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Statistics show that 20,000 females are arrested yearly in New York City.

The statement is made that England has lost three hundred millions dollars in South American investments.

Of the 3000 breweries in the United States, foreigners have secured about sixty, representing something over forty companies.

Activity is the order of the day in the iron and steel mills of the country, and new works and improvements are being added rapidly to the present facilities.

Ex-Assistant Postmaster-General Clarkson said recently: "The State of Washington has more coal than Pennsylvania, more pine than Maine, and more fish than Massachusetts."

Our gain in population for the decade from 1880 to 1890 is 13,000,000, a million for each of the original States.

A correspondent of the London Spectator claims that by a more suggestion of age he can make a hypnotized youth suddenly look old, to the extent of his face muscles.

It is stated that the Church of England has raised and expended over \$175,000,000 on church building, repairing, etc., during the twenty-five years ending with 1884.

Experiments are about being tried in England in the use of the lance by cavalry regiments. It is proposed that the front rank of each troop shall carry lance and carbine, only the rear rank bearing sword and carbine as heretofore.

One thing specially noticed in Maine is the impetus given to the apple-canning business by the partial failure of the apple crop. Fruit that was formerly considered only good enough for cider escaped the press this year and has gone into cans to help furnish the world with apple-sauce.

The Salvation Army has money and property in the different countries where it is established valued at \$3,213,690. The trade effects, stock, machinery and goods on hand are valued at \$360,000.

The Cincinnati Christian Standard sarcastically observes: Poor, belated Japan has got ahead of us in providing postal savings banks for those of moderate means. They were established in 1875.

The American bison is nearly extinct, because a farmer has regretted the money it has cut off the supply of robes with which he was wont to protect himself from the winter's cold.

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Quick as a flash he sprang for the door and I fired at the same instant. He gave cry of pain, but continued his flight. I fired from my bed, rushed to the door and again at the retreating figure.

IF FLOWERS COULD SING.

If flowers could sing, the poet's lays would not be needed for their praise; They, of which men have sung so long, Would sing their own enchanting song.

If flowers could sing how would they bless The love that lips dare not confess, How would they voice the secret throes Of passionate and utter woe.

If flowers could sing the birds would die; What use were it for them to try By any means to render sweet The melody of their own choir.

Indeed, the world would be too sweet If it could sing the merriment, In that fond hour, when twilight's ear Is wafted woodland hymns to hear.

—Leon Mead, in the Journalist.

A CLOSE CALL.

The firm of which I was the junior partner bought large quantities of wool. I usually made the purchases, and at times was obliged to travel far into the Sierra Nevada, taking with me several thousand dollars upon each trip.

One day we received a telegram that said: "Secure all the wool you can; it is sure to advance in price."

The telegram reached us at 5 in the afternoon. At 9 the next morning I was on the road, and had nearly four thousand dollars in gold coin.

For the first three days I gradually ascended the mountains, and by midday of the fourth had reached the summit. I was desirous of reaching one man, who kept his sheep during the summer upon a high and rugged range some miles from my usual route.

Upon reaching Buckner's camp we found the owner absent, and it took us an hour or more to find him and the band of sheep he was herding.

I was willing to take the bed, and so turned my horse over to the half-breed to take care of for the night.

Just before supper two more travellers rode up and desired to stop. They were rather talkative, and I overheard them ask the landlord my name and business.

I saw a flash by the window, and I fired at the same instant. He gave cry of pain, but continued his flight. I fired from my bed, rushed to the door and again at the retreating figure.

The ball evidently missed him, for it did not stop his mad race, and the next moment we heard the swift galloping of a couple of horses.

The house was in an instant uproar. Men came rushing from their rooms, each one crying aloud as to the cause of the shooting.

When day gave us light, spots of blood were visible upon the hall floor and on the stairs, but a search for some distance along the road revealed nothing of the robbers, so it was evident that my shot had not been a serious one.

Trusting that I had seen the last of my assailants, I mounted my horse after breakfast and pursued my journey. My route lay for some miles through a most picturesque and scenic region.

Absorbed in detecting these fancied resemblances to the most noted creations of man, I had ridden for a mile or more without seeing or hearing anything to break the silence of my lonely ride.

I lay upon my side with my right leg under the animal. The two men, each with a gun in his hand, ran toward me from behind a neighboring rock.

The ball struck him in the hand and caused him to drop the gun. With an oath he sprang back, and the two sought shelter behind a rock.

I was still in imminent danger, for they could make a detour and approach me in such a manner that I should be at their mercy. Their advance and my shot took but a fraction of a moment, so that both were over ere the death struggles of my animal ceased.

The rock behind which I had sought shelter extended several rods, rising in places ten or twelve feet above the ground. I climbed up a few feet, and through a narrow crevice examined the situation.

I saw the glimmer of a gun barrel behind a low rock, and was thus enabled to locate at least one of my enemies. Stooping down, I ran to the further end of the ledge, hoping to get a shot at him.

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THE CORKCUTTER'S TRADE.

AN ODD LITTLE INDUSTRY AND HOW IT FLOURISHES.

How the Cork is Imported—The Process of Cutting by Hand—Cork in Its Native Regions.

Hanging outside a commonplace East Side dwelling, of a fashion antedating the era of great tenement houses, is a small glass case, within which is inclosed a cork model of the "house that Jack built," together with three or four curiously carved blocks and balls of cork.

There are, perhaps, half a dozen corks in New York where work is done by the aid of knives and a simple hand-plane machine, looking like a great jack-plane.

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SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Pasteboard pulleys are made in Germany.

In bats the heart is aided by rhythmic contraction of veins in the wings.

The welding of the spokes of metallic wheels to the hubs by means of electricity has recently been proposed and a process patented.

The submarine war boat has led to the flying of balloons from war ships.

It has been proposed to make the upper half of war balloons of very thin steel and the lower portion of ordinary balloon material, the whole so constructed as to hold hydrogen instead of ordinary gas.

Data of the trials of three large steamers, showing the comparative of large and small screws, show that propellers of small diameter have in each case proved the more economical and effective, both increasing the speed and decreasing the coal consumption.

Stretton, the eminent English engineer, says that a locomotive of the present type can run only the least trifle faster than eighty miles an hour.

A deposit of sand has been discovered in King County, Washington, which is reported by experts at Pittsburg and San Francisco to be superior to any other found in the United States for the manufacture of glass.

Modern methods are changing continually towards simplicity and rapidity in the smallest things.

It is now proposed to utilize the lignite coal, which lies beneath the wheat fields of Minnesota and the Dakotas, and which can be bought for \$2 per ton, and to turn back into the fire the gases which it throws off.

The investigations of fire ruins show that porous terra cotta bricks resist fire, as well as water and frost; after these in fire-resisting qualities come the various concretes and burned city work.

It appears that there exists a serious risk of the extermination of the plant or tree from which gutta-percha is obtained.

Mr. Scullin, a French scientist, spent three years in Malaya and studied the phenomena in all periods of its existence, acquiring a complete knowledge of its natural history and physiology.

The natives adopt the wholly barbarous custom of cutting a tree at the roots in order to extract the gum; thus each tree only gives one yield, and is then dead forever.

It is an odd fact that the cork cutter's tools require almost momentary sharpening, although the material in which he works is exceedingly soft.

The Shah's Little Favorite. Moll Dick (Little Sparrow), the favorite of the Shah of Persia, is hardly more than a pigmy in size, but his authority in the royal palace is undisputed.

There are very contradictory reports as to its nature, of the two-headed rhinoceros, some accounts representing it as a most dangerous beast, and others, as a particularly timid one.

The shipment of American beef to English markets was begun on a small scale in 1875.

The horns of this species were more stumps, eight or nine inches long; but a Chinese stockkeeper gave the Bataks \$30 for one and so doubt made a good profit by it.

A European statistician tells us that the Sultan of Turkey has five wives of the first class, twenty-four of the second class and 230 of the third class.

IN WINTER TIME.

In winter time where sleep the innumerable lives.

That will the spring and summer time make gay.

As pupae or in embryo, till arrives The time to break their bonds and soar away?

Now with liquid motions only each one strives.

The bees, we know, bibe happy in their hives.

But where are all the small birds and their wives.

That brave the snow and frost, and near us stay.

—W. L. Sheenaker, in Washington Star.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Brings tears to the driest eyes—Horse-ridish.

"Because it is dog on ice."—Washington Star.

Does things up with a bang—The female hair dresser.

In endorsing a check the right end is always the left end.

Systematic charity—Giving a bald-headed man a wig.

Few lawyers can beat an earthquake at settling a landed estate.

Many a man is thought an intellectual athlete when he is simply an intellectual acrobat.

"Deaf and dumb people are more or less superstitious."—"Why?"—"Because they believe in signs."—West Shore.

Brigade (distractedly)—"I don't know what to do; I can't meet my bills."—Littell (sadly)—"I wish I couldn't."

This condurmin is now epidemic in our highest social circles—"Why is the terror in a refrigerator like a kiss?"

Maud—"I have such a terrible pain in one of my teeth, but I am afraid to have it drawn."—Cholly—"Why don't you have it photographed?"

"Has Mr. X gone out?" asked a visitor in Paris, of a concierge. "I hardly think so," was the polite answer of the janitor; "he died this morning."—Boston Journal.

"Papa, won't you buy me a bicycle?" My friend Alma has invited me to join the bicycle club. "So! Well, if you want to use your feet so much, I will buy you a sewing machine."—Fledge Blatter.

"A man can't even wear a mouse—without some kind making insulting remarks," said little Durkin. "I happened to stand up for a moment at the theatre, and a low fellow calls out, 'Down in front!'"—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Mrs. A.—"Does your husband believe in corporal punishment in the household?" Mrs. B.—"Only to a certain point. He's always whipping the children, but he thinks the dust should get out of the carpet by moral session."—Chicago Post.

Druggist—"Why do you constantly look back at you, and smile idiotically?" New Clerk—"I read the other day that 'Death is always grinning over the shoulder of the man behind the prescription counter,' and I want him to see I'm not afraid of him."—Pharmaceutical Era.

It doesn't pay to do much talking when you're mad enough to choke. Because the word that stings the dearest is the one that's never spoken.

Let the other fellow wrangle till the storm has blown away.

Then he'll be a heap of thinking 'bout things you did not say.

The Evening of "Sargant De" Group—"Bless my soul, you are going to do with all that Mrs. Group—'O, I got it all at—' gain, and you know it will come handy some day.'" Mr. Group—"So, day—yes—but money comes in late every day!"—Texas Siftings.

"Is there any portion of the food you prefer, major?" asks the officer's wife blandly. "The left wing," if you please.

"The left wing?"—"Yes," retorted the major, gazing indubitably at the platoon. "I believe it is always good military tactics to bring the left wing of a veteran corps into action first."—New York Herald.

Sue—"Mr. Price, didn't you tell me yesterday that the first of the '18's came over in the Mayflower?"—"Yes, Sue."—"Well, here is the Genealogical Society's list of Mayflower passengers and I don't see the name."—"Oh, you know he was a very distinguished man, and always travelled incog."—Berpe's Dasse.

A physician who was confidential to a visitor that all physicians with a practice had a bore bell.

"And what may a 'bore bell' be?" asked his visitor.

"A 'bore bell,'" said the Doctor, "is an invisible bell arranged somewhere in the room, though generally in the door near the chair where a physician usually seated at the time he receives his patients."

"When I feel that I have given enough of my time I get my foot on the secret spot, and before any one can say 'son my man has appeared and that I have a telegram, or that I wish to see me immediately, I naturally bow myself out."

It is generally a woman, and of course I do not mean to say that I am obliged to use the bell, every time I receive a woman patient. But I have found it a lucky device in many cases. It is all very well to listen to the ailments of the patient, and give the amount of sympathy to the patient, but when she strays in all her time there has to be a stopping place for the 'bore bell.'"—See 18.

Walling Off a Submarine Line. A novel engineering work has just been completed at the Dardanelles, on the English coast. A valuable hematite mine extended under the sea, and in order to work it a barrier two-thirds of a mile long and fifty feet high for about half the length has been constructed.

The sea is thus shut out from about twenty-six acres, on which, it is estimated, the mining of iron may be continued for twenty-five years with a force of about 1500 men.

—London (N. J.) American.