that she married her husband, who proved to be a titled adventurer, in one of the large Eastern cities about two years ago. Her father settled upon her an annuity of \$5,000 a year. Shortly after their arrival in Genoa her husband decoyed her to an insane asylum, where she was placed under restraint, though in other respects kindly treated. Her husband had averted suspicion by informing his wife's parents that she was too ill to write.

The lady is now en route to America with funds furnished by the consul. Her husband fled from Genoa upon the announcement of her release, and has not been heard from since.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Agricultural Items.

Some interesting experiments have been made in France on the advantages of giving water to milk cows warmed, instead of in its natural cold state. At the Agricultural school of St. Remy two cows were fed on the same food, but one was supplied with cold water and the other with the water to 118 degrees Fahrenheit. The latter yielded one-third more milk.

The roots of asparagus may be planted in the fall, when they are taken up. As they are usually stored in the cellars of the seedsmen during the winter it is just as well, if not better, to prepare the beds and set out the roots in November, taking the precaution to mulch the new plantation liberally as a protection from sudden changes of weather in the winter.

A neighbor was recently remarking upon the avidity with which a farmer is now wont to seize upon any opportunity of getting hold of a mortgage upon an adjacent farm, with the reserved intention of foreclosing in case of default in payment and securing the forfeited property. This is worse than losing the money in many cases, because the added land, in addition to an already existing overplus which is only half cultivated, will only make the farmer poorer than he was before. It is not the breadth of land, but the depth of rich soil and the weight of the crop which enriches a man.

The easiest way to rot straw for use as manure is to compost it with lime and earth and make it up into a flat heap so as to keep it moist. This will be less trouble than covering it in furrows with lime. Another way would be to spread the straw over the ground, scatter lime over it when it is wet, and plow it all in and leave it until spring, when ashes and guano could be used with potatoes or any other crop. If, however, it is more convenient to put the straw in large furrows and lime it and plow it in beds, this method is quite free from objection.

B. S. Hoxie sent a circular to Wisconsin fruit growers, replies to which indicate the following 8 varieties best adapted to Wisconsin, on account of hardiness, productiveness, and quality: Duchess, Wealthy, Fameuse, Pewaukee, Plumb's Cider, Wilbridge, Tallman and Sweet and Wolf River. The Duchess and Wealthy are spoken of as being iron clad. In southern and southwestern Wisconsin the reports favored the Roman Stem, Golden Russet, Fall Orange, Willow Twig, and Red Astrachan.

Hints on Management of Fowls.

Written by E. J. Taylor—From The American Rural Home.

It frequently happens that the best of feed fails to make the hens lay as they should, not because the fowls do not get enough, but because it is not the kind of food they desire. The feed may consist of everything necessary to satisfy the demand for egg material, and yet very few, if any, eggs be laid; there may be several causes for this difficulty, one of the principal being the fact that they are not supplied with a sufficient supply of pure, fresh water, and without water is plentiful the fowls will not lay. As water is one of the principal ingredients of the egg, an unlimited quantity must be supplied. If water cannot be furnished for the egg the hen cannot lay. In winter it is very important either to protect it from freezing, or else add a little warm water occasionally during the day. I adopt the latter method although it is rather a troublesome job; but there are many details connected with raising poultry which are somewhat unpleasant, but must be attended to, and water will freeze on very cold days, and of course is useless to the fowls when in a frozen condition. The feed, however, may be of the very best quality, and yet not satisfy the fowls sufficiently to make them lay. If that should be the case change it entirely for a few days. For the morning meal give something entirely different from that given previously, even if it is inferior, but by all means give whole grain at night in cold weather, for fowls go to roost early in the evening, and are compelled to remain in the coop till daylight, which is about thirteen hours on very short days, and it stands to reason that their systems require solid food to keep them warm and comfortable through the long cold nights. Whole corn and wheat is the most suitable for them then, but in the morning some soft food should be given warm, which they will not fail to appreciate for a change. Other changes can be made for them by taking good clover hay steeped in warm water, and after chopping it fine sprinkle it slightly with meal, and if fed warm will be very acceptable. They are also very fond of a few onions chopped fine.

Oats, or corn parched, will make a splendid change of feed for a few days, and if fed warm is stimulating and good for bowel complaints, especially if some of the grains are parched till burned. The greatest secret of correct feeding is to give the fowls a variety, and a generous supply of eggs may be expected, if the feed given is of good quality, and the prospect will be still better if the fowls are furnished with good, clean, comfortable quarters, and plenty of water. Neither is it advisable or profitable, to keep poultry in very large flocks, for even with the best of care and food it will be impossible to keep them thrifty and healthy for any considerable length of time. Experience has taught me most decidedly that forty hens cared for properly in comfortable quarters, will yield twice as much clear profit as one hundred crowded and neglected.

It is a very perplexing question to decide which variety of fowl to choose from so many varieties, all of which have many excellent qualities. The average farmer and amateur breeder

will find the Plymouth Rock and Wyandotte as satisfactory a fowl as can be selected for all purposes, for while they perhaps require a little more care and food than the smaller and more active fowls, they are decidedly the best for broilers, and when fat will find a ready sale in market; they are quiet and docile, bear confinement well, and for this reason are very suitable for small farms, where they must be yarded a large portion of the year. They are good winter layers, and if they receive proper care will shell out plentifully during the winter months. A flock of common fowls can be very much improved by using well-bred cocks; two are sufficient for any ordinary flock, and in the course of a year or two it will be found that they have been worth many times their cost.

How to Lift Plants.

Get some good rotted manure from the barnyard and mix it with equal parts of sandy loam. Then of the plants you are about to dig up, cut off all the longest branches and trim very close. Don't be afraid to cut it, as the more you cut off the sooner will it commence to grow again. Now dig it up, being careful not to break off any of the tender roots, as it is those that will supply the plant with strength to start again. Get a pail of water and wash the soil completely off, dipping the plant up and down until all the soil has left the roots. This will remove all worms and every root-let touching the new soil will be ready to start. Then pot and water it, and stand it in the shade for at least three days. In a short time the plant will commence to show signs of new life.

How to Manage a Wife.

Toledo Blade.

For the last three score years, more or less, I've been reading very frequently articles on "How to Manage Husbands," and the thought occurs to me why so much needs be written about them, and so little about the wives.

One of two theories presents an answer.

First—are wives so near perfect and angelical that they need no managing? or, second, have husbands long since come to the conclusion that it is a problem beyond their comprehension? The latter the most correct, probably, the majority will decide. Not necessarily, but conveniently so.

It has become second nature to man to think and feel he constitutes the whole family, and the wife must exercise every ingenuity to assist him to occupy the position honorable. That wives have some natural rights and feelings in this case, but not antagonistic, without the husband so wills, I propose to set forth.

There is one way to manage a wife and if it is properly done your home will be a home, not in name but reality.

Your work may be very trying and troublesome, but when you return to your home, leave it all behind you and meet your wife with the same sweet smile you expect her to have for you.

If the meal is not quite ready don't commence to grumble, but lend a helping hand. Hold the baby, draw the water, see if the fire needs attention, or place the chairs at the table.

It's not the steps you save her, but the kind, loving attention that acts as a stimulant, and she forgets herself for you. When seated at the table if you discover a mistake in some dish, don't set up such a time as to sadden her life for the next six months, but tell her that's nothing—will be all right next time. Don't go preaching a sermon about your mother's fine cooking. There is no cook but will some time have a mishap.

Every man knows that if a wife is treated and made to feel his happiness depends on her, she will exert every faculty for the desired result.

Don't bank every cent and do all the buying for the house so she shall not handle a dollar. Don't tell her how fine Mrs. so-and-so looked and then withhold from her the necessary means to improve her scanty wardrobe.

Remember it is as important for her to have a new hat once in ten years as it is for you to have a new one.

Don't you do all the going out when evening comes. Take your wife with you, but should it be impossible, you remain at home with her.

Treat her like a rational human being and this hue and cry of managing will be done away with. Your life will be sunshine instead of shadows.

The Profitable Cows.

All cows are not profitable, judged by the milk and butter they produce; the difference is great even in the same herd. But the fact has scarcely ever come to the minds of some farmers! A farm will keep ten good cows as "comfortably" as ten poor ones, and the difference in return for the hay, grass and grain eaten measures the profit or loss of the "machines" which convert the feed into available credit or debt. A neighbor owns "native," grade Durham and Jersey cows. He thought that some of the common stock and the Durhams were profitable. The idea presented itself that he would set a sample of milk from each in glass vessels of the same size and shape, to note the percentage of cream, and later he obtained a cream gauge. So great was the difference, he came to the conclusion that certain ones were unprofitable; in fact, but little cream was perceptible on their milk, and he consequently disposed of three head at once. What he ascertained to be true of his own cows by experiment is true of many others in this vicinity. These were cows kept for ordinary farm purposes; not strictly a dairy herd such as the Mohawk Valley dairymen keep. They look carefully for the best; common farmers take up with whatever comes along. A little experimenting by the latter, now and then, might open their eyes to sources of loss not now suspected. —N. Y. Tribune

Corned Beef for Families.

To four gallons of water add one and one-half pounds of sugar or molasses, two ounces of saltpetre, and six pounds of rock salt or pure common salt. If the meat is to be kept through the summer, or more than three months, use nine pounds of salt. Boil all together gently and skim. Have the beef or tongues closely packed in the vessel in which they are to remain and pour the pickle over while boiling hot. Pour on enough to cover the meat well and place a weight upon it. The meat will be fit for use in a few days. The same pickle may be used the second time by adding about one-third of the ingredients and heating it again. The meat can remain in the pickle any length of time when six pounds of salt is used without becoming too salt. If nine pounds of salt are used, the meat may need to be freshened before boiling. This quantity of pickle will cover 100 pounds of meat properly packed. To cook, cover with boiling water and simmer gently till tender—about three quarters of an hour for every pound of beef. Let it cool in the water in which it is boiled, slice thin and serve.

Sensible Departure.

Dancing days are near at hand, and there is every indication that the diaphanous textiles in silk, muslin, tulle, etc., will in a great degree lose the hold they had upon fashion a year ago, giving place to silk-embroidered veils, delicately tinted crepe-line and cashmere goods and silks, satins, and even plushes in soft, exquisite evening shades. This is a sensible and commendable departure. The airy gossamers should not have all the seasons for their own, but should disappear, like the swallows, with the first chill of autumn, to be seen no more until the time of bursting buds and sunnyskies. It is impossible to be warmly clad in the matter of comfortable, long-sleeved, high-necked underwear, when attired in a toilet of a semi-transparent nature, and therefore when thus dressed a lady is trifling with life and health. The wearing of such toilets is a relic of our grandmothers' foolish days and ways, and should have gone into desuetude simultaneously with the dying out of the wearing of paper-soled shoes, wasp waists, and heathenish tight lacing. —New York Post.

Pillow Shams.

To stiff white bed covers, pillow slips and shams, false sheets and Valenciennes trimmings, monogrammed and ruffled fineries, there is a truce. They were so slippery, so troublesome, and so false withal, that the beds that have known them shall know them no more. They had always to be removed before the sleeper could enter his bed, and they were the torment of the house-maid. They entailed a degree of washing and ironing which was endless, and yet many a young housekeeper thought them indispensable. That idea has gone out completely. The bed now is made up with its fresh linen sheets, its clean blankets, and its Marseilles quilt, and with square or long pillows, as the sleeper fancies, a bolster in its plain linen sheath, then over the whole is thrown a light silk covering of some bright color, over that a spread of lace, Nottingham or more expensive, such as the furnisher pleases, which is easily folded away in the evening. Or spreads of Chinese or Japanese embroidery, Turkish, Smyniote work, or one of the various sorts of patch work or Decorative Art embroidery now so fashionable. But it is no longer three or four or five pieces of slipper linen to be adjusted; it is one light and easily aired covering. If the bed is a tester, and the curtains are of silk or chintz, the bed covering should, of course, be of silk or chintz to match. And in a very pretty bedroom the walls should be covered with the same silk or chintz. —Harper's Bazar.

The Popular American Surahs.

New York Evening Post: Added glory is given this season to the useful American surahs which, from time to time have taken a step higher in public estimation. These silks have proved so trustworthy that a demand has arisen for the goods for exportation, trebling that of any season past. Merchants long ago claimed that in point of durability and good appearance to the end, the American surahs are ahead of either cashmere, serge or silk-warp goods of any sort. They occupy an uncommonly wide field of usefulness, as they are not only fashioned into elegant costumes and mantles, but also form linings to bodices, polonaises, cloaks, etc., and have proved very successful used for rich underwear, as the surah can be laundered under a careful hand to look as well as the Chinese washing silk. The cheaper brands are not flimsy like other low-graded goods, for though light, they are also exceedingly firm and evenly woven. Silk bed-quilts made of these last for years, and certain linings of surah are said to keep their color under the strong influence of the sunlight better than linings of any other description.

The South is progressing.

The assessed value of property in the 12 States of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia has increased from \$2,184,208,505 in 1880 to \$3,076,514,435 in 1885. The increase in the value of farm products during the same period has been from \$549,850,000 to \$699,077,000; in the production of fruit and vegetables, from \$10,821,599 to \$19,065,000; in value of stock, from \$325,378,414 to \$562,916,258; in the number of cotton spindles, from 542,048 to 1,161,468; in the production of iron, from 210,722 tons to 641,000 tons; in the value of lumber and simple articles of wood, from \$36,521,708 to \$49,200,000; and in the value of general manufactures, from \$315,924,774 to \$445,656,000.