

Russia is not only to build her own railroads through China, but is to build China's own railroads for her.

It is estimated that the present wealth of the United States exceeds the wealth of the whole world at any period prior to the middle of the eighteenth century.

The New Jersey grange does not believe in giving tobacco to the convicts in the penitentiary. Part of their punishment, it thinks, should be a deprivation of such luxuries.

A mining prospector, whose experience is said to cover almost every mining region of the Northwest, has been lately waxing enthusiastic over the future of the Cascade range in Oregon as a gold-producing section.

The South is becoming a formidable rival to New England in the matter of manufactures as well as to other sections of the country in the matter of products and in her foreign trade, observes the Trenton (N. J.) American.

Sir John Gorst, who is at the head of the educational department in England, is in hot water for declaring in a public speech that "at birth there is not much difference between a baby and a monkey," and that the monkey has the advantage.

A Boston man who dines regularly at a prominent hotel was interested to discover the other day that his waiter, whom he has been tipping liberally all along, owns five tenement houses in the Hub, all clear of mortgages, and that his tax bill is considerably larger than his patron's.

The Eastern express and railroad companies have adopted the proper method of discouraging train robbery by offering a bonus of \$500 for every robber maimed and \$1,000 for every one killed. This may seem a cold-blooded scheme, but it is perfectly legitimate, and we are sure that it will do more to check train robberies than offers of big rewards for the capture of the criminals after they have once escaped with their booty. At any rate, it gives employees some return for risking their lives in defence of railroad or express property and furnishes a stimulus to the purchase of the best weapons as well as to practice in using them instantly and effectively.

Instead of diminishing from year to year the fatalities incident to mining in this country seem to be steadily increasing. The reports from eight mining districts of Pennsylvania for the year ending December 1, 1896, show no less than 1,804 accidents, of which 497 proved fatal. Besides resulting in the death of these miners, the various disasters of the year produced 571 orphans and 225 widows. In 1895 the accidents numbered only 1,543, of which 391 ended fatally. The widows numbered 189 and the orphans 515. In 1894 the records disclosed only 1,433 accidents, with 439 fatalities, 216 widows and 696 orphans. These figures show that our mining laws are seriously defective, and that something must be done to check the constantly increasing number of fatalities, declares the Atlanta Constitution. With proper vigilance on the part of mine owners there is no reason why such tragic accidents should occur.

Farms in England are selling at a ruinous reduction of their former value, and in many cases cannot be sold at all. Many properties within two hours' ride of London are deserted. Recently at the sale of Langdon Abbey 639 acres of land, with farmhouse, stabling, homestead and seven modern cottages, only realized \$28,500, or less than \$15 per acre. Fifteen years ago the property was valued at over \$100,000, and four years ago it was mortgaged at \$70,000. In Essex County, within a day's walk of the Bank of England, a farm which in 1875 rented for \$2,000, has for the last five years rented for \$5 per annum, the occupant paying the taxes, amounting to about \$750. In many cases farms have been sold for less than one-tenth of their value twenty years ago. Well-to-do farmers are abandoning the business and going to the colonies or to cities to start life anew. Nor does there seem to be any hopeful outlook for the industry in the future. Although the situation is grievous, there may be some consolation in the fact that it is worse on the Continent and seems to be equally irremediable. We have not yet suffered so severely in this country, adds the New York Tribune, but have by no means escaped the depressing influences which seem to have fallen on agriculture everywhere.

Sweet Content.
Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden numbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet in thy mind perplexed?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed?
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
O sweet content! O sweet content!
Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?
O sweet content!
Swimmest thou in wealth yet sinketh in thine tears?
O punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O sweet content! O sweet content!

THE BIG ARMCHAIR.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"It wasn't my fault," said Mrs. Brickett; "nor yet I won't take it upon me to say that it was Brickett's. But we couldn't agree, me and Brickett. So we separated."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Marrowfat.

"It was all about Grandfather Gunn's big armchair," said Mrs. Brickett, stitching resolutely at her new Sunday gown. "Now I look back on it, it does seem silly that I and Brickett should quarrel about such a little thing. But when your temper's up, you know, you can't stop to reason, as you do at ordinary times."

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Marrowfat.

"Grandfather Gunn willed Brickett that big armchair," went on Mrs. Brickett. "He hadn't a great deal to leave, poor old fellow, but he did what he could. It was a great, ugly, old-fashioned thing, as cumbersome to move as a horse and chaise, and dreadfully old-fashioned in the make. So says I, 'It ain't fit for any place but the store-room.' 'Store-room,' indeed!" says Brickett. "My Grandfather Gunn's armchair ain't going to be hustled away into any store-room. I'm just going to have it down stairs, where I can set it in, and take my comfort," says Brickett, says he. 'It don't match any of my furniture,' says I. 'Then take your furniture somewhere else,' says Brickett. Well, the first we knew, we came to light words, me and Brickett. 'I'll go home to mother,' says I. 'The sooner the better,' says he. 'I've stood your temper till I can't stand it no longer!' So I came home to mother—and Brickett, he's let the farm and gone out West, so the Widow Simmons writes me; for, of course, I've no way of knowing anything about it myself."

And Mrs. Brickett brushed a tear out of the corner of her eye with the frill of her apron.

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Marrowfat. "I suppose Mr. Brickett was a great trial to you?"

"No, I can't say that he was," acknowledged Mrs. Brickett. "He had a temper of his own, had Brickett; but so had I. I'm 'most sorry, now, I didn't let Grandfather Gunn's armchair stand by the settin'-room fire—just where he wanted it!"

"Why don't you write and tell him so?" suggested Mrs. Marrowfat.

"I won't be the dust under any man's feet!" said Mrs. Brickett, with spirit. "I've left him, and I'm not the woman to go fawning back again and ask his pardon, for standing up for my own rights—no, that I'm not!"

But after Mrs. Marrowfat had folded her knitting work into its bag, put her best cap into a pasteboard box, and gone home, Mrs. Brickett sat sadly looking out where the tall, red hollyhocks nodded their heads above the garden wall, and the bees came humming home from the white-blossomed buckwheat fields beyond, and thought of the pleasant old farm in the Unadilla Valley, with the steep-roofed, old-fashioned house, and Grandfather Gunn's big armchair standing vacant by the unused hearthstone, and she almost felt as if she had done wrong.

"But I'd die before I'd own as much to Brickett!" said she.

So, by way of securing a change of air and scene, and diverting her mind from the folly of her conduct, Mrs. Brickett concluded to go out West, and visit an old schoolmate who had married and settled there.

"Perhaps, if I like Kansas, I shall stay there," said she, to herself. "It don't matter very much whether I live in one place or another, nowadays."

It was a long, tedious journey—especially so to Mrs. Brickett, who was not an accomplished traveler.

The evening of the second day closed in wet and windy, as they came steaming steadily along on the edge of an almost interminable prairie.

They had stopped for supper at an insignificant little town where they

changed conductors, and, as Mrs. Brickett leaned back in her corner, with a veil over her face and a camphor-bottle at her nose, she could see the stalwart figure of the new conductor gathering up the tickets right and left.

"Just such a man as Brickett used to be," thought the poor, solitary wife. "Dear, dear! I don't see what keeps putting Brickett into my head the whole time!" and she cried, quietly, behind her veil. "It's because the camphor is so strong," said she; but she knew better all the while.

The conductor had taken up all his tickets at last. He came and sat down beside a stout, genial-faced man, in the seat directly in front of her.

"So your going home, Wallis," said he.

"My goodness me, it is Brickett!" gasped the weary traveler, at the familiar accents of the voice.

"Yes," the genial-faced man made prompt reply. "I'm off duty until Monday morning; and I haven't seen my wife in a month—nor my home."

"It's a great deal to have a home to go to," said Conductor Brickett, a little huskily, "and a wife. I've got neither."

"Your wife is dead?"

"I have lost—her," the conductor replied, evasively.

"I suppose you set a deal of store by her?" said the stout man, sympathizingly.

"I did," answered the conductor; "I do now. But I've lost her."

He rose abruptly from his seat, and went to the glazed door at the end of the car—it was the last on the train—to look out at the wild landscape—the eternal flat sameness of the prairie.

Presently, a touch fell lightly on his arm.

"Brickett," said a soft, hesitating voice, "you have lost me!"

"Hester!" he cried out, with a start; "it is never you! Here? and alone?"

"I've behaved like a fool, Brickett," said the wife, trying her best to keep down the hysterical lump in her throat. "And I won't say that you was altogether right—"

"I was a brute, Hester!" he interrupted.

"But, oh, Brickett! I haven't known a happy moment since I went away and left the old farm in the Unadilla Valley!" pleaded the wife.

"Nor I!" he uttered, hoarsely. "Hester—wife—shall we go back?"

"And how about Grandfather Gunn's armchair?" she said, half laughing, half crying.

"We'll split it up for kindling-wood," said Brickett.

"No, we won't," said Mrs. Brickett. "We'll varnish it up and recushion it, and set it by the sitting-room fire—just where you wanted it!"

Mr. and Mrs. Brickett went on to the end of the journey, and then Mr. Brickett resigned his conductor's cap and badge.

"Isn't this rather a sudden notion of yours, Brickett?" said the superintendent of the road.

"Well, yes, rather," said Brickett. "But I've made up my mind to go back to farming."

So Mr. and Mrs. Brickett returned once more to the old homestead.

Levi Cartwright, the incumbent, was only too glad to leave the farm. He was tired of the monotonous life. "But there's one thing I'd ought to tell you," said he. "The keepin'-room ceiling fell down one day last week—folks don't put up plaster now as they did in my 'teen—and smashed that there old armchair of your'n into splinters. Good thing no one chanced to be settin' in it just then; but we was all out at the back of the house, hivin' a swarm of bees. Real providential, wasn't it?"

And Mr. and Mrs. Brickett looked at each other, and agreed that it was—Saturday Night.

History of Steam Power.

The power of steam, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, was known to Hero of Alexandria, who exhibited what seems from the description to have been a small steam engine to Ptolemy Philadelphus and his court, about 150 B. C. Piny describes a small boat, built by a "magician" of Rome, which moved by means of a wheel, "driven by a pot of hot water." Watt's invention of a rotary steam engine was patented in 1769. The first railway locomotive was built by Trevithick, in 1804; the first practical locomotive was perfected by Stephenson in 1825. As early as 1702, Donna Papi built a model of a steamboat, which was destroyed by a mob of boatmen. The first practical steamboat was built by William Symington in 1802. In 1803 Robert Fulton, in connection with Chancellor Livingston, built a steamboat, which was tried on the Seine. In 1807 the Clermont began trips from New York to Albany.

Hunting in Dreams.

James Bolton, a New Yorker who visits the Adirondacks every year to hunt deer, has a lean-to camp on a stream in Northern Herkimer county, where he entertains his friends. He sees things and does things sometimes in his dreams that make him a source of anxiety to his friends and his guides.

Last fall Sam Cooley, one of Mr. Bolton's guides, was lying in the guide's shelter half awake, when he saw some one slip out of the owner's camp with a rifle in his hands. What was more serious, the figure was slipping 38-calibre shells into the magazine. Cooley divined the situation instantly, and started toward the man, whom he recognized as Bolton, but Bolton got beyond the firelight before the guide could reach him, and then stopped and seemed to be steering off into the woods.

Up came the rifle, and seven shots were fired, each sounding like a cannon's roar in the perfect night quiet of the woods. Everybody except Bolton woke up, and the dogs let out howls of wonderment. Meantime Cooley had grabbed a water pail half full of water and thrown the contents over Bolton just as he was about to fire again. It was Bolton's turn to howl then. The cold water woke him up, and he was inclined to swear at the guide before he realized the danger he had been in. He had been shooting, he thought, at a buck deer. All the bullets were found next day in a hemlock stump, and they could have been covered with a hat.

Mr. Bolton once went still hunting, a little after midnight, and was not found until 7 a. m. He had awakened once during his trip, but had been unable to make his way back to camp.

A fisherman fell asleep while fishing for black bass at Philadelphia, N. Y., one day and dreamed he had a bite. He yanked his pole up and a one pound bass swung into his face. On waking up he found that he had pulled up his pole, but instead of a bass, a tin can swung against his cheek.—New York Sun.

Products of Hawaii.

Besides sugar and rice, the staple products, coffee, bananas, oranges and other fruits are largely grown. Food products are abundant, especially of the kind suitable to a hot climate, says "Paradise of the Pacific."

The native food consists largely of the taro plant, of which the best varieties are grown in the shallow ponds of fresh water. From this plant is made the poi, which is the ordinary food of the Kanakas.

The sweet potato grows even among the rocks and flourishes abundantly in good soil, while the common potato sometimes grows well, though it is often injured by worms.

The quality of the coffee raised is equal to the choicest.

The climate is also very favorable to the growth of the long staple sea-island cotton; but as this variety must be picked by hand, the high price of labor in the islands renders its culture unprofitable.

Tropical fruits of nearly all kinds grow in the richest abundance, the orange, lemon, lime, mango, pineapple, birimoya, or custard apple, the alligator pear, pomegranate and guava, all of which are exotic.

The banana is indigenous, and is the most abundant of all fruits; besides it there are the ohia apple—a fruit peculiar to the Pacific islands, soft, juicy and mildly acid—many varieties of palms, the choicest trees of India, the coutouche, the papaya, the traveler's tree of Madagascar and other foreign plants.

Measuring Starlight.

Among the current inventions recorded in the scientific papers is that of an instrument by an English inventor for accurately measuring the quantity of light given out by a star, stars being designated as of the first down to the twentieth magnitude, according to the intensity of the light from them. By this new device the rough designation of magnitude is represented by numbers, which give the exact ratio of one star to another in light-giving power, the star Arcturus, for example, being estimated by this means to give 75 3-4 times the light of Regulus. The amount of light which reaches the earth from the stars varies according to the state of the atmosphere, and it is claimed that this instrument will be of valuable service not only in astronomy, but in meteorology also.

Equipped.

"One of your wife's lungs is gone my dear air."

"That doesn't do me any good, doctor, the one she has left is a star."—Truth.

FLOATED BY KITES.

Novel Experiment by a United States Army Officer.

He Was Elevated Forty-Two Feet by Four Kites.

The utility of the kite in war times has been tested at Governor's Island with satisfaction, says the New York Press. Lieutenant Hugh D. Wise of the Ninth Infantry, who has been experimenting for months, was elevated to an altitude of forty-two feet, and swept the surrounding country with his glass. He was assisted by Corporal Lewis and five other officers of the post.

Four kites were used. They were attached to a windless running out a half-inch manilla cord connected with an iron ring drawn up fifty feet above the ground. From the ring the kites ran up on two one-inch cords. Two kites, one above the other, were attached to each of the latter cords. To the ring was also attached a tackle and block running a heavy rope to the ground.

On this rope Lieutenant Wise was pulled into the air by two of the officers. At the time the estimated pulling force of the kites was 400 pounds. The wind was blowing at the rate of fifteen miles per hour from the southwest. Lieutenant Wise placed himself in a seat attached to the tackle rope.

At first the kites were unable to lift him more than twelve feet, owing to the variation of the wind. When a steady blow was finally on at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, he was hauled up a little above the eaves of the officers' quarters, at which the test was made. The distance was estimated at forty-two feet. He remained there for some time, brought his glass to bear on all sides, and then signaled to be lowered. The test was repeated, and Lieutenant Wise expressed himself as highly gratified.

The four kites used weighed sixty-five pounds and their cost was calculated to be about \$12 each. In form they were parallelepipeds, consisting of frame boxes braced out with wire and covered with strong cotton cloth.

Lieutenant Wise is the only person in this country who has succeeded in accomplishing this much with kites. Experiments, however, have been successfully made in England and Australia. Captain H. Baden Powell, of the British army, was elevated one hundred feet a year ago, and Lawrence Hargrave ascended forty feet recently in Australia. When seen Lieutenant Wise said:

"Captain Powell had the use of a parachute in his ascension. I may use a parachute in connection with the kites in a short time. I think that the kite may be exceedingly useful. Such able persons as President Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution; Professor Marvin, of the Weather Bureau, and Civil Engineer Chanut of Chicago, have been investigating the subject. I think ultimately a kite will be perfected which will carry a man in a gale which would tear a balloon into pieces. The portability of these contrivances to their usefulness. They will, however, always labor under the disadvantage of requiring a strong breeze. My kites are a modification of the Hargrave invention. I attribute my success to hard work and study. I have never made any experiments without working the theory out beforehand. I had a great deal of bad luck, and the number of kites broken, and the work was sometimes very discouraging. I have now, altogether, about sixty kites of various sizes and forms."—New York Press.

The Terebo and the Cable.

An Atlantic cable has, fortunately, few animal enemies, although in the English Channel, the Irish Sea, and the North Sea the terebo, the special cable pest of the Mediterranean, does some mischief. This "miserable little mollusk," as the cable men call it, first made itself a reputation by eating up wooden ship hulks, until builders took to plating them with iron, and by burrowing into the dikes in Holland until the whole country was threatened with inundation. When the cable came, it took to it at once. It wriggles its way in between the steel wires of the most tightly wrapped core, and eats away jute and guttapercha until there is nothing but a wire skeleton left. Happily, however, as already indicated, our own particular cable has little to fear from the terebo; and the best wish we can give it, as it lies at the bottom of the Atlantic, is that it may never have a history, and that the time may be long before the "Faraday" sees it again.—Henry Muir in McClure's.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Sense shines with a double lustre when set in humility.—Penn.

Kindness is wisdom; there is none in life but needs it, and may learn.—Bailey.

Look at it this way: The world and everything in it is yours to help you make a true man of yourself.—Ram's Horn.

A religious man making money fast is just a man in a cloud of dust; it will fill his eyes if he be not careful.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Much of the trouble in this world is caused by the man with the beam in his eye trying to point out the mote in his brother's eye.

Enter into the business or trade that you like best and for which nature seems to have fitted you, provided it is honorable.

Work. The world is not going to pay you for nothing. Ninety per cent of what men call talent is only a genius for hard work.

Be honest. Dishonesty seldom makes one rich, and when it does riches are a curse. There is no such thing as dishonest success.—The South West.

A beautiful and chaste woman is the perfect workmanship of God, the true glory of angels, the rare miracle of earth, and the sole wonder of the world.—Hermes.

We can never see this world in its true light unless we consider our life in it as a state of discipline, a condition through which we are passing to prepare us for another state beyond.—J. W. Alexander.

The secret of success is concentration; wherever there has been a great life or a great work that has gone before. Taste everything a little, but live for one thing. Anything is possible to a man who knows his end, and moves straight for it, and for it alone.—Olive Schreiner.

Forgiveness of sin is the greatest boon to the human heart. Other blessings follow richly in its train. It is the keystone of the arch binding together God's covenant. It is the open door through which come trooping the blessings of divine love. Get this, and you get the key to the storehouse.—Rev. George Cooper.

A Poor Man's Idea.

There are many geniuses and inventors hard at work today on devices for saving time and money, and one might say that daily the product of their thought is placed before the world in machines that seem almost human in their workings. The chief essential in saving time is to acquire a system, and operators placed before a new mechanical invention quickly establish a systematic method of working it, and eventually find a way of improving on it. These men seldom profit by such little improvements, but their adopted systems suggest valuable ideas to the outsider, upon which he realizes. This is evidenced by the following:

Years ago, in the cotton mills, the bobbins of the looms used to catch the filaments of cotton and clog the machinery, necessitating a stoppage of the works to clean up. This was a loss of both time and money. One man, however, a seemingly dull fellow, found a way to keep his bobbins free, and his loom never had to shut down. The owner of the mills, Mr. Peel, father of Sir Robert Peel, noticed this, and obtained from the man his secret for an agreement which, financially, amounted to next to nothing. He simply chalked the bobbins, thus preventing the threads from sticking. Peel adopted this idea, and invented machinery for the sole purpose of chalking the bobbins, and patented it. He realized a fortune from it, and gave the original inventor a handsome pension.—Harper's Round Table.

Tesla on Sleep.

It is said that Gladstone takes plenty of sleep. In reply to an inquiry whether it was wise for a man to deny himself and get along with a few hours of sleep a day to do more work, Tesla, the great electrician, said: "That is a great mistake, I am convinced. A man has just so many hours to be awake, and the fewer he uses up each day, the more days they will last—that is the longer he will live. I believe that a man might live 200 years, if he would sleep most of the time. That is why negroes often live at advanced old age, because they sleep so much. It is said that Gladstone sleeps 17 hours every day; that is why his faculties are still unimpaired in spite of his great age. The proper way to economize life is to sleep every moment that it is not necessary or desired that you should be awake."