

THE BEST THING IN LIFE.

The best thing in life is the bloom on the peach. It was here just this moment, and now it is gone. It's the thing we strive most for, yet never can reach. It's the beauty that heralds the coming of more.

BACHELOR GIRLS BOTH OF THEM.

"Would you mind passing the sugar, Aunt Jane?" I said—I was taking early tea with my Aunt Jane Lambertson. Aunt Jane hastened to push me the article in demand in her usual prim manner, and as I looked at her the funniest notion seized me. I laughed aloud frivolously, and I said what I never should have said in a sober moment: "Aren't two typical old maids, Aunt Jane, taking our dish of tea together, you know? You with your cat, I with my dog?"

I saw at once that the inspiration didn't take with Aunt Jane at all. She made a straight, hard line of her lips (a bad sign), and buttered a crust with much precision. "You have an unfortunate way of expressing yourself at times, Elizabeth," she said disapprovingly. I wish to goodness I could break Aunt Jane of calling me Elizabeth, and the way she does it, too, as if I were all capitals or italics! She does it because everyone else calls me Betty, and that is Aunt Jane's way in everything. I really believe if Aunt Jane knew, or believed, rather, that anyone was so downright foolish as to call me darling she would faint dead away—that is, it fainting were not such a dreadful weak and foolish thing to do.

Byron, or whoever it was, must have had Aunt Jane in his mind when he said "woman is a miracle of contradictions," because Aunt Jane can be as nice as possible when she wants to. I believe it is unwritten law that I'm to be her heir. Really, I'm quite fond of Aunt Jane yet Aunt Jane looked so severe after that unlucky speech of mine that I was frightened and made an effort to brighten things up more.

"Oh, well, not old maids, you know, aunt. They have a nicer name for it now. Say we're two Bachelor Girls. Sit up, Dick!" and I bent down to hide my too smiling countenance in the effort to balance a lump of sugar on the nose of my beautiful fox-terrier. "No need to say anything at all about it, as far as I can see," said Aunt Jane tartly, making a dreadful, hysterical rattle with the spoons. "If I am single it's purely from choice (it always is with Bachelor Girls like Aunt Jane). Whether it is with you or not, of course I can't say, but I suppose that to be twenty-four and not yet married and some man's slave, nowadays implies that you are to be an old—or a Bachelor Girl, Elizabeth."

I stirred my tea reflectively. Aunt Jane likes to see young people serious. "Well, and after all, aunt," I presently said, "aren't we much happier as we are?" Aunt Jane was charmed with the depth of this reasoning. "Why, really, Elizabeth," she said pleasantly, "really I do believe you are getting to be very sensible. You are growing so like your dear mother when she was a girl. Sometimes when you come upon me suddenly, or hold your head so, I declare, child, I could be almost certain that it was your poor mother before she married your father. Only your mother was a beautiful woman. Elizabeth. You are not."

Now that's so characteristic of Aunt Jane. She raises you up to the seventh heaven only to dash you down to goodness knows where. If you were the Venus of Milo Aunt Jane would rather die than you know it. Of course, I know I'm not Venus of any kind, but then I know I can't be so very bad-looking, because I always have plenty of attention, if I do say it myself; and if I wait for Aunt Jane to say it will never be told. "It's a disgrace to be single," went on my aunt, fixing me with her eyes, "then I'm afraid I'm disgraced forever, and by my own fault. I had scores of admirers when I was your age, Elizabeth, and that was not so long ago." (Thirty years or more is a trifling bit of coquetry on the part of time to Aunt Jane evidently.) "I'm sure you had, aunt," I hasten to reply dutifully (and untruthfully), "and perhaps if you had married some of them—"

Aunt Jane tossed her head scornfully. (Aunt Jane's head make me frantic, it's so aggravatingly neat and ladylike.) "Don't tell me Elizabeth," said Aunt Jane, "haven't I eyes, haven't I ears? Why, only at the Snowden's tea last week—By the way, why weren't you there, Elizabeth? I thought you and Margaret Snowden were such friends."

I pulled poor Dick's ears until he howled, but I wasn't going to tell Aunt Jane that the reason I didn't go to the Snowdens was because I had quarreled with John Chandler and knew he would be there. It is simply impossible to get Aunt Jane to understand a love affair. She gets things so awfully mixed.

If she had been more sympathetic perhaps I might have told her about—well, never mind. "Well, there was your Margaret," began Aunt Jane again, seeing that I didn't answer. "There was your Margaret, looking rather nice and rather flirtatious; and there was that young Chandler posing as lackadaisically as you please. I declare, young men who once get a notion they're good looking are simply unendurable. Be careful, Elizabeth! Remember, this is my best china, and it doesn't improve a cup to be treated like a cannon ball!" (Cannon ball! Such exaggeration!) "As I was saying, I don't see what in the world she sees in the fellow. I can't see what she sees in him, or he in her."

"But do they, Aunt?" "Do they, aunt?" mimicked my aunt in a way that would ruffle the temper of an angel. "Now, what do you mean by that silly speech, Elizabeth?" "Well, I knew what I meant, but I couldn't explain to Aunt Jane. I only said instead: 'Aunt Jane, I think the nicest way for you and me to spend our old age is to travel until we die, don't you?'"

"Until we die!" almost shrieked Aunt Jane, and her two front curls went bobbing around in the most nervous senseless fashion. Aunt Jane has a perfect horror of death, which is the one convincing proof to me that Aunt Jane has never been seriously in love. I only know that if when she was a girl, John Chandler—but, what is the use of raking up old quarrels? I hope we have had the last. But how I'm ever going to break the news of our final engagement to Aunt Jane without being disinherited it more than I know. She hates me so, and especially John because John adores me. Yet, if Aunt Jane could but attempt to realize how I hate that odious old Mr. Dilling, he thinks "Elizabeth" (he copies that from Aunt Jane) "is so interesting," and I know he's only hunting after Aunt Jane's money.

At any rate Aunt Jane went on to say: "In the first place, how could we travel without a man, Elizabeth?" and she frowned that question at me over the tea. "Is that all aunt? Would you want a man when you hate and despise them all so?" My aunt gave a little cough, "Oh, well, not exactly a man, child. 'There's Mr. Dilling, for instance.' (I knew that was coming.) But goodness, isn't he a man, aunt?" I asked in some surprise. It was such fun to have Aunt Jane on the mental rack it only for a minute. And my aunt said: "Who, yes, certainly, to be sure, and get herself into a nice state of confusion. 'But then, you know, he's a widower, Elizabeth, and they're always different. Mr. Dilling is such a nice man; quite one in a thousand, my dear. He—'"

"Oh, Aunt Jane!" I laughed rashly. "Elizabeth Lambertson!" cried my aunt, and poor Dick and I were nearly startled into a fit. I don't dare to imagine what would have happened next if some kind fate hadn't sent Maggy Mara in, salver in hand. "Well, Priscilla," demanded Aunt Jane so sharply that the girl fairly jumped. There's Aunt Jane again, for you. She won't have Maggy called anything but Priscilla just because her present fad happens to be the Mayflower. (I rather think Mr. Dilling or somebody belonging to him came over in it.) If I were Maggy, I would charge two dollars instead of fifty cents extra per week for the privilege of having my name, changed, but being only Elizabeth, I just grin and bear it. It's so perfectly idiotic. Maggy was so frightened at first she didn't attempt to answer.

"Well, Priscilla," said Aunt Jane again. "A letter, please, 'm, for Miss Betty, which was left by a messenger boy." Aunt Jane scrutinized me over her glasses, while I trifled with my cake and held on tightly to the edge of the table. "Why, how did anyone happen to know you were spending this particular afternoon with me, Elizabeth?" "I'm sure I don't know, aunt. I don't think I mentioned it to him—to that is—to anyone." It vexed me so to feel my face flaming up. Aunt Jane can make one feel so like a convict.

"Mentioned it to—?" she began in high displeasure, and I felt that my hour had come. Aunt Jane glanced quickly at Maggy Mara. "You can go, Priscilla." "Oh, ay, you please, 'm," said the buxom handmaid, sidling up a trifle nearer and getting almost as red as miserable me. "Ay you please, 'm, would yez be mindin' av I had was av me gintlemin frins intil the kitchen this evenin'. Cook's going out an' it do be lonesome."

"Another man, to-night, Priscilla!" cried Aunt Jane turning around to face the culprit squarely, and I couldn't help feeling glad that Maggy seemed almost as reprehensible as I did—to Aunt Jane at least. I almost expected her to fall down on her knees (Maggy, that is), but her staunch Irish blood came to the rescue and made her brave. "To-night, is it," she repeated a bit

impertinently. "Yez do be talkin' av me if I kept company ivry noight av me loite, ma'am. Share, an' it was away last Saturday noight yez said I cudn't have Michael Grainger in to sit wid me, ma'am, but the swamp he up an' past the house loike a streak, an' in he went to Delia Maloney, an' yez can't tell me she hadn't her own boy, an' he attack out at the outside gate a lurin' av him in till her. Well, she can have him, thin, av that's her taste," and Maggy drew herself up breathless, but defiant.

"And pray, who is it you expect this evening, Priscilla," said my aunt unobtrusively. "Shure, an' it's Jim Doyle, 'm, as foine a fella as yez'd want to see, an' I met him in the Park last Sunday was a fortnight."

"Met him in the Park, Priscilla!" screamed Aunt Jane, in italics and capitals, and I am glad to say Maggy didn't even flinch. "Deed, thin, an' I did, 'm," she declared. "Me'n' Joolia O'Donnell was standin' on Girard avenue bridge, a-lookin' at the boats, an' up he comes, as jaunty as ye plaz, an' tips his hat that polite and sez, see he, 'Oxcuse me ladies, sez he.'"

"Stop, stop! it at once, girl!" commanded her mistress. "I will listen to no more. To speak to a man in broad daylight! It is outrageous—positively outrageous." "Outrageous," began Maggy, but the enormity of the accusation suddenly overwhelming her, she disappeared behind her apron and emitted a heart-rending sob.

"Oh, never mind, Maggy," I managed to say soothingly. "Aunt Jane didn't mean it." For this overture I was rewarded with an unexpected glare from Aunt Jane. "Stop, stop! she did an' she did," gasped the afflicted one. "She talked av me own mother's daughter called outrageous for spakin' to a decent boy—"

"There, there, go along with you, do. Have the man if you want him," said Aunt Jane sternly, but don't blame me when it's too late. You'll be sorry when you're in your grave," she added in sepulchral tones, and then whisked her chair around to me, while poor Maggy went sniffing out. If I could only have gone with her! Oh, to be a candle, or a lamp, or a trap, or something that somebody could put out. But no, I was doomed.

"And now, Elizabeth," began Aunt Jane, with her most inquisitorial air, "who, if I may ask, who is the young man so favored as to be made aware of your every movement? Another fortune-hunter, I suppose." (A penalty of being Aunt Jane's prospective heir is that every man under 99 is a fortune-hunter—all except Mr. Dilling of ancient pedigree.) If Aunt Jane had only turned her head away instead of eyeing me in that uncomfortable manner, I might have been able to answer that. But no, I was doomed.

"A pretty thing," continued my aunt (oh! what a wife Aunt Jane would have made for Solomon!) "A pretty thing to inform a young man of your every movement, as though he cares two straws!" Now however did Aunt Jane guess. I could stand it no longer. "But he does care." I burst out, "and it's not true when you say he doesn't!"

"Holy, toity," said Aunt Jane aggravatingly, "and has he then assured you of the interesting fact?" "Oh, Aunt Jane," I went on excitedly, and, indeed, I scarcely knew what I was saying. "You've no idea how good he is. He's not like other men. He never tries to squeeze your hand, and he never tries to kiss you; and at the same time he is so devoted, so deferential, so—"

A look of horror had apparently frozen Aunt Jane's countenance. "Elizabeth Lambertson," she gasped, "are you mad or crazy? Squeeze my hand! Try to kiss me, indeed! I should like to see the man—"

"Oh, he wouldn't! Aunt, he wouldn't!" I hastened to say in perfect good faith; and then, being utterly wretched, I got out my handkerchief. Aunt Jane can't bear to see me cry. There was quite a silence, broken only by an effective sound of woe on my part every now and then.

Presently Aunt Jane spoke in a kinder voice. "Who is this from, Elizabeth?" "The letter! Dear me, I had almost forgotten all about it. It's from John Chandler, aunt—I think."

"Think! I presume you know more than you think about it," said Aunt Jane witheringly. "Suppose you open it and see what that young man has to say for himself." Thus encouraged, and with a profound sigh, I obeyed at once with trembling, icy-cold fingers, and tried to read a love letter—at least, it was a very nice note from John asking me if he might call again in the evening, silly goose—with Aunt Jane's eyes piercing my soul like two unfeeling gimlets, skewering me, in fact, from across the table. I don't believe Aunt Jane was ever in love—at least, I don't believe anybody was ever in love with Aunt Jane, I don't care what she says.

"Well?" she said suddenly. And being startled I stuck a corner of the paper in poor Dick's eye, so that the tears came to him too; and then I got hot and cold. "It is from John Chandler, aunt, and he's very well—"

"Very well, is he," said my aunt tartly, that's a blessing to be sure. "The tears sprang to my eyes again, and I arose with a show of dignity. I could never tell her about our engagement, at least, not yet. It wasn't going, Aunt Jane. It's almost 6 o'clock."

"Well, if you must, you must. I won't have it said that I kept you out until ungodly hours," declared my aunt rising also. "I suppose you'll be

at the Hanlons' reception to-morrow. And what have you got to wear to the Dudley's next week?" "My blue, aunt," I said despondently. As though I were thinking of the Dudley's!

"Well, that's beginning to look the worse for wear," said my remarkable relative. "Go to Moore and get her to make you something respectable. You can send me the bill. When you're young and pretty—more or less—you might as well dress nicely," said Aunt Jane, quite benignly by this time.

Aunt Jane Lambertson is a gigantic monument of moods and tenes. "There, child," she finally said as she gave me a pecky kiss, "you mustn't mind if I was a bit put out. The men have spoiled my temper. Come to dinner Sunday. I expect Mr. Dilling and I will go to know each other very well," she said at the door.

"All right! I'll let you know, aunt," I said without enthusiasm, as I picked Dick up. "Good-bye!" "But I'm not going, unless John Chandler goes with me. I'll let him tell Aunt Jane. Besides, I have a great notion that Aunt Jane has something to tell me, and I don't want to hear it. I simply despise that odious old man, and so does John. Imagine wooing Aunt Jane! John says it's simply ridiculous.—Agnes Marie Mulholland.

The Wonders of Brazil.

Its Magnificent Distances and Marvelous Waterways—The World's Greatest River—Facts About the Father of Waters.

Although any school-boy can tell you that Brazil is as large as the whole of Europe, or about the size of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, few people have a "realizing sense" of its enormous extent. Even its picture on the map, which covers nearly half of South America, and the figures in the geography, which give in a total area of almost four million miles, fail to convey to the average mind an idea of its real magnitude. Let us get at it in another way: Suppose you were going from Newport News to Santos, the southernmost port at which the United States and Brazil Mail Steamship calls—a distance of 5377 miles requiring four weeks to make the journey with the most favorable winds and waves. After two weeks' steady sailing, when you arrive at Para—Brazil's northernmost port of consequence, at the mouth of the Amazon River, 2902 miles below Newport News—you are amazed to find that you have come only a little more than half way to Santos; that the distance between Para and Santos, that is, the distance between the Atlantic shore-line measures 3700 miles, there being several important Brazilian ports below it at which our steamers do not call—notably Paranaqua, Desterro, Rio Grande do Sul, Porto Alegre and Pelotas.

A LONG WAY BETWEEN PORTS. The half dozen seaports, which represent about all the cities of consequence in Brazil, are distant from one another as follows: From Para to Maranhao, 354 miles; from Maranhao to Pernambuco, 122 miles; from Pernambuco to Bahia, 389 miles; from Bahia to Rio de Janeiro, 735 miles; from Rio de Janeiro, 200 miles; from Santos to Pelotas, 250 miles. It is not surprising that the insurgents, who are by no means conquered, though temporarily driven from Rio de Janeiro, can tranquilly maintain their "Provisional Government" at distant Desterro in spite of the President and his army, and that the people of the remote northern provinces are still living in peaceful adherence to the traditions of the by-gone empire, regardless of Republican happenings at the Federal capital.

BRAZIL'S GREAT RIVERS. Note the river system of Brazil, which is unequalled in the world for the number and magnitude of the streams that present a net-work of water-ways as complex as the veins in the human body, with the Amazon and its large tributaries standing in the relation of main arteries. The Amazon, the largest river in the world (though not the longest), runs a direct course through Brazil of 800 miles, from its source, about sixty miles from the Pacific, to the Atlantic Ocean. The great river, San Francisco, which runs from north to south, a thousand miles across Brazil, is navigable for hundreds of miles before pouring its floods over the wonderful falls of Paulo Alonso, and again from the sea to the falls by largest vessels; the Rio Negro with five hundred miles not regularly plied by steamers, and nobody knows what extent of navigable waters above; the mighty Madeira; the Solimoes, on which steamers now run 1350 miles; the Branco, Xingu, Tapajás, Araguay, Tacantins, Doce, Mananhao, Paranaíba, Viazahabes, Paraguassu, Jequitinhonha, Parahibado-Sul, Uruguay, Iguacu, Parapanema, Tieta, Para and many more that are larger than the Ohio or Colorado river in the United States, with thousands upon thousands of miles of navigable waters.

THE RIFAMAN SUB-DIVISION. The river-system of Brazil naturally resolves itself into three sub-divisions: That of the Amazon, or northern; the San Francisco, or eastern; and the Parana, or southern. There are many rivers as large as the Yellowstone or the Susquehanna that empty into the Atlantic between the mouths of the mighty rivers which give their names to the three sub-divisions of the general system; but by far the larger part of the waters drained from the three great water-sheds of Brazil find their way to the ocean through the channels of the three above named. Another remarkable feature of this complex river-system is the commingling of the sources of the three sub-divisions of the Amazon, which will admit passage from the other by boats, by cutting short channels, in many cases without the necessity of locks between the head-waters. Mere words can convey but a faint idea of

the incalculable extent of these water-ways and their interconnections and yet possibilities of navigation that have yet barely begun to be developed.

THE GREAT PARANA. Take the Parana, the main stream of the Southern sub-division, which receives the waters of its northern affluents from the Brazilian State of Minas-Geraes, where they rise among the sources of the San Francisco. Its waters are navigable by large steamers away up to the falls of Guayra, on the western border of the State of Parana, and above these by smaller ones for about 800 miles. This river receives the waters of the Paraguay, whose sources are in the centre of the State of Mato Grosso, near those of the Rio Tapajás, a mighty affluent of the Amazon. Lower down, the Paraguay is navigable by steamers from Montevideo for over 2000 miles; and this is the route taken by troops and passengers from Rio de Janeiro to Cuyaba, capital of the important State of Mato Grosso, which is situated on one of the affluents of the Paraguay.

THE FATHER OF WATERS. And what shall we say of the Amazon—the true Father of Waters—the most wonderful river in the world? The statement of a few plain facts is sufficient to give free rein to the imagination, and on this subject imagination cannot carry one beyond the truth. With its tangled network of tributaries and channels, creek and ignaripes, which penetrate every country of South America except Chile and Patagonia, and has ever entering the main stream—like the bayous of the lower Mississippi duplicated on a colossal scale. The Amazon basin is more than three times as large as that of the Mississippi, including a vast untrodden forest, fifteen hundred miles long by a thousand miles broad, whose edges only have been explored by a few adventurous rubber-hunters and seekers of valuable woods. The river at its mouth is 80 miles from shore to shore, and 320 feet deep; at Santarem, the most important interior city of Brazil, it is ten miles wide, and away off on the Brazilian frontier, 2300 miles above its mouth, it is still 70 feet deep and a mile across. Thirty million cubic feet of water flow out of the Amazon in every sixty seconds. Its ordinary current is four miles an hour, and its tide is perceptible five hundred miles from the shore.

FALL FLOODS. Most of the tributaries being subject to a constant succession of freshets, the main stream never runs low; and as most of the affluents are in the southern hemisphere, the river has its greatest flood when the sun is south of the equator. Its gradual rise begins in September, increasing about a foot in twenty-four hours. The difference between its highest and lowest levels is seventy feet, and at flood-time enormous areas are covered with water, vast forests being submerged, so that the tops of tall trees, sticking up out of the water, look like bushes floating on an inland sea. The greatest danger of Amazonian navigation is encountered at this time of year, when it is impossible to keep in the regular channels, by missing the course and getting lost in the unknown forests.

STEAMERS OF THE AMAZON. Though the world's greatest river was discovered more than three centuries and a half ago, it is only about 40 years since steam navigation began on the Amazon, and barely 25 years since Brazil declared the river opened to the ships of all nations. Yet, now-a-days steamers regularly make the following "time-table" distances: From Para to Manaus, straight up the Amazon 1100 miles; Manaus to Iquitos, by Rio Solimoes, 1350 miles; Manaus to Santa Isabel, by the Rio Negro, 470 miles; from Manaus to Hytanshan, by the Rio Purus, 1080 miles; Manaus to Sao Antonia, by the Madeira river, 470 miles; Para to Bayao, by the Rio Tocantins, 136 miles; Leopoldina to Santa Maria, 370 miles; making a total of 5,196 miles of stream navigation on the Amazon and its southern affluents alone, without referring to the navigation of the branches of the above named rivers, which would increase the amount of some 3000 miles, nor to the other great rivers of Brazil. There are 53 cities in Brazil which have a population of 5000 and upwards; 31 which have a population of over 10,000; 14 of over 20,000; 7 of over 40,000; Para has about 60,000; Sao Paulo, 70,000; Pernambuco, 150,000; Bahia, 180,000 and Rio de Janeiro, 407,000.

BRAZILIAN RAILWAYS. When the Empire came to its sudden end in 1890 there were 72 railroad lines in Brazil, with an aggregate capital of \$4,000,000 and about 9000 miles in operation and under construction. Of course nothing has been done since that day toward railroad building or any other improvements, the people being too busy first in celebrating the premature birth of the Republic and afterwards in fighting for or against it. The central and most important trunk railway of Brazil, and one of the earliest constructed—that formerly named by the Don Pedro Segundo, but now called the National Railway—starts from the city of Rio de Janeiro, across the Serra do Mar through numerous tunnels and cuts, and divides into two main branches, one traversing Minas-Geraes, and the other entering Sao Paulo, where it connects with a line which will admit passage from the latter State. Railway construction has found its most rapid development in the State of Sao Paulo, and there the traffic has proved most profitable to the lines.

RAILWAY EARNINGS. The expenses of the National Railway which is owned and operated by the General Government, have never been less than 50 per cent. of its earnings; while the expenses of the railroad from Santos to Jundiaby, in Sao Paulo, which belongs to an English company, average 87 per cent. The Paulista railway, which is a prolongation of the last named, and runs through the heart of the Sao Paulo coffee district, from Jundiaby to Campinas, belongs to a syndicate of wealthy Brazilians and makes an annual return of about 9 per cent., on its capital of \$11,000,000. The Mogiana railroad in the same State, which connects with the preceding and is designed to penetrate to the interior, has about 350 miles already in operation. The Leopoldina Railway, in the three States of Rio de Janeiro, Minas-Geraes, and Espirito Santo, has an extent of 800 miles of capital of \$20,000,000, and a portion of the line has a guaranty of 1 per cent. from the State of Minas-Geraes.

THE AMAZON VALLEY ROAD. The first and only steam railway in existence and operated in the great Amazon valley is the Braganca, and its history presents a rather discouraging financial showing for the reason that it is yet nowhere near completed and the part constructed is being run at an actual loss for the purpose of developing agricultural and other enterprises along its route, rather than to meet any present great demand for railway communication by the territory now reached. Its final purpose is to reach Braganca on the seacoast, 202 kilometers east of Para, and there to join a projected railway from Braganca to Maranhao—the two roads at some future day to form the part of a continuous coast line from Para to Rio de Janeiro. Braganca has no harbor of account, but bounds in agricultural products. About 75 kilometers of the railway are now in operation, after a fashion.

That is, four trains leave Para at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday; each returning the following morning. Besides these an excursion train leaves Para at 6.30 a. m. on Sunday, and three freight trains during the week leave Para on the mornings of Monday, Wednesday and Friday. The freight consists mainly of building stone, sand, lumber, timber and firewood. The regular trains are composed of one first-class passenger car, and one car for baggage and express matter.

PHILADELPHIA-BUILT LOCOMOTIVES. Passenger cars from the United States have now almost displaced the old-fashioned English compartment-cars on the Brazilian railroads, and our American locomotives are preferred to all others, as they are the only ones adapted to the sharp grades and curves that characterize the railways in the mountainous districts. On the steep grades of the Leopoldina railway the "Baldwin" locomotive, of a peculiar construction, has recently taken the place of the English "Fell" and the same company has furnished some powerful locomotives of the cog-wheel sort to the Gram-Para railroad, for the fifteen per cent. inclines where the "Riggenbach" machines were formerly used.—Fannie B. Ward.

Asparagus Culture. A gardener in the Philadelphia Farm Journal says: I set my asparagus plants shallow because I wanted early "grass." For this reason I have to cultivate shallow over the rows to avoid injuring the crowns. A neighbor's patch was nearly ruined by a careless helper who ran the cultivator with the common hooked teeth a little too deep. I stir the soil as early as possible and broadcast two or three pounds of nitrate of soda per square rod of five pounds of a good complete fertilizer. I do not mean to say in the above that the nitrate of soda is equivalent to the complete fertilizer, but I use bone dust and muriate of potash freely on the farm and in the garden, and where these are so used nitrogen is about the only fertilizer required in the early spring by such a crop as asparagus.

Why There are No Colored Coxseys. VELASCO, Tex.—The following conversation between a young negro and an old one was overheard yesterday: "Look yer, Ung Jackson, I don't hear um 'rad nuthin' 'bout no culled gentermen in Coxey's army. Dat sarter sprit me." "Yas," replied the elder with great dignity, "an' I se spried at yo' ignunce, too! You spector see er nigger in are' gwin be dar 'cep'n' he bin tied han' an' foot an' sumbody stanin' ober 'im wid er shotgun."

Another Knackout. WASHINGTON, April 28.—Judge Bradley to-day overruled the motion of counsel for Representative W. C. P. Beckinridge for a new trial of the celebrated Beckinridge-Pollard breach of promise suit. Bond was fixed at \$100 for an appeal which Beckinridge's counsel gave notice would be taken to the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia.

Matched. "Do you wear eye-glasses because you think you look better with them?" asked Miss Pert. "I wear them because I know I look better with them," answered the shortsighted man sadly.

Banks. "That real estate man who has an office across the street has just made a sale." Rivers. "How do you know?" "How do I know? Haven't you seen him smoking a cob pipe every day for the last six weeks?" "I think I have." "Well, can't you see he's smoking a cigar?"

Let Coxye Drink Moxie To strengthen his nerves. And then we Can surely Get on to his curves. —Minneapolis Journal.