

The present governor of Maryland is the first one in many years who was born outside of the state.

In 1831 there were only five trades and professions open to women in England. Today there are over 150.

From Paris the significant fact is reported that a part of the horse market has been transformed into a bicycle market.

New York shippers are greatly exercised to find that the corn shipments from Baltimore for a month were 6,000,000 bushels, while those from New York were less than 2,000,000.

"Trimmings" is the term under which alcoholic drinks are disguised in the bills English ladies run up at the London department stores, according to Salvation Army investigators.

The increase in the rural population of Egypt from 1882 to 1897 was just a shade under thirty per cent., or about two per cent per annum. This is about double the normal rate of increase in India.

A French savant named Leveille, writing in Cosmos, assures his readers that the fakirs in India have independently discovered the art of making gold, the reported discovery of which by an American chemist recently attracted some attention.

Schools of Michigan City, Ind., under the inspiration of a member of the board of education, Martin Krueger, celebrate "Bird day," when a special study of song birds is made and addresses upon them are delivered. The custom has spread to other towns of northern Indiana and it is said to be making its way into Illinois.

The increase of urban populations is one of the most important social conditions brought out by successive censuses. In England 71.7 per cent. of the population were in urban districts in 1891, an increase of 15.3 per cent. in a decade, as against an increase of 3.4 per cent. in rural population. The balance of civil power has gone to the boroughs.

Fred Schaeffer's fine five-acre orchard, near St. Louis, lately took a notion to slide down the hillside and over a precipice. The upper crust of earth thirteen feet thick slid completely off, revealing, however, a deposit of fire clay twenty feet thick, which is far more valuable than the recreant orchard. The moral of this is that what appears at first to be a misfortune is really a blessing.

Harper's Weekly gives this extract from a private letter of ex-Postmaster-General Wilson, which tells why he accepted the presidency of Washington and Lee university: "I was influenced, I may say captivated, by the possibilities of making this institution a great centre of sound learning and sound citizenship, a power to reproduce in the South some of that high thinking that made her leadership in past generations so conservative yet national. I am sure the seed has not run out. But it needs strong and wholesome culture. All the rest of the country is interested in this as much as Virginia and the South."

After Moscow, Constantinople is probably the most picturesquely beautiful city in the world. Like Moscow, the chief city of Turkey combines Oriental color with western method. There is certainly no city in the world more happily situated than Constantinople. Its position between the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora, with the Bosphorus for a gateway to the former, and the Dardanelles effectually blocking all access from the Mediterranean, is as strong as it is beautiful. Constantinople is quite Oriental in respect to the juxtaposition of the beautiful and the repulsive, the gorgeous and the squalid; but most of the Sultan's palaces, kiosks and villas have been built with a view of avoiding the contiguity of poverty and uncleanness.

"Hot Competition" on the Bowery. "Doctor, medicine and burial, 10c. per week," is a somewhat startling announcement on a tin sign just beyond the Bowery, on Third avenue. Burial is placed so close to the doctor and medicine that in the shock that attends a first observation one may fail to grasp the full importance of the fact that all three may be had for ten cents a week. This is a threefold and deadly blow at the doctor, the drug-store and the undertaker, "hot competition" in expressive Third avenue phraseology.—New York Mail and Express.

Caleb Fall of the Worcester (Mass.) Spy, is one of the oldest men in journalism. He recently celebrated his sixtieth anniversary of his beginning newspaper work.

If any little word of mine  
May make a life the brighter,  
If any little song of mine  
May make a heart the lighter,  
God help me speak the little word,  
And take my bit of singing,  
And drop it in some lonely vale,  
To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of mine  
May make a life the sweeter,  
If any little care of mine  
May make a friend the floater,  
If any little lift of mine may ease  
The burden of another,  
God give me love and care and strength  
To help my toiling brother.  
—Rome (Ga.) Masonic Herald.

## MR. MEEKS'S PRISONER.

BY LESTER KETCHUM.

He said his name was Meeks, and it struck thoughtful ones in Buffalo Horn that the patronymic was singularly appropriate; for the gentleman himself was a mild-eyed, "sandy-lookin'" little man, with a self-deprecatory air that suggested a standing apology on his part for presuming to exist. He floated into town quietly, and so unobtrusive and modest was he that it was several days before his presence began to be noticed, and then only on account of a rumor that had gained circulation to the effect that he was an officer of the United States secret service. Then Buffalo Hornites smiled. Of course, like all western people, they understood that it is not best to judge from appearances; but, oh! what a chump Uncle Sam must be, to send a wee bit of a man like this to arrest an Oklahoma malefactor!

To be sure, nobody had the temerity to suggest this to Mr. Meeks. There are communities in which the one who presumes upon appearances is taking very long chances, and Buffalo Horn was one of these. Therefore, Mr. Meeks was treated with great show of respect by all the leading citizens, who squared things with themselves by privately "giving him the horse-laugh." And, all unconscious, Mr. Meeks kept on his way, or, rather, stayed where he was and lay in wait for some certain criminal who was wanted for violating a score, more or less, of the federal statutes.

In strictest confidence, and with child-like faith, he had imparted more or less information concerning his mission to Mart Winslow, the landlord of the little hotel where he was staying—and Mart being, after the manner of his kind, an inveterate gossip, soon spread what information he had gleaned from the stranger, thereby causing a broad grin to appear whenever his guest was mentioned.

"Oh, but ain't 'e easy?" chuckled Mart to a couple of friends, one day, as he nodded towards the barroom, where Mr. Meeks was engaged in "settlin' 'em up" to the ever ready crowd. "D'ye ever see such a sucker?" Comes yere an' 'spec's th' duck 'e's layin' fer 't'lope right intuh th' camp an' give 'isself up, I s'pose; so yere 'e gives, diggin' up fifteen a week fr board an' spendin' copious at th' bar. Oh, I e'n stand it awhile."

"S'posin' th' man sh'd come in, all of a suddint?" said Jim Wylie, the city marshal. "Say, I bet 'e'd die o' score!"

"Who is it th' little feller wants, Mart?" asked some one sitting by the window.

"Sh-h-h! Easy, Frank! Oh, I d'no', not now. But I'll bet ye one thing—'tain't nobody he's a-goin' t' ketch right off."

It came to be rumored, within a day or two, that "Kingfisher" Williams was the man Mr. Meeks was after, this rumor being based upon the fact that the little man had been—very quietly, of course—making inquiries concerning that notorious person, whom numerous county and national officers were more or less anxious to meet. He was not known personally to anyone in Buffalo Horn, but Mr. Wylie assured the little man that Kingfisher Williams was a very bad man indeed, and that if Mr. Meeks effected his capture it would be a great feather in his cap—whereupon the little man swelled up considerably and invited Mr. Wylie to join him at the bar.

It was about a week after this conversation that the secret service officer and the city marshal were standing in the barroom, discussing some question or other, when the door opened, and a stranger entered and, walking up to the bar, called for whiskey. Mr. Meeks was looking earnestly upward into the big marshal's face as the stranger entered, but withdrew his gaze for a moment to glance at the newcomer. Then he reached for his revolver.

"There's my man!" he remarked, calmly, in an undertone, to the marshal. "Get back from the bar, please."

Wylie, dumbfounded, did as he was bidden, in time to see the stranger look up just as Mr. Meeks got him covered.

"Hands up, Mr. Williams!" commanded the little man. "I want you!"

With an oath the other "drew," and for a few seconds there was a confusion of shots, in which the city marshal could take no part by reason of his revolver getting stuck and refusing to come forth. Then the stranger threw up both hands in taken of surrender.

"Have you—er—a pair of handcuffs, Mr. Wylie?" asked Mr. Meeks. "Put 'em on him please, Sorry, Mr. Williams, but I can't take any chances with you."

Williams did not answer, but growled angrily under his breath as he submitted to being handcuffed.

"I'll git you for this!" he said to Wylie, as the latter stepped back after finishing the operation.

"Oh, ye will, will ye? Wait until my friend, Mr. Meeks, gits through 'th ye, Mr. Williams," was the cheerful reply.

"Wan't put 'im in th' cooler?" asked the marshal, presently.

"No, thanks. He'll bunk with me

tonight, and tomorrow we leave. Much obliged, all the same."

It was not more than an hour before everyone in Buffalo Horn knew that little Mr. Meeks had, single-handed, captured the notorious Kingfisher Williams, after a short battle in which nobody was hurt, and the general sentiment was of the "Well, I'll be dog-goned!" variety.

That night Mr. Meeks had a levee and blushing received the congratulations of the best citizens of Buffalo Horn during a period of two hours, the while his now staunch friend, Jim Wylie, obligingly guarded his desperate prisoner. Had he been a less temperate man he might have retired somewhat the worse for liquor, as did most of the citizens of Buffalo Horn; but he kept his wits about him and was as sober as his prisoner when they turned in.

Next morning a half-score of leading citizens had sufficiently recovered from the night's revelries to accompany him and his prisoner to Four-Mile Creek. This honor was modestly protested against by the little man, who seemed not to see that he had done anything remarkable, but he was hooted down, and when they reached Four-Mile his escort parted from him with three rousing cheers and a volley of revolver shots by way of salute.

It was about one o'clock in the afternoon when an excited, hatless man, mounted on a panting horse that dripped with perspiration, dashed up to the Hotel Winslow, in front of which a number of citizens were sitting, discussing the events of the day and night previous, and hoarsely announced: "Kingfisher—he's killed 'im!"

"What? Who?" asked Winslow.

"What ye talkin' about, man?" The stranger was gasping for breath, but presently managed to explain that, 20 miles south, he had been resting under a tree by a stream, when a little man and a big man, whom he had known in Kingfisher as "Kingfisher" Williams, came along and dismounted near by. The little man was leaning over to get a drink when Williams sneaked up behind him and struck him down with his handcuffs. After this, said the stranger, he saw Williams take the keys from the little man's pocket and unlock his handcuffs. Then he shot the insensible victim with the latter's own gun, mounted and rode away; and the new-comer hurried into Buffalo Horn the faster because Williams caught sight of him as he was leaving and took a few shots at him.

"W'y didn't ye shoot back—'r else git th' drop on 'im when 'e hit Meeks wi' th' bracelets?" asked Jim Wylie, fiercely.

"'Cause, in the first place, I didn't think 'e'd kill the man. Second"—and the stranger eyed Wylie quizzically—"I reckon ye ain't real well acquainted 'th Kingfisher Williams, be ye?"

In less than an hour the little town was practically depopulated of men, all but the cashier of the local bank and a few bartenders having gone to the warpath to catch and hang Kingfisher Williams for the murder of Mr. Meeks. The stranger did not accompany them, his horse being blown and himself not being anxious to meet Mr. Williams. However, it made no difference, as everyone knew the ford which the stranger said was the scene of the tragedy.

Thus, nearly everyone being gone southward to mete out justice to the alleged murderer of Mr. Meeks, it was really child's play for that gentleman and Mr. Williams, emerging from their hiding place in the hills just north of the town, and joining the stranger who had brought the news, to loot the bank, three stores, the hotel and every saloon in the place, and to get safely away on fresh horses at least three hours before the pursuit could be organized.

And that is why every officer whose business takes him into Buffalo Horn and neighboring towns is looked upon with suspicion until his credentials are approved.—The Argonaut.

### The Latest Fish Story.

The latest fish story comes from Philadelphia and is vouched for by the Record. The tale runs that off the Virginia coast the schooner M.A. Boston ran into a immense school of bluefish. The crew lowered eight small boats and scattered among the fish. The men used hook and line and herring for bait, and the voracious bluefish swallowed the hooks as fast as they were thrown among them. For miles the school followed the schooner and the boats, and the work of hauling the fish in only ceased when the vessel's hold would contain no more of its glistening cargo. Nearly 5000 of the fish were taken, and their average weight was nearly seven pounds. The vessel was immediately headed for Philadelphia and the catch disposed of.

### Her Nationality.

Beenaway—Why, hello, Hennypeck! I hear that you are married. Bride one of the village girls?  
Hennypeck (meekly)—No; she is a foreigner.  
"Eh?"  
"A tartar."—Puck.

### TRADES THAT KILL.

Occupations That Destroy the Lives of Men Engaged in Them.

People are afraid to travel by land or sea, and take out all sorts of accident policies, but there are many legitimate occupations or trades that kill as certainly and steadily as the most ill-regulated steam engine. An old writer said that human life was the cheapest thing on earth. Strange to say, says an English trade journal, you cannot frighten the workmen who know how dangerous is their trade, and not even higher wages will tempt them from such death traps. Lead, in the form of bullets and shot, is a deadly, dangerous thing, but it is also death-dealing to all who use it in their work, as house-painters, gilders, calico-printers, type-founders, potters and braziers.

Mercury is a foe to life. Those who make mirrors, barometers or thermometers, who etch or color wool or felt, will soon feel the effect of the nitrate of mercury in teeth, gums and the tissues of the body. Silver kills those who handle it, and photographers, makers of hair-dyes and ink and other preparations are long turn gray, while a deadly weakness subdues them, and soon they succumb. Copper enters into the composition of many articles of everyday life, and too soon those who work in bronzing and similar decorative processes lose teeth and eyesight and finally life. Makers of wall-paper grow pale and sick from the arsenic in its coloring, and match-makers lose strength and vitality from the excess of phosphorus used in their business.

Nitric acid is used by engravers, by etchers in copper, by makers of gun-cotton and those who supply our homes with lovely picture frames. Its fumes are poison to the human lungs and soon destroy them completely. Ammonia kills the soap-makers; workers in guano grow deaf; hydrocyanic acid deals death to gilders, photographers and picture-finishers, while zinc is a fatal foe to calico-printers, makers of optical glasses and meerscham pipes.

Mankind is by nature brave, and very few are deterred from action because of supposed danger. If the great builders and engineers of the world would stop and ask, "How many lives will this undertaking cost?" it is probable that the world would be without some of the greatest triumphs of modern thought. Everyday life and common occupations are full of silent courage, and all around are workers who die in the harness and are true heroes without knowing it.

### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Tobolsk, Russia, is the oldest inhabited place in the world.

Football was a crime in England during the reign of Henry VIII.

The first printing-press in America was established at Cambridge, Mass., in 1639.

A man in a balloon four miles above the earth can plainly hear the barking of a dog.

There are two business men in an English town named I. Came and H. E. Went.

C. A. Barber of Salem, Ohio, claims to have a violin that was made in 1414, and believes it to be the oldest in the world.

The latest project in Switzerland is that of a mountain railway to the summit of the Breithorn, next to the Matterhorn.

Teapots were the invention of either the Indians or the Chinese, and are of uncertain antiquity. They came to Europe with tea in 1610.

An inhabitant of Arendskerke, in Holland, has notified to the municipal registrar the birth of his twenty-first son, all the others being alive and in the enjoyment of good health.

About ten million cattle are now to be found in the Argentine Republic. They are said to be all descendants of eight cows and one bull, which were brought to Brazil in the middle of the sixteenth century.

Small diamonds have been discovered in the sand taken from a lake formed by the crater of an extinct volcano in the Witzies Hoek mountains of Natal, which are beyond the hitherto known diamond fields.

In Germany the bridal wreath is usually formed of myrtle branches; in Switzerland and Italy of white roses; in Spain of red roses and pinks; in the United States, France and England, of orange blossoms.

The French minister of war lately offered a prize for the swiftest bird in a flight from Perigouix to Paris—310 miles. There were 2748 entries and the winner did the distance in seven hours and thirty-four minutes.

The first public library in England was founded by the corporation of London some 300 years before the British Museum was established. Cromwell borrowed books from this institution and "forgot to return them."

While praying in church at Tirzah, S. C., on a recent Sunday, Jonah Crosby, colored, found a big pistol in his hip pocket uncomfortable. In removing it the weapon was discharged, wounding him seriously and causing a stampede of the congregation.

### A Method of Measurement.

"There is such a thing as becoming too much devoted to the bicycle," said the young woman, thoughtfully. "I was riding with a friend of mine who demonstrated that fact."

"Did she talk constantly about the wheel?"

"No. She didn't talk about anything until I asked her if she knew what the hour was. She looked down at her cyclometer and said 'ed better hurry home, as it was two miles and a quarter past dinner time.'"—Washington Star.

## Children's Column



### The Fairy Sisters.

There was once a little maiden,  
And she had a mirror bright;  
It was rimmed about with silver;  
'Twas her pride and her delight.  
But she found two fairy sisters  
Lived within this pretty glass,  
And very different faces showed,  
To greet the little lass.

If she was sweet and sunny,  
Why, it was sure to be  
The smiling sister who looked out  
Her happy face to see.  
But if everything went cross-cross,  
And she wore a frown or pout,  
Alas! Alas! within the glass  
The frowning one looked out.

Now this little maiden loved so much  
The smiling face to see,  
Then she resolved with all her heart  
A happy child to be.  
To grow more sweet and loving,  
She tried with might and main,  
Till the frowning sister went away,  
And ne'er came back again.

But if she's looking for a home,  
As doubtless is the case,  
She'll try to find a little girl  
Who has a gloomy face.  
So be very, very careful,  
If you own a mirror too,  
That the frowning sister doesn't come  
And make her home with you.  
—Helen S. Perkins, in St. Nicholas.

### A Few Words About Tonsils.

A tonal's eyes are the only things in nature which could not be represented without using gold.

As to tonsils being poisonous, as the French peasants say, or making warts, as some old people tell us, that is pure nonsense. Their tongues are as curious as their eyes are beautiful. The root of the tongue is just behind the under lip and folds backward. When Mr. Tonal sees a fly, he darts his long and active tongue out so quickly that it is hard to see him do it, and jerks the fly alive down his wide gullet. —Detroit Free Press.

### Dying for Her Brother.

A tender story is told of a French girl only 12 years old, who succeeded in saving her little brother from wolves.

It was during a severe winter, in a remote village of France, and wolves were constantly seen prowling about. One day a wolf with five little ones burst into the cottage, attracted by the smell of the bread which the girl had been baking.

By means of a heavy stick, the brave girl had almost succeeded in driving the mother wolf off, when, seeing one of the cubs about to attack her brother, she seized the boy, thrust him into a cupboard, and buttoned the door. That gave the wolf time to fly at her, and in a moment she was the prey of the savage beasts.

Her brother remained quite safe, and was released from the cupboard by some neighbors.

He lived to be an old man, cherishing the memory of the sister who had died to save him.—Sunday School Visitor.

### A Sensitive Monkey.

Dogs and other pets are often keenly alive to praise and blame, and seem to know infallibly whether they are being well or ill spoken of. The extreme case of which we ever read was that of a canary, which died from grief at being harshly addressed by its mistress.

Here is an anecdote which shows that monkeys are not wanting in sensibility of the same interesting and amiable sort. It is quoted from Mr. Bate's "Naturalist on the Amazons." He calls the creature "mostridiculously tame," and adds:

"It was an old female, which accompanied its owner, a trader on the river, in all his voyages. By way of giving me a specimen of the intelligence and feelings, its master set to and rated it soundly, calling it scamp, heathen, thief, and so forth, all through the copious Portuguese vocabulary of vituperation.

"The poor monkey, quietly seated on the ground, seemed to be in sore trouble. It looked reproachfully at him, then it whined, and lastly rocked its body to and fro with emotion, crying piteously and passing its long, gaunt arms continually over its forehead; for this was its habit when excited.

"At length the master altered his tone.

"'It's all a lie, my old woman; you're an angel, a flower, a good, affectionate old creature.'"

"Immediately, the poor monkey ceased its wailing, and soon after came over to where the man sat."

### Crystallizing With Alum.

We have had inquiries from several of our friends as to how to crystallize with alum, and as it seems this is again to be popular, we give directions as we find them in a late magazine:

You must form your basket, vase, tree, grotto, or other object of wire, taking due care to leave sufficient room for the formation of the crystals, so that they may have their full effect. Over the wire twist some worsted thread so that it is completely covered in every part. If, in a grotto or other similar object, fantastic forms are desired, pieces of coke may be fastened to the wire and covered in the same way. This done, dissolve one pound of alum in a quart of water by boiling

in a tin vessel, not too fast; half a pound in a pint, or a quarter of a pound in half a pint of water, preserving the same proportions whatever the quantities employed may be. Keep stirring the solution with a piece of wood until the process is complete. Remove the liquid from the fire, and placing a piece of wood across a deep, glazed, earthen jar, suspend the wire basket, or other articles in it, from the stick with a piece of stout thread. When the alum solution is about the warmth of new milk, pour it into the jar, and leave your subjects suspended in it for about twenty-four hours; after which remove the same to dry in the shade. To obtain colored crystals it is only necessary to put some dyeing material into the alum solution—turmeric gives the transparent yellow crystals; logwood, purple, etc.

As can be readily imagined, there is literally no end to the pretty and attractive ornaments that can be made from these fairy-like crystals, and the only difficulty is to curb the energy of the devotee of alum work.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

### A White Red Squirrel.

Dr. Emily G. Hunt, in St. Nicholas, describes the following interesting pet. It is a white red squirrel.

You have all seen red squirrels—"chickarees" they call them, from the sounds of their chattering and scolding, as they drop nuts from your head, or run down a tree trunk by fits and starts, giving a little "chick" with each forward rush, while they watch you sharply.

Our little pet is like one of these in every way, except that he is so snowy white that the cleanest table-cloth looks dingy compared to him.

He was born in a cranberry bog. Some men cutting brush there saw two strange little animals, one white, the other cream-colored. They caught this white one by throwing a coat over him, but the creamy squirrel ran away.

When the captive was brought home all admired him greatly, for he was, as you may imagine, a very beautiful little creature, with his long bushy tail and bright woodland tricks.

But there is really one strange thing about him, his eyes are not red or pink, as are those of most white animals, but they are as black as any squirrel's could be. So my girl cousins call him "Beads."

When an animal belonging to a species commonly dark in color is born white instead, it is called an "albino." You have all seen albino rabbits and rats and mice. Their eyes are pink. So that Beads is really a most uncommon fellow, a snowy squirrel with jet-black eyes.

Albino or not, he is at any rate a most winning little pet, and there is no end to his pretty ways. As a cat and a kitten live with the same family, he has to be kept in a squirrel-cage; but he is let out a long time each day. Then Beads is quite happy. He climbs up the back of the chair, and nibbles the hair of the person seated in it, gnaws the flowers in the window sill, rushes up the stems of the callias, and scratches in the earth until it flies on all sides. He will rub his head and face and all his body in the earth, until his clean white dress is a sight to behold. After that he hops to the floor, and rubs his face carefully upon the carpet.

He loves to retire to a corner or under a piece of furniture for his toilet, going in gray and coming out white. If you peep and watch him, it is great fun, for he scrubs and combs himself with his paws in the neatest way, washes his face just as a cat does, and then takes his big tail in his paws and uses it for a towel! One often hears people wonder why squirrels have such big tails. All know that they are useful as balancing poles and blankets, and are charming as ornaments, but not many are in Beads' secret of their usefulness as towels.

### Bats and Music.

On more than one occasion I have drawn attention in these pages to the influence of man's civilization on wild animals. For the past month I have noticed that a common species of the small bat, probably the pipistrelle, which frequents the towns in southern France, congregates in the evenings about those cafes where it is the custom to have outdoor music. This does not seem to apply to any particular town, as they are to be seen flitting about in the crowded streets among all the traffic in Marseilles, Cannes, Nice, and Monte Carlo. So tame are some individuals that they hawk about for flies under the awning which covers the chairs placed on the footpaths. It may be said they come for the flies attracted by the electric lights; but the bats are far more numerous near those cafes where there is music than around the ordinary arc lights in streets or before shops. The inference appears to be that they find pleasure in the presence of music.—Science Gossip.

### Bottled Air.

Among the miscellaneous articles in the North Carolina Medical Journal is one stating that a French chemist, Linde, has invented a process for condensing air to such an extent that it will contain 70 instead of twenty-five per cent. of oxygen. It is proposed to bottle mountain and sea air and furnish it to invalids at their homes. It will be recalled that years ago a Vienna physician treated his patients with the bottled air of mountainous health resorts supplied at their homes. It is to be presumed that the physician profits more than the patient from this method of treatment.