

A shortage of 100,000 tons of wheat in one state alone—California—is the ill-wind which will blow good to the other wheat states.

The Spaniards now accuse us of firing petroleum bombs at their ships, which they think was very unfair. We cannot please the Spaniards. Had Dewey shot soap bubbles at them they would have complained of the tints, declares the Chicago Inter Ocean.

The United Bible Societies' Committee of Japan issued last year, 2557 Bibles, 12,222 Testaments, and 43,034 "portions." Is this one of the reasons accounting for the fact that Japan is showing so many signs of activity as a national power, asks the New York Observer.

In his annual message Mayor Carter H. Harrison congratulated the people of Chicago upon the fact that track elevation has already eliminated much of the danger of grade crossings, and is "doing away with the ringing of bells and the gentle midnight whisperings of the industrious locomotive."

The rate of interest in the savings banks of France is 3 1/4 per cent., and the last statistics published show an aggregate deposit of \$680,000,000. More than half the depositors are women, mostly belonging to the working classes, and of all the adult inhabitants of France one in four is a depositor.

Dr. Toulouse believes that strong emotional faculty and vivid imagination are signs of mental derangement. In a recent lecture he advised all people who, like the author and artist, live by their emotions to be extremely cautious in dealing with the nervous system. Outdoor exercise of all kinds he upholds—the bicycle especially. He believes that cycling in moderation and in the country has a soothing influence on the brain, the fresh air and exercise brushing away the ill effects produced by a morbid and weakened condition of the nerves.

Spain's unpreparedness for war, because she believed war would not come, was confessed by Minister Moret in his speech in the Cortes, says the New York Post. Surely never was nation less ready for the appeal to the sword. With finances tottering, with a government uncertain what a day might bring forth, with an army at home in open discontent, and in Cuba depleted by terrible losses, with the fleet poorly equipped and poorly drilled, Spain yet fronted war in the spirit of the sad remark made by a prominent Spanish public man to M. Benoist, "We do not know how to govern or to organize in peace or war, but we know how to die." The ineffective valor of the Spanish sailors at Manila deserves the plaudits it has received. Caught unprepared in a way that seems to argue almost criminal negligence on the part of the Spanish admiral—it is asserted that his ships had not even steam up—the men fought with a bravery that nothing but death could quench.

Some remarkable figures concerning the growth of libraries were given by Sir John Lubbock in his address at the opening of the international library conference at London. The movement to establish public libraries did not fairly begin in England till 1857, between which year and 1866 15 were opened under the provisions of the public libraries act. In the next decade the number was increased by 45, from 1877 to 1886 by 62, and since then by no fewer than 190. In London itself almost nothing was done before 1887, but since that time 321 libraries have been established. About 350 places in England, containing half its population, have now adopted the public library act, and the number of books in these libraries is about 5,000,000. The annual issues being 27,000,000, and the attendance 60,000,000. It should be remembered that many libraries, including that of the British Museum, with its 2,000,000 volumes, are not included in this list, not being established under the public libraries act. In spite of the fact that the libraries in this country contain 11,000,000 volumes, it would seem that in proportion to population the English have the larger number of books. The English colonies also make a very good showing, Australia having 844 public libraries, with 1,400,000 volumes; New Zealand 298, with 330,000 volumes; while the Canadian libraries contain over 1,500,000 volumes. These figures are, perhaps the surest test of the advance of civilization that can be obtained. Doubtless people may abuse their opportunities when libraries are provided for them, but it can no longer be said that the ample page of knowledge is not unfolded to their eyes.

The many new born babies now being christened Dewey will be a mighty proud lot when they get old enough to understand why they were so named.

Commodore Dewey, of Manila fame, is one of the not very numerous class of seamen who feel at home both at equestrian and aquatic pursuits, since he can ride a horse as well as he can Pacific billows. These two styles of navigation require distinct kinds of ability.

A number of Spanish officers are adorned with such names as O'Farrell, O'Donnell, O'Brien and the like. The explanation is that their ancestors were in the Battle of the Boyne. But by this time the original Irish wit has seemingly become prissy well evaporated out of these Spaniards by adoption.

The people of Atlanta, Ga., are felicitating themselves upon the promise of a Chicago capitalist to invest \$225,000 in a shoe factory in their town, to employ some 8000 hands. They say he has a valuable new process for making shoes for men and women. The plan contemplates the establishment of a tannery at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Says the Savannah News: An untoward incident of the war is the fact that every amateur poet in the country feels inspired with a divine injunction to write something which, if it should not be adopted as the national battle hymn, would become immortal as a fervid expression of the national spirit in the crisis. Unfortunately, the time has now passed when poetry can be used as gun wadding. The modern gun is a breech loader.

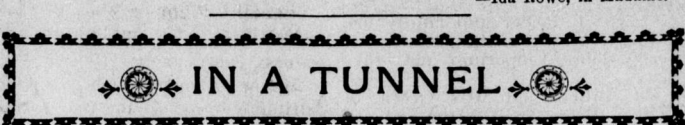
American agricultural machinery has seemingly become very popular with the people of South Africa, according to the American Machinist, and the five years just ended show a very satisfactory increase of this business there. American harvesters and reapers are coming into general use, and, while a few years ago, we only sold to that market the cheaper and heavier classes of implements, today we are introducing our higher priced and better grades of goods very successfully.

According to an English weekly journal it is estimated by a competent foreign authority that only 900 persons out of 1,000,000 die from old age, while 1200 succumb to gout, 18,400 to measles, 2700 to apoplexy, 7000 to erysipelas, 7500 to consumption, 48,000 to scarlet fever, 25,000 to whooping-cough, 30,000 to typhoid and typhus and 7000 to rheumatism. The averages vary according to locality, but these are considered accurate as regards the population of the globe as a whole.

It is said that the statesmen and scholars of China are many of them studying the Bible because it is the classic of Christian countries. While in former years the questions asked candidates for literary degrees have been limited to Chinese literature, the Pekin examination board has this year taken some of its questions from the Old Testament, which is now recommended as a text-book. A new impulse appears to have been recently given in China to the study of Western literature, science and politics. Perhaps from an acquaintance with the Bible as literature some of these Chinese savants will pass to a knowledge of it as life.

The signalling of weather indications to Western farmers by flags on the fast railroad trains suggested the idea of conveying war news to these people by the same method. The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, the Chicago & Northwestern, the Illinois Central, and the Baltimore & Ohio, have signified a willingness to participate in the plan. It is contemplated to give only the meagre information of a victory for American or Spanish arms, though the signals will show whether the victory is on land or on sea. A United States flag will mean a victory for American land forces. A United States flag with a blue pennant above will show a victory for the American navy. No Spanish flag will be used. To indicate a Spanish victory on land, a parti-colored flag will be displayed, and to indicate a Spanish victory on the water a blue pennant will be flown above the parti-colored bunting. The notion is that the farmer living a dozen miles from town will be interested in this kind of information, and will feel grateful at being able to get the news without the necessity of losing time in driving to town. The likelihood is that the farmer after seeing the flag-signal of a battle, will shift the horses from the plow to a light wagon and start on a hunt for a daily paper.

CUPID'S BOW.
Down in the gloaming, where the river makes a bend
There in the lane so narrow,
Cupid is wandering, his bow to mend,
And sharpening the point of his arrow.
Sing heigho! when he lets it go,
Be sure that the mark it will not pass by;
For deep in each heart may be found the dart
Which Cupid sent when his bow let fly.
Down in the gloaming, when the stars were shining bright,
Banishing gloom and sorrow,
Cupid strayed in a sad and dismal plight,
And longed for the coming morning.
Sing heigho! for his bow he has let go,
It has fallen in the grass at his feet;
And his thoughts have flown to a love of his own,
Whom tomorrow he hopes to meet.



"Miss Alice! Miss Alice! Will ye be affther comin' upstairs? An' sure she's dead intirely this time!" cried the frightened servant girl, rushing out on the piazza, where Alice Austin stood looking anxiously down the road.

Alice hurried upstairs and found her sister-in-law lying still and white on the floor.

"Bring me some water and the salts from the bureau, Betty; she has only fainted," said Alice, kneeling beside the prostrate form.

In a few minutes Mrs. Austin opened her eyes and said feebly: "Has Edward come home yet? I feel so strangely sick!"

"We will send for the doctor presently, Margaret, when we get you to bed. Ned will be home soon, I hope," and with Betty's assistance Alice lifted the slight form on the bed.

Three weeks before Eddie Austin, the two-year-old idol of the household, had disappeared, and all search for him had proved fruitless. As the days passed on hope gave way to despair, and the heart-broken mother, weighed down by anxiety and the cruel torture caused by false reports of the discovery of her boy, sank into a state of apathy bordering on insanity. Daily was the cry heard through the streets of the little village of Fairfield: "Child lost! Child lost! Large rewards offered!" till all hearts sickened at the sound.

Mothers kept their little ones within doors, dreading far less the entrance of the Dark Angel than that fiend in human form should steal their household treasure to gratify a merciless passion of avarice.

"Betty, you will have to take one of the girls and go for the doctor," whispered Alice, in alarm, as she noticed a gray pallor, creeping over the wan face on the pillow.

"An' shure, miss, none of 'em be home but meself. And oh, Miss Alice, I niver can walk alone to Fairfield this dark, dark night."

The girl looked so frightened at the bare prospect of going that Alice said, after a pause:

"Well, Betty, then I shall have to go, and you must stay with Mrs. Austin. If Mr. Austin returns before I do, tell him I have gone by way of the tunnel," she added, putting on her hat and walking jacket.

"The saints deliver us! For Heaven's sake, don't ye be goin' be the tunnel, Miss Alice!" exclaimed Betty, imploringly.

"Don't be frightened," replied Alice, smiling. "No train will pass for an hour, and it shortens my walk nearly a mile. It is just 6 o'clock now, and I shall be home a little after 7," and, giving the girl some parting injunctions about her sister, Alice ran downstairs. Opening her brother's escritoire in the library, she took from a private drawer a small pocket revolver and, opening the front door, stepped out into the darkness.

It was a damp, cold night in November. The wind moaned drearily through the leafless trees, and heavy clouds chased each other across the heavens, obscuring the moon. Crossing the road, Alice walked a short distance and, clambering over a stone wall, found herself in the narrow strip of wood which bordered the railroad cut. Following the narrow, beaten path through the trees, she soon reached the edge of the ravine, 15 or 20 feet above the track. The path continued its windings down the side of the cut, but the way was stony and in many places dangerous. The darkness, too, prevented anything like rapid progress.

She finally reached the bottom of the ravine and had crossed to the right hand track, when a low sound among the bushes above her caused the cold drops to spring out on her forehead and almost stopped her heart's beating. Quickly crouching down under an overhanging rock she listened. Nothing was heard save the sighing of the wind and the faint ripple of a tiny rill running down among the bushes near her. Suddenly the bushes overhead were stirred, and a stone fell directly in front of her. She scarcely dared to breathe, but crouched under the rock with her hand clasped tightly in her breast. The tunnel was but a few rods beyond her, but she dared not move.

"I'd like to know how much longer yer going to keep up this confounded tramp, Pete Johnson. It's been nothin' but marchin' and counter-marchin' this whole cursed day," said a low, coarse voice among the bushes. "Why did yer enter into the bargain if yer goin' to back out so soon?" muttered another man, with an oath. "Well, I'd be satisfied with half the ten thousand, for I'm nigh done up with these three weeks' work," said the first one.

"An' I tell ye I'll niver give him up till I git the whole twenty thousand. The father's rich, and his twenty thou-

Down in the gloaming tripped a merry little lass,
Picked up the bow and arrow,
Pointed it straight and stood in the grass.
In a patch of moonlight narrow,
Sing heigho! when she lets it go,
Be sure that the mark it will not pass by;
For deep in his heart she will send that dart,
"Go straight," she said, as the bow let fly.
Ah, little Cupid, methinks the tale is told,
You are in for a time of sorrow;
He who lays a trap, like the folks of old,
Will be caught himself tomorrow.
Sing heigho! as your arrows go,
But be sure that your heart is safe, you elf,
Or the story of old by you will be told,
And your bow will be used to shoot your-self.
—Ida Rowe, in Madame.

and dollars or the mother'll never see her swate darlin' agin."

A brutal laugh grated upon the girl's ears; then the first speaker whispered:

"I reckon she'll niver know her boy in this little bag of bones, though me arms is wore out wid carryin' him the last three hours."

Alice could scarcely believe what her ears had heard. Her brain reeled, and she nearly fell from the rocky ledge on which she sat as the truth dawned upon her. Her brother's child, her golden-haired little pet, was just within her grasp, but two brutal men kept watch over him. As she began to realize the danger of her position, her mind became clearer, and she resolved, at all hazards, to rescue him. She heard the men step back some distance from the bushes, and then all was still. She waited a few minutes, and then, with the pistol grasped tightly in her hand, she crept stealthily out of her hiding place and struck a narrow path which led to the top of the bluff. She knew the way, and the darkness favored her ascent. Reaching the summit, she looked cautiously through the trees enabled her to observe her surroundings distinctly. A few feet beyond were the two men stretched out on the ground, their figures partially concealed by the trunks of two large trees and a clump of bushes. Between them Alice saw a little baby form with its golden head pillowed on the cold, damp grass.

Creeping along behind the bushes she reached one of the trees, and, standing behind it, she waited for some minutes, hesitating what to do. The stertorous breathings of the men convinced her that fatigue had steeped their senses and that they would not readily awaken. If she should be successful in seizing the child, she could not return by the way she came. With Eddie in her arms she never could scale the precipitous side of the cut, followed, as she probably would be, by two relentless pursuers.

Again, if she should seek the shelter of the tunnel, the down express train would soon pass through, and an up train would follow but 10 or 15 minutes later. She resolved, nevertheless, to take the latter course, and, with this decision made she prepared to carry out her plans. Passing swiftly round the bushes, she stood before the sleeping group. The moon at that instant shone out brightly and fell upon the white, pinched face of the child. Not a moment was to be lost. Grasping the pistol more firmly, she glided between the men, and seizing Eddie, she sprang past them, but in so doing struck the foot of one of the ruffians. Darting up, he saw the slight figure running swiftly down the path. He sprang forward, awakening his companion, and, with muttered curses, they followed in hot pursuit. With the child clasped closely to her heart, Alice sped down the rocky pathway. She heard the men close behind her; stones were hurled at her, and one struck her shoulder. Terror lent wings to her feet, and she soon reached the track, along which she flew and entered the tunnel. On—on she sped; but her breath came quick and short, for her strength was failing. She heard the heavy pantings of one close behind her. She almost felt his hot breath. Hugging the little form more tightly to her breast and with a despairing prayer for help, she ran on. A rude hand clutched her shoulder, and, with a shriek that ran through the tunnel, she turned and faced her pursuer like a wounded animal at bay, raised her pistol and fired. With a yell of rage and pain, the man leaped into the air and then fell with a heavy thud on the track beside her. Alice breathed more freely and ran on, though with feebler steps, through the darkness. Suddenly a low, rumbling sound smote upon her ear, and toward the opening of the tunnel she saw a faint light glimmer in the distance. Nearer and nearer it came, and then the horrible truth flashed upon her. It was the headlight of a locomotive, and she knew that the 7 o'clock express train was thundering down the track.

Faint and bewildered, the horror-stricken girl had lost her reckoning. She knew not on which track she was and stood staring with terror-strained eyes as the thundering mass came tearing down the rail. Its great red eye lit up the black walls of the tunnel with a fearful glare. Still the girl moved not; fright had chained her to the spot. The monster was close upon her; she heard its horrible breathings. Was she on the right track? The roar of a Niagara deafened her, and, with a shriek of despair, she fell senseless to the ground.

Mrs. Austin fell asleep soon after Alice's departure. Seven o'clock came, and Betty began to be alarmed. At that instant the bell rang. Rush-

ing down stairs she opened the door, and Mr. Austin stepped into the hall, accompanied by a stranger.

"How is Mrs. Austin?" asked the former, anxiously.

"An' shure she's asleep, sir. But oh, Miss Alice—hiv ye seen Miss Alice?"

"No; where is she?"

"An' oh, she wint affther the doctor, sir, and she wint be the tunnel; an' I'm shure she's kilt, for the thrain's jest affther goin' by!" cried Betty, excitedly.

"Good heavens! the tunnel!" exclaimed Austin, turning white.

"Yes, sir. She said it was shorter that way," sobbed the girl.

"Hush! Get my lantern, Betty, while I run upstairs. I'll be down directly Dana," turning to the fine-looking man he had brought with him.

He hurried to his wife's room, pressed a kiss upon her white brow and returning to the hall took the lantern from Betty, saying:

"Don't leave Mrs. Austin an instant. We may be absent some time, but you need not be alarmed."

The two gentlemen did not utter a word as they left the house, but following the path through the woods clambered down the cut and entered the tunnel, swinging the lantern right and left as they walked on. Suddenly Dana stopped. Directly in his path lay a dark heap. Throwing the light of the lantern upon it, the gentlemen stooped and then started back with an exclamation of horror, for before them lay a bleeding, mangled, shapeless mass of human flesh and bones.

"Some poor fellow has gone to his doom," muttered Dana, striding away from the sickening spectacle.

They had walked some distance further when a deep groan broke the ghastly silence of the tunnel. Flashing the lantern on the other side of the track, Dana discerned another man's form close to the dripping wall. As he was about to raise him, Austin uttered a hoarse cry, and, springing forward, the two men stood over the prostrate form of a woman between the tracks. A pistol lay on the ground beside her, which Austin instantly recognized as his own. He trembled so violently that Dana pushed him one side and raised the slight form. As he did so, his companion bounded past him and in a voice in which joy, pain and incredulity were blended cried out:

"Oh, my boy, my precious boy! She has found my Eddie!" and he caught the little form to his heart and fairly sobbed aloud.

"Oh, heaven, he is dead! Gerald, look at him!" and the father's eyes burned with anguish as he looked on the white baby face pillowed upon his breast.

Dana laid Alice on the ground and looked earnestly at the child.

"Cheer up, Ned. The little fellow has been drugged. Listen; his heart beats!" and, putting his ear down, he heard the faint flutterings which told of the spark of life still remaining in the wasted form.

"And Alice, is she—"

"She is in a swoon, and the sooner we get her to the doctor's the better. It is quite evident that she was pursued by those scoundrels while rescuing your child, and that fellow yonder has somewhere in his body a ball from this pistol," picking it up as he spoke.

Lifting the insensible girl in his strong arms, Dana strode down the track, followed closely by Austin, who held his boy wrapped warmly under his coat. After some minutes' walk they were out of the tunnel and reached the depot, where they drove directly to a doctor's. For an hour Alice lay insensible in the doctor's office, and when she opened her eyes Austin whispered in alarm:

"Why does she look so strangely, doctor?"

"There has been such a terrible strain on her nervous system that I fear she may have an attack of brain fever unless a reaction takes place," he replied with some anxiety. "A good hearty cry would do her more good than any of my remedies."

"Let her see the child. That baby's face ought to be enough to melt a heart of adamant," said Dana, compassionately.

Austin laid Eddie beside her. She looked at the little, white, emaciated face with a troubled, sorrowful expression for an instant and then, clasping her arms tightly around the child, burst into a passionate, uncontrollable flood of tears.

By this time the news of the child's rescue had spread like wildfire through the town. Bells were rung, bonfires lighted, and men, women and children rushed to the doctor's house, crowding the street and sidewalks. The entire village had turned out, and yards, doorways and stoops were alive with an excited populace. The crowd was clamoring to see the little hero of the hour, and cries for "Eddie Austin" filled the air.

"Ned, you will have to take him on the stoop to satisfy them," said Dana, as the shouts and cries were re-echoed.

Austin took the child out on the steps, and as the bright light of the torches fell upon them, cheer after cheer rent the air. When the father raised the little inanimate form so that all could see it, the excitement and enthusiasm knew no bounds. Women cried aloud for joy, boys shrieked and hurraed, and many a tear coursed down the hard, weather-beaten cheeks of stalwart men in the crowd. Alice stood beside her brother, leaning on Dana's arm, but, overcome with agitation, was led back fainting to the sofa.

Roused to indignation by the sight, some one shouted out: "Death to the child-stealer!" In an instant the cry was caught up by the excited throng who rushed in frantic haste

toward the railroad. Dragging the wounded man from the tunnel, they would have lynched him on the spot had not Dana, with the sheriff and one or two others, arrived to prevent them. The wretch was groveling on the ground in an agony of pain and terror. With haggard face and blood-shot eyes he looked up and cried aloud for mercy, but he saw no pity in the white, inexorable faces surrounding him. A rope was around his neck, he was dragged to a tree, when Dana hurried to the spot.

"Untie that rope!" he demanded, sternly.

"We'll string him up to high heaven first!" answered an angry voice near him.

"However deserving the fellow may be of death, it is not for you to take the law into your own hands," replied Dana.

"The deuce take the law and you, too! What right have you to interfere between that man and justice?" said the man, clinching his fists threateningly.

The excitement had now reached a fever heat. The crowd had quickly gathered around Dana, who stood beside the wounded man; threats and curses were freely hurled against both, and the state of affairs began to look alarming.

"If the man is guilty he has a right to be tried, and I'll shoot the first one of you who dares to touch him!" said Dana, coolly.

His quiet, commanding tone, and still more the menacing gleam of the pistol he made no effort to conceal, quelled the tumult, and the miserable man was carried to the village jail, followed by an angry, hooting crowd, clamorous for his death.

An hour later Eddie Austin was in his mother's arms. For days death hovered over the darkened home, threatening to carry away first one and then the other. But when over the little village of Fairfield the sun shone brightly, it smiled, too, upon the happiest home in all the land. For a golden-haired boy, with rosy cheeks, was playing near his mother's chair, and Margaret looked up with a proud, happy smile to her husband's face as the little fellow laughed in baby glee and rolled and tumbled over the good-natured hound who lay stretched on the rug before the blazing wood fire.—New York News.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The Spanish Armada consisted of 132 ships, 3165 cannon, 8766 sailors, 2088 galley slaves, 21,855 soldiers, 1355 volunteers.

The Princess of Wales has a pair of opera glasses of platinum set with rubies, sapphires and turquoises and valued at £2000.

Reed pens, split at the end like quill pens, have been found in Egyptian tombs, dating probably 2500 years before Christ.

The largest theatre in the world is the Grand Opera House of Paris. It covers more than three acres of ground and cost 63,000,000 francs.

Godfish are of Chinese origin. They were originally found in a large lake near Mount Tsientsing and were first brought to Europe in the seventeenth century. The first in France came as a present to Mme. de Pompadour.

Channey Osborne and his brother John, aged residents of Nunda, Livingston county, are happy in the ownership of a sweet-toned violin made by Gaylor Dufflo in Italy in 1527. It has been in the possession of their family for 140 years.

A man died recently in a town not far from Philadelphia with the remarkable record of having been injured twenty-five times in railroad accidents. Some of his injuries were very serious, yet he lived to a good old age and died from natural causes.

A man who went to do some gas-fitting in a Baptist church in Honesdale, Pa., fell into the baptismal pool, which had been filled for Sunday, and, not knowing how to swim, would have been drowned had not the sexton heard his cries and rescued him.

It is stated that the most crowded spot on the earth's surface is the "Mandragia," in the city of Valetta, in Milan. Upon a spot in this place about two and a half acres in extent no fewer than 2574 live. This is at the rate of 536,000 a square mile, or 107 to an acre.

An cultivator in Aubervilliers, France, found a superb Lycoperdon, commonly known as the puff ball. It measured two metres (over six and one-half feet) around. In order to develop it well, its owner covered it with muslin and watered it three times daily. Fresh puff balls are eaten cooked.

The sugar crop of the world amounts in a normal year to about 8,000,000 tons, of which the larger part, about 4,500,000 tons, comes from beets, and the remainder, 3,500,000 tons, from sugar cane. Of the latter the largest proportion comes from the West Indies, and a large amount from the Island of Java.

In the reign of Edward III there were at Bristol, England, three brothers who were eminent clothiers and woolen weavers, and whose family name was Blanket. They were the first persons who manufactured that comfortable material, which has ever since been called by their name, and which was then used for peasants' clothing.

A Mixed Nationality.

The Duke of Manchester, who attained his majority on March 3, is half English, a quarter German and a quarter Spanish. His father, whom he succeeded in 1892, at the age of fifteen, was English; his grandmother, now Duchess of Devonshire, is a German; while his mother is a Cuban Spaniard.