

There were 11,890 persons in penal servitude in Great Britain and Australia in 1870 and only 4345 in 1895.

The five principal languages in the order of their importance, are English, German, French, Spanish and Italian.

A Berlin Judge recently held that nobody has a right to say anything against the Emperor, because his person is sacred.

Milwaukee contains 21½ square miles of territory—probably the smallest area of any city in the United States of equal size.

The publication at this time of the rumor that Washington played the flute is doubtless due, suggests the New York Recorder, to the mean insinuations of the surviving members of the Cornwallis family.

The city of South Bend, Oregon, presents a novelty in American politics and government, in that no city office there will have any salary attached to it during 1896, or practically none, and also that there are more place hunters than there are places. The city is in debt for improvements that have been made, and the New York Sun states that the Council voted to reduce the salaries of all city officers to \$1 a year, and devote the proceeds of the tax levy to paying off the debts. More than enough citizens and taxpayers have declared their willingness to take the offices, and thus help to clear the city of debt. The State law provides that the Treasury shall receive at least \$25 a month, but the citizen who takes that office will turn over the salary to the city.

This country has furnished so many remarkable criminals that it is a relief to the Atlanta Constitution to find Europe coming to the front with a similar exhibit. The latest monster is claimed by Germany. He is named Springstein, a blacksmith residing at Prenzlau. Within the past few months he has poisoned his wife, mother and brother-in-law, the latter's son, a governess, one of his apprentices and a neighbor's daughter. He is also accused of drowning his own father. His other victims were poisoned by the administration of strychnine. The case will rank with the most celebrated trials in the criminal annals of Germany. Springstein's motive for the commission of these murders is not known and the general opinion seems to be that he is simply one of those exceptional monsters who appear from time to time in the world's history. It is safe to say that he will not be acquitted on the ground of insanity nor will he receive any misplaced sympathy. The Germans never make pets of their big criminals and they turn them over to the executioner without any unnecessary delay.

Two of the most conspicuous signs of civilization are newspapers and railroads, observes the Atlanta Journal. When we claim to lead the march of the world we may go far toward justifying the assertion by pointing to the fact that we lead all other Nations combined in these two elements of power. There are about 50,000 newspapers published in the world, and of this number 20,169 are in the United States and Canada. These American newspapers printed last year 3,481,610,000 copies, which is far more than the combined circulation of all the newspapers of other Nations. Of the 20,169 newspapers in the United States and Canada over 19,000 are published in this country, and it is probably true that the newspapers of the United States have a greater total circulation than all others combined. No country can show newspapers equal our great metropolitan dailies either in quantity of news or in circulation. Compare any one of the great newspapers of London or Paris with any one of the leading newspapers of New York or Chicago and the superiority of the American journal as a newsgatherer will be evident to the dullest reader. One of the first things to be established in any settlement in the United States is a newspaper, whereas in Europe they are seldom published outside of cities of considerable size. No Nation in the world has so many newspapers as the United States. Here papers are read, and the proudest display of any journal can have is to be in the people's paper. In the United States also excels the rest of the world in the number of railroads. There are in the United States 180,000 miles of railroad and all other railroads in combined fall short of that number by a thousand miles. A country that leads the world in newspapers and railroads is in no danger of being overtaken.

THE CHRISTMAS WISH-BONE

Across the hedge a scream I heard,
And saw Priscilla run,
Pursued by a gigantic bird
Out in the winter sun.
The gander flapped his wings in air
And, hissing, pressed the pace
While she with feelings of despair
Led the unhappy chase.
I scaled the hedgerow double quick,
And as the gander came
In range I raised my walking stick
And with unerring aim
Landed upon his head a whack
Which proved the maid's release
From harm—for he turned on his back
And closed his eyes in peace.
"Our Christmas bird is ready quite
To dangle on the peg,"
She murmured, "fill with rare delight
We eat him wing and leg."
She smiled and said, "You'll come around
On Christmas Day to dine?"
I answered, with a bow profound,
"I'll be there snow or shine!"
In juicy pride the gander lay
Most luscious, brown and fat,
Upon the dish that Christmas Day,
While we about him sat.
Across the board upon me fell
The smile, which was the spring's,
Till I was dazed and couldn't tell
The drumsticks from the wings.
We ate him till he was a wreck—
A wreck of loveliness—
And then unto her fairy beck
And call, I must confess,
I went for love's most precious sake—
(Love set my dreams astray)—
Behind the flowered screen to break
The frail wish bone with her.

I won the letter part, and wished—
She seemed my wish to read.
While with her eye in mine she fished
With subtle skill indeed.
Just then the Christmas chimes with zest
Trembled across the dell,
She blushed as if they did suggest
The merry wedding bell.
My golden wish, made on that day
Of revelry and mirth,
Has been fulfilled—perpetual May
For me begets the earth.
That wish bone, like the horseshoe old,
That brings good luck galore,
Now, mended, hangs with charm untold
Above our cottage door.
—R. K. Munkittrick.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY J. L. HARBOR.

I DUNNO what in creation to get your ma for Christmas, Mandy," and Jason Hogarth looked at his daughter inquiringly as if expecting her to suggest some suitable gift. But she was busy at that moment testing the condition of a cake in the oven by thrusting a broom straw into it, and when she had risen to her feet her father said:
"I got her a nice silk umbril with a silver handle las' Christmas; paid four dollars an' seventy-nine cents for it; an' I'll be switched if she's had it out o' the case it came in but one solitary time, an' then she knowed it wasn't goin' to rain. Beats all how savin' your ma is of things. There's the silk dress pattern I got her two years ago this Christmas, not even made up yet. I want to git her something this Christmas that she'll have to use an' enjoy. What kin you suggest, Mandy?"

His married daughter, Amanda Jennings, now stood at her molding board rolling out pie crust. She was dumpy little body with laughing blue eyes and a good-humored expression of countenance. But now a look of determination came in her face and she turned suddenly and faced her father, with her back to the table and the rolling pin held in both hands across her checked gingham apron.

"You want me to tell you what to get for ma's Christmas gift, pa?"
"Yes; blamed if I know what to git!"
"I can tell you in one word, pa."
"You kin? Well, I'll git it if it don't come at too high a figger. Never had better crops in my life than I had this year. My onions an' tobacco'll bring me in \$200 more'n I expected to git for 'em, an' the rozzberry crop was something tremendous an' I didn't have to sell a quart for less'n twenty cents. Your ma done her full share o' work an' I'm anxious to git her something real handsome for Christmas. What shall it be?"

His daughter looked at him steadily for a moment and then said slowly and distinctly:
"Jenny!"

A sudden frown took the place of the kindly smile on his wrinkled face. His eyes flashed ominously and his voice was harsh and cold as he said:
"Haven't I told you, Mandy Jennings, never to mention that name to me?"

"I know that you have," replied Mandy with gathering courage; "but I never said that I wouldn't do it, and when you asked me what I thought ma'd like best for Christmas, I just

told you what I knew she'd like best. She'd rather have my sister Jenny than anything money can buy."

Then she added, undaunted by her father's frowning visage:
"I firmly believe, pa, that ma is shortening her days grieving for Jenny. She just is! I'm going to say my say while I'm at it, whether you like it or not. I know that I owe you respect, but I owe my own and only sister something, too, and one duty is just as important as the other. If I—"
"Wait a minute, Mandy," her father said, rising and buttoning up his overcoat. "When your sister Jenny disgraced the family by up an' running away with that Will Martin an' marryin' into that good-for-nothing Martin family, I said that I'd never own her as my daughter ag'in, an' I never will. I said that she should never cross my threshold ag'in, an' she never shall."

"I know that the Martins are a poor, shiftless lot, an' that Will was as trifling as any of 'em. Like enough it was born in 'em to be so. But there never was anything bad about 'em, an' he's dead an' gone now. An' when I think of poor Jenny workin' the way she has to work over there in Hebron to support herself an' her two little children, an' you with plenty and to spare, I know it isn't right. I can tell you now, father, that I go to see Jenny ev'ry time I go to Hebron, an' if we weren't so poor ourselves, an' if

"It was so chilly in the dining-room, I thought we'd eat supper out here," said his wife, a small, slight, gray-haired woman.

"I enjoy eatin' in the kitchen of a cold night like this," said her husband. "It's gittin' colder fast. Supper 'bout ready?"

"Yes; I'll take it right up." They talked little while they ate. Jason was inwardly rebellious over what he called his daughter's "impudence," and Mrs. Hogarth's thoughts could not be given utterance, because they were of Jenny.

"I must go up to the attic an' git out the buff 'lo robes," said Mr. Hogarth, pushing his chair away from the table. "I'll start so early in the mornin' I won't have time to git the robes then. I guess I'll put right off for bed soon as I git the robes. I've got to be off by 5 o'clock."

Five minutes later he was in his musty, cobwebbed old attic, candle in hand. When he had found the robes he said to himself:

"Wonder if my big fur muffler ain't up here in some o' them trunks? I'll need it if it's cold as I think it'll be in the mornin'. Mebbe it's in this trunk."

He dropped on one knee before a small, old, hair-covered trunk, with brass-headed nails that had lost their luster years ago. Throwing up the trunk lid, he held the candle lower. His eye fell on a big rag doll with a

how Jenny had looked when she came toddling out to meet him, wearing it for the first time.

It was 9 o'clock when he went back to the kitchen. His wife looked up from the weekly paper she was reading and said:

"Why, Jason, you ain't been up in the attic all this time? I s'posed you'd come down an' gone to bed long ago." "I'm goin' right away. Set me out some breakfast on the table and fix the coffee so I kin make me a cup 'fore I start."

"I shall get up an' get you a good hot breakfast myself, Jason."

"You needn't do that, Marthy, it'll be so early."

"I shall get up just the same. How husky your voice is, Jason. I'm 'fraid you took cold up there in the attic. What ever were you doing up there all this time?"

"Oh, just lookin' over some old things. I didn't take any cold. Better go to bed, Marthy, if you're bent on gittin' up at 4 in the mornin'."

Why, Jason, how'd you happen to come in at the front door?"

It was 9 o'clock at night, bitterly cold and stormy, and Christmas Eve. Jason had just come home from Hebron. His wife had heard him drive into the barnyard and had made haste with her supper that it might be ready and hot when he came in. She had also bathed her eyes hastily in



It is the holy Christmas-time
That sheds a glow through all the year.
Hark, how the bells, a silvery chime,
Ring out their welcome far and near!

O blessed season, angel-blest,
Thou comest alike to all on earth,
Bearing sweet gifts of love and rest,
Of precious hope and heartfelt mirth.

Ring, Christmas bells, an' I tell again
The good old truth for ever true!
There is no hearts so dull with pain
But will rejoice and sing with you.

my husband's invalid mother didn't have to live with us, I'd bring Jenny an' her children right here to live."

"I'd never darken your door ag'in if you did."

"I guess ma would. It's a burning shame, pa, that you won't even let her go to Hebron to see Jenny. It's killin' ma. To think of her own daughter living only fifteen miles away and her mother not seeing her for nearly six years! It's wicked. If I was ma I'd go no matter what you said."

"Your ma knows very well that she'd have to go for good if she went at all," replied her father, coldly. Then he added:

"I must be goin', for I've got to go 'round by Job Prouty's an' see if he'll loan me his light wagon to go to Hebron with, Wednesday. I broke the tongues o' mine Sunday an' that pesky wagonmaker down to the village ain't goin' to git it fixed for a month, I reckon. You an' Tom'll be over to eat dinner with us Christmas, I s'pose?"

"Yes, I s'pose so."

They parted with manifest stiffness of manner on both sides.

"Set! set! set!" said Mrs. Jennings, as her father walked out of the yard and down the road toward his own home. "The steepest man that ever walked the earth! I wouldn't stand it about Jenny if I was mother. She's a-dying to see Jenny's babies, an' I just b'lieve that father'd soften if he saw 'em once. The only grandchildren he's got on earth, and he nor ma never even saw them. If I dared I'd fix it so he should see those two dear little tots once!"

It was dark when Jason Hogarth reached his house. There were no lights in the front windows of the big, square farm house with an incredibly long L back of it. He walked across to the rear, where streams of cheery light shone from the kitchen windows. A pleasant odor of frying ham greeted him as he entered the kitchen, where a table with a snowy cloth was set for supper, close to the shining kitchen stove.

china head. He picked it up and stared at it a moment.

His mind went back to a Christmas long years ago. He was a poor young married man then, and he had worked nearly all day at husking corn for a neighbor, to earn money to buy that doll head, and his wife had set up until midnight to make the clumsy body stuffed with sawdust. He remembered how his little Jenny had shrieked with joy when she found the doll in her stocking the next morning. And what is this? A tiny, faded, blue merino baby saque. His wife had made it before Jenny had yet come into the world. It was the very first tiny garment she had made, and her husband recalled how she had blushed and tried to hide it under her apron when he had found her at work on it. He remembered that he had taken it from her and kissed her, and then he had kissed the tiny garment itself.

The candle in his hand shook strangely as he bent lower over the trunk and brought forth a tiny china cup with "From Papa," on it, and a little sampler with, "God bless father and mother" worked in rather uncertain letters by a little hand.

There was a string of blue glass beads that he has given her on her fifth birthday and in a heavy black case was a daguerrotype of her with the beads around her neck. The little pictured face smiled up at him from the frame and there was a mist before his eyes when he thought of how many, many times those bare little arms had tightened in a warm embrace around his neck, and of how many times those smiling lips had kissed him and said:

"I love you best of anybody in all the world, farver."

Everything in the trunk was a reminder of her in her baby days, of his little Jenny. He sat down on the floor beside the trunk and took the things out one by one, the stern look in his face softening and his heart growing warmer.

He smiled when he came to a little white sunbonnet and remembered just

cold water that he might not know that she had been crying. But he would know if he had any disquietment at all, for she had been crying nearly all day. Her heart had been so heavy with thoughts of Jenny.

"How'd you happen to come in at the front door?" she asked.

"You mustn't ask questions so near Christmas time," he said in a voice so light and joyous that she looked up quickly. He picked up a lamp and said:

"I want to go into the parlor a minute before supper."

A moment later he called out cheerily:

"Come in here an' see your Christmas gift, ma. It's such a beauty I can't wait until morning."

"Better wait until after supper anyhow. It's all on the table."

"No; come in here first."

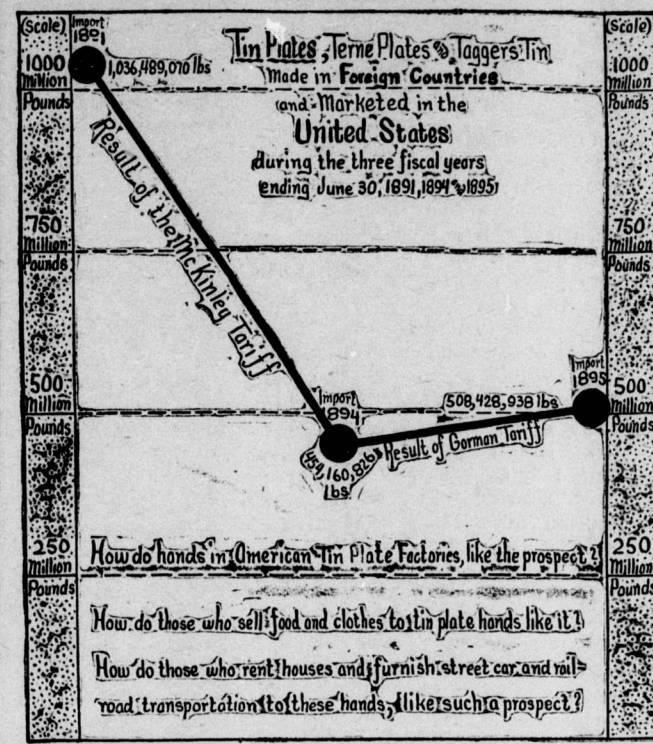
When she reached the open door of the parlor she saw her husband on his knees between a little boy of about four years and a little girl of two, his arms around their waists. A little woman with a thin, pale, tear stained face showing beneath her cheap little mourning bonnet, was standing behind Jason.

"And this is Walter Jason, named for me, and this is Marthy Isabelle, named for you," said Jason, joyously. "Come, come ma; stop huggin' an' cryin' over Jenny an' take a look at your gran'-children. What do you say to them for a Christmas gift?"

She knelt down and took them in her arms, saying incoherently:

"Jenny—Jason—oh, dear—I—I— you dear, little things! Gran'ma's babies! You darlings! You darlings! You're the best gift, the sweetest gift, the dearest gift in all the world! The little peace child that came to Bethlehem was not dearer to his mother, than you are to me. Kneel right down here by me, Jenny an' Jason, an' let me thank the Christ who was born on Christmas Day for this an' for the beautiful Christmas there will be under this roof to-morrow!"—Detroit Free Press.

OUR TIN PLATE TRADE AND THE TARIFF.



WHEN LABOR LOSES.

STRIKES UNDER PROTECTION HALF AS NUMEROUS AS IN GROVER'S REIGN.

Free Trade Threats Doubled the Number of Strikes and the Loss in Wages—Strikers Lose Two Dollars for Every Dollar's Loss Incurred by Employers.

The Commissioner of Labor has just completed a report upon strikes, the period covered being from 1881 to June 30, 1894. Summarizing briefly the results of recent years, 1891-1894, we have the following results:

Year	Number of strikes	Employees made idle
1891-92, 24 months	3,016	505,735
1893-94, 18 months	3,301	747,980

During the years 1891 and 1892 the country was under an Administration favorable to protection. During the later period to June 30, 1894, we were afflicted with a free trade Administration for sixteen months and the certainty of it during the other two months.

During the free trade year and a half there were 242,245 more employees made idle by strikes than in the two full years of protection.

During the free trade year and a half the loss of wages to employees was \$15,979,093 more than in the two full years of protection.

During the free trade year and a half the loss to employers of labor was \$6959, 318 more than in the two full years of protection.

Bringing the facts down to an average monthly basis, we have the following:

MONTHLY AVERAGES.	Free Trade	Free Trade Increase.
Protection 1891-92.	21,072	41,554
Free Trade 1893-94.	41,554	20,482

Employees in a day's idle time... \$2,516,286
Loss of wages to employees... \$1,294,837

Loss of wages to employers... \$695,931
Loss of wages to employees... \$1,294,837

During the present free trade Administration there were 20,482 more employees idle every month, through strikes or lockouts, than during the protection period. The loss of wages to employees was \$1,294,837 a month more under Mr. Cleveland's regime, and the loss to employers was \$695,931 a month more.

Both employers and employees have common ground, and good reason, to oppose anything that will ever help to restore to power an Administration favorable to free trade.

Farmers in England.

A bright American, who has business connections in England and necessarily resides there more or less, has been carefully noting the conditions of English agriculture. His investigations have extended over considerable time past in different parts of that country. He wrote recently, after a business trip on the Continent, as follows:

"The countries of Europe, outside of England, do not discuss the tariff to any extent. They are all, and are growing more so, protective as to their own industries and England will soon have to change front or she will kill off the few farmers yet left. In fact, aside from trucking in the neighborhood of the cities, there is not enough money in agriculture to pay rent and tithes."

English agricultural statistics, showing the decreasing area planted to staple crops every year, sustain this sentiment.

Stop Thief!

There seems to be no robber tariff at present. What is it that robs the Treasury of its gold and the Government of receipts necessary to sustain Government? How about free trade being a robber of the Treasury and a thief of industry.—Saratoga (N. Y.) Daily Saratogian.

PROSPECTS FOR POTATOES.

Secretary Morton Says No Foreign Markets, and Farmers Must Feed Spuds to Stock.

"The most serious complaint of the potato growth this year is the low price of the product, particularly in the Northwest. The report from the department's agent for Wisconsin and Minnesota represents that in the latter State the tubers 'do not pay for digging.' He states that the yield is enormous, 'on an acreage three times as great as in previous years,' that 'hundreds of acres will not be dug,' and that 'much of the acreage will go to feed stock.'"

Here is another startling announcement on the official authority of the Secretary of Agriculture in his September crop report. Can Mr. Morton reconcile the above with the Democratic promises made to farmers in 1892, that the value of all farm crops would be enhanced if the protection laws were turned out of office and the free traders installed in their place? Potatoes "do not pay for digging," says the free trade Secretary's report. "Hundreds of acres will not be dug," even when so much labor is idle and wages are so much cheaper than they were in 1892. "Much of the acreage will go to feed stock"—feeding potatoes to stock as well as dollar wheat, and corn to be burned, too. Is there no hope for the farmers? Let us see if the markets of the world won't save him. Here are our exports of potatoes for the last five years:

Year.	Bushels.	Value.
1891.....	341,180	\$316,482
1892.....	557,022	361,378
1893.....	845,729	709,032
1894.....	803,111	651,877
1895.....	572,857	418,221

Note how our exports of potatoes gradually increased during the McKinley tariff period and how we captured half a million more bushels of the potato markets of the world in 1893 than we did in 1891. Note again that, directly the free traders got their fingers on the farmers' potato crop, our exports fell off and we shipped about 270,000 bushels less in 1895 than in 1893.

Perhaps, though, there will be a chance for the farmers to capture the markets of the world during the present fiscal year. Mr. Free Trade Secretary Morton enlightens us upon this point. His September report tells us that "800,000 hundred-weights of potatoes were shipped to England during the first six months of this year" from Germany. He also tells us that "France shipped about the same quantity." It would seem that France and Germany have got ahead of us, especially, "as England has nearly an average crop of very high quality, the market there is glutted and prices are as low as \$10 a ton." This is equivalent to 25 cents a bushel delivered in England. It is not surprising that farmers, "particularly in the Northwest," when they think of the freight rate from the Northwest to London and the cost of bags, commission and insurance, are complaining of low prices.

A potato market at 25 cents a bushel in London, less these expenses and the cost of seed, fertilizer and labor, does not leave much margin of profit for the American farmer after he has captured the markets of the world. No paying market in England, France or Germany, and Secretary Morton says "it is unlikely that we shall be able to dispose of any of our surplus in Europe." We thought the markets of the world were waiting for our surplus products. Can it be that the markets of India, China and Japan alone are open to us? Must we grow tubers to supplant the rice crops of the Orient?

We cannot but admire Mr. Free Trade Secretary Morton's candor in describing these free trade conditions, varying so gently, as they do, from the free-trade promises of 1892. Secretary Morton says that "these conditions are worth noting." They are, Mr. Secretary. The farmers will note them—will note that "these conditions" are not theories.

Interest Bearing Debt.

Cleveland, July 1, 1895..... \$716,302,063
Harrison, March 1, 1893..... 585,034,369
Cleveland's increase of debt..... \$131,267,694