

The Germans number 3,000,000 of our population.

Out West they are said to be turning their wire fences into telephone lines.

Sir Edward Braddon, a new authority on big game, says that the elephant is revengeful and treacherous, and is an arrant coward.

The police census reveals the fact that there are more than 50,000 children in New York City who are without school facilities.

Dr. Leslie Phillips, a well-known scientist, warns the new woman against wearing her hair short, and says that the cause of baldness in man is due to the fact that he cuts his hair.

Three-tenths of the earnings of a Belgian convict are given to him on the expiration of his term of imprisonment. Some of them thus save more money in jail than they ever saved before.

The Agricultural Department is making arrangements to have a correspondent in every township in the country to make reports on the condition of the crops. It will make the crop reports much fuller and more accurate than heretofore.

Newest wrinkles in dining-cars are to be found on the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, where, according to a Western paper, the passenger who dines on the train now has his attention drawn away from the high prices on the bill of fare by music from a Swiss music box.

It is said that there are in the State of Kansas twenty well-built towns without a single inhabitant. Saratoga, in that State, has a \$30,000 opera house, a large brick hotel, a \$20,000 school house, and a number of fine business houses, and yet there is not a single person to claim that city as his home.

There is no room for doubt that the construction of good roads pays in the end, says the New Jersey Forester. In wooded districts roads serve as fire breaks. A road is always an excellent point of vantage in fighting a fire.

"There is no such thing as law," was the surprising and comforting piece of information given by Governor Clarke of Arkansas, to the last graduates of the law department of the Arkansas University. The Governor had just presented diplomas to the young men, which the recipients might naturally suppose were evidence that they knew some law, as a result of several years of study.

Says Harper's Weekly: There is a cry now and then for cleaner paper money, and not long ago there was a rumor that the Treasury proposed to do better by us in the way of providing us with clean bills. Whether it tried or not does not appear, but certainly our money is not clean yet.

THE WORLD GOOD ENOUGH.

I sat upon the zig-zag fence awhile last Sunday morn. An' looked about across my fields of rustlin', dew-touched corn; I looked upon the browsing sheep within the pasture green. The cattle an' the horses--sleek as any that is seen; An' further on, upon the shocks of wheat 'nt spread away; An' further on, where rise my mows of hay; An' lookin' on this scenery, I'd naught to say, you see, Agin the way the world is run--It's good enough for me!

THE NARROW WORLD.

BY CHARLES DWIGHT WILLARD.

OMETHING had happened! There was such a rosy flush on her cheek, so bright a gleam in her eyes, and on his face such an utter abandon of joy, that any one could have guessed the truth. Fortunately they had chosen the hill road, the least traveled of all the ways that lead down from the top of Montecito Valley into Santa Barbara, and for the first half hour after the event they met no one. It was what the inhabitants of the Channel City call a "genuine Santa Barbara day." The sun shone warm and bright, and a soft perfumed breeze came out of the west. There was June in the air, although the calendar was set for mid-winter. The birds sang in the trees above them, the squirrels chirped from the hillside, and their horses, wandering at times from the road, sank to the knee in a waving sea of flowers.

posite side of the road. "If we are to start afresh, let it be from the very beginning, three weeks ago." "Now, as to your father," resumed the young man, "I think I understand him pretty well, because my one and only parent, the governor himself, is constructed on much the same plan. Wherever he goes he is continually in search of the last tribes of the Strong genealogy. The last letter I had from him in Colorado, where he is spending the winter, contained the announcement that he had unearthed four or five new cousins--choice specimens, I doubt not, that he will expect me to meet and embrace on my way home. "Perhaps it was wrong," he continued, after a moment of reflection, "to play upon that little peculiarity of your father's, to get into his good graces, but you must consider the extraordinary provocation, dear. "You seemed like my only chance--I'm sorry I took it." She looked at her father and did not speak it, and then, avoiding him, she had extended to seize her own, she struck her horse a light blow and dashed down the road ahead.

A long, even center in silence followed, and they were well into town before the conversation began again. Then, fearful of observation, they spoke in commonplaces. They turned into State street, and stopped at the postoffice, the morning's mail having constituted the chief cause for the trip to town. Richard Strong dismounted and presently appeared with a letter in his hand. "None for you," he said. "This is for me, from the governor. 'I'll wager it has something in it about cousins.' " "Let me see," said the girl, holding out her hand. He tore the letter open and gave it to her. Then he swung himself into his saddle, and they started slowly down the street. Suddenly the girl gave a faint cry. "Papa has been writing to him!" she exclaimed. "Writing to him? What for?" "He has asked him to pay us a visit on the score of relationship, and your father--" "Well?" said the young man, excitedly. "He says he will start immediately--the very next day." "Get me the date of the letter. Ye gods! It has been delayed! He must have got here this morning!" "The train has been in two hours," she said, glancing at her watch. "I must see him immediately," said her companion, nervously turning his horse first one way and then another. "Who would have dreamed that this old boy would take that cousinship so seriously?" "I did, sir. I knew from the very beginning that it would make trouble some time."

"From the very beginning?" repeated the young man, pausing in his excitement long enough to note the force of this chance admission. "So you acknowledge, do you?" "There's the hotel bus," cried the girl, hastily changing the subject. "Perhaps the driver can tell us something." A long empty vehicle was passing them on its way up the street. Strong called to the driver and he stopped. "Did you bring up a tall gentleman this morning with a white mustache and gaiter and gold eyeglasses?" "Yes, sir. Your father, don't you mean?" The young people exchanged startled glances. "How did you know?" "He was inquiring for you, sir, as soon as ever he got to the hotel; and when he found you were gone, he went and hired a buggy." "A buggy--what for?" "He asked the way to Judge Weston's place in the Montecito. He said the Judge was a near relative of his." "A near relative?" groaned the horrified Strong while his companion turned away her face, although whether to conceal a look of anguish or a laugh will never be known. The omnibus proceeded on its way. "We must hurry," said the young man, spurring his horse to a canter. "The less time they have together before explanations are made the better." "What do you think they will do?" asked the girl. "I don't dare to think. You see on everything except this family tree business our respective parents are as far apart as civilized humans can be. Your father, now, is an elder in the church, while mine has never recovered from the habit of using swear words acquired during years of service in the regular army."

"Heavens! Let us ride faster. Papa will have slain him before we get there." "Really, Catherine," said the young man, when they had slackened their pace to climb the hills, "it would not surprise me if they positively refused to enter into partnership as fathers-in-law." "Never mind, Richard," said the girl, smilingly. "Father has never yet refused me anything, when my happiness was at stake--as it is now." Strong shrugged his shoulders. "Mine has," he answered. "He is made of flint, the old General; and if he should take it into his head to say no, it would be awkward in ways I don't like to mention." "Never mind," said the girl, smiling again and lifting her veil to the rim of the jaunty sailor hat. And a moment later the young man felt much encouraged, and the gallop was resumed. On a slight knoll surrounded by a grove of live-oaks and faced with an avenue of old palms, there stood the ample residence of Judge Weston. As the young people came through the gate and entered upon the gravelled roadway, they observed two elderly gentlemen emerge from a small forest of rose bushes and start briskly down the path toward them. Presently the

shorter of the two took his companion's arm and they walked along in evident peace and amity. "They haven't found it out yet," the young man whispered. Judge Weston assisted his daughter to alight. "Catherine," said he, "this is General Strong, the father of your young friend." The General bent low in an old-fashioned obeisance, and Miss Catherine instinctively made him a courtesy out of the minutest. "Father!" "Dick, my dear boy?" "See here," exclaimed the Judge suddenly. "You were mistaken, Richard, in what you told me about old Ebenezer Strong." The young man braced himself for a struggle. "And to think, Dick," cried the General, reproachfully, "that you never once mentioned to the Judge that your great-grandfather, Ezekiah Strong, married a Weston." "And that brings us even nearer than we had supposed," added the Judge. "Fourth cousins instead of fifth." "It was stupid of me to forget that," said the young man, huskily. "And now that I have seen Miss Catherine," said the General, taking her hand and passing his arm about her waist, "my only regret is that the relationship is not several degrees nearer yet."

Then Catherine looked at Richard, and he told what had happened on the way to town. Straightaway there was a great amount of handshaking and a good deal of kissing done in broad daylight under the palms.--The Land of Sunshine.

Mortars and Men.

During the recent trial of the new Sandy Hook coast defences it was found desirable that the striking points of the big mortar projectiles should be accurately determined. At the long range of 6000 yards, or three and a half miles, the 800-pound mass of cast steel buried itself ten feet deep in the sand, and it is the duty of the observer at the target to mark the position by a stake in order that the spot may be afterwards dug up and examined. Two sergeants of artillery had been detailed on this delicate service, and when the party of officials and guests arrived at the target grounds the observers met them smiling and enthusiastic and with their hazardous work successfully performed. A newspaper reporter asked one of the men how he enjoyed the task of retrieving cannon-balls.

"It was beautiful, sir; beautiful," said the smiling sergeant. "I stood there (pointing at a spot twenty-five yards from one stake) and I could see 'em coming. They turned straight and came down point down. They threw the sand up like water and scattered it in every direction. It was beautiful, sir." "Were you not afraid?" demanded one man. "What would I be afraid of, sir?" asked the sergeant.

Was there ever a finer example of true pride in one's profession? The familiarity that breeds contempt could never have spoken thus of a peril compared to which tiger-beating in an Indian jungle is but a dull and soporific pastime. It is indeed an admirable quality of moral courage that is here presented, the absence of self-fright of the man who neither undervalues a danger nor runs away from it, the pure impulse to duty that looks for no reward and seeks for no end outside of itself.

It is still the men who are behind the guns.--Harper's Weekly.

Work and Weather.

So marked is the influence of the weather on certain temperaments that the employers of large numbers of men are beginning to take this into account in promising to fill large orders. In some establishments, it is said that in very gloomy and what is called depressing weather from ten to twenty-five per cent. less work is done than on bright, clear days. A little investigation showed that accountants are much more likely to make mistakes in bad than in clear weather, and scientists sometimes decline to pursue their investigations when the atmospheric conditions are unpropitious. This being the case, there is little wonder that foggy, dreary, chilly days have frequently been called "suicide weather."--New York Ledger.

Nippin' Nick's Muzzle.

Nippin' Nick is a Manxspaniel dog, owned and driven by a young fellow in Manxspaniel who makes a livelihood by hauling dirt and rubbish. The animal has acquired his name by biting everybody around the dumps adjacent to Manxspaniel. The other day the horse bit a small boy and a policeman recalled to Nick's driver that he had before been ordered to muzzle the horse. "Now, if that horse ain't muzzled to-morrow I'll pinch you," said the officer. Nothing more was thought of it until the next day, when the owner saw the policeman shuffling along up the street, and quickly hanging an old coal scuttle on the horse's head he made it answer for a muzzle and saved himself arrest and fine.--Philadelphia Record.

A Faithful Dog.

Rufus M. Merrill, aged seventy-nine, a well-known ship builder, while walking on the Portland and Rochester Road at Portland, Me., was struck by an engine and received injuries from the effect of which he died two hours later. His dog, his constant companion for many years, tried to drag his master from the track, and had both hind legs cut off. Mr. Merrill seemed more concerned about his dog than himself.--Trenton (N. J.) Auzerian.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Gentle Hint--Needless Cruelty--Another Objection--An Opportunity Not to Be Missed, Etc., Etc. She wore a locket round her neck, A locket of shining gold; The shape of a heart and large enough A picture petite to hold. I opened the locket to ascertain Who was her particular pet; But instead of a miniature photograph Was a sign which read "To Let." --Sparr Moments.

NEEDLESS CRUELTY. He--"I can tell a woman's age, no matter how old she is." She--"You must be a brute!" --Puck.

BAD HABITS. She--"There are 60,000 people in Chicago who smoke opium." He--"That's nothing. Just think how many there are who smoke hams." --Detroit Free Press.

NOT CONFINED TO REDSKINS. "All the good Indians, they say, are dead Indians." So said all the good white people. Go and read the epitaphs on the tombstones, will you? --Chicago Tribune.

GOT ALL THEY WANTED. Pennuck--"A gang of burglars entered the House of Correction a short time since." Dulyer--"Did they get anything?" Pennuck--"Yes, five years apiece." --Boston Courier.

MONEY IS FEMININE. Teacher--"What is the gender of 'money'?" Scholar--"Feminine." Teacher (severely)--"Why?" Scholar--"Because money talks." --Detroit Free Press.

ANOTHER OBJECTION. Dick Singleton--"Does your wife object to your going to the club of an evening?" Benny Dictus--"No, but she objects to my coming home from it in the morning." --Harlem Life.

AN OPPORTUNITY NOT TO BE MISSED. Young Mr. Callow--"Yes, Miss Jump, the woman I would marry must in every way realize the highest ideal in beauty and mental qualities." Miss Jump--"Oh, Mr. Callow! This is so sudden!" --New York Mail and Express.

A MODEL HUSBAND. Friend Perrioch, accompanied by his wife, took a trip to the outskirts of Paris. Very tired and hungry, they entered an eating house. The proprietor declared that he had nothing but a chop to offer them. "Only one!" exclaimed Perrioch; "then what is my wife to have." --Paris Gaulois.

A YEARNING. "Do you not sometimes have soulful yearnings which you long to convey in words, but cannot?" asked the sentimental girl. "Yes, indeed," replied the young man. "I was once dreadfully anxious to send home for money, and I didn't have the price of a telegram." --Reading (Penn.) Telegram.

IS A MEER SPIRIT. Judge--"Prisoner at the bar, you are charged with breaking into the complainant's store and carrying away a large amount of goods. What have you to say in your own defense?" Burglar--"I did it, your Honor, out of compassion. He had a sign up that he was selling his goods less than cost, and by taking them I saved a big loss--see?" --Boston Transcript.

A SAVING INSTEAD. "Tell me honestly," said the novel reader to the novel writer, "did you ever see a woman who stood and tapped the floor impatiently with her toe for several moments, as you describe?" "Yes," was the thoughtful reply; "I did once." "Who was she?" "She was a clog dancer." --Washington Star.

RECKLESS THOUGHTLESSNESS. The judge of a Western court, in order to secure a safer and more civilized condition of affairs in the courtroom, asked the twelve jurymen and the ten attorneys present to place their pistols in a pile in the corner of the room, but there seemed to be some hesitancy in complying with the request, and the judge insisted. "If your Honor will put his down first," suggested the foreman of the jury, "I guess the balance of us will follow suit."

"Certainly, gents," replied his Honor, and laid his gun down in the corner. In a few minutes all the others had done the same, excepting the Sheriff and his deputy, who were not included, and twenty-three pistols were reposing peacefully on the floor. "Now, gents," said his Honor, suddenly whipping out a gun, "the first man that goes near that pile gets it in the neck."

In an instant every man's hand went to his other hip pocket, and as his Honor died behind the desk twenty-two bullets went through the window back of where he had been sitting, and twenty-two men were waiting for him to stick his head up, but he did nothing so rash.

"Put up them guns," he yelled; "put up them guns, or I'll fine every one of you for contempt of court." --New York Sun.

GOLD AND SILVER.

THEIR OUTPUT COMPARED WITH OUR MANUFACTURES.

Mills and Factories Provide Work for Fifty Times as Many People as Gold and Silver Mines. According to the 1890 census report the total output of the gold mines was 1,590,806 ounces, of a coinage value of \$32,836,744. The total output of the silver mines reached 51,354,851 ounces, of a coinage value of \$66,396,988. The value of all the silver at the mine's month to the mine owners would practically be about the same worth as the value of the gold that was mined. Combining the coinage value of the gold and silver output in that year, it was slightly less than one hundred million dollars, as compared with the output of our manufactures, worth more than six and a quarter billions of dollars, as shown below:

Table with columns: Ounces, Coin Value, Gold, Silver, Total coinage value, Value of manufactures.

According to the census report the value of the gold and silver plants was \$465,960,566, to which must be added the value of the mills and reduction plants, worth \$20,362,772, making the total mining plant value to be \$486,323,338. On the side of the manufacturing industries we have hired property worth \$339,173,008 and direct cash investment aggregating \$9,393,705,734. Thus while the total gold and silver mining plant value of the United States was worth four hundred and eighty-six and one-third millions of dollars, the total value of the investments in manufactures was ten times as much, or nearly five billions of dollars.

There were at the time of the taking of our last census 180,000 more factories in the United States than gold and silver mines. The amount of capital invested reached nearly \$5,000,000,000 in the manufacturing industries, while it was less than half a billion dollars in the gold and silver mines.

Where the gold and silver mines gave employment to 57,307 people the factories found work for fifty times as many, or 2,907,882 hands. While the amount of wages distributed to those who worked in connection with the gold and silver mines reached \$43,180,695 a year it was nearly forty times as much in the case of the factories, which in the same year paid out over a billion and a half of dollars in wages. With thirty times as many factories as there were gold and silver mines; with ten times as much capital invested in factories as in the mines, it is still surprising to learn that the total value of the products of the factories was almost seventy times as great as the entire value of the product of our gold and silver mines, the latter reaching less than \$100,000,000, while the product value of the factories exceeded six and a quarter billions of dollars. In the item of miscellaneous expenses, too, where the mines disbursed \$20,270,440, the factories disbursed nearly twenty-three times as much, or \$454,844,850. It must further be remembered that the factories paid out \$3,363,177,034 for raw material purchased for their own use, whereas the gold and silver mines supply their own raw material, from which alone they can derive their product.

Now let us glance at the average output and earnings of both mines and manufactures per annum for each employe, and that this exhibit may be more interesting we give the average output and earnings of the coal miners and of the workers in the granite mines as follows: PRODUCT PER CAPITAL, POPULATION 62,632,579. Per Cap. Per Annum. Gold and silver... \$1,732 \$739 Coal... 675 474 Granite... 618 518 Manufactures... 2,159 833

We believe that there is nothing left to complete this industrial comparison beyond showing the relative importance of our gold and silver mining industries with our manufacturing industries, per capita of our population of 62,632,579 persons in the census year. This is briefly done as follows: PRODUCT PER CAPITAL, POPULATION 62,632,579. Per Cap. Per Annum. Gold and silver... \$99,283,752 \$1,884 Manufactures... 6,278,333,476 100,2981

The product of our gold and silver mines was worth, at its coinage value, \$1.55 per capita of our population. In the same year the products of our factories were worth over \$100 per capita of our population. For each \$1.53 per capita of wealth added to the country through the gold and silver mines there were \$100, more than sixty times as much, added through the products of our manufacturing industries. It should be remembered, however, that every dollar of the precious metals produced is an enduring addition to the world's wealth. They aid in the industries of the East and agriculture everywhere. The products of factories, on the other hand, are not generally of lasting value, being consumed from month to month and from year to year.

Solid Irish Sense.

A second measure to prevent the outflow of gold is to check the inflow of commodities we can make for ourselves. We will reduce the power of the foreigner over our gold supply by reducing our purchases of the foreigner. That means that we must restore the protective duties upon foreign commodities, and otherwise discourage the use of foreign articles where home made will serve the purpose.--Irish World.

A Bad Balancer.

If any benefit has come to anybody through the operation of the German tariff it will be found, upon examination, that ruin and mischief have also resulted, far outbalancing the good.

Grover's Great Journey.

It is stated that the Hon. Grover Cleveland at the expiration of his Presidential term will journey around the world in a palatial yacht, visiting the high and mighty ones of earth and scattering through scenes made beautiful by nature or grand through historic associations. One of the newspaper correspondents, who seems to know all about it, says that Mr. Cleveland is ambitious to eclipse the triumphal tour made some years ago by his predecessor, General Grant.

There is probably no man living who could enjoy such a trip more intensely. There is plenty of evidence to show that he regards himself as one of the greatest individuals ever born, and he will take keen satisfaction in comparing himself with those whom he must regard as his inferiors. While in Europe Mr. Cleveland will have an opportunity of contrasting himself with the crowned heads, living and dead. He can boast that none of them ever equaled his great act of causing a tremendous panic by manipulating customs duties. He can say proudly to the manufacturers of Germany, France and England that he has done more to increase their prosperity than any of their own rulers has done. His unquenchable egotism will prompt him to exult in the belief that his blundering messages contain as much wisdom as the writings of the famous economists and philosophers.

Some time ago he sent to various monarchs and to the Pope copies of his writings. His opinion of the intelligence of these dignitaries will hinge entirely upon the degree of flattery in the compliments which their consciences will permit them to give him.

While in England Mr. Cleveland will look with contempt upon the powers of the Queen. He will call to mind how his own Cabinet officers were mere clerks, obedient to all his whims, and will be astonished to see that in England the heads of departments are men of character, with minds of their own.

In Asia and Africa there are plenty of despotic rulers who may boast that they have killed more men than their American visitor, but he can easily close their mouths by retorting that he has thrown more men into poverty and idleness.

It is not stated whether the trip will include Honolulu, but if it does, the ex-President will be able to mingle his tears with those of the Widow Dominie. Altogether the trip can hardly fail to be more pleasant and gratifying to Mr. Cleveland than would a tour through the industrial and farming regions of the United States.--Freeman, Kingston, N. Y.

The Loss to Sheep Owners.

The Department of Agriculture has furnished the number and value of the sheep in the United States at the beginning of this year. We find there are 2,753,955 less sheep in the United States than there were on January 1, 1894, but their value has decreased by \$22,500,343, which is at the rate of forty cents per head. Sheep that were worth \$1.98 on January 1, 1894, were only worth \$1.53 on January 1, 1895. This was the result of free trade in wool.

But to carry the comparison back a little further, so as to make it still more interesting, we give the number of sheep in the United States on January 1, 1892, with their total value and their average value per head as follows:

Table with columns: Number, 1892, 1895; Value, each, 1892, 1895. Shows a decrease in both number and value of sheep over the three-year period.

Free Farms--1895.

The product of our gold and silver mines was worth, at its coinage value, \$1.55 per capita of our population. In the same year the products of our factories were worth over \$100 per capita of our population. For each \$1.53 per capita of wealth added to the country through the gold and silver mines there were \$100, more than sixty times as much, added through the products of our manufacturing industries. It should be remembered, however, that every dollar of the precious metals produced is an enduring addition to the world's wealth. They aid in the industries of the East and agriculture everywhere. The products of factories, on the other hand, are not generally of lasting value, being consumed from month to month and from year to year.

The World's Cotton Crop.

The total consumption of cotton in the world is 12,000,000 bales a year. Of this amount 9,000,000 bales are produced in the United States and 3,000,000 bales--one-fourth of the world's consumption--are produced in Texas.