

## TWO BROTHERS.

O, Jim he went to war,  
En John he staid 't hum,  
En beat the kyarpts fer his mar,  
While Jim he beat the drum.

En Jim he worked a gun, b' gosh,  
En seen the Spaniards die;  
John helped his mother do the wash,  
En ca'med her when she'd cry.

Now, Jim was in the very thick  
Of battle more'n once,  
While John he nussed their grandad,  
Sick,  
For eight long mortal months.

En Jim come home with shoulder  
straps,  
When fightin' all was done,  
En all the gals they sot their caps  
To ketch this widder's son.

Well, Jim he f'ined his Betty fair,  
But John, he's still 't hum  
A-keerin' of his mother there—  
A hero, too, b' gum!  
—Parley Poore Sheehan in the Cin-  
cinnati Tribune.

## Vendetta.

By C. D. Clark.

A woman with a tattered shawl  
wrapped closely about her, and a face  
blue and pinched, as if from cold and  
hunger, stood before the door of a  
stately mansion, which was erected in  
the midst of spacious grounds in the  
most aristocratic street of a manufactur-  
ing city—a woman who had once  
been comely, but who was worn down  
by care and suffering until only the  
shadow of her former self.

The portly servant, who held the  
door partly open, and shielded his rotund  
form from the cold blast by shrinking  
behind it, was endeavoring to prevail  
upon the poor woman to go away.

"It's no use, ma'am. I assure you,  
I might give your message to Mr.  
Stanley, but he wouldn't see you; he  
has other things to employ his mind.  
You'd better go away, ma'am, indeed."  
"I must see him," said the woman,  
in a voice rendered sharp by pain.  
"It is life or death with me now, and  
if you do not speak to him I must  
force my way in, in spite of you."  
"You are unreasonable," pleaded the  
servant. "Now what good can you  
get by seeing him? He won't listen to  
you for a moment."

The woman pushed by him into the  
hall in a fierce way, and nearly upset  
him by doing so. As she stood in the  
warm hall, brilliantly lighted, a gentle-  
man came out of an inner room—a  
well-preserved, handsome man, of  
forty or upwards, with a face which  
showed at once pride of station and  
utter scorn of the lowly.

"What is this woman doing here,  
William, and why does she not come to  
the servant's door?" he demanded.  
"I could not keep her out, Mr. Stan-  
ley. She insists upon seeing you."  
"Very well, madam," said Mr. Her-  
bert Stanley, the factory owner, play-  
ing with the handsome seals pendant  
from his watch-chain. "What is your  
business with me, my good woman?  
My time is limited, please to remem-  
ber."

"I am the wife of James Fenton,  
the loom fixer you ordered discharged  
yesterday," she said.  
"Ah, yes; I remember now. He was  
insolent to the superintendent, I be-  
lieve," in a drawing, affected tone.  
"He was not insolent, sir—at least,  
he did not intend to be insolent. Mr.  
Phelps found fault with him for some-  
thing which was neglected by another  
person."

"Well, well! what do you want?"  
"I came to plead to you to take him  
back. We have had bad luck, Mr.  
Stanley, and I have two sick children  
at home, and we must have work or  
die."

"I don't want to hear a word in re-  
ference to taking him on again," said  
the factory owner, quickly. "Your  
husband is a dangerous man, madam.  
He creates discord between the man-  
ufacturers and the employes. Mr.  
Phelps was acting under my orders  
when I made an issue with your hus-  
band, and I am glad he is gone. There!  
not another word. William, show  
this woman out. I won't take her  
husband back."

"Yes, sir," responded the flunky.  
"And don't admit her again."  
"I'll be careful, sir. Now, Mrs.  
Fenton, you are keeping the door  
open. Please go out."

"Trouble will come of this, Mr. Stan-  
ley," she said, quietly, as she walked  
toward the door. "There's some gipsy  
blood in my veins, and we of the Rom-  
any race never forgive an injury. You  
may hear from me again. I don't  
know when, but I'll remember your  
kindness."

The door closed after her, and she  
went home through the driving sleet  
and entered her poor house. A man  
who was crouching over a small fire,  
rocking a baby on his knees, looked  
up quickly, and saw no hope in her  
face.

"He is harder than stone, Jamie,"  
she said, softly. "God help us now,  
for man is against us."

He quietly put the baby into her  
arms, rose from his chair, and started  
for the door, but returned and kissed  
her passionately, twice.

"You've been a good wife to me,  
Zada," he said—"patient, tender and  
true. Don't sit up for me to-night.  
I've something to do, and may be  
late."

He went out, never to enter that  
door alive, for next morning he was  
found in the river, into which he had  
thrown himself. They buried him  
kindly, and his shopmates followed  
him to the grave; and Mr. Stanley sent  
William to the house with a present

of money, but the widow flung it in  
the face of the messenger.

"His money perish with him!" she  
cried. "The man who murdered my  
poor husband shall never help care  
for his wife and his unhappy children.  
I'll die of hunger first!"

She did not go away at once, but  
worked at plain sewing. Both the sick  
children died and were buried, and,  
as the poor funeral passed the door of  
Mr. Stanley's great house, the angu-  
ished wife and mother looked up  
and saw him standing in the window,  
and close beside him a golden-haired  
boy, three years old, his only son—for  
Herbert Stanley had married late in  
life. The poor woman cast a fierce  
glance at the child.

"One is taken, and another left,  
Yes, yes; I see my way now!"

Two days after the funeral, she dis-  
appeared and was not seen again, and  
passed out of the memory of the peo-  
ple. But, three weeks later, an ap-  
palling calamity fell upon Herbert  
Stanley. Little Edward, upon whom  
so many hopes were set, disappeared  
from his nursery one night. The  
nurse had been drugged and the child  
taken away, and upon the coverlet of  
the little bed, pinned fast by a long-  
bladed dagger, was a paper upon  
which was written these words:

"Vendetta! I will return the child  
in fifteen years. Wait for him."

The blow was fatal to the mother of  
Edward, and she died within the  
month. All that wealth could do was  
done to find the child, but he seemed  
to have disappeared as utterly as if  
buried in the depths of the sea.

Herbert Stanley sold out his busi-  
ness, and spent three years in travel,  
searching for the boy, aided by skilled  
detectives; but his search was in vain.  
Some thought that the boy had been  
stolen for a ransom, and an immense  
sum was offered through the medium  
of the public press, but no response  
was made.

Herbert Stanley returned to his law  
office, which he had left to become a  
manufacturer, and soon reached the  
bench, and was known far and wide  
as a learned but austere judge, who  
had no mercy upon crime.

At last, while holding court in a city  
adjacent to the place where he had  
lived and suffered, a case of peculiar  
atrociousness came up for judgment.  
It was a bank robbery, in the course  
of which a man had been shot, and one  
of the robbers had been taken red-  
handed.

When brought up for trial, he was  
seen to be a young, fresh-colored,  
handsome man, little over twenty  
years of age, but with the impress of  
crime marked upon every feature. He  
made no defense, and after a short  
trial was convicted of murder in the  
second degree. The judge rose to pro-  
nounce sentence, which would send  
the young man to prison for life.

"Thomas Welch—" he began.  
"Hold on, old fellow!" said the pris-  
oner. "I'd like to have you start fair  
and make no mistake. Thomas Welch  
is not my name."

"What is your true one?"  
"Edward Stanley; so the old woman  
says. And see here, judge, before you  
go on I'd like to say a word—not be-  
cause I'm going to crawl-fish, but be-  
cause I ain't that kind of a little boy, for I  
want things on the square; and in the  
first place I was stolen when a child,  
by a woman named Zada Fenton, from  
Enfield village."

"Great heaven!" gasped the judge,  
sinking into a seat.

"She took me to a gipsy tribe, and  
we went to Europe, and until I was  
ten years old I was in England. I  
was taught to steal as soon as I could  
walk. The woman laid herself out to  
teach me evil, and made me think  
that every man's hand was against  
me. I've robbed, and stolen, and lied,  
and committed every crime under her  
teaching; but I didn't know any bet-  
ter. Now go ahead with your sen-  
tence. I'm guilty; but, after all, I  
ain't to blame."

"A sentence—a sentence!" screamed  
a voice from the seats in front of the  
railing, and a woman forced her way  
in and stood before the judge. "Look  
at me, Judge Stanley. Fifteen years  
ago you drove me from your door, and  
with such cruel words that my hus-  
band went out and killed himself. My  
children died and were buried, and I  
swore the Vendetta against you. Do  
you remember the promise I made you  
—to give the boy back in fifteen years?  
I have kept my word, and here he is  
—the child of my teachings, but the  
child of your heart, Edward Stanley!  
He pleads guilty; sentence him, I say.  
I am Zada Fenton, the wife of the man  
you murdered!"

Judge Stanley clutched at the air  
wildly, and fell down in a fit, and  
when they raised him he was dead.  
Another judge pronounced the sen-  
tence which sent the unfortunate son  
to prison for life, to which he went de-  
fiantly. A year later, in an attempt  
to break out of prison, he was shot by  
a guard, and the vengeance of Zada  
Fenton was complete. As for her, she  
disappeared, and it is thought went  
back to her tribe; but no one in that  
section ever saw her face again.

## The Dairy of the Ants.

Students of insect life are aware  
that ants keep in their homes small  
creatures that answer the purpose  
served by cows. These aphides se-  
crete honey upon which the ants feed.  
Among the curious facts noted in the  
study of ants and their habits, is that  
certain other insects live upon what  
they steal from the ants when they are  
fed. They take up their abode in the  
ant hills. Some of these boarders or  
dependents seem to have no special  
reason for being, others serve excel-  
lent purposes. Ants keep slaves and  
compel them to work. They cultivate  
the soil and raise crops to supply  
their households with necessary food.

## SUGAR EATING AND NAVAL POWER.

Statistics Seem to Indicate Connection Be-  
tween the Two.

The sugar crop of the world amounts  
in a normal year to about 8,000,000  
tons, of which the larger part, about  
4,500,000 tons, comes from beets, and  
the remainder, 3,500,000 tons, from  
sugar cane. Of the latter the largest  
proportion comes from the West In-  
dies, and a large amount from the  
island of Java.

Among the countries producing beet  
sugar, Germany comes first, with  
about one-third of the world's crop;  
then Austria, with about as much, and  
then France, Russia, Belgium and  
Holland together, with substantially  
the same quantity.

Among scientists, says the Golden  
Penny, the opinion has been general  
that a moderate amount of sugar, like  
a moderate amount of salt, should en-  
ter into the dietary of the people of  
each nation; but it is only when the  
figures of the consumption of sugar  
are examined that it is seen that the  
quantity consumed varies radically,  
and it is a curious fact that in those  
countries in which maritime spirit—the  
spirit of navigation, commerce, travel  
and colonization—is strong, there is a  
very considerable consumption of sug-  
ar per capita, whereas in those coun-  
tries in which these qualities are not  
predominant among the inhabitants  
the consumption is smaller.

In England, first among the mari-  
time nations of the world, the con-  
sumption of sugar is eighty-six pounds  
a year for each inhabitant; in Denmark  
it is forty-five pounds, in Holland thirty-  
one pounds, in France thirty pounds,  
and in Norway and Sweden twenty-  
five pounds, whereas in Russia it is  
only ten pounds, in Italy seven pounds,  
in Turkey seven pounds, in Greece six  
pounds, and in Serbia four pounds.  
The consumption of sugar seems to  
have very little connection with or re-  
lation to the production of sugar, for  
in Austria, the sugar product of which  
is large, the average consumption is  
only nineteen pounds; while in Switzer-  
land, in which there is no production  
to speak of, it is forty-four pounds.

Another curious phase of the mat-  
ter is that there is a great disparity  
in the consumption of sugar in the  
two tea drinking countries, England  
and Russia. The large amount of sug-  
ar consumed in France is attributed  
in part to the fact that the French  
confectioners and candy makers, and  
more especially those doing business  
in the city of Paris, use in their trade  
enormous quantities of sugar in a year,  
adding abnormally to the average  
consumption of sugar in the French re-  
public.

## A Timely Warning.

While a British brig was gliding  
smoothly along before a good breeze  
in the South Pacific, three months  
ago, a flock of small birds about the  
size, shape and color of paroquets set-  
tled down in the rigging and passed  
an hour or more resting. The second  
mate was so anxious to find out the  
species to which the visiting strangers  
belonged that he tried to entrap a  
specimen, but the birds were too shy  
to be thus caught, and too spry to be  
seized by the quick hands of the sail-  
ors. At the end of about an hour the  
birds took the brig's course, and dis-  
appeared, but towards midnight they  
came back and passed the night in  
the main-top. The next morning the  
birds flew off again, and when they  
returned at noon the sailors scattered  
some food about the decks. By this  
time the birds had become so tame  
that they hopped about the decks  
picking up the crumbs. That after-  
noon an astonishing thing happened.  
The flock came flying swiftly toward  
the brig. Every bird seemed to be  
peeping as if pursued by some little  
invisible enemy on wings, and they at  
once huddled down behind the deck-  
house. The superstitious sailors at  
once called the captain of the brig,  
who rubbed his eyes and looked at the  
barometer. A glance showed that  
something was wrong with the ele-  
ments, and the brig was put in shape  
to outride a storm. The storm came  
about twenty minutes after the birds  
had reached the vessel. For a few  
minutes the sky was like the water-  
less bottom of a lake—a vast arch of  
yellowish mud—and torrents of rain  
fell. Why it did not blow very hard,  
no one knows; but on reaching port,  
two days later, the captain learned  
that a great tornado had swept across  
that part of the sea. The birds left  
the vessel on the morning after the  
storm and were not seen again.—  
Maryland Bulletin.

## Passing Away of the Old Curiosity Shop.

The most curious of all curious  
shops are decidedly the curiosity  
shops, now becoming scarcer every  
year. Certainly these have lots of  
useless things to sell, and, strange to  
say, nobody ever purchases them.  
This is unusual in the ordinary course,  
as for some useless things there is  
quite a large demand, but for the ar-  
ticles of vertu and knick-knacks from  
all corners of the globe there is lit-  
tle or no market, except at fiftieth  
seasons. How the old gentlemen, who  
frequently keep such shops, amass  
such a heterogeneous stock is beyond  
a limited comprehension.

Old china, bowie knives, pistols,  
shells, interesting things in ivory and  
what nots of every order are jumbled  
together in a surprising manner; still,  
notwithstanding that the affable old  
nephew will show you everything he has  
to sell, and is perfectly willing to deal  
with you if you have aught to dispose  
of, he never seems to have any cus-  
tomers to buy. And the old gentle-  
man does not mind. He opens his  
shop regularly at irregular hours, and  
shuts it at irregular hours, and if he  
wants to go anywhere on business he  
locks and bars and bolts the door and

leaves the place deserted and unpro-  
tected, and contentedly goes his jour-  
ney.

Curiosity shops grow rarer every  
year, but it is hardly possible that  
they will disappear altogether. Their  
place is largely taken now by fashio-  
nable establishments that sell cracked  
saucers, chipped plates and consump-  
tive teapots and fans. The trade in  
"ancestors," too, is going out of date;  
people don't want ancestors, they  
want money; so shops that only supply  
reminiscences of other days are  
out of place.—London Globe.

## Lock of Hair Brought \$42.

A curious relic fell under the auc-  
tioneer's hammer at the London Auc-  
tion Rooms a few days ago. It was a  
lock of royal hair, and it was valued  
by its purchaser at \$42. The lock of  
hair in question belonged to Edward  
IV, and is over four hundred years  
old. It has only been treasured up  
for some one hundred and nine years.  
The circumstances under which it  
was obtained are explained in a copy  
of the "Universal Magazine," dated  
April, 1789.

The hair was found accidentally at  
Windsor by some workmen, and the  
article dealing with the subject says  
that "the workmen employed in St.  
George's Chapel at Windsor in a new  
paving the choir discovered on March  
13 a decay in the stone which closed  
up the entrance into the vault where  
Edward IV, had been deposited. Two  
of the canons and the surveyor en-  
tered the vault and viewed the royal  
body enclosed in a wooden and leaden  
coffin. It was reduced to a skeleton,  
which measured six feet three inches,  
the skull reclining to the north or left  
side, with a quantity of long brown  
hair which had fallen off it, but no  
traces of envelope or cere cloth nor  
any rings or other insignia. On the  
King's coffin lay another of wood,  
only much decayed, which contained  
the skeleton of a woman, who from  
the marks of age about the skull was  
supposed to be that of the Queen,  
Lady Elizabeth Grey, who died three  
years after him in confinement at Be-  
conmondsey Abbey, and was probably  
buried with less pomp."

The lock sold the other day was  
then obtained by one of the canons,  
in whose family it has remained ever  
since.—London Correspondent Wash-  
ington Post.

## The Magazine Rifle.

The Springfield rifle has made a  
splendid record for itself in the past,  
but the United States magazine rifle  
of to-day is in all respects the better  
arm. In the Fall of 1897 the first de-  
partment competitions were held with  
the magazine arms, and the total  
scores made were greater than those  
reached in the last competition with  
the Springfield arms. Firings have  
been conducted at the United States  
armory in this city for the past three  
years, and the results show that the  
United States magazine rifle is more  
accurate than the Springfield, and  
especially at ranges greater than 1,000  
yards. On the target range reports  
from the regular army last year  
showed that, firing at known dis-  
tances, much higher scores were made  
than with the Springfield rifle in past  
years. But in firing on the skirmish  
line lower scores were made, and this  
was attributed to the lack of familiar-  
ity and practice with the magazine  
rifle. While the new gun has been  
very favorably received by the army,  
there has been criticism of the sights.  
The reader will readily see that in  
judging of the merits or demerits of  
a military arm the sights and calibre  
must be differentiated from the arm  
itself, for its sights, if not found sat-  
isfactory, can be replaced by other  
sights. When the model 1884 sight  
was in use it was the only military  
sight having the wind gauge features.  
This, we believe, was the Buffington  
sight, which has since been removed  
by the powers that be under the al-  
legation that its frailty condemned its  
serviceability. On this point a dif-  
ference of opinion exists among army  
officers.

## A Big Reflecting Telescope.

In the little town of Greenville,  
Penn., lives the man who can now  
claim the honor of having made the  
largest silver-on-glass telescope mir-  
ror in the world. The man's name is  
John Peate. He is a retired Metho-  
dist preacher, and this is his first at-  
tempt at telescope-building. It has  
been entirely a labor of love with him,  
for the great lens was built for the  
use of the new Methodist University  
in Washington, and is soon to be  
mounted there.

The total number of hours' work on  
the glass from the start to the finish  
was something under seven hundred.  
And yet to complete it required nearly  
the full two years which Dr. Peate  
pledged the bishop at the conference.  
The reflector, which is 62 inches in  
diameter, 5 1/2 inches thick, and weighs  
1,500 pounds, is a perfectly flawless  
piece of glass, and when fully pol-  
ished, and yet unaltered, looked like  
a pool of limpid spring water. The  
Peate reflector, for such it will ul-  
timately be called, will be mounted  
as an equatorial in a tube something  
over thirty-two feet in length. The  
cost of so mounting it will run up into  
the thousands of dollars. Telescopes  
to be mounted as this one are called  
Newtonian telescopes, because of the  
principle of interior arrangement.

Dr. Peate's mammoth speculum is  
exceeded in size only by the metallic  
one in Lord Ross's famous telescope  
at Birr Castle, Parsonstown, Ireland,  
which is six feet in diameter. It is  
not in use, and Dr. Peate's may be  
considered as the largest in the world,  
so far as the service is concerned.

Eight feet is the usual width of a  
street in China.

## THEY THINK US GIANTS.

Open-Mouthed Wonder in Porto Rico Over  
the Size of Our Men and Mules.

The people of Porto Rico look upon  
Americans as a race of giants, and  
they seem to have a firm conviction  
that not only are we a great nation  
and a big people, but that everything  
connected with us is made upon the  
same grand scale.

There are good reasons for their hav-  
ing arrived at these conclusions. The  
first troops which landed at Port Ponce  
were the Third Wisconsin volunteer  
infantry, and these were followed by  
the Second Wisconsin and Sixteenth  
Pennsylvania. Probably nowhere in  
the whole army could one find a simi-  
lar number of men of equal stature.  
The Wisconsin men are particularly  
large and each one of them would  
make just about two of the Porto Ri-  
cans. These natives are a little peo-  
ple and lightly built. Many of the  
Wisconsin and Pennsylvania men  
stand two inches or more above six  
feet in height.

It happens that many of the mem-  
bers of General Wilson's staff are  
large men, and some of them, like  
Captain A. P. Gardner and Lieutenant  
Fred S. Titus, are noted as athletes.  
With these big men and officers to  
furnish them their first impressions,  
the coming of our horses and mules  
and wagons clinched the idea that we  
were gigantic without any loophole for  
argument. The Porto Ricans have  
plenty of horses and mules, but every  
one of them seems to have come of a  
race which was stunted ages ago. That  
they are tough and serviceable, every-  
one agrees, but the horses and mules  
also are but very little larger than a  
good sized donkey. The horses are  
thin and agile, and the Spanish  
thoughtfulness, which is equivalent  
to cruelty, keeps them goaded along  
so that they never have time to pick  
up flesh.

The mules which the Americans took  
to Porto Rico are particularly fine  
specimens of our native product, and  
as hundreds after hundreds of them  
were landed and hitched to army wa-  
gons and set to work, the natives stared  
and stared at them in wonder.

Among the big and handsome men of  
General Wilson's staff is Major Hoyle,  
the ordnance officer. He is tall, and  
although trim in figure, solid. He stepped  
into a native shop the other day  
to get some matches. After he had  
been waited on and was about to get  
out, the proprietor beckoned to him.  
The gesture, Major Hoyle says, was  
such as a back country storekeeper in  
America would use to indicate that he  
wanted you to step into a back room  
and try a nip of moonshine whis-  
key.

They went through a winding pas-  
sage, and presently emerged into a  
back apartment. Here, however, in-  
stead of finding a bottle with whiskey  
clear as water, such as the moonshiner  
makes, there stood some platform  
scales, and the shopkeeper, with anx-  
ious look, motioned for Major Hoyle to  
step upon it. Major Hoyle may have  
been disappointed, but he did not be-  
tray it, and being good natured, he  
stepped upon the scales. The native  
manipulated the weights until the  
scale balanced at 195 pounds. Then  
with wide open eyes he looked over  
the fine proportions of the major, and  
exclaimed in wonder "Mucha! Mucha!"

## The Cold Sponge Bath.

Although "doctors differ" about  
many things, they all agree as to the  
advantage of the daily bath, and the  
majority say that it is best taken cold,  
unless the bather's vitality is much  
below the average. A cold sponge  
bath is an excellent tonic as well as  
an admirable prophylactic.

The summer is the best time to ac-  
quire the habit.  
Use a bathing glove or washrag, and  
soap yourself rapidly and thoroughly  
from head to foot. This ought not to  
take more than two or three minutes,  
for the quick rubbing is especially de-  
sirable, both as exercise and for the  
skin. Then wash the soap off, rub-  
bing as hard and as fast as you can,  
and then dry in the same fashion  
with a Turkish towel, or still better,  
one of crash. The bath should occupy  
about ten minutes and leave you with  
a healthy glow when it is over.

There are many people whose con-  
stitution will not endure a cold plunge  
bath; very few who would not reap  
benefit from a daily sponge with cold  
water, and vigorous rubbing with a  
rough towel afterward, the year  
round. If cold water does not leave  
you glowing begin with lukewarm  
water, using less and less warm wa-  
ter every day until you can dispense  
with it entirely.—Chicago Times-Her-  
ald.

## The First Glimpse of a Continent.

It was early in the year 1695, En-  
trepot was but just awakening to the  
great changes introduced by the de-  
struction of the Spanish Armada;  
England was but just transferred  
from the last of the house of Tudor to  
the first of the house of Stuart;  
Shakespeare was still acting his own  
plays at the Globe Theatre; Bacon  
was meditating his philosophy; and  
Sir Walter Raleigh was still  
dreaming of new discoveries and set-  
tlements in America. In the East the  
star of Portugal was already setting,  
and that of Holland was rising to its  
short-lived brilliancy; and only five  
years has passed since Queen Eliza-  
beth had signed the charter of the  
Merchant Adventurers, trading to the  
countries of the Indies, which laid the  
foundation-stone of the empire of  
British India.

The Dutch adventurers in the East  
were, like their English rivals, mer-  
chants first of all. It was with no  
idea of founding empires like those of

the Spaniards in Mexico and Peru  
that the thrifty burghers of Antwerp  
and Rotterdam sent their vessels to  
the Asiatic Archipelago and took pos-  
session of Java. To exchange the  
goods of Europe for the spices and  
gold, the pearls and precious stones,  
of the East was the object with which  
they set out, and the purpose for  
which they allowed nothing else seri-  
ously to divert their attention. It  
was to this that Holland owed the  
honor of having been the first to dis-  
cover the last of the continents, and  
perhaps it may have been to this also  
that she owed it that she discovered  
it for others and not for herself.

## Agriculture in the Yukon.

A pamphlet has been issued by the  
Director of the Central Experimental  
Farm at Ottawa, Ontario, on the agri-  
cultural possibilities of the Yukon dis-  
trict. One of our newspapers, in a  
review of it, said that the Director  
had issued a pamphlet on the agri-  
cultural possibilities of the Yukon, the  
most characteristic feature of which  
was that the Yukon district seemed to  
have no agricultural possibilities at  
all. At one or two points attempts  
have been made to grow vegetables,  
but with limited success. Mr. Harper,  
who resided at Pelly since 1891, had a  
garden in which he grew some very  
poor potatoes and other garden stuff.  
What succeeded best was lettuce. To  
protect them at night, when the sky  
was clear and frost threatened, he  
lowered an immense awning over  
them, raising it in the morning after  
the plants had recovered from the ef-  
fects of the cold.

At Forty-Mile they have several  
gardens in which they grow a very  
fair potato, but it is not dry, and not  
at all well-tasting. They also grow  
good lettuce and a small cabbage  
which is very much relished, because  
it is the only vegetable supply there,  
and at present you cannot import any.  
This shows conclusively one need not  
count on anything in the way of agri-  
culture as food supply, for two rea-  
sons: the extent of available soil is  
very limited in comparison with the  
rest of the country, and it might be  
said frosts occur every month in the  
year. Close to the river, the tempera-  
ture of the water from June to Sep-  
tember runs from about forty-six de-  
grees to fifty-eight degrees. Of course,  
the proximity of a large body of wa-  
ter at those temperatures considera-  
bly aids vegetable life and helps its  
development close to the river, be-  
cause it modifies the adjacent temper-  
atures. But away from the river a  
mile or so you have serious frosts  
every month in the year.—Geographi-  
cal Journal.

## The Serviceable Lime.

Although there are lime groves in  
Florida, flourishing in spite of frost,  
the greater part of America's supply  
of limes comes from the West Indies,  
Trinidad, Haiti, Jamaica and other is-  
lands are dotted with lime estates.  
The trees are thrifty and live to a  
great age. They bloom twice—in the  
autumn for the main crop, which be-  
gins to be marketable in February,  
and again in March for the late crop,  
which comes to hand about the first  
of July. Florida lime trees bloom in  
February and again in June, each  
blossoming yielding fruit some four  
months later. Thus there is a year-  
round supply in the markets. Like  
most of the citrus family, the lime  
bears blossoms, ripe fruit and green,  
simultaneously.

The men who handle them say the  
trade is increasing and growing stead-  
ily. This is exactly as it should be.  
Rightly used, nothing is more health-  
ful. Limes are both wholesome and  
cheaper than lemons. For seventy-  
five cents you may buy a box holding  
over one-hundred of fancy fruit. Or  
you may get twenty-five for a quarter;  
at almost any fruit stand. It is well,  
wherever it is possible, to buy the  
original packages, as thereby you get  
fruit much fresher and fuller of juice.

The piquant tang of lime juice goes  
excellently with all manner of fish.  
Send limes in quarters to the table  
whenever you have baked fish or  
broiled. Lime juice instead of vine-  
gar makes another dish of salmon sat-  
isfying and gives new and pleasing zest  
even to little neck clams on the half  
shell.—Kansas City Star.

## Round the World Awheel.

Sigmund Bachmann, a Vienna cy-  
clist, returned to Vienna, Austria, re-  
cently, after two years' absence, hav-  
ing won a bet of \$5,000 that he would  
cycle round the globe in two years.  
On September 17, 1896, he left Vienna  
on his wheel, and went through Ger-  
many and France on his way to Bor-  
deaux, where he took passage to Eng-  
land. He then cycled from the coast  
to London and Liverpool, took steam-  
er to New York, cycled to Chicago,  
Salt Lake City and San Francisco,  
crossed the Pacific, rode from Sydney  
to Melbourne, then passed by way  
to Ceylon to India, where he visited Ma-  
dras, Calcutta and Allahabad. A na-  
tive wounded him in the arm with a  
lance, but this was the only danger  
he encountered. He returned home by  
Africa and Italy, and arrived in Vien-  
na on his wheel. He cycled 24,000 kilo-  
metres in all, but declares that the  
hardest piece of work was crossing  
the American Continent.—London  
News.

Under the name of dynamon a new  
explosive has been introduced into  
Austria for blasting and other pur-  
poses, which is said to combine the ex-  
plosive power of dynamite with ab-  
solute safety during storage and trans-  
port. It is impossible to explode it by  
means of any ordinary mechanic  
impulse, such as an accidental blow  
or friction.