

New Orleans has a smaller police force than other American cities of corresponding size.

A French savant has discovered that tears are bactericidal and may be depended upon to exterminate certain microbes.

"If people will talk good times instead of hard times," avers the Indianapolis Sentinel, "the latter will quickly disappear."

John D. Rockefeller has given nearly \$5,000,000 to the Chicago University and has what the Detroit Free Press terms, "the good taste" not to demand that it be named for him.

Sir Charles Dilke, recently said in the debate in the British Parliament: "The most dangerous illusion any inhabitant of the united kingdom can have is that we are a popular power. We are probably the most unpopular of the great powers."

A San Francisco woman disposed of an estate of \$10,000 by writing a few lines in pencil on an old envelope. Lawyers say that the will cannot be broken, and their opinion that women know nothing about business they regard as confirmed anew.

England is having hard times, notes the Courier-Journal. Its leading securities declined nearly half a billion dollars in value during the past year. Its imports fell off \$88,000,000 and its exports \$92,500,000. Its trade in coal and textiles dwindled alarmingly.

Navigation of the great lakes during the season of 1893 resulted in the loss of 123 lives. The number of vessels lost was fifty-three, with an aggregate tonnage of 24,258, and valued at \$1,040,400. Partial losses by strandings, collisions and fires bring the total up \$2,112,588. The shallow waters of Lake Erie claimed nearly half the lives lost, Lake Huron being second.

John Hyde, expert special agent of statistics of agriculture, has written an interesting monograph on what he terms "Geographical Concentration." In it he develops the fact that the process of agricultural centralization works very injuriously to the American farmer, and that many of his vicissitudes are due to the single-crop system. He shows, for instance, that while hemp is a product cultivated in Europe from the shores of the White Sea to the Mediterranean, and that it flourishes in extensive regions in Asia, Africa and South America, its cultivation in the United States is almost wholly confined to Kentucky, that State in 1889 having produced 93.77 per cent. of all the hemp raised in this country. Obviously hemp is capable of being produced over a wide area in the United States, but its cultivation is almost wholly unknown outside of Kentucky. Mr. Hyde makes a strong plea for mixed farming, and says that so long as American farmers persist in devoting themselves to the production in great quantities of a few things, they cannot expect to prosper.

Oklahoma is going to knock very hard for admission as a State, declares the St. Louis Star-Sayings. The Territory was organized only three years ago, but in population and wealth it is to-day far in advance of the other Territories seeking admission as States. The report accompanying the application for admission as a State shows that she has 2,372,482 acres of land in farm use valued at \$13,022,345. In the last year the farmers harvested 284,254 acres of corn, 222,319 acres of wheat, 109,374 acres of oats, 21,311 acres of cotton, 18,755 acres of sorghum, 14,121 acres of Hungarian millet, and 4425 acres of broom corn. It is almost as large as the State of Illinois, and has a population of about 250,000, which is greater than that of any other State when admitted to the Union. Its assessed valuation of property in 1891 amounted to \$6,878,928, which in 1893 had increased to \$13,951,956. It has six National banks with deposits of \$355,574. The Territorial Legislature has been attentive to educational matters, and there are already in nearly all the districts school-houses, normal schools, colleges, and agricultural and mechanical colleges at the town of Stillwater. In religious matters it has also kept pace with many of the older States. In the Territory there are 165 Methodist churches, twenty-five Baptist, twenty-four Congregational, twenty-five Catholic, twenty-four Presbyterian, six Episcopal, and fifty Christian Endeavor Societies. This is a remarkable showing for Oklahoma, and we can scarcely believe, adds the Star-Sayings, that Congress can refuse her admission.

The London Times says that in a financial year the past year was the most trying in a decade.

The London Times, commenting on the condition of the Bank of England, says that institution is indispensable to the money market.

Germany has decided that cinnamon yellow is the best color for war ships. The French stick to the gray tint, something like wet sail cloth.

The Chinese Y. M. C. A. in San Francisco has recently sent \$42,000 to Canton as a contribution by the Chinese of the former for the evangelization of their countrymen.

W. C. Latta, of Purdue University, in an interesting address on "Farm Drainage" before the Indiana Tile, Brick and Drainage Association at Indianapolis, said that uplands as well as lowlands should be drained if good crops were desired.

Under the heading, "Ireland in 1893," the London Times says that the year was one of the most peaceful and prosperous of the century. Since 1826 there has been no better agricultural season, and the people have never been freer from distress. There are many signs of the material and moral improvement of the people.

According to the figures presented by the London Times in its agricultural review of the past year, the area in Great Britain devoted to wheat was 1,798,869 acres; to barley, 2,251,293, and to oats, 4,435,944. The wheat crop is estimated 45,429,407 bushels. The paper says that at the end of the year there were 2,079,587 horses in Great Britain, 11,207,554 head of cattle, 31,774,824 sheep and 3,278,030 pigs.

Manuscripts by noted authors have so great a value as autographs that within the past few years some authors have stipulated with publishers that their manuscript should be kept clean—perhaps copied on a typewriter for giving out to the printers—and returned to them, that their families may traffic in them after they are dead, presumably. T. B. Aldrich is said to be one of the authors who always wants his copy back.

In the University Law Review some interesting figures are collected as to the pecuniary value of life and limb as estimated in the courts within the last five years. The value of a life in some States fixed by law, and New York is one of the States which does not allow the recovery of more than \$5000 for the loss of a life in a suit against the person or corporation through whose negligence the loss occurred. This figure seems strangely low, since five times that amount has been allowed in this State as compensation for the loss of a limb. Fifteen thousand dollars has been held not excessive for the life of an intelligent young man in Kentucky, and a verdict for a like amount has been sustained in Tennessee when the life was that of a postman and express agent, thirty-three years old, though a verdict for \$12,000 was held excessive in the same State where the life lost was that of a weak man fifty-seven years old. The courts allow less for the loss of a drunkard's life and more for the life of an industrious and steady man. The lives of children are usually valued at from \$3000 to \$1500. In Illinois the loss of an eye has been compensated for by \$5000, and of two eyes by \$9000. In New York a verdict of \$14,000 for the loss of an eye and disfigurement of the face has been sustained. In this State, also, it has been held that \$5500 for the loss of a hand is not excessive. Two thousand dollars was held to be the proper amount for the impairment of the use of a hand in Louisiana. The New York courts have usually been liberal in allowing verdicts for damages. A verdict for \$10,000 for the loss of the arm of an eight-year-old boy has been held proper. Texas juries are even more liberal and the courts in that State have upheld a verdict for \$15,000 for injury to one arm and other wounds. An allowance of \$11,500 for the loss of the leg of a man eighty years old was held not excessive in this State, and one of \$15,000 for an injury to the limb of a woman of twenty-seven was also held not excessive. A verdict of \$12,000 for the loss of a leg by a boy five years old was also approved in this State, and one of \$25,000 for a similar injury was not disturbed. In Wisconsin a verdict of \$30,000, for the loss of both legs of a boy was reduced to \$18,000, and a verdict of \$20,750 was reduced to \$10,750 for an injury to a man's leg in a Western State. The loss of the leg of a boy was regarded as worth \$15,000 in the Illinois courts.

WISHES.

I asked a little child one day,
A child intent on joyous play,
"My little one, pray and tell me
Your dearest wish; what may it be?"
The little one thought for a while,
Then answered with a wistful smile:
"The thing that I wish most of all
Is to be big, like you, and tall."

I asked a maiden sweet and fair,
Of dreamy eyes and wavy hair:
"What would you wish, pray tell me true,
That kindly fate should bring to you?"
With timid mien and downcast eyes
And blushes deep and downcast eyes
Her answer came: "All else above,
I'd wish some faithful heart to love."

I asked a mother, tried and blest,
With babe asleep upon her breast:
"O, mother fond, so proud and fair,
What is thy inmost secret prayer?"
She raised her calm and peaceful eyes,
Madonna-like, up to the skies:
"My dearest wish is this," said she,
"That God may spare my child to me."

Again, I asked a woman old,
To whom the world seemed hard and cold:
"Pray tell me, O, thou blest in years,
What are thy hopes, what are thy fears?"
With folded hands and head bent low
She answer made, in accents slow:
"For me remains but one request:
It is that God may give me rest."
—Boston Globe.

TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY.

BY HELENE HICKS.



Y DEAR girl, you don't know what you are talking about. A native son of the soil! Look at this desk and pity me. I am overwhelmed, 'swamped,' as the boys say, by a voluminous mass of correspondence. I am weeks behind time in answering some letters from my most important customers, and I have written until my pen and my patience are both in tatters.

So saying, Marion Maidmont, proprietor of the "Favorite Shopping Agency," leaned back in her tilting, revolving chair with a comical expression of hopeless despair on her piquant face.

"Why don't you learn to use a typewriter, my dear Marion?" asked her caller, Miss Lillian Lefebre, sympathetically. "You could rattle your letters off in no time then."

Miss Maidmont gave her friend a disgusted look.

"Don't I have enough to try my patience now, what with cranky customers to buy for, and greedy shops to purchase from, without fussing with one of those abominable clikky-machines?"

"Well, then, why do you not employ a stenographer? I'm sure you can easily afford it, now that your business has increased to such an extent," persisted Miss Lefebre.

"What! and have a commonplace flirt of a girl about, boring me with her insufferable airs, and poking her nose into my business? No, I thank you."

"Well, nothing seems to suit you, Marion," laughed Miss Lefebre, as she fastened her jaunty sealin' cape. "I'm sure I don't know what else to suggest unless you hire a young man."

Both girls laughed at this, and then Miss Lefebre rose, saying:

"Well, I must run along or I shall be late. Sorry you cannot spare time to go, dear."

Left alone, Miss Maidmont plunged into a pile of correspondence which littered her desk, and drove her pen furiously as she answered numerous petty inquiries and sent samples to out-of-town customers. But somehow she felt unaccountably blue and depressed. She had longed to accompany Lillian to the matinee. It was a fine day out, and her work bored her intensely.

"Really," she thought at last, as she threw down her quill after a vain attempt to collect her thoughts, "I must get assistance of some kind. I am overworking nowadays. It would not be a bad idea to get a stenographer to assist me with my correspondence. But I do hate to have a gossipy, curious girl around me. However, I don't see what else I can do."

She sat for a moment meditating, with knit brows and an anxious pucker about her sweet mouth. "I wish it were possible to get a man to assist me," she thought. "It would be a real help in many ways."

"Well, why not?" she added suddenly, half aloud. "Why should I not employ a young man to conduct my correspondence? He certainly would be of immense assistance to me in purchasing articles of the masculine sex's attire, and his opinion would be invaluable as regards gifts of cigars, smoking sets and walking sticks. Actually I believe I'll try it."

And in her enthusiasm, Miss Maidmont at once commenced a draft of an advertisement which, when completed to her satisfaction, read as follows:

"WANTED—Stenographer and typewriter. A young man to act as correspondent and general assistant. Address Maidmont, Box—, N. Y."

This was inserted in several of the most popular Sunday papers, and Monday morning Miss Maidmont exultingly found a great heap of missives in response piled upon her desk.

She spent most of the morning in reading and sorting them, and finally answered the two which impressed her most favorably: one because of its fine diction, and clear, bold handwriting, and the other because it had an engraved address in blue at the top of the superfine linen paper.

This latter correspondent called first, and proved to be a very young man, just graduated from a business college, and totally inexperienced.

He had probably used his mother's stationery.

It was quite late in the afternoon when Jack, the diminutive office boy, brought Miss Maidmont a very correct visiting card bearing the name of "Mr. Arthur Ardmore."

Marion experienced a quickening of her pulses.

This was the other applicant.

"Show him in," she said, curtly, to grinning Jack.

Jack knew what was going on, of course.

He always knew everything that transpired, or was about to transpire in the office, though how he found things out as he did was a matter of marvel to Miss Maidmont.

The grin vanished from the young autoer's countenance as he sedately pulled aside the portiere which screened the proprietor's private office from the waiting-room in front, and beckoned to Mr. Ardmore.

Miss Maidmont looked up interestedly, and met the gaze of a fine-looking, well-dressed young man, of say twenty-five years of age.

Then as she noticed an astonished expression grow in his handsome, dark eyes, the peculiarity of the whole proceeding occurred to her, and she blushed vividly.

"Is Mr. Maidmont in?" queried the young man.

Jack chuckled audibly, and the sound revived Miss Maidmont.

"That will do, Jack; you may go now," she said severely, and the culprit retired.

"Pray be seated, Mr. Ardmore," she said, turning to her caller with a dignified gesture. "There is no Mr. Maidmont," she continued. "I am the proprietor of this agency, and I am Miss Maidmont."

"Ah, indeed!" said the young fellow politely, but Marion imagined she saw a gleam of amusement quiver for a moment in his eyes, which caused her to become most severe and frigid in her manner.

"You are desirous of obtaining a situation as amanuensis?" she inquired haughtily.

"That was my intention in calling," replied Mr. Ardmore, demurely.

"You have had experience?"—Miss Maidmont was gaining confidence.

"Yes, three years with Gumbo & Co., who are my references."

"Mr. Ardmore, you will understand that I shall require something more than a mere correspondent. I really wish someone to fill the position of private secretary, and I did not feel as though I could get along with a girl, don't you understand?" Miss Maidmont smiled confidently as she finished her little explanation.

Mr. Ardmore returned the smile with a very admiring glance, and inwardly decided that Miss Maidmont would make a most charming "boss."

"And the salary?" he suggested.

"What would you consider a proper remuneration for the services I require?" Marion felt a trifle anxious.

The "Favorite Shopping Agency" could not afford to pay fancy prices, even for a very fascinating young man, with eloquent eyes and a silky mustache.

Mr. Ardmore mused a moment.

"Say twenty-five a week," he said at length.

Miss Maidmont breathed more freely; that was where she had placed her figure.

"Very well, Mr. Ardmore; suppose we call the matter settled provided your references prove satisfactory. Can you come prepared to go to work to-morrow morning?"

"At what hour, ma'am?"

Marion looked up quickly to see if her new typewriter was laughing at her, but his face was as grave as an owl's.

"Nine o'clock. I close at five. You will have an hour for luncheon, and Saturday afternoons."

"I will be on hand, Miss Maidmont. I bid you good evening," and the young fellow courteously bowed himself out.

"Is he married or single?" asked Lillian Lefebre, when she called to see Marion and inspect the new typewriter.

"I—I never asked him," stammered Marion with a sudden sinking of her heart. "Single, I suppose."

Lillian laughed provokingly.

"You suppose, then you're not at all sure of it. He looks like a married man to me, but of course you don't care, do you?"

Marion decided that Lillian could be very disagreeable when she chose, but she did not understand why she felt such an interest in Mr. Ardmore's affairs, though she experienced a distinct feeling of relief when Jack casually informed her that Mr. Ardmore was a bachelor.

One morning she found a big bunch of roses on her desk when she awoke. Somehow she was unaccountably pleased, for she guessed immediately who had placed them there.

"Extravagant fellow," she thought; "twenty-five dollars a week won't allow of buying many roses at this season of the year."

The private secretary soon made himself invaluable by the active interest he took in the business. He did fully half of the shopping, besides conducting the correspondence, and assisting with the books. Miss Maidmont and he grew to be great friends.

One day when a gratified customer sent Miss Maidmont a box for the opening night at a Broadway theatre, Miss Maidmont invited her typewriter to accompany her.

"But is it quite proper?" he asked demurely. "Don't you think it will make people talk if I am seen in public with my employer?"

It all seemed so ridiculous that they both laughed, and were better friends

than ever after that night, for it is needless to say Mr. Ardmore accepted his "boss's" invitation in spite of Dame Grundy.

Time flew by on wings of happiness in the tiny office, and as Christmas approached, the business of the Favorite Agency increased enormously. Miss Maidmont congratulated herself that she never had had such a successful season. She knew where much of the credit for the increase was due, and decided that she would make her private secretary a handsome Christmas present. She little realized what that gift would be.

It was customary for Mr. Ardmore to make all the purchases for bashful young ladies who desired something suitable to present to their brothers and fiancés, while Miss Maidmont shopped for the men who wanted gifts for their sweethearts and cousins and aunts. Often they made the rounds of the shops together, and afforded one another the benefit of mutual criticism and advice.

One day Marion laughingly remarked that as she was so experienced in the art of purchasing engagement rings, she certainly should make arrangements for buying her own when the time came, and make a good commission on it.

Mr. Ardmore regarded her intently as she spoke, and then said, significantly:

"No, Miss Maidmont, I shall insist on getting your engagement ring myself."

Marion's eyes drooped beneath his ardent gaze.

At last it was Christmas Eve, and the city arrayed itself in snowy holiday attire in honor of the day. Miss Maidmont reached the office early that morning, and she entered with glowing, rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes, caused by Jack Frost's cool kisses.

On her desk was a square, white envelope addressed to her as proprietor, and after she had perused its contents the roses were displaced by lilies, and all the light died out of her big blue eyes.

The communication was Mr. Ardmore's resignation, stating that for reasons beyond his control, he was obliged to resign his position as private secretary in her employ.

All that long, wearisome day Marion shopped alone, and her task had never before seemed so arduous. She had become accustomed to relying on him and following his advice. "What would she do without him?" she thought desperately.

It was late in the short afternoon when she returned despondently to the office. Mr. Ardmore was busy at his desk.

With a sudden resolution she went directly over to him.

"Mr. Ardmore," she said, "is there no inducement I could offer you that would cause you to consider your resignation? I should be willing to give you a share in the business if you would remain."

"Yes," he replied, "I shall be delighted to accept an interest in the business provided you are willing to form a partnership with me which shall be ratified by a ceremony to be duly performed by a clergyman in good standing, and sealed by a gold circlet. Oh, my darling I love you. Haven't you seen it? That is why I was leaving. Can you care for me enough to marry your typewriter?"

Marion raised her eyes, and by one swift glance of unutterable affection answered him.

Jack, the office-boy, met Miss Lefebre on his way home that evening, and confidentially informed her that the missis was going to marry her private secretary.

"Well, why not?" said Miss Lefebre. "Many a man has married his typewriter, and surely turn about is fair play."—Family Story Paper.

Descendants of Montezuma.

The action of the Mexican Government in recognizing the claims of the Marquis of Castellanos and other descendants of the Montezumas by the payment of annuities, is regarded in Madrid as a partial restitution of sequestered estates rather than as a pension, as was announced from the City of Mexico.

The living descendants of the line of Mexican kings who were overthrown by Cortez are connected with the first nobility of Spain and boast a family tree which reaches back to the fourteenth century. They reside at Salamanca. They have not a large fortune, but possess sufficient means to enable them to appear at court. Up to 1850 they received handsome revenues from entailed estates in Mexico, but the estates were seized by the Mexican Government and for forty-three years they have not derived a penny from property to which, as heirs of Montezuma, they claim to be entitled. The present head of the family is Senor Don Augustin Malcondado y Carbajal Cano Montezuma, Marquis of Castellanos and of Monroy. The Marquis is a lawyer, graduated by the Salamanca University, but he devotes his time to agriculture and to a large factory which he has in Old Castile.—San Francisco Examiner.

An Easy Going Oriental Prince.

Otto Ehlers, the famous German traveler, tells of an easy-going Chinese prince whom he visited in the Laos States while on his way from Siam to Tonquin. The present ruler leaves the cares of affairs chiefly to his wife. He has had his throne placed in the palace kitchen, so that he can receive visitors and watch the preparation of his meals at the same time. The subjects seem to be content with his manner of administration, and admire his democratic spirit manifested in his choice of a throne room. The dynasty, however, promises to become extinct, as the prince's son and heir is a confirmed drunkard and is unmarried.—Chicago Herald.

WHAT TIME SHE LOVES.

What time she loves me and doth lay
Her little hand in mine,
The winter blossoms like the May
And stars through storm-clouds shine!
What time she loves me not—ah, me!
In spring the winter seems to be!

When I do feel that she is kind,
Life hath no more to give,
For sweetly doth the sun and wind
Make all Life's violets live!
But when, perchance, her frown I see,
Life's last, sweet violet dies for me!

How, on her lighted touch,
My hope, my heaven depends!
If it be ill to love so much,
Love maketh all amends!
Crush or kind though she may be,
Her love is heaven and earth to me!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Worldly wise—Geographers.
There's the rub—At the Turkish bath.

Gossip of the ring—Society chatter over an engagement.—Truth.
When you bury your grudges do not erect a tall monument over them.—Galveston News.

Some men are the architects of their own fortunes; others only carry the hod to theirs.—Puck.

"Johnny, is your father a firm man?" "Yes, mom, when he knows he's wrong."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"That fellow Jewley is a broker, isn't he?" "Yes." "Has he any money?" "Yes—he's got mine."—Life.

The trouble with the family tree is that its latest twigs put on the greatest air of self-importance.—Truth.

Somehow or other people always distrust a man who is generally known to dye his whiskers.—Somerville Journal.

Although the relations between France and Germany are strained they don't seem to be very clear.—Texas Siftings.

Lloyd (at dinner)—"Mamma, what makes us eat soup first, then fish? Is it so the fish can get in swimming?"—Babyhood.

Be modest; don't forget that many things which you regard as events are looked upon as mere incidents by other people.—Puck.

Auntie—"So you have had your first meal at your new boarding place. Was it a course dinner?" Little Girl—"Awfully."—Good News.

Some genius has invented an indoor game of baseball. This goes to show that the game is not altogether played out.—Hartford Journal.

Bride—"Why do they give us so many things we are too poor to use?" Groom—"Yes; this cook-book, for instance?"—Detroit Tribune.

"I enjoyed the sermon to-day more than any I have heard in six months." Mrs. Seesick—"Is your new cloak sealin' or beaver?"—Inter-Ocean.

"What is the correct English of it? Do you collect a bill or collect a debt?" "The English of it is you can't do either just now."—St. Louis Republic.

Maud—"I've made a splendid resolution." Guinevere—"What is it?" Maud—"I've determined to leave off getting engaged."—Chicago Record.

The boy stood on the icy walk,
Whence all but him had slid;
Zip went his heels, up went his feet,
And "wow-wow" went the kid.
—Binghamton Republican.

"Money talks," remarked this business man, who was ruefully contemplating a lot of idle capital; "but it doesn't talk in its sleep."—Washington Star.

Miss Porkopolis—"Is it true that all Bostonians live on baked beans?" Mrs. Beaconsfield—"Oh, no; lots of them live on their relatives."—Somerville Journal.

Father—"Well, young man, I understand, then, that you love my daughter?" Nervous Youth—"N-a-n-a, no, sir, I wish to marry her."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Philanthropist—"You say you are keeping a lookout for work? Then why can't you get work?" Weary Willyum—"That's not what I'm keeping the lookout for."—Chicago Record.

Hoax—"I hear Hamphat has just received a legacy of a million dollars." Goox—"Yes, and that makes him at once the richest and the poorest actor in the profession."—Philadelphia Record.

Kangaroo—"It's your ivory the hunters are always after. Why don't you carry it in your trunk?" Elephant—"It's your skin they want. Why don't you hide it in your pouch."—Chicago Tribune.

"She had as pretty a name as I ever heard. It was Marjorie Mayblossom; but she had it changed." "Changed?" "Yes, by law." "Good gracious! What did she have it changed to?" "Mrs. Marjorie Smith."—New York Press.

She (sympathizingly)—"I feel so sorry for the poor street car conductors. It must be terrible for them to be on their feet all day long." He—"Humph! They ain't. They're on the passenger's feet more'n half the time."—Buffalo Courier.

Mrs. Fryer—"I understand your husband is very fond of female society." Mrs. Seecely—"Excessively so. In fact, I can't get him to go to a club or anything of that kind. He wants to be in my company all the time."—New York Press.

"I believe in trying to put as good a face as possible on everything in times like these, Maria," said Mr. Billis, looking again at the bill that had just been brought in. "But it does seem to me that \$3.75 for complexion wash in one month is putting it on a little too thick."—Chicago Tribune.