

The railroads of the United States have present debts amounting to \$11,000,000,000.

Agricultural depression in England is shown by the fact that a farm that rented for years for \$5,000 a year now brings but \$1,500.

Mount Hercules, in Papua, or New Guinea, disputes Mount Everest's claim to be the highest in the world. Hercules claims 32,786 feet of altitudinosity.

This year, announces the Rochester Post Express, the State of New York has expended \$300,000 toward "the completion of the new capitol" that has now cost nearly \$20,000,000.

A new "sign of the times" is the great plenty of venison in the London market. Formerly those who owned deer shooting sent the bucks to their friends; now they send them to market to make a little money.

The growing habit on the part of the British public to discard first and second-class carriages and take to the third-class carriages is said to have had a perceptible influence on the manners of the working classes. The old third-class passengers have grown much more polite and quiet.

The best American railways are run more efficiently than any others on earth, avers the Chicago Herald. It has even been proved that an American road, thoroughly equipped, will carry a greater weight with the same power than an English owned and managed road. In this case the advantage lay in the American method of arranging the load and of applying the power.

The "yellow jacket," about which so much has been heard of late, is rather a vest than a jacket. It is made of rich yellow satin, has no sleeves, fits the wearer closely, and reaches to the thighs. It is fastened on the side with small buttons, and has embroidered on the bosom the royal dragon of China. There are but half a dozen men in the empire who are entitled to wear it.

Says the London Telegraph: Every day the Parisians are taking more kindly to bicycles, the explanation being that the magnificent military roads of France are very favorable to easy going. The announcement that the Pope has officially authorized the use of these machines by ecclesiastics in the exercise of their spiritual duties has been received with interest. The Pontifical circular, by the way claims that the original inventor of the velocipede was the Abbe Pronton, who, so long ago as 1845, employed this mode of locomotion.

Hamilton Disston of Philadelphia, probably the largest saw manufacturer in the world, may in time become the greatest fruit and vegetable grower also. He owns 2,000,000 acres of selected land in Florida, one-fourth as much as the whole state of Maryland. It is in one compact body and after ten years of draining and experimental work he is now getting ready for colonizing it on a very extensive scale in connection with fruit and vegetable growing and sugar production. What Mr. Disston is doing on such a gigantic scale many others are doing in a smaller way in other states. With this diversification of its farm interests, added to the largest grain crops that it has ever produced and the promise of a big cotton crop and its farmers less in debt than any time since the war, the South may well rejoice over the outlook for the future.

When a scientist becomes so interested in his specialty that it overshadows everything else, when he flinks more of discovering a new variety of beetle or a new chemical compound from coal tar than he does of making money or of the fate of empires, he is so much unlike the majority of us, admits the New York World, that we are obliged either to laugh at him or to do something more serious. The Adirondack natives gazed curiously at Agassiz as the man who "had no time to make money." In Central Africa when a man develops the scientific bent and begins to investigate nature they generally drown him as a wizard, responsible for drought and crop failure. It is only a few centuries since English-speaking people followed the same methods of dealing with eccentric scientists. But we have grown more civilized now. We laugh at them and let it go at that. But whether we laugh or not, it is out of such enthusiasms that progress comes. It is from the eccentric self-devotion of men who care more for knowledge than for themselves that the comfort of the masses is increased and the freedom of the race is made possible.

#### When the Crop's Laid By.

There's a brighter world  
And a bluer sky,  
When the crop's laid by,  
When the crop's laid by:  
The sun can blaze his best on high,  
And the long, long rain can sob and sigh;  
But there's still a light in the farmer's eye  
When the crop's laid by!

There's a brighter world  
Where the wild doves fly,  
When the crop's laid by,  
When the crop's laid by:  
The children romp where the gold sheaves lie,  
The pigs grunt happily in the sty,  
And the bright head dances on the eye  
When the crop's laid by!  
—Atlanta Constitution.

#### A WOMAN'S WAY.

It was a bright winter morning, and Mr. Segrist's two pretty nieces had just come down stairs as fresh as Hebe. Very pretty girls they were, in a delicate, womanly fashion, although nobody would ever have been reminded by them of the Venus de Medici, and not an artist had ever thought of asking them to sit for a Madonna. It is the every-day style of beauty that wears best.

"So he has failed, has he?" said Cora to her uncle, who had just been promulgating the news of the day from behind his newspaper. "What a pity! and he was so nice and agreeable."

"Failed!—Mr. Kirkwood!" echoed Lisa, her cheek losing a shade or so of its bloom. "Oh, uncle, how did that happen?"

"As most failures happen, my dear," said Mr. Segrist, folding up his paper. "Too much press of canvas and too little ballast. It is a pity; he was a good young fellow enough, and this will throw him back twenty years."

Lisa sat thinking, her pansy eyes fixed intently on the pattern of the table-cloth, her red lips apart, until her sister's clear, bird-like voice roused her from the temporary abstraction.

"Upon my word, Lisa," the elder cried, merrily, "I do believe you are in a trance. Why don't you answer my question?"

Lisa started, both cheeks suddenly crimsoning.

"I—I was thinking, Cora. What was it you asked me?"

"About our ball-dresses for tomorrow evening."

"Oh, Cora," cried downright Lisa, "how can you talk about ball-dresses when—when you remember who was to have taken you there?"

"Mr. Kirkwood?" said Cora calmly. "Of course he'll not go now, but we can easily send for Cousin George."

"Then you really mean to go."

"Of course. Why shouldn't I?"

"I think he loved you, Cora," said Lisa, in a low voice; "and you thought so, too."

"He must learn to unlove me, then, said the elder sister with, a musical little laugh, as Cora calmly poured out a second cup of coffee for her uncle.

"But Cora," pleaded her sister, "it isn't as if you yourself were poor. You know we will have a little money of our own."

"Very true, wise Lisa; but I mean to keep my own and not to spend it in bolstering up the ruined fortunes of any unlucky speculator. No, no, child; my husband must bring money of his own, not be a drain upon my slender resources."

Lisa shook her head.

"That sounds very worldly," said she.

"Does it? Now I think it has just the common-sensical sound to it. People must look at these things from a practical point of view."

"Uncle!" cried Lisa, almost passionately, "don't you think she ought to like him all the better because he is in trouble?"

"My dear, my dear," said the old gentleman, composedly, "I can't pretend to judge of these things. You girls must manage to settle your own affairs."

"My mind is quite made up already," said Cora Segrist calmly.

And when poor Guy Kirkwood's card came up that afternoon Bessie, the maid, came courtesying demurely down into the parlor with:

"Please, sir, Miss Cora is engaged."

Guy Kirkwood went slowly and sadly away, without answering a single word. If only she had remained true to him, but now—

Well, such was the way of the world.

"Uncle, can I speak to you for a minute?"

Mr. Segrist, setting away the piles of dusty papers in his library, started at the sound of the soft, bell-like voice.

"My child, I thought you and Cora had gone to the ball."

"Cora has gone, Uncle; but I thought I would rather remain at home. Uncle—" And here she paused and hesitated.

"Well, child, what is it?"

"You are my guardian and trustee, uncle," she went on, as if forcing herself to speak. "Will you tell me how much money Cora and I have each got?"

"About ten thousand dollars, Lisa."

"And can I do as I please with it?"

"That depends on circumstances. Probably yes."

"Well, uncle, I want to lend it to Mr. Kirkwood to help him get into business again."

"Child, for what?"

"Because he has no friends left, uncle; because I feel so sorry for him," said Lisa Segrist, with deepening color and downcast eyes. "And, uncle, he must not know who let him have it."

"Why not?"

"Oh, because I couldn't bear to have him know. It could be managed, couldn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose. But are you really in earnest, Lisa?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Well, well, child," said Uncle Segrist, smiling, though he was in reality deeply moved. "You shall have your own way."

The next week Mr. Kirkwood's lawyer informed him that ten thousand dollars lay at his banking house, subject to his draft or order at any time.

"Ten thousand dollars!" cried poor Guy, quite overwhelmed. "Who would lend me ten thousand dollars?"

"That is what I am not at liberty to inform you," said Mr. Jessop.

And it was in vain that Guy Kirkwood, marshaling in his memory all his probable and improbable friends, tried to fix the benefit upon one or the other of them. He could not place it; he must just accept it in the spirit in which it had been given.

"And I will try to prove to my unknown friend," he said in a choking voice, "that the favor has not been bestowed in vain. Upon this foundation I will build up the beginning of a more prosperous career."

Kirkwood's words proved almost prophetic. Five years from that time he had not only regained his former position in the commercial world, but he had shot beyond it; and Cora Segrist, who in the meantime had indulged in several futile flirtations and broken off two engagements, began seriously to consider the propriety of once more spreading her net for the bird she had let fly so long ago.

"Because I really am getting quite middle-aged!" said Cora demurely; "and Mr. Kirkwood is certainly more charming than ever."

Guy Kirkwood came often to Segrist's mansion; but Cora, disposed though she was to take the most favorable view of matters, could not but see that it was more on her sister's account than her own.

"Does he really care for her, I wonder?" thought Cora; "or is it only to revenge himself upon me for the manner in which I dismissed him five years ago? Nonsense! Lisa isn't half as pretty as I am, and she never was. I shall win this battle yet."

Mr. Kirkwood had just posted a letter—a missive whereon hung his fate—directed to Lisa Segrist. For he had learned to love the shy, gentle girl, and, lacking courage to tell her so in words, he had put the substance of his heart's hope on paper.

From the post office he went directly to old Jessop's law sanctum.

"Have you paid back that ten thousand dollars, according to my orders?" he said.

"I paid it today, with legal interest, both simple and compound, for five years," answered Jessop succinctly.

"I only wish I knew whom to thank for this stepping-stone to fortune."

Old Mr. Segrist, who was sitting by, looked up queerly over the tops of his spectacle glasses.

"What would you give to know, Guy?" said he.

"Half I am worth," was the impulsive answer.

"Well," chuckled the old man, "I can tell you on cheaper terms than that. I was bound over to secrecy for five years, but the time was up last week. Your mysterious, good angel was none other than my little niece Lisa."

Kirkwood colored—his heart gave a great upward bound. Lisa! his Lisa! He turned silently away, and left the office.

"A curious way of acknowledging a favor!" cried Mr. Segrist a little testily.

"Hem!" commented Mr. Jessop.

"There are some people who feel too little to say 'thank you,' and some who feel too much. My client, I rather think, belongs to the latter class. I do not believe he is ungrateful."

"Not I either—on the whole," said Mr. Segrist, repenting him of his haste.

As for Guy, he went straight to Lisa.

"Lisa," he said, "I have written you a letter which you will probably receive tomorrow morning, but I cannot wait for it to come now. I have learned this evening whose hand lifted me from the depths of poverty and discouragement—whose hidden bounty carved out a new path for me. Lisa, there is but one way to pay you; to give you myself and my whole heart, if you will deign to accept the poor return."

Lisa had grown very pale and quiet.

"No," she said, "I accept no mere tribute of gratitude."

"But, Lisa, the letter which I wrote to you before I heard these things—the letter asking you to be my wife—you must answer that now," he pleaded, refusing to let go her trembling hand. "You have said no to my second offer; what say you to my first?"

The roses had returned to Lisa's cheek, the soft light of her eyes, as she put the other hand willingly in Kirkwood's, and answered:

"Yes."—New York News.

#### A Remarkable Pony.

Mr. John C. Krantz is the owner of a Western pony in which he takes a great deal of pride. The horse is named Eick, and is one of those pieces of horseflesh which seem to have almost a human understanding. Dick is small enough to go through the small door cut in the stable door which is intended for the entrance of a man. He prefers to enter by the smaller door, and sometimes tries to take the carriage to which he is harnessed in with him. This, it is needless to say, results in failure. He considers himself above the common herd, and with good reason.

He will not have his harness put on in the stable, but must be taken in the office for that purpose. He then consents to be led out to be hitched to the carriage. Dick is very fond of cream peppermint drops; the ordinary lozengers he will not touch. In order to get these, at the end of each drive he is taken to one of Mr. Krantz's stores. His driver then goes inside for the candies. If he wishes to do so Dick will calmly walk across the pavement and enter the door, much to the amusement of the onlookers and the edification of the children. The sweetmeats are given to the animal and he backs out.

He always gazes after his master with a look of inquiry in his eyes and puts his forefeet on the pavement when Mr. Krantz leaves the carriage. Mr. Krantz thinks his pet can be sought to do almost anything, and if he had the time would try to educate Dick himself. The horse is very fond of his master and on all occasions shows this affection. There is nothing too good for Dick, and he evidently deserves it.—Baltimore American.

#### Plums as Olives.

In spite of the steady increase of olive orchards in California the demand is so far greater than the supply that great quantities of plums are used in their place. The plums are bought green, sold to the large packing-houses of the country and appear on the table as the best imported olives. They are now of the right size for treatment as French or Italian olives, as the demand may be.

The plum orchards of New York supply the greater part of these American olives. One grower has sold the crop of 7,000 trees, amounting to some 15,000 or 20,000 bushels, to an olive pickler. This represents only a small portion of the green plums that are sold for olive pickling by the fruit-growers of the State.—New York World.

#### Rinderpest in Russia.

Rinderpest in Russia was very destructive last year, says the Cultivator and Country Gentleman. In five provinces 130,000 animals attacked or threatened by this disease died or were slaughtered. The loss was greatest in Stavropol, where the peasantry lost 64,000 head of cattle; and here, as well as in Ekaterinoslav, the compulsory destruction order gave rise to rioting. The cattle slaughtered are paid for, but this does not compensate the peasants whom the order has deprived of their beasts of burden, and who cannot replace them, because all traffic in cattle is forbidden. It seems, however, that the strict measures which the authorities enforce have stamped out the disease in many other provinces.

What was a sparsely settled district in Texas fifteen years ago is now one of the most densely peopled parts of the state.

#### FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

##### CELERY.

Very few people think of serving celery save in the natural state, but celery should be served in other forms. From the stalks and leaves, which are not desirable for serving raw, a cream of celery soup may be prepared. Any cook book will give directions, though it will not say it may be made from these pieces; but it can, as experience has taught me.

Celery in cream sauce as directed for cabbage, is a dish fit for an epicure. Prepare it in the same way.

Scalloped celery is also very good. Put a layer in a shallow baking dish and cover with cream sauce. Sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs and bake quickly.

##### TO MAKE SMALL PICKLES.

To make small pickles a cooking school recipe is as follows: Take 100 very small cucumbers, wash and wipe carefully and put in a stone jar with water enough to cover them. Add salt enough to make a brine in which an egg will float. Let them lie in this twenty-four hours, when they are ready to be taken out, wiped and put in clean jars. Take enough vinegar to just cover the cucumbers, add a slice of mustard seed, three blades of mace, and a cupful of grated horseradish. Heat to the steaming point in a granite kettle and pour over the pickles. These should keep crisp and firm all winter.

The caution is added that metal utensils should not be used in making pickles. The spoon used in handling or stirring them should be of wood. To prevent mold horseradish or nasturtiums are used.—New York Times.

##### RECIPES.

Maple Sugar Pie—Make rich pie crust. Sift over bottom crust a thin layer of dry flour, distribute evenly over that one and one-half coffee-cupfuls of grated maple sugar; over this pour one cupful cream; drop tiny pieces of butter all around the top, sift on another layer of dry flour, put on top crust slit in one or two places. Fold a strip of cloth two inches wide, wet in cold water round edge of crust and plate. Bake in slow oven; remove cloth when done and set to cool; serve cold. It may boil over somewhat in the oven and split the pie slightly, but will be all right when cold.

Southern Rice Bread.—Two cups of white Indian meal, three eggs, a pint and a quarter of milk, one cup of cold boiled rice, one ounce of butter melted, one teaspoonful of salt, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat the eggs without separating the yolks and whites until they are very light, then add them to the milk. Then put them with the meal, salt, butter and rice; beat thoroughly, add the baking powder and mix all well again. Grease three round, shallow pans, turn in the mixture, put quickly in a hot oven and bake for thirty minutes.

Duchesse Biscuits.—Boil half a pint of cold water or milk, two ounces of sugar and one quarter of a pound of butter together and stir in about five ounces of finely-sifted flour; boil together for five minutes; add a little flavoring and one egg (well beaten up). When thoroughly well mixed one or two more eggs may be added, so long as mixture is not too moist. Make the paste into small biscuits and bake on buttered tin until nicely browned. Sprinkle caster sugar over them; open them at the side and put in a little jam or marmalade. This quantity will only make a small dish.

Escalloped Tomatoes.—Take six nice tomatoes and scald to remove the skin. Chop them in inch square cubes and season them with a teaspoonful of pepper, three heaping tablespoonfuls of butter, one of sugar, and, if liked, a spoonful of onion essence. Have toasted and cut fine a cupful of very dry bread. Butter a pudding dish and put a layer of tomatoes in the bottom, then the cupful of bread and the remainder of the tomatoes on top of that. Over the top put a half cupful of toasted bread, which has been pounded to a powder. Lay over it some bits of butter, dampen with a little milk and set in a hot oven for fifteen minutes.

##### A Valiant Warrior.

She—So you really do me the honor of wishing to marry me, Colonel Daere?

He—Why should I be afraid of a matrimonial engagement? I have been through three campaigns.—Truth.

##### A Wise Measure.

"Who is President of your club, Jimmie boy?" the boy was asked.

"Oh, we all are," he replied. "That keeps us all good-natured."—Bazar.

#### PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

An ounce of justice is better than a ton of sympathy.

A pessimist is one who is happy only when he is miserable.

Things done simply from a sense of duty are seldom done well.

A man or woman is never much better than his or her reputation.

He who wears a solitaire diamond ring is often partially left-handed.

Blessed are they among mortals who never weary of their own company.

Search not for the joint in the armor of ignorance, it was made without one.

Common sense is simply the sense that does not put square pegs into round holes.

Every burden of responsibility holds within itself somewhere a sweet compensation.

Cast your bread upon the waters, but do not wait until it is too stale for your own use.

They who cannot grow happy in witnessing the happiness of another are morally unsound.

No man has so many faults as his enemies declare, nor so many virtues as his admirers claim.

The man who is blessed with a good wife can meet with no irreparable loss save the loss of her affection.

Occasional solitude is as necessary to the symmetrical development of the soul as is sunshine to the flowers.

He who is once enshrined in the heart of a child may be sure of a friend as long as that heart continues to beat.

He who never asks questions through fear of betraying his ignorance is not likely to lessen that ignorance.

Like a broad gleam of sunlight sent into a gloomy dungeon is imagination to the human mind.—New York Independent.

Life is so complex that he who does you an injury today may find tomorrow that he has conferred a blessing upon you.

#### The Fighting Tailors.

The Fifteenth Light Dragoons, whose brilliant feat of arms at Villiers-en-Coteche was commemorated in the Pall Mall Gazette, had a very singular and, indeed, for a British cavalry regiment, a probably unique origin. When in 1759 it was decided to raise certain corps on the model of the Prussian hussars, Lieutenant Colonel Elliott, of the Second Horse Grenadier Guards, A. D. C.—to be famous, later on, as the "Old Cock of the Rock," and Lord Heathfield—was one of the officers selected for this service. The London tailors were on a strike at the time, and, with a disregard of prejudice which was amply justified by the result, the colonel enlisted a whole regiment of them, which was known as the First Light Horse.

On March 10 he was gazetted to the command of it. On August 1 it was at Minden, and every individual tailor in the ranks approved himself a horse-man and a man. As the head of the First Light Horse, its colonel was thanked again and again by Prince Ferdinand for its services, and when, at the conclusion of the war, the regiment was reviewed by George III. in Hyde Park, the king was pleased to ask what he could do to mark his sense of its discipline and efficiency. Elliott naturally begged that the First Light Horse might be made "royal." In consequence it became the Fifteenth or King's Own Light Dragoons, and stands in the army list today as Fifteenth (King's) Hussars.—Notes and Queries.

#### The Lesser Evil.

"Dear me, John," said Mrs. Hicksworthy, as Mr. H. came home with a drum for his son Willie. "Why on earth do you buy Willie a drum? Isn't there noise enough in the house, with the baby crying all day, without that?"

"That's just the point," returned Mr. Hicksworthy. "I bought that drum so that Willie could drown the noise made by the baby with it. I'd rather hear a drum than a baby crying any day."—Harper's Bazar.

#### Good Hot Weather Drink.

For a steady, wholesome and thoroughly trustworthy drink when the thermometer registers ninety or thereabouts, we recommend, without hesitation, pure cold water.—Chicago Tribune.

#### A Mean Trick.

Museum Manager.—What's all that disturbance in the lecture hall?

Lecturer.—The Armless Wonder has stolen the Fasting Girl's lunch.—New York.