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Few Spanish farmers are able to read and write.

An Irishman says that the best preventive for the nose-bleed is to keep your nose out of other people's business.

The city council of London is discussing the establishment of municipal pawn shops, where money may be advanced to the poor at reasonable rates of interest.

Argentine Republic and Uruguay are the richest countries in the world in the matter of horses and horned stock, Austria leads the list in sheep, Servia in pigs. Italy is poor in horses, Portugal in cattle, Belgium in sheep and Greece in hogs.

The New York Independent states that when war broke out between China and Japan, each country applied to the United States government to protect its citizens in the other country, just as German citizens in Paris were put under the protection of the American minister during the war with Germany.

Says the Philadelphia Record the value and necessity of home rule for American cities receive an emphatic illustration in the statement made in the New York Constitutional Convention that the yearly revenues of New York City are $36,000,000 The total revenues of the United States in 1870 were only $60,000,000.

The Russian thistle, which has wrought such damage in the far northwest that congress was asked to exterminate it, has appeared in Illinois. A few plants have been found growing along the river bank near St. Charles, Kane County, and the farmers of the neighborhood are much alarmed in consequence.

A medical writer suggests that the admittedly large increase in crimes of violence and in suicides the past few months has been due to the fact that the scarcity and dearness of fruit in our markets have compelled more flesh eating than usual. This assumes, of course, that animal food stimulates the passions and arouses the latent beast in mankind.

Professor James Taft Hutfield thinks that the region of Massachusetts in which Northampton is situated has contributed to this country a larger share of intellectual ability than any other of its size. He regards Dr. William D. Whitney, the Sanscrit scholar, as the most distinguished native of that region who has recently joined the army of the dead.

Mrs. Virginia L. Minor, of St. Louis who leaves $1,000 in her will to Susan B. Anthony, was plaintiff in the celebrated case, of Minor vs. Happerstett in which she claimed the right of suffrage under the fourteenth amendment. She was a descendant in two lines from the grandfather of General Washington and showed the Washington blood in her face. In her youth she was a beauty, and even at seventy her face retained a delicacy and refinement which years could not obliterate. Three of her ancestors were members of the commission which sentenced the rebels in Bacon's rebellion, and it may interest antiquarians to know that they were also ancestors of the rebel Washington who just a hundred years later completed the work Bacon had begun.

The New York Tribune maintains that Switzerland has done perfectly right in declining to accord to the Russian government permission to erect a granite cross 130 feet high on the rock overhanging the Devil's Bridge at Andermatt. The object of the projected memorial was to commemorate the passage of the Muscovite General Souvaroff and his army over the St. Gothard in 1799. Although the plea put forward by the Federal Council at Berne for its rejection of the Russian application was that the monument would be "out of keeping with the æsthetic exigencies of the situation," yet it may be taken for granted that the real considerations which led the Swiss Government to raise objections to the proposal were to be found in the fact that the monument would, after all, serve to commemorate a most flagrant violation of that neutrality which is the basis of Switzerland's treasured independence, and to honor one of the chief offenders in the matter. Indeed, the demand of the Russian Government can only be regarded as one of a coolness as monumental in size as the projected cross.

The Boston Herald remarks that man is growing lazier and lazier every year. He is living in a machine age, when his walking and his climbing, if not his eating, is done for him by some mechanical invention too obvious to be recorded. If it were not for the athletics and gymnasiums it is believed the race would lose the use of its legs, as scientists say it is losing its jaws and its teeth from too much civilization. Men who used to skip up the long flights of stairs of down-town buildings without a murmur now complain if they are asked to walk up one. And it isn't age, either, for boys in their teens will "wait for an elevator" an hour rather than give their legs needful exercise. The result of so much level action would be horrid was there no bicycle in existence. But the wheelman goes "upstairs" for hours and says not a word when there is a saddle under him. It may be this universal wheel is the real cause of the present indolence. On some new principle developed by this popular notion, otherwise able-bodied citizens now refuse to live in houses with high stories and no "lifts," and kick at any "steps" over or under any railroad tracks. In short, there are people who would rather risk their lives than have the grade changed on a road they would be in the habit of crossing.

The Kettle.

There's many a house of grandeur,
With turret, tower and dome,
That knows not peace or comfort,
And does not prove a home.
I do not ask for splendor
To crown my daily lot,
But this I ask—a kitchen
Where the kettle's always hot.

If things are not ship-shape,
I do not fume or fret,
A little clean disorder
Does not my nerves upset.
But one thing is essential,
Or seems so to my thought,
And that's a tidy kitchen
Where the kettle's always hot.

In my Aunt Hattie's household,
Though skies outside are drear,
Though times are dark and troubled,
You'll always find good cheer.
And in her quaint old kitchen—
The very homiest spot—
The kettle's always singing,
The water's always hot.

And if you have a headache,
Whate'er the hour may be,
There is no tedious waiting
To get your cup of tea.
I don't know how she does it—
Some magic she has caught—
For the kitchen's cool in summer
Yet the kettle's alway hot.

Oh, there's naught else so dreary
In household kingdom found
As a cold and sullen kettle
That does not make a sound.
And I think that love is lacking
In the hearts in such a spot,
Or the kettle would be singing
And the water would be hot.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Bruce Gaynor's Diplomacy.

"Oh, dear, I wish he would come!" Kate Talbot looked at her watch, and then ran out into the hall to compare its enameled hands with the dial of the old clock on the landing.

She was a tall, handsome, girl, with brown hair. Her eyes, large and soft, of a peculiar hazel tint, were full of dreamy languor, and the white and pink bloom of her cheeks betokened very plainly that she never had turned day into night and night into day, after the approved fashion of metropolitan belles. No; Kate Talbot was a rustic beauty, fresh and uncontaminated by the sinister influence of city life.

"Here he comes; and he is not alone."

And within just thirty seconds Miss Talbot was on the steps, inclining her head to Mr. Rossmere Wylie, and holding out an eager, fluttering little hand toward her father.

"No letter, papa?"

"None, Katy."

Rossmere's quick eye scanned Kate's countenance as she stood there, a single rose among her dark tresses, and one hand slightly holding together the folds of her blue cashmere shawl. How plainly he saw the expression of keen disappointment that fluttered across her perfect features!

"Kate," said Mr. Talbot, quietly dismounting from his horse, "somehow it is difficult for me to believe in this gay cavalier of yours."

"Papa!"

"'Out of sight, out of mind,' is a very old proverb, you know, my dear; and it is just possible, among the attractions of a fashionable watering-place, that he has forgotten."

"Never, papa! You and Rossmere always were unjustly prejudiced against him."

Kate spoke with very genuine enthusiasm. She believed in Bruce Gaynor just as implicitly as she believed in the sunshine at her feet, and it seemed impossible that any one else should for a single second doubt his truth and sincerity.

Rossmere Wylie looked at her with grave intentness. Suppose that Bruce was faithless! He sternly checked within himself the upspringing throb of his heart. Was it for him to build up a palace of happiness on the wreck of Kate's love?

And Rossmere Wylie resolved to go to Saratoga and survey the field for himself.

Mr. Bruce Gaynor was walking up and down the piazza, in the afternoon sunshine. It was certainly very considerate of him to give the young ladies such a fine opportunity of admiring his beautiful eyes and rich Spanish complexion and exquisite figure.

"Have you heard who arrived this morning, Gaynor?"

Colonel Melford's hand, laid lightly on Gaynor's shoulder, arrested his sauntering movements.

"No; any one worth cultivating?"

"Miss Montressor."

"Miss Montressor, the heiress? Why, I thought she was to be among the White Mountains."

"She has changed her mind apparently; at all events, here she is. There's a chance for you, young man."

Bruce Gaynor's handsome eyes sparkled.

"Introduce me."

"Can't, unfortunately; haven't the honor of a personal acquaintance myself; but I can tell you who can."

"Who?"

"Wylie; he came yesterday—Rossmere Wylie, you know; he's a cousin or something of the golden damsel. And there she is now!"

Bruce Gaynor winced a little.

"What! that fat, dowdy little concern by the door? Why, I thought she was a beauty."

"So she is, considered from a financial point of view. My dear fellow, don't be hypercritical."

"Why, she's forty if she's a day."

"Very possibly; but only think of her bank stock and railroad shares! Think the matter over."

Bruce Gaynor did think the matter over and made up his mind in very short order.

"Good evening, Mr. Wylie," he said, half an hour or so later, as he encountered Rossmere. "I believe I had the pleasure of meeting you at Weldington."

Mr. Wylie inclined his head.

"I understand Miss Montressor is your cousin, and I have resolved to ask at your hands the privilege of an introduction."

"I shall be happy to oblige you," said Rossmere, with the least perceptible shrug of his shoulders.

So Mr. Gaynor was formally presented in the lists as a candidate for the smiles of Miss Emily Montressor.

She certainly was not handsome. Her hair was thin and her eyes didn't both look in the same direction. But then Bruce remembered her money.

"I don't really know what to do about Katy Talbot," thought Mr. Gaynor to himself, uneasily twisting up the pink envelope that had enwrapped her last glowing, impulsive, loving little epistle. "I was a great fool to allow myself to get so entangled, but it isn't too late yet to back out gracefully. I guess I won't answer her letter; women are generally pretty quick to take a hint of that sort."

Thus cogitating Bruce Gaynor lighted his cigar with the pink envelope.

And Rossmere Wylie watched the curious developments of the little life drama that was being enacted under his eyes with contemptuous indignation.

"A heartless scoundrel!" he thought. "Kate will be well rid of him. And yet, poor girl, she did believe in him."

Yet Rossmere Wylie felt a certain thrill of delight as he thought of Kate Talbot free, disenchanted once more from the glamour that had hung around her life.

August was gone; the golden orb of the full September moon was looking calmly into the curtained recess of the huge bay-window where Mr. Bruce Gaynor sat by Miss Emily Montressor.

"My Emily! my heart's own," he murmured.

"Do you really love me?" lisped the charmer.

"Ah, Emily, I have felt of late how utterly impossible it will be for me to be happy away from your smiles. You will marry me, dearest? You will give me the right to call you my own?"

"But, Bruce," faltered the fair one, "I am so much older than you."

"A year or so, perhaps, darling; but what does that signify to hearts that are congenial? Say yes darling."

And Miss Montressor said "Yes."

"But I really am afraid to let my niece know; I'm sure she will oppose it."

"My love we will spare her the opportunity; we will go quietly to church tomorrow and be married."

"Oh, Bruce!"

Mr. Gaynor's handsome eyes flashed in triumph; he was sure of the prize at last. Poor, forgotten Kate!

The sudden wedding of the middle-aged Miss Montressor with the chief exquisite of the season made a nine days' sensation at Saratoga. Kate Talbot heard of it in due time; and cried a-night before she began to realize that she had had a fortunate escape. And Rossmere Wylie came back from Saratoga, just in time to catch her heart in the rebound.

While Mr. Wylie and Miss Talbot were gathering grapes and whispering exceedingly interesting nothings under the green shadow of the arbors at Weldington, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Gaynor were enjoying the grandeur of Niagara.

"Sublime!" ejaculated Bruce, gently pressing the hand that lay on his arm.

"Very nice!" said Emily absently. "But I'm so disappointed about this letter from Emmy."

Who's Emmy?"

"My niece, dear. I thought, of course, she'd send me something very nice for a wedding present; but—but—"

"Dearest, do not weep!"

"I—I can't help it!" sobbed Mrs. Gaynor. "It's too mean of Emmy. She always did oppose my marrying; but I never thought she would be so spiteful."

"We care not for her good or bad opinion, dear. Your husband is now all the world to you, my Emily."

"That's just what she says, the hateful thing!"

"Calm yourself, my love. What do we want of her paltry wedding presents?"

"It isn't that, Bruce, but—"

"But what?"

"She's cut off my allowance, the hard-hearted minx; and she so rich!"

"What! are there two heiresses in the Montressor family?"

"Two heiresses? No. What do you mean, Bruce?"

"Do I"—Bruce cleared his throat huskily, and went on—"understand that—that your niece—"

"Why, you must often have heard of my niece, Emily Montressor—she was named after me—the heiress? And she's a great beauty, too—at least some people call her so; but for my part I never could bear these blondes."

Bruce Gaynor stood staring at the everlasting tumult of the "American Fall" with eyes that seemed turned to stone, while his bride prattled on.

"And now she's cut off my allowance, and left me without a cent in the world. Well, it's lucky I've got a husband to take care of me now; isn't it, Brucie, dear?"

Bruce Gaynor did not answer; he could not. His tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth; every drop of blood in his body stood still. Had he sacrificed his youth and brilliant prospects for this?

And then he remembered sweet Kate Talbot, and thought vindictively of Rossmere Wylie.

"He knew—he must have known that there were two Emily Montressors," thought Gaynor, clenching his teeth. "He saw me walk into the trap, and never opened his lips to warn me. O, what a fool! what a double-distilled blockhead I have been!"

So he had; but unfortunately it was too late for his self-appreciation to be of any use. He was safely married to Miss Emily Montressor, but not to the Emily! And Mr. Gaynor felt, with a bitter pang of humiliation that his snug little piece of diplomacy had been an utter failure.—New York News.

"Music Hath Power."

"Were you moved by her music?"

"Yes, it amounted to that. I think we should have kept the flat another year if it hadn't been for her."—Puck.

Paper has been made in China from time immemorial. Outside of China it was made at Samarland, in Turkestan A. D., 750.

LOCUSTS IN CHINA.

Soldiers Battle With the Swarming Destroyers.

The Migrations Controlled By a Colossal King.

The great Chinese province of Kian-Soo is being devastated by locusts. Consul Jones, at Chin-Kian, sends the State Department an account of the curious efforts made by the afflicted sections to dispel the scourge. Some of the methods resorted to are as striking as the suggestions offered to the Kansas people when they were suffering from a similar visitation some years ago.

When the locusts make their appearance in one of these Chinese districts there is consternation among the unfortunate peasantry, who assemble in the fields with wild clamor and din of gongs, armed with long bamboos, with streamers attached, and vainly endeavor to drive off the terrible invaders that are settling down in myriads and devouring their crops before their eyes. Every leaf and twig is covered thick, giving the appearance of some hideous yellow fruit or plant. A faint sour smell like that of fermenting vegetable matter is always perceptible in the neighborhood.

There is a curious and widespread belief among the Chinese in the existence of a "king" locust "Wang" he is called—of colossal size and quasi supernatural character, who hovers invisible in the upper regions of the air, directing and controlling the migrations of the different swarms. At some places the leading officials have publicly sacrificed and made offerings to the king of the locusts in order that he might be induced to spare their localities.

"I know of few sights," writes the consul, "more extraordinry than a swarm engaged in pairing. The air is filled with clouds of locusts drifting, circling, crossing and recrossing, with a faint, whirring noise and settling on the ground in thousands of couples. The ground is carpeted thickly with them; you cannot make a move without crushing heaps of them under your feet, while thousands more start up in pattering volleys against your legs, hands and face. The eggs are deposited in holes drilled by the female an inch or more deep in the ground.

"The time required for hatching depends entirely on the temperature. In very hot weather the new brood begins to make its appearance at the end of a week. At this stage they are very small, black and as active as fleas, making extraordinary bounds by means of their muscular hind legs. At a little distance they suggest the idea of a swarm of black ants seized with sudden insanity. In shape they are exact copies of their parents, save for the wings. They are greedy feeders and grow rapidly.

"By the eight or ninth day wings have budded and the color begins to change, yellow spots appearing, and in about three weeks or a month they are full grown. The destruction by suitable methods of this formidable pest, involving, as it does, the prevention of famines, fever epidemics and riots, is a matter of great public concern. One constantly hears of mandarins losing their buttons and being disgraced as the penalty of remissness or failure to destroy the enemy."

Consul Jones says the Chinese consider that the visits of the locuts is a "calamity from heaven, and that there is no help for it." Chinese records chronicle many instances of the appearance and the calamities inflicted by the locusts in former times, but they have peculiarly effective methods of destroying them. The Government usually issues proclamations ordering out the soldiers and encouraging the farmers, to destroy them. The latter are given a bounty for their destruction.

The soldiers are used against the locusts, with their officers at their head, as against an averse army in the field. Instead of a gun or lance, each soldier is armed with a coarse hempen bag attached to a bamboo pole, which with wide open mouth is waved back and forth among the swarms until filled when they are killed and the action renewed.

"In this section of the province" writes Mr. Jones, "the army has taken the field, and district magistrate has taken up his quarters in the country where the locusts are thickest to overlook the work of destruction and to pay the farmers the bounty. The farmers use large brooms made of bamboo twigs and other bushes and each armed with this weapon goes forth to slaughter. When killed and collected they are paid for by weight, which is at the rate of forty cash or four cents per pound. The locusts eggs are dug up and paid for on a similar scale."—Boston Traveler.

Constant Work Stunts Man.

Professor Max Muller has been regretting that "the luxury and beauty of scholarly leisure" at the universities have passed away forever. "It is quantity today rather than quality, I fear," he said to an interviewer of the Quiver. "The tutors become teachers far too young, and they work so hard that they have no time to look to the right or the left; and what is life if not a continually glancing to the right and left? They give themselves no time to develop. They take a good first-class and then give out what they have learned as teachers. This engenders the moneymaking spirit. I have no word to say against it, but it all tells on the spirit of the university."

The present system of constant examinations finds no favor with Professor Max Muller. "They stunt our young men," he said, "they have no time or opportunity to be idle. Now, do you know, it is my idle friends," he added, "who have become distinguished men in later life? I believe in cultured idleness. It gives a man time to read for himself. But look at these examinations; why, a man knows exactly what he has to read frequently to the very page. You don't call that study."

The professor confessed that at first he had been opposed to the girls' colleges, but they are, he said a great success, "and it is a real pleasure to me to see the young girls so eager to learn. Young men do as little as they can, young women do as much as they can; too much, indeed. Again, they work more systematically, and their knowledge is better arranged. It tends wonderfully to the improvement of the whole of their character. I wish the men could be ashamed and spurred on to further effort. Indeed," he added, laughing outright, "a friend of mine and his wife went in for the same examination; she took a first class, he only a second." Professor Max Muller, however, thinks nothing tangible comes of all the labors of the girls, while if only they could get fellowships they might do good work.—Westminster Gazette.

Feats of an Armless Man.

Nature occasionally blunders and sends an imperfect being into the world, but in doing so she does not forbid his rectifying her error by the sheer force of her own laws. Such a case is that of the armless Unthan, who has been seen at Keith's the past week, doing the most extraordinary things with his toes. He says that, as he was born without arms, he has never missed them, and from the age of a year and a half he has used his feet as other children use their hands. To play a violin well, the cornet even better, to fire a bullet into the edge of a playing card, to light cigarettes and shuffle cards, and to shave and dress with the feet strikes the handy man as akin to the feats of a monkey. But Unthan performs these achievements with the same ease that any gentleman gifted with hands and arms would exercise under similar circumstances. His legs are long and exceedingly strong, and his toes have somewhat the appearance of fingers, save that the big toe is of unusual size. They are flexible as the fingers of a pianist, and it is astonishing the pure tones he produces on the violin as the instrument lies on a low ottoman before him, and the position is, of course, unnatural. The impression he creates is not at all unpleasant; quite the contrary, for dexterity and cleverness are always to be admired, and one is loth to say he is afflicted when nature's mishap has resulted in developing another wonder.—Boston Herald.

Why He Stood for Acquittal.

"I saw a man saved from life imprisonment or hanging once by one wise man on a jury, who stood out against eleven fools," said T. J. Stephens of Baltimore at the Laclede. "The man was found standing over a dead body in a field with a knife in his hand and blood smeared over his clothes. He swore he had found the man lying dead and had drawn the knife from the wound, where the murderer had left it sticking. It was shown that the men were enemies and that the accused had even threatened repeatedly to kill him. On this and other circumstantial evidence eleven of the jury were for conviction. The foreman alone stood out, and so steadfastly that at length, one by one, the others joined him, and the prisoner was acquitted. Many thought the man guilty, and he finally left the country because of the cold shoulder he got from old friends. Years afterward, when the foreman of the jury was dying, he acknowledged that he killed the man himself. It was in self-defence, but he had no witnesses to prove it. When the innocent man was arrested he managed to get on the jury, determined to save him, and he said if he had been unable to do so otherwise he would have told the truth.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Little King Ruled Well.

Another pretty little story is told of the young King Alphonso of Spain. The Queen Regent, as is natural to expect, has taken great pains to teach her little son her own native tongue, German. To accomplish this thoroughly and rapidly, she herself compiled a grammar and primer for his use. Short poems take up a good part of the book. One of these especially interested His Little Majesty, to the great delight of the Queen. It was entitled, "What One Should Do," and ends with the line, "Kings must rule well.

Alphonso learned the poem by heart, and easily, for he has a remarkable memory. On evening when his mother had given him the good-night kiss, he asked her as usual: "Art thou content with me today?" When Her Majesty expressed her approval of his conduct, the little fellow's face brightened up for a moment, and he proudly said:

"Yes, I have in truth ruled well today."—New York Telegram.

An Electric Incubator.

A novelty in the hatching of eggs has appeared in the shape of an electric incubator, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. The special feature of this machine is that the heat of the egg drawer is automatically regulated to the fiftieth part of a degree. It consists of a tank incubator, heated by radiation from the bottom of a water tank, which is constructed on the multitubular system. When the egg drawer reaches the temperature of 104 degrees an electric thermostat connects up a dry battery with an electro magnet, which acuates a damper, allowing the heat to escape through the open air, instead of passing through the flues of the water tank. This entirely automatic device is said to effect a saving of thirty per cent in the fuel used for heating.

The Pin Story Improved.

A prominent banker in Sydney was holding forth on his early life. "How did I get my first start in life?" he exclaimed. "Why one day I picked up a pin—"

"Oh, that game's played out," was the cry.

"I picked up a pin," the banker continued, "a diamond pin, which I pawned for £50, and after giving ten 'bob' to charity, to change my luck, I began my career as a money-lender with the other £49 10s. Today, after thirty years' hard labor, I am a millionaire, and to celebrate the event have just given 10s. more to charity.—Spare Moments.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

"FAIR MAID OF PERTH'S" HOUSE.

The house of the "Fair Maid of Perth" has lately been reconstructed and restored so skilfully that it seems an Old-World dwelling in every particular. It has the quaint cupboards of a former time, and at the door is the "laupin-on stone," which recalls the period when the stirrup-cup was the indispensable accompaniment of every leave-taking.—New York Tribune.

MRS. LEATHERS IS A GREAT SAILOR.

Blanche S. Leathers, a woman of charming personality, wife of Captain B. S. Leathers, owner of the steamer Natchez, plying between New Orleans and Vicksburg, has been granted a master's license, after undergoing a rigid examination before Captain O'Brien, Supervising Inspector of Steam Vessels, and Baker and Youngblood, local inspectors. Mrs. Leathers has passed the greater part of her married life afloat, and, as her husband is often detained ashore, she concluded that by mastering navigation she could relieve him of the expense of employing a substitute.—New York Recorder.

BUTTONS HER HOBBY.

Mrs. Mary E. Harris, of Roxbury, Mass., has had for thirty years the hobby of collecting buttons, until now her collection numbers 12,000 different kinds. Thirty years ago she made a wager that there were more than 999 different kinds of buttons; she reached the thousand mark inside of a year, but once started in the fascination of "collecting" her pursuit was kept up. Mrs. Harris has some interesting buttons in her collection. One was worn by a soldier in Napoleon's army; another by a soldier in Washington's there are buttons from the uniforms of half a dozen European armies, as well as those from South American republics, the confederate army and the uniforms furnished by different states during the civil war.—Atlanta Constitution.

THE DISCOURAGING HAND MIRROR.

Nothing on the toilet table has done more harm to beauty than the ubiquitous little hand glass. The young girl knows nothing about freckles until somebody makes her a present of a hand mirror. One blemish reveals another, ignorances magnifies the defects, and then unhappiness begins: Quack medicines are resorted to and alleged remedies tried that are usually expensive and either worthless or dangerous. The vain little woman goes on studying her glass and losing contentment. Gray hairs and wrinkles come long before their time; her temper loses its sweetness; she gets round shouldered from constantly scrutinizing herself, and at the very time that she should be sweet and amiable and serene she is a screwed up, squint eyed, sour old woman. A toilet mirror is the very worst present that a plain girl could receive.—New York World.

A WOMAN NATURALIZED.

The unusual spectacle of a woman being made a naturalized citizen of the United States was presented in Judge Hutchin's court in Cleveland recently, when Mrs. S. Louise Pattison took the oath of allegiance to support the constitution of the United States. Not many weeks ago the general assembly passed an act permitting Ohio women to vote in elections for school officials. Desiring to take advantage of the provision, Mrs. Pattison found it necessary to be naturalized, inasmuch as she had been born abroad; but having come to these shores before her 18th year, she had only to take out one set of papers, and may now vote at any election when school officials are to be chosen. She is the first woman to be naturalized in Ohio, and possibly in the United States. She was born in Weyach, Switzerland, on February 14, 1853, and came to this country when only 14 years old. She is a business woman, supporting herself by work as a stenographer, especially in and about the courts. Everybody acknowledges her to be a brilliant woman, and she is universally respected.—New York Times.

LONGEVITY OF FEMALES.

The Medical Record says woman has the advantage of man as regards longevity; she suffers less from accidents, injuries and many forms of disease; she is, in fact more tenacious than man of the limited enjoyments allowed her. Dr. Brandreth Symonds has collected and studied a large number of statistics to illustrate this interesting fact, (American Journal of the Medical Sciences). The comparative mortality of the sexes at different ages shows that in the first year of life the mortality of the female is much less than that of the male, being at birth 92.64 per 1,000 as against 112.80 and at the end of the year 31.87 as against 35.08. This difference continues up to the fourth year. From 5 to 12 the female mortality is greater than that of the male, being at the latter period 3·56 for males and 4·28 for females. At the age of 46 the male mortality equals that of the female, the latter having been up to this time slightly in excess. During the years 46 to 56, the period of the climacteric, the male mortality gains rapidly on the female, being 6.32 per annum for the one and only 3.47 for the other. Hence the climacteric is really a much more serious time for man than for woman. After 56 the female mortality gains on that of the male, but is always slightly below it. Woman has not only a less mortality, but a greater longevity than man. There is, also, a plurality of female births.

FASHION NOTES.

The toque is to be one of the favorites of the coming season.

Jet birds having wings of celluoid scales or pailettes are very Frenchy.

Small bird effects are preferred, whether they are quiet in color or brilliantly cheerful.

A rain-proof velvet will prove an excellent trimming for an everyday or "hack" hat or bonnet.

Very large spreading bows of five-inch ribbon or piece velvet will ornament the fall headgear.

A touch of magenta or cherry in black, brown or green hats will be quite the correct finish.

Haircloth and alpaca skirts, made with three ruffles up the back and a steel in the bottom, are prophetic of a crinoline scare.

Moire ribbons in delicate colors and chine patterns are in use for trimming black dresses and giving a touch of color to white crepon gowns.

The newest waistcoats for wearing with open coats are made of brown holland, thickly embroidered down the front with fawn color and white flax threads.

Black and white, or cream or yellow, continue to be popular. It is rumored that when we have tired of our fancy for black and white check, black and white stripes are to take their place.

An excellent black dogskin glove, with four buttons, is made of the same skin as the tan driving gloves, which are said to last two years. In light gloves the specialty is the cinder-colored glove, plain or with black stitching.

The newest parasols are in moire, with either jet or cream guipure carried up each rib and a vandyked pattern between each. Also those composed of crimped chiffon, with guipure trimmings. These are made up to match special costumes.

The newest thing out in straw hast for women are the Panama hats, never before worn except by men. The straw is left in the natural tint, which, is yellow, with a tinge of brown, and the same straw dyed black is used in some pretty hats as a lining.

The newest vests are of thick ribbed cloth in fawn or bright tan shades, made with extremely large lapels, showing a considerable amount of shirt, usually accompanied by a tie, and the double breast fitted with very large buttons of fancy bone or smoked pearl.

All the best dressed women are wearing white petticoats of the most elaborate detail, flounced with lace trimmed with insertion and with ribbon. Some of them boast accordeon plaited frills, others have innumerable beadings run through with different colored ribbons.

Sets of three gold and silver butterflies in filagree, with some decided color shading in the center, are sold for the waist, the top of the shoulders and the hair. There are some of the most fairylike flowers, such as pink mimosa and the tamarisk, made in the same filagree thread to be used for the same purpose.

Chiffon is the favorite trimming and decorates the throats of all the fashionable cloaks. No costume is complete without its ruffle. They set out round the back of the neck, but separate in front, leaving a space about three inches under the chin, and they terminate with a plated end on either side, which hangs to the bust.

The newest guipure lace has a renaissance design with a net groundwork, the patterns often copied from the finest Spanish and Italian designs; but, besides this, a great deal of coarse, thick-patterned guipure is introduced on to dresses and mantles, and is fashioned into tapering battlements and deep vandykes, so that they are introduced between plaits of the material. Insertions of all kinds are placed horizontally and perpendicularly on the mantles.

Antidotes for Nauseous Tastes.

A little extract of licorice destroys the taste of aloes; peppermint water disguises nauseous taste of salts; milk is a good abater of the bitter flavor of Peruvian bark, and cloves that of senna. Castor oil cannot be tasted if beaten and thoroughly mixed with the white of an egg. Another method of covering the taste of castor or cod liver oil is to put a teaspoonful of strained orange juice in a wineglass, pour the oil into the centre of the juice, and then squeeze a few drops of the juice upon the oil and upon the edge of the glass.—New York Dispatch.

Carrying Power of Lights.

The local scientist has recently made some very interesting tests with lights at sea and declares that a white light can be seen farther than any other. A red light comes next in carrying power and green ranks third. From sixty to eighty per cent of light is absorbed by red and ninety-five per cent by green glass. The percentage of absorption, of course, increases in ratio with the density of the color in the glass, and the condition of the atmosphere has considerable influence on the range of visibility of the lights.—Philadelphia Record.

Veteran Bicyclers.

"You are never too old to ride a bicycle," says a professor of the art of bicycling. "There are bicyclers who are between sixty and seventy years of age, and I can tell you of some who are over seventy. One of the best bicyclers in town has got beyond his sixty-fifth birthday, and he is bald as a drum, too, but can beat most riders of twenty or thirty. An old wag on his machine scooting along a level road under a full head of wind is a sight to behold."—Chicago Herald.

Early Organs.

The first organ built in America was made by Andrew Krauss of Kraussdale, Lower Milford Township, Lehigh County, Pa., with the assistance of his brother John. This was in 1790, and Andrew was then only nineteen years of age. The instrument proved a success. In 1796 he made the first church organ, which is still in use in the Longswamp Church.—New York Advertiser.

A Fish Boarding House.

A dealer in aquarium supplies in Harlem, New York city, has a fish boarding-house, where members of the finny tribe are properly cared for until their owners return from their summer vacations.—Chicago Herald.

Berlin has abolished its 500 night watchmen, and put 900 policemen in their places.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Holland's soap duty brings $750,000.

Fanning mills were invented in China.

In Japanese saws the teeth point toward the handle.

Cotton stockings were first made by hand about 1730.

Asparagus is the oldest known plant that has been used as food.

Papyrus and lotus from the Nile grow luxuriantly in Central Park.

The ancient spices were mint, saffron, garlic, oxyonel and asafetida.

Wooden goods were first manufactured in England in the fourth century.

Over $10,090,000 was sent to Ireland to relieve the suffering from the famine of 1847.

The nutmeg tree, when cultivated, grows at least fifty feet high and bears fruit for sixty years.

A rattle seven feet long was killed the other day by a farmer in Bryan County, Georgia. It had thirteen rattles.

The smelt carries a great many eggs from 30,000, to 60,000; and from 100 ripe females probably 5,000,000 could be obtained.

Nearly every pineapple farm in Florida is provided with some sort of water transportation—sailboat, rowboat or naphtha launch.

The first painting, so far as known, was done in Egypt, B. C. 2100, by command of King Osywandyas, to commemorate his exploits.

The sweepings of the Denver, Col., mint, which have been accumulating for years, were washed recently and yielded $3,000 worth of gold.

The highest lakes in the world are on the Himalayas in Thibet, where there are some bodies af water as high as 20,000 feet above the level of the sea.

A telegram from New York to Australia has to go nearly twenty thousand miles, 15,000 of which are by submarine cable, and is handled by fifteen operators.

An old album of stamps collected thirty years ago in Savannah, Ga., and recently discovered by an heir of the collector, has revealed a number of valuable issues, some of them worth $1,500.

One of the funeral customs of Korea is, to say the least of it, peculiar. It is a social law which compels all loyal Koreans to wear a white hat for three years after the death of one of the royal family.

All the woodpeckers climb the bole of trees, not by stepping on foot at a time but by jumping vertically. At first thought this may seem easy, yet a little reflection will disclose how difficult it is. The bird does not use its wings, and of course must spring upward and at the same time keep within reaching distance of the tree.

The year 1894 corresponds to the 1898th from the birth of Christ to the year 7403 of the Byzantine era, to the years 5654-55 of the Hebrew era (the latter year beginning at sunset on Sept. 30), to the year [illegible] since the foundation of Rome, to the year 2554 of the Japanese and to the years 1311-12 of the Mohammedan era, the year 1312 of the era of the hegira having begun on the 5th inst.

Eat Before You Retire.

Dr. Cathell, of Baltimore, in a recent article in a medical journal recommends all, and especially weak person, to eat before retiring to sleep. He says: "I am of the opinion that fasting during the long intervals between supper and breakfast, and especially the complete emptiness of the stomach during sleep, adds greatly to the amount of emaciation, sleeplessness, and general weakness we so often meet. Physiology teaches that in the body there is a perpetual disintergration of tissue, sleeping or waking; it is therefore logical to believe that the supply of nourishment should be somewhat continuous, especially in those who are below par, if we would counteract their emaciation and lower degree of vitality; and so bodily exercise is suspended during sleep, with wear and tear correspondingly diminished, while digestion, assimilation and nutrative activity continue as usual, the food furnished during this period adds more than is destroyed, and increased weight and improved general vigor are the results."—Picayune.

Sleep as a Life Prolonger.

Sleep as a prolonger of life is upheld by a curious calculation which appeared in a recent medical work on the digestive organs and faculties. The duration of human life may be ascertained by the pulsations of the body. Say a man lives to seventy years, his heart beating sixty to the minute, the pulsations in that time foot up to 2,207,520,000. If by intemperance or any other cause he raises pulsation to seventy-five a minute, the same number of pulsations would be finished in fifty-six years, thereby abbreviating his life by fourteen years. And as the number of pulsations is less in a sleep than in a waking state, it stands to reason that a long sleeper has a much better prospect of a long life than a person who is satisfied with short naps. Napoleon I, who slept very little, did not attain old age. General Butler, who could sleep at will, rounded out a good ripe sheaf of years.—Chicago Herald.

Apropos.

"Get off the earth, will ye?" shouted the rude urchin whose path had been obstructed by a kind-looking but queerly clad gentleman. He did not get angry. On the contrary, he looked pleased.

"Sech," he said, "is fame. Sonny, I'm kinder surprised that ye knowed me, but it's ter yer credit that ye keep up with whut's going on. It'll probably please ye ter know I'm expectin' ter get off the earth in about three more days—jes' ez soon es I kin git one little improvement in my flyin' machine.

And the kind looking old gentleman strode on, happier than he had been before in months.—Washington Star.

In Canton, China, 30,000 people live in house-boats.

In the Down-Hill of Life.

In the down-hill of life, when I find I'm declining,
May my lot no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow,
And as bright as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade, too,
As sunshine and rain may prevail,
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade, too,
With a barn for the use of the flail;
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow.
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honors await him tomorrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secured by a neighborly hill;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
By the sound of a murmuring rill;
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends may I share what today may afford
And let them spread the table tomorrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering
Which I've worn for threescore years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again;
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow;
As this old, worn-out stuff, which is threadbare today,
May become everlasting tomorrow.

—John Collins, in New York Ledger.

HUMOROUS.

A woman who paints may be said to be the picture of health.

A sensitive Southwark girl gets seasick every time she wears a yachting cap.

If a bicycler is a pedaler should he not be compelled to take out a license?

"No news is good news," but it won't do to run a daily newspaper on that principle.

Winks—I hear you are dispossessed today. Bilkins—Yes. and I feel very much "put out about it."

"Professor, would you advise me to make a poet or a painter of my son?" "A poet—paper's cheaper than canvas."

Stealing a man's clothing when he is bathing is a pretty safe business, as it is evident that the victim has no redress.

The small and silent things count up,
For ills men really feel,
The peels of thunder can't compare
With the banana peel.

"I tell you what," said McSwatters the other evening, "if you want to bring out what's in a man give him a sea voyage."

At the art exhibition—What did you enjoy most? She—Seeing a meddlesome man with an umbrella put out of the room.

"There goes one of the greatest writers of fiction that we have in this country." "Who is he?" "The weather clerk."

"Is there any authors' club in this town?" asked the young man. "There is," replied the editor. "Bill, hand me that oak sapling."

Wiggs—What a fearful cold you've got, old man! Are you taking anything for it? Biggs—Yes. Wiggs—What? Biggs—Advice.

A boy writing a composition on "Extremes" remarked that "we should endeavor to avoid extremes, especially those of wasps and bees."

She jumbled his business letters,
Her writing was awful, too;
But he kissed and quickly forgave her,
For in years she just counted two.

Young Lady (to hotel proprietor)—We have been looking out for Mars. Proprietor—Yes, miss, and your ma's have been looking out for you.

"I don't see what there is about this place to make you call it paradise." He—Jupiter, man! there's no shop where my wife can run up a bill.

Sleepy Swell (just arrived in time to see the rear of the train at a distance) to porter—Off already—what's up? Porter (provokingly cool)—Time, sir.

"Pretty hard times," said one mosquito." "Yes," replied the other. "I don't know when we have presented our bills so often with so few collections."

The proprietor of a ropewalk says that what makes it so hard on ropemakers is that at least fifty men die daily of natural causes who ought to be hanged.

"It isn't fair to set the strong against the weak," sententiously remarked the new boarder, as he pushed the butter plate away from its contact with his coffee cup.

She jumbled his business letters,
Her handwriting was awful, too;
But he kissed and quickly forgave her,
For in years she just counted two.

Wickwire—I tell you, old boy, there's nothing like a baby to brighten up a man's home. Yabsley—Yes, I've noticed that the gas seems to be at full hight in your house almost any hour of the night.

So you think there is no hope of her recovery doctor? Doctor—None, the disease baffles me. It is something new. Tell her so, doctor, and I don't think she'll mind when she knows it's something late.

Precious Infant—I think grammar's very easy mother. I know all about singler and pureal. Proud Mother—Do you dear? That's very clever. Perhaps you can tell me the plural of sugar? Precious infant after reflection)—I guess its lumps.

A student at a medical college was under examination. The instructor asked him: "Of what cause, specifically, did the people die who lost their lives at the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii?" "I think they died of an eruption, sir," answered the student.

Necessity Knows No Law.

She—I hope you didn't leave your heart behind you at the seashore.

He—No; something far more important.

She—What is that?

He—My trunk.—Puck.