

The total product of the dairies of the United States is estimated at \$450,000,000 per year. That is pretty rich skimming.

The New York Journal thinks scientists in rounding up the microbes are rather overdoing the business when they discern a lurking danger in fresh eggs.

Fashion affects suicide as well as other things. "The time was," says the London Lancet, "when laudanum, morphia and opium were the favorite poisons, but now carbolic acid has taken their place, and according to the last available returns (1894), the latter caused more than twice as many suicidal deaths as the three former combined, for, whereas the opiates poisoned 82 persons, carbolic acid poisoned 167."

The Chicago Timberman estimates that the agricultural implement manufacturers of this country use a total of 1,448,293,750 feet of lumber annually, of which white pine, principally low-grade stock for packing purposes, furnishes 29 per cent., ash 19 per cent., oak nine per cent., yellow pine 8 per cent., poplar eight per cent., hickory seven per cent., maple seven per cent., elm, very largely rock elm, four per cent., and basswood one per cent.

The civilizing effects of clean streets on the tenement-house districts in New York City are distinctly marked. Fresher paint on the stores, clean windows, and other tokens of a change for the better, attest the value of the object-lesson of streets no longer a disgrace to the municipality. Observers also note that tenement-house entrances are not tracked with street mud. Even the children seem to look more tidy. The moral influence of ways fit for the foot to walk upon and for the eye to rest upon is undoubted.

"No nobler career is open to young men than American agriculture offers," maintains the New England Homestead. "The man who is a good farmer, who pays his debts, raises and educates a family, does his private duty in town, county, state and national affairs, and faithfully executes the political social or religious trust reposed in him by his peers—that man's life is full of all that is best in this world. He may not acquire millions, but he does obtain a modest competence upon which to live in comfort."

The iron masters of America have broken into the markets of the world, boasts the Boston Cultivator. They are now shipping iron to Liverpool, Manchester, Rotterdam, Vienna, Genoa, Trieste, Yokohama, and Calcutta. They can compete with the largest Scotch and English iron furnaces everywhere. The largest iron concern in Tennessee claims that 30 years of work on their estate has but scratched away one per cent. of its contents, while the scratching process has increased the value of the remainder five or six times over. No doubt the possession of the finest iron and coal mines in the world will give the United States a manufacturing supremacy unequalled by any other nation on earth.

A Kansas City firm that makes canned soups of various sorts was surprised to receive from Rhode Island, the other day, an inquiry as to the terms at which it would sell "wish-bones" in thousand lots. This request, says the New York Times, has revealed to the company a new source of income, and one not wholly unimportant. Hitherto the skeletons of the numerous fowls have been ground into fertilizer, but having discovered that there is a demand for "wish-bones," to be used for various decorative and sentimental purposes, the Kansas City men think that by properly pushing the trade they can get more for this one bone than they have been receiving for all the rest.

A movement is on foot in New York to prevent the erection of any more extravagantly high buildings. It is the opinion expressed by those who studied the matter that if the present practice is continued, in less than five years the water and drainage systems will become so overtaxed as to be practically useless. Especially will the sewer system become inadequate to accommodate the immense volume of sewage, and it is feared in that event that an epidemic of disease will break out. It has also, in this same connection, been officially reported that there are over three thousand unsafe buildings in the city, some of them among the largest and all of which have to be constantly watched to prevent disaster.

# A Good Story



## YVONNETTE.

Yvonne was a fair little girl of five summers, and with her wee tight-fitting white hood and tiny sabots was as pretty a child as could have been found anywhere in Vendee.

Jean Malo, her father, a farmer on the estate of Count de Mordine, had quitted his home for some weeks previously with several companions, with his gun slung over his shoulder and a stout club in his hand, to hunt the boar—at least, so he said. But it was in 1793; General Santerre's grenadiers had invaded Brittany, and Yvonne's mother had grave reason to fear that he had gone on an infinitely more dangerous hunt.

Rumors of fighting had circulated freely throughout the province, the tocsin clangd from church towers, and in response thereto the youth of the villages were flocking to the standard of Cathelineau, whom the Bretons had chosen for their commander-in-chief.

On the day on which this story opens Yvonne's mother was more thoughtful and agitated than usual, so much so that her trouble was noticed by the child, who demanded several times:

"Where is papa?" Receiving no answer to this and other questions, she at last drew her little stool up to the window, and sought consolation with her doll Rose. The latter was a beautiful Breton doll that her father had bought at the fair at Auray, a year before, and was Yvonne's inseparable companion and the recipient of all her confidences.

Suddenly shouts were heard outside, followed by several shots fired in quick succession. The child was in no way frightened. The clanging of the bells, the sound of firearms and the shouting of an excited crowd were familiar sounds to her, and were merely associated in her baby mind with the holidays, when the grand lords and ladies from the neighboring castle deigned to take part in the fetes and dancing upon the village green. But Anne Malo, her mother, white and rigid as a taper, and her hands pressed tightly upon her heart, was gazing out of the window with wide, frightened eyes.

"What is the matter, mamma?" questioned the child. "Hush, darling!" was the only reply of the farmer's wife, who suddenly recovered herself, closed the shutters, lit the lamp and dropped on her knees beside the bed.

Yvonne watched her wonderingly and her big blue eyes wandered from the kneeling figure to the high gothic fireplace, beside which the cat was purring and blinking contentedly. She was about to follow her inclination and go to play with him, when the door was flung open and a countryman, pale and bedraggled, with a gun in one hand and a flag in the other, burst into the house and slammed the door behind him.

"Papa! Papa!" screamed Yvonne, delightedly. Anne Malo had sprung to her feet and thrown herself into her husband's arms.

"Whatever has happened?" she sobbed. "I have been nearly wild with anxiety every hour since you have been away."

"All is lost!" responded the farmer moodily. "Take this flag and hide it carefully. If ever the Blues should find it here it would be all up with us."

He kissed the standard reverently and handed it to her. As he did so a few drops of blood oozed from under his cap and down his matted hair. "Jean, you are wounded!" exclaimed Anne.

"No, it is nothing," replied the Chouan, picking up his gun. "Where are you going?" she demanded, resolutely barring the door with her body.

"To fight with the others."

"You will do nothing of the kind."

"Wife, let me pass," ordered Malo.

"My comrades are waiting for me. It is my duty."

"You shall not go," she repeated. Then stooping swiftly she picked up the child and held her out to him.

"You haven't even kissed baby," she exclaimed, reproachfully.

Malo wavered. "They will think I am a coward," he groaned, staggering against the bed in spite of himself and leaning upon it for support.

"Jean you are wounded, I know it. Come into the cellar and let me take care of you," she entreated. "The enemy might search for you, and you must live for me—for Yvonne."

"No, I must go," he insisted, bracing himself with an effort; but his strength gave out as he said it, and he reeled into her arms. She supported him into the obscure cellar and laid him among the bundles of straw. Then she returned to the dwelling room. Now that he was no longer there she could act. She took the flag, broke the staff over her knee and threw the pieces into the fire. Next she hid the gun under a pile of fagots in the corner. Then pouring some vinegar and water in a bowl, she told the child to be good and not make a noise and went to attend to her wounded husband.

Yvonne continued to play with her doll, but her attention was attracted to a strip of the flag which the flames had respected. It was a piece of white silk with fleur de lys embossed in gold upon it. She drew it out of the embers with a cry of delight, and setting her doll upon her knee was engaged in pinning the silk upon it in the shape of a dress when the door opened and a big, fierce, white moustached soldier in a blue tunic, white breeches and high gaiters entered. He was a sergeant of grenadiers of the Republic.

He glanced around the room and at once noticed that the gun rack was empty.

"One of those wolves who have been peeping us from ambush evidently lives here," he muttered. "There's a gun missing. A thousand thunders! If we catch any of the rascals they will get a short shrift and no ceremony."

He tore aside the curtains of the bed, peered around and suddenly caught sight of Yvonne, who, in the least concerned went on dressing her doll.

The savage expression of his face softened into a tender smile and he went towards her.

"What a shame to leave her all alone in that house at such a time as this," he muttered. He bent, took her in his arms and kissed her.

"What's your name, little dear?" he asked.

"Yvonne," replied the child.

"Why, I've got a little Yvonne, too, just like you, and three little boys as well," he said, and the recollection of his little brood in Paris brought the tears into the soldier's eyes.

At that instant he noticed the silk on the doll and the hard, fierce expression returned to his face again.

"Where did you get that?" he exclaimed harshly, dropping the child and seizing the stuff.

"There," said Yvonne, half frightened at his change of manner, pointing to the fire.

He rushed to the hearth, drew some of the half burnt pieces of the flag-stuff from the flames, with a piece of scorched silk, and recognized them.

"Who do these belong to?" he went on.

"To papa."

"Where is your papa?"

"There," said Yvonne, pointing to the door.

"I've got one of them at last," growled the sergeant savagely, seizing his gun. "And if I don't fill him with lead enough to sink him to the bottom of the sea inside of two minutes, my name's not Laderoute."

He strode to the cellar door and shook it. It was bolted on the inside, and still further enraged he raised his rifle and was about to splinter the frail partition with the butt end of the weapon when he heard a sound that made him turn his head.

Without realizing the danger her father was in, but instinctively frightened by the gestures of the grenadier Yvonne had burst out crying.

The sergeant looked at her and lowered his gun, and a guilty flush suffused his face.

"I kissed her a moment ago and now I was going to kill her father," he muttered. "Laderoute, you're a

blanked, blanked, blankety-blanked cuss. That's what you are."

He hastily gathered up the incriminating debris of the flag and piled the embers upon them. As he did so a company of soldiers marched up to the house. Sergeant Laderoute took Yvonne on his arm and stood in the doorway to prevent them from entering.

"No one here but this little lady," he said. "Right about face—march!" Then he kissed the child. "For my own little Yvonne's sake," he murmured. "Goodbye, sweetheart," and putting her down, closed the door and hurried after his comrades.—Twinkles.

## 50,000,000 Slaves in Africa.

Heli Chatelain, a traveler in the Dark Continent, lectured before the American Geographical Society in New York on "The Internal Slave Trade in Africa."

"If any one thinks that slave trading is a thing of the past," he said, as quoted in the New York Sun, "he is mistaken. Among the 200,000,000 of people in Africa, at least 50,000,000 are slaves."

If a British estimate to which he referred was correct, Mr. Chatelain said, 500,000 lives were sacrificed every year in the traffic. For every slave that reached the coast, eight or nine were sent to the interior. The idea still prevailing that all of the slave traders in Africa were Arabs or natives was a gross error. In a large part of the interior, slaves were the regular currency. Parents sold their children. This internal slave trade of Africa was the real open sore of the world, as it was in Livingston's time.

"In Morocco," the lecturer added, "slave trading is carried on under the protection of our Stars and Stripes. Moroccan Jews, who are prohibited by law from holding slaves, place themselves under the protection of our flag in order to carry on the traffic."

There were in some parts of the country, he continued, honors for raising slave children, who found a ready market. He told as an instance of the mortality among the slaves, by whom most of the portage is done, of one explorer who started in with 450 men, of whom all that came out were 190. "The first slave caravan that I saw," he said, "had twenty women. The leader told me that fifty of his lot had died on the way to the coast."

The lecturer showed a picture of a slave so fastened that he could not move a limb or turn his face from the broiling sun that beat on it. He also showed pictures of slaves who had been abandoned to die along the caravan route. According to the report of a German consul, strangers who knew not the road to one city had only to keep in the middle between the two lines of bleaching bones of slaves who had been left to die there, and they could not miss their way.

## Turn About Was Fair Play.

The well from which Irish stories are drawn is inexhaustible. Here is a good example of Pat's wit and readiness. An Irish witness was being examined as to his knowledge of a shooting affair.

"Did you see the shot fired?" the magistrate asked.

"No, sorr, I only heard it," was the evasive reply.

"That evidence is not satisfactory," replied the magistrate sternly. "Stand down!"

The witness turned round to leave the box, and directly his back was turned he laughed derisively. The magistrate, indignant at this contempt of court, called him back, and asked him how he dared to laugh in court.

"Did you see me laugh, your honor?" queried the offender.

"No, sir; but I heard you," was the irate reply.

"That evidence is not satisfactory," said Pat quietly, but with a twinkle in his eye. And this time everybody laughed except the magistrate.—Westminster Gazette.

## An Aged Goldfish.

The goldfish is not as tender an animal as is imagined, for in handling and moving them from one pond to another they are dipped up in nets and carried about in baskets, much like corn or potatoes. Sometimes they are out of the water thirty minutes, and seldom is it that they are injured. How long they will live depends altogether on their treatment. In the Government aquarium at Washington is a goldfish that is known to be fifty years of age, and it is not perceptibly larger than when first placed there. There is said to be in the Royal aquarium at Rome, Italy, a fish that is more than a hundred years of age, but it has grown slightly in the last twenty-five years. Its color is the same except a slight change with the seasons.—Indianapolis Journal.

## A QUEER TOWN.

England Has One of the Strangest Municipal Freaks on Earth.

Why a General Appearance of Topsy-Turvydom Prevails.

Assuredly the most curious town in England, and the most upside-down-looking place, is Northwich. As a stranger walks up one of the streets he wonders whether he is the victim of a disordered imagination or whether an earthquake has been visiting the locality. Here two houses are leaning one against the other, as if for mutual support; three more are leaning from each other, as if in sullen anger; higher up are dwellings sunken in the center or at the ends; the pavement on one side in certain places is higher than the other, while a little farther on it is lower.

In short, everything has a general appearance of topsy-turvydom in this town of what are described as "drunken houses." The cause of it all is not far to seek. Northwich, as every one knows, or ought to know, is the center of the salt industry, and it is the drawing of brine and rock salt for the manufacture of this very necessary commodity that is the moving factor in the mischief. On nearly all sides of the town are big salt works, with their engines pumping hundreds of thousands of gallons of brine every week, while the extensive mines of rock salt are being cut into in all directions.

At a depth of some 200 or 300 feet are immense submarine lakes of brine, and as the contents of these are pumped and pumped away the upper crust of earth is correspondingly weakened and the result is an occasional subsidence. In some of the mines where the salt is blasted and cut away one can travel a mile in certain directions. As the glistening white or deep red rock is cut away great pillars of it, some eight feet square, with a large thickness all along the roof, are left to support the earth above. Sometimes, however, the mine is flooded, the pillars dissolve in the water and the earth falls in, with all on top of it. Luckily this kind of subsidence generally happens in spots where houses are not numerous, and for this reason no lives have been lost within recent years. One morning a few years ago a horse left in a stable overnight was found to be missing, and a hole filled with water occupying the place where the animal should have been. Near Wincham and Marston, suburbs of Northwich, lakes acres in extent are now seen where green fields used to be, and there is a spot where the highway takes the form of a railway embankment. On either side are big ponds where the earth had subsided and the road goes through like a bridge. This itself is bound to go at some future time, and it is to be hoped at that time no one will be in the immediate neighborhood.

All these subsidences have a "pulling" effect on the nearest buildings, which are drawn "all ways." Such a state of things is amusing as well as interesting. "This desirable property to let" is the sign one may seek cheek by jowl with one at the beginning of a stile road bearing the legend: "This road is dangerous." One has to be aware of such roads at night time in this neighborhood. A part of the path may have sunk 100 feet or more during the preceding hour and an involuntary drop into the water, which rises as fast as the earth falls, is a rapid way out of this world.

In order to make all buildings last a fairly decent length of time all new erections are built in frames of wood, this style holding the bricks together a longer length of time than if the building was on the ordinary principles. Even under those conditions, and taking into consideration the fact that in the town itself the subsidences are gradual and give some warning, living must be rather exciting in certain portions of Northwich.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## Metals More Precious Than Gold.

We commonly think of gold as the most valuable of metals, because it is the most precious of metals that are produced in sufficient quantity to be in common use. There are, however, several rare metals that are much more valuable than gold. Gallium, for example, is quoted in the market at \$3,000 an ounce avoirdupois. Traces of it occur in some zinc-ores, tons of which must be worked over in order to obtain a trifling quantity. Gallium is a very remarkable substance. At the ordinary summer temperature of eighty-six degrees Fahr. it becomes liquid like mercury.

The latter becomes solid at thirty-eight degrees below zero. Most costly of all metals save only gallium is germanium, which is quoted at \$1.25 per ounce. Rhodium is worth \$112.50 an ounce; ruthenium, \$90 an ounce; osmium, \$26 an ounce; and palladium, \$24 an ounce. The last is about equal in value to gold. These metals are of no great commercial importance. Most of them are mere curiosities of the laboratory, having been discovered originally by accident incidental to the analysis of ores. It has been suggested that some of them might be coined, but the supply of them is too uncertain. That was the difficulty with platinum, which the Russian Government minted in the first half of the present century. Iridium is utilized to some extent for making instruments of delicacy, which must have the property of not corroding. It is obtained from 'iridosmin,' a natural alloy of iridium, osmium, rhodium, platinum and ruthenium. This extraordinary mixture of rare metals is white. Much of it is found in washing for gold in the beach sands of Oregon. It resists the action of all single acids. Its only important use is for tipping gold pens. For this purpose the grains of it, which are flat like gold dust, are picked out with magnifying glasses. At the mints it makes a good deal of trouble, the difficulty being found in separating it from gold bullion.—American Journal Photography.

## Where the Duck Found Gold.

News comes from Ainslie, Lewis County, Wash., that Mrs. N. Henderson last week found several pieces "punkin-ood" gold in the craw of a duck she had purchased of a local butcher, says the San Francisco Call. The pieces were larger than a flat seed and looked as though they had been in the duck's storage department for some time.

Male members of the Henderson family began an immediate investigation. The found the duck had been secured from a Winlock firm, which in turn had purchased it of settlers living in the Cowlitz Valley, east of Winlock.

Near their ranch a range of hills rises up from the valley. It was decided to do some prospecting among these hills and an expedition was organized. Late last week the prospectors' search was rewarded by the finding of several quartz seams near together at a point about seven miles from Winlock. Charles Johnson and one of Mrs. Henderson's sons are reported to have made the lucky discovery. They staked out claims and then returned home for provisions and tools with which to do development work.

Since then snow has covered the hills, but if it does not get too deep a shaft will be sunk this winter. The quartz found appears to be rich in gold, and assays are now being made. From the way the seams run it is believed that they will form into one wide vein a short distance below the surface.

The find has caused considerable excitement at Winlock. Several ducks and geese in the valley have subsequently been killed to prove the Henderson story from Ainslie. In one of these course gold, identical in character with that first found, was discovered.

## Schools for Cash Girls.

Following the lead of Chicago, a New York dry goods house is about to start a little school in its own premises where the cash girls can obtain instruction one of two hours every day, as also those older ones whose early schooling has been neglected. In one of the large dry goods stores of Chicago a day and night school is maintained, with competent teachers and all the modern accessories of a first-class school room, where the employees of the store are given free education. In Milwaukee one of the greatest breweries conducts a school, library and reading room for its employees, who are over 10,000 in number. All three were established despite the protests of those who said the advantages would never be utilized, and all triumphed from the outset. The school compares favorably with the best public schools in the city, the reading room is well patronized, and the library is employed to its full capacity.—Chicago Tribune.

## Size of Atlantic's Waves.

From Dr. Scoresby's observations it appears that in a very heavy gale on the Atlantic waves may run which are from thirty-six to forty feet in height, or from twelve to eighteen feet above the main level of the sea. Waves of the above sorts are from 400 to 500 feet from crest to crest.