

The Italians call their bank scandal "Pauamino," the little Panama.

As shown by Bradstreet's figures, 1892 was the greatest year ever known in this country for bank clearances.

An old Arctic sailor, who has a fund of good stories for the marines, says that in Labrador they mine icebergs for codfish as if it were coal.

The Canadian Pacific and its branches up to date have received \$26,500,000 in subsidies from the Canadian Government, while the other Dominion roads have received but \$9,695,108.

Trial by jury has been abrogated in India and the Hindus are kicking vigorously against this action of their British rulers. The government says that it was literally impossible to get twelve honest jurymen in the jury-box, and the conviction of a Hindu, however guilty, was not to be secured.

The longevity of members of the Society of Friends is again shown by the denominational obituary for the last year. The deaths of members in Great Britain and Ireland numbered 278. There were no fewer than sixty-two at eighty years and above, and the average age at death was about sixty-one years.

An Eastern town some years ago was in a bad way, relates the Atlanta Constitution, but it offered a free site, remission of taxes for a number of years and assistance in erecting a building for a shoe factory. The factory started with 25 hands and now has 1000. As there are generally three inhabitants of a town for every workman it will be seen that the factory venture greatly increased population, to say nothing of the money they put in circulation.

"Mental arithmetic" in East Indian schools is a vastly more serious matter than it is in the schools of the United States. The Oriental mind is fertile in the invention of catch questions, and the multiplication table is swelled into a mountain of difficulty by native teachers. Tiny, half-naked brown creatures of ten years and under are taught to carry the multiplication table up to the forty times forty, and to complicate matters by the introduction of fractional parts.

An Edinburgh actuary says that forty out of 1000 people who reach seventy years are farmers. The average mortality per 1000 is 29.2 among liquor dealers, increasing from 12.2 between the ages of twenty and twenty-nine to 102.8 from seventy upward. Among 1000 gardeners he finds the death-rate to be 10.6, carpenters 12.4, shoemakers 13.4, stone masons 16.8, butchers 17.8, innkeepers 21.4, licensed grocers who sell liquors 18.9, hotel-keepers 26.8, bar-keepers 33.4. Among clergymen the lowest death-rate is in the Church of England, 10.2, and the highest in the Catholic Church, 15.7. The New York Medical Record attributes the high death-rate of the Catholic clergy to celibacy.

The New York Times observes: "The world's working stock of genius never is so large that the downfall of a commanding personality like Ferdinand de Lesseps can be regarded with cynicism. There is nothing in modern annals more pathetic than the vicissitudes of fortune by which the picturesque and heroic figure, alike the first citizen of the Empire and the Republic, has been transformed into a sentenced convict. M. de Lesseps' misfortunes may be attributed in large degree to his extraordinary success. At Suez he achieved what statesmen, capitalists and engineers throughout Europe had pronounced impossible and chimerical. If M. de Lesseps succeeded at Suez it was because he was not an engineer. If he failed at Panama it was because he was only a speculative diplomatist and not a practical man of business. The very qualities which enabled him to overcome every obstacle at the Isthmus, where a tide-level canal was to be cut through desert levels and an ancient sea-bed, disqualified him for taking a sober view of the difficulties of rock-ribbed Panama or for controlling the flood of reckless financial waste and corruption which swept everything before it. In the end he was like a drowning man catching at straws, an Oriental fatalist, paralyzed and disenchanted; but neither France nor the world will ever believe that he was a common swindler, or that he merited when dying in his old age—the Grand Frenchman still at eighty-eight—the grotesque and horrible sentence which has been pronounced against him."

**The Children's Land.**  
I know a land, a beautiful land,  
Fairer than isles of the east,  
Where the farthest hills are rainbow-spangled,  
And mirth holds an endless feast;  
Where tears are dried like the morning dew,  
And joys are many, and griefs are few;  
Where the old each day grows glad and new,  
And life rings clear as a bell;  
Oh! the land where the chimera speak sweet and true  
Is the land where the children dwell!  
There are beautiful lands where the rivers flow  
Through valleys of ripened grain;  
There are lands where armies of worshippers know  
No God but the God of Gain.  
The chink of gold is the song they sing,  
And all their life-time harvesting  
Are the glittering joys that gold may bring,  
In measures they buy and sell;  
But the land where love is the coin and king  
Is the land where the children dwell.  
They romp in troops through this beautiful land  
From morning till set of sun,  
And the Drowsy Fairies have sweet dreams planned  
When the little tasks are done.  
Here are no strivings for power and place,  
The last are first in the mimic race,  
All hearts are trusted, all life is grace,  
And Peace-sings "All goes well!"  
For God walks daily with unveiled face  
In the land where the children dwell.  
—[John Jerome Rooney.]

**FAIRY'S SECRET.**

"A trip to the Yellowstone you are too good to me, papa." I took her in my arms, my own child, from whose cheek the rose had faded, and in whose deep-brown eyes sad shadows had grown. She was of a nature peculiar to those whose childhood days have been spent with elderly people. She felt deeply. Events that merely ruffled lighter natures left lasting effects upon her. I had watched her tenderly since her mother had put her in my arms, and left me alone. When she grew listless and the sweet eyes drooped, I laid aside all cares and took her away. She looked so like her mother the day we took the train at Chicago. Her brown dress, just matching her eyes, lent a deeper shade to her chestnut hair. As we neared a city in Northern Illinois Fairy exclaimed: "Oh, papa, is this another Rome? Surely it is a city built on seven hills." "Galena!" shouted the brakeman. "What climbs the people must be here," she continued, looking at some of the long rows of stairs ascending the steep hills. The city seemed to be laid out in terraces. We stood at the foot of Main Street and looked up at two of these terraces, with trees of an immense height apparently on each. I settled myself comfortably and prepared to go to sleep. Fairy read a while, but soon drew a locket from her dress. She touched the spring, and the sad look came again to her sweet eyes. I had tried to learn her secret. Was she sighing for a mother's love? Perhaps I had better get married, I thought. I resolved to give the matter serious thought at some future time. Unknown to Fairy, I resolved to stop over at Cheyenne, where she was born, and Ella, my wife, was called away. Capt. Storry had often asked me to visit the old fort. It would be like old times to see the boys again. "Do you remember Capt. Storry, Fairy?" I asked her. "He is an old fellow like me, but a nobler soul never inhabited a human body." I did not think that Fairy heard. She turned her head quickly and caught her breath. "You wish to stop and see him, papa?" she asked sweetly. "How well I remember the morning he came two years ago—you were nineteen. He asked for you as if you were a two-year-old. We saw you kneeling over a flower bed, your white dress and flowing hair making a pretty picture. Do you remember I told you to come and kiss papa's friend? How Hal went to kiss you and you drew back so proudly. He rated me soundly for not telling him you were a lady grown. Why, Fairy, it seems but yesterday that you played upon our knees at the old fort. You were such good friends after that. Why, Hal was like a second father." And so I rattled on, lost in old memories. Hal had stayed at our house for six months and had left suddenly, I thought. He smiled strangely, I thought, when I, with a father's adoration, was enlarging upon Fairy's charms. While I had been dreaming, we had passed over the great plains, with their huge herds of cattle and pretty Western cities. Cheyenne was reached at last. How changed it seemed! Some of the dear faces were the same. They grasped my hands, these old comrades, and I was young again.

I was surprised when, turning suddenly, I saw a tall, slender lady put her arms around Fairy and kiss her sadly. I knew her, Elinor, my wife's friend and the widow of our beloved commander. She, too, was visiting the fort. At the hop the next evening it dawned upon me that Fairy was no longer a child, and that she was as lovely as Ella (my wife) was when I first saw her and gave her my whole heart. But why did the girl look so wistful? I went to where she stood. "Fairy, Capt. Storry left last night for California. I am so sorry." Elinor Aloe's arm tightened about Fairy's waist. Although the dear girl never flinched, yet her cheek paled. Elinor knew then, I think, what Fairy's secret was. "Are you blind Captain?" she asked me one day. To save my soul I couldn't see what she meant. She was a lovely woman of about thirty-five, with a face sweet and sympathetic, and a carriage like a queen. She suggested that we pay a visit to her home in Santa Barbara, and see Yellowstone on our way back. We readily consented. I cannot tell you of that trip over the Rockies. I was inspired, uplifted, awed. When deep emotions pass over us we are sometimes left speechless. Thus with me, I felt my disadvantage; but words failed to express the grandeur of those snow-capped peaks, as they raised their jutting sides to the blue sky. The deep canyons where thousands of feet below flowed the Colorado—ah, how clearly it showed us that perseverance will wear away the hardest obstacle, aye, even adamant. The Mexican costumes still cling about Santa Barbara and seem to instill the air with a vague, sweet novelty. In this quaint city of roses, so like beloved Italy, I left my darling in Mrs. Aloe's tender care, while I took a trip up the coast. When I met Hal at Frisco, I tell you, I felt my forty-three years lightly. Hal went back to Santa Barbara with me. I was telling him how in the last year Fairy had drooped. She was so dear to me, and so was my friend, and I could not keep the tears back. Hal walked down to the beach and back again. "Bertie," he said at last, "I am an old fool, but I lost my heart to Fairy that summer I spent at your home." "Why, man, you are old enough to be her father!" I exclaimed. "I am not yet forty, Bertie," he said. "Of course, I know I can never win her; she is as far above me as the stars. But I do love her. It came to me late, but it is real and earnest, Bertie." I looked at Hal. He did not look old. The brown curls were untouched by time's silver pencil. The unlined face, merry blue eyes and stalwart figure showed a man in the fullness of his prime. After Hal had spent a few days in Santa Barbara, he said to me: "Why don't you marry Mrs. Aloe? She is alone; so are you and Fairy. She needs a woman's care; and Mrs. Aloe is such a perfect lady." I pondered over his words. As Fairy seemed better, we tarried in Santa Barbara until nearly five months had passed. I was walking on the beach one day when I saw Mrs. Aloe coming towards me. "Elinor," I said, "I am a blunt old soldier, and I buried my heart in Ella's grave. But I have a deep, loyal regard for you and you are alone. Fairy and I need you. Will you be my wife?" Elinor placed her hand in mine, and we went to the old mission church and were married there and then. We saw Fairy as we came in, sitting on the veranda, gazing out on the vast Pacific. "Fairy," I said, "this is my wife." "My mother!" And I left the two—dearest to me on earth—together. We passed the summer in the Yosemite, where nature shows herself in majestic beauty. Capt. Storry was a frequent visitor to our home. Never by look or action did he betray his secret. With pain I observed that Fairy avoided him. I was on the verge of telling Elinor more than once, but could not betray my dear friend's secret. Fairy seemed so happy, and yet at times there came that wistful look that so puzzled me. "Tell me," I said one day, drawing her to my knee. She laid her head on my shoulder, and sobs such as only well forth when long suppressed shook her form. She had never kept a secret from me before, and I was pained. When she felt better she told me that there was one presence she longed for, and who, though perhaps she loved not more than she did me.

yet one who, when away, seemed to take some of the sunshine with him. This from my Fairy, whom I had guarded so carefully and so well. Who could he be? Ah, poor Storry! His chances were gone, indeed. If Fairy loved like this, she would never love again. "Is it unreturned, dear?" I asked her. "Yes, father, he is far above me. He thinks me a child." How my heart ached. My Fairy was a woman with a woman's doom upon her. I told her then of her mother—how she had left me and how dark the world all looked. "But, dear," I said, "you are a soldier's daughter." Then she kissed me and understood. She was no longer listless. She grew more thoughtful, more unselfish and more beautiful. She told us one day she wanted to go to Italy. I never could deny her anything; so she went. Ah, my Fairy, that sorrow has moulded your character—made you the woman you are today. After Fairy had gone a little boy came to us. It once seemed that my heart contained no room for another than Fairy, but the little fellow with his eyes soon won his place in my heart. When Robbie was two the longing for Fairy was so great that I could live without her no longer. So one day Elinor, Robbie and I set sail for Italy. We did not tell her we were coming we dropped in upon her. Shall I ever forget that day? We entered unannounced. A tall lady, her bronze hair in a classic knot, her brown eyes sparkling, her sweet lips parted, turned to us. It was our Fairy. When the greeting were over she led us to a room, and there we saw what had detained her in Italy. There in white marble was a perfect form in loose drapery. The figure was gracefully posed on one foot, one arm was upraised, the beautiful head thrown slightly back. The expression on the cold, marble face was one of the sweetest patience. It was my Fairy's work. I took her in my arms and silently looked at her, while Elinor softly whispered: "Fear not in a world like this, for you will know ere long, how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong." We went to Venice, the city in the sea. Unexpectedly I met Storry. I took him home with me. As we entered our apartments we heard voices. "Nay, Elinor," Fairy said. "I am a soldier's daughter and must go on to the end with this locked in my heart. Forget it, Elinor. Harry Storry cares for me only as his friend's daughter. I am weak, my mother. Leave me to fight it out alone. Forget the weak words. Let no other hear them. Would that they were not beyond recall!" Elinor arose and left her. What an idiot I had been. Fairy had loved him all the time. I went out, leaving Storry standing there. Fairy lay upon the couch motionless. Storry went to her and stood looking at her. She raised her head and then stood up. "Capt. Storry," she was the self-possessed woman again. But before she could speak he took her in his arms. "Nay, Fairy, your confession is beyond recall."—[Chicago News.]

**QUAINT AND CURIOUS.**  
A watch ticks 160,144,000 times a year.  
Kansas is the only state in the Union that produces reeled silk.  
It is related that Charlemagne used to wear a robe that was worth \$8000.  
A murderer hanged in Alabama paid to his lawyer his last nickel on the scaffold.  
The first king to whom the title of "Majesty" was applied was Louis XI., in France, in 1463.  
The excavated temples near Bombay, in India, would require the labor of 40,000 men for forty years to complete.  
Mandalay is crowded with monasteries. There are in Upper Burma 11,894 professed monks and about 14,000 novices.  
Two Confederate stamps recently carried a package from Granby, Mass., to Boston. They were not detected in the postoffice.  
Perterze Irnichzizkowskelowski is a San Francisco cabinet maker, and Perterje Zmchzizkomekowlowski is a Buffalo boiler maker.  
England received about 10,057,600 letters from the United States last year. Germany received from us 5,858,040 letters, and France, 1,884,040.  
In Sitka, Alaska, when an Indian wife has lost her husband by death she goes into mourning by painting the upper part of her face a deep black.  
Men cutting ice at Buxton, Me., found a half-blown water lily imbedded in one of the cakes. It was thawed out, put in a sunny window and soon bloomed out as handsomely as any lily in July.  
The Swiss "Canton and Republic of Obwalden," which contains fewer than 15,000 inhabitants, most of them agriculturists, prohibits snuff-taking or smoking by any Obwaldener who has not reached adult age.  
The number of languages spoken by mankind at the present is estimated at 3000. The Bible has been translated into 200 only, but these 200 are spoken by about two-thirds of the whole population of the globe.  
Our English ancestors, in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth centuries, had four meals a day; breakfast at 7, dinner at 10, tea at 4 and supper at 8 or 9, soon after which they went to bed. The tradespeople and laboring men had only three meals; breakfast at 8, dinner at 12 and supper at 6.  
There is one way of telling the speed of a railway train which old travelers claim is almost infallible. Every time the car passes over a joint in the track there is a distinct click; count the number of these clicks in 20 seconds, and it is said you have the number of miles the train is going per hour, as the length of the rail is uniform.  
**Kissing is Dangerous to Health.**  
Doctor C. O. Probst, Secretary of the State Board of Health of Ohio, appeared before the association of pastors of Columbus to urge their cooperation in two much needed sanitary reforms. One is to stop the custom of indiscriminate kissing and the other to abolish the use of the same cup in the administration of the sacrament by several hundred persons. Doctor Probst explained that the most certain and most dangerous transmission of the germs of disease is by the mouth to mouth method. He cited the almost universal habit among ladies of kissing friends on greeting them or bidding them good-by; of kissing babies and children and urging babies and children to kiss each other. Pastors, too, consider it a part of their duty to kiss the babies of their parishioners.  
All this was well meant, but it was as dangerous as it was perfidious in many cases. He quoted Moses as a sanitarian on this subject and said the greater law-giver would not have tolerated either the kissing or the common cup custom in sacramental administrations. The clergymen asked for some practical suggestions as to how to obviate the danger pointed out in the communion service. Several were given, but the only one considered practical was that each communicant have his own cup. A resolution to do all in their power to bring about these reforms was adopted.—[Chicago Herald.]  
**One View of Forgery.**  
"Did you write James Skidmore's name on this note?" said the Judge to a prisoner accused of forgery.  
"I's like to know, Judge," replied the culprit, "if Jim Skidmore has a copywright on the letters as happens to form his name?"—[Savannah Press.]

**Kissing the Children.**  
Kisses in the morning  
Make the day seem bright,  
Filling every corner  
With a gleam of light;  
And what happiness he misses,  
Who, affection's impulse scoring,  
Departs, and gives no kisses  
To the children in the morning.  
Many think it folly;  
Many say it's bliss;  
Very much depending  
On whose lips you kiss.  
But the truth I am confessing,  
And I'd have you all take warning,  
If you covet any blessing,  
Kiss the children in the morning.  
Kisses in the evening  
When the lights are low,  
Set two hearts a-flaming  
With affection's glow.  
And the angels swarm in numbers  
Round the pillow they are pressing,  
Who are wooed to peaceful slumbers  
By a dear one's fond caressing.  
Kisses in the morning  
Are not out of place;  
Kisses in the evening  
Have a special grace;  
And it seems to me that this is  
For indulgence, lawful reason;  
Sweetest tulips—I mean kisses  
Ye are never out of season!  
—[The Ledger.]

**HUMOROUS.**  
Love may be blind, but he knows when the parlor lamp is too high.  
A revolver is no large weapon, but it can be made to cover a very large man.  
About the hardest crop to raise on a farm nowadays is the boys in the family.  
She—You know you broke your promise to me. He—Never mind, I can make another just as good.  
When a man inherits a portion of a goodly estate he has no trouble in finding people ready to take his part.  
"Today was prize day at my school," said Jimmie. "And did my little boy get anything?" asked papa. "Yep. Got kept in."  
Banks—Rivers, how do you suppose that wonderful bird, the phoenix, ever caught fire? Rivers—probably from a defective flev.  
A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,  
Though gorgeous their plumage and regal;  
But, instead of an oriole, robin or thrush,  
Let the bird be a bright, golden eagle.  
Mr. Slowthink—I—er—you have noticed how the days are getting longer and—Miss Pertly—It seems to me as though it's the evenings.  
"You have been in my mind all day, Miss Angie," he cooed sweetly. "Great mercy!" groaned the girl in agony; can it be that I am as small as that?  
"Well, mademoiselle, isn't he a handsome fellow?" "Yes, he is, but certainly one of his legs is too short." "Too short? Quite the contrary; one of his legs is too long."  
"Why are you so naughty, Johnnie! It seems with mamma worn out and papa with a broken arm, you might try to be good!" "Hoh!" said Johnnie. "That's just the time to be bad. No one can lick me."  
**Rushed With Business.**  
He was a big, strong, healthy-looking fellow, and when he knocked at a kitchen door on Antoine street and asked for something to eat, the woman was not charitably disposed. "Want something to eat?" she snapped. "I'm very hungry, ma'am," he responded. "You ought to be." "I am," he admitted humbly. "Why don't you go to work?" "I haven't time, ma'am." "Haven't time?" she asked in surprise. "No ma'am, I'm busy." "Busy, indeed!" she said sarcastically. "I'd like to know what keeps you busy?" "Hustlin' around from house to house, ma'am." "What?" "Hustlin' around from house to house, ma'am, tryin' to git something to eat, takes up all my time, so I don't have any left to work in. That's the gospel truth, ma'am; and if you don't give me a bite, I'll have to waste two or three precious hours, ma'am, lookin' up somebody that will," and his nerve saved him.—[Detroit Free Press.]  
**Why Turtles Cannot Bite.**  
Very few people know that neither a turtle, nor a tortoise, nor a toad, is provided with teeth. There is a general superstition that a turtle can bite off a man's finger, but the turtle can do nothing of the kind. Its jaws are very strong, and the horny membrane that runs around the jaw, where, in other animals, teeth are found, is so hard and tough that the turtle can crush the bones of the hand to pulp, but as for biting off even a finger, the feat is, to the turtle, an impossibility.