

Every sleeping car conductor wants a law adopted compelling the porter to divide.

Frank Willard, who has written a number of magazine articles on tramp life, asserts that fully 5000 boys are associated with professional tramps in the hobo life.

A Chicago poultry dealer figures that 3,350,000,000 chickens and 13,000,000 eggs were produced in the United States last year, the value of which he places at \$290,000,000. As a bird, in the face of this showing, how insignificant does the old eagle appear.

Preparations for the United States census of 1900 are now being made and a little more than a year hence the decennial count will be made. The census of 1890 gave us a population of 62,622,250. Estimates as to what it will be in June, 1900, when the enumeration is to be made, differ of course, but all agree that a very large increase will be recorded. In addition to the natural increase and the contribution of immigration for ten years, we shall have to include next year millions of people in lands which nobody at the time of the last census supposed would ever belong to the United States.

Hanover, Germany, is to establish a series of lectures and demonstrations for the instruction of artisans and apprentices in all trades, and if they are found successful they will be instituted throughout the empire. There are to be model workshops, and exhibitions of tools and machinery, together with instruction in bookkeeping and in making estimates. The first course of lectures will be to cabinet makers, locksmiths, shoemakers and tailors, other trades being taken up one after another, the intention being that higher instruction in all shall be placed within reach of every learner or operative.

One of the most striking philanthropies conducted in this country is carried on among the insane women patients in the Philadelphia hospital. The work has been carried on for a period of about five years, and has been remarkably successful—as successful as it is unique. It teaches the poor unfortunate the fine arts of needle-work, embroidery, and similar feminine occupations. The psychological explanation of the thing is difficult to understand, but it is a fact that they do acquire remarkable skill without any perceptible improvement in their mental condition, but with considerable moral advantage, since they are the quietest and happier for it. At first it was applied to the wards for the weak-minded. Later it crept into the other wards, and has finally reached the violently insane.

The mint bureau of the treasury declares that the world's production of gold for the year 1898 was about \$275,000,000. This is \$75,000,000 more than the output of 1895. The prediction of the government experts is that it will exceed \$300,000,000 in 1900, and that it will grow for at least a century. In 1898 the United States alone produced \$65,900,000 worth of gold. Supposing all of this gold to be made into solid blocks, each an exact cubical foot in dimensions, the \$65,900,000 worth of yellow metal would furnish 903 such blocks, which, if piled neatly, one on top of another in a single stack or column a foot square, would be nearly twice as high as Washington monument. It would be quite a job to pile up these blocks in the manner described, inasmuch as each of the 900 would weigh exactly 222 pounds.

Women's work in bookbinding has risen to the dignity of an exhibition of its own in London. Book designing for covers, illustrating, and even binding to a certain extent are not unknown to many women in our own land, but this London exhibit marks an advance in at least one sphere of woman's work. Within recent years woman's interest in clubs has caused a large increase in those social and beneficial organizations, and the field is still open for a Woman's Bookbinders' club. Under the name of the Guild of Women Binders, such an association is already in existence in England, and the recent exhibit was composed of specimens of its members' work. This guild was the outcome of a small exhibition held a year ago. It was an experiment, but the idea, combined with the artistic beauty of the bindings, met with wide approval. Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the royal family were glad to become patrons of this branch of women's work and gave it both personal and pecuniary encouragement. Its membership is now somewhat over fifty, and includes several women whose names have become well known as artists in bookbinding.

MY SOLDIER BOY.

"REVEILLE." "Tab-a-bob-bob. With my old tin tub, Marching along in glee; A rattle and war On the nursery floor, And my little one Stands at my knee. The chubby hands clasp In their baby grasp, An improvised drum in his joy; I pause in my tasks, When my darling asks: "Mamma, what do you think Of your soldier boy?"

"DESS PARADISE."

They marched away One morn'g, and they With colors gayly dyed; With firm set lip, And steady step, While mother hearts were crying, Their eyes shone clear, With a purpose dear, For death could not destroy My eyes are dim, And I wondered then, "What thinks the world Of my soldier boy?"

FOOLED BY BORROWED NEWS.

Why Luther Carter Decided to Subscribe.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

"BOY, did you get the paper?" Mr. Luther Carter put his head out of the sitting-room door and spoke sharply. "Yep," Cyrus approached with a easy moderation and held it out. "Well, I guess you stopped to print it on a hand-press, I don't know where in the world you take your slowness from." Mr. Luther Carter recrossed the room to his easy chair, adjusting his spectacles on the way. His motions were all deliberate, and suggested a probable reason for little Cyrus's slowness.

Mrs. Luther Carter glanced up deprecatingly from her mending. "Now, Luther," she said, with meek disapprobation in her voice. "Now, Luther, you haven't been borrowing Andrew Gamble's newspaper again?" "That's hitting the nail higher on the head than you ever did before, Jane Ellen!" "But you borrowed it yesterday, Luther, and day before, and day before that."

"And day before that—keep her a-going, Jane Ellen. I guess you can go as far back as the flood," Mr. Carter's laugh cackled unashamedly behind the paper. "But it's dreadfully mortifying to me, Luther, anyway. It does seem as if we might take a newspaper ourselves, and lend instead of borrow, a spell. Then we'd see how it feels."

One spectacled eye appeared above the paper's rim, followed shortly by its mate. Little Mrs. Luther withered under them. She fumbled for a new needle, clicking the scissors and spoons together nervously. She had never ventured upon so bold a suggestion before, and already was deeply repentant, and already was deeply repentant.

"Jane Ellen, your better darn those stockings, and I guess you can do 'em easier if you keep your lips shut!" "In that case, your window's pleasant, flower-sweetened wafts of summer air, incessant, keen insect voices buzzed and clicked and sang. Within, for a while, there was no sound but the gentle crackle of Andrew Gamble's newspaper; then Luther Carter spoke with a gruff attempt at apologetic good humor.

"When I'm in Andrew's luck, and the uncle I never had and wasn't named after dies and leaves me a pretty little mess of money, I'll take the paper, Jane Ellen. I guess till then I won't hunt Andrew for a 'borrow'."

"That was a good while ago, I should have thought Andrew'd spent it all long ago, Luther; building barns and things as he did." Luther Carter suddenly laid down the paper. "He gave it started up." "My good land, what is it, Luther? You look all stuck in a heap!" exclaimed his wife. "He's dead, Jane Ellen!" "Who's dead?" Her voice rose shrill and anxious. "Andrew's—Andrew Gamble!" "He died this morn'g—as we go to press," it says. There's a black mark all round the notice. I guess Marrietta was thinking to send it to John's folks. It creak takes my breath away!"

Carter took up a paper from the table to fan herself. She folded it neatly and set it waving with slow, steady strokes. "When are you going to—when will you—bury him, Marrietta?" she asked at length, gravely. Mrs. Gamble took up her knitting-work. "Oh, we buried him this morn'g—as soon as 'twas real light. We thought we might as well get it done with, and we wouldn't feel so bad when 'twas over."

"Why, Mrs. Gamble! Why, I never heard of such a thing in my born days—I never!" She spread out the newspaper fan in abstracted agitation, and stared at it absently. Her face expressed the utmost amazement and horror. Suddenly her eye fell on one of the items in the paper. She read it hastily once—twice. Then she glanced at the paper's date. It was the morning paper, and the notice in it was of the lamentable loss of our respected townsman, Andrew Gamble, who had died at the death of his valuable and petted chestnut horse, etc., etc.

Mrs. Luther Carter crumpled the paper in her fingers and rose. "Well, Marrietta, I must be going. I'm real sorry for you and Andrew, but 'twas as if 'twas one of the family gone, you know. Good-by." She went rapidly home, and finding the borrowed paper, thrust it into Luther's hand unconsciously, pointing to the date. For the first time they noticed that it was old and time-stained, and exhaled a faint musty odor. They had read its mention of the death of Andrew Gamble's uncle!

Luther Carter read and re-read the date. Then he got up and went out of the house. When at supper-time he came back, he remarked briefly to Cyrus as he went through the kitchen: "I've subscribed for the newspaper myself, Cyrus, so I guess you won't need to go borrowing any more." Youth's Companion.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY. It May Soon Be Possible to Flash Messages Over the Sea. Signor Marconi's feat of sending a telegraphic message across the English Channel without wires is comparable in importance to the original invention of electric telegraphy itself. Wireless telegraphy is an infant as yet, but one whose growth promises to be as vigorous as that of its elder sister. It was six years after Morse opened his modest forty-mile line between Washington and Baltimore before messages were sent by cable across the English Channel. Marconi stands now where Morse stood fifty years ago, and fifty years hence our present network of wires may be as obsolete as the semaphore.

Marconi asserts that the distance to which he can send his signals through the air increases as the square of the height of his conductors. From a tower eighty feet high he can telegraph eighteen miles. If his rule holds good for all heights and all distances it should be easy to telegraph from the Syndicate Building in Park Row to the Bunker Hill Monument in Boston or the Washington Monument at Washington, and if we had the mate to the Eiffel Tower, it should be possible to send messages across the Atlantic.

There is danger for telegraph monopoly in such prospects. At any rate the new system will certainly be of immense service in approaching each other in a fog to ships in communication while they are twenty miles apart; it will give the commander of a fleet of scouts the power to scatter his vessels along a line hundreds of miles long, and keep in touch with them all; it will offer explorers the means of communicating with their bases of supplies, and it will give the newspapers the ability to cover the territory surrounding their pieces of publication in entire independence of telegraph companies.

Score one more for the departing nineteenth century.—New York Journal. Reminiscences of Dickens. One of London's favorite actresses, the late Mrs. Keeley, was fond of telling how Dickens superintended the rehearsal of "Nicholas Nickleby"—in which she assumed the character of Smike—though he did not care much about any of his works being dramatized. The adapter had put into Smike's mouth a lot of stuff about the little robin in the field. "I shall never forget Dickens's face when he heard me repeating those lines," she said. Turning to the prompter he said, "Contend the robins! Cut 'em out!"

One of Mrs. Keeley's most trying experiences was the first night of "Nicholas Nickleby." As Smike she was made up as a most sad and dejected-looking object. The curtain went up, and he was discovered sitting alone before a wretched fire. The glow was so deep that it was some time before the audience saw him. Then they burst out in a loud roar of laughter. The favorite actress had been playing comic parts, and they mistook this for one. However, she stood it out, though she says it was the most difficult task she ever had. Then she spoke a few words, and the laughter ceased. There was a dead silence, and as it were, a stifled sob, and in a few minutes there was scarcely a dry eye in the house.

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