



HOOPSKIRTS ARE ON THE WAY.  
The coming of the "hoopskirt" and actual hoops is foreshadowed in the round skirts now worn which fashionable modistes are stiffening at the bottom to stand out quite as if upheld by a small hoopskirt. It will be dreadful to go about in a cage again, but at least it will be cleaner than the present fashion of skirts drooping about the feet.—St. Louis Republic.

THE SMALLEST YET.  
Quality rather than quantity was the principle upon which a Washington bride planned her trousseau. The marriage—which could only be classed under the head of runaways—was undoubtedly the subject of much deep thought before-hand, inasmuch as the necessities of toilet to be carried upon the eventful trip were reduced to the minimum. The wedding took place in the summer, and the conventional traveling bag was replaced by a white lace parasol. This was carried folded, the filmy white flounces serving as a receptacle for the trousseau—a pair of curling tongs and a tooth brush.—Kate Field's Washington.

NAMES OF FASHIONABLE COLORS.  
The fashionable colors, or rather the fashionable names for colors now in vogue, are:  
Angelique, a pale apple green.  
Beige, really a beige drab.  
Castor, a dark beige.  
Castile, a bright buff yellow.  
Coquelicot, a bright brick red.  
Dianthus, a bright salmon.  
Emerald, a brilliant emerald green.  
Florence, a brilliant light crimson.  
Geranum, a pale geranium red.  
Mascotte, a medium moss green.  
Maurice, a delicate moss green.  
Paradis, a bird of paradise yellow.  
Pivoine, a deep peacock scarlet.  
Vareche, a dark moss green.

A GIRL FAME.  
A San Francisco paper raises the alarm that California is suffering "a girl famine." In every large town in that State, with the exception of Alameda, there is a lamentable paucity of the gentler sex. In Los Angeles the male population exceeds the female by 2,000; in San Jose and Stockton by 1,000; in Fresno by 2,600; in Sacramento by 4,000; and in San Francisco by the startling number of 40,000. Perhaps half of the excess in these cases is due to the Chinese population, which consists mainly of adult males, but after making liberal allowance for this element, there still remains an immense preponderance of Caucasians of the sterner sex. The same thing is true of all the new Western States. Montana has two men to one woman. Unless this peculiar disparity in numbers is soon rectified, thousands of men in that section of the country are doomed to lives of involuntary bachelorhood.—New York Press.

BE GLAD IN CHERISHED COLORS.  
If a woman is growing old she need not emphasize the fact by putting on heavy garments and dull things. Black is too depressing for any bright woman to wear at any time. It is well enough for paus, nuns and prison matrons, but wives and mothers and teachers to whom careworn men and troubled children go for sympathy and sunshine should be clad in cheerful if not "shining garments." Rough faced stuffs, shaggy wools and those dress patterns picked up at special sales not only weigh a woman down but age her. A woman born fifty years ago can be thirty-nine in a pretty navy blue chevron, for the polite world allows her to be only as old as she looks. If you don't believe this, go to the photographer and have your picture taken in a silk waist and again with your big fur or cloth coat on. When you get the proofs you will know at a glance the one your friends will like.—New York World.

A RAILROAD WOMAN.  
Woman has succeeded in journalism, law, medicine, theology and politics, so it is not surprising to learn that she has done well in railroading. Minnie C. Rush has attracted attention by her remarkable success as an organizer of excursions. She is the Vandalia Line's agent at Lakeville, Ind. For three years she has had charge of the passenger, freight and through office. The receipts in October amounted to more than \$10,000, and that is only slightly in excess of the average.

MISS RUSH WAS BORN IN Lakeville, Ind., twenty-one years ago. After acquiring a common school education she learned telegraphy, and her proficiency led to her selection as agent. She is a worker in the W. C. T. U. and Methodist Church societies. Her latest success was the conception and execution of "Harvest Home" excursions, when she surprised the Vandalia magnates by sending several hundred people into neighboring States on special trains, and thus netted profit for the railroad.—New York Advertiser.

THE LENGTH OF DRESS.  
Concerning the length of street dresses, fashion-makers, like doctors, disagree. From Paris, the seat of Government, whence the Parliament of fashion issues its fiat, come such conflicting declarations that it is easy to perceive that two powerful factions are at work, and that not fashion alone but the potent interests of trade are at the root of these vital questions. One noted designer declares emphatically that very full dresses, and most likely hoopskirts, will appear simultaneously with the coming of the robin and the organ-grinder. Another equally powerful authority scoffs derisively at this dreadful prophecy, and declares that the balloons and hideous wire cages—relics of a beautiful and demoralized age—will never again be tolerated by a nation of women whose tastes have become so cultivated, and whose personal ideas and opinions have become so marked and so decided. This bloodless war makes it a rather puzzling time for the modiste.—Do Demost's Magazine.

PECULIARITIES OF EVIL-DOING IN MINING CAMPS.

How Mine Owners Are Swindled.—The Law is Law, But Horse Thieves Face It Daily.—Source of a Railway's Fuel.  
Of the crimes connected with and growing out of the ownership of mines probably no region in the world, according to John R. Spears in the New York Sun, has had so many in proportion to the population as the American desert. The two valuable mine products there are silver and borax. Of the thefts of silver the reader has learned something through brief reports of suits brought against certain mining superintendents at Virginia City. Stockholders charged that the superintendents stole part of the mine's products. To prove this it was shown that while the reports of all the superintendents returned a certain sum as produced by the mines there, the report of the Wells-Fargo Express Company showed that hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of the reported mine product had been shipped. This difference had been pocketed by the thieves.

There is an idle mine camp in Esmeralda County called Mariette. This camp grew up around a valuable vein of silver but it had to be abandoned because Mr. George W. Grayson, the owner in San Francisco, was unable to get a superintendent who would not rob him. No crime is more common among mining superintendents than embezzlement, and none is so rarely punished.  
At the northern end of Fish Lake Valley in Nevada valuable borate of soda deposits were found some years ago. The deposits are what mining men call placer propositions. A lot of prospectors got claims staked off, but interferences were settled with the rifle. Even after the claims were surveyed out and patented there was a fight between one claim owner and another over his lines, the deposit of silver but it had to be abandoned because Mr. George W. Grayson, the owner in San Francisco, was unable to get a superintendent who would not rob him.

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Coloquand Railroad burns out pine excels.  
The tourist who visits the desert camps to examine the statistics of crime is compelled to conclude that in no place in the Nation is crime of every degree so prevalent. The chief reason for this condition of affairs is illustrated by the efforts of certain citizens to bring a criminal to justice in the valley of the Amargosa. A teamster engaged in hauling borax from the Amargosa works (now abandoned) was killed by his assistant in a quarrel. The assistant came up behind him and pounded him to death with a shovel. The criminal at first told conflicting stories about his deed, and then confessed all. And yet he was never even arrested for it. The matter was brought to the attention of the District Attorney and the Coroner of San Bernardino County. They were urged to bring the man to trial. Their reasons for refusing to do so is interesting. Saratoga Spring, the spot where the crime was committed and the body buried, was 100 miles across the desert from a railroad station, and the expense and trouble of a legal investigation would be too great.

That is to say, the laws of Nevada and California, as administered on the desert, are a farce. The aggressive, the strong, and the quick-on-the-trigger are there a law unto themselves and to the rest of the community.  
Perils of Croasig Ice.  
An English artist, author of "From the Arctic Ocean to the Yellow Sea," records two exciting adventures in the crossing of rivers on the ice. In the first case the tarantass—a Russian vehicle, in shape not unlike a very unwieldy barouche—broke through, but the water was not deep, and no great harm was done. The second experience was more trying, though it, too, was without any serious consequences.  
At my last station but one the post-master did not like to have me go on. It would soon be dark, and the road was bad; and he added something which I did not catch. I ordered the fresh tarantass and horses, however, and was soon on the move again.

It was quite dark when we came to what looked like an immense white plain. This, the driver told me, was the River Selenga. In the darkness, the opposite bank was scarcely visible. Our road lay right across it.  
At the edge of the ice my driver got down, saying that he would go and look round before venturing on it, as a man who had that afternoon come in from the next station reported that the ice was beginning to break up. I remembered an adventure of my own shortly before this, and felt the least bit uncomfortable when the driver, after being gone some twenty minutes, came back and said he thought it would be all right.

It may have been my fancy, but the lumbering vehicle seemed to weigh more than ever as it rattled over the ice. We had reached, I suppose, about the middle of the river, when suddenly the horses drew up of their own accord, snorting with fear. A large dark mass was in front of them.  
Nothing could induce them to go on. The driver got down to see what was the trouble, and almost immediately returned, and, getting up, hastily drove in another direction, informing the in-awed whisper that it was water. I then made out that the dark mass was a huge gap in the ice. The intelligence of the horses had undoubtedly saved us.

After a long circuit we reached what appeared to be the opposite bank, only to find that it was an island, and that there was another broad stretch of ice still to be crossed.  
The driver had now the greatest difficulty in getting the terror-stricken animals to go on at all. It was only after much coaxing, and eventually leading them himself, that they could be persuaded to venture on the treacherous surface. This time, nevertheless, we got across without further incident, and it was with a feeling of genuine relief that I felt the tarantass once more rolling over the grass.—St. Louis Republic.

A Chance for Inventors.  
The Government of India is offering a number of prizes for the best designs of models of a cart suitable for military requirements, to wit, a mule cart for the transport use of the British army in India. The prizes offered are five in number, and are respectively \$3750, \$2500, \$1875, \$1250, \$625, or \$10,000 in all. Industries says: The award will be intrusted to a jury consisting of three military and three technical experts. The question of cost being of the highest importance, the designs should give the estimated price in pounds sterling or the rupee of a single cart delivered free on board at Calcutta or Bombay, Calcutta, or Allahabad. As a guarantee of good faith on the part of the competitor as regards estimated cost, he will, if recommended for a premium, receive, in the first instance, only one-half of such premium immediately on its award. He will, however, only receive the same proportion by which he may have under-estimated the actual cost of the cart. It is left to the jury to ascertain by tender in the open market, or by such other means as it considers suitable, the cost of the cart to Government, and to make its award accordingly. The object desired is the production of a design, accompanied in all cases by a working model, for a military transport cart adapted to conditions which make the use of interchangeable metal parts for all important portions of the cart absolutely indispensable. The designs and models should reach the Secretary to the Government of India, Military Department, Calcutta, not later than June 30, 1893.

From Halfpenny to MacAlpin.  
An amusing account is given of the evolution of a name. A man named Halfpenny lived in Dublin at the end of the last century. Having been quite successful in business, his children persuaded him to change his name to a more dignified one, which he did by dropping the last letter.  
In the course of time the orthography was also changed, and when the man died he was buried as Mr. Halped. The fortunes of the family increased still further, and the son soon dropped the "H."  
The next transition was an equally easy one, and "he who had run the camp" on the mountain tops grew the mine camps. The citizens of the mine camps pay from \$10 to \$12 per cord for nut pine fuel. The Carson and

DELHI, THE INDIAN CITY OF THRONES AND PALACES.

A Chair of State Worth \$3,000,000.—The Venerated Pillar of Asoka.—An Ancient Prince's Tomb Guarded by His Ancestors.  
ONE of the most historic cities in India is the old and far-famed mogul city of Delhi or Indraprestha. It was the Rome of Asia for many centuries, ruling over millions long before the dawn of the Christian era. Delhi was from time immemorial the city of Indian potentates, a seat of great strength and power whose treasures were at once the pride and envy of the oriental world. It was a city of thrones and palaces, containing the famous glittering peacock throne—a chair of state which in its gorgeous display of gold, silver and precious stones surpassed, probably, anything of its kind ever known before or since. Its value is placed at \$6,000,000. Upon this magnificent throne, placed on a carved and inlaid marble platform in the magnificent marble audience chamber, sat the most powerful rulers of the orient, dealing out favors and penalties to their subjects as they lay prostrate before the august sovereigns. The fame of this chair alone eventually created cupidity enough to wreck the kingdom.

Delhi, with its wonderful fort, mosques and temples and the ruins of ancient tombs, gardens, serais and palaces, covers an area of about forty-five square miles, and presents a remarkable contrast between the old and the new Delhi. Here on the banks of the sacred Jumna are the remains of seven great cities, built in the golden times by as many powerful rulers. The Hindu scriptures declare that a city inhabited for a longer period than a thousand years is sure to be visited by disaster if not destruction, hence the invariable practice of building new cities and forsaking the old about every ten centuries.  
According to this computation Delhi, or ancient Indraprestha, should be 7000 years old, and perhaps it is, for we find that Yudhisathira, one of the first kings of whom we have any record, was succeeded by thirty generations of his family; the next dynasty held the throne for 500 years; then came the Gautamas, who ruled through the lifetime of fifteen sovereigns. These were followed by the Magurats until nine of them had occupied the throne, the last of whom, the Rajah Pala, was conquered by Kramaditya, of Ujjain, in Maliva, fifty-seven years before the birth of Christ. How old the first city of Delhi really is has not been determined. The fourth or fifth city contains the famous pillar of Asoka, upon which is an authentic inscription dated the third century before Christ.

It is of interest to note how well preserved these ancient tombs and temples are in Delhi. The dry atmosphere seems to preserve the faintest trace on the cauleid stone. Remarkable Hindu sculptures of several thousands of years old seem as fresh as if they were finished but a few years ago. Many of the inscriptions in Sanscrit are legible to this day.  
The ancient pillar of Asoka stands in the middle of what was once a magnificent three story building, rising nearly forty-five feet. It was brought from Tophar, at the foot of the Siwalik hills, where the Jumna enters the plains. It is a monolith of pink sandstone, now broken at the top in a serrated manner, and measures nearly eleven feet in circumference, where it issues from the third story roof. Its great value lies in the fact that it bears the oldest Pal inscription and the oldest written characters found in India, dating as they do from the middle of the third century B. C. The characters are clearly cut and perfectly legible to this day. The inscriptions are noteworthy, as they contain the edict of Asoka, which prohibits the taking of life. To think that this great and good man, living nearly twenty-three centuries ago, should have been so far in advance of our boasted civilization as to prohibit the taking of life under all circumstances seems a remarkable commentary upon civilization. We are wont to look back 6000 years upon the people of India and pity their savage state and untutored minds. We may well look back admiringly.  
Among the ancient ruins at Delhi is the Kadam Sharif or "Holy Footstep." It is near the tomb of Prince Patch Khan, built in 1374. The "Holy Footstep" consists of a piece of marble with the miraculous impress of Mohammed's foot. It is about eighteen inches long by six inches wide, and was brought from the holy city of Mecca by the Prince's tutor. This piece of marble is bowed to, prayed to, kissed and worshipped as have been other pieces of marble in Christian lands with Christian enlightenment.

The tomb of Mirza Jehangir is peculiarly interesting from the fact that it is guarded by his descendants. Mirza Jehangir was the son of Albar II, and is now a saint. In and about his sacred tomb one encounters fifty descendants of the saint's sister, for he never married. The family are Sufa, and guard the sacred resting place of their sainted relative with reverence and constantly as lies within human power. For many hundred years these descendants have guarded this tomb night and day, and it is probable that they will continue to do so for many hundred years to come. There is something touching in the self-sacrifice of these people.—San Francisco Chronicle.

War by a Blunder.  
According to the account of the King of Dahomey, the war between him and the French was the outcome of a stupid blunder, or was thrust upon him by the French in a most high handed manner. He says that the French resident at Porto Novo complained to him of the conduct of some of the tribes on the river Queme, and that he sent his army to punish them. The French, hearing the firing, proceeded up the river and, without stopping to look into the matter, opened fire on the Dahomey troops, killing a number of them. The troops returned the fire, for which, when they returned to Aboomey, he punished them severely. He then sent an embassy of peace to the French resident, but his overtures were rejected. He cites the fact that he permitted the French merchants to leave Wuydash at the opening of hostilities, as an evidence of his peaceable intentions. He maintains that he did all that he could to keep out of the trouble.—New Orleans Picayune.

The Digger Indians.  
A few weeks ago I had my first introduction to a tribe of Digger Indians, living as they have lived for centuries, in huts made of tule, which offer about as much protection as a hut made of Columbia County corkstorks, writes Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona." I hoped to see some idealistic dusky maidens of the Ramona type—maidenly beautiful, both mentally and physically. The damsel first introduced was one hundred and twenty-eight years old. She was gnawing a hunk of raw meat as she sat on straw beside her hut. This seemed to me too much interested in her hut than to talk much. Her black eyes were full of fire, but the skin of face and body resembled shriveled leather and betokened great age. They were all of a kind, these men and women. In body they resemble Australian bushmen. They have flat noses, thick lips, dark skins, and less mental development than Ethiopians. Their natural way of life before missionaries came was to eat vermin, live in holes and incise themselves in mud. For the sake of the country's honor it is gratifying that ethnologists class these people apart from the North American Indians. Humboldt included them in the dregs of humanity such as the inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land. The Catholic priests, however, have accomplished excellent results educating the young Indians. Low as the Diggers are they believe in a superior being and revered a phantom called Chiniquichin, believing that this specter lived among the stars and dispensed justice. He was their creator and guide. In earlier days every village had a rough temple, in which the god was represented by a clay tablet covered with feathers, and rays and beads. The Diggers steal and drink fire water. Whisky is killing the Diggers. The white men have wrested their lands from them, introduced deadly vices, and as a rule care naught for these natives. In this connection it was almost ludicrous last Decoration Day to watch a party of Indian school children, with flowers in hand, standing beside a veteran's grave, at a signal from the good priest in charge sing:  
My country, 'tis of thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
And from another point of view it was extremely pathetic.

The Famous Gruyere Cheese.  
The famous Gruyere cheese is made in the isolated chalets perched on the crests of ravines or nestled in the heart of the valleys of the Jura, France. As soon as the snow melts, the herds are let loose from their barns in the lowland below, and so well do they know their way that each finds its familiar pasture ground class without need of guidance. This cheese is all made in co-operative factories, where the spirit of honor so prevalent that an associate who should put water in the milk would be at once expelled. The cheeses are stamped with the name of the association and of the quality of the milk supplied by each member. They are sold half yearly, and meanwhile are arranged in the cellars precisely after the fashion of books on shelves, and are turned and rubbed with salt every day.—American Agriculturist.

How to Prevent Accidents.  
In London there is a Horse Accident Prevention Society to which nearly all horse owners belong. It keeps slippery pavements sanded or graveled and drives constantly toward the desired end of uniform pavements in the driving districts. A New York woman said recently that her horses, used to the stone pavements, became almost unmanageable when they struck a block of the Nicolson paving. It was the marked difference between the two which experts said frightened the horses. Doubtless others have experienced the same trouble in driving. A trouble which usually of payments would obviate.—Atlanta Journal.