

Belgium exported last year \$5,400,000 worth of firearms to every fighting nation on the globe.

Public-spirited citizens of Fon du Lac, Wis., are rallying to the rescue of the old John Jacob Astor trading-post and blockhouse, now threatened with demolition by local Philistines.

The wonderful growth of the industry of wool raising is shown from the fact that the Argentine Republic will this year produce 400,000 bales of this article, valued at \$40,000,000.

The Japanese government has promised an American diver, Captain Ryan, \$1,000,000 to raise \$2,000,000 of gold bullion, which sunk in 265 feet of water in Yokohama harbor some years ago.

The Maine forests have been so well taken care of during late years that they are said to contain more timber now than ten years ago. No small trees are cut, and there are fewer fires than formerly.

The average primary expense of railroads in the United States per mile is \$53,016; in England \$222,210, and it is needless to add, thinks the Atlanta Constitution, that the construction of the English roads is superb.

More butter per head is used in England than any other country. There they use thirteen pounds per head per annum; in Germany eight pounds, Holland six pounds, France four pounds, Italy one pound.

General Francis A. Walker thinks it would be about the correct thing for government to levy a tax of \$100 a head on all immigrants after July 1, and to notify the world that no more would be received for ten years after 1902.

The construction of the world's longest railway is progressing rapidly along the river valleys and across the steppes of Siberia. The western extremity of the road is the mining town of Miask, on the eastern side of the Ural range and its eastern terminus is at Vladivostok, on the sea of Japan, making a total length of 4785 miles, which is nearly twice the length of the Canadian Pacific. It will cost \$183,850,000.

A report has been prepared by the National Union of Teachers giving what the Chicago Post characterizes as some startling facts as to the extraneous duties imposed upon teachers in various parts of the country, either as a condition of appointment or under pain of dismissal. It is intended to give the document the widest possible circulation, with a view to securing amendments in the elementary education acts.

The death of Dr. Junker removes one of the most successful of African travelers, observes the San Francisco Chronicle. Junker differed from all other explorers in his methods. He never took any arms, but he provided himself with musical instruments, electric toys and other devices for interesting savages, who have the instincts of children. In this way his presence was sought by chiefs, and he received more favors by entertaining the various tribes than Stanley secured by force of arms. His death is a loss to geographical science.

Rev. C. Smith tells the Lincoln Journal that the farmers of southeastern Nebraska are giving more and more attention to apples. He himself is now planting 100,000 trees and is confident that in a few years these orchards will bring him an independent income. "I know a man," he says, "who has just cleared \$4000 on an orchard of twenty acres. Plenty of others have done just as well. The river counties beat the world for apples and this is one of the seasons that farms are selling at from \$50 to \$60 an acre, and good investments at that."

It is said that gas bids fair to supersede all other fuel for making steam, at least in stationary engines. The system has been at work in a large establishment in London, England, and the results obtained are simply astounding. Burning about 300 cubic feet of gas per hour under a thirty foot boiler, steam is said to have been raised to fifty pounds' pressure in forty minutes. Gas and air are supplied under pressure to pipes that run parallel with and under the boiler, and furnaces and chimneys are dispensed with.

When the present century was begun French was spoken by about 37,000,000, German by 30,000,000, Russian by 30,000,000 and English by only 21,000,000. Now, however, 125,000,000 people speak English and only 41,000,000 speak French. English, French and German are spoken the world over, but the probability of English being the world's language seems to be growing stronger every year. An authority writes that within a few years English will be spoken by 1,837,000,000 people, and refers to the language as one of such sense and strength of expression that no other language could be compared with it.

The daughter of a Revolutionary soldier died at Darien, Conn., the other week in the person of Mrs. Betsey Mather Lockwood. Her father, Deacon Joseph Mather, of the same town, was at the taking of Ticonderoga and at the siege of Montreal. Her grandfather, Dr. Moses Mather, pastor of the Darien church, was taken from his pulpit one Sunday by British soldiers and carried to New York, where he was confined in a prison ship. Mrs. Lockwood was granted a pension by a special act of Congress in view not only of her father's military service but also of large pecuniary losses which his patriotism caused him to suffer. His daughter's age at her death was ninety-seven years nine months and three days. The names of but two daughters of Revolutionary soldiers now remain on the pension rolls.

In three of the six great military European realms—Germany, Austria and Russia—civilians, compared with those who "wear the Emperor's coat," are at a decided disadvantage, legally as well as socially. It has been repeatedly pointed out how difficult it is, for instance, for a German to be admitted to good society in his own country unless he has a recognized right to wear a uniform. Strange as it seems to English and even to French apprehensions, in German and Austrian society a second lieutenant of regulars occupies a higher standing than the most learned professor, eloquent advocate, or skillful physician, unless, haply, those gentlemen should hold military rank outside their respective professions, as many of them do. In Prussia the army or navy officer must not sit in the opera stalls. He is too sublime a personage for that. The stalls are for such inferior beings as civilians, whose social superior he is in virtue of his silver sword-knot, no matter to what subordinate station of life his family may belong.

A naval officer who has made frequent visits to Jamaica, where the mongoose is employed to exterminate snakes, rises up in opposition to the plan of introducing the little animal to the United States for the same purpose. He says: "The mongoose came to Jamaica with an amiable character. In India he was a respectable member of society, but in Jamaica he is a nuisance. He is so destructive in the barn-yard that it is in the country almost impossible to keep poultry of any kind. He has increased to such an extent that he has destroyed all the lizards, toads, and small snakes, harmless in themselves, but having an important part to play in the economy of nature. The consequence is that the grassy portions of the island are becoming almost uninhabitable on account of the plague of ticks—small, black fellows, whose bite is more irritating than that of any insect I ever experienced, and which commonly ends in an ugly festering sore. Pasture lands are, on account of these little pests, becoming, in some places, useless. The cattle cannot stand the ticks, which once formed the food of the toads, etc., which have gone to fill the voracious maw of the mongoose. Birds that nested on the ground have been in some cases utterly destroyed, their eggs and themselves going for food for this pesky little animal, and in other cases they have changed their habits completely. The mongoose climbs trees and eats the birds, their young and their eggs. It is in fact working a change in the entire fauna of the island."

**If Mother Would Listen.**  
If mother would listen to me, dears,  
She would freshen that faded gown,  
She would sometimes take an hour's rest,  
And sometimes a trip to town.  
And it shouldn't be all for the children,  
The fun, and the cheer and the play;  
With the patient droop on the tired mouth,  
And the "Mother has had her day!"

True, mother has had her day, dears,  
When you were her babies three,  
And she stepped about the farm and the house  
As busy as ever a bee.  
When she rocked you all to sleep, dears,  
And sent you all to school,  
And wore herself out, and did without,  
And lived by the golden rule.

And so your turn has come, dears,  
Her hair is growing white,  
And her eyes are gaining the far away look  
That peers beyond the night.  
One of these days in the morning,  
Mother will not be here,  
She will fade away into silence,  
The mother so true and dear.

Then, what will you do in the daylight,  
And what in the gloaming dim;  
And father, tired, lonesome then,  
Pray, what will you do for him?  
If you want to keep your mother,  
You must make her rest today;  
Must give her a share in the frolic,  
And draw her into the play.

And, if mother would listen to me, dears,  
She'd buy her a gown of silk,  
With buttons of royal velvet,  
And ruffles as white as milk.  
And she'd let you do the trotting,  
While she sat still in her chair;  
That mother should have it hard all through,  
It strikes me, isn't fair.

—[Margaret Sangster, in the Interior.]

### LETTY'S JOURNEY.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

A bitter March day. Not a pleasant day to travel in, by any means; but, then, Lettice Mainwaring was one of the sort that makes the best of everything.

"It's a long journey over the hills, Miss," said the wife of the landlord of the little one-story tavern that was perched on the crest of the highway, "and the snow's powerful deep."

"I think a winter landscape is the prettiest thing in the world," said Lettice, cheerily, as she wound her fur boa round and round her neck.

"And old Stokes's stage is awful uncomfortable," added the landlady. "I like stage-riding," asserted Lettice.

"You'll not get there till dark."

"Oh, that is sooner than I expected."

And Lettice climbed up into the stage-coach, which stood creaking and groaning at the door, having just rumbled up from the next village, a mile or so down the hill.

One solitary passenger occupied the opposite corner—a tall, dark man, with a Spanish sort of complexion, and clear, dark eyes, who wore an odd sort of olive-green cloak or mantle, heavily trimmed with sable fur. He nodded briefly in return to Lettice's smiling recognition. Our little heroine would have talked with a polar bear, had a polar bear chanced to be her traveling companion.

Lettice arranged her furs and her basket and her bonnet-strings, and wondered secretly how far the tall man was going.

"Can I be of any assistance to you?" courteously queried the gentleman, as Lettice searched in the straw at her feet for a dropped glove.

"Thanks—no," said Lettice, coming up again with very red cheeks and curls a little disheveled. "Are you going all the way through?"

"As far as the stage goes—yes."

"Oh," said Miss Mainwaring, "so am I."

The gentleman nodded interrogatively, and went back to his paper. "Cross thing!" thought Lettice, involuntarily pouting her cherry lips. "Why can't he talk and make himself agreeable? And he knows very well that we are to be shut up here for eight long hours."

But the wild, mountainous landscape, as it flitted by, white gleaming with snows, and darkly fringed with the waving of hemlock boughs and solemn crested pines, was, after all, nearly as good a study as the "human face divine;" and Lettice soon forgot her temporary annoyance and chagrin in the white, skeleton-like walls of a deserted old paper-mill long since disused and fallen to ruin.

"I wonder if it is haunted?" said she, aloud.

The stranger smiled, and laid down his paper.

"Do you believe in such things?" he asked.

Lettice Mainwaring laughed and colored.

"Of course not; and yet—Are you much acquainted in this region of the country?"

"I have lived hereabouts a good deal."

"Yes. I am to be governess to the little children," said Lettice, making haste to enlighten him as to her true position, in order that he should fully comprehend that she was no elegant young lady coming to the Hall to make a visit, but a humble little working bee, who was obliged to toil steadfastly for the daily bread she ate.

"Indeed!" he said.

And Lettice was vexed at herself for noticing the polite indifference into which his tone subsided.

"I suppose it is a very fine old place," she went on.

"Very—for those who fancy 'fine old places.' To my taste they are apt to be overrun with rats, full of draughts and picturesquely inconvenient."

"And haunted, perhaps?" mischievously put in Lettice, the roguish sparkles coming back to her eyes.

"So far as I know, Easterham Hall is free from any supernatural occupants."

"I am sorry for that," said Lettice. He arched his eyebrows.

"You would like to share your room with a ghost or two?"

"No; but I do like a little tinge of romance about the place—something to set it a little above and beyond the level of the commonplace."

He did not answer; and talkative Lettice once more set the conversation ball a rolling.

"The Easterhams are very rich, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"I never heard of them until last week," said she, musingly; "and now—how strangely things are ordered in this world—I am going to cast my lot among them."

"How does that happen?" said the gentleman. He could not very well say less in ordinary politeness, and yet Lettice felt triumphantly that she had "drawn him out."

"They wrote to Madame Moligny, my old teacher, to select a governess qualified to teach two little boys; and Madame knew that I wished for a situation, and so here I am. I wonder how they will like me?"

"I hope you will like them," said the gentleman.

"That isn't the question," Lettice corrected imperatively. "Mr. Easterham is a dreadful bear."

"You are acquainted with him?"

"Oh, no; only what I have heard," answered Lettice.

"And what may that be?"

"You are a neighbor?" said Lettice, doubtfully. "Perhaps I've said too much already."

He laughed with more animation than she had yet seen in his manner.

"Depend upon it, I shall not betray you to Mr. Easterham. So he is a bear? Well, I have thought so sometimes myself."

"But he won't bite me if I am a good girl, and do my duty to the little ones; and they tell me they are very nice boys," persisted Lettice.

"They are very like their father, I believe."

"Oh," said Lettice, laughing, "I can handle young bears; it is only the full-grown specimen, with sharp teeth and long claws, I am afraid of. Only think," and a demure apprehensive expression came over Lettice's round, blooming countenance, "he goes all round the house, all day long, and never says a word to any one."

"He must be a savage, indeed," observed the gentleman.

"And Miss Electa Easterham, the old-maid aunt who keeps house for him, has quarreled successively with every governess they have had," went on Lettice, patting her little foot on the rustling straw on the stage floor; "but she shall not quarrel with me. I won't let her. I am too good-natured, and too accustomed to humoring people, especially old ones. Madame Moligny wrote me word that she disliked young and pretty governesses particularly. Now I'm not young—not very young, you see."

"No?"

"I was twenty last week," said Lettice, solemnly. "and I am not pretty enough to disturb her mind. I am only tolerably decent looking. Now, if Mac'ame had selected Olive Dayton, who used to be in the same class with me—she was a regular beauty, with great, shady eyes, and a complexion all pearls and roses—there would have been danger then."

The stranger began to look interested.

"Tell me more about your school," said he. "I have a sister whom I think of placing in some desirable institution, and I should like to judge whether your Madame Moligny's would be a good home for her."

Lettice's eyes brightened, her cheeks reddened, and her little tongue was unloosed at once. Her travelling com-

panion was social and chatty, and the time floated swiftly away.

"You are going?" she cried, as at a lonely inn, overshadowed with silver-stemmed birches and funereal spruce woods, a light sleigh, drawn by two milk-white horses, was waiting.

"I have reached the end of my journey," he said, courteously touching his fur cap. "I had intended to keep on to the end of the route, but I see they have sent to meet me here. I wish you every success and happiness in your bear-taming."

And as the sleigh-bells jingled away Lettice felt herself flushing deeply.

"I'm afraid I have been talking too much," thought Lettice; "but what is a body to do, shut up all day in a stage-coach with a conversable gentleman?"

And the rest of Miss Mainwaring's journey was just a little tedious.

It was dusk when they arrived at Easterham Hall—a snowy, chill dusk which made the glow of lights through scarlet moreen curtains and the coral shine of a great wood-fire in a stone-paved hall, as seen through the half-open door, most delightful and welcome.

Aunt Electa, a tall, prim old lady, in snowy cap ribbons and a brown satin dress, stood ready to welcome her; and just behind her Lettice saw a tall gentleman, with two little boys clinging about him.

"This is my nephew Philip," the old lady said; and Lettice felt as if the blood in her veins were turning to fire, as she recognized—her traveling companion of the day.

"Do I look very much like a bear, Miss Mainwaring?" he asked, laughing, as she stood, trembling and tongue-tied, before him. "No, don't color. I promise you to allow myself to become very tame. And you must not cry, either," as the tears came into Lettice's eyes. "There's nothing for you to cry for."

"Why didn't you tell me who you were?" she asked, piteously.

"Because you never asked me."

Lettice resolved within herself that she would leave Easterham the very next day. But she didn't keep the resolution.

At the year's end she had neither quarreled with Aunt Electa nor Mr. Easterham, and the little boys thought "Miss Lettice" was perfection. So did their father.

"Lettice," said he, "the year for which I engaged you is over."

"Yes," she responded, softly.

"Will you stay another year? Will you stay with me always, Lettice?"

And so, within the yellow shine of a wedding ring, Lettice found herself a prisoner forever at Easterham Hall. —[The Ledger.]

### A Farm-house on the Danube.

Lenzing was the name of the place where we sought refuge, made up entirely of the farm belonging to a prosperous peasant. He welcomed us when we had dragged our boat beyond the reach of the savage waves, and took us into his big dwelling-room, which was like a baronial hall. Here was space for fifty people to sit and feast or have a romp. Substantial rafters made the ceiling; the tables and benches were of wood well scrubbed. He offered us beer, and then his wife gave us bowls of milk fresh from the cow, and strong country bread, all the while entertaining us as invited guests. While the storm raged we inspected the premises with great interest, for one roof covered dwelling-house for cows and horses as well as family and servants. The ante-room outside of the main dwelling "hall" opened on one side to the kitchen, above to the bedrooms, on the right to our "hall" and on the left to the stables. But let us hasten to add that cows and horses were cleanliness itself, that every part of their premises indicated scrupulous neatness, from the round little windows to the extreme recesses of the vaulted ceiling. The roof was supported by stone columns that would have graced a monastery. Their eating and drinking troughs were of stone; their wants were ministered to by two as dainty and graceful maidens as ever figured in a pastoral, and such was the behavior of these animals that no well-regulated house-keeper could have objected to them as fellow-lodgers. The veranda that passed the dining-hall continued past the stables, wherein were about a dozen horses and twice as many cows. As we chatted, two colts, a few weeks old, walked up and about us, nibbled at our trousers and fingers, rubbed their noses affectionately against each of us in turn, and played with the big watch-dog as happily as if all three were pups of the same litter. With such evidence of kind treatment is it any wonder that their live-stock is gentle and willing? —[Harper's Magazine.]

### Friendship.

Friendship is not like love; it cannot say  
"Now is fruition given me and now  
The crown of me is set on mine own brow,  
This is the minute, the hour and the day."  
It cannot find a moment which it may  
Call that for which it lived; there is no  
vow  
Nor pledge thereof, nor first fruits of its  
bough,  
Nor harvest, and no myrtle crown nor bay.  
Love lives for what it may win or has won;  
But friendship has no guerdon save to be,  
Itself is its own goal, and in the past  
Or future can no dearer dreams be done  
Or hoped for; save its own dear self to see  
The same, and evermore unchanged to  
last.  
—[Edward L. White, in New York Sun.]

### HUMOROUS.

"I'm onto you," is what the wig remarked to the bald-headed man.

There is always a hand of welcome ready to be offered to the strange umbrella.

The course of true love may never run smooth, but it generally gets there just the same.

"A goot turn done a friend was vort more as six turns vat you didn't done," says Carl Pretzel.

The Boston people have discovered that "bons pekukol" is Volapuk for baked beans, and they are correspondingly happy.

Wool—When it comes to a difficult case Dr. Emdee is always at home. Van Pelt—How is that? Wool—He is never called.

We have noticed that the cheaper the trousers a young man has on the more fur he puts on the collar and cuffs of his overcoat.

"How did the surprise party go off last night?" "Double-quick time. The surprised people thought they were burglars and turned the hose on them."

It is said that a man in Chicago owns an ape who steals his master's shoes and blacks them with ink. We've heard of monkey-shines before, but this beats all.

### THE WOMEN'S SONG.

My heart is light and I feel so glad  
That I for joy could shout,  
Because my best girl's terrible dad  
Is laid up with the gout.

### The Twin Phenomena of the Northwest.

Just as the Atlantic cities were surprised when Chicago distanced all but two of them in population, and challenged all of them by her enterprise, so will they be astonished again and from another quarter, if they refuse to study the forces that are operating to build up new capitals in the West. In another ten years there will be another claim of a million population, and the counting of heads will not make nonsense of it. The new and wonderful assumption of metropolitan importance will be that of the twin cities of the wheat region—Minneapolis and St. Paul. They may not be joined under one name and government—opinions differ about that—but all agree that they will jointly possess a million of population. The last census credited Minneapolis with 164,700 population, and St. Paul with 133,000, or, jointly, 297,000. At the time of the preceding census (1880) the two cities included about 88,000 souls. At that rate of increase they will boast in 1900 a population of 976,000 and more. But they insisted in the summer of 1891 that they possessed more than 350,000 joint population, and that the million mark will be reached before the next census is taken. —[Harper's Magazine.]

### A Journey to the Sun.

Stop and think a moment what the sentence "A journey to the sun" implies. A cannon ball could hardly complete the trip in fifteen years going at the rate such missiles are known to travel. Take the fastest express train as another illustration of that unthinkable distance. Had one of these trains left the earth at the same moment the Mayflower sailed for America, and had it travelled at the rate of a mile a minute day and night since that time, it would still be several miles from its celestial destination! The fare, at the customary rate, would be \$2,850,000!

Again, it has been found that sensation is not absolutely instantaneous, but that a very minute time elapses as it travels along the nerves. Therefore, if a person put his finger to a heated iron, or in the blaze of a candle, there is a certain almost inconceivably small space of time, say the one-thousandth part of a second, before the brain knows of the burn. Now, suppose a man with an arm long enough to reach the sun. From the known rate of sensory transmission, that man would have to live more than one hundred years after touching the great luminary before he would know that his fingers had been scorched! —[St. Louis Republic.]