

The New York Herald, in a column on investments in Western mortgages, shows that the people of the State of New York have over \$3,250,000 in them.

The press and land owners of Portugal are becoming alarmed at the death of cultivators, and demand that the Government shall put a stop to emigration, as husbandry is suffering.

According to the Street Railroad Gazette, the proportion of fatal accidents on the basis of numbers carried is very greatly in favor of the electric and cable roads and against the horse car lines.

The little King of Spain very much dislikes being seated upon the throne at State ceremonies. He tries to climb down, and on one occasion declared, with tears, that he would rather sit on his mother's lap.

"The Utopia, which recently went down with 600 passengers on board, was quite as well equipped with life-saving apparatus," significantly observes the Washington Star, "as are the leading passenger lines going out of New York, the individual steamers of which often carry from 600 to 1200 passengers in the summer season."

Says the Washington Post: "The careless and apparently indiscriminate manner with which the courts of to-day destroy the wills of rich men, documents that embody the purpose and object of a lifetime of toil, has become one of the notable and notorious abuses of the day, and against this evil there is rising a vigorous demand for rectification and reform."

It is said that Mrs. Kyle, wife of the Alliance Senator from South Dakota, felt overpowering confidence during the canvass that her husband would be elected, and whenever he talked of declining the nomination she insisted that he would yield and win. This, confesses the Boston Transcript, brings woman's intuition into play in politics in a new and admirable way.

The Statesman's Year Book for 1891 estimates the world's inhabitants last year, exclusive of the Polar regions, to have been 1,467,600,000 and the land surface they occupy in whole or in part at 46,350,000 square miles, of which 23,269,000 square miles are fertile, 13,901,000 steppe and 4,180,000 desert. The Polar regions are put down at 4,888,800 square miles, with a population of only about 300,000.

The Atlanta Constitution remarks: First-class type-written copy is hailed with pleasure in newspapers and magazine offices, but very little of it is first class. It is a positive relief to get a manuscript legibly written on white paper in good black ink, with a pen that makes a broad stroke. The trouble with many writers is that they use a pen with a fine point, and write a hair-line scrawl that is hard to read. It is possible to make written copy as plain as print, and this is what every writer should do.

Spain is busily preparing for the celebration of the 400th anniversary of the landing of Columbus in America. The Society of Americanists, which has devoted itself to the study of everything relating to America, will hold a Congress on October 12, 1892, at the convent of La Rabida, where Columbus found shelter while he was planning his expedition. Spain's methods of celebrating the anniversary may not appeal so much to the popular taste as might have a great Exposition, but in their scientific and historic aspect they will be in keeping with an event so far-reaching in its effects on civilization.

A profound sensation has been created in Italy by the report that a French house sent 100,000 Remington cartridges to King Moulek, of Abyssinia, by way of Obock. As Italy considers Moulek to be under Italian protection, this is regarded as an interference with Italian rights, and has not served to hasten the revival of friendly relations between France and Italy. A good share of the Italians, however, would like to give up African adventures altogether, one of the Roman newspapers saying that "when the whole truth is known, the necessity of abandoning the entire enterprise will be seen, and there will be only one more research necessary, namely, to find some one yet more foolish than ourselves who will take the charge upon their shoulders."

WHICH?
Oh, which were best, and who would dare to choose
Between the friend who holds you as his life,
Counting all effort worthless; if his strife
Win from you no fond word, content to lose
All else but you; or him you know no ruse
Of time can part your soul from, and no knife
Of fate discover, though all tongues be rife
With tales of slander his fair fame to bruise?

Oh, which were best to give or to receive.
To love or to be loved? To take away
Or stand with gifts of love before the gate
Of one beloved? Ah, curious heart! believe
All love wins love, and choice were foolish play
In this. These two are one or soon or late!
—Oscar Fay Adams, in Harper's Weekly.

"AN INSTANCE."

July 15. How little we know one day what may happen the next.
For instance, yesterday Hugh had been to the postoffice in the morning and came in to dinner with an open letter in his hand, which he gave to me, as he took his seat at the table.
After I had poured Hugh's coffee, and waited on the two boys, I read it. It was from Ellen Woods, Hugh's cousin, who lives in Chicago.
She wrote to say she was not feeling well; that the doctor had advised her to get into the country, and, as she was told the part of our State where we lived was very healthy, she was going to make us a visit; she would be with us on the 14th, that was yesterday.
"Why, Hugh!" I exclaimed, "that is to-day! She will be here this afternoon."
"I suppose so," said he; "cheek of her, anyway, to come up here now—when we are so busy—and lug along those young ones."
"How many has she, Hugh?" I queried anxiously.
"I'm sure I don't know; four or five, anyway," he replied, with a grimace, as he helped himself to a second plate of beef.
I had meant to rest in the afternoon, and read a new book after my dishes were done. I was going to let Tod and Bob go into the hayfield with their father, and I anticipated a good time with my book. I had just my new hammock put up in the shade of the big maple north of the house, and all the morning I had thought of the comfort in store in the afternoon—but, here all was changed.
To be sure, Ellen was no favorite of mine; in fact, I did not know her very well anyway. When we were first married and lived in Illinois, we were neighbors of her folks, and I used to see her when she came home to visit, that was all. But I could not help that she was coming here, and coming that very day, and I must prepare for them. I did wonder how many there were.
I had bread enough for ourselves—but not enough for company—part of a cake and a pie.
I hurried my dishes, built up a big fire in the stove in the summer kitchen, made two big loaves of baking graham bread, made a lot of rhubarb pies, and a layer cake; then I thought, as I had a good fire, I would make some cookies; I baked a four-gallon jar full, and when they were done I was about as well cooked as they were; my head ached and my feet were burning like fire.
I cast regretful glances at my hammock every time I went into the pantry, for from there I could see it, hanging empty in the cool shadows.
I arranged the dining room, and then, with a pail of soft water and an armful of towels, went up stairs to prepare the rooms.
All done, I went to my own room, with just ten minutes to rest before dressing.
I sat down in the darkened room, where the cool breeze stole through the shutters, dropped my head back and slept till the sound of Hugh calling, "whoa," to the horses, brought me up with a start. I dashed cold water over my face and neck, brushed my hair, slipped quickly into a calico wrapper, and got down stairs just as they all came trooping into the hall. Ellen, tired and warm, with a ten-months old baby, cross, and fretting; following her came Marguerite, a tall girl of fourteen, salmon-faced, and thin, with big grey eyes in dark hollows. Then there burst into the house four boys, ranging from twelve to five, armed with hoops, bats, bows and arrows, and the largest with a parlor rifle. My heart sank within me, but I tried to look glad, and greeted them as warmly as I could.
I took Ellen and the girl to their room. The boys would not go up, but dumped their burden in the hall, and rushed out doors.
I went to prepare tea, which I soon had ready for them.
When all were seated, there were Ellen and six children of hers, Hugh and I, our two boys, and two hired men, making thirteen altogether. As I surveyed that row of hungry mouths and thought of all the standing over hot fires it meant for me, I felt like going off and hiding.
After supper Hugh went after the baggage, and I washed dishes—such a lot—and strained the milk.
Hugh came back with the baggage, three big trunks, and while he and one of the men lugged them up stairs, I sat down and tried to talk to Ellen.

I remarked upon the heat.
"Oh! it was so hot and dusty on the cars; I am just tired to death," she replied, in a thin, fretful voice, as she rocked the baby, trying to get it to sleep.
I asked her if she would not sit out on the porch, as it was cooler there.
"No, I couldn't endure the night air," she answered.
Conversation flagged; I was too tired to talk, and I think she was. I made faint efforts to keep up a conversation and to be agreeable, as I sat sweltering in the hot room, when out on the veranda I could see the moonlight and hear Hugh and the men talking.
"You burn kerosene, don't you," remarked Ellen. "I do hate the smell of it so. Why do you use it?"
"What should we use?" I asked, "we have no gas in the country."
"Candles, of course," she replied, with a slight curve of the lip.
"Candles?" I asked in amazement.
"Why, no one uses candles nowadays."
"Oh, there, that is just what it is to live in the country; one never knows what people are doing at all. Why, everyone of any pretensions burns candles now; not the old-fashioned tallow candles, but wax candles, with the loveliest little shades; they are so nice."
I asked about her mother, to change the subject, and we talked about her and the old neighbors until she went up stairs to put the baby to bed. She said she thought she would not come down again, if I would excuse her, as she was so very tired. I soon went to my own room and to sleep, from which I was awakened by a great clatter and rumpus on the stairs, made by the young Woods as they went down.
Soon our ears were saluted by the faint crack of that rifle, followed by the squealing of a pig, and the loud shouts of the boys.
Hugh hastened down, half dressed, and found one of a choice lot of Berkshires with a broken leg, and Herky—Herky's name is—dancing a regular war dance around the wounded animal, and as pleased as pleased could be, to think he had succeeded in using his gun with such effect as to bring down his game.
Of course the pig had to be killed. As good luck would have it, the hired man had a big fire and lots of hot water, so he and Hugh set to work at once to dress it.
Hugh took the gun and locked it up. Herky was very indignant, but Hugh was firm.
Just as breakfast was ready, there was a sound of crying and screaming outside the kitchen door, and John and Ollie, the two youngest of the Woods, came in wet to the skin, their clothes dripping puddles of water all over my clean floor. They had sailed chips on the water in the horse trough, quarrelled and tumbled in. Ellen sent Marguerite up to change their clothes, and the rest of us sat down, the baby keeping up a fretful whine all through the meal.
After breakfast I said to Ellen that she would have to entertain herself as best she could, for I had all the work to do, as we could get no girl.
She took the baby into the parlor, and I heard some of the youngsters drawing tortured tones from my organ. I had forgotten to lock it, but I resolved I would do so at the first opportunity, and I did.
Being in the pantry after a time, mixing bread, I heard a great racket, and, glancing out, saw the four Woods boys standing in my new hammock, while Ted and Bob were trying to capture them. Two of the Woods boys held open knives in their hands, making feints at striking at those on the ground. It made my blood run cold, to see them swinging and swaying about on their uncertain foothold with those open knives.
I took my hand out of the bread, and calling my two boys, went with them out to the barn and begged Hugh to take them with him into the field, which he did.
I baked pies and cake, and prepared the vegetables for dinner, making hurried visits to the parlor between times.
When my bread was in the oven, and a big kettle of beans bubbling on the stove, I went up stairs. It was half-past nine, and the thermometer marked ninety degrees on the north perch. I hurried the work in my own and the boys' room, and then stepped along and took a peep into Ellen's room. I was in hopes they had cleaned up their rooms, but, what a sight! they had not done one bit of work. In the middle of the floor, on my new carpet, lay those wet clothes, just as they had been shoved down over the feet of those boys. I picked them up, and on the fawn-colored ground of my carpet, was a big blue stain where each suit had lain. Clothes littered the chairs and bed, the trunks stood open, a stool stood over the edge of the wash-bowl, leading a tiny, trickling stream of water to the floor. The bed had not even been taken down. I put the room in order, and as I stepped into the hall to go into the other guest room, my first breath gave me a smell of burning bread. I flew down stairs and was just in time to save the whole baking from incineration.
I had barely time to hurry on the dinner, and when it was ready I was too warm and tired to eat.
I sat at the table, and when the rest were all gone, I drank a cup of tea, and ate a little.
I dreaded the dishes, but that great pile of crockery must be cleaned, and right away, too—so at it I went.
When the kitchen and dining room

were once more in order, I went up and made the bed of the Woods boys.
Done at last, I went to my own room, bathed, changed my dress, and went down. Hearing Ellen's voice on the porch, I went out then and found her trying to quiet the baby, who is teething and the hot weather makes him very cross.
"Why Cousin Annie where have you been all day, and what have you been doing to get so warm and red?" asked Helen, as I sat down.
I told her I had been baking.
"Baking? what makes you do it? Why don't you buy bread? I never let cook bake when it is so hot."
I said that in the country we could not buy bread.
"Oh, dear! I wouldn't live in the country for anything!" said she.
I thought I would like to try my hammock, so I asked Ellen to move her chair around to that side of the house.
As we came in sight of the hammock, behold Marguerite in it, with my lovely copy of Longfellow, which Hugh gave me last Christmas, turned backward and folded together as she read it. That was too much for my equanimity, and I asked her to hold it in a different manner if she wished to read it.
Remarking, angrily, that she did not care to read it anyway, she closed the book and threw it on the ground. I went and picked up my poor abused treasure, finding one corner broken, the back loose, and a big grease spot on the fine Russia cover. I felt like crying.
To-night, Hugh said he would go and see if he could not get a Jones girl to come over and help me. But neither of them could come, as their mother and the baby were both sick.
I ought not to have spent all this time writing, but all the house was so warm, and I was exhausted from the heat, so I opened every door and window to the utmost, and sat down to write. I felt rested some now, and the night air has cooled the house. I will shut the doors and go to bed.
August 1. Such a time as I had with those boys, and those Woods folks in general, was a caution!
I had to keep going from early morning until late at night to keep the work done, and something cooked to eat. Hugh did his best to get a girl, but could not, as it was just in the midst of haying-time, and everyone was busy. And for the same reason, Hugh could not help me much himself, or spare either of the men. They brought all the wood, and water, and churned, and took the big pans of milk up from the cellar; in fact, did what they could.
Such a reign of terror as those boys of Ellen's inaugurated! The first day was a sample of those which followed—from one day's end to the other they were into some kind of a scrape. They let the hens out to destroy my garden; they played ball in the front yard, and broke a three-dollar pane of glass; they fell into the pond, by turns, narrowly escaping drowning; they rode the calves; Herky tried to ride the colt and got kicked; they let out the pigs; they broke all the eggs, until I had to buy some of Simmons.
Ellen languished in the parlor, or on the veranda, all day long never saying much, except to grumble at the country and its disadvantages.
Hugh declared every night that it must end, but I did not want to seem inhospitable, even though I must work hard to care for them. I did not want to offend her; I thought every day, she would get tired of it all, and go home. But she didn't seem to feel worried over the escapades of the boys. The baby was very cross, and required all her time.
I baked, and cooked, and every blessed day I went up and put their rooms in order; never once did they lift a hand to help. I picked up books, and hats, and handkerchiefs, and fans from every chair and table in the house. The floor was strewn with wreckage. One of the boys stole in the cellar, and while drinking from a pan of milk let his hat fall into it, while another poked about in my jar of cream to see what it was, using a dirty stick, and hisisqually dirty fingers. I had to buy butter, but I kept the cellar locked after that.
Ah, me! how long those days did seem.
At last, one morning when they had been here ten days, I woke up with a sick headache of the most pronounced type. I felt so sick I did not care for anything, and when Hugh came up, after they had breakfast, and said he was going to take Ellen to the train, I didn't think or care much about it; only I felt a vague sense of relief, even amidst the green-colored mists of sick headache. I was sick all that day, and the next day was Sunday, so Hugh staid about the house and tended to things, while I rested; I was fairly worn out.
Monday morning I went about looking things over. Everything from one end of the house to the other was dirt; dirty finger marks on every door and window, my new best chamber carpet with those big blue stains in the centre of it, my Longfellow ruined, and my hammock! I had never used it once, and it was all torn to pieces. The boys had put the big dog into it, tied him in and left him there. He had gnawed his way out, leaving very little of that hammock but a big hole.
Hugh say he sent Ellen off in such a way that she will not be apt to come again.
Well, on the whole, I am not sorry. I like to be hospitable, but I do not like to be forced to entertain a horde of strangers.—Woman's Work.

CHILEAN NITRATE MINES.

GREATEST NATURAL CURIOSITY ON THE SOUTHERN CONTINENT

Interesting Facts Concerning This Very Valuable Commodity—The Supply Inexhaustible.

When we first saw Iquique (pronounced E-kee-kee), little more than half a year ago, writes Fannie B. Ward, it was one of the most peaceful and prosperous cities of Chile—a seaport second only to Valparaiso in population and commercial importance, in wide contrast to the burned and battered ruin the rebels made of it on their recent raid. It has long been the great shipping point of the world for nitrate of soda—a vast business, practically controlled by English capital; and therefore in the eyes of Englishmen Iquique is of more consequence than all the rest of Chile put together.

For more than a year past the nitrate people have been doing little profitable business, principally on account of the Government troubles and consequent strikes among the laborers, and also because the English market is overstocked with the commodity, and therefore its price is correspondingly low. From this nitrate industry alone the Chilean Government has been collecting a revenue of about \$20,000,000 per annum in export duties.

Perhaps the greatest natural curiosity on the Southern Continent is this inexhaustible deposit of nitrate of soda. Beds of it are strewn along the western coast for five hundred miles; and throughout all that distance the physical aspect of the country is the same—everywhere an arid range of hills from four to six thousand feet high, rising abruptly out of the Pacific, backed by a desert pampa (plain) from fifty to one hundred miles wide, which gradually ascends to the foot of the snowy Cordillera. Nowhere else in the world except in this particular pampa are nitrates found in quantities worth mentioning.

The pampa above Iquique derives its name from the tamarugal bushes with which it is sparsely covered. Further north, above Tarapaca, the bold features of the Cordillera and some beauty to the landscape; while inside from Antofagasta, in the great desert of Atacama, there is not even a distant mountain to be seen—nothing but brown sand as far as the eye can reach. There is no cloud on the burnished sky to temper the rays of the vertical sun; the hot air distinctly vibrates, and blue mirage lakes tantalize the thirsty traveler. One can scarcely bear to touch the scorching sand, at 130 degrees, and a light south wind continually raises whirlwinds of dust in every direction. Neither bird, beast nor plant of the lowest type can live in these barren wastes; and yet their hidden wealth has led to the creation of several villages, whose every necessary of life is brought from a long distance.

A few years ago water sold on the Atacama desert for \$20 the arroba, or about \$2.50 per gallon, and a drink for a mule cost fifteen shillings, or \$3.75. Finally, at a place in the desert called Carmen Alto, a sun condenser with 50,000 square feet of glass was employed to distil fresh water from that of the sea. This was afterward wrecked by a whirlwind, but a smaller apparatus on the same principle is now being worked at Sierra Gordo, and realizes a handsome profit, though the water sells for only thirty cents the arroba. Most of the coast towns and inland factories are now supplied by means of condensed steam, some of the condensers producing no less than twenty-five tons of good water for every ton of coal burned in the boilers. More recent schemes have been started for supplying the coast towns with water by means of pipes running across the desert from springs at the foot of the mountains. Iquique, Taltal, Antofagasta and Molle are supplied in this manner, and other similar aqueducts are being constructed.

The portion of the pampa in which English-speaking people are most interested is that lying between Iquique and Pisagua—the celebrated "Tamarugal Pampa," where lie the Tarapaca beds and where a colony of Northern "Nitrate Kings" have accumulated their millions. A high, chilly upland, about twenty miles across, separates the outer Sierra of Huatacondo from the higher range of the Cordillera; and then the Andes slope sharply down to the plateau of Bolivia, 12,000 feet above the sea.

The surface of the desert is not sharp sand, but dry earth mixed with a certain proportion of sandy particles, and irrigation would turn every rod of it into a fertile plain. Wherever wells have been sunk, alternate layers of gravel, sand and mud are disclosed, each series of layers representing the sequence of a single flood in former ages; hence it follows that in times long past the pampa must have been subject to periodical inundations. Water may be found almost anywhere, at the depth of from fifty to 150 feet; but no place has yet been discovered where the conditions necessary for artesian wells are fulfilled.—Philadelphia Record.

The Headmaster of the Girls' High School is describing to the class the beauty of the Alps, which he has visited during his vacation, and ends his lecture in these words: "And there, with one foot I stood on the ice of the glacier, while with the other I was plucking the most beautiful flowers!"—Flying Dutchman.

GIRLS' NAMES.

Frances is "unstained and free;"
Bertha, "pellucid, purely bright;"
Clara, "clear as the crystal sea;"
Lucy, a star of radiant "light;"
Catharine is "pure" as the mountain air;
Henrietta, "as truly good and 'star;"
Felicita is "happy girl;"
Matilda is a "lady true;"
Margaret is a shining "pearl;"
Rebecca, "with the faithful few;"
Susan is a "lily white;"
Jane has the willow's curve and "grace"
Cecilia, dear, "is dim of sight;"
Sophia shows "wisdom on her face;"
Constance is firm and "resolute;"
Grace, delicious "favor meet;"
Charlotte, "noble, good repute;"
Harriet, a fine "odor sweet;"
Isabella is a "lady rare;"
Lucinda, "constant as the day;"
Marie means, a "lady fair;"
Abigail, "joyful" as a May;
Elizabeth, "an oath of trust;"
Adella, "nice princess proud;"
Agatha, "is truly good and just;"
Letitia, "a joy avowed;"
Jemima, "a soft sound in the air;"
Caroline, "a sweet spirit hale;"
Cornelia, "harmonious and fair;"
Selina, "a sweet nightingale;"
Lydia, "a refreshing well;"
Judith, "a jewel of sacred praise;"
Julia, "a jewel none excel;"
Priscilla, "ancient of days."

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Comes high, but we must have it—The sun.—Life.
A dead heat must be the kind that is used in a crematory.—Buffalo Express.
A woman can say more with a few tears than a man can express in a book.—Ram's Horn.
"Was Byron a club man?" "Not all through. He had a club foot only."—Munsey's Weekly.
People are like bass drums, the thinner their heads the more noise they make.—Washington Star.
When a man has run his race in this world and the end comes he is out of breath.—New Orleans Picayune.
Every one admires a man of push, but nobody wants to be the person pushed aside by the man.—St. Joseph News.
Up goes the price of horses' board. Every bit that goes into your horse's mouth must be paid for.—Boston Transcript.
De Jones—"I say, Van Brown, how is it that you are always out when I call?" Van Brown—"Oh, just luck."—Boston Gazette.
Professor—"Gentlemen, the air is a substance which we cannot see, but it is by no means so simple a substance as it looks."—Flying Dutchman.
Head of Firm (angrily)—"Who is that smoking in the office?" Bookkeeper—"The office-boy, sir." Head of Firm—"Oh, all right. I thought it was one of the clerks."—Brooklyn Life.
From a speech: "Gentlemen, we have great cause for rejoicing that this stone which has so long weighed upon our hearts has been finally removed from our necks."—Flying Dutchman.
Rose (on the divan)—"I think I'll say yes. It is better to marry a man you respect than one you adore." Dolly—"But it's so much easier to love men than to respect them."—Life.
Miss Physics—"Dear Mr. Physiology, you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in its upper story." Mr. Physiology—"You occupy my upper story, my dear Miss Physics."—Rochester Talisman.
A household journal says: "The toothsome mince pie has quite a pedigree." We knew there was something in it mighty hard to digest, but never once suspected it was a pedigree.—Norristown Herald.
"Amelia, darling," "Yes, Arthur." "You know we are soon to be married." "Yes." "And we should learn to be economical in small things." "Yes." "Hain't you better turn down the gas?"—Spare Moments.
"I have always taken pleasure in your presence," she said, as they were parting as friends and nothing more. "I beg your pardon," he said, reflectively, "but would you mind spelling that last word?"—Washington Post.
"What's this report about Smithers sending an infernal machine to you, Bronson?" "It's perfectly true. He didn't send it to me, though. He sent it to my boy. It is a music box that plays 'White Wings.'"—New York Herald.
With trembling voice, though ardent look, He faintly asked her could she cook. She owned she could, and, bolder grown, He asked her if she'd be his own. "Indeed!" said she, with her nose a curl; "I suppose you were wanting a hired girl."—Indianapolis Journal.
Dapper—"What is the greatest lie, Snapper, that ever impressed itself on your experience?" Snapper—"Well, by all odds, the worst lie I ever heard was the one your quartette perpetrated last night when they came around to the house and sang 'There's music in the air.'"—Boston Courier.
"Madam," said the tramp, "I was told by the woman who lives next door that if I would call here a charitable lady would donate to a deserving wayfarer some scraps of fried liver left over from breakfast." "She said that, did she, the mean, good-for-nothing!" exclaimed the woman. "Fried liver, indeed! Come inside, my good man, and I'll cook you the best porterhouse steak you ever ate."—New York Herald.