

In Australia the number of horses is increasing at the rate of 30,000 a year.

The total public debt of the self-governing British colonies amounts to something like \$1,500,000,000.

Tomato culture has been specially commended to the attention of British market gardeners by the English Board of Agriculture.

Queen Victoria's daily menu is written in French with the exception of the single item, "roast beef," which is loyally and uncompromisingly English as befits a national dish.

The government of Ceylon has recently passed stringent laws against poisoning by elephant hunters. The elephant is rather big game to sneak off with, but it seems they do it.

Over seventy-five per cent of the ocean cable routes now in operation are owned by different governments, but these routes have less than one-sixth of the total length of wire (309,636 kilometers) in operation.

In Austria the average number of executions for murder is four per cent on convictions in Prussia less than eight per cent; in Sweden, Norway and Denmark, there is one execution in every twenty sentences for murder.

Edgar Fawcett says of New York society: "The plutocrats reign supreme. You seldom find professional people, artists, litterateurs, scientists, men eminent in the army and navy, in the society circles of the metropolis, as you do in other cities."

Joseph Wetzler is authority for the statement in Harper's Weekly that since 1887 the number of electric railroads in the United States has increased from 13 to 850 and the number of cars from 100 to 23,000. There are now over 9,000 miles of track upon which electric traffic is carried on, representing a capital investment of more than \$400,000,000.

The failure of the new system of ventilated cars is a great disappointment to California fruit growers, but it is hoped, before another season, to get some substitute for ice in keeping a low temperature for fruit and arresting decay. There is a fortune for the man who can devise a cheap means of refrigerating fruit on the overland trip, maintains the New York Tribune.

The Atlanta Constitution says: "No-braska with less illiteracy than any other state also has less crime, but Kansas has a larger percentage of crime than any other state, and yet its illiterates are only slightly more numerous than those of Nebraska. In South Carolina 45 in every 100 cannot read and write, but the percentage of crime is smaller than in the country at large."

Oronhyatekha, a Canadian Indian, is enjoying himself in London. He is a pure Mohawk and is president of the Grand Council of the chiefs of Canada, which comprises the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Senecas, and Tuscaroras. He tickles the Londoners by saying: "The Americans sacked our towns and villages. As to the French we thrashed them; when they came we drove them back. Originally, you know, we were settled on the banks of the Mohawk Valley, stretching from Albany to Niagara. We left it voluntarily in order to be still British; made ourselves exiles in order to be still British."

The people of Utah have been clamoring for statehood for upward of forty years, and it is now, apparently, close at hand. It is for the people to decide by their votes on November 5 next whether the state constitution shall or shall not be adopted. In the former case president of the United States will issue the necessary proclamation. The delegates to the constitutional convention were elected on November 6, 1891; the convention assembled March 7, 1895, and the completed constitution was adopted by the convention on May 8 by a unanimous vote of those present, only seven of the 107 delegates being present. The convention was in session sixty-six days, and it framed a constitution which covers about 18,000 words and is incorporated into twenty-seven articles, or chapters. Congress appropriated \$30,000 for the expenses of the convention, and the final report of the committee on accounts shows that on the adjournment of the convention there was a balance on hand of \$110, with \$8,009.50 yet due to members; \$1,500 required for printing the constitution and the proceedings of the convention. This means another deficiency bill for the next congress.

**Abide With Me.**  
Abide with me, for darkly looms the future's mystic way,  
My straining eyes yet fail to catch the glow of coming day,  
Still in the gloom all fears give way—all shadows swiftly flee,  
A thrill of peace illumines—if thou abide with me!  
Abide with me, while morn is fresh, o'er noonday's scorching heat,  
With lash of fire, lays bursting blooms in ashes at my feet—  
Abide with me, when all seems lost—when all the melody  
Of life is choked—yet still I'll sing—if thou abide with me!  
When softly creeps the drooping sun adown the western skies,  
When from the glories, speeding swift, the golden sunbeam flies,  
And when the close of day is near, and blind cannot see,  
I'll sink to sleep—to sweetest rest—if thou abide with me!  
—Atlanta Constitution.

### "To Let—Apply Within."

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"There!" said Miss Lobelia Lynn. "I guess I've got it black enough now!"

Miss Lobelia had been wrestling with pen and ink. Not that she was a literary lady—that was far from being the case.

The effusion upon which she was so hard at work was neither more nor less than a big "To Let," printed on the back of a sheet of her deceased father's sermon paper, and she viewed it with solemn satisfaction.

"To Let—Apply Within."

"I won't pay any real estate agents' fees," said she, "nor I won't pay good, hard money for a notice I can print myself. I've economized all my life, and I'm not going to leave off now. Eunice—Eunice, I say!"

In answer to the last word, spoken in quick arbitrary accents, a bright-eyed girl of seventeen came running in, wiping her dimpled hands on a frilled gingham apron. Her cheeks were flushed with household exercise, her shining brown hair was coiled in a lustrous braid at the back of her head and her long-lashed hazel eyes sparkled like diamonds.

"What is it, aunty?" said Eunice Lynn.

"Get the paste-pot and a brush," said Miss Lynn, "and put up this 'To Let.'"

Eunice looked first at her aunt and then at the fat, black-lettered sign in dismay.

"Aunt Lobelia," said she, "are you going to move?"

"Yes," said Miss Lobelia, "I've made up my mind to give up house-keeping."

"Where are we going, Aunt Lobelia?"

"I'm going to Vermont," said Miss Lobelia Lynn, "to keep house for Cousin Peter Lynn, whose wife Cerinthia is feeble, and can't keep an eye to things."

Eunice colored visibly.

"But, Aunt Lobelia," said she, "it was me that Cousin Peter wrote for to come and help Cerinthia and be a companion to the girls."

"Yes, I know," said Miss Lobelia, with the indifference of utter selfishness. "But Peter hadn't any idea how young and inexperienced you are, and I've wrote to him that I will come there, if he'll pay me liberal wages and give me the complete management of everything."

"But, Aunt Lobelia—"

"Well?"

"What is to become of me?" pleaded poor Eunice.

"Some people are always thinking of themselves!" said Miss Lobelia, sharply. "Why, what should become of you? You can get a place with Mrs. Sewitup in the millinery business; or you can go out as companion. And now I think of it, it was only yesterday I saw in the daily paper that Sell & Shaffer wanted a dozen smart young women to stand behind the counter. There are always plenty of things for a woman to do if only she has a little ambition and energy. And now don't stand there, looking as if your senses were all flying up chimney, but bustle out and put up that notice as spry as possible, for it's a nice day, and all the house-hunters will be out."

Eunice Lynn obeyed, with an indescribable feeling, as if the whole world were turning itself upside down.

And as she leaned over the iron rail of the steps, fastening the big "To Let" against the mildewed brick wall, a certain scent of green grass and opening dandelions saluted her senses, while the warble of a prisoned thrush in a cage across the street reminded her of a visit she had once made, years and years ago, to this same Cousin Peter Lynn up among the maple sugar groves of Vermont.

Tears came unbidden into Eunice's eyes.

"Oh, how delightful it would be to live in the real country!" she said to herself. "And I know I could make myself useful at Cousin Peter's. But if Aunt Lobelia is going herself, there is an end of the matter."

For Eunice was too well used to her aunt's overbearing egotism even to attempt a struggle against it.

All her life long she had been the victim of Aunt Lobelia's selfishness. It was too late for any rebellion now.

And then Aunt Lobelia went up to her room to pack her trunk for Cousin Peter's while Eunice returned to her dish-washing and ironing.

All day long the house was besieged with an eager throng of house-hunters. All day long Eunice marshaled them over the premises with untiring patience, answering more questions than any catechism could contain, bearing patiently with covert insult, and keeping up a cheerful front while every bone in her poor little body ached with weariness.

And Aunt Lobelia cried: "Tired! Why what on earth have you done to be tired?"

On the afternoon of the second day Miss Lobelia shouted shrilly down the back staircase to her niece:

"Eunice! Eunice! Hurry up! Here comes Mr. Benedict, the rich old jeweler from down town. He's looked at the 'To Let,' he's coming in. Put an extra fifty dollars a year on the rent if he's to take it!"

"He's not so very old Aunt Lobelia," said Eunice hurriedly flinging off her kitchen apron and hastening up the stairs.

Aunt Lobelia uttered a resounding sniff.

"He's no chicken," said she.

Eunice smiled to herself. She had not been unobservant of all the wiles that her aunt had put forth to captivate this same Mr. Benedict. She had not forgotten that Aunt Lobelia had not spoken to her for a week the last time Mr. Benedict had walked home from church with her (Eunice) instead of with her aunt.

In her secret heart she liked and respected the stalwart middle-aged man, who had always mingled so chivalrous a courtesy in his manner toward her, poor dependent though was upon Aunt Lobelia's grudgingly-extended charity.

Mr. Benedict came in, kindly shaking hands with Eunice as he did so.

"I see your house is to let," said he.

"Yes," answered Eunice.

While from the head of the stairway Aunt Lobelia disposed herself to listen.

"I'm glad that girl didn't shut the parlor door," said she.

"I am intending to change my local habitation," observed Mr. Benedict.

"Are you," said Eunice. "Perhaps you would like this house?"

"No," said Mr. Benedict, "I don't think I care about the house."

"Rude old monster," muttered Aunt Lobelia.

"My aunt is going to Vermont," said Eunice.

"Is she, indeed?" uttered Mr. Benedict. "I am thinking of going to the country, too."

"I wish I'd gone to the door myself," said Aunt Lobelia to herself. "I know I could have coaxed him to come to Maple Grove."

"The fact is," added Mr. Benedict, "I am tired of the city, Miss Eunice. I have made up my mind to live among the daisies and buttercups."

"Gracious me!" mused Miss Lobelia. "I'll put on my best 'front' directly and come down. I believe the man has been madly in love with us all along, and now he has decided to unto our destinies."

And away she scuffled in her old carpet slippers to beautify herself as expeditiously as possible.

"And—you will excuse the interest of an old friend, Miss Eunice," kindly added Mr. Benedict—"but what is to be your fate?"

"I don't know," said Eunice, sadly.

"I should like to go to Vermont, too, but Aunt Lobelia thinks I had better stay here and be a shop-girl."

"What do you think about it?" said Mr. Benedict.

Eunice's dark-fringed eyelids drooped.

"I have no choice," said she.

He gazed kindly at her. Her heart began to throb a pulse or so faster than its usual wont.

What pleasant blue-gray eyes he had! What a frank, smiling mouth!

"Do you like the country?" said he.

"I don't know," faltered Eunice.

"I have seen so little of it. But whenever I think of heaven, it seems to me as if it must be beautiful green meadows, with violets opening in the grass."

He leaned forward and took her hand.

"Eunice," he said, gently, "your words encourage me still more in the mission upon which I came. I have bought an old manor house on the Androscoggin River, with a farm and plenty of green trees. Will you go thither with me Eunice, and be the Eve to my little Paradise? Will you marry a man who, although he is close on forty, is still young at heart, and who will try his best to make you happy?"

And without a shade of coquetry or a particle of hesitation, Eunice joyfully answered:

"Yes!"

"My own sweet girl!" he exclaimed, drawing her close to him. "You are quite sure that you can learn to love me?"

"I—I don't know!" murmured Eunice. "But I think—nay, I am certain—that I love you now!"

At that very moment the door opened with a long, creaking groan, and intruded Aunt Lobelia, with her newest front of curls and her Sunday smiles.

She started back with an exclamation.

"Eh!" said she, in some embarrassment.

"Do not be alarmed, Miss Lobelia," said Mr. Benedict, resolutely retaining the hand that Eunice would fain have drawn away. "This young lady has promised to be my wife, and when you go to Vermont she will accompany me to Wallace Manor House, on the shores of the Androscoggin river."

"I hope you won't be vexed, Aunt Lobelia," said Eunice, half expecting to be scolded, as of yore.

The fortune of woman is proverbial, and although the report of a cannon could not have electrified Miss Lobelia Lynn any more than did this occurrence, she rallied promptly.

"I—I'm sure I congratulate you," said she, with a little gasp.

The house was let that afternoon to a widow who wanted to take a few gentlemen boarders.

Eunice was married the next week and went to Wallace Manor House—a superb old stone mansion, which seemed like a palace to her unsophisticated eyes.

And Aunt Lobelia sorrowfully took her way to Vermont.

"I'm afraid I've mismanaged matters," said she. "If I'd sent Eunice to Cousin Peter's at once, perhaps Mr. Benedict would have proposed to me!"

And even this dubious "perhaps," was a comfort to poor Aunt Lobelia.—Saturday Night.

### Restoration of a Famous Oak.

A remarkable and indeed unique process of restoration has been carried out in the interior of a tree. The tree is the famous "Rollo's Oak" which is to be seen within an easy distance of Rouen. It is declared to be the identical oak upon a branch of which the first Duke of Normandy used to hang his gold chain to see if any of his subjects would like to hang there instead. If it isn't it is, at any rate so old that it has completely lost its inside and was liable to collapse at any moment. It has now been relieved of this liability. An arboriculturist has fitted it with a solid new inside of masonry. The masonry is made to follow and fit every turn and twist and gnarl of the patient and there is the veteran solid as a rock again. Then the fissures and cracks on his exterior have been neatly filled up with cement and the cement has been artistically colored so that the viewer would never know it from the natural bark. It is expected and believed that the tree will not know the difference, either, and take to flourishing again as it did a few centuries ago. Still as no tree has ever been thus rejuvinated before, its behavior is being watched with some anxiety.—Pall Mall Gazette.

### Oldest Oak in Great Britain.

Dr. A. J. Harrison, in the current number of the Naturalists' Journal, says the oldest existing oak in Great Britain is considered to be the Cowthorpe or Colthorpe one growing near Ribstone Hall, in the West Riding. "It is only a remnant of the forests of ancient Britain, but a monarch among the kings of trees." The circumference of the trunk close to the ground is seventy-eight feet, and three feet higher forty-eight feet. The tree is now hollowed, and is capable enough to contain a crowd. A few years ago the vicar of St. James's, Wetherby, and the church-wardens and school-children, to the number of ninety-five, got inside the tree, and while the vicar raised the union jack, the children sang the "Old Hundred" and the "National Anthem."

Australian horse breeders are proposing to tax stallions in order to improve the stock of the colony.

### CHINESE CURE ALL.

Ginseng is Worth Its Weight in Gold in Far Cathay.

Celestials Believe the Root Has Miraculous Qualities.

Ginseng is very little used by the medical men of this country in prescribing for patients, but in China, for centuries it has been considered as possessing miraculous healing and invigorating properties. In the Chinese army it takes the place of quinine in bracing up the soldiers.

It belongs to the genus panax, or all-curing plants, but the American species, which grows wild in the woods of this and other States, and is collected annually at this season, is of the order azalea quinque folium. It is both a perennial and an annual, and sends up a smooth round stem about twelve inches high. The fruit is a kidney shaped scarlet berry, and is divided at the summit into three leaf stalks, each of which supports a compressed leaf, consisting of five or more petals. The leaves are oblong, obovate, acuminate ovates, and the flowers that come from the plant are small, of a greenish color, and are supported by a peduncle which rises from the top of the stem in the centre of the petioles. The fruit has two and sometimes three seeds. The plant is indigenous, and grows in the shelter of thick and shady woods. In appearance it somewhat resembles sarsaparilla. The taste of the root is mucifragous, sweetish, bitter, and has a slight flavor of licorice. It is aromatic.

Dr. James Lockhart, a medical missionary in China and an authority on Chinese medicines, mentions that the ginseng root collected in China is imperial property, and is sold to those who have the privilege of dealing in it at its weight in gold. At one time it commanded fabulous prices, the finest qualities, which are obtained from Manchuria and Corea, fetching as much as \$300 or \$400 a Chinese ounce. The collection of it was prohibited at one period because of its scarcity.

While its value is something unprecedented, it must be remembered that the average root is only from two to four inches long and very light. Dr. Lockhart tells of a visit he made to a ginseng merchant in Peking who displayed to him the precious roots, which were contained in a long lead-lined box. Each root was kept in a silk wrapper in silken boxes. Less expensive roots were kept in cotton wrappers, and a cheaper variety yet in paper wrappers. A big box held the small boxes and was filled with parcels of quicklime to keep the atmosphere dry. The merchant would not let his visitor handle or breathe upon the costly drag, but he expatiated upon its merits and the wonderful cures it had effected.

One of the holiday customs of the wealthier class of Chinamen is to make presents of the "cure all" root to their friends. With it they send a dainty double kettle, in which the medicine is prepared for use. A silver kettle is suspended inside the outer, which is copper lined, by a ring, and between the two vessels there is a small space or holding water. In the silver one is placed the ginseng, with water. The cover has a cup-shaped vessel on it, and in this is put rice, with a little water. When the rice is cooked the ginseng is ready.

A dose is from sixty to ninety grains. The tea of the root is also drunk at the same time the patient swallows the drug.

The name of the root in the Chinese language is schinseng, signifying the trunk of a human body, and Grosier, the scientist, says that this is because the root, which is divided into two branches from the main trunk, bears resemblance to a man's thigh. It is likened to the mandrake of Scripture, and its miraculous curative qualities, according to observers in China, are largely depended on the faith of the followers of Confucius.

Sometimes in preserving the root it is kept for three days in fresh water, or water in which rice has been boiled, and it is then suspended for three days over a fire, and afterward dried, until from the base to the middle it assumes a hard, resinous and translucent appearance, which is deemed proof of its good quality. The older the root the more superior the Chinese think it to be.—New York Herald.

The number of Mohammedan emigrants arriving in Constantinople from Bulgaria and other countries formerly under Turkish rule continues to increase, and the Porte has ordered maps to be prepared of the lands available for distribution among them.

### Railways in Turkey.

There is only a trifling over 3,000 miles of railway lines in Turkey, but they are managed in some respects better than any in more civilized nations. The discipline on the Turkish roads is very severe. Negligence is punished with heavy penalties, and if a collision occurs all employes who share in the responsibility are likely to be sent to prison and, if any one is killed or injured, under sentences for long terms.

Employes of the road who are injured in services receive pensions, and if the injuries prove fatal, their families are provided for. There is a penalty of \$1 for walking upon a railroad track. Cattle and other animals found on the right of way of railways can be confiscated by the company, although the owner may redeem them by paying twenty-five cents each for sheep, dogs, goats, hogs and other small animals. It costs \$2.50 to get a cow or horse out of a railway pound. Every passenger must be in his seat when the last gong sounds, a few moments before the departure of a train. Travelers buying tickets must present the exact amount of money to the ticket agent, otherwise he is authorized to charge a commission of 4 per cent for making change, which goes into his own pocket. Passengers found upon trains without tickets are required to pay three times the full fare between the place where they started and the first station reached after they are discovered, when they are allowed to buy a ticket for the rest of their journey at the regular rate. One hundred pounds of baggage is allowed for every ticket, but the traveler must pay three cents for having his trunk checked. The oriental express and trains from Constantinople to Vienna (44 hours) and to Paris (72 hours) run twice a week, and carry first-class parlor and sleeping cars. Similar trains run between Smyrna and Aiden.—Atlanta Constitution.

### Glaciers Seem to Glow in the Night.

After sleeping a few hours, I stole quietly out of the camp, and climbed the mountain that stands guard between the two glaciers. The ground was frozen, making the climbing difficult in the steepest places; but the views over the icy bay, sparkling beneath the glorious effluence of the sky, were enchanting. It seemed then a sad thing that any part of so precious a night had been lost in sleep. The starlight was so full that I distinctly saw not only the bay with its multitude of glittering bergs, but most of the lower portions of the glaciers, lying pale and spiritlike amid the huge silent mountains. The nearest glacier in particular was so distinct that it seemed to be glowing with light that came from within itself. Not even in dark nights have I found any difficulty in seeing large glaciers; but on this mountain-top, amid so much ice, in the heart of so clear and frosty a night, everything was luminous, and I seemed to be poised in a vast hollow between two skies of equal brightness. How strong I felt after my exhilarating scramble, and how glad I was that my good angel had called me before the glorious night succeeding so glorious a morning had been spent!—John Muir in Century.

### Film-Flam on Mr. Sam.

A very nice sort of a bunco game, of the film-flam order, was worked last evening on Adam Sam, a Green street tailor, by a man who carried one of his arms in a sling.

He asked Mr. Sam if he could give him a \$10 dollar bill for some silver, as he wished to send the money away in a letter. Sam readily complied with the fellow's request, got the bill, and the man, taking an envelope out of his pocket, asked Mr. Sam to put the bill in and seal it up.

This done, he replaced the letter in his pocket and began to count out ten dollars' worth of silver, but \$9 was all he had, and taking the letter containing the bill (apparently) out of his pocket, he gave it to Mr. Sam and told him to keep it until he went home and got enough to make up the \$10.

Replacing the silver in his pocket he went out and has not yet returned.

Several hours later Mr. Sam opened the envelope and found that it contained nothing but a slip of paper cut in the shape of a bill.—Albany (N. Y.) Journal.

### A Strategic Move.

"I was in the theatre when your play was brought out for the first time."

"You were there, were you?"

"Yes, and I saw you there, too. Everybody was yawning, and to my astonishment you yawned, too, with the rest."

"I had to yawn. If I hadn't somebody would have suspected me of being the author."—Texas Sitings.