

The United States have 842 colored lawyers.

A French paper says that 4,847,500, 000 people die during each century.

Great Britain gets \$95,000,000 from liquor taxes and \$40,000,000 from the tax on tobacco.

The total vote cast in the States, which held elections in 1894 was 11, 350,000 and in 1892 the vote of the country, in an exciting Presidential election was 12,034,858.

Sergius Stepanik, the Russian radical, does not believe the new Czar will embark on a great war unless he loses his mind. He thinks the poverty of the empire will keep her at peace.

A French society, the Friends of Parisian Monuments, is greatly elated that it has succeeded in defeating the building of a great elevated railway station over the esplanade of the Invalides in Paris. The station is to be put under ground.

Australians are seemingly a very hungry people. Max O'Rell says they eat seven meals a day. Ten, bread and butter at 7; breakfast, 8.30; lunch, 11; dinner 1.30; tea at 3, supper at 6 and a "smack" at 10 o'clock at night. They drink enormous quantities of tea during the day.

An extraordinary movement against the use of tobacco has been inaugurated by the State Teachers' Association at Lansing, Mich. It is demanded that all teachers in the state who use tobacco in any form be discharged and that the teachers who fill the vacancies must not only be opposed to tobacco, but no members of their families must use it.

The decision of the War Department that Indian soldiers are not wanted will cause many peculiar, if not great, names to disappear from the army rolls, Sergeants Cold Wind, Wagoner Jimmie Ears and Private Bull Dog, On-the-Edge, On-Top-of-the-Tepee, Runs-in-Among-Them, Stone Bull and Two-White-Men have been mustered out of service. The trouble with Lo is that he does not take to the routine of army work, explains the New York Mail and Express.

The semi-centennial of the discovery of anesthesia has just been celebrated in Boston. It is an event well worth celebrating exclaims the San Francisco Examiner. None of the more showy inventions of the nineteenth century—not the locomotive, nor the steamboat, nor the electric light, nor the trolley car, nor the telegraph, nor the telephone, nor the dynamite gun, nor the magazine rifle, nor the automobile torpedo, can compare with the introduction of anesthetics as solid contributions to human happiness. It is hard to realize the awful load of misery lifted from the race by that simple device.

King Behanzin, of Dahomey, is enjoying the luxuries of civilization at Martinique, West Indies, where his French captors sent him. He was greatly alarmed when news of the death of President Carnot reached him. So firmly persuaded was he that the new president would signalize his accession to power by cutting off his head that he could not sleep. Beheading of a captive is Behanzin's notion of the proper way to celebrate the installation of new rulers. When assured that no harm was intended him, Behanzin remarked, "I now feel that I and my wives are carried on the back of a powerful elephant called France."

An employment agent in Portland, Oregon, claims that he shall land nearly 1,000 Japanese in this country soon. Portland railway officials don't think he will do it. Of the incoming of the Japanese as laborers the Oregonian says: "There is a diversity of opinion as to the desirability of inducing Japanese immigration to this country. Some people, influenced by the accounts of Japanese valor on the battlefield, think they would prefer a Jap to a European as a naturalized citizen, while others are of a very contrary opinion. The Jap has never shown the indefatigability in the pursuit of work that he shows in the pursuit of Chinese. He comes to this country principally to get an education. The Portland colony contains some bright Japanese and not a few very good imitations of the modern "Willie Boy." Of the working class the majority are connected in some way with restaurants. The importation of Japanese labor to the Pacific coast is not looked upon favorably by laboring men, and the subject is beginning to be a most fruitful one for labor orators."

Unsealed.
The gift divine
Is not so far as many say
Not weary leagues away, away,
But thine and mine.
The gift supreme
Is not so high as great ones tell;
Not where the angel martyrs dwell
But in our dream.
The gift most strong
Is not of mountain rib or sea,
Or twisted bolt of victory,
But in a song.
The gift most sweet
Is not beyond the Alps, or hill
Behold old Khufu's pyramid,
But at our feet.
The gift most fair
Is not wild landscape, dappled sky,
Or fretted clouds that drowse or fly,
But what we are.
The gift above
All reckoning of artful art
Is not beyond but in the heart
Of human love.
—IDA MAY DAVIS.

THE VALENTINE.

BY MARY C. FRESTON.

"No clients today," thought Philip Aehorn, as he turned from his office-window and went back to his desk.

A fine rain was falling outside, a rain which was freezing as it fell, making the pavement as smooth as a sheet of ice. The young lawyer knew that few, save those who went forth to earn daily bread, would venture out this cold, dreary February morning; and the bread-winners of the city never sought that airy, pleasant office of the talented and wealthy Philip Aehorn.

He was leaning idly back in his chair, playing with a pen, which as yet was innocent of ink, and dreaming of a pair of gray eyes—laughing, sunny, tender eyes—when the door was pushed open, and a young man entered very unceremoniously.

Philip looked up with a slight smile; evidently the newcomer was no stranger to him, nor unwelcome.

"Good! you are all alone and idle," said the visitor; "for just once in my life, I am going to employ you!"

"Yes. To draw up your will, my dear Guy?"

"Not exactly; but will you compose a verse or two—very sentimental—for a Valentine? I want to send one, but I couldn't make a rhyme to save my life; you can, I know. Will you, Phil?"

"I write verses for a love-sick swain? My boy, you must wonder I don't throw you out of yonder window! I am a lawyer, not a scribbler of rhymes!"

"But you can scribble rhymes, and I can't. Won't you help me? I've just set my heart on sending her something she'd like, and I knew you would help me; you will, old boy?"

And Guy Azore, with his boyish face flushed a little, and his blue eyes glowing, drew a chair beside that of his friend and sat down.

Philip looked at the impulsive face indulgently a moment, then, with a low laugh, drew forward some sheets of paper, and dipped his pen in the ink.

"Here goes," he said, merrily. "Is it to be a declaration, my boy? or do you only wish to let her know that you are hard hit, and leave her in a state of blissful uncertainty as to whether or not she is to have the pleasure of rejecting you later? Her eyes are blue, are they not? That will furnish one rhyme, for of course I—you will tell her that your love is 'true'?"

"See here," said Guy, moodily. "I am hard hit, and if you are going to chaff me—"

"But I'm not."

"Then go ahead; write just as you would from yourself if you had met Mabel Snowe and fallen in love with her, and wanted to take advantage of Valentine's Day to tell her, there's a good fellow."

"Mabel Snowe!"

He paled a little as he repeated the name. Ah, those soft, gray eyes that had haunted him for weeks past—the fair girl-face that had seemed to him so pure and sweet!

"Yes. Isn't it a pretty name? But her eyes are gray; not blue, and— But you know about what I want to say."

Yes, he knew. Without a word, but with a slight frown on his white forehead, the young lawyer bent over his desk, and his pen went rapidly along the paper.

As he would write were he writing from himself, Guy had said. For a moment he forgot that it was not from himself the lines were to go to Mabel Snowe, as he wrote rapidly, impatiently.

Then, lifting his head, he suddenly remembered, and with a laugh that was not exactly mirthful, he pushed the sheets across to Guy, who took and read them eagerly.

"Jove! you're a poet, Phil!" cried

the young man, impulsively. "That about wearing a rose in her bosom, and giving it to me as a token of her answering love, is capital. It might be called an inspiration. She is to be at Folger's ball tomorrow night. You go, don't you?"

Philip nodded. "She will be there, too. I'll introduce you. You are a good fellow, Phil, and no mistake."

And placing the poetry in his breast-pocket, Guy left the office.

Alone once more, and Philip began a restless pacing backward and forward, backward and forward, which lasted for an hour; and when he flung himself into his chair at last, and rested his brow on his hand, his fine face was decidedly pallid, but his lips were firmly set.

"I really care more than I knew," he said, slowly. "Then why not enter the lists against Guy, and woo her, too? If she cares for the boy, I am too late. If her heart has not yet awakened, I may have a chance. Tomorrow is the fourteenth, and tomorrow night I will meet her. I will know the truth then."

Philip Aehorn was rarely an early arrival at a ball, but he was among the first to enter Mrs. Folger's ball-room on that night of St. Valentine.

Yet early as he was, Guy was earlier, and stood near a window, looking very nearly sullen.

As Philip saw his friend's face, a sudden hope stole into his heart.

Had she failed to wear the rose?

No; for in another moment he saw her, crossing the room on the arm of her brother; and in the bosom of her white dress nestled a rose as red as blood.

Presently he was at her side, his grave eyes on her face, his heart beating furiously, although outwardly he was very calm.

"Have you kept a dance for me?" he asked.

And she blushed faintly as she put her tablets in his hand.

"This is disengaged," he said quietly.

And in another moment it was marked his own. Both were strangely silent as they went gliding over the floor.

It was not until as he led her to a seat that he spoke.

"Would it be impertinent of me to ask how many Valentines you received today, Miss Snowe?"

"Only one," she replied, shyly; and involuntarily her hand went to the rose she wore.

"And when I ask you for the rose, Oh, give it to me, love of mine!"

He had written the words to her at Guy's request, it is true, but they had been his own cry to her for a return of the love he gave her; and as he wrote them, he had forgotten Guy as now he forgot the boy again.

She was so fair, so sweet, so shy and tender, with the faint color in her cheeks, and the long lashes drooping, and whiteness all about her save for that one red flower.

He forgot that it was for Guy Azore he had written those lines to her, and he risked more than he realized in his next question:

"Can you part with your rose? I want it very badly. Will you give it to me?"

She did not lift her eyes.

Suddenly he remembered that the flower was not for him, and his face lost color.

Had she not put it there, above the beatings of her heart, for Guy Azore, the youth who was his friend? Why had he forgotten?

But—what was this? Surely the small fingers were fluttering among the leaves!

The fair, odorous pledge was loosened and held out to him. What did it mean?

A sudden, hot color went over his face; his eyes grew glad and soft, as, gathering the blossom and the hand that gave it into a warm clasp, he stood there, in a sheltered corner of the ballroom, with music swelling about him, and his pulses keeping time to the measure.

"You give the rose to me—to me?" he said, in a low tone of rapture.

And she gave a swift, upward glance into his eyes, a glance he could not mistake.

"I knew the Valentine was from you," she said, almost in a whisper. "There was no name, but I knew it must be you; and so I wore the rose."

"Ah!" he said, the truth dawning on him at last.

And he pressed the rose to his lips, then the small hand.

"Mr. Azore seemed to think he had a right to the flower," she went on, softly. "He coaxed me to give it to him, and seemed quite put out when I refused. He did not know that it was a—token."

"Poor Guy!" thought Philip, trying not to laugh.

But he was too happy, too blest in his new-found and unexpected bliss, not to honestly pity the disappointed youth.

"A token of the love you give me?" he asked, gently. "Truly such token is of more value to me than a crown would be. I wrote the words you read this morning without a hope in my heart; but now—"

He looked impatiently about him, at the figures of the dancers. No, he dared not kiss the face so near his own—not yet!

"She shall never know the truth of it all," he vowed, later.

And she never did. As for Guy, he was young and impressionable; in a month he was deeply in love again.

Indians as Hunters.

"It is a remark often made by old-timers who knew the western country when the red man was as common there as the tenderfoot is now," said a sportsman from the Rockies, "that Indians never scare away game from a region in which they hunt. But, they say, wherever the white man comes with his firearms game is bound to be killed off or driven away. These sayings are true, with the qualifying statement that by reasonable game laws game of all kinds can be preserved and even when nearly exterminated restored to almost its original plentifulness in districts not too fully occupied by man and his domestic creatures.

"The Indian in hunting as he searches out and steals upon the deer or wild turkeys with his soft tread of moccasined feet. In the twang of his bow string and the flight of his whistling arrow there is no explosive sound to alarm the creatures near the one that is struck. He, like themselves, is in sympathetic accord with the tints and tones of plain and mountain and forest, and while endeavoring to match their craft against his they are satisfied with trying to avoid him without abandoning the region where he abides.

"It is when white hunters of the sportsman variety invade its haunts, their presence heralded by the tread of their booted feet, their clothes alien in appearance to the wilds, and their purpose shown by the crack and crash of firearms, that game begins to migrate to other feeding grounds. Add to this the increasing and indiscriminate slaughter for slaughter's sake that characterizes the white man's hunting and it is easy to see why the depopulation of the forest and plain, when unrestricted by law, is speedy and sure. Ever since the general adoption by Indians of firearms for their hunting it has not been found that large game has diminished materially in regions in which the white man is an infrequent visitor, although Sir Samuel Baker, the explorer, asserts of African game and predatory creatures that 'animals can endure traps, pitfalls, fire, and every savage method of hunting; but firearms will speedily clear them out from extensive districts.'—Chicago Tribune.

Peanut Oil.

The utilization of peanut oil in the manufacture of soap constitutes an important industry in Marseilles, some ingeniously operating machine being used for the purpose. After being cleaned and shelled the nuts are made to fall into a triturating machine, consisting of a pair of cast-iron rollers, and after being coarsely ground the meal passes to another machine to be ground finer, and thence into a long hexagonal case forming a sieve, through which the fine meal passes, while the coarse is sent back to the rollers again. The meal is then pressed in what are termed "secourtins," made of horse hair, a pressure of 2,850 pounds to the square inch being exerted and left on it for an hour, which suffices to extract all that can be obtained in the first yielding, the meal now passes from the secourtins, is ground a second time, heated to a temperature of about one hundred and fifty-eight degrees Fahrenheit, and another pressing effected. If oil of a very fine quality is required, the nuts are crushed but once, the partially ground nuts yielding a smaller but finer product. The yield varies according to the quality of the nuts. Mozambique nuts produce about 50 per cent in the first pressing, the value being from 70 to 92 francs per 100 kilos; the second pressing yields about 12 per cent, the value of which is from 45 to 50 francs per 100 kilos. It is stated that the quantity of nuts imported at Marseilles for this purpose in 1893 was more than 70,000,000 pounds.

It is estimated that in London alone nearly 1,000,000 pawn tickets are issued every week for sums under ten shillings.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

TO COOK TURNIPS.

The nicest way to cook turnips, which should always accompany roast duck, is to peel and boil them whole till they begin to grow tender; then lift out of the water and slice crosswise; let the slices be about an eighth of an inch thick. Put the slices in a dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and lay lumps of nice, sweet butter around over the top of all. Bake in a hot oven till brown on top, and serve as baked.—American Farmer.

HOW TO MAKE DOUGHNUTS.

If the readers of the New York Times wish to have a real old-fashioned Dutch dish, they can prepare one from an old recipe which can be traced in a straight line to the early Dutch settlers.

An old New Yorker, a reader of the New York Times, has asked for a recipe for making the "olekoeks," mentioned in the recent interview with Jere Johnson. "Olekoeks" were made by the Dutch the same as doughnuts are made, but a raisin was inserted in the centre of each. Here is the recipe:

"Take one pint of baker's yeast, with one teaspoonful of salt. Stir in flour enough to make stiff batter. Do this about dark, and put in a warm room to rise. Later take one quart of milk warmed to blood heat, put in it one and a quarter pounds of sugar, six ounces of lard, six eggs, one nutmeg, and one teaspoonful of saleratus. Mix these well together; then pour in the sponge of yeast and mold up with enough to make it as stiff as biscuit dough, work well and be careful not to get it too stiff.

"Let this remain in a warm place all night. In the morning mold out the cakes about the size of an egg, being careful not to work them more than is needful. Put in the centre of each one or two raisins. As you mold them, lay them on a molding board, and set them in a place as warm as possible, without overheating. Let them now rise again until very light, when fry in boiling lard. After taking them from the kettle, roll them in powdered sugar, and lay them out too cool. Do not pile them." That last sentence is underlined in the recipe. "The art of making doughnuts is said to have been learned by the New-England people from the Hollanders during the stay of the Puritans in Holland." Mr. Johnson, as a student of all things Dutch and with a critical knowledge of "olekoeks," ancient and modern, explains. These sweet and wholesome cakes are known by many names nowadays, and are made in various forms. The modern New-Yorker calls them crullers, although the crullers he eats are not always made according to the recipe here given. In some parts of the South they are known as Friday cakes, a name due partly to the fact that they are fried in lard, and partly to the fact that where so called they are generally made on Friday.—New York Times.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Brighten tinware with a damp cloth and soda.

Grow your own sage, parsley, mint and caraway.

Heat the knife before cutting warm bread or cake.

To purify a cistern, tie charcoal in a bag and drop it in.

Use whitening or damp salt to remove egg stains from silver.

After washing never wring worsted dress goods. Shake them.

Rub lamp chimneys with dry salt. Use chloride of lime for sinks, drains and bathtubs.

Use celery freely. A tea made of the leaves and roots and used daily is said to cure rheumatism.

Cleanse the inside of a coffee pot with boiling water and baking soda; use soap on the outside.

Make tea in an earthen pot. Remember the adage, "Unless the teakettle boiling be, filling the teapot spoils the tea."

A sponge large enough to expand and fill the chimney, after having been squeezed in, tied to a slender stick, is the best thing with which to clean a lamp chimney.

Salt water used as a gargle will strengthen the throat and harden the gums; used as a wash it will strengthen weak eyes; used in a bath it is a tonic; as a lotion for the hair it prevents and stops falling.

The following is said to be excellent for hair that is growing thin: Mix equal quantities of olive oil and spirits of rosemary with a few drops of oil of nutmeg. Rub into roots at night. Simple rosemary tea is also good.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Schnoblie, the new explosive, is composed chiefly of chlorate of potash.

It is calculated that the men and women of today are nearly two inches taller than their ancestors.

Russian engineers are studying the route for the waterway to connect the White Sea with the Baltic.

In Russia, the carrier pigeon is being used to convey negatives of photographs taken in balloons.

A scheme has been devised in Kansas to irrigate farm lands with water drawn from the underground streams.

After passing through the liver the blood loses a great part of its fibrin, but what becomes of the latter substance is not positively known.

Professor Bailey of Missouri is said to have obtained more than 1,000 types of pumpkins by crossing the flowers of one kind with the pollen of another.

Camille Flammarion and three other French astronomers will make for the Paris exhibition in 1900 a model of the moon—a model on such an enormous scale that balloon journeys will be made around it.

Herbivorous animals do not eat all of nature's menu. The horse refuses the water hemlock that the goat eats with avidity, and on the other hand, the goat refuses some plants that are eaten by the sheep. The tobacco plant is avoided by all save the goat, man and the tobacco worm.

Do not moisten the fingers when turning the leaves of a book nor permit children to put anything in the mouth, nor to exchange books, papers or pencils, as all these things may be the carriers of germs of disease.

Professor Sedgwick of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology says: "The sediment in milk pails and milk cans has been examined microscopically and found to consist of hairs, dandruff, flakes of excrement, with less objectionable matter, such as hay, in large abundance."

The enormous size and massive structure of the native houses is among recent surprising discoveries of explorers among the villages—inhabited by numerous warlike tribes—scattered along the streams of New Guinea. Houses 300 to 400 feet long and 100 feet high—among the largest in the world—are reported to be not uncommon.

An Unpleasant Sound.

"I was certainly more or less scared a number of times when I was in the army," said an old soldier; "in fact, I think soldiering in time of war is a more or less harassing occupation any way; but I never was any more scared than I was once for a minute by something that had nothing to do with fighting whatever. This happened once when I was on picket in Virginia. The post was in a piece of woods. It was bad enough in the daytime; but at night, when you couldn't see anything at all, it was worse. It seemed as though it got darker and darker and stiller and stiller, and it seemed as though it would never end.

"Suddenly it was busted wide open by the awfulest sound I ever heard. Scared? Well!

"If you've ever felt the feeling that a man has before he actually gets under fire; when he's layin' back somewhere in reserve, and pretty safe, but hearing the crackle up ahead, and seeing the wounded brought back, and thinking that pretty soon he's got to go in himself, why, you know what it is to have one of the most unpleasant feelings a man ever had; but there you know what's coming; this came with a shock. I think it was the worst scare I ever had. It came right out of the air square overhead and close, too, where I hadn't been looking for anything—the frightful, most unearthly sound I ever heard; and all I could do was to stand there in the black dark and wait. A minute later it came again. What a tremendous relief! A screech owl! I'd never heard one before, but I knew now what it was."—New York Sun.

The Last Word.

"Did Wigglesworth have the last word in that controversy?" asked the visitor of the man who edited the paper.

"No," cried the man who edited the paper, triumphantly. "I had the last word—zythum—got it out of the dictionary."—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.

A considerable number of Berlin doctors have started a "Warenhaus," or warehouse, for the supply of general merchandise as well as medical stores.