

Life insurance is more popular in America than in any other country.

Almost five-eighths of the steamers in the world are under the British flag.

An advocate of electrical cooking claims that of every 100 tons of coal used in a cooking stove ninety-six tons go to waste.

The Atlanta Constitution figures that Massachusetts produced 89,662 poems last year, New York, 49,827, and the country at large, 2,888,954.

It appears that the detailing of officers of the army as instructors in colleges is growing in popularity both with the educational institutions and with Congress.

One hundred domestic servants are killed annually in England in the process of window cleaning. An invention recently patented is a window of which the outside may be cleaned without exposing the cleaner to any chance of a tumble.

Dr. Bertillon, author of the French system for the identification of criminals, says that, as a matter of fact, it is impossible among 100,000 individuals to find two persons with ears exactly alike, except in the case of twin brothers. This is one of the reasons why he was able to start a new era in police science.

Robert Moore, a Water Works Commissioner of St. Louis, made some remarks at the recent meeting of the Engineers' Club of Kansas City, which deserve more than passing attention from the commercial men of New Orleans. He said: "You ask me to talk on Missouri River navigation. It reminds me very forcibly of the chapter on snakes in Ireland. There is no Missouri River navigation, and consequently I know you will excuse me from expressing my views on the subject." He added that the freight traffic on the Southern railroads was making river navigation even on the Mississippi almost a lost art.

The polyglot character of the Austrian army was abundantly shown the other day when the ancient custom of solemnly swearing in the recruits in the presence of the troops was revived, after having been discontinued since 1868. In Vienna alone the formula of oath to the colors had to be administered and read out in nine languages, to wit: German, Hungarian, Croatian, Bohemian, Polish, Slovenian, Rumanian, Serbian and Czech, while the religious part of the ceremony was conducted by Roman Catholic, Greek Catholic and Greek orthodox priests, Protestant pastors, Hebrew rabbis and Mahometan ulema.

In answer to a recent inquiry made of the Secretary of the Interior by the Commissioner of Education in regard to a division of the fund to agricultural colleges in the South, the Secretary has decided that the division of the fund as already or hereafter to be made by the various State legislatures shall be approved by the department, unless it is apparent that such suggested division is grossly inequitable and that in cases where the State legislatures have not yet proposed an equitable apportionment that the basis of division now in force shall remain till the legislative intent regarding the matter is made known. In the case of South Carolina the act of Congress of July 26th, 1892, applies not only to the sum due the State at the time, but to all sums becoming due under the act of August 30th, 1890.

A Washington letter says: Surprising news has reached the bureau of ethnology respecting the recent disinterment of the conqueror, Pizarro, in Peru. It seems that the corpse exhibits certain abnormalities which are extremely interesting from the point of view of anthropologists. The skull reveals all the marks of the criminal type, as recognized by science to-day. As shown by it the military hero, so worshipped and revered even now in South America, was a murderous and bloodthirsty brute. The cranium has even the so-called "fossa of Lombroso," which modern criminologists have never discovered except in confirmed and habitual enemies of society. The skull is abnormally broad. Another anatomical peculiarity is the instep, which is extraordinarily high. The latter was a feature of his conquering race. It recalls the warrior indefatigable on the march, whether on the desert tracts of the coast, or in the wilds of the Peruvian Cordilleras. As to his age, reliable evidence is to the effect that Pizarro was a little more than seventy years old when he died.

Seventeen cities in the United States are each of larger area than Berlin with its population of 1,579,000.

Fired by the example of Dr. Thivrier, who sits in the French Chamber in a blouse, another Socialist, a pig merchant named Deloge, offers himself for election with the understanding that, if successful, he will attend the sessions in blouse and sabots to boot.

The farmers in a Louisiana parish met and with great unanimity resolved "that each and every member of the order hereby obligates himself to use the most rigid economy until we get out of debt, and thereby be financially independent of any man or set of men."

The San Francisco Examiner thinks Japan is getting too civilized. The last steamer brings word that a Know-Nothing society has tried to blow up the Minister of Finance, while the Government is accused of turning over 160,000 yen from the Secret Service fund for the election expenses of the Liberal Party.

Indicative of the efforts that must be made to stay the ravages of a single species of predatory beast is the information that the State of California has paid out \$187,000 in bounties for coyote scalps, and has scalp claims against it to the amount of \$118,000 still unpaid. Now a technical question has arisen as to where the money shall come from to pay for coyote killing.

The Berlin Vegetarian Society has had a hard time lately disciplining some of its members for breach of the laws. One of them was found to be a dealer in poultry, who even went so far as to personally slaughter the birds. Another one was found to be connected with a newspaper which advocates the use of horseflesh by the poor, and a third for using fish-gel in his stamp collections.

A California paper boasts that a single school district in San Bernardino County of the State is seven times as large as the State of Rhode Island, and has more coyotes than the whole of New England. "But we would wager," comments the Boston Cultivator, "that the school children in Rhode Island are better taught than the coyotes in that district, or the coyotes of New England than the school children of that district."

A discovery, the value of which to the medical world cannot be estimated, has just been made known by a New York physician, announces the Chicago Herald. It is an antidote for morphine poisoning, and, judging by the result of an experiment conducted before a number of New York doctors, it is complete. The discoverer made the experiment on himself, much, however, against the protests of his fellow physicians, who were less sanguine of its powers. Convinced of the value of his discovery, Dr. Moor, the discoverer, swallowed three grains of morphine, a sufficient quantity to kill the most robust adult, following it with his antidote. The usual effects of morphine poisoning, languor, sleep, death, did not appear. Instead Dr. Moor was the most cheerful and enthusiastic participant in the discussion which followed his attempt to "commit suicide." The antidote is the permanganate of potassium.

A recent monograph on the subject of "Geographical Concentration in American Agriculture," written by John Hyde, and read before the International Statistical Institute, gives some curious facts about the cultivation of hops in this country. In 1849 the total production of hops in the United States was 1,238,502 pounds, 36.11 per cent. of which was produced in New York, and 40.23 per cent. in Massachusetts and New Hampshire. Forty years later the production had increased to 26,546,378 pounds, New York contributing 81.48 per cent. of the total. In 1890 the hop production of the country was almost revolutionized. New York still contained 73.03 per cent. of the total acreage devoted to hops, but her yield was only 47.16 per cent. of the total production. The explanation of this phenomenal change is the remarkable productiveness of the hop lands of the Pacific Coast States, the yield per acre, according to Mr. Hyde, being nearly three times as great as that of the hop lands of the State of New York. The next ten years will produce a still greater change. The census of 2000 will probably show the Pacific Coast producing the major part of the hops consumed in the United States. If they do the production must be enormous, for no industry in this country is growing more rapidly than the brewing of beer, for which a supply of good hops is indispensable.

#### THE STORY OF LIFE.

Sunlight and the morning dew,  
And the dawning dawn of youth,  
When fancy paints the boundless blue  
With promises of glorious hue.  
And the world seems walled with truth.  
Sunlight and the noontide high  
And the wandering ways of men;  
In search of pleasure far and nigh,  
They know not where its valleys lie,  
Nor how, nor why, nor when!  
Sunlight and the evening gale  
And the dull twilight of age;  
The eyes grow dim, the pulses fall,  
While mournfully the damp winds wail  
That blue life's blotted page!

Sunlight and the after glow  
On the cloudless brow of heaven;  
Though dark and drear the earth below  
No pain of life his soul shall know,  
His sins are all forgiven!  
—M. M. Folsom, in Atlanta Journal.

#### A BRAGGART IN LOVE.

THE women had gone to the drawing-room, and we had finished first cigars, when the conversation struck on matrimony. We were all married men explaining how it happened. The other guests had told in turn their little story in the free confidence one feels at the end of a perfect dinner. I had related my romance, and we now turned to our host.

"Narlin, how did you win your wife?"  
"It's a long story—began on hunting pass in the Arizona desert, crossed the water, and ended in Colorado. Light fresh cigars."

I think it was the summer of '86, Geronimo was not yet taken, and we had been chasing in our turn until, for lack of backs and feet, our horses were lagging in the race, and we were set to watch water-holes in the San Simon, so polluted with alkali and arsenic a sensible savage would have shunned it, as my dyspepsia, which dates from that campaign, tells me I failed to do.

Somehow the Geronimo campaign always reminded me of a fox-hunt; the Indian scouts keeping their noses close to the scent like dogs too slow to force the bush into the open, while the various troops, like hunters in different wind, held and lost the place which promised first at the finish. If you know Arizona at all, you will recall how sharp and rocky are the crests of the divides; being lines of most resistance in this land of deep erosion, they retain the sharp, jagged profile often seen in the snow-ice of mountain drifts as it disappears in early summer. Below these scree-like ridges a colony of rounded foothills, receding and sloping less until they end in broken boulder mess, which, with numerous arroyos, fades into the soft, level adobe plain, and blends, as unsuspected as the canvas walls of a cyclotron join the rocks and logs in the pit below you.

The Indians preferred these sharp crests, which were for them both watch-towers and impregnable bastions. Occasionally they would strike across the valley, kill a rancher, and steel fresh ponies, and some troop would cut in and crowd them in the open till they took the next divide and met some barrier that balked the pursuers and forced on them a detour, while some other troop, through accident of locality, would tack and take the chosen place on the trail, giving for a few days its dust to the other pursuing columns. It was a weary stern chase, performed under burning skies of cloudless blue in a thirsty land of heat intolerable.

We had had our little spurt; had brushed them off the divide, and for three days led in the open across the valley to the Sierra Madre, where 'fresh horseflesh cut in from our right and took from us the place of honor and left us, foot-sore and back-sore and winded, at the base of the mountains, where we were ordered a day's march back into the valley, near the border, to guard water holes of the San Simon in the sullen month of August. The nights were getting bearable, but the day heat still held on with the stubborn insistence of a Southern summer. Our camp was not happy—the water was bad; our shelter-holes, but little thicker than cheese-cloth, proved leaky sun-shades, and we reinforced them with our saddle-blankets; we had no amusement except to growl, wish we were in the chase and wondering whose blooming intellect had squatted us down among Gila monsters and sand-fles to watch water so foul neither soil nor sun would drink it.

Something was going to happen, for the strain was telling on men's nerves. The weather was too hot for camp idleness, and we were near the "line." I was first sergeant of L Troop then, and next to a coward or a thief, I think I loathed a deserter. We were near the border of Mexico, where one must not cross, but where smuggling is permitted and vice possible.

The men were getting irritable—I knew the signs, the tension was reaching snapping point. I had been thinking of it all day. That evening John Leighton and I were working under the orderly fly at the "records"—were posting Vangn and Murray's "finals" in the clothing and descriptive books. Vangn was a corporal and Murray our blacksmith, who had been killed the week before on the day we pushed the Apaches off the divide. We were crowding them to closely in the lower pass, when a few bucks slipped off into the canon and nipped our pack train

in rear. We had to quit pressing in front to save our train. It was a clever bit of work, and five bucks did it, killing two men for us, losing our own game just as we were bagging it.

Leighton was company clerk, a talented, handsome fellow; had served out in India. He had a cheering freshness and facility of expression, and spoke with the quick, falling inflection and directness of the English in speech one so quickly learns to love. He was mechanically ruling double red-lines in a book where a life's account of services had been credited and closed, much as a bank-book is ruled when a statement is rendered from a balance struck. The words "Died" or "Deserted" placed in red ink in the space below showed the cause of closing for service abruptly terminated. The usual remark was "Discharged by expiration term of service" in black ink.

"Sergeant, and whose will be the next bloody 'D'?" asked Leighton, without a ring of feeling.

"There'll be plenty of 'em, if this blooming heat continues and we remain in this camp," I replied.

We were working at this official funeral in the sultry summer night by the unsteady light of lantern-candles, and were not feeling impressed or reverent. Leighton was in his undershirt, open at his handsome brown throat. As he leaned over the books at work, a locket from his bosom fell the slack of its gold chain and struck the desk.

I noticed it, and he took it off, handing it to me with indifference. He had opened the locket, revealing the portrait, which was that of a fresh young girl, one of those sweet English faces, whose charm is complexion and expression of confidence complete. The eyes arrested you—pathetic, soft brown eyes, so tender they seemed to reproach, and, as you changed your point of view of the miniature, followed you with their full, warm light. I have seen such affectionate light only in the brown eyes of faithful dogs watching those they love.

Seeing my more than casual notice of the portrait, Leighton added: "It's an old story; not worth the telling; I don't know why I keep it."  
He spoke with the same absent interest we were feeling over this work for the dead. It struck me as peculiar that in a romance accomplished there should be no trace either of bitterness or remorse, only weary indifference. I was so quickly fascinated by the face that Leighton's manner annoyed me, and I did not ask for the story. Possibly overheat makes men irritable, for somehow I resented this careless fellow wearing about him a face like that, with less interest than he wore his spurs. I did not then notice the resemblance of the face to Leighton's.

I stopped abruptly and thought of desertion, changing the conversation to this, the subject of my day's musing.

"Leighton, something's got to be done to relieve the pressure. I know the lieutenant would like to do so. He feels the pulse of this camp and knows the symptoms. But what can he do?—his orders to remain here are imperative, and he can't pass us across the line."

"Hunting leave," laughed Leighton. "Hunting leave, then, let it be," I replied, "with no questions asked as to our game or preserve, though I can tell what yours will be, you young imp! To-morrow make out a hunting pass for six." Leighton was humming a catchy service ballad that had appeared in London music-halls the year before, and did not reply.

Next morning, I presented with the report four-days' hunting pass for six men. The lieutenant dipped his pen in the ink and held it in contemplation for a moment above the place for signature, looking thoughtfully across the level plain. Then, with quick decision: "I wish, sergeant, you and Leighton would take hunting pass, and let no complications arise." He signed the pass, adding our names to the text.

The following evening found us all in Correlitos. After dinner, while smoking fragrant Vuelca Abajo of the "Zona Libra," I strolled through the narrow streets of this old Spanish town, watching the wealth of a western sunset, where the after-glow was fast fading. High above the mountain-tops lay great billows of russet flame, with crests like the mane of a wind-fanned prairie fire. Lower in the madre spread the pure deep purple of southern twilight, while from the foot-hills came the soft evening breeze born after the heat of day. Even sounds fell on the ear so gently you thought that before reaching you they must have loitered to bathe in the acquiescence and caught some of its murmur.

On the plaza I passed two groups of comrades, one seeking solace in brandy, the other, fortune in roulette—pleasant pastimes that might lead to "complications" while money lasted, and would bear light watching. I walked on to the Jardin de Oro, a small public park, where serenaders are inspired and listeners stroll or seat themselves on benches or the grass. Only those who have suffered the heat and glare of a campaign in the desert can form any idea of the physical luxury of green trees and of water. I was seated listening to the soft Indian Spanish as it fell about me in slow chatter. From afar it mingled with the murmur of the fountain. What a contrast this scene to the hot camp I had just left, where were heard only the whirr of the rattlesnake or the insistent cooing of the lonely turtle-dove—mournful sounds which seem to add to the vibrant heat. Above the mountains lay a zone of troubled white, from which the moon had now risen into the full, upper blue, causing the leaves overhead to cast shadows in arabesque on the grass at my feet, where, as the night breeze

stirred the foliage, it wove marvelous figures in trefoil and tracery for fancy to play with as with those made by flames in a grate. Now it was the lines of a Gothic window, seen in an old cathedral almost forgotten, and row, on grander scale, the design of delicate drawn-work recalled from my lady's chamber.

Leighton was there, mantilla beside him. I could only half see the revealed oval of the face, but the figure was slight and pretty, for I caught its graceful outline later when they passed me.

Next evening, at a baile, Leighton presented me to Panchita. Together they were dancing—he and this pretty animal, with eyes for him alone. In the desert so rapid is love's kindling, so quick and full its flame, no charred or half-burned brands are here left on love's altar. It is consumed, and what survives must spring, phoenix-like, from fire or else descend from heaven.

After the danza ended, Leighton was standing in shirt-sleeves near Panchita, with the collar of his jersey open at the throat—a trick of his that made me suspect that he had seen service in the navy. As he leaned over her, Panchita's eye caught sight of the locket chain, and he removed the locket, opened it, and handed it to her; this time not indifferently, but with all the pride of prized conquest. I was watching Panchita closely as she gazed fascinated by the portrait, and I saw her tremble. Only as I read her face then by what I now know, can I tell how well it expressed all that hopeless sense of loss which comes with the abandonment of things loved or desired. For an instant her eyes showed the rage a child sometimes feels for an inanimate object, when that object has hurt it. And I thought she would break the locket; then the woman conquered, and she smiled as she returned it.

From that moment her abandonment toward Leighton was complete; her gaiety and grace became exquisite, while a look from him would lead her. "Oh, you Eastern dervish of hearts!" I exclaimed to myself, as Panchita left him and skipped to get a handful of cascarnes and then returned, crushing the pretty tinsel spangles in a shower over his brown head and throat. She flitted about him with the grace of a bird, and her eyes never left him. She was becoming intoxicated with her own movements; her cheeks were flushed with bright fever spots, and her eyes shone like stars. On and on they danced, seeing only each other, and she looked as if she could dance forever.

At length Leighton proposed they go, and she obeyed his wish as if hypnotized or impelled to do it; and, ignoring her duenna, they left together.

The next week I ruled Leighton's official epitaph in the L Troop records thus: "Deserted from hunting pass August 18, 1886."

You see, the case was an awkward one. The night of the baile he had been stabbed in the park. I found his body there, and my comrades were about to string up Morales, Panchita's local admirer, for the stabbing, when I stopped them.

"Hold on, boys," I said; "remember I promised the lieutenant no 'complications.'"  
So Leighton became officially a "deserter," and I kept my word.

Besides, I doubt if stringing up would have been fair to Morales, for when I found Leighton's body, the locket was lying on the ground beside it. The clasp was open and the portrait blood-stained and mutilated, as if by the point of a dagger.

I think Leighton half knew what he was doing when he flaunted that portrait at Panchita—he was a careless chap, and loved danger in a way to win any woman's heart. But you see it was his first affair in this land, and he was mistaken in his temper.

How could I let his record remain so? Well, what could I do? Besides, Leighton was not his right name, as I found out afterward when reading his home letters to get his relatives' address. His name was Jack Langhorn, and that locket the rascal showed me contained a portrait of his youngest sister. I found that out in writing to his family, whom I told that Langhorn was killed by the Apaches in the fight at Chirachuca Pass—that occurred two weeks before his death.

Three years later Jack's sister came to the States, where I met her in Colorado, the year after I left the service and made the strike at Harqua Hala. She is Mrs. Narlin now, and you met her at dinner. But remember, she knows only half the story of her portrait, and Jack Langhorn was killed by the Apaches. Let us join the ladies. —C. Overton, in Argonaut.

#### Saw the Stomach Work.

The students of the Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons the other day were treated to an inside view of a man's stomach at work, and it is said to be the first time that the spectacle was ever seen. By means of a flexible rubber tube a diminutive, but powerful electric light was introduced into the patient's stomach, and the lights in the room being lowered, the darkness permitted over 2000 students to see the workings of the stomach. The experiment was conducted by Professor Julius Friederwald. —New Orleans Picayune.

#### Different Tastes in Guns.

In guns the old-style flint locks, with stocks carved and painted in colors and with barrels painted in peculiar hieroglyphics, are sold to the Arabs and African tribes in quantities. The South American takes a dainty barrel of the smallest gauge, with the stocks also elaborately carved and ornamented. The European buys a gun exquisitely finished and inlaid in tracings of gold. —Chicago Herald.

#### A MODERN LYRIC.

If you could only always know,  
When the door-bell rings,  
Just who it is that stands below,  
Making the door-bell jingle so,  
Quite frequently you wouldn't go  
When the door-bell rings.

It isn't sure to be a friend,  
When the door-bell rings;  
It may be "Umbrellas to mend?"  
Or some one with fine shoes to vend,  
Whose flow of language has no end,  
When the door-bell rings.

It's always at your busiest time,  
When the door-bell rings,  
Your hands may be as black with grime;  
In such a case your language I'm  
Quite sure I'd never put in rhyme,  
When the door-bell rings.

But to the door you always go,  
When the door-bell rings,  
You see, you're curious to know  
Just who is on the portico,  
And so outsiders get a show  
When the door-bell rings.

—Somerville Journal.

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Cut rates—Surgeons' fees.—Truth. The good hackman is known by his carriage. —Florida Times-Union.

A kiss is a song that should always be encored.—Florida Times-Union.

Ring a belle—Putting a nose ornament on a Kafir woman.—Hallo. The pawnbroker never gets so old that he takes no interest in life.—Boston Transcript.

Some people do not recognize their obligations when they meet them.—Galveston News.

No, my son; a doctor doesn't know everything; but he thinks you think he does.—Punch.

People who think before they speak always manage to economize on talk.—Washington Post.

When some people want counsel they proceed to consult their own interests.—Galveston News.

The dentist who devotes himself to pulling aching molars is necessarily a pain-taking fellow.—Buffalo Courier.

Motto for the Shopping Fiend: "If you see what you want, price a dozen other things before asking for it."—Puck.

A man breathes, on an average, ten thousand quarts of air a day—and talks about 1,000,000.—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

The woman who can pass a mirror without looking into it has the heroism of which martyrs are made.—Florida Times-Union.

A local dealer advertises "a new stock of walking-sticks for gentlemen with carved wooden heads."—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. S. Lopper—"Why, all these toys are old." Shopkeeper—"Yes, madam, but then you know most of the babies are new."—Vogue.

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; that is to say, the druggist is likely to charge just as much for it.—Puck.

When a man claims that grip is only a vagary of a deserted brain, it is pretty safe to bet he has never had it.—Philadelphia Record.

A Chicago man who had just surrendered his watch to a foot pad, was moved to remark that he didn't know when he had been so pressed for time.—Washington Star.

The doctrine of heredity is a comforting theory. It is so pleasant, you know, to be able to lay our faults and foolishnesses on our forefathers.—Boston Transcript.

The jealousy of physicians is remarkable. No sooner does one of them discover a disease than half-a-dozen more concentrate all their energies upon its suppression.—Puck.

Traveler in Missouri—"I want to find the conductor. Who has charge of this train?" Trainman—"Can't tell till after we pass the next strip of woods."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

"Do you believe that practice always makes perfect?" "No; it hasn't made anything but a row ever since that idiot upstairs commenced with his flute."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Byers—"What was your idea in getting vaccinated on your rheumatic arm?" Seller—"Economy of pain. It couldn't make the arm hurt worse than it did already."—Chicago Tribune.

"That young widow Filson is quite a dashing creature, don't you think?" "I guess you are right. She dashed my hopes most effectually when I asked her to marry me."—Indianapolis Journal.

Charlie Sniffers (out with Dollie Dimple)—"Pardon me for bowing to that shabby old codger, but I feel obliged to do it." Dollie—"Who is he, Charlie?" Charlie—"He is the head of our firm."—Spreo Moments.

Nell—"How do you know she is in love with Jack?" Belle—"Because she told me he was perfectly horrid, and if she were in my place she wouldn't have anything to do with him."—Philadelphia Record.