

In the commerce of the world German trade is growing at Great Britain's expense, and the United States takes from both.

Literature like nearly everything else nowadays, has come to be a commercial commodity, governed by the laws of demand and supply, and the author, to be successful, must "get down to business."

As the mothers' congress has given rise to a mighty demand for a fathers' congress, it is evident that the small boy will have to go into the congress business himself unless he is to lose his liberties altogether.

If every cigarette in the world were destroyed human morals would sensibly improve. Undertakers will tell you that when the body of a confirmed cigarette smoker is embalmed it turns green. This shows that the poison does not stop at the lungs, but saturates the entire body.

Our Chicago man is clamoring for the coinage of a silver seventy-five cent piece. He claims that it "would stimulate trade," as a purchaser would not be so much impressed by the cost of a thing when he could pay one coin for a seventy-five-cent article, as he is when he continues to hand out a half-dollar and a quarter-dollar for that article.

Fashionable New York City has abandoned to a very great extent new-fashioned door bells and substituted old-fashioned knockers. The older, the more battered and unsightly the knocker is, the higher price it commands. Shrewd manufacturers are pandering to this fad by getting up imitations of these antiquities. In appearance they are more antique than the originals.

It is queer how many works are published treating the novel historically. The books may be said to show the general interest in fiction, but here is the world running over with novels, novels innumerable, of which no man or woman, even if a professional reader, can read more than a small part. Are novels so many that conscientious persons can only read about them? It is a practice common in many branches of knowledge, and sure to commend itself to the comfortable soul.

It is not too much to say that by the death of Stephen Crane one of the young American writers of most promise has gone. His literary performance often exhibited poor taste and that particular kind of affectation known as overstatement; but it showed signs, none the less, of real and virile genius. Mr. Crane's later work was not marked by his early crudities and in the "Willowville Stories," for instance, in Harper's Magazine, his touch is as delicate and his thoughts as keen as Mark Twain's. Even though Kipling-like at times, his spirit was distinctly American. In the great mass of laborer fiction and conventional authorship of to-day, one pauses at the name of Stephen Crane.

Hypnotism has grown vastly in vogue in the last fifteen or twenty years. The causes of its phenomena and the forces which regulate and control them are as little known as ever, but this does not bar its acceptance as a form of social amusement, nor its exploitation by thoughtless youths and greedy charlatans, whose only object is to gain a little cheap notoriety, or wring a living from a credulous populace. It has been forcibly demonstrated, however, that men of sound judgment and experience are required to make successful and safe operators, and it is just as logical for the law to license this profession and impose rigid restrictions as others involving a tedious course of study and preparation, thinks the Atlanta Constitution.

What may be termed a novelty characteristic of the times was made the feature of a club dinner of railroad officials in New York City the other day. Of this club, Senator Chauncey M. Depew is president, but owing to the pressure of public duties in Washington he was unable to be present and preside. There was a time when such a circumstance would have prevented the Senator from making an address to the gathering. Times have changed, however, and conditions have changed with them. The aid of telephone receivers placed at each seat the diners were enabled to listen to a speech addressed to them by their absent president, who was talking at a distance of over 225 miles. The incident is a striking one as illustrative of the extent to which the progress of invention has broken down the barriers of space.

THE ANGLEWORM.

An Anglemorm yawned and stretched himself out. Then sighed and drew himself in. "Although I can render myself sharp and stout, Then instantly quite long and thin, This earthly existence I always have found To be a most consummate bore; There's nothing to do but make holes in the ground, And nothing, alas! to live for!"

"Tut, tut," said the Grub Worm, phlegmatic and slow. "Why look you so sad and sedate? Cheer up, little brother—you certainly know That fishermen love you—for least, Though some creatures lead a tumultuous life, They may be, indeed, much more spicy. They pay up with headaches, and sorrows and strife Unknown to the genus lumberic."

"Just think," said the Grub Worm, "how simply you're made— How unappreciated you grow; The gardener may cut you in twain with his spade, And instead of one worm, you are two! Each portion strikes out in a different way, And soon both are hardy and fat! Where else will you find in a creature of clay Such wonderful structure as that?"

Seriously contented the Anglemorm then Resumed his old habits of thought, And never—no, never—grew weary again Of his gloomy terrestrial lot, Though a small onion bed and a cucumber patch His orbit of action defined, And life was a bore, pretty much as before, He never thereafter repined.

Dear Anglemorm lived as an Anglemorm should— Was bound by no statutes or codes— An idealist he, and tho' pious and good, He dreamed of no better abode, And Death and the Grave had no terrors for him— This worm beneath human contempt, Compared with which we see as bright Seraphim, From sin and pollution exempt.

Oh, Anglemorm! Anglemorm! Happy thy lot, In Earth's tranquil breast to abide, Without a regret for the things you have not— Inevitable, whatever betide, Neither any nor hope, nor passion nor fear, Nor visions of happier states, Can light with a smile or dim with a tear, He seems both the Furies and Eates.

And, bound to this poor little orb of Earth, That floats in the Infinite Vast, Man grooves about blindly, twist anguish and mirth, And guesses and doubts to the last, May he, amongst the millions of glorious spheres, That roll through the regions of God, Are beings—of Jove and Apollo the peers, To whom we are as Worms of the Clod! —Parnassian Spirit.

When a Friend Deals With a Friend.

AND you say the mortgage is twenty-five hundred dollars, due March 1st. "And you can't get the money anywhere?"

"Nowhere! I've tried every place in town, even old Peddicord. Money is tighter now at the banks than at any time since the panic started. They won't let out a dollar except to old customers. So if you can't do this, Ral, my home is gone, that's all." "Hem! Just state that proposition over again, Mac."

"It's this: I'll transfer the title of the farm to you; you assume the mortgage and hold the place in your name; when the panic is over and I get straightened out, I'll take it back, pay you for what you've paid out and do your trouble besides. If I am never able to redeem it, the farm'll be yours for good; understand?"

"Yes; but Mac, you surely know that this is not a good business proposition."

"Yes, I know that well enough. It's a proposition I would make to no man living except Ralston Blair. The land would bring at least seventy-five dollars an acre if times were good; now it would not sell at all, and if the mortgage is foreclosed I'll get little or nothing for my money and work. Olive and I are both sick and discouraged, but if you can do this for us, we'll have one chance left to get on our feet again."

"Well, I don't know what to say. I must have time to think. My burdens are heavy enough now, as you know. At the same time I feel as though I must help you. I'll tell you, you drop in—say Thursday morning—and I'll see what I can do for you."

The above is in substance the talk that took place between the Reverend Ralston Blair and Philip McClure one morning in February, 1885. The men had been intimate from boyhood. They graduated from school together, Blair at the head of the class, McClure near the foot. Blair was brilliant and popular in school; McClure was dull and reserved. Blair passed through college and entered the ministry; McClure went from school to the farm. Blair scored a success from the start; married a girl as ambitious as himself, and was at this time pastor of the most fashionable church in Allsbury. McClure married an elderly Olive Pinkney, bought an eighty-acre farm two miles out from Allsbury and prospered until hard times, poor crops, low prices and sickness combined to reduce him to the extremity we have seen.

self, was yet able to play upon the heart strings of those about him. But to resume our story. The outcome of the talk recorded above was that McClure's farm was legally transferred to Blair. McClure at once moved his wife and two babies to Allsbury; took possession of a small cottage and found work in a brick-yard. He was a good worker. The farm was rented, and three years passed without incident. But the souls of the McClures were wrung with anguish when they beheld the havoc wrought by careless renters on their little farm. The young orchard, their special pride, was trampled to death by horses and cattle; the lawn in front of the house was turned into a nursery for pigs and geese, and cockle-burs were fast taking the place of all other crops in the field. Still, the real owners of the land must suffer in silence; they had no right to protest.

During all this time Mr. Blair was very busy and the McClures could not complain if they saw but little of him. His success as a preacher was marked; his church was crowded at every service; lecture committees were most urgent in their demands upon him, and, as a fitting crown to all this, he had just accepted a call to a leading pulpit in the metropolis. The McClure family was as poor at the end of the three years as at the beginning, but they had saved enough money to pay all back interest on the mortgage. They could get time on the mortgage now because of improved business conditions; good health had come again, and, above all, they desired to put a stop to the ruin on the farm.

With this in mind, Philip called one morning upon Mr. Blair in his study. The minister listened to all his visitor had to say, nervously marking with a pencil the while on the tablet on his desk. When the story was finished he said without looking up:

"I see no necessity for opening up that subject at this late day, Mac." "But Ralston," reasoned McClure, "I feel able to run the farm nicely now, and I thought that as you were going away soon, you'd not want to bother with it any longer, anyhow. Besides, you know I was to have it back whenever I thought best."

"No, sir," said Blair in great irritation. "I don't know anything of the kind. The deal between me and you was well understood. I was to hold your place or not, as I saw fit. I took it off your hands in good faith, to relieve you of a burden you were unable to bear. So considering, I sold the farm to Peddicord last week."

Then a fearful thing occurred. Det those who have probed deep into the human soul and laid bare its inner workings, tell whether Philip McClure's action was prompted by the blind passion of the moment, by the thought of his loss, or by the shock caused by the sudden revelation of Blair's true character, or by all of these combined. What he did was to spring to his feet and with one murderous blow with a chair strike the minister to the floor and then scar out into the street.

Before he had gone many steps the horror of what he had done rushed upon him, and he hurried back in breathless haste to undo as far as possible the work of his insane act. He found Blair lying just as he had fallen. He was dead. The corner of the chair had struck him on the temple and crushed the skull.

What "Tundra" is. "One of the words that the people of the United States will hear a good many times this summer," said a member of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce, "is 'tundra.' It is in the tundra or where it joins the bench that the easiest gold digging in the world is found at Cape Nome. The 'tundra,' as every one knows who has visited Alaskan coasts, is the low ground lying between the mountains and the beach. It is marshy and covered with grass and moss during the summer and it never thaws more than a couple of feet below the surface. While everybody talks about the 'tundra' and knows what it is by sight, not one in a thousand or more knows where or what the word is from. I am free to confess I didn't know myself until an Eastern friend wrote out to Seattle making inquiries, and I began to make inquiries in Seattle. Not a man of all the miners and others I asked could answer any simple question until I found a Russian. He told me the word was Russian and meant low and marshy land. 'Tundra' differs from 'steppes' in this that 'tundra' is used to describe the low, flat and ordinarily valueless land between two streams and is common along the coasts of Siberia and on the American side of the Bering straits, all of which is 'tundra.' 'Steppes' originally meant a sandy desert, but, by long custom, it has come to mean grassy plains as well. I don't know whether the word is in American dictionaries or not, for I haven't had time to look it up, but I know I hadn't heard it a dozen times in my life till the later gold discoveries in Alaska."

"Course of True Love." "Mean!" exclaimed the young man. "Well, say! he's about the meanest ever. What do you think he did?" "Of course they gave it up." "Well, sir," he explained, "they have one of the nicest little secluded porches you ever saw, and Tessie and I used to sit over in the shadowed corner of it nearly every evening." "And he forbade it?" they suggested inquiringly. "Worse than that," he replied. "How could it be worse than that?" they asked. "He put a coat of luminous paint on it," he answered, and of course nothing remained but to vote him the prize for the best hard luck story of the session.—Chicago Post.

EVER JOYOUS PORTO RICO

SIMPLE PLEASURES THAT AMUSE THE LIGHT-HEARTED NATIVES.

Results of the Open-Air Life—Native Noises From Morn Till Night—Street Maskers Provide Much of the Fun—What Spiggoty Signifies.

It would be hard to find a town more sleepless than San Juan, Porto Rico, writes the New York Times correspondent. From morning to night and from night to morning the racket is incessant. The open-air life of the climate doubtless explains in good part the prevailing noises, for anything happening anywhere can be heard everywhere else. In the houses rooms are divided only by thin partitions that reach but eight or nine feet from the floor, leaving several feet of air space above. A chair moved in a room may be heard in every room in the house. When one inmate is retiring and lets a shoe fall to the stone floor instead of carefully laying it there every other inmate knows what is happening. High doorways, and windows quite as high, protected only by doorlike shutters and without glass, bring street noises as close as if they were indoors. One may hear from an upper room the conversation of those passing in the street below. If the parties to the street colloquy are belated and demonstrative they may easily rouse a neighborhood. A cart on the stone pavement makes its presence felt for blocks around.

Native noises begin at daybreak when the shops open and people turn out for work. A brood of magpies seems loosened in this waking hour, for the native in his element is a chatterer. From that time there is no quiet. Street vendors carrying flat pans or baskets on their heads are early astart, to let the people know, in minor cadences, that they are ready for business. The first of this tribe carry things to eat, usually sweets. They are followed by sellers of cheap laces or gew-gaws. Their appearance brings the housewives to their windows and barter, seldom amounting to more than barter, sets in.

There is a native saying, "Vamos a pasar el tiempo," meaning "Let us sit down and argue." The women employ it and act on it endlessly. Hotel life enables a visitor to learn their opinions upon a variety of subjects. Next week's weather seems to be a favorite topic. When two women, with their progeny, draw their rocking chairs into a hotel corridor—they cannot confine themselves to the forum of their own apartments—all other proceedings in the house may as well be suspended. This performance is given unobtrusively from early coffee until the midday breakfast. After that meal there may be a rest for a nap, which refreshes the disputants for more vigorous combat. The evening session lasts late, and is often reinforced from the corridors and balconies in the vicinity.

Street scenes at night show how simply a community may be pleased. The people want to be amused, and since they cannot afford to pay others to entertain them, they furnish among themselves the means of keeping light-hearted. Street maskers provide much of the night fun. They usually go about in pairs, in harlequin costumes, with horns in their caps and highly painted pasteboard faces. A crowd is in tow from the moment of their appearance. It gathers numbers as they jog-trot through the streets. When they happen to enter a house on the way, the crowd waits patiently outside until the visit is over. The Plaza is always the objective point. There the town seems gathered, for other crowds have followed other maskers to that centre, and many have gone there confident of finding it worth while. On nights when the native band plays, especially on Sunday, maskers multiply, and the scene resembles a carnival. On such nights also the home militia, organized to strengthen and eventually, perhaps, to displace American troops, gets wholesale leave from the barracks. The natives like a uniform, and the men seem as well pleased with it as is a child with a new toy. This feature adds to the general animation.

Pleasures end at the Plaza comparatively early, to be resumed at ballies or dances in different parts of the town. High-class residents may hire a pretentious hall for this purpose, but the simpler folk get the greater enjoyment in modest places, which a few pesos will rent. The ballroom is almost always on the street level, for the fun of a dance is apparently in having as many spectators as the street in front of the building will hold. With a band, consisting of a clarinet, which carries the air; a violin to fill in interludes; a bass viol to mark time and a gourd which the performer pounds with a piece of round stick, the music that the public love is ground out. Dancing means a minimum of motion to a maximum of noise. Feet shuffle in unison, but partners may not turn once a minute. It is enough for them to keep barely going to the sound of a combination whose music, gypsy-like and crude, evidently satisfies every sense. Ballies often last until well into the following day, from twelve to sixteen hours.

Among a people upon whom care sets so lightly it is perhaps not strange that even death is not too serious a matter. There are funerals, of course, that have hearse and for which a coffin and grave are bought for the body, but they are comparatively rare. The usual way is to hire a coffin and part of a grave. Men friends of the afflicted family carry the coffin to the cemetery and other men friends follow on foot. Women never witness a burial. At the grave the body is lifted out and, without shroud or other covering than the burial clothing, the

girl is shoved on top of it. Then the undertaker's men carry the coffin away, sometimes on the run if another customer awaits its use.

For the coffin used the rate is 25 cents and upward, according to style. A grave fee must be paid, which covers occupancy for one year. If the fee is not then renewed the bones are exhumed and tossed into a heap of other dispossessed bones in one corner of the graveyard. A family holding a joint tenancy in a grave apparently never concerns itself over the identity of the ejected bones. The remnants of a body for which rent may be paid may get into the bone heap if the gravedigger makes a mistake and lifts out a middle skeleton in a grave of three, for instance, thinking that he has landed the bottom one. Mistakes are less common than might be supposed, however, for families who lay their dead in the rented section seldom pay more than the fee of \$1 to cover one year's interest. All bones look alike to them after that lapse of time.

The American designation of the native is Spiggoty, accented on the first syllable. Its origin is indefinite, but it may have come from the native ambition to speak English and to inform all comers of that desire. The native tongue, accustomed to soft letters, struggles hard with the k in "speak," and makes it sound like g out of short. English is Ingles, when "speak English" encounters a Porto Rican, the result may not be unlike "spiggoty," which some Anglo-Saxon Whatever the origin, one hears everywhere of spiggoty people, spiggoty money, and all else spiggoty. Everybody uses the term, the natives having almost accepted it as a proper designation. If into some official document sent to Washington it should slip, the public may know that it has come to stay, and that a fresh coin has enriched the language.

A Successful Shot.

A tall officer suddenly held my eyes, says Maurice Thompson, in the Atlantic, a great blue heron, stock-still on one foot, his neck partly folded. Of course it was in full plumage; I could see the long streamers at the back of its head. "I should like those," I thought, or rather felt, while swiftly considering a plan of approach. Then, as if by premeditated action the songsters began for the morning's melic battle; and what a tune they marched me to! I stooped and crept from cover to cover, light of foot as any cat; but the shot would be a long one for my heavy arrows with their wide feathers, as the strip of shore marsh on which the heron stood prevented close approach. Fifty yards I call long range when using heavy-headed birds-bolts. From cover of the last bush I carefully estimated the distance to be forty-five paces, and then drew up. Beyond the bird a line of silvery light began to twinkle on little choppy waves. This was hard to overcome, for it shook my vision and interfered with fixing a point of aim, which I felt had to be above my target. Then, too, allowance for the drifting force of the breeze was a nice point to settle. A heavy arrow with a broad vane does not resist a side wind very well. Not to exceed two seconds elapsed, however, before my bow added its ancient note to the woodland melody, and "whish-sh!" whispered the arrow, going with tremendous force. I say tremendous, and hearing it hit you would not erase the adjective. Although its trajectory was high for so short a flight, the arrow went like a flash, and, as true as it was swift, struck solidly with a successful sound.

Parlor Magic.

A feat which any one can perform with little or no practice is that of placing fourteen matches upon a table and lifting them all up upon one of the matches. This is how it is done: Pick out one match—the one that has the flattest surface—and then place six of the other matches about one-fourth each across the first one, each of the six being parallel to each other and the thickness of a match distant from each other. Next place six other matches one-fourth each across the first match, but from the other side, all parallel and in the spaces left by the arrangement of the first six matches. Now take the fourteenth match, lay it over the twelve matches where they intersect, and by carefully lifting match No. 1 and holding match No. 14 in place you will accomplish without difficulty the feat.—Adeleide Herrman, in the Woman's Home Companion.

Whose Dressmakers Are Not Angels.

Chinese tailors are bad designers; they can copy, and if one is patient and long-suffering, after many trials succeed in giving a good fit. (The usual tailor likes to give but one trial, and that when the garment is finished). He finds no fault when told it must be taken apart and done over; his invariable reply, when shown where the fault lies and asked to change is, "Can do." Even after repeated mistakes it does not dawn upon his mind that it would be well to baste only before trying on. The machine-stitching is taken out, and he begins his work over and over again. His unvarying patience and courtesy make you feel ashamed to complain of your own weariness of fitting.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Rocket.

The first locomotive engine which proved a practical success was produced by the two Stephensons, and was called the Rocket. In October, 1829, it received the prize offered by the directors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, and the question as to the superiority of the locomotive steam engine as a motive power was then settled.

THE STRAWBERRY FETE.

Where the oyster of late Was the star of the fete, Gotten up by the ladies in churches, Now the strawberries red O'er the saucers are spread, And the spoon on the lip oft perchance.

On the sides here's the ice cream, Always held in esteem, In all seasons and all sorts of weather; And it long has been known Cream or berries alone Can be eaten or mixed up together.

There the strawberry girl Sets table hearts in a whirl! By the way she accepts invitations; Promptly forward she goes When she's asked to dispose Of a share of the dainty collations.

When one season is gone There's another brought on; For she says she is "so fond of berries," She may take three or four, And perhaps a few more, For her yearning at times slightly varies.

Will she try some ice cream? Then her eyes fairly beam; With delight and she's quickly consenting, Five more times she'll indulge, While the chappie's eyes bulge, And his folly he's sadly repenting.

Then the young man so rash Quickly hands out the cash, And at once for the exit he sends her, That's the way money goes, But, as everyone knows, It is all for the good of the churches.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Willie Roadster—"Dere's one ting I like about fishin'—it's purty near de same ting as doin' nothin'."—Puck.

Bobbs—"Clothes do not make the man." Dobbs—"No, but many a lawyer has been made by a good suit."

Little Cupid shot a dart That pierced my hard and stony heart; Sad, indeed! but, what is worse, That same dart it pierced my purse!

Hoax—"The world is sure to hear from that young man." Joax—"A genius, eh?" Joax—"No; he plays the trombone."

Bobbs—"I understand Skinnum is practicing medicine. I suppose he's doing well." Slobs—"No; I believe he's doing the sick."

Merchant—"Do you speak German?" Needy Applicant—"I never have, but, gracious, I'll tackle it if you give me a job."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Muggins—"Does your husband appeal to you as a vocalist?" Mrs. Buggins—"No; it's quite the other way. I appeal to him to stop."

Dolly—"Did that famous author send you his autograph, Polly?" Polly—"No; but he kept mine, the mean, impudent thing!"—Chicago Record.

Love makes the world go 'round, I do not care, I'm not afraid, It's cash, I've always found, That makes things square.

"Knave!" said the auto-car, "how camest thou to be a fool?" "Sire, responded the jester, "I began life among the wise men."—Philadelphia North American.

Mr. Newkirk—"Uncle Thomas has lost his entire fortune in Wall street?" Mrs. Newkirk—"Oh, the ungrateful wretch! Right after we had named the baby for him."—Puck.

"I sold newspapers when I was a boy," declared the statesman, proudly. "And now you are selling the public," remarked an unsympathetic auditor.—Philadelphia American.

Not—I believe that people should always marry their opposites." Belle—"I thought you seemed very much interested in the young man that lives across the street from you."

Sillicus—"Of what use is superfluities. Of what use is the vermiform appendix?" Cynicus—"It keeps lots of doctors from starving to death."—Philadelphia Record.

For the round moon he proudly cried A year or two from earth; Then in his haughty monarch's pride He clamored for the earth.

"Did you see Dumley's latest photo?" "You mean the one in which he looks cross-eyed?" "Yes; how on earth did it happen?" Well, the photographer was cross-eyed, you see, and just as he made the exposure he turned to Dumley and said: "Look this way, please."

Tired Wires.

Metals get tired as well as things that have life. Busy all week carrying from city to city messages of sadness and happiness, business and even nonsense, and dealings in figures extending into millions and billions, stock and market reports, being especially trying, the wire can be said to wait for Sunday to come. Unusually heavy is Saturday's work, and when the day is at an end the wires may be classed as worn out. The rest afforded by the Sabbath day, when business of telegraphing is almost at a standstill except for the newspaper work, does the wires good, for they are far better conductors on Monday than on Saturday. It is sometimes found necessary to give wires a rest, especially after extended use. It has been found that when left for three weeks without use ten per cent. is added to the conductivity of a wire.—Philadelphia Record.

Paper Made 150 Years Ago.

From investigation made by Dr. J. Campbell, paper making appears to be a very old industry in India. In the year 1873 the attention of the English Government was called to the remarkable quality of the paper made in the State of Nepal. The fibre of this paper was so tough that a sheet doubled on itself could scarcely be torn with the fingers. The paper was so pliable and durable that it did not wear at the folds during twenty years. Whereas English paper, especially when eight or ten sheets were folded up in one packet, could not stand keeping in the state unimpaired more than four or five years. A copy of a Sanskrit work, though 150 years old, was in perfect preservation, having all that time withstood the ravages of insects and the wear and tear of use.