

The men who design war maps have experienced a slight dash of the return of prosperity.

Before the great freeze in Florida the annual orange crop was from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 boxes. The estimate for this season is 70,000 boxes.

The highest pilot charges made anywhere in the world are levied at San Francisco, Cal., where the harbor and its approaches are so ample and safe that the Government has not been obliged to expend \$100,000 on them in many years.

Japan having made a treaty with Germany by which German trade marks and patents will be recognized in Japan, Great Britain proposes to obtain the same privileges for British subjects, under the most favored nation clause.

On her run down the coast from New York to Norfolk the torpedo boat Farragut maintained her record as the fastest vessel in the world. She made the run at an average of twenty-two knots (about twenty-seven miles) an hour, despite bad weather.

At a trial in Louisville, Ky., involving a great deal of real testimony the Judge had the courtroom cleared of all spectators, and stated that this procedure would be followed in all cases in which the ill curious should seek to feed on vulgarities.

The old project of a railroad from the City of Mexico south into South America is up again for talk. The distance from the City of Mexico to the South American frontier is 1700 miles. Over 400 miles of this road is in operation, and 800 miles more are under construction. The remaining 500 make the trouble, and seem likely to make it for some time to come.

"It is an extraordinary instance of the irony of fate," says the London Chronicle, "that Lord Roberts' son should lose the sight of one eye at polo. For years past Lord Roberts has exerted himself to diminish the grave dangers of polo playing; indeed at last he issued an order that players should cease to wear caps, but should protect their heads—and their necks—by helmets. In spite of everything, however, the list of killed and wounded officers is so considerable as to give the game a bad name among the authorities."

No wonder that prairie land in Kansas is cheap, when a Kansas farmer claims that a hen is more valuable than an acre of his land. He establishes his proposition by showing that the acre of land produces twenty bushels of corn worth only \$2, while the hen in a season will lay ten dozen eggs, worth \$1.50. As the hen requires little care and less feed, it is plain that she is the best revenue producer. Imagine a California farmer content with an income of \$2 an acre from wheat ranch or fruit farm, remarks the San Francisco Chronicle.

Dr. George F. Shady, one of the foremost physicians in this country, was recently asked what was the best form of exercise, and he replied that walking was superior to either bicycling or horseback riding, as it was the most natural form in which one can get air and sunshine. Dr. Shady declared that few people are hurt by overwork; the great majority are injured by worry, which is more exhausting than any work, and by failure to care for their bodies. The thousands who injure their health by undue exercise in gymnastic and other sports will probably call Dr. Shady an old fogy, because he praises so simple a form of exercise as walking, but much of the world's best work has been done by men who made a habit of walking and who kept a clear brain in a sound body by this means.

One of the pleasantest features of the inauguration of President McKinley, says the New York Journal, was the public interest taken in his aged mother. Her picture appeared in all the papers that undertake to illustrate the events of the day, and very remarkable that picture was—of an American mother—showing, as it did, in its venerable and rugged face most of the characteristics which have made her son eminent. Still more remarkable is it that public attention should turn aside in a political heyday merely to take an interest in the unknown woman who had the least to do with the formal festivities and the most to do with the formation of the President's character. Nothing could be finer. It is the first time that the mother has been recognized by the nation, with a deep, silent respect, that she could not have won if she had spent her life on the platform or made glamorous personal appeals.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

He'll Break You—Cared For—Up-right in One Thing—The Pass-ing of Love—Served Him Right, Etc.

300 may break, you may shatter. The vase if you will. But you can't face the florist Who sends you the bill. —Chicago Record.

CARED FOR. "There are 100 poets in Indiana." "Yes, and they are establishing new reformatories all over the State, too." —Chicago Record.

UPRIGHT IN ONE THING. Our cashier's defalcation was a great surprise to us. "Why?" "He wrote such a beautiful vertical hand." —Chicago Record.

WANTED SOMETHING NEW. "Did you accept that poem entitled 'Winter's Snow?'" "No; what we particularly wish to encourage this year is snow in summer." —Chicago Record.

THE TOUCH OF NATURE. Mrs. Jenkins—"This book on natural history says that seals sometimes shed tears just like men." Jenkins—"Yes. Just like men who have to pay for seal skin jackets."

A MYSTERY. "While Miss Fitz was away George took her parrot." "Anything happen?" "I don't know; she keeps the parrot down collar, and the engagement is off." —Life.

PROFITABLE PLATTERY. Ted—"How did that English nobleman manage to borrow the money from Cholera?" Ned—"On being introduced he asked him if he wasn't born on the other side." —Judge.

THE PASSING OF LOVE. "I'm afraid he does not love me any more." "Why, what change have you found?" "None. His pockets are empty of late." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE REASON. "Too bad about young Baldy being struck by lightning, wasn't it? I suppose it was because death loves a shining mark." "No; because nature abhors a vacuum." —New York Journal.

SEVERED HIM RIGHT. Sapsmith (endeavoring to be very, very funny)—"Miss Odgal, I—te-hee—think I will give you a—aw—goose for a birthday present." Miss Odgal (joyously)—"Oh, Mr. Sapsmith, this is so—so sudden."

PREVENTIVE OF FAILURE. "There are six necessities, you know, for a happy marriage." "What are they?" "First, a good husband." "And the others?" "The other five are money." —La Caricature.

THE SUPERLATIVE. Herbert—"My pa is richer in your pa." Freddie—"No, he ain't." Herbert—"My pa owns three houses on this block." Freddie—"Um; but my pa owns the mortgage on 'em."

HIS PADS. "Last year Mr. Gligamps used to be always smuggling home valuable books he had bought without his wife's knowledge." "Doesn't he do so yet?" "No; now he smuggles in expensive attachments for his wheel." —Chicago Record.

HORS DE COMBAT. "My man can't meet yours to-morrow," said the ambassador of one pugilist to the envoy extraordinary of another. "What's the trouble?" "He has sprained his—" "Ankle?" "No; he has sprained his tongue." —A Sad Ending.

HE ADVERTISED FOR PAIR. Wife—"Be sure to advertise for Fido in the morning newspapers." Next day the wife read as follows in the newspaper: "Ten Shillings Reward.—Lost, a mangy lap dog, with one eye and no tail. Too fat to walk. Responds to the name of Fido. Smells like a monkey-house. If returned stuffed, thirty shillings reward." —Tit-Bits.

ON BOTH SIDES. He was looking for work, and had button-holed the manager. "My motto," he said proudly, "is printed on the outside of your door. It is 'push.'"

"That's very good indeed, though somewhat old," remarked the manager, "provided you've got what's printed inside our door."

He pointed with a haughty gesture to the cold inscription, "Pull."—Judge.

Fussy's Dinner Flew Away. The Fort Worth (Texas) correspondent of the Philadelphia Times writes: We had some pretty cold weather in this part of the world last week, and one of the best blizzard stories turned loose by the low temperature is that in which a cat and a lot of English sparrows played conspicuous parts. The cat, Chico, a big, brindle fellow, belongs to F. Y. Elliott, of this county, who is himself authority for the story.

Elliott says that on Monday morning of last week, when the snow was already pretty thick and still falling, Chico came into the kitchen looking mighty well fed, and bringing an apparently dead sparrow in his mouth. The cat had evidently made a pretty meal, but had an eye to future contingencies, so he deposited the bird in an overturned basket in the corner and went out. Presently he came in again with another bird, deposited it in the basket and went out, to reappear still again, loaded as before. In fact, these trips kept up till ten or a dozen sparrows had been placed in the basket, and then Chico curled up under the stove to take a snooze.

The kitchen is a pretty comfortable one and by-and-by things began to get kind of lively in the basket, as the heat got in its little work of restoring to life the half-frozen birds. First one then another of the sparrows turned heels under, stretched his stiffened legs, spread his wings and came to. Presently the whole catch were up and out, fluttering about the room, perching on the shelves, helping themselves to crumbs and feeling quite at home generally. Indeed, they waxed gay, and set up such a chirping that they awakened Chico from his snooze, and when the big fellow arched his back, stretched himself and made for the basket, thinking to refresh the inner cat with a toothsome sparrow, such a look of astonishment depicted itself on his features as was never seen. But the birds were by no means slow to take in the situation.

At Chico's first move they began to make themselves scarce, and before he recovered from his astonishment the last one had flown, trusting rather the hills they knew of than a catastrophe they wot of. But if ever a cat was fooled, Chico was. He stayed by the basket all day, and refused to be comforted because the birds were not there. No doubt the next time he finds a good thing he'll hold on to it, and let the "rainy day" look out for itself.

WHERE BEAUTY COUNTS. "I am inclined to think," said a man who had a great deal to do with the stage, "that three-quarters of a woman's chance of getting a start as an actress depends upon her personal beauty. It is not that alone, however. There are some women who will attract in spite of their beauty. I have seen that frequently in the course of my life. A woman who has a large degree of beauty without the power of attracting makes a decided impression at first, but it is soon gone. I am not sure but it is a certain roundness of mental and physical development that makes a woman attractive. The feeling that she possesses it gives her an equilibrium which is pleasing in itself. That a good appearance is a benefit on the stage can be seen in many cases where there are both men and women holding prominent positions who cannot act, and who depend only on their looks." —Philadelphia Times.

AMELIA'S PALACE. "Amelia's palace" is the cynosure of all travelers' eyes in the Latter-Day Zion. Everyone who spends an hour in Salt Lake City, Utah, visits the handsome three-story stone structure dignified by that title. The woman whose memory the building will perpetuate is still living. Amelia Folsom Young, the sixteenth and favorite wife of Brigham Young, is still handsome and remarkably well preserved. So well has she managed the liberal estate left her by her famous husband that it has increased many times in value, and she is one of the wealthiest of her sex in the far west. She has exceptionally refined tastes, and is fond of travel, having made several extensive European tours. Mrs. Young is a devout Mormon. She resides, not in the palace, but in a spacious home a few blocks west of the historic building. She is a cousin of Mrs. Grover Cleveland. —New Orleans Picayune.

WHAT LITTLE GIRLS ARE WEARING. Tweeds and cloth of various textures and colors are being used to make winter frocks for little girls, and plaids, which are always becoming, were never handsomer, says Woman's Home Companion. Some of them are so large in design as to allow only one block in the length of the skirt; and they are held in equally as good style as the more modest small check and the less pretentious plaids of smaller size, which are much worn by children of all ages. Stockings to match these plaids are affected, and in most of the newer ones can be almost perfectly matched. The Scotch Highlander stocking, showing the plaid in the foot and half way up the leg, where it is met with the plain color which predominates in the plaid, is seen with these natty costumes. Coat and skirt costumes are extremely serviceable, and are largely worn on the street. A blouse of some simple silk or wool material is worn underneath the coat, making the costume answer for either street or house wear. Besides the reefer-shaped coats and tailor jackets, the Eton coats and boleros are worn, in which case they are much trimmed with fur, and lined and interlined so as to give the requisite warmth.

HOW ENGLISH GIRLS STUDY. The English students' power of concentration is remarkable. They respect perfectly the study hours of their friends, and will tolerate no interruption of their own. The English excel, says Popular Science Monthly, when tried by two of Professor Kraepelin's tests of mental capacity: Amount of work done in a given time and power of concentration. Wherein lies their advantage? They will tell us that their



WALKING-STICKS FOR WOMEN. The walking-stick for women is said to be coming in again. In "Gay Paree" they are the fad of the day. The cane must match the gown in color, and the head is often jeweled with stones of the same hue. Sometimes this jeweled head is made to serve as a vinaigrette.

THE LARGE WAIST. Large waists are said to be coming in fashion again, but curiously enough it seems to be the aim of all dressmakers and tailors to give the long, slender lines and as small a waist as it is possible with any breathing power, and the lines of braid on some of the new jackets are most cleverly arranged to taper in at the waist and broaden out over the shoulders.

A USEFUL HINT. Tortoise shell combs and pins for the hair are very much worn at present, and a knowledge of how to restore the beauty and luster of such ornaments is of value. An old-fashioned recipe book, written when such ornaments were treasured by the grandmothers of the present generation, advises rubbing the polished surface with powdered rotten stone and oil. The rotten stone should be first sifted through fine muslin. This will remove all scratches; then a polish is to be applied by gentle rubbing with a chambray to which a little jeweler's rouge has been applied.

A BRAVE MOTHER. She was a careful mother. The family of children had been well brought up, but they were rather fastidious in some things, and hard times had made it difficult to please everybody. However, the good soul always insisted upon the plate of porridge and milk every morning for breakfast as a good commencement for the day. Other food might fail, but she managed to provide the jug of fresh milk out of her limited resources, and the boys and girls of that household thrived, though commons were often short. But one morning the mother happened to look into her jug after she divided the precious quart among her offspring. Her own thoughtful lay at the bottom, and in the milk destined for the plateful of porridge in front of her was a great ugly cockroach—an exaggeration of the ordinary roach, it seemed to her disgusted vision.

Here was a dilemma! How on earth was she to find another jugful of milk? Meanwhile the children were enjoying their porridge. They tasted nothing amiss in the morning mess; and, indeed, when asked, the eldest boy thought that his porridge tasted better than he had known it for a long time. Could she sacrifice a good breakfast under the circumstances? For not a child would eat another spoonful if the horror were revealed. It was a puzzle. Yet to keep silence, and not to drink the milk herself, meant that the distressed mother would have curious eyes upon her, and that would never do. So at last, in desperation, rather than send the children away hungry, she poured out the remainder of the precious fluid as if nothing were the matter, taking care to keep the disgusting insect at the bottom of the jug, and then with an inward prayer for strength she proceeded to eat. The meal ended in due course, but the secret remained undiscovered. Everybody enjoyed the morning porridge except the mother. There is heroism and heroism—we are in doubt how to classify this bit of Brisbane experience. —The Queenslander.

DON'TS FOR SLENDER WOMEN. Don't walk to excess; a short walk will be beneficial, but long walks are flesh reducing. Don't wear black; black has a tendency to make any one look slender. Light clothes are most becoming. Don't strive for long waisted effects or use pointed girdles; the longer you make yourself look the thinner you will appear. Don't have your lingerie too close fitting; have your undershirts gathered around the hips and a full front in your underwaist is good. Don't stay up late at night; get at least nine hours' good sleep. A woman needs more sleep than a man, and nothing keeps her in good condition like lots of sleep. Don't use artificial means indiscriminately to make you look less slender. If done at all it should be done by a dressmaker who knows her business or the result is horrible. Don't wear stripes; checks, plaids and horizontal effects are better for thin women. They should strive for becoming, deceiving effects if they study art in dressing at all. Don't wear a large, broad-brimmed hat—it looks out of proportion, especially as the face of a slender girl is usually small. A moderately sized or small hat will be found much better. Don't fail to have your gowns made with an eye to hiding the fact that you are too slender. Full waists, fancy fronts and bouffant effects are best, while draped skirts or very full ones will detract from your slender appearance. Shabby jackets can be freshened up with braids for spring wear. Pretty designs can be bought all made up. Of course, it is cheaper to buy braids by the piece and make some simple design, and is not at all a difficult undertaking.

The Signs of Longevity. At a recent meeting of the Academy of Science, Mr. F. W. Warner, in speaking upon the subject of biometry, offered some very interesting data, which are in the main true. He said: Every person carries about with him the physical indications of his longevity. A long-lived person may be distinguished from a short-lived person at sight. In many instances a physician may look at the hand of a patient and tell whether he will live or die. The vegetables as well as the animal kingdom, each life takes its characteristics from the life from which it springs. Among these inherited characteristics we find the capacity for continuing its life for a length of time. The capacity for living we call the inherent or potential longevity. Under favorable conditions and environment, the individual should live out the potential longevity. With unfavorable conditions this longevity may be greatly decreased, but with a favorable environment the longevity of the person, the family, or the race may be increased. The primary conditions of longevity are that the heart, lungs, and digestive organs, as well as the brain, should be large. If these organs are large, the trunk will be long and the limbs comparatively short. The person will appear tall in sitting and short in standing. The hand will have a long and somewhat heavy palm and short fingers. The hand will be deeply seated, as shown by the orifice of the ear lying low. The blue hazel or brown hazel eye, as showing an intermission of temperament, is a favorable indication. The nostrils being large, open, and free indicate large lungs. A pinched and half-closed nostril indicates small or weak lungs. These are general points of distinction from those of short-lived tendencies, but, of course, subject to the usual individual exceptions. Still, it is well acknowledged that the characteristics noted are expressions of inherent potentiality, which have been proved on the basis of abundant statistical evidence. —Medical Record.

Tree Changes Its Quarters. An unusual feat in the transplanting line was accomplished recently here, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. An elm tree fifty feet high and with a trunk eighteen inches in diameter, with roots and all, was moved fifty feet. The tree is the property of Mrs. William Thaw, and stood on the line of the Beechwood Boulevard, where it traverses Mrs. Thaw's property at Fifth avenue, near Shady avenue. Mrs. Thaw desired to save the tree, and Contractor John Eicheley undertook to move it. A circular trench was dug round the tree at a distance of ten feet from the trunk. At a depth of six feet the workmen excavated under the tree, bracing the earth above with timbers. The mass of earth, twenty feet across and six feet deep, in which were imbedded the tree and its roots, was then boxed in with planks. Screws were placed beneath the whole mass raised and placed on rollers and moved fifty feet to where a great hole had been prepared for its reception. It was lowered into place, earth filled in as the screws were removed, and it stood as firm as if it had grown there.

The tree was maintained in an upright position by the weight of earth at the roots. The whole mass weighed seventy tons. The work occupied about three weeks and a number of photographs of the tree while in transit were taken.

Origin of Druggists' Show Bottles. An interesting story is told by the Chicago Grocer in connection with the familiar red, yellow and green vases that brighten the windows of drug stores. The custom of placing them there originated with an apothecary who found himself minus the red light with which tradesmen of his class were accustomed to ornament their store fronts. To make up the deficiency he got a bottle of red liquid and placed a candle behind it. The effect pleased him so well that he decided to improve it by placing a second red light in the window, with the aid of another bottle of red mixture and an additional candle. This sign made such a brave showing that an envious rival cast about for means of improving on the sign. He hit upon the scheme of placing a bottle colored with yellow fluid beside the red one, and then surpassed his previous effort and carried all before him by placing a green bottle beside the yellow. The three made a sign that caught the town, and all the druggists quickly fell into line. The bottles were replaced with the handsome vases at present in use, and the druggist's sign was here to stay to brighten the dingy streets of town and village.

Little Known About Warts. "The more I study into the question of warts," said a well-known physician, "the more convinced I am that there is but little known of them. It is surprising what few references are made to warts by the standard writers. In many of the leading books on surgery there is no mention at all of warts, and as a result physicians are almost in as much dark about them as others. To tell the truth, I have got more information from old nurse about warts than I ever did from my medical or surgical lectures or from my readings. Hundreds and hundreds of times patients have asked me how to get rid of warts, and my answer has generally been to let them alone, and that they would go away as mysteriously as they came. Of course I could not tell them of the cause of warts, but my experience has been that two or three came back for every one so removed. I am not superstitious on anything except warts, and I confess that I am about them." —Washington Star.

The Poetic Muse. Over the sea, the foam-crested sea, There sails a ship with white wings to me; This laden with hopes of Is-to-be. It will come to land, when the break of day Sends a rosy count on a sunlit ray, To brighten the shore-touched, shell-lined bay. —Rhoda A. Masten, in Home Magazine.

At the Tick of the Clock. Every minute, every minute Has the whole of living in it. Some one's dying, Some one's born, Some one's dying, Old and worn, Some one's laughing, Some one's frowning, Some one's chaffing, Some one's dead, Some one's hearing, Love confessed, Some one's jarring, Some one's jest, Some one's sorry, Some one's glad, Some one's sorry, Drives him mad. Every minute, every minute Has the whole of living in it. —Tom Hall, in Truth.

A Lassie's Will. O, down in the meadow the air was sweet With a breath of blooming clover. The blue-eyed grasses were kissing her feet And an azure sky bent over; But Mary's heart had a burden of woe, A burden she sought to cover With a smile and song, lest the world should know She had loved and lost, her lover. Each daisy was nodding her snowy head, And a zephyr stirred the grasses; Sir bobolink, saucily laughing, said: "This ever the way with lassies, They think that a quarrel when once begun Can be as easily ended; But laddies are lost, as laddies are won, Sometimes when 'tis least intended." But down through the meadow young Arthur came And the laughing skies bent over; The zephyrs whispered a maiden's name And a tremor stirred the clover. Though he spoke no word, yet he kissed her brow In spite of the chiding grasses, And bobolink whistled: "Just see her now, 'Tis ever the way with lassies." —The Peterson Magazine.

The True Patriot. The man who lays his life upon the shrine Of Liberty, responding to the call Of Freedom, bidding him surrender all; Obeys an impulse strange so subtly fine It is less human than it is divine. But he whose purpose, every wish and thought, Is for his country's progress, wealth and power, Who gives his youth, his manhood's perfect flower; The good he gains, multitudes has sought, A grander, higher destiny, has wrought. The victor's death is easier than to know You live a martyr's life for some grand cause. Building the temple of just, righteous laws, For ingrates to revile and overthrow. The laurels of a patriot's best renown Are plucked by Freedom from a martyr's crown. —Emma P. Seabury, in Home Magazine.

The End of It All. The proud man, fat with the fat of the land, Dozed back in his silted chair; Choice wines of the world, black men to command. Rare curios—rich and rare— Tail knights in armor on either hand— Yet trouble was in the air. The proud man dreamed of his younger days, when He toiled light-hearted and sang all day; He dreamed of the gold and of men Grown old in his service and hungry and gray. Their his two hands tightened a time; and then They tightened, and tightened to stay. Ah me! this drunkenness worse than wine! This grasping with greedy hold! Why, the poorest man upon earth, I opine, Is the man who has nothing but gold. How better the love of man divine, With God's love manhood.

Until the Day Break. A human soul went forth into the night, Shutting behind it Death's mysterious door, And shaking off with strange, resistless might The dust that once it wore. So swift its flight, so suddenly it sped— As when by skillful hand a bow is bent The arrow flies—theo watching round the bed Marked not the way it went. Heavy with grief, their aching, tear-dimmed eyes Saw but the shadow fall, and knew not when, Or in what fair or unfamiliar guise, It left the world of men. It broke from Silex's thrall with iron bands Had found it fast for many a grievous day; And Love itself with its restraining hands Might not its course delay. Space could not hold it back with fettering bars, Time lost its power, and ceased at last to care; It swept beyond the boundary of the stars, And touched Eternity. Out from the house of mourning faintly lit, It passed upon its journey all alone; So far not even Thought could follow it Into those realms unknown. Through the clear silence of the moonless dark Leaving no footprint of the road it trod, Straight as an arrow cleaving to its mark, The Soul went home to God. "Aha!" he cried, "he never saw the mark, But fell asleep outward-bound with the strife!"—Nay, rather, he arose and met the Dawn Of Everlasting Life. —Christian Burke, in Pall Mall Magazine.

Either Way—Flat Hunter—"Is this a spare room or a closet?" Agent—"It depends, madam, on how many you have in your family." —Puck.