

More wine is used in Paris in three months than the entire product of the United States amounts to.

Indications multiply that the gold fields of Alaska will turn out to be richer than those of the Klondike region.

According to State Engineer Adams's report, New York's commerce, from being seventy-eight per cent. of the country's business, has fallen to thirty-seven per cent. This means, get nearer raw material, interprets the St. Louis Star.

There can be no doubt that the Indians who granted the San Carlos railroad franchise as soon as the promoters had stocked their tepees with beef, flour and coffee, are getting civilized. Some of them will go to the Legislature yet, predicts the San Francisco Examiner.

The statement is made by Chief Donner, of New York City, that a recent fire only confirms the theory that there are no such things as fire-proof buildings. Considering the number of these high structures his suggestions as to what must be done in the way of preparing for blazes in these giant piles ought to be attended to at once.

A Chicago paper complains that \$130,000,000 worth of property in that city is held by absentee landlords. And the worst of it is that many of these absentee landlords make their home in New York, thus helping to swell the population of the latter city. How to keep Chicago people in Chicago is apparently a live question in the Western metropolis.

From Sydney comes a curious story of the wreck of the brig Minora and the saving of the captain's life, though he was the only man on the vessel who couldn't swim a stroke. The other five made a gallant struggle for life, but they went down exhausted, while he clung to a plank for twenty-four hours and was picked up in an exhausted condition. His case furnishes no argument against the value of a knowledge of swimming; it simply serves to show the irony of fate, which often dooms to death the man who is the best equipped for saving his life.

That relations between France and Germany are really becoming much better is unmistakably proved by the firmly re-established mutual relations in the art world of the two countries, writes Wolf von Schierbrand. "Stars" from the French and from the German art firmament are now flitting to and fro. Here in Berlin we have had nearly all the leading names in theatricals, for instance, and just to mention those during the last month there were, or are, Maurel, the best opera singer in France; Mme. Richard, of the Grand Opera; Colonne, the famous leader; Coquelin, jeune; Rejane, and now, too, Yvette Guilbert. The latter receives \$750 for half an hour's singing every night, which is an enormous sum for a German specialty theatre to pay. But it must be profitable, for she draws crowded houses ever night, and when she appeared at the annual Presse ball, given for the benefit fund of supernumerary writers and newspaper men, she demonstrated her quickly acquired popularity by the amount of attention shown her by her hosts.

The world's railway mileage at the present time is equivalent to more than seventeen times the length of the equator. In more exact figures, the world's railway mileage, according to the latest verified returns, aggregates 433,956 miles, or 38,810 miles more than in 1891. This enormous mileage is distributed among the various subdivisions of the globe in the following manner: Europe, 155,284 miles; Asia, 26,890 miles; Africa, 8169 miles; America, 229,722 miles, and Australia, 13,589 miles. From the foregoing table it appears that America not only leads the list in the building of railways, but that the mileage represented by the various railway systems on this side of the globe more than equals the combined mileage of the various systems on the other side. But while America is credited with the greatest railway mileage, the greatest percentage of gain belongs to Africa. Since 1891 the railway mileage of the dark continent has increased 25.2 per cent. With respect to the other subdivisions the showing is as follows: Europe, 9.7 per cent.; Asia, 22.1 per cent.; America, 8 per cent.; Australia, 12.7 per cent. For the entire world the percentage of gain is 9.8 per cent. Sixty years ago the world's railway mileage aggregated barely more than one thousand miles, and yet to-day the globe is interlaced with a perfect network of iron rails. What surpassing wonders has the nineteenth century brought to pass!

**CHEER UP.**  
What's the use of looking glum?  
Cheer up;  
Brighter days will surely come,  
Cheer up;  
Tho' the storm-king holds full sway,  
Tho' the torrents pour to-day,  
Every cloud will clear away;  
Cheer up.  
No use of shedding idle tears,  
Cheer up;  
Don't give way to foolish fears,  
Cheer up;  
'Tis not the sun that shines on you,  
Sobs and sighs will never do;  
Cheer up.  
If misfortune be your share;  
Cheer up;  
Time will lighten every care;  
Cheer up;  
With the Springtime's gentle rain  
Buds the fairest flowers again,  
Sings birds a sweeter strain;  
Cheer up.  
—P. L. McCarty, in Boston Traveler.

**BROKEN CHINA.**  
BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



"F coarse they don't want me," said Rosabel Raymond, sadly. "Nobody seems to want me. No home seems to be open to me anywhere. When papa died, he told me Uncle Dallas would be kind to me, and take his vacant place. And Uncle is kind, after his odd, abrupt fashion. But Aunt Alicia doesn't care for me, and the girls look coldly on my shabby dress and pale, worn face. Evidently I am not a cousin to be proud of. If I were an heiress, things would be very different!" Poor little Rosabel! The world looked very dark to her as she sat on the window-sill of the third-story back room in the Dallas mansion, which had been unanimously voted "good enough for Rosabel Raymond," and watched the dull reds and grays of the winter sunset fading out behind the crowding spires of the city.

How desperately she longed for the snow-mantled fields, the black, leafless woods of the country! She was so homesick, so solitary, so alone! "Oh, Rosabel, are you here?" It was her Cousin Medora's soft, sweet voice. She disliked Medora more than either Augusta or Bell, although she could not tell why, and she was vexed that Medora should see the traces of tears on her eyelashes. But Medora pretended not to notice them.

"We were thinking, mamma and I," said Medora, "that you must be terribly dull without anything to do, at these dismal days." "It is rather lonesome," sighed Rosabel, wondering at her cousin's unusual thoughtfulness. "And so," added Medora, with the sweet smile that Rosabel always mistrusted, "when Miss Armitage told us of the place in the china-painting and flower-designing rooms—you always were an artist, you know, dear—I exclaimed, in that silly, impulsive way of mine, 'The very idea for Rosabel!' You see, Miss Armitage's protegee—Helen Havemond—has gone to Rome to prosecute her art studies, and there is a vacancy. And the salary would be something of an object, of course, because—"

"Of course it would be an object," said Rosabel, quickly. "You do not suppose that I do not feel my dependence here?" "And," added Medora, thinking it best not to notice this outburst, "Miss Armitage says you can obtain excellent board for four dollars a week with a widow lady near the Rooms, and that you would save a good deal of time and no end of car fares. So, if you conclude to accept the position, perhaps you had better come down into the drawing-room and see Miss Armitage."

If there was anything which Rosabel Raymond loved, it was her pencil. Water-colors were expensive, and drawing-boards came dear, and Aunt Alicia thought it very unbecoming for a woman to set up an easel and a palette, full of oil-colors, "like a man," so that her tendencies had, since her residence in her uncle's house, been literally starved. Here, at last, was the much-longed-for opportunity, and she rose with alacrity and followed Medora down the stairs.

Mrs. Dallas and the Misses Dallas were openly exultant when Rosabel was gone. "So dispiriting to have her around all the time, with her swollen eyelids and pale face!" said Miss Augusta. "And so shabby as she looked, too!" said Mrs. Dallas. "And how on earth was I to provide her with a wardrobe, when papa made such a dreadful fuss over every dress that came home from Madame Ficelle's for my own girls?"

"Of all things, poor relations are the most intolerable!" said Medora, spitefully. "But what are we to say if Mr. Ballard asks after her?" blurted out Bell, the most honest and least politic of the family. "Say? Why, the truth!" declared Medora. "That she has left us!" For the secret of Miss Medora Dallas's anxiety to get rid of her pale little cousin, whose mourning was so distressingly becoming, was the fact of Mr. Hugh Ballard's admiration of the white, statuesque face, the deep larkspur-blue eyes, and the features which were as perfect as any cameo. Miss Medora had marked Mr. Ballard for her own prey, and declared war upon any unfortunate pretender who should come in her way. "Perhaps," said Mrs. Dallas, hopefully, "he'll never inquire about her at all." "Don't you believe it," said Bell, with a significant nod.

Bell was right. The very first evening that Mr. Ballard called he inquired for Miss Raymond. Medora drooped her long lashes. "Rosabel had a cold, reserved nature," she said. "She never seemed to become fond of any of us, and she has gone away." "Gone where?" Mr. Ballard was persistent enough to ask. "She said she would write and send us the address," said Medora, drawing on imagination; "but she never did. It quite went to dear mamma's heart. Mamma regarded Rosabel as a fourth daughter. But Rosabel never was inclined to reciprocate our affection."

Mr. Ballard glanced at Medora with an expression which she could not interpret, but it meant simply: "If this girl is lying, she's doing it very artistically. Appearances are certainly against Rosabel Raymond; but it would take more than the testimony of one girl to make me believe her either cold or ungrateful."

These reflections passed through his mind as he was politely accepting Miss Dallas's invitation to accompany her to Mrs. Whitworth Walkingham's musical tea, the next day. "It will be a bore," he said to himself, "but Mrs. Whitworth Walkingham is a genius, and there will be sure to be good music there."

There was good music there, and also delicious tea, in the tiniest cups, each painted with a separate wild flower or bunch of grasses; cake, iced, and white grapes following the barcarolas and rondellos—and all went merrily as a marriage bell, until, in turning to place a chair nearer the window for Miss Dallas, Mr. Ballard's unfortunate elbow knocked one of the priceless cups off the carved shelf of the Japanese cabinet and broke it into three pieces.

"Mrs. Whitworth Walkingham will commit suicide!" cried Medora, clasping her hands with simulated terror. "I swear you to eternal secrecy!" said Mr. Ballard, laughing, as he wrapped the pieces in his pocket, handkerchief and disposed them safely in his pocket. "If there is a store in New York, Brooklyn or Jersey City where this precious cup can be matched, it shall not be left unsearched." For every one, Mr. Ballard included, knew that Mrs. Whitworth Walkingham was almost a monomaniac on the subject of her china; and he was really more deeply chagrined than he appeared to be.

"You can't match it," said Medora Dallas. And she proved to be right.

In his despair, Hugh Ballard went to old Mrs. Megarreau, who was exactly like everybody's fairy godmother. "What am I to do?" he said, blankly. "Do?" said Mrs. Megarreau, nodding the diamond butterflies on her cap. "Why go to the china painting and decorating rooms, of course, in Hammersley Square. Take your sample, and they'll duplicate it for you in twenty-four hours. Say that Mrs. Megarreau sent you."

Mr. Ballard devoutly thanked the old lady, and obeyed without loss of time. It was a huge, airy room, with the windows all glorified with winter sunshine, and a soft steam-heat modifying the rigor of the February air, where half a dozen young women were working at a large table. Mrs. Baker, the superintendent, who sat at her desk, took the pieces of Mrs. Whitworth Walkingham's doomed cup and looked earnestly at them, with her head on one side.

"We have that shape in our wares," said she; "and I am quite sure that we can reproduce the design—blue iris-buds and marsh-grasses. Miss Raymond's designs are some of them even more exquisite than this. Rosabel, my dear, come here."

And Rosabel Raymond, pale and pretty as ever, came forward in her brown linen painting-dress, with her lovely chestnut-brown hair pushed back from her face. Mrs. Baker was holding out the bits of fractured china, whereon were painted the blue iris-buds and drooping grasses, but Rosabel never looked at them.

"Mr. Ballard!" she cried, her face brightening with a delight which she was too unsophisticated to repress, "what brought you to this place?" "Miss Raymond," he explained, "what are you doing here?" "Earning my own living," said Rosabel, with quiet dignity.

"Does Miss Dallas—Medora, I mean—know where you are?" "She ought to know," said Rosabel, "for it was she who recommended me to come here. For the Dallases, I think, were getting tired of me," she added, with a sigh. "But I ought to be very much obliged to her, for I have acquired a most welcome independence, and the work here is exceedingly congenial to my tastes. Is that the pattern you wished copied, Mrs. Baker?" she asked, taking a piece of china. "Oh, what an exquisite group of buds! yet I am bold enough to think I can imitate it successfully."

"If you can replace that cup," said Mr. Ballard, dramatically, "I am your slave for life!" "I think I can promise to replace it without any such condition," said Rosabel, laughing.

And Mrs. Whitworth Walkingham never knew that her iris-bud cup was broken until Hugh Ballard brought back its exact counterpart. "You must have some spell out of the Arabian Nights," said she, enthusiastically. "No," he answered, quietly, "no spell stronger than a woman's practiced eye and skillful hand."

He came no more to Mrs. Dallas's Tuesday morning receptions, and on Friday afternoon teas. Miss Medora wondered vainly why. But one day she met him on Fifth avenue, and

prettily reproached him with his recent absenteeism. "I have been fortunate enough to discover the abiding-place of your cousin, Miss Rosabel Raymond," said he, gravely. Medora looked up, with a deep color mounting to her cheek. "Indeed?" said she. "It was very kind of you to secure for her such a congenial position as that," he remarked. Medora Dallas hung her head, and was silent.

"But she will not remain there long," he continued, cheerfully. "I am happy to tell you that I am engaged to her. We are to be married in a few weeks. Of course you will receive 'at home' cards when we are finally settled!"

Medora murmured something about "congratulations" and "delighted to hear of it." But Mr. Ballard smiled to himself when she had passed on. "La belle consine is not exactly pleased," he said to himself. "But what need I care for the frowns or smiles of other women, so long as I have won my little Rosabel?"—Saturday Night.

**The World's Sugar Output.** According to figures which have recently been compiled by leading statistical authorities, the total sugar production of the world last year aggregated 7,885,000 tons. Of this amount 4,925,000 tons were manufactured from beets and 2,460,000 tons from sugar cane.

In the manufacture of beet sugar Germany easily leads the list. The total output of the empire last year aggregated 1,925,000 tons. With respect to other countries engaged in the manufacture of beet sugar, the figures are as follows:

Countries.	Tons.
Germany.....	1,925,000
Austria-Hungary.....	825,000
Russia.....	840,000
France.....	600,000
Belgium.....	225,000
Holland.....	120,000
Other countries.....	190,000
Total.....	4,925,000

In the manufacture of sugar cane sugar, Java holds the first place, followed by the United States. Java manufactured 560,000 tons of sugar last year, and the United States 345,000 tons. As to the output of the various countries engaged in this industry the following table gives the latest figures:

Countries.	Tons.
Cuba.....	200,000
Puerto Rico.....	60,000
Trinidad.....	50,000
Barbados.....	40,000
Martinique.....	30,000
Guadaloupe.....	40,000
Demerara.....	110,000
Essequibo.....	180,000
Java.....	560,000
Philippines.....	190,000
Mauritius.....	110,000
Reunion.....	40,000
Jamaica.....	85,000
Lesser Antilles.....	95,000
United States.....	345,000
Peru.....	65,000
Egypt.....	100,000
Sandwich Islands.....	200,000
Total.....	2,460,000

During the past year several beet sugar mills have been erected in various parts of the country, and there is every reason to believe that the United States will soon be as extensively engaged in the manufacture of sugar from beets as she is now from sugar cane. With the resources which this country possesses there is no reason why we should not manufacture all the sugar which we consume.—Atlantic Constitution.

**The Yukon River.** The mouth of the Yukon is about a hundred miles broad—that is, from one side to the other side; but there is nothing to suggest a river about it—nothing but small streams, sloughs, islands, innumerable and disconcerting. It is like being brought face to face with a hundred gates, only one of which opens the way which you are seeking, while the others lead to destruction. This is the difficulty in navigation at the starting point, and the sort of thing encountered all the way to Circle City. It is touch and go, or touch and not go; and you may get through, or may stick on a bar and not budge an inch for many weary days or weeks. Eighteen hundred and fifty miles of river are before you on your way up to Dawson; and it takes about fifteen days, if you meet with no accidents—days of vast, wonderful and ever-changing scenery; nights of silent grandeur, when you seem to be all alone, surrounded by an untrodden wilderness, silent, awesome, mysterious.—Century.

**Russian Gold Production.** Russia holds third place among gold-producing countries, according to the Philadelphia Record. Gold is only found in large quantities in the Ural mountains and East and West Siberia; the very limited output of washed gold in Finland is not of any importance. It is only natural that the Russian Government should do all in its power to advance the gold-mining industry. Its plan is to train up a staff of mining engineers and to let these experts visit North America, South Africa and Australasia. It is also proposed to attempt a second extraction of gold from some of the vast quantities of residue, etc., in the various mining districts. But Russia monopolizes the gold.

**The Bicycle Stile.** The bicycle stile is a development of touring amid country fields and other rarely visited sections. A narrow section is cut out of the fence, somewhat in the shape of a cross. The space corresponding to the arms of the cross is for the passage of the pedals, and the frame and wheels are pushed through the upright opening. The handlebar must go over the stile. A number of these stiles may be seen in English fields, and a few are to be found in America.—New York Times.



**AGRICULTURE.**

**Fruit Growing on Hill Lands.** Some of the best fruit in all sections of the country comes from the hill districts, where both climatic conditions and soil seem to promote certainty of crop and fine quality of fruit. Hills bordering running water have rich surface soil, with porous subsoil resting on lime rocks that are slowly disintegrating, and a natural drainage. But location, however good, is not sufficient. Orcharding requires diligent, patient work, knowledge of when, why and how to spray, and how to secure protection from enemies. Never allow trees to bear fully. Thinning is one of the best possible practices, thereby getting less fruit, but of far better grade.—L. Gieger, in New England Homestead.

**Three Crops in a Greenhouse.** Boston greenhouse gardeners often follow the last crop of lettuce with a crop of beets and radishes. Good radishes is important. A favorite variety of beets is the Egyptian. The seed is started in hotbeds and transplanted into houses about the first of May. Beets are set four by eight and radishes one inch apart between the beet rows. The care of the beets and radishes is very much the same as if grown outdoors after the plants are set. Rows of cucumbers are often set along the edges of the beet and radish beds and trained on trellises overhead. The cucumbers do not shade the other crops much before they are pulled and out of the way.—American Agriculturist.

**New Corn Product as Horse Feed.** In some tests made recently at the Maryland experiment station to determine the value of cornstalks from which the pith had been removed, it was shown that this fodder fed to horses as a substitute for hay was eaten with a relish after the animals became accustomed to it and was better digested than timothy hay. After the pith has been removed from the cornstalk what remains is ground fine. The blades and husks may not be included and they may not. Horses in the habit of consuming mixed feeds take more readily to the ration than those previously receiving nothing but whole feeds. Horses which ate this new corn product continuously for five months consumed more of it at the end of the time than at the beginning. This is satisfactory evidence that the feed is good for horses and can replace hay.

**Feed For Breeding Ewes.** Breeding ewes have not only to keep up their own animal heat and energy and provide for the growing fetus within them, but they have also to make growth of wool on their own bodies. That they do not always get enough of the right kind of food for all these purposes is shown by the fact that the wool from ewes is less valuable than that from an equal weight of wool from wethers or ewes that are not bred. Possibly some weakness of the fiber is inevitable in that which is produced while ewes are dropping their young, when there is not as much succulent food to keep their digestion good and bran mashes, which are just what are needed, not only for making the wool, but also to produce a thrifty and vigorous lamb, which is also born with more or less woolly covering when its dam must furnish from the food given her.

**Intensive Farming.** If farmers who delight in owning and working large areas could see the crops taken from small plots by the tractors near New York City, they would receive an object lesson in intensive farming which would be effective. On Long Island and in New Jersey especially, there are dozens of patches, not farms, which, with the aid of a few hotbeds, are made to pay high rents and support large families. The soil is kept to the highest point of fertility, every inch of it is thoroughly cultivated and every advantage is taken of the lay of the land. From the first day that the weather will permit the soil being worked until the ground is finally used for celery blanching, it is constantly employed in crop production; it is no unusual sight to see half a dozen men industriously at work on an acre or two of ground. It is the same principle the florist applies to plant and flower growing. If his benches yield but one crop of plants or blossoms during the year, his business is a failure. Every square foot of it must yield two or more crops for a profitable year's work.—Orange Jud Farmer.

**Use of Humus-Forming Material.** The claim of Southern farmers that clover, cow-peas, weeds and other green manure plants turned under dry, rather than green, give better results, is well founded. Green manuring has been practiced for centuries in Europe and for some years in our Northern States, and valuable results have accrued from such a course. But for the last few years farmers and scientific men have differed upon the plans of turning under these green crops. Our best Southern farmers are almost unanimous in preferring to turn under the crops when dry than when green. Necessity may have at first brought about the plan of turning under the crops after they had become matured or dry, and this necessity

**CURIOS FACTS.**

Christmas cards first came into fashion in 1846.

The highest recorded price for an orchid in London is 300 guineas.

More than a third of the French Crown jewels have been bought by Americans.

Diamonds are not dug out of the ground, but are generally found in narrow crevices of rocks.

Opium eating has become a habit with the Kafirs in South Africa. The Chinese are the chief purveyors of the drug.

Alaska has a seacoast of 26,000 miles, exceeding that of the remainder of the United States two and a half times.

The finest equestrian statue erected in Great Britain was that of Charles I. at Charing Cross, facing Parliament street, London.

The Chinese dictionary, compiled by Pa-cut-shu, 1,100 years B. C., is the most ancient of any recorded in literary history.

Dulwich, now a populous district of London, still has a tollgate across one of its main streets, at which tolls are collected regularly.

John H. Stotsenberg of New Albany, Ind., has one of the finest collections of Bibles in this country. They range in years from 1498 to 1790.

England produces annually about \$70 to each acre, Scotland a little less than \$10, but the product of Wales amounts to over \$20 per acre.

In 1816 the value of a bushel of wheat in England was equal to that of a pound of nails. To-day a bushel of wheat will buy ten pounds of nails.

The Rev. Edward Allen of Tiverton, Devon, who has just celebrated his one hundredth birthday, is said to be the oldest clergyman in the Church of England.

While the Bishop of Sodor and Man was watching the cutting down of one of his trees recently, the tree fell upon him, knocking him down. It catching on a railing saved his life.

Swans, shirts, canaries and trousers were among the personal effects Sir Robert Peel's creditors auctioned off at Drayton Manor, England, and the whole lot brought only a little over \$500.

There is a tree in India and Africa from which butter is made. The fruit grows to the size of a pigeon's egg. Inside the fruit are seeds, which are pressed, and from the oily substance a very good butter is manufactured.

The office of groom-in-waiting to the Queen, which recently became vacant by the death of General Sir Henry Lyndoch Gardiner, is worth about \$1,760 a year with about six weeks of annual duty. There are eight grooms-in-waiting in the Household, who were formerly changed with the Ministry, but now their places are permanent.

**A Lucky Man.** Smith was telling Jones about a romance in his life. Smith having been a bachelor, aged forty or in excess thereof, before he had fettered himself by chains matrimonial. Jones, on the contrary, had begun young, and there was much joy and verdure in his life, and he did not look at the world and the men and women of it with a cynic's eye.

"And," remarked Jones, in response to the story Smith was telling, "you say that you and Brown courted the same lady for ten years?"

"Exactly. That is to say, it may have been a month or six weeks worth of that, but, to all intents and purposes, it was ten years."

"How remarkable!" "Rather."

"And which was the lucky man?" "Oh, Brown, of course. If you knew me you'd know that I was never around when the lucky numbers were being drawn."

"You are to be pitied; really you are, my dear Mr. Smith," said Jones, laying his hand on the other man's shoulder tenderly.

"Thank you, I am sure," and Smith brushed an incipient tear from his eye.

"I don't want to be inquisitive, or open any old wounds," continued Jones, "but may I ask as a friend how long ago it was that Brown married the lady?"

"He didn't marry her," said Smith, with emphasis.

"Didn't marry her?" exclaimed Jones. "Why, didn't you say that he was the lucky man?"

"Of course I did. I was the man who married her." And Smith looked at the simple-minded and guileless Jones with an eye that made the goose-flesh stand out on his bones and sent the creeps up and down his back.—Washington Star.

**Oldest Church in Europe.** The oldest church in Europe is that of St. Pudenziana, at Rome. About the middle of the first century a certain Roman senator had a house on this spot. He was a Christian convert, and it is said a distant relative to St. Paul, who lodged with him from A. D. 41 to 50. For the religious uses of himself and guests, he built a small chapel in this house, and when he died in 96, and his wife a year later, his daughter added a baptistry. A church was afterwards erected on the site of the original house of Pudens, and consecrated in 108 or 145. Canon Routledge, in his history of St. Martin's Church, Canterbury, claims that that venerable edifice is the oldest church in Christendom. He describes it as occupying the unique position of being the only existing church that was originally built as a church during the first four centuries, and has remained a church till the present day. Its font is the very one in which Ethelbert was baptized by St. Augustine, as mentioned by the Venerable Bede.—Tit-Bits.