

Political matters in Great Britain have begun to attract attention such as they have not received in a long time, says Harold Frederic.

Russia is said to have crowded England out of the flowery kingdom; but it is hardly probable. John Bull has planted his feet in that China shop, and it will require something more than diplomacy to remove him.

The butchers and meat dealers of Berlin complain that \$7,664,000 worth of meats were imported into Germany in 1896, principally from the United States, and at prices with which they are unable to compete. They therefore petition the government to open the frontiers to the free importation of animals and meats from European countries, and to restrict by all practicable means the import of meats from America, which is steadily increasing from year to year. Even in the matter of apples the Yankees have seized the market, and last year there were landed at the single port of Hamburg before November 18, 64,538 barrels. In short, American competition is now spoken of in Europe as the "transatlantic danger."

The latest advices from Peking brought new stories illustrating the arrogance of the European governments in their treatment of China. Until recently all business with foreign nations was transacted at the tsung-lyamen, and the members of the diplomatic corps visited that place almost daily whenever they had business with the government. But the German minister compelled Weng Tung Ho, Chang Yen Yuen and other members of the yamen to come to his legation for the purpose of discussing the demands of the kaiser's government for indemnity for the death of the Jesuit missionaries and other matters relating to the occupation of Kiao-Chow. This is the first time such humiliation has ever been imposed.

Two years ago a Kansas colony consisting of about a dozen persons sold out all their property and set forth with the proceeds to the Holy Land, for the purpose of rebuilding Jerusalem in preparation for the second coming of Christ. The fund all told consisted of about \$10,000, and it must have required faith as a grain of mustard seed to believe that such a sum would be sufficient to make the towers of imperial Salem again rise crowned with light and restore the splendors of Solomon's Temple. The experiment has, of course, turned out a failure, announces the New York Tribune, and the colonists are to return to Kansas, leaving Jerusalem to its natural processes of growth and decay, as they ought to have done from the beginning. In starting life over again in the homes they abandoned they are not likely to find the experience acquired in their pious exile worth anything like the money it cost them.

Says the Chicago Drovers' Journal: The tendency to feed cattle and not raise them is growing more popular with the farmers of the middle west every year. This is a short cut to quick returns, and saves about two years' time. Of course somebody has to raise the stock 'cattle, but as this part of the industry can be carried on more cheaply on the big ranches, farmers who raise corn prefer to let them have a monopoly on the breeding and raising end of it. The number of range cattle that are being fed on corn each winter is growing rapidly. This fact is just as noticeable with sheep as with cattle, for naturally the same conditions and results obtain.

The revised figures showing the extent of the American grain crop for the past year have just been given out by the United States department of agriculture. The acreage devoted to the six principal cereals, viz.: corn, wheat, oats, rye, barley and buckwheat, aggregated 150,431,105 acres, while the total amount of grain produced aggregated 3,040,922,822 bushels. The value of the entire crop is estimated at \$1,121,295,762. In detail the figures showing the amount of each cereal produced, together with acreage and valuation, are as follows:

	Acre.	Bushel.	Value.
Corn	80,093,051	1,902,967,939	\$801,072,952
Wheat	39,465,095	590,141,168	428,547,121
Oats	25,739,375	699,767,809	147,974,719
Rye	1,709,561	27,393,334	12,239,640
Barley	2,719,116	66,686,127	25,143,130
Buckwheat	717,996	14,997,451	6,319,288
Total	150,431,105	3,040,922,822	\$1,121,295,762

While the figures represent but little profit to the individual farmers scattered over the United States, they, nevertheless serve to indicate the surpassing magnitude of the country, which is capable of producing harvests in such abundance.

THE GOOD WE DO.

The good we do with motives true Will never quite be lost; For somewhere in time's distant blue We gain more than it cost. And oft I think a strange surprise Will meet us, as we gain Some gleam that hidden lies, From deeds we thought in vain.

Oh, toil in a weary land, Work on with cheerful face, And sow the seed with lavish hand, With all the gentle grace That marks a brave yet loving soul, A soul of royal birth, And golden harvest shall unfold Your own bright, blessed earth.

The Conqueror of Junius.

"A regular Amazon!" said Junius Haven, shrugging his shoulders. "On the very top of a load of hay, with a straw hat pulled down over her eyes and a pitchfork in her hand!" "Now, Junius," cried out Mary Haven, "you are talking arrant nonsense."

"A man must believe his senses," said Junius. "I asked for Miss Jocelyn, and the ancient beldame who was shelling peas by the kitchen window pointed one skinny forefinger across the fields and answered, 'There she is, a-gettin' in the hay. They all stir round lively in these parts when there's a shower comin' up. Guess you'll find her, if you goes across lots.'"

"And you?" questioned Mary. Mr. Haven smiled ironically. "I?" said he. "You must bear in mind that I was looking for a young lady, not for a farm boy's assistant, so I just turned around and came home."

"But there must be some mistake!" cried out impetuous Mary. "My Ellice Jocelyn is a princess among women, tall and slender and graceful, who plays the harp and writes delicious transcendental essays."

"There was neither harp nor writing desk on the top of that load of hay," said Junius, very decidedly. "And pray, Mary, don't be offended, but I am rather disenchanted with your rustic belles, after my afternoon's experience. Reach me a cigar, please, and don't let anyone disturb me for a while, there's a darling!"

Mary Haven obeyed. Was not Junius, newly arrived from Europe, a very shah and sultan among men, to be waited on and humored in his every caprice?

But while she found the cigar-case, handed the newspaper and regulated the exact fall of the curtain-folds which should be most agreeable to her brother's optical partialities, she puzzled her brain as to how and why and wherefore this little plan of hers for an instant attachment between Junius and Ellice Jocelyn had thus come to an untimely standstill.

"It's the most unaccountable thing in the world," said Mary to herself. "I think I'll go over and see what it all means."

spoiled if I hadn't helped to get it in and poor old Hans would have been discharged for forgetting; and, besides, wasn't Maud Muller, in the poem, a haymaker? And did anyone dare to criticize her?"

"I am sure—" mildly commenced Miss Haven. "Oh, don't make any apologies!" said little Una, with her retronose nose in the air and two red spots on her cheeks. "And tell your brother, Miss Mary, that I am as little anxious to make his acquaintance as he is mine."

And exit Una, not without some slight emphasis on the closing of the door. "How pretty she has grown!" said Mary Haven, in admiration. "Do you think so?" said Ellice, a little doubtfully. "She is so dark and so abrupt, you know; and then she has no charm of manner—poor, dear, little Una!"

Junius Haven laughed a little when the younger Miss Jocelyn's defiant message was brought to him. "She need not be alarmed," he said. "There is no sort of probability that we shall be brought into contact with each other."

But "Man proposes and God disposes," says the sparkling little proverb, and the week was not out before Mr. Junius Haven, strolling among the picturesque woods, found himself in a ruined saw mill, where tall, sweet fern bushes grew through the yawning crevices of the mouldering floor, and sunbeams sifted like misty lines of gold between the cracks in the roof above.

"There must be a view from that peak," said Haven to himself; and springing up a slight ladder, which reared itself from beam to beam, he picked his way across the perilous flooring to the window, which looked out over a breezy stretch of vale and upland, where the blue windings of a river flashed in the sunshine, and the undulations of a distant mountain chain seemed to close up the horizon with its purple gateways.

As he stood there, feasting his eyes upon the prospect, a slight noise below attracted his ear; he hurried to the edge of the floor only in time to discover that the ladder, his sole means of escape, was walking off upon the shoulders of a stout, silver-haired old man, who whistled cheerfully as he went.

"Hallo!" shouted Junius. "Hold on there, my man! Where are you going with that ladder?" "No answer—no response of any nature. "Is the man deaf?" cried Junius, in a sort of frenzy.

That was precisely what old Hans Diefendorf was. As deaf as the proverbial post. Pretty Una Jocelyn was waiting for him on the edge of the ruins, holding up one pretty finger. "Hush, Hans!" said she. "Don't you hear some one calling?" "Me not hear nothin'," said old Hans, whose dull ears could catch Una's clear, sweet voice, when all the shouting of the farm hands was inaudible to him. "It must be de catbirds or some one who shoots squirrels in de glen, may happen."

"No," said Una, crisply; "it is a voice calling. Stay here, Hans, until I come back."

"Won't you shake hands with me?" he asked, in some discomfiture. "I didn't suppose you cared to shake hands with a regular Amazon," said Miss Una, sarcastically. "It was a foolish speech," said Haven, vehemently, "and I've been sorry for it a score of times since it was spoken!"

Una turned to him with a smile that illuminated her piquant face. "In that case it shall be forgotten," said she. "And I'm very glad that old Hans brought the ladder here to look for my poll-parrot that has been lost these two days."

"I wonder if I couldn't help find it?" said Mr. Haven, eagerly. "I don't know," said Una, demurely. "You might try."

They did try. The parrot was not found, for he had been stolen by a tramp who slept in the Jocelyn barn two nights before. But Mr. Haven and Miss Jocelyn became excellent friends in the progress of the quest. Una forgave him his city-bred prejudices, and he began to see things through the medium of her clear and brilliant eyes. They had called her a child, but she was such a bright, original sort of child!

And one evening, about a fortnight subsequently, Mr. Haven astonished his sister by saying, abruptly: "Well, Polly" (the name he always used when he was in an especially good humor), "I have a piece of news for you. I have proposed to Miss Jocelyn, and she has been graciously pleased to accept me."

Mary clasped her hands in delight. "Oh, Junius!" she cried, rapturously. "But not your Miss Jocelyn," he added—"not the one like an exaggerated wax doll. It is Una that I mean—my dark-eyed queen of the brunettes—my little compound of fire and dew and sparkle!"

"Oh," said Mary, "I am sure I'm very glad!" But she thought, and so did Miss Ellice Jocelyn, that there was no accounting for the erratic direction taken by the current of true love.—Saturday Night.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS. Dutch omnibuses are fitted with letter boxes. Birmingham turns out five tons of hairpins every week. One of the German cities boasts a street laid with rubber. Six thousand people sleep in the open air in London every night. Over one thousand children are born yearly in the London workhouses. Two thousand two hundred trains leave London ordinarily every twenty-four hours.

Nearly \$5,000,000 worth of proprietary medicines are exported from the United Kingdom each year. There are nearly 19,000 hounds maintained in the United Kingdom exclusively for hunting purposes. Kerosene from Sumatra is entering the markets of the far East in competition with the Russian oil. In Berlin and Leipsic cyclometers are attached to cabs, so that the occupant may know his legal fare. There are 305 miles of street railways in St. Louis now, and they carry 100,000,000 passengers a year. Great preparations are being made for the Stock Growers' convention to be held in Denver on January 25th.

It is stated that sharks have now penetrated into the Mediterranean through the Suez canal from the Red sea. In France there have been found only two criminals whose measurements by the Bertillon system coincided. The Adams homestead at Quincy, Miss., has been restored under the direction of the Quincy Historical society. The oldest living clergyman of the Church of England, the Rev. Edward Allan of Tiverton, Devon, recently celebrated his hundredth birthday. A substitute for honey has been introduced in Germany under the name of sugar-honey, and consists of sugar, water, minute amounts of mineral substances and free acid. In the British Lord Chamberlain's department the position of chimney-sweeper is held by a woman, and the office of statuary mason is also filled by a member of the fair sex. Marie Antoinette was the first person who broke the absurd fashion of dressing infant boys as droll miniatures of their fathers. She attired the unfortunate dauphin in a simple blue jacket and trousers. Signor Tosti, the famous composer, after a hard day's work, either teaching his many royal pupils or in composing, seeks recreation at his favorite amusement of upholstering. The greater part of the chairs and the whole of his wife's boudoir have thus been upholstered by Signor Tosti.

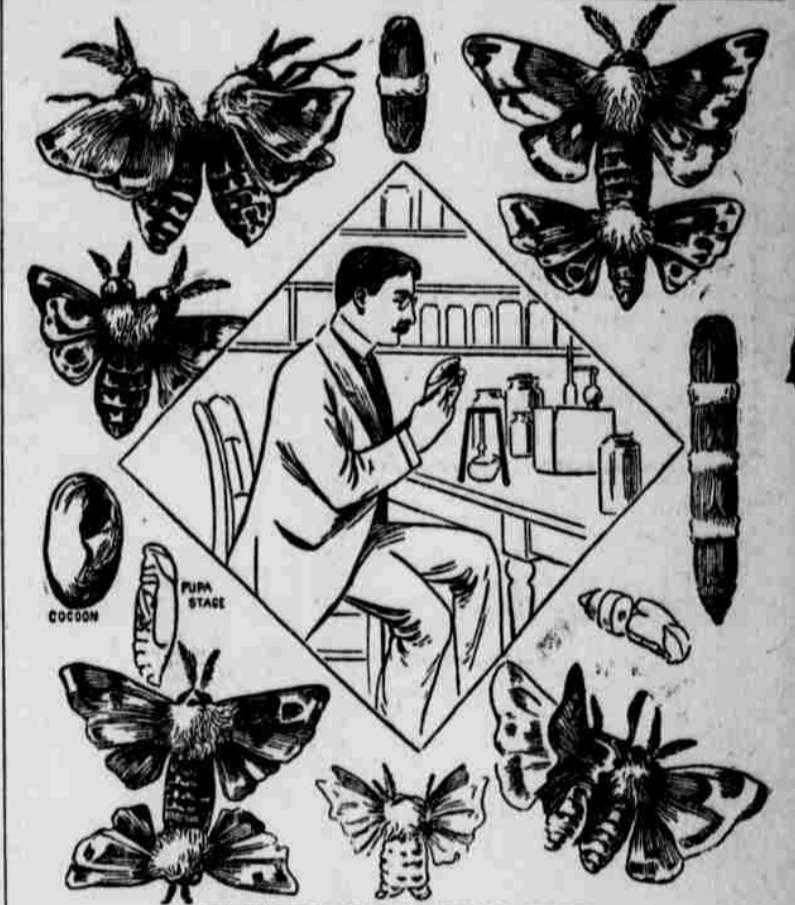
Queer Insect Freaks Produced by Grafting.

According to the New York World, Henry E. Crampton, jr., an instructor in biology in Columbia University has successfully accomplished what seems at first blush to be the impossible. By the use of his knife, on living, breathing nature, and then the grafting process, he has produced an amazing collection of monstrosities in the insect kingdom. In other words, he has created two-headed butterflies, tandem butterflies, moths with two heads and no tails, some with two abdomens, others with two breasts and no backs, and all imaginable varieties. He has jumbled the anatomy of the insects into a bewildering mixture, and what is of supreme importance, has demonstrated to the satisfaction of scientists, for the first time in the history of science, the possibility of upsetting what are regarded as the fundamental laws of nature.

As yet the experiments of Mr. Crampton are in incipient stages. It is believed by other biologists that it may be possible to extend his findings into higher animal life and ultimately produce combinations of superlative oddity. The practical value of his discoveries has not yet been determined, but they may prove to be of service to physicians, and in that event, it is said, the whole science of medicine will be uprooted and reorganized. The discoverer is only twenty-four

pupae should be kept on ice. Of course success is not met with every time. Mr. Crampton met with many failures before he finally succeeded in producing one living monstrosity. In all he has reared several hundred. "Do you believe these investigations will prove of practical value to physicians?" "The whole subject," answered Professor Smith "is only in its incipient stage. It has certainly opened up new and startling avenues for scientific exploration. Whether grafting of this kind can be done on higher animals and human beings cannot be said at this time. Surgeons have made new noses by grafting the skin from fingers of patients, but of course that is an insignificant matter compared to the grafting done by Mr. Crampton on his insects. No man can foretell what his discoveries may lead to."

How Gold Was Found on the Klondike. "The River Trip to the Klondike," is described in the Century by John Sidney Webb. The author says: "The famous Bonanza Creek and the more famous El Dorado Creek are very like ordinary every-day creeks in appearance—a little less civilized, perhaps, than creeks to be met with in the East. There are men living in Alaska to-day who have hunted moose over these creeks dozen of times; but,



BUTTERFLIES MADE QUEER TO ORDER. (Henry E. Crampton, Jr., instructor in biology in Columbia University, in his laboratory grafting butterflies and moths.)

years of age. He stumbled upon the grafting idea a year ago while examining the phenomenon of cellular life—that is, the life of certain insects in the pupae stage. He never made much of his discoveries, and they would not be known now were it not that Professor J. B. Smith, who has charge of the biological department of the New Jersey State Experiment Station at New Brunswick, N. J., in an address before the New Jersey Microscopical Society at New Brunswick referred briefly to them.

On December 28 last the American Society of Naturalists held its annual convention at Ithaca, N. Y. One of the speakers at the convention was Mr. Crampton. He had with him twenty-five jars in which were preserved in alcohol that number of specimens of moths and butterflies with their anatomies completely mixed. These created a profound sensation. Mr. Crampton modestly explained how he had achieved the wonder.

In his laboratory at New Brunswick Professor Smith demonstrated to a reporter for the New York World how the grafting was done. From his collection he took two caterpillars, in the pupa or third stage of the caterpillar's life, when it is developing into a moth or butterfly.

In the pupa stage the caterpillar rests in a cell somewhat like the shell of a peanut, but two and a half times as long and half again as large in diameter. When this cell is cut open the evolving inmate is found to be a strange looking object about an inch in length, half an inch in diameter, tapering sharply at one end and rounding bluntly at the other. The specimens exhibited by Professor Smith were dark brown in color. When the cells were first cut open the pupa moved. With the blade of his penknife Professor Smith cut off what he said was the head of one of the caterpillars. Then he placed it alongside of the whole one. The interior of the pupa was a substance of the color and about the density of condensed milk.

"The grafting process," the professor said, "is simply this. The head is attached to the body of the other with paraffine wax. In other words, it is soldered on to the other pupae. Then the combination is put away and allowed to grow. In due time the pupae develops into a two-headed moth or butterfly.

as the old miners say, there were no surface indications to lead any one to suppose that gold might be found in them, so hundreds of miners passed by in their boats, going to Forty Mile and Circle City. The finding of such gold is always an accident, and the old hands are usually the last to realize the truth. "Stick George" Cornmack and his squaw's relatives camped on the creek for dinner one day, and somehow got to digging, and washed out some gold. He went to Forty Mile and made a claim for discovery, and soon the news spread like wild-fire.

Found a Fossil Cypress Swamp. During a recent excursion to Bodkin Point, at the mouth of the Patapsco, under the auspices of the Maryland Geological Survey and the Woman's College Museum, a fossil cypress swamp deposit was found buried twelve feet beneath the surface, it having been exposed to view by the action of the waves in wearing away the bay cliffs. Numerous cypress stumps were seen in upright position, with their roots in place, and exhibiting the peculiar "knees" characteristic of these trees. Some of the stumps were of gigantic dimensions, the largest measuring about ten feet in diameter at the top. The stumps, roots and trees are in a surprising state of preservation as soft brown lignite.—Baltimore Sun.

Oldest Twins in the World. Hugh and Hector McLean, of Dickinson, Harnett County, N. C., celebrated their eighty-eighth birthday



HUGH McLEAN. HECTOR McLEAN. recently. Their grandfather came to this country from Scotland after the rebellion of 1745.