

"Stateswomen" is the correct thing to call the female Australian politician.

The Japs will before long be a formidable factor among the world's naval powers, predicts the St. Louis Star-Sayings.

In France it is decided that the makers of bicycles are responsible for damages when an accident occurs through a structural fault in a machine.

During the last two months of 1894 the number of serious crimes reported in Egypt was 234, as compared with 484 during the same period in 1893. This is regarded as very satisfactory.

It is estimated by some that the present coinage value of gold bullion is about forty per cent. of its market value. The remaining sixty per cent. is the value given it by demand for use in the arts.

The Secretary of the North Carolina Board of Health cites numerous cases where neighborhoods almost uninhabitable on account of malaria became healthy when artesian water was substituted for that from steams or surface wells.

The Southern States are dotted with gold properties from one end to the other, avers the Atlanta Constitution. The Virginia-Maryland gold runs in a southwesterly direction through the middle sections of those States and continues its course into North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama into Mexico. This belt covers at least twenty counties in Virginia, and quartz veins exist of immense size in Fauquier, Goochland, Louisa and other counties, quartz taken from veins at different sections showing by fire assay from \$10 to \$1000 gold to the ton. Two years ago six hundred pounds of ore were taken from a vein near Montgomery County, Maryland, near the Virginia border, which yielded \$30,000 gold, this being a pocket. The ore of this vein averaged \$50 to the ton at a total expense not exceeding \$3.

The sod houses in which many of the farmers of Western Kansas brave the blizzards are admirably adapted to the purpose. It should also be said that they are the coolest of dwellings during the heated term. The manner of construction is as follows: "The farmer cuts the slabs of sod for building purposes just as sod is cut for transplanting grass. The buffalo grass indigenous to the Western Kansas country grows like a thick mat of tough herbage. The slabs of this sod, about fifteen by twenty-four inches and four inches thick, hold together with the consistency of felt. They are laid in courses like building stone, and pressed closely together, and the roof is made of timbers and frequently thatched. The inside is then smoothed with the native lime, which makes an excellent plaster. This coat of lime is sometimes applied outside also, but usually these sod houses present a natural dun color like the winter prairie. In some cases the floor is made by excavating a few feet and tramping the ground solid with horses; otherwise a regular wood floor is laid. The window and door frames are fitted as in building stone house. The sod house contains frequently only one room, but some have two and even three rooms." The sod house lasts about five years.

The students of sociology, and particularly that branch which relates to our foreign immigration, will be interested in a table compiled by William E. Curtis, of the Chicago Record, which shows the proportion of foreign-born citizens of the United States who own the homes in which they live, and the percentage of those homes that are free from incumbrance. The following gives the percentages in fifty-eight cities of more than 50,000 population:

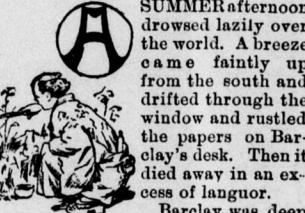
Table with 3 columns: Nationality, Percentage owners, Percentage free homes. Includes German, Scandinavian, Irish, Scotch, French, English and Welsh, Austrians and Hungarians, English Canadians, Russians and Poles, Canadian French, Italian.

The average of ownership for the whole population of the fifty-eight cities is 24.88 per cent. and 61.64 per cent. are free of incumbrance. The average home ownership for natives of the United States in these cities is 23.41 per cent., and 61.86 per cent. are free of incumbrance. It will be noticed that the Frenchmen are least given to mortgages, and that the Italian, although he seldom buys a home, is accustomed to pay for it.

TREE MEMORIES.

The woodland stretched its arms to me, And into its heart I went, While by its side I lovingly Walked musing-eyed Content. The woodland spoke no word to me, But, oh! its thoughts were sweet, Against my spirit like a sea I felt the thought-waves beat. Before my vision starved and dull The wood shapes dropped their gold; The young child trees were beautiful— More beautiful the old. Within their halls of memory What heavenly scenes are drawn— The stream, the wild birds' company; The sky's cool face at dawn. The golden lanes of the sun, The rain that feels its way; The twilight steps that one by one Lead to the moon's white ray. The multitude of bright leaf forms Engraved on earth and air; The black and gold of midnight storms; The blue that violets wear. These throng the Greenwood memories Upon this perfumed track The thoughts of all the silent trees Go wandering back and back. This is the charm that cometh last, Of all their sweetest the sum— The feeling of green summers past, And fair green springs to come, —Ethelwyn Wetherald, in Harper's Weekly.

BARCLAY'S ROMANCE.



SUMMER afternoon drowsed lazily over the world. A breeze came faintly up from the south and drifted through the window and rustled the papers on Barclay's desk. Then it died away in an excess of languor. Barclay was deep in the intricacies of a will case. The boys said if he had come into the world and not found some kind of a law case ready for him to plunge into, and a poky one at that, he would immediately have left it in disgust. They also held, with that intolerance of dullness that is characteristic of brilliant youth, that it would have been no special disadvantage if he had. "If I must have been born an oyster," said Lance, "I should prefer to be of the edible variety, that I might get rid of myself in some way, were it only by being eaten." Elsie Fane came in to see Mr. Clegg. He was an old friend of her father, and she was privileged to come whenever she liked. Now that the Mesa land case was on she found it agreeable to come with some frequency. Should the Mesa case be lost Will Arden would have to begin the world again with no more money in his pocket and far less hope in his heart than when he started out ten years ago to make his fortune. Then Elsie would go on dancing at charity balls and sending love letters to partners she hated until she had grown too old to dance even at Mrs. Frump's poky "at homes," and then she would settle down as a spinster aunt and devote the rest of her life to hearing her brother's children say the multiplication table and giving them gruel when they were ill. She wondered if she would ever learn to administer gruel otherwise than externally. The last time she had experimented with her youngest sister that small rebel had signified her preference for clear water for bathing purposes. Sometimes in her moments of most concentrated woe she fancied something yet worse. She might marry Mr. Grumple. Mr. Grumple wore a wig and had rheumatism when it rained. It rained quite often. Mr. Grumple could not walk even when he had not rheumatism. How divinely Will waltzed! The children might grow out of the gruel and multiplication-table stage, but Mr. Grumple would never grow out of rheumatism and wigs. When she came in the clerks rose and bowed with what was intended for exceeding grace, and each was glad that he did not sip as absurdly as his neighbor. Barclay looked up. She smiled when she saw him and disappeared beyond the inner door which concealed that vast repository of legal lore, Clegg, from profane view. Smiled on Barclay! Was there ever anything so propitious?

The summer day drowsed on until it fell fast asleep. Barclay folded his papers in his methodical way and put them into the fileholder. Lance said if the building should catch fire Barclay would not approach the door until the papers had been folded in their usual creases and put away, earliest date on top, and fastened up. Then he looked the door and went away. Lance had speculated upon the possibility of Clegg's ever being opened or closed again if Barclay should happen to die. Any one watching him—only that no one ever did watch him;—would have been the use, when there were so many more interesting people in the world to look after?—would have thought what a plodding fellow he was. Why was he so devoid of that electric energy which is the only thing that can transform existence into life? He turned off the main street into a wide avenue bordered with maples and rang the bell of a handsome stone house. When the door opened he entered and passed through a hall which led to a spacious library paralleled in oak and filled with that magnetic charm which only the presence of books can give. Elsie Fane came out from a curtained window where she had been reading. "I am glad you have come," she said.

He looked at her, thinking how like a lily of the valley she was. She had once given him a cluster of the little white bells, fastening it to his button-hole, laughing at the idea of his wearing a flower. He had worn it to the office; whereupon, after the first moment of petrification consequent upon such an apparition, Lance had rushed out and secured the largest snufflower the market afforded and fastened it to his coat, where it shone like a mammoth gold dinner plate. Hal had adorned himself with a cluster of hollyhocks of unexampled magnificence. "But you are never glad, so I cannot expect you to be glad to see me. Sit here where the wind comes in fresh and cool. You must get awfully tired in that poky old office." "I am a poky fellow; I don't mind it." "But you ought not to be poky. Mr. Clegg told papa you know more about law than he does." "But law is a poky subject." "Papa said it was you who won the Moleford forgery case." "I only did the plodding." "Papa says it's the plodding that counts." "Maybe so. But anybody can do it who is willing to spend the time. My time is not worth much." "How very slow it is!" "Yes. We have one case that has been going on for thirty years." "I shall be very old in thirty years, shan't I?" "I don't know." He could not imagine her being old. He never remembered that he was old except when he was with her. Then he realized that he was thirty-seven, even by the calendar; in reality he must be about a hundred. "We won a case last week that Mr. Clegg inherited from his father. All the people interested in it are dead except one. He is in the insane asylum." She sat for a moment gloomily silent. "I wish I could understand the Mesa case." "If you could you would be better informed than any one else." "Don't you understand it?" "No. Neither does Clegg. Nor anybody. I'd better go now, instead of staying here and making you dismal, I'm always being disagreeable." "No, you are not. You only tell me the truth." "Telling the truth is the most obnoxious way in which a man can make himself disagreeable as a general thing." "Will you not stay and dine? You never stay with us now." "Thank you, but there will be company and I am dull. People don't want dullness at dinner." Elsie shrugged her shoulders, after an expressive but inelegant fashion she had. "They usually get it, whether they want it or not." She looked after him as he went out, wondering why he never could be like other people. Then she fell to musing upon the criminal inadequacy of the law. It had been evolving for centuries and was still unable to decide the Mesa land case in Will's favor. What a fossilized institution it was! No wonder Barclay was dull.

In the autumn Barclay took a vacation. He also took away the breath of the office. Barclay had not before had a vacation since he was a grammar-school boy. "Next thing," said Hal, "Mount Shasta will apply for leave of absence and go off on a yachting excursion in northern seas." The autumn rains were falling on the Pacific slope. A pale-green velvet carpet was being woven over the wide plains. The Pacific summer had begun. Ditches which had by courtesy borne the name of rivers had suddenly put forth legitimate claim to the appellation. Bridges were washed away, trains were delayed and ran on each other's time; a telegram went astray. Thus it happened that the Westward-bound passenger crashed into a freight that was lumbering along to the East, and in an instant became a mass of splintered wood and bent metal.

When Barclay began to realize himself he was crawling out from under two heavy timbers that had so interfered with each other in falling as to avoid crushing him under their weight. He had always thought the advantage of having few wits was that if they happened to be lost it would not take long to pick them up again. He breathed a few times to see if he could, and in a moment was hard at work tearing away the heavy fragments of the wreck, helping to release those less fortunate than he. One after another he carried out, some groaning with pain and more quite still, having passed forever beyond the world of pain. He heard a man's voice calling for help. Putting forth all his strength, he lifted away the heavy pieces of wood from the place whence the sounds came. The man crawled out, stood erect when he gave utterance to a succession of oaths that struck with grim devilry against the appalling awfulness of the scene. Lying at his feet was a dead woman, her face turned up pathetically towards the stars. There was something fascinating about a man who could give way to a tide of profanity in such a place. Barclay followed him a few steps. "How can you say such horrible words when you have just escaped so awful a death?" "The very reason I can," he replied, gruffly. "If I hadn't escaped I couldn't say them." "Something in his voice rang familiarly upon Barclay's memory. He followed yet further.

How Two Hundred Lives Were Saved. Captain Edward Smith, of the steamer Yesso, which ran out of Baltimore up to last year, once saved 200 lives in a collision similar to that of the Elbe and Cathie. He was master of the steamer Karo when she ran her bow into the side of a Russian passenger steamer. A mate on the bridge of the Karo was about to ring full steam astern and back away from the Russian, when Captain Smith stopped him. He kept the engines of the Karo going half speed ahead, and her bow fast in the gap she had cut in the side of the other steamer. Over 200 people passed from the deck of the Russian steamer to the deck of the Karo and were saved. The Russian vessel went to the bottom. While Captain Smith was in a foreign port he received a cablegram that his wife had given birth to twins at his home in Charleston. He came to Baltimore last April with the happy news of his possession and started for Charleston. He arrived there to find both wife and children dead. Captain Smith took to his bed and died shortly after.—Baltimore American.

No Cat With a White Tail. As you seem to be interested in cats, and as I am too, I make bold to ask you a question: Did you ever see a cat with a white tail? I have been looking for one, simply as a matter of curiosity, for about fifty years, and have never seen one, although I have seen in many pure white cats, except that their tails, or a part, were not. I was asked this question when a small boy by a person probably as old as I am, and he said he had never seen one, though he was indeed all his life to look for one, just as I have, and for the same reason, so this would make a search of considerably over a century on this question of natural history, and as in this long space there is no authentic account of any one ever having seen a cat with a tail all white, I am almost tempted to believe there is no such thing.—Baltimore Sun.

A Unique Exhibit at Atlanta. M. F. Amoros, of the Atlanta Lumber Company, has in view an exhibit at the Cotton States and International Exposition which will be an object lesson of unique and startling character. It is proposed to combine all forms of woodworking machinery, from the log to the finished product. Logs will be brought from the forest and given to sawmills of various types, and to driers, planers, finishers and wood-working machinery. It is proposed to make cradles, collars and everything in wood that comes between a tree and the mill. This is a practical exhibit and the exhibit is expected to be one of the features of the exposition.—Chicago Herald.

THE DOLLAR WHEAT.

IT WAS PROMISED THE FARMER BY THE FREE TRADERS.

But the Farmer Receives 48-1-2 Cents a Bushel Short of the Democratic Promise—Wheat Worth Something in Protection Times.

The annual report upon the far crops of 1894, issued by the Department of Agriculture, suggests an investigation as to the realization of those dollar wheat promises that were made by the free traders during the Presidential campaign of 1892. We accordingly take the averages for the three McKinley years of protection and compare them with the averages during the two years that the free traders have had the opportunity to give the farmers their dollar wheat. Thus:

Table with 4 columns: Year, Total crop, Per bushel, Area. 1890-2: \$390,119,423 \$0.767 \$10.11; 1893-4: 219,596,703 0.515 6.37.

During the three years of protection, 1890-1892, the farmers of the United States received an average of \$170,593,720 a year more money for their wheat crops than they did in 1893 and 1894 under the free trade administration. The wheat crop was worth \$3.84 an acre more under protection than in the free trade times. The average price was 76 7-10 cents per bushel on the farm under protection, but only 51 1/2 cents a bushel since the free traders have had the opportunity to pay the farmers that dollar a bushel. It must not be thought that the low price during 1893 and 1894 was due to unusually large crops. It was not. The average harvest during the three years of protection was 508,997,000 bushels a year, whereas it averaged only 428,199,570 bushels a year for 1893 and 1894. Under protection the yield averaged 13.2 bushels an acre, but during the two years of the free trade administration the yield averaged only 12.3 bushels an acre. The free traders had everything in their favor for high prices, yet the farm value of their wheat has been just 48 1/2 cents a bushel short of that promised dollar. Can this be the result of selling in the markets of the world?

Cotton Grown for Nothing. During the twelve months ending December 31, 1894, we shipped abroad to foreign countries over 1,000,000 bales more of raw cotton than during the calendar year 1893, the exact quantity being 614,000,000 pounds of cotton greater than we sold a year earlier. This is very encouraging and indicates great prosperity for the southern section of the country where our cotton is grown, until we turn to the values, where we find that cotton growers received \$3,700,000 less money for the larger quantity of cotton which they sold in 1894 than was paid to them for a smaller quantity which they sold in 1893. In other words the cotton growers of the United States planted, cultivated, harvested and marketed some 700,000,000 pounds of raw cotton and simply made a gift of it to the manufacturers in the United Kingdom, Germany, France, British North America and Mexico. The German tariff opened these foreign markets, and they were undoubtedly wide open and waiting to receive our cotton on such terms. This is a condition that confronts cotton growers; it is not a theory.

Progress Under Protection. The News and Courier, S. C., though usually very pessimistic, occasionally has its bright side, as follows: "The capital employed in cotton milling industry in the South increased from \$22,000,000 in 1880 to \$108,000,000 in 1894, an increase of nearly 500 per cent. in fourteen years. The number of mills has increased in the same period from 180 to 425, looms from 14,323 to 68,205 and spindles from 667,754 to 3,033,859." Surely no other section of the country in the world, not even in free-trade England, can show such marvelous industrial growth. Why does the News and Courier desire to change the conditions that brought about this wondrous development?

Industries That Prospered. The only American industry which has prospered under Democratic rule is the gold exporting business."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Not the only one. There are also the industry of the Sheriff, the soup house industry, the free bread industry, the free clothing industry and the general freedom of labor from industry, which have all prospered since March, 1893.

Two Years More. Labor's old friends again demand Protection and relief. They have just rights in this free land. The "tar law" will be brief. Cheer up my friends, the world still moves; But two years more of blight. We then will run on broader grooves; We see the dawn of light. —J. B.

A Market for Cotton Goods. The English trade journals speak of the African demand for British manufactured cotton goods, which is "increased continuously almost day by day."

TICKING IN THE SOUTH.

The Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier rejoices at the excellent quality of bed ticking produced by one of the manufacturing companies of South Carolina, and observes:

"There are probably two or three million beds in the State. Equip them hereafter with mattresses made in the State of homemade cotton and home-woven ticking. Patronize home industries; it will help the industries and help the State."

We are glad to know that the home-market idea is taking root in the Southern mind, but we cannot see how our free trade friend of the News and Courier can hope for a continuation of the thrift of the ticking mills and all the other factors concerned in the production of its goods, under the new competition which will come under the more than 33-per cent. reduction of duty provided in the Wilson tariff, now in operation.

For the ten months previous to the active operation of the new tariff there were imported over twenty million yards of ticking and kindred material, this under the protective rate of the McKinley law. Now, what can our contemporary expect under the present 33-per cent. reduction, but the most serious competition for the business now enjoyed by the Southern mill? Instead of twenty million yards of ticking and like material, are we not apt to have this quantity multiplied over and over again.

Just now there is some attention turned to cotton mill building in the South. If our friend of the News and Courier would hasten the movement of the mills in his direction he must protect them. If he would have them earn dividends he must protect them. If he would have a standard of wages maintained in the South and the prices for cotton upheld he must protect the industries which consume them. Still we are glad to know that even the sentiment of protection is ticking in South Carolina.

El Perkins Scores One. As free trade is mutually beneficial, why (by tariffs) dobar men from mutually increasing wealth and happiness by trade? THEODORE J. WEBSTER, NEWARK, N. J.

Free trade is not mutually beneficial. It is beneficial to a low wage country, but not to a high wage country. Free trade allows a low wage country to ship their manufactured goods into a high wage country and close their mills, or compel their high wage workmen to work for half their present wages or starve. When we have free trade our country could never ship one knife or plate or yard of silk to Europe or Japan till we had their low wages plus the freight. Who would buy a knife made by two-dollar labor when you could buy the same knife made by forty-cent labor in Belgium? Protection makes high wages, prosperity and happiness in America. Free trade with us would starve our workmen, close our mills, but it would make Europe prosperous. Free trade would drop wages in America and stop mills, but it would make happiness and prosperity in Europe and China. With free trade only the freight (15 cents per hundred pounds) would separate wages. Do you want their low wages? ELI PERKINS.

Why Cotton is Cheap. CHEAP ENGLISH WOOL. AMERICAN COTTON. 41 Cents. 39 Cents.

Labor Busy in London. The special representatives of protection in Congress and elsewhere in public life have had their day. They will disappear as party leaders. They are discredited in the partisan politics of the country. They will drop to the rear of the marching columns.—Chicago Herald.

Excepting, perhaps, the army of 250 representatives of protection that will control the House of Representatives in the Fifty-fourth Congress.—Chicago Herald.

Early Use of Copper and Gold. Gold, because it was found pure and fairly tractable, was probably the first metal used by man. Copper, it is true, is found as a metal, but only in one comparatively restricted locality. Occasionally gold fish hooks have been discovered in graves in New Granada. In mining a tunnel in Cauca a gold hook was found in 1822 fifty feet under the surface of the ground and beneath what must have once been the bed of a river. Copper fish hooks have been found in many of the ancient burial mounds of Peru.—Chicago Herald.

A LIFE'S EPILOGUE.

I turn the tiny key and scan with care My reliquary's treasure unbestored. I tell their tale those hoarded locks of hair, The sheeny-black, the silver-gray, the golden.

What envy I you singers, lofty-throned, Who voice each mood in life's eternal dream? No sweeter love than mine their lips have named, They sang their songs—but I have lived my poem. —Grant Allen, in Ledger.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A bookkeeper is one who borrows but never returns.—Life.

There is more history to be made than ever was written.—Judge.

The very safest train to take is the one that immediately follows a disaster.—Puck.

A curious sociological fact—That the Old Girl frequently develops into the New Woman.—Life.

Some people know a good thing when they see it, and others think it ought to take notice of them.—Puck.

It is believed that even the old woman who lived in a shoe insisted on having it several sizes too small.—Puck.

"See here!" said the cup to the coffee, "your account has been standing long enough. It's about time you settled."—Life.

"The pleasantest way to take cod-liver oil," says an old gourmand, "is to fatten pigeons with it, and then eat the pigeons."—Tit-Bits.

Little Freddie, in a dark cellar with his uncle, clinging to him in great fear, said: "We ain't afraid, are we, Uncle Tom?"—Judge.

To-day brown curls are clustering Upon her forehead, bless her! Time flies, twice as fast as ever, and They're clustering on her dresser. —Puck.

Mr. Park Hill—"Were you aware of the fact that the gentleman who sat beside you at supper was a baron?" Mr. Harlem Hites—"No, but I judged from his conversation that he was—barren of ideas."—New York Ledger.

Attorney—"I have no fears of woman filling all the avenues of public life." Lady—"And why so?" Lawyer—"Where is the woman who will claim to be the peer of the modern jurymen."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"You brought all that beautiful china back with you?" exclaimed the caller. "Didn't you break anything?" "Nothing, but the customs laws," replied the smiling young lady, who had just returned from Europe. —Chicago Tribune.

"I understand," said the masculine gossip, "that the Duke de Binkobeanu is to marry Miss Millions." "Well," replied the rascal who is in the publishing business, "that won't be the first financial success due to a cat's paw."—Washington Star.

"Mamma," said Willie, "do you pay Jennie \$15 a month for looking after me?" "No, \$16," said mamma. "She is a good nurse and deserves it." "Well, I say, ma, I'll look after myself for \$10. You'll save \$6 by it."—Harper's Young People.

Chronicle Grumbler—"Look here! There's no meat in this sandwich." Affable Waiter—"Then why do you call it a sandwich? I am surprised that a gentleman of your erudition should commit such a solecism in rhetoric."—Boston Transcript.

What's the use of all this fuss and worry and questioning about what the men are going to do while their wives are at literary clubs developing their minds? If worst comes to worst the men can stay at home and look after the baby, can't they?—Fresno Republican.

"Well, Mrs. Parslow, I suppose you are doing as many other ladies do nowadays, taking lessons on the bicycle?" "No, Mr. Johnson, I am not. All the lessons I have had so far have been of the bicycle, but I hope soon to take them on it, as you suggest."—Harper's Bazar.

Timid Guest—"I have a delicate wife, and if I stop at your place I want to be sure there is a good doctor nearby." Aspiring Clerk (briskly)—"You needn't be alarmed, sir. We've got a fine man within call. Why, he has just pulled through six of the toughest cases of smallpox I ever heard of."—Brooklyn Life.

So-in-Law (to Register)—"I just can't register the death of ma mither-in-law." Register—"When did she die?" So-in-law—"Weel, the fac is, sh's no jest-deid yet; but the doctor says she's gann ta gie us that grief v'ra sune, see I thoct it might be as weel ta provide against contingencies."—Household Words.

"The other day I was walking beside a railway line with a man who was very hard of hearing. A train was approaching, and as it rounded the curve the whistle gave one of those ear-destroying shrieks which seem to pierce high heaven. A smile broke over the deaf man's face. 'That is the first robin,' said he, 'that I have heard this spring.'"—Life.

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