

Wages of school teachers in Connecticut have doubled in the past thirty-five years.

It seems to be the irony of fate that Greece should now be compelled to pay handsomely for the ineffable privilege of being thrashed.

Hard times or not, the price of pictures seems to keep. At a sale in London the other day a work by Gainsborough sold for \$25,000.

The world's agriculture occupies the attention of 280,000,000 men, represents a capital of \$24,000,000,000, and has an annual product of \$20,000,000,000.

An ordinance has gone forth in Japan exhorting the people to eat more freely of meat, with a view to increasing the average height of the race.

A traveling evangelist in the West has an assistant stationed outside his meeting places, and every time he brings down a fresh sinner he signals to this man, who sends up a skyrocket.

The Marquis Ito repudiates the idea that Japan wants to annex the Hawaiian Islands. He declares that "Japan does not want the islands as a gift. It only wants to see treaty rights observed."

Portland, Oregon, has formed a Citizens' Protective Association. The city has been steadily losing population and wealth, and the object of the association is to encourage home trade and industries.

The silver to be used in plating the "silver palace" at the Omaha (Nebr.) Exposition has been furnished by Western miners. The metal, it seems, is, however, only on loan, and will be given back to the owners when the show closes.

Every war vessel built for the Government by private enterprise has a bonus of from \$60,000 to \$350,000 for making a little more speed than the contract requirement. "Why not raise the standard and save the bonuses?" asks the New York Press.

The Berlin National Zeitung thinks the American apple has come to Germany to stay. It is not only good, but can be sold in the streets at less than four cents a pound, and, what is most important of all, it keeps much longer than the German apple.

New Jersey has made more progress recently in road construction than any other State. As a result the price of farm lands in New Jersey has advanced and many farms which had been abandoned because of the difficulty in marketing their crops are now tenanted and cultivated.

An English officer at Canea remarked the other day to a Russian: "I should like to sink this island and wash off the whole crowd—Cretons, Turks and Greeks!" "Yes," replied the Russian, "and when the island came up again, you would like to plant the British flag on top!" It is probable that the one officer was as disinterested as the other.

Germany, says the San Francisco Bulletin, seems to be forging ahead in the race for industrial greatness, if not supremacy. She already stands second among the Nations in the value of her exports and imports. Official figures put her exports and imports for 1895 at \$1,926,729,000; England's were \$3,125,820,000; France's, \$1,366,167,600, and the United States', \$1,544,770,000.

Says the Jacksonville (Fla.) Metropolis: "A few years ago the region of South Florida was one vast orange grove. The cold weather came and swept away the beautiful and profitable trees. Now that section is a tobacco farm, and it promises to be more remunerative than orange-growing. It is not packing houses that we once heard so much about being constructed, but tobacco houses to prepare the leaf for the market. It is said that where there is a will there is a way, and this seems to be true of Florida. If they can't have one crop they can another. The soil yields bountifully, and the year 1897 is going to prove a successful one to the tobacco growers. Much of the tobacco, it is asserted, will prove the equal to that heretofore imported from Cuba. In fact, many of the natives of that island are now engaged in the culture of the plant in the southern counties of this State. Calamities come and calamities go, but the resources of Florida go on forever, and a back-set does not discourage other efforts to retrieve losses. We should be, if we are not, a happy people when there are so many opportunities to be happy presented."



"TIS LOVE THAT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND."

A thousand years ago, or more, A maiden and a youth Discovered for themselves anew An old, yet living truth: For through their love these lovers found 'Twas love that made the world go round, As youths and maidens had before, As thousand years ago and more.

A thousand years from now, or more, A youth will know the bliss Of gazing into eyes that flash The love-light back to his: And send the world for many a day A-spinning gaily on its way, A-spinning faster than before, Another thousand years, or more.

And, Love, have you and I not found 'Tis love that makes the world go round? Gustav Kolbe, in Harper's Weekly.

THE END OF IT ALL.

HAT'S the last word, is it?" It was Bale who asked the question. He had screwed his courage to the sticking point at last.

"That's the last word," said Selina, "and to my mind, Mr. Tolley, it's a bit of pity it ever went so far."

"As how?" said Bale. He was very gloomy and quiet, and unlike himself, and she had ceased to feel afraid of him.

"In this wise, Mr. Tolley," she answered, "I never chose your company, and I never liked it. I look on what you've said to me as a liberty. And I defy you to say I ever showed you a sign of encouragement to it."

"That's true enough," said Bale gravely, and without touch of irony. "I'll do you that much credit. You've made it pretty clear as you disliked me from the beginning."

"And that," the girl retorted, "is why I look on what you've said in the light of a liberty, Mr. Tolley."

"It won't be repeated," Bale answered. "Good night!"

He lingered as if in expectation of an answer, but the girl turned away without a word. The garden gate clicked behind her, and Bale was left standing in the roadway.

"Well," he said to himself, "it's what I looked for, and it fits my merits." He pulled a handful of loose tobacco from one pocket of his jacket and a pipe from the other. "Then, having stood for a minute or two without a movement, he filled his pipe, lit it, and walked away.

The girl meanwhile had reached the cottage kitchen. She took a candlestick from the high chimney-piece, and set it on the table with an angry emphasis. She stirred the waning fire with the same petulance, and, having thrust a thin sliver or two of wood between the bars, she knelt down before the grate and fanned the embers with her apron. When they blazed she drew out one of the sticks and lit the candle. As the wick began to burn she looked up and gave a faint cry at the sight of an unexpected figure in the room.

"Mother!" she said, with a hand upon her heart. "How you frightened me!"

"Hast no cause to be afraid of me, wench," her mother answered. "So Bale's got the sack, has he?"

"Got the sack?" Selina echoed. "No. He was never in my service."

"He never got any wages, poor lad!" said the old woman. "That's another matter, however. In your service he has been this three year."

"Well," returned Selina, "I never had any truck with him, and I never wanted any. And now, if that's what he wanted to know, he knows it."

"Yes," said the old woman, knitting away with the same tranquillity, "you let him know it."

"Why, mother," cried the girl, "what would you have me do? Did you expect me to say 'Yes' to him?"

"No, my dear. It would ha' given me a rare sore heart to hear it. But I've known him since the day he was born, and I've been sorry for him many a time. He's a nobody's child, poor Bale is. He was bred on charity, and he was made to feel it. He's gone wrong, my dear, like a good many more, because he'd hardly ever the chance to go right; but there was the making of a fine man in him. You was quite right to say him nay, but I could wish as you'd been gentle with him."

Selina lit a second candle and sat down beside it with her sewing.

"His father was a traveling conjuror," said the old woman, after a long pause. "I saw him once alive, and a finer figure of a man I never saw. I helped to lay him out, poor fellow, that same night. He broke his back-bone with a cannon ball doin' some juggler's trick with it. They said at the time he was in liquor, and he'd no right to do a dangerous thing like that at such a time. He'd built a bit of a tent across the road there on the waste ground, and there was the wife a-waitin' her confinement. The child wasn't born half an hour when some blunderin' idiot told her the news. That killed the mother. Then poor Tolley's wife took in the child and kept it, and we all helped a bit; and he grew up to be called Tolley. And as if he hadn't had misfortune enough to begin life with, old Tolley must needs go an' christen the poor little creetur' by his own name of Balaam,

as 't'been a laughing stock for the whole o' Castle Barfield for 'ears an' 'ears. He learned himself to read an' write without any help as iver I heard on. He was put to work at the pit-bank by the time he was eight 'ears old, and he lerned himself the engine-drivin' by looking at the engine an' watchin' the chaps at work at it. Poor Bale!"

A bright drop or two fell from the girl's eyes and glistened on the stuff she was sewing.

In the meantime, Bale, the rejected, had walked down into the valley, had lingered for a while at the forge gates to stare in at the white-hot, half-naked figures that dragged the bloom from the surface, and ran it on its iron trolley to the steam-hammer, and had waited to see it beaten from its incandescent heat to a dull red glow.

"It takes good stuff to abide that kind of handling," said Bale. "The good stuff's the better for it. But it's no use trying it on slag. As a matter of fact, you can't have the good stuff without it, but it's a pity to treat all sorts alike."

He was making a parable of the matter in his own mind, and he walked on thinking of it in a sore-hearted and rather empty-headed fashion. He passed the frowsy town and came out on the road to Quarrymore, with its almost instant hush of country odors in the darkened air. It was late spring weather, almost summer, and the smoke veil hung high and thin. The stars shone through it vaguely, and a dew was falling. He walked on for an hour, clear into the country, not knowing or caring where his feet led him, and suddenly he was aware that the moon had risen, broad and full, and that a nightingale was singing.

"Why, Bale, old lad!" a cheery voice called out. "What brings you here?"

"There's a nightingale in the copse yonder," said Bale. "Listen!"

They kept silence for a minute, and the bird's song, which had been checked at the sound of the footsteps, began again. The new-comer fidgetted a little, and after a minute or two said: "It's a pretty music enough. But who'd ha' thought of your caring for it, Bale? Going home again?"

"Yes," said Bale. "At least—I don't know about home. I shall drop in at the Sir Ferdinand."

"Ah!" cried the other, striding on again with Bale at his side, "I should think that was more in your line."

"Well, yes," said Bale, "I suppose it is. Shall we set ourselves to walk toward a glass?"

"Why, no," said his companion. "Not to-night. I've better work on hand. You've always been a trust-worthy sort of chap in a way, Bale. You can keep a secret?"

"I've kept one or two," Bale answered.

"Why," said the other, "The secret's this, Bale. I'm going to get married."

"Oh!" said Bale. "You've squared the old lady, have you?"

"Yes, I've squared the old lady, and I'm off now to the Hill Road, my lad, to carry the news to the young 'un."

"The young lady?" said Bale.

"The young lady," said his companion. "She's been rare and down-hearted this six months past about the old woman's opposition. She'll cheer up above a bit when I break the news to her. And look here, Bale, old lad. You and me have always had a liking one for another. There's a bit of a difference in our stations in life, but I've never made a difference on that account. Have I, now? Come! Have I?"

"No," cried Bale; "you never have."

"When a man's married," said the other, "he's got to let his wife have something of a say about the company he keeps. Now, sometimes you are a most extraordinary racketty chap, Bale. You know you are. Selina's got a bit of a down on you, old lad."

"Don't you trouble about me, George," said Bale. "I know what Miss Rice thinks about me, and I know what I think about Miss Rice. We're never likely to trouble each other."

"Why?" said the lucky lover, checking his walk suddenly and facing round. "What do you think about Miss Rice?"

"Oh!" cried Bale, "don't let's have any misunderstanding. I've the very highest opinion of Miss Rice. She's made up her mind that I'm a wastrel, and she's let me see her opinion. She's quite right, George—quite right. I am a wastrel. I'm no fit society for her, and if, as a married woman, she makes up her mind as I'm no fit companion for her husband, why, all I say is, he will be done. I shall never think the worse of her. It's a woman's business to keep her own man straight. Well, here's the Sir Ferdinand. Good night, George, and good luck."

"Not yet," returned George. "We haven't got to the bottom of what I wanted. Try and be a bit steady, Bale. That'll bring Selina round; and I'd like to see an old chum at the bedside now and then. I don't want to lose you, Bale."

"Oh, well! We'll talk o' that another time. Neither Miss Rice, as she is, nor Mrs. Truman, as she will be, wants me about her. Good night, George. We shall meet to-morrow."

How Bale Tolley, who had gone to the bad this three years, went headlong to the worse from that evening forward, is not worth telling, and yet was told in a thousand households. There was good choice of blackguard society in the neighborhood for any man who cared to seek it. Bale found the worse, and played the unscrupulous king among it. His name grew to be a byword. Anxious parents warned their sons against him. Only the old woman who had sometimes "mothered" him in his lonely and miserable childhood had ever a sympathetic thought about him.

"Poor Bale!" she would say to herself, for she hardly dared say it to another. Bale was so flagrantly a sinner. "He's got the very look of his father on him. It might be printed on his back and be no plainer reading. Ruined dare-devil. It's wrote large all over him. But he's a beautiful figure of a man to look at yet, an' if iver a child's heart was i' the right place, that child's was when he was a child."

George Truman and Selina Rice were cried in church, but of this Bale knew nothing, for he did not mix with church-going people. But George and Selina were married, and that fact came to his hearing. Except Selina and her mother and Bale himself, no soul had an idea that it concerned him in the least.

The married pair took up residence in their own house after a three days' trip, and George Truman went back to the office of the mining engineer who employed him. Bale drove his engines at the mine, the Three Crowns Yard; and a year went by. Then the two men met again, Bale in his laboring grime at the engines, and George in his more respectable working gear.

"Hallo, Bale, old lad," said the lucky man, "how art? I've come to have a business look at things."

"Going down?" asked Bale.

George nodded and looked about him, rather evading Bale's eye than not, said an indifferent thing or two about the weather and so on, and went his way.

"Ting!" said the little bell. Bale handled his levers, and watched the dial face.

"I could smash him like an egg," said Bale, "and not a living creature would think it was anything but an accident."

George's mind was in his work, and he had no guess of what was passing in thoughts of the man who at the instant controlled his destinies. The descending skip swung to its stopping place like a feather. The married man stepped out and made his way along the workings in pursuit of his own business. The bachelor above ground folded his smeared arms across his chest, planted his back against an iron upright which ran from floor to ceiling, and pulled at his pipe, awaiting the next signal.

"Here, you!" he shouted to the boy who passed the door. "What do you mean by letting all this cotton-waste lie about here? Clear it out."

"All right, gaffer," said the boy. "In a minute."

"Ting!" said the little bell. Bale set down his pipe, and took the levers. The pipe fell over. When his immediate task was finished he looked for it, and could not find it. He raked the cotton-waste here and there with his foot. No pipe. Bale cursed a little to relieve his feelings. "Ting!" said the little bell, and he went back to his work. He swung the skip up, the careful eye seeking the dial every now and then. Being free once more, he began his search again. He kicked the oily waste savagely, and all at once, as if it had been a living thing, a flame broke out at him. He raced swiftly to the door and shouted "Fire!" "Ting! ting! ting! ting-a-ling-ling-ling-ling!" The little bell was mad.

"Shaft afire!" roared a voice from the side of the distant downcast.

"My God!" said Bale, and dashing back to the engine house, he fought wildly with the growing flames. He stamped on the blazing waste, and turned again to his levers. Round spun the shining wheels. Smooth and steady went piston and crank, round crept the hand on the dial. He looked behind him and the floor was smoldering.

"Fire here!" he shouted. "Engine house afire!"

"Ting!" said the little bell. There were a hundred and fifty men below, and he was their one helper. He obeyed the bell, and then rushed once more into the open, trumpeting with all his lungs.

"Help here! Help! Engine house afire!"

"Ting!" said the bell. The floor was crumbling with flame, and the partition wall had caught. It was built of thin wood, and was dryer than tinder. The fire raged, and he was back at his levers in the midst of it—scorched, choked, blinded. Then help came with a roar of voices. "Ting!" said the inexorable bell. He held on to his post, fighting against death. Outside, men, formed in line, passed buckets from hand to hand, and the contents being dashed upon the flames filled the room with scalding steam. He could not see the dial any longer, but he worked by instinct, and the instinct never betrayed him once. "Ting!" and the first stage of the cage was filled with rescued men. "Ting!" and the second stage was filled. "Ting!" and the third stage was filled. Then he tore her up like fire, checked her, coaxed her, stopped her to a foot. "Ting!" and "Ting!" and "Ting!" and the three stages were empty, and that batch of thirty was back to life again. They sent her down like a stone, and lived along the plunge in his own mind until he felt she should be there. Instinct proved true again by the bell's voice.

His body was in hell, but his soul leaped with a passionate intoxication of revolt and mastery to defy its pains. The men outside dashed water on his burning clothes. They howled applause at him. Some among them wept as they cheered, and one went shrieking, with both hands writing in the air, as if he himself were tortured.

It was all done at last, and there went up a cry of triumph terrible to hear. Bale reached the open air charred, blackened, scarce human to look at, and as he fell into the nearest comrades' arms the roof of the engine house dropped in. They carried him to the nearest cottage, and all that could be done for him was done. He was conscious to the end,

and he made shift to ask for Selina. She came, her mother with her.

"I wanted you to know," said Bale. "I couldn't ha' gone through with it if your George hadn't been down."

Selina stopped and kissed him, her tears raining on his face.

"There, there!" said Bale. "That's the end of it all."

God has made nothing stranger than man, to be blackguard and hero, devil and angel in a breath.—New York Journal.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Medical experts are of the opinion that shyness is simply a form of insanity.

The new naval observatory at Washington is one of the finest scientific plants in the world.

Aluminum, in plates a quarter of an inch thick, has proven a very durable roofing material in Berlin.

A German statistician estimates that 7,000,000 human beings lost their lives from earthquakes between the years 1137 and 1886.

At Berlin the veterinary school has found that out of 154 sick parrots fifty-four were suffering from tuberculosis. The disease is hereditary in the birds.

A late mysterious explosion in a colliery in South Wales appears quite certainly to have resulted from a spark caused by a heavy fall of the gritty sandstone roof.

The world's production of coal has almost doubled within the last fifteen years. In 1880 the aggregate output was 364,737,000 tons. In 1895 it had risen to 638,805,000 tons.

The dust collected from the smoke of some Liege furnaces, burning coal raised from the neighboring mines, produces, when dissolved in hydrochloric acid, a solution from which considerable quantities of arsenic and several other metallic salts may be precipitated.

A Danish scientist, Dr. Johannson, of the Agricultural High School at Copenhagen has discovered that chloroform and ether have a wonderful power in awakening the vegetable kingdom; while they put the animal world asleep, a closed flower can be reopened instantly by either of these agents.

A queer sight was the ladies' night of a London microscopical club, where the guests sat around 104 microscopes listening to a lecturer. One of the curiosities shown was a chapter of St. John written on the two-thousandth part of a square inch, on which scale the whole Bible would cover just one square inch of space.

A remarkable adulteration of saffron has been discovered by a German microscopist, who has found barium sulphate within the cells, and concludes that the drug was first soaked in a solution of barium salt and then in a sulphate solution. Barium sulphate was thus precipitated within the substance of the drug as well as on the surface, rendering detection difficult.

The geological fault of the Jordan-Arabah Valley has a length of two hundred and seventy miles or more from the Gulf of Akabah to the base of Hermon, and is undoubtedly much longer. Another great line of fracture is now reported from South Afghanistan, where Captain A. H. McMahon has traced a remarkable trench for one hundred and twenty miles in a north-easterly and south-westerly direction, finding it to be clearly a fault line.

Climbing High Altitudes. All persons who have climbed great heights are aware that respiration becomes more or less difficult, the heart beats either very irregularly or with great rapidity, and nausea, exhaustion and other unpleasant sensations are experienced. Just what is the highest limit to which man can ascend and live has frequently been questioned. A scientist reached 15,000 feet about sea level without great trouble. The idea suggested itself—could he not create a rarefied atmosphere by a mechanical process? He prepared a very large pneumatic air chamber and rigged it with all the necessary appliances. He shut himself in, then the air was rarefied to a degree which would probably be found at the height of 24,000 feet above sea level, then he became so distressed that the experiment had to stop. As Mt. Everest is a mile higher than this simulated altitude, we may naturally conclude that unless there are means provided for assisting respiration, feet will never read the height on this globe.

A Difficulty in Tunnel Construction. One of the greatest difficulties to contend with in the construction of the Simplon tunnel will be the temperature. In the Gotthard and Mont Cenis the maximum temperature was about eighty-seven degrees. This entailed much sickness among the workmen owing to the defective ventilation. In the case of the Simplon it is expected that ninety degrees will have to be met. It is proposed to make two passages, of which the smaller will only be used for ventilating. This is to be connected with the main boring by air-tight galleries at regular intervals, so that any section may be swept by a current of fresh air when desired. A fine water spray will also be extensively employed.

Source of the Missouri. An explorer says that the Missouri's source is at the crest of the Rockies, 8000 feet above the sea level, just within the boundary of Montana. The stream is two feet wide and two inches deep, its water coming from melted snow. This source is 4221 miles from the Gulf of Mexico and 2945 miles from its confluence with the Mississippi, making the river the longest unbroken current in the world.

A DESERTION EPIDEMIC.

WHEN SOLDIERS TOOK FRENCH LEAVE IN THE FEDERAL ARMY.

At First the Punishments Were Comparatively Light, But Later the Death Sentence Was Inflicted—A Soldier's Story—Why Men Sometimes Deserted.

"Do you ever recall the desertion epidemic in the army?"

"I do. They are among the sorrowful things connected with the war."

Then we two fell to talking about desertion and punishment for the crime, writes J. A. Watrous in the Chicago Times-Herald.

"When the desertion epidemic first put in an appearance the punishments were comparatively light, but later it became necessary to inflict the severest penalty—death. During the winter of 1863, when the severe punishments were decided upon, there were not many regiments exempt from desertions. Some of the deserters were overtaken and brought back within two or three days. Even at that time their punishment depended largely upon their former conduct as soldiers. Let me bring the matter right home. One morning in February we found that three popular men of our company, who had faced death at Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam and Fredericksburg, had deserted. A few days before they had had some trouble with two of the non-commissioned officers and been punished. They deemed their treatment and punishment unjust and unbearable. Two of them returned of their own accord within three months. The colonel, having knowledge of their former good conduct in battle, interceded for them, and they escaped with the stoppage of a portion of their pay for several months. During the remainder of the war there were no better soldiers in the company. The third one was captured and brought back at the end of seven months. He had escaped three great battles in that time. This counted against him. He was found guilty and sentenced to be shot. The same colonel, aided by other officers, made a gallant fight for the man's life and saved him. I never saw a more grateful person. At the end of his three years he re-enlisted, and was so valuable during the last year of the war that he was given promotion from time to time until he became first sergeant, and was about to be recommended for a commission when Appomattox came."

"Did you ever see a man shot for desertion?"

"Yes, several of them. The first one was a man of our brigade. He deserted while we were near Fredericksburg and joined the confederate army. A few weeks before we started for Gettysburg a confederate deserter reached the lines of another brigade and was placed under guard. A soldier of our brigade passing that way saw the confederate and was surprised to find that he was the man who had deserted from his company a few weeks before. Found guilty, he was sentenced to be shot. The day upon which he was to die we were on the way to Pennsylvania to help fight the great deciding battle. The deserter was placed in an ambulance, by his coffin, that morning. At noon, after hard tack, pork and coffee, the brigade formed three lines of a square, when the deserter was marched from right to left of the line and seated upon the coffin. Twelve men were ordered to march two or three rods from him. The officer gave the command: "Ready, aim, fire!" The criminal fell back on his coffin, pierced by five or six bullets. The burial followed immediately, without service, and the brigade pulled out, the band playing a quickstep.

"After the battle of Gettysburg, and when the Fifth Corps was camped near the Rappahannock River in September, the whole command was formed on three sides of a square, the customary formation, and witnessed the shooting of five deserters. All of them were the class known as bounty jumpers. They had deserted several times; one of them five times. They were New Yorkers. A desperate effort had been made to save their lives. Several committees from the great city had waited upon President Lincoln and pleaded for them. The wives and children of two of them visited the President, but Mr. Lincoln could not be moved. He had overlooked the offense in hundreds of instances, but the time had come when the discipline of the army demanded the severest punishment of soldiers found guilty of that crime. Secretary Stanton, for a year before Mr. Lincoln had refused to let him to let the law have its way. Mr. Stanton had told the President many a time that his soft heart was spoiling the army and endangering the life of the Nation, but Mr. Lincoln paid little heed until 1863.

"In some portions of the army it was the custom to hang deserters, but in most instances they were shot, and in the presence of their respective commands, as described. The effect was magical. Desertions were little heard of for the next few months.

"I believe that a majority of the desertions of men who went into the army from patriotic motives resulted from what the men regarded as impositions upon them by officers, from corporals to generals—officers unfit to be placed over sensible and sensitive volunteers. Such officers did not know how to treat their fellow men. Many a self-respecting, independent man of brain and character could not bear the yoke, and in desperation deserted. Among all of the men of our regiment who deserted I do not recall one who had not been in from one to twenty battles. They were not afraid to fight, but their manhood rebelled against the treatment that a manly man would not inflict upon a dog. Many went at once into other regiments. I am making no excuses for the crime of desertion, yet

it was not wholly an unnatural crime under the circumstances indicated. Think of the thousands of boys and girls who have deserted their homes because they thought father or mother, or both, imposed upon them.

"The class of men I have been talking about were not the professional bounty jumpers, such as large cities contributed, fellows who never went into a fight, men of no character. For this class of creaturs there was no excuse. They were simply bad citizens, made no better by their enlistment. Not enough of them were shot."

WISER WORDS.

Joking often loses a friend, and never gains an enemy.

They that know no evil will suspect none.—Ben Jonson.

The retrospect of life swarms with lost opportunities.—Sir H. Taylor.

The first step of knowledge is to know that we are ignorant.—Cecil.

No communications can exhaust genius; no gifts impoverish charity.—Lavater.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be; for loan oft loses both itself and friend.—Shakspeare.

The most utterly lost of all days, is that in which you have not once laughed.—Crawford.

The way to procure insults is to submit to them—a man meets with more respect than he exacts.—Hazlitt.

The best portion of a good man's life is his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.—Wordsworth.

The darkest hour in the history of any young man is when he sits down to study how to get money without honestly earning it.—Horace Greeley.

Whatever there is of greatness in the United States, or indeed in any other country, is due to labor. The laborer is the author of all greatness and wealth. Without labor there would be no government, and no leading class, and nothing to preserve.—U. S. Grant.

Explosions in Warehouses.

Mr. Charles T. Hill writes for St. Nicholas an article on "The Perils of a Fireman's Life." After speaking of the "back-draft," that is responsible for many deaths among firemen, Mr. Hill says:

Another kind of back-draft that is greatly dreaded takes the form of an explosion, and is usually met with in fires in storage-houses and large warehouses that have been closed up tight for some time. A fire breaks out in such a building, and, as a rule, has been smoldering for some time before it is discovered. The firemen are summoned, and raising a ladder, they pry open an iron shutter or break in a door to get at the fire. The combustion going on within the building has generated a gas; and the moment the air gets to this, through the breaking open of the door or window, the mixture ignites. An explosion follows, and a portion or the whole of the front of the building is blown out. Several accidents of this kind have occurred in New York—one in a storage-warehouse in West Thirty-ninth street a few years ago, when the whole front was blown out, hurling the firemen from the ladders, and severely injuring a large number. Another accident of the same nature occurred shortly after this, in a large wholesale flour-warehouse down town. In this case it was supposed that particles of flour in the air inside the warehouse became ignited and exploded; but it was practically another case of the back-draft. Several firemen were maimed and injured in this case.

Twenty Years of Growth in the South.

Where this proud city of Birmingham stands to-day there were in 1877 only worn-out fields. Chattanooga was a dilapidated village. Atlanta still sat in the ashes of the war. Florida was almost as much of a wilderness as in the days of Spanish rule. Texas had made no impression on the world's markets as a cotton producer. The States of Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas were in poverty and despair because of the miseries of the reconstruction period. The coal and iron mines of Tennessee, Alabama and Virginia were practically undiscovered and unopened. There was no serious competition by any Southern port with New York and Boston for the export and import trade. With a single exception there was not one great railroad system in the South, and that did not touch the southeastern part.

Twenty years ago the manufacture of cotton in the South was wholly an infant industry, and cities now known as textile working centres were mere trading posts at the crossroads. The fruit and vegetable business of Florida was so small as to attract little attention, while the fruit and melon business of Georgia did not exist at all. Southern farmers then bought their corn and meats, instead of raising them, as they do now, and the cotton crop of Georgia, notwithstanding the