

New Orleans has a smaller police force than other American cities of corresponding size.

A French savant has discovered that tears are bactericidal and may be depended upon to exterminate certain microbes.

"If people will talk good times instead of hard times," avers the Indianapolis Sentinel, "the latter will quickly disappear."

John D. Rockefeller has given nearly \$5,000,000 to the Chicago University and has what the Detroit Free Press terms, "the good taste" not to demand that it be named for him.

Sir Charles Dilke, recently said in the debate in the British Parliament: "The most dangerous illusion any inhabitant of the united kingdom can have is that we are a popular power. We are probably the most unpopular of the great powers."

A San Francisco woman disposed of an estate of \$10,000 by writing a few lines in pencil on an old envelope. Lawyers say that the will cannot be broken, and their opinion that women know nothing about business they regard as confirmed anew.

England is having hard times, notes the Courier-Journal. Its leading securities declined nearly half a billion dollars in value during the past year. Its imports fell off \$88,000,000 and its exports \$32,500,000. Its trade in coal and textiles dwindled alarmingly.

Navigation of the great lakes during the season of 1893 resulted in the loss of 123 lives. The number of vessels lost was fifty-three, with an aggregate tonnage of 24,258, and valued at \$1,040,400. Partial losses by strandings, collisions and fires bring the total up \$2,112,588. The shallow waters of Lake Erie claimed nearly half the lives lost, Lake Huron being second.

John Hyde, expert special agent of statistics of agriculture, has written an interesting monograph on what he terms "Geographical Concentration." In it he develops the fact that the process of agricultural centralization works very injuriously to the American farmer, and that many of his vicissitudes are due to the single-crop system. He shows, for instance, that while hemp is a product cultivated in Europe from the shores of the White Sea to the Mediterranean, and that it flourishes in extensive regions in Asia, Africa and South America, its cultivation in the United States is almost wholly confined to Kentucky, that State in 1889 having produced 93.77 per cent. of all the hemp raised in this country. Obviously hemp is capable of being produced over a wide area in the United States, but its cultivation is almost wholly unknown outside of Kentucky. Mr. Hyde makes a strong plea for mixed farming, and says that so long as American farmers persist in devoting themselves to the production in great quantities of a few things, they cannot expect to prosper.

Oklahoma is going to knock very hard for admission as a State, declares the St. Louis Star-Sayings. The Territory was organized only three years ago, but in population and wealth it is to-day far in advance of the other Territories seeking admission as States. The report accompanying the application for admission as a State shows that she has 2,372,482 acres of land in farm use valued at \$13,022,345. In the last year the farmers harvested 284,251 acres of corn, 222,319 acres of wheat, 109,374 acres of oats, 21,311 acres of cotton, 18,755 acres of sorghum, 14,121 acres of Hungarian millet, and 1425 acres of broom corn. It is almost as large as the State of Illinois, and has a population of about 299,000, which is greater than that of any other State when admitted to the Union. Its assessed valuation of property in 1891 amounted to \$3,878,928, which in 1893 had increased to \$13,951,956. It has six National banks with deposits of \$385,571. The Territorial Legislature has been attentive to educational matters, and there are already in nearly all the districts school-houses, normal schools, colleges, and an agricultural and mechanical college at the town of Stillwater. In religious matters it has also kept pace with many of the older States. In the Territory there are 165 Methodist churches, twenty-five Baptist, twenty-four Congregational, twenty-five Catholic, twenty-four Presbyterian, six Episcopal, and fifty Christian Endeavor Societies. This is a remarkable showing for Oklahoma, and we can scarcely believe, adds the Star-Sayings, that Congress can refuse her admission.

HEATHER BELL.

Her eyes are like the heather on the Norland hills a-blow,
And her curving lips of laughter like a berry in the snow.

In a snood of crimson gleaming
Lo, her locks of amber dwell,
And I'm dreaming,
Dreaming,

Of my bonnie Heather-bell,
With footfall light as thistle-down she cometh ere I ken;

Her smile is like the breaking of the moon-dawn in the glen,
A myriad fancies teeming
Feed the flame I cannot quell;
And I'm dreaming,
Dreaming,

Of my bonnie Heather-bell,
Her voice is like the thrush's piping carol in the corn;

Its tender echoes haunt me thro' the night-tide till the morn';
Oh, her dimples shyly beaming,
They have harmed me with a spell;
And I'm dreaming,
Dreaming,

Of my bonnie Heather-bell,
—Samuel M. Peck, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE MASKED ROBBER.

BY MATILDA A. WOODCOCK.

NEW YEAR EVE had again come, and, as usual, a large party of us young people were invited to see the old year out at my uncle's country seat. Right jolly were the last hours of the old year made under that hospitable roof, and to see me with my brain stupefied by liquor, and tell how I tried to bring him back, and how he would try and fall again.

At last, it came to my father's knowledge, and in one of his fits of fury at the weakness and loathsomeness of my lover, he literally kicked John out of the house. It is enough for me to say that things went from bad to worse. I could love John no longer, after he had sunk so low, and at last—it was on a New Year Eve, like this—our engagement was broken. I returned the ring, but John sent it back to me, praying me to keep it, "as a symbol of a love that had once been true."

After this, my health gradually gave way, and our physician advised my father to take me to Europe, which he did. We travelled several years and everything was done to divert and amuse me. At first, I prayed to die, but I was young, very young, and as the time passed, life again became sweet to me. Another love came to me, far sweeter and stronger than that old, wild passion of my girlhood, and in your uncle, my dears, I found the perfect love of womanhood.

I had been married a number of years and was the mother of three children when your uncle was obliged to go to California to look after some mines in which he had a large interest. As he expected to be there for a considerable time, we all went with him, and decided to rent a furnished house in the suburbs of L—. The one we fancied most was large, and only one story high. It was handsomely furnished and had a great many acres of ground around it. At first, I objected to taking it on account of the lonely location, but the numerous attractions which it possessed soon overcame this one fault, and before long we were comfortably settled in our new quarters. We had been living there only a year, when one evening—this also was on New Year Eve—your uncle came home as usual, and after he had been in the house a few minutes, he received a dispatch which necessitated his starting off immediately, to be gone for two or three days. It was the first time since our marriage that we had been separated, and that night I did feel a little nervous. I went to the nursery and looked at my children, sleeping peacefully, and then, taking a book, I read until I was so weary that I went to bed.

My bedroom was large and had four windows. Two of them opened on the piazza, and two on a beautiful green terrace. My dressing-table stood between the piazza-windows, and on it was my jewel-casket, containing all my diamonds, and several other valuable articles of jewelry. Usually, I kept this locked in an iron safe, but that evening I had taken it out, in order to get a pin for my husband to have mended in L—, and I had forgotten to put it back. After I was safely in bed, I remembered my casket, but concluded that no harm could possibly come to it in just that one night, and thought I would put it away in the morning. I do not know how long I had been asleep, when I was awakened by hearing a slight noise. Opening my eyes, I saw by the light of a dark-lantern the figure of a tall man standing by my dressing-table. My first impulse was to scream, and then came the thought, "If I do that, he will kill me!" Suddenly the man turned, and I caught that he was masked. Then I shut my eyes and feigned sleep. Stealthily he walked to the bed where I was lying, and bending over, looked at me, for what seemed, in my agony, to be hours.

"O, God!" I thought, "if he would only kill me now!" But no!—he moved softly from my bed, and again looked at the dressing-table. I could hear him take my jewels, one by one, from the casket, and lay them gently down. At last, the box was emptied, and yet he did not move, but stood as if bound by a spell. I felt rather than heard that he was once more coming

choice from our garden for John's room. I was perfectly delighted when he one day told me that my "checks put the roses to shame." It was the first compliment he had ever paid me, and for days the thought of it made me absurdly happy.

At last I felt that John loved me. I never moved that his eyes did not follow every motion, and how the light came into his eyes when I returned to him after some short absence! This was my first love, and by my dull monotonous life seemed changed into a Paradise.

The weeks glided by. John had recovered and would soon leave us, yet he had not spoken of his love; but after a while the words came. We were sitting on the porch in the moonlight, in the same place from which I had seen him carried in on that eventful day when he was hurt. My father's consent to our engagement was soon gained, as John's past life, so far as he could discover, was irreproachable, and his worldly prospects were good. Everything went on happily for the first few months, and it seemed that in our case love must run a smooth course. I must not forget to tell you about my engagement ring. It was one which had been handed down through several generations to John. He had always worn it on his little finger. It was a serpent of silver, its head being formed of an enormous ruby and the tail of small diamonds. Inside the ring was written, "Time reveals all things."

On the day of our engagement John took it from his finger and placed it on mine with these words: "Should aught part us, love, though years roll between, the sight of this ring will bring me to protect you."

At last my cup of happiness was full, but it was destined to be emptied to the dregs. I need not go over those months of misery, when John Graham came to see me with his brain stupefied by liquor, and tell how I tried to bring him back, and how he would try and fall again.

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toward me. Certainly this time he would take my life, and I prayed God it might be done quickly; but, no! I must suffer still more. He knelt down and put his face so close to mine that I could feel his hot breath. I was like one petrified. My blood seemed frozen in my veins, and had the cold steel been pressed to my throat, I should not have felt a single pang. My whole being seemed held by some terrible power. At last, he arose from his knees and, going to one of the windows, blew a whistle three times. This is all that I remember. My consciousness must have forsaken me.

When I again opened my eyes, the bright light was streaming through the blinds. At first, I had only a vague remembrance of what seemed to me a dreadful scene of the night. Gradually the whole scene of the night before came clearly to my mind and a terror seized me. My children were my first thought. I sprang quickly from my bed, but fell heavily to the floor in a dead faint. The strain had proved too much for me. For days I lay unconscious, only feeling a burning pain in my head; but through God's mercy I was given back to my husband and children—for not a hair of my little bairns' dear heads had been touched on that horrible night.

The subject of the masked robber was never mentioned until my health was fully restored. One day I was in my boudoir, idly lounging, when my husband came in, and seating himself on the sofa by my side, took a small piece of paper from his pocket-book. It looked like the fly-leaf of a book, and was covered with writing in lead pencil. He handed it to me, saying, "I think, little woman, you are strong enough to read this."

It was as follows:
"I have come here to-night with a band of robbers intending to steal and, if necessary, to murder. While taking the jewels from your casket, I came across a ring. That ring saved you. I looked upon your face and a flood of recollections came over me. You need never fear. I love you still. Bad as I am, the thought of your pure soul has never left me, and although I am a robber, the memory of you has kept my hands clean from blood. I shall always keep watch over you, should always protect you. J. G."

So the mystery was solved, and the robber, who had robbed me of nothing, was my old lover. Your uncle tried to search him out but in vain, and it was not until many years after that, having been invited to spend a few days with some relatives of my husband's, in the western part of New York State, I again heard of John Graham.

One morning, at my cousin's suggestion, we walked over to the picturesque old churchyard. We strolled in and out among the graves; stopping now and then to read the quaint inscriptions. A simple gray stone, on which was hanging a small wreath of immortelles, attracted my notice. I stopped to see what might be written on it, and then I read the name "John Graham. Died on the Eve of New Year Day, 18—. Beloved of the people. God rest his soul." I asked my cousin if she knew who this John Graham was? And she told me that some twenty years before a man with a peddler's pack had come into the town. His wares were good, and he sold a great many. As he traveled from house to house, staying, as was the custom in those times, first with one family, then with another, he became very popular, and was induced to take his small capital and open a store. He gave his name as John Gray, and he was so self-denying, and did so many deeds of charity, that the country folk almost canonized him as a saint. They shrewdly soon discovered in him no common peddler, and when at his death an old envelope was found next his heart, with the name John Graham in a woman's hand, and inside, a lock of yellow hair, carefully folded in paper, on the outside of which is written, "My guiding star," the curiosity of the good people was at its height. Your uncle and I could have solved the problem, but we carefully guarded the secret, and to this day the village gossips wonder who "John Graham" could have been. I have never known how he happened to fall into such a state of degradation as to become a robber, but I firmly believe that by his after life he made full atonement for his sins. A New Year Eve never passes but that I think of John Graham, and you will not wonder that it is so, for it was a fateful time in his sad life. I felt as though it were almost a supernatural coincidence that it should have been also the time of his death.—Romance.

Two Bills Alike.

Young Henry Miller, of New York, got a bonanza when he was paid off the other day. His wages were given to him in the shape of eight new \$5 bills. He put them in his pocket, and some time afterward, when he took them out to examine them he discovered that two of them were exactly alike. This gives them great value from a collector's point of view. The bills were printed by the Government and issued by the Southern National Bank of New York. The Government number on each is R 475,321. The bank number is 3339, and the consecutive bank number 10,883. When the exact similarity of the bills was noticed it was supposed that one was a counterfeit. Close examination showed it was not. The signatures on both bills are genuine. Plainly there was an error. Mr. Miller says that several banks have offered him a large sum of money for the bills, and that the Southern National Bank told him he could fix his own price and they would purchase. He says he will hold the bills.—New Orleans Picayune.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Common Lot—A Boston Proposal—Proxime Accessit—Wholesome Advice—A Matter of Doubt, Etc.
Gay winter is not joy unalike.
The married man is full of woe;
Soon as he has the stovepipe fixed
It's time to shovel off the snow.
—Truth.

A BOSTON PROPOSAL.
She—"I'm writing a story. Will you object if I make you my hero?"
He—"I'd rather be your Leander."
—Judge.

A MATTER OF DOUBT.
Bank Examiner—"Do you consider your safe is burglar-proof?"
Bank President—"Not altogether so. Our cashier knows the combination."
—Puck.

WHOLESALE ADVICE.
Grumpy—"I have so much on my hands at present I don't know what to do."
Prims—"Why not try some soap and water?"—Truth.

DANGERS SAFELY PASSED.
Sympathetic Widow—"Have you been fortunate in your love affairs?"
Interesting Subject—"Yes, very. I never yet fell in love with a girl who would marry me."
—Life.

PRECISE.
"This is a somewhat free translation," said the literary young woman in the book store.
"No, miss," replied the new clerk.
"It costs a dollar and a half."
—Washington Star.

PROXIME ACCESSIT.
"Dumley always aspired to be a Napoleon of finance."
"Did he come anywhere near the mark?"
"Yes; he spent his last days on the Island."
—Puck.

ANGLO MANIA.
Chollie—"Oh, she is perfectly lovely; she paid me such a compliment."
Fweddle—"What was it?"
Chollie—"She said I was so un-American."
Fweddle—"How delightful."
—Detroit Free Press.

SUGAR-COATED PRESCRIPTION.
"Mamma, when Willie has a tooth-ache you take him to the dentist to have it filled, don't you?" asked Tommy.
"Yes, dear," said mamma.
"Well, I've got a stummiel ache. Don't you think we'd better go to the candy store and get it filled?"
—Harper's Bazar.

KNEW HIS FATHER.
"Johnny, suppose I should borrow \$100 from your father, and should pay him \$10 a month for ten months. How much would I then owe him?"
"Six dollars."
"How do you make that out?"
"Pop would charge you interest."
—Harper's Bazar.

A COUNTER FAD.
Prims—"We hear much about the absurdities of fashion; but most fashions have some basis in reason."
Secundus (sarcastically)—"What, may I ask, is the philosophy of carrying our canes upside down?"
Prims—"That's easy. It's to break the duds of the habit of sucking them."
—Judge.

A PRACTICAL SARCASTIC.
"You don't look like ye'd had very good luck at dat house," said Flooding Pete.
"I got a cake," replied Meandering Mike.
"Den what yer lookin' so sour about?"
"Twas er cake o' soap."
—Washington Star.

THE BILL DID IT.
Mrs. A.—"Wasn't it too bad about Mr. Poore? Just as everybody thought he was recovering he received an apoplectic shock."
Mrs. B.—"Mercy! How did it happen?"
Mrs. A.—"Nobody knows. He was found unconscious with his doctor's bill for service in his hand."
—Yankee Blade.

IN CHICAGO.
Mrs. Weeder (to servant)—"Liza, what did you do with the ashes in that jar on the mantel?"
Liza—"Sure, mum, you tould me to carry all the ashes out, and I impitied them in the ash bar'l this mornin'."
Mrs. Weeder (angrily)—"If you make such a mistake again I'll discharge you! (Fearfully) Those were the ashes of my first husband."
—Halo.

RASH LOGIC.
"There's no doubt about it," said the man who mused, "there is such a thing as too much originality."
"Do you think so?" asked the friend.
"I do, certainly. Take the man who used to sell chestnuts on this corner, for instance. He was doing well until he got an idea. He considered it a stroke of genius and immediately proceeded to put it into execution."
"What was the idea?"
"He observed the effects of moth balls in connection with his winter clothes and thought he would try 'em on his chestnuts. He did so, and lost not only his chestnuts, but his customers."
—Washington Star.

WISHED HE HADN'T TOLD IT.
(Mrs. Twickenham has invited Mr.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Eight cubic feet of snow produce one cubic foot of water.
The first electric machine, a globe of sulphur, was made by Guericke in 1647.

In Germany there is a law forbidding restaurateurs to serve beer to people who have eaten fruit.
The apple has a larger proportion of phosphorus than any other fruit, and is, therefore, an excellent brain food.
The average cost of building an English ironclad is \$240 per ton; French, \$275; Italian, \$285; German, \$300.

A wind blowing at the rate of nineteen miles an hour exerts a pressure of but one and four-fifths pounds to the square foot.
The newspapers report the striking of a gas well near Portland, Ind., the daily output of which is over six million cubic feet.

A Japanese novelty is "glass paper," which is said to combine wonderful transparency with unusual strength and tenacity. The material for making it is furnished by a Japanese aquatic plant.
Saccharine has a rival. A new substance called valzin is now being manufactured in Berlin under a patent, and is claimed to be 200 times sweeter than sugar, and free from certain objectionable properties of saccharine.

Railway mathematicians calculate that a train which can speed at the rate of eighty-five miles an hour would require from seventy-two to seventy-five seconds in which to "pull-up" or come to a standstill. It would require nearly a mile in which to stop.
A new process of making rain was recently brought before the Academie des Sciences, Paris, by M. Baudouin. His theory is that electricity maintains the water in clouds in a state of small drops and that if the electricity be discharged the water will come down.

Several farmers who had been summoned before London magistrates on the charge of selling adulterated milk, were dismissed on proof that the thin quality of the milk was due, not to added water, but to the impaired condition of the cows, in consequence of the great drought.

A somewhat widespread belief is that water can be heated only to 212 degrees Fahr. This is true of unconfined water, but under a pressure of ten atmospheres (150 pounds to the square inch) the water may be heated to 350 degrees, and under sixty atmospheres 531 degrees may be reached.
The bee works harder than most people would believe. There about sixty flower tubes in every head of clover, and only a tiny morsel of honey in each. In order to get enough sugar for a load the bee must visit about six thousand different flowers, and each bee makes, on an average, twenty trips a day.

He Lives on Monkey Diet.
A recent session of the Missouri Valley Horticultural Society at Kansas City was addressed by W. S. Manning, of London, whose card is inscribed, "Fellow of the Royal Botanic Society and Hon. Secretary and Lecturer of the Natural Food Society to promote Food Reform Based on Science." Mr. Manning's hobby is, as his card indicates, "food reform." He advocates that the human family should live solely on a diet of fruits and nuts, and he practices what he preaches. He said in his address that for eight years past he had not swallowed a drop of liquid refreshment of any kind nor a morsel of cooked food. He had subsisted solely on fruits and nuts.

"My breakfast this morning consisted of a half pound of California figs, two oranges and two bananas mashed up together, followed by a tomato salad and a handful of nuts. This meal was eaten raw, as all my meals are."
"What did you have for dinner?" asked a member of the society.
"I have not yet eaten dinner. I eat but two meals a day. My dinner will come between 6 and 10 o'clock this evening, and will be a repetition of the breakfast."
Mr. Manning claims that an exclusive diet of fruits and nuts contains all the nutriment that the human body needs, and he claims also that the body fed on such a diet cannot be sick. Mr. Manning is not a crank. He is described by the Kansas City Times as an intelligent, well educated, florid-faced robust man. He has proved to his own satisfaction by experience that the reform of which he is the apostle is a good thing.

A Church Made of Paper.
There is a church at Bergen, Norway, made of paper, which can accommodate nearly 1000 persons. Its exterior is octagonal, while in the interior it is circular in form. The reliques without and the decorative statues within, as well as the vaulted roof, nave and Corinthian capitals, are made of papier mache, which has been made waterproof by soaking in a solution of quicklime, curdled milk and white of egg.—San Francisco Call.

England's Torpedo Destroyers.
The Havoc, the new torpedo destroyer of the British naval force, can steam as fast as a railway train, and can turn with such rapidity in her own length that she would cut a good figure in a marine waltz. There are to be a dozen such vessels, the fastest steamers in the world, and they are expected to do smart service on occasion. They could catch anything afloat, or as rapidly retreat. The next war will be interesting in more ways than one.—Toronto Empire.

Do the Sun's Rays Put Out Fire?
Last summer while making one of my regular weekly excursions in search of curious natural history specimens I happened upon some wood choppers who were burning brush. One of these gentlemen being a regular reader of "Notes for the Curious," put the following question: "Why does the sun, shining on a fire, deaden its heat, suppress the rays and often put it out entirely?" I had never even heard a hint of the idea before, and was perfectly staggered. I admitted my inability to answer the question off hand. Returning home I repaired to the library and consulted Brewer's Guide to Scientific Knowledge, where the answer is as follows: "Because the air, being rarified by sunshine, flows more slowly to the fire, and, secondly, because the chemical action of the sun's rays is detrimental to combustion."
—St. Louis Republic.