Only ten per cent. of the sugar we consume is grown in this country.

This is an estimate in the Atlanta Conscitution: The wealth of the South in 1860 was \$4,000,000,000, and in 1890 about the same. The war cost the South about \$2,000,000,000. She has just about recuperated.

Tests of modern rifles are being made by using human corpses for tarrets. "This sounds brutal," muses the San Francisco Examiner, "but it really is less brutal than making the tests on bodies that are not corpses in the beginning."

M. Gault states that the Russians, since their occupation of the district embraced by the valleys of the Syr Daria and the Zarafshan, have given a very great development to the cultivation of cotton, and have introduced several American varieties of the plant, notably the upland. At first the natives were so prejudiced against the new plants that the experiments failed, but the Russians persevered, and, whereas nine years ago Turkestan produced only 3300 poods of cotton worth \$1433, the quantity exported in 1890 was about 2,000,000 poods, of an estimated value of \$7,000,000.

Word has been sent to the courts of Europe that the Shah of Persia intends to visit Berlin, St. Petersburg, Berlin and Vienna next spring. He will start on his journey in May or June, and will remain in Europe several months. The rulers whom he is to honor are in an unhappy state of mind already on account of the proposed visit, alleges the New York Tribune. No living sovereign, in all probability, is a more unwelcome guest than the Shah, but his cousins in Europe are obliged to receive him with all the honors due to his rank. Entertaining him is more expensive than entertaining any other monarch. His retinue is almost a legion.

One of the latest and most popular developments of New York society is the lady lecturer, who talks to an audience exclusively feminine upon the topics of the day. These "talks," as they are called, are held only in private drawing-rooms, and are listened to with the most intelligent interest by a score or more of women who have clubbed together to engage some wellinformed woman to post them, viva voce, upon all subjects with which they should be conversant. This is a charming way to acquire knowledge, and one which will undoubtedly grow more and more popular among those who either have not the time or the inclination to study for themselves.

That typical Arizona town, Yuma, zona into California, where, it is claimed, it has always rightly belonged. Up to about fifteen years ago the point was often contended between the local authorities both sides the disputed line, but since the arrest, in 1877, by the Arizona authorities of a San Diego (Cal.) tax collector who tried to collect taxes in Yuma, the question has been dropped. The land office authorities have always evaded the question. Recently William Hycks was indicted by the Federal grand jury for selling liquor to Indians in Yuma. He denies the jurisdiction of the court to try his case, citing the authority of the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo and the recent reports of the international boundary commission to show that Yuma is in California. It is thought out there that Hycks may win his case and that the town will soon be Yuma, California, instead of Yuma, Arizona.

The dismantlement of World's Fair structures has in one respect proved a godsend to the poor of Chicago. In Jackson Park there were recently 2000 wagon loads of excellent firewood which the officials were glad to get rid of. The Chicago Relief and Aid Society obtained permission to cart the wood away, and put up the following sign on the park fence near the Sixty. second street gate: "Free Wood for the Poor." Any person with a horse and wagon is now admitted to the park and allowed to take away all the wood his wagon will hold, the only condition being that he shall present a permit from the society. The pile of debris through which the wood is scattered has a length of 300 yards, a width of 100 yards and a height of twelve feet. It consists of bas'ets, boxes and barrels. The man in need of fuel has only to delve in this pile to get as serviceable kindling wood as could be found anywhere. The applicants are foreigners for the most part, and judging from their ragged coats and pinched faces, they could get the means of warmth for their families nowhere

"If sheep had entered more largely into our agriculture during the last quarter of a century," maintains the New York World, "there would not now be so many run-down farms."

English scientists are very much worried over the results of an investigation which has shown beyond peradventure of a doubt that the seas around the British coast are being rapidly exhausted of fish. The subject is receiving grave consideration. and it is probable that elaborate methods of restocking the waters will be undertaken within a few years.

The "Great American Desert," which occupied a vast area on the maps of the time when school children were taught that perhaps sooner or later lines of stage coaches would convey travelers from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has gradually dwindled. It was still formidable on the maps of thirty years ago, but now it is confined to an area of a few hundred square miles in Utah, west and southwest of Great Salt Lake.

A few weeks ago a train robber in Missouri was sentenced to twenty-five vears' imprisonment. In Texas four train robbers have just pleaded guilty and been sent to State Prison for thirty-five years each! The New York Tribune confesses that it is most encouraging to see law-breakers of this class dealt with so promptly and rigorously in the West and South. The Texas gang were disposed of within ten days after their crimes were committed. If the States deal with such rascals in this fashion there will be no need of making train robbery a capital offence, as has been proposed.

The talk of restoring the monarchy in Brazil has turned public attention to the unpopularity in that country of the Countess d'Eu, who is in the direct line of succession from the late Emperor, and has brought out the fact that whatever reasons may have been alleged for it the real cause of Brazil's, dislike was the royal lady's humanity. She was one of the principal advocates of the emarcipation of the slaves in that country, says the New Orleans Picayune in explanation, and being regent at the time when the decree was passed, insisted that it should go into effect immediately, instead of giving a period of six years, as many desired to do, to allow the slave-holders time to prepare for the change. This made her very unpopular, and a plot was on foot to place Prince Pedro, a son-in-law of the Emperor, on the throne, when the revolution arose and swept the throne away.

The report of the last season's sealing shows that the regulations decreed by the arbitration court have come none too soon. The figures of the catch in the Pacific are: American and Russian sealers, 69,936; Canadian sealers, 69,741. It is probable, suggests the San Francisco Examiner, that these returns are not complete, As most of the sealing was done in the open sea it certainly does not represent anywhere near the actual slaughter for the season. Whether we take the revenue officials' statement that the poachers get only one out of five of the seals they kill in the open sea, or accept the sealer's estimate that they secure five out of six, the figures represent a slaughter that the existing seal herds cannot stand. The guns of the sealers can kill faster than the herd can produce. Seal hunting in the open sea must be stopped if the seal herd is to be preserved. The regulations announced by the arbitration court should be strictly enforced.

It is said that a good deal of talk has been created in Washington by the fact that visitors of the Capitol are debarred the privilege, which they have hitherto enjoyed, of inspecting the Senate chamber when it is not in use. Formerly, from 9 to 11.30 a. m., whoever pleased had free access; now the visitor finds the doors and windows guarded by pages, who forbid approach. It is said that the Senate officials have been driven to make this change by the extreme destructiveness of relic hunters during the past three months. Expensive damask silk curtains in the reception hall back of the Senate and in the President's room have been nipped by the relic hunters. and in the marble room a piece of the magnificent Smyrna rug nine inches square was taken. In the Senate proper they have interfered with papers left by Senators on desks. On the white marble column at the head of the west staircase leading to the Senate gallery initials and dates have been scratched and, concludes the New Orleans Picayune, "there has been a general disregard of propriety, of the rights of Uncle Sam and of all deA SONG TO THEE

The springtime bath its winds that kiss The roses, white and red; Norshall one sweet wind go amiss Where any rose is shed. And summer hath her sigh and song But I love thee the whole year long!

The winter hath its frost And roses, born of spring And summer's flowers in ice are lost. And birds forget to sing! Ah! winter doth a grievous wrong, But I love thee the whole year long!

Life hath but little space; Men love, and then they go-For all their glory and their grace-Beneath the stars and snow. O. Death! it doth a grievous wrong, But I love thee a whole life long! -Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution

TWO MOUNTAIN WOLVES.

BY MARY ANNABLE FANTON.



Tisa wild venture, Nancy girl, out on the prairies ten miles a night like this, with the ground as soft as a sponge and the wind still blowthe south. Why, the road takes you

directly under the bluff?" "Yes, yes, I know," the girl answered impatiently. "I know the ground is bad, but the road is safe enough. The last wolf was killed three winters ago. And, in any case, it does not matter, father, for Jack has come for me and his mother is dying. Think of it, father, not a woman to speak a last word of love or comfort, only the doctor and perhaps, the Bishop. She needs me this very moment, and with Jack how could I be afraid?"

Nancy's voice was brave enough, but her eyes were moist as the color

James Hardwick was a genuine had brought him health and home, and besides, was not Nancy's mother back of the ranch? True, there was no white stone to tell her name and age to curious strangers, only a clump of red cedars with a rustic bench circling their roots, and in the summer roses and wild camellias in profusion, transforming the grave into a flower bed. Here Nancy had grown from a grave, pretty child to a gentle, beautifather's life, and until the past six months had thought her life, with its monotonous routine, perfect.

Early in the past summer Jack Du ordered ranch life in the Far tender, reassuring smile.

prairies were gray and the last ray of a thing. orange light had trailed down the ho-

Now Nancy was begging earnestly well his own strength and courage. And, above all, far away in the cab'n was the loved "little mater" dying. The time seemed very precious, and, bly. Nancy read his heart as quickly as though his lips were voicing every change and pleaded with her father until his reluctant consent was won.

"You were always too much for me, little girl," he said, 'It has always been 'nay, nay.' You are all I have, a moment, then darted across the Nancy child, and to-night my heart is on the ground (an Indian expression for 'the blues'). All day the wind from the saddle to her lover's side has mouned in the clump of cedars. I can't shake off the feeling of foreboding it brings me. There, there, no tears. I know you would be wretched not to go. God keep you

Then he turned abruptly, and, fac-ing the man who had taken so much out of his life, said curtly:

hers, and both are in your keeping." Nancy?" he n "Father! Father!" Nancy cried, in his agony. throwing her arms about his neck.

give his life for mine." Jack's forehead disappeared at Nan- can almost hear them breathe. cy's words.

"Nancy has spoken the truth," be answered quietly, speaking her name slowly, caressingly, as though each

syllable were a mystic rite. In a few minutes the horses were at the door, Hardwick helping Nancy to them. mount. As she watched him examine every strap and buckle, solicitous as a lover for every trifle, she began, for brought him. Regardless of prancing borse and impatient lover, she again his face was wet with tears.

Jack had come over the mountain to us.' road in the morning, when much of

alkaline soil kept the horses irritated beyond words.

It was slow work to anxious hears. Half the distance was past and the shadow of the bluff over them before a word was spoken. Beyond them in every direction to the edge of the horizon the prairies were bathed in a cool, pale gray mist. The wind in the shining, low drooping pines murmured a perpetual requiem.

Suddenly Nancy's horse shied, nearly pitching her from the saddle, so unexpected was the lurch. Jack pulled the beast up sharply, astonished as he watched him quiver and tremble.

"What happened him, Nancy?" he and Jack just heard her words: quiried. "There's nothing in sight." Quick, in the saddle pocket touched her hands she drew in her gone, and she lay very still at Modoc's breath murmuring, "Hush, Jack, lis- feet.

rather to be near her than to hear, almost smiling at her in the death-like stillness of the night. But, as he listened, the smile died away. First footfall on moist ground, then the o ing straight from sharp, crackling noise of broken underbrush. A moment's silence was scented their prey.

In an instant Jack was on the alert. "Nancy! Nancy!" he cried. "Don't sit motionless like that. They are almost upon us. Use your whip; strike Modoc square between the eyes. He must die for you to-night, if need

The horses quickly responded to the unaccustomed touch of the whip and broke into a smart gallop, in spite of burning hoofs and quaking ground.

At the sound of human voices two deepened in her cheeks. Jack's heart ravenous mountain wolves broke beat quickly with love, the love of a through the brush and settled into a brave man for the woman who trusts steady trot in the horses' trail. They seemingly made no effort to lessen the space between them, following at an ranchman. He loved the life well. It even distance, like two mocking. sinister shadows. But the space grew less and less, for the horses were beburied at the foot of the knoll just ginning to weaken. The whip, coaxing words, even caresses from Nancy's soft little hand were of no avail. The hoarse, oft repeated cries of the wolves affected the horses like ague.

As Jack watched Nancy's face, the deathly pallor, the drawn lines at the corners of the sweet mouth, he knew there was no need to explain the situation to her, but not in the face nor attention, among other things, to the ful woman, the morning star of her in a single line of the supple, young

him; would not let him save her!" "Nancy! sweetheart! No, no, do Bois had come from the East with his not stop," as she drew her rein at the abled, as exemplified by Messrs. invalid mother, whose physicians had sound of his voice. "Give Modoc Glaisher and Coxwell in 1862, to asthe only remedy for weak lungs and then, dear, listen to me. Listen with breathe air at a pressure of only three failing strength. Jack was to gradu- your heart and swear you will do as I and one-half pounds to the square ate in the spring, but his ambitious say. Nancy, we can't both get out of were put resolutely aside, and his this alive. Let me live up to your mother's remonstrances met with a trust in me." Then, as for an instant, the girl's lips quivered child- tra pressure of about thirty-six pounds And now she was dying, his efforts | ishly. Jack's voice broke and he put had all been vain. The heavy sacri- his hand on his throat to choke back a fice had only been the preliminary to groan. "Don't child, don't," he said, of 150 feet, but the resulting pressure a heavier sorrow. When, in the morn- unsteadily. "I can save you, oh! so of sixty-seven pounds per square inch ing, the doctor had rendered his final easily. Nancy, if you will only listen verdict, Jack's first impulse was for and do as I say. Modoc has some Nancy; he would start at once and strength yet. He is afraid of the whip bring her back before sunset. But and will keep up if he only has time Nancy was away when he reached the -time." He repeated the word half ranch, and did not return until the delirrously, it seemed so unattainable

"I will manage this way, dear. I will leave my horse, it will stop them for a little and then," as Nancy shook to go with her lover, who was blind to her head resolutely, "I can keep up any possibility of danger, knowing so with Modoc for-Nancy, you must, you shall for my sake, for your father's." So earnestly was Jack pleading he had forgotten how the distance was narrowing at every word. in spite of himsel!, he shuddered visi- Now, as he jumped lightly to the ground, a yell of ferocious triumph cose up, almost at his very feet.

"On, Modoc, on!" he cried as he snatched the reins from the girl's still hands and struck the horse wildly on the neck and flanks. The prairie, but unincumbered, for Nancy had loosened her dress and dropped

The beasts were now advancing in hideous yawning sounds.

horror of it all was upon him. If only he were alone it would not be so hard. just the sharp pain, the short struggle and the farewell thought of Nancy and "If aught happen her to-night, Jack and the farewell thought of Nancy and Du Bois, remember my life ends with the "little mater." But "Nancy!

At the sound Nancy flung herself on 'You are breaking my heart. You his heart. 'Jack! Jack! forgive me! mine, it was worse than death to go. Francisco Examiner. The frown that had deepened in Kiss me, Jack, once. Good bye. Jack took her close in his arms,

pressing her face to his breast.

so bad. The constant suction of the from which she had been shielded. The wolves, half tired of their prey, were looking up with fierce, wild eyes and dripping jaws. The night grew black about her, and earth and sky seemed

rolling away together. Then, with a sudden inspiration her mind cleared, and grasping Jack's arm to steady herself, she began to whistle, soft and low, but clear as a bell or the plaintive morning cry of the meadow lark. The wolves listened mutely, but the horse pricked up his ears and broke into a gallop. He had known

the call since a pony. As Modoc reached her Nancy threw her arms over his foam-covered neck,

Quick, in the saddle pocket at the The girl made no response, but right. (I had forgotten all about it.) grasped the reins tightly. With her There! there! nearer the girth. Oh, body bent forward and her neck Jack, the wolves are moving! Can't stretched out she scarcely seemed to you find it, the pistol you gave me in breathe, in her concentrated effort the fall? It is loaded. Quickly, as you to hear. As Jack would have love me!" But Nancy's strength was

One of the beasts had already Her lover leaned forward, but crawled over the prostrate horse, but his temerity cost him dear. The bullet from a clean, straight aim took him squarely between the eyes, and he fell quivering on his prey. At the report came the soft, thick sound of a padded his mate sprang high in the air, but her ugly, revengeful cry as she vaulted toward Jack was cut in two by the second bullet: then a third, a fourth, followed by the shrill, savage yell of not until the revolver was empty and hungry beasts. The wolves had both wolves motionless did Jack throw aside his weapon and turn to the

It was past midnight, when, with Nancy in his arms, he staggered to the door of the little cabin. The kindly, white-haired Bishop was first to meet him, and lifting the exhausted girl, he placed her tenderly on the couch, ministering to her gently as a woman.

The doctor grasped Jack by the hand, and, with a warning gesture of silence, led him to the sick bed, where to his infinite joy he found his mother alive, and sleeping like a little child. A strong hand on his shoulder, and he heard the Bishop say:

"My son, it is like a miracle. Twice to-day we thought her dying, but now the doctor bids you hope. God has been very merciful this night." And Nancy, who had come back to

life in the warmth and light, crept to her lover's side as she said "Amen." The Voice.

Great Human Endurance.

President Jeremiah Head of the section of mechanical science of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in his annual address calls power in man to withstand varying atbody was there a trace of cowardly mospheric pressures. "Thus, alfear. What if she would not listen to though fitted for an extreme atmospheric pressure of about fifteen pounds to the square inch, he has been encose rein and plenty of whip and cerd to a height of seven miles and hand, divers have been down into the water eighty feet deep, entailing an exper square inch, and have returned safely. One has even been to a depth cost him his life. These are, however, extreme cases. Most men experience great inconvenience at any altitude over two and one-half miles, and few can stand the rarefied atmosphere above the three-and-a-half-mile limit in the Andes or Himalayas. So, too, with the increased pressure; few can long withstand the benumbing effects of fifty feet below the surface in water. although the knowledge of the case with which the normal pressure may be again reached lends courage and assurance, very important factors in such cases, to the daring experimenter, while the extreme labor of ascending mountains or the uncertainties of balloon action are deterrent in the other direction.

Transient Island in the Pacific.

The Western I rific is a great place for islands that emerge from waves unbeen, 'yea, yes,' where it should have frightened beast plunged furiously for expectedly and as suddenly disappear. Sometimes they come up and stay, but more often they have an existence merely temporary.

The wonderful skipper misses a

familiar land mark, by which he has fautastic circles, fawning to the ground been accustomed to get his bearings, and opening wide their mouths with and perhaps the next day he runs his vessel's nor supon a brand new piece Jack stood rigid, as one suddenly of territory that has sprung up out of awakened from heavy slumber. The the water since he last came that way. The region south of Japan is so given to this sort of eccentricity that ships avoid it. Volcanic action is responsible for such phenomena. Reports of them will be noted on the pilot chart Nancy?" he mosned her name aloud in every case, though they are not in his agony. ing whales and schools of fishes running along the surface are frequently shall not speak so to Jack. He would I could not go, darling. Heart of mistaken for islands and shoals. - San

Animals and the Weather.

The tortoise is particularly sensa-"Shut your eyes, sweetheart. It was live and fully twenty-four hours benothing," as Nancy started. But he fore rain falls will look for a convencovered her face, lest she should see lient shelter. However bright the that the horse had gone down before weather may be, whenever tortoises are observed making for shelter rain Jack stood with his back to the snarl- is certain to fall shortly afterward. ing beasts so that to the last moment This presentment, which exists in Nancy might be spared. As he stood many birds and beasts, is doubtless the first time, to comprehend a little facing the south he suddenly realized partly due to the increasing weight of the pain her new happiness had that on the road, coming rapidly to the atmosphere when rain is forming. ward bim, was a dark shape, too large for a wolf and if a horse, riderless. by its peculiar movements to give evithrew her arms about her father's neck. Neither of them spoke, but not back, but straight ahead down the when Hardwick re-entered the ranch road. Can you see anything moving?" bird is notorious for its unerring in-"Why, Jack, it is a horse and, I stinct in giving warning of an ap-think—yes, it is Modoc, coming back proaching thunderstorm. Its method is to sit on the lowest branch of a tree As Jack, to get a better view, un- and utter peculiar notes which it the mouture had drained off, and had wittingly stepped aside, Nancy saw, in never appears to use except as a storm not thought the lower road could be its hideous completeness, the horror signal.

EVENING,

Far o'er the plains the setting sun Sinks in a flood of liquid light; The creeping shadows dark and dun ,

Speak the diurnal journey ran, And herald the approaching night, X The slanting sunbeams glance and gleam On many a broad and winding stream, Whose slowly winding waters seem

Full loth to lose a ray. The smiling groves, the fruitful trees, Deserted by the wand'ring breeze, Fade dimly on the eye that sees The gently dying day.

The mountains bare their storm-beat breast In gladness to the golden West. And every shining height Ambitious rears its joyful peak

To catch the last faint golden streak Of slowly waning light. So dies the day, and as it dies, Fair Luna mounts the Eastern skief, Calm, cold, majestic, as to say---"Why mourn the slow-departing day? Let grief for fair Aurora's flight Be lost in rapture for the night.

-John Sansome, 1

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Why do you call your father-inlaw 'Silence,' Markham?" "Because he gave consent."-Truth.

It is impossible to have the last word with a chemist, because he always has a retort. -- Boston Courier. "Pretty is as pretty does"

Is an honored saw;
But it's one for which the girls
Do not care a straw. -Kansas City Journal

"She is the girl of the period." "Well, I thought it was about time for her to come to a full stop. - Boston Gazette. "Come to stay?" asked the fish.

"Oh, no," said the worm. "Just dropped in for a bite."-Indianapolis A man who unconsciously does much

to sour the milk of human kindness, is that fellow who snores in a sleeping car. -- Ram's Horn. "Did you say, Aunt Sarah, that your

nephew was studying theology?"
"Yes, he's a bibulous student." Cleveland Plain Dealer. She (reading) -- "Bells are now made

of steel in this country." He-"Yes; but the finest ones are made of silk and satin. "-Detroit Free Press. Sarah -- "She's worth a million, and just the right age for you." Jerry-

"Any girl worth a million is the right age for me."--Detroit Free Press. Not till twenty-five will women Vote or for office run ; Why? Because she will not sooner Own that she is twenty-one.

-Kansas City Journal. Wibble-"The fellow that invented the pneumatic tire got on to a soft thing, didn't he?" Wabble-So do the fellows who use it."-Indianapolis

Jobbers (anhappily meted) -- 'I wonder if all men who get married lead lives of endless torture?" Enpech (bitterly)-"Oh, no. Some of them die."-Chicago Record. Clara-"Us girls are getting up a

secret society." George-"What's Clara-"I don't know vet, but I'll tell you all about it after I'm initiated."-Good News. Teacher-"Can any of you tell me

what is meant by 'home industries?' Billy Bright (promptly)-"Up to our house they're mostly sawin' wood an' carryin' in coal."-Buffalo Courier. "Cholly inherited a good deal of

money from his parents." "Yes. But not much in the way of brains.' "That's true. They left him all dollars and no sense."-Washington Star.

Caller-"Is Miss Sweete at home?" Servant-"No, Sir." Caller-"Please tell her I called. Don't forget, will Servant-"No, sir; I'll go and tell her this minute."-Tid-Bits.

'Tis now the prudent mother. Lets her children wildly rove
Lest they hear their father talking
When he's putting up the store.

-- Atlanta Journal.

Mr. Westerly--"I dreamed about you last night, Miss Wolcott." Miss Wolcott (languidly) - "Did you really? Well, I'm glad to hear that you have pleasant dreams."-Somerville Jour-

House-Owner-"How does your furnace work this weather?" Tenant -"The exercise of raking it keeps me warm enough, but the other members of the family complain."-New York Weekly.

Professor-"And now, my boy, what is your ambition in life-the law, the ministry, politics, science-Johnny: "Ef I can't be captain I wanter be halfback !"-Cleveland Plain

Friend-"I don't see how, on your income, you manage to winter in Florida and summer in Maine. Sharpp-"You forget that by that plan I dodge both coal and ice bills." New York Weekly.

Yeast-"I wouldn't believe a man who goes about proclaiming everything from the house-top." Crimsonbeak--"Why, I should think you would consider that high authority." -Yonkers Statesman.

"What on earth did your uncle mean by marrying that old, dried-up thing?"" "Well, you see, he's been a collector of curios and bric-s-brac so long that the habit was too strong to resist."-Atlanta Constitution.

"Hullo, Chimmy. Is dey any more good books in de 'Young Terrors' libery?" "I dunno, but I hear tell about a story by George Ellot what dey call 'Daniel de Rounder.' Shouldn't wonder it das might be pretty good."-Brooklyn Eagle. .

Algy Softleigh-"Would you weally wecommend a person, me for instance, to-aw-think twice before speaking once?" Miss Blantington-Why, no; Mr. Softleigh. You don't deem me so cruel as to want to strike you dumb, I hope."-Buffalo Courier.