

Iron made in Alabama is steadily pushing its way into the markets of the Old World.

Of the eighty-one millions of dollars appropriated by the Chilean budget, no less than \$39,000,000 are for army and navy expenditures.

In the seventeenth century the average duration of life was only thirteen years; in the eighteenth, twenty; in this century it is thirty-six. Look out for the twentieth.

Florida's orange groves will about double in value this year, as a result of the favorable winter. It is reported that all crops are doing well and that prosperous times are expected.

Hurrah for the Iowa cow! exclaims the Dubuque Herald. She is one of the greatest sources of wealth the state affords, and is doing her work quietly, faithfully and well. During the past year she produced wealth to the value of \$42,000,000, which is more than all the silver mines in the country did.

The Florida deer is but little more than half the size of the deer of North-eastern United States, and for this reason beside certain cranial characteristics and the larger molar and premolar teeth Mr. Bangs describes it as a distinct species, though probably others would be content with calling it a climatic variety.

The Canadian department of agriculture estimates the population of the Dominion to be 5,125,438, a gain of rather less than 360,000 since the census of 1891. In 1890 there were two states of the Union that exceeded Canada in population—New York, with 5,907,853 inhabitants, and Pennsylvania, with 5,258,914.

A number of northern Indiana counties have perfected organizations whereby it is agreed not to purchase farming implements this year. A system of exchange has been agreed upon. The leaders in the movement disclaim the establishment of a boycott on manufacturers or dealers, and state that the organizations are the outgrowth of business and financial depression.

The English show their acute knowledge of the savage character by sending, on a mission to Abyssinia, men who are over six feet in height. Judged by the native standard they will be persons of far more consequence than even the royal prince and his staff, who are in the country representing France. If England seizes some important advantage from this shrewd device it will not be the first time in the history of her African ventures.

The New York Independent says: "We would give a cordial welcome to the United States of Australia, for that is virtually what the Federal Convention at Adelaide has proposed. The executive department is to consist of a governor-general and council, the legislative is modeled upon our Congress, and the judicial is similar to our federal supreme court. The governor-general, unlike our president, is to be appointed from—London. This will be a chief tie connecting the new government with the crown."

A Missouri woman who is so very pious that she will do no work on the Sabbath day was very much annoyed by the fact that her hens would not as conscientiously refrain from all labor on Sunday, but persisted in laying eggs in disregard of the biblical injunction to rest on the Sabbath day. She was undecided whether she ought to dispose of such impious and heathenish fowls or not, when the brilliant idea struck her of giving all the eggs laid on Sunday to the church of which she was a member. She has acted on this idea, and now a regular source of income of the church is the proceeds of these eggs.

In order to understand the extraordinary attitude of the European powers in connection with the conflict between Greece and Turkey, it must be remembered that whereas most of the enormous national debt of the Ottoman Empire is in the hands of French, English, and Austrian bondholders, well-nigh the entire state liabilities of Greece are held by German investors. Inasmuch as a war between Turkey and Greece would tend still further to embarrass the finances of these two heavily indebted countries, and thus compromise the interests of their foreign bondholders, the great powers have decided that under no circumstances would they permit any conflict to take place.

**Changes.**  
"The world goes well, and life is all gay; There is no tomorrow, just today!" Smiling I said it, and turned to go—Thinking blindly 'twould ever be so.  
A friend said softly, "Life is all woe; Joy is a thing I never shall know." Smiling she said it, calmly resigned, Nor dreamed the cloud was all silver lined.  
Later, when life had brought sore grief, And robbed me of all that first belief, I met this friend. Ah! joy had been there, Lifted her burdens, and eased her care.  
—Lena Hawkins Watson in Boston Transcript

### A NIGHT'S EXPERIENCE.

BY JENNY WREN.

"Good-bye, then, Kate, if you will not repent at this last moment and go with me. I heartily wish you would. I do not feel at all comfortable about leaving you alone, even for a single night." So said my aunt, as she stood ready for her journey to her country home.

My trunks were standing strapped and packed with hers, but I had insisted upon remaining until the next day to attend to the last things necessary, and she had given consent very reluctantly, and, even at this late moment, seemed repenting. But I laughed as I kissed her again and again, and said:

"You forget, Aunt, Claude is to spend the evening with me, so I will not have time to feel lonely; and as for fear, it would be a sensation so novel that I think I should quite fancy an experience. Besides, you have left two or three of the servants, and I do not know that your absolute presence would scare away any intruders." But she shook her head with rather an unbelieving air, and the last look I had, as she leaned from the carriage window to wave her hand in adieu was one of loving anxiety. But on my own face was no shadow of care, as I glanced a moment with a little pardoning pride at its reflection in the long mirror in the drawing-room. A glad delight was dancing in the bright blue eyes at thought of the evening's anticipated pleasure, for was not Claude coming, and was not that name synonymous with all life and concentrated sweetness? Had not the thought of one evening more spent with him lent weight to the entreaty that I might remain another day under plea of usefulness? What practical test had I ever given that I could be useful? But my aunt mercifully forebore to ask the question. She remembered, doubtless, that once she, too, had been young, and had tasted the first sweetness which comes in the knowledge that we love and are loved, and so let me have my own willful way, and accepted my pretext with a very faint smile, in which I thought I could detect just a faint shade of incredulity.

When Claude came I laughingly recounted to him my aunt's foolish fears and how near, through them, we came to losing these few precious hours; but somehow, for the first time, his laugh failed to echo mine, and when the clock upon the mantel chimed eleven silvery strokes, and he rose to go, he said, very earnestly:

"I half believe, Kate, your aunt was right, and almost wish you had gone with her."  
"That is all very well to say now," I answered, "when the time has come really to bid good-bye. If you had let me know your wishes this morning, I should have endeavored to comply with them."  
"My selfishness forbade my giving them room, and besides it is a mere temporary infection. (This with a half laugh). Your aunt, as you say, is no very formidable protection, and, after all, Kate (growing serious), I leave my darling in the good God's hands. Only, dear, I shall be very glad when the time comes that I can offer her a husband's protecting love."

Then kissing the cheeks into which the scarlet blood had rushed at his words, he held me for one moment with a new earnestness clasping to his heart, uttered a last good night and left me.  
"See that everything is securely closed for the night, Ben," I said to the old butler, whose eyes were already half closed, and then slowly mounted the stairs. Usually I flew up them as a bird, but Claude's words had filled me with happy thoughts, and it seemed as though some sweet, soothing spirit had favored me with its white wings, and I must make no hurried movement, lest it should fly away. I entered my room, closed and bolted my door, and sank into a chair before my dressing bureau. My windows opened upon a little balcony, and the curtains trembled with the cool breeze which came laden with the scent of the flowers I had trained upon it. I seemed filled with a delicious languor, and it required some effort to at last rouse myself to the task of preparing for bed. With lingering touch I un-

clasped the jewels from my ears. They were family heirlooms of great value my aunt had given me on my eighteenth birthday. Their light seemed almost to dazzle me, as I placed them in my jewel case, then glanced at my betrothal ring, which caught and held the light reflected from their depths. Then one by one I took the pins from my hair and let it fall a soft, shimmering mass upon my shoulders. How Claude had admired it when one day on horseback it had escaped its thrall-dom. Would he love me the same when its gold had turned to gray and wrinkles had taken the place of dimples? And, peering into the glass, I strove to fancy the change, and add, in imagination, two score and ten to my age, when, great Heaven! was that face white and blanched, eyes wild with terror, mouth half apart, with lips from which every trace of color had fled, the same which, a moment before, had pictured unsmiling happiness? What had brought the change? Only a man's bare foot projecting from under my bed and casting its own hideous reflection in the glass. I watched it as a cat might watch a mouse, a snake, a bird, with a fascination which seemed to enchain and enthrall me. I strove to scream aloud, but the effort, mercifully, was a vain one. My mouth, dry and parched, could utter no sound. My breath came hard and quick. My heart beat so loudly I thought that he must hear it. "Ah, if Claude were but here!" And with that thought the horrid spell broke. Some degree of calmness took the place of almost frenzy. The remembrance that for his sake I must make some effort to escape. But, ah! was ever prisoner in more hopeless chains? Slowly, determinedly, I withdrew my eyes from the fearful thing, lest courage at the sight should fail me. I tried to think, but reason seemed to have deserted me, and a hopeless terror to have taken full possession of me. "For Claude's sake! for Claude's sake!" This I murmured again and again to myself, living on the transient calmness it might bring. Should I go to the door, unlock and unbolt it? I knew he would suspect, and that my trembling fingers would fail at their work, while perhaps a hand hideous as the foot would clutch and bar me. Or should I succeed, what then? The servants were in a remote part of the house, and the butler, who had been in my aunt's service some twenty years, was no match for a muscular opponent.

Then came an impulse to leap to the street—anything to escape from the horrid presence which seemed to fill my room; but I abandoned that, unless as a more merciful means of ending my life. Back my eyes crept to the fearful thing—still immovable! What were his thoughts? Where his eyes? Watching mine? I wondered—exulting with satanic glee over the poor trapped bird which had fallen into his net. Something must be done to save me from madness! This I realized as I rose to my feet and yawned aloud. Had I not screamed instead? No; there was no movement of the foot.

"How hot it is!" I exclaimed, aloud, and my voice sounded as though it had come from a great distance. Then standing for a moment by the open window, I stepped out upon the balcony. The night winds seemed to greet me lovingly; the bands which had been wrapped so tightly about my heart were loosened; the hot weight pressing on my brain lifted.

The street was silent and deserted. The world lay all around me wrapped in sleep. I seemed alone—deserted by all, when, suddenly, a whistle loud and clear broke upon my ear. The air was one Claude loved and I had sung so often to him, his dear eyes looking into mine. Ah! would he ever hear my voice again? Nearer and nearer came the sound; a man's footfall, quick and clear, ringing out upon the pavement. Should he come this way, could I not in the name of humanity appeal to him for help? But how? Would not the ears behind me be quicker to catch my words than he who passed unconsciously on his route? There was but one way—to write and throw down to him my letter, and to do this I must go back into my room—perhaps to find impatience had overmastered prudence and be met by the horrid thing itself. But courage born of desperation came to me. One rapid glance showed me the state of affairs was unaltered, and, humming a tune, I believe, if memory serves me rightly, I went over and sat down at my desk.

"For Heaven's sake help me!" I wrote. "A man is in my room, my door bolted. I cannot escape! I will reward you liberally!" Then throwing down my pencil as though the mood for writing had deserted me, I cautiously held the paper

in my hand and stepped again upon the balcony. The steps were very near now—the whistle almost under my window. I could see the man and form as he passed under the gaslight. He glanced upward. With the swiftness of thought I wrapped the paper in my handkerchief and threw it at his feet. He saw and picked it up, retraced his steps to the light and read the words I had inscribed, and as he did so I saw that it was Claude—my Claude, and knew that he would save me. He kissed his hand and waved the handkerchief, then hastened off, and as his form disappeared from sight, the sick terror once more took possession of my heart, as I wondered how he could reach me. I must go back and pretend to undress to prevent suspicion. With ears strained for every sound, nerves quivering and unstrung I began to remove first a ribbon or a clasp, until at last I took off my dress and slipped on a wrapper, when once more my eyes fell upon the fearful semblance of a human foot, and courage, reason and endurance deserted me while my eyes were fastened on that spot. Not even when I heard footsteps hastening back, realized a ladder was being placed outside my window, saw the men, Claude foremost, rush into my room, watched them drag the intruder from his lair, heard his muttered growl of vengeance, could I take my gaze from that one spot. Claude's tenderness, his appeals, seemed to be as naught. I heard but understood them not until I fell fainting in his arms.

It was not until long after, when youthful health and vigor had conquered the fierce fever which then had seized me that I understood how Claude, anxious and restless with a love and foreboding, wandering back to the house to see if my light was out, and all still and safe, had come barely in time to save my life. The man had meant to murder me, doubtless, but even had he spared my life, reason soon would have been forever eclipsed. He is now serving out a long sentence, and I have given Claude what I promised when I penned my words, as I thought to a stranger, "a liberal reward."

It is all he claimed—myself!—New York Ledger.

**SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.**  
In the winter months a child grows only one-fifth as much as it does in June and July.

Manchester, England, is experimenting with a system of underground electrical traction.

A new nail making machine produces as many nails in a given time as were formerly made by one thousand men.

It rains on an average 208 days in the year in Ireland, about 159 in England, at Kozan about ninety days and in Siberia only sixty days.

A Berlin physician has made experiments which show that certain animals that we eat may swallow poisonous matter insufficient to kill them, but sufficient if used as food to poison men or dogs.

The council of the American geographical society has endorsed the plan of Lieutenant Peary for the continuation of his north polar explorations, and recommends that the society subscribe towards the next expedition.

The U-shaped springs joined together near the ends by a bolt and thumb-screw compose a new adjustable wrench, the ends of one spring being V-shaped to engage the nut and the other spring swinging out at right angles for use as a handle.

The German government is sending out invitations to an international congress on leprosy, at which Dr. Koch, the eminent bacteriologist, will preside. Sweden, Denmark, Norway, and Russia have already intimated their intention of being officially represented.

Of all the athletic exercises, with perhaps the single exception of football, the very best is digging, says a doctor. Every muscle, vein, artery and nerve in the body is worked in the process. There is no aid to digestion, no recipe for a good night's sleep to match an hour at honest digging once or twice a day.

A projectile from the new English wire guns in a recent trial at Shoeburyness completely penetrated an eight-inch steel-faced compound armor plate backed by a six-inch wrought iron plate, by eight feet of solid oak and three inches of iron, and was found imbedded in a clay bank thirty-five yards behind the target.

### DRUMS UP TRAVEL.

Novel Occupation That Yields \$3000 a Year and Expenses.

Getting Travelers to Take Certain Lines of Railroad.

A Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat and Chronicle representative met a well dressed man on the Empire State Express train who said to him, after the two had struck up an acquaintance:

"I am a professional traveler. No, I do not presume that you understand me, but I will explain. The Americans are traveling people, not tourists, but hustling travelers. That's premise No. 1. Secondly, foreigners are in the habit of visiting America to see the sights. I thought of this, and went to the general passenger agent of a great Western railroad and unfurled my idea. It is this: There is always a sharp competition for passenger traffic west of Chicago. The various roads leading across the plains advertise extensively in Eastern magazines, have bureaus in New York and Boston, and send agents to the landings of the Atlantic steamships. The purpose of these various kinds of advertisements is to persuade tourists, English, French, German, or any other foreigners who have come to see America, to cross the continent to the Golden Gate over the lines of a particular company. Occasionally, there is a young and unsophisticated married couple who need advice as to hotels and routes.

"In a word, I am a personal advertiser. I board the train at New York at least twice a week. I spot the travelers, get acquainted with them, and insinuatingly ask them if they have ever ridden over such a road. Of course, they haven't, and I remark casually that I am going West as far as Chicago by the B and B, which is always the same road they intend to patronize. Then they ask me if I know anything about the lines west of Chicago. I always do, you can bet, and I tell them that I am an old traveler, and that I have always found the best service on the B, M. and W. I crack the merits of the road up to the limit. I get a salary of \$3000 a year for doing it, besides my expenses paid to me by the road. Then I continue acquaintance until I get to Buffalo, and tell them that I know the Eastern agent of the B, M. and W., located in that city, and that I think that I could, through my friendship with him, fit them out with tickets over the B, M. and W. to Denver or Frisco, or any place they want to go.

"It generally works, and I see them safely on board the train, and then suddenly remembering that I have left my grip at the parcel stand, I go back to get it, and wait until the train has pulled out, and then board the next train for New York, where I repeat the operation. I tell you I did a big business World's Fair year. In the winter I post up on the beauties of the scenery along the B, M. and W., the solemn grandeur and all that stuff, and in the summer time I tell of the beauties of the plains. Did you ever see them? I think they are the dreariest sight under creation.

"Incidentally I got a commission from two hotels in Chicago recommending travelers to patronize them. That helps out considerably. I have had a good trip this time. Back in the next coach are three young married couples on their way to California. They came up from New York with me the other night and stopped off in Rochester. I got acquainted with the men, was introduced to the three brides, jollied them along, and made myself generally useful to those young husbands. The result is that I lunched them all into a Rochester ticket-office the next morning, and made them buy transportation to Los Angeles by way of the B, M. and W. I got a commission from the local agent, too."

**Tea a Disease Disseminator.**  
Can green tea, imported from India, be a means of introducing to Europe the infection of plague? The authorities in the Caucasus appear to think that it may, and have put in action certain rather stringent measures to prevent the possibility of such an event. The importation of green tea is to be stopped and all trucks which have carried it are to be disinfected. Chests of tea already unpacked in Batoum are to be isolated and kept so by sentries; tea en route is to be stopped at Baku on the Caspian and there quarantined in the same way. All persons who have been in contact with these goods are to undergo a six days observation, and on the appearance of any suspicious symptoms are to be at once isolated.

### The Obituary Habit.

As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, so is the obituary habit to the men of clippings. Tence come some of their fattest jobs. About any man of moderate prominence they are reasonably sure of gathering from five hundred to a thousand clippings. There is a sort of correlation among certain of the bureaus, which enables them to get whatever is printed anywhere on the globe, within a very brief space. Prominent men are nearly always among clippings-bureau subscribers. If they are not, either the grief, or the joy of those they leave behind suffices to insure a market for the mortuary harvest. Perhaps the biggest collection of such things ever begun was that relating to the late Jay Gould. His heirs ordered "everything," but withdrew the order when, within the space of three weeks, the enterprising bureau man had corralled eleven thousand odd. Even that number was exceeded in the case of George W. Childs, whose widow gave a clipping man a similar order. The end of the clippings was a set of scrap books. Each bit of print, great or small, was pasted accurately in the middle of a great square of grayish Bristol board, and then the boards were bound into big volumes, covered in black morocco, and lettered in gold upon the backs, "In Memory of George W. Childs." There was a shelfful of the volumes. The cost of making them went away up in the thousands. —New York Sun.

### Grant to Buckner.

In the Century, Mr. John R. Procter contributes "A Blue and Gray Friendship," describing the relations between Grant and Buckner. The latter visited Grant at Mount McGregor, and as General Grant could not then speak he wrote a message to his friend and former adversary. The message was as follows:

"I have witnessed since my sickness just what I have wished to see ever since the war; harmony and good feeling between the sections. I have always contended that if there had been nobody left but the soldiers we would have had peace in a year. Jubal Early and Hill are the only two that I know of who do not seem satisfied on the Southern side. We have some on ours who failed to accomplish as much as they wished, or who did not get warmed up to the fight until it was all over, who have not had quite full satisfaction. The great majority too of those who did not go into the war have long since grown tired of the long controversy. We may now well look forward to a perpetual peace at home, and a national strength that will secure us against any foreign complication. I believe myself that the war was worth all its cost us, fearful as that was. Since it was over I have visited every state in Europe and a number in the East. I know, as I did not before, the value of our inheritance."

**Beach Grass.**  
The beach grass is one of the most wonderful of plants. There is no other plant outside of the cactus family that thrives so on sand; planted deep in the salt sands of the shore, the wind sweeps the sand above and through it, and yet it rises and sweeps its keen-pointed blades over the packed surface, sometimes three or four feet higher than its roots. The people of the cape know it as a device of nature to hold the shore together. But even the beach grass, sturdy and undiscourageable as it is, needs a sturdier backing. It wants the broad rooted leath family behind it and the trees that break the force of the wind. A good while ago the planting of beach grass on the cape between Provincetown and Truro saved what threatened to be a possible inroad of the Atlantic into Cape Cod bay, which would have cut the peninsula in two where its level is very low as aforesaid. This result was due to the habit of this precious member of the graminaceae of rising above obstacles. Think of poor Provincetown as an island—and a doomed island moreover—of Cape Cod bay as a toy of the great tides of the Atlantic—of quiet Plymouth as a recipient of those tides—of all the other changes that might be.—Springfield Republican.

### A Brilliant Coup.

Mr. Gaswell—The Cuban Junta in New York has information that the insurgents contemplate a brilliant stroke with which they expect to end the war and win their independence.

Mr. Dukane—What is the nature of this brilliant stroke? Do they expect to carry Havana by a sudden dash and make Weyler prisoner?

Mr. Gaswell—No, they will simply kidnap Weyler's typewriter and run off to Florida.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.