

Sweden has the greatest railway mileage per capita in Europe. There are twelve and one-half miles of rail for every 10,000 of population.

Says the Kansas City Star: Arbor day is the antidote to the flood disasters in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. It will take many decades to make good the havoc of the woodman's ax, but persevere, and eventually equilibrium of nature may be restored and the devastations of the flood withheld.

The only Boston man who signed the petition to repeal the theater high tax ordinance frankly admits that he never goes to the theater. This is on a par with the action of a judge who once signed a petition addressed to himself that he himself might be hanged instead of the man just convicted.

The little town of Backnang, in Wurtemberg, has a grievance against the Postoffice Department. The name of the town has an Oriental sound to the officials of the department, and for that reason many letters addressed to citizens living in it are started on the way to different countries in Africa and Asia.

The London Statist thus tells the story of the standing of the nations: "Of twenty-eight nations whose bonds are quoted in London, only one—Great Britain—stands higher than the United States, in the estimation which the world places on its credit, and only two—Brazil and Uruguay—are lower than Spain."

Our Navy needs torpedo boats more than anything else, and Secretary Long is about to make a contract with Herreshoff, the blind shipbuilder of Bristol, R. I., for ten that can sail thirty-two knots an hour, at a cost of \$300,000 each, to be completed and delivered within ninety days. These boats will surpass anything of the kind afloat.

They who write on abstruse subjects must be content with a small circle of admirers. Herbert Spencer once remarked: "I think it probable that if you were to ask ninety-nine people out of a hundred whether they would rather take a spoonful of cod-liver oil daily or read a chapter of my book daily, they would prefer the cod-liver oil." Such is the fame of him who multiplies words that are not found in the ordinary vocabularies of humanity.

Perhaps one reason why the Alsace-Lorraine problem is an "ever-burning" one, as Mr. Theodore Stanton declares in his interesting communication from Paris, may be because of the instruction on the subject given in the public schools of France. An American who visited a village school in Picardy, a few years since, saw fastened on the inner side of the schoolhouse door, where every boy could read it as he left the building, a card on which the schoolmaster had printed, in bold letters: "Boys of France! Never forget 1870! Never forget Metz and Strasburg!" The large map of France, which hung on the wall also, taught its lesson of unforgetfulness, having a heavy black line painted around the lost territory of "Alsace-Lorraine." Public opinion is easily moulded in public schools.

There is hardly a country on the globe which does not patronize our industrial establishments, declares the Atlanta Constitution. So rapidly have we developed within the past few years industrially that the demand for our manufactured products has become well nigh universal. This is evident from glancing over the record of some of our recent exports. Without going too much into details, we select the following list: Six 1000 horse-power stationary engines from Erie, Penn., to Marseilles, France; 4000 tons of iron pipe from Birmingham, Ala., to Genoa, Italy; fourteen locomotives from Philadelphia to Russia; seven complete paper mills from New York to Japan; one \$50,000 bicycle plant from New York to Berlin; two locomotives from Philadelphia to Mexico; six locomotives from Philadelphia to Colombia; one complete sugar refinery from Toledo, Ohio, to Honolulu; one steam lathe from Dexter, Me., to Paris; thirty miles of steel rails from Pittsburgh to Japan; one complete electric railway plant from Boston to Buenos Ayres; forty chilled rolls from Apollo, Penn., to England; two paper mills from Wilmington, Del., to Sweden; 1500 tons of armor plate from Bethlehem, Penn., to Russia; one underground system of electric railway for London, England. Of course the foregoing list is necessarily incomplete, but it suffices to show the world-wide character of the demand for our industrial products.

This one fought with Jackson and faced the flight with Lee; That one followed Sherman as he galloped to the sea; But they're marchin' on together just as friendly as can be, And they'll answer to the roll call in the mornin'!

They'll rally to the fight, In the stormy day and night, In bonds that no cruel fate shall sever; While the storm-winds wait on high Their ringing battle cry, "Our country—our country forever!"

ANSWERING TO ROLL CALL

The brave old flag above them is rippling down its red— Each crimson stripe the emblem of the blood by heroes shed; It shall wave for them victorious or droop above them—dead, For they'll answer to the roll call in the mornin'!

They'll rally to the fight In the stormy day and night, In bonds that no cruel fate shall sever; While their far-famed battle cry Shall go ringing to the sky, "Our country—our country forever!" —Frank L. Stanton

THE EMPEROR'S ABSENCE.

BARET had oft been told of his resemblance in face and voice to the Emperor, and had, indeed, found it a method of amusement for his friends and himself, but he never dreamed that there might be any danger from the mimicry. Even when some of the men laughed, and then suddenly paling, cried "Hush!" as a sound of footsteps drew near, he had not thought that this resemblance, for which he was not to blame, could cause him any trouble.

And the last thing he feared would have been that the story could have reached the palace. Even Colonel Carolet, grave and methodical, was surprised from his usual composure at a summons from the Emperor; and when he presented himself a conversation took place which will not be found mentioned in the State annals or even hinted at on the pages of history.

The Emperor was seated at a table, and merely glanced at the white-haired soldier as he entered. "I am going to honor you with my confidence in a certain manner," he began, abruptly, "and as my first command, I require absolute obedience." As the older man bowed, placing his hand on his heart, the Emperor continued:

"I have heard of a young man in your regiment who is said to resemble me somewhat, but whose voice is peculiarly like mine." Colonel Carolet gasped. Was it possible that the Emperor could hold him responsible for such a thing? Stories of Baret's indiscreet mimicry recurred to him, and he feared he would be found lacking in discipline. He could only stammer incoherently: "Why, your Majesty, I—"

"Enough, enough!" said the Emperor, impatiently, waving his hand. "You need not answer, as I know that it is the truth. For certain reasons, with which you have nothing to do, I require some one to impersonate me in an adventure in which there may be some danger. I have heard of this young man, and I saw him yesterday for the purpose of judging as to his fitness for the service that I need. If you can assure me that he is brave—"

"As a lion, sire," "And loyal—", "As death, sire," "And can be silent—", "As the grave, sire," "He will do. Nothing further must be known of the affair. Nothing more must be investigated. If he or anyone makes but the slightest move in that direction he will sign his death warrant."

"Might I ask, sire—", "Not one word!" broke in the Emperor angrily. "You can give me 'Yes' or 'No' to a question. Can you answer for his willingness to serve me in this matter?" "With his life, sire. But—", "That will do," said the Emperor, rising. "You will bring him yourself this evening to the little wicket at the end of the garden. No other soul in the world will know of this, remember, but myself—the young man—and you. I bid you good day, Colonel."

If the Colonel pondered over the matter on the way to his quarters, there was nothing to indicate even a touch of surprise in his manner when he delivered the message to the young soldier, and the latter would have died rather than question him further. With military promptness they reached the palace that night and the heavy gate in the western wall swung softly open the instant of their approach.

The Colonel delivered the young man over to the charge of an unseen watcher on the other side and departed. And Baret heard the gate again closed and locked; then, in the heavy darkness, his hand was grasped by another, and he felt that he was gently but firmly drawn forward, though not a word was spoken by his unknown guide.

Closely skirting the courtyard they reached a couple of stone steps, over which Baret nearly stumbled, and would have fallen but for the firm grasp of the stranger's hand. A massive unguarded door swung softly inward, giving entrance to a stone passage, narrow and damp, where a tiny lantern on the floor only made the surrounding darkness more visible.

A narrow stair led to a small hall, and, pressing a spring to the left, his guide drew him into a brilliantly lighted room. The sudden glare so dazzled the young soldier that he did not at first perceive his companion, who, putting aside his cloak, had seated himself in a deeply cushioned chair near the fire.

"Sire!" he stammered. "Your pardon. I—I did not know I—the honor—", "There, there, my friend," said the

of the ante-room where Laurent slept. It was repeated again and again. "Suppose some one should insist on admittance? Suppose the Emperor, whom no one would dare deny, should demand an audience?" Baret stood near the door as he heard Laurent, at last aroused from sleep, talking to the newcomer.

"A thousand pardons, my lord. To see the Emperor to-night, since he has ordered me to admit no one, you would have to walk over my body." "Tut-tut! What nonsense!" said the other, with vexation in his tones. "I had vowed to see him before he slept, but have it your own way now. I shall not fail to report your insolence to the Emperor. I shall be here at daybreak. I see him before he rises."

"Unhappy monarch! If he had been here, my lord would have roused him from a heavy sleep—to hear what?" The soldier lowered the lights and walked softly about the room, forgetting that the thick carpet and tapestries dulled every sound and would not betray his footsteps.

One sounded from the tower, and Baret's eyes were so heavy that he would willingly have settled himself in the deep chair beside the dying fire, had not a thought suddenly aroused him. What if a snore should disturb Laurent, sleeping in the outer room? "What could he do to banish sleep? Had the hours of night ever been so long? He tried to read a book of old romances, but they bade fair to serve as a sleeping potion."

Again he paced back and forward, longing for the time of his release. Where had the Emperor gone? What urgent duty required his presence away from the palace at this time of night and which would only allow of his return—perhaps at the end of two or three hours? What case required such secrecy as this?

A sudden quiver of his nerves arrested him. Halt, Baret! The Emperor asked thy service, not thy speculations! One! two! chimed as he walked, and three was near its stroke, when a voice was heard in the distance. The challenges of the sentinels rang back and forth. Heavy footsteps and the clanging of sabres sounded from the courtyard, coming nearer—nearer.

Again the calls, and a large door swung open, letting in a tumult of voices that echoed along the high corridor. Had anything happened to the Emperor? Heaven forbid! But if this were so! The big drops of fear stood on the forehead of the man who had faced death a score of times unmoved.

He crept to and listened breathlessly at the door leading to the room where the faithful Laurent slept. Laurent's sleep had evidently again been disturbed, as he heard the servant's voice and that of another. "I cannot wake the Emperor, my lord. He gave particular orders that he was not to be disturbed before morning. He has had some bad nights lately, and is now sleeping quietly."

"But, my man," insisted the other, "you do not understand! We must see him; or, at any rate, find out if he is in bed and safe. When did you see him?" "At 11 o'clock, my lord." The newcomer walked about impatiently. In a few minutes he retreated to the lower hall, apparently to consult with his companions. Hastily returning, he said, quickly and firmly:

"My good Laurent, we will hold you safe from all blame, but we must know if the Emperor is asleep in his bed or not. To tell you the entire truth, a report has been sent to the minister that a wounded man, who bore a marked resemblance to the Emperor, was seen about half an hour ago in the outskirts of the city."

Laurent's voice trembled, and it was with an apparent effort that he peated sturdily: "But the Emperor said—besides, my lord, no one has passed here since he gave me the order. But if you think it at all possible—"

It is the time of waiting that the soldier fears. The hour for action steadies the nerves even of the coward, and the brave Baret felt muscles and nerves grow firm as steel, and his brain clear and vigilant. Thoughts of the possible fate of the Emperor, and the only too sure fate of himself if the report was true, darted through his mind with wonderful quickness. He did not hear the voices for a few moments, and as the dread of a tone of agitation in his voice made him long to try it, he retreated further into the room, until a hand was laid upon the latch of the outer door.

Quickly passing through the curtained recess, he threw himself upon the bed, as, finding the door fastened, a low knock was heard. Twice, thrice, he allowed it to be repeated before he called out, in a drowsy tone of annoyance: "What is the trouble? I said I was not to be disturbed."

"Thank heaven! You heard him, my lord? He was very tired." Laurent's voice was trembling still with the relief from a terrible fear. "I ask your pardon, sire," he called again. "There has been—we feared something had happened—"

"Disturb me again at your peril, Laurent," said the drowsy tone of the mock Emperor, interrupting him. Then, raising his eyes, Baret saw the true Emperor standing in the doorway just as he had seen him last with his finger to his lips. Baret sprang to his feet, but a gesture cautioned silence, and both waited in patience till they heard the steps die away in the distance, and Laurent again closed the outer door.

A KANGAROO ROUND-UP.

STIRRING SPORT THAT NO LAND BUT AUSTRALIA AFFORDS.

There is Money in It, Too, For Scalps Are Worth a Dollar Apiece and Hides Have Value—Scores of Hunters Surround the Game—Lively Scenes at the Finish.

Mr. R. von Lendenfeld, who has been traveling in Australia, has recently given an account in his Australische Reise of the novel sport of kangaroo driving, which brings both diversion and profit to many Nimrods on that continent. The Government of New South Wales pays a bounty of \$1 for every "giant" kangaroo killed. The purpose is, if not to exterminate them, at least to drive them into the wilderness away from the ranges where the millions of sheep graze, for the enormous quantity of grass the kangaroos eat is needed for the sheep, especially in dry seasons, when there is scant fodder for the flocks. So the Government pays a bounty, and as the kangaroo's hide is valuable, it pays to take part in kangaroo drives.

The result of this warfare is that the animal has entirely disappeared from the well-settled districts and is numerous only further inland. The kangaroo likes flat or slightly hilly lands, and it is among the undulating, thickly wooded districts of New South Wales that the kangaroo drive is most successful. Mr. von Lendenfeld says that the kangaroo we see in the mangeries is only a caricature of the animal as he exists in the freedom of his native forests.

The drive is a great round-up in which many men take part, and from forty to 200 animals are killed. Here is the writer's description of the drive in which he participated: "There were fifty-six mounted hunters, and on the morning of the hunt we were stationed at intervals on the circumference of a circle whose diameter was about twenty miles. We were all to move toward Johns Fall, a flat, treeless valley in the centre of this circle, in the middle of which is a lake surrounded by bushes. We were to drive the kangaroos toward this centre, which was about ten miles distant from the starting point of all the hunters, and we were to be gathered around the valley at 4 p. m. There were two men and a guide with me, and all the parties had dogs to help them drive the kangaroos forward."

"Our party advanced for about two hours, when we discovered some kangaroos on a hill. The animals stood erect like human beings, on their hind legs. They often bent their heads to the ground, resting on their little forelegs, and then lifted their heads, with mouths full of grass, so as to chew it more comfortably. As soon as the guide saw the kangaroos he gave a call which the dogs understood, and they came instantly and remained with us. The call did not attract the attention of the kangaroos, and they continued to eat grass. My guide rode back with the dogs to get around the kangaroos and chase them forward. They did not have the slightest suspicion of our presence, but played, rubbed one another's backs, and kept on feeding. Suddenly the wild dogs, or dingoes, in the neighborhood set up a howl which sent the game scampering in the direction we wished them to go."

"By dinner time we came to a pool of water only four or five miles from the rendezvous, and here we took a rest for an hour and a half. The horses were unsaddled and we prepared tea and dined. While lying in the shade enjoying our rest we suddenly saw some kangaroos running toward us from the direction of Johns Fall. They were scared and evidently running away from some other hunters. We sprang to our feet, shouted and waved our hats in order to frighten the animals back, but they paid no attention to us, came on like the wind, and it was evident that many of them would escape past us. They leaped through the air, and no sooner had they come to the ground with a thud than their powerful hind legs gave them another mighty propulsion forward, their heavy tails helping them to steer clear of the trees and other obstructions."

"About 3 p. m. we came in sight of the thicket, which was the principal point of the round-up, and fell in with another party coming from the left. We now numbered six, and we ranged in line, with about 300 feet space between the men, and rode on. The shooting all around the narrowing circle was growing fast and furious. I gave my horse to a guide, who took it away, and continued my journey on foot, for I could not shoot very well on horseback. Some others also walked the last part of the way, but many remained in the saddle and fired from that position. The kangaroos, many of which by this time were passing us, ran singly, for the most part, and with such speed through the thick copse that it was hard to hit them, especially as the men had to be careful not to shoot the hunters."

"We regulated our march so that we arrived at the rendezvous at 4 p. m. sharp. Here we suddenly obtained an open view. Before us lay a space about three-fifths of a mile wide, oval and treeless, and at the lower part of it there was a small lake bordered by a thicket. Everywhere clouds of smoke rose in the bordering woods. Shots cracked continually. In the middle of the space were numerous kangaroos, and scattered among them were the dead. The wounded animals crawled back to the thicket. As we reached the border of the forest some of the animals tried again to break through, but not one succeeded; we had a good position now and each kangaroo that approached the line was dropped by a bullet. In the excitement everybody was shooting at every animal he saw and from every distance. The bullets

whistled by and stuck in the trees. The waste of ammunition was extraordinary. The dogs were kept outside the circle. "Then there was a lull for a half hour until all the men had taken their positions. The leader of the hunt rode along the line and made some changes in order to fill up gaps between the shooters. Upon hearing a trumpet signal the whole band moved toward the thicket. The order was perfect. There was a distance of some 300 feet between the shooters, which diminished continually. The kangaroos which had been wounded were finished as we advanced. When we came within about 700 feet of the thicket the distance between the hunters was reduced to from 70 to 90 feet. There we made a halt. All sat down, and about 100 dogs were sent into the thicket. The loud barking of the dogs and the cracking of the branches broken by the fleeing kangaroos drowned the shouts of the hunters. The kangaroos came from all directions, looking in vain for an open space in the shooting line, and then disappeared again in the thicket. No one fired. This, however, did not last long. The kangaroos, followed eagerly by the dogs, had to leave their shelter, broke from all sides of the thicket, and precipitated themselves with frantic haste upon the shooting line. Then began the crackling of rifles again, and soon the firing was general along the whole line. Some of the kangaroos succeeded in breaking through, but most remained there. I fired sixteen times in five minutes. The shooting was diminishing, and then there were pauses between volleys, while some of the men went into the thicket to kill the wounded animals and drag out the dead. We shot a few more, but the hunt was at an end."

"On the plain, which was the scene of the last act of this interesting hunt, bonfires were kindled, around which groups of bearded hunters were seated. Kangaroo tail soup was boiling in great kettles, and glasses were frequently emptied. Songs broke the stillness of the night, while the howling of the dingoes that were feasting on the carcasses was heard in the distance. Finally everything was still, one after another stretched himself on the ground, and the clear, starry sky was the only cover of the tired sleepers."

"The following morning search was made for dead animals. One hundred and sixty-six scalps were brought in, which gave some three kangaroos to each of the fifty-six hunters. As many of the hunters refused to accept the reward, the others made quite a handsome sum from the scalp bounty and the hides."

Horse Torturers.

The idea of putting spectacles on a horse to make him lift his feet higher than he otherwise would, because the glasses make him think he is nearer the ground than he is, may be quite agreeable to those who think that the Creator made a mistake in giving the horse a tail; but every person who possesses the humanity, without which no one should be allowed to deal with animals, and who has the common sense to see what is right, will regard the proposition with disgust.

If the man wants only a "high stepper," let him buy the coach horse, which is bred for the purpose, and not try to make a coacher out of a cart horse. Similarly, if he wants a horse that carries his head high, let him buy one of the breed that does so by nature, instead of one that has to be strapped up till his neck aches. But as to the tail, we believe that the law now recognizes the use of that appendage as the horse's only defense against the torture of flies, mosquitoes and gnats, and makes "docking" a penal offense hereafter, as it ought to be.—Brooklyn Citizen.

After a Chinese Wedding.

On the day following a Chinese wedding, at least in certain provinces, the bride's youngest brother goes to inquire after her and to take a present from her mother of a bottle of hair oil. This is a custom so ancient that none knows the origin thereof. No further communications take place between the bride and her family for three months, when the mother sends a sedan chair and an invitation to visit her. If there has been neither a birth nor a death in her husband's or in her mother's house for 100 days she goes and makes a short stay at her old home. This visit over, she cannot see her mother again until after her first child is born, and not then should the child be a girl. Even then if there has been a death in either family the visit cannot be made, and there have been many instances where a mother and daughter living very near each other have not met for years.—Boston Post.

Recovering French Treasure.

For many years a local legend in Frankfurt-on-the-Main had it that a big treasure of gold lay buried in the Main River, just beneath the big, old bridge. On moonlight nights, it was said, one could see the gold glisten in the water. Recently the fact became patent that there must be a foundation for this old tradition, for skipper steadily fished up gold pieces from the river bed in the vicinity named. At last the Prussian Government made a thorough investigation, and within a week one treasure, at least, was brought to light—about 1500 French gold coins of the times from Louis XIV. to Louis XVIII., as well as of the first republic. This is evidently part of a French war treasure lost or buried there during the troublesome Napoleonic period. Search is being continued now, as it is probable that more of this treasure may be brought to light.

Earth's Steam Power.

The steam power of the world may be reckoned as equivalent to the strength of 1,000,000,000 men, which is more than twice the number of workmen existing.

There is growing interest in the use of petroleum as fuel, and many advantages are claimed for it. The limited storage space required, the fact that it is almost entirely consumed, there being but very little waste, and the ease with which it is handled, are strong points in its favor. It produces no ashes, and contains twice as much heating power as coal, ton for ton. It is clean, and, when properly managed, practically odorless. There is room for improvement in the appliances for using this sort of fuel, but such rapid progress is being made in this direction that the general adoption of petroleum as a fuel for certain lines of work is an assured fact.

There was a noise at the outer door