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NO. 33.

Ohio possesses more colleges than any other State.

The United States is the only country spending more for education than for war equipments.

A stoneless peach has been cultivated in California. It has an insipid flavor, and is of no value except as a curiosity.

The Anglo-Saxon race is in possession of one-third portion of the earth and rules over 400,000,000 of its inhabitants.

Ex-President Orton, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, declared that the English language was twenty-five per cent. cheaper for telegraphic purposes than any other.

By order of the postal authorities the final "h" in the spelling of towns and cities ending with "burgh," has been dropped in official communications. The general public ceased using "h" at the end of Pittsburg and Harrisburg twenty years ago.

The popularity of novels is probably nowhere so great, declares the New York Tribune, as in Australia. It is said that ninety per cent. of the female and seventy-five per cent. of the male frequenters of the public libraries read novels almost exclusively.

R. Lahann, a Danish resident of Monmouth, Ill., took out naturalization papers twenty-six years ago. A few days since he had occasion to examine the papers and found that he had renounced his allegiance to Queen Victoria, instead of the King of Denmark. So it appears that he is not a citizen, and as he wants to be Mayor of the town, he is very much disappointed.

The new catalogue of the romances in the British Museum begins with the record of the unique and priceless manuscript of "Beowulf," and tells of the escape of the manuscript from the conflagration at Ashburnham House in 1731; and of its still having a fair pretension, despite all the scholars, to be the very oldest poem in any modern European language—a monument of English which is asserted to be hundreds of years older than the first literary stammerings of the Romance language, and probably much the senior of any Teutonic literature.

The gentle art of shoplifting is on the increase, according to Mr. Whiteley, the great London provider. It is said to think women of the middle and upper classes are said to be the chief offenders, although it is difficult to credit such a statement. One of the commonest tricks is to have several large pockets in a dress into which things can be pushed easily without incurring observation. Very often long, loose cloaks are worn. It cannot be urged that kleptomaniacs are the reason for these thefts, because the shoplifters usually hunt in couples, one engaging the attention of the attendant while the other does the stealing. For every man caught at the work there are three hundred women!

Russia is evidently not a paradise for photographers. Every amateur photographer in that country has to communicate with the police and secure a license. If he happens to be seen photographing in the vicinity of a fortress, he stands a chance of being dispatched on a free excursion to Siberia, whence return tickets are not supplied. Of every picture taken a copy must be given to the police and another copy filed for reference, and the police have the right at any time of the day or night to enter your dark-room and examine everything therein, as well as to search all your photographic paraphernalia. Furthermore, all dry plates have to be imported, and each box is opened and every plate examined.

Says the New York World: "It is now pretty generally known that there is to be a great celebration at the close of the nineteenth century, and the ushering in of the twentieth. A great deal of effort is being made to carry out a very unique, though grand plan. It is proposed that the Columbia Liberty and Peace Bell be rung on the spot where the shepherd heard the chorus of angelic voices proclaim: 'Peace on earth, good will towards men.' The idea is to have the bell connected to all parts of the world by telegraph and cable. Then, at a specified time, all telegraphic business is to be suspended, every congregation in the religious world to be assembled in its place of meeting, each having a wire connected with the Jerusalem wire, and simultaneously the bell be rung and the message of 'peace' be flashed over the earth.

CARPE DIEM.

The things to come are bubbles, That we have had is ours; The frosts may doom Hope's dearest bloom, But never Memory's flowers.

A GOOD TURN.

BY WALTER LEON SAWYER.



ASY-GOING Mr. Balcom rose early that morning, and hurried off to the city as soon as he had swallowed breakfast. That was not his way, and Mrs. Balcom wondered; but, being a good wife, she asked no questions.

Before she had fully accommodated herself to the novel event, the man-of-all-work gave her another surprise, presenting a telegram which set forth that his sister was ill and needed him. Of course Mrs. Balcom let him go. It did not occur to her that the double departure left her and the children unprotected, and if it had she would have smiled at the idea of danger. She did not know that there was a burglar in town.

Mr. Balcom did know. As he came up from the train the evening before, his neighbor Jones had stopped him to whisper that the Hartshorne home had been entered and judiciously ransacked. The Hartshornes were in Europe. Their care-taker had been sojourning in that other foreign land, a drunkard's paradise, but as soon as he came out of it he discovered the robbery and hastened to ask Jones's advice. Jones, who had a nervous mother-in-law, suggested that the matter be kept quiet as possible; and he wanted to know if Mr. Balcom—"You did just right!" Mr. Balcom interrupted, when the story had gone thus far. "These country constables would frighten every woman into hysterics, but they wouldn't catch a burglar once in a thousand times. Professional, is he?"

"So I suppose. He seems to have gone into the house and through it as though he knew his business." "I'll back my burglar-alarm against him!" Mr. Balcom chuckled, confidently. "How about Ben Ezra?" the neighbor asked. "No fear of him. You see, my stable is as well protected as my house," Mr. Balcom explained. "Fact is, I'd sooner lose half there is in the house than that poor fellow is. I had a veterinary out yesterday to look at him, and I can't drive him for a week. I guess I—"

"I suppose we ought to do something," Mr. Jones ventured to hint. He knew that it allowed to go on Mr. Balcom would talk about his horse until the burglar—and the listener—died a natural death. "Oh, of course we must trip the fellow before he goes any further. Tell you what: I know a private detective who was on the Boston force for years—long enough to get acquainted with every rascal in the country. I'll bring him home with me to-morrow to look over the ground. It would be better to pay him a hundred than have the thing get out and scare the women."

"Yes, indeed!" said Mr. Jones, fervently. So it was decided. And after the neighbors had exchanged the usual remarks on the dryness of the season and the need of rain, Mr. Balcom sauntered homeward, calm in that contentment which a managing man has a right to feel. He kissed his wife and children and then he went out and caressed his horse. With the burglar's accomplishments in mind he looked carefully to the locks and the alarms. They were perfect and in order. He went to bed in peace. That night, however, he had a horrid dream. It seemed that Ben Ezra was stolen; that he had expended his fortune in seeking the horse; that, finally, when he had sunk to a beggar's couch, he found the wreck of Ben Ezra hauling a garbage-cart! The dream so wrought upon Mr. Balcom that he awoke in a cold perspiration. He rushed to the stable and proved it only a dream. But it might be a warning! That superstitious fancy lingered with him through the hours of dusk and dawn, and the early glare of an August sun did not dispel it. He hurried him to the city, as has been told.

He was disposed of in a bunch at the day of judgment. She was young enough to enjoy her money, and old enough to appreciate her health; and since her daughters had not reached a marriageable age, neither her health nor her money seemed in danger. Of course she should have been, as she was, a happy woman. She spent her day as the truly happy must—in small activities that amuse one and make one feel useful but not fatigued. So accustomed was she to a routine of quiet, that when Abbie the cook appeared excitedly before her she was slow to realize that this particular day might prove an exception.

"The stable's affre, Miss Balcom!" the cook proclaimed. "Is it?" the mistress absently answered. "Tell Henry to put it out, please. Oh, I remember; I allowed Henry to visit his sister." She closed her writing-desk and stood considering. "Can't you throw some water on it?" she asked, presently. "It's the roof. I s'pose it caught with a spark from one o' them pesky ingines—bein's 's everything 's dry as tinder. Ain't nothin' to git scared about, 'cause the wind's away from the house, what little the 'is. But the boss is in the stable, you recollect."

"Oh, my!" Moved beyond her wont, Mrs. Balcom swept electrically through the kitchen and out of the back door. "Oh, my!" she repeated as she came in sight of the blaze. "Ben Ezra will be burned, won't he? What will Mr. Balcom say? What can we do?" "I don't know," was the depressing answer, "I sent Jane to the corner 'ter the firemen; but the land knows how long it'll take to git 'em here."

"Ben Ezra must come out!" Mrs. Balcom asserted; but there was an accent of despair in the words, determined as the sentiment was. "Can't break that door down! 'n' that air payment lock on—Mr. Balcom's got the key with him." "Mrs. Balcom stared straight before her like one fascinated into helplessness. The servant's conscience would not let her rest until she had kicked the door and thrown herself against it. It did not even tremble. She mopped her flushed face with her apron and, shaking her head mournfully, drew back beyond the heat of the flames that were laying bare the rafters.

"Ben Ezra must come out!" Mrs. Balcom said again. The horse's agonized whinny had broken the spell that was upon her. Her eyes filled at the sound, and she ran forward aimlessly and glanced desperately about her, all at once. "Man! You man!" she cried, all at once. "Come here and get our horse!" Though the stranger had seemed to spring from the ground, he showed no alacrity about coming further. He took time to survey the landscape before he climbed the fence. He looked past the woman, not at her, as though he feared a possible somewhat behind. And when he had advanced to where they stood, though he abruptly took the manner of haste and impatience, his shifty eyes seemed to cover every point of the horizon.

"Now, then," he demanded, "where's your ax?" "In the stable, I suppose," was Mr. Balcom's dejected reply. "'N' it's a payment lock!" the cook chimed in, tragically. "Hey?" The stranger started and stared at them suspiciously, but the wretchedness in their faces appeared to reassure him. He turned again to scan the hill road. Then he ran up to the door.

"Huh! That thing!" the woman heard him say, contemptuously. Through the waveless atmosphere of the August noon the smoke floated lazily off and left the vision unobscured, and the spiteful snarl of flame overlaid every other noise. The woman looked and listened with an intention that would have been painful had it long endured. From the bag he carried the stranger took a glittering something which he applied to the lock. Instantaneously, almost, the door swung open. Stripping off his blouse, the man passed through, and when he reappeared the horse, safely blinded, uninjured, was with him. Mrs. Balcom fluttered after as he led the trembling brute to a safer place. Events had shaken her accustomed calm. For once in her life she could not meet the occasion with graceful words.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A locomotive is made of 5416 pieces. "Powellite" is a new metallic compound. Strawboard is used in the manufacture of passenger car wheels. The Health Commissioner of Brooklyn has started a crusade against unsanitary Sunday-schools and dancing academies.

The Liverpool (England) electric railway, which has been in existence about a year, has proved completely successful in operation. It is five miles long. Edison has perfected and taken perfect plates with his kinetoscope, an instrument by which a series of pictures can be rapidly taken of a person or object in motion in what is essentially a single picture. A new enemy of the vine in France is a galleysworm, or myriopod, which has been observed by M. Fontaine to invade the buds in numbers ranging from five to ten on a bud, forming balls of the size of a small pea.

It is announced that Paris is to build, for the purpose of handling World Fair visitors in 1900, a tubular railway eight miles long, in which trains will run on two minutes' headway. Electricity will be employed for moving the trains. In water in which decaying vegetables have been infused the microscope discovers things so minute that 10,000 of them would not exceed in bulk a grain of mustard, though they are supplied with organs as complicated as those of a whale.

As a result of a series of experiments, Professor Bailey, of Cornell, has proved that pepper can be grafted on tomatoes and vice versa. In the use of material for herbaceous grafting the wood should not be too young, but rather approaching maturity. Dr. von Blareom, one of the most distinguished physicians in Berlin, expresses the opinion after careful investigation that coffee long boiled produces more indigestion than any other substance taken into the human stomach, and that a simple infusion facilitates digestion. An instrument has been invented for sounding the depths of the sea without using a lead line. A sinker is dropped containing a cartridge, which explodes on touching the bottom; the report is registered in a microphone apparatus and the depth reckoned by the time at which the explosion occurred.

In the course of some experiments on the effect of changes of temperature in the pupal stage of butterflies by Mr. Merrifield, some Vanessa showed the gradual disintegration by exposure to a low temperature of the eyelike spot on the fore-wing, which, in the extreme specimens, ceased to be an ocellus. Experiments have been tried with to ascertain if color has an effect on certain forms of disease. In making this test a number of smallpox patients were placed in a room to which only red light was admitted. The patients were for the most part those suffering from unusually severe attacks, and about half of them being unvaccinated children. In spite of the violent form of the malady, they all made speedy and safe recoveries, with very little fever and but few scars.

Benedict has relieved a case of writer's cramp by injecting carbolic acid in the neighborhood of a sensitive point in the course of one of the flexor tendons of the related forearm. Langes has succeeded in overcoming writer's cramp by having the pen held between the second and third fingers in such a way that the holder rests upon the latter at an angle of from 110 degrees to 125 degrees, while it is supported below by the thumb, the index finger resting lightly above.

Those who have made a study of bird habits say that birds of almost all sorts are rather the friends than the enemies of farmers and gardeners. Not only do the song birds by destroying insects earn their right to eat a few berries, but even the crow that kills, is said to prefer insects to corn, and often to be in the very act of destroying pests when farmers suppose him to be maliciously bent on undoing the work of the sower. A Duck Drowned by an Oyster. Captain Edward A. Calk of the steamer Tanager yesterday saw a dead "fisherman" duck floating on the water near Claiborne, Md. The duck was picked up and the cause of its death then became apparent. The fisherman duck feeds on fish and oysters. The duck which was found dead had evidently stuck its long and narrow bill into the open shells of a feeding oyster. The oyster shut its shells together on the bill. It is supposed that the duck tried to shake off the oyster but failed, and that the weight of the oyster hanging to the bill finally pulled the duck's head under water and drowned the fowl. The oyster was not heavy enough to pull the duck's body beneath the water.—Baltimore Sun.

THE LOW PRICE OF WHEAT.

WILL wheat ever again be a profitable crop for export? a correspondent of the New York Tribune asked a prominent official of the Agricultural Department at Washington. The latter answered: "In the first place, wheat is now and for many years to come will be a crop which invites competition from countries in which farming is poor and land or labor abundantly cheap. It is essentially a crop of cheap lands or inferior tillage, or both. In India, in Egypt and some other countries the labor is cheap; in Australasia, and heretofore in our own Northwestern territory, while the labor is high, the lands are cheap and the farmer, moreover, ruthlessly robs the soil. Now in South America we find cheap wheat lands, and, compared with our own, cheap labor. So in Southern Russia, where there are comparatively cheap lands and positively cheap labor."

"In a recent statement of the world's wheat supply issued by the Department of Agriculture are found a dozen countries contributing whose existence is probably ignored by the majority of American wheat raisers, and of whom little is known even to American commercial men. Among them we may mention especially the Caucasus, Rumania, Bulgaria, to say nothing of European Turkey, Turkey in Asia, Servia, Persia, Poland, Croatia and Slavonia, and in Africa, Egypt, Tunis and Algeria. In the aggregate the countries mentioned have contributed a yearly average of over 290,000,000 bushels to the wheat crops of the last three years. The aggregate population of the first three countries named is in all about 12,000,000, and of this a large number are not users of wheat flour, using for their own wants rye. Hence the average home consumption per capita is not more than two-thirds as much as ours, and yet these three countries produced wheat in the years given as follows: In 1891, 160,575,000 bushels; in 1892, 171,960,000 bushels, and in 1893, 146,529,000 bushels, an average of 159,688,000 bushels, with probably a home consumption barely exceeding 40,000,000 bushels. A few years ago the products of these countries, or at least their exportable surplus, was too insignificant for record."

The London Miller states that the total figures for Russia show the shipments from that country for January, 1894, to be 810,000 quarters, compared with 210,950 quarters in January, 1893, and 575,950 quarters in January, 1891. In 1892 they were prohibited. "Another factor, and one that promises to count more than all the rest in the next decade, is to be found in the rapid increase in the wheat crops of the Argentine Republic, an increase which promises to be phenomenal. According to the paper already quoted, shipments from Argentina to the United Kingdom were, for the six weeks ending February 10th, over 280,000 quarters, or at the rate of 2,440,000 quarters (over 19,000,000 bushels) per annum; but, adds the paper quoted: 'March and April shipments will show a material increase.' The director of the Department of Agriculture of Argentina, recently in this country, assured me that within ten years that country would export more wheat than is now exported by the United States. Moreover, Chile, Australasia and the great Northwest territory of British North America seem likely ere long to show their ability to supply any deficiencies which may occur in the other countries named."

"According to the Department authorities the wheat supply of the world for the three years 1891, 1892 and 1893 was respectively, in round numbers, 2,360,000,000, 2,303,000,000 and 2,350,000,000 bushels, an ample supply for the world's demand, with a very considerable surplus in 1892, to say nothing of the alleged underestimates of the Department in the years 1891 and 1892. It is true that without a marked increase in the supply there has been a steady diminution in price, but that is readily accounted for by the large available increase from countries not formerly counting in any marked degree, but which, by the development in means of transportation, as in the case of the Caucasus, or owing to changes in their political status, as in Bulgaria, and from other causes, have now permanently joined the ranks of exporting countries, and are able to sell at low prices. "The situation in this country can only be met by a general reduction in acreage and a considerable increase in yield per acre. Our farmers must learn to attain the yield which prevails in the more civilized countries of Europe, instead of lagging among the more backward. Our pitiful thirteen bushels to the acre must be increased to eighteen or twenty, and our wheat acreage reduced from 36,000,000 or 37,000,000 acres to 20,000,000. At eighteen bushels to the acre, an average more than equaled by France and greatly exceeded by Great Britain and Belgium, the farmers on the cheap lands of the Northwest can make a small profit with wheat at fifty or sixty cents a bushel, where a yield of thirteen bushels means no actual loss. In this reduction in wheat acreage, the other States, notably this and Indiana, which together raised nearly 13,000,000 bushels last year, must take the lead, their production for distribution being a larger than those available to the farmers of Minnesota and the Dakotas and the other wheat States."

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SOME INTERESTING AND VALUABLE INFORMATION.

Increase in Wheat Contributing Countries—What Farmers Must Do to Meet Competition. "WILL wheat ever again be a profitable crop for export?" a correspondent of the New York Tribune asked a prominent official of the Agricultural Department at Washington. The latter answered: "In the first place, wheat is now and for many years to come will be a crop which invites competition from countries in which farming is poor and land or labor abundantly cheap. It is essentially a crop of cheap lands or inferior tillage, or both. In India, in Egypt and some other countries the labor is cheap; in Australasia, and heretofore in our own Northwestern territory, while the labor is high, the lands are cheap and the farmer, moreover, ruthlessly robs the soil. Now in South America we find cheap wheat lands, and, compared with our own, cheap labor. So in Southern Russia, where there are comparatively cheap lands and positively cheap labor."

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SONG.

There's beauty in the dawning light, And twilight fair or starlit night Has each its charm and grace; But lovelier still on earth to me, The fairest thing my eye can see, The beauty of thy face.

There's calmness on the ocean's breast, As deep and blue it seems to rest 'Neath bluer heavens above; But deeper, calmer still to me Than ever sea or sky can be, Thine azure eyes, my love!

There's music in the running stream, And music when the woodlands seem Awake with songs of birds; But sweeter, dearer still to me Than nature's voice can ever be, The music of thy words.

More dead than alive—Heroes. A repeating rifle—Plagiarism—Truth. The rule of the minority—That of the first baby. "One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives." Neither does the other half.—Life. He—"Here comes Mrs. Gadabout. That woman goes everywhere." She—"Yes, except home."—Harper's Bazar.

Why is the leader of the choir like a pine tree? Pa—"Give it up." Va—"Both give the pitch."—The Hullabaloo. Man shows his teeth and growls; but woman shows her teeth and smiles; with far better chance of attaining her object.—Puck. Few people can stand prosperity; but they are legion compared with the people who never have a chance to stand it.—Puck.

Nervous Wife—"I hear a burglar." Nervous Husband—"Woo! I'll crawl under the bed and see if he's there."—New York Weekly. "Er—has young Hill come into his money yet?" "Come into it? Great Scott, man! He's gone clear through it."—Buffalo Courier.

There is nothing like a certainty; and yet most people prefer the uncertain prospect of starvation to the certain prospect of death.—Puck. The whole system of right and wrong hinges on the question whether a disagreeable thing disagrees with us, or we disagree with the disagreeable thing.—Puck. Teacher—"Now, remember, that in order to become a proficient vocalist you must have patience." Miss Fligkins—"Yes; and so must the neighbors."—Washington Star. "You say you have been in Kansas City. I suppose the place was built almost wholly on bluffs." "I guess it was. There seemed to be little money around."—Buffalo Courier. Mr. Gusher (a self-satisfied bore)—"I can tell just what people are thinking of me." Miss Pert—"Indeed! How very unpleasant it must be for you."—Brooklyn Life. An Irish lawyer said to a witness: "You're a nice fellow, ain't you?" Witness replied: "I am, sir, and if I was not on my oath I'd say the same of you."—Oakland Enquirer. "It pains me very much to speak you, Johnny," said his mother with deep feeling, "and I shall have to turn you over to your father. His hands are harder."—Chicago Tribune. Elder Sister—"I'm writing to Amy; is there anything you'd like to say to her?" Younger Sister (who hates Amy)—"Yes, plenty; but you'd better only give her my love."—Tit-Bits. Employer—"Boy, take this letter, and wait for an answer." New Boy—"Yes, sir." Employer—"Well, what are you waiting for?" New Boy—"The answer, sir."—Harper's Bazar. "Grandpa, said Tommy, examining critically the bald head of his ancestor, "may I ask you a question?" "Certainly, Tommy." "Do you comb your hair with a razor?"—Texas Siftings. "That's what I call hush money," remarked the dandy when he planked down the cash for a bottle of paragon to take home for use among the infantile portion of the family.—Brooklyn Life. "I am collecting bills for Sugar, Spice & Co." "Collecting bills, are you? Very well. I have two or three of their bills which you are welcome to add to your collection."—New York Weekly. Mañana—"Why has Lucy gone home so early?" "I thought she was to stay all day." Mary confidentially—"Well, ma'am, I just found she wasn't a friend I could quarrel with."—Kate Field's Washington. Clergyman (visiting prison)—"So you were arrested for passing bad money, my man? Convict (convincingly)—"Yes, I was. If the money had passed, I wouldn't have been arrested."—Philadelphia Record. At the Great Chess Match: Dr. Schwaizer—"Playing chess is like making love: the right time to take the queen; you are mated by the bishop; then off to the castle. In the air—and, alas! everything is in pawn!"—Hullo. Freddy—"Why won't you fight me if you ain't afraid to?" Willy (convincingly)—"I ain't afraid, only I ain't got no legs. I have all the legs in the block says I fought a feller just because I knew I could lick him."—Chicago Record. "What makes you look so mean, terrible and one looking writer to another, I'm thinking about what I shall put in my next article." "There you are." "No, no, no, no, no, no, no! You mustn't do that. You'll quit one article."—Washington Star.