THE DIFFERENCE.

There's a great deal of praise of the millionaire,
Whose lunch is of cheese and bread,
And a great deal of fault with his young cashier,
Who feeds off a two-dollar spread.

But the millionaire breakfasts at half-past eight,
And his chef has five thousand a year.
While the cashier turns up a boarding house plate,
And looks at the hash with fear.

And he knows there'll be hash at supper time, too,
And the thought makes him crosser than sticks;
But the millionaire has his four-course menu
At home just a quarter past six.

Chicago Record.

STORY OF A SPECULATION.

Mr. Gallivant Works a Tip for All It is Worth.

Mr. Gallivant had a tip. It came to him under conditions of great secrecy. He was not to say a word about it to his best friend, and, above all, not a hint, not the faintest remotest suggestion of a hint, to his broker.

At this time Mr. Gallivant's circumstances were highly satisfactory to himself and his friends. He had bought sugar at 76 and and sold it at 128, and he had bought Manhattan at 132 and sold it at 179. He was now building a house at Tuxedo, a schooner yacht at the Herreshoffs'; he had a nicely filled vault at a trust company's, and an impressive balance at his broker's.

Mr. Gallivant's career as a man of affairs had afforded him a large experience with tips. He summed it up in this way: "A true tip is just so much gold coin, and no one but a drunken man, a born fool, or a woman will give it away; women don't often have it to give, and so when you get a tip you want to study not so much whether it seems probable, as the condition of the chap that gave it. That's the test of a tip."

It was the test he was now endeavoring to apply to the tip he had received that evening. It was long past midnight, and he was standing in the drawing room of his apartment with his back turned to the blaze of a hickory fire.

"Funny thing about that Follipot," he said; "funny about my being in such a crowd, anyhow. Now, let's see. Coots came into my office and says: 'Wife's going to have theater party; want you to come along; dine Delmonico's six-thirty.' I says: 'Sorry, dear boy, can't go; previous 'gagement.' Didn't have previous 'gagement really, but—I don't know that Coots much, don't know's wife 'tall; what'd he want t' ask me for? Well, he says: 'Must go, dear boy, must go; great party; "Lady Windermere's Fan;" wonderful play; Wilde, you know—chap that wore pantalets, Fauntleroy style—smart play; all 'bout bad men and swift girls; spicy.' I says: 'Very kind, love to go, but can't, really; 'spepsia—can't eat; see things—salted pecans, olives, sweetbreads, terrapin—want 'em all; get sick.' He says: 'Dinner light; hurry, you know; can't let you off; lovely party; two young ladies, one fair, one dark; have choice.' Now, what'd he want t' insist like that for?"

Mr. Gallivant looked around him, and felt aimlessly in the direction of his vestpockets after a cigar. Presently he found one. With great deliberation he cut away the end of it. He struck a match and puffed away earnestly.

"If I let myself think about what Follipot said," he remarked, after a period of reflection, "I'll be hanged if I shouldn't believe him. Things sound so natural. Stock's been paying 6 per cent; no reason why it's been selling so low. They could move it up easily. All they need is to stand stiff and altogether. Now he said there was a meeting here yesterday between the New York and the Western people. Well, I happened to meet two of those Western fellows on the street yesterday morning. Then he said that Dick Rasher, the king of the street, was in the deal. Well, I happened to stumble in upon Rasher and Bowles, the principal man in the trust, at luncheon in a private room at the Savarin. All that hooks together—fits close; but what did he want to go and tell me for? I'd never exchanged a dozen words with Follipot before to-night in m' life. Interrupted my talk with golden-haired girl, too, to tell me. Lovely girl—Coots right about that. Girl with views, opinions, and things. Thought play wicked, thought human nature good—didn't know Rasher, I guess. Don't want to get squeezed by a fellow like Rasher; got no bowels, takes fiendish delight in smashing poor devil like me. Follipot is an ass—no doubt about that—and that's so much in favor of the story. Well, I'll stop thinking and go to sleep. If there's going to be a movement in whisky to-morrow, I want my head where it will work."

Mr. Gallivant when he reached his office the next morning, had decided not to buy whisky. Logically there seemed every reason to credit Fillipot's tip. Follipot was one of those clever young fellows who serve their highest function by filling in at afternoon teas, and he was known to be well liked by the Bowleses. It was entirely within the probabilities that he might have obtained information as to the plans of the whisky trust people, and he was just the sort of man to enjoy the position of a knowing one in the eyes of a practical gambler like Gallivant. But somehow or other Gallivant's instinct was against making use of the tip, and Gallivant was very slow to resist his instinct.

He did not intend to operate heavily that day, and gave less attention than usual to the telegraph instrument on his desk. Tickers Gallivant despised. He had begun life as a train dispatcher, and he never could overcome his love of the music of the telegraph instrument. The one on his desk was his guide, philosopher and friend. It connected with the Exchange and with his broker's office, and gave him the information of every transaction in stocks the very second it occurred. No matter how busy he was with other things, its click, click-click, click-click-click was always intelligible. He might be chatting with a friend, reading the morning papers, writing letters, or what not, but the voice of the telegraph instrument was borne over all into his consciousness.

Mr. Gallivant gave the morning to his correspondence. He wrote letter after letter, paying no heed to the markets. At last he grew tired, dropped his pen, threw himself back in his chair, stretched out his legs upon his desk and began to nod in reposeful slumber. The telegraph instrument clicked away industriously, and Mr. Gallivant offset it with a low, bass snore.

Suddenly he started—opened his eyes, turned his head quickly around from side to side as if to shake his faculties into their proper places.

"What's that!" he exclaimed. "One thousand shares of whisky sold at fifty-seven! Gone up two points! Gosh!"

Mr. Gallivant grasped the instrument and began to ask questions. . . he had heard correctly. Whisky was strong. Not much trading as yet—hold on, another sale had occurred at 57 1-2! Mr. Gallivant drew a long whistle.

"That fellow Follipot told me the truth!" he said, sharply, "and with what I happened to know myself I ought to have gone in. I've lost a fortune already by being too slow. Hey! Still higher! 57 3-4! That settles it."

Mr. Gallivant placed his order at once. "Buy me five thousand shares of whisky as close as you can. Buy quick!"

He could not repress a feeling of anxiety. Somehow it seemed as if the crisis of his business career were upon him. It seemed as if another "down" were coming. He had acted against instinct, and that had always resulted in misfortune. To be sure, five thousand shares were not many, and he could close them out the next morning at a profit. But this he knew he would not do. He had started on a course of speculation in whisky, and he must go with his destiny. Mr. Gallivant believed in destiny. He did not believe he possessed the physical power to give his broker the order to sell his whisky the next day. "I'm in this thing to stay," he said, as he started for the Knickerbocker club; "when I get out, I shall be a millionaire or a pauper."

The elaborate dudes at the Knickerbocker club were surprised to see Mr. Gallivant among them. Still more surprised were they to see him and Follipot go off into a corner and mysteriously confer. Follipot occupied with a business matter was unnatural and disturbing. But Follipot assumed the role of a man of affairs with creditable skill. He knitted his brows, and twirled his thumbs, and nodded his head with all the seriousness suitable to the discussion of grave matters. He told Gallivant all he knew. A syndicate had been formed of heavy men in and out of the trust to run whisky up to eighty-five, and to hold it there. Rasher was surely in it. So was Knobbles of Chicago, and Stump of Pittsburg. They were ready to absorb, if necessary, three hundred thousand shares. Bowles had told him all about it as a matter of friendship and in order to give him a chance to make something. He had mentioned it to Gallivant because he had taken a fancy to Gallivant, and felt like doing a friendly thing. They went over the details several times and from several points of view. They had dinner together, and Gallivant finally arranged to carry one thousand shares for Follipot, while Follipot was to continue his amiable relations with Bowles. Then Mr. Gallivant went home. "Yes," he said, "it's all right. Follipot is only an ass, that's all—just a nice, decent, pleasant little ass. He is the right material for the conductor of a true tip."

Whisky rose steadily, easily, surely. There was great trading. Mr. Gallivant carried another 5,000 shares, then still another, and at last he had almost his whole fortune in whisky, and was winning or losing $30,000 a point. When his profits had reached a cool half-million, he had the confidence of a despot. Naturally secretive, he allowed no one but his broker to know of his transactions in whisky. He made few inquiries about the stock or the operations of the pool behind it except of Follipot, and every day vindicated his judgment.

But one morning at a meeting of a board of directors, he encountered a heavy operator, who startled him with the question: "Hope you're not doing anything with whisky, Gallivant?"

"Oh, no, nothing at all," Gallivant replied, in the most unconcerned way. "But why do you ask?"

"If you are, you'd better stop and take your profits."

"What makes you think so?"

"The pool is weak."

"How do you know?"

"I can't tell all I know.

"Tell half."

"Well, there's a little fool named Follipot—know him?"

"Yes."

"He hangs around Bowles."

"So he does."

"Well, when the pool started in to bid up the stock, he went around to a lot of people telling them all about it."

"The devil he did!"

"Yes, he told me. I came near acting on what he said, too, when I saw the stock rising, but I happened to find out that he had told at least a dozen other fellows."

"No!"

"Sure. Of course Bowles sent him to do it."

"Very kind of Bowles."

"Very. The information was true, too, so far as it went. But you notice there have been queer fluctuations."

"Yes, so there have."

"Well, Bowles and Rasher, Knobbles and Stump, are queer men."

Mr. Gillivant thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets and meditated. "They're as choice a firm of cut-throats as ever took to the highway," he said.

"Exactly. They haven't even the honor that prevails among thieves."

"You mean," said Gallivant, "that they intend to 'do' one another?"

"I mean that they are at it already."

Mr. Gallivant walked over to the ticker. He locked at the tapes. He returned to his chair and glanced sharply at his friend.

"Well?" said the friend.

"Whisky has fallen three points this morning," replied Gallivant, "and 80,000 shares have changed hands."

"Somebody is getting from under—see?"

Mr. Gallivant made no answer. He was thinking.

"Nice young man, that Follipot—honest young man. Nice fellow, Bowles, to send you notice of the movements of the pool. How much did they pull you in for?"

"Thirty thousand shares," said Gallivant.

"Well, save your skin while there's any left to save"

Mr. Gallivant's instinct now began to operate with a force and directness which assured him of its perfect condition. In five minutes he was at his broker's. In another five minutes his block of whisky was on the market and sold at only seven points less than the highest price the stock had ever attained. His profits were all he could have asked or reasonably hoped for. But they did not satisfy Mr. Gallivant. He had something yet to do—to come out of whisky a millionaire and to pay his respects to Mr. Bowles. If he had made money, it wasn't Bowles' fault nor Bowles' intention. He had been drawn in to be despoiled, and Mr. Gallivant's large and well developed human nature began at once to work. He sprang on a limited train for Washington and spent the night in conversation with some of his country's patriotic servants. They nestled in a little back room at Chamberlin's, and talked of the wickedness of trusts. They were of one mind. They were satisfied that all trusts were an invasion of the people's rights, and an infraction of the laws, and that the whisky trust was the worst of all. The heavy hand of the government should be laid upon it.

Mr. Gallivant returned to New York that same night with a smile on his face and a curl in his mustache which bespoke a serene and cheerful disposition. The next day he sold 50,000 shares of whisky short. Two hours later a message came over the wires that a joint resolution to investigate the whisky trust had been introduced in the senate by Senator Bloke, and in the house by Congressman Sharper. The price of whisky certificates fell ten points. It went on falling. The resolutions were sent to a committee and it fell more. They were reported favorably, and it "slumped" again. They passed the house, and it dropped still lower. They passed the senate, and it was down below the point at which the upward movement began.

Mr. Gallivant made another trip to Washington at about this time, and again he met his country's faithful servants at Chamberlin's. He carried with him a checkbook, and he explained to them just how to tell a tip when they ran across one.—New York Tribune.

AN UNKISSED KISS.

The Worriment It Caused a Man and His Wife.

They had been married years and years, yet never had he gone away from the breakfast table in the morning without a good-bye kiss, until a friend came to visit them, one of those cynical time-soured bachelors who find fault with everybody and everything, and decide for themselves that the whole scheme of creation is wrong.

The friend did not say anything at the time, although the kiss jarred on his sense of the proprities, but he waited until he had his host by the ear, so to speak, then he said:

"You seem to keep the honeymoon pretty well, George. Must be a deuced bore, too, when the romance is over."

Then good, weak George began to get wabbly in his mind, and had a silly fear that his friend was making fun of him.

"Yes," he said, as he lighted a cigar, "it is rather a bore, don't you know, but the little woman expects it."

"I dare say," resumed the friend, "but I wouldn't coddle her any more if I were you. It's too—too domestic, you see, for this age. Makes a man seem spoony and weak."

"Yes, I've thought so myself. Guess I'll turn over a new leaf with the little woman."

The little woman, who had more sense in her little finger than George had in his little body, was greatly surprised when her husband threw his breakfast napkin on his plate, rose in haste, and with a cackled "Tata, dear," ran off without the customary salute. But she didn't say anything, and bided her time. It came sooner than was expected.

George went home at night without the friend, who had returned whence he came. At dinner George was silent and morose, and the little woman asked:

"Anything gone wrong to-day?"

"Yes. Everything. Lost $20 out of my vest pocket."

"Too bad, but it might have been worse."

"Then I mislaid some valuable papers that I carried in the inside pocket of my coat—it's just been one of my worrying days, don't you know."

"George," said the little woman in a calm, sweet voice, "don't you think it all happened because you went away without a good-bye kiss? I've had a worrying day, too, and I laid it all to that."

"By Jove, little woman, I believe you're right. Queer, but I really believe there's something in it!"

"And here is the money; you dropped it on the floor in your hurry. And the papers are probably in your other coat—you know you changed this morning."

"That settles it, little woman," and George gave her the kiss he had omitted in the morning with interest, and if the friend could have seen it he would have gnashed his teeth—but he didn't.—Detroit Free Press.

Letting Him Have It.

Among the passengers on a suburban train the other day was a woman very much overdressed, accompanied by a bright-looking nurse girl and a self-willed, tyrannical boy of about three years. The boy aroused the indignation of the passengers by his continued shrieks, and kicks, and screams, and his viciousness towards the patient nurse. He tore her bonnet, scratched her hands, and finally hit her in the face without a word of remonstrance from the mother. Whenever the nurse manifested any firmness the mother would chide her sharply. Finally, madame composed herself for a nap, and when the boy had slapped the nurse for about the fiftieth time a wasp came sailing in and flew on the window near his seat. The boy at once tried to catch it. The nurse caught his hand and said, coaxingly:

"Harry mustn't touch; wasp will bite him!"

Harry screamed savagely, and began to kick and pound the nurse. The mother, without opening her eyes or lifting her head, cried out sharply:

"Why will you tease that child so, Mary? Let him have what he wants at once."

"But, ma'am, it's a——"

"Let him have it, I say."

Thus encouraged, Harry clutched at the wasp and caught it. The yell that followed brought tears of joy to the passengers. The mother awoke again.

"Mary," she cried, "let him have it."

Mary turned in her seat, and said, "He's got it, ma'am!"—Tit-Bits.

A Firm Believer.

Bishop Gullem—Yes, it is a good work, and I trust you believe in maintaining foreign missions.

"Indeed I do. Why, papa, sees Mr. Cleveland every day about one."—Life.

MINNESOTA AT THE FAIR.

THE GREAT EXHIBIT OF THE NORTH STAR STATE.

The Educational Exhibit the Equal if not the Superior of Other States--The Agricultural Exhibit--The Forestry Exhibit.

Jackson Park, Special Correspondence—The aim of the Minnesota board of world's fair managers in making exhibits at the world's fair has been to take great pains with those displays in which Minnesota by nature is fitted to excel all of the sister states. Of course this observation applies mainly to exhibits which have been made in the general buildings of the Columbian exposition in direct competition with other states. The two exhibits in which in the opinion of the managers, Minnesota has the best chance of excelling are the agricultural and educational. In these two lines Minnesota has for many years been in the lead, and if she cannot now make an exhibit which will surpass all competitors it will be a great surprise to many of her citizens. It was was a well known fact that at the New Orleans exhibit Minnesota had in every respect the most creditable educational display of any of the states and she cannot now afford to lose the enviable reputation which she then established. The large educational endowment of Minnesota, her rich university and flourishing normal schools ought to be able to make an exhibit which would compare very favorable with the older institutions of the Eastern states. Minnesota is also credited with possessing some of the brightest teachers and educators of the Northwest. Most of them are young and energetic, partaking largely of the spirit and enterprise of the business interests of a state rapidly increasing in wealth. It is to the public schools of the cities and the common schools of the state that the best exhibits must be looked for. Our higher institutions have older and richer colleges and normal schools to compete against, but the public school system has nothing to fear from any of them. It is well known among educators that many of the Eastern teachers in the public schools get many ideas and suggestions from the Western pedagogue. Especially is this true in school architecture and the interior furnishings and comforts of school buildings. The educational exhibit of Minnesota has been directed mainly in the lines of display of actual school work as performed during the sessions of the school. There are also upon exhibition pictures of the different school buildings of the largest cities of the state. There have been, however, but few models placed upon exhibition of any school buildings, although the Minnesota university and Carleton college have placed upon exhibition plans of their curriculum, and drawings of their grounds and buildings, which are attracting a good deal of attention. The classification of school work has been made by the teachers of the schools which are represented in the exhibit. It displays a very close and careful selection of exhibits for the walls of the space allotted to Minnesota. Most of the educational exhibits which I have seen embrace an endless and apparently disconnected wilderness of specimens that lead to confusion and detract much from the effects of really meritorious work. The space given to Minnesota is arranged with six alcoves on each side of a central aisle, upon the walls of which are hung the best specimens of work, while other displays are made in revolving cases and in portfolios. The first thing that strikes the beholder in the display is the preponderance of drawings, models, etc., kindred to the fine arts. These drawings, paintings and models are admitted to be equal and in many instances superior to the same class of work displayed by normal and technical schools in various parts of the liberal art building. There are many instances in which improvement could have been made if more funds had been at the disposal of Prof. F. T. Wilson in charge of Minnesota's educational exhibit. The lack of funds is, of course, noticeably, particularly in the placing and hanging of the display which sometimes suffers on account of its setting.

On one side of the central aisle are booths devoted to serving and cooking, to wood and metal work, wall paper designs, illustrated botany lessons, illustrated language lessons and map work. On the other side are alcoves devoted to country school exhibits, photographs of public educational institutions, normal school work, Carleton college exhibit and State university exhibit. The college exhibits are yet incomplete and thus far are not up to the standard set by the public schools of Minnesota or that set by other colleges of other states. All the exhibits on the walls are placed under glass except the wood and metal work. The schools of the state which have contributed most to the display are Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Stillwater and Winona. The Minneapolis exhibit excels in carved and general wood work, in designs for wall paper, in sepia drawing work, in pencil and India ink sketches and in display of sewing work arranged by Miss Susie E. Sirwell, of the Minneapolis public schools. This last mentioned display seems to be a novelty in so far as state educational work is concerned and has no duplicate anywhere in their vicinity in the liberal arts building. The exhibit embraces all kinds of needle work displayed in glass cases, besides specimens of the kind of work required of each pupil during the three years' course. The St. Paul schools have excellent exhibits in water colors, in illustrated language work, in crayon work, in relief map work and in sewing work. They excel the other exhibits in the first two mentioned. Duluth appears to have made a specialty of relief map work and crayon drawing, in which they excel. Winona has upon exhibition a small glass case, in which are specimens of the woods of the state and of the birds of the state, prepared by the pupils of the public schools, which are a credit to their instructors. Minneapolis public schools exhibit a very creditable display of modeling, which is also a novelty in educational training of a public and general nature. The educational displays throughout the building are very backward in their products, but so far as can now be seen the North Star State has nothing to fear from competition.

Agricultural Exibit.

Minnesota is the banner wheat state of the Union and her exhibit is at once artistic and profuse in variety embodying her great agricultural wealth in miniature arranged so as to give an idea of the great natural beauty of her fertile prairies and rich forest lands. In six years she has raised nearly 300,000,000 bushels of wheat and in one of them she yielded over 60,000,000 bushels. This wheat is, as every Minnesotian knows, the best grown in the world. The design of the exhibit is so made as to utilize a limited space to the fullest degree and for that reason from an outward point of view everything appears crowded. The work of arranging the exhibit has been very slow, owing to the fact that it has been the aim of George Purvis, in charge, to make as artistic a display as possible and to correctly label every specimen of the four hundred individual exhibits of cereals and grasses. In addition to this there is a car load and a half of prepared specimens of grains and grasses secured by Supt. L. P. Hunt, which are also labeled. The exhibit has thus an educational as well as an artistic side. Prof. Luger has loaned also his complete collection properly and scientifically labeled of grains and grasses. His entomological collection, selected with a view to show the insects which are destructive to the farmers' productions is also on exhibition. The design of the pavilion is based upon the Madaline palace of Paris to some extent, commonly known as "Napoleon's Temple of Glory." It will when completed show five tiers of arches, embodying twenty-six decorative colors, each pillar different in design and decoration, yet harmonizing throughout. The front presents a unique and striking appearance embodying these collossal arches supported by four ornamental pillars, all of which are highly decorated and carved. The center arch is surmounted by a star, which is constructed of wheat and corn, and represents the arms of the state. The outside arches are each surmounted by a large eagle with extended wings, constructed mainly of corn husks. The archways and pillars are embossed and ornamented with grain, leaves and grasses indigenous to Minnesota. The corner pillars have worked upon them in heads of wheat in almost perfect designs representations of the moccasin flower, the flower of the State of Minnesota. Two horns of plenty arranged on each side of the central arch and above it are made also of grains and grasses and have blooming forth from them potted flowers in most beautiful effect. The interior decoration is marvelous, when it is considered that it is all worked out of heads of grain and forage grasses. Daisies, roses, sunflowers, moccasin flowers, flax, verbenas, lubiscas, single and double dahlias, honeysuckles, buttercups, etc., are found in endless profusion, always worked with their proper foliage in and around the pillars and arches.

Between the third tier of arches there is placed what is known as the "Great Northern Tower," a pagoda Saxon design with a clock tower canopied overhead and with pillars supporting it in keeping with the general design of the pavilion. It has sixteen sides, on each of which is a glass case containing a design or picture constructed out of grains and grasses to represent the various agricultural products of the state. This handsome contribution of the Great Northern road will cost when completed $1,150. The specimens for exhibition are placed on eight double glass fronted cases and in four octagon cones, in which will be shown 800 specimens of grain and grasses. The specimens for competition, owing to the fact that they will have to be examined by the judges on awards are placed in racks. There are also 200 specimens of grain and about 100 specimens of grass seed are entered for competition. There is a display of natural leaf of tobacco gathered from various parts of the state, made by George Mitchelson of St. Paul. The display of corn will surprise many of the old residents of the state. There is an abundance of flax, canary bird seed, etc., which will be given the most advantageous display possible in the collection. The vegetable display will not be made before July. There are six car loads of material used in making the display. Among the collection of wheat which will be upon exhibition are the Erlau wheat, originally introduced from Bohemia by a Minnesota engineer, who plucked a head of wheat from a growing field while traveling in Bohemia. This wheat is very early and healthy and is of a peculiar brown color. The Austrian Klattau wheat is on exhibition, the czar and the Kaisar, also new varieties of wheat. One of the most prolific of the new wheats is Whiting's eighty fold wheat originally grown in the Shoukin valley in Western Montana. It was introduced into Minnesota by General Passenger Agent Whitney, of the Great Northern road. All of these specimens are of the hard variety. Other specimens are the Champion, the Peerless, the improved Saskatchewan and the Kildonan, the latter being a resuscitation of the old Selkirk wheat introduced originally by the Selkirk colony, near Fort Garry. Glass cases will be upon exhibit containing the various soils of the state. The design of the agricultural exhibit was prepared by Mr. Purvis of St. Paul at the request of the Minnesota commission and the chief artist, who has had charge of the decorative work under the commission, is Miss Carrie Purvis, who has also charge of decorative work on the Great Northern column.

The Forestry Exhibit.

The Minnesota forestry exhibit in charge of C. L. Smith of Minneapolis is the most complete in the full sense of the term forrestry of any display from a single state, because it has specimens of the wood in the rough and dressed of every variety of tree grown in Minnesota, numbering in all about eighty-five. The collection also has the leaf, seed and growing sprout of each species as well as specimens in the same manner of every shrub, vine, moss, lichen, etc., indigenous to the state, making in all some two hundred species. The whole collection has a rustic fence around it, every stick and post of which is of a different species of wood. In the center of the exhibit is a rustic arbor to be covered with vines and evergreen shrubs, in which will be exhibited specimens of every animal which frequents forests and makes its home in trees. To the right of the arbor is a small square in which will be constructed a cabin of poplar wood pulp. It will have an extensive dooryard ornamented with diminutive shade trees and numerous trailing vines and evergreens. Mr. Smith has also a large collection of photographs illustrating forest growth of the State of Minnesota which will be placed upon exhibition. There will also be on hand numerous pamphlets setting forth the statistics of forestry of the state, the history of the park system and other facts of interest to all who desire to learn the practical side of forestry. This literature will be given away to all comers. There has been no attempt at fantastic designs or impossible combinations in the display. The aim has been to make everything appear as natural as possible.

The Fisheries Display.

This exhibit is a very modest one conceived at a late date when there was not much money at the disposal of the state managers. Dr. R. O. Sweeney of Duluth, superintendent of the United States fish hatchery at that place was engaged to make as full an exhibit of taxidermist specimens of the game and fish as possible in a brief space of time. He has completed the exhibit at an early date and has made it very comprehensive in so far as specimens are concerned. With more time for better specimens of each fish could have been obtained. For instance it is well known in the northeastern section of Minnesota that the largest specimens of speckled brook trout to be found anywhere may be captured in streams tributary to Lake Superior on the north shore. Minnesota has the most extensive fresh water lake system of any state in the Union and naturally could produce for exhibition very fine specimens of pike, mouskalounge, black perch, wall eyed pike, sturgeon, white fish, etc. Every one has heard of Lake Superior planked whitefish and not a few people have partaken of this great delicacy. All the specimens have been obtained, stuffed and painted and placed upon exhibition by Dr. Sweeney. Minnesota has made no tank exhibit. In addition to this all the game birds of the state as the choice work of the taxidermist have been secured for the Minnesota display. All these exhibits have been arranged around a central booth in glass cases, which is surmounted by two wax figures of Dakota Indians seated in a canoe and engaged in their favorite pastime of fishing. The display is a creditable one and helps well to maintain the belief current that Minnesota is well represented in every building upon the fair grounds.

Minnesota Mines.

The iron mines of the state are confined to a few northeastern counties, but their fame has lately surpassed that of the famous Michigan and Wisconsin mining regions, especially since the cheap iron ore of the Mesaba range has become a reality instead of a theory and has begun to have its marked effects upon the prices of ore on the markets of the East. It is perhaps unfortunate for Minnesota in making a mining exhibit that the counties in which iron deposits occur are practically new and comparatively speaking sparsely settled as a whole. Their demands upon the state for money and their enterprise in making such an exhibit as one might have wished would not naturally obtain the recognition that they would convey from older settled communities. The mining exhibit of iron ore is made almost entirely from St. Louis county, Minnesota, and is in charge of one of the national members of the commission, H. B. Moore of Duluth. He has devoted a great deal of time to the matter. A very handsome archway to the exhibit is constructed out of stone from the various quarries of the state, with the name of each county from which a specimen of stone comes out into a stone of the archway. Two well polished granite Grecian pillars sustaining the archway come from St. Cloud, Minn. The exhibit of iron ore is not made in large quantities. There are specimens of ore from the principal mines of the Mesaba range in small glass cases, each of which has a small label giving the result of analysis in products of iron phosphorus and silicon. There is a pyramid of hard ore from the famous Minnesota mines at Soudan and of soft ore from the Chandler mine at Ely. The most unique object in the exhibit is a complete model of the Chandler mine, giving the various working shafts and the levels, with their timbering, in which the actual work of mining is being performed. This exhibit attracts a good deal of attention. The whole exhibit is surrounded with a neat iron scroll fence built upon stone taken from the various quarries of the state.

The North Dakota Agricultural Exhibit.

North Dakota, in making her agricultural exhibit has bent all her energies to excelling in the excellence and number of varieties of her wheat and forage grasses displayed. Mr. Dickey, in charge, expects to capture the prize on these two exhibits. It is, of course, naturally supposed that the battle will be between North Dakota and Minnesota for these two prizes. Neither of the exhibits of these two states are yet fully complete and it is too early to pass any opinion as to who will probably capture the prize.

The main feature, which first attracts the attention of the observer in looking at the North Dakota exhibit, is the Herculean female figure typical of the state, which stands near the center of the display. The drapery is inlaid with heads of wheat and the head and arms are constructed of wheats and grasses. It is a striking conception and will be likely to call the attention of many to the display who might otherwise pass it by. There is a marked abundance in everything exhibited by North Dakota, while the Minnesota agricultural exhibit is of a light and graceful nature, giving in its main aspects the idea of artful display rather than of gross abundance. It is the work of Ceres rather than the gift of fortune and the pouring out of the horn of plenty. Everywhere about the North Dakota exhibit are appropriate designs setting forth the glory of the state as a wheat producer and presenting statistics of her marvelous growth in the last decade everywhere there is a profusion of heads of animals and other skillful designs worked in wheat and grasses, set off and adorned with wreaths and filaments of the same material. There is apparently no attempt in the exhibit to make a display in lines of agriculture in which other states would be most liable to excel them. The designers of the exhibit believed in expending all their efforts upon displays in which North Dakota had the best chance of winning and in ignoring other lines in which they could have made a creditable exhibit, but not a remarkable one. In addition to the main display in the agricultural building, North Dakota has made a very creditable exhibit in her own state building along the same lines. There are figures of sheep, cattle, horses, birds, etc., in profusion adorning the walls constructed out of natural products. It all conveys the lesson that North Dakota is the coming forage grass and hard wheat state of the Union.

Cliff Dwellers' Exhibit.

One of the most interesting exhibits upon the world's fair grounds is presented in what is known as the "Cliff Dwellers' display." It embraces numberless specimens of ethnological exhibits of the cliff dwellers of America collected by the H. Jay Smith Exploring company. The collection is of priceless value to the scientist and is at the same time of great interest to the sightseer and the curio hunter. The collection was made from the wierd and solitary desert country near the Utah line in the westernmost part of Utah. This was the former camping and fighting ground of the Navajos and Utes and its centermost point of interest is Battle Rock, surrounded with legends and superstitions taking their origin away back in prehistoric times. It is a tangled wilderness of bristling cactus plants and forbidding crags. Stunted pines and desolate sage brush add to the strangeness of the scene, which is indeed haunted holy ground teeming with the dust and the remains of the long forgotten dead. Their spirits still rule our interest from their dismantled works and razed resting places. This display is interesting to Minnesotians, especially, because the explorations and collections were made by H. J. Smith and Alexis J. Foumier, both Minneapolis men. The place of exhibit has been constructed as an exact copy of "Battle Rock" except that it is only one-tenth as large. Inside of the cave you glance through openings and perceive realistic views of the cliff dwellers' country, which are oil paintings 6x12 feet in size done by Mr. Foumier. A museum of the cave contains hundreds of specimens of interest, utensils, mummies, grains and other articles of the races who furnished them. The exhibit will doubtless attract the careful attention of all scientists who visit the Columbian exposition.

—Ralph McKenzie.

Easy as Anything.

The proper way to hold up the flaring skirt is to take a good hold about as far down the back as you can reach without bending. Draw the skirt close up to the side, back of the hip, giving the fullness a sort of flirt to the opposite side that makes all the folds break and divide into a graceful cascade and gives glimpse of the silk lining and ruffling and just a whirl of crisp edge that never divides except to show more of the same kind. Of course, the effect depends entirely upon the adroitness of the flirt and fling you give the folds as you draw the skirt up and to the side. From the front the view is equally graceful. The figure is outlined with glove-like accuracy and the outline is emphasized by the riot of ruffle that swings over one side at the back. The flare about the feet is not interfered with a bit and not an ankle shows.