SUPPLEMENT.

Two 10,000-ton steamers will ply between Liverpool and New Orleans as soon as they can be built.

Last year was the most prosperous in the history of cotton manufacturing in the South, states the Chicago Herald.

According to the Industrialist, Kansas has 105 different kinds of native trees and shrubs, occurring chiefly in the eastern part of the State.

The people who reside on the Rue Panama, a street in Paris which received that name several years ago, want to have its name changed. Many of them have good reason to rue Panama, thinks the Chicago Herald.

An observant Philadelphian makes the amazing assertion that girls with retrousse noses marry sooner, and are more fortunate in catching good husbands, than younger ladies whose features are of the Greek or Roman type.

Several lots in Cornhill, London, in the immediate neighborhood of the Bank of England, were sold several days ago at a price that averaged $250 per foot, or something over $10,000,000 an acre. Several lots of equal size were offered for sale some weeks ago, and were bought in by the owner at a price considerably higher.

The New York Press estimates that about 1600 novels were published during the past six years, or 270 novels a year. These 1600 novels were written by 792 authors who signed their names and 139 who did not. Only 240 of these authors met with success enough to encourage them to write a second time. In all, 2600 persons have failed as writers of fiction during the last eighteen years, as against about 80 who have succeeded well and 120 who have succeeded tolerably.

Uruguay, with her 800,000 inhabitants, owes in Europe and elsewhere $100,000,000 of gold; Argentina, with 4,000,000 people, owes $350,000,000 of gold; Brazil is utterly submerged with debt; Paraguay's credit is so utterly shattered with debt that she must pay $7 in her paper money for every dollar in gold; and Peru is in the hands of an American receiver, a syndicate, which for sixty-four years will pocket all her revenues. "Thus," muses the New York Mail and Express: "Europe has returned to the Spanish-American States almost as much gold as she ever took away from them; more, indeed, than the wildest dream of Pizarro and his contemporaries promised that they should find in all the mines of the new word."

The Census Bureau has issued a bulletin of prisoners and paupers in the United States. Some of the facts stated are of interest. In 1890 there were in the prisons of the United States undergoing punishment for crime, 82,329 persons. Of these, 75,-924 were males and 6405 females. There were 52,894 white males and 4416 white females, making a total of 57,310 whites. The colored prisoners numbered 24,277, of which 22,305 were men and 1922 were women. There were 407 Chinese prisoners, of whom 406 were males and one a woman. Of Japanese there were twelve males and one female; of Indians there were 322, 307 being men and 15 women. In the matter of nativity, of the 57,310 white prisoners, 40,471 (that is, 38,156 men and 2315 women) were born in the United States, and 15,932 (that is, 13,869 men and 2063 women) were born in foreign countries. As to the pauperage the statistics are also interesting. In 1890 there were in all the almshouses in the United States 73,045 paupers, of which 40,741 were men and 32,304 were women. Of the whole, 37,387 were white men and 29,191 white women. The colored race showed up with 3226 men and 3092 women. When it comes to crime, comments the New Orleans Picayune, the men of all colors and races vastly outnumber the women, but in poverty the numbers of the two sexes more nearly equal each other, although there are fewer pauper women than men, although from the weakness and social restraints imposed on the sex it would seem that female paupers should be in a majority, which is not the case. In respect to crimes, the colored people in proportion largely outnumber the whites, but when it comes to pauperdom the white percentage is much the larger. Thus it appears that the colored man is not so willing as the white to become a charge on the public. When he goes into prison it is against his wishes, but county in the poor-house is voluntary. The showing is not, however, particularly flattering in either case.

Get Out the Way

I climbed the hill one wintry day,
And mused my meditative way,
And lost in various thought profound,
Oblivious to all around,
I heard a shout ring loud and clear
And smite in terror on my ear,—
A shout that filled me with dismay,
"Hi! Mister, there! Get out the way!"

I looked and saw there in my road
A double-runner with its load
Of shouting, laughing, hooting boys—
A solid freight of solid noise.
"Hi! Mister, there! Get out the way!"—
A most undiplomatic bray,
A bold command without the stress
Of any corteous finesse.
I did not make a long delay
But I—well, I "got out the way."

My first thought was not one of peace,
But one of vengeance and police;
But then those boys, I thought again,
Are like all other sons of men,
All mount their sleds and shout each day,
"Hi! Mister, there! Get out the way!"

We have ambitions shod with steel,
Too swift to see, too hard to feel.
We mount them in the hope to glide
Down destiny's steep mountain side,
And lightning-swift through frosty gleams
Dart these fast runners of our dreams,
And loud we shout, a raucous bray,
"Hi! Mister there! Get out the way!"

We do not turn our coasters back
But warn all people off the track,
We claim an unimpeded slope
Down all the highways of our hope.
So, that our double-runners glide;
Let other men find room one side;
And they can stand there in the snow
And have the fun to see us go.
And so we shout day after day,
"Hi! Mister, there! Get out the way!"

And so I stood there in the snow
And watched the boys glide far below,
And swift my thoughts were thoughts of peace—
I had no use for the police.
Do I not shout myself each day
"Hi! Mister, there! Get out the way!"

—[Sam. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

HER DOUBLE GIFT.

BY LAURA LANSFELDT.

"A lady wishes to see you, sir," said the staid man servant to Dr. Hall. It was past 10 at night, and the physician looked up in some surprise.

"Show the lady in, please," he said, and rose as a slim young figure glided into the room. Her face was covered with a veil; her garments were black. She came forward quickly.

"You are Dr. Hall?" she said.

"Yes, I am. May I ask——"

"I will not keep you many minutes," she said; her manner was agitated, her voice almost trembled. "You have a patient in your care—Mr. Deveraux."

A little distantly Dr. Hall said again—"Yes."

The girl—she was plainly no more suddenly threw back her veil, revealing a pale, lovely face, with delicate features.

"You want to know who I am," she said, "and by what right I ask these questions. I have no right, but I beg of your mercy that you will answer me. I heard of his illness—that you almost give him up. Is that true?"

"Yes it is," said the doctor, gently.

"My name is Dorothy Clifford," said the girl. A flush swept over her cheek as the doctor gave a little start. "You know my name?" she faltered.

"From my patient," said Dr. Hall; "nothing he has told me—simply the name he has repeated unconsciously."

"Then perhaps you guess," she said in low voice. "I am that Dorothy he speaks of. A year ago we were lovers—engaged. I thought I had reason to accuse him of unfaith. We parted."

"Ah," said the doctor, "I knew there was some cause for this breakdown besides the frightful hardships he has been through in America. Do you want me to let you see him?"

"No—no—! I want you to tell me if he must die—if it is true that there is but one chance for him—if I can give him that chance! It was all my fault, doctor! He was true; it was my madness that parted us. You must let me atone—give my life for his if need be; but he must not know who has saved him!"

"Do you know what his one chance is?" said the doctor, gravely. "A dangerous operation rarely practiced—dangerous to both the persons operated upon—what we call transfusion of blood."

"I will run the risk," said Dorothy, with her eyes flashing. "I broke his heart—I sent him into those hardships that have shattered his health! I will give him my health—my life! Eric need not know"——

"My poor child," said the physician, in deep pity, "he will know nothing—he is almost unconscious—but I have doubts about this"——

The doctor slightly shook his head—he did not think his patient was a man likely to mend a broken life in that easy fashion. But he heard all the girl had to urge and questioned her in his turn. The girl pleaded frantically with sobs and tears, and at last Dr. Hall consented.

The patient himself knew nothing about it; he lay in the lethargy that precedes death and was only faintly conscious at intervals. There was very little chance that he would be aware of Dorothy's presence in his room. Indeed, when she entered it she stood by his side for a full minute without his stirring. The girl herself seemed scarcely to feel at all. Before her, senseless, dying, lay the man she had loved passionately through all her angry mistrust and injustice; yet never a quiver came over her beautiful face.

She went through the painful operation without a murmur—nay, with an exultant smile. Each drop of her blood transfused into the veins of the dying man was so much towards atonement.

"Still living," was the doctor's report to Dorothy the next day; and he went back to Devreaux, at whose side he almost lived. The woman, healthy, vigorous, recovered rapidly; the man, who, besides anguish of soul, had endured enough cold and famine to shatter a less fine constitution, struggled painfully with death, though he did not care for life.

Then life conquered. "But after all she has done him a cruel kindness," thought the physician. "What has life to give him?"

"So we are not going to lose you yet," he said, cheerfully, coming to the young man's bedside one morning.

Devereux's only answer to this promise of life was to look up in the kind face with eyes full of pain.

"Don't you care to live?" said the doctor, huskily.

Devereux silently turned his eyes away. They wandered over the room as if they sought something. An odd feeling crept into the doctor's heart.

"What is it you want—or is it that you miss something?" he said.

"Nothing," Devereux murmured; but constantly the doctor detected that searching, wistful glance. He began to understand. The young man grew stronger in spite of his apathy—the physical need of life triumphed, and one day he began to ask questions: What had he talked about when he was delirious? Who had been with him—only the doctor and the nurse?

"No one else, and we don't notice sick people's chatter," said Dr Hall, smiling.

"I thought there was some one else," said Devereux, with a sigh; "perhaps it was a dream."

"I dare say. Who did you dream of?"

"She was here—I felt her. I don't think it was a dream. Doctor," lifting himself and looking eager, "you don't answer me—did she come?"

"Hush!" said the doctor, soothingly. "Yes; she was here—Dorothy Clifford."

"I knew it! I knew it!" Devereux whispered, trembling like a child. "Did she come to say goodby?"

"Devereux," said the doctor, "I made her promise, and I dare not break it; I cannot answer you; but that question to her."

"She will not come," Devereux said hopelessly.

"She will—I know the whole story; never mind how. I Will send for her; you shall ask her that question. You are puzz'ed. Well, sleep now if you can—I will wake you when I bring her."

Devereux, too weak or anything but mute wonder, obeyed. The doctor left the house and drove rapidly to Dorothy Clifford. She thought he had come to give his daily report.

"He goes on slowly but well," said Dr. Hall. "I have come to fetch you to him."

"I!" She started back, crimson, quivering. "Impossible! You have not told him?"

"You must come," said the doctor, sternly. "I have told him nothing—somehow he has found out in part."

She went to get ready, sat silent in the carriage, and crept upstairs behind the doctor like a guilty thing, to the sick room. Devereux was lying back among the pillows, looking at the two as they came into the room.

Mute, with bowed head, the woman stood beside the man she had wronged. She waited for him to speak.

"Dorothy!" he whispered. She trembled.

"Put your hand in mine," he said. "Kneel down, so that I can see you; I have only a question to ask."

She obeyed—knelt down and put her hand in his, bending her head lower than before.

"You came before—days ago," Devereux said, in slow, half halting tones; "when they said I was dying. I kew you were here. Why did you come?"

She flushed scarlet.

"To save your life," she said.

"You! you saved it!"

She turned her head aside; her dry lips moved mechanically.

"It was your one chance. Now let me go. You bade me come, and I came—answer you, and I obeyed. I have had enough of torture—let me go."

"Darling, come to me."

The strength of a child in his clasp, but she yielded to it helplessly. She cried silent, passionate tears, and he kissed them away, and hushed her prayers for pardon.

"How can I forgive?" he whispered. "You have given of your life to save mine. You have atoned. Kiss me and stay with me now and forever."

* * * * * * *

"Doctor," said Devereux, an hour later, "I do want to live now."

"Ah! I thought you would. I kept my promise, didn't I?"

"Yes. God bless you for all your kindness."

"Oh, that's nothing. Now will you try and sleep?"

"Promise you will give my bride to me when the time comes."

"You dear, grateful fellow, with all my heart!" And so he did before long and sent the two away together to begin the life they had so nearly missed.—[N. Y. Advertiser.

Two Sorts of Men May Laugh Well.

A prominent Wall street banker and broker, who is reputed to be worth about ten millions, walked from his private office the other morning into the outer room, where was gathered a number of his friends and customers. He was laughing so heartily that his cheeks were highly flushed, and the merry peals echoed and re-echoed through the room. Everybody turned to look at him, and every other face but one wore a sympathetic smile. The single exception looked very grave, and watched the merry broker with intentness. When the banker's laughter had ceased he went back into his office, and the grave man said to a companion:

"He laughs heartily, does he not? Yes, it is easy for him to laugh, whereas it is very hard for many others. There are two kinds of men who thoroughly understand and appreciate laughter, in whom this expression of merriment is spontaneous, light-hearted, and without a tinge of the sarcastic or bitter. One kind is the rich, successful men who are beyond ordinary cares and harassments, and have learned to enjoy the power of wealth. They can turn from any annoyance or grief to the contemplation of their success and be happy. The other kind includes those rare beings who are poor and don't attempt to get rich. The plantation negro is a type of this class, and occasionally one encounters a white man who is imbued with the spirit of the proverb, 'As we journey through life, let us live by the way.' But I must say the rich man's laughter sounds much more musical in my ears. The poor man's contains a little defiance and recklessness, no matter how sincere it is. It seems to say, 'Well, what of it? I'm poor, but who cares?' The rich man's merriment, on the contrary, is free from anything objectionable. It carries with it an intimation or power, and if there is a suggestion of surfeit in it, is that an objection? Who would not like to drink so deep from the cup of pleasure as to make pleasure lose its novelty? Wouldn't we all like to try it? I think so. I only ask that I may laugh like the rich man, secure that my merriment today will not be soured by reverses tomorrow."—[New York Sun.

No More Objections Were Made.

A laughable story is told about town concerning A. H. Hummel, the criminal and theatrical lawyer. Every one knows that Mr. Hummel is not above the average stature of man (physical stature), and every one who has seen him in court knows how quickly and often he can jump up to make objections when he thinks them necessary. It seems that he came in collision a little while ago with ex-Judge Dittenhoefer, who was in an objecting mood, and he was greatly irritated by the latter's deliberate methods. Appealing finally to the court, he said:

"Your honor, it is not the gentleman's objections that I make exception to, but it takes him so long to get up and sit down."

Mr. Dittenhoefer slowly arose and replied as follows:

"Your honor, I possess a good deal of avoirdupois, and it requires some exertion for me to move. I am not like my little friend there (pointing to Hummel), who has only to slide out of his chair to find himself on his feet."

It is said that Mr. Hummel made no more objections.—[New York Tribune.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

HOW TO PRESS A SLEEVE SEAM.

Here is a useful hint which somebody is going to thank me for, I am certain. If you have a dress or coat sleeve which refuses to be pressed in anything like decent fashion, no matter how much you maneuver, try running through it a broom handle. Rest the seam on it, and now you are ready for the iron. Could anything be simpler or more useful?—[St. Louis Republic.

WHEN FRYING.

In frying it must be remembered that the bath of oil or drippings should be sufficient in quantity to submerge the articles to be fried, and hot enough to coagulate every part of their surface in an instant. However, the temperature of the bath may vary according to the kind of feed that is to be cooked. For instance croquettes and oysters require but a minute or two—doughnuts eight or ten minutes, and raw potato balls some minutes longer.

Pure olive oil is the finest frying medium known to the cook, but it is too expensive for the average housekeeper. The next best medium is beef drippings, well clarified, which is far superior to lard. But of all materials for frying purposes "cooking butter" (which usually means low grade, rancid butter) is the worst. Why "cooking butter" should find a place outside of the soap fat crock is one of the things we cannot understand.—[New York World.

FRESHENING UP THE DINING ROOM.

Any woman who wants to work a change in her dining room can do it at a very small expenditure of money, if she only has time for a little needle work.

A friend of mine at a trifling expense has made and embroidered for her dining room, which is papered in old blue, some very pretty portieres and a table cover, of the common blue denim, or "overall" cloth. She bought the double-width material, and at top and bottom of the portieres embroidered in chain stitch with white linen floss, a simple conventional design of leaves and scroll work. She then lined the portieres with the plain material. I copy the patterns, which, of course, is to be enlarged. Heavier and showier patterns can be found in the art magazines that make a specialty of decorative needle work. This, however, is singularly rich and refined when embroidered.

On the large, square cover for her dining table she repeated the same pattern, as a border, lining the whole cover with white canton flannel, and trimming it with a heavy, white linen fringe. The chain stitch is very easy, swift, bold and effective; the veining of the leaves is done in outline or Kensington stitch.

With the old Delft ware on her sideboard, these blue and white furnishings harmonize most delightfully. Besides the inexpensiveness and durability of the "overall" portieres and table covers, they have the further advantage, this practical housekeeper assures me, of being laundered without the least injury.—[Atlanta Constitution.

RECIPES.

Fried Egg Plant—Pare and cut in slices half an inch thick; sprinkle with salt; cover and let stand for an hour. Rinse in cold, cold water, wipe each slice dry; dip first in beaten egg, then in rolled cracker or breadcrumbs. Season with pepper and salt, and fry brown in butter.

Ginger Snaps—One egg, one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter and lard mixed, one-half cup of boiling water, one level tablespoonful of soda dissolved in the water, one tablespoonful of ginger, flour enough to mold out rather soft. Roll out thin and bake in a quick oven.

Sliced Sweet Potato Pie—Line a deep pan with pastry, then half fill it with layers of sliced boiled potato, butter and sugar, with a sprinkling of flour, using twice as much sugar as butter. Mix together equal quantities of brandy and water and pour in enough to cover the layers. Flavor with nutmeg or any spices preferred. Cover with crust and bake.

Baked Apple Dumpling—Make a nice pastry, break off small pieces and roll thin, cut the size of a breakfast saucer. Into each piece put a teaspoonful of sugar and an apple chopped fine. Draw the edges of crust together, so as to form into balls. Then put them into a pan, cover with hot water and bake. Add more water if the first dries out, to form a sauce.

The first society of civil engineers was formed in London, 1793.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

LITTLE BROTHER.

Little brother did not wake
When the sun shone out today;
Did not answer when I called,
Asking him to come and play.

So I brought him all his toys.
"Nay," they said in grave surprise,
"Brother is an angel now;
He has gone to Paradise."

Then I laughed in my delight,
Tossing top and ball aside;
But they wept with faces hid,
And I wondered why they cried.

—H. R. Hudson, in Wide Awake.

THE MONKEY AND THE PIE.

An Indian fakir had a monkey that he had brought up from babyhood. The pair were fast friends, the monkey being a faithful attendant on his master and as good as a watch dog. One day the fakir made a pie for dinner and left it to cook on a charcoal fire while he went for a walk. As the cooking proceeded the savory smell was too much for the monkey. It raised the crust and tasted the chicken. Finding the food very tasty it ate more and more, till nothing but the crust remained. Then it remembered its master, who would shortly come back hungry and ready to enjoy his meal. What was to be done? The sharp eyes of the monkey detected some crows not far away, so without loss of time it lay down on the ground as if dead. By and by a crow came along and picked at the monkey, which seized the bird in a twinkling, strangled it, stripped off the feathers, placed it in pieces in the dish, covered it over with the crust and then contentedly awaited the return of the fakir, to whom the whole incident was afterwards related by a witness of it.—[Health and Home.

THE DISCONTENTED OWLS.

There were once three discontented owls.

"It is so stupid to sit in the dark and eat mice," they said.

"It must be ever so much nicer to fly in the sun and sip honey. Let's be humming birds."

So one morning, bright and early, they flapped their way into the garden where the honeysuckles grew. They tried to dip their bills into the lovely blossoms, but they had not the bills of humming-birds, and they couldn't dip.

"No honey!" they cried.

"What shall we do?"

Then one owl said: "Let's claw it out."

So they turned around and thrust their claws into the blossoms, fishing for honey. And the honeysuckles were so rich and full that—what do you think? The honey just stuck to the owls' claws and held them fast; and the honey was so thick that it drew and drew until it sucked the owls in—all but their heads.

And now if you look at the honeysuckle vine you can see those disconsolate owls peering out from the petals, all of them so sorry they ever tried to be humming-birds.—[Wide Awake.

AN AMUSING SPECTACLE IN BIRD LIFE.

In a special ornithological bulletin of the United States National Museum occurs the following account of the dance of the prairie sharp tailed grouse of Manitoba, quoted from the unpublished notes of E. E. Thompson:

After the disappearance of the snow and the coming of warm weather the chickens meet every morning at gray dawn, in companies from six to twenty, on some selected hillock or knoll, and indulge in what is called a "dance." This performance I have often watched and it presents the most amusing spectacle I have yet witnessed in bird life.

At first the birds may be seen standing about in ordinary attitudes, when suddenly one of them lowers its head, spreads out its wings nearly horizontally and its tail perpendicularly, distends its air sacs and erects its feathers, then rushes across the "floor," taking the shortest of steps, but stamping its feet so hard and rapidly that the sound is like that of a kettledrum; at the same time it utters a sort of bubbling crow which seems to come from the air sacs, beats the air with its wings and vibrates its tail, so that it produces a loud, rustling noise, and thus contrives at once to make as extraordinary spectacle of itself as possible.

As soon as one commences, all join in, rattling, stamping, jumping, crowing and dancing together furiously; louder and louder the noise, faster and faster the dance becomes, until at last as they madly whirl about, the birds leap over each other in their excitement. After a brief spell the energy of the dancers begins to abate, and shortly afterward, they stand or move about very quietly until they are again started by one of their number leading off.