

In Holland the year 1893 was only marked by a first trial of an extension of the right of suffrage.

The Chicago Times alleges that trolley mortality statistics are filling the daily space formerly given to cholera reports.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin estimates that the total yield of wool in 1893 was 364,156,666 pounds, the largest American clip ever raised.

The impression prevails in leading commercial circles in Germany that the seven lean years are ended and that better times are coming with the new year.

Ouida describes the nineteenth century clothing of an Englishman as "the most frightful, grotesque and disgraceful male costume which the world has ever seen."

Charity pawn shops, where people may get more nearly the worth of their goods than they are compelled to part with than now, are suggested by some of the charitably disposed, states the Detroit Free Press.

State Geologist Smock, of New Jersey, who has been on a business trip to Holland, says he thinks 300,000 acres of Jersey meadow land can be reclaimed by adopting the Holland system of embankments and dikes.

The Cleveland Leader thinks that the proposed improvement of country roads, by laying steel railway tracks to be used by wagons and electric cars, will hardly satisfy the wheelmen, to whom all the credit for the agitation in favor of better roads is due.

The New York Journal avers that the hard times have had a curious effect in reducing the sales of condiments, sauces and similar table luxuries. A man who has a family to provide for would rather buy corned beef than curry when the money runs short.

A composite picture of the American of the future would be worth going a long way to see. According to Henry Watterson, of the Courier-Journal, he will be a union of Cavalier, Puritan, Celt, Teuton, Scandinavian and other elements too numerous to mention.

Reports received at the War Department of recent small-arms competitions among the troops in the Far West show conclusively, relates the Washington Star, that the noble red man as represented in Uncle Sam's military service does not compare very favorably with his pale-face brother in the matter of sharpshooting. There is a popular idea, gained from Cooper's Leather Stocking Tales and even more modern literature about the "dusky denizens of the forest," that all warriors are superior marksmen. Army statistics prove that this is a romantic delusion, so far as the Indian soldier is concerned.

Some time ago Mr. Carnegie, the extensive iron-master, was approached by the relief committee of Pittsburg and asked what he was willing to do for the suffering unemployed of that city. Mr. Carnegie replied that he would duplicate the subscriptions of the whole city. The committee went to work with a will to make him give as much as possible, and had up to a few days since secured subscriptions amounting to \$60,795, when by some means Mr. Carnegie's offer became public. The committee says that the publication has done an incalculable injury to the good work, as the subscriptions at once fell off to almost nothing. The people of the city argue that if the millionaire is going to give so large a sum it is unnecessary to make an effort.

The "Excelsior," the largest diamond in the world, is now deposited in one of the safes of the Bank of England. It was found in June last in the mines of Jagersfontein, Cape Colony, by Captain Edward Jorganson, the inspector of the mine. In his opinion, corroborated by that of the director, Mr. Gifford, the "Excelsior" is a stone of the purest water, and is worth about \$5,000,000. It is fully three inches in height, and nearly three inches in breadth, weighing 971 carats, or about seven ounces troy. The color of the Jagersfontein diamond is white, with a very slight bluish tint; and its lustre is matchless. At the centre is a very small black spot, which experts consider will be easily removed in the cutting. According to M. X. West, the British Government have offered half a million pounds sterling for this diamond to the proprietors, Messrs. Breitmeier and Bernheimer, but the offer has been refused.

The favorite course of study among the Yale students this year is the Constitutional history of the United States.

From all over the country comes to the San Francisco Examiner "an ominous intimation that the tramp who will not work shall not eat."

Appendicitis, which has become a fashionable disease during the past few years, has had more victims at Yale College this term than in all the rest of the State of Connecticut.

Now the cry of suffering comes from India, where, it is reported, 50,000,000 are on the verge of starvation, not because there is unusual deficiency of food, but because excessive taxation and the monetary uncertainty have reduced the pittance left to the people to a line bordering on pauperism.

The four leading Danville (Ill.) newsdealers have entered into an agreement not to sell the dime trash of the "Jesse James" type. Since the boy murderers, Pate and Stark, declared that they owed their ruin to these novels there has been a decided crusade against their sale in Danville.

Only thirty-five vessels have been built at Baltimore during 1893, while sixty-one were built there in 1892. The registered tonnage shows an even greater decline. In 1892 it was 17,277 tons, while in 1893 it was but 5589. "This," comments the New York Sun, "is a striking indication of the extent of the depression in the shipping industry during the year."

Those who read juvenile literature of thirty years ago will recall the queer pseudonym "A. L. O. E." which appeared on the books of Miss Charlotte Tucker. A London cable records the death of this lady in India, where she was engaged in missionary work. She had the gift in an unusual degree of interesting young readers, and many of her stories are so good that, in the estimation of the San Francisco Chronicle, they are worth reprinting for a new generation.

The healthfulness of New York is a reason for rejoicing in the midst of the prevailing gloom, maintains the Tribune. In spite of the increase of population, the number of deaths in 1893 was little greater than in 1892—only forty-one larger—while the number of births increased more than 2000. The death rate for last year was 23.46 per 1000, against 24.26 in the previous year, while for the last ten years the average has been 24.72. The Board of Health's most recent estimate of the population of the city is 1,891,306, the estimated increase from the previous year being nearly 50,000, so that a year from now the population will approximate closely to 2,000,000.

The Manufacturers' Record has published two pages of letters from bankers in all parts of the South in regard to the general condition of business, but especially as regards the financial position of Southern farmers. Without exception these letters say that the enforced economy of the last two years has caused a complete change in Southern farm methods; that the farmers are giving more attention to diversified agriculture, and that they are now well supplied with corn and provisions, which will prevent the heavy drain of former years to pay for Western food-stuffs. Summing up these reports the Manufacturers' Record says: "They show that the whole economic policy of Southern farm interests is undergoing a change and the credit system is being superseded by a cash basis. The low price of cotton for the last few years forced upon the farmers the necessity of raising their own food-stuffs, and added to this was the decision of bankers and factors to advance much less money on cotton than formerly. The result has been a change that for the time being, while passing from the credit to its liberal buying to a cash system requiring the closest economy, there has been less trade with farmers, and hence a decreased volume of general business in the South. But this has brought about a more solid condition of business in those dependent upon farm trade throughout the South than we have had for many years. Merchants are carrying small stocks and buying only as needed; farmers are paying off their debts to such an extent that without exception these letters from bankers say that the farmers are less in debt than for years. The money that formerly went North and West for provisions and grain has been retained at home, and the full result is that this section is probably less in debt to its own banks and less in debit to the North and West for supplies than in any year since the war ended."

THE TRUE MAN.
Take thou no thought for aught save right and truth.
Life holds for finer souls no equal prize;
Honor and wealth are baubles to the wise;
And pleasure flies on swifter wing than youth.
If in thy heart thou bearest seeds of hell,
Though all men smile, yet what shall be thy gain?
Though all men frown, if Truth and Right remain?
Take thou no thought for aught; for all is well.
—Lewis Morris.

UNCLE DAN'S WILL.

EVERYBODY considered Nat Farley very audacious, for a seventeen-year-old boy, when he bought "Grandair" Jackson's two horses, his express-wagon and the good will of his business. Bought it partly on credit, too! Some said the Widow Jackson was foolish to trust a boy, but they soon forgot that they had ever expressed that opinion.

Nat's purchase of the "concern" came about quite naturally. He had driven the express-wagon for a whole year before the old man's death, and therefore knew the run of the business. Moreover, he had acquired self-reliance in supporting himself ever since his mother died, when he was not fifteen years old.

The price that the Widow Jackson asked for the "plant" and good will was only three hundred dollars—small price, as Nat knew well; but he had only one hundred and fifty dollars in the world, and in the Blankton savings bank. How to get as much more was Nat's problem.

The chance was not to be neglected, however. He went around to consult his only surviving relative, his Uncle Dan, from whom the boy had never sought a cent's worth of aid in any previous emergency. Uncle Dan seemed either to dislike the security, or to be without funds. He hemmed and hawed and changed the subject so quickly that Nat went away in despair.

Still one chance remained, and he took it. Perhaps the Widow Jackson would trust him, if he offered her a high rate of interest. So she did. Nat paid his hundred and fifty dollars down, gave her a chattel mortgage on the plant at ten per cent for the remainder, and entered into possession.

How joyfully he set at work! He rubbed down the horses and repainted the wagon himself, making it a bright yellow. He put "Nathaniel Farley, Blankton Express," in big, bold, black letters on both sides, and started upon his independent career by introducing new and energetic methods of doing business.

Of course Uncle Dan heard the news, but he asked no questions when Nat came to see him as usual. Indeed, Uncle Dan was not an inquisitive man. Neither did he disclose his own affairs to any one.

Nobody understood Uncle Daniel Farley. Some said he was rich, some said he was poor, though he owned a fine farm, and nobody knew whether it was mortgaged or not. He did not confide even in "Cousin Cynthia," who had kept house for him for thirty years.

So well did Nat manage his express business that he had paid off the widow in a year, and had over a thousand dollars in the bank at the end of three years. Then a startling proposition was made to him one summer evening, when he had delivered his last parcel and was arranging his orders for next day in the crown of his hat.

"Been running this business three or four years, hasn't ye, Nat?" asked John Butman, another notably shrewd young man.

"Three," said Nat.

"Paid pretty well, haint it?"

"To'able well, haintierin'," said Nat, cautiously.

"Must 'a' laid up somethin'?"

"Nothin' to speak of," said Nat, still more conservatively.

"Wal, now, look a-here! I got somethin' to say to you, Nat."

Butman looked cautiously up and down the road. "Me and Dave Sawyer has both got a few spare dollars—not many, of course—tucked away in the toes of our stockin's, and we've been a-thinkin'—you remember Alf Haggood and the two Blanchard boys?"

"First-rate."

"They went out West a-ranchin' three year ago come this fall."

"Yes, jest as I was settin' up this business."

"Wal, they've got on like a house afire; doubled their money every year, paid off the mortgage on their ranch, an' now they've got the land an' a big stock o' cattle all clear. Do ye know what that means? It means a fortune."

"Whew!" whistled Nat.

"Now see here!" pursued Butman, sinking his voice almost to a whisper.

"There's milk in this cocoanut."

"What d'ye mean?"

"I mean Alf Haggood has sent home word to his sister Almira—you know I sometimes drop round there Sunday nights; wal, he says there's another ranch for sale right alongside o' theirs, an' he wants me an' a couple o' fellers of our sort to come out an' take it. See?"

"But—"

"It'll make every one of us a rich man, I tell ye. Not the kind of rich man they have round here in Blankton, with a few hundred dollars an' a farm you can't get your livin' on, but rich!"

"It'd take a lot o' money to begin with."

"Not a great pile. I've ciplered it

all out. A thousand dollars down for the land, the rest on mortgage; two thousand to stock it, and there we are; and you and I and Dave Sawyer can do that as well as three millionaires."

Nat went home with his head buzzing. Butman's talk was only confirmatory of other things he had heard. It was the beginning then, twenty-five years ago, of ranch-life in the West, and the wildest stories had reached Blankton of the fortunes made out on the plains.

Butman and Sawyer waylaid him every day on his route, and poured into his ears such new and potent arguments for going with them that Nat soon found himself yielding to their enthusiasm, and in the end decided to go.

Several weeks passed before the preparations of all three were completed. At last came the day preceding that fixed for their departure.

Nat went to bed that night in such a fever of anticipation that his sleep was much broken, and when he heard himself called at an unusually early hour next morning, he bounded with one leap into the middle of the floor, and shouted out:

"All right! Tell the boys I'll be ready in a minute!"

"It ain't the boys!" cried Cousin Cynthia's voice through the door. "Your Uncle Dan's had a stroke!"

"He may pull out of this, but he'll never be the same again," said the doctor, as he stood with Nat beside Uncle Dan's bedside.

When the doctor had gone and Cousin Cynthia was busying herself about the sick-room Nat realized the significance of what the doctor said. It came full upon him as he watched the bent figure and infirm step of the old woman.

"He aint ever goin' to be well again," mused Nat. "She's an old woman; she must be goin' on seventy. It's all she can do to swing the house-work, and more, too. There's got to be somebody to take care of him and run the farm."

Nat went out and paced up and down the narrow entry, debating in his mind the knottiest problem life had yet presented to him.

Who was there to take care of Uncle Dan? And old Cousin Cynthia if Nat went West? Even supposing that Uncle Dan had some savings and could hire help enough to run the farm, how would the old man and the old woman fare at the hands of strangers?

The news of Uncle Dan's "stroke" had flown over Blankton so quickly that Butman and Dave Sawyer came hurrying to Uncle Dan's place before Nat had finished his breakfast. The three went out and sat down on the woodpile, discussing the new situation.

For an hour the other young men plied Nat with all the arguments in favor of going West; but his decision hardened under their words. The considerations by which he had tried to persuade himself to leave his stricken uncle seemed very sordid and contemptible when urged from the lips of outsiders.

"It's no use, fellows," said he.

"What's no use?"

"I can't go with you. Got to stay with Uncle Dan."

"Foh! don't be a born fool! You ain't got to do anything of the sort," said one.

"He'll be all right just as soon as he comes out o' this," said the other, and both poured protestations on him.

"Taint any use, fellows; taint any kind of use," said Nat, firmly, when he got a chance to speak. "I'm awfully sorry! 'Twould 'a' been tiptop to 'a' gone with ye, but it's no use talkin' now; I can't go!"

"Wal," said Dave, "I s'pose a man could get his salt off'n Uncle Dan's farm if he liked his victuals pretty fresh; but as for 'gittin' on, you right as well blow soap-bubbles for a livin'."

"Salt or fresh, don't callate on my shiftn' ground on this matter, fellows. My mind's made up!"

Uncle Dan's slowly recovered from his shock, but his strength, both mental and physical, was shattered. He became able to get about the house and dress and feed himself, and to understand matters of every-day business; but he was no longer the man he had been.

He seemed to pay no heed to Nat's presence, but treated it quite as a matter of course; and when it came to shingling the barn, painting the house and new-flooding the stable, Nat was not only told to "do jest as he liked," but he was left to foot the bills.

As these were repairs which were imperatively needed, Nat had them done. From the fact that he did pay the bills it may be thought flitted through his head that as the farm was reasonably sure some day to come to him, he was only doing himself a service.

Although these expensive repairs made quite a hole in Nat's hoard in the bank, he made no complaint. As for Uncle Dan, he saw the improvements going on without comment.

Thanks to Nat's energy and thrifty management, the place soon took on quite a different air. The neighbors noticed it, but Uncle Dan gave it no attention. The only week-day interest left to him in life seemed to be found in a pile of old Farmers' Almanacs—the accumulation of many years. On Sundays he went to meeting as ever before, for he had long been one of the chief props of the North Parish, and everything relating to it was still dear to his heart.

Meantime as the months rolled on, reports came back from the plains of the success of Butman and Sawyer. Nat was not surprised, therefore, when, at the end of the first year, Alf Haggood came home to spend Thanksgiving and to report that Nat's former

partners were succeeding beyond their wildest expectations.

Things had not gone so well with Nat. Of money he had gained none; on the contrary he had spent most of his hard-earned savings on the farm. Nor had he gained even thanks. Uncle Dan, if he felt gratitude, never showed it.

As for his own conscience, Nat was not quite sure, on a review of the circumstances, that Uncle Dan might not have got some one to run the farm on shares and done better without him. What wonder that hope faded from his heart, ambition gave way to a certain stolid apathy, the brightness and cheer disappeared from his face, and the neighbors presently discovered that Nat Farley was another man.

Another year went by before Nat awoke from his lethargy. One afternoon Cousin Cynthia came running out to him in the field with the announcement that "something had happened to Uncle Dan." Nat hurried in.

Something had indeed happened to Uncle Dan. The poor old man was lying on his face in bed. His dear North Parish and earth and all its interests were as nothing forever more to Uncle Dan.

On the afternoon of the day when Uncle Daniel was buried, Nat was looking round the farm with the belief that he had inherited it as "next of kin," when Squire Proctor drove up to the door. The squire was the lawyer, too, who lived in the middle of the town. Nat ushered his visitor into the low-studded parlor.

"Perhaps you didn't know, Mr. Farley, that your uncle left a will?" said Squire Proctor.

"No," said Nat. "He never said anything to me about it."

"Well, I drew one up for him and here it is, and it must be offered for probate."

Squire Proctor drew the document from his pocket, put on his spectacles, cleared his throat and read the will.

Nat sat silent for several minutes after the reading ceased. He stared at the lawyer with a look of stupidity. Presently he said huskily:

"Read that again, squire, won't you?"

Squire Proctor slowly re-read the will. There could be no mistake this time.

The furniture in the house was given to Cousin Cynthia, in recognition of her long and faithful service. The live stock and farm utensils were to be sold to pay the funeral expenses of the testator, and to build him a suitable monument. The farm itself together with all buildings thereon standing was given in fee to the North Parish for a parsonage!

"Yes, I understand now," said Nat, quietly. "I guess it's all right—that's all, I s'pose?"

"That's all the will," said Squire Proctor, adjusting his spectacles, "but here's a codicil:

"I give and bequeath to my nephew, Nathaniel Farley, the red leather trunk which stands in my bedroom, together with all its contents."

"Yes," said Nat, submissively. "I know it, and I'm obliged to him, I'm sure."

"Perhaps its contents are of value," suggested the lawyer, sympathetically.

"Wal, I don't know; it's his clo'es. He'd worn 'em a good deal, and he warn't so big as I am by a good deal, but it don't make any difference. He meant well, I guess, an' I'm obliged to him all the same."

The lawyer rose to go. Nat followed him out of the house, watched him unhitch his horse and get into his buggy, when, with an air of seizing an opportunity, he called out:

"I say, squire, you don't know anybody that wants to hire a good stout farm hand, do you?"

"No, but haying season is coming on, and I guess you won't find any trouble in getting a job, I guess."

As the law allowed him a certain number of days to remain upon the place, Nat quietly busied himself in tidying things up and getting the property in shipshape condition to hand over to his successors.

As for Cousin Cynthia, who was going away to live with a widowed sister, she duly began, with many tears and lamentations, packing up the household effects. Nat, busied with his own affairs, took no heed of her movements.

One day, however, she came to him as he was mending the stone wall on the ten-acre pasture near the house, and asked: "What d'you want done with that trunk of yours?"

"Wal, I guess you may have it, if you'll take it."

"Mercy sakes! how you talk. That's all you've got of it. You ought to hold on't for a keepsake."

"Praps you're right, but I don't want what's in it. The clo'es ain't any use to me. You might empty it out an' put my things in it."

"I wouldn't empty it for nothin' in the world, less you was there to see," objected the scrupulous old woman.

"If ye could only come in for tea minutes or so—"

"All right," said Nat, patiently, brushing his hands on his overalls.

As he went to the house a gleam of wild hope touched him. He suddenly remembered a story he had once read of a lot of money having been found in a trunk left by will. Possibly Uncle Dan had hidden money in the old red trunk. Nat watched the unpacking of it with some interest, though his hope had quickly died out. It was well that his expectations were small.

"There, that's every mite there," said Cousin Cynthia, putting the last garment out on the floor, and throwing three great bundles of old Farmers' Almanacs on top of the heap. "Goodness me! how dusty things do get—"

what shall I do with these old almanacs?"

"Burn 'em up!" said Nat, half contemptuously, and went out of the house quickly.

In a few days Nat handed over the farm to Squire Proctor, his uncle's executor. As the lawyer had predicted, he himself found no difficulty in getting a place with one of the neighboring farmers for the coming haying season.

A few days later, news came from the West which once would have stirred Nat deeply, but now did not rouse him from his apathy. The news was that Butman was coming home to marry Almira Haggood, and then go into partnership "out West" with her brother Alf. Thus Dave Sawyer would be left without a partner. He wanted one with five thousand dollars. Nat had not so many hundreds left, for the greater part of his hoard had gone to improve the parsonage farm.

The day after Butman came he went to see Nat. Butman had the bright eye, the ringing voice, the jovial air of a successful man.

"Why, Nat," he cried, "you're gettin' to look like an old man. Say—you must get out of this little town. Brace up and go out on the prairies, where you can square your elbows. Dave is lookin' for just such a man as you."

"Oh—I guess Blankton is good enough for me," said Nat, feebly trying to assume a jocular air.

"Uncle Dan! used you might mean, from what I've heard," said Butman.

"Oh, he meant well, I guess," said Nat.

"Didn't leave you anthing at all, I heard."

"Trunk full of clothes and old almanacs," said Nat. He was interrupted by Cousin Cynthia who approached, breathless and excited.

"My goodness! Mercy me, Nathaniel Farley!" she cried. "Who'd ever 'a' thought—ugh—yeh—I'm so out of breath that I can't tell you—I—I—you remember them Farmers' Almanacs?"

"Them in Uncle Dan's trunk? Yes—what about 'em?"

"Who'd ever 'a' thought—land's sakes, I shan't get my breath agin for a week! You know you told me to burn 'em up?"

"Wal, what if I did?"

"I—I didn't think I should ever do it, but we was needin' kindlin' to-day, and there wasn't a shavin' in the house nor any paper neither, an' I—I happened to see them almanacs, and I—I broke the string and went to tear one on 'em up, when—who'd ever 'a' thought! but he was allers a curious kind o' man, Uncle Dan! was—"

"What are you trying to say?" interrupted Nat, losing his patience.

"Can't you out with it without goin' round Robin Hood's barn?"

"Wal, now, you better jest find out for yourself," exclaimed Cousin Cynthia, drawing a package from under her shawl. "You better jest look at these 'ere almanacs before you go givin' on 'em away again to be burnt up—there they are just as you give 'em to me."

The old woman handed the parcel to Nat. She and Butman stood watching his proceedings.

Nat sat down in the grass and carefully went through the old volumes. Between the leaves were bank notes to the value of seven thousand dollars.

"I told ye meant well," said Nat.—Youth's Companion.

An Old Idol.

A letter in the Philadelphia Times describes a curious old idol recently discovered on the banks of the Sabine River in Texas. The image was nearly four feet high and was of a three-headed man, with the scales of a turtle covering the entire body. The idol is hollow and contained the skeleton of a young child placed in it in an upright position, the head fitting into that of the god. Whether the child was thus sacrificed to the god or the image merely used as a repository of the dead body cannot be decided. The carving on the idol shows a degree of skill uncommon among the Indians as existing now or as found here by the early settlers, and as the banks of this vicinity were evidently erected by a people antedating these, it is probable that the image was of their religion also. It is of stone, and is composed of four or five pieces neatly cemented together with a substance not recognized by any mason who has seen it. The union of the several stones employed in it is so cunningly done that only a close examination reveals it at all. The eyes are of agate, and cut with the skill of a finished lapidary; and, by some contrivance, are so arranged as to move in the head from side to side and to close by the shutting down of lids of silver. The panther claws are also of silver, and the feet are of obsidian highly polished. One of the three heads wears a benign expression, while another grins maliciously, and the third frowns heavily and shows clenched teeth of obsidian; doubtless the three countenances showing the various attributes of the god represented.

A Curiosity of the Law.

Additions to rented premises, when made by the tenant, should never be fastened with nails, but with screws, says a St. Louis lawyer. The reason for this lies in the fact that should he wish to move away and take with him the boards and other lumber composing the improvements he has made, he can simply draw out the screws and take the planks. If he fastens them with nails, however, he can remove nothing, and the improvements become the landlord's property. The fact results from a legal quibble, insisting that articles fastened with screws are for temporary use, and if put in place by the tenant are his own property.