

Harvest of Brussels.
The finest of all lace is Brussels. Belgium is the lacemakers' chosen home. One-fourth of the whole population is engaged in it. The government supports 900 lace schools, to which children are sent as young as five years. By the time they are ten they are self supporting. Brussels is a pillow lace. Indeed, Barbara Littman, the inventor of pillow lace, lived and died there.

The pattern, drawn upon parchment, is fixed firmly to the pillow, pins are stuck along the outlines, and to them the lace is woven by crossing and twisting the threads, each of which ends in a bobbin. Lace two inches wide requires 800 or 100 bobbins. A piece six inches long sometimes as many as a thousand. The thread is hand spun from the best Brabant flax, in damp, dark cellars, whose one ray of light falls on the spinner's hand.

Naturally spinning is very unhealthy, and experts get high wages. The best yarn from a single pound of flax fetches over \$3,000. For filling flowers and leaves fine soft cotton is used. Grounds, too, are often made of it. Elaborate patterns are made in sections, and joined together by the most skillful workers of all. As the lace is never washed before it is sold, the most exquisite neatness is requisite in everything connected with it.

Still, as months are consumed in making very handsome pieces, the work turns dingy in spite of the lace worker's best efforts. To remedy that it is sometimes dusted with white lead in powder, and turns dark at contact with gas or sulphur in a way to exasperate the wearer.—New York Herald.

Why the Mafia Exists in Italy.

The origin of the Camorra and Mafia murder leagues ceases to puzzle travelers who have visited the rural districts of southern Sicily. Nearly all the real estate of the coast plain from Syracuse to Cape Bianco is in the hands of a few aristocrats, who have deprived their tenants of their panes as well as of their citizenship, of the right to hunt, to fish, to train fighting cocks, without a special license, as well as of the more urgent necessities of life. The streets of the inland villages generally resemble the gullies of a parched out mountain river, and the houses are mere mud piles, roofed with flat stones and wattles of broomcorn, and surrounded by rubbish heaps, where many cubs and sore eyed children compete for scraps of animal refuse.

Laborers, returning from a day's hard work, sit down to a meal of maize paste and salad, washed down with the water of the stinky village cistern. The profits of little truck farms barely satisfy the demands of the titho collector, and indignation meetings are promptly suppressed, but midnight conventicles are less easy to prevent, and the starving villager would as soon defile the statue of Garibaldi as to betray a Capo Mafia who has befriended him at the expense of an oppressive landlord.—Felix L. Oswald in Philadelphia Times.

A New Use for Matches.

I watched a train hand stagger through the coach with eyes closed and a tearful face—a case of cinder. He met a companion, who instantly felt in his vest pocket, poised himself, made one motion, and the suffering brakeman at once went back to his post relieved. "How did you remove that cinder?" I asked. "With a match," he replied. Producing one, he split it to a point; with his thumb nail. "This looks like a harsh way to treat so tender an organ," said he, "but it is entirely safe. Turning back the eyelid, the speck only needs to be touched by some dry substance—in this case the match—to adhere to it. We have to help one another so a dozen times a day." "But why not wait until stopping?" I inquired. "Too busy then. Besides, there is no need. It is as easy on a train in motion as on the ground when one is accustomed to it. After raising the arm for the operation, one needs to get the swing of the train. This car runs smoothly, so I did quick work."—Springfield Homestead.

Parisian Bonquets.

Please to heed what an autocrat direct from the salons of Paris has to say on the subject of bonquets. No more "composed bunches of flowers" are carried by the fashionable women in that dizzy capital. A beribboned bouquet is regarded as "bad form," only the Parisian has another phrase for bad form, and a dame of the haut monde now enters a salon carrying a spray or branch of some flowers in season, such as lilac or mimosa. In this land of extravagance, where all the flowers are always in bloom, she might hold a spray of orchids or a bunch of roses, but the arranged bouquet, jamais! The idea is to resemble the young martyrs in the pictures, these said martyrs generally holding in one hand a palm branch. Perhaps our florists will catch on to this new wrinkle and have some extraordinarily lovely blooms prepared for their fair customers.—Boston Herald.

Cheap Transportation.

Dumpy—Hello, Blabson! Going over to Wisconsin this morning?
Blabson—Yes, I've an errand that will carry me there.
Dumpy—You're a lucky dog! I've got to go ahead.—Burlington Free Press.

He Deserved Her.

"Why, Mr. Banks, since when have you been wearing eyeglasses?"
"Well, Miss Edith, the truth is you always seemed so distant to me that I thought glasses might bring you a little nearer."—New York Herald.

STORIES ABOUT MEN.

How Andrew Carnegie Edited Off His Own Message.

A short man, with gray beard neatly trimmed and clear eyes that look directly at you as if they were examining the inside of your head, stopped briskly up to the iron railing around the government telegraph table in the house corridor the other day and asked if he could send a message. The operator politely told him that general business was handled at the Western Union up stairs, next to the press gallery. "But this is to the secretary of war," suggested the would be customer. "Very well, then, I will send it as soon as I finish this message," said the operator. "If you are busy I can send it myself," continued the man with the brisk step and the bright eyes. "If it isn't against the rules to let me inside the railing, I am an old telegraph operator myself; I believe I was one of the first that ever took messages by sound." The operator thought he had better work the key himself, but he glanced at the signature of the dispatch to see who his pleasant spoken customer was.

The name was "Andrew Carnegie," and he was allowed to send his own dispatch.—Washington Letter in Philadelphia Press.

Ben Butler and the Page.

One of the pages in the house of representatives had a faculty for drawing. His sketches of the members were fairly good caricatures. The easiest mark for his pencil was the statesman from Massachusetts, and the caricatures of Ben began to float around the house pretty promiscuously. The matter coming to the attention of Mr. Butler, complaint was made to the doorkeeper, who had charge of the pages. The offending boy was kept after adjournment to be reprimanded. He was taken before the statesman, who had waited to hold court on the little criminal.

"So you are the boy that has been making these pictures?"

"Yes, sir."
"Hum! How old are you?"
"Twelve, sir."

"Well, go to the cloak room and get my hat."

The boy scampered off on the errand, glad even for the momentary respite, but evolving in his mind the possible character of the impending punishment, which was such that the judge needed his hat before going to the place of execution. When the youngster had returned and tremblingly yielded up the title, the general, who has an enormous head, threw the hat like a candle snuffer down over the tow head and flaming face of the boy. It covered him like a second mortgage.

"My son," said the hero of New Orleans, "when you can fill that hat you may caricature Benjamin F. Butler. Now go."—Chicago Herald.

Eighteen Months Was Nothing.

Judge Gary has probably made more witty and quaint remarks on the bench than any other judge in Chicago.

On one occasion, when he was sitting in the criminal court, he appointed a young attorney to defend a young criminal who was brought to trial and who had no lawyer. The young man had just been admitted to the bar and was consequently ambitious to make a reputation, but despite his utmost endeavors his client was "sent up" for eighteen months.

After court adjourned the young man walked over town with the judge and took occasion to say:

"That was pretty hard on me, judge."
"What was hard?" asked the judge in his absent minded way.

"Why, my first case. I wanted to get a little start, and here my client gets eighteen months."

"That's nothing," returned the judge, sentimentally. "My first client got eight years."—Chicago Tribune.

All Out of Constitutions.

Senator Stockbridge, of Michigan, is something of a wag. He was sitting in his committee room the other day when one of those fellows who are always demanding documents came in. The caller had secured almost every book, pamphlet and bill which the government magnanimously prints and gives away. But he still longed for more.

"I am very curious," said he, "to secure a copy of the Constitution of the United States. Could I enlist your help, senator?"

"Why, certainly; but it would be useless. The effort will be futile."

"Indeed, no why?"

"Well, you see, there were so many demands from people like yourself for copies of this good work that the supply nearly ran out. There was only one copy left, and the president has just sent that to the pope."—New York Tribune.

Taller When He Lay Down.

Governor Fitz Hugh Lee, of Virginia, who is very stout, recently amused some friends by telling the following story: "A few months ago a friend and I went sailing on a lake for the purpose of catching a few fish. While we were trying to get a bite a squall came up, overturned the boat, and we were both thrown into the water. I attempted to save my friend, but he sank from sight and was drowned. Being a good swimmer, I thought of my life and what Virginia might suffer if I were drowned, so I made for the shore. While making lusty strokes my stomach touched the bottom, and, thinking I had reached shore, I turned on my feet, and to my surprise I found I was still over my head. I got to shore all right and the country was saved."—Chicago News.

All Out of Locks.

Gen. Sherman has received so many requests lately for autographs and locks of hair that he has had a reply printed that reads like this: "It is impossible for me to comply with all the requests for autographs, and I cannot send any more locks of hair because I have discharged my secretary, whose hair had entirely disappeared under constant application of the scissors, and the orderly who now serves me is entirely bald."—Boston Transcript.

Like Mr. Gallagher.

Grandmamma has been explaining to the little girl how our earth is kept from flying off into infinite space by the attraction of the sun, which is constantly trying to draw the earth toward itself, while the latter always keeps its distance. "Grandmamma," said the little girl, "I should think the sun would get discouraged after a while and, like Mr. Gallagher, let her go."—Providence Journal.

The Coronation Stones of England.

The most interesting object in the whole of Great Britain is, perhaps, the famous "Stone of Scone," which forms the seat of the English coronation chair. This extraordinary stone was brought to London by Edward I from Scotland as one of the spoils of the campaign after his defeat of the Scotch. It had been used in Scotland for centuries as a throne, on which the Scottish kings were crowned. Indeed, legend carries its antiquity back to the days of the old patriarchs, and asserts it to have been the identical stone on which Jacob slept at Bethel.

Curious to say, it was predicted as early as the Fourteenth century that the Scottish kings, if they kept this sacred stone from being profaned, would in time have their revenge by becoming kings of England, a prophecy which was literally fulfilled in the beginning of the Seventeenth century, when James VI of Scotland became James I of England. Edward I had a wooden chair made, in which he inclosed the stone of Scone, this chair being the one still to be seen in the Abbey of Westminster.

Every subsequent monarch of Great Britain down to Queen Victoria has been crowned while sitting on this historic stone. Geologists who have given the stone a professional examination doubt the legend connecting it with Jacob's dream and the Holy Land, declaring it to be composed of the common red sandstone so well known on the coast of Scotland.—St. Louis Republic.

Identifying Handwriting.

When the experts in handwriting meet on the witness stand and swear hard against one another the jury has a difficult task. Nevertheless, there have been remarkable cases of identification of handwriting.

An English gentleman offered a large sum of money for the discovery of a marriage register, the production of which was necessary in an important lawsuit. An officer in a country church wrote him that the missing register had turned up in the vestry box of his own parish. A lawyer and an expert in handwriting were sent to examine the document.

The man showed them the marriage register, and after a careful examination they went to lunch.

At the table the expert expressed an opinion unfavorable to the genuineness of the register. It was modern handwriting, and did not therefore possess the antiquity claimed for it.

"Then how in the world did it get there?" asked the church officer.

"Why, you forged it yourself," quietly replied the expert, who had studied the handwriting in the notes sent the gentleman.

The man, being threatened with prosecution, fled the country, and thus confessed his crime.—Youth's Companion.

The Myriad Ways of Eating.

Did you ever watch the myriad ways of eating? There is the aggressive eater, who bites his bread as though he owed it a grudge, and drinks his coffee with eyes that fairly glare over the brim of his cup with unappeasable wrath; the timid eater, who nips his food apologetically; the preoccupied eater, who doesn't seem to know salt from sugar; the hungry eater, who eats as men have championed a lost cause. I never watch a company of eaters but I feel that the line of demarcation between the human family and the brute grows very faint and dim as it approaches this common center.

I have often wondered if the race as it advances will not one day escape the bondage of the appetite. Relief can only come through methods of simplification. When science shall condense a whole beef into a losenge and the nutriment of a week's baking into a pastel we shall lose much of our present kinship with the brutes that perish.—Chicago Herald.

Dr. Peabody's Contribution to Holmes.

One of the few failings that accompany Dr. Peabody's serene old age is his occasional absent-mindedness. It is told of him that one summer day, coming in from Cambridge, after having alighted from the car at Bowdoin square he turned a sharp corner and collided with an elderly gentleman who was standing with his hat off, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, but who held his hat in such a way as to give the appearance of begging. Dr. Peabody, seeing the hat, dropped a quarter into it with his customary kind remark. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was holding the hat, put the money in his pocket, solemnly thanked his old friend, the giver, and passed on.—Boston Herald.

A Speculation.

"Chollie is in great glee today."
"Why?"
"He owed his tailor \$65 for five years, and the tailor got mad and put the account up at public auction."
"I should think that would make Chollie mad."
"Oh, no. He went to the sale and bought it for eight-and-five cents."—Harper's Bazar.

A Gush of Generosity.

One of our clergymen married a raw young fellow from the country the other day, and after the customary youth inquiries:

"Well, mister, how much for the job?"

The clergyman laughingly replied: "Oh, it is customary to leave that to the bridegroom."

"Well, I'll tell ye, Mr. Minister," said the youth, confidentially, "I've got just a dollar in my pocket. The lackman's got to have fifty cents of it, and if you want the other fifty, 't'gosh you can have it!"—Burlington Free Press.

A Scare At the Quarters.



Mrs. Allibone—Run git de gun, Rufus! I knowed 'd find a man undah d' baid one 'r dese days.—Judge.

Barrett's Consolatory Thought.

Miss Waller—Oh, Mr. Barrett, whenever I hear the strains of Waldteufel's waltzes, and see the couples gliding over the floor like this, I do so much regret never having learned to dance! Can't you offer me some consolatory thought?

Mr. Barrett—Plenty of them, my dear Miss Waller. Why, if you had learned, you wouldn't have a good excuse for not being taken out.—Harper's Bazar.

Underpaid Genius.

Post—What can I get on this poem, sir? Managing Editor (after glancing at the effusion and baggy trousers at the knees to make sure he is speaking to a poet)—Well, I cannot give you all that you ought to get, for I have reformation in both feet and am unshod, but you can take that door and chase yourself out as quickly as you have a mind to.—New York Herald.

An Insult to New York.

World's Fair Enthusiast—I tell you, sir, in setting this question there must be no partiality shown! Chicago and New York must be placed on an equal footing.

New Yorker—Impossible, unless—
"Unless what?"
"Unless the Chicago girl is exterminated!"—Lawrence American.

In Great Luck.

"Poor boy! Your father disinherited you, I hear."

"Yes. Dear old dad, he always looked after me."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the old man died head over heels in debt. All that went to my brothers."—Harper's Bazar.

Naming the Dog.

"Nice dog you have there," said one traveling man to another.

"Yes."
"What's his name?"

"Grip."
"Why 'Grip'?"

"'Cause he was so easy to get and so hard to get rid of."—Morciant Traveler.

After the Railroad Accident.

Husband extracting himself from the wreck—Emily! Thank God you are safe! Heaven! isn't this awful!

Wife—Dreadful! Hear the poor people groan. Dearest!

Husband—What is it, love?

Wife—Is my hat on straight!—Burlington Free Press.

Not a Fallacy.

Professor—Research shows us that in some countries it has been a popular fallacy that man was originally without teeth.

Pupil—I don't think it a fallacy, sir.

Professor—And why?

Pupil—All the babies I ever saw were without teeth.—National Weekly.

Where It Was.

Patient (to physician)—I came to inquire about a cancer.

Doctor—Where is it located?

Patient—Twenty three and a half degrees north of the equator. It is the tropic of Cancer.—Lowell Citizen.

Going Higher.

Mrs. Beansoup (to Mr. Frontroom)—So you attended the meeting of the Independent Order of Boarders last night?

Mr. Frontroom—I accidentally stumbled into the meeting.

"And you declared in burning words that the time has come when boarders should rise above the tyranny of the boarding house keeper?"

"I may have said something to that effect."

"Well, as you wish to rise, I've sent your trunk up to the fourth floor, back. Next time you make a bad break about boarding house tyranny, you'll room on the roof."—Tina.

Still Ahead.



He—I've got a brother a peccoloman.

She—Dat's nullu. I've got 'r brudder a nangel.—Life.

A BOY HERO.

In heartless Paris, which to foreign eyes seems made of mirrors, daylight and display, A splendid building's walls began to rattle, A splendid stone by stone from day to day.

High and more high the pile was heaped with, And scores of laborers were there then, When suddenly a fragile staging fell, And two strong workmen swung aloft in air.

Suspended by their hands to one slight hold, That bent and creaked beneath their sudden weight,

One worn with toil, and growing gray and old, One a mere boy, just reaching man's estate.

Yet with a hero's soul, alone and young, Were it not well to yield his single life, On which no parent leaned, no children clung, And save the other to his babes and wife?

He saw that ere deliverance could be brought, The frail support they grasped must surely break, And in that shuddering moment's flash of thought

He chose to perish for his comrade's sake.

With brav'ry such as heroes seldom know, " 'Tis right," he said, and loosing his strong grip,

Dropped like a stone upon the stones below, And lay there dead, the smile still on his lip.

What though no laurels grow his grave above, And o'er his name no sculptured shaft may rise?

To the sweet spirit of unselfish love, Was not his life a glorious sacrifice?
—Elizabeth Akers in Harper's Young People.

Men Are to Blame for Female Frivolity.

By the way, I think I occasionally hear a feeble pipe from a man to the effect that the girls are responsible for all the tomfoolery in the world. Don't you know that you are the very ones who tend to make them so—you men? You follow after and woo and wed just that sort of girls. You won't look at a sensible little woman who can make "lovely" bread,

adjust bangs, can't dance and has no "style." You laugh at and make sly jokes at the expense of our big hats and our pronounced fashions, but when you choose your company, and often your wives, I notice you pass right by the homekeeping birds and take the peacocks. If you won't have her modest and simply gowned she is willing to make a feather headed doll and a travesty of herself to get you and win heaven! You know perfectly well, you men, that you don't care half so much for brains as you do for "get-up," and the woman you honor with your choice is selected for a pretty face and form and a becoming costume rather than for a clever head and an honest heart.

I am not talking to old fogies who cling to old fashioned notions, but to young men who ridicule the customs of their grandmothers, who shake their heads at the salaries of two and three thousand a year as inadequate to support wives; who rail against woman's extravagance, yet do their best to maintain her in it. When you, my fine and dapper gentleman, begin to seek out the modestly appareled and the sedate girls, then shall folly and vain show fly over seas for want of encouragement and the grand transformation of awkward dolls into women and pleasure seekers into housekeepers take place.—Cor. Chicago Herald.

A Child's Sense of Justice.

Nothing seems to burn into the memory and heart of a child as an undeserved punishment, however trifling the matter may seem to the adult inflicter. In some children of the sunny, hopeful type the wave of indignation and helpless, unspoken protest against unjust correction passes away, and leaves apparently no trace. To other children, with more sensitive natures or more rebellious dispositions, unjust words of reproof kindle fires of rage, which smolder with sullen persistence under the ashes of seeming forgetfulness, ready to burst out violently and unexpectedly. If this seems an overdrawn picture one has only to think backward at one's own childish days, and to recall the time when careless treatment by an elder first taught us to be bitter, unforgiving, resentful.

A child's sense of justice is as keen as his heart is tender, and this is one of the qualities most necessary to a noble character; a quality that must be blended with truth and honor and self-sacrifice to give the right balance to dispositions which would otherwise work harm. A child's justice is always tempered with mercy to those he loves, and when in the home he is justly and tenderly dealt with he learns little by little that higher sense of justice toward all with whom he comes in contact. When his own small rights are carelessly and continually thrust aside, he, too, learns to play the brigand, to invent devices to achieve the might which he has learned makes right.—Harper's Bazar.

Reptiles in the Mesozoic Epoch.

Early in the mesozoic epoch there appeared marine reptiles which, though derived from land species, became more and more aquatic through the necessity of living in water, developed on that account swimming organs, etc. Land reptiles also began to develop in huge proportions. Why they grew so big no one knows, but it may have been because they had no rivals in the struggle for existence; they had all they wanted to eat and naturally increased in bulk. At all events no creatures are known to have existed in this world comparable in size to these reptiles of ages ago.—Interview in Washington Star.

The records say that there were in all 180,711 regular and 164,080 volunteers, or 344,791 soldiers in the aggregate, on the American side in the war for independence. The figures as to the number of soldiers in that struggle vary within a wide range.