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SERVANTS IN GERMANY.

Their Lot is Not a Happy One—Poor Pay and Long Hours.

Maid servants who complain of their lot and pant forever to go out walking with their young men, should know what has just been elicited by statistics about the condition of their class in Germany. Wages in Germany were always low. Then these women have no rights; their employes may do pretty well what they please. If a girl leaves her place before the time specified she risks a fine; if she refuses a place after having accepted it, she is liable to be fined, and, perhaps, get five days' imprisonment. Few of the servants have a room to themselves; many of them sleep anywhere—in the bath room, the passage, or in the kitchen. Others inhabit garrets where the roof slopes so that they cannot stand upright. Sometimes the window only opens on to the staircase or into another room. In some places the sleeping apartments can only be reached by a ladder. Occasionally two or more sleep in the same room, which is also used for the storing of old things, lumber, dirty linen, etc. Certainly, the condition of servants in the United States contrasts very favorably with those of Germany; in addition, the hours of work are less, and no judge would dare reply as a Prussian did to a maid servant who complained she was made to work 19 hours a day. "The Great Frederick only indulged in five hours' sleep, and his servant sat up till 11 at night."

In Praise of Insects as Food.

Admitting that it becomes argumentatively impossible to eat a cutlet, humanity may still be saved from the extremes of a vegetarian diet. A French entomologist, M. Dagin, has discovered a half-way house, which he cordially recommends in the shape of insect food. He speaks on the subject with authority, "having tasted several hundred species of raw, boiled, fried, broiled, roasted and hashed insects." Regarding spiders as a side dish, he finds two objections—"they are not insects, and they live on animal food." M. Dagin's recipe for cockroach soup is as follows: "Pound your cockroaches in a mortar; put in a sieve and pour in boiling water or beef stock. Connoisseurs prefer this to real bisque." The perfect insect, he continues, in most appetizing style, may be shelled and eaten like a shrimp. Caterpillars are pronounced a light food, of easy digestion, and may be eaten "out of the hand," raw if preferred. But the most popular insect food of all is locust flour, which the Bedouins take boiled in milk or fried and served with rice. We remember a certain "Garibaldi biscuit," which always suggested an inside layer of squashed flies.

His Miraculous Escape.

For four days and four nights in the depths of the earth, wandering in absolute darkness through winding gorges, crawling on hands and knees through slimy passages in the jagged rocks, halting at times on the brink of awful precipices, growing faint from hunger and almost crazy from hardships which he was forced to endure—these are a few of the experiences that befell Capt Caleb Johnson, a Mississippi river pilot, when he attempted recently to explore the mysteries of Dead Man's cave at St. Genevieve, just across the river from Red Bud, Ill.

But with all of Capt. Johnson's experiences the cave remains as much a mystery as ever, for he was without light for most of the way, and has no idea to-day how far or where he wandered. He only knows that he entered the cave in Simms' hollow, on the bank of the river, on Monday morning, and that on Thursday afternoon a farmer found him in a sinkhole on his farm four miles from the entrance. Nothing was, therefore, accomplished, save, perhaps, to take away the superstition that no one could go into the cave and come out alive.

A Bottomless Oil Tank.

A primitive process that is a marvel of old-time ingenuity is the Russian method of storing petroleum. No tank is built; instead, a bottomless tank of thin sheet iron is suspended in water on piles, the top projecting a foot or so above water level. The tank is filled through a pipe passing to its center, the water sinking as the oil enters. The plan has other advantages besides inexpensiveness, for if the oil should take fire the water may be drawn off from the bottom and as there is only water at the bottom sand and fire do not accumulate in the tank.

INDIVIDUALISM.

Each man, a world—to other worlds half known—
Turns on a tiny axis of his own;
His full life orbit is a pathway dim
To brother planets that revolve with him.
—William H. Hayne, in McClure's.

MISS KATE.

By JEAN E. SOMERTON.

Slender, but not slim, with soft, hazel eyes and long lashes, pale complexion, light brown hair, with here and there a strand of gray, not pretty but attractive looking, simple in manner, speech and dress—that was Miss Kate.

That she was an old maid was beyond dispute. Her most intimate friend would not have denied it if he could; though for the matter of that he could not, belonging, as he did, to the feline species, and not being blessed with the power of speech. She was "turned" 35 if she was a day, and the most hopeful of that social scourge as match makers had long since scratched her name off their list of possibilities.

Miss Kate lived in her own cottage, and the lawn in front of it was the neatest in Grantley, as the little parlor inside was the tidiest. The cat that monopolized the hearth rug in the parlor of evenings was as sleek as could be, and exceptionally well behaved. The furniture was old-fashioned, but the easy chairs were comfortable, and the room certainly had a cozy appearance.

That Miss Kate had a good heart and a kind one I can vouch for, and so could many a barefooted lad and many an overworked factory girl. There was no Sunday school teacher in Grantley as beloved by her scholars, and they all knew the flavor of her famous cookies.

I was not surprised to hear one day that Miss Kate had had a bit of romance in her life that the younger generation had never heard of and the older ones had nearly forgotten. There had been a certain handsome young man who had courted her in the old days and not unsuccessfully. He had been practicing law for three or four years and his prospects were bright. He was genial in his manner, but proud to a fault. He was tall and broad shouldered, had very black hair and eyes to match.

He had never been a lady's man, and despite the fact that many jaunty caps were set for him, he had not responded until he met Kate Morton at a church festival. From that evening he was a determined wooer, and although she did not apparently reciprocate at first, his youth, good looks and a winning tongue were finally successful. So at last she loved him in return—and the gossips began to wonder when the day would be set and to surmise among themselves that it had been set and was still a secret. Whether it really had or had not ben Seth Gray knew and Miss Kate knew, but the gossips never found out.

Of the matrimonially inclined young ladies who had set their caps for Seth Gray before the fateful church festival, none had set them so artfully and hopefully as Barbara Martin. She was a pretty girl, with sparkling black eyes and wont to deck out in the gayest colors and ribbons imaginable. She had Spanish blood in her veins, and was proud of it, and proud of her temper, too. Although Seth had never paid her any serious attention, she had appeared atractive to him until he met Kate. If it had not been for that there is no telling what might have happened.

Miss Martin was not a young lady to submit to a total eclipse calmly, and one day, about the time that the gossips had setled it satisfactorily, among themselves that the day had finally been set, she came to the conclusion that matters had progressed far enough, and made an afternoon call on her successful rival. She left her pretty airs and graces at home with her gay ribbons that day, and was a sad enough figure when her hostess ushered her into the parlor—the same little parlor, although Miss Kate's mother was living then, and it was brighter to her then it was in after years.

Barbara Martin told her story well, and wept seemingly bitter tears over it. She told how Seth Gray had wooed and won and had promised to marry her, and how the day had been named, and how he had kept up the cruel deception ever after he met Kate herself, and how heartlessly he had finally thrown her over and laughed at her. Then, when she saw that the girl at her side appeared sorely troubled, she became remorseful and vowed that she ought not to have told her. Then she grew hysterical and railed against all men, and despised herself for an idiot to have trusted one of them.

Her audior was very quiet through it all, but Barbara Martin knew that her shaft had been a straight one, and went home exulting. After she had gone, Kate did what many another girl in her place would have done; she had a hard cry. She did not tell her mother. She could not have told any one. She hated to think that even Barbara Martin knew the man she loved, in such an altered light, but the mere fact of thinking of him softened her and she hoped—ay, in the loyalty of her heart she trusted—that Seth had been misunderstood.

There should be no misunderstanding between them. She determined to tell him that evening, when he called, all that she had heard. But tangled through her trouble was a sore feeling of disappointment that Seth could have even carelessly trifled with another girl, and the feeling, too, of unconscious jealously in the thought that he had prolonged the farce after he had began wooing of herself. It was a feeling akin to resentment against him, in justice to herself.

When he entered the parlor a few hours later, he knew at once that something was wrong and Kate did not leave him long in doubt. She told him the whole story, only withholding the name of her informant. She kept back her tears, too, and the effort made her voice hard. She waited for him to speak when she had finished, and if they had been siting nearer to each other would have touched his hand.

I said that Seth Gray was proud, and if ever a proud man was humiliated that man was himself. No other proof than her own voice could have made him think that this young woman could believe for a moment such a base falsehood against his manhood. The feeling of deep injury and indignation was uppermost in his mind. Without a word he rose and turned to go. At the door he paused an instant to look at her; then there was a quick, firm step on the gravel walk, the gate shut noisily, and he was gone. From that night Kate never saw Seth Gray again.

Never saw him again? How many times she saw him in that doorway, when the cat was purring contentedly on the rug and the little earthenware teapot was singing cheerfully on the hearth, only Miss Kate knew. How many times that last reproachful glance looked in upon her during the lonely nights of the long years that folowed, when the whole bitter truth was before her, only Miss Kate knew. How utterly dreary the tidy little parlor was at times during the long, long hours when the thought of that last night came back to her; how often the soft gray eyes wept bitterly when she thought of the wrong that she had done him, and that she could never undo now, Miss Kate and only Miss Kate knew.

And that was the story of her romance. A late train, westbound, carried Seth Gray away that night. She lived her life as best she could, and before her little world the thorns in her path were trodden unflinchingly. Whenever a woman's hand was needed, there was Miss Kate; wherever chatirable duties was the hardest, in the coldest winters, among the worst class of people; there was Miss Kate; and although her purse was not a large one it was open constantly.

I think that it was this constant doing of good, this never ceasing healing of bodies, minds and hearts, that kept the hard lines off her face, even when the early gray strands glistened in her brown hair.

If there was one weakness for which she had no compassion, it was the weakness of drunkenness. If there were any medicants that left her door empty handed, they were those who went there with the fumes of alcohol on the breath. Truly the drunkard in her eyes was detestable.

And so the summers and the winters pased until the time came when Miss Kate had become an old maid beyond dispute. New lives came into the little town and old lives went out. Girls in pinafores and small boys in trousers grew to be women and men, married and set up for themselves; but to Miss Kate one year was but a repetition of another and it sometimes seemed to her that she was continually going around in a circle that had long since become monotonous.

If Mis Kate ever thought that she might have made her life happier, she guraded the thought well; and if the smiling matrons ever occasioned the slightest envy in her breast, they could as easily have learned it from the exterior of the neat cottage as from its prime mistress.

One wintery March morning she started out, with a basket on her arm, to visit a sick family, and she noticed a small crowd of men and boys a short distance from her gate. The gibes that reached her ears and the incoherent profanity that followed, told her that a drunken man was the center of the group.

She knew that she would be obliged to pass them, but with the determination not to be detered from her purpose by such an unworthy cause, she held her head a trifle higher, involuntarily drew her skirts closer about her, and walked on. As she neared the group she saw that the man was reeling; he was a wretched looking creature, with unkempt beard and much worn clothing. She gave him one look and the basket dropped from her arm. She walked straight up to him, laid her hand on his frayed sleeve and led him to her own gate, up the gravel walk and into the old parlor, which was looking very comfortable this cold morning.

She cried over him and bathed his face with cold water, and finally cooked him the daintiest breakfast imaginable. Who would have thonght it of Miss Kate? And what would the people say? Little she cared for Mrs. Grundy then! Notwithstanding her tears, there was not a lighter heart in the world that day than hers.

If there had been one bright spot in her lonely life, it had been the hope of this return; and as the years came and went she had sometimes felt that she was hoping against hope. And now he had come back. What did it matter how he had come? He had come and that was enough.

At first Seth was dazed and insensible to his suroundings, but when the breakfast was brought into him he ate like a hungry man. Miss Kate, wise woman that she was, had boiled some black coffee, so strong that its very aroma might have had a sobering influence, and when Seth had drank two big cups of it, he began to look around him. The little parlor had not changed so very much in all those years, and remembering how he had landed in Grantly the night before, it began to dawn upon him where he really was. Then his eyes rested on Miss Kate and he knew it all.

He buried his face in his hands and sobbed. But the arms of a woman were about the worn coat, and the tired head was on her breast, and the uncombed hair was anointed with her tears.

Did they marry? What a question! Of course they did! Seth Gray was not a habitual drunkard. He reformed, and with reformation came health and success. There never was a better husband, and the happiest wife in Grantly is—Miss Kate. — Waverley Magazine.

FARMING IN JAPAN.

Crude Implements Still Used in Cultivating the Soil.

Twenty-seven hundred years before Christ the Emperor of China introduced a system of agriculture into his country. The soil had always been cultivated in an inferior way, but this enterprising ruler saw the need of other methods, and made every effort to enforce their general adoption. In order to impress the matter upon the peasants he plowed a small plot of land and sowed it with the five most important cereals. For this he was deified after his death and made god of the crops. For more than 4,000 years the rulers of the empire have followed his example in the matter of plowing and sowing.

When these new modes of cultivation had been well established, and every hillside and valley were smiling ready for harvest, the islands of Japan became known to China and they sent their missionary priest over to this country. They took with them the entire civilization of China—their arts, sciences, philosophy, industries, and among the later their well-tested methods of enriching the soil.

The Japanese farmer had many disadvantages that made the process of better cultivation very difficult. The entire country is of volcanic formation, and only one-twelfth of the land is sufficiently flat to admit of farming. Added to this the soil itself is naturally of a very poor quality and requires special treatment both by ways of enriching and irrigation. The greatest advantage of the farmer is the fact that he has divided the land into very small sections. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that extreme poverty makes it impossible for a farmer to possess more than a good-sized potato patch. At any rate, the smallness of the farms has its advantages, and the toil of the farmer of today is not to be mentioned when compared with that of his ancestors, who took the virgin soil in all its poverty and lavished no end of energy and strength to bring it up to its present producing capacity. Yes, the farmer of today has entered into a rich heritage of hills already terraced and plains finely irrigated, representing the patient, steady toil of many centuries.

The first turning of the soil on a well-conducted plot is done by a crude plow harnessed to a bullock or horse, usually the former. A crooked piece of wood forms the central feature of this ancient structure. To one end is attached a sharp blade, and to the other a crossbeam, used for the double purpose of tethering the bullock, which is harnessed with indescribable rope trappings, and also furnishing a means by which the farmer may guide the plow. After this sort of plowing the soil is loosened by a long-handled spade and the process of planting begins.

The crude manner of the preparation of the soil is of little moment when compared with the harvesting. The sickle is scarcely larger than a curved breadknife, and upon this the farmer depends for gathering everything that is not uprooted.—Springfield (Ohio) Farm and Fireside.

Speed of the Carrier Pigeon.

Some years ago Griffit made some observations (recorded in the Field, February 19, 1887,) in a closed gallery on the speed atained by "blue-rock" pigeons and English pheasants and partridges. The two first mentioned flew at the rate of only 32.8 miles per hour, while the partridge made but 28.4 miles, and these rates were all considerably in excess of what they made in the open. The carrier pigeon is rather a fast-flying bird, yet the average speed is not very great. Thus, the average made in eighteen matches (The Field, January 22, 1887,) was only 36 English miles an hour, although in two of these trials a speed of about 55 miles was maintained for four successive hours. In this country the average racing speed is apparently about 35 miles an hour, although a few exceptionally rapid birds have made short distance flights at the rate of at from 45 to 52 miles an hour. The longest record flight of a carrier pigeon was from Pensacola, Florida, to Fall River, Mass., an air-line distance of 1,183 miles, made in 15 1-2 days, or only about 76 miles a day.

The Exploration of Kentucky.

The country now called Kentucky was well known to the Indian traders, many years before its settlement. It, however, remained unexplored by the Virginians till the year 1769, when Colonel Daniel Boone and a few others, who conceived it to be an interesting object, undertook a journey for that purpose. After a long, fatiguing march over a mountain wilderness in a westerly direction, they at length arrived upon its borders, and from the top of an eminence "saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucke."

GRANDER WASHINGTON.

CAPITAL TO BECOME THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL CITY.

The Attainment of the Ideals of the Founders at Last in Sight—Projects for the Development of Every Phase of the Federal Capital's Equipment.

When a little less than a year ago the senate directed its district committee to consider the question of developing the park system of the capital the hope was born in the breasts of progressive Washingtonians who had labored for years for the attainment of the ideals of the founders of the Federal city that at last achievement was within sight. As the scope of te work undertaken by the committee and the personnel of the commission of experts it created became known this hope was brightened into a belief.

Now that the commission has finished its task and its report has been laid before the senate with the warm approval of the committee itself there is no longer reason to fear that the old hap-hazard, hit-or-miss methods of capital making will be followed. These reports, though not yet adopted by congress, or, given form in legislation even in part, may be regarded as the new foundation stones of the Washington that is to become the world's most beautiful city.

Broad and comprehensive, respectful of the principles underlying the original plans of the founders yet daring in the proposal of new projects in harmony with the old, regardful of only the single precept to make the most of Washington's opportunities for beauty and impressiveness, the plans contemplate a treatment of parks, buildings, driveways, memorials, water front and lakes which cannot be duplicated elsewhere in the world with the same splendid effect. They recognize the exceptional facilities for adornment afforded by the site of the capital flanked by two large streams and buttressed by noble hills.

The marvel is that the progressive, patriotic men who have been coming to the halls of congress for the past century have not more clearly recognized the possibilities lying in the way of the capital-makers, have not turned their energies resolutely to the task of utilizing them to the full, have not rescured the grand original plan from its repressive, inharmonious setting which the negligence and indifferent "practicality" of generations has produced. But many great questions have demanded solution during the trying decades of national building and preservation and expansion, and the capital, regarded as the mere house accommodating the developing machinery of the government, has had to grow hap-hazard, caring for itself in infancy and in youth and middle age.

Now the Washington of ripe years is to be at last recognized by the nation. Its character as the centre of national activity, the expression of national thought and ideals, is to be established. It must be grand and beautiful, else it will fall short of the American standards. Where now it is tawdry and shows the signs of the make-shift expediency of the past, it must be given artistic strength. Where neglect has permitted incongruities to crowd the very shadows of the great structures of governmental need, it must be made harmoniously true in every detail and in all places.

The park commission has wisely conceived its mission one of more than mere landscape gardening. It has proposed projects for the development of every phase of the capital's equipment. The mall is to be cleared of its incumbrances and given new and beautiful features of artistic adornment. A great memorial to Lincoln is to stand at an axial point, commanding the approaches to the memorial bridge. Potomac Park and a great park driveway leading into the Rock Creek valley. This valley is to be reclaimed from its deplorable state, to become a beauty spot and a means of access to the two great parks above. Series of driveways wil permit continuous communication between a chain of large public reservations, along scenes of artistic landscape gardening and passing handsome public structures. The miasmatic Anacostia is to become a water and land park, affording pleasure and recreation to the people where now it poisons them. Potomac park is to blossom into a place of beauty and public enjoyment. The river front, now disgracefully shabby, will become neat and attractive. The city will be girdled by drives and parks which cannot be elsewhere approached for extent or utility, or beauty, or accessibility. At the very doors of all the people will lie expanses of space filled with trees and flowers and lawns to delight the eye and refresh the soul and body.

On this great system of parks a comprehensive scheme of public buildings will be based, permitting practically endless extension and unlimited development as the government's needs increase. The capitol grounds are to be flanked only by public buildings, while around Lafayette square will arise a great series of beautiful structures, giving in themselves a distinctive character to Washington as a centre of American art and architecture. The great triangle between Pennsylivania avenue and the mall will be eventually ocupied in part by buildings of national and municipal uses, surrounded by park approaches and giving a new character to the southern side of the capital's grandest street and great historic parade ground. Recreation grounds are to be provided near the water, where modern public bathing facilities will be afforded. Places are designated for structures of memorial art which posterity may plan as occasions arise, the general scheme to be harmonious and effective.

Two chief points are to be borne in mind in appraising the work of the park commission. It was instrumental in securing an ideal solution of the railroad problem to give Washington a monumental union station in a place where it will blend with the other great public improvements, and it has established the principle of meantaining artistic as well as a practical relationship between the architectural and the landscape features of the capital. The new plan, modernizing and supplementing the original project of L'Enfant, wil become the guide to all future improvements. By adopting this scheme now, leaving its components to be worked out in detail as necessities and opportunities arise, congress will demonstrate its foresight and its wisdom as well as its intelligent pride in the national capital.—Washington Evening Star.

THE TINT OF THE PEARL.

How the Venetians Put It Upon the Glass Beads They Make.

"You would hardly think," said a dealer in fancy goods as he held up a string of glass beads, each as big as a cherry, made in imitation pearls, says the New York Times, "that to put the pearl tint and luster on each one of these little globes the lives of at least 15 beautiful fish had to be sacrificed, would you? But such is the fact, and although the beads are made in Venice and this string of them represents a catch of at least 500 of these fish and the exhaustion of a good many cubic feet of glass blowers' breath, I can sell it to you for 25 cents and make a fair profit.

"They have been turning out beads such as these in Venice for nearly two centuries and a half. In the Adriatic lives a fish called the bleak, but why they named it bleak I can't see, for there is certainly nothing bleak about its appearance.

"It is a graceful fish, probably of the carp family, and has a glistening armor of silver scales. The fish are more prolific than the herring, which has been a good thing for them. One day in 1656 an observant citizen of Venice, with a turn for investigating things, his name Salvador Jacquin, placed a number of bleak in an acquarium that he might take note of their habits. After they had been in the acquarium some time he saw that the water took on a pearly hue.

"Believing that this was communicated by washings from the scales of the fish, the Venetian observer experimented. He found that water could be so densely charged with the tint from the fish scales that glass, when dipped into it and allowed to dry, had all the outward hues of a pearl. He coated glass beads with the substance, and the counterfeits were readily accepted as genuine pearls.

"The coating of these beads, it was found, though, had but slight resistance to friction and soon disappeared from the surface of the beads. Assured that a large and profitable demand for them would result if he could fix the pearly lustre on the beads so it would defy friction, Jacquin conceived the idea of having the globes blown hollow and then attaching the fish scale solution to the inner surface. This was a success from the start, and the glass pearl business got its first boom.

"It requires the scales of 4000 bleak to make half a pint of the liquid pearl. The fish are more easily caught than our menhaden. The scales are removed and soaked in tepid water.

"The utility of the liquid was improved some years ago by the addition of a small quantity of sal ammoniac and isingless to it. These gave it a closer and firmer set to the glass and increased the lustre. The liquid is introduced inside the hollow glass bead by means of a small tube, and when it is dry a coating of transparent wax is run over it.

"Fortunately for the race of bleaks, the trade in these beads, pretty and cheap as they are, is not so alarmingly large that extinction of the yielders of the pearl tint is imminent. There are apparently just as many bleak in the Adriatic now as there were two centuries and a half ago, and more than likely there will be just as many two centuries hence as now."

Overeating and Morality.

At a recent purity congress held in Chicago a vegetarian delegate read a curious paper on diet. He stated that much of the immorality in the world was due to the eating of animal food: "The cook," he said, "often leads to more drunkenness and excess than the saloon keeper. Highly seasoned, rich animal foods lead to indigestion and ill health. Ill health weakens the will, and a weak will breaks down the moral character. Total depravity is often nothing but total indigestion."

This reasoning reminds one of the old conundrum, "Why is home like a baby?" the answer being, "Because home is where the heart is; the heart is in the chest; a chest is a box, box is a small shrub, a small shrub is a growing plant, a growing plant is a beautiful thing, a beautiful thing is a primrose, a primrose is a pronounced 'yeller,' and a pronounced 'yeller' is a baby."

The Highest Point of the World.

The highest point in the world—that is to say, the highest mountain top ever reached by a human being—rests now upon the writing desk of the King of England. It is a letter weight, made of a piece of stone taken from the summit of Mr. Gaurisankar, the highest mountain on the globe. It was presented to his majesty by a British officer.