

A CITY OF GHOSTS.

Depopulated by the Deadly Fever Goa, in India, is Now a Grass-Grown Ruin.

It was said that during the prosperous times of the Portuguese in India you could not have seen a piece of iron in any merchant's house, but all gold and silver. They coined immense quantities of the precious metals, and used to make pieces of workmanship in them for exportation. The very soldiers enriched themselves by commerce.

But then at last came the Jesuits and the holy tribunal of the inquisition, which celebrated its terrible and deadly rites with more fervor and vehemence at Goa than in any other place. Religious persecution, pestilence, and wars with the Dutch, disturbances arising from an unsettled government, and above all the slow but sure workings of the short-sighted policy of the Portuguese in intermarrying and identifying themselves with the Hindus of the lowest caste, made her fall as rapid as her rise was sudden and prodigious, says the St. James' Gazette.

In less than a century and a half after Da Gama had landed on the Indian shore, the splendor of Goa had departed forever. The inhabitants fled before the deadly fever which soon fastened upon the devoted precincts of the city, and in 1758 the viceroy transferred his headquarters from the ancient capital to Parjina, about eight miles distant. Soon afterwards the Jesuits were expelled, leaving their magnificent convents and churches all but utterly deserted, and the inquisition was suppressed upon the recommendation of the British government.

The place is now a grass-grown wilderness. But still the firm and well-built causeways of this olden city and its moldering splendors are reminiscent of echoing pageants and the tramp of armies which once sounded there. As we tread the ancient wharf, a long broad road, lined with a double row of trees and faced with stone, a more suggestive scene of desolation can hardly be conceived. Everything around teems with melancholy associations, the very rustlings of the trees and murmur of the waves sound like a dirge for the departed grandeur of a city.

Towering above a mass of ruins a solitary gateway flanks the entrance to the Strada Diretta, the Straight Street, so called because almost all the streets in old Goa are laid out in curvilinear form. It was through this portal surmounted by the figures of St. Catherine and Vasco da Gama that the newly appointed viceroys of Goa passed in triumphal procession to the palace.

Beyond the gate a level road, once a populous thoroughfare, leads to the Terra di Sabalo, a large square fronting the Primacial, or Cathedral of St. Catherine, who became the patron saint of Goa when the place was captured by Albuquerque on the day of her festival. Groves of coconut palms and mango trees now cover the ground once covered by troops of horse. The wealth, the busy life, the luxury of the old place are dead. Kites and crows infect the crumbling walls which once resounded with the banquet and the dance, and naught but a few old monks and nuns keep vigil amid its desolation to-day.

But Goa possesses one treasure of great interest. This is the tomb of Francis Xavier, the great Jesuit missionary to the east. It is to be found in the church of Bon Jesus. It is a masterpiece of art which is lost to all but the casual visitors to old Goa. Some have ventured to suggest that no other mausoleum in India or even in Asia, except the Taj Mahal, can equal it. It is built of red marble of variegated colors. The lowest stage is of red and purple jasper and Carrara alabaster, adorned with statuettes and cherubs. The middle stage is of green and yellow jasper decorated with beautiful bronze plates representing incidents in the life of the saint. The highest of the three stages is surrounded by a lovely railing of red jasper marked with white spots, the adornments being figures of angels, while its middle portion is graced with columns elegantly carved, whose intervening spaces are surmounted by arches showing further incidents in the life of the saint. The friezes of the four lateral columns are of black stone, and the pilings of yellow jasper. Surmounting this last stage lies the coffin overlaid with silver, a gorgeous receptacle embellished with many exquisite specimens of relief work. Clumps of silver depending around complete the adornment of the shrine. It is a worthy relic of Goa's departed glory.

The bell of the Augustine convent still rings forth its vesper peal above this old city of ghosts, and it is impossible to forget the effect of the deep, mournful notes as they strike upon the ear. Never was heard a more beautiful or more sadly musical summons than that which calls in vain from the tower of the Augustine to the forsaken and solitary city.

It is all summed up in the eloquent apostrophe of Sherr: "Goa the golden exists no more. Goa, where the aged Da Gama closed his glorious life; Goa, where the immortal Camoens sang and grieved. It is now but a vast and grassy tomb, and it seems as if its thin and gloomy population of priests and friars were only spared to chant requiems for its departed souls."

Dress and Redress. The man who, but one suit of clothes has no red - Chicago Daily News.

MARCONI SENDS A MESSAGE.

Blinding Flash of Bluish Light and Great Electric Sparks Signal His Departure.

"All ready!" he cried to the electrician, who stood in the power room watching the inventor through the long connecting hallway. A lever was pulled and a dim hum filled the room. The indicator of the volt meter began to race past all sorts of figures on the face of the dial.

"Now I'll send to Poldhu." He pressed the key, says World's Work. There was a blinding flash of bluish light, for with each movement of the key great sparks jumped two inches between the two silver knobs of the induction coil. One knob of this coil is connected with the earth forming the ground connection, the other with the wire leading to the aerial wires. Each spark means an oscillating impulse from the battery to the aerial wire, and from the wire the oscillations of ether occur which carry through space at the speed of 187,000 miles a second. With the blinding flash accompanying each movement of the key occurs a report to be compared accurately with the noise attending the discharge of a Krak-Jorgensen. It was terrifying—the light, the noise, and in the midst of it all the inventor calmly pressing the key, making more noise, more light. Imagine a company of infantry firing at will in a tunnel, and you can understand the sound that accompanies sending a message. Marconi, who stuffs cotton in his ears when sending, is now experimenting to deaden this sound. But somehow, to one impressed by the fact that here, in this very room, a message was being sent through the air across the gloomy stretch of 3,000 miles of ocean, the noise and the light seemed fitting—gave the proper touch of the superhuman, of force, of intensity.

SUFFER BY THEIR GREED.

Wild Animals That Are So Rapacious as to Be Easily Led to Their Death.

It may be doubted whether those of us who are able to obtain sufficient food without difficulty can appreciate the craving for sustenance experienced by sea birds and other animals which have often by the force of circumstances, to fast for long periods. Gulls will eat until they cannot fly, and when they find pickarons on board a boat will continue their feast until they can only lie down and gasp. A superfluity of food comes at such long intervals that when it does come the avian intellect reels at the prospect, and what seems a horn of plenty brings dire disaster. Seeing that gulls and gannets know no better, we are not surprised to hear of a John Dory, stuffed to the very mouth, floating helplessly on the surface of the water, unable to escape from a flock of sea birds which have deprived it of its eyesight and will quickly take away its life, says Longman's Magazine.

A snake which thrusts its head through the palings to seize an unwary frog and finds itself unable to draw back again with the frog in its throat has wit enough to disgorge the amphibian and to deftly draw it through the leg so as to swallow it on the safe side of the palings, but probably a snake which happened to be on the wrong side in company with a frog would consume it on the premises and so render itself incapable of wriggling through the bars.

NEW SYSTEM OF TELEGRAPHY.

One with Novel Feature by Which 50,000 Words an Hour Are Transmitted.

At a recent test in Germany of the Pollak-Virag system of telegraphy a speed of 50,000 words an hour was attained. In transmitting this system, like other fast systems, uses a strip of paper previously punched with holes representing dots and dashes. The most novel feature of the system is the method of receiving, says an electrical paper. The incoming electric impulses cause a thin strip of metal, resembling a telephone diaphragm, to vibrate and thus move a tiny mirror attached thereto. A slender beam of light from an incandescent light falls upon the mirror, and is reflected thence to a strip of photographically sensitive paper, which is steadily unrolled by clockwork when messages come. Chemicals for "development" being applied, the paper exhibits a continuous dark line, with upward projections for dashes and downward ones for dots. The message must then be deciphered and the translation must be written out.

LANGUAGES SPOKEN IN CHICAGO.

In a pamphlet entitled "A Sketch of the Linguistic Conditions of Chicago," Prof. C. D. Buck, of the University of Chicago, says that 40 languages are spoken in that city, which is more cosmopolitan in character than Constantinople or Cairo, or any other city of the past or present. Fourteen tongues are spoken by 10,000 or more persons each; newspapers appear regularly in ten languages, and church services may be heard in about 20 languages. "Chicago," says the professor, "is the second largest Bohemian city in the world, the third Swedish, the third Norwegian, the fourth Polish and the fifth German, New York being the fifth."

BACKWARD FRENCH COLONIES.

France spends annually for her colonies a little more than \$25,000,000, while the aggregate of its business with them, export and import, is but \$62,000,000, and but 1,000 a year emigrate to French colonies. But France has not been the least successful country in building a colonial empire, for Germany's geographically large possessions cost more than the aggregate of the exports and imports from them.

NOTES OF THE MODES.

Latest Models in Coats—Evening Costumes for Dress—Vegetables—Popular Colors.

Byziah Louis XV. coats have wide fur collars and revers of white velvet or cloth nearly covered with brown and gold appliques. Sable, seal, otter, ermine and squirrel are used for the popular winter wraps, and at all fashionable gatherings. The array of furs in combination—coats, scarves, reticules, muffs and scarfs—is increasing. A costly model in sea otter is lined with white satin royal, and finished with ermine cape-collars, revers, and sleeve facings. Pearl-set gold clasps fasten it in front below the points of the revers.

A seal pelerine, trimmed with sable, has a collar of Lyons velvet, in a very beautiful shade of moss green, richly embroidered in gold and Venetian silk arabesques in rare color blendings. Wine-colored velvet almost hidden by appliques of fleck-colored Russian lace, forms the yoke of a loose empire coat of chinchilla. Squirrel and Persian lamb are combined on many of the small wraps, scarfs, collarettes and muffs of the winter, says the New York Post.

Few of even the most fashionable full-dress evening toilettes are quite sleeveless this season. Often, however, the sleeves are mere zephyr-like puffs, of gauze or chiffon, and the airy bit is usually banded with jeweled gimp, or laced across a slashing or lace interstice, with a tiny gold cord, or a very narrow velvet ribbon. On a gown made for a Washington debutante, a novel effect was produced by a Greek scarf drape, brought from under an antique jeweled clasp on the top of the left shoulder. This was carried across the figure to the right side of the waist, and drawn under a shaped girdle formed of scintillating jeweled gimp. The drape was made of pale pink lisse, bordered with a Grecian design in silver. The lustrous silk of the dress itself was of a deeper sea-shell tint. The demitrimmed skirt was trimmed up more than half its length, with rows of pink silk rugings, graduated in width.

A gown of white satin brocade made for a young matron, has the bodice draped diagonally, and closing invisibly under the front crossing; lacing cords and small pearl buttons giving the effect of a fastening at the back. The low, round neck has a bertha of embroidered velvet, slashed on each shoulder, the points extending out above the brocade sleeve. The gored skirt, three-eighths of a yard longer at the back than at the front, has the straight, old-time finish at the flaring foot, the entire being copied from a dress worn many years ago.

Pale tea-rose yellow is one of the popular colors this winter in evening dress, and when combined with certain shades of green velvet and sable, with lace vest and under-sleeves, is most artistic. A very uncommon and very becoming shade of sage gray is also seen among new dinner and visiting gowns; and an odd appealing blue, and white, from snow and lily to Alderney cream tints, and green of every conceivable shade. Heliotrope in velvet silk, crepe de chine, and the beautiful silk-warp woods, appears in rare tones that grade from pansy to the most delicate shade of pinkish mauve. There is still a striving after odd color combinations, not with the absolute lack of harmony that has prevailed for two years past, but more as though certain colors had been taken in all their greatly varying tones, with perhaps a note or two of a different kind, but in bold contrast.

VEGETABLE MARROW.

Vegetable marrow may be made into an agreeable conserve. Peel three pounds of marrow and take out the seeds. Slice into pieces about an inch thick and two inches long. Squeeze the juice of two lemons and cut the rind in tiny pieces, and place the marrow, lemon, three pounds of loaf sugar and one ounce of ground ginger into a stew pan and boil together about an hour. Put away like any preserve.—N. Y. Post.

APRICOT BREAD.

One-half pound apricots, eight tablespoonful sugar, two eggs. Wash apricots and let them stand in cold water for ten or twelve hours. Put fruit and water into granite sauce pan and let cook until the fruit is soft or about 30 minutes. Put in sugar, remove from stove and press through strainer. Stir in beaten yolks, fold in beaten whites, put in baking dish in pan of hot water and bake until brown on top. Serve hot in same dish.—Washington Star.

A SAD PREDICAMENT.

A vaudeville artist out west recently adopted four pickaninies, ranging in age from four to six years, in order that she might use them in a comedy sketch. Now she has lost her voice and her employment, and will be obliged to hustle for a livelihood in some other field in order to support the little negroes until they shall be 21.—Chicago Chronicle.

MUFFED FIGS.

Roll figs until pliable; make an incision in one side and fill with a teaspoonful of chopped nuts of any kind. Fasten with thread, cover with boiling water and cook 15 minutes. Sweeten and serve with whipped cream. Remove the threads before serving.—Ladies' World.

CONVICT COMPETITION IN AUSTRIA.

To rid themselves of the competition of the cheap products of prison labor, Austrian manufacturers want their government to transport convicts beyond the sea.—London Mail.

SOUP CREAM COOKIES.

One cup sour cream, one cup sugar, one teaspoon soda sifted in with the flour, a little salt, vanilla and flour to roll thin; no eggs, no butter.—Boston Globe.

FITTED FOR ANY POSITION.

Most Versatile of Men Who Claim to Be Possessed of Many Qualifications.

Who, next, of course, to the German emperor, is the most versatile man in the world? We should judge that the American who has recently applied to the United States civil service commission for a post as draughtsman in the engineer service must come pretty near describing the title, says the London Chronicle. Here is his list of qualifications:

Surveyor, draughtsman (topographical, architectural and engineering), writer for newspapers and magazines, bridge carpenter, house carpenter, boatbuilder, blacksmith's helper, boiler-maker's helper, farm hand, hunted geese and ducks for market, photographer, lumberman, lecturer, shoveler on railroad grade, dishwasher, shingler, cowboy, teamster, cattle shipper, solicitor, cleaned old bricks, wood-chopper, worked in sawmills and factories, rafted logs, wrote advertising, etc., etc. Can command salary at more different kinds of labor than any living man. Immune from malarial fever, mountain fever, lazy fever or any other disease. Expert on matters relating to physical or mental development. At present writing a series of articles for a New York magazine. Not afraid of heat or cold exposure. Not afraid of wild animals, microbes, men, political parties or work. Can swim any river in the United States. Expert with shotgun, can also shoot rifle. Can endure fatigue and exposure. Can handle gangs of men.

NEW ZEALAND M. P.'S.

Maori Members of the Present Are Vastly Improved Over Their Predecessors.

The name of one of the four Maori M. P.'s just elected in New Zealand revives historical reminiscences. He is one Hone Heke. Nearly 60 years ago there was a great fighting Maori chief by that name, a fanatical opponent of the British colonization of New Zealand. On one occasion he literally drove the British into the sea, capturing a fortified settlement and compelling military and civilians alike to take refuge on ships in the harbor. The British soldiers roughly Anglicized his name into "Johnny Hickey," and hence arose a legend that he was really an Irishman in the guise of a Maori.

The Maori M. P.'s are now a superior and well-educated class, says the London Chronicle. Their predecessors of the 60's and 70's were decidedly unconventional and primitive in their tastes and habits. It was nothing unusual to see one of them stroll into the house with a section of a shark protruding from his pocket, and judging from the exodus of white members in his vicinity the shark had not recently been caught. As they know only their own language, each sentence of their speeches had to be translated by an official interpreter, and this was a dreary business.

DRUIDESSES OF PARIS.

An Order Composed of Women Who March by Moonlight and Sing in the Forest.

Paris has always been a seat of all sorts of curious orders, sects and fraternities, and idolatry is probably represented in the "City of Light." The newest in the line is the "Order of Druidesses," founded by a number of ladies, who seem to purpose the revival of the old Celtic mysteries and ceremonies to a remarkable extent. The movement originated with two Parisiennes who, when they are not wearing the long, flowing white robes of their order, dress in the most ravishing twentieth century manner. The Druidesses have also Druids, who accompany them to the forest of Fontainebleau, there to celebrate their rites. At the end of each month Druids, and especially Druidesses, march by moonlight, when there is moonlight through the forest, singing hymns to nature and addressing poetic invocations to the moon, the rocks, the streams and the trees. On the last night of December the Druidesses and their friends went to Fontainebleau forest, there to pluck the mistletoe, or, rather, to bring it down with golden bill-hooks. The sacred plant was carefully gathered, all present singing hymns in its praise.

NOVEL BEAUTY SHOW AT MILAN.

Some time ago a beauty show was organized at Milan, which was well patronized, and 83 young ladies were judged to be the standard of beauty, which entitled them to be prize winners. But no prizes were forthcoming until the other day, when an announcement was made by the promoters of the show that they had now opened a lottery for men only, the condition being that the drawer of the winning number must marry one of the prize winners in the beauty show, who would in turn receive a proportionate share of the proceeds of the beauty show as a dowry. If there are no marriages the promoters are to have the proceeds of both shows.

SLEEP IN CHURCH.

Hitherto it has been considered a moral weakness to slumber in church. Now Dr. Dabbs, the editor of Vectis, comes to the rescue of the church sleepers with scientific facts. "You call it irreverence to sleep in church! Nonsense! It is only carbonic dioxide." The really irreverent person is he who permits the church to be full of this foul air.

ADMIRERS OF DISTORTIONS.

The broken and distorted foot of a Chinese lady is called a "golden fly" by Chinese admirers of such distortions.

TOO MUCH FOR THE BARBER.

His Customer Explained Things in Such a Way He Couldn't Understand Him.

As it sometimes happens, the barber was disposed to talkativeness, the patient to silence. After several fruitless attempts to extract more than a grunt or two from the one in his care, the tonsorial artist made a final effort to arouse the man's conversational powers, relates the New York Times. Patting the top of the head gently he ventured the remark: "Der hair on der top, sir, it is a bit thinning out—yes?"

"Yes?"

"Of der tonic, den, a leetle, eh?"

"No."

"After another long pause: 'Have it been bald long?'"

The man smiled wearily. Then, after taking a long breath of preparation for his effort, he replied:

"I came into the world that way. Then I had an interval of comparative hirsute luxuriance, but it was not enduring. I have long since emerged from the grief of deprivation. It no longer afflicts me. Do not permit it to weigh upon you."

The German pondered over this for awhile without, however, appearing to apprehend the meaning of the man's words.

"Der hair id look petter, sir, eh, perhaps you keeb id long in der back like?" he suggested after another period of silence.

The man removed his gaze from the floor, fastened it upon the ceiling, cleared his throat again, and spoke once more:

"Let me assure you, my tonsorial friend," said he, "that the appearance of my hair, as I have been accustomed to dress it, is very satisfactory to myself, and, perhaps, I might also say, to my friends. What little hair still adorns my head I have possessed for a long time. I know it well. I have been on familiar terms with it for many years. I have inadvertently mingled spruce gum and chewing tar with it in my years of extreme youth. I have often sun-dried it in order to preserve a proper non-guilty appearance at home after surreptitious swimming expeditions. I have had it pulled the wrong way by boys whom I learned to lick afterward. At the same period of my life I even endured the ignominy of having it cut—by experimental maiden aunts. The consequence of all this is that that bit of remaining hair and I are old and, I trust, inseparable friends. I indulge the hair, and the hair indulges me. The hair indulges me by permitting me to wear it after my own conception of the way it ought to be worn, and I indulge the hair by firmly declining to have it trifled with by gentlemen of the scissors who possess artistic ideas more bizarre than my own. I fear I'll have to ask you to indulge us both—the hair and me. (ut the way I directed you to cut it."

DISLIKES MISSIONARIES.

King Menelik Would Rather Have Them Remain Outside His Boundary Lines.

King Menelik, the native ruler of Abyssinia, never fancied Christianity or those who endeavor to propagate it, says an exchange. He is of the opinion that the orthodox faith is good enough for his subjects, and therefore those who go forth with the object of spreading the doctrines of the Roman Catholic or Protestant church think it advisable to say that their sole object is to convert Hebrews and pagans.

This was what a Swedish missionary recently said when Menelik, before whom he was summoned, inquired as to the object of his visit. When he heard it the ruler asked:

"What converts were you obliged to cross in order to come here?"

"Germans, Egypt and the Soudan," replied the missionary.

"And were you not able to find in Germany any Hebrews whom you might have converted?" asked Menelik.

The missionary was obliged to admit that he had seen many Hebrews in Germany.

"Well," said Menelik, "first convert the Hebrews and pagans in Germany and then come here and convert us."

An hour later the disappointed missionary was being conducted to the frontier by Abyssinian soldiers.

VERSED IN MEDICAL LORE.

Many Indian Tribes Understand the Curative Properties of Various Plants.

The knowledge the aboriginal tribes of this continent possess of the medicinal properties of the herbs and roots that grow around them has astonished the most eminent of scientists. It is probable that this knowledge is much more extensive than the white man's. V. K. Chesnut has endeavored to elicit from the Indians of Mendocino county, Cal., trustworthy information respecting the uses to which they put various indigenous plants and attributes our knowledge of casars sagrada to these tribes, suggesting that other plants, such as canothus, croton and erigeron, would well repay investigation.

The diet of the island tribes is peculiar, as they regard young clover shoots as a delicacy and make use of acorns and the variety of horse chestnut known as "buckeye" for making a porridge or baking into bread. The method adopted is to pound up the seeds into very fine flour and wash out the tannin and other stringent ingredients with water. A porridge or thick soup is formed by boiling the flour, while a favorite recipe for making bread consists in mixing the dough with red clay. The product is a very black, cheese-like substance, in which the clay probably absorbs the oil and converts the last trace of tannin into a more digestible form. Another curious custom at one time in vogue was the use of poisonous plants, soap root and turkey mullein, which were thrown into streams to poison the fish. These were then caught and eaten without any deleterious consequences.

DECREASE OF BETTING.

Early in the last century men betted on every conceivable sport and pastime. Nearly every cricket match of which record exists was for 500 or sometimes 1,000 guineas a side. At every cock fight there was a great deal of wagering; people backed horses as they do now (except, as it appears, usually for much larger sums than are now betted), and very often odds were laid and taken about the result of a day's shooting.—Badminton Magazine.

STILL BELLIGERENT.

Miss Peace-maker—Come now, why don't you and Miss Oldun become friends again?

Miss Saunpe—Oh, I don't see the sense of going to all that trouble for her. "But it isn't any more trouble for you to make up than it is for her." "Don't you believe it. She's used to making up, for she's been doing it for years."—Philadelphia Press.

HIGHSTRUNG NORTHERN FISH.

Some That Rarely Become Tame or Cease to Be Homeless in Captivity.

"The theory that climatic conditions are largely responsible for the enterprise and activity of the American people finds contemporary demonstration in the lower orders of animals, and particularly among the fish," said a scientist who has made a close study of the collection in the New York Aquarium.

"All of the game fish," he said, "the fighters, the highstrung, nervous fellows, like the brook trout, the black bass and their only slightly less strenuous brother, the pike, are northern fish. In only rare instances do these fish become tame or remain restless in captivity. They have the keen spirit of American enterprise in them."

"On the other hand, the quiet, easy-going fish are nearly all from tropical waters. Of course, there are exceptions from muddy habitats, but all of the brilliant-headed, gaudy fish are from the tropics. They are calm and quiet, and after a short time in captivity become so tame as to eat food fearlessly from the hands of the keepers."

"The two classes," continued the scientist, according to the New York Mail and Express, "are like the nations of the north and south—one alive and keen, and the other beautiful to look upon and romantic, but lazy and useful only for decorative purposes."

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THE WOMAN PEDDLER.

She Can Do Much Better Handling Household Articles Than Trying to Sell Books.

"Any woman who can talk at all," said a schoolteacher who, according to the New York Times, had tried book canvassing and given it up in despair, "can interest a housekeeper in labor-saving appliances. The woman who does her own housework will give attention to anything that will save her a pain in the back or aching arms. But she will not talk to her about such things. When I lost my place as teacher in a public school, I tried book peddling. Oh, the women! I called upon them, would invite me in and talk to me, really enough. That was the trouble. They would tell me their family history and their troubles, and they lead me to the door with the sorrowful assertion that they were ever had any time to read, they were so busy. So I gave up books and took up little time and labor-saving articles in the way of egg beaters, potato parers, can openers and cheap little articles such as women seldom see except at food shows. A stove lifter is a most salable article. I keep watch for anything new in this direction and then go the rounds. I have several regular customers, who bring me a good commission on things that I buy for their dining-room and kitchen."

AMERICA'S TOBACCO BILL.

Retail Value of the Output of Cigars, Cigarettes, Etc., is Placed at \$500,000,000 a Year.

The trust has gone into the manufacture of cigars. It has been in business less than two years and during the past 12 months it produced about a billion cigars. As the total production of the country is approximately 7,000,000,000 this represents a very fair amount of business for an infant concern. This has been a period of remarkable expansion in the cigar trade, however, and the production of the American Cigar company represents just about the increase for the year, so that the new enterprise has not interfered seriously with the independent manufacturers, says Leslie's Monthly.

The enormous extent of the tobacco business in America may be realized from the fact that 7,000,000,000 cigars, 3,000,000,000 cigarettes, and 280,000,000 pounds of manufactured tobacco and 15,000,000 pounds of snuff are produced every year. The retail value of all the smoking and chewing tobacco, in its various forms, approaches \$500,000,000 annually. It is indeed a business of royal proportions, and its control is worth fighting for.