

THOS. A. BUCKLEY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The New York pantsmakers have struck. Now who will patch up the breaches?

But, after all, Anna Gould certainly has the right to buy anything she can pay for.

Chicago has discovered a young genius who writes poetical advertisements for cigarette houses, but the town is not yet really a literary scenter.

A New York woman hired three physicians to doctor her sick dog and another bark was sighted on the shore of eternity within an hour. Even a dog cannot stand everything.

The National Hay Dealers' Association declares that there is a shortage in the hay market. Who cares? There are 71,856 grass widows in this country. Who cares about hay, anyway?

It is not remarkable that so many people of the Chinese empire should be ignorant that Japan is drubbing them. It took a good long time for the Chinese emperor himself to grasp that fact.

A young woman has been elected a member of a Massachusetts fire department. Woman may know more about hose than the average man does, but she has been responsible for sparking from time immemorial and kindles more flames than any fire department can extinguish.

While the bottom is knocked out of the horse market it is a good time for farmers to supply themselves with desirable animals. If you have been working the farm with an old, faded nag, go to the nearest horse market and you will be surprised how cheap a serviceable horse can be bought.

The bill introduced in the Illinois Legislature making it a misdemeanor to catch trout less than six inches long is all right in purpose, no doubt, but it is bad in form. When the sportsman catches a fish on his hook he is going to feel it if he can, without regard to length. What the Legislature ought to do is to pass a bill making it unlawful for trout under six inches to bite.

Work, either voluntary or compulsory, is a sure cure for the tramp evil. Honest men out of work should be everywhere aided to secure it; but dishonest men tramping about the country should be compelled to work. We are pleased to learn that in a number of counties the work prescription is being administered in aliphatic doses to the tramping brotherhood with gratifying success.

It will be recalled that a Chicago justice recently sentenced a youthful lawbreaker to sixty days in the public schools, with incarceration in the jail as the only alternative. This unique sentence has been beaten by a Rockford magistrate who has just sentenced a wife-beater to attend church regular every Sunday for one year in lieu of a thirty days' sentence in the county jail. Whether are we drifting? Some of these days the courts may be sentencing husbands to stay at home nights.

The establishment in several States of societies for the avowed purpose of abolishing debt, brings undeniable evidence that the race is making progress. Debt, of course, cannot be entirely abolished, but by perseverance and practice the habit may be acquired of paying as we go. Indebtedness is in many instances a habit and one that should be gotten rid of and the organization that points the way to this end will be doing a splendid work. To the poor man with steady employment who is endeavoring to save something for a home or to fit the growing members of his family for the inevitable future, the habit of owing is a serious drawback. The family with a store book nearly always buys more than is really needed, because it is so easy to make bills that are to be paid a week or a month after the purchases are made. By paying on the spot the buyer often sees the money going, and there is a fuller realization of what is taking place. This at once suggests economy. And what freedom it is to be free from debts of all sorts! Who does not remember Longfellow's village blacksmith who "looked the whole world in the face, for he owed not any man?" And who, after paying a debt that has for years been hanging over him, does not feel as if a great burden has suddenly been removed from his shoulders? This generation may not see a spot cash system fully carried out, but a start can be made. As a promoter of morals and solid business prosperity also, there is nothing like spot cash.

THE FOUR WINDS.

The wind of the West
I love it best,
The wind of the East
I love it least.
The wind of the South
Has sweet in its mouth;
The wind of the North
Sends great storms forth.

Taken together, all sorts of weather,
The four old fellows are sure to bring
Hurry and flurry, rush and scurry,
Sighing and dying, and flitting and flying
Through summer and autumn, and winter
and spring.
—Margaret E. Sangster, in Young People.

THE CRIME OF JANE.

BY EVELYN THORE.

JANE caught her breath; then she was fired with such a resolve as never before had possessed her. She was out of the room, up the stairs and in the shabby, picturesque old bedroom of faded chintz that she shared with her sister, before her quick heart could take twenty beats. Then she paused and she spread upon the note that she held. Let her read it once more—carefully—and make no mistake. Yes, Mrs. Aspinwall said distinctly that she could not be at the hunt ball that night owing to dear Eddie's cramp. But she would send the carriage and sweet Elinor must be sure to go, all the same, as Mrs. Demayn and the other patronesses had been apprised of her coming and no other introduction would be necessary. There upon the bed lay the gown, a soft fluff of yellow, a cloud of chiffon and ribbons, which Elinor was to have worn, and Elinor was several miles away by this time, hurrying with poor, bewildered Mrs. Voss to the bedside of old Miss Voss, her aunt and godmother, who had doted on the girl's dark, cameo-like beauty all her life, patted and bullied her in turn and announced her intention of leaving her at her death all that she owned. And she was dying now. The telegram had come almost simultaneously with Mrs. Aspinwall's note. There had been an hour of untold confusion, drenched with tears of terrible disappointment—why not acknowledge it?—from the eyes of Elinor, that the idea of the hunt ball—the hunt ball which was to have introduced the beautiful but obscure Miss Voss at last to "society"—had been relinquished, and Elinor and her mother had driven in the dilapidated one-horse Voss buggy to the station, leaving Jane in sole possession of the old house.

And now Jane—who was the youngest and had always been called plain and turbulent, and who had ever been an irritating enigma to her weak, vain mother and her lovely sister, the beauty of the family—stood in the gathering dusk of the dingy country house with thoughts flaming and unhalloved in her brain. Elinor had always had everything—everything! She had the loveliness and accomplishments and such pretty clothes as could be afforded, and the friendship recently of society people who would "launce" her and lead in time to a brilliant marriage for her. And what had Jane? Nothing! Why, indeed, should any effort have been made for her? For her, with her touzled mane of ungovernable tawny hair, her green eyes, her mouth that was too large, her nose that was too short? She had grown up almost in isolation, and happiness was not for her. She knew that. And yet, how would it taste once—just once—to be like Elinor? To be pretty and admired and loved of men? Oh, loved of men! Jane was nineteen, and no man save the country doctor and the country clergyman had ever crossed her path.

The hunt ball had fallen on a night of full moon, and one whose breath was unprecedently, unaccountably balmy, and warm as that of a night in May.

As the cotillon went on, figure after figure, the long windows had been opened, and, couples, straying from the dance, wandered under the Chinese lanterns, and amid the plants of the encircling piazzas.

Asketh leaned in a doorway and looked at the maze within and breathed heavily. Impossible! Impossible! And yet he could have sworn that that which had not happened for years had happened to him to-night. That which had not happened for years! Bah! Nothing like this had ever happened before in his life; a life of thirty-five years. He could have believed that he had been dragged; had drunk a philter. In his veins was an ardor that was that of a wild boy, but in his brain and heart were voices that no boy's heart or brain could have harbored. That absurd thing that people still persisted in writing and talking about, the flash of divine fire, exalting and consuming at once, had struck him to-night, or else he was going mad or some fever was upon him, and to-morrow he should be in his bed with a trained nurse at his pillow.

He laughed at these things inwardly to cheat himself, even while his eyes followed ceaselessly the girlish figure in the yellow gown—followed the girl with the mass of tawny hair and the green-gray eyes.

He caught a few chance phrases about her now and then. Some man had asked her name of Mrs. Demayn.

"Oh, a great protegee of Mrs. Aspinwall. She was to have chaperoned

her here to-night; but one of her children was ill, so Miss Voss came alone. Extraordinary looking girl, is she not? I never saw any one quite like her. I was almost certain that Mrs. Aspinwall said that she was a great beauty."

"So she is," said the man. "H'm—do you think so?" Mrs. Demayn coughed a little. "I thought, too, that I had heard that she was dark. But evidently that was a mistake."

"Evidently," Asketh had a movement of intolerable impatience. What time of the night was it? The moon was not yet set, though it was setting; and the hunt-ball guests had come at 9 o'clock. So few hours since he had first seen this girl? Why, he felt as if he had known her ages, as if they had talked together of all things under heaven and in earth. That men should stare at her as Mrs. Demayn's interlocutor was now doing, that these worldly women should have, in speaking of her, the tone of patronizing condescension adopted by that lady, was something not to be borne.

He pushed forward through the dancers. The last figure had spun its motley whirl through the ballroom. One more waltz, and as Paul confronted Miss Voss's partner, about to relinquish her, he offered his arm without a word. Without a word she took it.

He led her to the piazza, then he said: "Get something for your head and shoulders—a wrap."

"I am going home now," she replied. But a moment later she issued from the cloak-room, shawled and hooded, and when again he offered his arm, she took it without protest.

"Where are you taking me?" she said in a loud voice. "On the lawn? See, the people are going, and the moon is almost set."

But there was no real concern in her tones. She walked on with him carelessly, as if they two had been alone in the world.

"You do not mind? Surely, you do not mind," he murmured, deserted by his usual fluent readiness with women, only conscious of her nearness, of the touch of her bare hand on his sleeve, and all his pulses throbbing.

"You seem so unlike other girls, somehow."

She stopped, and by a quick movement took off her other glove. She raised both arms, that glimmered palely in the waning moonrays, shaking back from them her enveloping wrappings. She breathed deeply, twice, three times.

"No, I do not mind," she said, in the same tone. "And, it is true, I am not like other girls. I never have been, never, never. Ah, how glorious it is to dance, to live, to enjoy, to feel, as I have to-night, and as other girls do so often—so often! I mind nothing to-night. Time enough for that. I will not think of it now. Let me be happy just a few minutes more—just a few minutes! It will end soon—soon—"

The stately form of Mrs. Demayn, flanked by two footmen, was visible on the piazza behind them in the glare that streamed from the now deserted ball room.

"Ah! it has ended now!" breathed the girl, and she turned toward the house.

"I was looking for you, Miss Voss," remarked Mrs. Demayn icily, and the glance she gave Asketh was almost as withering as that which she bestowed on the girl.

"Yes, I know; I'm going now. Don't mind my being the last one. It won't matter to-morrow."

"Is that girl mad?" excitedly queried Mrs. Demayn of her husband an hour later in the privacy of their own apartment. "Did ever you hear of such amazing conduct? And the way in which Paul Asketh flirted with her all the evening was disgraceful—disgraceful. What can Lucy Aspinwall be thinking of to take up such people? She told me that this Miss Voss was very sweet and quiet and modest and ladylike. Heaven knows where she sees such qualities in her! I thought her prodigiously bad form lingering out there, when everyone had gone, alone with Asketh, whom she had never seen in her life before to-night! That is what comes of picking up persons not in society. The girl is a savage."

Voss, a-tremble with eager matrimonial hopes for her idol. Asketh rose slowly at the young lady's entrance. "Miss Voss?" "I am Miss Voss?" "Miss Elinor Voss?" "I am Elinor Voss."

"Ah—a thousand pardons! I fear that there is some mistake. You have a cousin, a sister, perhaps." "A sister," murmured Elinor, bewildered.

"Ah!—whom I had the pleasure of meeting at the hunt ball—"

"The hunt ball! Impossible!" She turned as the door was flung open. Asketh stood transfixed. It was Jane. It was the girl who had wound him in inextricable coils, and yet it wasn't! The marvelous mass of tawny hair was drawn straightly back; the strange, wonderful life had gone out of her green-gray eyes; the noble, alluring curves had left the lips closed tightly, and almost as pale as the cheeks.

"Not impossible. Elinor, I was at the hunt ball, and Mr. Asketh met me there. I wore your gown and I played the part of the beautiful sister—for once, I deceived everybody—the patronesses, who were expecting you, all those great ladies and the club men and all. And I deceived Mrs. Asketh. Don't look at me as if I were mad, Elinor. Perhaps I seem to be, but I really don't think that I am."

Her eyes turned to Asketh. "You see how plain I am. You took me to be pretty the other night. It was the nice dress and the excitement and the delirium that was in me to feel once as Elinor feels every day! She is lovely as you can see, too. She is sweet and good also. But I am altogether horrid. If you ever thought that I was nice you will think differently now. I am a criminal, for isn't it criminal to lie and misrepresent and deceive people? And that's what I have done. And I am a criminal in another way. For I was envious of Elinor, who is so lovely and has always been made much of, because she was good and deserved it. But I deserved nothing. Oh, I am quite bad. Forget me, please." And she went, stonily from the room, before speech returned to the other two.

A scandal? There never had been a greater in that part of the country, given over to the "hunting set." Mrs. Demayn blamed Mrs. Aspinwall for taking "up any such people as the Vosses" at all. It had, she said, all come from that. Mrs. Voss, on the other side, was ill in her bed with mortification and Elinor pale with chagrin. Mrs. Aspinwall, irritated, turned upon Asketh.

"Why did you flirt with that unlucky younger sister, anyway? Not but that I have changed my opinion of her looks within the last day or two. Some new life seems to have come into her. She has great possibilities, if only she and her mother and sister would give them a chance. They say that she was beautiful at the ball. Perhaps the ugly duckling will outshine the white swan of the family yet."

Asketh made no immediate reply. "You ask me why I flirted with her? I did not flirt. It was dead earnest." Mrs. Aspinwall stared.

"Not really? Good heavens!" "Really. As earnest as anything on this earth will ever be for me."

"You will forgive that chit's masquerading. I think it showed horrible duplicity."

"I judge more leniently." He laughed. "Yes, I forgive it, because I understand it. I am going there to-day. And I may as well tell you, I shall ask her to marry me."

"Good heavens!" said Mrs. Aspinwall again. He kept his word. Three days later Mrs. Aspinwall met the criminal face to face in one of the country lanes. She was driving and leaned far out of her carriage. Asketh and Jane were walking.

"Call that girl an ugly duckling!" exclaimed the lady to herself. "Well! Well! See what love and happiness can do! Elinor, poor child, will never hold a candle to her. I prophesy that Mrs. Paul Asketh will be in time the greatest beauty in town. So much for the crime of Jane."—New York Mercury.

Amusing Form of Misspeech. In the Contributors' Club, in the Atlantic Monthly, a writer speaks of a form of misspeech to which most of us are occasionally subject—the exchange of syllables. A certain young lady, who, to her intense mortification, often reverses her vowels thus, says she is entirely unconscious of it, even after speaking.

One summer evening she was sauntering with a friend towards the village postoffice of the little town where they were staying. On the way they encountered an acquaintance with a handful of letters.

"Ah, good evening," she said, in her peculiarly graceful, suave manner. "Are you straining out for your mole?" The mystified young woman made some inarticulate reply and passed on. As soon as the friend could recover her gravity, she gasped, "I suppose you intended to ask Miss May if she was strutting out for her mail?" The same young lady was relating a sad story of various misfortunes which had overwhelmed a dear friend.

"Think," she concluded pathetically, "of losing husband, children, property and home at one swell foop!" And a howl of laughter rent the roof.

COVETED BY MEXICO.
GUATEMALA, INTERESTING BUT UNDEVELOPED COUNTRY.

A Region Rich in Ruins and Old Associations—Strange Remains of an Early Civilization—The Guatemalans of the Present Day.



People Are Indolent. EW people know much concerning Guatemala, the country with which Mexico has been having trouble. So far as the Guatemala of the present is concerned, the country is so insignificant as scarcely to deserve more than passing mention among the nations of the earth. In area it is far from large, having only 46,000 square miles, or about two-thirds that of Missouri. At the last census there were 1,200,000 population, of which over 60 per cent. were of Indian blood, the remainder mixed, pure whites being decidedly in the minority.

The Indian population may be said to give tone to the entire republic, and the tone it gives, by the way, is by no means as exalted as it might be, for a lazier set of people than the Central American Indians are hard to find. But they are philosophic in defense of their laziness, for their country produces all things necessary to the support of human life, and why should they work? Why, indeed? The question is a conundrum, for when are to be had the oranges and bread fruits are to be had for the plucking, it is not easy to see why man should exert himself, particularly in a tropical climate. In a certain lazy way the Guatemalans do exert themselves, however; they export a good deal of coffee, the greatest trouble of which is in the picking. A good many hides, gathered from the half wild cattle that roam over the plains, and here lately, a considerable quantity of bananas, every bunch gathered at the risk of mortally offending a centipede or venomous serpent that may be concealed therein. But of the resources of their magnificent country they really know nothing at all.

Though limited in extent, the territory of Guatemala is capable of a development that, in the hands of enterprising men, would make the State not only by far the most important in this section of the continent, but also, capable of yielding no inconsiderable degree of foreign influence. The country is an elevated table-land, rising abruptly from the Pacific in a range of lofty mountains and sloping gradually away to the sea on the east coast. It is a continuation of the table-lands of Mexico and Yucatan, and has many of the principal characteristics of both. While there is no mountain range, in the geological sense of the word, there are innumerable mountains, which rise in the most unexpected quarters, solitary in their grandeur, and so irregular and broken that the Indian legend of Central America, regarding it as a place where all the waste material left by the Creator was dumped, is far from being ridiculous when illustrated by a view of the mountains themselves. And the mountains command unbounded respect in Guatemala, for no small proportion of their number are volcanoes of the most eruptive and aggressive kind, liable at any moment to send out a shower of stone or lava, and capable of generating more earthquakes than any other set of mountains on the planet. The native-born Guatemalan does not mind earthquakes much—he is too well accustomed to them. He generally lives in a one-story house of flimsy construction and the earthquake can do no more than knock it down about his ears, and when this happens, as in some quarters it does about once in six months, he crawls out of the debris generally with no worse injury than a few scratches, builds another house and continues the even tenor of his lazy way until the next seismic convulsion compels him to renew exertions in the line of domestic architecture.



Guatemala has not developed for another reason than the earthquakes. It is almost destitute of ports, and equally bare of navigable rivers. There are many streams, but all so broken by rapids, cascades and falls that they are practically useless to the country, save for purposes of irrigation. They might be employed for that, but as during half the year rain falls every afternoon as regularly as the afternoon comes, irrigation is not so much needed as in some other regions, where the skies are not so bountiful. As for the ports, the two or three on the Pacific side are hardly worth the name, being for the most part open roadsteads, while the solitary port town on the Atlantic slope is a miserable collection of huts, not deserving the name of town. With only about 100 miles of railroad, with no navigable rivers and no ports worthy of the name, a considerable development could not soon be expected. But more could have been done than has been by a different class of population, besides their unconquerable repugnance to work, the native Guatemalans are not in the least enterprising, nor do they seem to understand or appreciate

the natural resources of their country. With mines of silver, gold, copper and other metals, with a land of almost inconceivable fertility, with forests of valuable wood, with plains that in many quarters could be made to produce two crops a year, they are yet content to move along the same lines as their fathers.

Ancient Inhabitants. But the beautiful region they inhabit was not always peopled by men of their kind, for before the coming of the Spaniards this part of America had attained a degree of civilization such as was known to no other portion of the northern continent. The ruins of scores of cities which must, from the extent of the remains, have been of very considerable size, and probably had each a population of many thousands, attest the former populousness of the country, while all over Guatemala the presence of irrigating works of great extent, the remains of highways overgrown with forest trees, the ruins of temples and palaces show that the country must have had a powerful, organized administration, capable of taking in hand the functions of government, and also of looking after the general interests and welfare of the people in a manner similar to that of the Peruvian Incas.

The remains of upwards of fifty cities antedating the Spanish conquest have been found in Guatemala alone, and this number in a territory only two-thirds the size of Missouri probably indicates a density of population similar to that of the most crowded parts of



ALCAIDES OR HEAD MEN OF A GUATEMALAN VILLAGE.

Europe to-day. The word probably is advisedly used in this connection, for aside from the statements of the Spanish explorers, little or nothing is known as to the number of the nations that once inhabited Central America.

The only ancient structures whose use can positively be stated are the huge pueblos, or communal towns, in which all the inhabitants resided under a common roof and in a sort of fortress of their own construction. Best known to us from their presence in parts of New Mexico and Arizona, these curious community towns are found in great numbers in Mexico, and to some extent also in Guatemala and other parts of Central America. That they are not so numerous in the Central American States is explained by the fact that they were originally built for defense, and that the Central American Indians, having no hostile neighbors, did not need them, and so gradually abandoned their use.

More imposing than the ruined pueblos are the remains of the gigantic pyramids that abound in Guatemala, Mexico, particularly in the Yucatan peninsula and almost everywhere in Central America. They are often enormous in extent, some covering as much as ten or twelve acres, thus almost equaling in area of base that of the great pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt, which is thirteen, but they are by no means so high, rarely exceeding 200 feet. That they were erected for the purposes of worship is clear from the testimony of the Spaniards, but there is nothing to indicate the character of that worship save the ghastly fact that the human sacrifices formed a part, and, perhaps, the most conspicuous and important part. It is impossible to contemplate without emotion these gigantic monuments of a people whose arts, civilization and letters have completely vanished. The scenes of blood, the gorgeous parades of painted and befeathered chieftains and their retainers, the magnificent assemblies, and, finally, the carnage that made their steps and pavements slippery with blood in the last great struggle with the merciless invaders, are all called up by the crumbling walls and terraces of the pyramids that were already old when Columbus landed.

The Spanish Invasion. In the general destruction that followed the Spanish invasion the Central Americans fared no better than the people of Mexico. The worst butcheries by the Turks, the Saracens, the Huns, were surpassed by the cruelties that the Christian Spaniards inflicted on a helpless and non-offensive people. The acts of the Spaniards were foolish as well as brutal, for in destroying the Indians they destroyed the only means of making a paying investment of the country. The early conquerors, however, were, for the most part, men who had no idea of settling permanently in America, but who were desirous of making a fortune as soon as possible and then returning to their native country, to spend their blood money in the bazars of Madrid and Barcelona and Cordova. The greed of gold burned out of their sordid hearts all considerations of humanity, and in wanton cruelty they butchered the natives indiscriminately until finally only a few stragglers in the remote recesses of the forests remained of all the population that filled the cities and cultivated the fields. Central America has never recovered, and may never recover from that deadly blow. In a country

where tropical rains are succeeded by protracted sunshine, where the winter does not deserve the name, so mild is the season, nature is bounteous, and all sorts of vegetation grow with a rapidity and luxuriance unknown elsewhere. In many parts of Guatemala, when a road is cut through jungle, constant labor and watchfulness are required to prevent its obliteration by the encroaching verdure on either hand. Roads neglected for two weeks can not be traced, so completely are they overgrown by the trees and vines. The abundance of nature in the fields overpowers the industry of man. A farmer can cultivate only a limited area on account of the rapidity with which the native plants grow. Under the chiefs who formerly ruled this country, the roads were kept open by gangs of laborers employed by the chieftain, and the farmers were compelled to keep their fields clear of weeds. With the coming of the Europeans, all the conditions which had tended to the prosperity of the people were completely changed. The roads were obliterated, the reservoirs were ruined by lack of attention during the rainy season, the irrigating ditches were soon covered by undergrowth, the temples were overgrown with trees. For three centuries incentives to industry were taken from the population, and in that time the natives lost all memory of their former greatness, and now could not perhaps revive their ancient prosperity even by arduous effort. It is probable that even during the period of Guatemala's greatest glory the country was ruled by chiefs of a superior and different race, who treated the people like serfs, and compelled them to work against their will. Even, however, if this were not the case, three centuries of idleness create a hereditary aversion to labor that is not easily overcome.

In spite, however, of its lazy population, of its climate, of its almost impassable forests, thick with venomous reptiles and insects, Guatemala must always be an interesting country—interesting from its associations connected with the early Spanish conquerors, for here Cortes was lost for nearly two years, and here Alvarado made one of his earliest expeditions; interesting from its savage mountaineers, whom neither the Aztec chiefs, nor the Spaniards, nor the Guatemalan rulers have ever been able to bring under control; interesting from its ruins, showing, as they do, the former richness and prosperity of the country.

Two Staples in Which the United States Lead the Whole World. Cotton and corn are the two great American staples, and the two in which the United States stand easily at the head not only of all countries, but of all countries combined. The total cotton supply of the world, figured on the basis of bales of 400 pounds each, is about 12,000,000 bales, and of this amount the United States produces about 9,000,000 bales, or two-thirds of the whole amount. The crop here attained the highest figures before the war in 1850, when it was 4,000,000 bales of 470 pounds; 1852 was the best year for cotton since, the crop being 9,000,000 bales of 470 pounds.

The corn of the United States for 1894 is 65,000,000 acres, and the total product 1,200,000,000 bushels, of the value of about \$600,000,000. The great corn year was 1859, with a crop of 2,100,000,000 bushels; 1891 followed with 2,000,000,000 bushels. In 1892 and 1893 the figures were about the same—1,600,000,000 bushels. Compared with the value of the corn and cotton crop, the other agricultural productions of the United States occupy a subordinate position, the value of the wheat crop being \$225,000,000, oats \$214,000,000, potatoes \$91,000,000, barley \$27,000,000, rye \$13,000,000, and buckwheat \$7,000,000.

Two surprises because of the difference in value compared with ordinary public expectations are hay and tobacco. The hay crop of the United States amounted last year to \$158,000,000 in value; the tobacco crop, on the other hand, amounted to only \$27,000,000. The last year preceding (1893) the tobacco crop was 50 per cent. greater, and considerably more than half of it came from two States, Kentucky and Tennessee. Kentucky stands at the head of the tobacco States. Pennsylvania is at the head of those in the North. Connecticut comes next; New York is fourth.—Sun.

Becoming an Island of Mutes. Of the 146 inhabitants of the little town of Chilmark, on the Island of Martha's Vineyard, thirty-six, or almost one-quarter, are congenitally deaf and dumb. The town records show that two of the original settlers of the place, away back in the seventeenth century, were deaf and dumb, and the infirmity has thus been transmitted to our own day. This hereditary influence shows no plan of uniformity in its workings, deaf and dumb parents having children in full possession of all their senses, and vice versa. This peculiar community, shut in from the outside world, is, however, alive to all the social and political influences of the time and does not differ in great degree from the thousand and one secluded villages which dot our New England hills and shore line. It affords, however, ample opportunity for the minute investigation of both the sociologist and the student of evolution and physiological heredity.—Boston Transcript.

Little Ethel—Why is it women is always complain' about the hired girl? Little Dot—Oh, that's just so folks will know they can afford to keep one.

Suitor—I have come to ask for your daughter, sir. Father—Take her, young man. You are the only one who wanted more than my daughter's hand.