Governor Grout of Vermont is considerable of a farmer for a New Englander, and this season he has tapped 45,000 maple trees and made 12,000 pounds of sugar and syrup.

Between September 1, 1894, and September 1, 1896, the South added 882,746 spindles to her cotton industry, while the Eastern and New England States added only 671,223, showing a gain of thirty-nine per cent. for the Southern States and of barely more than five per cent. for the Eastern and New England States.

American newspaper methods—the art of being wide-awake, etc.—have met with a whooping success in London. The Star made a fortune for McCarthy, and now the Daily Mail, which is owned by young men, not one of them more than thirty-three years old, is selling 320,000 copies daily, and it owns the biggest newspaper building in London.

Japan is distinctly a literary country, with a history of writing and literature since at least A. D. 712. Last year the number of books published was 26,965, of which 20,000 were translations or compilations. Law led with 4830, painting and sculpture had 3000, religion followed with 1183, music 1022, Japanese poetry 982 and works in belles lettres, novels, stories, criticisms, etc., 1112 titles.

The migration of the French-speaking people of Canada to the New England States has assumed enormous proportions in recent years, and shows no signs of diminution. The French population of the Province of Quebec is 1,200,000, while, according to the census of 1890, the number of French Canadians and persons of Canadian extraction in the United States was 840,000. The late M. Mercier predicted that by 1910 there would be more French Canadians by birth and descent in the United States than in Canada.

More than two years ago the celebrated Professor Berthelot of Paris announced that the production of India rubber by a chemical process was but a matter of time—probably of a comparatively short time. This possibility means much to the wheelmen and to the cycle manufacturer. The tires of a bicycle are among its most important and expensive parts, and when chemically pure rubber can be procured in quantities practically unlimited, and at a merely nominal cost, we shall perhaps see a revolution, indeed, in both the art and the industry of bicycle construction.

Careful lists of large public gifts made by citizens of the United States show that the Americans are the most generous and public-spirited people in the world. The lists, restricted to sums above $5000, and not including either denominational gifts for educational and benevolent purposes, or State or municipal appropriations to public and sectarian institutions, show that in 1893 the total of such gifts exceeded $29,000,000; in 1894 exceeded $32,000,000; in 1895 exceeded $32,800,000, and in 1896 exceeded $27,000,000, or more than $120,000,000 in four years of financial depression.

Among the illustrious visitors who will come to America this year King Chulalonkorn of Siam has by far the most unique personality. An independent Asiatic monarch, ruling over some fifteen millions of prosperous subjects, he is also endowed with a degree of culture not shared by any Eastern potentate. If he were not a King, he would fill a prominent position in the ranks of the learned. He has shown himself a munificent patron of scholars and scholarship. Perhaps, however, from an English standpoint, his goodliest trait of all is his pronounced Anglophilism. English is now spoken at Bangkok by all the elite of Siamese society.

The Warden of the Indiana Penitentiary at Michigan City has adopted a novel method of furnishing occupation and exercise for the several hundred convicts in the northern prison who are relieved from work by the operation of the law abolishing contract labor. The idle prisoners will be organized into militia companies and drilled in tactics of modern warfare by men in stripes who have seen military service. The men will be drilled in squads of forty and this number will be increased until there is an entire regiment of striped men. It is proposed to provide the convicts with wooden guns. The plan has the cordial endorsement of the board of prison managers. Warden Harley believes such a plan as this is the only one that, in default of furnishing manual toil, that will prevent several hundred convicts from being driven insane as the result of idleness and confinement.

"I DIDN'T THINK."

If all the troubles in the world
Were traced back to their start,
We'd find not one in ten begun
From want of willing heart.
But there's a sly woe-working elf
Who lurks about youth's brink,
And sure dismay he brings away—
The elf "I didn't think."

He seems so sorry when he's caught,
His mien is all contrite,
He so regrets the woe he's wrought,
And wants to make things right.
But wishes do not heal a wound,
Nor weld a broken link,
The heart aches on, the link is gone—
All through "I didn't think."

I half believe that ugly sprite,
Bold, wicked "I don't care,"
In life's long run less harm has done
Because he is so rare,
And one can be so stern with him,
Can make the monster shrink;
But lack-a-day, what can we say
To whining "Didn't think."

This most unpleasant imp of strife
Pursues us everywhere.
There's scarcely one whole day of life
He does not cause us care;
Small woes and great he brings the world,
Strong ships are forced to sink,
And trains from iron tracks are hurled
By stupid "Didn't think."

When brain is comrade to the heart,
And heart from soul draws grace,
"I didn't think" will quick depart
For lack of resting place.
If from that great unselfish stream,
The Golden Rule, we drink,
We'll keep God's law and have no cause
To say, "I didn't think."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

HER ENEMY.

By JENNY WREN.

If she were a daughter of mine, I would disown her! If I thought that a daughter of mine would so much as touch a hated Prussian's hand, I would swear she had been changed in her cradle. Wait a little while till we teach their arrogant pretension how France resents it, and then such women will lament the treachery they dare call love."

So spoke Pierre Duval in hot breath, just before the siege of Paris had begun—breath kindled by the news brought him by the fair girl shrinking before his anger—the news that one of her schoolmates, the daughter of an old neighbor, had been married, the day previous, to a young Prussian officer, bearing active arms against the country of his newly-made wife; and he had left her side twenty-four hours after the completion of the ceremony, to rejoin his regiment.

All through the day, old Pierre kept muttering to himself; at nightfall, he called his little Marie to him.

"Women are strange beings," he began, as if to relieve his mind of a load which was weighing upon it; "and perhaps I've no right to believe you of different stuff from the rest. These are uncertain times we're in, too. The Prussians are proving stronger than we thought, and it behooves every man who can carry a musket to stand ready. But, Marie, girl, if your old father marches after the drum and fife with the rest—and no young legs of them all will march more willingly—I want you to make me a solemn promise; nay, more, to kneel beside me and make me a solemn oath. Kneel, my girl—kneel!"

Pale and terrified, the girl knelt.

"You frighten me, papa," she said.

"It's naught to frighten you," he answered; "but it's one thing to march out to the field and another to march back. They may leave me cold and stiff behind them on their return—the gallant sons of France; but I'll rest easier in my grave, though that grave be a trench filled with the bones of my comrades, if I know my child never will dishonor her race. Now raise your hand, Marie, and swear that you will never marry a man who cannot boast French blood in his veins!"

Solemnly the girl swore.

The old man smiled triumphantly as he bent and kissed the long, flaxen braid wound about the little head.

"I'm ready now," he said.

Within a week the siege of Paris had begun. Within a month Pierre Duval's daughter was orphaned. A Prussian bullet had stilled forever the heart so loyal to France.

For a time Marie was stunned. No one found opportunity to sympathize with her grief, for around and about her every one was nursing some misery of their own. Every house bore some badge of mourning. Every heart carried its own burden.

But sorrier days were in store for Paris—days when the Prussians marched untroubled through its streets, and spoke their hated language in loud, triumphal accents.

On a party of these Marie stumbled one evening as she hastened home. Her pretty face, from which she had thrown back her heavy veil of crepe, attracted them.

Instantly two of them approached her, addressing her in their own tongue.

She hastily drew down her veil, but one bolder than the rest raised his hand to again uplift it. Scarcely had he done so when it was struck down by a sharp, quick blow from behind.

Marie turned, to see the Frenchman who had befriended her; but, lo! a young officer, in full Prussian uniform, stood before her, respectfully touching his hat.

A few swift words of command to the men sent them, abashed, away. Then, with an accent almost as pure as her own, he begged that she would allow him to escort her to her home.

"Such outrages in time of war are difficult always to prevent," he said; "but you risk much by appearing unattended in the street. Always your father—your brother—"

"Ah!" she interrupted, "do you leave us our fathers and our brothers? No! I have been to the hospital, caring for the poor men who may be spared to their mothers and their sisters. As for me, you have already taken from me my all."

And she moved quickly away, as if the conversation were at an end; but the young officer kept pace beside her.

"Pardon me," she said, "but you are too young and too pretty to pass through Paris unmolested. You hate me as your foe, but you must let me guard you to your home, even though you hate me the more."

"There is no need," she replied. "I go every day to the hospital, and every day at this hour, or very little earlier, I must return."

A shadow, and then a light, swept over the young man's face.

"I am stationed so near here that, if you will permit me, every night I will be your escort," he said.

"I would rather die than accept a kindness from your hands, or those of any of your blood!" she answered hotly—"you, who are my dear old father's murderers!"

And as she spoke the last words she paused before a gate, which the concierge hastily opened for her admission, and which instantly swung to behind her.

But alone in her room, Marie paused. Singularly enough, she could recall every feature of the young officer's face—a face which seemed to her to realize some dream of manly beauty; the echo of his voice lingered in her ear—a voice low, and rich, and musical—musical even when he had sternly addressed the soldiers in his own guttural tongue.

Her heart was beating high with fear and excitement, and indignant anger, but mingled with it was a strange thrill of joy.

"It is because I proved my hate," she murmured to herself. "Yet he was kind to me. But for him——"

She would not continue her thought to the end. Resolutely she put it from her.

All the next day she was busy again among her wounded. Since her father's death she had gone into the hospitals.

Sitting, with folded hands, in the midst of all the misery about her, with her own wretchedness for mental food, she had felt herself upon the verge of madness, and so had offered her services, which only too gladly were accepted, though there had been some little demur about her youth.

When evening fell she hastened homeward, but with new dread, new sinking, until, looking behind her, as she turned the corner of a street, she saw, following her, her protector of the night before.

Until the gate again closed behind her, he let but that little distance intervene between them.

Hot blood mounted to her face, and yet an instinctive sense of care and protection mingled with what she named his presumption.

Every night afterward it was the same. Earlier or later, as she might find it, he was near her, nor left her till safe within her own home. One night he approached her.

"There will be fighting to-morrow," he said. "I cannot be here to aid you. You must not go out alone. Promise me that you will not."

For a moment she was almost tempted into forgetfulness that he was a Prussian. For a moment she was almost tempted to answer, "I promise!" then she recovered herself, and turned hotly and indignantly upon him.

"Pass my word to you!" she said—"to you, my enemy—the enemy whom I hate!"

"And you, my enemy, are the enemy I love!" he replied. "Why should I love a woman to whom I have spoken scarce twenty words in my life, and who has answered me with so scorn and contempt always? I know not. Some strange freak of fate, perhaps; but so it is. I may go out to-morrow to meet my death. If I should, doubtless you will never know that thus France has avenged herself; but I should like to feel you sometimes gave me one kindly thought, even as my last thought, living or dying, will be of the one woman who gave me a stone for the heart I offered her. But, for God's sake, promise me you will not go alone tomorrow on the street! Do not let me have the added torture that you are in peril."

They had reached the gate ere this. Her hand was on the bell. She opened her lips, meaning to scathingly utter his deserved rebuke, but, lo! instead, the two simple words, "I promise!" came low and thrilling whisper.

Before she had divined his intention, he had caught in his the little, gloved fingers and pressed them to his lips. The next moment the gate had swung to between them, and Marie, flying to her own room, had flung herself in a burst of bitter sobbing on the bed.

He was a Prussian, and she—hated him.

Three days later she paused beside two surgeons, in earnest conversation.

"There's but one way to save him," said one. "It's an ugly wound, but he's sinking from loss of blood. If we could get some one to submit to transfusion, I think he would recover."

"Impossible!" answered the other.

And Marie passed on to the room where lay the sufferer. She paused beside the cot. He was lying, white and insensible, upon the pillow, his head bound in blood-stained bandages; but, all changed as he was, she recognized him, and fell, with a low cry, beside him.

To her he was nameless, but he was the Prussian whom she—hated, and the man whom she—loved!

Ah, in that moment she knew the truth, and then she remembered the surgeons' words. They were about separating when she returned to them.

"You said transfusion would save him," she said. "I am strong and I am ready."

And rolling back her sleeve, she disclosed her bare, white arm, with its dimly-outlined blue veins.

A little while the physicians demurred, but in the end she had her way.

She did not shudder as the sharp lancet penetrated her vein, and the faintness which crept over her—the deadly faintness—as the blood poured from her veins into his, was ecstasy; for though to her it might mean death, to him it was life—her life for his.

She swooned before the operation was completed, and days had passed before she could rally even to know that her sacrifice had not been in vain—days when Paris had been racked by a bitterer foe than the hated Prussian, even her own inhabitants.

But the terrible days were over, when Marie was allowed to once more assume her role as nurse. Ernest Haupfman was still in need of all her care; but when she stood once again beside him, he looked at her with wide-open, conscious eye, into which, as he recognized her, there came a look of ineffable happiness.

"My love!" he murmured, and then he fell asleep, with her hand clasped tight in his.

Through long weeks she nursed him—weeks which taught her that all her future must be wretchedness, since her promise to her dead father forbade that she should share it.

How dared she tell Ernest of it until he spoke the words which unsealed her silence?

But one evening, as they sat together in the twilight, he almost wholly convalescent now, he spoke them, as, in low, endearing accents, he asked her to be his wife.

Amid bitter sobs, she told him all then, and hid her face within her hands. But he gently drew them down, and drew her head upon his heart.

"My own," he said, "your sacrifice has borne its fruit. Your husband must boast French blood in his veins, forsooth! Have I, then, none in mine? Did you not mingle yours with mine—the very blood of Pierre Duval himself? Ah, Marie, keep your vow to your dead father, and, keeping it, give yourself to me!"

In silent rapture Marie listened to the words; but, as her arms close-clasped themselves about his neck, he knew that he had won his cause, and that she had given over forever to the—enemy!—Saturday Night.

A Coupon of 1776.

Cornelius Holton, of 435 Fifth avenue, this city, called upon Mayor Strong in New York yesterday and presented for payment a coupon clipped from an old water bond issued by New York City on March 5, 1776. The coupon called for the payment to bearer of four shillings and was signed by Benjamin Blagge as clerk. Mr. Holton said that it was through his wife, who was formerly the widow of Dr. A. Barnes, of Greenwich, Conn., that he got the coupon. She had received it from her grandfather many years ago. Mayor Strong said there was no fund from which the coupon could be honored, so he referred Mr. Holton to the City Chamberlain. General McCook knew of no fund from which payment could be made, so the holder was in turn referred to Controller Fitch. There the question of the city's liability was raised. Deputy Controller Lyons said that the issue of bonds in question was authorized by the common council four months before the Declaration of Independence was signed. He expressed the opinion that the successors of King George were the responsible parties from whom interest should be collected. So Mr. Holton returned to his home without his four shillings.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Protecting Iron Against Rust.

A new process for the protection of iron against the injurious action of rust has been suggested by M. Deninger, a Dresden chemist. It consists of treating the iron with a solution of ferrocyanide, which forms a coating of cyanide of iron, uniform and impermeable to water, and of such a nature as to protect effectively the iron covered by it. The operation, applied on a large scale, has already given good results. The following is the method adopted in practice: The solution is mixed with a flax-seed varnish, to which has been added a little turpentine or benzol, so as to cause a very homogeneous emulsion, which can be applied without difficulty. The evaporation of the alcohol leaves the flax-seed varnish, which forms a coat protecting the cyanide of iron which is deposited upon the iron. There is no necessity, says the Industrial World, of previously preparing the iron beyond the removing of beds of rust too thick to admit of the action of the ferrocyanide.

Do Bees Fill Up the Cracks?

It depends entirely on circumstances whether they do or not. If they are up in the sections some days before they begin to work they will chink them up; but if the weather is hot, and the honey-flow good, they are just as apt to fill and seal them before doing any waxing at all, and they sometimes used to fill and cap entirely the large wooden boxes which I used to make before sections came in vogue. I frequently made the top out of two pieces, and they would shrink so that I could see down, and I saw them filled and capped, so that I could look right down between every sheet of honey after taking them off and getting the bees out, and not a particle anywhere; but if left on long after they were filled they would put in propolis; while if the weather was cool, and they wanted them warmer, they would fill them with white wax, the same as they used in making comb.

But it made me laugh just a little to see you cite Doolittle to a case of bees storing honey in extracting-combs with a crack 12½ inch over their heads. Now, haven't you been around bees long enough to find that they never stop up a crack that they can go through freely? But may be your bees can't get through a half-inch hole—must be some dorsata about them.

In answering a question as to the merits of a tall section over a square one, one writer makes a point which I think is a good one, viz., that it is a detriment to bee-keepers when they adopted the panel sections, and says the price of honey would not have been lowered if we had stuck to the large section, and he is right; and another thing besides the extra work of setting up, putting in foundation, scraping, etc., is, that the bees will put up more honey in large section than in small ones, just as they will beat themselves if allowed to work all together in a large hive, all in one body; but then, we don't want to raise chunk honey, so must have some kind of package to get it stored in. But I can get about ten pounds more honey in two than in one pound sections, which would allow for a couple of cents less; but then, I can't sell them all at any price, except a limited number around home; they won't sell at all in Chicago unless there is a great scarcity.

So, much against my will, I am obliged to use the 4¼x4¼, and I prefer them 1½ wide, and use without separators, and have but very few bulged or crooked combs; and they would rather they weigh nearer an even pound than any other size I ever had. Then I doubt whether as much honey is sold as there would be if the two-pound sections were all there were in use, for scores of people would buy just as quickly as any way, and, once bought, it would be eaten, and they would buy again just as quickly as if it were only one pound.—Woodchopper, in Gleanings in Bee Culture.

About Transplanting.

There is often much loss sustained in transplanting crops by the work not being properly done. To obviate this one must have some knowledge of the business, together with careful performance of the work. Carefully observe the state of the crop, or plant, we will say, to be transplanted; its kind and requirements, also the condition of the soil in which it stands and that to which it is to be removed, the manner in which the plant requires to be set and its subsequent treatment. These points are requisite, and must be understood and observed.

Hard-wooded plants, such as shrubs and trees, should never be removed after new growth has made its appearance, for if so the newly-established feeding roots are torn asunder and destroyed, and the plant is so enfeebled that it will require a season or two to recover its former vitality, if it lives at all, which it is not likely to do if the new growth be advanced to any great extent. In most cases perennials and annuals, in a thrifty, growing condition, are not much injured by being removed when their buds begin to develop. Some shrubs of the more hardy nature, however, may, with care, be removed even after the new growth is considerably advanced.

Plants that have long or spindle-shaped roots, such as carrots, beets and parsnips, and also some of the flowering plants having similar-shaped roots do not bear transplanting as well as do plants which have branching, fibrous roots. Some advise cutting off about a third of the roots and tops of such plants when resetting. However, with some, such as the garden plants named, we find this unnecessary if the plants be set when small.

In transplanting plants grown in pots or boxes, they should be allowed to become quite dry before they are removed. Thus, deprived of moisture, which stimulates growth, the feeding roots become, to a great extent, matured, and when the plant is removed it does not suffer such a shock as would follow if it were in a stimulated or thrifty, growing condition.

The soil to which plants are to be removed should be put in good condition, and the plants carefully set as soon as possible after they are taken up. The roots should be placed at about the same depth as before and carefully spread out, then fine, rich soil, unmixed with manure or trash of any kind, pressed firmly about them; if the soil be very dry supply tepid water, then draw up more of the soil over the roots and about the plant. If the transplanting be done in dry weather, a covering of grass, leaves, old rags or anything that will exclude the sun and hot air and preserve the moisture, will greatly accelerate the vigor of the plant. However, for transplanting large field crops, advantage must be taken of wet weather in which to do the work.—J. L. B., in New York Tribune.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Dairy calves need the foods that make milk, not fat.

Protect the lambs against being drenched by sudden showers.

A well bred calf must be well fed to make a good cow—remember that.

If you have apples on hand do not let them rot—feed to the milk cows.

Good money can be made in raising sheep for mutton as well as for wool. Quality counts.

A little linseed meal fed a cow before calving will not hurt her any; or after calving, for that matter.

Grease or oil on sitting hens is positively injurious, either on the hen's feathers or body, as the least trace upon the eggs destroys the germs.

Study the dispositions of your calves as they grow. Pet and foster the good ones, curb the bad ones, and if too bad better get rid of the calf as veal or "baby beef." A cow with a mean disposition is no comfort in a dairy.

Successful management of the calf lies at the foundation of stock-raising, and there must be no slack in attention or watchfulness. Scouring, the bane of calf rearing, indicates indigestion, and results from overfeeding, irregular feeding, giving food too cold, or permitting the young animal to get chilled or wet.

It matters not whether the farmer is breeding for beef or butter, he cannot afford to ignore the principle which runs through all breeding operations—that like begets like. One may soon build up a herd of great merit merely through a selection of good cows bred to the best bulls, or may stay at the tail of the procession.

In growing ensilage corn do not use more than twelve quarts of seed to the acre, in drills three feet apart. Let it stand until it begins to glaze some. It is no trouble to get fifteen tons of ensilage to the acre. The idea that good ensilage will in any way taint or injure milk is ridiculous. An expert cannot detect ensilage-made milk if the ensilage is all right.

Do you receive the bulletins of your State experiment station? By applying to it on a postal for them these useful reports will be mailed you free. And the station is usually glad to answer your questions on any points upon which you need light in your agricultural work. That's one of the things the station is for. Its officers are employed to serve the farmers' interests. It is your own fault if you don't make use of it.

The progressive dairyman tests his herds and weeds out the unprofitable cows that do not come up to his standard of milk and butter production; and the farmer who cannot afford to subscribe for a stock journal, or cannot afford to have any improved breeds, buys these rejected cows. They look fine, but fine big-record cows are seldom for sale. The business dairyman will not tolerate the cow that fails to pay its way.

An African Delicacy.

The flesh of an elephant is eaten in its entirety by several of the African tribes. A detail of the process of butchering the animals is not pleasant reading. The tools used are spears and hatchets. The rough outer skin is first removed in large sheets. Beneath this is a subcuticle, a pliable membrane, from which the natives make water skins. The elephant yields large quantities of fat, used in cooking their sundried biltong, or dried strips of elephant's flesh, and also in the preparation of vegetables. African explorer of the Caucasian race agree that one part of the elephant's carcass, when properly cooked, is a succulent dish that will regale the most delicate taste. This part, very strangely, is the first joint of the leg below the knee, which portion of the animal. To prepare the joint, a hole three feet deep is dug in the earth, and the sides of it are baked hard by means of large live coals. Most of the coals are then taken out, and the elephant's foot is placed in the rude oven. The hole is then filled with dirt, tightly packed, and a blazing fire is built on top, which is kept replenished for three hours. The foot is thus evenly baked, and when done, instead of strong, tough meat fibre, it is a gelatinous consistency that may be eaten with a spoon.—Public Opinion.

Sleep Walker Travels Three Miles.

While in a somnambulistic state, James Casey, sixteen years of age, escaped unnoticed from his home at Newberry, Penn., attired only in his shoes and stockings and a shirt. He was found several hours later in South Williamsport, fully three miles from his home, having crossed the river in his wanderings.—Philadelphia Press.

WOMEN AS FARMERS.

Three Cultured Illinois Girls Successful in Agriculture.

From time to time, says the Washington Pathfinder, we hear of the successes of energetic women in many callings that until recent years were in the exclusive possession of men. A short time ago we published some account of a young Minnesota woman who had made money out of farming. Before that we had heard of the California girl who located a $25,000 silver mine.

But so far there have been comparatively few instances of well-educated young women deliberately starting out in life to make a business of farming. We notice, therefore, with great interest in a recent issue of a Chicago daily paper the account of three young women of Illinois who have demonstrated that agriculture may be both a profitable and an enjoyable business for the "gentler sex," and also that women need not lose their taste for the finer things of life in this humble employment. Their farms, which aggregate 4220 acres, were inherited from their father, John D. Gillett, a well-known man in Illinois, who owned 11,000 acres in Logan County at the time of his death, nine years ago. The young women are practical agriculturists, having picked up much of their knowledge of the care of the farms with their father, and yet they are finely educated, speak French, and have a taste for art, literature and music. They devoted their entire time to the farms for the first few years after they assumed the management, and now the land yields twice as much as it did at the time of their father's death. Corn is their principal product, and the average yield is sixty bushels an acre. They have drained a lake of 400 acres by digging a ditch a mile and a half long.

The farms are divided into small sections, which are let by tenants, with whom they divide the crops. These women ride thirty and forty miles a day on their tours of inspection, which are not at stated times, so the tenants have no way of knowing when they are coming. Miss Nina Gillett says there is no work she would prefer to farming, and thinks a woman who has a knowledge of the subject and some experience is just as good a farmer as a man. Miss Amy is quite as much in love with the business, and while they believe in all the science which can be applied to agriculture, they rarely indulge in experiments, but trust to the "Agricultural Experiment Stations" to enlighten them as to what may or may not be done with land. Experience has taught them that agents were not a success, as they very soon began to trade on the supposed incapacity of women as business managers and tried to deceive them by charging for work which was never done.

A Convict-Built Prison.

The last Congress appropriated $150,000 for a penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth, Kan. It will be a thoroughly modern structure, near the site of the old prison, and the plan of utilizing the five hundred convicts there to build it is to be carried out. It is expected that the new building will represent an outlay of three times the appropriation. The land, of course, is free, being a Government reservation, set apart in 1827. It has inexhaustible quarters of fine building stone, an abundance of lime and the finest clay for making bricks. The convicts are to quarry and dress the stone, make the bricks, burn the lime and prepare the structural material in the prison shops. When the building is completed it will represent all the newest and best ideas in that class of architecture. There will be a dozen rooms devoted to night schools for the prisoners, a first-class gymnasium, baths and the like, to be used by those who merit good treatment. The warden of the Fort Leavenworth State prison, Captain John W. French, speaking of the convicts, said:

"The majority of the men sent to us come from Arkansas, Texas and the Indian Territory. They are mostly of the frontier type, and, as a rule, are easier to reclaim than those who have been used in the older and more settled communities. The lax standards of border settlements are often the cause of moral obloquy, but, as a general thing, the border man who becomes a convict is readier to listen to appeals to his reason and conscience, and makes more earnest efforts to reform."

A Curious Occupation.

An occupation which does not figure in labor statistics, nor in the social economy, at least, of America, is discovered in the following advertisement, which appeared in the Blackpool Times, an English newspaper, in the last days of 1896: "Young man, of dark complexion, is prepared to 'Let in the New Year' at any house in Blackpool between 12 and 9 a. m., at two shillings each with refreshment." The explanation of this cryptic notice lies, it seems, in a superstition that the first visitor to a house in the new year, if he happens to be of a dark complexion, brings it good luck.

Sunken Treasure Ships.

Some of the famous treasure ships which lie at the bottom of the seas include L'Orient, sunk by Nelson at the battle of the Nile, with $3,000,000 aboard; the Latune, sunk in the Zuyder Zee with $7,000,000 in her hold; the De Brake, lost off Delaware Bay with Spanish bullion, and the ship Golden Gate, which went down off Cape Hatteras while on her way from California in the fifties loaded with gold. Official statistics show that 2000 vessels are sunk annually, the vessels and cargoes being valued at $100,000,000. The Atlantic and Pacific coasts are strewn with old and new wrecks, many laden with valuable cargoes.