

The past year has had six seasons in this country by ministers.

The leading German newspapers all express the hope and expectation that 1889 will be a year of peace.

It is believed that the "visible supply" of wheat in this country and Canada has reached its maximum on the last crop.

The capital represented by new mining and manufacturing enterprises organized in the South during 1888 was \$108,500,000.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat boasts that Missouri's population will hardly fall below 2,000,000 when the census of 1890 is taken.

While the population of the United States has but a little more than doubled since 1850, the number of the insane is six times as great.

Iowa has discovered that she has no law to punish a person who sets fire to a stack of oats. Only wheat and hay are mentioned in the statute.

The growth and popularity of religious clubs whose main object is the promotion of social intercourse is one of the interesting signs of the times.

King Leo, old, of Belgium, has instituted a new order, called the African War, which he has designed to confer for extremely meritorious or brilliant services in Africa.

F. D. Moesta, in a recent lecture on Judaism, estimated the total number of Jews throughout the world as between 2,000,000 and 10,000,000. In America there are 500,000.

The Canadians are still hopeful of ultimately producing a grade of beet sugar that will make cane sugar seem poor stuff. They have been laboring under that idea for about twenty years now.

As an instrument of murder, declares the New York Post, the railroad grade-crossing is the most effective yet invented. It keeps to work regularly and attracts its attention than other methods, but it gets there all the same.

The Manufacturers' Record, of Baltimore, prophesies that "in the South there are possibilities of economy in manufacture that exist in no other part of the Union, and the South will inevitably wield the sceptre of industrial supremacy."

The Chinese Navy is fast becoming a very formidable force. There are now three powerful squadrons of Chinese men of war, armed with the latest type of ordnance, and well manned and equipped, in every respect able to cope with European ironclads.

The convicts in the State prisons and prison reformatories of this country amount to nearly 100,000, and involve an annual cost of about \$15,000,000, which, according to the New York Independent, is only a small part of the actual loss to the people as the consequence of crime caused mostly by strong drink.

The disproportionate increase of crime in this country, unfortunately, is established by proof beyond dispute. The figures show a steady increase, greater than the growth of the population in every census, but as the figures previous to the census of 1880 are not believed to be accurate, they are disregarded. The State prison reports of the various States, however, show that there is an increase of more than one-third in the convicts for high crimes over the increase of population from twenty years ago.

Reports from Boston tell of the unusually small supply of wool on hand in the United States; not enough to last six months, according to all accounts. Wool must be had, provided the mills run, whatever may be the price of goods. "It is worth noting, too," observes the Commercial Advertiser, "that the mills rarely ever stop in the winter months. The stopping is always done in the summer. The mills are all running to-day, and tending toward a pinch in the stocks of wool. The foreign markets are the only remedy."

"I have discovered," said a prominent Floridian to the Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Ulmer, "that it takes just half as much food and clothing for my family here as it did in the State where I formerly resided—and we might manage to get along on one-fourth." A poor man in Florida may eat but little, and array himself in less while waiting to get a start. Every scientist discovers a calorie in the atmosphere which supplies the stead of meats and stimulating beverages; hence the person ambitious to get on in life may limit his appetite within the compass of his means.

The fireworks for Harrison's inauguration will cost \$11,000.

HAPPY THE MAN.

Happy the man who in some rural glade Contented dwells nor of its confines tires; The rich, sweet-smelling soil upturning with his spade Where the dark earth, with little toil is made To yield sufficient for his few desires. The rush and turmoil of the greasy town, Its sin and pride and shame, to him unknown; Nor beggar's whine, nor surly Mammon's frown; Nor cracked-voiced vendors crying up and down, Nor drunkard's oath, nor ruined virtue's moan. Instead, the morning pulsing full with life, Overflowed with the varied songs of birds; The pure, fresh air with scents of flowers rife;— Nor discord here, nor sound of sadist strife, But eloquence without disturbing words. With swelling breast he roams the dewy meads. The meadow flow'r his joy and tender care; The winds that murmur, stir the tangled reeds. Fit orchestra adapted to the needs Of Nature's drama acted for him there. Of castle massive often he has read, Of castle massive of tempo and cathedral grand— Yet turns for beauty to the fields instead, Finds some new pleasure whereso'er he tread. In meadow, wood or on the yielding sand, The cliff abrupt; the river's silver flow; The eagle's flight; the tempest ridden wind. The gleaming rainbow swinging to and fro In quiet pool, the timid, graceful rose— All dear companions of his student mind. For him the peace of close converse with God, To him the door of Nature opens wide; The woods, the hills, the daisy-spangled sod. He loves them all—where others blindly tread. He moves serene—in a being satisfied. Amid such scenes his god's life is passed, The want of Wisdom, learning what is best; His creed to love, his church the vaulted vast. In contemplation richest at the last— He falls asleep upon a kindly breast. —C. T. Banks, in Arkansas Traveller.

A SOLDIER'S KISS.

BY COLONEL JOHN F. MINES.

That truth is stranger than fiction is one of the most threadbare of axioms, yet it received a new illustration in the strange succession of circumstances through which Major Henry Estes won his handsome blue-eyed wife. Among the recruits who were sent forward to be mustered into a New England cavalry regiment attached to the Army of the Potomac, in the spring of 1864, was a young man of fine appearance and excellent education who from the first showed signs of having at some time been under military drill. No recruit ever fell into his place with less trouble, or so rapidly adjusted himself to the roughness and hardships of camp life. "Every inch a soldier," was Major Estes's comment the first time that his glance rested on Private Herbert Jauvrin, and neither in camp life nor in battle had he ever any reason to modify his verdict.

The rank and file with whom Jauvrin associated could never quite make him out. They recognized instinctively that he belonged to a higher social order than their own; they found out that he had traveled in many lands; they said among themselves that he was a foreigner and yet were puzzled to know just where to place a man who spoke half a dozen languages, and yet they were never jealous or ill-willed toward him. He performed his duties with unflinching conscientiousness; was in his place in every engagement; proved himself a hero in the skirmish at Ft. Mifflin's Church and in the long and dangerous raid to Trevilian Station, and endeared himself to every man in his company by some little act of kindness or cheerfulness of comradship.

That there was a mystery about him was evident. Not that he ever attempted to create such an impression—far from it. But officers and men knew that there must have been some strong cause that had moved a man of his culture to enlist as a private in a cavalry regiment in which he had not a single acquaintance. There were hints enough given him to break through his reserve and talk about himself, but he always brushed them aside with a laugh and the oft-quoted byword of the camps: "Who wouldn't be a soldier?"

"By love," said the Colonel one day, as Private Jauvrin sat next to him in the presence of a courtly society. "That fellow has broken more than one heart, and in our set, too, Major, or I'm a lark island codfish. Put him in a snaffle and he would be the most distinguished looking man in the regiment, and would smelter through the lancets like a lord. I wish I could do something for him, but he doesn't ask for promotion and doesn't seem to want it, and I don't know who his friends are so as to push him. I'd bet a whole to a mackerel that there's a woman in the case, and a mighty pretty one, too."

It was in the insignificant little skirmish on the edge of Chapin's farms that Private Jauvrin received a desperate wound which caused him to be sent to the cavalry Corps Hospital on the Appomattox. At first he bade fair to recover, and the whole regiment prepared to welcome him back, and the Colonel had made interest at Washington to procure his promotion to Second Lieutenant. But one day a messenger came from the Corps Hospital with the news that Jauvrin was worse, and with an earnest request that Major Estes would ride over to see him.

The Major had always manifested a sincere liking for the soldier, and had tried more than once to win his confidence, with a sincere desire to befriend him. He had not been successful, yet there had always been that sort of friendship between officer and man that had led Major Estes to sit down and talk with him of other times and other scenes. It was a shock to him to hear bad tidings of the soldier whom in his own mind he had associated with a story of

romance and whom he honored as an example of duty.

It was on a chilly autumn afternoon that the Major lifted the flap of the wall tent in which Jauvrin lay on a rough cot set on the bare ground. He was shocked at the change in the wounded man's appearance. The stalwart frame had become reduced to skin and bone, and only the eyes had retained the old fire of life. He fairly started when the faint voice welcomed him, and tears started to his eyes as he grasped the thin and wasted hand and said: "Poor fellow, why did you not send for me before?"

The Major stayed at the hospital that night and, little by little, as the strength of the speaker permitted, he learned the story of Private Jauvrin. Born to an old and honorable name and the prospective inheritor of wealth, Heribert Jauvrin, after a wild and wayward boyhood, had been commissioned a lieutenant in the British army before he had reached his majority, and had fought gallantly before Sebastopol. Among his papers would be found a medal. On his return to England he had gone the way of all young men in his position and had exhausted his income and the round of London pleasures. At last his father's family had cast him off and he had wakened from his dream to find himself deprived of all resources until he succeeded to the entailed estates of his family.

There was one pure spot, he said, in the darkness of his life. He had loved and his love had been returned. "I did not know there was such lowliness on earth," said the dying soldier, "until I met Helen Conyngnam. I have her picture here and you shall judge of her yourself." Here, with a painful effort, he drew out a portfolio from under his pillow and gave it to the Major. "Her letters are here, too—do what you will with the picture and the letters, and only write to her and tell her that I gave her my last thoughts and all my love." At intervals he filed in the rest of the story. The girl whom he loved had forgiven him again and again for his wanderings and had tried to help him build up his shattered life. At last she had applied the hero's remedy and sent him a letter to say that she would not consent to let him again until he could come to her "clothed and in his right mind."

"She was right, Major, and I say now and I will say with my last breath, God bless her for her sweet faithfulness to duty." In a desperate mood Herbert Jauvrin had sold his commission, taken steamer for America and for a while had passed a life of gay dissipation in New York and other American cities. At last the inevitable crisis came. His money had gone and so were the friends of his butterfly summer. When his last dollar had been spent he enlisted in a regiment then at the front, in the hope that a friendly bullet would soon end his troubles. The bullet had come all too soon, and had found him realizing in his life as a private soldier what Helen Conyngnam had tried to impress upon him about faithfulness to duty. It was hard for him, he said, but no doubt it was better for her. Only she would be glad to hear that he had died a soldier's death.

The Major tried to speak encouraging words when he bade the soldier good night, but even then he feared that she might never meet again in life. Indeed, when he went to the hospital tent next morning the death dew was on Private Jauvrin's forehead and he could only speak in the faintest whisper and with catches of breath as he asked him to pray for him. Major Estes knelt beside the dying man and in low tones uttered the Lord's Prayer, holding the clammy hands clasped in his own.

"Thank you—am I dying now?" were the next words. The Major could not speak. He only looked sadly into the brief minute was to know the secret of the eternities. There must then have come some sweet if sad remembrance of home and human love to have prompted the last request of a soldier who was known as the bravest of the brave. "Will you kiss me?"

Major Estes knelt down and pressed his lips to the chill lips that could make no response, and when he had wiped away his tears the man he had kissed was dead.

They buried Herbert Jauvrin in the little cemetery of the Cavalry Corps on the banks of the Appomattox. But his ashes do not repose there. They rest under a costly monument in the parish church of his fathers in England, and under his name is the legend: "Dead on the field of honor."

When Ma or Estes, after his return to camp, opened in the secrecy of his tent the little portfolio which Herbert Jauvrin had bequeathed to him he had no pretension that literally he held his fate in his own hands. There was a locket of Etruscan gold in one of the packets, and when he had opened it he held it before him as if he had been turned to marble by the sight. The face was beautiful beyond anything he had ever seen—at least, so it seemed to him. Golden hair and blue eyes and the mouth of Hebe, intellect and health and grace were there, and with comparable beauty a firmness as gentle as velvet and as hard as iron. As he gazed he understood the whole story of the hapless love which had ended so disastrously and yet not hopelessly.

The letters of Helen Conyngnam were a further revelation of her sweet womanliness. They pleaded with a pathetic simplicity for the better life of the man she loved, but she never for a moment concealed from him or from herself the fact that she could never marry a man who voluntarily debauched himself from the high standard she had set. Even her last effort of banishment was only a plea for her lost love's redemption.

It was a painful task to write to the relatives of Herbert Jauvrin—most painful of all to break the news of his death to the woman he had loved. The Ma or enclosed her own letters to Miss Conyngnam—all except a little formal note accepting an invitation to drive, though why he had retained this he could not explain to himself. The locket he promised to forward by friends who were going to England.

Somehow the locket did not go, and it would have puzzled his friends had he been killed and this unknown face found among the papers he always carried with him. He came to regard it as

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Effective Evaporation of Grease.—There are several effective means of taking out grease spots. Chloroform will do it, or you will salt dissolved into alcohol. So will an equal mixture of alcohol, gin and ammonia. Or you can wet the place with ammonia water; then lay white blot paper over it and iron with a hot iron. Or rub French chalk on the wrong side; let it remain a day, split a visiting card, lay the rough side on the spot and pass a warm iron lightly over. Or try the old-fashioned "grease balls," a stiff paste made of fuller's earth, sulphate and vinegar, mixed in hot water and dried. Wet the spot, scra the ball over it, let it dry, and wash off with tepid water.—New York Dispatch.

Baby Blankets.—An Afghan for carriage or crib is knitted in plain strips or squares, and these are crocheted together with colored wool, matching a principal color, or else with a vivid contrast. For a baby blanket, use heavy zephy and large hardwood or bone needles. Cast on 120 stitches, knit a square and quarter. If a colored border is made, it should be red, as that is the only color that will wash perfectly where frequent washing is required. Or a cradle blanket cast on 100 stitches, using single zephyr, striped with white and baby blue, white and orange, white and scarlet or cardinal, or else make a white center and wide end borders of color. Edge knit with knitted worsted.—Sunday Oak.

Softening Water.—An authority on softening water, making soap and kindred matters says that soft water is indispensable, if good economical results are to be obtained. First to soften the water before using soap of any kind. Softening water simply consists in removing the soluble salts which all water except pure rain water is more or less impregnated with. If this is not done the soluble lime forms an insoluble lime soap from the decomposition of the soap used for washing. This substance is a greasy, sticky, or compound, perfectly insoluble and most difficult to wash away after hard water treatment. It is this that causes the yellow grayish deposit on the edges of bowls and cuts washed simply with hard water and soap, and the sticky greasy deposit on wood when treated in a similar manner and also on the sides and edges of all washing-machines. It is a most unbecoming proceeding to wash anything in water and soap, without previously softening the water. Not a particle of soap can become available for washing purposes until all added lime in the water has combined with the amount of soap it requires to form the insoluble lime soap, compared with the pure lye per cent powdered caustic soda, such as Yes, "Greenbank" brand, it requires two pounds of the very fine pure soap twenty to thirty pounds of ordinary soap, such as is usually sold to manufacture to do the same work that can be done with one pound of this soda.—New York World.

The First Inauguration Ball.—The first inauguration ball known to American history took place at the initiation of General Washington's first Presidential term, on March 4, 1793. The records as to this event are very plain and numerous. W. L. Stone, in his "History of New York City," for instance, tells of the great popular demonstration of joy on this occasion. The inauguration ceremonies and all the festivities connected with it took place in New York City, and the fireworks and illuminations on the evening of March 4 were of an unparalleled splendor. Of the ball itself this author says: "The ball was truly an elegant entertainment. The old City Assembly rooms," in which it took place, were in a large wooden building standing upon the site of the old City Hotel. In addition to the distinguished few for whom it was given it was honored by the vice-President, the Speaker of the House and most of the members of both branches of Congress, Governor Clinton, Chancellor Livingston, Chief Justice Yates, of New York, John Jay, General Knox, Mayor Mance, Aaron Stevens, the French and Spanish Ambassadors, a General Hamilton and many other distinguished gentlemen, both Americans and foreigners. There was much attention paid to General Washington and to the wife of the President on this occasion, and there was more of etiquette in the arrangements for this complimentary ball than was thought to be exactly consistent with our republican institutions, and more, in fact, than was altogether agreeable to the feelings of him in whose honor it was given. The costumes then to be worn by the gentlemen on this occasion had been minutely prescribed by the managers, Colonel Humphries and Colonel William S. Smith. They had to dance with small swords on. Each gentleman, on taking a partner to dance, was to lead her to the sofa on which the President and his lady were seated, and to bow low to them. This ceremony of respect had to be repeated before each couple again took their seats. The decorations of the assembly room were truly splendid and very tastefully disposed."

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BRANCH OF CHINESE TEA. we obtain them, depend for upon the process of drying. The illustration will give the of the plant.—Prairie Farmer.