

Italy has the highest murder rate of any country in the world.

Last year fifty-nine physicians in the United States took their own lives against forty-five in 1891.

John Morley thinks that there are "not above six Englishmen over 50 now living whose lives need to be written or should be written."

Michigan has two factories for wooden shoes which turn out about 350 pair a week, and find a steady demand. It is said that many Americans are beginning to find them useful.

According to the New Orleans Picayune, Venezuela is the envy of all the South American republics in point of finances. It has a single gold standard, and almost no public debt.

They speak of them now as horseless carriages. "Before long," predicts the New York Tribune, "they will specify that it is a horse-carriage when a vehicle is propelled by animal power."

It is said to be a bad habit for a man to put his hands into his pockets, but there is one habit, the New York Herald pauses to remark, that is much worse, namely, to put his hands into some one else's pockets.

The increase of suicides by poison continues and the revolver is growing in popularity among those who seek self-destruction. Statistics of this sort are gruesome things, but we must know what goes on in this sinful world.

The Atlanta Constitution says: When the Civil War opened the wealth of this country was estimated at \$16,000,000,000. In 1890 it reached \$65,000,000,000, and in case of a foreign war we should now be an undivided people. The most remarkable fact connected with these figures is that the United States accumulated three times as much wealth during the thirty years ending with 1890, as in the 250 years preceding 1863.

The Crimean war cost \$2,000,000,000; Italian war of 1859, \$300,000,000; Prusso-Danish war, \$35,000,000; American Civil War, \$7,400,000,000. France has paid nearly \$3,500,000,000 as cost price of her war with Prussia in 1870-71; the Prusso-American war cost \$125,000,000. England's South African spat cost her \$8,770,000, and her Afghan "breakfast spell," \$12,250,000. In short, the Atlanta Constitution estimates that since the opening of the troubles in the Crimea the world's wars have cost, in money alone, \$13,265,000,000, or a sum which, if equally divided, would give to every man, woman and child on the globe a present of a \$10 bill.

A writer in the New York Herald explains: The South is forging ahead very rapidly. The year 1895 will be memorable in its history for the new enterprises which have been undertaken. Perhaps the Atlanta Exposition did as much as anything to stir local pride and suggest new business ventures. I am told that the number of plants in the iron producing districts has been greatly increased, and that capitalists have reaped a good profit. Cotton mill building has been, I know, greater than ever before. Over a million new spindles have been employed, and that means pluck and dash. The total number of new concerns during the last twelve months is a little over three thousand, as against a little more than two thousand for 1893. The South is not in the saddle, but it is on its feet, which is a mighty sight better.

The Supreme Court of the United States has made a ruling to the effect that when the plea of insanity is raised in a murder case, the burden of proof of insanity is on the prosecution. The court says that "if the whole evidence including that supplied by the legal presumption of sanity, does not exclude, beyond reasonable doubt, the hypothesis of insanity, the prisoner is entitled to an acquittal of specific offense charged." Whether or not this is good law need not, the Atlanta Constitution thinks, enter into the question. It has been laid down by the court of last resort, it will be held as law in the lower courts, and it really seems as if, instead of helping to secure conviction more easily, it will tend to encourage the continuance of the use of the insanity plea. The plea has tended to lessen respect for courts and juries, and has worked to the detriment of justice, and now in the face of this ruling there will be more determined efforts made to have homicide persons allowed to go free on the ground that they are insane. States will have to go more largely to the expert business than ever.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND.

We hail thee, fair, immortal Day!
Thou noblest in Time's calendar,
Save that which saw the holy ray
Of Bethlehem's Christ-guiding Star!
For thou didst give to earth, as then
Heaven gave its richest gift,
A life that should from burden'd men
The wrongs of thralldom lift—
A life so great in its expanse,
Born for their sure deliverance,
That fame upon her page boasts none
More true and man than WASHINGTON!

Hail, honored Day! since each return
Again recalls his priceless worth;
While Freedom holds aloft his arm
Before the peoples of the earth,
And cries: Behold the sacred dust
Of him whom heaven gave
To have our holy cause in trust,
And mine from bondage save!
O'er all the greatness of the past
The glories of his life are cast
And ye and yours shall smile upon
The growing fame of WASHINGTON!
Hail, blessed Day! A Nation feels
Its great heart warm again to thee;
And, 'mid the bells' loud clanging peals
And thunder of artillery,
Our gratitude more deep shall grow,
And God be asked, that He
May make us better yet to know
The worth of Liberty:
While in the cot and mansion fair,
On land and sea—aye, everywhere—
Millions of hearts shall join in one
To bless the name of WASHINGTON!
—D. Brainerd Williamson.

WASHINGTON'S BIG JUMP.

BY IT HE WON A CHARMING PRIZE.

In a pretty little village in Virginia there lived, in 1775, a rich and eccentric old farmer, whose daughter was declared to be the loveliest maiden in all the country round.

The beautiful Annette was eighteen years of age, and, of course, had many suitors for her hand and heart.

On her nineteenth birthday the old man invited all the youth of the village to a grand haymaking frolic, and they came, among them a dozen handsome young fellows who were known to retain a tender regard for the fair girl, whose natal day they had come to celebrate.

By noon the barns were filled with the fragrant hay, and all were ready for the feast of good things that had been spread under the shady branches.

"Now, my lads," said the old man after the banquet was some time over, "I've got something to say to you. It seems that a good many of you have been casting sheep's eyes on my Annette. Now, boys, I don't care anything about money or talents, book learning or soldier learning. I can do as well by my girl as any man in the country; but I want her to marry a man of my own grit.

"Now, perhaps you know it, and perhaps you don't, but when I was a youngster I could beat anyone in all Virginia in the way of leaping. Look here!"

He held up as he spoke three handsome medals.

"And all of them won in fair fight," he went on, "besides which I got my old woman by beating the smartest man on the eastern shore.

"Now listen; I've taken an oath that no man shall marry my daughter without jumping for it. There you have it, boys; yonder the green, and here's Annette. The one who jumps farthest on a dead level shall marry her this very evening."

Soon all was in readiness for the contest. The signal was given, and the young competitors, stripped of their coats, stepped forward.

"Edward Grayson, seventeen feet!" cried one of the judges. With a longing glance at the prize he could not win, he left the grounds.

"Dick Bolulen, nineteen feet!" Dick, with a little laugh of satisfaction, replaced his coat, and joined the onlookers.

"Zarry Preston, nineteen feet, three inches!"

"Charlie Simms, fifteen and one-half feet!"

"Hooray for Charlie! Charlie wins!" cried the crowd with good natured sarcasm. Charley grinned, threw off his disappointment with a slight uplift of his shoulders, and was soon creating roars of laughter with his wit, which was far more nimble than his legs.

"Now for Harry Carroll!" shouted the spectators, and Harry stepped forward amid great applause. Carroll was the athlete of the village, and he was so general a favorite that everyone wished as well as anticipated his success. Moreover, he was a handsome youth, and it was well known that between him and the beautiful Annette there existed a strong mutual attachment.

"Twenty-one feet and a half. A magnificent leap!" cried the judge. "Hooray for Harry Carroll! Harry wins!"

Now, just before Harry had leaped, and while everyone's attention was fixed upon him, a stranger had entered the throng unperceived.

He was a tall, gentlemanly young man, in a military undress, took coat,

WASHINGTON AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.



From the portrait by James Peale, painted from life for David C. Claypool, of Philadelphia, editor of the Daily Advertiser, the journal chosen by Washington to publish his Farewell Address. In this picture Washington is represented in the uniform of Commander-in-Chief. The form is well drawn, the face serene and dignified, the costume truly rendered. At the death of Mr. Claypool it was purchased, with the original manuscript of the Address (which Mr. Claypool by Washington's permission had retained), by James Lenox, and is in the collection founded by him in the city of New York.

who had at that moment arrived on horseback before the inn. He was just in time to witness Carroll's great leap.

The first burst of applause over, the spectators awoke to the stranger's presence. The man's handsome face and easy address attracted the eyes of the maidens, while his manly and sinewy frame called forth the admiration of the young men.

"Mayhap, sir stranger, you think you can beat that," said Charlie Simms, remarking the manner in which the newcomer scanned the arena. "If you can outleap Harry Carroll you beat the best man in the colonies."

"Is it for amusement you are pursuing this pastime?" inquired the youthful stranger, "or is there a prize for the winner?"

"The sweetest prize man ever strove for," answered one of the judges. "Yonder she stands."

The stranger cast a respectful glance at the blushing maiden and his eyes looked admiration.

"Are the lists open to all?" he asked.

"All, young sir," replied Annette's father, with interest, his youthful ardor rising as he surveyed the proportions of the straight limbed young stranger.

With a smile the newcomer threw off his coat, drew his sash tighter around his waist and stepped forward. Annette looked anxiously at Harry, who stood near with troubled brow and angry eye, and then she cast upon the stranger a glance of piteous entreaty. All hearts stood still as the young man bounded forward.

"Twenty-two feet and an inch!"

The judges' words were received with murmurs of surprise and wonder. Not without a feeling of pity for poor Harry, all crowded around the new victor, offering him their congratulations. The old farmer approached, and grasping the young man's hand exultingly, called him his son, and said he felt prouder of him than if he were a prince.

Resuming his coat, the stranger sought with his eyes the prize he had, although nameless and unknown, so fairly won. She leaned upon her father's arm, pale and distressed.

"Annette, my pretty prize," said the victor, taking her passive hand, "I have won you fairly."

Annette's cheek became paler than marble, she trembled and clung closer to her father, while her drooping eye sought the form of her lover. At the words of the stranger Carroll's face grew dark and determined.

"I have won you, my pretty flower, to make you a bride—tremble not so violently—I mean not myself, however proud I might be," he added, with gallantry; "to wear so fair a gem next my heart. I think there is a favored youth among the competitors who has a higher claim than mine."

"Young sir," he continued, turning to the surprised Harry, "methinks you were the victor in the lists before me—I strove not for the maiden, though one could not well strive for a fairer, but from love of the manly sport in which I saw you engaged. You are the victor, and, as such, with

the permission of this worthy assembly, you receive from my hands the prize you have so well and honorably won."

The youth sprang forward and grasped the stranger's hand with gratitude, and the next moment Annette was weeping from joy upon his breast.

The place rang with the exclamations of the delighted people, and amid the excitement the newcomer withdrew, remounted his horse and rode briskly out of the village.

Passing on several years, we find that Harry Carroll has become Colonel Harry Carroll, of the Revolutionary Army. One evening the Colonel, after just returning from a hard campaign, was sitting with his family on the piazza of his handsome country house, when an advance guard rode up and announced the approach of General Washington and suite, who would crave the Colonel's hospitality for the night.

That evening at the table, Annette, now the dignified, matronly and still handsome Mrs. Carroll, could not keep her eyes from the face of her illustrious visitor.

Every moment or two she would steal a glance at his commanding features, and half-doubtfully, half-assuredly, shake her head and look again, to be still more puzzled.

Her absence of mind and embarrassment at last became evident to her husband, who inquired affectionately if she were ill.

"Inspect, Colonel," said the General, who had been some time with a quiet meaning smile observing the lady's curious and puzzled scrutiny of his features, "that Mrs. Carroll thinks she recognizes in me an old acquaintance."

The Colonel started and a faint memory of the past seemed to be revived as he gazed, while the lady rose impulsively from her chair and bending eagerly forward over the tea urn, with clasped hands, stood for a moment, with her lips parted, as if she would speak.

"Pardon me, my dear madam—pardon me, Colonel—I must put an end to this scene. I have become, by dint of camp fare and hard usage, too unwieldily to leap again twenty-two feet one inch, even for so fair a bride as one I wot of."

George Washington was indeed the handsome young athlete whose mysterious appearance and disappearance in the native village of the lovers is still traditional; and whose claim to a substantial body of bona fide flesh and bone was stoutly contested by the village story-tellers until the happy denouement which took place at the hospitable mansion of Colonel Carroll. —Boston Globe.

Washington and Lafayette.

A bit of traditional lore concerning Washington and Lafayette has lately come into print which seems to be better founded and more distinctly traceable to fact than is usually the case with traditions. It is related by J. F. Blandy, and came to him with but one intermediate telling from Lafayette himself, who told it at Elk Landing, Maryland, in 1824.

When the British under Lord Howe

made their descent on Philadelphia in 1777, disembarking at the head of Elk River from Chesapeake Bay, Washington advanced from Philadelphia to meet them. Early one morning he, accompanied by the Marquis de Lafayette, made a reconnaissance from his camp at Chestnut Hill, Delaware, in the direction of Elk Landing. Here, at a point whence they could view the waters of Chesapeake Bay, the two Generals stopped at a farm house and asked if they could obtain their breakfast.

The hostess, Mrs. Alexander, appeared to be very glad to see them, and they were surprised to find the table already set with a bountiful and elegantly prepared breakfast. Lafayette was as much enchanted as he was astonished, as he afterward declared, to find such a repast in the course of a somewhat bold reconnaissance.

They had begun to partake of the meal, and Lafayette was eating leisurely, as a polite young Frenchman should do, when the mistress of the house stepped out for a moment. Washington touched Lafayette with his foot under the table, and whispered to him:

"Better eat quickly; this breakfast was not meant for us!"

Lafayette understood, and ate rapidly, but heartily. In a very short time the meal was finished. The two Generals rose, hastily but warmly thanked Mrs. Alexander, and took their leave.

They had scarcely ridden away to a place of security when, turning about, they saw Lord Howe and his staff ride up to the Alexander house. They had ordered their breakfast here, and Washington and Lafayette had eaten it! Their chagrin, and the astonishment of their hostess, who supposed that she had already served Lord Howe to a very hearty meal, will have to be imagined by the world, for no record is left of their remarks.—Youth's Companion.

PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.

Scarcely Two of His Likenesses Resemble Each Other.

When General Grant died it was noticed that as many portraits of him were placed on sale as there were nationalities in New York. In Hebrew quarters he was represented with an aquiline nose. Pictures for sale in Little Italy showed him slender faced and with pointed beard, while the great majority of his portraits in German quarters had something of a Teutonic look.

This was not fanciful. Something of the same sort may be noticed in the case of Washington. Many of his portraits bear absolutely no resemblance to each other. In early portraits he appears as a rough, burly checked young Englishman. In the Revolutionary period French art ideas dominated, and almost all the portraits



THE YOUNG WASHINGTON.
(After a painting by C. W. Peale.)

painted at this time give Washington the retreating forehead then fashionable—there is no other word for it—in France, and familiar in most pictures of Lafayette. Houdon's statue in Richmond gives something of this impression.

Later on there was a strong return to the English method, to which belongs the full length military portrait by Trumbull, perhaps the best in existence. This shows a handsome, frank, manly and thoroughly English face.

Most familiar of all Washington's likenesses is that made by Gilbert Stuart. It is also, probably, one of the worst. Washington himself was much pleased with the Trumbull picture above referred to, and with two portraits by J. Wright. One of the latter shows a slender man of middle age, with long, somewhat curved nose and slightly sloping forehead, and a pleasant smile; the other a fat-stomached, heavy-jowled and solemn-visaged Englishman.

There are scarcely two portraits of Washington which closely resemble each other. The fact is, we do not know how the man really looked.—New York Recorder.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Exactly 288,290 patriots fought in the American revolution.

The Icelanders makes a considerable use of Arctic moss ground up into flour.

A Peking, China, weekly newspaper has just finished a serial story containing 2,049 chapters.

There are over 500 pieces in the \$15,000 set of china used at the White House, Washington.

The Gutenberg Bible in the Brinley collection at London cost a sum equal to about \$10,000 in United States currency.

John Martell of La Cross, Wis., according to his physician, is built wrong-sided. The organs of his body, including his heart, are on the side opposite to where they ought to be.

A recent high wind started a Ferris wheel, which has been set up in the suburbs of New York, spinning at a rate it never went before, and nothing could stop it until the wind subsided.

A Chillicothe (Ohio) man bet another man that he (the other man) could not shoot his (the first man's) hat off his head without hurting him. He won the bet, but it will have to be paid to his heirs.

While appraising the property of a deceased Indianapolis (Ind.) grocer the other day somebody pulled open the drawer of a table which had just been appraised at 10 cents, and took out a bag, containing \$1,700 in gold.

Dr. Frederick Jackson, of Hartford, Conn., has been expelled from a Masonic lodge for betraying the secrets of a brother Mason. He testified in court that the said brother had confessed to him he had committed arson.

It is said that all the burglars' jimmies in London are made by one man who is well known to the police, but cannot be arrested, as his work is not contrary to law. Besides, it is very convenient to be able to trace his customers.

The new Cardinal Cascajares, Archbishop of Valladolid, was a soldier, and he became a priest because a phrenologist after examining his head told him that he would never amount to much as a soldier, but that if he would enter the church he would some day be a cardinal.

Of European libraries only four have over 1,000,000 volumes, viz: Bibliotheque Nationale, Paris, 2,290,000 books, and 80,000 MSS.; British museum, 1,500,000 books and 100,000 MSS.; public library, Munich, 1,000,000 books and 26,000 MSS.; Imperial public library, St. Petersburg, 1,000,000 books and 6,000 MSS.

Why the Mirage Seems Inverted.

Lord Rayleigh says that the delusion of water appearing in mirages on hot, sandy plains, is due to the fact that the undisturbed strata of air near the earth is highly rarified. A ray of light falling very obliquely upon this strata, and being totally reflected, reaches the eye of the observer just as it would if reflected from water.

The phenomenon is, strictly speaking, one of refraction rather than reflection. Now just as the glass lens forms an image on the screen, so the crystalline lens of the eye forms an image on the retina or sensitive back part of the eye. This retina image is inverted as all retina images are, and being projected to another strata of rarified air above, has the effect of making the delusion perfect. Rayleigh further says that there has been much unnecessary speculation in connection with the theory of inverted retina images, the mystery being that we do not see all things inverted.

The truth of the matter is—now look for something you never saw in a book—we do not see the retina image at all, we only feel it. If we could see the image on the eye of some one else we would certainly see it inverted.—St. Louis Republic.

A Chinese Proverb.

Arthur H. Smith, in his wonderful bright, accurate, and yet somewhat misleading book called "Chinese Characteristics," quotes the Chinese proverb that "one man should not enter a temple, and two men should not look together into a well," adding, "And why, we inquire in surprise, should not one man enter a temple alone? Because the priest may take advantage of the opportunity to make away with him! Two men should not gaze into a well, for if one of them is in debt to the other, or has in his possession something which the other wants, that other may seize the occasion to push his companion into the well."—Century.