

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The total crop of cotton in the United States in 1791 was only 8,889 bales, and in 1795 35,556 bales. Last year's crop reached the enormous total of 9,476,435 bales!

The fiscal year just passed has been a bloody one for San Francisco. More than thirty men and women were murdered in this city between the last of July, 1891, and the last of June of 1893.

ENGLISH is taught after a fashion in the public schools throughout France. A young American girl in a small Picardy village, interesting herself in a schoolboy's English exercise, read as follows: "The bird has a nest." "The horse has a nest." "Substituting the word 'mare' for 'horse' the young woman passed on to the exercise as correct.

THERE seems to be an extraordinary craze for cycling in South Africa. The Johannesburg Star states that cycles are more generally used in that town than probably in any other town of similar size in the world. There are, it adds, some 4,000 machines in use by all classes, from the head of the mining industry down to clerks and shop assistants. One firm have sold 600 in the last two years. Ladies are taking to cycling freely, and so are educated Kaffirs.

GARDNER M. SHERMAN, of Springfield, Mass., has 555 specimens of Indian relics that he himself picked up and one of the most remarkable collections of these relics in New England, if not outside of the Smithsonian Institution. Not only is Mr. Sherman an enthusiastic collector, but also an explorer of indefatigable patience, and he has been an omnivorous reader of all that pertains to this, his pet study, for over a quarter of a century. He is a mechanic and has had to take the odds and ends of his time for this work.

A NEW fact bearing on the dispute of the horse is the alleged effect on the oats market. According to the dealers the demand for oats is considerably less than it was a year ago. This is easy to believe when we learn that according to conservative estimates electricity has supplanted at least 80,000 horses on the various street railway systems of the country. A fair estimate of the grain consumed by these animals is only 14,000,000 bushels. Moreover, we hardly think it is fair to presume that every one of the eighty thousand horses displaced by the trolleys has given up his diet of oats owing to his loss of a job. We should be more inclined to suspect that shrewd board of trade operators were using this specious plea to depress the price of oats before buying.

THE St. Louis Republic thinks that the most remarkable piece of panoramic painting ever attempted was a 2,000 mile view of scenery along the Mississippi River, which was executed by John Banvard, the artist, who died at Watertown, S. D., in the summer of 1891. This panorama, which gave faithful and clear cut pictures of bluffs, river mouths, farms, prairie dells and wooded promontories along the Father of Waters for a distance almost as great as that which separates St. Louis from New York, was painted on a strip of canvas twenty-two feet wide and nearly two miles long. Nothing similar has ever been attempted on such a gigantic scale, and while Artist Banvard was not known as the "Michael Angelo of America," he will long be remembered by the lovers of the curious, in either art or nature, as the man who painted the largest painting ever known.

BEAUTY is a matter of geography, as well as the result of a transformation in the brain of the susceptible being of a centrifugal nervous current in a centrifugal and equally nervous current. These facts may comfort brunettes who covet the supreme beauty of the fair complexion. Dr. Beddoe made some careful and elaborate inquiries, and his conclusions were published in The British Medical Journal. He examined 720 women—taking them haphazard from various classes. Of these, 359 had red, fair or light brown hair; 361, black or dark brown. It proved that 60 per cent of the former were married, against 70.5 of the latter, and 82 per cent unmarried, against 21.5 per cent. The sum does not work out correctly, but it must be supposed that the deficit represents those who, for one reason or another, could not properly be reckoned. It appears, therefore, that brunettes have a very decided advantage in the lottery of marriage.

THE accounts of an eye-witness of the hideous cruelty of Chinese to men of their own race in Formosa form one of the darkest pages in the history of the oriental war. A big powder magazine near Kelung exploded and scores of men were fatally or dangerously injured. They were thrown into the paddy fields, where the growing rice is covered with water. There they lay in the broiling sun, and though their female relatives wailed over them, not one of the able-bodied Chinese men who stood around lifted a hand to help the suffering. In fact, they jeered at the unfortunates and laughed when the poor wretches tried to call for water and failed to make a sound. The incident is typical of Chinese barbarity to their fellow men, and it helps to explain the utter lack of concert shown by the nation in the war with Japan. When neighbors will not help one another, even when such help calls for no outlay, what can be expected of provinces, each jealous of the other and bound by none of the principles of patriotism or honor?

In Plymouth Township, Penn., is a new type of the new woman such as are turning up almost every day in different parts of the country. The heroine of Plymouth Township is Mrs. Frank Freas, who, divesting herself of her gown, leaped into water fifty feet deep and saved a little girl from drowning. While passing Ramsey's quarries, on a recent evening, she heard screams. These, she found, came from the abandoned quarry, where, in water fifty feet deep, she found a young Polish girl struggling for her life. There was no fence rail, rope or anything of the sort which she could throw to the struggling child and thus rescue her. Mrs. Freas hesitated but a moment, and then, divesting herself of her tea gown, she threw it toward the drowning girl, but it was not of sufficient length to reach her. She was not long in considering what next to do, for she sprang into the water and swam close to the child. She kept far enough away to prevent the latter from grasping her, but just near enough to throw the gown to the girl to reach it. The almost exhausted one seized the dress, and then Mrs. Freas swam ashore with the girl trailing behind.

EUROPE has the advantage of us in age and experience, but her civilization, in the estimation of the Atlanta Constitution, is by no means an example for us to follow. During the English elections Mr. Rider Haggard was stoned by a mob for no other offense than his candidacy for an unpopular side. For the same reason the wife of a peer was assaulted in her carriage by a ruffian, who struck her in the face with his fist. But the crowning exhibition of brutality comes from Bulgaria. It seems that the funeral of the late minister, Stambuloff, was signalized by the most disgraceful violence. The widow of the murdered man just before the funeral received the following telegram from the mother of Milaroff, who was sentenced to death during Stambuloff's administration for conspiracy to assassinate Prince Ferdinand: "Mourn over the bloodthirsty murderer, who, while making merry watching gypsies dancing and singing in the monastery of Bourgas, signed the death warrant for my son. God gave me strength, when I saw the murderer swimming in my own blood, to console myself. I send my curses to his rotting body." While the funeral was in progress many educated people of good social position went about the streets of Sofia urging the rabble to go to the grave and curse Stambuloff's body for the last time. The solemn rites over the dead man were interrupted by disorder and violence, and it was with difficulty that the remains of the premier were rescued from the mob. We have in this country our share of tough and lawless people in our large cities, but the scenes reported from England and Bulgaria could not have occurred here.

## "SHE'S PLANTED, BOYS."

### The Old Farmer's Object Lesson to the Newboys.

The old man had just arrived. The odor of the barnyard on his cowhide boots and scent of ripe apples from his battered and moth-eaten carpetsack immediately suggested rural life. Besides there were the corroborative bayseeds on the back of the old overcoat that had faded to the color of a rusty grindstone. A crowd of newsboys had swooped down on the old man and were tugging his coat tails and pulling at his sleeves to attract his attention to papers, neckties, spectacles, collar buttons, flowers and matches.

The old man was completely bewildered for a time, but he smiled goodnaturedly and shook the boys off. When they found he was unprofitable they started in to have some amusement at his expense. One called him Reuben and asked about the little bunch of whiskers. Another addressed him as Jasper, and inquired about the folks.

"Get into the hayseed!" yelled one.

The old man had retained his good-nature through it all and fairly beamed on the boys.

"Come here, boys," he said, as he sat down on a trunk, placed his carpet bag between his feet and picked a wild oat straw of his sleeve.

The youngest gathered around him and stood in open-mouthed curiosity.

The old man placed a wild oat in the palm of his hand and said:

"I may be a hayseed, but I can learn you boys something, do you see that?" and he prodded the oat with his finger. "Well, that is a hayseed. Maybe some of you boys that has been in the country have wondered how hay grows wild all over the hills without being planted at all. Now I'll tell you. The sun that ripens the oats dries up the ground and makes cracks in it. Pretty soon the oat falls off, and plants itself in one of the cracks. How? Well, I'll show you. Do you see that little thing on the end of the oat that looks like the hairspring of a watch? Well, when the rain comes it wets that like this," and the old man moistened his finger in his mouth and applied it to the oat. "Now we'll play this crack in the floor is the crack the sun makes in the ground."

The old man laid the oat down, and the boys watched breathlessly. The little spiral spring commenced to unwind slowly and in doing so rolled the oat over and over till it fell into the crack.

"She's planted, boys," exclaimed the old man, and they cheered him lustily as he walked up Market street.

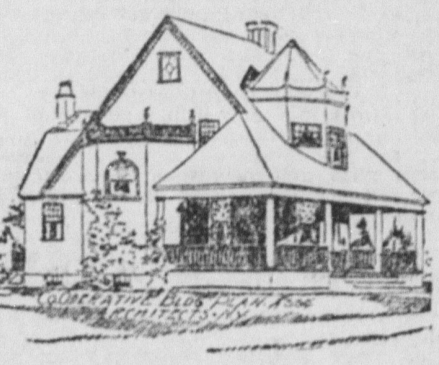
The average price of parrots in South America is 10 cents.

## SUBURBAN ARCHITECTURE.

### A Light, Airy and Convenient House for Small Cost.

(Copyright 1893 by the Co-operative Building Plan Association, N. Y.)

Those writers who take every occasion to deplore the tendencies of the times, often without any basis for the complaints, are fond of crying about the crowding of the cities and filling of the slums by those who are lured away from the country. It seems to be the general impression that the country is fast becoming depopulated, while the slums and tenements are steadily filling up.



Official figures that are available, however, show that this is not the case, for while it is true that the population in many parts of the country is dwindling, it is steadily even if slowly, building up in others.

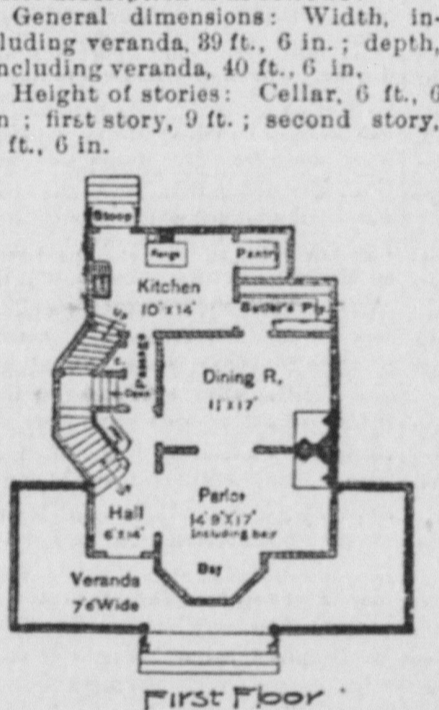
More important than all is the fact that under beneficent sanitary laws and regulations, the slums are being purified and over-crowding of tenements prevented.

The most significant feature of the shifting of population is found in suburban development. The suburbs draw their population not from the country, but from the heart of the cities. Almost every city in the land has shown astonishing growth during the past decade, but in large part this has been in the suburbs, while the slums have been stationary in point of population, or have actually shown a decrease.

A house designed after the illustration would prove a convenient, roomy and comfortable household, and still within cost that could be afforded by the average person. A brief description is as follows:

General dimensions: Width, including veranda, 39 ft., 6 in.; depth, including veranda, 40 ft., 6 in.

Height of stories: Cellar, 6 ft., 6 in.; first story, 9 ft.; second story, 8 ft., 6 in.

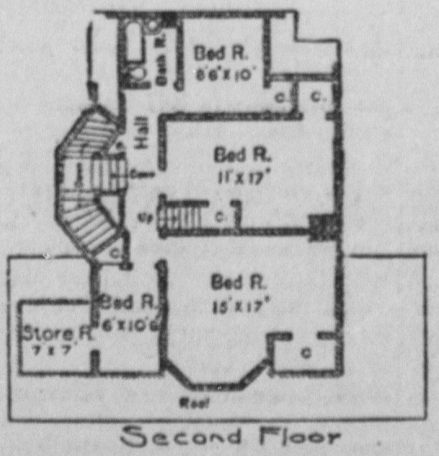


Exterior materials: Foundations, brick; side walls, gables and roof, shingles; roof over staircase bay, tin.

Interior finish: Two coat plaster, hard white finish; soft wood flooring and trim; main stairs, ash; bathroom and kitchen, wainscoted; all interior woodwork finished with hard oil.

Colors: All shingles on side walls and gables to be left unfinished for weather stain. All roof shingling dipped and brush coated moss green stain; trim, sashes and blinds, ivory white; veranda floor and ceiling, tiled.

The principal rooms, their sizes, closets, etc., are shown by the floor plan. Cellar under whole house with inside and outside entrances; bathroom with full plumbing in second story; open fireplaces in parlor and dining room. Numerous and large closets.



Cost \$2,500, not including mantels, range and heater, the estimate being based on New York prices for materials and labor, though in many sections of the country the cost should be less.

A laundry could be introduced in the cellar with set tubs at a very small additional cost. Bathroom may be omitted on the second floor and the space thrown into the rear room.

### Largest Clock in England.

The clock in the tower of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is the largest in the British Isles. The dials, three in number, are each seventeen feet in diameter, and the figures on them are two feet long.

The project to build an aerial tramway at Niagara Falls is likely to be carried out the coming summer. The plan is to run a cage-like car on a huge cable, strung across the river immediately over the falls. It will be operated by electricity.

## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

### THE LAND OF MAKE BELIEVE.

I know of a dear, delightful land,  
Which is not so far away,  
That we may not sail to its sunlit strand

No matter how short the day:  
Ah, there the skies are always blue,  
And hearts forget to grieve,  
For there's never a dream but must come true

In the Land of Make-Believe.

There every laddie becomes a knight,  
And a fairy queen each lass;  
And lips learn laughter, and eyes grow bright

As the dewdrops in the grass;  
For there's nothing beautiful, brave and bold

That one may not achieve  
If he once sets foot on the sands of gold

Of the Land of Make-Believe!

So spread the sails, and away we go  
Light winged through the fairy straits;  
For the west winds steadily, swiftly blow

And the wonderful harbor waits.  
On our prow the foam flecks glance and gleam,

While we sail from morn till eve,  
All bound for the shores of the children's dream

Of the Land of Make-Believe!  
—(Guy Wetmore Carryl in St. Nicholas.)

MISLAID.

Here is a little anecdote related by the Boston Courier from which several deductions might be drawn. It might be used, for instance, as an argument against overactivity, or as showing that a man may have money about his person and still have no ready money:

A small boy was riding in a street car, but was unable to sit quietly, as passengers in a public conveyance ought to do. He had his fare in his hand, but now and then laid it on the seat or put it in his mouth—a filthy habit—when he needed both hands to execute one of his nervous gymnastic movements.

He was just in the middle of a lively attempt to pick up a bit of paper with his left hand twisted under his right leg when the conductor came along for the fares. The small boy sat up suddenly, and at once began to gash and choke in a manner really alarming. The conductor looked at him as if he expected him to go into a fit. Instead of that, however, the poor fellow recovered himself a little and stammered out:

"You'll have to charge my fare to my father, mister, please. I've swallowed my nickel."

IN A TIGER'S JAWS.

Lord Hastings was with his staff of officers on a tiger hunt. A splendid animal had been shot. Everyone supposed it to be dead, and with the rashness born of inexperience and excitement Major S. rushed up to it. At that moment the tiger recovered himself, and with a roar of mingled rage and pain turned upon Major S.

The young man discharged his pistol at the brute's head, but with no effect. The weapon was knocked from his hand and sent flying a dozen yards away. The tiger bore the man down, seized him by the right shoulder, and lifting him bodily from the ground, started toward the jungle.

The other men were powerless. No one dare to shoot for fear of hitting the man. The brute, seeking probably to get a better hold of his victim, gave him a shake and an upward fling, as a cat might toss a mouse, and caught him by the thigh.

This liberated the major's arm, which, protected by the padded cloth of his coat, had not been injured. He reached to his hip pocket, drew forth his second pistol, and raising his arm, placed the weapon against the tiger's ear and fired. "I never felt calmer in my life," he said afterward.

The animal dropped dead; but in dying his jaws closed convulsively, crushing the muscles and tendons of the major's thigh. Lord Hastings and his brother officers hurried forward to congratulate the major on his coolness and lucky escape. Save for the injury to his thigh, which resulted in a slight lameness, Major S. was none the worse for his ugly adventure.

### HOW TO AIM.

Although few boys possess a shotgun, and only a small portion of those are crack shots, doubtless every boy thinks he knows how to aim a gun. Bring the piece to your right shoulder, shut your left eye, take a sight with the right eye, and blaze away.

But that is wrong; at least Sir Ralph Galway says so, and he is acknowledged authority. He maintains that the use of both optics open in aiming is by all odds the most advantageous, and, indeed, necessary to the shooters.

He by no means asserts that only those who shoot with both eyes open are sure and accurate shots, but he claims advantage for this method which are lost in the other.

Among other merits, he says that shooting with both eyes open enables the hunter to see on all sides at the moment of firing. Even in the act of pulling the trigger a shooter can realize the presence of another bird or rabbit close by to his left, or coming from that direction, and so fire his second barrel far more quickly than he could if he close his left eye on aiming, and as a result shut out all the landscape on that side of his face from his view.

He cannot also notice if the effect of his first barrel is good, especially if the game is crossing to his left, and whether another shot is necessary.

He can also sight his game more quickly with both eyes open than if he merely uses his right, which is principally employed in aiming, and apt to consider nothing for the moment but the part it is performing.

If a sportsman must use but one eye in aiming, let him bring his gun up to his game with both eyes open, and then close his left just at the instant of pulling the trigger.

Sir Ralph Galway further claims that a brilliant marksman generally shoots with both eyes open, and consequently he is as quick as thought in firing at his game, especially at rabbits in covert or at partridges popping over a fence.

With both eyes open when aiming, the muzzle of the shooter's gun will appear to come of itself in line with the object, provided, of course, the gun fits the shooter. With one eye closed he has, as it were, to search for his game with his barrels.

Many good shots have assured me that when aiming and firing at their game with both eyes open they do not see the gun muzzle at all. This I can quite believe, and I consider it an attribute that embraces the very best qualities of marksmanship.

Such men fix their eyes on the object, bird or beast, and up go their guns instinctively, true on the game, or toward the point they desire the charge should reach.

### California Fruit.

There can be no doubt in the minds of the Eastern fruit growers that their California brethren are hustlers. In 1885 the entire export of fresh fruits from that distant State amounted to 23,000,000 pounds; in 1890 it had risen to 75,000,000 pounds, while last year it reached the enormous quantity of 160,000,000 pounds. This is entirely exclusive of the 300,000,000 pounds of fruit canned and dried, and which raised the aggregate fruit exports of California to 460,000,000 pounds.

Unlike its canned and dried fruits, which are thought to have reached the limit of consumption, it is felt that the demand for its fresh fruit has but begun and every effort is being strained to improve the methods of packing, handling, shipping and selling. An arrangement has been entered into to hold but one sale at a time in New York, thereby preventing competition and securing better prices, and on top of this comes the news of a new device by which each refrigerator car may be made to carry 23,328 pounds of cherries instead of 20,000 pounds hitherto allowed. But the savings is still greater than appears on first sight, as the slatted trays are not merely lighter than the fruit boxes which they displace, but may be folded up, leaving space for the transportation of merchandise on the return trip. These improvements will naturally lower the price of California fruits to the consumer and consequently extend their sale.

### Bequests of Hearts.

Bequests of hearts have been by no means uncommon. Richard Coeur de Lion bequeathed his heart to the canons of Rouen Cathedral, and in July, 1838, this remarkable relic was once again brought to light after the lapse of six centuries; the heart, which is said to have been surprisingly large, was inclosed in boxes of lead and silver, and withered, as it was described, to the semblance of a faded leaf.

Bruce's heart was by his dying wish intrusted to Douglas, to fulfill a vow, which he had been unable to execute in person, of visiting the sepulchre of Christ. Douglas, "tender and true," promised to fulfill his sovereign's last request, and after Bruce's death, having received the heart inclosed in a casket of gold, set forth upon his mission. Proceeding to Spain, however, he fell in the thick of a fight with the Moors, having previous to his final charge cast the heart of Bruce from his breast, when he carried it into the ranks of the infidels, crying, "Onward as thou wert wont, Douglas will follow thee!" Bruce's heart was afterward recovered by Sir Simon Lockhart, by whom it was brought to Scotland and buried along with the bones of Douglas in the Abbey of Melrose. When the remains of Bruce were disinterred at Dunfermline, in 1819, the breastbone was found sawn through so as to permit of the removal of the heart.

### Eating Crow.

"To eat crow" is a phrase whose unpleasant significance has been definitely annihilated. Two months ago plovers being unusually scarce in the woods around Wittenberg, Germany, where each spring thousands of these delicious birds are snared for the gourmets in the large cities, it is said a speculative dealer hit upon the plan of trying young crows as a substitute. It was found that crow, when young, inexperienced and well fed, is a dainty morsel, the flesh white and tender and of fine flavor. During the last six weeks this dealer and others who followed in his wake have been supplying hotel and private tables in Berlin and elsewhere with young crows, under the name of plover, and nobody found out the difference until somebody told the secret. It is the rival bird dealer who exposes the substitute who is disagreeable. Sparrows on toast go very well until some meddlesome person says they are not equal.

## VAST HERDS OF CARIBOU.

### In the Far North They Are as Thick as Ever Buffaloes Were.

The Barren-Ground Caribou now inhabits the Great Slave Lake country, and just eastward thereof, not only in thousands, but tens of thousands, and it is almost safe to say hundreds of thousands. In 1891, when Mr. Warburton Pike found himself in the very midst of the vast throng of Caribou that were migrating southward, he was moved to doubt whether the buffalo had ever existed in greater numbers. Think of it! Vast herds of big game animals, fit for food, alive and unslaughtered in North America to-day! Why this oversight on the part of the game butchers? Where are the hide hunters, the tongue hunters, and the grand army of greedy game killers generally!

The reason for the unslaughtered condition of the Caribou herds of the far North is that Jack Frost owns the Barren Grounds, and by game butchers Jack is considered "bad medicine." As usual, the inhabitants of Caribouland slaughter the herds with sickening wastefulness whenever they get an opportunity; but thus far the Caribou is holding its own fairly well, save in Alaska.

Mr. Warburton Pike says that in summer they keep to the true Barren Grounds, but in the autumn, when their feeding grounds are covered with snow, they seek the hanging moss in the woods. "From what I could gather from the Yellow-knife Indians, and from my own personal experience, it is late in October that the great bands of Caribou, commonly known as La Foule, mass upon the edge of the woods, and start for the food and shelter afforded by the stronger growth of pine further southward." Of this great annual migration here is what plucky Mr. Pike actually saw on Lake Camsett, about sixty miles north of the eastern end of Great Slave Lake. It reads like a fairy tale, but nevertheless the account is undoubtedly true.

Scattered bands of Caribou were almost always in sight from the top of the ridge behind the camp, and increased in numbers until the morning of October 20, 1889, when little Baptiste, who had gone for firewood, woke us up before daylight with the cry, "La foule! La foule!" (The throng! The throng!) Even in the lodge we could hear the curious clatter made by a band of traveling Caribou. La foule had really come, and during the passage of six days I was able to realize what an extraordinary number of these animals still roam the Barren Grounds.

He thus describes the migration: "From the ridge we had a splendid view of the migration. All the south side of Mackay Lake was alive with the moving beasts, while the ice seemed to be dotted all over with black islands, and still away on the north shore, with the aid of the glasses, we could see them coming like regiments on the march. In every direction we could hear the grunting noise that the Caribou always make when traveling. The snow was broken into broad roads, and I found it useless to try to estimate the number that passed within a few miles of our encampment. We were just on the western edge of their passage, and afterward we heard that a band of Dog-Ribs, hunting some forty miles to the west, were at this very time in the last straits of starvation, only saving their lives by a hasty retreat to the woods. This is a common danger in the autumn, as the Caribou, coming in from the Barren Ground, join together in one vast herd, and do not scatter much till they reach the thick timber. The Caribou, as is usually the case when they are in large numbers, were very tame, and on several occasions I found myself right in the middle of a band, which seemed in good condition. Notwithstanding all the tall stories that are told of their numbers (the buffaloes) I cannot believe that the herds on the prairie ever surpassed in size La foule of the Caribou."

### Beet Sugar Industry.

According to official reports the production of beet sugar is one of the ordinarily profitable branches of agriculture. The returns are double those from wheat and many other crops. An acre of beets properly cultivated will yield about eleven tons. Eight hundred and six pounds of beets will produce one hundred pounds of sugar. There is a great deal of sirup residuum, which may be worked up into products of varying value. It is said that alcohol can be made at a high profit, which will add largely to the average net results from this source. Imperfect and undesirable portions of the crop may be fed with great advantage to domestic animals. According to careful computation it costs thirty dollars and sixteen cents per acre to get the crop into the ground and up to harvesting point, then something like eight dollars additional is necessary to gather the crop. It is hard work to grow beets. A gentleman who has made a study of their culture gives the following facts about them: "This is a peculiar crop. It cannot be raised in a slovenly fashion. It means work; it means intelligent, painstaking labor. It requires a much higher order of intelligence to grow beets than it does for wheat or corn. Every acre planted in beets means twenty days' labor for one man. If two million acres of land are needed to supply this country with sugar, it follows that forty million days' labor could thus be given to the laborers of the United States. It would also mean the transportation of twenty-six million pounds freight for the industry."