

McKinley has issued his Day proclamation as follows: "God's goodness to our country, which has been made manifest to us in the most wonderful manner, has been made manifest to us in the most wonderful manner, has been made manifest to us in the most wonderful manner..."

The people of the United States read and support as many newspapers as England, France and Germany combined.

Official reports to the Kansas Board of Agriculture show that the farmers of the State received \$37,789,678 for meat animals killed or sold during the year which closed March 1, 1897. This was an increase of \$1,197,621 over the preceding year.

According to the annual report of Captain Young of the Fourth Cavalry, who is acting as superintendent of the Yosemite National Park, there is less trespassing there now than in past years. Sheep and their herders are the worst evils.

New York City maintains a free-labor bureau under the Board of Education, and now it is proposed to open theatres in the crowded tenement districts of all Greater New York, to be supported by appropriations from the city government and conducted under the auspices of some board kindred in nature to the Department of Education.

A new way of advertising has appeared in Paris. Ladies along the boulevards are surprised to see a magnificently dressed man walk up to them, make a profound bow, and depart without saying a word.

According to the Census Bureau's figures, there are now in the United States 4557 women physicians, without counting 337 women dentists and 3 women veterinary surgeons. There are 2725 literary and scientific women, 1149 women clergymen, 508 women lawyers, 47 women engineers and firemen, 19 women hunters, guides and scouts, 28 women sextons, 279 women watchmen and detectives, 2 women auctioneers, 510 women bankers and brokers, 611 women commercial travelers, 234 women draymen, hackmen and teamsters, 22 women hostlers, 3909 women errand and office boys, 17 women sailors, 83 women undertakers, 117 women butchers, 189 women carpenters, 48 women coopers, 89 women gunsmiths, 130 women machinists, 68 women marble cutters, 40 women masons, 44 women plumbers, 1 woman well-borer, and 1 woman pilot.

There are only two places in the world where men are scarce. In the Shaker communities of this country the men are gradually dying out, and the "families," as they are called, are largely made up of females. And Easter Island, a detached spot in the Pacific, only thirty miles in circumference, is described as an Adamless Eden where men are scarce and women plentiful. In May last the bark Noautum, which had a cargo of coal for Panama, was wrecked off this island and the crew landed in safety, but information has reached the State Department in Washington that the conditions of the island are such as to promise a happy and prosperous career to those men who wish to marry and settle down. It is not very long ago that a gray-bearded old man and a crew of young men intercepted a ship off Easter Island and invited its sailors to cast in their lot on this interesting island, which has been celebrated for Cyclopean masonry which has been regarded as a relic of a submerged continent.

The rupee is coined as freely in India to-day as it was before the Government closed the mints. When the mints were open, more rupees were coined by private coiners than by the Government. The savings of the natives are made into silver bracelets, rings and other ornaments. When it became necessary for them to turn a part of their resources into money, they did it by employing a native coiner to turn the metal into rupees. It is a country of vast distances, and the natives could not send their ornaments to a Government mint, perhaps one thousand miles away. The native coiner traveled from place to place and but to him, just like a country tinker. He was glad to work all day turning bangles into rupees, weight for weight, for perhaps one rupee as his reward. And very good rupees they turned out, too. They are current everywhere, and nobody questions them. Of course, the practice is illegitimate, and when the mints were first closed the Government tried to put a stop to it, but not with much success. Now it is winked at by the authorities, for the situation in India to-day is too threatening for any interference which is not absolutely necessary. It is probably the first case on record where counterfeiters have been tacitly sanctioned by a Government.

THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

Do you wish for a kindness? Be kind. Do you wish for a friend? Be true. What you give of yourself you find; Your world is a reflex of you.

For life is a mirror. You smile, And a smile is your sure return. Bear-hate in your heart, and erewhile All your world with hatred will turn.

HER NEIGHBOR'S "CLAIM."

By MAY ROBERTS CLARK.

In some landscapes the straight lines and the angles of fences are conspicuous features, but the bare Nebraska prairie was, not many years ago, a country all of giant curves and magnificent circles. The wagon trail of hot July dust bent to the harmony of nature, and wavered to and fro like a river. A bird rising from the sea buffalo grass wheeled a wide orbit up and up, and out of sight. In one vast curve God had drawn the mighty sweep of the far-reaching horizon, and had arched above it the limitless vault of azure.

It was a lonely land of vague distance, unbroken silence, oppressive stagnation. The one sound was the faint whimper of the wind among the grasses, whose bending blades gave the one sign of motion. Over all this wide desolation the sun was scorching relentlessly, when a young girl came riding slowly down the dusty trail.

No feature of the landscape impressed her; it was too familiar. Nor did the heat seem intense; she took it as a matter of course that the air should be sweltering in July, and she sat calmly upright, singing joyously as she went an old hymn that her mother loved.

Where her trail joined that which led to Hammerville, she met old Daddy Dolan. The encounter was no surprise, for they had seen each other as mere dots in the distance. Their greetings were very cordial, for companionship is most appreciated in widely scattered communities.

"Pears like yer mighty pert to-day," chirped old Daddy. "Pears is no name for it," laughed back the girl. "Why, Daddy, I'm eighteen to-day, and I'm on my way to take up a homestead."

"Well, well!" he drawled, smiling down into the girl's glad face. "You don't look more'n fifteen. An' what do you want a homestead fer?"

"Oh, I ain't getting it for myself, really. It's for father. He clerks down at Cosgrove. Of course he couldn't throw away his job to come out and get one for himself."

"Does yer dad know about yer taking this claim?" broke in the eager listener.

"He know?" she answered, happily. "Of course not. That's the best of it. He'd never dream I was well enough. I was sick last winter, you see, and so they sent me out to Aunt Miranda's claim to get better."

"Joa' look at them two houses!" exclaimed Aunt Miranda, at last. "Pears like they couldn't get along without each other, no way. An' suppose they acted as unneighborly as you do to John Watson? It's a shame, Bessie, and you have both got to live here side by side year out."

"If you have finished your sermon," the girl answered, crossly, "I guess I'll go down to Hammerville for the mail."

An hour later she was slowly jogging down the trail, as she had done a year before. Nothing had altered in the changeless landscape. Even the mood of the former time came back again. Before she realized it Bessie was singing:

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord." When she rode into town, she suddenly forgot the music. On a corner she overheard two men talking. "Yes," one was saying, "he is going to jump John Watson's claim this afternoon."

"For one brief, mean minute Bessie was glad. 'It serves him right,' she told herself. The next minute she was ashamed. 'Aunt Miranda was right,' she thought, soberly, 'it ain't Christian.'

She stood still in front of the post-office and thought of John Watson. Her heart was touched with pity as she thought of his hard work and his mother. "I don't know what I can do," she thought, woefully, "but I am not going to be mean any more."

After a moment's consideration, she mounted her horse and rode across the prairie at such a headlong gait that those who saw watched her with real concern, and prophesied a mishap. As if some fate were playing a game of coincidence, she met old Daddy again where their trails joined.

"Oh," gasped Bessie, "you are the very man I wanted!" Then she made an excited explanation. "Now you start right away after him," she concluded, "and I'll tend to the rest."

Daddy looked down at her with admiring eyes. "You're a regular old brick, you air!" he insisted, with rough gallantry.

"Oh, go along!" laughed the girl, with a prod at his horse that sent the old man hastily on his mission.

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THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Lovely Progress—A Social Dictator—Speculations—Getting Talkative, Etc. When first I kissed sweet Margaret She blushed rose-red, And sternly said "You mustn't stop!"

Last night I kissed sweet Margaret; She blushed rose-red, But only said "You mustn't stop!" —Life.

A Social Dictator. "Mrs. Zooselbaum seems to be a great power in this neighborhood. Is she so intellectual?"

Governess—"Why don't you eat your consommé, Bertie?" Bertie—"Cause I asked Harry what became of the cook papa discharged, and he said she was in the soup." —Puck.

Rehearsed. Maria—"What did your father say when Lord De Liveris asked him for your hand?"

Know Her Weakness. "The trouble with your wife, Mr. Spudde," said the physician, "is lack of exercise."

Vanity Reproved. "You see, my dear," said Mr. Younghusband to his wife, trimly, "at 3 o'clock the other morning, 'the moment I begin to sing to baby she is quite quiet.'"

Speculation. "Mother," said she, in the careless language of a dying world, "doesn't like you a little bit."

Slightly Different Only. "Now, really," said the Thoughtful Man, "did you ever see a woman who was homely enough to stop a clock by looking at it?"

A Wise Professor. "Now, Professor," said the young man with musical aspirations, "I want you to tell me exactly what you think of my voice."

Remembrance. Wife (revisiting the scene of her betrothal)—"I remember, Algernon, so well when you proposed to me, how painfully embarrassed you were."

What He Wanted. Hobkins—"My brother bought a wheel here last week, and you said if anything broke you would supply a new part."

Getting Talkative. "There's just one thing about a banquet," said Browning, as the fifth course was brought on, "that I don't like."

After the Wedding. "Why so thoughtful?" asked the bride. "Well," replied the groom, "I've just been thinking how I worried for two years for fear I wouldn't get you."

The Oldest Ship. The oldest ship in the world engaged in active service is the bark True Love, now used as a coal hulk on the Thames, near London. She was built at Philadelphia in 1764 and is 133 years old.

Drummers on the Police Force. Drummers are to be a part of the police force in Paris hereafter. When officers are feared, a drummer or drummer is to be placed at the command of each police commissioner and inspector.

A Caterpillar's Appetite. A caterpillar in the course of a month will devour 6000 times its weight in food. It takes a man nearly three months to eat a quantity of food equal to his own weight.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

No invention, we think, ever caused quite so much talk as the telephone. —Yonkers Statesman.

Teacher—"What animal attaches himself to man the most?" Johnny—"The—er—er bulldog, ma'am." —Pittsburg Bulletin.

"What is this telegraph without wires?" "Well, when I was young they called it 'making eyes at the girls.'" —Chicago Record.

"Little pitchers have long ears." "True; but it wouldn't matter so much if the big pitchers hadn't such very long tongues." —Harper's Bazar.

Fair Visitor—"I suppose, Mr. Palette, that true art is very difficult to understand?" Mr. Palette—"About as difficult to understand, ma'am, as it is to sell." —Detroit Free Press.

Watts—"Can you furnish me a parrot that uses pure English?" Dealer—"I can't exactly guarantee the purity of this one's English, but I can assure you that he is perfectly grammatical." —Cleveland Leader.

Little Clarence (after thinking deeply)—"Pa!" Mr. Callipers (wearily)—"Well, my son?" Little Clarence—"Pa, why is it two-headed girls are so scarce when two-faced men are so common?" —Harper's Bazar.

"I ain't goin' out on a tandem with dat Susie Mellon girl again, no, sah." "Whaffer?" "Kase when her toes ain't collidin' with the handle bar, her heels is plowin' gatters in de ground!" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She—"Toll me traly, now, is your heart worried?" He—"As nearly as it is possible, I being a loyal patriot, George Washington, you know, is first in the hearts of his countrymen." —Boston Transcript.

Mother (in horror)—"O John! Don't you see what baby is doing? He is sucking all the point off that monkey on the stick!" Father (deep in his paper)—"Oh, that's all right! It only cost two cents." —Puck.

Smythe—"I wonder what idiot originated the phrase, 'There's no accounting for taste?'" Tompkins—"Why?" Smythe—"Because I'd like to get at him! I've just been accounting to the milliner and modiste for my wife's taste!" —Brooklyn Life.

"Say, old man, just suppose I had the choice, would you advise me to marry an ugly girl with money or a pretty girl without money?" "A pretty girl without money, by all means. That would give you the name of having money yourself." —Detroit Journal.

Visitor—"What! He is three months old, and you haven't named him yet?" Mrs. Wheeler—"No. You see it's this way: I want to name him after my bicycle and John insists on naming him after his. I guess we will have to compromise and name him after the wheel mother rides." —Puck.

"So I have won the wager," he said, joyfully, "and the ten kisses are mine. I will take them at once." "George," said the beautiful girl, with a noble, generous light in her eyes, "I am not the one to drive a hard bargain with you. Let us call it nine ninety-nine." At ten o'clock the score was past the hundred mark. —Detroit Free Press.

First Burglar—"It's no use tryin' dat place 't-night. De man an' his wife went in 'bout an hour ago, an' I heard him tell her he'd buy her a diamond necklace tomorrer." Second Burglar—"What's dat got 't do wit'it?" First Burglar—"Plenty! She won't be able 't sleep fer 'tinkin' 'bout it, an' he won't sleep fer 'tinkin' how he's got 't pay for it." —Puck.

A Cylinder Steamer. The new steamer invented by a Canadian lawyer, with which he expects to revolutionize lake and ocean travel, is composed of an inner and outer steel cylinder. Provided with 150 horse-power the outer cylinder is rolled across the water with great speed, while the inner cylinder, which carries the passengers, remains stationary. In two days the inventor expects to revolve his craft from New York to Liverpool.

Water and Tobacco. If a tin of water is placed at night in the room where people have been smoking, the usual smell of stale tobacco will be gone in the morning.