

China has to-day twenty-six ports open to foreign commerce.

Taking the whole land surface of the globe into consideration, there are twenty-two and a half acres for each inhabitant on this planet.

The silverware belonging to Queen Victoria's table would keep her from starvation for the rest of her life, if the worst came to the worst. It is valued at \$12,500,000.

The Chicago railroads have decided to elevate their tracks, and will go right at it. "They are tired of paying for the people they kill," explains the New Orleans Picayune.

If Turkey should be wiped out, it would mean the loss to Russia of an annual sum of \$7,500,000, which Turkey pays her by way of indemnity, and will have to pay till 1977.

Rudolph Cronau declares that he has indisputable evidence that the remains of Columbus still rest in the cathedral at Santo Domingo, Hayti. He asserts that the remains transferred to Spain in 1795 were those of the great discoverer's son, Diego.

The Louisville Courier-Journal states that the question of keeping down the cotton acreage for 1896 is attracting a great deal of attention in the South. The cotton exchanges are urging planters to diversify their crops and plant no more than they did in 1895.

The Statemen's Yearbook for 1837, an acknowledged authority on statistics, gives the area of British Guiana as 76,000 square miles, while in the issue of 1895 the same country is credited with an area of 109,000. No treaty is cited to account for this increase of 33,000 square miles. This seems to the Pathfinder a matter for scientific investigation. Of the increase of species there is definite knowledge, but the matter of territorial multiplication is anomalous, in fact without explanation, unless it be due to alluvial deposits along the coast.

The New York Herald says that "the cable despatch of congratulation addressed by the Emperor William to President Krueger, of the Transvaal Republic, which is worded in the customary phraseology of messages from one Chief of State to another, is an historic document of far greater importance than it appears at the first glance. It is the recognition of the absolute independence of the Transvaal Republic and a repudiation of the rights of suzerainty which England claims to exercise over the South African Republic by virtue of the convention of 1884, which provides that the South African Republic shall conclude no treaty or engagement with any State or Nation other than the Orange Free State, nor with any native tribe to the eastward or westward of the Republic, unless the same has been approved by Her Majesty the Queen. This passage is the sole foundation for England's claim to suzerain rights over the Boers, which is now denied in the German Emperor's message, issued after calm deliberation in council with his Imperial Chancellor and with his Ministers of Foreign Affairs and of the Navy."

The Atlanta Journal says that "Georgia is to have another immense colony of Northern and Western settlers, if the plans of four gentlemen who are now in this State materialize. The names of the members of the party are: Messrs. W. W. Taggart, of Breckinridge, Minn., who was in the last Legislature; C. H. Fairall, of West Branch, Iowa, and a brother of Judge Fairall, of that State; John J. Gamble, of West Branch, Iowa, and A. E. Sansburn, of Breckinridge, Minn. These gentlemen, who are all well known in their localities as business and professional men of high rank, have been in nearly all of the States of the South prospecting for suitable lands on which to establish the colony which they have in mind. They have about concluded to negotiate for a tract of 80,000 acres in the southern part of this State, having been more impressed with Georgia than with any other State in this section. It is their purpose to secure this land and divide it into lots of farms, which will be sold or rented, at the choice of the settler. The movement which started some time ago and culminated in the great Fitzgerald colony in Irwin County, has caused a deep current of interest in the South to be awakened throughout the Northwest, and in Minnesota especially there is a strong desire on the part of people to come to this section. The winters are so severe in the Northwest that the people are growing tired of the country."

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

A Baboon Gives a Life for a Life—Marvelous Escape of a Traveler—An Humble Hero.

WE had outspanned in a lonely place, and were resting under the shade of a wagon, for it was midday. The oxen were grazing nearby, and we should not want them until the sun had begun to descend toward the mountain tops. Suddenly my two fox-terriers, which always accompanied me when transport riding, began to bark wildly about a hundred yards away from us. On looking in their direction we beheld a huge black baboon standing erect, holding on to a bowlder. Then it was, in my excitement that I rose and, taking my gun from the wagon, inserted a bullet and hurried toward the spot.

I called my boy to accompany me, saying, "Let us kill him, Pahl." But when he saw the animal he flatter refused. "Whaw! Nkosi," he said, "I cannot. I have made a vow." I was astonished at Pahl, for, as a rule, he was as eager as myself in the pursuit of wild animals and game. But I proceeded alone. When near the baboon I shouldered my gun and shot him through the chest. He rolled over, and the dogs began to worry him. But he set up such a wailing, like a man in pain, that it went to my heart and I felt sorry that I had shot him. As he was expiring, Pahl came to my side. Putting his hand to his mouth he exclaimed: "Whaw! Nkosi, that was not well done," and walked away. I called off the dogs, and we returned to the shade of the wagon. Being curious as to Pahl's vow, I asked him to tell me all about it.

"When I was a young man, Nkosi," he said, "I was one day hunting for jackals on the hillside. In time we came across several baboons, and I set the dogs after them. I had four dogs with me. On catching up with them they hemmed one of them round, cutting it off from the rest, which continued their flight. Whaw! Nkosi, how it did fight! It caught hold of one dog with its teeth and hands, and with one wrench tore it to death. As I came up the other dogs were worrying it from behind, and one of them tore a piece from its shoulder. Then it rolled onto the ground, and I was about to kill it by hitting it on the head with a heavy kerrie I held in my hand, when it looked at me so pleadingly, and cried so piteously—just like a man who might be dying in great pain—that I could not strike. I called off the dogs and let it go. It limped away slowly at first, but in a few moments turned around, gave one stare at us, and then hurried off to its companions.

"A few days later I was again hunting with my dogs in that neighborhood. As we crossed the hill we came right into the midst of a troop of baboons. The dogs immediately set upon them and I ran after them. All at once a huge brute turned upon me. I struck him with my stick, but not heavily enough to knock him down. He caught hold of my blanket with his teeth and hands and tore it in two pieces. Then I felt like a dead man with fright. Again he got hold of me with his hands, and I knew that my end was come, for he was more nimble than I, and his teeth were horrible to see, as he fixed them again to the blanket on my shoulder. But at that moment another baboon came up, and, taking hold of the first one, pulled him off with a big pull, and they left me, running in the direction of the others. As they ran away I looked and saw that the one that had saved me was wounded in the left shoulder, and I knew it to be the same baboon whose life I had saved a few days before.

"It is a strange thing, but it is true, Nkosi, and I made a vow that day that I would never kill another baboon. And from that day to this I have not done so."—New York Recorder.

Saved by a Gold Belt.

"Gold has a variety of uses," said Mr. Thornton Decker, an English engineer, to an American, who met him in Tlalcala, Mexico, "but I fancy my experience when I first went over this route between Oaxaca and Tehuantepec was rather novel. A lot of 820 pieces served very well as a coat of mail—so well that they saved my life.

"As I said, I was bound down to Tehuantepec for a look at the railroad across the isthmus. I had heard that the women there use your American double eagles for jewelry and paid a very high premium for them, so I got forty of fifty and sewed them into the form of what you might call a porous plaster. When I had them stitched into place on a bit of cotton, there were two rows across my back and a third row overlapping the other two. By putting straps over my shoulders they carried very comfortably. "I got the gold up at El Paso, Texas, but in some way one of the beggarly crew at Oaxaca saw that I was carrying something in the small of my back, and the result of that was I was followed when I set out for Tehuantepec. They allowed me to go on unmolested until I was within a day of San Carlos, and then one of them seems to have taken a short cut through the mountains and concealed himself in the brush until I passed. Then he gave it to me with a shotgun loaded with slugs of lead, and I caught it in the small of the back. "The force of the blow knocked me down over the pommel of the saddle. When there I had presence of mind enough to keep on slowly, as if entirely done for. Meanwhile I got one of your American navy revolvers in my hand and cocked it.

"The beggar that had shot me, seeing me fall, came running from the brush, machete in one hand and gun in the other, while his partner appeared around the mountain with his horse on the gallop. They yelled at my horse to stop and my guide to go on, and both obeyed promptly. I was still clinging to my horse's neck and could see them through its mane very well.

"I let them get within ten feet of me, and then dropped to my feet on the ground and took my turn at shooting. They were so close I couldn't miss, but luckily, as I think, one caught his bullet in the knee and the other in the fleshy part of the arm, while their horse was killed outright by a bullet in the head.

"Seeing them both down and begging for their lives, I had a mind to kill them for their cowardice, but I let them off with a good kicking apiece, and then called back the guide and had him carry water and wash and dress their wounds as well as possible. Then I gave the man with the hurt arm a stiff horn of brandy and hit him back for help, while I continued my journey. The slugs had hit the gold pieces—three of them. I had a lame back for a week or so, but I was otherwise unharmed.

"What became of them? I afterward met the one that caught it in the knee. He was going about the market in Oaxaca on a peg leg, peddling, and telling people he had lost his leg in a fierce encounter with highwaymen. He said his partner was on a journey, but I fancy he meant he had been detected in some rascality and sent to prison."

A Hero of To-Day.

The other night in the cellar of the New York Tribune building the big engines were throbbing away with a potential energy that filled the great structure with light and power.

Suddenly, says the Tribune, a pipe was torn from its connections, and a rush of escaping steam swept through the furnace like a tornado. There was a panic. Nobody knew just what had happened, and it was feared that the boilers would explode at any moment. It was a scene of terror and confusion, and a brave man might have been forgiven for giving way to his fear.

But Bill Fitzpatrick, the assistant engineer, never thought of his own safety. He had but one idea: "It's the Tribune or myself!" So he dashed into the steaming steam, and rushed to what threatened to be instant death.

Fitzpatrick found the spot, averted the danger and came out safe and sound. Half an hour later everything was moving along as usual, and few in the building knew of their narrow escape. The engineer went right on with his work, and never thought of claiming any credit for his timely heroism.

The Tribune makes the incident the subject of an editorial in which it says that the human nature of to-day is as chivalric, as generous and heroic as it ever was in the time of Roland and Lancelot. It may not wear purple velvet and glittering armor, but the knightly metal rings just as true. Many of the heroes whose deeds have been immortalized in song and story never showed more courage, loyalty and devotion than this humble toiler, Bill Fitzpatrick, who has spent his life in the cellar of a printing office. As the Tribune says, "the world is better because of every such man, and every such deed, and the knowledge of their existence comes as an inspiration to every true heart."—Atlanta Constitution.

Fight With a Wildcat.

Peter Schultz, Jr., was out in the woods near Bascom, Ohio, and, while roaming about, was attacked by a large wildcat. The vicious animal jumped at his face, cutting and scratching it in a most terrible manner, and tearing his clothing nearly off his back. By hard struggling and a well-directed blow from Mr. Schultz's fist, he freed himself from the animal, after which he shot and killed it.

About one year ago Mr. Schultz was in this same woods and was attacked in a similar way by a wildcat and he shot the animal, which he saw limp away. The cat he killed seems to have been lame, and is supposed to be the same animal.

Saved by a Passing Train Crew.

A family living in an isolated farmhouse near Marcellus, Mich., were saved from being burned up with their home one night not long ago, by the crew of a freight train, passing on a railroad running near the house. The engineer of the train noticed the house wrapped in flames, and stopped his train and sent the brakeman on the run to awaken the inmates. The brakeman kicked in a door and found that the whole family were sound asleep on the upper floor. The flames had gained such headway that in a few minutes more it would have been impossible for the inmates of the house to escape.

A Nine-Year-Old Heroine.

Little Grace Colvin, nine years old, of Bristol, Conn., was playing under a sand bank with a companion, when the sand caved in and buried the other girl. Instead of running away, Grace attacked the sand with her hands and dug it away from her unlucky companion's face so that she could breathe, thus saving her life.

Chinese Artillery and Dinner.

It is the custom of the best Chinese artillerymen to go to dinner punctually as the hour strikes, even in the middle of an engagement. The better-disciplined sailors do not leave their guns, but they grow horribly if their meal hour finds them unavoidably engaged. The men are cool enough to eat leisurely with shell flying round them.—Blackwood's Magazine.



SOFTENING BONES WITH LIME.

It is not the lime that softens the bones when they are mixed with fresh wood ashes and lime, and the whole kept moistened with water, but the potash. The potash in the water is in a mild condition, in the form of a carbonate of potash, but the lime takes the carbonic acid from the ashes and makes the potash caustic. The caustic potash is very acrid, and eats the lime in the bones, and softens them so that they may be crumbled with ease after a month's exposure to the mixed ashes and lime in a pit; so that with the ashes it is not possible to soften the bones; the wood ashes are indispensable. When bones are burned the gelatine—which has fifteen per cent. of nitrogen in it—is destroyed, and thus the greater part of the fertilizing value of the bones is lost.—New York Times.

TREATMENT OF FROZEN PLANTS.

"When the days begin to lengthen, the cold begins to strengthen," is an old weatherwise saying which is so true that often the window plants which have come through December unscathed will be frozen in January, writes "S. C." When one rises in the morning to find them in such plight making up the fire and warming the room as soon as possible will be fatal to all but the most hardy. On the other hand, if they are removed to a closet or the cellar and allowed to thaw gradually in the dark, many of them will be injured very little. I have frequently had geraniums come through the ordeal none the worse for it. Many persons do the plants down at once, when they have been frosted, but this is not necessary with geraniums or shrubby plants, as they will usually put forth new leaves in a short time.

Begonias thrive better than most plants in the warm air of the sitting room, and hence are favorite plants for the window garden, but they are very susceptible to frost. A few varieties, the Vernon and Weltoniensis among them, will sprout up from the roots after being frozen down, but my experience with other kinds has been that it is useless to try to save them in such a case.

Last winter I had hyacinths in full bloom frozen one very cold night. The hyacinth before it flowers will bear considerable freezing, but it seemed scarcely possible to save the waxen bells of the flower spike. However, they went into the woodbox as soon as its contents had been emptied into the stove. A covering thick enough to exclude the light, and also the air for some time, was thrown over it. They had thawed, but the spikes were drooping sadly. They were allowed to remain in the dark all day, and by the next morning scarcely showed the effects of the cold. As a precaution against freezing it is well to water sparingly in very cold weather. The few "green things growing" kept in the windows brighten the home so much in winter that it is always a pity to lose them.—New York Tribune.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Dairymen should always remember it is dangerous to use the milk from a sick cow.

Get a good churn. They are plenty and cheap. Time is too precious to waste over a poor churn.

If milk is properly pasteurized there is no cooked flavor present such as is noted in sterilized milk.

In manipulating butter, never allow the hands to come in contact with it as their warmth melts and injures the grain.

As the conclusion of various experiments, the cost of keeping a dairy cow, without roots or silage, is put at \$35 a year.

Young trees should be cultivated for some years after planting, as this is an essential condition of their making a vigorous growth.

Now is a good time to cut out all useless, weak, or spindling wood in the orchard. A twig that can be cut with a knife now may require a saw next year.

It is important that the cow should be given a smooth surface for lying down. Dry bedding should be provided and cold drafts of air excluded from the stable.

When packing apples for market preserve uniformity in size as much as possible. Select the largest and finest to form an extra fine quality to sell at a fancy price.

Trees which are heeled in during the winter should not be covered with hay or straw, as such material draws mice and other rodents, which gnaw the young trees and destroy them.

The colder apples are kept without freezing the better. They will endure a much lower temperature than will potatoes, but when stored in a cellar, good ventilation is necessary and as even a temperature as possible.

All young hogs in the orchard should be left unringed and free to root the soil as much as they like. Ringing older hogs is sometimes necessary, as in a dry time old sows will get in the habit, if unringed, of gnawing the bark of the trees and thus causing irreparable injury.

The appearance of moss on apple trees shows that there is an excess of water in the soil. The land should be drained for orchards as for other crops. Stagnant water is of no benefit. A system of underdraining should be employed, so that the subsoil will hold more moisture for the use of the roots.

Every farmer should teach his boys the art of budding and grafting. Variety and quality of fruits in a small orchard may be greatly improved by judicious budding, and such work may be made a pastime which will add interest to farm life and also increase the satisfaction from the family orchard.

IRRIGATION OF GARDENS.

concerned. Irrigation has been somewhat of a bugbear to farmers always, the idea being that it required costly works and much labor to accomplish it, and it has always been associated with the utmost aridity of climate and toilsome cultivation of the soil. But if there are in existence any districts where more than in others the profits of the farm are greater, and the ease of cultivation greater, too, with the certainty of maximum crops also greater, they are the irrigated districts of the far East. Indeed, some of the causes of the depression in Eastern farming is due to the less cost of growing crops under irrigation, and the ability of the farmers to sell the products of their farms at a low price, such as other farmers cannot afford to take. In fact, the time has come when irrigation must be made a practice wherever the water is available for it. For it is one of the laws of vegetable growth that this is in proportion to the quantity of water in the soil.

But it is in the growth of grass that the application of water to the land may be made the more profitable with the least trouble. The myriads of rivers and streams that flow through this broad land down to the ocean may all be impounded and made to work for the farmer without cost, except for the permanent works required; and some of these need only be of the simplest kind. Here low banks thrown up by the plow, or otherwise by the horse scraper, will retain the water of a stream when it is high, while it deposits its load of dissolved or suspended matters to add to the bulk of the low lands along its banks, and to increase the stock of plant food in it. The water thus flows in at the higher end of the embankment, and slowly moving down to the lower part of the stream, gives up its load to the greedy soil, and hastens on to the next farm, where it takes with it its newly gathered spoils, leaving them behind as it goes on and on toward its final goal, the great ocean.

Lands thus embanked are quite common all over Europe, and are so productive of grass and the related crops—all used for feeding—as to pay the interest on a value of \$1000 or \$2000 an acre. If the irrigated lands of the great West have lowered the value of the Eastern farms, why should not these take the same method of cheapening their products, while the quantity is increased, and so restore the old values to them? Irrigation, wherever it is possible, is one way to effect this improvement.—New York Times.

Indian Tents at Night.

Pleasant as the tents are by day, with the waving shadows of the grass or the broad flecks of sunlight from between the branches of the trees upon their white sides, which shade into a dull brown at the tops, where the skin-covering is dissolved by the smoke ascending in lazy, blue columns, the true time to enjoy the beauty of an Indian camp is at night. Then the tents are illuminated by a central fire, and are all aglow under the stars, the silhouettes of the inmates creating an animated shadow world. Here one catches the picture of a group of children watching an elder twisting his fingers to form a fox chasing a rabbit on the tent wall (perhaps some one is telling a myth about the little fellow, for suddenly the shadow rabbit sits up, waving his ears as though he had outwitted his pursuer); yonder a woman is lifting the pestle, pounding corn in the great wooden mortar; near by are some young girls with their heads together, whispering secrets; old men recline on one elbow, smoking; and over there a young man is bidding the baby boy dance; while the sound of song and friendly chatter fills the air. The picture is of a life simple and contented within itself.—Century.

Mortality of Physicians.

Dr. Cortright, in the Brooklyn Medical Journal, has written a paper on the "Mortality and Causes of Death in Medical Men." This paper is based on the records of 450 physicians who died in New York and Brooklyn during the past eight years. The average age of death was 54.6 years, and the mortality was about 25.23 as compared with a mortality of 15.93 in clergymen and 20.23 in lawyers. There is a considerable mortality from the self-administration of drugs; that from consumption is about half the general rate, while that from typhoid fever is very high. There is a high death rate due to arterial sclerosis and other degenerative changes.

The practical conclusion deduced from Dr. Cortright's statistics, says the Medical Journal, is that doctors should take at least three weeks' complete rest and change yearly, should be extremely moderate in the use of stimulants, should be regular in their meals, never worry and never hurry. This is the kind of advice that doctors give, but do not take. The further suggestion, however, that they all join some medical sickness and life assurance society, is a wise one.—Medical Record.

An Electric Car Regulation.

Electric street car companies in Tacoma, Wash., are to be required to repair all damages to water pipes caused by electrolysis. In repairing one of the principal avenues of the city, along which runs an electric car line, it was found that more than one-half of the surface and connection pipes, running from the water main to buildings, had been so eaten away by the electric current grounded through the rails as to be useless. The pipes were replaced by the city at a cost of more than \$1000. All franchisees hereafter granted will contain a clause that the company shall repair damage thus caused.—New York Sun.

An Ice Bicycle.

The bicycle does not go into complete retirement even upon the arrival of winter ice and snow. In fact, the bicycle will be one of the big things on ice during the coming season. From the suggestion thrown out by a boy who lashed an ordinary skate to the front wheel of his safety, and was enabled to make good time over the surface of a frozen lake, two enterprising young men in Chicago have invented and patented an ice bicycle, and formed a company for its manufacture.

With the first perfected model one of the inventors made a mile in one minute and twenty seconds, and this can be improved upon, the skill of the rider being the only limit to the possibilities in the line of records. The change from the normal bicycle to the ice machine can be made in five minutes. The rear tire is deflated and the toothed band of steel slipped over it. The tire is then inflated until the tension is sufficient to hold the band firmly in place.

The blade is hollow ground, rendering lateral slipping impossible. The weight of the machine remains unaltered. The device is quite cheap, costing less than \$20, and for that reason cycling on ice is sure to become popular, if not the reigning fad of the winter.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Most Unhealthy City in Europe.

At St. Petersburg the average yearly deaths are from 2500 to 3000 in excess of the births in a population of nearly a million. In the years from 1868 to 1882 the death rate varied from 29.7 per thousand to 38.6, while the births were only 31.1 per thousand. In 1883, 25,171 children were born alive, while there were 30,150 deaths, an excess in this year of about 5000. But these figures are apt to be misleading. The workmen who come up to the capital almost invariably leave their wives and children in the provinces. Thus, many births take place in the provinces which are not reckoned to the account of the capital. The fact that about 78 per cent. of the population are over sixteen years of age testifies to the universality of the practice of leaving the children in the country. The same fact is demonstrated by the presence of twelve men to every ten women in St. Petersburg, whereas in most towns this proportion is exactly reversed. It will thus be seen that though the deaths are in excess of the births, there is not likely to be any diminution in the actual population of the town. In fact, its population increased twenty-nine per cent. between 1869 and 1881.—London Tit-Bits.

Willing to Wake Up.

"Wake up, little girl," said a Belledfield mamma to her small daughter. The latter opened her eyes slowly, and then replied: "Well, I suppose I might as well. There's nothing very interesting going on in dreamland."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Mr. Crusher—"You don't think the young man you are engaged to will be jealous of me, because I am paying you attention, do you?" Miss Daisy (after looking him over deliberately)—"No. I don't think there is any danger that he will."—Somerville Journal.

Wife—"I mentioned to dear Kittie, in my letter, about the dear Duchess calling upon us, and how sweet she was!" Husband—"I suppose you did not say that her Grace called for a charity subscription?" Wife—"Well, no. I did not think that sounded interesting."—Fun.

Not a hundred miles from St. Paul's there is suspended over a pile of dusty volumes in a second-hand bookseller's shop a chart showing the human skeleton, and underneath the following: "This is all that remains of the tradesman whose customers only looked."—Household Words.

"I don't think it's fair, Josiah," said Mrs. Clugwater, as the attendants bathed her sprained ankle with soothing lotions and wrapped bandages about it. "You're the one that always carries the accident insurance policies and I'm the one that's always getting hurt!"—Chicago Tribune.

She—"No, Ned, it wouldn't be judicious for us to marry until after you have had your salary increased." Ho (pleadingly)—"But two can live cheaper than one, you know, Nellie." She—"Yes, I know; that's what people say. As a matter of fact, they have to."—Somerville Journal.

Arizona Oranges.

Yesterday the first Arizona oranges of the new crop went on to Chicago. The shipment was from a grove of the Arizona Improvement Company, and comprised several boxes of Washington navels, sweet juicy, well ripened and nearly fully colored, large in size, plump and without a sign of rust or scale. It was a shipment to be proud of, and back East will without doubt create a sensation among those who heretofore have waited till February to get the first oranges of the new California crop.

Yesterday seemed to be general orange day along the street, and ripe navels were to be seen in a number of offices. It was evident that Sunday had been made the time for an inspection of many orange groves and the result showed that the crop this year is over a week earlier than heretofore known in this valley.

The crop will be a heavy one. Of the 1200 acres or more planted in the Salt River Valley several hundred are now in good bearing and the crop, for the first time, will be a matter of commercial importance.—Arizona Republican.

A Great Detective.

Vidocq, the great French detective, had so excellent a memory for names and faces that after having seen a criminal once and learned his name, he never forgot him, but would often identify him under the most subtle disguises.—Le Figaro.

AFTER A SLEEP.

Night—and the strong will stilled,
Night—and the fancy waned,
Night—and the memory beggared,
Night—and the spirit drained
Like a stream with drifted encumbered,
O'er a dumb and frozen land;
Like a flower that pines in the shadow,
A bird that swoons in the hand!
Morn—and the faint will strengthens,
Morn—and the fancy glows,
Morn—and the memory rich-laden,
Morn—and the spirit flows
Like a bird with a carol unprompted,
Like a land in the showers of spring,
Like a flower in the sunlight smiling,
Like a stream when the floodgates swing!
—Edith M. Thomas, in Ladies' Home Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Girls and billiard balls kiss each other with just about the same amount of real feeling.—Truth.

With all his experience the barber had to employ another man to shingle his roof.—Boston Transcript.

"Doctor, I work like an ox, eat like a bear, and am as tired as a dog." "Consult a veterinary surgeon."—New York Times.

If it is true that women marry through motives of curiosity, as the men allege, why do so many of them marry the second time?—Atchison Globe.

"What! nothing but veal with green peas on the bill of fare." "Pardon; by looking again you will find also veal without green peas."—Journal Amusant.

"There is nothing like our House of Lords," boasted the Englishman. "Still you can't say that it is without a peer," replied the American.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Is this a fast train?" asked the traveling man of the porter. "Of course it is," was the reply. "I thought so. Would you mind my getting out to see what it is fast to?"—Tit-Bits.

"How did you get Borely out of your whist club—did you ask him to resign?" "No; we didn't like to do that; but we all resigned except Borely, and then we all got together and formed a new club."—Harper's Bazar.

"Taking one thing with another," mused the burglar, adding the sleeper's watch and jewelry with the stock of miscellaneous plunder already in his spacious pocket, "business in my line is pretty good to-night."—Chicago Tribune.

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She—"No, Ned, it wouldn't be judicious for us to marry until after you have had your salary increased." Ho (pleadingly)—"But two can live cheaper than one, you know, Nellie." She—"Yes, I know; that's what people say. As a matter of fact, they have to."—Somerville Journal.

Arizona Oranges.

Yesterday the first Arizona oranges of the new crop went on to Chicago. The shipment was from a grove of the Arizona Improvement Company, and comprised several boxes of Washington navels, sweet juicy, well ripened and nearly fully colored, large in size, plump and without a sign of rust or scale. It was a shipment to be proud of, and back East will without doubt create a sensation among those who heretofore have waited till February to get the first oranges of the new California crop.

Yesterday seemed to be general orange day along the street, and ripe navels were to be seen in a number of offices. It was evident that Sunday had been made the time for an inspection of many orange groves and the result showed that the crop this year is over a week earlier than heretofore known in this valley.

The crop will be a heavy one. Of the 1200 acres or more planted in the Salt River Valley several hundred are now in good bearing and the crop, for the first time, will be a matter of commercial importance.—Arizona Republican.

A Great Detective.

Vidocq, the great French detective, had so excellent a memory for names and faces that after having seen a criminal once and learned his name, he never forgot him, but would often identify him under the most subtle disguises.—Le Figaro.