

Nearly 5000 American inventors have taken out patents for new devices in car couplers.

Another employment for women! This time it originates in Denmark, where several of them are making a success as analyzing dairy chemists.

A physician declares that it is unwise to allow children to wear finger rings, as rings retard the symmetrical growth of the finger and also because "they encourage vanity."

Correspondents at California resorts dwell long upon the delightfulness of the weather there the past winter, and all seem converts to the claims of the hotel men that it is the "Italy of America."

Ohio now comes to the front with a ship-canal project. The purpose is to connect Lake Erie with the Ohio River, so as to afford ship transit between the great chain of lakes and the Gulf of Mexico. The cost of this enterprise is estimated at \$27,000,000.

In the matter of conflagrations Boston is one of the most unfortunate cities in the world, says the New York Tribune. Her fires are nearly always attended with loss of life. There's something wrong somewhere. Narrow streets and trolley wires make a most dangerous combination.

The information is vouchsafed that Prime Minister Gladstone is very fond of rice pudding and of prunes and rice. On either of these culinary delicacies, it is averred, he would make his entire dinner if the etiquette of the table permitted. Think of that, ye dwellers in boarding houses, exclaims the New York World.

Says the New York Press: England's crack locomotive, with its reputed speed of ninety miles an hour, which is to be exhibited at Chicago, may be a wonderful production of human skill in its way; but it will not astonish Americans. Looking at it, they will recall the fact that their own locomotives have practically driven the English engines out of the South American and Australian markets.

Of the Western method of intrusting large enterprises to young men no more conspicuous example was ever given, maintains the San Francisco Chronicle, than in the selection of the new president of the Atchison Railroad system. The central offices of this road are in Boston, but the road is Western in its aggressive policy and its enterprise, so that it is no surprise to learn that J. W. Reinhart, a man of 41, will succeed Allen Manvel. The Atchison takes a man who has proved his capacity in practical railroad work and who is thoroughly familiar with the workings of the system which he is to manage.

It is not a very pleasant fact to contemplate that the losses by fire in the United States last year amounted to \$132,704,700 and to \$137,716,150 in 1891. When we consider the labor involved in the creation of \$132,704,700 of wealth it seems terrible to have its results wiped out by flames. But after all the flames are not much more destructive than time, whose capacious jaws swallow up infinitely more every day than fire does in a year. It has been estimated by writers on economic subjects that if human energy ceased to exert itself for a brief space of a half score years hardly anything now esteemed by mankind would survive. So after all there is no special reason for mourning over the ravages of fire when a more potent agent is constantly at work consuming what man produces.

The experiment of introducing the reindeer into Alaska seems to be progressing satisfactorily, announces the New York Press. The whale, walrus and other animals which formerly supplied the natives with food and clothing have been almost exterminated in the Territory and waters of Alaska will soon be extinct. The Rev. Sheldon Jackson, general agent of education in Alaska, has devoted himself to the solution of this food problem for a few years past. Unsuccessful in his efforts to procure an appropriation from Congress, he raised a small sum by private subscription, and after encountering many obstacles, not the least of which was the superstitious fear of the natives to sell their animals, has succeeded in safely landing two small herds of reindeer on Alaskan soil. These, Doctor Jackson hopes, will multiply, and, with further additions from Siberia, whence the animals are procured, will in time afford an abundant supply of food and clothing to the native population.

Life's Pilgrim.
Like those who travel eastward through the day,
We journey on along Life's devious way;
Behind us each a shadow hasteneth,
And suddenly, ere we are quite aware,
Lo! at our side a presence mute is there
To be our fellow to the door of death!
Darker the path each moment grows and then
At last the journey done, Night falls again;
And with the Shadow we lie down to rest,
And slumber peacefully upon Earth's breast.
—[F. D. Sherman, in Harper's Weekly.]

How Jim's Wife Went South.

BY H. O. LELAND.

It was at the Oglethorpe Club, in Savannah, one evening not long ago. The quartet of men in the big bay window were three of them old acquaintances, although meeting that day in the southern city by accident.

Pond was on his way to Palatka to join his coast survey party; Georgeson had been down at Key West on a collecting trip for the National Museum, and was now on his way back to Washington; Middlebrook, a college friend of Pond's, was visiting in Savannah with Judge Borden, who had introduced the trio at the club and was now, after a perfect little dinner, entertaining them with story after story of southern life before and during the war.

The judge was an elderly man, famous as a raconteur, and, young in heart himself, was fond of younger men, and never enjoyed himself so well as on occasions of this kind; but he finally stopped short after a yarn about the occupation of Savannah by Sherman's Army.

"Don't ask me for any more, boys. Those were great days, and you may well regret that you were born so late. I would hardly exchange my experience for all your youth and ambition. Let me see. You're the oldest of the three, Mr. Pond, and yet I'll warrant you remember nothing of the war."

Pond, a tall, dark fellow of thirty odd, well known in scientific circles in Washington, smiled broadly:

"I was thinking, judge," he said, "while you were telling that experience of your wife's at Nashville of an experience of another little woman had at the north about the same time, and while, as you suppose, I remember nothing of the war myself, I have a vivid personal interest in this event."

"Let us hear it," said the judge. "It's only fair that the other side should be given a chance." And calling for cigars the judge settled back in his easy chair in a comfortable way, as good a listener as he was a talker.

"The little woman in my mind," said Pond, "was living in Baltimore in 1862. She was only twenty, but had been married two years, and a girl baby of nearly a year occupied her time day and night. Six months before her husband had been sent to North Carolina and was acting as naval storekeeper at an important station of the North Atlantic squadron, and she had been left in a boarding house with a widowed aunt.

"It was awfully hard on the poor little thing to live away from her husband, but of course it was no place for her down there; so she had to make the best of it on his infrequent letters. She actually used to put the baby up in her high chair and make believe that she was Jim just back from the south, and she'd tell her how much she loved him, and how lonesome she'd been while he was gone, and what a good baby she had been and how glad he would be to see her, until she was all mixed up in her personal pronouns and broke down and cried over her own poor little game.

"In fact, it only took about seven months to make her desperate. In spite of Jim's description of the desolation of the place, and in fact partly because of it, she made up her mind to join him. Three-quarters of Jim's salary had been coming to her every month from the paymaster general's office in Philadelphia, and so she wrote to that official and told him plainly that she must get transportation to Wilmington, N. C., and that she would die, or something of the sort, if she didn't. In a few days a reply came, on official paper, signed 'J. C. Smith, assistant,' stating that it was practically impossible to comply with her request, but that an opportunity might come by some possibility at some future day, and asking further particulars as to her reasons, whether her husband was sick and whether she was strong enough to stand such a rough journey.

"The little woman replied in full, and thinking 'J. C. Smith' to be a person of great importance, made as strong an appeal to him as possible. His reply, which came promptly, strengthened her idea of his importance, for he stated that he had been

touched by her appeal and that it was fortunate that her original letter had come to him, for he would be able to do more for her than any one in Philadelphia. And then more questions were asked and the correspondence was continued, on her part with the single idea that 'the good Mr. Smith' was doing his best to secure her passage to Wilmington, while on his part it was an attempt to obtain money under false pretences, for the scoundrel was only an impecunious clerk in the office and of bad reputation as was afterwards found.

"At last a letter came, written as usual on official paper, stating that the chance had come, that the coal schooner Sarah Jane would sail for the station from pier 8, Richmond, just outside of Philadelphia, on the following Wednesday and that the little woman should come to Philadelphia on the train arriving at 8 o'clock Tuesday evening and should go to Kruger's Hotel on Blank street, where 'Mr. J. C. Smith' would meet her and see that she was made comfortable and put on the vessel in the best shape imaginable.

"Then she was happy! She told her aunt that she and the baby were going to join Jim and in spite of the strongest protestations proceeded to pack her trunk.

"She had never travelled, except from the native farm down on the eastern shore to Baltimore, and the old lady insisted that in her inexperience and with a young baby she would meet with all sorts of trouble and would probably not get their alive. Smith had stated in his letter that there was only room in the Sarah Jane for one passenger and so the aunt could not have gone too.

"In spite of everything, however, the trunk was packed and with the baby's crib and the pet rocking chair was put on board the train late Tuesday afternoon and the little woman and the baby had a whole seat to themselves and rattled over to Philadelphia in the bumpety-bump fashion of the sixties. Holding the baby on one arm the little mother pulled out Smith's letter and read it over two or three times and every time she read it her mind misgave her more.

The most innocent, unsuspecting person in the world herself, some good angel must have put suspicion into her mind, or, if not suspicion, at least the idea that it would be safest to go straight to the schooner, for might it not sail without her if she went to the hotel?"

"And so, when the train drew into Philadelphia and the passengers were discharged into the mob of howling hackmen her woman's intuition picked out the only honest one in the lot, a young Irishman, and she asked him how much he would charge to take her to pier 8, Richmond.

"Well," he said, "O' cudden do it fur a cint under sivin dollars. It ud take four hours."

"Then she told him that she was going to join her husband in the south, and that she hadn't but ten dollars with her, and she would need most of it for other things, and so he dropped to three, for he was 'jist back from the ar-r-my' himself, and 'wudden rob a soldier's wife,' and the trunk and crib and rocking chair were piled on the old trap, and the mother and baby climbed into the musty interior, and jolly, gloomy, interminable ride began.

"Richmond and pier 8 were reached at last, and the Irishman and the little woman, both loaded with baggage, went, as directed, out to the end of the pier and across four vessels in all stages of lading, until the Sarah Jane was reached. The captain was on shore and the mate was so taken by surprise that trunk and furniture were deposited on the deck and the hackman was paid and had gone before he recovered enough to ask what under the sun she wanted.

"Are you the captain of this vessel?" asked the little woman. And when he said that he was not and that the captain had gone ashore, but was expected back soon, she calmly said she'd wait and seated herself in the little rocking chair, between trunk and cradle, and rocked to and fro, singing softly to the baby, until after a while big, round-shouldered, down-east Captain Grimes made his appearance.

"How de do, mom?" he said. "I'm Cappen Grimes and the boys sez you want to see me."

"Captain Grimes, weren't you expecting me?" And her heart began to sink.

"Wal, no, mom! I can't say as I exactly was." Then looking at the trunk, "You don't mean to tell me as you calculate to ship with us?"

"Why, I was sent for to Baltimore by Mr. Smith of the paymaster-general's office, and he wrote me that he had arranged everything and that

I was to sail for Wilmington on the Sarah Jane first thing in the morning.' And nearly ready to cry, the poor little thing stood there in the lantern light with her baby hugged tight to her breast, the picture of distress.

"I never sot eyes on your 'Mr. Smith,' and I never hearn tell of him, and there ain't no possibility for you to go on any such a craft as this here," said the old fellow, "so you'd jest better come ashore with me, mom, and I'll take you to a respectable tavern."

"The little girl nearly broke down, but with tears in her eyes and great sobs in her voice, she told the captain her story and begged him to take her. And when he said that he had no room, no place in which he could put her and nothing to give her to eat, she declared that she could sleep on deck and if they had hard tack and water that would be enough for her, and seeing denial still in his grim old face she choked down her sobs and sat resolutely down in her chair and said she would stay, they must take her, and that was the end of it. The captain still expostulated, but she said with a lofty air that the letter from the paymaster general of the navy, which she had in her pocket, was authority enough for him, and that he'd be paid for the passage if that was what he wanted, and that (with great emphasis) she was—going—to—stay?

"Then she rocked back and forth with great spirit, and as the baby began to whimper, 'Yes, mother's darling, it is going to see its father, and no cruel-hearted old sailor is going to make it stay any longer! There, there, there, go-to-sleep, go-to-sleep!'

"It was a hard fight, but she won! The old fellow gave in grumblingly and went below to see about ways and means. He gave her his own bunk and rigged up screens for her, and she had presence of mind enough to smile and thank him warmly when he showed her the miserable hole, and to praise the greasy bacon and hard tack and wretched coffee they brought her in the morning.

"The voyage was a hard one, but she sat on deck in her chair all day long. The few men on board were very respectful, and the captain and mate made much of the baby. There was nasty weather rounding Cape Hatteras, and at one time they were in great danger, but the little woman could not be made to go below. Advice, entreaties nor commands had any effect. Stationing herself abaft the mainmast, or somewhere on deck, she stuck out the storm, her eyes turned always to the sou'-sou'-west, where Jim was.

"And when at last they glided behind the breakwater and the harbor-master's boat put out to meet them, with Jim on board, there she stood, near the bow, her baby in her arms, her eyes brimming with tears and her face transfigured with gladness."

"She was a plucky little girl," said the judge, as Pond concluded, "and luckier, too, than many another poor wife was in those days. But did they never learn anything more about that fellow, Smith?"

"Yes! The husband wrote to a friend in the office and the matter was investigated. Smith was discharged with a little extremely plain talk from the general which resulted in his departure for other scenes."

"But where comes in that vivid personal interest which you said you had in the story?" asked Middlebrook.

"Why," said Pond, as he relighted his cigar, "I married the baby."—[Washington Star.]

Thirty Quail at One Shot.

"I see that a man who killed twenty-four quail with one shot claims the championship record," said Frank Notsinger yesterday. "Now I don't want to boast, but this gentleman who killed twenty-four quail with one shot must take a back seat, for I killed no less than thirty with one shot, and I can prove it with affidavits. It was soon after one of the early falls of snow last year and I caught sight of a covey of probably sixty huddled together under a hedge. I knelt down and from probably thirty yards drew a bead from the centre of the brown mass. I only fired one shot, but the charge scattered well, and I picked up thirty quail."

Frank stopped to see the effect of his story. He evidently read incredulity written on the faces of his hearers, for he added:

"It was south of Princeton, and I can prove it by the man who was with me. Was it sportsmanlike? Oh, well you know, I knew I could break the record and—well, I am a little ashamed of it, but it is done and I have nothing more to say."—[Kansas City Times.]

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

LULLABY.
"Rockaby, lullaby, bees in the clover,
Crooning so drowsily, crying so low,
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little Rover,
Down into Wonderland,
Down to the Wonderland go.
Rockaby, lullaby, rain on the clover,
Tears on the eyelids that wave and weep,
Rockaby, lullaby, bending it over,
Down on the motherworld,
Down on the other world sleep.
—[New York Recorder.]

KITE-FLYING IN CHINA.

Some of the amusements of the children in America and Europe are in China the pastimes of grown people, and there old men may often be seen flying kites while children look on.

In the matter of kite-flying, however, there is some excuse for the elders taking an interest in the game, as in this they excel all other nations. Their kites are generally constructed of a thin, tough kind of paper and strips of split bamboo. With these materials they make kites of every conceivable form, dragons and birds being the favorites, but some are in the shape of men and insects, especially dragon flies. The kites are pierced with holes covered with vibrating cords; so, as the kite goes up, the air rushing through them makes a loud humming noise.—[New York Mail and Express.]

BUYING PAGAN BABIES.

In Egypt, and in many other countries, it is the custom to throw away girl-babies. They are cast into the rivers, or are fed to wild animals. Of course, this is very terrible for us to think about, and, lately, some good people have found a way to prevent the slaughter in a measure. An order has been formed, called the Order of the Holy Childhood. Each member gives one cent a month, or twelve cents a year. With this money, which amounts to a great deal if there are many members, missionaries are sent to Egypt and to all countries where they destroy babies, with instructions to buy all the little children they can find. A baby-girl rarely costs more than two cents, and the missionaries buy hundreds just in time to save them from a watery grave. The children are then sent to Christian institutions and are brought up to be civilized women.—[New York Ledger.]

HOW NED UNLOADED THE SLEDS.

One day last winter, when the snow was hard, the boys in our part of the town had a fine time coasting down a long hill. For a change they decided to capture Ned and make him draw them through the streets.

Ned was an old donkey owned by no one. He lived by picking up what stray bits he could find on the streets, and sheltered himself in an old shed. After some hunting they found him taking his lunch from an ash barrel. They let him eat what he wanted so that he might be as good-natured as possible. A boy ran home and brought some pieces of old rope. Then they made a rough kind of harness.

Ned was kind enough to stand still while they harnessed him. Then they fastened their sleds together, with Joe Brown's in front, for he was to drive.

Joe took up his cord reins, and gave the word to Ned to "get up." The donkey only turned and looked back at the dozen or more sleds to which he was tied. I think he decided that the load was too much for him. Joe used a switch on him, but he hung his head and stood quite still. After waiting some time, the boys grew tired and began to untie their sleds. Ned looked back and then made a sudden start. He trotted down the road at such a rate that the boys had quite a chase to get on.

Ned found it easier than he expected, or else he wanted to make up lost time, for he drew them up one street and down another for a half hour. Then he began to slacken his pace, but Joe urged him on with his switch. Poor Ned thought there was to be no end to his task. An idea seemed to strike him suddenly, for he rushed down the street at a great rate.

On one side of this street was a deep ditch. When Ned came to it he leaped across it, dragging the sleds at an angle in such a way that they all tipped over, leaving the boys in the ditch.

Ned then started on with the empty sleds, making straight for his old shed. The boys found him there, eating a wisp of straw. They took his harness off and hung it up in the shed. But that was the first and last time they used it, for Ned would never let them put it on again. To this day, if anyone goes near him with a piece of rope, he will take to his heels.—[Our Little Ones.]

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

THE SMALL DETAILS OF COOKERY.
It is in the small details of cookery that the secret of success lies; especially the deft blending that so combines all ingredients into the appetizing whole. You cannot hurry certain processes without disturbing the perfection of results; and she who prepares a meal with but the one aim—to get through—generally loses all the value of her time and trouble in soggy, crude and disagreeable dishes.—[New York World.]

TO CLEAN PAINT.

There is a very simple method to clean paint that has become dirty, and if housewives would adopt it it would save them a great deal of trouble. Provide a plate with some of the best whiting to be had and have ready some clean warm water and a piece of flannel, which dip in the water and squeeze nearly dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, apply it to the painted surface, when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt and grease, after which wash the part with clean water rubbing it dry with soft chamois. Paint thus cleaned looks as well as when first laid on, without any injury to the most delicate colors. It is better than using soap, and does not require more than half the time and labor.—[New York Recorder.]

WHEN HASH BECOMES A DAINTY.

That maligned dish, hash, if carefully made and attractively served, becomes as dainty a dish as any sent to our tables. It may consist of one kind of meat or several, but all must be freed from coarse, stringy fibre and gristle, and cut in very small bits. A cold chop, a bit of beefsteak, or a chicken may be used when there is not corned or roast beef. Chop the potato and meat separately, and combine them in equal parts, or in any proportion you choose. Season to taste with salt and pepper, and moisten according to quantity with stock, cold gravy, or milk. Do not add too much liquid. Heat a saucepan, put in enough butter to prevent sticking, and spread the hash flat on the bottom. Cook over the fire long enough to brown the under side, then cover and set in the oven where it will cook slowly for fifteen minutes. When dishing, roll the hash like an omelet and garnish with parsley.—[New York Post.]

RECIPES.

Quick Buckwheat Cakes—Sift two cupfuls of buckwheat flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoon of sugar. When ready to bake add cold water enough to make a rather thin batter.

Sweet Breads—Scald them in water, slightly salted. Then dry them in a towel, dip in egg and crumbs, peppered to season, and fry to a light brown. Serve hot. Or, if preferred, another way: pour over them a cup of boiling cream thickened with a little flour and seasoned with salt and pepper.

A Rice Bouillion—Use Carolina rice. As with all dry vegetables, rice must be put in cold liquid. Cook it in water and salt. For one quart of bouillion allow one tablespoonful of rice. Boil three-quarters of an hour. When cooked drain it carefully, put it hot in the tureen and pour over it the boiling water.

Gluten Crackers—These are tempting, served with a bowl of broth, on the waiter of an invalid. To one-half cup of cream add a half-teaspoonful of salt, and enough gluten flour to make a stiff dough; mix with knife, roll out as thin as possible, cut in biscuit shape, prick with fork, and bake in moderate oven.

Dried Apricot Padding—Wash carefully one-half pound of dried apricots and one-half pound of hominy, put them together in a bowl, add one quart of water and let soak over night. In the morning place in a double boiler, with one-half cupful of sugar and teaspoonful of salt; cook four hours. Turn into a buttered dish, sprinkle with sugar and brown in the oven. Serve with sugar, cream or sauce.

A Crowded Spot.

The manderaggio, which is one of the quarters of Valetta, the capital of the islands of Malta, is one of the most crowded spots on earth. In Valetta itself the proportion is 75,000 to the square mile, but in the Manderaggio 2,544 people dwell on a surface two acres and a half in extent, and this gives no less than 636,000 to the square mile, or 1,017.6 to the acre. In the most crowded town in Britain, Liverpool, the proportion is only 116.4 to the acre.