

Switzerland is the only civilized country in the world which grants no patents for inventions.

Millions of men in India live, marry and rear apparently happy children upon an income which, even when the wife works, is rarely above fifty cents a week.

While Spain craftily tempts the Cuban patriots with offers of sham reform, Weyler makes their acceptance more and more impossible by his monstrous brutality in dealing with Cuban women, exclaims the New York Mail and Express.

According to the statistics recently published by the Spanish government, 8,727,519 persons out of 19,000,000 Spanish inhabitants are not engaged in any business. No wonder the haughty and impetuous Don sneer at the United States as "a nation of tradesmen," remarks the Trenton (N. J.) American.

The Good Roads Congress in Florida has the satisfaction of knowing that few people, if any, disapprove of its avowed purpose, observes the Washington Star. This country is not lacking in labor, material or excuse for the enterprise. A comparatively few years should find its attainments in this respect more in keeping with its advancement in other things which pertain to a progressive civilization.

When the present war in Cuba began Spain declared that her administration of affairs in the island was all right, that no reforms were needed and that no concessions whatever would be made to the revolutionists. Now, however, she comes off her high horse and offers a large and varied assortment of inducements with the earnest hope that the Cubans may accept them, stack their arms and resume their labors in the cane fields and tobacco plantations.

The X rays have made their appearance in court in France. A Marseilles merchant was run over in the street and had his clavicle broken. He sued for large damages, which the owner of the wagon sought to reduce by alleging that the bone had knit together again and the results of the accident were therefore not serious. The plaintiff, however, produced in court a radiograph of his thorax, which showed that the fractured bone had not been reunited, notwithstanding outward symptoms to the contrary, and that an incurable injury was the result. The court was convinced by this novel testimony and awarded damages, as claimed.

The Cologne Volks Zeitung says it has proof that Emperor William, after the recent political revelations, wrote a personal letter to Prince Bismarck, appealing to him to be patriotic and to cease his talking of Germany's past policy. The Prince, in a published interview, is quoted as saying: "I feel tired but not ill. My complaint is weariness of life. I no longer have an object in life, and have no official duties and nothing to see as a spectator which gives me pleasure. The longer I live, the longer this will be the case. I feel lonely, have lost my wife, and my sons are occupied with their own business. Husbandry and forestry have lost interest for me with advancing years. I seldom visit the woods and fields, and do not desire to see them now that I do not ride and do not shoot. Politics, too, are beginning to bore me."

It is said that Lord Salisbury was influenced, first in the matter of the Venezuelan treaty and then of the general arbitration treaty by the Rothschilds. When England and the United States were apparently about to come to blows over the alleged Venezuelan encroachments, Baron Rothschild is said to have gone to Salisbury with the advice that England should give up India and its South African possessions rather than to break friendship with the United States. In these interviews it came out that the house of Rothschild was better informed as to the resources and possibilities of the United States and the two Americas than even the Americans themselves. This Rothschild information has been gathering for forty years and comes from many sources. Today it is compressed into one great report, which would make many bulky volumes if put in type. It exceeds in interest to Americans any report ever compiled and in a geological, agricultural and industrial way is marvelous for the research shown to have been made and the keen insight into the future displayed by the person who compressed the facts and jotted down the comments thereon.



THE WRONG MAN.

BY G. B. DUNHAM.

When our foreman went away to the Northwest territory to find a cattle range unspoiled by settlers, Robert was put in charge of the ranch. This was equivalent to a promotion of Biddy also, for the Missourian, whose bony frame had been built from the limestone waters of his native state, was still the partisan and protector of the sappy youngster from northern Vermont.

"You are a Canadian pony and I am a Hambletonian," said Robert; "but if we like to trot together, I guess the other horses on this range will have to take our dust."

The friendship between these two men was founded on complementary qualities, and only a woman could break it. The woman in this instance was Miss Bell, the schoolteacher at the Bend.

The burned child dreads the fire, but a bird will return and again dash into the flames. Robert's encounter with the fair fence-cutter was like flame to the bird. He sought an introduction and forthwith became a suitor for her hand. Biddy, the only one in camp who took it upon himself to criticize any act of Robert's, remonstrated with him.

"You are a bird, aren't you?" said he; "the girl mesmerized you once, she'll bamboozle you for twice, and bounce you for three times. What do you mean to do?"

"I mean to marry her if she will have me," replied Robert, simply. "Yes, I know I told you plenty times that a cowboy had no business to marry, and that's right, but I'm an exception. I don't know how and I don't know why, but I know I'm hit hard. I got to have her."

So Robert, big, hulking, forty years old, was in love for the first time in his whole life. If force and earnestness avail, he should win.

Less forceful, less earnest, half as old, Biddy was in the same plight. His advice to Robert to let the girl alone was in good faith; he thought it the best thing—for Robert—but he had a bad case of "physician heal thyself" upon his hands. He, too, was resolved to win and marry Miss Bell. He did not say so to Robert, so hard is it for most men to be open in a love affair, and for a time Robert knew nothing of it. Everyone else saw it, and Scotty told Biddy he had better stand from under.

"If you lock horns with Robert," said he, "he'll get you down and walk all over your frame." And Scotty added some reflections on the law of supply and demand. "If there were twenty schoolma'ams round here you would not look at one of them, but because there is only one, you are fixing to get your skin so plumb full of bullet holes that the wind won't whistle as it blows through."

Biddy laughed and went his way to call upon Miss Bell and urge his suit.

And Robert went his way, which was the same way, upon the same errand. I do not know whether Miss Bell gave to either man any encouragement, but as the dead-shot is said to add a notch to the marks on his pistol-grip for each man he drops, so it is supposed that about this time this young lady increased her list of rejected suitors by the names of these two cowboys.

It was done in her kindest manner, this rejection, and she had said to each: "I am sorry this has occurred, but since you have so honored me, you must come to my wedding. I am to be married next month in the church at Hammond. I shall really feel it if you do not come."

And each man had promised to be there.

It had come to Robert's notice before this time that Biddy was his rival, but with the hope and intention of success strong within him, he had been affected differently from Scotty's forecast. He went straight to Biddy and told him to "go in and win if you can. I don't want the girl unless I

can get her fair and hold her against all comers." But when both had been refused, each man thought the other was accepted, and each waited for the other to broach the subject.

It was a difficult time. There were dark looks, but no explosion. They avoided each other, and this little cloud, no bigger than a woman's hand, seemed about to cover the whole sky. Biddy asked for leave of absence and got it. They did not meet again until the wedding day.

That day found Biddy still storming at fate; but Robert, who had a simpler and stronger nature, had put his own disappointment behind him and was looking forward with pride if not pleasure to his friend's happiness.

What follows is in Robert's words:

"I got there early and took a seat in the back part of the church. I wanted to be where I could get out if my nerve failed me. Many people came in, and at last the bride, looking very beautiful, came out from a side door with three men and stood up in front. And I was proud for Biddy that he was going to have such a fine wife. But I couldn't see him anywhere. And the preacher said any man having an impediment was to step forward.

"Then I looked for Biddy, but he didn't come. I had never before been at a wedding in church, and I thought maybe it was the way to keep him corralled in the little room until the last moment, for fear he would go back into the old range.

"The preacher went on saying things, and I didn't pay close attention, because I was thinking how pretty she looked, until a bold man in a Hereford shirt and low-necked vest took her hand, and the preacher said 'I pronounce you man and wife.'

"Then I jumped up wild. 'Great Scott!' I yelled, 'that's the wrong man!'

"At that instant somebody clapped a hand over my mouth and hustled me out of the church.

"If you don't want to get shut up for drunk and disorderly," said Biddy, for he it was who dragged me out, 'stop that racket!'

"What's up?" I said, soon as I could get my breath. "Why aren't you in there getting married?"

"I am not in there getting married," said Biddy, "because she wouldn't have me. I thought you were to marry her today."

"What, me?" says I. "I never was within a thousand miles of it."

"Why didn't you say so, old man?" asked Biddy.

"Say so yourself," said I. "You were dumb as an oyster."

"Then we both laughed, and while the folks inside were crowding up to the front to congratulate the happy pair, Biddy and me had a hearty handshake on the sidewalk, and we went home together."—Argonaut.

Captain Heard's Exploit.

The speed of the Baltimore clippers in days gone by made history redound with their exploits. Every boy and girl has read at some time or place of the piratical, long, low, rakish-looking schooners that cruised the ocean ostensibly as privateers, but chiefly as pirates, in those days, and have marvelled more or less at their astounding adventures. A good story is told of the late Captain Augustine Heard, that while in command of a fine ship richly laden, bound from China to New York, he was overhauled by one of this kind, which came up under his lee, fired a shot into his ship, and demanded in "good English" that she should be holed to. Captain Heard watched a favorable opportunity, squared his yards, ran the privateer down, passed over her between the masts, and when well to leeward brought his ship to the wind and resumed his course. She had lost some of her head-gear, but sustained no damage in her hull. Captain Heard left the "long, low, black privateer," or pirate, to her fate, and had no doubt that all her crew perished.

It was a dangerous thing to do, but Heard relied upon the good timber in his ship's bows to withstand the shock, although his heart grew sad at the loss of life. Still, as he put it, "My honor and life were at stake, so he had to go under."—Harper's Round Table.

A Question of Pronunciation.

Guest (sarcastically)—How do you pronounce the word "oleomargarine?" Hotel Waiter—I pronounce it "butter," or I'd lose my job.—Boston Traveler.

Beans as an Army Ration.

"Take it altogether," said the old soldier, "I think I liked beans the best of the army rations. Hard bread, of course, was essential, and we expected to get that any way; but I am speaking now of the comparative luxuries on the army bill of fare. I should prefer corned beef, if that issued in the army had been uniformly of a desirable quality; but often it was of a hardness more like that of quartz, and of a saltiness past belief by those who have never tried it.

"Salt pork—well, fat salt pork, even of the best quality, is not desirable as a steady diet of food, and we got more salt pork than any other meat, and it was most always not of the best. In fact, no old soldier will ever forget the salt pork of the army, but his recollections of it will not be surrounded by an aura of borboreals of delight.

"Not everybody liked beans, but according to my notion they were the best of the army rations, all things considered. If we had a piece of pork to put in the kettle, so much the better; but we had salt any way, and bean soup, with hard bread to break into it and a cup of coffee made of meal that had decided elements of hopefulness in it.

"It is true that sometimes when we had beans day after day for days together some of the men would get tired of them. But you would grow tired of ortolans, wouldn't you, if you had too many of them.

"I always used to be glad when we had beans; and to this day I like now and then a dish of bean soup, and I never eat it without pleasant recollections of the army."—New York Sun.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Bicycles are taxed in France.

Maine has a state photographer.

A pound of phosphorus heads 1,000,000 matches.

The Isle of Man possesses many privileges and unique features. It has a music all its own.

The ancients knew how to cheat. Loaded dice have been found in the ruins of Herculaneum.

Twenty years ago there were only 328 miles of railroad open in South Africa; now there are 2,599 miles.

The highest village in Switzerland is Inf, in the valley of the Avers, 2,133 metres above the sea. But on the Italian side there is the village of Rery, which lies twenty metres higher.

Sailors do not like cats. They have a saying when the cat is frisky she has a gale of wind in her tail, and a charm is often resorted to in a calm by throwing the cat overboard to raise a storm.

Dentistry is one of the oldest professions. It is known that the Egyptians had dentists 5,000 years ago. Dr. Golt-Jacobi of Frankfurt, Germany, has written a history of dentistry from 3700 B. C. to the present time.

There are 536 authorized guides in the Alps. One hundred and four of them have taken a regular course of instruction in their profession and have received diplomas; 35 of them are between 60 and 70 years of age, and six are over 70.

A London thief has been doing a thriving business by providing himself with a hook attached to a line, by means of which he managed, from the flat roofs, to secure birdcages with their inmates, which he sold at a great profit on his investment.

The largest mountain lion probably ever killed in the State of Washington was killed near Mount Baker two weeks ago by a hunter and brought to New Whatcom. Its body is seven feet long, and with tail outstretched it is more than ten feet altogether.

The "Drummer boy of Arcola," who saved the day for Napoleon, is not a myth. At least France does not consider him a myth, and is about to erect a statue to his memory at Castanet, in Vacluse, his birthplace, where he was known as Andre Etienne.

King Humbert of Italy holds the record of having shot the largest ibex ever seen. The horns measure thirty-five inches in length the circumference at the base is nine inches, and the distance between the horns twenty-seven inches. He has also shot the second best specimen, whose horns measure thirty-four inches.

Perhaps the most remarkable art exhibit in the world is that of the lunatics in the Ville-Ervard asylum in Paris. Most of the patients in the asylum have been painters or designers, and the physician in charge inaugurated a "salon" of their works. The effect on the minds of patients is said to be excellent.

Children's Column



DEEDS, NOT LOOKS.
Not for our looks, but for our deeds,
Shall we be prized;
The poorest, truest hearts on earth
Are oft disguised.
"South honesty faces, yet one knows
By its sweet breath where blooms the rose."
—Mrs. Laura J. Rittenhouse.

SHOPPING IN CHINA.

How would you like to go shopping in China? In the first place you would have to have a stout servant to carry your money, and then you would have to have a second servant to protect the first from thieves and to see that he didn't run away with the treasure. Chinese money is all in silver and copper, and even a small sum is very heavy to carry. The shops, many of them, are not much larger than dry-goods boxes, and each of them has a silver room, or great safe, where the money is kept. It takes a long time to pay a bill, because the storekeeper is very particular about every piece of money which he receives. He weighs it carefully, and your servant does the same with the change, so that you will not be cheated.

When a Chinese lady desires the pleasure of shopping, she sends a servant to her favorite dealer with instructions as to her particular desires. The dealer thereupon takes down enough material to load anywhere from four to ten porters, and goes around with the invoice to the lady's home. A European lady can enjoy the same privilege without any extra charge or any increase in the price of goods.

A NEST THAT TRAVELED.

A farmer who had stored his buggy in his barn all winter without using it, went to market at Middletown in it a day or so ago, and as he jaunted along the lonely highway he noted queer sounds that appeared to come from the box beneath his seat. Once in a rough part of the road the vehicle jolted severely, and the farmer thought he heard a feeble squawk, but he paid slight attention to it.

Arrived at a grocery in Middletown, however, he thrust his arm beneath the buggy seat and his fingers touched something sleek and lively, and there was no doubt this time that something in the buggy squeaked loudly. Thereupon he threw back the cushion flap and peered into the dark recess beneath the seat. In the middle of the buggy box in a nest of straw and with fourteen eggs under her, sat one of his best Plymouth Rock hens, who had been trying to keep her temper and her seat on the eggs all the way, twelve miles, to Middletown city. She had about lost her temper, though, and when he thrust his arm into her nest she bridled up and flew into his face.

The farmer replaced her and drove straight home and restored the incubator—buggy, nest, hen and eggs—to its old place in the barn.—Chicago Record.

THE SPIDER-MOTHER.

A gentleman who was very fond of collecting insects for preservation was in the habit of killing them by placing them in alcohol. He inferred that, because they soon became quiet, they had lost all sense of feeling.

One day he had a large mother-spider and twenty-four of her little ones, about the size of black pinheads, which he wished to preserve. So he put the big spider in the wide-mouthed bottle of alcohol, and watched for a few minutes her writhings and frantic efforts to release herself; but by and by the deadly alcohol wrought its work. She folded her limbs close to her body, and was at rest. The man was glad that her senses were at last benumbed, and proceeded to put in her little children. The instant they touched the liquor they began to manifest great pain. That moment the mother roused herself, and, darting her arms in every direction, gathered them to her bosom, and held them close until death relaxed her grasp. Who can tell the mother love in that poor insect, which even the fumes of alcohol could not deaden!

The naturalist learned a lesson by the experiment, and ever after used chloroform in destroying the life of

the insects he wished to preserve.—Youth's Banner.

BOYS IN WALL STREET.

A Wall street boy is expected to be at the office at nine o'clock in the morning, and remain there as long as his services are needed, though he usually gets away about four o'clock. He has an allowance of half an hour at noon for luncheon, but the rest of his time belongs to his employer. He is expected to be neat in appearance, clean as to hands and face, well-mannered, truthful at all times, prompt in obedience, and faithful in guarding the secrets of his employers.

The duties first assigned to him are to carry messages, deliver stocks at other brokerage offices, and obtain checks for them. After a while he is advanced to making comparisons of sales of stocks and taking the checks received from other brokers to be certified at the banks.

Of late years the Stock Exchange clearing house has done away with so much of the stock delivery by boys that the number of them on the street is not more than half what it used to be. Formerly it was not uncommon to see from twenty-five to one hundred boys waiting in line at each of the prominent banks to get checks certified, and nearly every bank employed a private policeman to keep the boys in line and in order.

A story is told of a new boy on the street who once went to make a delivery of stock. When the bookkeeper made up the accounts at the close of the day he found himself eighty thousand dollars short, and an examination of the books showed that one of the boys had failed to bring back a check in return for some stock he had delivered.

He was perfectly innocent about the matter, and said that he had handed the papers in at the office where he was sent to make the delivery, and as they gave him nothing he supposed there was nothing for him to get. His employer treated him kindly, and told him to be careful not to make the same mistake again. He never did. That boy is now at the head of one of the largest brokerage houses on Broad street.—Harper's Round Table.

A CHINESE DRUG-SHOP.

In St. Nicholas there is an article by Theodore Wores, the artist, entitled "Ah Gau's New Year Celebration." Mr. Wores gives the following description of a Chinese drug-store in San Francisco: The interior of the shop presented a strange and Oriental aspect. One corner was occupied by the household shrine, the chief feature of which was a highly colored picture of some favorite god. The smoke of burning incense issuing from a brightly polished brazen vessel rose from the altar before this deity and filled the air with its mysterious fragrance. Beside the shrine on a table was an abundant supply of refreshment, consisting of cakes, both red and yellow; of light nuts, oranges and candied ginger, a number of boxes of cigars, and last, but not least, of bottles containing sam-shen, the favorite beverage of the Chinese.

Ah Gau's uncle, dressed in a long yellow silk blouse, was standing near this table, busily engaged in doing the honors to his numerous callers.

He greeted his nephew and his friend with great cordiality, and invited them to partake of refreshments; but Ah Gau modestly contented himself with a handful of dried watermelon seeds which he dropped into his capacious inside pocket.

One side of the shop was taken up by a long counter, and shelves and drawers extended all around the room. These were covered and filled with a great and miscellaneous collection of strange and rare herbs and roots. Deer-horns, in their velvet stage, were suspended from the ceiling. These, after being sliced as thin as wafers, are boiled, and produce what is supposed to be a valuable medicine. Dried lizards, neatly spread on thin bamboo sticks, occupied a basket at one end of the counter. Dried toads, sharks' tails and many other curious objects used in the preparation of Chinese medicines, littered the shop from end to end; and a richly carved and gilded open-work screen, with two dragons in the center, extended across the middle of the ceiling.

The Chinese are very much behindhand in their knowledge of medicine. Their methods, which are based on ignorance and superstition, are quite as absurd and primitive as were those of the Europeans of the Middle Ages.