

The railroad capital of the world is estimated at \$29,000,000,000.

Tests of new and remarkable guns are being made all over Europe. It is said, significantly observes the Mail and Express, that in times of peace nations prepare for war.

The British South Africa Company, it is reported, has proposed to its employees that any servant discovering a mine in the country covered by the company's charter will be made a co-proprietor of it with the company.

History shows that the closing ten years of each century have been years of calamity. "There is no reason to believe that the coming decade will be an exception to the rule," is the gloomy view of the situation taken by the Atlanta Constitution.

Mrs. Kendal, the English actress, paid a most glorious tribute to American men and customs, thinks the Chicago Post, when she told a newspaper reporter in London that she would rather her daughter should go alone from New York to San Francisco in America than walk down Bond street in London unattended.

There are 200,000 women in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, 125,000 in the King's Daughters, 100,000 in the Woman's Relief Corps, and 35,000 in the Eastern Star. An aggregate of nearly 500,000 banded together under various names for loyal service to all manner of human need, exclaims the New York Sun.

A Dublin correspondent tells the New York Mail and Express that the "manufactures that exist in Ireland can be counted on the fingers of one hand. There is the linen industry, a famous brewing house and an equally famous distillery. The whole lot combined does not have as many hands employed as there are to be found in many single wards in Philadelphia.

The proposition to abolish titles in France may be taken, declares the Chicago News, as a wholesome indication of the growth of republicanism among the people of that country. France has been a progressive nation since the days of Clovis, and in tearing off the bauble decoration of "nobility" she will be a long way ahead of the rest of Europe. It is time for the old world to learn that honor and glory do not reside in a decoration, nor is there any nobility in wearing a bit of metal dangling from a ribbon. Verily, a policeman's star is of more use and has a deeper significance.

A recent article in Bradstreet's gives some surprising statistics of the commerce of the great lakes. During 234 days of navigation last year tonnage passed through the Detroit River to the amount of 10,000,000 tons more than the entries and clearances of all the seaports in the United States, and 3,000,000 tons more than the combined foreign and coastwise shipping of Liverpool and London. This does not include traffic between Lakes Superior and Michigan and Lakes Erie and Ontario, or local traffic between ports of these lakes. The growth of ship-building on the lakes has been very marked in the last few years. In 1886-7 there were thirty-one boats built, valued at \$4,074,000, and in 1889-90 there were fifty-six built, valued at \$7,866,000, the tendency being, as elsewhere, toward iron and steel for large ships.

A startling number of suicides have lately taken place among Portuguese authors. Last June the aged poet Castello Branco, the best-known novel writer of the day, shot himself. He was well off and had a numerous family, but had lately suffered from a malady of the lungs. Shortly before his death he had written a novel in which voluntary death was praised as the most beautiful close to an active life. His funeral was celebrated like that of Victor Hugo in France. A few weeks ago the author Silva de Braga took his own life after writing many realistic novels in which the hero always committed suicide. On July 23 a school director and secretary of the municipality of Almada, Professor Arthur Mattos e Lenoe, took his life in a hotel in Lisbon with a revolver. In a letter to his wife he declared that the earthly life offered him no more room for the development of his mind. On the 25th of the same month Professor Frederick Augustus Oom, director of the Royal Observatory at Ajada, also shot himself. He was only forty-five.

RECLAIMED. Where once there was a waste of desert sand, Now fertile gardens gladden all the land. Where the fierce simoon o'er the desert blew, Now falls at even heaven's refreshing dew. Within a soul held long in error's snare, Dwells a free spirit in sanctified prayer. Poor desert land! Poor soul by error claimed! Once ye were lost, but now ye are reclaimed. --Moses G. Shirley, in Youth's Companion.

A BAD HALF-HOUR

BY EMMA A. OPFER.

"I haven't known you very long," Marion faltered, looking down on the sand. "Long! Oh, Marion, can you count it by days? It has been a lifetime to me, Marion. I have lived only since I have known you!" The sentiment was not new. And John Gordon was only a fine-looking man, in a becoming summer suit, and a black silk shirt and sash—for this was Rocky Beach. But to Marion Taylor— "I do like—l-I love you, Mr. Gordon!" she said, bravely. "It hasn't been long, but I have come to care for you. You are the first man I have ever been willing to marry." "And I'll be the last!" John Gordon cried, and pressed her hand hard. They were close to Marion's hotel now. If the imposing, not to say formidable figure of Marion's Aunt Paulina had not been apparent on the piazza, they might have lingered still. John Gordon turned his eyes to her. "She doesn't like me, Marion," he said, softly. "What will she say?" Marion was a soft faced and gentle-eyed girl, but she held her chin high at that. "What she says can make no difference! Good-by, John!" "Good-by!" the young man uttered, rapturously. And a moment later Marion was dropping into a bamboo porch chair—a small one: Aunt Paulina occupied a large one. A glance at her strong-featured, imperturbable countenance was enough for Marion. She said to herself, slaugly, that something was up. "You remember my saying, Marion," Aunt Paulina began, "that I was dissatisfied with this place?" Marion's eyes opened. Aunt Paulina had once remarked that her bed was a little hard. "Well, I have rather suddenly made up my mind to leave. The Dawsons are at Ripley, and they write me that the place is charming. It is only ten miles along the coast, Marion, and I have told Sarah to get our things together, so we can start this afternoon. I think we shall both be better for the change." Marion looked down. Her impulses were many. She came near laughing, but gasped instead, not wholly with astonishment. She was not unused to her Aunt Paulina's methods, and her principal emotion now was a sort of admiration for her boldness; for the case was a clear one even to suspicious Marion. "Marion," Aunt Paulina recommenced, with a surprising burst of candor, "it's that young man! Marion, you well know that I wholly disapprove of him. I lay awake last night thinking of it. I must do something. The blame will be on my head if I allow you to go on!" Aunt Paulina declared, solemnly. "Marion, what do you know about him?" "Not very much, Aunt Paulina," said Marion, gently. "How long have you known him?" Aunt Paulina demanded. "Since we came. Six weeks, you know." "Six weeks!" said Aunt Paulina, tragically. "And you walk with him every day, and boat and bathe, and dance in the evening. And you were introduced by the Lambs!" her lips closing grimly on the name. "The Lambs! people who take up everybody and anybody. Just that is enough for me! Do you know where he is from?" "Boston, I think," said Marion, dubiously. "You think! And his business?" "Something about glass," I believe. "Glass! And his property—has he got any?" "I don't know," said Marion, frowning at last. "He doesn't talk about himself all the time." "For reasons, doubtless," said Aunt Paulina, looking rigid. "Marion, listen to me, child! I cannot consent to sit still and see—a young man of whom we know nothing, and you, Marion, with your beauty and amiability and with my money secured to you! Marion, you owe something to me—some consideration, some obedience—"

would write to him—do anything and everything. But go she must. Aunt Paulina was making preparations; Sarah was packing; and Marion looked off toward the rolling surf with a distressed and sombre gaze, her red lips a-quiver. She did not see her Aunt Paulina again till three o'clock that afternoon, which was agreeable both to herself and to Aunt Paulina. For Aunt Paulina's plans went like clock-work. Trunks were packed and bills were paid and a cab engaged, and at three o'clock Aunt Paulina saw her niece into it and sat down herself and drew a sigh of relief folded her hands. "Ripley, Mrs. Dawson writes," she began, cheerfully, "is liveliness itself. The Cheevers are there, and the Longs. Henry Cheever, you know, has just returned from abroad—a very pleasant young man. And that young Long must be twenty-six or seven by this time. And there will be others, of course. I am sure you will be glad I thought of going. All young girls have their foolish moments, Marion, and you have had yours, and you will yet be grateful—"

Aunt Paulina looked fixedly into space. "There he is now!" said Mr. Lamb, at footsteps outside. "Here you are! Don't care a bit about going in with me, do you? Well, it is hot. Guess I'll have to let you off." John Gordon bowed low to Aunt Paulina, and smilingly to Marion, and sat down beside her. He had a red-and-white cap now, and a red sash instead of the black one, and he looked handsomer than ever. But he looked astonished and alarmed. "Where are you going?" he said to Marion, anxiously. "To Ripley," she answered, her eyes lowered. "Ripley! Goodness, is that where?" Mr. Lamb cried. "Not for good, Mrs. Field? Why, typhoid fever has broken out there within a day or two, and there's six cases already. It's lower land than 'tis here, you know, and there's standing water back of the village." "It's a malignant form of it, I understand, Mrs. Field," said Mr. Gordon, mildly. "Ripley! What have you got to go for?" Mr. Lamb demanded. "What's the matter with the Beach? It's a jollier place any time; and now, with typhoid fever up there—why, this morning's paper said everybody's leaving the place!" "Mercy, Aunt Paulina!" Marion murmured, the corners of her mouth were twitching. "My train!" said Mr. Lamb, getting to his stout legs with no small effort. Well, I haven't the heart to drag you long, Gordon. It's too warm; and there's another consideration—a more powerful one. I doubt whether you'd go if I wanted you to," said Mr. Lamb, with a rumbling laugh, and made the laborious bow of a fat man and boarded his train alone. "Surely, Mrs. Field," said John Gordon, turning his honest, bright eyes upon her, "you are not going to Ripley? You wouldn't think of such a thing? You'll give it up, Mrs. Field—you certainly will!" Aunt Paulina looked him over from head to foot. Did she smile? Marion almost thought she did. At any rate she looked calm and benignant. "I think I shall give it up," she responded. "I think it seems advisable." "I'll run and call a cab," John Gordon said, joyfully. "Or wait—won't you take a drive with me, Mrs. Field? Let me get a carriage and take you and Miss Taylor for a drive. For the breeze, you know. Say yes, Mrs. Field!" But he was off before Aunt Paulina could say yes. It was during that drive that their engagement was announced, and well received. Marion loved her Aunt Paulina, and was scrupulously respectful to her ever; and the true history of that Ripley plan she never divulged. When her lover would say dubiously, "And your Aunt Pauline positively disliked me at first, Marion!" she would merely answer: "But who could dislike you long, John, dear?"--Saturday Night.

The Finest of Shawls. The finest shawls that are used in this or any other market, said a well-informed representative of the shawl trade to the Saunterer, are those made in India and known as the India shawl. There is an imitation India shawl made in France, but while it is an excellent product of the loom, it does not in any way compare with the genuine article. The real India shawl is made from the wool of the Cashmere goat by the natives of that land. The India shawl is made in strips or pieces by hand and colored and then sewed together, and the greatest care is observed in its manufacture. In the imitation India the wool of a species of the same animal is used, but it is of an inferior quality, and the goats that furnish the French market with the material are raised in Australia. England produces the camel's hair shawl, the velvet and the beaver shawls. The camel's hair shawl is not made from the hair of a camel, as a good many people suppose, but from the combings of the wool of a certain kind of sheep. These combings are woven loosely so as to secure the peculiar effect that is characteristic of this make. Besides the imitation India, France manufactures a great quantity of broche shawls in singles and doubles. The material used in them is all pure wool. Another kind of shawl imported from France is a pattern like the real Paisley. Formerly these Paisleys were made in Scotland only, but the French shawl manufacturer pilfered the design from the Scotch, and as a result very few of the Paisley shawls come from the land of the plaid and the bagpipe. Those that are made are to fill special orders, as they are an expensive luxury. In the real Paisley the wool is the purest and finest selected, and no chemicals of any kind are used in its preparation.—Chicago Post.

DREAMLAND. On the other side of no place, And traversed by mirroring streams, Is the land that belongs to no race, The land that we see in our dreams. 'Tis a country of flowers and fountains, With landscapes fair to behold, Where green hills and grey mountains Stretch away toward a sunset of gold. There are fruits that mortals ne'er tasted, There are skies of beauty most rare, And, although it is time wasted, We long for this land of the air. 'Tis a place we never shall visit, Though often we gaze on its charms, For it comes as a pleasure exquisite, When we rest in old Morpheus's arms. —E. R. Pritchard, in Arkansas Traveler.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Castles in the air do not bring in any rent.—Galveston News. You can easily fill the public eye if you only have the dust.—New York News. She—"He talks like a book." He—"What a pity he doesn't shut up as easily."—Life. Clever tact will win in business, and clever tacking will win a yacht race.—Pittsburg Dispatch. They fill our daily cup with gall As through the world we go, These two: The man who knows it all And he who "told you so." A level surface is flat, yet there is a distinction between a level-headed man and a flat-headed one.—Pittsburg Chronicle. A dead man is given more charity than he can make use of; a living man isn't given as much as he deserves.—Athens Globe. "This is the worst snap I ever struck," remarked the woodchuck when he got caught in a steel trap.—Binghamton Republican. Goslin—"I just gave him a piece of my mind, doucherknowit." Dolly (anxiously)—"How could you spare it?"—Munsey's Weekly. She—"I hope you do not remain in the parlor when your sister receives her fiancé." He—"No; 'cause I'm afraid of the dark."—Life. She—"If you attempt to kiss me I'll call mamma." He—"What would happen then?" She—"Oh, nothing, for mamma isn't at home."—Chicago Post. The iceman now doth count with glo The gold of summer's winning; The coal man, too, exults; for he Will now enjoy an lining.—Munsey's Weekly. We all want the elevator to wait for us, but when we are in we don't like to see it kept waiting any longer for anybody else.—Somerville Journal. "Uncle Jacobs, aren't you ashamed to be seen here so often?" "Laws, y' Honah, dis place am respectable ter some places where I am seen."—Rocket. Snively—"Have you ever sailed in a birch canoe?" Snodgrass—"No; my only experience with the birch was when I was paddled with it."—Munsey's Weekly. "Irreverent? Yes, indeed. Why, if it were possible, it would be just like him to sit around and munch peanuts at his own funeral."—Indianapolis Journal. Laugh, and the world laughs with you, Weep, and the world weeps alone; Fail, and the world laughs at you; Don't, and it's all your own.—Washington Star. "What is the difference, papa, between a tour and a junket?" "A number of our own party makes a tour. A junket is the trip of a number of the opposition."—New York Herald. "And oh, Uncle Silas, I had such a lovely time last summer. Four other Vassar girls and myself took a tramp through the Catskills." "Um-m-m! But do you believe, Elizabeth, that the tramp enjoyed it?" "And does that please you, Mrs. Brown, that your husband calls you a Xantippe in public?" "Oh, I don't grudge him the little pleasure of trying to make the world believe that he is a Socrates."—Fliegende Blatter. Watts—"Now, if I understand correctly, the first principle of socialism is to divide with your brother man." Potts—"Then you don't understand it correctly. The first principle of socialism is to make your brother divide with you."—Indianapolis Journal. Teacher—"Explain the difference between law and custom." Boy (who owns a sailboat)—"According to law, a steamboat must give the right of way to a sailboat, but 'ording to custom the sailboat has got ter make tracks or get smashed."—Good News. "I tell you, Mr. Jenks is a nice man." "So?" "Yes. I talked to him over an hour, and he agreed to everything I said, and never interrupted me but once, and that was to say that there was a bug on my dress collar, and even then he apologized."—Danville Breeze. A Reckless Promise.—"Wife (who is going to the country)—"Will you come to see me next Sunday?" Husband—"Why, of course. I'll speed to you on the wings of love!" Wife—"You come then on the express train?" Husband—"Oh, no; the slow local train 'ill suit me well enough!"—Fliegende Blatter. "These barbed wire fences ain't no good," said the farm hand. "I wouldn't have one of 'em around the place if I had my way." "Why not?" inquired the stranger. "They're cheap and strong and keep cattle in better than anything else." "That may be," replied the farm hand, "but then a feller can't sit down on 'em."—Chicago Light.

His Heart Was on His Right Side.

A man with his heart on the right side and his internal arrangements generally wrong fell under the knife of the doctors at the University of Pennsylvania a few days ago, says the Philadelphia Record. Dr. Thomas C. Clark, while dissecting and demonstrating upon the body of a man, probably fifty years old, discovered a complete inversion of the abdominal and thoracic viscera, the peculiar nature of which is that the heart, instead of being on the left side, was found to be on the right, and the aorta, or great artery, instead of arching to the right, turned to the left. Upon further examination it was found that the stomach and spleen were also on the right side, while the liver, instead of being on the right, was on the left side—a complete inversion of these organs. Dr. Joseph Leidy, LL.D., the eminent scientist and professor of anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania, visited the dissecting-room, and after a thorough examination, said there was a complete transversion of the organs and a most wonderful anomaly. He stated that in all probability there was not a similar case in existence. The cadaver was afterward presented to the university and placed in the museum.—Chicago Herald.

The Last War Horse.

The last war horse is not dead yet. "Old Dave" still lives. He is owned by Uncle Ed King, who rode him into the war the second year. Mr. King belonged to Terrell's regiment of Texas cavalry. The horse is 15 1/2 hands high, a dark brown, well proportioned, and in good fix now. The horse was thirty-two years old last spring. Nothing is known of his pedigree. He was taken to Kaufman County, from Goliad, when a colt, by horse drovers. Mr. King is a citizen of Kaufman County. He attends all reunions within his reach, and rides the horse and saddle that he rode through the war. On August 8, 1889, at a reunion, "Old Dave" seemed as though possessed with supernatural instinct, as was shown by his movements during the procession. When the band was playing he would stand erect and paw, and if moving, incline to prance. His food has to be ground. The miller, Pat Hogan, will not toll the grain that is being ground for the old horse, because they were in the war together. Mr. King's weight during the war was about 165 pounds; now it is 220 pounds, and "Old Dave" carries him wherever he goes.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Rain Tree.

Augusta, Ga., has a curiosity in the shape of a "rain tree." In describing it the Augusta Chronicle says: "Here in the city, with electric cars flitting backward and forward every few minutes, almost under its shadow, is a veritable rain tree, which, for the past ten days, has been throwing off a slight shower and the ground beneath it kept in a state of moistness equal to that after a steady shower of considerable duration. Citizens eye it curiously, and many of the more ignorant, especially darkies in that neighborhood, affirm with all the strength of firm faith, that the tree is visited with some uncanny potency."

A Valuable Volume.

There is now in San Francisco a volume than which there are few more valuable in the world. It is worth exactly \$30,000. It is a registry of 3000 whereabouts and identity of 3000 Chinese corpses in the city cemetery, all of which have to be dug up and returned to China in due time, while a disinfectment permit costs \$10.—Chicago Times.

One tree in the Sierra Nevada measures 129 1/2 feet in circumference.