

China is furnishing a chain of forts along her seacoast with Krupp guns.

F. C. Selous, the celebrated African hunter, says the flesh of the lion is capital eating, lion pie being almost as good as veal patty and quite as white.

England is to have no poet laureate, not, at least, until one arises of sufficient distinction to be worthy to succeed Wordsworth and Tennyson. Gladstone thinks that there is no such man in England at the present time.

The British training squadron, which consists of four training cruisers, and in which about 1200 young officers and seamen have annually been trained in the management of vessels under sail, is to be abolished. The Admiralty evidently assumes that it is unnecessary to teach an art which, in these days of steam war ships, might never be practiced.

Mrs. Eliza Archard Connor's sermon to young women, which won the prize among more than 1000 submitted, was elaborated under the following heads: "Do some useful work, and do it with enthusiasm. Lay up some money. Be sincere. Be helpful to others. Be neat. Stand by your own sex. Uphold forevermore the purity, dignity and worth of womankind."

M. Martin Conway, who is lecturing at the Royal Institution in London on his recent exploration in the Himalayas, has traversed more ground in those perilous regions than any other explorer. Although his journeyings there have covered over 3000 miles, he says that the section of country which he explored compared with the mountainous region that has not yet been touched is as the size of a postage stamp to that of a large quarto page.

Authorship and book publishing are in a bad way in France, according to a number of experts who have been figuring on the situation. It is said by M. Albert Cim, and corroborated by other experts, that there are scarcely six novelists in France who can count on receiving equal to or above 10,000 francs a year for their literary work. An examination of the books of a prominent publisher of Paris showed that two-thirds of the accounts opened for works of fiction, verse, travel, domestic economy and military science showed considerable losses. A volume of reasons are offered in explanation of the situation, but the facts are admitted.

Development of the coal beds in Western Texas promises, according to the St. Louis Republic, to add very materially to the wealth of that portion of the State. Fuel is very scarce at present in the surrounding country, but that is because of the lack of roadways from the coal fields. The best road there until recently was a burro path. A wagon road was finished last year and a railroad is now being built. It is to connect with the Texas and Pacific at Van Horn and the Southern Pacific at Haskell. The State Geologist of Texas has just made his report on the coal in Presidio County: "On account of its quality and extent as well as from its location in a region otherwise practically destitute of fuel, this deposit of coal must prove," he says, "to be a prominent factor in the development of the western portion of the State." Western Texas is to be congratulated on the prospects, as are also the gentlemen of St. Joseph, Mo., who recently invested in some 136,000 acres of land in Presidio County.

In the effort to prevent the supplying of firearms to natives of the Pacific islands regulations have just been made by the British High Commissioner for the Western Pacific prohibiting British vessels from carrying more than one rifle and one pistol for each member of the crew and each bona fide passenger not a native. It has also been made an offense, punishable by fine and imprisonment, for any person to supply firearms, ammunition, explosives or intoxicating liquors to the natives of any of the Pacific islands under British control or protection. Unscrupulous traders have recently supplied the natives of several of these islands with Winchester rifles and ammunition, with the result that the natives so armed have made raids on neighboring islands and slaughtered the inhabitants. A British war vessel on a recent tour of the islands found that a party of these armed marauders, notorious cannibals, had visited a near-by island and butchered the inhabitants of a large village, leaving every evidence of subsequent horrible cannibalistic practices.

A judge in Cincinnati has decided that a man who blows out his gas must stand the consequences. Unless a physician is hard by he generally does, adds the Chicago Herald.

Gladstone is one of the greatest opponents to divorce in the English-speaking world. He believes that marriage is a contract for life, which only expires when life itself expires.

To the returns of the loss of savings banks deposits in Massachusetts and New York are added those from New Jersey, which show that the deposits in the savings banks of that State have fallen off \$2,000,000 during the past year.

The Chicago Record facetiously observes that stock-raising and farming will be permitted only in the remotest corners of the Greater New York. The metropolitan garden-truck and clam-fishing industries will not, however, be interfered with.

The physician of Clinton (N. Y.) Prison says that eighty per cent. of the deaths in that institution are caused by consumption. Clinton Prison is situated in the Adirondack region, to which, the New York Mail and Express notes, many persons resort to cure consumption.

The State of New York pays a bounty for each panther, wolf and bear killed. The bounty for panthers and wolves is not often claimed, but about \$2000 per year is disbursed for the slaughter of bears. Queens County has set a price of \$5 upon each fox killed within its limits. "Evidently there is game in our own State and our vicinity," comments the Mail and Express, "and our hunters need not go West in search of wild animals when the State and Queens County offer premiums for the destruction of predatory animals."

It appears that the total number of books published in England in 1893 was 6382. This, however, is 150 below the number of the previous year. If we distinguish between new books and new editions the numbers are of new books 5129 as compared with 4915 in 1892. The new works of fiction have fallen from 1147 to 935; but this is probably due to some differences in classification, and many works probably classed before as fiction now go to swell the list of "juvenile works and tales," which have made an otherwise astonishing rise from 292 to 659. In an advance sheet of "The Publishers' Circular," from which we gather these facts, this is the explanation given. In political economy there is a falling off from 151 to seventy-one. Voyages and travels are nearly the same as the previous year—about 250—while works of history and biography are slightly fewer. There is a small increase in volumes of poetry, as also in year books and serial volumes. Medical and surgical works are not so numerous. This remark applies also to belles lettres.

Science is supreme in American production, and the Americans have outrun us all in its application, confesses the Edinburgh Review. They were the first to utilize electricity, not merely in the development of telegraphy and the kindred arts, but as a powerful ally in manufacture. In the welding of metals, for instance, it now plays an important part. It has reduced the price of aluminum from \$10.50 a pound, and the metal has now in consequence passed into common use; it enters into the fabric of the bicycle; it is made into shoes for the horses of Russian cavalry; it is embodied in the enigmatical figure which crowns the Shaftesbury Memorial. In iron and steel, the use of highly-developed machinery, which is no more than the application of science, has revolutionized production. The new drop-hammer has brought down the price of American plows to less than \$5, and in the making of all sorts of agricultural implements it is calculated that 600 men can now produce as much as 2145 a few years ago. Where a single workman could make three dozen pairs of sleeve links in a day, a boy can now make 9000. The manufacture of pins still holds its own as an "object lesson;" but whereas Adam Smith notes with astonishment and admiration ten men turning out 48,000 pins a day, the modern American manufacturer finds no difficulty in supplying 7,500,000 in the same time, as the result of the labor of five pairs of hands. Compare this with the state of things as the time of the War of Independence, when imported pins sold for \$2.85 a dozen, and when, to encourage home industry, the Government offered \$250 for the best twenty-five dozen of pins made in America equal to those imported from England.

THE FLOWER OF SORROW.

Summer comes and summer goes,
But all months of all years
There if falling of tears;
Summer comes and summer goes,
All hours are grief's, and the sowers sows.
To-day and to-morrow
The Flower of Sorrow
Buds and blows.

—John Vance Cheney, in Century Magazine.

AUNT TABBY'S UMBRELLA.



WO of the three Fosdick girls aspired to wealth and a social position. They claimed a few rich relatives, who visited them occasionally and raved over the "lovely fields" and "darling cows," but nevertheless would have suffered the pangs of hunger before they had made an effort to till these same fields or soil their dainty hands by milking a cow.

Among the country relatives was Aunt Tabby Simons. She began life with a little amount of property, and had been known to have been very economical for many years. She was a very peculiar woman, but received due courtesy at the hands of some members of the family on account of "what Aunt Tabby might possibly do for them."

The shrewd old lady intuitively gauged these courtesies and knew just where to draw the line, where true deference should manifest itself.

The Fosdicks were a family of six, father, mother, son and three daughters. Celinda, Clara and Marie were the daughters, but were unlike in character and personal appearance. Celinda was the acknowledged beauty of the family. Clara considered herself of the most importance in literary matters, and Marie, the youngest, a plain, sensible, good little daughter, who made everybody happy.

Just now all were busily discussing a letter just received. It was Celinda who spoke first.

"Of all things! That Aunt Tabby should thrust herself upon us this summer! And we might just as well have had some guest from the city who would have returned the hospitality for me next winter. And no knowing whether we shall make anything out of her."

"Celinda, I'm ashamed of you. Why need you be so mercenary?" exclaimed her father, reprovingly. Celinda scowled.

"I'm sure Aunt Tabby is mercenary," she said, in a complaining tone. "If she would ever do anything for us or make us presents it would be different, but she just scripps all the time and allows us to scripp, too." Celinda tossed her head fretfully.

"And I'm sure she has no regard for the poetry of life," chimed Clara.

"Maybe Aunt Tabby doesn't care for the poetry in books, but she cares for another word that begins with p and that is 'practical,' she takes right hold to help with the housekeeping," said the tired, overworked Mrs. Fosdick.

"Yes, indeed! I don't know what we would have done that hard summer without her," said Marie, with a grateful remembrance of Aunt Tabby's willing and ready hands.

"We ought to have souls above such drudgery," exclaimed Clara, rolling her eyes towards the ceiling.

"Well, Clara, I can tell you one thing," interposed Mr. Fosdick. "Books are all right enough in their places. Folks ought to have plenty of 'em and know what is in 'em, too—which is more than half of 'em can say who have a big library. All the same, I guess if it wasn't for this same drudgery as you call it, you wouldn't be quite as comfortable as you are."

There was a little silence while Mr. Fosdick drank his tea and then continued:

"You like pie and cake well enough, but you don't want to go into the kitchen to help make 'em. Seems to me you might help mother and Marie a little more."

"Ma says I bother her," replied Clara, in an apologetic tone.

"That's because you ain't teachable, like Marie. She had to learn."

"It's no use of fussing, girls," said Mrs. Fosdick. "Even if Aunt Tabby is old and sometimes queer and cross, I think we can manage."

"She needn't be so queer," said Celinda.

"She is just as she was made, if she is my sister, and we've got to make the best of it," said Mrs. Fosdick, rising wearily from the table.

Aber Mason, sitting in the kitchen, had heard all this conversation. He compared the fretful, complaining voice of Celinda to Clara's drawing tones, and again with the cheerful, practical words of the pleasant Marie.

Aber was something more than a farmer's hand. He possessed a fine physique and fair education, broadened by a course of good reading. He wanted to know how to run a farm. He had views of a time when he might own a farm of his own and he wanted to learn how to utilize every acre.

He had also had his day dreams of the time when his home might be presided over by a fair, good woman, and somewhere in the depths of his soul had been registered a purpose to make Marie his wife.

But of this Marie was blissfully ignorant. She worked about house all day and served Aber at table as gracefully as if he were a titled guest. Marie had no nonsense about her and respected the young man who so faithfully lightened her father's toil.

On this particular afternoon she watched her father as he stood in the back porch, pausing for a few mo-

ments' rest before setting out for the hayfield for the afternoon's work. She noticed he passed his hands wearily over his pale, tired-looking face, and turning suddenly to him, said:

"Pa, can't you sit down and rest a little while? You look more tired than usual."

"No, child. There's that lot to be raked up this afternoon, and a good job it is. I must be going."

Aber came near and said:

"I'm willing to work extra hard on it if you rest for a little while. I think myself you don't look quite well. If you will trust me I will look after that this afternoon."

Mr. Fosdick had learned to rely on Aber—much more than on his own son, Henry, who, if truth must be told, was inclined to shirk. Henry disliked the farm. In fact, he disliked labor or application of any sort.

"Then I guess you may go on, Aber, and I will rest a spell. To tell the truth I don't feel very scrumptious," and he seated himself in the old-fashioned rocker out in the shady side of the porch. He soon fell asleep.

Two hours passed, and Marie began to feel anxious, as her father seemed still sleeping. She passed her hand anxiously over his brow. He awoke, but seemed dazed. He failed to recognize her, as he failed to recognize all the other members of the family. Dr. Rome was hastily summoned, who said he was suffering from sunstroke, and gently intimated that his working days were over. Aber came home much later than usual, having stayed to finish the lot. He found the family in distress over Mr. Fosdick's condition. Somehow the blow seemed to have crushed Mrs. Fosdick. She sat in a state of apathy, from which they could not arouse her. Everything fell upon Marie. "Marie" must do this. "Marie" must direct that.

Henry, instead of bracing himself to help meet the needs of the place, grew lazier than ever, and absolutely refused to be dictated to.

"There's just one thing about it, Aber," said Marie emphatically one morning, "we have got to make our plans exactly as if Henry were not here. He can't be depended upon. You had to do his work yesterday as well as your own. He is determined to go to the city. Let him go. I shall oppose him no longer. Then we shall know just what we have got to depend upon."

The next day Henry started for the city, leaving his share of the burden to fall upon Marie and Aber.

"I'll do the best I can, Miss Marie," said Aber. "I want you to feel free to call upon me early and late and I will serve you faithfully."

"I don't doubt you will, Aber, but oh! if only mother had not fallen into such a strange condition! She doesn't seem to care about anything, and I don't know much. I shall have to depend upon you entirely about the farm, and if I fail to show judgment you'll know it is because I don't know, not because I don't care, and then we will talk things over and get as straight as we can."

Marie was not a crying girl usually, but just now such large tears stood in her pretty eyes, and she looked up into Aber's face with such an appealing, dependent look that he felt his heart jump straight into Marie's hands.

"It's not much that I know, but you may trust me, Miss Marie."

Somehow Marie felt extremely comforted from that moment, although she could not sing about the house in her old-time way, yet she worked and directed with a feeling of greater security than before.

And in the midst of it all Aunt Tabby came. Even Marie, hospitable as she was, felt a bit more weary after she had welcomed her and helped her place her few garments in the nest "spare chamber."

"Now, look a' here, Marie. I made up my mind to come, even if your pa an' ma is sick. I can do a little to help, an' I will, too, if you an' I can agree on a few things."

"But you are getting old, and you are not strong, auntie. You must not do much; you'll get sick."

"If I ain't capable there's folks in the world as is an' we can get 'em."

"No, we can't, for we've no money to do it with," said Marie, decidedly.

"Well, I have, an' I'll do it, provided a good smart gal can come here an' help you, but if you say you'll allow her to wait on them lazy girls an' work over their founces an' furbelows instead of helpin' you, why 'tumble of much use."

Marie caught eagerly at this hope of help.

"Well, auntie, I promise you faithfully that Celinda and Clara shall wait upon themselves and iron their own founces. We will have good work done in an orderly manner, and I am tired, Aunt Tabby."

"Well, there's one s-comin' by next stage. I counted on how it would be an' took the liberty to have her promise to come. She's a stout, likely gal."

Marie knew her aunt's compliments would not be undeservedly given. She ran down with a lighter heart. Aber came in with his pails of milk and wondered at the unusual brightness of Marie's tired face.

"You can't always tell what folks will do," he said, after Marie had explained. "I felt as if she had a streak of good in her which emergencies would bring out."

And so the summer waned, and the aged father and mother were still invalids. It was with a sad heart and sometimes tear-dimmed eyes that Marie saw Aber's favorite books gathering a suspicion of dust upon their covers. He had no time for study or reading.

And then Aunt Tabby suddenly fell ill.

"It's of no use doctorin'," she said. "My time has come. I feel it, an' to-morrow I want things fixed pretty much as I want 'em, an' I'll get you an' Aber to help me tend to it."

So a time was set apart for the duty—to Marie a sad duty, for she really loved the old lady, who had been so kind to her.

With the renewed strength and clear voice which is sometimes given a dying person, she gave a few explicit directions.

"Jest hand me that tin box out o' the upper drawer o' my bureau, Marie." She did as she was bidden. "An' now I want that umberel o' mine out o' the closet."

A faint smile touched Marie's lips as she brought an old brown umbrella that had been the derision of her sisters. Aunt Tabby took it in her trembling hands and deposited it carefully on the bed beside her. Then she opened the box.

"Now, here in this old black wallet is a hundred dollars. I calculate it will pay my funeral expenses. An' here in this brown wallet is \$200 more, which I give into your charge, Marie, to help pay some of the house expense. An' here is my will. You take care o' that, Marie, an' see that everything goes straight as I have got it. Lawyer Sibley drew it up an' you can get him to read it when I'm gone. An', Aber, I give to you this umberel o' mine. Take good care on't, an' maybe it will help be a protection to your old age. I guess that's all—only, Marie—you may give my old clothes to Mammy Giddons. Don't bury me in my best dress. Give it to her; second best will do!" And with these strange words she turned her head on the pillow and expired.

A few hours later Marie, standing in the porch, with the sunset rays falling about her, said to Aber:

"I hope you won't feel insulted by Aunt Tabby's giving you that dreadful umbrella. It was a singular thing for her to do, but you know she was partly crazy. I know she thought a great deal of you, Aber. I wish she had done something for you."

"Never mind, Marie, I shall not hold it against her, you may be sure; and as for the umbrella, if I were at all a believer in luck—which I am not—I should say the poor old weather-beaten thing will certainly bring it to me. I shall certainly take care of it, as she said."

Celinda and Clara were in haste to learn the contents of the will.

"Not until after the funeral," said Marie, decidedly.

And so, after those last rites were performed, Lawyer Sibley was called to read the will. It bequeathed \$1000 to Mr. and Mrs. Fosdick, \$100 to Celinda and Clara and \$2000 to Marie.

"How strange that she did not mention her farm in Vermont! She has not spoken of disposing of it; but perhaps she has done so and this money is the price. Still, I should thought she would have mentioned it," said Marie to Aber.

The next morning it was raining as Marie stepped into the darkened porch.

"There's a chance for your new umberella, Aber," said Marie, smiling a little. He answered with a look which showed no signs of offense.

"Now, Aber, we must make arrangements for you to have more help. We can do it now. You have worked too hard. I shall never forget your faithful work and you shall be paid as far as money is concerned. Most young men would have gone away and left us in such straits."

"I don't know who could leave you, Marie," he said, with an earnestness which made her cheeks flush. Just then Celinda called from the dining-room:

"I want to go out, Marie. My umberella is broken, and so is pa's. Can't I take yours?"

"Yes, come the reply, and they watched Celinda and Clara as they waded persistently through the little puddles between the door and gate.

"I think I'll take my new one," said Aber, and he soon reappeared with it. As he opened it a large paper fell from the floor from the inner folds and a folded note also fell out. Aber read the note first:

"To Aber Mason: I hain't watched you all summer for nothin', an' I've made up my mind that what is yours will be pretty likely to be Marie's, too. So I hereby give you the deed of my farm in Vermont. I know you will make good use of it. Keep the old number in remembrance of me."

"J. ABNER SIMONS."

It was several moments before the young people could speak, and then Aber said:

"Is it true, Marie? Will you let what is mine be yours?"

Marie's answer was tearfully but happily given.

"But we will not leave father and mother at present."

"Surely not—but by and by we can make our plans."

When the winter snows came they fell upon the graves of the aged couple to whom sickness could come no more, and in the early spring Aber and Marie went to their new home. The old brown umbrella was carefully preserved as a most precious relic—Chicago News.

A Marvelous Tale.

Mr. Coonrod Stiwinter, our esteemed fellow-townsmen, caught a snapping turtle, carried it home, cut off its head and threw the head over into the back yard and ate the turtle. A day or two afterward some chickens came near the turtle's head, and one was caught by the jaws of the head and the head held its grip until it thundered.—Cave Spring (Ga.) Herald.

The Silk Hat Still on Top.

The silk hat continues to hold its ground in London, but in the provinces it has lately been almost entirely displaced by the hard felt Derby. There is a brisk and increasing demand for resuscitated chimney pots in South Africa and Australia, whether by the natives or the whites is not apparent.—Chicago Herald.

RUNNING AWAY FROM MAMMA!

Running away from mamma,
Bareheaded up the street,
Kicking the dust into yellow smoke
With little roguish feet.

Tossing it over his clean white dress
Into his stocking heels,
Checking the little wooden horse
That trundles along on wheels.

Dreaming away with wide blue eyes,
And speculating why
God won't give him the golden ball
That drops in the quivering sky.

What is the use of that pretty pink cloud,
Sailing away so high,
If he can have a ride in it?
And it's no use to try.

If that woman grew with glasses on,
If this house is papa's:
Why that nice red cow won't talk to him
Looking across the bars.

Into the neighbors' gates and doors,
Under their cherry trees,
Into mischief and out again,
Wherever he may please.

Wandering at last to the old church steps,
Little horse and all,
Climbing up laboriously—
Too bad if he should fall!

Pushing in with dimpled hands,
The great doors strong and tall,
Letting the warm, sweet summer light
Slide down the shadowed wall.

Standing still in the solemn hush
Of chance, nave and dome,
Thinking it is prettier
Than the sitting room at home.

Not a bit afraid, ah! no, indeed,
Of the shadows vast and dim,
Quite at home, and sure it was made
All on purpose for him.

The old, old story comes up to me
Written so long ago,
About the heavenly temple,
Where you and I must go.

The beautiful waiting temple,
That has no room for sin—
Something about a little child
And the way of entering in.

—Boston Transcript.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Sweet meets—Lovers' appointments.
Never strike a man for five dollars
when he is down.

Life is so short that man is but a paper
collar on the neck of time.—Puck.

The worn-out clock usually comes to
an untimely end.—Glens Falls Republic.

Yes, Minerva, there is a vast difference
between fast days and fast nights.
—Elmira Gazette.

Delia's was nowhere alongside of a
dog's tail in the art of expression.—
Boston Transcript.

When money talks, even the deaf
mute can get on to its meaning without
the aid of signs.

"The modern servant doesn't know
her place." "She can't. She changes
it too often."—Puck.

"When a friend turns out not to be a
trump, then is the time to discard
him."—Boston Transcript.

There are some friends who can't be
good to you unless you will let them
own you.—Aetichson Globe.

A girl may be almost pardoned for
throwing herself at a man if he is a
good catch.—Albany Press.

"There is a time for everything"
when the boarding-house cook makes
hash.—Binghamton Republican.

Woman may be the weaker vessel,
but it's always the husband that's
broke.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

You can always tell the boy who has
no skates, by his industry in breaking
the ice.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bakers ought to make good friends.
They can always raise something for
you in time of need.—Hartford
Journal.

"With bloodless lips, the villain
glared at her." His eyes, doubtless,
were otherwise occupied.—Boston
Transcript.

"The great trouble with Duff is that
he doesn't know anything." "Oh! on
the contrary, that doesn't trouble him
at all."—Puck.

Be careful of your language when
talking with the elevator boy; he is
apt to take you up very quickly.—
Boston Bulletin.

"How did you discover she was a
woman masquerading as a man?" "She
sent me a letter with two postscripts."
—Yankee Blade.

Hicks—"Snider says he hates a hum-
bug." Wicks—"Well, there's nothing
egotistical about Snider, is there?"—
Boston Transcript.

She—"This is so sudden." He—
"That's where you are mistaken. I've
been thinking about it for a whole
year."—New York Press.

A scientist, who is probably still
owing his tailor, claims that all the
diseases of humanity are due to wear-
ing clothes.—Hartford Journal.

Wife—"What would we do without
a doctor?" Husband—"Well, we
might get along, but what would the
druggists do?"—Texas Siftings.

That Nicetown man who named his
hen "Maeduff" has a neighbor who
called his rooster "Robinson," because
he crew so.—Philadelphia Record.

"Have you gained her father's con-
sent to your marriage?" "I can't
tell." "He's away, eh?" "No; her
mother is."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mrs. Hicks—"That girl broke only
one dish to-day." Hicks—"How did
that happen?" Mrs. Hicks—"It was
the only one left."—New York Herald.

"You cannot judge a man by the
umbrella he carries." "Why not?"
"Because the chances are it belongs to
somebody else."—New York Journal.

Uncle—"Well, Robbie, how did you
stand at school last term?" Robbie—
"Sometimes with my face in the corner
and sometimes up at the teacher's
desk."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.