

In 1877 Montana had within her borders only 79,288 sheep. In 1894 the number had risen to 2,780,908 sheep.

While the foreign born comprises but thirty-nine per cent. of the whole population of Chicago, they furnish over forty-nine per cent of the voters.

The post-office savings bank business has been growing enormously in England. Last year more than \$8,000,000 interest was credited to depositors.

The Danish government has undertaken, during the years 1895 and 1896, a deep sea exploration in the Greenland and Iceland waters. The expedition will be accompanied by a botanist.

The Turkish Government has ordered the aqueducts of Solomon in Jerusalem to be put into repair. They will bring water into the city from the fountains of Arron. A tunnel 4,000 yards long will be built at a cost of \$2,000,000. The aqueduct was still in working order in the time of Christ.

Calderon, the well-known Spanish writer has joined the crusade now going on in Spain against the inhuman practice of bull fighting. It seems queer to the St. Louis Star saying that such a crusade should be necessary in this enlightened age, but the fight is being very vigorously made, especially in Madrid.

It is difficult for the New York Tribune to understand the object to which the King of Abyssinia intends to devote the elaborate postage stamps which he is now having engraved and printed at Paris. There is no post-office and no postal service in Abyssinia, and the Ethiopians have not yet developed the civilized mania for stamp collecting.

The Chicago Herald says: Cleveland is one of the eight presidents who never attended college, the others being Washington, Jackson, Van Buren, Taylor, Fillmore, Lincoln, and Johnson. The other fifteen, including Grant, who was a West Pointer, were all college-bred men. It is a curious fact, however, that neither Yale, Dartmouth nor Columbia has furnished one.

An English paper states that the young Earl of Shaftesbury possesses a "pretty drawing-room light tenor voice," and that Mr. Mapleson has offered him \$500 a night to sing through the principal cities of the United States. The statement is calculated, in the opinion of the New York Observer, to make the old Earl, the young man's father, turn in his grave. The son is evidently not a chip of the grand old block. And what a pity.

Many amusing facts are being brought to light during the progress of hostilities between China and Japan. Korea, as the bone of contention, has become an object of unusual interest, and the Chicago Record has learned that the war vessel which is the pride of her navy is an ancient turtleback which performed prodigies of valor and destruction in the war waged between Korea and Japan in 1619, 275 years ago! This iron turtleback ship was built by the Koreans and it played terrific havoc among the Japanese junks, the method of procedure being to sail up to a junk and capsize it by means of grapnels thrown from ports under the turtleback. This ironclad, terrible of tradition, is anchored at Yong-Yong and the Koreans actually believe that it is destined to play a decisive part in the war now in progress.

Total abstinence has been incorporated as an element in an important business enterprise in New York City. An insurance company has inaugurated a total abstinence department, and has put at the head of it Hon. John P. St. John, former prohibitionist candidate for president of the United States. At present the undertaking is purely experimental. It starts with the proposition that enough total abstainers will insure in the company as such to form a separate and distinct class of policy holders. Every man taking out a policy as a total abstainer is required to pledge himself to abstain from the use of alcoholic liquors as beverages, medicinal use not to be included. Any violation of this pledge vitiates the policy. Just how the company will keep track of all its clients who hold total abstinence policies the officials cannot say. That is entirely in the hands of Mr. St. John, they say, and he will have a sufficient number of men under him to carry on the work and keep track of total abstinence policy holders in such cases as is deemed necessary.

### When the Wind Blows.

Oh, the dancing of the leaves,  
When the wind blows!  
And the rushing noise of trees,  
Shouting, shrieking on the leas,  
Like the sound of seething seas,  
When the wind blows!  
Oh, the bending of the boughs,  
When the wind blows!  
The moan and the quiver  
Of reeds along the river—  
That sink, and rise, and shiver—  
When the wind blows!  
Oh, the shifting of the clouds,  
When the wind blows!  
Sailing swiftly on between  
The wide blue world and the green,  
Throwing shadows o'er the sheen,  
When the wind blows!  
Oh, the drifting of the snow,  
When the wind blows!  
Showing in the cold moonlight  
Fallen trees hidden under white,  
Like great ghosts in bed at night,  
When the wind blows!  
Oh, the comfort of the fire,  
When the wind blows!  
To hear the song and the chat  
Of the kettle and the cat,  
And the cricket on the mat,  
When the wind blows!  
Guy Rosalyn.

### TRACED BY A BUTTON.

When I was on the detective force—by the way, my name is Jack Hindson, at your service—I had a case on my hands that baffled me. I wanted to get on, for I was at that time engaged to Kitty Pease, and she had said that though she was very fond of me she did not mean to marry me until I had enough to marry on, which I should have as soon as I had found out the party who committed a certain murder.

Mrs. Jeffries, a rich, miserly sort of old lady, had been found dead in her bed, murdered by some one. No one knew who it was.

Everybody was under suspicion—a man servant who had been dismissed weeks before; a dissipated nephew who had quarrelled with her; a peddler; a man who had mended the roof. But it seemed likely that no one would be actually proved guilty. To be sure, the nephew would come in for her property, being her only relative, but though he had been to the door that evening he had been seen to go away again, and the servant had to call for help before the bedroom door could be broken in.

The only clue that I had was a bit of black cloth clutched tight in the dead woman's hand—a find bit of old black broadcloth torn in quite a singular shape. We hid the fact that this had been found from the newspaper men, and I was looking for the coat it had been pulled off of. That would be my chance.

The dismissed servant was a waiter, but I bribed myself into a chance of seeing his black coat off duty, and it had not been torn or patched. I hunted up the nephew's boarding-house and got into his room under pretense of having been sent from the telegraph office to see the wires, but his clothes were all of thick, coarse cloth. I talked these things all over to Kitty, and she set her wits to work to help me. She asked me to let her go to the old lady's house and show her the room she slept in, and she went out on the roof, as I had done many a time, and went along first in one direction and then in another, looking at all the scuttle doors, until I thought she would go off into the street, but she stopped at the last of the row and beckoned me. I hurried up.

Close to the scuttle door lay a little black button.

"This belongs to the garment the bit of cloth came from," she said. "There are blacks and blacks. This is a button that matches that black. Not a blue black, nor a brownish black, nor a foxy black, but a black that is almost invisible green. Do you know No. 100?"

"It's a very respectable first-class boarding house," said I.

"Will they take ladies?" she asked.

"If they are well introduced."

"I shall go there to board."

Next day I got a card from her—she hadn't been in the habit of having cards—with that address on it. I called. She came down to see me in her best black silk, with her bonnet and mantilla on.

There was an old lady in the room. She introduced me to her and then said she was ready. I took the hint. We went out together.

"Of course you know why I came here," she said. "I'm spending all my salary and wearing my best clothes, but I've found something out already. Mrs. Jeffries's nephew calls here sometimes. He calls on a young widow who has the upper front room. He has been engaged to her for some time."

She paused a long time and then said: "He was here the night of the murder."

"Well," I said, "has she let him out upon the roof?"

"I wish you wouldn't ask me any questions," said Kitty, "I shall know before long. When I send for you come at once. Will you let me have that bit of cloth?"

"It's more precious than diamonds," I said.

Her answer was:

"Yes, I know it." She put it into her pocketbook. "I have changed my room," she remarked. "I'm next to her. There is a locked door between us. That is all. And I have made a peephole."

"You are a born detective, but as this widow is respectable you can't watch young Jeffries that way."

"Yesterday," she said without answering me, "Jeffries called. I saw him coming up the street and hid behind a screen in the parlor. I should have pretended to be asleep in a chair there had I been seen, but no one found me out. She came to him, and he talked like an innocent man."

"The poor old woman has done me a great injury by getting herself murdered," he said. "I believe I'm suspected, because I shall profit by her death. Why, what do they take me for? I wonder who killed her? They say nothing was gone."

"Whoever it was, you ought to be thankful that the crabbed creature is dead," she said. "Some common burglar of course. She'd scream and shriek if she saw one at her jewel-case and get herself killed."

"Well, poor old woman, I'd have been his death if I had been near," Jeffries said. "She wasn't half bad. She never made a will and left things away from me, as she might, after I told her I'd never cringe to her for her favor. Hang it, I wish I wasn't her heir! People will suspect me secretly perhaps. I can prove I wasn't inside the house that night, but you know how the papers talked. Poor Bitzner, the roofer, came to me and cried over what they said about him. Kill Aunt Jessy! Why, good Lord!"

"You used to call her Aunt Jezebel," said the widow. Mrs. Mull is her name.

"Yes I'm sorry I did, but she had a temper," said Mr. Jeffries. "I've a mind not to take the money."

"Then I shan't take you," said Mrs. Mull. "Such an idiot! I should be ashamed of you."

"See here!" Kitty handed me an address on a piece of paper. It was Mrs. Preston Mull, at a certain number, Chestnut street. It is her mother-in-law. Can you send our Mrs. Mull—Eliza Mull—a telegram saying, 'Come at once to this address?'" she asked.

"I can," said I.

"Do it," said she. "No, don't ask me. I am helping you. I have my thoughts. Now take me home."

I took her home and telegraphed to the widow, and I waited and watched. I saw her get into a carriage and go away. I followed and saw her take the train. If Kitty wanted her out of the way she was safe.

A few hours afterward I received a note:

"Disguise yourself as an old woman and come here at once. Come in a cab. Wear a thick black veil. Send up word that you are my Aunt Agnes. Lose no time."

I lost none. As I went slowly up the stairs with my black veil down I could hear my heart beat. Kitty opened the door, called out "Why, aunty, dear!" and shut it.

"I have opened the door between my room and Mrs. Mull's," she said. "I have found something. I can't appear in this matter. You must see for yourself."

She led me into the handsome room and went to a wardrobe. There, from beneath other dresses, she drew a plainly cut coat, or redingote, of thin black cloth, with many buttons down the front, and spread it on a chair. About the height of the knees a piece was torn away and a button gone.

"Hush!" she said. "We don't know who may be listening. 'Make no sound.'"

Then she took the bit of cloth from her pocket, fitted it to the rent and laid the button on it.

"The piece of cloth found in dead Mrs. Jeffries's hand came from this garment," was her remark.

"Yes," I said, "she must have disguised him in it. But—why—"

"Goosey!" said Kitty. "Mr. Jeffries could not get into this. Mrs. Mull wore it herself. Mrs. Mull killed old Mrs. Jeffries. The nephew knows nothing about it—guesses nothing. This wicked woman wanted to marry him when he had inherited the estate. She has done it. I watched her through the peephole I had made. I saw her writhe in agony, and with-

out speaking a word, wring her hands and tear her hair. It was an awful sight, but I knew it was a guilty conscience that moved her. There—you have it all in your own hands now. I'll go and tell Mrs. G—that I have news which must make me away, pay her my board and go with you in the cab."

I left her at her own door. Mrs. Mull was arrested at the station on her return, and it was all as Kitty said. She made full confession. She had conceived the idea of murdering the old woman that her nephew might get the money, and she had hoped the poor roof-mender would be charged with the crime.

She was a fiend in female form, but the thought that I had driven a woman to the gallows haunted me and sickened me of the detective business, which I left very soon.

Kitty and I are keeping a little hotel now and prospering very well.—London Tit Bits.

### Strange Meats.

The French have taught our people a great deal about what is good to eat, and not the least of their services in this department of knowledge is the teaching of the world that frogs—and especially frog's legs—are an excellent article of food.

People in this country do not commonly eat frogs, any more than they eat rabbits, squirrels and other equally accessible and equally palatable meats; but frog's legs are a regular item on the bills of fare in the first-class city hotels and restaurants, and a considerable industry in supplying them for the market has sprung up.

Often necessity is required to teach people that they have good things to eat which ordinarily they do not touch. A camping expedition of young men on a northern lake ran out of provisions, and found the fish in the lake insufficient for their wants. They had no firearms with which to shoot wild game. At the lower end of the lake, basking on some old logs, were hundreds of fine fat frogs.

Impelled by hunger, the boys fell upon these frogs, and for several days lived delicately and well on a diet of which frog's legs constituted the principal item. All the members of that party are now fully aware that frogs are good to eat.

Recently a French missionary in Indo-China, Rev. Father Guerlach, has made the discovery that toads are also good to eat. Reduced by necessity to resort to toad-flesh, he found it no less palatable and nutritious than the frog.

"Most people," says Father Guerlach, in his journal, recently published, "would die of hunger rather than eat a toad, which is nevertheless, I beg you to believe, an excellent food. Whenever I could procure toads, I was able to give myself a banquet. But in France, your prejudices prevent you from knowing and using what is good."

However, a Paris Journal affirms that the cookery of toads has made some little progress in France. Nothing is better, this journal says, than a dish made of the backs and legs of toads—with the skin first carefully removed, it needs hardly to be said.

The popular fables about the poisonous character of toads are nowadays not much believed. It is true that the toad is protected from carnivora by the acrid secretions of his warty skin, but these are irritating rather than poisonous, and not always that. Toads, however, are of great service to man, and it is to be hoped that it will not become fashionable to eat them.—Youth's Companion.

### Fruit Eating to Cure All Ills.

A new society of cranks has been started by a former lieutenant in the German army," says the Medical Record. "His name is Boeter. He is the leader of a new 'ism,' and as such sailed recently from San Francisco to Honolulu. The 'Fruitarians' is the name of the new society he represents, and their belief—or rather notion—is that modern civilization is full of vanities and strange notions, and greatly needs reforming. The members eat nothing but ripe fruit, eschew cooked food of any kind, and drink only water. They are to live in huts, bare of the comforts of civilization, and go naked. Ex-Lieut. Boeter intends to buy a large tract of land in the Sandwich Islands, or, perhaps, a small island outright, for the purpose of founding a colony.

### He Could Not Fall Slowly.

Fond Parent—Goodness, how you look, child. You are soaked.

Frankie—Please, pa, I fell into the canal.

Fond Parent—What, with your new trousers on?

Frankie—I didn't have time, pa, to take 'em off.—Boston Herald Journal.

### FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

#### FRIED CELERY.

Did you ever hear of fried celery? It is really excellent. Boil a head of celery until tender; cut it to pieces; season with parsley, pepper and salt, and saturate with lemon juice—setting it aside for half an hour. When ready, dip the pieces in batter, and fry to a light brown. Properly done once, there will be a demand to have this dish repeated.

#### PUMPKIN PIE.

Cut up a small-sized pumpkin, cook until done and stew until little moisture is left. Press through a colander. Take four cupsful of the pumpkin, add to them one cupful of molasses, two cupsful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of ginger, a similar quantity of cinnamon and of flour, three pints of milk and a teaspoonful of salt, and five well-beaten eggs. Mix all together thoroughly and bake with an undercrust only.—New York World.

#### CHICKEN WINGS.

A nice dish can be made from the wings of fowls by stewing slowly until extremely tender, then making a puree of peas by boiling a quantity of peas, either fresh or canned in water until tender, draining and mashing through a sieve and seasoning with salt and pepper and butter. Just before mashing through the sieve thicken with a tablespoonful of flour to every quart of peas. Wet the flour with cold water and cook for two minutes. Serve on a steak dish with the wings piled on top.—New York Recorder.

#### TOMATO CATSUP.

The following recipe has been tested for many years and never fails: Cut in small pieces for cooking in their own liquor enough fine, ripe tomatoes to make four quarts of pulp when cooked. Rub through a wire sieve till it is as smooth as cream. Add one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of black pepper, one-half spoonful of cayenne, one-half teaspoonful of ground cinnamon—grind it yourself and be sure that it is good—one-half teaspoonful of cloves and sugar to suit the taste. Boil slowly for three hours and when nearly done add a pint of good vinegar. Bottle when hot, and cork the bottles tight, sealing them all over with sealing wax. When you are going to use spices of any kind, or pepper, get the grains and grind them yourself.—New York Telegram.

#### A MEAL IN THEMSELVES.

Take large potatoes, bake until soft and cut a round piece off the top of each. Scrape out the inside carefully so as not to break the skin, and set aside the empty cases with the covers. Mash the inside very smoothly, working into it while hot some butter and cream, about half a teaspoonful for every potato. Season with salt and pepper, with a good pinch of grated cheese for each. Work it very soft with milk and put into a saucepan to heat, stirring to prevent burning. When scalding hot stir in one well-beaten egg for six large potatoes. Boil up once, fill the skins with the mixture, replacing the caps. Then return them to the oven for three minutes. Arrange upon a napkin in a deep dish with caps uppermost, cover with the fold of a napkin and serve very hot.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Acid phosphate will remove ink stains from the hands when everything else fails.

Milk, applied once a week with a soft cloth, freshens and preserves boots and shoes.

The pulp of a lemon rubbed on the roots of the hair will stop ordinary cases of falling out.

Canned sardines carefully browned on a double-wire gridiron, and served with lemon, are appetizing.

Rain water and white castile soap in a lukewarm suds is the best mixture in which to wash embroideries.

Cold meats or fish may be hashed fine and mixed with potatoes, rice or hominy, and a sauce made into croquettes.

Gravies, sauces and soups, no matter how small the quantity, should be saved to use in warming over meat, fish or vegetables.

Calicoes, gingham and chambrays cannot be properly washed along with the white clothes. They need a much quicker process, and the long delays of an ordinary wash day would ruin them.

Two uses of eggs are not generally known or appreciated. A fresh egg beaten and thickened with sugar, freely eaten will relieve hoarseness, and the skin of a boiled egg, wet and applied to a boil, will draw out soreness.

### The Hour of Achievement.

On the thirty-second day of the thirteenth month of the eighth day of the week, On the twenty-fifth hour of the sixty-first minute, we'll find all things that we seek.

They are there in the limbo of Lollipop Land—a cloud island and resting in air.

On the Nowhere side of the Mountain of Mist, in the Valley of Overthere. On a solid vapor foundation of cloud are palaces grand and fair;

And there is where our dreams will come true, and the seeds of our hope will grow, On the hitherward side of the Hills of Hope in the Hamlet of Hoops Po.

On the hitherward side of the Hills of Hope, in the Hamlet of Hoops Po, We shall see all things that we want to see, and know all we care to know;

For there the old men will never lament, the babies they never will squeak.

In the Cross-road Corners of Chaosville, in the County of Hideandgoosek.

In the Cross-road Corners of Chaosville, in the County of Hideandgoosek.

On the thirty-second day of the thirteenth month of the eighth day of the week, We shall do all the things that we please to do and accomplish whatever we try,

On the sunset shore of some time or other, by the beautiful Bay of Bimely.

—S. W. Foss, in Boston Transcript.

### HUMOROUS.

The man who knows how it is himself is apt to let others learn as he did.

If fact could be sold, only such as are already possessed of it would not want to buy it.

Robbins—I don't see why they water railroad stock. Higbee—To form a pool, of course.

He—She has very handsome teeth. She—Why shouldn't she, when her brother's a dentist?

"You needn't try to deceive me," said the curtain to the window. "I can see through you."

"The bride's father gave her away, did he not?" "More than that. He threw in \$150,000 to boot."

"There," said the new policeman, as he fondly handled his club, "is what I call a stunning ornament."

The name "Napoleon of Finance." He missed; 'twas rather rough. He got some crooked cash by chance, But he didn't get enough.

Nell—What makes you think your new suitor is entirely too honest? Belle—Because he wouldn't even steal a kiss.

Bashful Bachelor—Say, didn't you find it pretty hard work to pop the question? Bold Benedict—Not at all; you see I married a widow.

"There are few more disappointing things in life," says the Manayunk philosopher, "than a balloon ascension to a man with a stiff neck."

Shop Girl—Really, madame, that white feather in your hat makes you look ten years younger. Old Maid—Is that so? Then give me another.

Mrs. Bingo—Can't I have a bicycle, dear? Bingo—Pshaw, you'd never learn. Mrs. Bingo—Well, I've had enough practice working the sewing machine.

"Your wife takes great interest in the woman question." "She does, sir; she is so much taken up with the rights of women that she forgets men have any."

Brown—Jones seems to be working hard for the nomination. Smith—I should say so. Just published his fourth letter stating that he is not a candidate.

Said the ruler of China, "Perhaps we can conquer these troublesome Japs; If we can't reach their isle We'll continue to smile, And cross it right out of our maps!"

Jones-Brown—I've been stopping at a place in Chicago where it is \$50 for fifty days. Brown-Smith—I've been stopping at a place there where it is \$50 or fifty days.

Warden—What is your occupation? Female Convict—Domestic.

Warden—Here, turnkey, put this woman in irons! We can't run any risk of jail-breaking.

She—And is the hair dye as dangerous as the doctors say? He—Every bit. An uncle of mine once died his hair, and three weeks after he married a widow with four children.

Everett Wrest—Do you believe this guff about love of money being the root of all evil? Laymond Sowre—I dunno but what it is so. Want of money has drove many a good man to work.

"Do you think Sickles will recover soon?" asked the invalid's friend. "H'm'm," replied the physician thoughtfully, "My answer depends on whether you mean physically or financially."

Professor (lecturing on the gorilla)—Gentlemen, you must give me your undivided attention. It is impossible for you to form a true idea of this hideous animal unless you keep your eyes fixed on me.