



Within the last three years the American Indians have disposed of 25,000,000 acres of their land.

Alaska's gold products are constantly growing more numerous, and reports from the gold fields are of the most encouraging nature. True, the adventurous miners must brave dangers and hardships in order to reach the remote mining regions, but their reward is gold, and for gold men will risk their lives and even their souls. With gold as their reward, thousands of prospectors will settle in Alaska, and the precious metal may make Alaska as popular in '92 as it did California in '49, says the Port Townsend (Washington) Leader.

Says the Trenton (N. J.) American: Australians are protesting against the immigration of the "scum" of England. It is not so long since the chief inhabitants of Australia were English convicts; but, after all, they were no worse than the robbers who "came over with William the Conqueror," and there are many persons who would be glad to trace their descent from them to-day. But the Australian objection is based on the fear that the English scum of to-day will interfere with the prosperity of the labor element. Yet Australia could easily sustain four times as many people as there are in all the British Isles.

Miss Alice Rideout, the young Californian who is to model the statuary figures for the Woman's Building of the World's Fair, Chicago, Ill., had a novel introduction to the art in which she has since become so proficient. She was walking in San Francisco with her big dog when the animal jumped into the open door of Rupert Schmid's studio and upset a recently finished model. Miss Rideout hastened in to apologize, and finding no one there set to work with her limited knowledge of art to repair the damage done. So successful was she that when the sculptor entered he recognized her talent and persuaded her to learn modeling.

A uniform route across the Atlantic for all steamers leaving Liverpool for New York, and another separate route for steamers leaving New York for Liverpool, have long been regarded by the large steamship companies, and by all thoughtful persons interested in the North Atlantic trade, as a pressing need of the time. A conference of the principal companies trading from Liverpool to New York, relates the *Scientific American*, has resulted in an agreement upon such routes, and the steamers of the Cunard, White Star, Inman and International, Guion and National companies will now follow them. The tracks being fixed by common consent, represent the safest courses which the combined wisdom and experience of the lines adopting them can suggest. They do not materially affect the length of the passage, which will vary from 2900 miles between January and July, to 2775 miles between July and January, when the North Atlantic is comparatively free from icebergs.

The preacher must be a man of fine presence, awe inspiring, and, if possible, philosophical and pensive, logical, poetical and fanciful, asserts a writer in the *St. Louis Republic*. He must also see the humorous side of things, and be the center of the social circle, and must likewise possess the ability to touch the feelings. He must not only weep with those that weep but must make those who do not weep at least moisten their dry orbs. Beyond this he must cause mirthful smiles to glisten on the half-dried tears that he may have started. He must in his eloquence be a Cicero. He must be pious without seeming to be so, for there is no offense more obnoxious than cant and long-facedness, though he may employ the undertaker tones at funerals. Smartness and novelty must be possessed, even if they trench on sacred associations. He must not be oblivious to the funny side of serious things, for he must draw like a poultice, developing the financial side of the church. The pews must be filled. Railway companies and banks and corporations of every kind may refuse to pay dividends, but the church must pay through good and bad times. The pastor must be one of those nondescript financiers who can do better pecuniarily for everybody else than for himself, as it is commonly understood to be, "the prerogative of divine grace to keep him humble and of the church to keep him poor."

SUN SHADOWS.

There never was success so nobly gained,
Or victory so free from earthly dross,
But, in the winning, someone had been
pained
And someone suffered loss.
There never was so wisely planned a fete,
Or festal throng with hearts on pleasure bent,
But some neglected one outside the gate
Wept tears of discontent.
There never was a bridal morning, fair
With Hope's blue skies and Love's unclouded sun
For two fond hearts, that did not bring despair
To some sad other one.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the *Cosmopolitan*.

"HAT."



ARD and stern were the tones of Mr. Orrin Halpine's voice as he called out: "Hat! Yo' lazy, shirkin critter! What d'yeh mean b' layin' abed this hyar time o' day? Git up! D'yeh heah me?"

As Orrin Halpine's voice might have done duty as a fog-horn, and as, by climbing a couple of steps of the rickety ladder leading to the little attic, he could have shouted his morning greeting into his step-daughter's very ear, it is needless to state that his last query was entirely superfluous. Perhaps he thought so, too, for he did not wait for any reply, but turned and clumped out to the forlorn little lean-to, out by the big rocks, which he dignified by the name "stable," whence the sounds which presently issued informed the occupants of the house that he was venting some of his bad temper on his two unfortunate horses.

Up in the little, stuffy attic a girl knelt, staring stonily out of the tiny window, through which the morning sun, rising over Redtop, had shot a blistering ray and awakened her, long before Orrin Halpine had called her. From the room below came the cross, whining voices of two or three of the little Halpines, quarrelling over the possession of a little, scrawny, blear-eyed kitten one of them had found at Gray's boarding-camp the day before. Several big blueflies buzzed drowsily on the pane. From the stable came the sound of kicks and curses, and the plunging of frightened horses. Out by the hen-house, old Podge, one of Orrin Halpine's starved-looking, miserable dogs, lay asleep. Two-year-old Bud toddled up and kicked him, as he had seen his father do, and the dog ran away, terrified, but without a yelp. The Halpine dogs got kicked for yelping, as Podge knew only too well.

The girl at the window in the attic drooped her head and groaned.
"Oh, God! I s'pose all ov 'em'll be like him. Pore mammy—pore, broke-down, tired mammy! Jes' t' think of they all grows up brutes, like the'r pop! An' how kin it ever be helped, when they all sees and an' hears him, all th' time drunk, an' swearin', an' cussin', an' 'busin' mammy, an' them, an' th' pore, dumb critters! Oh, God, I cya'n't stan' this no more! Please help us!"

Above the wrangling of the children and the clatter of breakfast dishes rose a tired, cracked, female voice: "Hattie! Hat-tee! Air yo' up!"

The girl at the window rose slowly to her feet, wiped her eyes, and clambered down the little ladder, near the foot of which stood the family wash-stand, consisting of a rude bench, on which stood a pail of water, with a gourd in it, and a tin basin.



Hattie washed herself, wiped on the long roller-towel near by, deftly fastened up her long, thick, wavy hair, and began to assist her mother in getting breakfast, without a word.
They did not look like mother and daughter, these two women. Mrs. Halpine, at seventeen, had been an uncommonly pretty girl. At thirty-six, she was

old, thin, faded, with a weak, tremulous mouth and unkempt, half-bleached hair—an old woman before her time, worn with rheumatism and toil. She had never known anything better—only for a brief year, and that was so long ago that the memory was an indistinct one. Fred Barnett came to the mountains, all the way from Nashville, to fish, and hunt, and sketch, and pass a quiet summer. He came to Woodson's Gap, and met Tillie Parsons, and his six weeks' outing became twelve, and the twelve weeks became a year, for he and Tillie were married, and he stayed and worked the little mountain farm—stayed because his people had written to him that he need not come, except alone.

It was not the life for handsome, scholarly, luxury-loving Fred Barnett, and one cool October night, after a day of restless wandering in the woods, he wrote a few letters, kissed his wife tenderly, and went to sleep, never to wake.

Tillie cried a good deal, but her heart did not break; and when the baby came, three months later, her sorrow only expressed itself in the wish that Fred might have been there to see the little one.

Then, when big Orrin Halpine, who had been so attentive to her sister Susie, suddenly asked her to marry him—principally because Susie had refused him, but Tillie did not know it—she consented, and for a while was just as happy as though Fred Barnett had never come to Woodson's Gap.

Babies came, and more babies, and Hattie grew into girlhood and womanhood almost before her mother noticed it. Then—only a year gone by—a letter had come from Fred Barnett's mother—a carefully worded epistle, saying that if Hattie would come to her, and leave everything in the old life, she would do well for her, and bring her up a lady, as became a daughter of the Barnetts.



"HATTIE! IS IT YO' HONEY?"

Hattie read the letter, with throbbing heart and flushed cheeks. How often the poor child had dreamed and hoped for this very opportunity! To go to school—to learn, and see, and know the great world. And then—then—But "they" was too far in the future to come within the scope of her imagination, and she took the letter, in great glee, to her mother, not dreaming that Mrs. Halpine would be one whit less pleased than she herself was. The elder woman read Mrs. Barnett's note, and, after the fashion of such weak creatures, witted into the chair and wept—not for joy, but for reasons purely selfish, which Hattie readily understood, for she crumpled the letter in her little clenched hand and threw it into the fire. Mrs. Halpine protested, weakly, in spite of her own gladness, at first, but Hattie took up the burdens of her starved, lonely life and went on as before.

After breakfast, which Orrin Halpine's ugly temper made more than usually unpleasant, Hattie took a pail and walked down to the spring, near the stage-road. It was cool and quiet down there, and at this time of day there was seldom any one passing, so Hattie, worn out with a night of wakefulness—for Orrin Halpine had come home drunk, and she feared for the consequences to her mother—sat down by the spring to rest and think.

The long, dreary, unhappy year that had gone by—had it brought anything to reward the sacrifice she had made? Would not her mother's life have been really more endurable without her? For she was the cause of much of the trouble between Halpine and her mother.

And what good had her sacrifice done? Where would it all end? Her mother would miss her if she went away; but she asked, a little bitterly, "How long?" These and other thoughts crowded in to her mind, and a spirit of pure selfishness, she had never before felt, entered into them. Why should she, after all, throw away everything the world held for her for the sake of her weak, selfish mother and those little Halpines? She never thought of them as being anything more to her than Orrin Halpine's children. Had she not rights as well as others? And—she had foolishly thrown away the only chance her life had held. No, there had been Sam Hollis. What would he not have done for her! But she had told him that she could not care for him as he deserved, and he went away—to Louisville, it was said, but she did not know, for he sent no word, though she heard he was doing well.

If he would only come back! She thought she would be kinder to him, and they would be happy. Would they? She

was not quite sure, for she did not feel certain that she could ever love him—suppose they should marry, and Sam, poor, sensitive, loving fellow, should learn for certain that she did not care for him as he did for her? He had not believed it before. But Sam was gone, and it was not likely that she would ever see him again. Ever if he should come back, and asked her to be his wife, could she be wicked enough to accept him? And poor Hattie bowed her aching head on the cool stone and sobbed bitterly.

A tall young man, in "store clothes," came along the road, whistling softly. He saw the dejected figure by the spring, and his heart leaped.

"Hattie! is it yo', honey?"
"Sam! oh, Sam!" And then she was in his arms, and his kind, honest voice was whispering sweet, passionate words in her ear. He had tried to stay away, he said, but could not. He had to come back and see her once more; and—

"Hattie, darlin', will yo' come now? I cya'n't git 'long, nohow, 'thout yeh. Yo' mus' come, honey. I sha'n't go 'way an' leave yo' hyar. I'm doin' well, an' yo' make I luv yeh, an'll be good t' yeh. Will yo' come, honey?"

The girl did not answer at once. There was a battle, and a hard one going on in that true little heart, and Hattie's better self was winning. Presently she choked back the sobs and looked tearfully up into the kind, brown eyes which gazed at her so longingly—and her battle was won.

"Sam! Sam! Ef yo' on'y knowed how hard it is fer me! But I cya'n't Sam. It'd be too wicked—fer I hain't changed none. God knows I wish't I c'd go with yo', Sam—but I like yeh too much fer t' make yeh mis'able all yo're life. No, don't—don't say anythin' mo'! I on'y makes me feel wusser, an' kin do no good. Go, an' fergit it all, honey. Good-by—good-by."

The man understood, and did not speak. He only pressed the tired form closer, and kissed the—for once—unresisting lips again and again, turned suddenly and was gone.

Hattie, with burning eyes, watched the strong, manly form until it disappeared around the sharp bend in the road, just below. Then she took the pail and dragged herself back to the thorns, and crosses, and misery of the old life.—R. L. Ketchum, in *Argonaut*.

Wonderful Farm Products.

Some of the most wonderful farm products ever exhibited in this or any other State have been on exhibition in the windows of the Merchants' Bank of this city for several days, and will be shipped to Melbourne and Sydney, Australia, and Chicago.

These giant vegetables are grown near Dungeness, and will show to the world what the soil and climate of Western Washington will produce. Among the specimens were white star potatoes, weighing from three pounds to four and a half pounds each; late rose potatoes, weighing five and three-quarter pounds each; poor man's friend potatoes, weighing six and a quarter pounds each; white elephant potatoes, weighing from three to four and a half pounds each; a turnip weighing twenty-five pounds and a beet weighing twenty-one pounds.

They were grown by John Alexander, M. Alexander, Hall Davis and John Dickenson on their farms in the northern part of this county, near Dungeness. They were sent to the Merchants' Bank by William Church, manager of the Farmers' Mercantile Company. Some of the specimens were sent by C. F. Seal, to Chicago and Peoria, Ill., and Dayton, Ohio, to be put upon exhibition there. The rest will be sent by Captain Barnson to Melbourne and Sydney, Australia, for exhibition, to show the people of that distant island what America can produce in the way of large vegetables.

The farms from which these potatoes were taken yielded 600 bushels to the acre. Only the larger potatoes will be sent to market. The small ones are kept at home and used for food for cattle and hogs. What are called small potatoes out here would be considered from average size to large in the East. Here anything under a pound is considered small.

On the same farms from which these giants were brought were grown cabbages weighing twenty-eight pounds each, and rutabagas, parsnips and carrots of such immense size that they will cause the people of the East to wonder when they see them, and will have a better effect upon homeseekers and will do more toward attracting them to this State than half a dozen real estate agents, for they can show conclusively what Washington can produce.—*Jefferson (Washington) Leader*.

Proud of His Blanket.

Lord Lamington, who recently visited the great Shan country north of Siam, describes one of the wild hill tribesmen who wore a red blanket on which appeared in gold-paper letters the word "Superior." The man was immensely proud of this ornamental feature of his garment. He knew nothing of the meaning of the mark, but he was fully convinced that the bright yellow characters made the blanket very valuable.—*Chicago Times*.

As far as known at the present time there are but nine words which end in "dous." They are: Tremendous, amphibodous, hazardous, apodous, pteropodous, cephalodous, gasteropodous, stupendous and gastropodous.

WHITE HOUSE OF MEXICO.

THE GRANDEST GOVERNMENT RESIDENCE IN THE WORLD.

Chapultepec, the Royal Palace Near the City of Mexico—Once the Residence of Maximilian.

The finest place in the City of Mexico, says the *Indianapolis Sun*, is Chapultepec, the royal palace. It is said to be the grandest Government residence in the world. The palace is located three miles west of the city. To reach it one may go by street cars, but to enjoy it more a carriage ride over the Paseo, the fashionable driveway, should be taken. The paseo runs by the Alameda the great park in the heart of the city; goes by the statue of Charles IV., the largest single bronze casting in the world; the statue of Quahntemoc, and the Aztec chief who betrayed Montezuma into the hands of Cortez, and many smaller statues of prominent Mexican men.

The drive is the broadest in the city, and is about as wide as Washington street. It is made of stone blocks, and is as smooth as a floor. On either side are rows of cypress trees, separating a very smooth walk from the drive. Along the sides are also two trenches through which the water flows. When the drive is sprinkled peons stand in the trench, dish up the water with gourd vessels, and with a peculiar twist throw the liquid over the stones. Every afternoon mounted soldiers are stationed on the paseo to prevent fast driving and the rich Mexicans, in their United States carriages, enjoy driving here, and elegant turnouts are to be seen every afternoon. Maximilian built the paseo in one of his extravagant moods. The people objected to it then but appreciate it now.

It ends near the viaduct of adobe, which history says, the Aztecs built, and winds its way through tropical shrubbery and shade trees around the site of the palace and to the plaza on the south side. The palace stands on a hill of solid rock, the sides being almost perpendicular and arising to a height of 200 feet. From the top of the hill a solid wall thirty feet high runs almost around the palace. During the Mexican war Chapultepec was, as now, the West Point of Mexico. The United States troops scaled the hill, climbed over the wall and captured the place without much difficulty. The place is in the form of a hollow square. The east side is occupied by President Diaz. The west side is the training school for troops. Inside the square and upon the top of the palace is the court.

It is filled with flowers, fountains and statuary. From the round observatory in the centre one of the finest views in the Republic can be obtained. To the northwest stands King's Mills, the American battle ground. Coming nearer to within a stone's throw is the grove of Montezuma, or Montezuma's oaks. The trees are cypress instead of oak. They are very high and some are twenty feet in circumference. They look very much like the weeping willow of the north and have very long gray moss hanging from the branches. Montezuma, the last Aztec ruler, had them planted, and the leaves now shelter the soldier students when they study. To the south are the high hills upon which can still be seen the fortifications erected by the United States troops.

The hilltops are high above the clouds, covered with fir trees, and look very gloomy. To the southeast is Popocatepetl. It rises high above the clouds, and the 100 feet of snow and ice that covers its summit all the year is very impressive in the sunshine. The summit looks very much as if an amount of wood ashes had been poured upon it and allowed to slide down twenty feet. To the east and nearly at one's feet is the City of Mexico, in all its whiteness and cleanliness.

The palace was erected many years before the Mexican war, but didn't reach its present state of splendor until Maximilian combined the people's money with his taste. He filled it with rare paintings and decorations that cost a frightful sum of money. In the drawing room today hang draperies about the windows that are said to have cost \$300,000 per pair.

They are made of the rarest material, interwoven with threads of pure gold and silver. The Mexican coat of arms, about three feet square made of all the precious stones, are on the costly draperies. The fringe is so heavy it can't be lifted from the floor by two hands. The floors are of white marble, the ceilings ornamented by the coats of arms of all the Mexican rulers painted by hand in a way that only a Mexican can paint. The carpets are of the richest fabric, the candlesticks and chandeliers of gold and silver. The table service is of pure silver and gold. Altogether the furnishings of this castle would put those of our White House to shame. By visiting it one can hardly comprehend the splendor of this royal palace. As a place of safety, it can't be equalled in that vicinity. I once private escape, but now known to everybody, leads from the foot of the rocky hill on the north side up directly under the court, and through a well-like opening to near the President's apartments, the tunnel having been hewn out of the solid rocks.

The first Union flag was unfurled on the 1st of January, 1776, over the camp of Cambridge, Mass. It had thirteen stripes of white and red, and retained the English cross in one corner.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Tomatoes were not cultivated seventy-five years ago.

The cod bank of Newfoundland is six hundred miles long.

Forty-eight different languages are said to be spoken in Mexico.

Constantinople, Turkey, has been besieged twenty-eight times.

Harry W. Wood, of Lansing, Mich., dislocated his shoulder while stretching himself.

Caligula, the Roman Emperor, caused a poet to be thrown to the wild beasts of the arena.

The Russian Government will lend the Central Famine Committee \$25,000,000 without interest.

Bank notes in Austria-Hungary are printed on one side in German, and the other in Magyar for the benefit of the Hungarians.

The first vessel launched by the early American colonists was the *Blessing of the Bay*, launched in Massachusetts Bay, July 4, 1631.

Money loaned to Luke Hayden, of Torrington, in 1801, has just been paid into the Connecticut School Fund. Six times the amount of the original loan has been paid in interest.

The total area of bog land in Ireland is 2,830,000 acres, of which 1,254,000 is mountain bog, and the other is available for fuel. The average thickness of the peat is twelve feet.

Since 1860 \$12,000,000 has been expended in constructing 11,000 miles of canals and 11,000 miles of distributing ditches, which now furnish irrigation for 6,000,000 acres of land.

A Chicago (Ill.) company that makes a specialty of supplying sermons so order for ministers says that it has the names of 1000 clergymen to whom these manufactured pulpit discourses are regularly sent.

The term "tabby cat" is derived from Atab, a famous street in Bagdad, Arabia, inhabited by the manufacturers of silken stuffs called atabi, or tafety. This stuff is woven with wavy markings of watered silk, resembling a "tabby" cat's coat.

Although bedridden for some months and believed to be unable to move hand or foot, Charles Hildebrand, of New Albany, Ind., on a recent week, when he found the house afire, "arose from his bed with alacrity and vacated the building."

Living near the Tennessee city of Memphis are seven sisters whose names rhyme beautifully, but do not scan. The names are Nancy Emeline, Lucinda Caroline, Mary Hasceline, Jane Palestine, Lulu Paradine, Virgie Valentine, and Maudie Anna Adelaine.

The new hospital at Antananarivo, the capital of Madagascar, was opened by the Queen of that island recently. It is sustained by the Society of Friends of Great Britain, under the superintendence of Dr. Samuel Fenn, and several trained women nurses from London are in constant attendance.

A Musical Well.

At Tacoma, Washington, is a well. The well is about 400 feet deep and furnishes good water. It also furnishes from some mysterious source a constant blast of air or gas. One day not long ago the owner collected all the wind musical instruments he could—amounting to eight—from his neighbors and friends. He bored holes in the boards covering the well and at one aperture placed a cornet, at another a brass horn, at another a clarinet, then a fife, an immense tin horn about three yards long which he had made, a mouth organ and other instruments, up to the number mentioned. One after another they began to blow as he put them in. The hoarse growl of the bass horn mingled with the clarion notes of the cornet and clarinet, etc. When all were going the din was terrible and there did not seem to be a good note sounded. The wind does not come up from the well in a steady blow, but in gusts of more or less force.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Leave Leaves on the Lawn.

"Most people," says an artistic gardener, "rake off the leaves from their lawns and then to protect them smear them over with some vile compost. I can't understand why they prefer the rank flavored stuff to the beautifully variegated blanket of leaves nature provides for that very purpose. What is prettier than a wide stretch of the rest-les, fluttering things, and no better protection can be given the grass than they afford. Enough will decay in the course of the winter to enrich the soil sufficiently, and when raked off in the spring the lawn is as neat and clean as one can wish. Some argue that the leaves are so long falling that the beauty of the lawn is marred long before the protection is needed, but to this I answer that these early dropping should be raked off and preserved till cold weather, when they should all be scattered over the lawn as once."—*Chicago Herald*.

Here's a Good Hair Tonic.

Here is a good hair tonic: Take seven parts of water to one of acetic acid (five cents' worth from the druggist's will last quite a while), mix well and rub well in the scalp with some sort of brush every night. Of course it takes some time for the effect to become apparent, but in time it really does bring out the hair.—*New York Press*.