

The gondolas of Venice are being gradually displaced by little steam-boats.

The fireworks manufacturers complain that the increased use of the bicycle had a bad effect upon the sales of their explosive products, by reason of the effect that the Fourth of July is now used by the wheelmen as an opportunity to take runs on their machines into the country.

Cases against George Washington appear here and there in the civil docket recently unearthed in the courthouse at Greensburg, Penn. No less than three claims were entered against him during the year 1787 to compel him to pay taxes. The humorous clerk, commenting on these actions, remarked: "George Washington, Esq., appeareth not to like taxes."

Game birds never did, and probably never will, form more than a very small part of this country's food supply, so there is no such need as exists in the case of fish for propagating them at public expense. Notwithstanding that fact, the proposition to extend the field of operations of the fish commission, so that it may apply to the problem of increasing the number of birds the methods that are succeeding so well with fish, is one to be highly commended, in the opinion of the New York Times. To do so would result in some direct profit to the people, and in much that is indirect. The incidental expense would be infinitesimal.

Stock papers published in different parts of the range country are beginning to see the end of the present method of handling cattle, notes the Sioux Falls (S. D.) Argus. The increasing number of new settlers is forcing the breaking up of large herds, and the "little men" with from fifty to 200 head of cattle, giving them continued care, are the ones who are bound to be on the finish, while the large herders will be working at a loss. When that period arrives there will be not so many cattle kings, but the aggregate number of cattle in the country will be greater, and by the better care they receive, the better grades will bring more wealth to the country than comes under the present system.

Macon is running a municipal farm and doing it successfully, too. It is a small one, comparatively, comprising sixty acres, and it is devoted to the raising of food for the fifty horses and mules which the city uses in work on the streets. When not otherwise employed these animals are used in working the farm, while the manure from the city stables fertilizes it. Under these conditions the only cost in operation is for the labor employed in planting and harvesting. From forty acres of oats a crop of 2500 bushels, of an estimated value of \$750, is expected this season. In addition \$3000 worth of hay is looked for from the other twenty acres. From a measured acre of land last year there was cut 5400 pounds of fine hay. This was after a forty-bushel crop of oats had been harvested, and nearly enough to make certain another cutting of hay before frost. It had long been the custom of the city to rent this land at \$5 an acre. Now its value in annual product is figured at over \$60 per acre.

Mark Twain, writing of the Queen's jubilee, says that the most remarkable thing that has happened during Victoria's long reign is the increase in the number of English-speaking people. When the present Queen of England was born, seventy-eight years ago, there were only 25,000,000 English speaking people in the world; now there are more than 128,000,000. No such rapid spread of language was ever known before. The great English-speaking nations and their populations are as follows:

Country—	Population.
United States	75,000,000
United Kingdom	40,000,000
Canada	5,000,000
Australia and New Zealand	2,000,000
In Asia, Africa and elsewhere	5,000,000
Total	128,000,000

The greatest increase in the number of English-speaking people has not been in the Queen's domain, but in the country which cut loose from English rule. The population of the United States in 1820, when Queen Victoria was 2 years old, was only 9,539,825. It has increased more than seven and one-half times since then. In 1821 the population of the United Kingdom was 21,272,187. It has scarcely doubled in the seventy six years that have since intervened. England, it is true, has made remarkable progress during Victoria's reign, but the progress of this republic in population and all other respects has been far more wonderful.

"THE TENDERFOOT."
The overland stage started
From the station at Cheyenne,
With me, the one girl passenger,
Amid a dozen men,
On either side a cowboy sat,
With pistol, knife and braided hat.

They talked of hold-ups, P-utes,
Of ambush, of stampedes;
It terrified my woman's heart
To hear their bloody deeds.
I was a pale school teacher then,
And gloried in the strength of men

There was one who sat and hearkened
To the awful tales he heard.
A "tenderfoot," they called him—
Their contempt might be inferred—
A sort that under frontier laws
Was ranked with clergymen and squaws.

And though I liked his quiet ways,
And kindly, honest face,
I felt that 'mid these heroes fierce
He looked quite out of place,
As he sat and meekly listened
To the way they had him christened.

We went rattling down the canyon;
From ledge to ledge we dropped,
When from a bush a shotgun flashed;
The bronchos reared and stopped.

"What time is it, Madeline?" asked Gaffer Hitchcock, carefully folding the evening paper and placing it on the table.

The person addressed—a tall, slender woman about 35—looked up from her knitting and answered with a pleasant smile: "About half past eight, I believe," and, rising, began to put away her work.

Gaffer's question had been for the last six years the signal for retiring to rest, and although it was full an hour and a half before the usual hour, Madeline never thought for a moment of hesitating to obey.

"Something has occurred," she thought, "and he will tell me before long," for Gaffer had looked at his watch at eight, and a few minutes after, and at a quarter past had changed his chair and coughed uneasily, and now he asked: "What time is it?"

Madeline was the orphan daughter of an old schoolmate; Gaffer had taken her home with him when she was only 10 years old, and his sister cared for her with motherly solicitude until she was wooed and won by Frank Reynolds and went to a distant city to live. Gaffer had made a terrible do-do about her marrying, called her an ungrateful good-for-nothing, and declared it was proper punishment for taking her in the beginning; but, nevertheless, he spared no expense on the wedding trousseau. And when, about nine years after, she came back to her old home, widowed and childless, she was tenderly welcomed by the lonely man, for the grass waved over the grave of the good, true-hearted sister.

For six years she had kept house for him, humored him, and made everything bend to his comfort, as few daughters ever do. Lovers she had in plenty; those who would at any moment have laid heart, fortune and hand at her feet; and when Gaffer heard that Madeline had refused them he chuckled at their discomfort and smoothed her soft brown hair, telling her she was a good girl, every way worthy of their love, only he knew that she would never leave him.

He had grown so accustomed to seeing her happy, contented face by the opposite side of the fire, with some kind of work in her hands that occupied neither brain nor attention, but left her always free to listen to him when he spoke, that he felt no fear at the attentions she received. He seldom spent an evening from home unless Madeline was with him; and he had never left his native city since she came home. He was thinking of all this tonight, as he watched her folding her work so carefully.

"What are you going to do Madeline?" he asked, at last.
"Going to put away my work," she answered, simply.
"What are you putting it away for?"
"You ask the time, and that is equivalent to saying: 'I am tired of you, Madeline; go to bed.'"
"No, it ain't," said Gaffer, gruffly; "come back here, I want to talk with you—there, let that knitting work alone. What is it, that you are in such a hurry to finish it?"
"Stockings," answered Madeline, sentimentally; "stockings for Madeline Reynolds."

A slashing at the traces,
A volley of commands,
And the heroes looked like deacons
As they lifted up their hands.

In deadly fright I fumbled
For my slender purse of gold,
While the cowboys sat like yokels
In a pillory of old;
But while I thought the strength of men
A mockery and a shame,
That "tenderfoot" rose to his feet,
A Gaiting gun of flame.

It might have been a minute,
Or, for all I know, a week,
When I saw the light returning,
And I heard a calm voice speak:
"All right, poor girl; no danger."
And he lifted up my head.
"There's lots of heroes missing,
But only two men dead."

And then our stage went on again,
Beneath the noonday light;
But the daring deeds of reckless men
Somehow, were ended quite,
And when I talk about it now
My husband's eyes will shine,
But he only gives my hand a squeeze—
This "tenderfoot" of mine.

Maddy, in the same grave, business-like tone.
"You know very well," said Gaffer, testily, "that I could never live with another man in the house; I should put him out before the honeymoon was over. And who may the happy man be? Some blind old dotard? Some conceited dandy? Some lame mendicant? Some lazy vagabond, who sings love ditties to carry away Gaffer's money? Or—"

Gaffer did not stop for breath, but for lack of sufficiently expressive words to convey his detestation of the projected union.
"No," said Madeline; "he is not blind, or lame, or seeking after your fortune." She hesitated for a moment, and then continued slowly: "He is neither very young nor very old, very kind nor very cross, very good nor very bad, very rich nor very poor—but I think he likes me."

"Of course he has told you so in most affecting tones," muttered Gaffer; ironically.
"No," she said, quietly, "he has not."

"Madeline, you are crazy, or going into a dotage! Why did you not tell me that you were so anxious to get married and I would have advertised in all the daily papers for a suitable lover for a widow not very far advanced in life, well preserved and anxious to leave Gaffer Hitchcock? Why did you not tell me all this?" and his face clouded woefully. "It's too bad, Maddy! I would never have believed you would go away again. It was bad enough to leave me when sister was here, but now, why, Maddy! Maddy! think better of it—do, and don't leave me alone, child."

Madeline's fingers worked nervously. How she longed for the knitting work! "Gaffer," she said, without looking up, "perhaps tomorrow you will not feel so badly about it. It is no sudden thing, my determination to get married; I have thought about it for over a year, and yet last night I would have said there was no telling when the wedding would take place."

Poor Gaffer seemed perfectly undone at the news Madeline had imparted, but at her last words he started from his seat, and drawing up a chair, took a seat in front of her. "It is not too late, then," he said, his face radiant with hope. "You can yet retreat. Oh! by the memory of past days; by the solemn agreement I entered into with your father, to guard his little girl; by all the years I have loved and striven to serve you, do not leave me now. You know it would be taking away my life to part with you." He took the two cold hands in his. "Will you leave me? Dare you leave me?" Still no answer. "If you would be happy away from me, my dear girl, say so, and Gaffer will not say another word. Speak, Maddy, speak; don't mind me."

The face of the woman was averted, but the words, though soft and tremulous, were distinctly heard by the anxious man before her: "I never said I was going to leave you. If ever I marry again it will be to be forever near you."

The look of anxiety on Gaffer's face gave place to one of bewilderment, and then utter astonishment. "Do you mean what you say?" he asked.
"I do, and it is for you to judge whether he is a blind old dotard, a conceited dandy or after Gaffer's money."

Then Gaffer rose, walked across the room and took his old seat, picked up the evening paper and asked: "What time is it?"
"Half-past nine. Good-night."
"Good-night," he answered as if nothing had happened; and Madeline put the knitting in her work basket and left the room.

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MORE ACCURATE PREDICTIONS.
Interesting Experiments Recently Made by the Weather Bureau.

The most significant development in weather forecasting for years, making it possible to forecast for a period at least sixteen hours longer than at present and more accurately, has been attained by the weather bureau and soon will bear practical fruit. This is the result of experiments with kites flown at distances one to two miles above the surface of the earth, which have been quietly conducted in this city for some weeks. Daily readings have been taken at this altitude and the fact has been established that shifting of the wind occurs at a mile level above the earth's surface, from twelve to sixteen hours before the same change of direction occurs on the surface. This is due to the same forces which operate to cause wind shifts to produce a storm; one condition being dependent on the other.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson has taken great interest in the experiments, which were made by Chief Moore of the weather bureau, and his consultations with Professor Moore have resulted in the formulation of a policy which will make weather predictions more valuable in the future. The most imperfect part of weather forecasts now is the prediction as to rain or snow. Meteorologists for the past ten years have been impressed with the fact that future data as to storms must come from a knowledge of upper air conditions. The aeroplane investigations have reached that point where it can be safely stated that within six months the government weather bureau, for the first time in the history of any meteorological service, can construct a telegraphic synchrochart based on air conditions one mile above the earth. This chart will cover the conditions between the Alleghenies and the Rockies at the outset.

Chief Moore says this step probably will mark a new epoch in the weather forecasting problem. With these high-level readings the bureau will have the moisture content of the upper strata as well as the lower. It will be seen how important this double information is when it is considered that the two strata of air may be shifting of the wind become mixed within twenty-four hours and that the precipitation will depend upon the average moisture of the mass.—Washington Star.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.
Paris buys California pearls.
Shadrach Ray of Galloway County, Kentucky, has just become the father of his forty-second child.

A room in the Castle of Simonetta, near Milan, Italy, has a wonderful echo. A loud noise, such as a pistol shot, will be repeated sixty times.

Of the fifty-four trotters in the 2.10 list all but four have the blood of old Haubletonian in their veins, and of the 146 pacers in the 2.10 list all but twenty-three trace to him.

A colored man who was killed by a railroad train near Swan Creek, Md., and was not known by any one in that locality, was identified by a pocket Bible. He had come from Abingdon, Va.

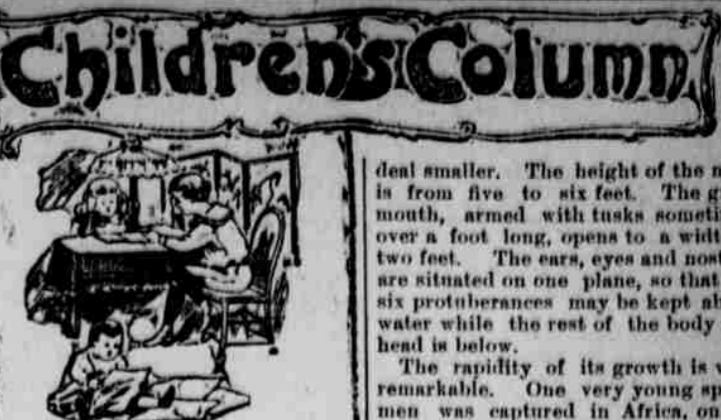
In the Whitechapel (London) county court three witnesses in succession in one case could neither read nor write. Three witnesses in the next case were named respectfully Speller, Reader and Wright.

Atechison (Kan.) society people thirsting for novelty, gave an imitation circus parade in trolley cars which they had decorated as hand wagons, chariots of \$10,000 beauties, and tanks and closed cages of aquatic and wild animals.

Another Chinese giant has been discovered. Like his predecessor, his name is Chang, and he lives at Yunan Foo, in China, where two cycling tourists from the West—Mr. and Mrs. B. D. McIlraith—came across him recently. Chang is 7 feet 9 inches high.

No more elegant compliment was ever paid to a preacher than that of King Louis XIV. of France to Jean Baptist Massillon, bishop of Clermont. Said he: "I have heard many great preachers, and the effect they produced on me was that I felt thoroughly satisfied with them. Every time I heard you I have been dissatisfied with myself."

Less than ten rods south of the Canadian border, in Derby Lane, Vt., lives Moses Pierce, who was 104 years old June 1st. This remarkably well preserved man lacks only four years of being as old as the government of the United States, and has lived during the administration of every president this country has had except Washington's first.



A Good Resolution.

"This school year I mean to do better! To bind myself down with a letter, I'll write out a plan As strong as I can, Because I am such a forgetter.

"Resolved—but I'm sleepy this minute, There's so much when once you begin it! Resolved, with my might, I'll try to do right."

"That's enough! for the whole thing is in it." —Youth's Temperance Banner.

He Repented.

A story comes from New Haven about a black spaniel that abstracted a feather duster from his owner's house and while playing with it tore out all the feathers. The dog, after being shown the featherless handle, was given a whipping. He then disappeared and about a year afterward walked bravely into the house with a bran new duster in his mouth. He walked up to his mistress and meekly deposited the new brush at her feet. By the mark on it she saw that the dog had stolen it from a neighboring store.—Our Dumb Animals.

Sailing Under the Sea.

When Jules Verne wrote his story "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," in which he describes how a certain Captain Nemo navigated a submarine ship under the surface of the ocean, few people dreamed that Jules Verne's imaginary marine wonder would ever become a reality. But a sub-marine boat already has been built. It was launched on May 17, at Elizabethport, N. J., and it bears the name "Holland" after its inventor. It is 55 feet long and 11 feet in diameter, and it can sail as well under water as on the surface. In case of war it could be loaded with torpedoes and run out under water until it was beneath the enemy's biggest warship, when the torpedoes could be placed and the great boat blown to atoms.

Just think of skimming along the bottom of the sea in such a boat and think what a fight there would be if two such boats belonging to hostile navies should meet under water. We should feel proud, too, that the owner of this ship is an American.—Chicago Record.

Cinderella and the Prince.

It was raining very hard, and Charlie Mason and his little sister Cora were obliged to remain in the house. Their mother was not feeling well, and had retired to her own room upstairs to have a short nap. Charlie and Cora had been reading the story of "Cinderella and the Glass Slipper," and they thought they would play it. Charlie made a soldier's hat out of an old newspaper, and plucked a feather from the parlor duster to make a plume. Cora found a dress of her mother's in the hall closet, and put it on, pinning the front up and leaving the skirt trailing behind her. She found a fan in the dining room, and then hurried into the parlor to meet the prince, who bowed very low, with his hat in his hand. By-and-by the clock struck four, and Cora, gathering up her train, ran out of the room, throwing off one of her slippers. Charlie, stooping, picked it up and followed Cora through the hall. As she was going down the basement stairs, he threw the slipper after her. Just then the cook came out of the kitchen, and the slipper struck her on the head. She was very angry, and threatened to tell their mother, but Charlie humbly begged her pardon, and when the cook found that it was an accident, she not only pardoned them, but gave them each a glass of milk and a huge slice of angel cake. Just then the sky cleared and Charlie and Cora ran out to look at the beautiful rainbow in the sky.

Laziest Animal at the Zoo.

Just the opposite of the prairie dogs, and by all odds the laziest of all the animals, is the hippopotamus. The hippopotamus has only recently come to Chicago, and one would think that he would wish to make a record for himself in his new home, but he seems to have no conscience at all. When the visitors appear at his home in the animal building, all they see most of the day is a black island about the color and appearance of a boot-top. It is three feet, perhaps, by two feet broad, and it lies so still that the surface of the water is hardly disturbed. However, if you watch long enough, you will see the great head rise up and remain a moment above the water. During this time the eyes, which are set at the very top of the head, looking straight up, blink sleepily. Then, having taken a good breath of air, the head will go down again. Occasionally, when the hippopotamus gets hungry, it will come out and get a meal of fresh grass. Then it reveals its immense size—nearly eight feet long and as big around as a hoghead.

The hippopotamus is getting to be a rare animal, even in its native Africa, and it is fortunate that the zoo has a specimen. It is among the hugest animals that live. The male has been known to reach a length of seventeen feet, but fourteen feet is a fair average dimension, the females being a great deal smaller. The height of the male is from five to six feet. The great mouth, armed with tusks sometimes over a foot long, opens to a width of two feet. The ears, eyes and nostrils are situated on one plane, so that the six protuberances may be kept above water while the rest of the body and head is below.

The rapidity of its growth is very remarkable. One very young specimen was captured in Africa, on the bank of the Nile, in 1849, and was brought successfully to London. When about ten months old it had attained a length of seven feet, with a girth of six and one-half feet. Clumsy as they seem, it is said that they can move with remarkable rapidity on land.—Chicago Record.

Pussy and Her Squirelets.

Uncle Burr traveled a great deal and when he came home he was always teased for new stories which he was sure to have. He had been in Iowa, and while there had seen the cat and squirrels of which he now told the children.

"There was a nice old mamma cat that lived at the same farmhouse where I stopped one day. She was striped yellow and white, and was a great pet with the whole family.

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"She had a nice little family of kittens but one day they were all taken away from her.

"Poor Kitty! she was so sad and lonely! she wandered about the house all day long, and called and cried, but could not find her babies. Toward evening she was seen going out into the woods, they thought for something to eat as she had refused food all day.

"Soon after they heard a scratch and 'meow' at the door. It was opened and there stood mamma kitty with a little gray squirrel in her mouth.

"The mistress scolded her and made her give it up, but kitty only purred. She went to her nest and called as if it were one of her own babies. They put the little squirrel down beside her, and she licked it and cuddled it down just as she had her own lost kittens. She gave it some dinner and it was soon fast asleep.

"Then kitty cried to go out of doors again. As she went towards the woods they followed her. Then she ran nimbly up a tree and went into a hole. In a few minutes she came out and in her mouth was another baby squirrel, which she carried to her nest in the house just as carefully as if it had been her own little kittens.

"She snuggled it down, and it was soon fast asleep with its little mate.

"They were then little fellows and could scarcely walk; that was weeks ago, and now they are nearly full-grown, and as brisk and playful as if they were with their own mother in the woods. They don't seem to think their cat mother is one bit strange.

"They are obedient, and come when she calls 'purr-purr' to them. Jack is the largest and sometimes has to be boxed to make him mind; but mamma cat is very gentle about it, and I do not think she hurts him much. Gypsy is very gentle and tame, and will let the children take her in their hands. She has beautiful large black eyes.

"Bob, the little boy at whose house they are, thinks they are very nice indeed. He has made them a little house out of a starch-box, and fixed a wire wheel on one end for them to play in. The first time kitty saw them in the wheel she was very much frightened. She tried to stop it with her paws and seemed pleased when they came out. When she found they were not harmed she soon got used to it, and would watch them and seemed to enjoy their play."—Boston Bouquet.

One Brother Sleeps for Both.

Physicians are puzzled over the strange illness of Abe and Adrien Moyer, two sons of a Keya Paha county, Nebraska, farmer. It is thought that both lads are suffering from some form of nervous complaint. It manifests itself, however, very differently in their respective cases.