

Boston has more Scotch than live in any city in Scotland, save the four largest.

The "five nations of Europe" own 2,310 war ships, mounting 88,209 guns, all ready for immediate "service."

Cincinnati is one of the few cities whose growth has not been proportionate to the increase of wealth of the state in which it is located.

Many good authorities say that to ride a wheel in the mornings before partaking of food is injurious. The best time is said to be in the afternoon or evening.

Great Britain's corn crop grows each year beautifully less, from the view point of American farmers, at any rate. In 1894 she grew a little over 59,000,000 bushels, and for 1896 it is estimated the crop will be 22,000,000 bushels less.

There is a clause in the constitution of Venezuela which forbids the cession of any territory, so that the government could not yield its title to any portion of the disputed area until it had been formally decided by some competent authority that it belonged to Great Britain.

Norway is rapidly pushing its way to being next to England in the size of her mercantile marine. Ship-building has become such a favorite form of investment with Norwegians, and with one particular class above others—the keepers of the great hotels—who put all the money they make out of foreigners into ship speculation.

The great success of the American magazines, with their superior illustrations, in England in part atones for the success of the English authors in America. Says a little preface to an English magazine which has just appeared in altogether new and improved form: "The success of American magazines in England has shown very plainly that it is only necessary to produce a periodical of the highest quality to secure the favor of the British public." Then it goes on to appeal to English patriotism to support it, as against foreign rivals. And this same magazine prints as a frontispiece a part of one of our own Mr. Wenzell's society pictures, taken from life, which, although a similar atrocious photographic reproduction on cheap paper of the reproduction of Mr. Wenzell's original, is by far the finest illustration in it. And this same magazine, which appeals to English hatred of foreigners for support, has cut out Mr. Wenzell's signature. Its best original illustrations are also by an American resident in London.

It is common to suppose that failure in business especially during such conditions as have existed in the United States since 1892, are almost entirely due to the commercial depression which has characterized those years. Such is hardly the case, as will be seen by the following figures, compiled by the Chicago Record from Bradstreet's reports. In 1893 the failures due to such disaster amounted to 23.3 per cent of the whole number; in 1894 to 25.9 per cent, and in 1895 to 24.9 per cent. In each year the percentage of failures due to lack of capital is very considerably larger than the number due to the commercial crisis. Another peculiarity regarding business failures is that a far smaller number are due to extravagance than is commonly supposed, and in no year since 1892 has the number of failures from that cause been 1.2 per cent of the total number. Neglect of business, under which may be classed intemperance, is responsible for about three per cent of the failures, while inexperience is credited with six per cent. Outside speculation causes less than two per cent of these troubles, while nine per cent are due to fraud. Incompetency is the cause of about fifteen per cent. The chief causes of business failures, therefore, are—first, lack of capital, or the effort to get rich too fast; second, commercial crisis; third, incompetence, and fourth, fraud. Inexperience, unwise credits, outside speculation, neglect of business, extravagance and the failures of others are the least operative of all the causes that produce failures in business. Since these predominant causes can be easily prevented it is not easy to see why commercial disasters cannot be reduced to a minimum, even in times of general panic. If men who do not understand a business would keep out of it, if men in business would not go beyond their capital, and if they would be reasonably honest, 99.7 per cent of the failures in the country would be avoided.

**A Song of Seasons.**  
There's joy, my dear, in the youth o' the year,  
When the hearts o' the bright buds break;  
And the skies are blue as the eyes o' you,  
And the blooms blow over the lake.  
There's joy, my dear, for the world is fair,  
And love is the sweetest blossom there.  
There's joy, my dear, in the noon o' the year,  
When the harvest hints o' gold;  
And the soft sun streams with its gleams and dreams  
On your beautiful hair unrolled.  
There's joy, my dear, for the world is fair,  
And love is the blossom that's brightest there.  
There's joy, my dear, in the gray o' the year,  
When the snows are drifting white;  
And the cold winds cry to the starless sky,  
And the last rose weeps: "Good-night!"  
There's joy, my dear, for the world is fair,  
While your love like a lily is blooming there.  
—Frank L. Stanton.

### THE WRONG MAN.

"Ah," said old Mrs. Prodigitt, "things have changed since my day! When I was a girl, folks used to stay at home and help their mothers do the housework, and piece bed-quilts, and embroider lace veils, instead of running about in all the dirty streets and narrow lanes in creation!"  
Mrs. Prodigitt did not take kindly to modern civilization.  
She had come up from Owl Brook to visit her cousin Mary Ann, who had married Ebenezer Hardy a quarter of a century ago, and settled down in New York; and, as she expressed herself, "things seemed to be all turned topsy-turvy."  
"But, Cousin Prodigy," said saucy Hattie Hardy, who was equipping herself with basket, bag, parasol and waterproof cloak, "it is a work of mercy and charity that we are engaged in."  
"Nonsense!" irritably cried Mrs. Prodigitt. "I think you've all gone crazy together! I'm surprised at you Mary Ann, to let the child go tramping all over the city by herself. In my day it wasn't considered respectable."  
"You say, truly, that times have changed since then," mildly muttered Mrs. Hardy, who was knitting fleecy, white wool by the fire. "Be sure, Hattie, that you come home early. The new minister is to be here tonight to tea, and Betsey can't be trusted with the new set of moss-rose china."  
"I wonder what he is like?" said Hattie, as she tied the deep-blue strings of her hat into a coquetish bow under her round chin. "I do hope he's young and handsome."  
"My dear!" remonstrated Mrs. Prodigitt.  
"Of course," added Hattie, "we know that old Mr. Puzleton was a perfect saint; but one don't like saints with red noses and spectacles, and three layers of double chin!"  
Mrs. Prodigitt looked as if she expected that Hattie would be struck by lightning on the spot for that heretical remark.  
"Harriet!" was all that she could utter.  
While Mrs. Hardy, more accustomed to the audacious speeches of her pretty daughter, went on, in her purring sing song tones:  
"Don't forget that poor widow in Cob lane, Hattie. And if you go to Milo Rencan's, I think it would be well to speak a word in season to that great lazy son of his, who is always buying lottery tickets, and does nothing to support the old folks."  
"Oh, yes. I'm glad you mentioned that," said Hattie, penciling an entry on a little tablet. "Mem, to give Jonas Rencan a piece of my mind." Dear Mr. Puzleton always said that that young man was a dreadful stumbling block."  
"And I think," went on Mrs. Hardy, "that the Gray sisters can find work for Alice Jennings now, if she is unemployed."  
"The—which?" asked Mrs. Prodigitt.  
"The Gray sisters," explained Mrs. Hardy. "One of our church organizations."  
Mrs. Prodigitt glared.  
"Is there any end to the folly of nonsense of this generation?" she said.  
"I suppose," laughed Hattie, "that in your days nobody ever went slumming?"  
"Went where?" asked Mrs. Prodigitt.  
"Slumming," distinctly repeated Hattie.  
"She means visiting the poor and seeking out cases of destitution," explained Mrs. Hardy. "Hattie, my child, I do wish you wouldn't talk slang!"  
Hattie disappeared with a little breeze of laughter, while Mrs. Prodigitt rattled her spectacles and uttered a deep groan.

"Mark my words, Mary Ann," said she, "that girl will come to no good end!"  
"Hattie does not mean any harm, Cousin Prodigitt, mildly pleaded Mrs. Hardy, as she knitted on.  
While Hattie, on her errand of mercy, went from house to house in the darkling lanes and crowded tenement districts, leaving an ounce of green tea here and a lecture there, a bottle of beef-wine-and-iron by a sick bed, a little rose-scented snuff in a poor old woman's hand, a picture book on the pillow of some little child, a wooden toy in the delighted grasp of a skeleton-like infant, a gentle admonition in the ear of a wilful factory girl, and a word of comfort to encourage a despairing widow.  
She could be gay and flippant enough when "Cousin Prodigy" teased her, but here she seemed to have assumed a new personality of dignity and sweetness.  
Old Milo Rencan's was the last house on her list. She glanced anxiously at her watch as she went in.  
"Past five," she said to herself. "I must make haste or the dear little mammy will be fretting."  
The dusk had already darkened the little room, where lay the patient old sufferer from rheumatism. It was always neat and clean there, but in Hattie's eyes it seemed more squalid and poverty-stricken than usual tonight. As she came around the corner of the door, she perceived a young man sitting at an uncovered pine table—a figure strongly silhouetted against the window.  
"Ah!" said she, the spirit of righteous aspiration rising up in her heart, "as I've caught you at last in the very midst of your evil practices!"  
The young man rose hurriedly to his feet.  
"I beg your pardon—" he began, but the tide of Hattie's indignation was not thus easily stemmed.  
"Don't beg my pardon," said she. "Beg the pardon of society—of public opinion—of everything else which you are outraging by this shameful behavior of yours. Apparently you have neither pride nor self-respect left—now take my advice; turn over a new leaf. Give up your evil practices, and set yourself to earn a decent living. Look me in the eyes, young man!" she added severely. "Tell me if you are not ashamed of yourself!"  
To all appearances, the culprit was stricken dumb. Involuntarily he raised a pair of clear, honest gray eyes to Hattie's face according to orders, but he did not speak a word, good, bad or indifferent.  
"He's not bad looking," thought Hattie; "but I must not neglect the chance of making an impression. I am surprised at you!" she added aloud. "A great, able-bodied fellow like you settling down as a respectable incubus on your friends and relatives. Don't you know that you are the talk of the neighborhood? Get up—go to work! Never let me see you idling here again! No; don't answer me. I never enter into argument with the people in my district. Logic is useless in a case like this."  
She hurried to old Milo, who, being stone-deaf, looked smilingly on during this brief but energetic monologue, as if it had been a recitation from Shakespeare.  
"Here's some extract of beef for you, Mr. Rencan!" she shouted in his ear; "and a tumbler of lemon jelly! I hope your lumbago is better. I'm sorry I can't stay a little longer to-day, but I'll come again very soon."  
And nodding and smiling good-bye to him, she bustled away.  
She arrived none too soon on the domestic-tapis.  
Betsey had already broken one of the moss-rose tea-cups, and spilled all the salad dressing, so that Hattie had to go to work to make more.  
Cousin Prodigitt had lost her spectacles, and Mrs. Hardy could not find her best lace frill.  
Consequently she was only half through arranging her hair when Mrs. Hardy called up the stair-case:  
"Harriet! Harriet! Mr. Cray has come!"  
She hurriedly coiled up the shining bronze locks and fastened them with a shell-pin, tied the Swiss muslin bow at her throat, and catching up her pocket-handkerchief, ran down stairs.  
Cousin Prodigitt was still adjusting her cap-strings, in her own room.  
Miss Hardy had gone to see if the tea was properly steeping; and so our heroine walked directly into the presence of the Reverend Cecil Cray.  
"I am Miss Hardy," said she. "I beg your pardon!—"  
Here she stopped, with the syllables of further speech fairly frozen on her tongue.  
A cold chill crept through all her veins, and she recognized the early,

brown hair, the clear, honest eyes, the thick mustache.  
But the Reverend Cecil was equal to the emergency.  
"Don't beg my pardon!" said he, gravely, although there was a rognish sparkle in his eyes. Beg the pardon of society—of public opinion. "No, Miss Hardy," he cried, suddenly dropping his solemn mannerism—don't look so distressed! Of course it was a mistake. Don't I know perfectly well that it was."  
"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" gasped Hattie. "I thought it was Gilbert Rencan, I never had seen him, you know, and it was so dark, and—and—"  
"And so you scolded the wrong man," said Mr. Cray. Well, I'll pass the lecture on to the genuine offender at the very first opportunity, only I'm afraid I cannot emphasize it half so neatly as you did."  
"Oh, don't!" said Hattie, piteously lifting her little hands. "Please don't!"  
"No, I won't," said Mr. Cray. "We'll forget and forgive."  
And when Cousin Prodigitt and Mrs. Hardy came in, Hattie and the young clergyman were earnestly discussing the rival merits of the geraniums on Mrs. Hardy's flower-stand.  
Mrs. Prodigitt stayed until spring, and when she went back home she told her daughter that Hattie Hardy was engaged to a young minister.  
"Or at least I suspicion she is," she added. "She won't own nothin' for sartin; but things ain't now as they used to be. Folks as was engaged to be married used to be proud of it. But Hattie's a queer girl. She hasn't been brought up as girls was brought up in my day."  
**Youthful Great Men.**  
It is undeniable that many of the greatest careers have been made by young men. Washington was but forty-three when he was called to the command of the American Revolutionary Army. Henry Clay was Speaker of the House of Representatives at thirty-four. Stephen A. Douglas was but thirty-nine when he first became a candidate for the Presidency. John Jay was Chief Justice of the United States at forty-five. James G. Blaine was only thirty-nine when he became Speaker of the House of Representatives. Alexander Hamilton took charge of the Treasury at thirty-two years of age. Martin Van Buren at thirty-six organized the famous Albany regency and was Governor of New York at forty. John C. Calhoun in his forty-second year was Vice-President of the United States. John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky was Vice-President at thirty-two and a candidate for the Presidency at thirty-five. George B. McClellan was only thirty-eight when nominated for the Presidency.  
In military life especially young men have been most conspicuous. Gen. Grant was but forty years of age when he began winning a name for himself in our civil war, and was only forty three when the war closed. The great Napoleon was master of France and Europe before his thirtieth birthday. Alexander the Great had conquered the world and left it before he was thirty-three years old. Fremont, the "Pathfinder," had explored the Rocky Mountains before he was thirty, and was running for the Presidency at forty-three.  
Columbus was in the thirties when he explained his ideas of the western passage and enlisted the Spanish sovereigns in the project that led to the discovery of America. Richard Cobden was but thirty-four when he founded the Anti-Corn Law League, which revolutionized the commercial policy of Great Britain. William Pitt, ranked by some historians as the greatest of modern British premiers, was practically ruler of England at twenty-four. The list of youthful great men might easily be extended.—Baltimore Sun.

### The Castor Oil Industry.

The manufacture of castor oil from the beans was formerly controlled by a few pressers and manufacturers in New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati and San Francisco. These manufacturers distributed the seeds to farmers, with directions for culture, and made a contract to take the whole crop at a certain sum. The beans are raised on land where Indian corn thrives, and the crop is cultivated similar to corn. The pods are harvested when they turn brown, and are shelled by the farmers. After being cleaned by a fanning mill they are sent to the manufacturers of the oil, who press them by heavy machinery, and clarify the oil before bottling it. The industry is a large one in this country, and thousands of persons are directly or indirectly supported by it.—New York Independent.

## THE REGULAR ARMY

It is Small Numerically, But of The Highest Grade.

What the Applicant Must Do to Get Into the Ranks.

It seems to be the general belief, perhaps because the United States army is small in number, that its file is made up of rather inferior men. Probably this idea was always wrong. Certainly it is today entirely unfounded, for the very good reason that the standard by which applicants for enlistment are measured is higher in the United States than in any other country in the world, and the boys who wear the blue are as fine specimens of healthy and intelligent manhood as were ever mustered under a flag.  
Only unmarried men between twenty-one and thirty years of age are now accepted, and most men are at their best physically at that period of life. The applicant is allowed to state whether he wishes to go into the foot or the mounted service, and his desires are generally respected. For infantry a man must not be less than five feet four inches in height, and weigh not less than 128 pounds, nor more than 190 pounds. For cavalry the height must not be less than five feet four inches, nor more than five feet ten inches, while the weight and chest measurements are as follows:  
For a man 5 ft. 4 in. tall, weight 128 pounds, chest 32 1-2 inches.  
For a man 5 ft. 5 in. tall, weight 130 pounds, chest 33 inches.  
For a man 5 ft. 6 in. tall, weight 132 pounds, chest 33 1-2 inches.  
For a man 5 ft. 7 in. tall, weight 134 pounds, chest 34 inches.  
For a man 5 ft. 8 in. tall, weight 141 pounds, chest 34 inches.  
For a man 5 ft. 9 in. tall, weight 148 pounds, chest 34 1-2 inches.  
For a man 5 ft. 10 in. tall, weight 155 pounds, chest 35 inches.  
If the regulations should be stretched so as to let in a taller man than five feet ten, then his size must increase in similar proportion to his height. For instance, a man, six feet one in height must weigh 176 pounds and have a chest measurement of 36 1-4 inches. Indeed there is no prejudice against tall men, but they are scrutinized very carefully and must be symmetrical also.  
When the applicant goes up for examination he is weighed, measured and described by a sergeant, and a blank filled out which when complete, reveals every possible thing about the applicant's physical structure and condition. This is scrutinized by the recruiting officer, and then the applicant goes before the surgeon and is stripped that the medical men may verify the previous examination. This is done in the most minute way and a certificate that is as exact as may be given. If he is accepted the recruit is sworn to the service by the recruiting officer, and if the enlistment be in New York he is sent to David's Island and from there to the command with which he is to serve.  
Men are not enlisted especially for the artillery, but the most intelligent of those who go into the mounted forces are selected for this arm of the service when there are vacancies in it. The artillery, therefore, is composed of picked men, and this accounts for the splendid bearing of these soldiers whenever they are seen on parade.  
The term of service in the army is now three years and the number of men about 20,000; and therefore it is necessary to secure each year by enlistments and re-enlistments something like 7,000 men. About 1,000 of these are re-enlistments of men who become attached to the service or who acquire what might be called the army habit. The examination of a man who has served one enlistment or more and has a good record is naturally less severe than that given to a new recruit, for the man of experience may have acquired blemishes as incidents of his service and these, unless debilitating, are quite properly not counted against him. The man of experience, too, is considered a much more valuable soldier than the novice.  
The scheme of the statute under which recruiting is done, while it encourages re-enlistment, also provides for the probable return of discharged soldiers to civil life. Now, when a man is discharged he is not re-enlisted until three months after that time if he care for such a furlough, so that he can have a taste of civil life, and this period is counted as a part of his service.  
Provision is made for the retirement of soldiers after thirty years' service on three-fourths pay and three-fourths commutation for clothing and subsistence, the allowance to be made on the basis of the pay that was received when the retirement occurred.

Thus it was seen that the government looks after the old soldiers with much consideration.

A private receives \$13 a month for the first two years of enlistment, and \$14 a month for the third year if he has served faithfully, and the writer was informed that a careful man could easily save \$300 during the three years. This would seem to be impossible, but it should be borne in mind that a soldier's clothing, quarters and food are supplied to him. Considering these facts, in connection with the advantages of the post schools, libraries, gymnasiums and canteen, a term of service in the United States army cannot be considered as other than a wholesome and beneficial experience. To those who fret at restraint and who cannot submit themselves to discipline an army experience is likely to be very valuable unless the lawless soldier be driven to desertion.

There are less than forty recruiting stations at present in the United States and these are scattered over the country from Boston to San Francisco. Last November about 250 recruits were secured and Boston supplied more than any other station, New York next, St. Louis next, then St. Paul, then Albany. For many years after the civil war the majority of the enlisted men were of foreign birth and many of them were not even citizens. Now, no man is eligible who is not a citizen or who has not made legal declaration to become a citizen and can speak, read and write the English language. Indeed, the great majority of the recruits to-day are native born, though many of them are of foreign parentage. There are post schools at which soldiers who desire it can acquire, free of cost, a fair English education. Not many enlist for the sake of this advantage, but very many young men, once in the service, take advantage of these schools and on account of the instruction received return to civil life much better equipped for self-support and the exercise of intelligent citizenship.—Detroit Free Press.

### Cocaine on the Race Track.

Within a recent period cocaine has come into use on the race track, as a stimulant. Horses that are worn and exhausted, or are uncertain as to speed and endurance, are given ten to fifteen grains of cocaine by the needle under the skin at the time of starting, or a few moments before.

The effects are very prominent, and a veritable muscular delirium follows, in which the horse displays unusual speed, and often unexpectedly wins the race. This agitation continues, and the driver has difficulty in "allowing down" the horse after the race is over; not infrequently the horse will go half round again before he can be stopped. The exhaustion which follows is not marked, except in the great thirst and loss of appetite. But good groams give unusual attention to rubbing and bathing the legs in hot water and stimulants. The general effect on the horse is depression, from which he soon recovers, but it is found essential to give cocaine again to make sure of his speed. The action of cocaine grows more transient as the use increases, and when a long period of scoring follows before the race begins, drivers give a second dose secretly while in the saddle. Sometimes the horse becomes delirious and unmanageable, and leaves the track in a wild frenzy, often killing the driver, or he drops dead on the track from the cocaine, although the cause is unknown to any but the owner and driver. Some horses have been given as high as twenty grains at a time, but this is dangerous and only given to worn-out animals, who may by this means win a race. It appears that cocaine is only used in running races, and as a temporary stimulant for the time. It is claimed that the flashing eyes and trembling excitement of the horse is strong evidence of the use of cocaine.—Quarterly Journal of Inebriety.

### Presidential Coincidence.

John Adams was eight years older than his successor, Thomas Jefferson; he eight years older than James Madison; he eight years older than James Monroe, and he eight years older than John Q. Adams.  
George Washington ended his term as president in his sixty-fifth year, so, too, did John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and James Monroe.  
Thomas Jefferson and John Adams both died on the same day July 4, 1826, exactly fifty years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. One other president, James Monroe, died on July 4. His death occurred in 1831.  
Every president, it is said, with the single exception of William H. Harrison, has had blue eyes.