

Uncle Sam has 1416 clerks sixty years old and over.

According to present estimates about 20,000 miles of cable will be laid within the next two years.

Houston, so the Post announces, is now the largest city in Texas, its new directory giving it a population of 61,530.

Mexicans are allowing American machinery to enter that country free, in order to hasten development. It is enormously wealthy, but its wealth is hard to develop.

"Not only was the blarney stone at the World's Fair bogus," laments the New York Mail and Express, "but the beautiful girl from Kildare in one of the adjoining booths was born in Pittsburg."

Lord Rosebery, the new British Premier, once introduced a bill to substitute an elective Senate for the House of Lords. He is said to be heartily in favor of removing the veto power of the Lords.

Quinine is not used in the United States as extensively as it was ten years ago. In that time the consumption has been reduced fully twenty-five per cent. There is more quinine sold in Louisiana than in any other State in the Union.

Says the Washington Star: It is with difficulty that people generally can be made to realize to-day that the long business depression is ended. Yet that is the welcome and demonstrable fact. For some weeks now the news dispatches have contained each day a lengthening list of manufacturing establishments that had resumed operations.

The use of carrier-pigeons has increased to such a degree that the French Government has decided to impose severe penalties upon all persons found keeping them without a license, and to prohibit the importation of foreign born pigeons, even when merely destined for pie purposes, the object being to prevent any possible carrying of news with regard to French military matters, should there be necessity.

The United States Government owns a great many miles of longshore telegraph lines, connecting lighthouses, live-saving stations and other Government property on the coast. It is usually easy to recognize these Government lines by their low poles of rather small iron piping. These poles are planted deep in the sandy beach, and, being of small diameter, they present little hold to the sea winds, and thus are seldom blown down.

The United States Government is seeking by precept and example to induce towns with names ending in the forms burgh, borough, boro, and burg, to adopt this last form. Burg is the usual pronunciation in the United States of the form burgh, and most Americans refuse to sound the final "h," even of Edinburgh. These several suffixes, and, as well, bury, borough, and burrow, are related to the Anglo-Saxon verb beorgan and the German bergen, to hide or to shelter. The several suffixes are also related to several Anglo-Saxon forms meaning an earthwork, and from this came the application of such suffixes to indicate a fortified town.

One element of difficulty in bringing Spanish-American offenders against the laws to justice in our Territories derived from Mexico is the ties of race and kinship. An atrocious criminal of Mexican blood may be protected through years of a lawless career by relatives and family friends who themselves are eminently respectable and, except where the safety of friends or kindred are concerned, law abiding. This protection is continued after the criminal has been brought into the courts, in the way of the bribing and packing of juries and in the providing of avenues of escape from prison. Thus for years the murderer and outlaw Porfirio Trujillo has gone at large, or, when apprehended, has found it easy to escape the penalty of his crime. His present headquarters are in the Manzano Mountains, east of Albuquerque, in Eastern Bernalillo and Valencia Counties, where, with a price on his head, he perpetrates his depredations and outrages with a high and defiant hand. One form of plundering with Trujillo and his gang is to go into a flock of sheep and drive off hundreds at a time, or to run off cattle from the plains ranges, kill them, and sell the meat to inhabitants of the mountain towns. They do not hesitate at murder, either for booty or revenge.

A Toronto (Canada) minister says one cause of the present depression is the rush from the farm to the city.

It is proposed that postage stamps be numbered so that when stolen from postoffices the rogues may be traced.

The English eat three million dollars' worth of American apples every year, and the trade is increasing. Next, predicts the Chicago Sun, California fruits will be sold in England.

Sheriff Rowan Tucker, of Fort Worth, Texas, thinks that the substitution of beer instead of whisky as the common drink of the State has had a notable effect in diminishing the number of homicides.

Rev. Dr. Rainsford, of New York, recently told his congregation to quit giving away their money to indiscriminate charity, but to give it to him instead, as he knew how to do the most good with it.

Last year 1056 miners were killed in the coal mines of Great Britain. With safety lamps, better machinery, greater skill of miners and mine bosses the death list is declining. Hundreds of Scotch miners are going back to Scotland.

John Burns, the Labor member of the House of Commons, has delighted London with a pun purely English. Correcting another member he referred to the House of Lords, "Not as the gilded chamber, sir, but as the guilty chamber."

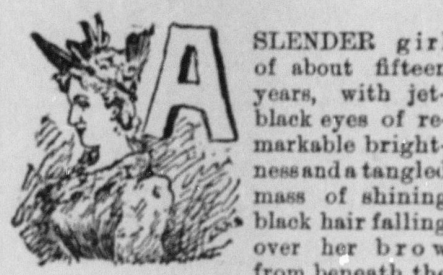
It appears that the Pall Mall Gazette, W. W. Astor's paper, got a big scoop on Mr. Gladstone's resignation, having announced it exclusively several weeks ago. Mr. Gladstone was keeping his intention secret, but some one in his confidence betrayed him, and went to the papers offering to sell the information. He went to several before the Pall Mall Gazette, but none of them were credulous enough, or mean enough, to pay him for his treachery but Astor.

A Denver (Col.) special says: "The Supreme Court of Colorado has decided that Bishop Warren, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, must pay \$160,000 to Andrew M. Adams. The case dates back over twenty-five years and contains romance enough to fill a novel. By the decision the Bishop must relinquish title to 160 acres of land on the eastern boundary of Denver or pay for it at \$1000 an acre. Bishop Warren came into possession upon marrying Mrs. Bliff, widow of a rattle king. Bliff claimed the land in payment of loans to Adams. The latter obtained judgment from the Government in 1870 for \$60,000 for cattle run off by Indians. He fell in the streets of Washington soon after receiving intelligence of the award and seems to have lost memory of all the occurrences in Denver. Sixteen years later he met an old friend in Albuquerque who aroused the sleeping memory of Adams and he began to investigate. In this case the statute of limitation did not apply on account of Adams's long aberration."

Everybody is interested in a love affair, admits the New York Sun, but that of Miss Martin Morris and Mr. Jaek Simonson, of Oberlin, Kan., is a new step in the evolution of law. Morris vs. Simonson rises to the dignity of a precedent that will doubtless be bound in calf and go down generations as "108 Kansas," or under some kindred classification. Miss Morris and Mr. Simonson were engaged, when Mr. Simonson moved to Oberlin. There he met Miss Florence Gilett, a school teacher, and sought to marry her. Meanwhile his letters to Miss Morris grew colder and finally ceased. Mr. Simonson then sought to have conveyed to Miss Morris through his sister that he no longer loved her, and was going to marry Miss Gilett. Miss Morris immediately packed her trunk and, going to Oberlin, proceeded to get out an injunction restraining Mr. Simonson from marrying Miss Gilett. This bold step on Miss Morris's part has half paralyzed the bar of the State. Nobody ever heard of such a thing before. Miss Morris's lawyers vainly tried to get her to bring a breach of promise suit. That they could handle, there being numberless precedents. Miss Morris would not be persuaded. What she wanted was not damages, but her young man. Not having read Belzac, she says that if Mr. Simonson can be restrained from marrying Miss Gilett for a reasonable time, she can win him back again. The lawyers of all sorts regard the case as a legal nut, and seem to incline to the opinion that the action is grounded in the common law, and that Miss Morris will get another try.

LOVE.  
To kiss the hands that smite,  
To pray for them that persecute,  
To hear the voice of blame,  
Heap undeserved shame,  
And still be mute—  
Is this not love?  
To give for evil good,  
To learn what sacrifice can teach,  
To be the scoffer's sport,  
Nor strive to make retort  
To angry speech—  
Is this not love?  
To face the harsh world's harms,  
To brave its bitterness for years,  
To be an unthanked slave,  
And gain at last a grave  
Unwet by tears—  
Is this not love?  
—Susie M. Best, in Philadelphia Ledger.

FAN.  
BY J. L. HARBOUTH.



A SLENDER girl of about fifteen years, with jet-black eyes of remarkable brightness and a tangled mass of shining black hair falling over her brow from beneath the torn brim of a ragged straw hat, stood at my mother's door one morning in November and asked:

"Can you just lend me a cup of coffee and a cup of sugar and flour enough for a bakin' of bread? I'll pay it all back when I can."

My mother had never seen the girl before. She was untidy in her dress; her shoes were not mates, and they were buttonless and full of holes.

"What is your name?" my mother asked.

"Fan."

"And your other name?"

"Tracy."

"Where do you live?"

"Oh, just a little way down the road, the first house from here. I believe they call it the old Peters place."

We knew, the place very well. No one had lived there for years. The house, which was in the woods a short distance from the river, had been shabby in its best days, and now was little better than a hovel. Scarcely a pane of glass was whole, and such of the doors as remained were off their hinges. The floors were sunken, and the plaster was falling from the walls. The house was unfit for human habitation.

"Do your parents live there?" my mother asked.

"I ain't got but one parent—my dad. We just come three days ago, and dad was told he could live in the old Peters house rent free, and if he can get work we'll settle here."

"How many are there of you?"

"Just dad and me and my little brother Carey; he's only six, and little for his age."

My mother gave the girl the articles for which she asked, whereupon, she said, with a sudden outburst:

"I'll tell you, honest now, that mebbe I sha'n't be able to pay you back these things. Dad ain't got work yet, and mebbe he won't get anything to do; but if he does and if I can, I'll pay you back."

We did not see the girl again for a week, but in that time we learned a little more about the Tracy family.

Mrs. Hornby came over to our house one afternoon to "set awhile." Mrs. Hornby was an elderly person of so much leisure that she spent most of her time in "setting awhile" in the homes of her neighbors; but she had so much gossip to relate that she was not, as a rule, unwelcome.

"You've heard about a man named Tracy and his two children moving into the old Peters place, haven't you, Miss Harley?" asked Mrs. Hornby.

"Yes," replied my mother. "The girl has been up here to borrow some things."

"Oh, I reckon so! I guess they live mostly on what they can 'borrow.' They'd better call it begging and be done with it. Have they paid you back?"

"No; but the girl was honest enough to tell me that she couldn't pay me back if her father did not get work here."

"Work!" ejaculated Mrs. Hornby, contemptuously. "I guess that all the work that Tracy fellow does won't hurt him much nor do his family any good. He spends most of his time down to Jim Fifer's saloon near the ferry. My! I'd lend the way and carry an ax if the women of this neighborhood would go down there some night and tear down that saloon to the ground!"

"Then the Tracys are so poor because the father is a drinking man?"

"Yes; and you may well say poor. I was going by the old Peters place yesterday, and I just thought I'd step in and see how the children were getting along in that old shell."

"Have they made the old place at all habitable?"

"Well, the man has exerted himself enough to hang a door or two and patch the floor up some. They don't use but two rooms, and all but one window in them are boarded up. They've got a rusty old cook-stove, one or two old chairs, a battered and patched-up old bedstead, a little pine table and an old red cupboard, and that's every stick of furniture they have excepting what that girl, Fan, has made out of some old boxes. She's a terror, that Fan is!"

"One must allow a good deal for her surroundings and the influence she has probably been under all her life," said my mother.

"Well, she needn't be so saucy, anyhow. She just as good as told me that she didn't thank me for coming around, and I going there with the

kindest motives! And when I asked her if she didn't have a broom to keep the place clean with, she had the impudence to ask me if I couldn't lend her mine, as I probably had no use for it, or I wouldn't have so much time to attend to other folks' door-yards—the saucy thing!"

"Did you see the little boy?"

"Yes, and he had better manners. He sat back in a corner on a box and kept as quiet as a mouse. He's a pale, sickly-looking little fellow, and he walks a little lame. I've seen him out in the timber picking up sticks to burn. I've heard of them 'borrowing' things all over the neighborhood, but I haven't heard of their paying anything back."

However, the next day Fan came up to our house and returned the sugar she had borrowed the week before, and asked for some more flour. My mother, who was frying doughnuts, gave Fan three or four of these, in addition to the flour, to carry home to her little brother.

"Oh, I'm ever so much obliged, Miss Harley!" Fan exclaimed, with tears in her eyes. "Carey'll be so pleased! I was trying to make up my mind to ask you for one of them, but I was ashamed. Dad don't earn scarcely anything, but he's husking corn now for a farmer, and I hope he'll have steady work for a while."

But the next evening we heard that "dad" had been at Jim Fifer's saloon all day, and we knew that Fan's hopes had come to naught. At ten o'clock that same evening my father, as he was preparing to go to bed, heard what seemed to him a light, timid knock on the front door.

It was a dark, cold and stormy night; the wind blew with such force that my father could not be sure that what he heard was a knock at the door. He listened, and when the knock was repeated he opened the door. Fan and Carey Tracy stood there in the cold, bareheaded and without wraps. They had been crying, and Carey's lips were quivering still.

"Will you let us come in out of the storm, Mr. Harley," said Fan, with bitterness in her voice. "We've no place to go, and I wouldn't ask for any place for myself—I'd crawl into a haystack or stay in the woods all night; but I don't dare to with Carey. He isn't strong, and I wish you'd please take him in, anyhow."

"Come in, both of you," replied my father. "Why are you out this time of the night?"

Fan hesitated.

"I'll have to tell you the honest truth," she said, presently. "Father came home from that Ferry saloon about an hour ago and turned us out. He never would have done it if he hadn't been drinking. He isn't mean to us when he's sober. It's the fault of the saloon that he acts so, and I'll—I'll tear down that saloon to the ground! I just will!"

"But that would be breaking the law, and another saloon would probably be built in its place," said father.

"Perhaps if you spoke to the saloon-keeper it might—"

"I have been to him," interrupted Fan. "I've coaxed and begged him not to let father have drink, but what good did it do? Not a bit."

She put an arm around Carey protectively, and the little fellow clung to her side. My mother rose and prepared a bed for Fan and her little brother. The next morning my father went home with them to see if he could not make some appeal to Tracy in behalf of his helpless children.

The man was sober now and repentant. He promised earnestly that this should be the last time that he would drink rum.

"But he's promised that so many times," said Fan, wearily, following my father a short distance from the old house. "He promised it over and over to mother before she died, and he'd keep his promise if he could. He can't while there are saloons around. But there'll be one less in this neighborhood some day, if this happens again!"

It did happen again. It happened three days later, but this time Tracy did not at first turn his children out of the house. He fell to the floor in a drunken stupor the moment he stumbled across his own threshold, and lay there a helpless, degraded creature, a shame and a sorrow to his children and to himself.

Fan had put little Carey to bed before his father came home. Now she sat alone in the dim light of a smoldering fire in the rusty stove at one end of the room. Her father lay, breathing heavily, just where he had fallen when he had stumbled into the house, and Fan sat or crouched down on floor by the stove and looked at him.

Finally she got up and touched the sleeping man lightly on the shoulder.

"Father," she said.

He made no reply, and Fan bent over him and shook him lightly.

"Father," she said again, "don't you want to go to bed?"

He struck at her in the darkness, and sprang suddenly to his feet, raging and cursing. Fan knew what might come. She ran to the bed and dragged Carey from it. His clothes were on a chair by the bed; Fan picked them up and fled from the house with the child in her arms, a ragged old quilt wrapped around him. She did not stop running until Carey's weight compelled her to do so. He clung to her, frightened and crying.

"There, there; don't be afraid; sister will take care of you," said Fan, soothingly.

She sat down on a fallen log, put on the child's clothes and wrapped the old quilt around him, saying to herself as she did so:

"I'll do it! I'll do it! I've said that I would and I will! But I'll give Jim Fifer fair warning first. I'll go and tell him to his face."

"Where we going now, Fan?" asked

Carey, as Fan fumbled about excitedly, trying to tie one of the little fellow's ragged shoes in the darkness. "Are we going up to Mr. Harley's again, Fan?"

"I hate to go up there again, Carey." "But it's raining now, Fan, and we can't stay out here in the woods all night, can we?"

"No, not if it rains, Carey; but we can—I know where we'll go, Carey!" she said, with sudden resolution. "It's where we've got the best right to go; it's where we've got a perfect right to go; come on."

She sprang suddenly to her feet and started down the road at such a rapid rate, with the little boy's hand clasped so tightly in hers, that he begged:

"Wait, Fan, wait! you go too fast, and you hurt my hand."

"I didn't mean to, Carey. I'll walk slower now."

In half an hour they came to Jim Fifer's saloon down by the Ferry. The little one-roomed frame house was dark, and Fan shook her fist savagely toward it as she hurried by with Carey clinging close to her side.

"I'll do this neighborhood a good service by ridding it of you. I'd do this minute if I didn't have Carey with me," she gasped.

Jim Fifer lived in a new house at the edge of the timber a short distance from his saloon. A bright light shone in two of the front windows of the house.

"They're up," said Fan to herself. "It's a good thing they are, or I'd get 'em up. My father's earnings have helped to pay for that house, and I've a right to stay in it. I'll tell Jim Fifer so!"

She rapped loudly at the door. Jim Fifer opened it. Fan strode in boldly with Carey's hand in hers.

"I guess you know us, Jim Fifer," she said, when she had closed the door and was standing with her back against it. She stood and looked fiercely at him, while his wife, a sad-eyed, troubled-looking young woman stared at the two children in wonder.

"I don't have to tell you, Jim Fifer, that we are Mr. Tracy's children. He came home from your saloon mad with drink awhile ago and chased us out into the cold and darkness; he's done it many a time when drink has made him crazy. We'd no place to go, and as your whisky made him drive us out, I thought you'd feel that it was your place to take us in."

She spoke fearlessly, with her big, shining black eyes fixed on the man's face. One arm was thrown protectively around her little brother, who had his face in her skirts and was trembling and crying with terror of the man whom he regarded as the cause of all their misfortune.

Before the man could make any reply his wife uttered a cry, and ran to him and hid her face on his breast. In a voice broken by sobs she cried out pitifully:

"O James! James! is it true? Does she tell me the truth?"

Fier hung his head in silence, and Fan said in a lower and gentler tone:

"It is true, every word of it, Mrs. Fifer. We've often been turned out at night into the cold and the wet, and we go ragged and hungry because of that saloon."

"James! James! James!" cried Mrs. Fifer, in an agony of shame and distress.

There had been strange influences at work in Jim Fifer's heart for two or three days; a slumbering conscience had suddenly been quickened into life. Several things had happened to trouble him. Other cases of distress had come to him, and his young wife had been pleading with him that very evening to forsake the business. He loved her, and he loved his own two little boys sleeping safely in their beds in the next room.

He thought of them, and of the disgrace that he was piling up for their future, as he looked at the two wet, ragged, pale and hungry-looking children of Joe Tracy.

His wife was thinking of them, too, for she suddenly cried out in a sharper note of pleading distress: "James, James, think of our own two little boys!"

"I am thinking of them, Martha," he said.

"Then I know what you will do, James," she said.

He nodded his head two or three times without speaking, and suddenly broke away from his wife's embrace and ran hatless from the house.

His wife turned toward the two children, and took little Carey up into her arms, crying over him and kissing him.

Five minutes later a red glow illuminated the woods down by the Ferry. A sheet of flame shot up among the trees, making their black and leafless branches stand out boldly in its light. The flames rose higher and higher, and Mrs. Fifer and Fan could see in the brilliant firelight a bareheaded man standing in the road with folded arms looking at the destruction of his case of liquor. He had dragged them out into the road and set fire to them.

The place at the Ferry was never reopened as a saloon. In the little building Jim Fifer set up the business of a shoemaker, to which he had been trained. There he prospered, and became a respected citizen.

My father and several others interested themselves particularly in Tracy. There was a little house of two or three rooms on our farm into which they moved. Mrs. Fifer did much for the children.

There were still remains of manliness and honor in poor Tracy, and the time came when Fan and Carey were proud to call him father, and when he was all that a father ought to be to his children.—Youth's Companion.

Since October 1, 1820, there have been 17,113,979 immigrants from foreign countries to the United States.

SONG OF THE RED BIRD.

When the first faint glow of light  
On my window, pale and white,  
Wakes the thought that night is o'er—  
When I faint would slumber more,  
And strange visions fade and glow  
As my dreams fit to and fro,  
Suddenly without I hear  
Piping clear, but soft and near:  
"Cheer up, cheer up, cheer! Cheer!  
Day is coming, day is here!  
Merry, merry, morning, merry!  
Sleep no more, O do not tarry!  
Light is breaking, cheer, cheer, cheer!"

Lying there in vain regret  
That the day owes night a debt;  
That the dark is soothing still,  
Though the light will lead and thrill;  
Musing o'er a fading dream,  
Conning o'er some worldly scheme,  
Suddenly again I hear  
Sweet and mellow, strong and clear:  
"Cheer up, cheer up, cheer! Cheer!  
Love is waiting, love is near!  
Money, money, nay, not money,  
Makes life happy, makes love sunny.  
Work is blessing, cheer! Cheer! Cheer!"  
—Charles W. Stevenson, in Chicago Record.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A close friend—The one who never lends you anything.—Philadelphia Record.

Are the members of a college Pi Eta society particularly partial to pastry?—Lowell Courier.

Generally a man can get into fashionable society with a golden wedge.—New York Journal.

Woman's sleeves must be hot-tempered, as they are nearly always ruffled up.—Florida Times.

Jones—"What does he do?" Brown—"Do?" Why, he does everybody."—Florida Times-Union.

As much hate can sometimes be put into a word as can be fired out of a musket.—Ram's Horn.

A genuine sign in a Market street restaurant, Philadelphia: "Six o'clock dinner here from 5.30 to 7.30."—Life.

The fellow who tells all he knows wouldn't be half so insufferable if he knew all he tells.—Philadelphia Record.

It is an indisputable fact that every man who wears his watch in his vest pocket is behind time.—Philadelphia Record.

Nedders—"What's a bon mot?" Slowitz—"Something you always think of after it's too late to say it."—Chicago Record.

If you have nothing else to do see how rapidly you can say "soop soopes theosophists thoroughly."—Texas Sittings.

The Benefits: "What makes some girls look young so long?" "The men are to blame. They won't propose."—Life's Calendar.

A man denies himself pleasures when he is young that he may have money to pay out to the doctors when he is old.—Athenian Globe.

It is a mistake to suppose that women ever marry for money; sometimes, however, they marry for the want of it.—Boston Transcript.

Sime—"Your father was an old whaler, wasn't he, Jimmie?" Jimmie—"Yes; but near as I can remember ma did her share of it!"—Boston Courier.

"My wife is very sick, Doctor." "Is she suffering much?" "Suffering? Well, I should say so. Why, she had such a bad cold she can't talk."—Spare Moments.

"How is it that Liptoch takes so much interest in all that Nuppon's baby tries to say?" "Oh, he's writing a dialect story and depends on the baby for ideas."—Inter-Ocean.

Stayesant—"Half the world never knows how the other half lives." Madison—"That's what comes of living in flats without an air shaft."—Browning, King & Co.'s Monthly.

Affable Swell—"Well, the fact is, my name is not Smithson. You see, I am traveling incog. There's my card." Fellow Passenger—"Glad to hear it. I'm traveling in pickles. Here's mine."—Brooklyn Life.

Mother—"Don't you think that a boy of your size could take the tacks out of this carpet if he wanted to?" Small Son—"I guess so. Shall I take my sled and go out and see if I can find one who wants to?"—Good News.

Lady—"You say you are a musician. Well, I'll give you a little practice. Just go over to the woodshed and tackle a few chords." Tramp—"Excuse me, madam, I am a tenor and I fear those chords are too heavy for me."—Philadelphia Record.

"I wish some missionaries didn't vary so much," said King Kannah, as he swallowed his portion of the roast. "I wish so, too," said Queen Kannah, "but there are so many brands of Presbyterians these days it's hard to tell what to order."—Harlem Life.

Man of Fashion (reading a newspaper that a village schoolmaster had shot himself because he could not pay a debt of fifty marks)—"Ridiculous! Why, if I were to shoot myself for every fifty marks that I owe I should be kept at it all the year round!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Mrs. Honeycomb (to bridegroom, in railway train)—"Do you love me?" Old Party (confidentially from the other seat to the bridegroom)—"She's asked you that forty-seven times already. I get on here, but I'll leave the score with this gentleman by the window."—Tit-Bits.

It Worked Both Ways: She—"Does the fact that I have money make any difference to you, dearest?" He—"Of course it does, my own. It is such a comfort to know that I should die you would be provided for." She—"But suppose I should die?" He—"Then I would be provided for."—Life's Calendar.