

The recent sharp advance in coal prices upon the public attention still another burning issue.

In the rush and hurry of the national convention Chicago entirely overlooked the opportunity to take a census.

If Canada takes such a lively interest in American politics why doesn't she come in and take a hand in the game herself?

You are not here to vegetate or to dream; you were born to act. Every man coming into the world is furnished with a commission of service.

Thought and sympathy are often more valuable than anything money can procure. Both need continual circulation to keep them wholesome and strong.

The New York Sun compliments a policeman who "caught the runaway horses and saved their occupants." Well, well! What were their occupants doing?

If it is true, as John D. Rockefeller asserts, that the Lord gave Mr. Rockefeller all his money, the Standard Oil Company must have some unsuspected stockholders.

The Boston Herald has a cablegram announcing that "Miss Netherole's Carmen kiss has been eliminated." Probably got the wires crossed and burned itself out.

We can imagine the horror with which Mrs. Leslie Carter regards the theatrical free advertising which has been forced upon her by an enterprising manager lately in large wads.

A Brooklyn girl heard that a dose of arsenic would relieve her of complexion troubles. She tried the plan and it worked like a charm; she never will be bothered by complexion troubles again.

Spain is sending back the erratic and irresponsible "journalists" who are invading Cuba from the United States. We hope Spain understands that this will be regarded as an unfriendly act.

Pleasant recollections generally promote cheerfulness and hopefulness, and painful ones despondency and gloom. Thus the happiness that flows from the right regulation of the feelings tends to perpetuate itself.

Who gains wisdom? He who is willing to receive instruction from all sources. Who is the mighty man? He who subdueth his temper. Who is rich? He who is contented with his lot. Who is deserving of honor? He who honoreth mankind.

The time is to be decent to people is when you have them with you. Saying nice things when they are gone, and remorsefully thinking over what one might have done is better than nothing, but not unless it makes one more considerate of those who are left. Speak kindly of and to the living. The dead can take care of themselves.

The snob is the child of aristocratic societies. Perched on a step of the long ladder, he respects the man on the round above him, and despises the man on the step below, without inquiring what they are worth, solely on account of their position; in his innermost heart he finds it natural to kiss the boots of the first, and to kick the second.

No rigid limits of conversion need keep any two people asunder who are formed for each other's society and friendship. Where there is sympathy of heart and mind, adaptability of disposition and character, and congeniality of feeling, it is reasonable to all noble manhood and womanhood to talk or to think of differences in dress or fashion, in styles of living or nature of employments, in income or expenditure, as offering any obstacle to intimate and pleasurable companionship.

Sheepmen haven't a great deal to complain of this year, says the Drovers' Journal. Prices for good sheep and lambs have held up better than anything else. The best cattle are \$1.25 per hundred lower than a year ago. Hogs are \$1.80 per lower, while the best fat sheep are no lower and lambs are \$0.75 higher. This cannot be explained on the ground that the supply of sheep has been lighter, for on the other hand there has been a steady gain all the year. The only explanation is that there has been a better demand for mutton than other meat products. This shows that the consumption of mutton is growing rapidly in this country, for the exports of sheep have not been very heavy.

Victoria of England began to reign June 20, 1837. She has therefore completed her fifty-ninth year on the throne. Should she live three months more, as there is every prospect she will, she will have reigned longer than any other British sovereign, longer even than poor old George III., who was in- throned ten years before his death. King George III. reigned, counting from the years when his mind was sound, fifty-nine years, three months and four days. But Victoria's intellect is clear and strong as it ever was. Her good promise of remaining on the throne will be as memorable as any in English history, mentioning the victories of peace and the triumphs of wisdom to the in-

dustries. There is every reason to hope and believe that the royal lady will live, in full possession of her health and all her faculties, to celebrate the sixtieth year of her prosperous reign. That this will be the case all Americans hope.

It is good that we have sometimes some troubles and crosses; for they often make a man enter into himself, and consider that he is here in banishment, and ought not to place his trust in any worldly thing. It is good that we be sometimes contradicted, and that there be an evil or a lessening conceit had of us; and this, although we do and intend well. These things help often to the attaining of humility, and defend us from vain-glory; for then we chiefly seek God for our inward witness, when outwardly we be condemned by men, and when there is no credit given unto us.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's death at the age of 84 was not, of course, unexpected, but it will be not the less regretted both by her immediate friends and relatives and by thousands who had never seen her. Although she was best known by her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Mrs. Stowe was a very prolific writer, and in point of literary merit her most popular book was by no means her best one. Its success was due largely to its appearance at a time when the slavery question was becoming the dominant issue and it probably somewhat hastened the final settlement of that question by the arbitrament of arms. It was, however, as a writer of domestic tales and religious stories that Mrs. Stowe was at her best. Her strong domestic instincts and her family associations directed her efforts in that direction and in her chosen field she was unexcelled. As a woman not less than as a writer Mrs. Stowe enjoyed the esteem and affection of her associates. She was a high type of the American woman and with her death it will be felt that a mother in Israel has passed away.

Called to Account. We do not often read of General Jackson being worsted in any personal encounter, but a contributor to the American Historical Register tells the following story in a paper on Gen. John Adair, of Kentucky. Adair had commanded the Kentucky forces in the battle of New Orleans, Jan. 8, 1815. His command had been complimented by Jackson and by the Legislature of his State.

Strangely enough after this, when "gentle peace returning" had restored him to his Kentucky home, news came that General Jackson had thrown some slur upon the Kentucky troops. The next day, after the arrival of the news, the stately figure of General Adair was seen riding calmly through the streets of Harrodsburg, bearing southward. He conferred with nobody, but somehow it took breath that General Adair had gone to call General Jackson to account for his aspersions of the Kentucky troops.

There were no railroads, no telegraphs then, and but few mails. Public curiosity and feeling rose to fever-heat which was not appeased, for General Adair, after not many days, rode back through the village as silently and grandly as he had gone out. Whether at tongue point or pistol point the demand was made is not known. General Jackson made the amende honorable, and public enthusiasm in Kentucky knew no bounds.

Once a chatty granddaughter of his, telling me this incident, said: "I asked grandpa, 'Suppose General Jackson had not backed down?' 'Then I would have backed him into the Cumberland River,'" he answered.

Served a Good Purpose. Among the seven trades which a student in mechanical engineering must learn at Cornell is that of the blacksmith. Occasionally there is a protest, but it is never heeded. One dude, ten years ago, was unusually averse to soiling his hands. But he had to work at the forge just the same. Last fall he went to Prof. Morris and thanked him for being compelled to learn blacksmithing.

"Why?" asked the Professor. "Why, you see," replied the former dude. "I am now superintendent of a mine away back in Colorado. Last summer our main shaft broke and there was no one in the mine but myself could weld it. I didn't like the job, but I took off my coat and welded the shaft. It wasn't a pretty job, but she's running now. If I couldn't have done it I'd have had to pack that shaft on mule back and send it 800 miles over the mountains to be fixed, and the mine would have shut down till it got back. My ability to mend that shaft raised me in the eyes of every man in the mine, and the boss raised my salary."—Legal Adviser.

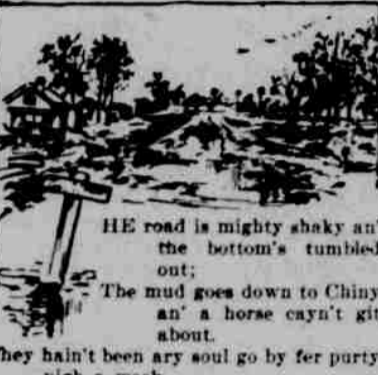
Cremation in Paris. A special service of sanitary police looks after the health of the city. A series of disinfecting stations is maintained, with modern ovens and other appliances for treating articles brought from infected homes. Parisians demand that their cemeteries be within walking distance of the city. As the city is very old, millions of people have died within its narrow limits. This is the most difficult problem that the health authorities have to deal with. They are trying to do away with the obstinate, ignorant prejudice against cremation. About 3,000 cremations a year take place now. The municipality encourages this innovation as much as possible.

Where the Paper Goes. Paper-makers estimate that the consumption of paper for books is only six per cent. of the entire manufacture, the largest portion of the paper made being used in the form of wrapping paper or paper for the newspaper press.



Shaded Highways. During these hot summer days it is the traveler on a dusty, treeless highway sighs for

"Some boundless contiguity of shade," or at least for good roads bordered by trees whose sheltering boughs would offer some protection against the rays of the celestial scorcher, the sun. Trees add more than beauty to a country highway, although that feature alone should be a sufficient incentive to insure their presence. But they are comforting, as well, and their shade helps to retain a degree of moisture that retards the making of dust. The useful highway should be made beautiful and comfortable as well. Every negligent highway commissioner should be compelled to ride a wheel along a sun-blistered road, or better yet, be harnessed to a load, as is the poor dumb horse. This would bring him to a realization of the fact that a little shade along the road is a good and gracious thing. Make the highways beautiful.



They hain't been any soul go by fer purty nigh a week. An' the worter in the highway is a sorry, soggy streak.

I hain't got no terbaccer ner I cayn't git any more. Fer I'm too old an' stiff to climb the fences to the store. It's lonesome ez a funeral to hev to stay an' stay. A-waitin' fer the worter fer to sort o' oose away.

An' yit it's gratifyin', ez I'm lookin' through the pane. An' watch the road a-sinkin' in the drizzle o' the rain. To know 'at while the mud prevents a-haulin' of a load. It keeps them blame bickie chaps from usin' o' the road.

The Good Roads Teacher. "Charity begins at home," and in many instances it ends there. It is that way with other things of this world.

Not until selfish, thoughtless man got down out of his spring-seated buggy and on to a wheel did he discover the sorry condition of the roads. It was then that he learned how very rough had been the way over which he had lashed his poor, dumb animals. It was then he received a painfully keen appreciation of the undesirable qualities of mud and stones as road-making materials.

When the pneumatic-tired bicycle appeared and "punctures" became things to be dreaded, he awoke to a realization of the large number of injuries his horses' feet were likely to receive.

Thus the thoughtless man became humane. He suddenly desired a good, smooth road, for himself and his horse. Coming into more direct contact with the road taught him that the horse was in need of a friend.

"Their cause I plead—plead it in heart and mind; A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind."

If horses could talk, and are really grateful creatures, they would never tire of singing the bicycle's praises, for the coming of the wheel was, in a broad sense, the emancipation of the horse from much of the abuse that had been inflicted upon him. The humane society should canonize the bicycle, for it has been the means of impressing upon men's minds the need of better highways.

With the thought of making better roads comes the desire to keep them better, and hence a demand for broader tires on heavy vehicles. Narrow tires must be done away with. The bicycle, while demanding a good road, is, itself, a road maker, or at least, a road keeper. Its soft, rubber feet are as gentle as they are swift.

The wheel came, first, as a sentimental teacher of the theory of good roads, which has since broadened into a great, practical movement in which commerce is as much interested as are the devotees of pleasure. When all roads are in good condition for wheel riding, it will be more of a pleasure for horses to exist, and for men to drive them.

Wires Sold at Auction. There is a town on Vancouver Island overlooking the Pacific Ocean that is in need of 3,000 women. The town is a cheerful place in its general aspect, its streets are well paved, and the climate and surroundings combine to make it attractive. But there is a shortage of women and young girls in this locality that begets an air of melancholy in the bearing of the supercilious male inhabitants.

The Mayor of this town is a resourceful man. Finding that it was impossible to relieve the gloom that had settled over his bailiwick without foreign aid, he raised a fund to import a carload of marriageable women from the East. A hundred young women comprised the first consignment to this center of high-pressure bachelorhood.

received the newcomers with open arms. A reception followed by a "grand sale" of wives acted like a tonic on the despairing community. Men who had begun to fear that a long journey must precede the chance to wed found a honeymoon within their reach. The bidding was spirited. In some instances great bargains were obtained, a forlorn bachelor obtaining a better half at actually panic prices. One man had a life partner knocked down to him before he had been introduced to her.

There was not a large amount of money involved in this curious sale. A girl who owned \$50 was rich enough to indulge in the luxury of splinter-hood if she so desired. A man with \$100 to spend at the auction was in a position to make his own choice practically. Beauty was at a premium, and frequently caused very lively competition. On the whole, the experiment was a great success, and the town has taken on an air of gaiety that it sadly needed. The number of weddings since the auction has been sufficiently great to encourage the town in the effort to obtain another carload of spinsters from the East.—New York World.

This Man Writes Upside Down. There is a man who lives in Gambler, O., who writes upside down from force of habit. He has become so used to the idea that he never writes like other persons.

One day he walked into the Ebbitt House in Washington. The clerk turned the register book around in the usual manner, so that he might inscribe his name, but, to his astonishment, the stranger reversed the volume quietly so as to make the writing all upside down from his point of view, and added the name, "A. W. Mann, Gambler," in the proper place.

Though writing his name upside down he did it with as much ease and quickness as a man would ordinarily do it right side up. The clerk did not know what to make of it and asked him to explain whether he always did it that way. The stranger replied that it was as comfortable for him to write in that fashion as in the ordinary manner. He added that it was not difficult at all to learn, and that anybody could acquire this peculiar art, though he had never met any one in this country or in Europe who knew how to write upside down. He claimed to have originated the system.

All this information was not conveyed by word of mouth, because Mr. Mann is a deaf mute. He is a clergyman, and preaches by signs at Gambler.

Fly Paper. The world's supply of sticky fly paper comes from Michigan. There are several small factories, but the one great producer is a single factory employing about six hundred hands all the year round, which ships its product to every high picket fence, and sentinels are on watch night and day to keep intruders out. The most intimate friends of the proprietors are never invited to enter the premises. The preparation is not patented nor copyrighted, as to gain the protection of the Government they would have to name the ingredients that go into the sticky formula, and that would give trade pirates a chance to operate. Only the proprietors know the formula, which they mix in secret, allowing no employe to be present, and they have successfully guarded this secret for over twenty years. None but the most trustworthy men are employed in one department is never allowed to learn more than one branch of the business nor visit any department but his own, but when once engaged has substantially a life job.

The Bicycle Did It. "Never caught a thing" declared the old man. "Never even got a decent bite. Got up before daylight and rode and walked forty miles, spent \$3 in fares and \$5 for sandwiches and rum, and never teched 'em."

"Fishin' ain't what it used to be, anyhow," he continued, mournfully. "We used to go 'round New York' most anywhere and bring in a good mess. Now you can't bring anything but a jag."

"How do you account for it?" I inquired, sympathetically. "The bicycle," said he. "Wha-at? What in the world has the bicycle got to do with it?" "I don't know—everybody says it's the bicycle, you see. The bike has just everlastingly knocked the spots out of fishin' 'n everything else—so they say. 'S plum' disconcertin', but I s'pose we've got to stand it."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Khama Is Up to Date. King Khama of Bechuanaland was in England last summer to protest against Mr. Rhodes' chartered company selling liquor to his people. He has recently set an example of civilization to his subjects by having an up-to-date wedding at Palapye. He went to the altar in a frock coat, light trousers, and a white tie; his bride, a young woman of 20, wore white satin, a tulle veil, and orange blossoms. The minister was an English missionary; there was a wedding cake. The only unusual thing was the hour, 9 o'clock in the morning.

Area and Population of Europe. Europe has much larger possessions in America than many people imagine. The acres are thus stated: British, 3,624,782 square miles; French, 48,040; Danish, 96,614; Holland, 46,493. The population of these dependencies is as follows: British, 6,738,807; French, 877,908; Danish, 114,229; Holland, 107,568.

Women enjoy prominence, chiefly for the reason that the papers always say of prominent men that they are devoted to their wives.



WOMEN WHO LOOK LIKE FRIGHTS

It is astonishing how many women there are who do not know the value of a handsomely fitted gown and its power to enhance a fine figure or even to give a certain amount of style to the poorest sort of form. Of course, this does not include the woman who is obliged to make her own clothes or go without. The average woman can have, if she wish, a perfectly fitting costume at an extremely slight expense and can present a harmonious and soothing effect to her family and friends, instead of an ill-proportioned, shapeless object of pity. One of the greatest mistakes of the woman who has not a plethoric purse is that she sacrifices quality of work for quantity, and her greed is her undoing. She figures the cost of having a dress made "out of the house" and then calculates how many she could make at home by having a dressmaker cut and fit them. She can finish them herself and thereby have more gowns. That woman does not know the first principles of the art of dressmaking.

She really thinks she is economizing. Frequently she makes her husband believe it. But he wonders why the deuce it is that there is always something or other the matter with his wife's "clothes," as he terms them. He notices that on one blouse there is the obnoxious and familiar wrinkle across the back between the shoulders; another, the back seam has a twist, the shoulders differ on a third and on the fourth dress the sleeves are entirely too short and the skirt hangs all sorts of ways. One marvels that these women cannot see how much better it is to have—if they cannot afford more—one dress each season made by a modiste and be happy in the knowledge that it is in as good taste as is anyone's in the city. It is the same with millinery. The woman who advises you to trim your own hats "because you can have so many more," and who proudly shows one which she says she "just threw together," is generally too conceited to bear telling that she would appear infinitely better as the possessor of just one purchased from a first-class milliner who understands color combinations.

Fortune for a Typewriter. San Francisco lawyers are looking forward to a lively lawsuit over the will of James C. Simonds, a lawyer of that city, who died recently in New York. Mr. Simonds was originally a lawyer in the empire city, but went to California years ago and built up a lucrative practice, besides becoming interested in some valuable nitrate mines. He had offices in the Crocker building, San Francisco. It so happened that a Mrs. Rosenberg, a good-looking widow of something over 40, was conducting a typewriting business in the same building. She was engaged by Mr. Simonds to do his work, and before long the lawyer was smitten by



the widow's charms. He proposed and the couple were engaged. About a month ago Simonds went to New York on a business trip, and was suddenly taken ill. He telegraphed for Mrs. Rosenberg, who arrived from San Francisco an hour before his death. His will, which has just been made public, leaves his entire fortune of something like \$150,000 to the charming widow, merely making a suggestion that she distribute some smaller legacies which he specified. The relatives of deceased are in the East, and it is understood that they will make efforts to set aside the will on the ground of undue influence.

Signs of Returning Bustles. The latest silk petticoat may be a forerunner of the much despised bustle. It is a billowy creation made with a deep ruffle through the bottom of which a fine reed is run. At the back the lower half of the skirt hangs in folds. There are six folds, and through each one a reed is run which makes the skirt stand out with a certain aggressive stiffness at the bottom, though at the waist it is very flat. All the

new silk skirts have either the fine reeds to add them in standing out, or they are lined from the bottom to a few inches above the knee with hair cloth. Women of fashion in buying a silk petticoat these days order a shorter silk skirt to match, as well as a corset. Brocade is the silk most in favor, and both the skirts and corset are exquisitely embroidered with the owner's monogram. Lace flounces trim both skirts, and a tiny frill of the same pattern of lace finishes the corset at the top.

My Lady Plays the Mandolin. In her attacks on the masculine heart the summer girl finds that ability to play a few airs on a stringed instrument comes in handy. The result is that most fashionable girls have gone in for this sort of thing. The guitar used to be the favorite weapon with these maidens, but it requires a great deal of patience and practice to learn to play well enough upon a guitar to use it without a voice accompaniment to cover some of the sins of execution. It is much easier to play attractively upon the banjo than upon the guitar, and for this reason it has been very popular with both men and women.



THE SUMMER VERANDA PAD.

But many object to the thrum-thrum tone, and it quickly grows monotonous. Besides, it is always getting out of tune, and the operation of tuning any string instrument is doleful, to say the least. All things considered the most interesting little instrument and the most convenient to carry about is the mandolin. It has other advantages over a banjo and guitar. For one thing, it is smaller and easier to hold, therefore more graceful. If handled with care it rarely gets badly out of tune, and one can soon learn to play upon it well enough to be interesting. If a maid have a musical ear she can quickly pick out a few popular tunes by air, which her friends will be glad to join in singing. Indeed, contrary to the general impression, chords upon the mandolin make a very pretty accompaniment.

Makes Women Look Younger. A curious development of the bicycle craze is its rejuvenescent effect upon women. Chad in the abbreviated skirt that convention has at last declared that she may wear upon the wheel, the most venerable of them looks for all the world like a young, kittenish thing of 16. From the chronological point of view the short skirt levels all ranks. Were it not for certain physiognomic distinctions it would be hard to tell the difference between grandmother and granddaughter when dismounted. This isn't altogether because short skirts have so long been the emblem and insignia of youth, either. No little reflection upon the matter soon convinces you that there is yet another and more important cause. Grandmother's feet and ankles are just as youthful-looking as her granddaughter's, which proves the interesting fact that the extraneous are somehow proof against the ravages of time. Hair may grizzle, eyes may dim and cheeks may fade; feet and ankles retain their adolescent grace. But it has been only possible to discover this since the advent of the bicycle. The thing has its inconveniences, though. It is confusing, not to say irritating, when the supposed "little girl" walking toward you turns out to be a middle-aged matron or well-seasoned spinster. It is noticeable, though, that no such woman ever minds being told of such a mistake.

What Women Talk About. Regular redingotes are being reported for the autumn wear. Fresh lime in the cellar at this season is said to prevent malarial troubles. White alpaca is to be the fabric chosen by a wealthy autumn bride for her wedding gown. Soft tulle, over a scarf of colored silk or satin, is employed as a new dinner table decoration. On English afternoon tea tables are seen iced asparagus and white wine in lieu of the conventional tea and muffins. Despite all the attention that has been paid to woman's athletic education, there is hardly one in ten that can run gracefully.