

The army of Bolivia costs the people of that impoverished country \$1,800,000 a year.

A century ago there was not a mile of telegraph or telephone wire in existence, not a foot of railroad, nor a steamship.

Forty-three persons have been run over and killed by trolley cars in Philadelphia, and the trolley system has been in operation there only nine months.

A Scotchman has advanced the theory that the Japanese are the lost ten tribes because they have a place named Hiroshima, which is like the Hebrew name for Jerusalem.

In Brisbane, Australia, the postal authorities have placed boxes for the posting of letters on the tram cars running to the general postoffice. This system has proved a great convenience to the public.

It is proposed that the various states to which are given 1,000,000 acres of land, each under the Arid Land Law shall establish model irrigation colonies to demonstrate what can be done on irrigated land.

Dr. Roux has received from President Casimir-Perier the congratulations of the French Government and the Cross of Commander of the Legion of Honor, in recognition of his work upon the serum treatment of diphtheria.

The foreign demand for American horses is steadily increasing. Unfortunately, laments the New York World, the sort desired are the very kind that are scarce in this country. It will pay breeders to make an effort to combine size, substance, purity of trotting action and bold knee action with speed.

Savannah, Ga., seems to have obtained a permanent cheap street car far as the result of the war between the rival companies. The fare has been put down to one cent, but it is reported that the companies have made money by the reduction. One company took in \$300 the other day. The whole population of Savannah is only about 15,000, and for one company to take 30,000 fares in a day is in the opinion of the New Orleans Picayune, doing pretty well.

The Atlanta Journal remarks: "While the farmers of the South are disgusted with low price cotton, it is well to look into the feasibility of growing anything that will go towards making the farm self-sustaining. A new industry in the Middle States is improving walnut and chestnut culture. The walnut and chestnut crop has grown to be an important one. One of its most valuable features is that waste land can be utilized and made to yield profitable crops. Within the last few years attention has been given to growing chestnuts and walnuts for market.

Frank Dekum, a prominent citizen of Portland, Oregon, who died a few weeks ago, will be held in sweet remembrance by the people of the city and state because of a work of love. Mr. Dekum was a native of Germany, and long before he became the wealthy man he was at his death, he expended much of his means in trying to people the parks and fields and woods of his adopted state with the sweet song birds of his native land. He brought over thrushes, skylarks, meadow larks, nightingales, chaffinches, goldfinches and many other song birds, cared for them until they became acclimated and then set them free. The birds fared well and today, not only in Oregon, but in the neighboring states also, the songs of these old-world warblers are heard.

Professor Corson of Cornell University, in a recent article in Poet-Lore, points out the great defect in the teaching of English in American schools. He says very truly, that there is overmuch study of grammatical and philological details and very little attention paid to the real study of great works as literature or the cultivation of thought and literary style, which should be the direct fruit of the study of the English language. To this, he thinks, is due the meager stock of thought and the lack of skill in expression of so many graduates of high schools and colleges. These pupils have a good knowledge of the methods of study, but in gaining those they have missed all the objects of the rules. Happily, in some schools literature is made a living thing, the best means of generous culture, but until the passion for grammar and the rules of rhetoric are conquered, we may not hope to see English take its rightful place in our common schools and colleges.

When Jimmie Comes From School.
When Jimmie comes from school at four,
J-e-r-u-s-a-l-e-m! how things begin
To whirl and buzz and bang and spin,
And brighten up from roof to floor!
The dog that all day long has lain
Upon the back porch was his tail
And leaps and barks and begs again
The last scrap in the dinner-pail.
When Jimmie comes from school.

The cupboard latches clicks a tune,
And mother from her knitting stirs
To tell that hungry boy of hers
That supper will be ready soon,
And then a slab of pie he takes,
A cookie and a quince or two
And for the breezy barnyard breaks,
Where everything cries, "How d'y do?"
When Jimmie comes from school.

The rooster on the garden fence
Stirs up and down and crows and crows
As if he knows, or thinks he knows,
His, too, is of some consequence,
The guinea, join the chorus, too,
And just beside the window's sill
The red bird, swinging out of view,
On his high perch begins to trill.
When Jimmie comes from school.

When Jimmie comes from school, take care!
Our hearts begin to throb and quake
With life and joy and every ache
Is gone before we are aware,
The earth takes on a richer hue,
A softer light falls on the flowers,
And overhead a brighter blue
Seems bent above this world of ours,
When Jimmie comes from school.
—JAMES NEWTON MATTHEW.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

BY RICHARD DOWLING.

"Hallo, Braeken!" said I, one brisk April afternoon, as I saw my friend the detective leaning against the parapet, like idlest loafer alive, "who would have thought of meeting you on London Bridge?"

"Come here, Mr. Ball," said he, catching my arm, and drawing me to his side. "Do you know that I have this morning solved the mystery of that?" He pointed to the burnt out shell of a great wharf on the Middlesex side of the river not far from the bridge.

"What?" I cried, "solved the mystery of the great Thames street fire? First of all tell me what the mystery was, for candidly I do not know; and then tell me how you solved it, for by that time I shall be dying to hear."

"Let us step into the recess and get out of the people's way," said he. "You saw, of course, in the papers, 'Schofield's wharf had been burnt down, and that there was no way of accounting for the fire.'"

"Unfortunately, Braeken," said I, "my newspaper reading for the past week or ten days has been absolutely nothing; but I saw on the placards something about a 'Great Conflagration in Thames street.'"

"Then I suppose I must tell you all about it," said Braeken, with a sigh of resignation. "Well," he went on, stretching across the stone seat of the recess and resting his elbows on the parapet, "last Saturday afternoon Mr. Tomilson, who owns Schofield's Wharf, locked the Tower street door at 2 o'clock and from that time until 4 o'clock on Monday morning, when the place was found in flames, that door was not opened by him or anybody else. There are two doors, to be sure, but the other one on the water can be opened only from the inside, and when the firemen got on the spot the river door showed no signs of having been tampered with, although the fire seemed to have originated in the rear of the building. At the rear of the building were a few bales of jute, and at first Mr. Tomilson said he supposed they had heated, but, strange to tell you, they were found uninjured save by water, and were about the only thing in the building which escaped."

"Schofield's was very heavily insured, and on Monday people began to say it was a good thing for Mr. Tomilson it had gone up the flue, as his affairs were in a bad way."

"By Tuesday morning the bad rumors got stronger, and people whispered that the cause of the burning ought to be looked for in Tomilson's difficulties—"

"In fact, that he had set fire to the place," said I.

"Well, yes," said Braeken, petulantly, "but they did not put it in these words exactly; maybe I'd tell my story just as quickly if I told it my own way."

"Then by all means go on your own way. I will not interrupt again," said I, sitting upon the parapet, with my feet on the stone seat.

"Tuesday evening I was called in. It was plainly put to me that there were strong suspicions in the case, and I was told that it would be made very well worth my while if I found out all about it. You know that insurance companies will hardly ever set the law in motion; here they could not but do something, the crime was so glaring—"

"You could not expect it to be

otherwise than glaring," said I "with such a blaze."

Braeken shot a glance of scorn at me, but took no further notice of my interruption.

"The first thing I did was to find out all I could about Tomilson. His home was at Putney. To Putney I went. I discovered he lived quietly in a dull road, a couple of hundred yards from the river. He is a childless widower of forty-five. He never saw any company, and his household consisted of himself, an old housekeeper and one maid servant. On week days he never made more use of his Putney house than to sleep and eat breakfast in it. Even on Saturdays he did not come home until it was time for bed. In summer he spent a good deal of his leisure on the Thames, but had no boat of his own, always hiring one of old Greenfell, the boatman.

"Little time as Tomilson devoted to Putney, as a rule, they told me he spent less than usual there that week; for the maid servant had gone home on Friday to Hertfordshire to see her mother, who was ill, and Tomilson had given his housekeeper a holiday from Saturday to Monday to visit her married daughter, he saying he would himself spend from Saturday to Monday at Brighton.

"Now, many men without families are in the habit of going to Brighton from Saturday to Monday, but he was not one of these. In fact, his visiting Brighton was a most unusual event; and for years he had not done anything of the kind. This set me thinking and inquiring further and more closely about Tomilson's manner of accounting for his time. He had given out that he went to Brighton by the 6.15 on Saturday and came back by the 8.30 on Monday morning. I made sure that he had not been seen at Putney from Saturday to Monday night, when he went home after the fire.

"Tomilson told them in Thames street that he had stopped at the Bolivar in Brighton, so I took a little trip for myself down to the sea, and dropped in to the Bolivar. At the hotel—it is a big one, as you know—I found out that he had been there from Saturday night to Monday morning according to the books, for he had paid for his bed on Sunday night and breakfast next day. I lounged about and found a chatty chambermaid who said that although the bed was rumpled she did not think my man had slept in it on Sunday night. Then I met a waiter who would, in the ordinary course, have served Mr. Tomilson's breakfast on Monday morning, and who could not remember having served him or seeing him that day.

"Tomilson was not known in Brighton, and I lost all trace of him there the moment I put my foot outside the hotel. However, the facts I had picked up put an idea in my head, and I came back to London and went on to Putney once more and dropped in on old Greenfell. Of course, the boating season has not begun yet for him. I found him doing some varnishing in expectation of the season, and fell into chat with him.

"He had not seen Tomilson for weeks—months. It was of him the tea merchant always hired boats in the season, but Tomilson would not be likely to take to the river for a month or six weeks yet. Greenfell had nothing but good to say of Tomilson, and was very indignant at the rumors respecting the fire in Thames street.

"Why," said Greenfell, "the man was fifty miles away at the time the fire broke out."

"So I have heard," I said. Greenfell had no notion I was a detective. I had come merely to see about a boat for next Sunday.

"They tell me," said old Greenfell, "that the fire began at the river side. Well, I'll tell you a curious thing. Sunday night or Monday morning one of my boats, a pair or two, was taken by some one who did not say 'By your leave or pay a penny.'"

"I was all attention now, you may be sure."

"Whoever borrowed the boat brought it back all right, and nothing the worse if it wasn't for a stench of paraffin. Whoever had the boat must have upset his lamp in it."

"Which boat was it?" I asked.

"That one there," said Greenfell, pointing.

"Has anyone used it since?" I said.

"No. It's not fit for hire. I must wash it well out before I let anyone have it."

"I got into the boat and found even still a smell of paraffin. I lifted up the stern sheets. There was a little water in the boat, and in the water I found this—"

Braeken handed me a broken link of a gold watch chain. "I slipped the link into my pocket," he went on, "without saying anything to Greenfell

about it, and in a few minutes was on my way to Thames street. As I went I examined the link. It was a long S loop, flattened and marked 18 carats.

"When I got to Schofield's Wharf I asked for a private interview with Mr. Tomilson. He did not know who Braeken was, and saw me at once. I told him I was a detective put on the job, as it was feared some of his men had fired the place out of spite. I said:

"Mr. Tomilson, I have a theory as to how this fire arose. I think the man who did the job borrowed a boat from old Greenfell, of Putney, without saying anything about it to Greenfell. I think he had a few gallons of paraffin, and that he just let the oil flow in under the river door and then set fire to it. Moreover, if I could only put my hand on a man who wore a watch chain with links like that I could put my hand on the man who lit the blaze."

"I placed the broken link on the desk before Tomilson and looked at him for the first time. He made a clutch at where his watch chain ought to be, but he was not wearing one. He fell back in his chair and gasped and turned deadly white. He tried to speak, but no word came. I picked up the broken link and left him. That was at noon today. Tomilson is now out of the country. No claim will be made upon the insurance companies, and tomorrow Tomilson will be known as an absconding bankrupt."

"And," said I, getting down off the parapet of the bridge, "will no attempt be made to bring the scoundrel to justice?"

"I think not," said Braeken.—New York Advertiser.

Where Cork Comes From.

"Very few people understand how corks are made or where cork trees grow," said a wine tout the other evening in a Broadway cafe. "Of course I understand all branches of the business," the corkologist went on. "The cork tree on an average lives 100 years, and its average height is 25 or 30 feet. It is a native of the Mediterranean basin, in Northern Africa, Corsica, Southern France and the Siberian Peninsula. It does not grow in America except in spots—dry, warm places of mild temperature. These trees are very rare and considered great curiosities.

"On a recent visit South I found two fine cork trees in the college grounds at Bay St. Louis, near New Orleans. They are very large and beautiful, and are called 'The Twins.' A maker of corks had obtained permission to strip the trees of their bark. The cork tree is valued for its bark; the best time to strip it is in July or August. The outer bark of the tree is first stripped when it is about twenty-five years old. This removal of the rough bark, or outer skin, as some would call it, causes a growth of finer quality. This requires about eight or nine years, and the quality improves with each successive stripping. So you will see that the cork tree, as well as man, changes its skin in about the same number of years, though I believe seven years is the time given to man for a complete change.—New York World.

The Vitality of Men.

There are two parts of the human organism, Dr. Balfour tells us, which if wisely used "largely escapes senile failure." These two are the brain and the heart. Persons who have often wondered why brain workers, great statesmen and others, should continue to work with almost unimpaired mental activity and energy up to a period when most of the organs and functions of the body are in a condition of advanced senile decay. There is a physiological reason for this, and Dr. Balfour tells us what it is. The normal brain, he affirms, "remains vigorous to the last," and that "because its nutrition is specially provided for." Who is there among those who have reached or passed middle age that will not be rejoiced to find such admirable physiological warrant for the belief that the brain may continue to work and even to improve almost to the very last hour of life? As in the case of the brain, there seems to be excellent physiological warrant for the conclusion that ceteris paribus the aged heart succeeds to, at any rate, a relative increase of strength as time goes on.—London Hospital.

A Distinction with a Difference.

Country Cousin—Really, my daughter is a thoroughly good girl; she makes all her own dresses. No dressmaker has ever received a cent from her.

City Cousin (dryly)—H'm! My daughter always wears the best material made in the latest fashion. As to the dressmakers' bills, your daughter and mine are alike in that.—Truth.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

GOOD COFFEE.

There are few articles of diet that are more carelessly treated than coffee. To be at its best it should be made with boiling water, and the coffee-pot should be rinsed with scalding water just before the coffee is put in, ground very fine, about the size of ordinary sifted corn meal. Made in a filter with everything about it boiling hot and served with good cream and cut sugar, this beverage is in most delicious and striking contrast to the liquid that often passes under the name of coffee.—Boston Cultivator.

GOOD SOFT GINGERBREAD.

A good, soft gingerbread may be made as follows: Two cups of old-fashioned, very black molasses, half cup of butter or dripping, one tablespoonful good ginger, one teaspoonful ground cinnamon, same of allspice, half the quantity of ground cloves and salt, half teaspoonful of saleratus. Melt the fat and beat it into the molasses with the spices, add enough sifted flour to make a very stiff batter, and last add the saleratus in a tablespoonful of boiling water. Put in a well-greased pan and let it stand for twenty minutes. Bake in a slow oven, and do not cut until cold.—New York World.

FISH CROQUETTES.

For the fish croquettes buy sliced fish, fry at breakfast time and then put in the refrigerator until near the hour of dinner. It is not safe to eat fish now that is kept raw until late in the day unless packed in ice. To make the croquettes: To every cup of cold cooked fish allow one large tablespoonful of butter, one-half cup of cream or milk, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley and the yolk of one egg. Season the fish with one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, a very little red pepper and the parsley. Scald the milk, rub the butter and flour together until smooth; add the scalded milk and stir until thick and smooth. Add the beaten yolk, mix well and take from the fire, add the seasoned fish and put aside to cool. When cool form into croquettes, cover with an egg and bread crumbs and fry in smoking hot fat.—New York Times.

MRS. BOKER'S RICE PUDDING.

There is, said Mrs. Boker, but one sort of rice pudding, to my mind, that can be made perfectly, and if these directions are followed, you will have a creamy, delicious pudding as a result. Put one quart of milk into a pudding pan, add about a quarter teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, quarter of a cupful of layer raisins unstoned, two tablespoonfuls of rice, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Do not heap the spoons. Stir until sugar is dissolved, and then stand the pan in a moderate oven. As soon as the milk is hot, and a little scum forms over the top, stir it down and stir the rice from the bottom of the pan. Do this as fast as a crust forms. The crust should be papery, and light in color. When the milk begins to thicken, and the rice seems to come to the surface, stop stirring and allow a thin brown crust to form. Stand away in a cool place, to quickly chill. Now, if this is too thick, you have cooked it too slowly and too long. If it is too thin and milky, you have not cooked it long enough.

HINTS FOR THE LAUNDRY.

Try to understand all the details of the laundry from the washing of delicate laces to the cleaning of heavy blankets; also the best method of removing stains, starching, ironing, etc.

Try hanging the tablecloths and linen sheets one-half or two-thirds their length over the line, without using clothes pins, unless absolutely necessary; as rough clothes pins in careless hands will often ruin delicate fabrics.

Try to have the damask ironed so that the pattern will be clear and distinct, sometimes shines like satin, but more often it scarcely shows the pattern at all. It takes a "moderate" iron and an even pressure to do it properly. Too hot or too cold an iron never does good work.

Try sprinkling delicate wash dresses with this gum water when it becomes necessary to iron them in the course of wearing, when they have not been washed. For mixing with the starch for the white clothes, use about a tablespoonful of gum water to a pint of the warm, boiled starch.

Try soaking table linen and other fine articles that have become badly soiled, over night with a little ammonia added to the water. This will soften the dirt as well as the water, and in the morning with a very little rubbing thorough rinsing and careful bluing, they will be ready to hang out.

A Dangerous Metamorphosis.

It is but a little thing I ask;
A trifle, nothing more, I swear;
'Tis not a heavy, gruesome task
That wrinkles brow or silvers hair;
'Tis something, dear, that if you give,
You cannot fairly deem amiss;
'Tis nothing more than, as I live,
A little, simple, single kiss.

But this little thing you boldly ask,
This trifle light, to you as air,
Perhaps, to me, doth fears unmask
That well may cause me to beware;
For this same simple, single kiss
Might soon develop into kisses;
And I, from having been a Miss,
Become, in consequence, a Mrs.—
—JOSEPHINE DIXON, In Home and Country.

HUMOROUS.

The first real estate rumor—The nebular hypothesis.

A popular occupation with young women—Making parior matches.

"No, pa," replied the incorrigible, "you teach me which is switch."

A woman never marries the man she pities, nor pities the man she marries.
If you'll notice the hatchet-faced man seldom splits his sides with laughter.

Some folks love equality so well that the success of others make them miserable.

Her Mother—Don't you find Jack rather rough. Priscilla—Yes mamma. And yet he says she shaves every day.

Operator—Now, how do you wish to be taken madam—burst or full length. Miss Primley—No sir, I'll stand up.

He—I see that China is suing for peace. She—How ridiculous! Hasn't she lost enough by war without going into the law courts?

A certain sage said he never knew a rogue who was not unhappy. Of course not; it is the rogues who are not known who are the happy ones.

Assistant—I've the greatest freak in the world here. Museum Manager—What is it? Assistant—A farmer who speaks the dialect we get in magazine short stories.

"Now, you young scamp," said Blinks senior, as he led his youngster out into the woodshed, and prepared to give him a dressing, "I'll teach you what is what."

"I didn't see your portrait at the exhibition, Miss Holmeleigh." "No, they wouldn't take it. They said it was a good portrait, but that my face was out of drawing."

"I propose," began the deliberate old lawyer who called around to see a young widow on business, when his vivacious client exclaimed, "I accept." They are new partners.

Professor (returning home at night, hears noise)—Is some one there? Burglar under the bed!—No! Professor—That's strange! I was positive some one was under my bed.

First College Student—The weather is too fine for study. Wish I could get off for a few weeks. Second College Student—That's easy. Kill a freshman, and the faculty will order you home for a month.

A little girl was overheard talking to her doll whose arm had come off, exposing the sawdust stuffing. "You dear, good, obedient dolly, I knew I had told you to chew your food fine, but I didn't think you would chew it so fine as that."

After the Honeymoon—Time, June.—The Earl (proudly)—I am carrying on some interesting researches into the early history of my family. The American Countess (late of the Metropolitan nouveau riche, snappishly)—Are you afraid that the facts have not been effectually suppressed?

"Here's another one of those millionaire plumber jokes in the paper, said Criticus. "Did you ever see a rich plumber, Hicks?" "Never," said Hicks. All the plumbers I've ever seen have been very poor plumbers. Still, a fellow may be a poor plumber and yet be a rich man."

He was a pretty little youngster, with fat legs that stuck out beneath clean, stiff starched clothes. "What are you going to do when you grow to be a man?" asked a visitor. The little fellow's face assumed an expression of earnest gravity as he responded, with a voice which was evidently shaken by sad memories of the past, "Whip papa."

Relief for the Eyes.

In continued use of the eyes, in such work as sewing, typesetting, bookkeeping, reading and studying, the saving point is looking up from the work at short intervals and looking around the room. This may be practiced every ten or fifteen minutes. This relieves the muscular tension, rests the eyes and makes the blood supply much better.