

Finland employs six thousand hands in paper manufacture, and is making itself felt as a competitor for the paper trade of the world.

Italy gives to the world outside her borders 2,500,000,000 oranges; Spain, 14,000,000,000; Portugal, 80,000,000; Paraguay, 60,000,000; Florida, nearly as many as Paraguay.

A recent census of Buenos Ayres, Argentina, shows a population of 663,850, which makes it larger by 100,000 than Rio de Janeiro, and the metropolis of South America.

The Imperial University of Tokio has undertaken the task of preparing an exhaustive history of Japan, and a committee of sixteen scholars is now at work classifying the voluminous materials.

Japanese cotton weavers prefer the long staple cotton of Texas to any other they can find for use in a majority of their manufactures from this staple. That accounts for the presence of Japanese buyers at the cotton exchanges of the South.

Electric lighting will cost New York City \$1,250,000 this year. Philadelphia will spend \$647,000 for the same purpose; Brooklyn, \$360,000; Baltimore, \$140,000; Cincinnati, \$75,000; Washington, D. C., and St. Paul, Minn., \$175,000 each; St. Louis and San Francisco, \$100,000 each, and Buffalo about \$125,000.

In North Topeka, Kansas, there has been found a father, avers the New York Sun, who gave his son twenty-five cents for doing some work about the house, but repented after the boy had gone to bed and picked the little fellow's pocket. To follow out his creed to the end, he reproved the child the next day for carelessness in losing the money.

The largest Lutheran synod in the United States is that of Missouri, which embraces many states within its limits. According to the latest statistics, it has 2916 ministers, 1915 congregations, and 380,000 communicants. It has also 1527 parochial schools, with 87,908 scholars. The number of baptisms last year was 36,233, and there were 18,167 confirmations.

Chancellor Day of Syracuse (N. Y.) university in an address to the Methodist conference, quoted the remark of a Methodist some years ago that the permission of baseball in the university would ruin the institution. But baseball was permitted, and, while its critic is dead, the number of students has increased from 630 to 1135. Dr. Day was enthusiastic in his approval of college athletics.

The total number of applications for patents for inventions during 1896 was 42,077. The total number of patents issued to citizens of the United States was 21,285, and to citizens of foreign countries 2027. New York heads the list of states with 388 patents, while Nevada stands at the bottom with nine. Connecticut leads in the proportion of patents issued to inhabitants, the total number of patents being 983 or one to every 759 persons in the state.

A few years ago the world rejoiced over the discovery of cocaine as a local anesthetic. Dr. Lambuth, declares a writer in the New York Press, who has been practicing medicine in Pekin, China, says that the Chinese have long had a similar anesthetic, the principal ingredient of which is frog-eye juice. It costs \$2 an ounce, and is prepared in small, hard cakes, resembling bees-wax, but of darker color and semi-transparent. He dissolved a piece in water, which required twenty-four hours, and tried the solution on his lips, hands and tongue, each of which became numb instantly.

The blind men of New York City are combining. Every year each total blind male adult who is a citizen of the United States, and who has resided in New York City for three years, is given a certain lump sum by the department of public charities. Last year each deserving member of this class got \$50. Since the agitation of the Greater New York scheme these men have been troubled. They fear that when the sightless adults of Brooklyn, Long Island City and other places are brought into New York the individual allowance will be cut down. They are going to protest. They have formed an association, with dues of ten cents per month, and the money will be used to defray the expenses of making a proper representation of their claims. If last year's figure is made the permanent rule they will be satisfied.

WHEN HILLS ARE GREEN.

When hills are green,
Sweet secrets lie in all the earth,
The stone knolls, even, soon give birth
To blue-eyed violets, and vie
In azure charms with all the sky;
For beauty knows no clan or clime
When hills are green.

When hills are green,
With springtime sympathy we hear,
All far and near and faint and clear,
Sweet, woodland music, set afloat
By many a jovous feathered throat—
The richest phase of vocal rhyme,
When hills are green.

When hills are green,
The southern breezes, dancing, pass
With sun-tipped feet along the grass,
And kiss the clover blossoms out
Till spiky scents float all about
Where'er the wind may choose to blow,
When hills are green.

When hills are green,
Each rising curve is set with gems
That sparkle on their slender stems,
For snowy petals—gold and blue,
By soft green cradles and snow,
And bloom where'er the south winds go,
When hills are green.

When hills are green,
Our life is not as yesterday,
The world seems one long holiday,
We sing with everything that sings,
And feel the lark's ecstatic wings
Give impulse to our quaking feet,
When hills are green.

When hills are green,
The round white clouds like foot-hills rise
To distant mountains in the skies,
And fair life angels come and go
Along the lofty paths of snow,
And bend to earth spring treasures sweet,
When hills are green.

—Mildred McNeal, in Youth's Companion.

An Army Wife's Sister.

BY GWENDOLEEN OVERTON.

Army wives generally have unmarried sisters. These sisters always come out to visit them, and the rest goes by itself.

Mrs. Lorrillard had an unmarried sister. She was very attractive. She was far more attractive than Mrs. Lorrillard ever could have been. The girl's name was Spencer—May Spencer. She was 18 years old, if you took her word for it; and she was blonde and pink and white and plump. She came from some place in Ohio, and she visited the Lorrillards at Stanton—which is in New Mexico, 100 miles from the railroad, across Dead Man's valley (there is always a Dead Man's valley) and some steep hills and a lava bed a mile wide. If you have never seen a lava bed, you cannot appreciate that. You might try to imagine the ocean lashed into fury by a simoon, then fancy its great waves and billows and swells changed suddenly to dark gray-brown stone at the height of the storm, and you may form a vague idea of what the lava bed between Fort Stanton and the railroad is like.

It frightened Miss Spencer badly. The ambulance went slipping and sliding and coasting and thumping and bounding over the one passable part, in a way that only an ambulance conducted by a driver who has spent his life on Arizona and New Mexico roads could possibly stand. It put all the laws of centripetal force and equilibrium at naught. It and the four mules were laws unto themselves.

Miss Spencer was not accustomed to that sort of thing. She stood it as long as she could, and then she told Major Roche—in whose charge she was traveling—that she meant to get out and walk. She had bothered the major a good deal already, and he was getting tired, so he did not say anything, but simply told the driver to "slow up" and let Miss Spencer get out by herself.

She fell behind after a moment, and the ambulance went relentlessly on, creaking, flapping its canvas, clanking its chains, its brake screeching shrilly. And as it disappeared, sometimes lost to sight in a great hollow, sometimes toiling up a smooth face of lava, Miss Spencer felt herself abandoned, indeed, in a New Mexico desert, under that terrible midsummer sun. The heat was fiery, scorching, parching. The sky was like hot blueglass. She wondered why, when the lava was hot enough to burn her feet through the soles of her shoes, it did not melt or grow soft. She kept on walking because she was afraid to stop. Twice she slipped and fell and cut her hands. Under the porous, puffed-up rock, rabbits and owls and quail were hidden; there were snakes, too, and lizards. At first she was frightened when they scurried by her, but soon, with her head ringing and her eyes dazed with congested blood and her mouth open and as dry as flour, she did not even notice them.

She reached the end of the huge rock river at last and found the ambulance waiting. The driver was asleep, and the major was drinking water. He offered her some, and when she had drunk it she held out her broad little foot.

"My shoes are all cut to pieces, and they were new and awfully heavy."

"You should have kept still," he answered.

Now Miss Spencer wanted sympathy, and when she didn't get it she took a dislike to the major; and because she disliked him she eventually made him sorry.

For the first fortnight of her visit she was not pretty. She was sunburned from her passage of the lava sea. Her face was red and swollen, then blotchy and lastly peely. After that she returned to the normal pink and white. She was the only girl at the post, and there was a bachelor, a brevet-bachelor, a young contract surgeon, and Major Roche's son. The bachelor officer was studious—the kind that have much faith and think that the great fathers in Washington will reward lieutenants who pass high exams, and have ideas on Indians. He had no time for young women. He paid his one call and retired. The brevet-bachelor is peculiar to the service. His wife is back East, visiting

her family. He differs from the real article only in that he is ineligible. He was devoted to Miss Spencer, but he did not count. There was also the contract surgeon. Of course he was only a contract surgeon. Still, he was tall and blonde and had a beguiling drawl. He fell in love with Miss Spencer.

But the exciting part of the story hinges on Major Roche's son. He was 20, and he was no use on earth. He was just a boy and never would be anything more. He had failed in everything he had ever undertaken. He couldn't even dance, and he was afraid of a three-foot acouquin when he rode. He depended on his papa for everything, and he thought he knew women through and through. Probably Providence sent Miss Spencer to show him that he didn't—but the ways of Providence are inscrutable, and I can't be sure.

Well, the contract surgeon fell in love with Miss Spencer, but like Viola, he never told his love. Now, as the bachelor was hidden, Miss Spencer couldn't have fallen in love with him, and no one could have fallen in love with Teddy Roche, so she reciprocated the contract surgeon's passion.

His name was Randolph—Custis Randolph, to match his nice blue eyes and his charming drawl. His courtship was of the eternally-on-hand sort. The life of a garrison offers even greater advantages for this than that of a southern town. He was with Miss Spencer from guard-mounting until long after taps. But Miss Spencer pined to see more of him.

"Mr. Randolph, I believe you're lazy."

"Oh! now—Miss May—why? That isn't kind." He gazed at the flag on the flagstaff tenderly and dwelt musically on each word.

"Because."

"It is the privilege of a lady to give that reason." His eyes sought the tennis court in tender, blue abstractedness.

"Well, I know you are."

"Won't you have pity on me and tell me why?"

"Because you never are up until almost guard-mounting."

"Oh, dear! yes I am. I go over to the hospital at sick-call, you know."

"Why don't I ever see you, then?"

"Perhaps you haven't risen yourself."

"I'm always up at reveille."

"No! Goodness; why on earth do you do that?"

"I believe you go over to the hospital the back way and aren't half awake and don't even have a collar on."

"Now, Miss May—how unkind."

"Isn't it true?"

"I always have my collar on." He told a future truth. After this he would wear a collar.

"I hate lazy people."

"Oh! Miss May—how unkind. You don't hate me, I hope." His eyes were on the pink ribbon that fluttered from her belt; he took hold of it and wound it around his finger, getting gradually nearer to her.

"I do, if you are lazy."

"How can I prove to you that I am not?"

"That's easy enough."

"Do tell me how?"

"Just prove it."

"By rising early and letting you see me?"

"Well—yes."

"I shall do so tomorrow."

"But I always go for a ride before breakfast."

"May I not join you?"

"If you like. I don't care." Which is feminine for caring very much indeed.

So Dr. Randolph rode with Miss Spencer the next morning, and he breakfasted at the Lorrillard's, and he sat on the Lorrillard's porch to watch guard-mounting, and then he played tennis with Miss Spencer, and when it was too hot to do that any longer, they sat together on the porch again, shaded by the crowsfoot and morning-glory vines and read aloud by turns. They parted for luncheon, but immediately afterward they met again in the Lorrillard's sitting room to practice the mandolin and guitar. Randolph dined with the Lorrillards, and then he and Miss Spencer walked up and down the line until taps, and after taps they sat on the porch once more and talked in undertones.

Occasionally the Roche boy made a third, and though he was far from welcome, he never guessed it.

cer had a harrowing parting. The latter lost her temper over his procrastination and burst into tears. It nearly broke his heart and entirely silenced his tongue.

After she was gone, hopelessly gone, he determined to reveal the secret of his heart by letter. But he put off doing it. Instead, he swung in his hammock all day and thought of her blue eyes and pretty face and guileless smile and regretted his erstwhile constant companion. The ambulance would return, empty of its lovely load, in five days. He knew that. He would write when it returned.

So, on the afternoon of the fifth day, he sat, still swinging in the hammock and smoking a pipe, the ashes whereof besprinkled his coat, when the four mules and the ambulance rattled into the post. They stopped at the major's quarters in a cloud of dust, and two men and a woman alighted. There was no doubt about who the woman was. In his delight Randolph lost his head. He strode down the broad walk to the Roches.

Miss Spencer was still standing by the ambulance, hunting—with the driver's help—for something under one of the seats. The major and Teddy had gone indoors.

"Why, Miss May!" said Randolph, and this time there was no drawl—how delightful! What brings you back?"

"Oh! my husband, Teddy and I got married in Socorro and joined the dear old major again in Carthage the same day."

"How delightful," Randolph repeated, weakly.

"Well, Teddy seems to think so, but the dear, sweet old major didn't. Anyway, you know, he was so horrid about my shoes on the bad-lands that day."

And that was all anyone ever knew about it.—The Argonaut.

The Old Sergeant of the Regular Army.

The characters reproduced from the recollection of army life for many years are typical and were once, and are today, found in every regiment in the army. Moreover, there is a character who is a study alone, sui generis—the old sergeant. Discipline and a stickler for discipline that he may maintain his own dignity, he never forgets the respect due his superior officers, though he may, as he often does, so thoroughly influence the captain or lieutenant as to all intents and purposes command him as much as if in control by special orders from the war department.

In no instance is this seductive respect so manifest as when a raw young lieutenant just out of West Point is given command of a scout with a veteran sergeant in charge of the detail. The lieutenant is made to believe he is in command, that he maps out the day's march and selects the camp, but it is at such suggestions as these:

"Did I understand, says the sergeant, very insinuatingly at reveille, 'the lieutenant to say we would march to the Huafano today? There is good water there, as the lieutenant knows, and good wood at hand.'"

"Yes," returns the lieutenant, "we will march to the Huafano today. There is good water, camping ground and—grazing there."

"Yes, good grazing," rejoins the sergeant—and the march mapped out by the lieutenant is begun to the sound of the bugle.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Big Old-Time Stock Farm.

John Cantacuzene figures conspicuously in the affairs of the Byzantine Empire in the first half of the fourteenth century. That empire was fast declining as the Turks were first getting solid foothold in Europe. Cantacuzene had experience in most leading matters of state and church, including those of the emperor and monk, and besides he carried on stock farming in no ordinary scale.

Gibbon gives us a view of this stock farm. "He does not," says that historian, "measure the size and number of his estates, but his granaries were heaped with an incredible store of wheat and barley; and the labor of a thousand yoke of oxen might cultivate, according to the practice of antiquity, about sixty-two thousand five hundred acres of arable land. His pastures were stocked with two thousand five hundred brood mares, two hundred camels, three hundred mules, five hundred asses, five thousand horned cattle, fifty thousand hogs and seventy thousand sheep."

Gibbon refers to this as "a precious record of rural opulence in the last period of the empire, and in a land, most probably in Thrace, so repeatedly wasted by foreign and domestic hostility." That was before Cantacuzene manipulated his way to the purple.

An Arizona Plum Tree.

Delegate Marcus Smith the other day was telling a group of Washington politicians of the wonderful results of irrigation in Arizona. The glorious climate of California, according to him, was nothing as compared with Arizona irrigation. He told of sweet potatoes as big as beer kegs; of watermelons which made the Georgia product taste like pumpkin; of grapes so luscious and fragrant that it was enough to imbibe the atmosphere around them. He told of these and of other wonders without making an impression. Finally he hit an illustration which satisfied the group of politicians that Arizona irrigation was all he claimed for it. "Why," said he, "I'll tell you what we can do down there. We can irrigate an acre of ground, plant a plum tree this spring, and next fall it will bear a plum for every fellow that wants an office."

The latest eraser for ink and pencil marks is attached to a finger ring, so that it will always be in its place when wanted.

UNCLE SAM'S SAILORS.

PROVISIONS FOR THE CARE AND COMFORT OF A MAN-OF-WAR'S MAN.

Rating the Men at Enlistment—Wash Day on Board Ship—Jack's Holidays and Amusements—Various Duties of the Seamen—Caring for Their Health.

When the crew of a man-of-war is enlisted, each individual has his "rating," or definition of the capacity in which he is to serve. If he is a marine, his daily drill and work will be different from those of the others, but he will be subject to the same discipline, and enjoy the same privileges as the crew. Among the special ratings under which men are enlisted are those of ship's apothecary, carpenter, cook, barber, tailor, shoemaker, etc. The last three are permitted to charge moderate fees to the men for whom they perform work, although they also receive regular wages from the government. The class of men known as "petty officers," including the cadet engineers, the "captain of the top," the "captain of the after-guard" and the "captain of the fore-castle" whose titles sufficiently indicate their duties, rank between the ordinary members of the crew and the regular officers. These petty officers are themselves divided into classes, those of the higher grade messing separately, and those of the lower with the crew. That there may be no question on any point as to his daily duties, each enlisted man has his "billet," assigning to him his rating, watch number, part of ship, mess, boat, and his station at quarters and at fire-quarters.

The first incident of importance in the daily routine is the call to "quarters" at 9.30 for the regular morning inspection and drill. At inspection each man's clothing comes under the officers' scrutiny, and his general appearance is scrutinized if necessary. Ample opportunities and facilities are given to the crew for the making, mending and washing of their clothes, so that a man who does not keep himself neat, has no excuse for it but his own laziness.

The washing, by-the-way, is a most impressive function which takes place every Monday morning. No one is excused from answering the boatswain's whistle which summons to this except the men in the engine-room, who naturally cannot drop their work to rush to the call. They must arrange, however, with obliging comrades, so that the cleansing of their garments may take place just the same. The manner of performing the washing would no doubt be regarded by ordinary housekeepers with distrust. The garments, with the exception of the flannels, are laid upon the deck and scrubbed with a "coya" brush, after which they are rinsed in the buckets or sluiced with water as they lie on the deck.

The drill which follows inspection may be with any or all of the various weapons of war. There is target practice with the cannon and with the small arms, and the sword exercise, at which the men are taught the seven different styles of cuts which may most effectively disable or kill.

When piped to mess, the men find their "table," i. e., the deck, all spread for them by that useful functionary, the cook, and, sitting down cross-legged about the cloth, they fall to with sea appetites. It is strongly recommended in the naval regulations that the men be not disturbed at this hour, and that visitors should not choose this time to pay calls to the ship. The rations for each mess are usually drawn by one man appointed to the task.

Saturday afternoons and Sundays are holiday times on board ship. To be sure, a certain amount of cleaning up is required on those days, the extent of which depends largely upon the captain's strictness in this regard, and his desire for a "spick-and-span" vessel.

Jack's chief amusements in his off hours, after he has finished up any necessary needlework which he may have on hand, are reading, writing letters home, playing cards or checkers, and, above all, smoking. The regulations governing his beloved pipe permit him to enjoy it on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, on holidays, from "all hands" to "turn to," during meal hours, and for limited periods in the night watches. No smoking by the crew is ever allowed below the gun deck, or in single-decked ships, below the spar deck, and they must keep to their own part of the ship, in the neighborhood of the fore-castle. Another period in which the men may smoke is from the time the hammocks are down, about 6 p. m., until "tattoo" at 9 p. m., but they must remain on the upper deck with their pipes at this hour.

The greatest care is taken of the health of the crew at sea, and they are not overworked or exposed unnecessarily to the heat of the sun, to wet weather, or to disease. When cruising off unhealthy localities, such as the west coast of tropical Africa, the isthmus of Panama, the West Indies and parts of South America, shore leave is frequently refused on account of the danger to health which it involves, and natives of those regions are employed for boat duty between the ship and the coast. In a similar way the mental wants of the men are looked after by publishing for their benefit all useful and proper information concerning the movements and destination of the vessel, the postal arrangements in different places, and any other matters of the sort likely to interest them. The "schoolmaster" who is usually the ship's writer also, instructs the young apprentice boys not only in their duties, but in the principles of reading and writing, if they chance to be deficient in those respects.—New York Tribune.

A GRAVEYARD OF HOPE.

President Hayes's Little Book—Secretary Foster's Successful "Kick."

Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Charles Foster was talking to me one day about Rutherford B. Hayes. Foster represented Hayes's district in Congress when Hayes was president. They were political and personal friends of almost a lifetime standing. Said Foster to me:

"I got plenty of patronage under Hayes, to be sure, but for a long time I never landed the men of whom I was most particular and earnestly interested. I would go to the president and lay the claims of my man before him. He would usually acquiesce in everything that I said, because in most cases he knew the applicants as well as I did. Well, in every instance where some devoted friend was concerned, the president would say: 'Oh, well, Charlie, we will fix that in a day or so.' Then he would reach down in a drawer, pull out a small book and a short stub of a pencil and make a note of the man and his wants. I would then, for days to come, scan with much interest the list of appointments sent to the Senate, but none that had found a place in the president's notebook were to be seen among them. Still, I didn't complain much, for I knew that Hayes was doing the best he could. Time went on, and finally I called at the White House to insist that a certain friend of mine who was then in Washington be instantly appointed as a consular agent abroad. This gentleman had political claims on me and also on the president. I stated my case as briefly as possible to the president, who listened attentively. When I had finished the president said:

"Why, certainly, Charlie. Yes, yes, to be sure, and then he dived for that book of his."

"Just as he was opening its leaves I grabbed his arm and said: 'Hold on there, general, I'll be switched if that man's name goes in that jackass book!' The president saw the humor of it and I got my constituent appointed then and there."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Men Working in Showers of Molten Steel.

Modern Machinery of Chicago, in describing the work done in a steel foundry, tells of remarkable instances of nerve displayed by the men. When the furnace is tapped there is a torrent of scoria that scatters over a wide area, descending in an umbrella-shaped mass of sparks that envelop the men at the ladle.

Through the pyrotechnic display of the rain of fire and luminous reflections you can see a workman shrug his shoulders or wriggle a little. This is the only sign he gives that a spark of molten steel has fallen inside his flannel shirt. The manager said that in the performance of their work the men would run into a deluge of flying sparks so thick you would think no one could go into it and come out alive; and that, too, in summer when they were stripped to the waist and had not even a shirt to protect them. In the shadow of the furnace and ladle it would often register 125 degrees, and the very life was cooked out of the air. Some of the men are singed and scarred more than veterans of many battles; heroes of the workshop, they stand under fire every day of their lives and expect no songs to be sung in their honor or monuments to be erected to their memories.

The manager related an incredible incident which he gave merely as a sample of the nerve these men have. One day the foreman of the casting department had started a ladle of steel on its journey among the moulds and was seen to shake his foot several times. He went on, however, and not until all the steel was safe in the beds of sand did he hobble to the wall, where he took a piece of steel as big as his thumb out of his shoe. It had burned into his great toe joint and the man was laid up for weeks.

Giving Away Brides for a Living.

"In addition to our business of letting our wedding-dresses on hire," said a member of a well-known firm of costumers in the west-central district of London, "we often perform other little services for the bride."

"You, of course, recognize the fact that in this great city there are scores of hard-working girls who are miles away from their relations, and who have always been too busy to cultivate many friends. Well, when these girls are about to marry young fellows who are similarly circumstanced, the question arises as to who shall give away the bride."

"I can answer that question for them at once, for I have connected with my business an ex-major in the army, a member of an ancient family, and a man, too, of unimpeachable character. He is poor, but he dresses well, has beautiful white hair, and looks the kindly father to perfection. I introduce him to the bride and bridegroom, and he, for a moderate fee, gives the former away."

"Sometimes he takes the whole arrangements of a breakfast and so on upon himself, and he is a fine speaker on occasion. He is always a welcome guest with these people afterward."—Answers.

Silenced Him.

The master was asking questions—masters are apt to ask questions, and sometimes, too, the answers are apt. This question was as follows:

"Now, boys, how many months have twenty-eight days?"

"All of them, sir," replied a boy in front.—San Francisco Examiner.

Rebuffed.

"How do you stand on this irrepressible financial question, Champ-ley?"

"Sorry, old man, but I can't spare you a cent today."—Detroit Free Press.