

The new Japanese minister at Washington is a Yale man, but he is said to have no football record.

The official estimate of the population of the United States on July 1, 1894, was 68,397,000. The population as shown by the census of 1890 was 62,622,250.

Real estate business in London can be estimated from the record of a week's doings at Tokenhouse Yard. Of fifty-two auctioneers who conducted sales twenty-two had to retire without selling a single "lot," and only five sold all they had on hand.

A French newspaper has put together the deaths directly and indirectly caused by President Carnot's assassination. An employe of M. Carnot's stables died of a stroke brought on by grief and excitement. A boy was accidentally stabbed to death by a schoolmaster who was demonstrating too realistically how Caserio committed the murder. A woman at Perpignan, who went mad on suddenly being told the news, threw herself out of the window and was killed. Indirectly, the event caused the deaths of the foreman of the men who arranged the funeral hangings at the Elysee, Paris, and of four persons who were killed in the crowd.

A British officer, who apparently knows, says that it "would be as reasonable to charge brave men armed with pitchforks against brave men armed with rifles as to pit, man for man, the Chinese in their present condition against the Japanese." "Of all native and colonial troops I have seen, and I have seen most of them," says he, "I would, next to Gorkhas, prefer a regiment of Japanese. They are brave, temperate, patient, energetic, and at this moment the Chinese, whatever might be done with them, are 200 years behind." There is a gymnasium in every Japanese barracks.

The banana is a fruit that possesses wonderful sustaining properties, remarks the New York Sun. It is now fully appreciated; yet years ago, in the warm countries where it flourishes, it was thought of so lightly that it was allowed to waste if not eaten by the cattle. It is true the plant itself was valued, but simply as a shade for coffee trees, between rows of which it was planted. When in bloom the banana plantation is a sight of beauty, the buds and blossoms being gigantic affairs. In Cuba the fruit is reared with exceptional pride. The Spaniards used to regard the banana as a forbidden fruit, because they believed that they detected in its heart the transverse section of the cross.

The report made by the captain of the United States cruiser Columbia, which vessel arrived recently at Bluefields, Nicaragua, shows that the vessel burned a little more than 700 tons of coal during the voyage of seven days and twenty-two hours from New York. This amounts in money to nearly \$3,000 for the fuel alone, using only three-eighths boiler power for three days of the trip, and one-fourth power the rest of the time. The captain of the ship says that a very economical speed had to be maintained, in order that the ship might still have a fair amount of coal on board upon her arrival at Bluefields. And yet, even at this economical speed, if she could be run every day in the year, the cost of coal alone, upon the basis of the low prices at New York, according to the Tribune of that city, would be in the neighborhood of \$150,000.

It is said that the murder of President Carnot, and the plots against the life of the Czar of Russia, which were discovered in that connection, has led to his determining that Siberia was too good a place for anarchist convicts, and has decided that hereafter they should be housed on the island of Saghalien. The Trans-Siberian, railroad, now building, is thought likely to make that country too desirable anyway for a penal settlement. It is said to be rich in agricultural resources, and full of most valuable mines, and ere long it will be crowded with an honest and industrious population, among whom the convicts would be sadly out of place. Saghalien, however, has no such bright future possible before it. Its climate is gloomy, inhospitable and horribly cold, and its soil rocky and sterile. It is said that a person not acclimated to the place, cannot expect to live there longer than one year. There are a number of Russian convicts there now, and among them Sophie Bluhstein, who is said to be the most resourceful and hardened criminal that Russia ever produced.

Seeking.
Over the waters wide,
Born to the stormy tide,
Come I to thee;
Where the bright foam leaps high,
Spits at the frowning sky,
Far out at sea.
Courting a wat'ry grave,
Breasting the ocean wave,
Thro' rough or smiling sea,
Come I, my love, to thee.

Over the boundless seas,
Waft by the evening breeze,
Far to the West;
Where the bright sun still gleams
Wrapp'd in its golden beams,
Cradled to rest;
Where the eye strains to see
Bright gates of liberty,
Over the distant sea
Come I, my love, to thee.

Toss'd by the waves of strife
Over the sea of life,
Death as the goal;
When fears my breast unman,
Only your presence can
Lighten my soul;
Still your sweet voice I hear
Calling the wanderer near,
Still will I seek for thee,
Love thro' eternity.

—Detroit Free Press.

THE LOCKED STORE.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

Will Barnham sat in the silent store and yawned. How dull it was! He had not had a customer for nearly an hour, and the loneliness and inaction were becoming unbearable. He looked at his watch and counted the hours since his father had gone away leaving him in charge of his business. Immediately on his return, which he hoped would be soon, he meant to board one of the electric cars that whirled invitingly by the door, for, of course it was too hot to think of walking home. Then he fell to wondering how his father could endure hour after hour, and day after day, this beggarly lack of business. Yet he was always hopeful, always saying to inquirers: "Oh, things will brisk up after a while."

"Will rose, and walking to the door looked up the street at a store in the next block, where the people were busily coming and going.
"Just as I thought," he muttered, "Zilinski and his clerks are so busy as beavers, where here I sit idle. I told Father a store in this part of the town among the Poles would have no chance while Zilinski was so near. He ought to have known what a people they are for hanging together, and, of course, they'll all patronize their own countryman. But Father only laughed and said, 'boys didn't know it all.' He thought they'd buy of him because he keeps better goods than Zilinski and sells some things a few cents cheaper. But not a rap do they care for that. So here we are losing money every day, while Zilinski is getting rich. I'll talk to Father this very night and see if I can't persuade him to move to some better stand as soon as this month is up. If he doesn't, I may as well give up going to college this fall. I'll have to go to work instead, to get my board and clothes."
With a frown on his face he turned away from the door and walked to the other end of the store. Here his eye fell upon a book that he had not read, and, taking it up, he was soon above and beyond all his annoyances.

He had been reading thus uninterrupted for more than an hour when he heard quick footsteps on the board sidewalk in front of the store. He looked up.

"How can any one run like that on this hot day?" he thought.
In a moment a bareheaded Polish woman dashed into the store. Her face was white, her eyes wild with fright.

"Oh, gude boy," she began in broken English, "ring der telephone on and up der doctor get, mine leetle schild vot to mine neighbor pelongs ish drowned dade in der sishtern a'ready."

Will sprang to his feet, his face as white as the woman's.
"What doctor?" he asked.
"Dat make no deference a'ready."
Will gave the telephone a frantic ring as the woman darted away.

"Here," he called, "come back and tell me the name and number where the child is."
The woman stopped, gave the required information and then dashed away again.

But another quarter of an hour fled before Will could catch a doctor in his office, and even he was just about to set out to visit some very critical

cases, and could only promise "to get there as soon as possible."

Will rang off the telephone, and thrusting his hands deep in his pockets, stood lost in thought.

"There may not be any customers for some time, what if I should look up the store? That doctor will not see the child for an hour, at least, and by that time— A cold chill ran over him as he thought of the probabilities.

"It is only the possibility of losing a little money, anyway," he thought, and then with one hand he snatched the door-key from its nail, with the other picked up his hat, and in another moment the door was locked, and he, who had but just declared himself unequal to the slight exertion of walking home, was racing up the street like a runaway horse.

When he had gone a block or two, he saw that there would be no trouble in finding the house. He had but to follow the crowd of women; the men were, of course, all away at their work.

When he reached the door the throng, with the inborn deference of foreign women for the "lords of creation," immediately gave him the "right of way," and he passed swiftly through the perspiring crowd to the narrow room where they had laid the child.

The mother, grandmother and three aunts surrounded the bed loudly bewailing the loss of the little one, for it was to all appearance dead.

"Give me room here," said Will, peremptorily, as he tore off his coat, vest and linen cuffs; "it may be that I can do something for her."

For the next hour he worked rapidly and incessantly.

The room was unventilated and untidy, but Will, whose fastidiousness was a by-word among his friends, forgot these minor trials in his desperate fight for a life.

At last the little breast heaved slightly, then again and again, the eyelids fluttered faintly and soon the breathing became firm and regular. "There," said he, rising from his task and wiping the perspiration from his brow, "your little girl is all right, now, Mrs. Poplinski.

At this juncture there was a movement in the outer room, and a moment later the doctor came bustling in; he glanced at the child then at the restless and perspiring boy.

"Well, young fellow, is that your work?" he asked. "I expected to find the poor little thing beyond help; but I couldn't get here any sooner, and I must say I couldn't have done a better job if I had. You have simply saved the poor little creature's life."

While the doctor was feeling the child's pulse and giving orders for its future care, Will gathered up his belongings and hurried out, breaking away from the throng of happy women who were determined to load him with their broken thanks and praises. But he dared not let them detain him another moment, for he had looked at his watch when the doctor came and was dismayed at the flight of time.

"What if Father has returned while I have been away?" he asked himself with a sinking heart, for the key to the store was in his pocket.
He went back quite as rapidly as he had gone away, and when he reached the door, flushed and perspiring, his father was nowhere visible, but two women stood there waiting for admission.

"Of course the only customers of the afternoon would be sure to come while I was away," he thought, as he let them in and waited upon them.

When he was once more alone he sat down to rest, thinking all the while of his father's possible displeasure when he learned of the locked store.

"Surely he will excuse me under the circumstances," he said to himself again and again.

Yet, despite this self acquittal, he dreaded the confession that he must make when his father returned. But when it was time to close the store for the day Mr. Barnham had not yet appeared, and Will went home with an anxious heart. At the door of their home, however, he found his father waiting with outstretched hands.

"I have heard all about it," he said, before Will could utter a word. "I came through the Polish settlement on my way home, and they are doing nothing over there but talking of the way Will Barnham saved the Poplinski baby."

"But I had to close the store to do it. That's the first time I ever ran away from the work that you left me to do," he added, proudly.

"You did just right—just right," said Mr. Barnham warmly. "Of course Cassibianca-like fidelity is all right under certain circumstances; but I always said I'd be ashamed of a boy who

didn't have sense enough to distinguish between the lesser and the greater duty. So I think your good judgment is as much to be commended as your kindness of heart."

In the eager discussion of the affair by the whole family that followed, Will forgot that he had meant to advance arguments in regard to moving. But his logic and fluency were spared, for, beginning with the following morning, a great change came over Mr. Barnham's business.

The Polish patronage turned to his door, entirely deserting Zilinski, thus giving both dealers a genuine surprise.

Mr. Barnham was obliged to hire two clerks, while Zilinski was soon glad to move away to a more fallow field.—Independent.

Faces and Callings.

It appears probable that the tailor's distinctive type of face may have been partially created by his habit of working his jaws concomitantly with his shears. Let any one watch a person cutting a tough material with scissors, and he will see that the lower part of the face wags in rhythmic and spontaneous unison with the blades. Shepherds and farm laborers who join sheep-sheering gangs certainly acquire a different expression while engaged in this kind of work.

The cast of countenance by which one so easily recognizes a groom is partially explicable from the fact that the muscles which close the jaw and compress the lips are always called into play when we are asserting our will over that of a horse. Nearly all jockeys and other horsey men have a peculiar set of the mouth and chin, but I have been unable to distinguish any special characteristic about the eye or upper part of the face.

It is instructive to compare the visage of the ruler of horses with that of the ruler of men. The horseman's face shows command in the mouth, the drill sergeant's in the mouth and the eye. The last is undoubtedly the most effective instrument in exacting obedience from our own species. Here we get a hint of the cause of that want of dignity, that element of coarseness which is discernible in the countenances of some men and women who have much to do with horses. The higher and nobler method of expressing authority is outweighed by the lower and more animal one.

Bismarck as a Duelist.

Bismarck was a student at Göttingen in 1832 and 1833, where his skill in fence won for him the surname "Achilles the invulnerable." In three terms he sought twenty duels and received only a single wound, of which the scar on his lower jaw near the lip is still perceptible; but as this was caused by his adversary's blade flying from the hilt, it was contrary to the code, so that his reputation for invulnerability remained technically unimpaired. Indeed, the university authorities forbade him to fight certain projected duels, on pain of expulsion, and a month later he was sentenced to three days' incarceration for a like offense. His first duel was with an Englishman, who had spoken in derision of the many petty States of Germany. With an American student he made a bet that Germany would be politically united in twenty years. The wager was twenty-five bottles of champagne, to be drunk in the country of the winner. After the lapse of this score of years, in 1853, Bismarck was prepared to cross the sea in order to pay the bet, when he learned that the American had died, and adds: "The name he bore did not presage a long life—Coffin."—Argonaut.

Wood Stronger Than Steel.

Cast iron weighs 444 pounds to the cubic foot, and a one-inch square bar will sustain a weight of 16,500 pounds; bronze, weight 525 pounds, tenacity 36,000; wrought iron, weight 480, tenacity 50,000; hard "struck" steel, weight 490, tenacity 78,000; aluminum, weight 168, tenacity 26,000. We are accustomed to think of metals as being stronger than wood, and so they are, generally speaking, if only pieces of the same size be tested. But when equal weights of the two materials are compared, it is then found that several varieties of wood are stronger than ordinary steel. A bar of pine just as heavy as a bar of steel an inch square will hold up 125,000 pounds; the best ash 174,000 pounds, and some hemlock 200,000 pounds. Wood is bulky. It occupies ten or twelve times the space of steel. The best steel castings made for the United States Navy have a tenacity of 65,000 to 75,000 pounds to the square inch. By solidifying such castings under great pressure, a tensile strength of 80,000 to 150,000 pounds may be obtained.—Railway Review.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Industry is sure to be rewarded.

Overconfidence invites betrayal.

Anger manages everything badly.

It is impious in a good man to be sad.

The borrower runs into his own debt.

Methods are the masters of masters.

One good idea should suggest another.

At evening home is the best place for man.

People do not lack strength; they only lack will.

For the sake of a pleasure never put off a duty.

Love lessens woman's delicacy and increases man's.

To have too much help is as bad as to have no help.

The people who talk the most too often say the least.

Correcting does much, but encouragement does more.

Some very good looking people are deformed on the inside.

Pretty women who are stupid are roses without fragrance.

The two offices of memory are collection and distribution.

The way of the world is, to make laws, but follow customs.

In prosperity prepare for a change, in adversity hope for one.

The man who has something that others want never lack flatterers.

The richest man is the one who can give away the most without regretting it.

It is never hard to do the right thing after the mind has been made up.

The man who fears the light is always ready to run from his own shadow.

One of the Longest of Walks.

Herr Schneiderit, an Austrian printer, boasts that he has just completed one of the longest walks ever made by man. He has marched on foot the whole way from Calcutta to his native town, Rathenow. In the year 1892 he was informed that a kinsman, who had lately died in Australia, had bequeathed him a considerable fortune, and so he set out with his wife and children to take possession of his inheritance in the English colony. When he arrived he found the fortune to be little more than a fable, and he set his face again toward home. The ship was burned on the voyage; Herr Schneiderit lost his wife and his two children, but was himself marvelously rescued and carried on board an English ship to Calcutta.

There he quickly spent the small remnant of his property, and found himself utterly without means of livelihood. So the venturesome man resolved that he would walk home to Austria. He travelled on foot across India, Afghanistan, Persia, Turkey, the south of Russia, Bulgaria, Roumania, and Hungary, into his Austrian fatherland. The journey on foot occupied him nearly the whole of two years. We are inclined to think that he may fairly claim to have beaten the record in pedestrianism. If this wonderful walker were an author as well as a printer, he might make a capital book out of his experiences as a pilgrim from the East to the West.—London News.

Auctions in France.

The French mode of conducting auctions is rather curious. In sales of importance, such as of land, houses, etc., the affair is placed in the hands of a notary, who, for the time being, becomes an auctioneer. The property, whatever be its nature, is first examined by competent judges, who fix upon it a price, considerably less than its value, but always sufficient to prevent any ruinous loss by a preconcerted plan or combination of bidders. The property is then offered with the fixed valuation stated. The auctioneer is provided with a number of small wax tapers, each capable of burning about five minutes. As soon as a bid is made one of these tapers is placed in full view of all interested parties and lighted. If, before it expires, another bid is offered, it is immediately extinguished and a fresh taper placed in its stead, and so on until one flickers and dies out of itself, when the last bid becomes irrevocable. This simple plan prevents all contention among rival bidders and affords a reasonable time for reflection before making a higher offer than the one preceding. By this means, too, the auctioneer is prevented from exercising undue influence upon the bidders or hastily accepting the bid of a favorite.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

FACE STOCKINGS IN THE WASH.

For lace-woven stockings, in white and delicate tints, to wash in benzine or naphtha is an excellent substitute for the ordinary washing water. Turn them wrong side out, shaking out all the dust; then lay them flat in a dish, and cover with naphtha. Stir violently for a minute or two, then turn and wash the otherside in clean naphtha. Hang out in the air until all odor of the cleansing fluid has disappeared.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED

Cleaning tinware with soda?
To purify the air, a box of lime in the pantry?
For washing silk, using salt water, and ironing wet?
Soaking a greasy frying-pan in ammonia and water?
For cooking fruit or vegetables only granite-ware?
After eating onions, drinking coffee, to remove the odor?—New York World.

REPAIRING LINEN.

The matter of repairing is so broad a one that it can never be taught by precept alone. Unless the person upon whom the task devolves has a natural tact for keeping things in order, and a love for the work as well as for the neatness which it brings, page upon page of good housekeeping exhortation will all be in vain. In the first place, prevention, here as elsewhere is the part of wisdom. When there is any reason to suppose that a given article may be getting thin in texture it should be carefully scrutinized whenever laundered, and if any spots show signs of giving way they should be re-enforced by neat and careful darning.

It is remarkable how much this may be practised by carefully selecting embroidery cottons or floss to match the material of the linen, and using a deft hand with the needle. Sometimes it is necessary to stitch a bit of foreign fabric on the back side of the article to be repaired, to serve as a base for the mending operations; or to hold the parts in place, a piece of stiff paper may be basted on the back side, over which the work of rebuilding the fabric with proper material, carrying the anchoring stitches an inch or more into the firm cloth, may be performed. When the hole is mended the paper is removed and if care has been exercised it will require close scrutiny to detect the spot.

Sheets which have worn thin in the centre may, if taken in time, be cut through the middle, lengthwise, and the outer edges being brought together, to form a new centre much additional wear will be secured. Table linen which has become too much worn for further satisfactory service will generally be found to have considerable sections of firm fabric, which should not be wasted. This will very likely furnish still soft and pleasant towels, and even when quite thoroughly worn will provide exceptionally pleasing dish towels and cloths for similar use.—Good Housekeeping.

RECIPES.

Rice Muffins—Beat two eggs, add a cup of boiled rice, three tablespoonfuls of flour, butter the size of an egg and a pinch of salt, and bake in muffin rings.

Creamed Eggs—Boil some eggs hard, cut them in slices, and season each slice with a little pepper, salt and grated nutmeg. Lay the slices on a dish, cover with a hot drawn butter sauce, sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve.

Peach Tapioca—Boil one coffee cup of tapioca until clear, using a double boiler and beginning with three cups of water; pour over the contents of a can of peaches drained from the juice and laid in a baking dish. Set in the oven for half an hour and serve with cream sauce or cream and sugar.

Strawberry Tapioca—Wash a cup of tapioca in several waters and soak over night. In the morning put over the fire with one pint of boiling water and simmer in a double boiler until perfectly clear; add a little salt and sweeten to taste; stir in a quart of berries and set away to harden; serve with sugar and cream.

Smoked Salmon—Cut the fish into small, neat slices, and put it for about eight or ten minutes before cooking into a mixture composed of two tablespoonfuls of oil, half the quantity of lemon juice, and a dust of cayenne. Remove the slices of salmon and place them in the oven between buttered paper for six or seven minutes, so that they may get quite hot without being dry and serve on pieces of fried bread.