

There was a large increase last year in the farm produce imported into England. The increase in butter alone is estimated at over a million sterling, and of cheese at a quarter of that sum.

In the last fifteen years about \$350,000,000 has been invested in 2,750 electric light central stations in the United States, and during the same period some \$250,000,000 has been invested in about 8,000 isolated plants. This shows the enormous development of the electric lighting business.

A most commendable undertaking is on foot in Iowa, where the farmers, who have been using corn for fuel, are planning to send it to the starving people of India. Governor Drake has received many communications from people who offer to present carloads of provisions for the famine sufferers, if the state will name a commission to take care of them and induce the railroads to give free transportation.

In the past sixty years the forests of America have produced the enormous quantity of \$24,000,000,000 feet, and the value estimated at more than \$25,000,000,000. It is a curious reflection that the forests, once regarded as an impediment to the country's settlement and growth, to be felled and burned as rapidly as possible, should so soon become one of its chief sources of wealth, to be considered and protected by every means known to modern science and law.

Agricultural exports last year formed a shade more than 66 percent of all domestic merchandise shipped from the United States. In '92 there were nearly 79 percent, and in '79 83 1-4 percent. The smaller proportion in recent years does not necessarily mean, explains the American Agriculturist, that foreigners are taking a less quantity of our farm produce, but rather that manufacturers are getting a foothold abroad, shipping increased quantities of finished goods.

A wave of prosperity has reached the farmers of Washington, and they are taking advantage of it to clear their farms of indebtedness. It is stated that there have been a larger number of releases of mortgages filed in the recorder's offices of this state during the past three months than ever before in a corresponding period. The wheat crop last season was good, and most of it was in the farmers' hands when the rise came, and they have made good use of their opportunities.

Japanese enterprise has developed into an interesting and profitable form of trickery in India, where large quantities of paraffine candles, pencils and cheap watches branded as American goods, but really made in Japan, have been poured into the markets, greatly to the disgust of the buyers, who do not detect the fraudulent character of the articles until they use them. These imitations are greatly inferior to the American goods, and it is not unlikely that Japanese manufacturers will suffer for the deceptions they are practicing upon the tradesmen of India, who are more anxious than ever for merchandise made in this country. The trick of the Japanese is significant, however, in that it shows how the American models and workmanship are appreciated by the Orientals, and it is valuable also as indicating the cunning and somewhat dishonorable competition which our manufacturers will have to contend with in their quest of larger markets in the far East.

Says the New York Times: The world is growing old and wiser as well as better, but every now and then we are brought suddenly face to face with conditions so anachronistic that for a moment we can hardly believe we are living in the dawn of the Twentieth century of Christianity and science. The Armenian massacres in the full face of Europe are a revival of the most horrible cruelties of medievalism, and the spectacle of the depopulation of Bombay by the plague recalls the stories of hundreds of years ago, when the science of sanitation was undreamed of. A city with nearly a million inhabitants in the grip of the king of terrors is a gruesome thing to contemplate in an age when a great savant has proclaimed with a plausibility that won him learned followers that he has discovered the secret germ of consumption, and when scientists enable the eye to look through flesh and boards. Is it not a reminder after all that man is as finite now as when the tower of Babel was projected, and that, strive as we may, there are still conditions of primitive barbarism that can never be wholly overcome?

A Spring Song.
She ties her strings of lighted hair,
And o'er her comely forehead bare
She nimbly draws a wimple;
With lissom speed athwart the mead,
She sings through cheeks that dimple,
Oh!

And ho!
The violets are blowing!
Her buoyant arm a basket swings,
The boyish winds her kittle toss
And rattle o'er her tresses' flow,
With sliding ear she seems to hear
A voice that sings to silver strains,
Oh!

And ho!
The violets are blowing!
The wheeling swallows dive to set,
In airy lines, a coronet
Upon her head that dances;
And on the bill of birds that trill,
A burden sweet she fancies,
Oh!

And ho!
The violets are blowing!
And in the brooks that break away
To drench the booths of spring,
She burps her face and hears them sing
Of sunbeams' worth and sweets of earth
But with their lay she dreams, they say,
Oh!

And ho!
The violets are blowing!
Through grasses lush, with rise and dip,
Along her winged ankles trip
Where thoughts of spring are vying,
To where she hears with woodland ears
The fancies softly crying,
Oh!

And ho!
The violets are blowing!
—E. A. Valentine in Youth's Companion.

LOVE IN LEATHER.

No wonder he looked a little leathery; no wonder he tied his tie in a manner suggesting shoe strings, and expressed his estimate of a fellowman's character by the mysterious letter A, E or D. He was "in the shoe business." He always expressed it in that way as sounding somewhat better than the more vulgar acknowledgment, "I am a clerk in a shoeshop." But he was. And his fingers had tied and untied more shoe laces than even the foreman of the establishment. Now, although his eyes were a trifle weak, not to say pink and watery, his trousers knees shined, and though he possessed several other unpleasant drawbacks, his heart was a heart after all.

He never knew he had a heart until the day she came to get some slippers to wear at her own coming out party. Mamma was with her—mamma, ponderous and imposing, but whose shoes he had fitted for years, with all the patience imaginable. Said mamma that day as she swept into the big shop:

"Where is Mr. Jenkinson? I could never think of having shoes fitted by any other young person."

So when they called him—he was at the back of the shop explaining lucidly the intricacies of a transfer clerk to a lady from out of town, who was suspicious of fraud in the matter—he came at once.

"I remember—fives C, isn't it?" said he, bowing before her magnificence of furs and silks.

"Oh, but it isn't today, Mr. Jenkinson," said mamma, in a superior way. "It's twos, and the narrowest you have."

And then for the first time he saw her—or rather her foot, for, after all, it was her foot which stole his heart—healthy and tough in the matter of pretty feet, from having been in the business for years—and more.

But that little foot! Or rather those little feet, for he fitted them both. They were slender, arched in instep, curved like the most exquisite shoemaker's lasts. Not a foot for an artist to admire—not in the least—but a foot to wear and dance in a No. 2 shoe in a manner to win the heart of the most blasé shoeman.

"White satin, please, and quite jolly high heels!" said a small, imperious voice.

And such dreams of slippers, such suggestions of coquetry in the matter of heels, as the amiable Mr. Jenkinson procured from out mysterious green boxes!

No wonder she was satisfied!

"For I'm never going to wear ones again, you understand, until I'm either married or dead," said the small, imperious voice, essaying a laugh.

"Horror!" said mamma, "what a reckless way of talking you have learned at school! I feel quite like finding fault. I do indeed."

But she only laughed again, and skipped merrily out to be tucked into robes by a pompous footman.

After that, when that footman waited before the door of the shop, it was more often "twos, quite narrow," than "fives, broad."

And poor Mr. Jenkinson! How could a little girl just from school, and reveling in her first season know that among her fifty odd adorers there was one who never so much as dared raise his pink, watery eyes from her feet?

"She's got the daintiest foot in town, bless her! Mr. Jenkinson would say to himself.

And he came to brood upon it. Once, when she tried on walking boots, she kicked off some tiny mules which she had most audaciously dared to wear during her trip into town in the tiny brougham, and said:

"You need not send them home; they are so worn."

That night Mr. Jenkinson instituted a shrine. It consisted of a corner cabinet of walnut, which was adorned as to exterior with a knitted mat and a china dog. At night, when he unlocked the door of the little walnut cabinet, one might see two tiny half worn mules of bronze-kid. That was all.

Yet many men have worshipped less. And if on the last great day all is made open, and all secrets disclosed, what strange, not to say laughable, shrines of the bachelor heart will be among the exhibits. And she never knew. That fact imparted a strange melancholy to the air, in Mr. Jenkinson's opinion. And how busy she kept him! Pink shoes, blue slippers, green satin and lemon satin, and such wicked, wicked rosettes and heels!

At last—for there is always the inevitable "at last" in affairs of the heart, even though it be not a shoe-maker's heart—there came to Mr. Jenkinson a blow, a bitter, bad blow. You would not think a pair of white satin high-heeled "No. 2's narrow" could administer as severe a one. But so it was. Had she not said, "I will never wear another pair of white ones until I marry or die?" and she was very much alive. He could not wish her dead—ah no—but it was very hard to bear. He leaned quite over that little dear foot as he fitted the slippers of a bride upon it. She could not see his face as she said, "Please see that they put real seed pearls on the tulle rosettes, for these are to wear with a wedding gown." But at the last moment Figue, the little maid, said in horror, as she fitted them upon the bride's silken covered foot: "But, madam—but, miss—there are really strange marks upon the satin! One might call them tears!" "It's too late to do anything about it now!" said mamma, fustily. "But really it was very careless of Mr. Jenkinson! As a matter of fact, they do look like tears. I wonder—"

"And if they were tears," cried the little bride, "are not tears pearls! And I ordered them." Poor Mr. Jenkinson!—Philadelphia Press.

Farms Under Glass.

A popular lecturer, in estimating the number of people who would inhabit this globe a thousand years hence, was asked by one in the audience how such a vast multitude could be fed. In reply to this question he is quoted as saying, "We know not what discoveries may be made to render the earth more fertile, or to increase its productive power, but long before that time enough of the sands of Cape Cod and New Jersey may have been converted into glass to place a roof over all the land devoted to growing crops, and beneath its shelter the farmer, in a climate of perpetual summer, may grow crops in continuous succession, and with the waters of the deep springs and lakes under his control, may be free from danger of flood and drought as well as from the frosts and snows."

Undoubtedly, long before the expiration of the thousand years, gardeners, farming under glass will be engaged in supplying, not what are today considered the luxuries of life, but the very necessities. Hot house fruits and vegetables may then be raised for the poor and needy as cheaply as the summer products are now grown on the truck gardens in the suburbs of all our cities. Vast sections of land may be roofed over with glass, and a perpetual summer climate will make the plants and trees and vines flourish as in the tropics.—Lippincott's.

A Maine Receipt.

The Boston Herald is responsible for the printing of the following story, which comes from a town not 1,000 miles from Bar Harbor, Me., and equals the celebrated note story of Hans and Fritz. It runs as follows: Dan and Mose, neither of whom was noted for his erudition, were partners in an enterprise which it is needless to specify. One morning Mr. — called to settle a small bill that was due them, and, after paying, asked for a receipt. Mose retired to the privacy of his office, and after a long wait, returned with the following: "We've got our pay. Me and Dan."

The Chinese government has made it obligatory for all cadets in the military and naval schools in China to learn Russian.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The big ocean grayhounds will soon, it is thought, be equipped with life-boats harnessed to balloons, so as to be practically unsinkable.

Birds differ very much in the heights to which they commonly ascend. The condor, largest of vultures and of all flying birds, has been observed soaring over 29,000 feet, or five miles and a half, above the level of the sea.

So far as could be ascertained, the causes of insanity in the 477 cases treated in the government asylum of Cairo, Egypt, last year were: Hasheesh, 88; alcohol, 9; syphilis, 27; pellagra, 11; epilepsy, 17; sunstroke, 2; grief, 30; religious excess, 16.

In the human voice, though generally but of nine perfect tones, there are actually no less than 17,592,188 different sounds. These effects are produced by 14 different muscles, which give about 16,383 different sounds, and 30 indirect muscles, which produce 17,575,803 sounds.

The forest department in India is now paying its way handsomely and more, the profits having been going up steadily since 1875. While for the five years ending with that they stood at 11 lakhs, the profits for the five years ending in 1895 were 53 lakhs, or just short of five times as much.

A recently patented device for telephones consists of attaching the receiver cord to the switch lever in such a manner as to throw the telephone out of circuit when the receiver hangs suspended, and throw it in circuit and give a signal at the central office as soon as the receiver is raised for use.

An eminent man of science can blow one soap bubble inside another and make the inner one lift the outer one up without breaking either. He can also make a soap bubble roll down a spiral staircase covered with soap film, and leap from step to step, as if it were made of ivory instead of water.

George Isaac, a German scientist, and three assistants were blown to atoms by an explosion of acetylene gas on December 12. It is said that he believed he had discovered a non-explosive variety of acetylene, and that Emperor William had been attracted by his experiments with the manufacture of the gas and was soon to visit his laboratory.

That not only animals but plants also will have some of their juices or liquids freeze in the winter time is well known. Twigs will snap easily when the thermometer is below zero because of being frozen, and ice crystals can be readily discerned by the microscope. But the question, asks Meehan's Monthly, is do they freeze solid? The contention is that the active, living cells cannot do this and still live.

Tea Drinking.

The tea-drinking habit that only a few years ago was supposed to be an infallible sign of an old maid, now numbers among its votaries many men who, for one reason or another, think tea better than more potent drinks. Nearly every big club in New York counts its tea drinkers by the score. They order tea when others around them order whiskey. Five o'clock is the tea drinkers' time, and in support of their habit, they say it does not interfere with their appetite for dinner, and is as pleasant an aid to a social chat as whiskey or beer. One of the regulations of the navy says that nothing stronger than sherry shall be served in the wardroom, but this does not prevent any officer who chooses from keeping whiskey in his room. As a matter of fact, however, there is comparatively little heavy drinking done by naval officers in the service. A visitor to one of the boats in the navy yard was talking with several officers in the wardroom one afternoon recently, when the senior lieutenant, who had been on deck for four hours superintending the shipping of several small boats, came below looking thoroughly chilled through. He ordered the Japanese boy who was on duty in the wardroom to bring him a pot of tea. The captain joined him in this drink, and when the visitor expressed his surprise at the mildness of the beverage on a cold day, both officers declared that it was better than whiskey when a man was cold.—New York Sun.

A Mild Insultation.

He had kissed her.
"I'd like to get that patented," he said.
"It wouldn't pay you," she smiled sanely.
"Why not?"
"You would have to spend all your time defending infringements on it."
—National Recorder.

MAKING A TREATY.

The Five Stages in the International Transaction.

Ratification by Our Senate and British Privy Council Needed.

There appears to be a general misunderstanding as to the steps necessary to make a treaty entered into by the representatives of two governments fully binding and effective upon the people of the countries concerned. That such is the case has been demonstrated by the wide divergence of views expressed in the recent general discussion in newspapers, in public gatherings and even in the Senate of the United States of the Anglo-American treaty of arbitration recently signed in Washington. It is generally understood, of course, that a treaty, signed by the properly accredited representatives of Great Britain and the United States, is still subject to the ratification of the superior powers of each government, but the subsequent course of procedure of the respective governments necessary to make it an accomplished fact is by no means so well known.

In conversation with several officials of the state department, a Washington Star reporter obtained some interesting data on this point. According to the constitution and laws of the United States a treaty of this kind is not operative until it has gone through five formal stages. These in their order are: First, signing by the representative of the president; second, ratification advised by the Senate; third, ratification by the president; fourth, exchange of ratifications, and fifth, proclamation of the treaty.

In the case of the British government the modus operandi is somewhat similar, with the most important exception that the entire proceedings are practically within the discretion and control of the queen. All that remains to be done by the British government to make the treaty operative in British dominions is for its ratification by the queen on the recommendation of the "most honorable privy council" and its subsequent proclamation. Although treaties are not subject to the ratification of the British parliament, it is customary to lay synopses of them before the legislative branch for its information, coincident with their ratification by the queen "in council." The members of the privy council are appointed by the prime minister, with the approval of the queen. Consequently the dominant political party is in control, and its action is practically controlled by the premier of the administration, at present Lord Salisbury. The present privy council numbers about 70 persons and includes nearly all the leading officials of the United Kingdom. Its membership embraces the Prince of Wales and all the male members of the royal family, the lord high chancellor and all the cabinet officers, the lord president and the leading members of parliament, the Archbishop of Canterbury and many prominent churchmen and members of the British diplomatic corps, including Sir Julian Panncoote. The opposition is represented by a large but powerless delegation.

One of the officials of the state department described the modus operandi of a treaty for the benefit of the reporter in the following terse form:

"Great Britain and the United States conclude a treaty or convention for a specific purpose. It is signed in duplicate. These copies are the original treaties. In the British copy the British representative signs first, and in the United States copy the American representative signs first. The British original copy is then sent to Great Britain and laid before the privy council, which passes upon it. If such action is favorable the queen ratifies the original copy. An exchange copy is then made and bears the queen's ratification. The exchange copy is a copy of the original treaty bearing the queen's ratification. This copy is delivered to the representative of the government of the United States by the British representative in exchange for a similar copy of the original convention in the possession of the United States. This exchange copy is ratified by the president of the United States. A protocol of exchange is signed by the respective representatives when the delivery of these exchange copies takes place. After this has been accomplished the president of the United States, and likewise the queen of the United Kingdom, proclaims the original convention, when it becomes immediately operative, or at a future date, according to its terms. And that's all there is to it."

Capturing Wild Horses.

The Australian herds of wild horses, as described by a writer in Chambers's Journal, number from 10 to 12 animals in each, made up of mares and one stallion. No stallion will allow another stallion in his herd, and stubborn fights frequently occur between horses, owing to this. The beaten males, after being expelled, join herds exclusively of stallions. On any herds being sighted by hunters, a good idea can generally be formed by the experienced man as to which route the animals will take in their way to the rugged hills, for which they invariably make when disturbed. A scheme is mapped out to cut them off if possible, and the party scatters, each to take up his allotted position. Of course, while doing this, every advantage is taken of the natural inequalities of the ground, so as to escape observation. When the alarm is given, however, all need for caution is at an end, and each hunter puts his steed in full gallop. The stallion, the head of the herd, boldly comes out to meet him, and endeavors to distract attention from the rest.

In some rare instances he is lassoed and captured at once, but he generally manages to rejoin his wives, which by this time have trooped into single file with his favorite in the lead. Should the herd be turned and get into difficulties the stallion takes up his position in the van, and the great object is to cut him off from the rest. Should this be accomplished, both he and the mares become confused and the lassos often manage to take two or three per man. Instances have been known where horses have been thrown to the ground by the hunters giving a violent jerk to the animal's tail when it was making an abrupt turn. When his quarry is brought down, either by this method or the use of the lasso, the rider jumps from his steed, whips a "blinder" (a handkerchief is used when there is nothing else procurable) over the prostrate horse's eyes, and straps up one of his forelegs securely. If this is properly done the animal may be safely left "until called for," for no horse thus secured can stray far.

Insanity From Shock.

The pathetic recital of the experience of the engineer whose reason was shattered by his train running over and killing two men leads thoughtful persons to the contemplation of the exceeding frailty of humanity and the awful consequences to the sensitive mind of such an accident as that which was the real cause of the collision of two trains.

Of a highly nervous temperament, the engineer, while he felt himself guiltless of murder, was yet so overcome with the knowledge that he had taken two lives that he was wholly unbalanced, and probably in the most mechanical way, with his hand on the lever, sent his train along the tracks, completely oblivious of the danger that threatened him. The piteous appeal to his fellows, asking them if he really was to blame, is one of the most pitiful incidents in the affair. Experts say that an engineer can only pass through a given amount of strain, and that once having passed this point he is scarcely accountable for what he may do.

There is a great difference in people, however, as to the effect which such calamities have upon them. People of stolid and unimpressible temperaments may pass through such experiences and be but slightly overcome by them, but it is a dangerous thing for the sensitive, highly organized mind to be placed in such an awful position.

Tortured by Disobedience.

An extraordinary custom prevails among some Chinese a few days after the marriage ceremony is performed, the bride being required at a festival to repeat certain phrases after him, which she refused to do. He thereupon inflicted serious injuries to her face with burning joss sticks and the lighted end of his cigar. The uncle and some of the friends of the woman subsequently had a quarrel with the young man over the affair, with the result that he was brought before Commander Hastings at the Magistracy charged with assault. He pleaded that he was only skylarking. The magistrate sent him to skylark for four months in Victoria jail.