

The Duke of Argyle complains that the Highlanders are too prolific.

"The bicycle is responsible for a serious decay in public manners," declares the New York Sun.

China proposes to fortify Pekin by building a chain of huge forts, provided with the best of artillery, around the city.

Our War Department cost last year, 1894, \$54,567,930. Our army is the most expensive, proportioned to its numbers, in the world, states the New York Mail and Express.

A Babylonian tablet in the British Museum which has just been deciphered has an account of the death of King Sennacherib, almost identical with that in the Bible (II. Kings, xix., 37).

The Department of Agriculture is preparing a gigantic road map of the United States. The map when completed will show the condition as regards paving or macadamizing, construction and repair of every highway in the United States. The first step in the construction of good roads is to find out how many bad ones there are, which this map will set forth.

The Volk points out that the German courts discriminate in favor of duelling. If a tailor or cobbler re- ceives an insult by knocking down his defamer he suffers imprisonment with all its rigors, but if an officer or other chap of "quality" punishes a similar insult by shooting his adversary, or running a sword through his body, he is merely detained within the confines of some fortress and there treated as a "gentleman."

Maine is well in line, notes the New York Sun. Her corn crop this year will be one of the largest ever known. It is also a great year for beechnuts in Maine. It's been a big year for lobsters, too, over 4,000,000 lobsters having been taken along the Maine coast this season, according to the estimate of the Fish Commissioner. This is a greater quantity than was taken on all the rest of the Atlantic coast from New Hampshire to Florida. The fishermen get an average price of eight cents apiece for the fish.

There is considerable talk again in the Michigan peninsula about the proposed canal to connect the southeast end of Lake Erie, that is, to connect Chicago and Toledo, and thus save the several days of transit through the length of Lake Michigan and Lake Huron. It is said Chicago capitalists have recently been making investigations in connection with the scheme. The undertaking is spoken of as the "Trans-Michigan Ocean Ship Canal." It looks fascinating on the map.

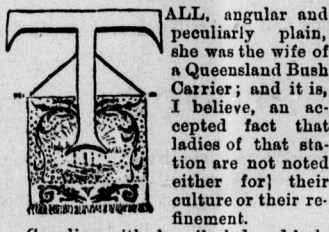
Batavia, N. Y., formerly paid \$7,200 for seventy-two arc lights, or \$100 a light. By the issue of bonds a new municipal plant costing \$23,000 was completed one year ago. The number of lights was increased fourteen, making eighty-six in all. The actual cost of running the eighty-six lights was \$3570.08, or \$41.62 per light per year—less than eleven and one-half cents per night. Adding extraordinary expenses, Batavia paid for eighty-six lights under village ownership \$6,055.57, or at the rate of sixteen cents a night per light.

A lumber dealer in New Hampshire of advanced age, and who retired from active operations many years ago, expresses great surprise at the rapid change in the distribution of wood and lumber since his active business period. He referred to many piles of repair shops and railroad yards, throughout New Hampshire and Vermont, ready for use in bridges, platforms, car construction and general repairs. He also referred with disappointment to the almost total cessation in the use of hard wood for fuel by the railroad corporations. These companies in years gone by made large contracts at almost every station along the road for hundreds or thousands of cords of firewood for the engines and boilers, also for the stoves in the railway cars. Now the amount of wood consumed by the railroad corporations is quite insignificant and only for kindling purposes. Thus a large income is withdrawn from the towns and villages along the lines of the New England railways, and the price of cord wood has sunk to an unremunerative rate, diminishing the present value of hard-wood lands, but allowing the same to grow up and finally to be used as timber for many and varied industries which are sure to be introduced in the future economy of New England.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

If you were tolling up a weary hill Bearing a load beyond your strength to bear. Straining each nerve untiringly, and still Stumbling and losing foothold here and there. And each one passing by would do so much As give one upward lift and go their way, Would not the slight reiterated touch Of help and kindness lighten all the day? If you were breathing a keen wind, which tossed And buffeted and chilled you as you strove, Till, baffled and bewildered quite, you lost The power to see the way, and aim and move. And one, if only for a moment's space, Gave you a shelter from the bitter blast, Would not the touch give you the strength to face The storm again when the brief rest was past? There is no little and there is no much; We weigh and measure and define in vain. A look, a word, a light responsive touch Can be the ministers of joy to pain. A man can die of hunger walled in gold, A crumb may quicken hope to stronger breath, And every day we give or we withhold Some little thing which tells for life or death.

DAPHNE.



ALL angular and peculiarly plain, she was the wife of a Queensland Bush Carrier; and it is, I believe, an accepted fact that station ladies are not noted either for their culture or their refinement.

Crawling with heavily-laden bullock wagons across plains and never-ending scrubs would not appear to be an existence possessed of many charms, and yet I believe there is no case on record of a man or woman who, having once served his or her apprenticeship to the trade, has ever returned to a civilized life again.

In the Queensland Bush carrying trade, you must understand, there are three main arteries, the townships of Haghenden, Longreach and Charleville, and from each of these places there flows continually a stream of enormous table-topped wagons, bound for stations in the Great West, all more or less remote from what is generally supposed to make life worth living.

The existence of the carrier is rough to a terrible degree, and must in no way be confounded with that of the respectable, jog-trot class who ply their trade in English rural districts. Small wonder that the women grow to be hard and rough, and as they do, with none but the sternest of the opposite sex, and daily doing work that would test the patience and endurance of the strongest man.

These are some of the folk who in reality do the building up of our colonies, although the credit goes to another noisier, uglier and far less useful class. But to get back to my story. As I have said at the beginning, she was tall, angular and peculiarly plain, and, in spite of the glaring incongruity of it, it must be recorded that her baptismal name was Daphne. Her husband was a carrier on the Hiddere-Kalaba track, and she was at once the brain and the mainstay of his business.

My first acquaintance with them occurred on the edge of a Bore scrub, a dismal place, and more than a hundred miles removed from either of the above townships. They were camped beside a big water hole, and on dismounting from my horse I was introduced by the carrier, with becoming ceremony, to his wife. Great were the proofs of friendship they showed to me, and long will I cherish the memory of that rough but hearty hospitality. Next morning I went my way, they theirs, and it was not for nearly a year that we met again.

When next I heard of them, Daphne was in the township hospital, recovering from a serious accident occasioned by a fall from the wagon; and her husband, an enormously built man, with a rough manner, which, by those unskilled in such matters, might easily have been mistaken for insolence, had that very day returned with loading from the west. By inquiring after his wife, whose illness I was aware of, I touched the right string; for his eyes lit up, his voice softened and he answered my questions with surprising meekness.

"She was getting on well," he said, "but all the same, it was terrible slow work." Now, it must be known here that although the Kalaba Hospital occupies the best position in the township, even then it is, if anything, a little less cheerful than an undertaker's show room. Great gray plains surround it on three sides; the township, with its ugly whitewashed roofs, stares at it from the fourth; and it would be impossible to say which view would be likely to have the most depressing effect upon an invalid. I am told that Kalaba was only designed as a depot for the Great West, and I console myself with the reflection that in the very near future the Queensland Railway will obviate that necessity, and then it will be scattered to the four winds of heaven. At present it is the Deceitful turned backward.

Only the great dark, honest eyes lent relief to the monotony of her expression, and they were now full of something which, when read aright, spelled hopelessness of an extraordinary degree.

Toward the end of the afternoon the husband made his appearance, and, preceded by the matron, stalked into his wife's presence. For a moment he stood in the doorway, dazed, bewildered perhaps by half darkness; then, recognizing his wife, he advanced toward the bed.

"Daphne, old gal," he said, with a little tremor in his voice, as he bent over her, "an 'ow's it with ee now? Ye looks better by a good sight!" She gave a little sigh before she replied. "I'm nearly well, now, Bill; better'n I've been by a long chalk. Sit ye over her, an' tell ee 'ow it goes with the children an' the team!"

Bill sat very gingerly on the edge of the bed, and as if out of compliment to the peculiar cleanliness of the place, fell to scrubbing his face with a farding red cotton handkerchief.

"The kids is fit, and the team's first-class!" he answered. Then, with a gesture of almost awe, he assumed possession of one of the thin brown bands upon the coverlet.

"My lass, 'ow dog poor yer 'ands has got, to be sure; but they was always pretty 'ands to my thinkin'." Daphne patted his great brown paws and allowed a little smile of gratified vanity to flicker across her face.

Let the woman be ever so old and plain, she is never beyond the reach of a compliment from the man she loves.

"An' 'ow's the roads lookin' out back?" she asked. "All an' no mistake; green as a leaf all the way. From here to Kidgeroo Creek there's water in every hole, an' the little wild flowers yer use to like is that thick along the track yer can hardly see the grass for 'em. I brought yer some!"

Out of the lining of his big cabbage-tree hat he took a tiny bunch of Bush bluebells and placed them in her hand. It was a critical moment for both of them. He was acutely afraid of ridicule; she, for some reason she could not have explained, did not know whether to laugh or cry.

She laid the flowers on the table by her bedside, and then turned to her husband, the better to express her thanks. "Bill," she said softly, "ye was allus a good chap to me!" "Nay, nay, my lass, ye mustn't say that. Ye don't know 'ow we misses yer out yonder; things ain't the same at all without you. Make 'aste an' get well an' come back to the kids an' me, an' let's get out of this 'ere town."

"Bill! I shan't be—" "Shan't be what, lass?" He looked rather anxiously down at her. "I shan't be—" The weak voice paused as if to think of a word, then she seemed to choke, and after that a painful silence ensued.

Finally she said: "I—I shan't be long." Bill gave a sigh of relief and continued: "Ye'm avin' new tires put on the forewheels, an' we've got the new pair o' steers in place o' Billabong an' Blossom that were too old for work. We've got full loadin' out to the Diamantina an' back, an' when the trip's done there'll perhaps be a matter o' £20 to put in the stocking for the kids. Get well, my lass, an' come back to yer place on the load; the Bush wind, an' the blue sky, an' the sight o' them wild flowers'll soon set yer right. Yer ain't feelin' any worse, are yer?"

"No, old man; the doctor says I'll be out this side o' Sunday." "That's the talk! We're camped down yonder on the creek, an' the day ye're out I'll come up and fetch yer meself. The team'll be all fresh, the loadin' 'll be aboard, an' the very next mornin' we'll have the yokes on, an' be where a man's got room to breathe!"

"Why, Bill, I never 'eard yer talk so before! It's like what the parson, who comes here every Monday, calls poetry!" There was an ocean of pathos in the man's reply: "Ye see, old girl, I must talk a bit different, for yer ain't never been ill like this afore!"

Another long silence fell upon the pair. Then he rose to say goodby, and his wife's face grew, if possible, paler than before. "Bill!" she began falteringly, "I've been a-tryin' all the time yer've been here to tell yer somethin', but I dunno how to begin. It's this way—" "Out w' it, my lass. What's wrong? Ain't they been a-treatin' yer well in 'ospital?"

"It's not that, Bill," she answered, "but there—I can't tell yer. Flash and blood couldn't, let alone yer wife. Ye must just ask the doctor, when yer get outside, if 'e's got anythin' to say agin' me walkin' with the team, will yer?"

"If yer says so, in course, But, Daphne, there ain't nothin' agin' it, is there?" "I'll ax him; e'll tell yer, Bill. But 'ere's the matron comin'; I guess yer'd better be goin'. Tell them kiddies their mother ain't forgot 'em!" Raising herself with an effort, she pulled the big man's tangled head down to her, and kissed him on the forehead with a gentleness that would have been grotesque, if the sentiment that prompted it had not been so grossly pathetic. Then, as the matron approached the bed, he went down the corridor to find the house surgeon.

being but little sought after by the shining lights of the profession. When Daphne's husband entered he was engaged writing to the Board, demanding for the sixth time, an increase in his meagre salary.

He looked up, and, seeing the man before him, said roughly: "Well, what do you want?" The carrier shuffled from one foot to the other with evident uneasiness.

"Beg yer pardon, sir, an' sorry for interruptin'; but the missus axed me to ax you if it were likely yer'd have any objection to 'er walkin' alongside the team when she comes out?" "Whose missus?—Oh! I understand; the woman in the ward there. Walk beside the team? Good heavens, man! What are you talking about? Are you mad? How on earth can she walk beside the team?"

"I mean, in course, sir, when she's well enough to come out? Why, man alive! she's as well now as ever she will be. It was compound fracture of both femur, and a double amputation. She hasn't a leg to stand on, much less to walk with! No! No! You'd better look out for a house in the township, and find somebody to move her about for the rest of her life. She'll never be able to travel with you again. Here! hang it, man, go outside if you are going to be ill!"

"I ax yer pardon, sir, but—if yer don't mind, I'll just sit down for a minute. Everythin'—a-goin' round an' round, an' I don't somehow feel kinder well."—Chambers's Journal.

New Uses for Peat.

German chemists have been experimenting with Irish peat, and have secured such remarkable results that a syndicate has been formed for the manufacture, on a commercial scale, of the various products that may be obtained from Ireland's bog lands.

One of these products is an antiseptic "wool" for dressing wounds. It possesses absorbent qualities so great that it will soak up nine times its weight in moisture. The medical department of the French army has adopted this substitute for lint, and 12,000 kilograms of it were sent with the expeditionary force to Madagascar.

By a different process of chemical treatment the peat is formed into a material from which any article requiring hardness and durability can be produced. The German syndicate has now on exhibition in London insulators, axle boxes, machinery bearings, gun stocks, pianoforte legs and numerous other things to illustrate the possibilities of this new material.

Peat has been used in this country for lining refrigerators and cold storage rooms, and to some extent as a covering for steam pipes, because of its value as a non-conductor of heat. But by these new German processes a wide field appears to have been opened, in which capital and labor may be profitably employed, and the Irish peat bogs acquire a value hitherto unknown.

One of the largest beds of fine peat in this country underlies the Great Dismal Swamp of Virginia. If the experiments of the German chemists should ultimately result in a large utilization of Ireland's great deposits, it will not be long before some American chemist determines whether Virginia peat can be treated in like manner and the same products be obtained.—Worcester (Mass.) Spy.

Nightingales Sold for Food.

M. De Farville, our Paris correspondent, asks for the suppression of bird markets. He counted in one Paris bird market last May 200 nightingales, hundreds of plovers (charming little songsters peculiar to French woods and fields) and 2000 finches. Ship loads of quails are sent from North Africa to France for the food markets. The gourd, heron and bird of paradise are becoming rare.

The plover must soon disappear, its wings being a favorite trimming for hats and its eggs a supper table delicacy. The white of its eggs has also, when dried and hardened, great industrial value, imitations of meerschauts being made with it. Japan is the only country that shows itself well alive to the value of all birds. Every species is now protected in the nesting time.

M. Richey, an authority on bird life, unites with M. De Farville in demanding protection for all birds in the nesting season. They are man's one auxiliary against the insect.—London News.

A Remarkable Dog.

"I have a dog," said a minister, who had just heard a precocious crow story, "who is very sagacious. One Sunday he followed me to church and sat among the people and watched my movements in the pulpit. That afternoon I heard a terrible howling in my back yard, and of course I went to see what it meant. I found my dog was in a woodshed, standing on his hind legs in a dry goods box. He held down a torn almanac with one paw and gestulated with the other, while he swung his head and howled as to an audience of four other dogs even more sadly than I had done in the morning."

The Narrator of the Crow Story Threw up the Sponge.

At Bilbao, Spain, a beggar died lately at the age of one hundred and three years. There are said to be quite a number of centenarians in the land of the Hidalgos, and the beggar's death would hardly have been deemed worthy of public notice if the autopsy of his body had not disclosed the very extraordinary fact that the deceased Lazarus was a consumptive for certainly not less than half a century.—New York World.

An Extraordinary Beggar.

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THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Proficient—Rejected—Very Proficient There—And He Owes Everybody—A Martinet, Etc., Etc. She grasped the bar, arranged her skirts with dainty little tucks and flirts; posed on the saddle, felt the tread of pedal, and, "I'm off," she said.

A whirl of wheels, a swerve and sway, and from the roadbed, where she lay, she realized in full degree The climax of her prophecy. —Richmond Dispatch.

VERY PROFICIENT THERE. "They say that Gertrude's husband is almost illiterate." "Well, he signs a check beautifully." REJECTED. Business Man—"Are you a good whistler, my boy?" Applicant—"Yes sir, daisy." Business Man—"Get it!"—Boston Courier.

AND HE OWES EVERYBODY. "Jones has a good deal of money, hasn't he?" "Well, he ought to have." "How is that?" "He never pays any out!"—Chicago Record.

IN NEED OF REPAIRS. Sandstone—"Weren't you dancing with Miss Calloway last night?" Fiddleback—"Yes; how did you know?" "I saw her go into a chiropodist's this morning."—Life.

SHY. Lothair—"How do you manage about your poor relatives now you have got rich?" Staythair—"Oh, I sift all my relations, rich and poor, the good from the bad, and keep 'em strained."—Judge.

A MARTINET. A soldier leaving the barracks is stopped by the Corporal of the Guard. "You cannot go without leave." "I have the verbal permission of the Captain." "Show me that verbal permission."—London Globe.

CRAFTY. Doctor—"I really don't understand. There is no reason why you should go in for a redaction of corpulence." Patient—"Still I want you to put me through a course of anti-fat treatment. My Eulalia shall see with her own eyes how I pine away for love of her."

NO ACCIDENT. Mr. Grogan (with the evening paper)—"Phwat's this Oi see! Two yachts turned upside down?" Mrs. Grogan (turning the steak in her excitement)—"Rade it, Moike! How many drownin'?" Mr. Grogan—"Wait a bit, thin—it's mo' mistake. Oi hod the papir upside down."—Puck.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR. New Resident (at Faraway)—"Who is the best physician in the place?" High Local Authority—"Dr. Gerns, by all means. He is becoming a very famous man. Why, people are sending for him from everywhere. I advise you to try him." New Resident—"What is his speciality?" High Local Authority (with pride)—"Autopsies, I believe, sir."—Judge.

A GENEROUS LAD. "Tommy!" No answer. "Tom-mee!" "Well?" "What are you doing to your brother Willie?" "Nothin'." "Yes, you are. You are making him cry." "No, I ain't—I'm bein' generous. I'm givin' him half o' my colliwer oil."—Harper's Round Table.

NOT QUITE HOPELESS. Husband (after a long tirade)—"You have talked for an hour about that letter I forgot to mail." Wife—"I have a right to. Just think how—" "And you are sure I am just as bad as you make out?" "You are utterly and entirely—" "One moment. Give me credit for at least one thing." "Well, what?" "I didn't steal the stamp."—New York Weekly.

A GEOLOGICAL FIND. First Scientist—"Eureka? What a find! Here is conclusive proof of all our theories. See this rock? It is as round as a barrel, and just about the same shape and size. It must have rolled for ages at the bed of some swift stream. Note how smooth it is." Second Scientist—"It is unlike any rock in this vicinity. It must have been brought from a great distance, probably by some mighty iceberg in the ages that are gone." Third Scientist—"There are mountains near here. It may have come down in a glacier." Fourth Scientist—"It is unlike any of the rock on those mountains. In fact, it is unlike any rock to be found on earth. It must have dropped from the moon. Here comes a farm hand. I will ask him if there are any traditions concerning it. See, here, my good man, do you know anything about this strange rock?" Farm Hand—"That nester be a barrel o' cement."—New York Weekly.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.

HOW FARMERS ARE LOSING THE MARKETS OF THE WORLD.

Sales Diminishing at the Rate of Nearly \$30,000,000 a Year—A Demand for Our Wheat Decreasing by 34,000,000 Bushels a Year—And Over 3,500,000 Less Barrels of Flour Shipped.

The official statistics of our exports of wheat and flour continue to be very interesting though, we must confess, somewhat disappointing inasmuch as the returns fail to show what was promised us by the free trade party should they succeed in demolishing the McKinley tariff. The exports of wheat during the months of July and August, 1894 and 1895, were as follows:

Table with columns: BUSHELS OF WHEAT EXPORTED, 1894, 1895, Total. Values range from 5,537,970 to 14,104,615.

It seems that during the first two months of the current fiscal year we exported 5,567,000 bushels of wheat less than we exported during the corresponding months of the previous year, the money loss this year being \$2,744,642.

Table with columns: BARRELS OF FLOUR EXPORTED, 1894, 1895, Total. Values range from 1,193,321 to 2,662,769.

Our foreign trade in flour can hardly be regarded as any more satisfactory, although it is true that the money loss was not so great as in the case of wheat. Here are the figures:

Table with columns: TOTAL VALUES FOR TWO MONTHS, 1894, 1895, Total. Values range from \$3,372,687 to \$17,816,135.

It cannot be claimed that the Gorman tariff is a new thing. It had been in force a year at the close of last August, and there should surely have been time for us to reap some of that golden harvest that was promised us when the wall of protection was broken down and we were enabled to reach out into the markets of the world.

Unfortunately, however, in the case of our wheat and flour export trade the only golden harvest has been a loss of \$1,087,941 as compared with trade transacted in the same commodities a year earlier, before there was any breach in the wall and before we could let ourselves out into the markets of the world, but yet while we still managed to get there.

Free Trade Means No Home.



What Senator Brice Did.

In case the farmers of Ohio have forgotten that Senator Brice, while caring for the interests of the Sugar Trust in the Gorman tariff, failed to secure protection for Ohio wool growers, they will see from the following figures that the average price of Ohio washed wool is from 13 to 16 cents per pound less under free trade, which Senator Brice approved of, than it was under the protection given to the wool growers in Governor McKinley's tariff period:

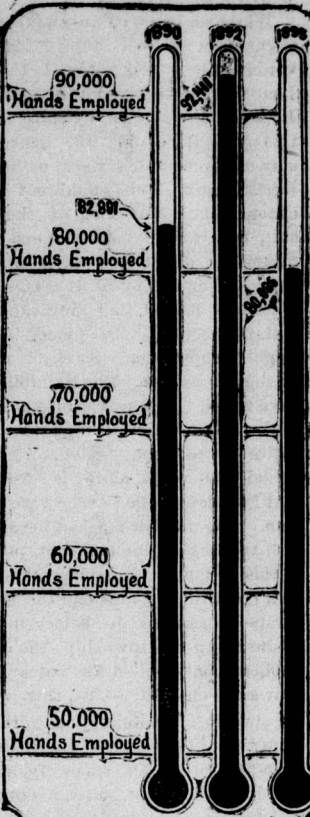
Table with columns: PRICE PER POUND IN CENTS, 1890-91, 1891-92, 1892-93, 1893-94, 1894-95. Values range from 29 to 31.

Wool in the markets of the world is higher than it was in October, 1891, and therefore the decline of from 7 1/2 to 15 cents per pound on fleeces and from 15 to 27 1/2 cents per pound on secured in the United States is the effect of the removal of wool duties and of nothing else.

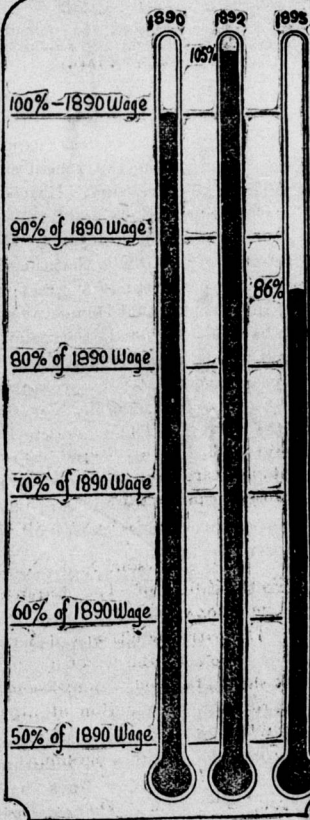
Woolen Mill Prospects.

Machinery is better employed today than it is likely to be two months from now, and the fact that the mills are fairly busy now is misleading to the average man, who points to it as a favorable condition.—Herald, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Ups and Downs of Labor.



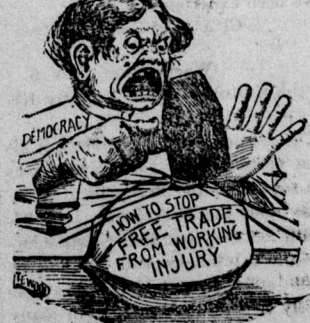
The Rise and Fall of Wages.



A False Balance Sheet.

The Treasury Department has presented a statement for last month showing receipts somewhat over \$3,000,000 in excess of expenditures. This statement is a cheat. The sugar producers of the United States have not yet been paid the \$5,000,000 due to them, the authority to pay which was given by the last Congress. It is a just debt owing by the Government and so long as \$1 of it remains unpaid the Administration cannot claim that its revenue exceeds the needs of the Government. The September statement is false. While Uncle Sam owes money to the sugar producers, or to any one else, a surplus of revenue cannot be claimed. False balance sheets represent nothing but Democratic chicanery.

A Hard Nut to Crack.



All Protectionists are.

Great expounders of protection to home industry, like Henry Clay, were not manufacturers nor interested pecuniarily in factories. But they were patriots.

Right Kind of Governor.

Governor Morrill, of Kansas, says: "There is a genuine revival in business in Kansas, but it is due to the large crops rather than the Wilson tariff." The Governor is right.

An Interesting Study.

The tariff question should be studied in every household. Women can readily master its details.