

A large and valuable deposit of **cannel coal** has been discovered in **Miscouri**.

A physician says the Americans sit more than any other people in the world.

The village of **Haverstraw**, on the Hudson, manufactures more bricks than any other place in the world.

There are fewer churches in Berlin than in any other European capital. Church-goers are less than two per cent of the whole population.

Spain celebrated the sailing of the invincible **Armada** as well as England. The Spanish claim that the fleet was simply a fishing excursion.

A punctilious French highway robber stooped to apologize to his victim, and the victim noticed the fact that he was bow-legged. He gave the police this pointer and the right man was soon in limbo.

"A native author called **Roe**," was Matthew Arnold's sneering allusion to the novelist who so soon followed the English literature to the grave. E. P. Roe accepted the designation and wrote an autobiographical sketch under that heading, which was completed only a few days before his death.

There is in Lake County, Mich., a cooperative telegraph line, which began by two farmers connecting their houses with a wire, and which has extended, until now it has sixty-five miles of wire and ninety offices, two-thirds of which are in farmhouses and the others in stores where farmers trade.

The ex-Confederate colony in New York continues to grow. At almost every social gathering may be seen one or two men who won the title of general when they wore the gray. She Southern society, started a short time ago, now has a membership of hundreds, and will soon have a building of its own.

The Portuguese Government has bought out the tobacco manufacturing companies of that country, so that the production of tobacco will henceforth be a Government concern. There will probably be no Cigarettes Union there now, but the workers will get a pension when too old to work, as is the case in the French Government tobacco system.

It appears that republican simplicity does not characterize the journeyings of President Carnot, of France, in the provinces. What with a considerable retinue, generous dinners to the dignitaries of the towns which tender him hospitality, and gifts to the poor, he is said to do full justice to the annual appropriation of \$30,000 for traveling expenses.

Miss Alice B. Farley, of Port Hudson, La., is a fragile little woman physically, but she has strength of mind enough to conduct a large cotton plantation successfully. She threw into planting all the enthusiasm and perseverance many women bestow in acquiring feminine accomplishments, and to-day no cotton produced in the State ranks higher than that which comes from her plantation.

The **Houston Post** claims that Texas can produce within its own borders food amply sufficient for the support of 25,000,000 people. It has a climate adapted not only to the production of the temperate zone, but to those of semi-tropical character as well. It has timber as well as coal, silver, copper and other minerals in almost exhaustive abundance.

The mineral output of the country for 1887, according to the statement made by the Division of Mining statistics, is much greater in value than that of 1885, and is worth \$160,000,000 more than that of 1885. This is a gratifying exhibit, but is unfortunately coupled with the statement that there will be a decrease in the metal product this year owing to the decline in railroad building.

The French census reported 150 persons who were 100 years old or over, but M. Lévassier, who has been investigating the matter, reports to the Academy of Sciences that sixty-seven of these were only "believed" to be so by their relatives, and that there were only sixteen whose age could be proven to be over 100 years by authentic documents. He estimates that there are not over fifty centenarians in the country.

Although the American clipper ships are growing less in numbers their reputation as the fastest sailers on the globe is by no means declining. The famous clipper ship **Henry Hyde**, now at anchor off Sandy Hook, has really made the voyage from San Francisco, a distance of at least eleven thousand miles, in eighty-nine days. Fine weather was met with most of the passage. It took but eighteen days to run from San Francisco to the equator, thirty-three days from there to Cape Horn, and thirty-eight days from the Falkland Islands to Sandy Hook. The Hyde was built in 1854, at Bath Me., and sails from New York, where she is owned by Benjamin Pendleton.

THE WORLD

A playground—oft with clouded skies,
That o'er the rosebuds weep,
Where little troubles take the weight
Of sorrows far more deep;
Where loved toys break in tiny hands—
Sad symbols of the time
When hope shall cheat and joys depart
In life's swift passing prime.

A battlefield where forests meet,
And unsmiling hosts contend,
With truces all so short, they seem
With the wild strife to blend;
Strife that leaves none of us unscathed,
Where'er the mastery be;
But who, till the Great Day, can tell
With whom is victory?

A graveyard, where on every side
Faint monuments arise
To show how brief is human life,
How vain is all we prize.
A graveyard filled by memory,
Where phantoms lightly tread,
But each one points with finger raised
To blue skies overhead.

"PAMELY'S GRIT."

BY HERBERT H. WINSLOW.

The narrow Missouri prairie lay bathed in sunshine, its green waves dotted with brilliant flowers. In the surrounding woods, too, the flowers grew and budded and blossomed in due season, although no human eye might be gladdened by their beauty. A few farms interrupted the stretch of unbroken sod, their pioneer abodes near the wooded bluffs skirting one side of the plain.

In the doorway of a primitive log cabin a young girl stood with her apron filled with wild flowers freshly gathered. She sat down on the rug step, and began to arrange them with evident pleasure, it with little reference to the laws of color.

The monotonous creak of a rocking-chair sounded within the room. It suddenly ceased and a piping voice called sharply, "Pamey! O Pamey!"

"I'm right here, granddaddy! Dye 'em me!" responded the girl, dropping her apronful of flowers on the step, and turning quickly around.

"Walter yer necking that trash inter tier house fur?" croaked the ancient-faced old man in the corner. "They ain't no sich posies ez we hed in Indany when I was a boy."

"Like 'em, granddaddy. They make me feel better to hol' 'em in my hands."

"You might be doin' somethin' fur yer ole granddaddy, 'stid' o' wastin' yer time on that trash!" querulously piped the old man.

"What d'ye want, granddaddy?" asked the girl, running to him, and throwing her arms around his shrunken shoulders.

"Are ye gittin' hungry agin'?"

"I reckon I mought starve ter death 'most any time o' 'twain' fur ye, Pamey. Hy, he never done nothin' fur me. He brung me well water yistiddy, when he knowed he'd orter went ter ter spring."

"Hy hez ter work hard, ye know, granddaddy."

A sharp expression came over the grandfather's face.

"What's that slick chap from Bluff City a-doin' roun' hyer all ther time, Pamey?"

The young girl grew pink and then pale under the keen scrutiny of those aged eyes.

"He's goin' ter buy Duck Hawkins's farm, I s'low," she replied, pulling nervously at her apron strings.

"What uz he come hyer fur ter buy Duck Hawkins's farm? Hy, he ain't got no hand anywhere roun' hyer, hev we, Pamey?"

"O' granddaddy," laughed the girl, merrily, "yer allus sayin' somethin' that funny." Then a troubled expression drove the dimple out of her round cheeks.

"I dunno, tady, but Hy, he's a talkin' about sellin' ourn, too. He says 'twould be better to sell out, an' go West. He could git heaps more land out West."

The old man pounded his knobby hickory stick on the pine floor furiously.

"If Hy Todbeater pulls up stakes an' moves agin, I'll make back tracks for Indany, tady, what I will!" he declared, with vehemence.

"Granddaddy, ther ain't nobody ther ter take keer o' ye. Ther ain't no dand' gones, ye'll hev ter go long'er hyer an' me." She stooped and pressed her red lips against his withered cheek, and smoothed his thin, white locks with her brown fingers. Then, wiping her eyes on a corner of her gingham apron, she stepped briskly around the room, plunging one moment to place the flowers in a broken pitcher half full of water from the spring.

"I'm fifteen-ter-day," she said softly to herself, placing the pitcher on the pine table. Some vague connection between the birthday and the blue sky existed in her youthful imagination, why, she could not have explained. No celebration of any such anniversary had ever been hers. Certainly, hard work and premature care had been her lot the past three years.

Hy Todbeater at that moment was glouching around the entrance to the "Palace Hotel" of Bluff City, five miles away. If any one had asked him the age of his young house-keeper, who was also his sister and the only one left, he would probably have been unable to give any definite reply. A sense of inferiority to the inhabitants of Bluff City, against which he struggled with backwoods bravado, lent additional awkwardness to his demeanor.

The hotel clerk, with his hair plastered low on his forehead, and a cheap pin glittering on his bright blue tie, seemed a consequential personage. Yet the Palace Hotel was far from palatial, with its two low stories of wood, its whitewashed interior, its meagre air of bustling importance, its seedy boarders and stray travelers. Only the added dignity of the County Court in session swelled all activity to an unaccustomed degree, and impressed the country visitors who lounged about the attractive resorts of Bluff City with a sense of its metropolitan grandeur.

"Right smart o' folks hyer in ther city to-day," ventured Hy Todbeater to the overpowered clerk.

"'I'll tell to the roof," he responded, loftily, his thoughts limited to the prosperity of the hotel. "Got a case in court, Mr. Todbeater?"

"I sure it hadn't been fur Pamey bein' so sot agin it. Pamey haint no opinion o' ther law, she haint." I allowed ther wa'n't no reason why I shouldn't hev a case in court ez well ez some other feller ez hezn't no more prop'erty'n I hev. I giv it up, though; no use tryin' ter fight Duck Hawkins 'n Pamey ter ther same time."

"Hy, Jim Carroll!" cried the clerk, familiarly.

A young man of easy appearance entered the room, and at once greeted Hy Todbeater as an acquaintance. He was well dressed and even attractive, if one a'oided looking into his eyes. He drew the settler along hurriedly toward one of the row of wagons encircling the square, and then told him to stop a moment before the most pretentious store. He came out with a large package in his hand, and took a seat beside the settler.

"Drive on?" he said hilariously.

"You're a rich man Hy Todbeater?"

"I allow it'll be all right if I amely don't"—reluctantly hesitated the other.

"Oh, I'll see to that!" said the young man, with great confidence. "I've got somethin' here that'll make it all right. It's a birthday present, you know. She told me it was to day, and I had this all ready."

Hy's jaw dropped in astonishment: it was a new idea to him. He elucked to the old sorrel, and slapped the lines lazily, evidently overcome with the endeavor to grasp all the new ideas which had recently been thrust into his unaccustomed brain.

Granddaddy sat beaming over a dish of that hot porridge.

"Yer er a master-hand ez porridge, ther's what ye be, Pamey!" chuckled the old man. "Ther can't no gal beat my granddarter, ef I do say it, nary time!"

Pamey turned toward Jim Carroll, who entered the open door without the formality of a knock. A blush covered her cheeks, but her smile vanished while she set out a chair for the guest.

"You see, I haven't forgotten your birthday," he explained, gaily, holding out the package significantly.

Pamey slowly reached out her hand to receive the proffered gift, her young heart stifled with one great throb of joyous surprise.

Her fingers seemed unable to loosen the cord. He snatched it from her to tear off the wrappings, and held up and allowed to trail on the well-scrubbed floor the brilliant folds of a new merino dress.

Her dark blue eyes grew round and black with astonishment and admiration. She glanced down at her faded calico skirt, and the contrast seemed too great. Never in her life had she possessed such a beautiful gown. Then she lifted her face to look straight into the heavy lidded eyes of Jim Carroll. A sudden change came over her; she shrank back awkwardly.

"I reckon I don't want no new dresses just now, Mr. Carroll. Yer kin give it to some one in Bluff City ez needs it."

She turned hastily, entered the other room, closed the door, and left the young man, sufferin' ag the humiliation of defeat.

It was late in the evening when Jim Carroll left Hy Todbeater leaning against the rails of the zig-zag fence behind the barn.

"Have it all ready," he repeated, as he turned away. "I'll bring the captain out in the morning."

"Yer as," drawled the settler. "I reckon it'll be all right of Pamey"—he slunk around the barn in the path leading to the spring without completing his sentence.

The edge of the woods was full of thick shadows when Pamey hastened along the same path to gratify granddaddy's desire for a drink of water from the spring. The moon had risen and a silvery ray penetrated the overhanging foliage, and fell on the clear water as the girl dipped her tin pail in its depths. It rested also on some shining substance half-embedded in the earth near the water's edge. She had never discovered it before, and now stooped and picked it up, surprised to find it so heavy. It was rough and gray save on one side, which exhibited some silvery bits of surface. She was about to retrace her steps when a dark figure crouching behind a tree caught her gaze. A quick throb of fear was followed by surprise when the flapping straw hat revealed to her acute vision the identity of the prowling individual.

"What'n ther world'er ye doin' out hyer this time'er night?" she questioned.

"I allowed yer wuz roun' with Jim Carroll."

"'Naw," sheepishly replied her brother; "it's that hot I reckoned it ud be cooler under the trees."

"Ye mus' wainter be eat up by ther skeeters, Hy; what'er yer doin' with ther fire-shovel?"

"Jest led it in my hand an' brung it 'long; diggin' ter see ef ther mought be any gold roun' in these parts," he added, with an awkward chuckle.

"Did ye find any rocks like this hyer?" she asked, holding up the shining bit she had found.

"Hezn't no 'em," said Hy, seemingly anxious to make a virtue of confession.

"Got 'em in my pocket," and he proceeded to pull out a handful of similar pieces. "Fact is, Pamey, this ez vally-ble lead, hev'n sich sights o' lead ore lyin' roun' loose, ef it ain't ez slick ez Duck Hawkins's! It'll bring er big price, sure ez shootin'!"

"When d'ye find it out—ther lead ore bein' hyer?" questioned Pamey.

"Jest ther other day; I wuz a-sayin' ter myself: 'What's the reason ther ain't lead ore on this hyer lead ez well ez over in the next county?' an' hyer it ez, fer true. Ye kin hev everythin' ye want out in Montany, an' granddaddy kin hev chicken-fixin's every day. I reckon ye want ter make granddaddy contented-like," cautiously appealed the man.

"I do that," said the girl, earnestly, as she dipped a fresh pail of water and turned away.

"an' Hy, say, ther's nothin' wrong 'bout sellin' ther farm, ez ther?" she queried, tremulously.

"Who's been a-puttin' fool-notions in yer head?" excitedly questioned the man.

"Nobuddy hez; but Hy—Jim Carroll's hyer talkin' ter ye so much—an I wisht he'd go erway."

"'Ho!" said her brother, derisively. "Jim's er friend ter me—he's goin' ter bring Cap'n Colby out ter buy ther farm ter-day; an' don't ye go an' spile ther trade like ye done 'bout ther ole sorrel las' fall—tellin' the Methodis' preacher ez how he wuz lame half ther winter—ye hear, Pamey?"

"What fur sh'd I spile ther trade?" asked the girl, with a penetrating glance.

"'Wal, see 'ye don't do!" briefly returned the settler, as he shambled off to the barn.

Pamey slowly re-entered the cheerless room. If the farm brought a good price she might have as comfortable a home as some of her neighbors had, and everything to suit granddaddy. Perhaps even—her thoughts reverted to a vision of loveliness she had seen in Captain Colby's carriage, the graceful girl who never wore anything less elegant than the merino dress which Jim Carroll had offered for a birthday present. That was what money could do.

An hour later Jim Carroll again made his appearance, and another conversation with Hy Todbeater occurred behind the barn. Pamey saw Captain Colby's carriage come winding along the road from Bluff City, and stood overcome with embarrassment, for beside him sat the young lady. Stopping before the door, the captain asked politely if his daughter might remain there while he looked over the farm.

Pamey pulled her faded skirts as low as possible over her bare feet, and in utter confusion placed a chair for the visitor and retreated to the further side of the room. The young lady moved her seat over by granddaddy's side, and with the instinctive deference due to age addressed her conversation to him.

"I am glad you have found lead ore on your farm," she said, very sweetly, "because it will bring you a better price."

"Yer as, we're wantin' some money right bad," he replied, flattered into confidential frankness by the attention. He wuz well fixed back in Indany, but Hy, he ain't nigh so smart ez his daddy wuz, an' we're ackin' fur things; ter eat an' drink an' wear. Haint hed no decent terback in my pipe gin' on three months—that's what I haint!"

Pamey blushed painfully, and suddenly retreated to the other room, making a pretense of important work about the stove.

It seemed a long time before the Captain's return, accompanied by her brother and Jim Carroll. Hy called out for her and ink. The girl did not seem to hear, but stood motionless, her eyes downcast, by the window. He repeated the request more roughly, as though fearing disobedience to his orders, but this time she placed the desired articles on the table and turned slowly away.

Captain Colby's daughter, glancing sympathetically toward her, noticed that the girl was becoming more nervous every moment. Her brown hands were clasped tightly together and a frightened look came into her eyes.

"Of course I wouldn't give any such price if it wasn't for the presence of lead ore," said the Captain. "These are certainly very good specimens," turning over the pieces in his hands, "and they indicate quite a vein." The captain bent over and dipped the pen in the ink bottle.

"Stop!" cried Pamey, triumphing over all shyness and fear, as she sprang forward with outstretched hands: "Ther ain't no lead on ther farm!"

There was a moment's silence. Captain Colby held the pen motionless in his fingers; even granddaddy's rocking chair was still. Then Hy Todbeater sprang to his feet.

"'al!" he burst forth, "air ye struck silly!"

Pamey stood speechless, her eyes fixed on the floor.

"Don't be afraid, my child, what do you mean?" said the captain, kindly.

"It wuz all long'er Jim Carroll!" she half sobbed; "he brung it ther!"

Then she looked at her brother.

"O Hy, I couldn't help it! I heard ye talkin' roun' ther barn this mornin' when I went ter hunt eggs fur granddaddy."

Hy's wrath for once overcame the awkwardness of his appearance; he towered high with unuttered rage and turned to Jim Carroll for assistance in this unexpected emergency—but that young man had discreetly vanished, never to return.

"I might er knowed Pamey'd spile ther trade someways," he finally remarked, quite crestfallen; "she's ther full o' notions."

"It would be better if you shared some of them," said the Captain, severely.

"Fer ner sake I will let all this pass; but I advise you to keep clear of sharp strangers who make a living by drawing weak men like yourself into some swindling scheme. I will bid you good-day, sir."

It was a bad three months for Pamey that followed, and would have been more so, if Miss Colby had not opened for her a new life by means of books and newspapers, and made granddaddy jubilant over a weekly consignment of dainties from "the city."

One day, however, Hy came home with less shuttle and more manliness in his demeanor, and walked straight up to Pamey and astonished her by a clumsy caress.

"I reckon ye wuz 'bout right, Pamey, arter all." Ther new railroad ez comin' hyer, an' ther 'low ter pay me er big price fur the northeast corner fur a station. Lard's riz all eround and ther've got er boom in Bluff City. Duck Hawkins hed hard luck out in Montany an' wishes he hedn't sold his farm. I wuz powerful rich, but I'm mighty glad now ye hed ther git."

Like many other men Hy Todbeater believes in the success which follows honesty. If at any time his conscience fails to perform its duty, a box of lead ore in the wood shed is a constant reminder to keep him in the path of rectitude.—*Youth's Companion.*

A London bookseller recently received the following order from a steward, who had been intrusted with the task of filling up his master's literary shelves: "In the first place, I want six feet of theology, the same quantity of metaphysics, and near a yard of old civil law in folio."

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Her Wit Was Her Fortune—An Unnoticed Effect—A Sedative for His Wife—A Contemplated Mark.

"Where are you going to, my girl, tailor-made?"

"Oh, I'm going to Newport, sir," she said. "And what will you do there, my girl, tailor-made?"

"Why, fish for a husband, good sir," she said.

"But where do you come from, my girl, tailor-made?"

"Oh, I come from Vassar, good sir," she said.

"Where is your baggage, my girl, tailor-made?"

"It's there on the lighter, good sir," she said.

"How many boxes, my girl, tailor-made?"

"I've thirty-six trunks, sir," the maiden said.

"Why, a boat couldn't carry them, my pretty maid?"

"Then I'll charter a couple, good sir," she said.

"But what have you in them, my girl, tailor-made?"

"My bonnets and dresses, good sir," she said.

"But you can't wear them all, my girl, tailor-made?"

"You can't wear your sweet life that I will," she said.

"And is that your fortune, my pretty maid?"

"My wit is my fortune, sir," she said.

An Unnoticed Effect.

"Your singing is delightful, Miss Ethel," said Mr. Bore. "It fairly carries me away."

"Indeed?" returned Miss Ethel, with a veering glance at the clock. "I hadn't noticed it."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Sedative for His Wife.

Mr. Caudle—"Doctor, I want you to put up a powerful sedative for my wife; give me the best specific for insomnia you know of."

Doctor—"What's the matter? Can't she sleep?"

Mr. Caudle—"Yes, I guess so; but I can't."—*Burdette.*

A Contemplated Mark.

Little Constance (to Bagby, who is a very desirable catch—"Better shoot carefully to-day, Mr. Bagby.")

Bagby—"Why, Constance? Is your sister such a capital shot?"

Constance—"Oh, I don't know about that; but she said to papa and mamma that she had a good beau, and intended to shoot for the gold in earnest."—*Judge.*

A Timely Suggestion.

Customer (to photographer)—"I want a picture taken with my beard on as it is, and a'terward I will get shaved and have it taken without the beard."

Photographer (rushed)—"Well, er, as there are two or three ahead of you, I would suggest, sir, that while I am taking them you might skip out and get shaved now."—*Philip H. Welch.*

"You are fortunate."

"Fortunate is no name for it, my venerable friend. Why, in the summer time that girl clerks in an ice cream and confectionery shop, and in the winter she is cashier in an oyster saloon."—*Epoch.*

Two Sides of Humanity.

Omaha Miss (at a seaside resort)—"What a lot of wedding parties there are here."

Experienced Dame—"I thought so at first, but I see how that I was mistaken. Most of the couples are only engaged."

"Omaha Miss—"Why, how can you tell the difference so quickly?"

Experienced Dame—"Where a couple are engaged, my dear, the gentleman looks after the comfort of the lady; when they are married the lady looks after the comfort of the gentleman."—*Omaha World.*

Misinterpreted the Professor.

"Go with me, Miss Laura," said the professor, glowingly, "to the vine-clad hills of France."

"Do you mean it, professor?" exclaimed the delighted girl, preparing to throw herself in his arms.

"In imagination. Walk, as I have walked among the simple heaved peasantry of Normandy. Converse with them in their native tongue, and then argue, if you can, that poverty is in itself a curse!"

"It is all quite charming no doubt," asserted Miss Laura, relapsing into dreary apathy.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Johnny Was All Right.

"You don't eat a great deal, my little man," said the minister, who was taking dinner with Johnny's parents.

"No, sir; don't need to."

"Perhaps you are training to be another Dr. Tanner and fast forty days."

"Forty days ain't nothin'."

"Johnny, don't talk nonsense," interposed his mother.

"Why, ma, it ain't anything all." Then, turning to the minister, "I've got an uncle who lived over a month on water."

"Why, Johnny," said his mother again, "if you don't stop telling stories."

"But it isn't a story. It's my uncle Ned, who is captain of an ocean steamer. I guess, ma, he's lived on water more a month often."—*Merchant Traveler.*

A Fatal Mistake.

Mrs. Jacob S., an estimable woman living in a small town in the West, discovered early in her matrimonial career that she had not been fortunate in her choice of a husband, for Jacob proved to be excessively lazy and shiftless, doing almost nothing for the support of his wife and the round-faced little children.

Several years after her marriage Mrs. S. heard of the approaching marriage of Jennie Kale, the daughter of a neighbor, and meeting the girl one day she said:

"Vell, Shennie, I hear you was tinkin' 'bout getting married. Yas dat so?"

The girl, with becoming blushes, admitted the truth of the rumor.

"Vell, Shennie," said Mrs. S., "it would be vell for you to tink twice before you marry anybody."

"Did you think twice about it when you were married?" asked Jennie, rather resenting the intimation that she had not made a wise choice.

"Vell, yes, I did," replied Mrs. S., "after some little hesitation. 'I did tink twice, Shennie, but I made ve grade meestake, von grade meestake, Shennie. I did not tink der second time until after I was married.'"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Lazy Geese Made to Work.

A gentleman living in Atlanta tells a wonderful story:

"When I was in Alabama, between Porter's Gap and Millersville," said he, "I came to a country place where a man was driving ten or twelve geese from a branch toward a cotton patch. 'Pity's sake,' said I, 'what is it you have on the necks of those geese?'"

"Those are gourds, full of water. I drive the geese into that cotton patch and keep them there all day weeding out the cotton. There is no water in the cotton patch, and I have to give them water in this way to keep them there."