

PHILOSOPHY.

It doesn't pay to fuss and fret when anything goes wrong. Instead of walling when you lose, just sing a merry song. It's always better while you work to whistle than to whine. And when luck fails, it never pays to sit down and repine.

The man who makes the best of things shows sturdy common sense. The chances are that he will rise to fame and eminence; But if he doesn't, none the less he'll make the most of life. And women all will envy and congratulate his wife. —Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

An Ocean Voyage.

BY NATALIE.

"Good-by, Mabel." "Good-by, sir." And the voice was cold and hard, and the face stern and immovable. Haughtily the young beauty turned aside when she said it, never noticing the outstretched hand and imploring eyes that pleaded so powerfully in her silence. Ronald Norton stood a moment, then opened the door and went out, carrying with him a wounded heart, and leaving behind one too proud to acknowledge its pain. But Mabel Leigh found out her mistake. She did not extract the same sweetness from life that she had since knowing Ronald Norton. Its hours dragged wearily along, uncheered by the hope of his presence to lighten them. And, worse than all, it was for no real cause that they were separated.

A word—a "trifle light as air"—had floated between them at a time when they both took it up and were too proud to own repentance. Ronald had never said the words that would have bound them together, but in a hundred different ways Love had spoken. They knew each held the other's happiness, and were content.

Ronald felt that the time had come when he must tell Mabel of his hopes and desires, and secure the prize his heart coveted. For Mabel was a prize. Her beauty and accomplishments won many a lover to her side, and Norton was greatly envied.

No one would have envied him now as, with a heavy heart, he paced back and forth in his room, through the livelong night, thinking only of the happiness which had been within his grasp and then suddenly failed him.

He knew Mabel to be slow to anger, but strong in her wrath when aroused, and he, on this night of all nights, had unwittingly offended her by the strong side he had taken in a discussion of a well-known character arrested for forgery.

Love or argument had always been a trait of Ronald's character, and he defended the accused solely for this reason. Mabel supposed he was uttering his own sentiments, and her eyes flashed and her heart beat angrily as she listened.

Could this be the man who was more than friend to her? Could she honor a man who cherished such sentiments as she had heard him speak? Shaded from the light, she leaned her head against the cushions of her chair, and thought while the gentlemen continued their discussion.

It ended by her sudden rising, and laughing command to dismiss the subject. The gentlemen apologized and obeyed, and after a short time of general conversation, one by one took their leave.

Ronald lingered among the last, eager to secure a few moments to himself. Nervously he walked around the drawing-room, looking at the pictures he had seen a hundred times before, picking up and laying down the elegant volumes at hand, tossing over the cards in the receiver, and feeling about as cool and collected as most men do under the circumstances.

How brilliant Mabel looked, leaning against the door, as she chatted with young Syles! How she could endure such a man! How more than Ronald could she! And here she was laughing and talking with him as if Ronald was a thousand miles away.

It certainly wasn't polite to stand with her back to him, and it must have been for half an hour. Here Ronald pulled out his watch. No, it was only eight minutes! What in the world was Syles staying so late for? It was very absurd in Mabel to make herself so fascinating to everybody. Just see that lovely bare arm that rounded out from the soft lace as she tilted her fan back and forth. And Syles was gazing with cool admiration on it, confound him!

Poor Ronald, in his excitement, stood glaring at them, in utter disregard of courtesy. Well was it for him that Mabel did not see him. At last Syles bowed himself out. The expectant moment had come. Mabel turned, but her brilliancy had vanished. Instead of the smile with which she was wont to meet Ronald, her face was cold. Instead of sinking on a chair for their usual parting chat, she stood still and looked at her watch. "I had no idea it was so late," she remarked.

Ronald stood transfixed. The change in her was so sudden, so marked, he could not understand it. But what could he say? To speak of love at such a moment was impossible. But he could not go silently. "Mabel—Miss Leigh," he began, desperately.

"Well, sir!" was the cool answer from the cool belle.

"May I—that is, will you allow me to speak for myself?" "No, sir!" came clear and short. "Not now," said Norton, hurriedly; "tomorrow—any other time." "Neither now nor ever!" was the reply, as she made a motion to leave him.

Ronald felt a chill like ice through his heart. Mechanically he followed her, took his hat in the hall and held out his hand. Ah, if she had but taken it, it never would have let her go till she had heard his heart's message! But Mabel turned, with her formal "good-by," and left him.

As he passed the night hours in grief, he thought of her quietly slumbering, careless of the wound she had made, indifferent to his fate. But Mabel Leigh was paying dearly for her words. On her knees, in the room where she had so cruelly dismissed him, she wrung her hands and wept bitter tears. The flush of anger was gone, and in its stead a sense of the wrong she had done, and the sorrow she must endure. For Mabel knew that Ronald Norton loved her, and that she loved him. And now all was at an end.

Her pride would not suffer her to recall him; his would not allow him to ask it. They had suddenly drifted apart—would the wave of time ever bring them together again? Mabel bore her burden for a few days until it began to tell upon her health and spirits. Her pale cheeks and heavy eyes revealed that something was wrong.

"What is the matter with you, Mabel?" asked Etta Syles, dropping in one day. "You are but the ghost of your former self." "Oh, I don't know," answered Mabel, as carelessly as she could, "I only need a change, I suppose."

"Change? Well, suppose you go with us to Europe?" "Europe?" A sudden joy shot through Mabel's heart. She had been longing and planning to get away, as far away as possible, from the spot which had grown unendurable to her. "How soon are you going?" she asked.

"In next Saturday's steamer." "I will go." "Oh, that is too good!" cried Etta, springing up and embracing her. "I coaxed mother all I could to go with us, but she is too timid. Father has crossed the ocean so many times, he will make a splendid escort, and you will be such delightful company for me."

Mabel smiled derisively. Sorry company she would prove for Etta Syles, and painful thoughts crowded upon her as the heedless girl rattled on. The day on which they sailed was cloudy and gloomy—in fit keeping with Mabel's spirits. She had hoped to the last that Ronald Norton would come to her and say, "Stay!" but she had never seen nor heard from him since that fatal night—maybe she never would again! and scalding tears dropped from her eyes at the thought.

She had borne up wonderfully since deciding to go abroad, for the relief of getting out of sight of all eyes, and giving way to her grief, was what she lived for. Their party had come early on board, and retired at once to their state-rooms, so that Mabel was alone.

Alone she felt, separated from her home and friends, every moment bearing her further and further away from her country and—Ronald! She lay listening to the creaking and groaning of the ship, the bustle and strange noises which never cease upon a voyage, and never thought of them at all. Her heart and brain were filled with but one idea, and she at last fell asleep with tears for him wet upon her cheeks.

Among the last of the passengers who came aboard the vessel was a gentleman with a grave, handsome face and reserved air, which gave a sort of fascinating melancholy to him; and although perfectly courteous, he kept aloof from all, seeming to prefer his book or silent meditation to all company. Hour after hour he spent gazing upon the foaming billows, the matchless sunsets, the lovely moon-lights of ocean.

Poor Mabel and Etta were both deprived of these enjoyments, Etta being dreadfully seasick, and Mabel too worn and miserable to leave her room. They had been out nearly a week when Mr. Syles insisted on Mabel's going on deck, declaring it a shame that she should lose the pleasures of the trip, which was so nearly over.

So Mabel summoned all her strength and went with him. It was a magnificent night. The full moon, glittering on the water, and reflected back by each wave, tinged everything with silver. Mabel was entranced. She took Mr. Syles's arm and walked up and down once or twice, but her step was languid, and she grew weary.

Mr. Syles proposed that she should sit awhile, so he prepared a seat for her, and wrapped her soft mantle around her, but she shivered. "Why, you haven't half enough around you! It's always cool up here," he declared.

And off went the kind soul for another shawl. Mabel waited alone, watching the groups around. A gentleman, smoking a cigar, had been sitting some distance off. He threw it away, and arose as if to go below.

As he passed Mabel he stopped suddenly. She turned her face inquiringly—and Ronald Norton sprang toward her! "Mabel!" was all he said; but the love-light which flashed over his face, and the thrill that shot through each heart, in their passionate hand-clasp, told the truth.

Mabel could not utter one word, but lay panting with the glorious life that had suddenly opened for her.

No weary hours now—no languid difference—but two noble hearts back from each other, had been back to love and happiness. Mabel stayed abroad long enough to procure her bridal trousseau, but say all she knows of ocean voyages is that moonlight nights are perfectly lovely. —Saturday Night.

THE PEOPLE OF SIBERIA.

Not Four Per Cent. of Them Convicts or Political Exiles.

"Statistics have their value when given comparatively. In following up the analogy which was always present in my mind in crossing Siberia, the analogy between that country and the United States, it is interesting to compare the area and the population of both. Siberia has 5,000,000 square miles to our 3,500,000, while our population of 70,000,000 overshadows the 5,750,000 of Russia's Asiatic possessions. Of this number 63 per cent. are Russians, the rest indigenous. But this average is brought down by the low per cent. of Russians in the extreme North, which, as in Northern Canada, is left almost entirely to the aboriginal Eskimo, and to the hardy fur trader, while in Southern Siberia from 60 to 90 per cent. are Russians. Not 4 per cent. of all the Russians are convicts or political exiles. The number of convicts varies in the different sections. In the government of Tomsk, in the west, they only amount to one-sixth per cent., which necessarily makes a much higher average in some of the other provinces. These facts are fatal to the theory that the Siberian population is composed mostly of criminals and the sons of criminals.

"The Russians find the great northern steppes as bleak and as inhospitable as do the Canadians. Yet the mineral deposits and the fur trade attract a certain population. It is extraordinary to read of the early conquests of the Russians in this country, and of their first settlements here, though there were no visions of an El Dorado to draw men on.

"None of the country north of the Amur ever belonged to China, though that is the popular idea. It was inhabited by independent tribes, some of which were subject to the Chinese throne in a very roundabout way, paying tribute to a Manchu Khan, who, in turn, paid tribute to the Son of Heaven. In finally obtaining possession of the region, the Russian government was urged on by its individual representatives there, not by its own avowed policy, as it is today. The chief of these was Muraviev, whose name will ever be connected with Siberia as the name of Washington is with our own country. In 1858, in a treaty drawn up at Aigun, where the Russians and Chinese have recently come in conflict, the Chinese relinquished all claim to the left bank of the great river. From that time dates southern Siberia's mushroom growth. Vladivostok is one of the fruits of it; Khabarovsk, at the end of this eastern section of railroad, is another. Each city is less than 50 years old, and each bears a striking resemblance, as do all the Siberian cities, to our centres of quick growth in the West. Only a large garrison creates a military society, which element of the population differentiates these cities from ours. Absent, too, is the atmosphere of nervous enterprise and business push, the result of what the Yankee terms 'hustling.' The American city owes its birth and life to the energy of the individual, the Siberian city owes its founding and its continued existence to the government. A site is not selected in accordance with the economics of business, but on account of military exigency. The city's tenure of life does not depend upon a boom, but on the convenience of the government. Private individuals may follow in the path automatically blazed, and turn whatever is possible to their own advantage, but the city is not there for them, but for the government. In spite of this fact, business thrives, and men are making money, which speaks well for Siberia."—Amr-N. Benjamin, in Ainslie's.

Diamond Ring in a Hog's Stomach. A remarkable story comes from the town of Hornby, N. Y. Three years ago Miss Mary Smith, who has since married Peter Hagancamp, attended a husking bee at the home of her uncle, George Smith. During the evening she lost a diamond ring she had been wearing, and it was thought that it had fallen from her finger among the ears of corn. A thorough search did not disclose the ring. Later, for some reason, suspicion fell on a Western visitor in Hornby, and when she left the village the ring had not been found.

George Smith killed a four-year-old hog a few days ago, and in cutting up the animal found the ring in the stomach. It was battered and discolored. The only explanation seems to be that the hog swallowed the ring in eating husks after the bee at Smith's three years before, and that it had remained in the animal's stomach ever since.

Mrs. Hagancamp, who always believed that the ring was stolen, is now trying to learn the whereabouts of the suspected woman, to apologize to her. —New York Sun.

The Cowbird. The cowbirds follow cattle about the fields and pastures, feeding largely on the insects which fly from the towering presence of large animals. They seem to court the vicinity of the cattle for this reason, as chickens often do, and as swallows sometimes do for much the same purpose. The redwing and crow blackbirds are noted for their fondness for white grubs, cutworms and other caterpillars.

In South Pittsburg there is a law firm named Bright & Early.

FAMOUSLY HOMELY MEN.

MOST WOMEN ARE INDIFFERENT TO GOOD LOOKS.

Queen Wilhelmina's Choice of the Plainest Prince in Germany Proves This Astonishing Fact Once More—Conquests Made by Wilkes, Uglyest Man of His Time.

Little Queen Wilhelmina's selection of a husband has caused no small amount of astonishment in the European courts, for on the least of all her suitors, in a worldly sense, her choice has fallen. Duke Heinrich of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has up to this time played the part of a very small potato for a more or less royal personage. He is the youngest son in a family of many boys; he is the least handsome of the brothers; he has never distinguished himself in court or camp or grove in all his 24 years, and yet it is no secret that since Wilhelmina, the proud and independent, first saw him at Potsdam, nearly two years ago, she has had his image graven on her loyal and royal little Dutch heart.

At Potsdam Duke Heinrich, who was not heir to even pretty good expectations, appeared as a mere incidental. He was not supposed to aspire to the hand of the queen; he even paid her no more than the perfunctory courtesies due a young lady and a sovereign, and his far handsomer, far cleverer and far more interesting elder brother, Duke Adolph, heir to the Mecklenburg-Schwerin duchy, was flatteringly regarded as standing high in the young queen's graces.

As a matter of fact, nobody paid very much attention to the clean-shaven, stout young duke, but Wilhelmina fell in love with him and he did not know it. Nevertheless, he had made his impression, and when the queen went to see her cousin, Pauline of Wurtemberg's, baby baptized last spring, she wrote Princess Pauline the state of her heart, and her cousin promised to see that the duke duly received a hint.

Gossips whisper that the duke was taken by surprise, and yet it was not the first time, in spite of being a good deal of a dandy, that he has been admired by royal ladies. Everybody knows that when pretty Princess Helena of Russia suddenly broke her engagement with Max of Baden it was because she hoped to persuade her parents to let her marry the stout blonde young dukeling whom Wilhelmina has selected; and the youngest daughter of the duke of Edinburgh has loved the young duke in vain. In short, Heinrich of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is a good deal of a lady-killer, and he knows it. Fat and plain of face, and for a royal person, distinctly poverty-stricken, he has a fascination for womankind. The sort of fascination that there is no use trying to explain, because it is not perceptible to any but the persons fascinated, and they are always plainly beyond reach of reason, though they are often just as sensible, matter of fact and unromantic individuals as Queen Wilhelmina.

Lots of men have exercised this power before, and Duke Heinrich is no exception to the rule that Providence often sees fit to bestow this peculiar and potent quality on curiously unhandsome individuals. Since he was first about the well-conducted courts of tiny Mecklenburg-Schwerin and pompous Prussia he has had not the least difficulty in winning feminine friends. The German empress has treated him as though he were a nice young brother, the ladies in waiting yield a smile and a sigh as he prances by in white uniform, and yet he is not overfond of feminine society.

He has accepted his betrothal to the sweetest little girl queen in the world—very calmly, while the queen herself is madly happy, and the other princelings and dukelings who were on the matrimonial string wonder how the heavy-faced, easy-going, unambitious Heinrich carried off the prize, without dancing any attendance, without condescending to flatter and call upon and placate the capricious lady and the critical Dutch people. One thing is certain, and this in a way adds to the glory of Heinrich's conquest, that if the loyal Dutch had objected to this choice of the queen she would have married him anyway. She said as much when some doubts were expressed as to how he would please the nation.

All this goes to show that the future king consort of Holland is one of those men whose charm is with women unquestioned, and even a queen would make large sacrifices for him. One of the men who possessed this faculty to a most surprising degree was Napoleon Bonaparte's rival in the affections of Marie Louise, the infamous and all-powerful Neipperg. He was an ugly creature, with small abilities and yet smaller fortune, and he had broken many hearts about the Austrian court before Marie Louise saw and fell furiously in love with him. With everything to lose and nothing to gain by her encouragement of the man, she left no stone unturned until she was able to make herself Neipperg's wife. In the eyes of the world it was a terrible degradation for the widow of the French emperor to become the wife of an Austrian count, but she cared not a whit what the world said, as was the case with the woman who ran after the ugly spendthrift, Wilkes, and the mad Duc de Richelieu.

Wilkes was famous in his day all over England not only as lord mayor and chamberlain and a very loud-talking patriot but as the ugliest man of his time and the most admired by the women. He flouted and ill-treated all of them, with the exception of his daughter, but it had not the desired effect of cooling their affections. As to the Duc de Richelieu, though men could not tolerate him, when he was shut up in the Bastille crowds

of women, old and young and rich and poor, used to collect every day at the hour when he took his exercise on the parapets and adore him from a distance and deplore the incarceration of so charming a person. Theodore Hook was another ugly man who was irresistible to the softer sex, for it is proved clearly that when a man is agreeable to women they care not in the least what his personal appearance may be. Liszt proved this; when an old man with a hard, ugly face women begged permission to kiss his ugly hands and raved and sentimentalized over him as though he were Adonis's self. Dozens of schoolgirls and countesses who worshipped at his shrine cared not a pin for his music, nor understood a note of it, but were keenly alive to the charm of his personality, which no woman, so far as we know, was able or willing to withstand.—Fanny Enders, in The Chicago Record.

WILL END INDIAN FEUD.

Alaskan Tribe to Make Up Quarrel of Several Centuries' Standing.

The celebrated feud which has existed among the Indians of Alaska for more than 600 years is about to be settled, and the rattlesnake skin which has been dangling from the doorpost of the Sitkas and the Wrangel Island Indian tribes for more than six centuries will soon be replaced by the olive branch of peace. Generation after generation has heard from their parents the wrongs the tribe has suffered at the hands of their mortal foes, until it is a part of the religious duty of parents to teach their children to hate their ancient enemy. A feud of so long standing could not be wiped out in a moment, in fact, for more than 100 years there has been a movement on foot to settle the difficulty and live in peace. The coming of the miners and other whites during the last four or five years has done much to hasten the settlement that is about to be made.

The pollatch, the arbiter of all feuds and tribal troubles, has been managed by Kodowatt, a Klukwan chief, at the village of Klukwan, on the Dalton trail, who has spent the greater part of his life in trying to get the various tribes to consent to a treaty of peace, and has expended the savings of a lifetime in his effort to provide for the coming meeting of the tribes. He has purchased hard tack, sugar and quantities of the choicest viands known to the Indian, which he will dispense with a hospitality known only to the Indian brave. Merchants in towns near Klukwan say that they have sold immense stocks to the Indians in anticipation of the great feast which is to be the last of the kind by the famous chief.

When seen by J. M. Blankenburg a few days ago, as he was on his way from the Dalton country to Seattle, Washington, Kodowatt said: "This celebration is to be the last of the kind. I have sent messages to all the tribes of the Sitkas and Wrangels to come or send their chiefs to this meeting to unite them after this long alienation, in bonds of love and friendship, and to bury the hatchet forever. To this end I am bending all my energies, for it is to be the last great pollatch, and after it is held the Indians will be good and live as white men, and peace will reign among the tribes."

The trouble between the Sitkas and Wrangels began 600 years ago, at a big feast held at Wrangel. The Sitkas had been invited by the Wrangels to a great feast. The Wrangels proceeded to give their guests a jolly time. Before long all were so jubilant that a free-for-all fight resulted and when it was over there were only a few of the Sitkas left to tell the story. Then the incensed Sitkas thirsted for the blood of revenge, and they got it. Feuds resulted and fights prevailed. At last the Sitkas showed a friendly spirit, and, with every pretense of true friendship, invited the Wrangels to attend a feast given in recognition of renewed friendship. The Wrangels foolishly accepted and the Sitkas opened the feast with the most gracious ostentation. They got their guests into a large building, and as the mirth increased and good cheer gained control, the hosts began to slip out. Before the Wrangels knew it, the Sitkas were out and the doors barred. Then the Sitkas set fire to the building and the Wrangels were burned alive. That happened nearly 200 years ago, but enough of the Wrangels were left at home to prolong the feud, but Kodowatt has succeeded in bringing them together again in bonds of enlightened friendship.—Chicago Record.

Nature's Own Remedy.

The medicinal value of the onion has long been understood and appreciated as a home remedy for various ills, especially when taken in the form of onion diet. But for external application, it is seldom used, as few seem to realize its value in this capacity. In these days of sudden changes in temperature, with the complaints of earache, diphtheria and pneumonia on every hand, it is well to give it a trial, for the onion has long been known as Nature's own remedy. As a poultice to allay inflammation it has demonstrated its efficacy, and many instances might be quoted where in case of diphtheria or pneumonia it has proved of more value than medicine.

For a severe earache put your sweet oil and lard on the shelf, get two or three good-sized onions, peel and slice very thin, then lay them on a strip of cloth and heat until very hot all through. Bind them to the head, letting them extend beyond the ear at least an inch all around, and the throbbing pain will disappear as if by magic.

Irish mayors are exempt from duty in courts of law.

PROGRESS IN FARMING.

THE NEW CENTURY'S METHODS COMPARED WITH THE PAST.

Co-operation in Agriculture—The Improvements Made in Implements, Breeds of Cattle and Varieties of Fruits and Vegetables During Fifty Years.

The lessening of labor on the farms of this country cannot be appreciated except by those who have had experience on farms 30 or 40 years ago; that is, by a comparison of the present with the past, says the Philadelphia Record. Half a century ago many of the breeds of horses, cattle, sheep and swine were unknown. The fast trotters had not come into existence, while the running horses were from 10 to 20 seconds slower in going a mile on the race course of that day if compared with recent records of time. There were no Jersey, Holstein, Galloway, Angus or Guernsey breeds of cattle in this country, and the Shorthorn was known as the "Durham." The Cotswolds held the lead among sheep, the Oxford, Shropshire and Hampshire (all "downs" breeds) coming later. The Berkshire hog had been introduced, but it was not like the Berkshire of to-day. The Chester White, Yorkshire, Essex and Suffolk hogs were years in winning public favor, while the Poland China is of much later date. Among poultry the Shanghai and Cochins were introduced about 1853, and from then have come, by crossing, many of our best breeds of poultry, such as Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes and Cochins, so well known now. The Embden and Toulouse geese, Pekin duck and some of the breeds of turkeys were unknown. The Percheron, Clydesdale and hackney horses were not improved to their present form, even in Europe, and the horses used were lighter, but had more speed and endurance in hauling loads to market, as the farmer had to use the turnpike and country roads to forward his produce, even the roads being as primitive as the wagons and implements used. The animals of the present day give almost double the service derived from their kind half a century ago.

Comparing the new year and new century with the year 1850, the labor-saving implements that have been invented for service on farms, the farmer of the present can ride when he plows, harrows, cultivates, plants or harvests his crops. He can also perform more work, in some lines of farming, in a day than could formerly be done in a week, and also at less cost. His produce can be sent to market in bulk, and in a few hours instead of days, and his wagons are not only stronger and lighter, but much cheaper. Wire has banished the old-style worm-rail fence, and new varieties of grains, fruits and vegetables have been introduced. In 1850 the strawberry was but little larger than a pea; the tomato was about the size of a walnut; the crab apple was in the lead; the Concord grape was unknown, and the peach and pear had not been greatly improved. Fruit growing as a business had not made any progress, and thousands of bushels of apples rotted in orchards every year. In some sections the cattle, hogs and sheep were expected to secure a large share of their food on unproductive fields, and the "mast" of the forests was considered a necessary adjunct in the feeding of hogs. Flocks of sheep were turned out to roam at will, being "salted" occasionally in order to have them come up once and a while to be counted. The cow bell was one of the equipments, as the animals would frequently stray away and were brought up at night to be milked. Now the cow bell is not required, and the hog that is active enough to seek mast in the forests is not the kind wanted.

Co-operation is also gradually entering into farming, though perhaps not noticed by many. One grain separator and cleaner, drawn from farm to farm by a traction engine, does the work for the entire neighborhood. The creamery and the condensed milk factory create markets at the doors of the farms. The farmer can buy butter from the creamery cheaper than he can make it from a small herd, and he combines with his neighbors in the purchase of pure-bred stock. Within the past year the corn-fodder shredder has been on its mission, performing work for several farms, while fruit growers have organizations which give them advantages in shipping and selling. Before a decade passes away the larger share of the work on farms will be performed with electricity as the source of power. Already the wire fences serve the farmers to convey telephone messages from one farm to the other, and free delivery of mails at the doors will soon cease to be a novelty. The condition of the farmers has greatly changed in many respects. Railroads bring the farm within an hour or more of the city, while 50 years ago at least two days were required to make such a journey. Free schools are in every township, and the roads are being made better every year. The farmer makes more actual profit than formerly, as he gets better prices for his produce compared with their cost, while the goods he purchases are much cheaper, many of the articles used at present being enjoyed only by a few as luxuries half a century ago.

A Sad Rascal in the Fifth World. The blue jay is a sad rascal, no doubt. It has a great appetite for grain and fruit and destroys some birds' eggs. On the other hand, it is a noted caterpillar hunter and is one of the few birds that eat the eggs of the tent caterpillar and other harmful insects in winter.

Silk dresses were worn in China 4,500 years ago.