

England produced five new novels for every day of 1897.

In 1890, according to the census, the foreign-born of the United States were: Germans, 2,784,894; Irish, 1,871,500; English, 900,002; Scotch, 242,281.

Russia has the most rapidly increasing population of any country in the world. The growth during the last hundred years has been a fraction less than 1,000,000 annually.

Murder seems to be decreasing in France, simply from the fact that it is not a paying industry. Statistics from Paris show that for twenty-one murders the perpetrators only averaged \$16 each.

The general impression that women have only recently been employed in business houses is not correct. Miss Emeline E. Woodbury, who has just died, was for nearly fifty years the bookkeeper in a Boston business house, and she succeeded another woman who had held the same place.

The delta of the Danube is about to be drained and rescued for agricultural purposes by the Roumanian government. Nearly 750,000 acres of fertile land will be made available. The enterprise is the greatest of its kind ever undertaken, and at least five years will be required to carry it to completion.

Hear the complaint of the London Graphic thus: "Our society seems to have degenerated into what may be defined as a fortuitous concourse of pretentious atoms. Pretty women and rich men form a combination which is not rare, and a great centre of civilization as London is should be able to produce something more striking than that."

Much has been written about the usefulness of music in the treatment of disease. That it has a certain effect is undoubted, and a recent suggestion is that a pleasant-toned music box would probably prove as effective as sleeping potions with a large class of nervously deranged patients. The use of music in the nightmare or "night terrors" of children has been a subject of experiment. Cases peculiarly obstinate to all other treatment were at once benefited, and after a time apparently cured, by having pleasing airs played on an instrument during the approach and first hour or two of slumber.

The Rev. Charles A. Berry reports to his British friends that during his recent visit to this country he was most impressed by the frank, manly, reverent speech of American Christians when discussing divine things, their zeal for their own particular church, minister, and denomination, and the thorough efficiency of their Sunday-school work. He is reported to have said that, on the whole, it was well that the Olney-Pouncefote arbitration treaty failed, for it would not have been popular or had the support of the masses. He believed it better to wait for public sentiment to gather force, so that it will resolutely back up any treaty constructed on similar lines.

Corn flour used in adulterating wheat flour is made like wheat flour, explains Farm News. The corn is crushed between rolls, and the flour is dusted out as the meal runs over a bolt. This meal is crushed and rebolted several times, until nearly all the starchy part of the grain is in the form of fine flour. This corn flour is mixed with and sold as wheat flour. Considering that corn costs the miller about one-fourth as much as wheat, there is a wide margin of profit in mixing the flours. How much mixed flour is now put on the market is not known, but the evil has grown to magnificent proportions. This matter recently came up before the National Board of Trade, at the meeting in Washington, in the form of a resolution, urging Congress to impose a tax upon the manufacturers of mixed flours, and to require that such flour shall be plainly branded "mixed flour." The New York Produce Exchange has taken an important step toward correction of the evil of mixed flour, by a very simple procedure, which we believe, if adopted by all the other inspection markets, will be more effective as to results desired than the tax regulation plan. The exchange at New York, through its flour committee, has instructed the inspector that flour containing any foreign substance shall not be graded, and that packages containing such flour shall not receive the brand of that exchange. It is to be hoped that other exchanges will act in the same manner.

London loses more inhabitants by fire every year than Paris or Berlin together. The London firemen save on an average about 100 lives every year.

A recent writer says regarding the notorious maelstrom that the inhabitants of the Lofodens are not in the least afraid of it, but fish right in the middle of it.

Everything points to a continuance of our excellent export trade in beef cattle, with England, our best buyer, requiring greater numbers each year, notes the American Agriculturist.

Sweden has its Klondike, with a similar forbidding climate. The discovery in the northern part of the state of new gold fields is announced. At the Bommelinsel there is already an English company with nearly 100 miners.

The 79,000,000 pounds of tea imported into the United States in ten months had an average value of only 13 cents per pound. What a lot of refuse stuff there must be considering the average price farmers are obliged to pay over the retail counter, exclaims the New England Homestead.

Ex-Governor Morrill of Kansas once said, that his ambition was to create in Kansas the largest orchard in the world and leave it as a monument to his memory. That hope is about to be realized, as he has turned his farm over to a man with the stipulation that 65,000 fruit trees, mostly apples, are to be planted there.

For the benefit of a conductor who had suffered an accident which endangered his earning ability, the Consolidated Electric Railway Company of Santa Barbara, Cal., gave the gross receipts of its line for one day while he was in the hospital. His case appealed to his fellow workmen and the public, as he had been a faithful employe and was the sole support of his mother. The other employes of the company on the same day gave their day's earnings to him, and patrons of the road and conductors ring up sums ranging as high as \$20. The car receipts amounted to \$327.05.

Lord Charles Beresford has been making some plain speeches in London. He declared the other day that the boys who robbed orchards and were generally mischievous and bad made the best soldiers when they grew up, and later, at a banquet, he said that money was everything in England. It would buy access to what is known as the very best society; and let anybody go to England with enough money, no matter whether it had been gained honorably or disgracefully, there was no door which he could not hope to enter. He prophesied the ruin of the country unless the dominion of money was overthrown.

The retirement of the Rev. Dr. John Hall from the active pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church has excited widespread interest among members of all the religious denominations, says the New York Sun. "Dr. Hall has long been regarded as one of the conspicuously representative men of the metropolis. The qualities that have raised him to his present eminence are well known. Perhaps the most distinguished one is his manliness. Although he could not be described as a brilliant preacher, there was always a strong personality behind his spoken word, and this made him effective at all times. Although parson of the most democratic of church bodies, Dr. Hall has taken precedence over his brethren of the Presbyterian ministry. There was a real truth in the humorous description of him as the Presbyterian Bishop of New York."

Says the New York Post: "Medical circles are inclined to pool-pool the reported discovery of the sex secret by Dr. Samuel Schenk, professor in the Vienna university. Nevertheless it is exciting wide interest, in view of Dr. Schenk's position as an embryologist and the importance attached to the announcement even by the Austrian government. The professor, so far, has only stated that for many years his experiments were limited to the lower animals, that by a system of nourishing the female he produced a disposition to bring into the world male young only, but that recently, by advising wives what food to take, boys or girls had been born just as desired. This disposition, however, when established cannot be changed. The offspring of the same parents henceforth will be all males. Professor Ohlshansen, the well-known gynecologist, thinks the whole thing impossible, also Professor Virchow holds to the same opinion."

IN HONOR OF WASHINGTON.



Land of the West! though passing brief, the record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide page!
Let all the blasts of Fame ring out,—thine shall be loudest far;
Let others boast their satellites,—thou hast the planet star.

Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er depart,
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest heart;
A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won,
Land of the West! it stands alone,—it is thy Washington!

—Eliza Cook.

WASHINGTON'S KINDLY WAY.

General Greene's Daughter and the Great President.

Martha Littlefield Phillips, who was the granddaughter of General Nathaniel Greene's youngest daughter, contributes to the Century "Recollections of Washington and His Friends," taken down from the lips of her grandmother. She quotes the following account of her grandmother's first meeting with Washington:

"The second great event of my early life," said she, "was my first interview with General Washington. But a faint suggestion now survives of the love and reverence for Washington which inspired the children of the Revolution. These sentiments were exceptionally strong in my brothers and sisters and myself, because in addition to the sentiment of patriotism was the personal regard we held for Washington as our father's intimate friend and immediate commander. "My mother had deeply imbued me with the honor in store, and had drilled my behavior to meet all the probable requirements of the occasion. I was, for example, to rise from my seat for presentation to General Washington, and after tendering him my profoundest courtesy, stand at ease, and modestly answer all his possible questions, but at the same time keep religiously in the background, where all the good little girls of that day were socially referred.

"The eventful day came, and I was taken by my mother to Mount Vernon to make the longed-for visit. We were graciously welcomed by Mrs. Washington; but my heart was so thick with fluttering, and my tongue so tied, that I made but a stammering semblance of response to her kindly questions. At length the door opened, and General Washington entered the room. I felt my mother's critical eyes, and advanced with the intention of making a courtesy and declaiming the little address previously taught me; instead of which I dropped on my knees at Washington's feet, and burst into tears. All the resources of dramatic art could hardly have devised a more effective coup. Washington stooped and tenderly raised me, saying with a smile, 'Why, what is the matter with this foolish child?' The words do not have a tender sound, but language may not convey the gentleness of his manner and the winning softness of his voice, as he wiped away my tears with his own handkerchief, kissed my forehead, and led me to a seat as he might a young prisoner. He sat beside me, and with laughing jests, brought down to the plane of my appreciation, banished my sins from my eyes, rescued me from humiliation, and brought me back to composure. He gazed me from my mother's outraged eyes, kept me with him while in the drawing-room, had me placed beside him at the dinner-table, and with his own hands heaped all the good things on my plate. After dinner he took me to walk in the garden, and with an intelligent stooping to my intellectual stature, and a sympathetic understanding of my emotional state and need, he drew me into talks on the themes of my daily life, and won me into revelations of my hopes and fears. It has always impressed me as a quaint and pretty picture, that of the famous warrior, statesman, and patriot turning from great affairs, and lending himself to the task of making the happiness and charming the confidence of a shy and frightened child. And so proud and happy was the little girl thus made that, seventy-five years afterward, she lives with tears of joy in her eyes, to tell the story to her granddaughter."

"How about Mrs. Washington, grandmother? How did she impress you?" I asked. "The fact is," she replied, "I was so absorbed on that occasional with General Washington, I paid very little attention to his wife. She took

small note of children, and the only recollection that comes to me of her in that first interview is that she was handsome, of dignified carriage, and was dressed in a rich figured silk, with an embroidered apron around her waist, and a dainty kerchief folded about her neck and shoulders."

Washington's Ancestral Home.

Washington Hall, in Durham County, England, which was lately sold under the hammer, with the adjoining grounds, for \$2025 was the early home of the ancestors of George Washington. The building dates from the early part of the seventeenth



HOME OF WASHINGTON'S ANCESTORS.

century, and it was erected by William James, Bishop of Durham.

It is of stone, having mullioned windows and boldly projecting porches. A large outstanding chimney is at one end of the house. The building is now fast falling into ruin. The Washington family occupied the old manor for five centuries before the hall was built.

William D. Westington's name appears as a witness to the charters of the Bishop of Durham between 1260 and 1274, and Washington Irving has traced to the Westingtons, of Durham, George Washington's ancestry.

General Washington's Courtesy.

In the Century there is an article by Martha Littlefield Phillips, giving "Recollections of Washington and His Friends." The author is a granddaughter of the youngest daughter of General Nathaniel Greene, and she tells the following story in the words of her grandmother, concerning a visit of the latter to Washington at Philadelphia:

"One incident which occurred during that visit was so comical in itself, and so characteristic of Washington, that I recall it for your entertainment. Early in a bright December morning, a droll-looking old countryman called to see the President. In the midst of their interview breakfast was announced; and the President invited the visitor, as was his hospitable wont on such occasions, to a seat beside him at the table. The visitor drank his coffee from his saucer; but lest any grief should come to the snowy damask, he laboriously scraped the bottom of his cup on the saucer's edge before setting it down on the table cloth. He did it with such audible vigor that it attracted my attention, and that of several young people present, always on the alert for occasions of laughter. We were so indiscreet as to allow our amusement to become obvious. General Washington took in the situation, and immediately adopted his visitor's method of drinking his coffee, making the scrape even more pronounced than the one he reproduced. Our disposition to laugh was quenched at once."

Naturally. "George Washington's opinion always carried great weight," remarked the philosopher.

No one making any reply to this, he went on as follows: "That is not strange, however, seeing that a single syllable of his name was a whole ton."

Washington. Brightest on history's page, Of any clime or age, As chieftain, man and sage, Stands Washington!

THE MESSAGE OF THE SEA.

I stood beside the troubled sea,
In musing mood, one day,
The billows came and sooted at me,
And, roaring, rushed away;
My heart was far across the blue,
I wondered if my love were true,
And, wondering, turned away.

But, as I turned, a fairy boat
Came bobbing o'er the sea—
A dainty little wave-tossed note
Came floating unto me—
Then flashed the glad thought through my
mind—

"In yonder wail perchance I'll find
A word from her to me."

"Ah, welcome, little messenger?"
In eager tones I cried,
"And do you bring me joy from her
Across the foamy tide,
The roaring billows seemed to say—
"We bring you word from far away
Across the trackless tide."

I picked the missive from the sand
Upon the beaten shore;
In haste I opened it and scanned
The message that it bore—
"A fool sends greeting o'er the sea
To the fool who gets these lines from me"—
That was the word it bore.
—S. E. Kiser, in Cleveland Leader.

HUMOROUS.

It is a long head that knows no turning when a pretty girl passes.

Money talks. Perhaps that's why they put a woman's head on the silver dollar.

Father—I am going to tan your hide. Son—I don't like those "skin" games.

Age may not be garrulous, but it is sure to tell on a woman in the course of time.

The city sidewalks are used by pedestrians, but the crab has a side-walk of his own.

A stupid man compliments a woman's pretty teeth, but a clever man makes her laugh.

The belle in the choir often brings more young men to church than the bell in the steeple.

A man always tries to follow the straight and narrow path when it comes to shovelling snow.

The man with plenty of push is usually successful, but he isn't in it with the man who has a pull.

Surprises are in store for young married couples who think that they understand one another thoroughly.

Laura—I've learned one thing since I got a wheel. Bessie—What's that? Laura—That beauty is only skin deep.

Martha—Speaking of Miss Mint-drop, hasn't she a red head? Martin—She did have before she came into her uncle's property.

Timmins—Every once in a while I find myself repeating one of my jokes. Simmons—That's queer. I never hear any one else repeating them.

"I'm sorry the critics were so severe on your play, Mr. Thespis." "Oh, that doesn't hurt me. There wasn't an idea of my own in it."

Bill—I think your friend is overworked. Jill—What makes you think so? Bill—Why, I understand every man in town has borrowed money of him.

Penelope—Oh, there are lots of good fish in the sea. Kathryn (who came home from the season unengaged)—Yes, but why don't they come out on the beach?

"Next time I'm coming out to Beverly's I'm going to take a camp stool with me." "What for?" "Last time I went I sat down on a little thing that turned out to be a tea-table."

"Mamma," said little Georgie, "I don't think it was a dove that Noah sent out of the ark." "But the Bible says it was, dear." "I know, but I think it means a carrier pigeon."

Crimsonbeak—You never hear any one speak of the white horse and the red-headed girl now. Yeast—No; I guess the white horses have all died. "Perhaps it's the girls who have died."

"You passed me yesterday without a word," he said reproachfully. "Forgive me," she murmured. "And have you no word of explanation?" "Two," she answered, "a borrowed wheel and a mouthful of gum."

She—Do you believe there is anything in charms? He—Well, they say there is a good deal of paint mixed up in some of them; but I can see at a glance that yours are genuine. May I? She could only nod.

Tourist—What's the name of that noble mountain? Native—Dunno as it's got any. We call it "the mountain." Tourist—No name for that grand eminence? Native—Wot's the use of its havin' a name? It's the only mountain here.

"Oh, papa," exclaimed the dear girl, her sapphiric eyes brimming with unshed tears, "how can you say that society is hollow?" "Why shouldn't I?" retorted pa, with a coarse laugh, "why shouldn't I, when I have to pay the bills for feeding the gang that you have here at your blowouts?"

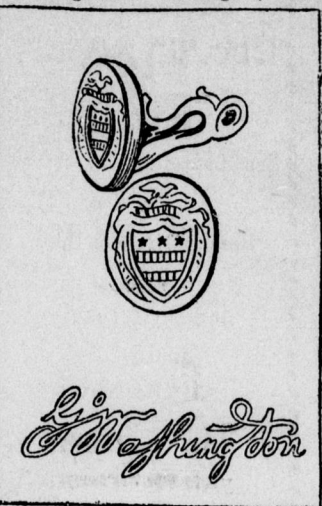
The Moose and the Boat. In the state of Maine there are a number of beautiful lakes, some of them so large that small steamboats carry passengers from one end of the lake to the other. Recently, while crossing a lake, a moose was seen swimming in the same direction the steamboat was going. The captain got a rope ready, and when alongside the moose threw it over its head. The moose naturally was frightened, and swam faster, towing the boat. He suddenly turned about and almost upset it. The moose headed for the woods on a low point of land, and the captain saw that if he did not cut the rope the moose would wreck the boat. The rope was cut, and the moose freed from his burden, soon struck the shore and disappeared in the woods.

An Oklahoma lawyer named Crank has petitioned the court to change his name.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S SEAL.

Valuable Relic Owned by a Chicago Man.

A Chicago house painter owns the identical seal with which George Washington signed Major Andre's death warrant. The fortunate possessor of this valuable relic is Bushrod D. Washington, a direct descendant from Augustine Washington, third



WASHINGTON'S SEAL.

child of Augustine Washington, father of the President, who inherited the seal from his father, Bushrod Washington, great-grand-nephew of the General. History says that this seal was used when George Washington sent peremptory command to General Lee to make the trip across the Delaware. Not being able to lay his hands at once upon the seal of the office, General Washington tore his private seal from his watch chain, dipped it in molten tallow and made the impression on the order.

Where Martha Washington Died.

The room in Mount Vernon where Washington died is the chief point of interest in the old mansion to all visitors. It is a fair-sized apartment on the second floor, with two wide windows, thinly draped, between which stands the bed. The four rather slender bedposts reach almost to the ceiling, supporting the frame of a canopy, not now in place. The bed, the table, the hair-covered trunk, the surveyor's tripod, cloak and chair in this room are all originals, and have suffered badly from the surreptitious knives of relic hunters.

By the way, not even Washington's biographer and namesake escapes this fate. Washington Irving's gravestone in the little Sleepy Hollow graveyard of Tarrytown was so chipped and broken by vandal hands that a few years ago it had to be replaced by a new stone, a fac-simile of the old one.

Martha Washington did not die in the same room as her husband, but in a room in the garret, under whose sloping roof the heat was insufferable in summer and the cold not slight in winter, lighted only by a dormer window.

The lower corner of the door of this attic room is cut off. This was done for the convenience of the cat which was Mrs. Washington's sole companion in her lonely vigil of eighteen months after the General's death, a companion which the old General himself had often petted.

It was the custom of the family to shut up for two years a room in which a death had occurred, and this was the reason why Martha and her cat moved to the shabby and stuffy little garret.

Washington's Hand.

George Washington's hand was described as that of a giant. On the last occasion of General Lafayette's visit to this country he remarked to Mr. Custis when referring to a former visit:

"You were holding to a single finger of the good general's remarkable hand—the greatest feat you could perform at that time."

Washington was the champion jumper of his day. In one match he covered twenty-one feet three inches, easily beating all competitors.

The Original Hackman.

"Why don't you branch out?" asked little George of the cherry tree.

"I woud leave this place," answered the cherry tree, "if I had some way to move my trunk."

"If that's all that detains you," said the embryo father of his country, "I'll see that you get a hack." And he went over to the woodshed in search of his little hatchet.—Chicago News.

An Example of Virtuous Power.

To George Washington nearly alone in modern times had it been given to accomplish a wonderful revolution and yet to remain to all future time the theme of a people's gratitude and an example of virtuous and beneficent power.—Lord John Russell.

Washington's Book Plate.

