

The trade between Japan and Formosa has more than quintupled since 1895.

The suggestion is made that cattlemen should cease the use of the branding-iron to distinguish their cattle, as such cruelty to animals reduces the value of hides for leather, the annual loss being estimated as high as \$3,000,000 a year.

A scientific farmer fed his herd of cows one winter on a scientific ration with satisfactory results. To give his unscientific neighbors an object lesson, he fed them the next winter on an unscientific ration. The cows, possibly to spite him, produced just as much butter as they had given in the year before. The scientific farmer was mad about it, but he isn't discouraged.

A press dispatch says that an extensive economical revolution is in sight, if the claims of Dr. Prinzen Geerlings turn out to be what the doctor asserts they are. Dr. Geerlings, a government official of Java and formerly professor of chemistry at the University of Amsterdam, announces the discovery of a simple method of converting potato starch into sugar. He has lodged his description of the method with the French academy of sciences, so as to secure priority for his invention, although he is not quite ready to make the details public.

Another of the European nations is taking the next great step in socialism, that of the purchase of its railroads. By a vote of more than three to one the Swiss national council has voted to purchase the principal railroads of Switzerland at a cost of about \$200,000,000. The United States now lags behind the civilized nations of the earth in the national or municipal control of monopolies, for the government does not even have postal savings banks or run the telegraphs; and the reason given for our backwardness is, that in this country the corruption of the public service makes it unsafe. We believe it is a slander upon the morality of the people.

The Dominion of Canada is evidently determined that the Yukon gold fields shall yield up to it all the revenue which can possibly be gathered from them, and is now laying a royalty of twenty-five cents a cord on the cordwood with which the miners thaw out the gold from its icy matrix and cook their rations of side pork and coffee. The logs for their cabins are similarly taxed, and a substantial fraction of the gold they dig is also levied upon by minions of her revenue stationed there. These ordinances look rather mean, but we are not complaining of them, and are not likely to institute any of the same sort in reprisal when the gold digging comes around within our own lines.

Beet-sugar making in New York state promises well at the start. There is a plentiful supply of beets for the first factory in Rome, forty-seven carloads and several boatloads being at the factory on a recent day. The beets show a profitable percentage of sugar, some of the red ones running as high as 15.4 and the white ones 16.6 per cent. This season's supply comes from about 1000 acres, and contracts are being made for three times that area next year. Spurred by the success of the factory in Rome, capitalists are prospecting at Batavia with a view of erecting a half-million dollar plant there, if five-year contracts for 3000 acres of beets can be made with the farmers in the vicinity. The land about Batavia, like that about Rome, is well adapted to beet culture.

The effectiveness of moral suasion as a preventive of crime was never better illustrated than in the experience of Mrs. Pardon Hazeltine of Mt. Vernon, N. Y. She awoke one night and heard a burglar operating in her room. Lighting a lamp she boldly confronted him with the exclamation, "My God, haven't you a mother? Has she gray hairs, as I have? What would you say if my son should enter your mother's room as you have done?" Throwing the light full in burglar's face, he retreated to the parlor. "Have you a mother?" was then repeated. "Yes, but she is dead," was the burglar's reply, with a sob, which showed the appeal had conquered. "Then go out as you entered," was the widowed woman's reply. "Your gray hairs have saved you," was the burglar's response, as he made his exit through the window. Undoubtedly this appeal to his better nature was more hopeful for that burglar's reformation than a long term in prison would be.

### THE FLIGHT OF THE YEARS.

When like one the silent stately years  
Glide like pale ghosts beyond our yearning sight,  
Vainly we stretch our arms to stay their flight,  
So soon, so swift, they pass to endless night!  
We hardly learn to name them,  
To praise them or to blame them,  
To know their shadowy faces,  
Ere we see their empty places!  
Only once the glad spring greets them,  
Only once fair summer meets them,  
Only once the autumn glory  
Tells for them its mystic story.  
Only once the winter honny  
Wears for them its robes of light!  
Years leave their work half done; like men,  
alas!  
With shovels ungathered to their graves they pass,  
And are forgotten. What they strive to do  
Lives for a while in memory of a few,  
Then over all Oblivion's waters flow—  
The years are buried in the long ago!  
—Julia C. K. Dorr.

### JERRY'S CHOICE.

BY WILL S. GRIDLEY.

"Now, see here, Jerry," exclaimed Farmer Johnson to his man of all work, "ye needn't git uneasy jest because old Podgers hez offered yer a dollar a month more'n I'm payin' yer. I reckon I've got about ez much money an' kin afford to pay ye about ez much ez Podgers kin or mebbe a little more."

"Ye'r a fast-class worker, Jerry, I'll admit that, an' I don't want ye to be gettin' dissatisfied or thinkin' of diggin' out, so I'll make a bargain with ye right now before we go any further. If ye stick to me an' work ez well ez ye've bin workin' right along fer the next two years, I'll pay ye the same as Podgers offered ye, an' at the end of the two years I'll give ye the best critter on the place. Yes, sires, Jerry, ye kin take yer pick of any critter on the hull place, from a sheep up to a horse, or even a gi-raffe or elephant, if I happen to have one of 'em on hand when it comes time to take yer choice."

"What d'ye say to that, Jerry? Is it a bargain?"

"I'll do it," answered Jerry Brant, quietly, "and there's my hand to bind the bargain."

"That's the way to talk; that's just what I wanted to hear," exclaimed Farmer Johnson, grasping Jerry's extended palm and giving it a hearty shake. "Now that biz'ness is settled satisfactory to all hands an' we kin pitch into the work with clear consciences."

No further mention was made of the bargain between Jerry and his employer until they were seated at the dinner table, later in the day, and then Mr. Johnson, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, glanced across the table at his better fraction and said:

"Well, mother, I had to discharge Jerry an' hire him over agin today."

"You seem to be in very good humor about it, so I judge the difference couldn't have been very serious," commented Mrs. Johnson, who used to be a schoolmarm before she married, and therefore did not handle the United States dialect with the off-hand familiarity of her husband.

"Serious? Ye kin bet it is!" ejaculated Mr. Johnson. "Why, I've got to pay him \$1 a month more'n I did before, an' at the end of two years, if he stays right along, he's to have his pick out of the critters on the place to take along with him and keep fer his own. I expect he'll take a horse, but I can't help it. I wasn't goin' ter let old Podgers hire him away from me, an' then go around chucklin' over it behind my back for the next six months."

"Mr. Podgers made an attempt to hire him, did he?"

"Yes, an' a purty nerry attempt at that. Offered him \$1 more a month, but I settled the matter in a hurry by pili'n the best critter on the place on top of that. But if he stays the hull two years I reckon he'll earn it—eh, Jerry?"

Jerry blushed, and answered that he would do his best.

"Didn't you exempt my pony, papa? I really can't think of allowing Mr. Brant to run off with that, even if he does earn it!" exclaimed Farmer Johnson's pretty 18-year-old daughter, May, with a sidelong glance of admiration at Jerry's broad shoulders and manly features.

"Oh, Jerry wouldn't be mean enough to take the pony, I guess," interposed her father.

"No," said Jerry, "I don't want the pony—unless the rider goes with it," he added, sotto voce.

"Eh, what's that?" demanded Mr. Johnson. "Unless what? I didn't ketch the tail end of that remark, exactly."

Jerry's face turned crimson, and he was about to repeat his remark, when the quick-witted young lady came to the rescue.

"Mr. Brant"—she always called him by that title, because she considered it more becoming and dignified than Jerry—"Mr. Brant says he doesn't want the pony unless the bridle goes with it, I believe," she explained ingeniously.

"Huh! I reckon a halter is all he'll get with her if he takes that pony. There wa'n't anything in the writin' about throwin' in a bridle," said Farmer Johnson.

"You needn't worry, father. I think Mr. Brant will be generous enough to spare me my pony," said May, reassuringly.

"Yes, you may keep your pony," agreed Jerry, with an undisguised glance of admiration at the pretty face opposite him.

May's eyes fell before his, but not until they had flashed back a look that caused his heart to beat high with hope.

The fact of the matter was that stewart, good-looking Jerry had long admired his employer's handsome and

accomplished daughter, but today was the first time he had dared to let her know it, either by look or speech.

After that, however, their acquaintance rapidly ripened, and a few weeks later Jerry surprised Mr. Johnson by asking for the hand of his daughter in marriage.

Mr. Johnson was engaged in the pastoral occupation of milking a cow at the moment this question was sprung upon him, and he nearly fell off the stool in astonishment.

"Want to marry my darter, May?" he gasped. "I guess not, young man! Not if the court knows itself. I've bin edyeratin' her fer suthin' higher than marryin' her father's hired man."

"Oh, if that is the only objection, it can easily be removed," interposed Jerry. "I don't expect to remain anybody's hired man after my two years are up. I believe I told you when I came here that I had just graduated from college, and intended to make the pursuit of agriculture my life business, instead of going into medicine or law, or any other of the already overcrowded professions. I believe a man with brains can put them to as good use and makes much money in farming as in anything else, and I propose to prove it. I am studying the practical side of the business now, and at the end of my two years I propose to go west and buy a ranch and strike out for myself. As far as education is concerned, I don't think I shall ever give your daughter occasion to be ashamed of me, and as to supporting her comfortably and in becoming style, I believe I shall be abundantly able to do so, and—"

"Can't help that, Jerry!" broke in Mr. Johnson. "I hain't goin'er here ye luggin' May off jest because ye two young folks imagine ye'r in love. A woman is a mighty queer an' unsartin sort of critter, anyhow, as ye'll find out soon enough when ye git hooked up in double harness fer life with one of 'em, an' if I was in yer place I wouldn't be in any hurry 'bout takin' a yoke of that kind on my shoulders."

"Anyhow, if ye insist on gittin' married in spite of my warnin' ye'll haffer pick out some other pardner besides the one ye've got yer eyes set on at present. My darter is goin' back to college next week to finish up her edyeration, an' when she gets through her schoolin' it will be plenty time enough fer her to commence thinkin' 'bout the men. She'll forgit ye by that time fast enough, so ye might as well give up all hope right now of ever gittin' her. I like ye well enough other ways, Jerry, but I don't care fer ye in the role of son-in-law. There, now, ye've got yer answer fair an' square, an' ef ye want to stay an' work out the balance of yer time, we'll drop the love biz'ness right here, an' I'll treat ye as well as ever; but if ye don't care to stay under the circumstances it is all right, an' I shan't blame ye any fer goin'. Now, which is it to be, Jerry, stay or quit?"

"I'll stay," said Jerry, quietly.

And stay he did performing his duties as conscientiously and thoroughly as ever, although the farm life suddenly grew sordid and dull when May went back to her college studies.

The months rolled swiftly around, however, as months have a habit of doing, until eighteen of them had been crossed off the calendar of time. Then May, as bright and winsome as of old, came home with her dimples and diploma, and though he did not even dare to look his admiration, Jerry was straightway transported to paradise.

Jerry's term of service finally expired, and he regretfully announced that the time had come for him to strike out for himself.

"That's so, Jerry," said Farmer Johnson. "I had clean forgot 'bout yer two years bein' up today. Waal, I'll look over accounts an' settle up with ye after dinner, an' in the meantime ye kin be lookin' round an' sorter makin' up yer mind which one of the critters on the place ye want. I believe ye was to take yer choice when ye quit."

"Well," said Jerry, promptly, "it won't take me long to make up my mind."

Here he stepped quickly across the room to where May was gazing disconsolately from the window, and whispered a question in her ear. For an instant her eyes met his; then she rose, with a smile, placed her hand confidently in his, and together they faced her father.

"This is my first and only choice," exclaimed Jerry, with a ring of mingled pride and triumph in his tones.

"But ye can't do that—'tain't in the agreement, I said critter, not wimmen folks; an' I hain't goin'er allow no such—"

"Just a moment, if you please, Mr. Johnson," interrupted Jerry Brant, drawing himself erect, with proudly flashing eyes, and still retaining May's hand. "Haven't I heard you allude to the women as queer critters, con-sarned critters, plaguey critters and I don't know how many other kinds of critters, during the past two years and upward that I have been with you?"

"Yes, I s'pose ye have," acknowledged Mr. Johnson, "but—er—"

"All right, sir," interposed Jerry, briskly. "You promised me the best 'critter' on the place, and this is the one I want—and the only one."

Farmer Johnson gazed at the handsome and smiling young couple before him in a half-indulgent sort of way for a moment; and then the latter feeling got the better of the struggle and he quietly remarked:

"Waal, a bargain is a bargain, an' I s'pose I'll haffer keep my word; but I say, young man, an' Mr. Johnson's eyes twinkled mischievously, "don't ye think ye sorter missed yer vocation, not bein' a lawyer instead of a farmer?"—Chicago Record.

"The pecan crop in Texas is unusually large."

### THEY DRINK GASOLINE.

An Evil Which Has Become Prevalent Among Cincinnati Boys.

To that large and influential class of people that find solace in and are habitual users of morphine, cocaine, opium and other drugs of this nature, can now be added what has been termed gasoline "fiends." The authorities of Cincinnati have just made the discovery that gasoline is being used extensively for soothing purposes, and that its victims can already be numbered by scores.

The worst feature of the evil is that the slaves to gasoline are mere youths. Their mode of using it is to saturate a mud ball with the liquid, then holding it in the palms of their hands and inhaling the gaseous fumes of the oil. In each case it produces a stage of lethargy and utter stupidity akin to intoxication, which lasts as a rule, according to the physical condition of the user, from one to three hours.

A number of youngsters whose ages average from eight to fourteen have become so habituated to gasoline inhalation that they will resort to the most desperate measures to secure it. The boys buy the stuff from the nearest grocery or drug store, and retire to an alley or some out of the way place and go off on their little spree. The parents of some of the boys, who live in very respectable neighborhoods, were terror stricken when the horrible truth became known to them, and efforts will be made by them to have the sale of the oil prohibited. Indeed the gasoline evil has assumed such a serious phase in the section of the city across the river that unless that it is soon checked several of the humane society people will bring the matter to the attention of the city council and ask that body to pass an order restricting its sale to minors and making it a punishable offense to use it in any form as a narcotic, says the Chicago Dispatch.

Members of the Women's Christian Temperance union realize that this is another form of wickedness of the present generation that they will soon be called upon to fight. The youthful gasoline fiends have been found lying in vacant lots, alleys and other places, wholly unconscious, and in all of the instances it was impossible to revive them until the effects of the oil had passed away.

There appears to be no record anywhere of gasoline being utilized in such a manner, and the authorities are at a loss to know how the boys learned that the oil would produce the effect described above.

A number of chemists and scientists who were interviewed on the subject admitted that while they had known cases where gasoline inhaled would cause unconsciousness, yet they never heard of similar cases to those that have been unearthed here.

PROGRESS AMONG THE INDIANS.

Learning to Farm—Congressman Curtis Has Indian Blood.

"Remarkable progress has been made among the Indian tribes in the territory since I visited them six years ago," remarked Congressman Charles Curtis. Mr. Curtis visited the Kansas, Osage and Pawnee Indians for the purpose of securing information that will be valuable to his committee in Congress—the House committee on Indian affairs—next winter. Incidentally, he visited some of his relatives in that country.

"The Indians," he said, "are learning to farm, though, of course, many of them rent their farms of white men. I found corn that will run as high as sixty-five bushel to the acre on farms cultivated by Indians or halfbreeds."

"Those who rent their farms to white men make good money. They get \$2 an acre for the land cultivated, and usually reserve part of their farms for their own use."

"In general, I found conditions among the Indians improving, and I am glad of it."

"As is well known in Kansas, Curtis has Indian blood in his veins, and takes a lively interest in improving the condition of the Indians generally. He has an uncle and second cousin in the Indian Territory who are half-blood Indians, and are famous ranchmen. They are known as 'Big Louis' and 'Little Louis.' Both are Pawnees, an old French family. 'Big Louis' is a brother of the congressman's mother, and a man of wealth and influence among his people. 'Little Louis' is a cousin of 'Big Louis.' They are about the same age, and when they were boys one grew much faster than the other; hence their designation, 'big' and 'little.' Finally 'Big Louis' stopped growing, but 'Little Louis' kept on, and now is the larger, and weighs two hundred and sixty pounds, while 'Big Louis' needs an overcoat to make him weigh a full two hundred. Mr. Curtis visited both. 'Big Louis' has a dancing pavilion, modelled after one he saw at an eastern seaside resort. Every Friday night he gives a dance, and hundreds of people attend it. He has a lemonade and cigar stand in connection with it, and entertains as well as the best of the experts in this line.—Kansas City Star.

Cure for Sleep Walking.

Lady Visitor (at office of eminent physician)—I have called, doctor, to ask if there is any cure for sleep walking. I have had the habit for years and lately it has become worse.

Dr. Highprice—It can be cured, madam. Take this prescription and have it made up at Colde, Steele & Co.'s.

"Colde, Steele & Co.'s? Why, that is not a chemist's, but an ironmonger's."

"Yes, madam. The prescription calls for a paper of tacks. Dose—two tablespoonfuls scattered about the floor before retiring."—Tit-Bits.

### GREATER NEW YORK, N. J.

A VAST CITY ALSO ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HUDSON.

Already a Movement Has Been Started to Consolidate Jersey City, Newark, Paterson and a Hundred Other Cities, Towns and Villages.

The consummation of the scheme for creating the Greater New York has scarcely become a matter of history when another plan for adding to the greatness of the metropolis of the Western Continent is contemplated.

The new proposition is to unite under one municipal head all the cities, towns and villages adjacent to New York in the state of New Jersey.

While the plan would involve no further aggrandizement on the part of New York proper, inasmuch as there would be no amalgamation of the two cities, it would undoubtedly be of great advantage to the business interests of the section in question, as it is proposed to name the consolidated territory, New York, N. J.

It is estimated that if the union of these different cities, towns and villages could be effected, a city which would rank one-fourth in point of size in the United States would be created.

There is no doubt that the impetus which would be given to the trans-Hudson New York would soon add to its population enormously, because the name of New York as applied to a business centre would give it a world-wide prestige.

Already the commercial importance of Jersey City is most considerable, it being practically the discharging point on the Eastern seaboard for all the railroads from the various sections of the country.

It is estimated that since the last census was taken the population of Jersey City has increased from 185,000 to close upon a quarter of a million, and so congested is the traffic at some of the more central points on the river front that the erection of two-story docks is being contemplated. The freight, as well as the passenger railroad business, of Jersey City must exceed that of any other terminal point in the world.

One of the proposals advanced is to include in the area of the new city all the territory from a point on the New Jersey side of the Hudson, opposite to the north line of Greater New York, to a point north of Paterson, running south to Plainfield and east to the mouth of the Raritan river, including Perth Amboy. Over one hundred cities, towns and villages are now situated in this section, and they have a population of considerably over a million souls.

In all that pertains to make a people homogenous, the population of this territory is identical with that of New York. Had it not been for the vicinity of the great metropolis, it is doubtful if there would have been one hundred thousand people living today where there are now one million. Being contiguous to New York, the overflow has naturally gone in that direction, as it has done on all sides of the city proper, and were the consolidation of the whole under one municipal head possible, the area of New York would not then be nearly as great as that of London, although its population would be about the same. Practically, today, the city of New York, with its suburbs, has a population equal to that of the English metropolis. In ten years more, at the present rate of increase, we shall have passed London, achieving in a little over one century what it has taken London sixteen centuries to attain.—New York News.

BIG AS A POTATO.

Story of the World's Largest Diamond, Valued at \$5,000,000.

The largest diamond that was ever found is now offered for sale in London for \$5,000,000. It is known as the Jager-Fontein diamond, and is bigger than the Regent, the Imperial, the Kohinoor and the Orloff put together, weighing 971 carats, and being as big as an ordinary potato. It has a beautiful bluish white color, is shaped like an icicle, three inches long, two and one-half inches thick at the thickest place, and tapers down to a point. It was found last year at the mine of Jager-Fontein in the Orange Free State by a colored truck driver the morning before the mine was delivered to a syndicate to which it had been sold. The truckman noticed it in the earth while he was waiting for a load, placed his foot upon it until he was able to pick it up without observation, and then, as soon as he could leave work, carried it to the house of the manager of the mine and placed it in his hands. The latter at once saw that it was a stone of great value, and cautioned the truckman to preserve silence, as the mine had been sold and it might be claimed by the purchasers, who were not, however, in possession of the property. As a reward for his honesty and discretion the truckman was presented with the finest horse and saddle that could be procured and \$5000 in cash. But it is said that his good fortune proved his ruin, as he spent the money in dissipation and has not done a day's labor since. The diamond was taken to London by the manager and delivered to his principals, by whom he was suitably rewarded. It is too large for an ornament and too valuable for an ordinary citizen to purchase. It is held by the syndicate with the expectation that some Indian prince will buy it for his crown.

Until the Jager-Fontein was found, the most valuable gem in existence was the Imperial, which is known as the diamond without a history, for it mysteriously appeared at the French exposition in 1889 and none but its original owners know where it came from or where it was found. It is supposed to have been smuggled out

of the South African mines and kept in concealment for several years.

Through Mr. Jacobs, the famous diamond broker of Calcutta, who was the original of Marion Crawford's novel, "Mr. Isaacs," it was sold to the nizam of Hyderabad, the richest prince in India, for \$2,000,000. One half the sum was paid in advance in Paris and the remainder was to be paid upon its safe delivery in India. But when the nizam learned that it had been offered for a much smaller sum, he refused to carry out the contract and brought a suit for the recovery of his money.

The British officials also interfered on the ground that the prince was not able to indulge in so expensive an ornament. After long delay the suit was compromised and the litigants "split the difference." It was claimed that Jacobs paid only \$1,000,000 for the gem and that the other \$1,000,000 was to be his commission. The Tiffanys offered \$750,000 for the diamond before it was sold to Jacobs.

The Kohinoor, which belongs to the British crown and is worn in a brooch by Queen Victoria, weighs only 122 carats; the Regent, which belongs to the government of France, and is on exhibition in the Louvre, weighs 137 carats, and the Orloff, which was presented to Catherine the Great by Count Orloff, her lover, weighs 193 carats, and is in the crown of the Russian czar. The Imperial weighs 280 carats.—Chicago Record.

GOOD ROADS AGAIN.

A Computation That Presents the Economical Side of the Question.

There are, it is estimated, 300,000 miles of highway roads in the United States, about 20 per cent. of the roads of all the world. Great Britain has 120,000 miles of roadways, and these are some of the best in the world.

Germany has 275,000 miles of roads, and some of them are as poor as the roadways of a great country can be. France, which has taken an enlightened view of the good roads question for many years, and has spent more than \$1,000,000,000 on highways, has a mileage of 330,000, more than any other country. Russia, with an enormous area, has only 70,000 miles of roadways, while Italy, a smaller country, has 55,000.

For a considerable time the agitation in the United States for good roads languished for the reason, perhaps, that by the American system of subdivided local authority "what's everybody's business is nobody's business," and controversies being frequent as to the liability of national, state or municipal authority for needful expenditures, very little was done. The National League for Good Roads was organized in 1892 "to awaken general interest in the improvement of public roads, to determine the best methods of building and maintaining them and conduct and foster such publications as may serve these purposes." At the beginning of the agitation the good roads question did not make much headway, and it was not until the popularity of bicycling grew that the demand for improved roads became organized, and since then considerable headway has been made. A computation which finds much favor among the advocates of good roads is this: There are approximately, though the number is steadily on the decline, 14,000,000 horses in the United States—there were 15,000,000 in the census of 1890—and there are about 2,000,000 mules, principally in the South, the annual cost of fodder for these animals being \$1,500,000,000. On fine stone roads one horse can haul as much as three horses on a haul over the average dirt road of this country. It is estimated that it would be necessary to build about 1,000,000 miles of macadamized roads in the United States in order to have as good a system of public highways as is found in several European states. At \$4000 a mile this would involve an outlay of \$4,000,000,000, a pretty large sum. But if one half of the draught animals could be dispensed with by the building of such roads, there would be an annual saving of \$700,000,000 in the food bill. Consequently, if road bonds were issued bearing 3 per cent. interest, 6,000,000 miles of macadamized road could be built without increasing the annual expenses one dollar.—New York Sun.

Immense Tree in Maine.

Jay, Me., claims one of the biggest trees in Maine. It stands on the banks of the Androscoggin, on the lawn of the late Dudley Bean. The circumference four feet from the ground is 23 feet, diameter seven feet. About six feet from the ground there are seven branches radiating from its trunk which are from 18 inches to 24 inches in diameter. The branches spread over a space of ground 270 feet in circumference or 90 feet in diameter. Where the branches leave the trunk of the tree, about seven feet from the ground, there has been erected a band stand, which seats 25 persons. A cooler place on hot days cannot be found. A Boston gentleman was riding by recently, and the tree attracted his attention. He examined and measured it and was astonished at its dimensions. He went away with the remark that if the tree was on his lawn \$10,000 wouldn't buy it. It was set out 42 years ago by Lafayette Bean on the day of his departure for California, whence he never returned.—Boston Record.

A Children's Theatre.

There is a children's theatre in Pittsburg. It is diminutive, but perfect in all its appointments, the stage, orchestra, auditorium, chairs, lights, scenery and policemen all being in proportion to the relative size of the members of the audience to be entertained. There is also a nursery with cosy and neat attendants.