

Oranges are selling cheaper than apples in apple-producing regions.

Frenchmen are alarmed to find that there is a sharp decline in the thrift of the republic.

Somebody who claims to know says that a child three years old is half the height it will ever be.

The revival of interest in gold-mining in California is beginning to attract a good deal of attention, notes the Argonaut.

The total amount spent in foreign missions last year by the Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists and Episcopalians aggregated \$3,500,000.

"As to that European war," exclaims the St. Louis Republic, "we don't want them to fight, but by jingo if they do, we've got the wheat, we've got the pork and we need the money too."

The name of Herr Breman, the statistician, is well known in Germany. His latest discovery is that in three thousand years there will be only one man to every two hundred and twenty women.

George W. Childs illustrates in his career, relates the New York Independent, the possibilities lying before every wide-awake American boy, and the good which men of wealth may do with their money.

According to Captain R. D. Bell, of Alaska, the Alaskan Indian will be a curiosity in ten years unless something is done to keep bad whisky from him and free him from the awful disease from which he is a sufferer.

Johns Hopkins is a young university, but it is a very lucky one. Gifts to it pour in like an unceasing flood. The latest is the herbarium and botanical library of Captain John Donnel Smith, said to be one of the most valuable collections of the kind in the world and representing the labor of twenty years.

The most widely separated points between which a telegram can be sent are British Columbia and New Zealand. The telegram would cross North America, Newfoundland, the Atlantic, England, Germany, Russia (European and Asiatic), China, Japan, Java and Australia. It would make nearly a circuit of the globe, and would traverse over 20,000 miles in doing so.

It is not likely, predicts Frank Leslie's Weekly, that there will be any further trouble with the Chinese now in this country on account of the registration law. The Chinese Six Companies in San Francisco have issued a notice ordering all their members to register under the new law, and this action will no doubt be largely influenced in determining Chinamen generally to comply with its provisions.

The fantastic and somewhat grotesque humor of the Thirteen Club, of New York, expended itself recently at a dinner which was intended to assist in giving the finishing stroke to the superstitious notions which still linger about the world from the days of our ancestors. Everything was done by the club to challenge, defy and ridicule the current superstitions. The members and their friends dined in thirties, walked under ladders, spilt salt, crossed knives, had lamps in plaster skulls and did many other curious and absurd things at which many simple people still tremble in these days.

One of the most characteristic anecdotes ever told of England's greatest man since Pitt is recorded in Mr. Smalley's cable letter to the New York Tribune. It brings out Mr. Gladstone's courage and grit. When his eyes were examined at Hawarden not long ago one was found to be sightless from an old cataract and the other seriously impaired from the formation of a new cataract. The nerve displayed by this veteran of eighty-four in demanding the removal of the old cataract then and there, so that he could have one good eye while the other was becoming useless, was phenomenal. The surgeon lacked the courage required for performing the operation, but the incident stands as a luminous illustration of the invincible strength of Mr. Gladstone's character. It justifies Mr. Smalley's conclusion that it is not in the Grand Old Man's nature to accept defeat, or to flinch from any conflict, and that he will fight to the end. He is true to his name, which in the Lowland Scotch means hawk and stone. Like a hawk, he has soared with constant poise above the low levels of English politics; and in inflexibility of moral purpose and in naked majesty of character he is like the matchless granite of the Scotch mountains.

Eastern papers note a decrease in marriages, which they ascribe to the effect of the hard times.

In wheat and flour the United States contributed five-eighths of the deficiency in Great Britain last year.

Dr. H. K. Carroll estimates that of a population of 62,622,250 in the United States 56,992,000 are Christians.

The War Department is considering the expediency of detailing army officers as military instructors in the high schools of New York and of other large cities of the country.

Of 500 men who applied for relief at St. Paul recently, relates the Detroit Free Press, 448 refused to saw wood in payment therefor. A remarkable prevalence of rheumatism and other disabilities manifested itself as soon as the buck-saw was mentioned.

Of the entire number of English peerages only five go back as far as the thirteenth century. Of the 538 temporal peers 350 have been created during the present century, 126 during the past century and only sixty-two trace their titles beyond the year 1700.

Three hundred thousand travelers in the United States, estimated as doing an average business for the year, gives a grand total of 600,000,000 tons of goods sold by the travelers during the year. Another estimate as to the amount of territory covered by all these traveling men during the year brings a grand total of \$172,000,000 paid out for railroad fare by the men of the road.

The enthusiastic spirit of the true Westerner is exemplified in the modest suggestion of a resident of the arid country of southeast Colorado, observes the Chicago Herald. On the Missouri River region, he says, there is no navigation, as formerly; immense damage is done yearly, at high water, from the upper waters to New Orleans, and a powerful lot of water is running to waste. Water commands a high price in the arid regions, and he suggests that the money spent by the Government in protecting Illinois, Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana against overflows and floods be used to dig a canal along the eastern foot of the Rocky Mountains to turn the Missouri River down into the Dakotas, Wyoming, Colorado and northern Texas, where it would be appreciated.

St. Louis is beginning to find out why so many people are killed and maimed in that city by the trolley cars, states the New Orleans Picayune. The other day the speed of a car was timed for a distance of a mile and a half, and it was found to be over thirty miles an hour. When the motorman was asked about it he said that he was running no faster than usual, and that when he got behind time he often ran a great deal faster than that. In the crowded parts of the city these cars are supposed to keep within a speed of ten miles, and in the less populated sections the legal limit of speed is fifteen miles. In the face of this the "usual time" in the more open parts of the city is from twenty-five to thirty miles an hour, and the schedules arranged by the company make it necessary. The result is that every now and then some unfortunate is run down and killed.

Says the Atlanta Journal: "The superior advantages of the South for the manufacture of cotton are being recognized in a very practical way. Some of the large cotton mills of New England are looking to the South as the best field for the extension of their business. A year ago the Massachusetts Legislature granted permission to the Lowell Cotton Mills to increase its capital stock for the purpose of establishing a branch mill in the South. A few days ago a bill was reported in the Massachusetts Senate to allow the Dwight Manufacturing Company to add \$600,000 to its capital stock. It is announced that this new capital is to be put into a cotton mill in the South. A \$700,000 cotton mill built by Northern capital has recently been completed at West Point, Ga., and the same parties will build another mill of the same capacity alongside this one. The New Orleans Picayune says: 'The saving in the cost of manufacture in the South gives this section a grand advantage over the Eastern mills, and the latter, moreover, realize that if they transferred the manufacture of their coarser makes of cloth to Southern branches they would be able to compete more successfully in the foreign trade.' In spite of the financial depression of the past year the Southern cotton mills have prospered, and some of them have made remarkable profits."

A SONG OF HER LOVE.

O hills, in glory lean
And bath your brows in light;
O velvet valleys, soft between,
Dream gently to the night;
For she hath said: "I love," and she
Hath given all that love to me!
O birds, with thrilling throats,
Glad let your music be;
O rivers, where the splendor floats,
Flow singing to the sea!
For she hath said: "I love," and she
Hath made that love a crown for me!
O world, grown green to greet
The joy that comes apace;
Your roses for her footsteps sweet—
Your sunlight for her face!
For she hath said: "I love," and she
Hath made that love a heaven for me!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

SISTER MARION.

BY CLARENCE BOOK.



HE lover is always selfish, especially if it be a woman. She would kill her lover with her own hand rather than see him happy with another woman."

The man in the corner by the fire dictated these words slowly and carefully; and the girl at the table wrote them down. Then there was a silence and the girl looked across at the man expectantly.

"Is it getting dark?" he asked, after a few minutes.

For Lewis Carrington had been blind for nearly six months. That was why he had engaged Marion Norman as his secretary.

"Yes, I can scarcely see," answered the girl. "Shall I light the lamp?" "No, I am tired," answered Carrington. "Let us stop now and talk."

Marion put together the sheets in their proper order, tidied up the table, and came over to the fire, by which she stood, leaning against the mantelpiece and watching her companion.

She was no older than Carrington, thirty-five or thereabouts; but she looked older than he did. A woman who has lived her life out of the sunshine—which is love—fades early. For the sunshine is good, even though it scorch at times.

"Is that true, do you think?" asked Carrington, lifting his head.

Marion blushed a little, and then she remembered that the eyes that met her own could see nothing.

"Is what true?" "That sentence about love and selfishness. Men know so little of women."

Marion Norman sat down in a chair by the fire and leaned her chin upon her hand as she watched Carrington.

"I hardly know," she replied, slowly. "I hope not. I think—no. Indeed, I am sure of it."

"How do you know?" asked Carrington, quickly. "Ah! forgive me. I should not have asked that."

In their four months' daily companionship, begun as a matter of business, they had grown into the habit of talking over many things together; and Marion looked forward to the ten minutes or so between the close of work and her departure as the pleasantest time of the day. She turned her eyes from Carrington's face to the fire.

"Yes, I have had my romance," she replied. "And then she told him the story. It was a poor, feeble little romance, dead almost before it was born, ten years ago, when Marion was a nurse at the London Hospital. Merely a young doctor who was poor, a few flowers and a note, which Marion still kept in her workbox, though she did not tell Carrington that. Some girls would scarcely have noticed it at the time, and would have forgotten all about it in a fortnight. But Marion cherished its memory, for it stood between her and the certainty that she had never found favor in the eyes of man."

"You know I lost more than my sight when my eyes went," said Carrington, after a pause. "That is why I am so anxious about the operation next week."

"Yes?" "You mean—"

"I was just engaged. And her people would not let her marry a blind man. They were quite right—weren't they?"

"And she?" "She cried and obeyed her people."

"If I had been she—" Marion began quickly.

"Well?" "Nothing. Only I never had any people."

"You were a nurse once, Miss Norman, were you not?" said Carrington presently.

"Yes. Yet it is still strange to hear myself called Miss Norman. I was Sister Marion until a year ago. But my health broke down and I had to give it up."

month, she appeared plainer and more commonplace than ever.

"If he never saw me perhaps—" The thought had forced itself more than once in her mind, but she had beaten it back and prayed that Lewis Carrington might see again.

Marion went her way home, and climbed up three flights of stairs to her room. It looked dark and cold—almost as cold as the streets outside, where the sleet was falling. She lit the gas stove and made herself a cup of tea. Then she looked out the nurse's clothes which she used to wear. The aprons wanted a stitch here and there. This occupied her for some time. By eight o'clock all was finished. The sleet was still beating against the window. Even if she had had anywhere to go she could not have gone. But it was having nowhere to go that made her feel so lonely. There was nothing to do but sit still and think. Marion was generally too busy for this, but to-night she could not help thinking a little bitterly of the loveless life she led. And then she fell to wondering what that other one was like. Of course she was pretty. There was a photograph of a girl upon Carrington's mantelpiece, with "Nora Thurston" scrawled across the foot. Doubtless that was she.

"Oh, if I might be just a little beautiful, just for a little while!" she sighed to herself. Then, reflecting that the wish was absurd, she had her supper—a couple of biscuits and a glass of milk—and went to bed.

There are two kinds of women—those who offer sacrifice and those who demand it. The latter must have something to lean upon; the former must have some one to support, somebody to feed or fondle or convert. It may be a husband, it may be a curate or a cat or a cannibal. Now Marion Norman was one of those women who long vaguely for some one for whose sake they shall have a right to sacrifice themselves.

A fortnight had passed, and the operation was over. For some days Lewis Carrington had lain upon his sofa in a darkened room with a bandage across his eyes and a terrible dread at his heart. He was waiting for the removal of the bandage to know whether he was to see or be blind for the rest of his life. Marion had been with him all the time, waiting upon him and reading to him. She had not been so happy for years. For Lewis Carrington depended entirely upon her. Every day she had been downstairs to answer the inquiries of a fair-haired girl. It was the girl whose photograph stood upon the mantelpiece. Every day she had been able to tell her that Lewis was going on well, and that there was every hope that he would see as soon as his eyes were strong enough to bear the light.

The evening before the day on which the question was to be decided, Carrington was restless and nervous. Marion read aloud to him to keep his thoughts from the morrow. But she saw his fingers twitch upon the arm of his chair, and knew of what he was thinking. At 10 o'clock she insisted on his going to bed. But for more than an hour Marion, who was listening by his half-open door, heard him tossing from side to side. She had decided to give him a soothing draught when his breathing became more regular, and at last settled down into the rhythmic respiration of the sleeper. So Marion lay down on the sofa in the sitting room.

She had been asleep, as it seemed, but a little while when something awoke her, and from where she lay she saw Carrington standing in the doorway between the sitting room and his bedroom.

"Mr. Carrington! What is the matter? Can I get anything for you?" she said, starting up in alarm.

He did not reply, but walked slowly, without turning his head, straight across the room to the window, over which a heavy pair of curtains hung.

"Mr. Carrington," she said again. But he did not answer. And then she understood that he was asleep.

For the moment, in her half-awakened state, she could not think of the right thing to do. She watched him pull one of the curtains aside. The light from a gas lamp in the street below fell full upon his face. And by the light she saw that his hands were pulling and tugging at something upon the back of his head. He was trying to take off the bandage from his eyes. In another moment, if he succeeded, the glare of the gas lamp would meet them and extinguish forever the feeble glimmer of sight. Her senses half dazed with fatigue and sleep, Marion, in that instant of startled comprehension, saw but one thing, that Lewis Carrington would be blind, and being blind—

Her heart gave a great leap of exultation. Motionless she sat, watching him as he still fumbled with the bandage.

"The lover is always selfish, especially if it be a woman."

The words broke in a flash across her mind—the last sentence she had taken down from Carrington's lips.

In an instant she was by his side, wide awake, every nerve tingling with shame.

"Come—come with me," she whispered in his ear, laying her hand upon his arm and gently drawing him away from the window.

With a sigh he turned, and suffered himself to be led back to his room. For a minute or two Marion watched him as he settled again into a peaceful sleep. Then she bent down and hastily touched his forehead with her lips, and returned to her sofa. But not to sleep. She was crying, first because she was wickered enough to be tempted, and then because she was not wickered enough to yield to temptation.

The next morning Lewis Carrington, knowing nothing of his narrow

escape during the night, was waiting for his eyes to be uncovered. The doctor had just arrived when the servant opened the door and whispered something to Marion. Without saying anything Marion left the room and ran down stairs. Nora Thurston was there.

"Come up," said Marion. "You are just in time. I think he can see you."

They went up the stairs together. "Go in there, dear—quietly. One moment." Marion took the girl's face between her hands and kissed her.

"Oh, is my hat straight? Do I look all right? I want to look nice if he does see me."

"Yes, yes. Be quick." Marion stood by the door listening. There was silence for some moments. Then she heard the doctor's voice.

"Well?" "Nora—ah! it is good to see you!" A few moments afterward the doctor came into the sitting room.

"What, nurse! Broken down, eh?" For Marion was lying upon the sofa, her face hidden in the cushions.

"Oh, I am glad! I am glad!" she sobbed. "Oh, God, make me glad!" —Pall Mall Budget.

Passing of the Sombrero. "Nobody wears big sombreros nowadays but the cowboys on the ranches out West, the Indians and the 'tenderfeet' who have smoked cigarettes and read yellow-tinted literature in the East and go West with highly inflated imaginations only to come back with cartloads of experience," remarked big, genial George Storer at the Lindell.

And Mr. Storer knows a thing or two about hats, for he has been a traveling salesman in that line for years.

Ten and fifteen years ago nearly three-fourths of the male population in the West and Southwest wore what are popularly termed 'cowboy hats.' But civilization, you know, affects the style of a hat as well as the culture of the brain beneath it. The Indian chief that used to pride himself on his headdress of eagle feathers, having rubbed up against civilization, now wants to wear the same hat he sees the pale faces wear around him—the cowboy hat. The countrymen down in Texas have pushed ahead of the cowboy and Indian a notch or two, and have thrown their old slouch aside for styles nearer the modern taste. At one time there was an immense trade in sombreros in Texas, and I placed large wholesale orders there, but civilization is having its effect, and now this class of trade practically amounts to nothing down there. Yes, the old slouch hat of the West, made famous in the stories of Bret Harte and Mark Twain, will eventually pass away along with the rip-roaring and six-shooter style of Western life. —St. Louis Republic.

Food vs. Medicine. People often wonder why it is that physicians so universally prescribe cod liver oil nowadays instead of medicines. The reason is easily explained. Of late years the medical profession has depended less upon powerful drugs and medicines and more upon nourishment to effect cures, the result being that where they formerly took cases in their own hands, physicians now are content to assist nature in her work of overcoming the ills of life in her own way.

The modern school of physicians has found that cod liver oil is one of the most nutritious of foods, and will do more to give a natural strength and tone to the body than almost any other known nourishment. It is in itself a fat, but it contains substances that make it a peculiarly rich fat. It not only insures a proper nourishment of the body, but it supplies the waste of disease or chronic ailments, and thus serves a double purpose.

In former years there were two objections to cod liver oil. These were its vile taste and its tax upon the stomach. Many preferred being ill to taking such a nauseating dose, while others could not retain the oil after taking it. It remained for the chemist to render the oil palatable and make it in an easy form for the stomach by converting it into an emulsion, thus accomplishing by mechanical process what had been left for the system to do. —New York Telegram.

Here's Richness For You. It is no exaggeration to say that there is practically no sight in Colorado \$1,000,000,000 of low-grade ore. It may cost \$500,000,000 or \$900,000,000 to take it all out, but it will furnish employment to hundreds of thousands and make business enough to give Denver 500,000 people. Cripple Creek alone cannot have less than \$100,000,000 in its hills, already partially opened. The great tunnel from Idaho Springs under the mountains to beneath Central will take out several hundred millions from old and known veins. A dozen similar tunnels will be built in other localities. Many thousands of gold seams have been opened at periods and under conditions that offered no profit. Most of them will now pay. Colorado's gold belt extends from Boulder, Manhattan, in Larimer County, and Hahn's Peak, with a broad sweep southwest to the corner of the State. It is the largest and richest gold field in the world. We doubtless have more gold than silver. —New York Dispatch.

Are We Losing Our Memories? "I think that men must be getting more forgetful than they used to be," said a prominent doctor recently, "and my principal reason for thinking so is the fact that there are so many more notebooks used than formerly. Why, it used to be very rare to see a notebook, while now every other man you meet is pulling out a notebook and jotting down some fact than he wishes to remember." —Philadelphia Call.

THE HUMMING TOP.

The top it hummeth a sweet, sweet song
To my dear little boy at play—
Merrily singeth all day long,
As it spineth and spineth away.

And my dear little boy
He laugheth with joy
When he heareth the tuneful tone
Of that busy thing
That loveth to sing
The song that is all his own.

Hold fast the string and wind it tight,
That the song be loud and clear;
Now hurl the top with all your might
Upon the banquet here;
And straight from the string
The joyous thing
Boundeth and spineth along,
And it whirrs and it chirrs
And it spins and it spins
Ever its pretty song.

Will ever my dear little boy grow old,
As some have grown before?
Will ever his heart feel faint and cold,
When he heareth the songs of yore?
Will ever this toy
Of my dear little boy,
When the years have worn away,
Sing sad and low
Of the long ago,
As it singeth to me to-day?
—Eugene Field, in Chicago Record.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Sisters of Charity—Faith and Hope.—Puck.

Political platforms are commonly built of deal.—Puck.

A low voice is an excellent thing in woman—also a low hat.

A coat of mail—The letter-carrier's livery.—Philadelphia Record.

A forced laugh should never be confounded with a "strain of mirth."

When money talks, even the purist does not stop to criticize its grammar.—Puck.

When a good idea strikes a musician it is only proper that he should make a note of it.—Buffalo Courier.

He—"I think Miss Fairleigh is a dream of beauty." She (spitefully)—"Dreams go by contraries."—Puck.

The huntsman who brings home the antlers proves that he has been able to get a head of the game.—Elmira Gazette.

Dinks—"Was Smith's purpose of whipping the editor carried out?" Danks—"No; but Smith was."—Buffalo Courier.

Claire—"How extremely simple that gown was Miss De Vere wore at the ball." Marie—"Yes; almost idiotic."—Detroit Free Press.

"Serves me right," said the drum. "I thought I could keep tight and never feel it—and here I am beaten at my own game."—Truth.

It isn't always the stenographer that takes down the Congressman's speech. It is sometimes the orator on the other side.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hicks—"What is that horrible stench; gas escaping?" Mrs. Hicks—"No-o-o; cook was out shopping for perfume again to-day."—Puck.

There is one thing queer about stairways, and not in the least bit new: A man will find a creaking step when he comes home after two.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Harduppy tells me he never destroys a receipted bill." "No; he's more likely to have them framed and hung up in his parlor as curiosities."—Tit Bits.

Uncle George—"I trust, Henry that you are out of debt?" Henry—"No, I haven't got quite so far as that; but I am out of everything else."—Boston Transcript.

"Mrs. Grit has a constitution like iron." "What makes you think so?" "Her husband has been troubled with dyspepsia for eighteen years."—New York Press.

The editor who is always feeling the pulse of the people is not really interested in their heart-beats. It is his own circulation that he is looking after.—Life.

"I wish," said a railway passenger as a bunch of comics were dropped into his lap by the train boy, "that these people would quit poking fun at me."—Washington Star.

"Mandy, did you read that notice on the counter, 'Your choice for fifteen cents?'" "Mandy—" "Land sakes! yes; but it looks like an awful price to ask for them clerks."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Visitor—"Tommy, I wish to ask you a few questions in grammar." Tommy—"Yes, sir." "If I give you the sentence, 'The pupil loves his teacher,' what is that?" "Sarcasm."—Texas Siftings.

Yabley—"You say you wouldn't marry any but a womanly woman, but what is your idea of a womanly woman?" Mudge—"One who would think I was the smartest man on earth."—Indianapolis Journal.

A lady asked an astronomer if the moon was inhabited. "Madam," he replied, "I know of one moon in which there is always a man and a woman." "Which is that?" "The honey-moon."—Journal Amusant.

Doctor—"I left directions that these powders should be taken before each meal and only two are gone." Wife—"I know; but you see cook is taking a vacation, and we only have one meal a day."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Friend—"Are you happy?" Spirit (through medium)—"Perfectly so." "Can you state what has pleased you most since you left us?" "The epitaph on my tombstone. It both amazes and delights me."—Texas Siftings.