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"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH."

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Germany's railroads have a trackage of 24,843 miles, 5000 miles more than exist in Great Britain and Ireland, the early home of the railway.

It sounds a little odd to hear that the members of the East Northfield (Mass.) Training School are now dividing their time equally among the study of the Bible, the art of dressmaking and learning how to cook; and yet there is nothing incongruous in this programme.

The shipping of the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion of Canada has declined rapidly in the past eight years, and, according to the New York Times, there appears to be no immediate prospect of improvement in the situation. The decline is of the extent of 210,756 tons from a total of 890,810 tons, or nearly twenty-four per cent.

Reports from the Northwest indicate that the business of taking seals is not likely to prove very lucrative this year, as they have been thinned out to such an extent that they are relatively scarce. The destruction of the seal fisheries will only add one more to the numerous instances of the folly of man killing the goose that lays the golden eggs.

"There are 50,000 children in the twenty-one industrial schools scattered through the poor tenement districts of New York City. A count made last October," says Jacob A. Riis, in Scribner's Magazine, "showed that considerably more than one-third were born in twelve foreign countries where English was not spoken, and that 19,000 knew no word of our language."

There is an industry in the United States, asserts the San Francisco Chronicle, which owes its existence almost wholly to the development of our cities, namely the manufacture of cast-iron pipe. In the census year the value of its products was $15,168,682, the the amount of wages paid directly to molders, etc., $3,794,407, and the cost of materials, $9,483,389. The latter item is composed of at least two-thirds labor, as the material used in producing cast-iron pipes is pig-iron and sand.

Secretary Blaine has concluded, learns the New York Advertiser, to send a most interesting exhibit to the Columbian Exhibition. It will consist of the original Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, the Articles of Federation, the famous protest of the Philadelphia Carpenters' Company to King George III., and other documents which are the heirlooms of the country itself, of our National history. These will not be shown by fac-simile, but by the originals. They will be shipped in steel caskets, and guarded by soldiers while en route and at the Fair.

There has not been a year for some time, declares the Boston Transcript, when game was as plenty in Maine and when so little was killed and destroyed as during the past winter. One reason is that the snow in many localities was not deep, and at the same time it was hard, holding up the deer and caribou, and giving them a chance to protect themselves by flight. Another reason is that the guides and hunters have learned that it is for their interest to leave the game alone, especially during the deep snows. Moose are quite plenty in the central part of northern Maine, and deer are now plentier than they have been for a long time at this season of the year. In the Nicatous region both game and fish are particularly plenty this year.

It is calculated that the number of immigrants who have come into the United States in the last 100 years is, in round numbers, 16,000,000, or the equivalent to one-fourth the present population of this country. Of this number nearly 5,000,000 were from Germany, 3,500,000 from Ireland, 1,500,000 from England, nearly 1,000,000 from Sweden and Norway and nearly 500,000 from Italy. Of the 16,000,000 who have come, fully 14,000,000 were from Europe, 300,000 from Asia, over 1,000,000 from British America and about 150,000 from other American countries. The Chinese immigration from 1855 to the time of its prohibition, in 1882, amounted to about 275,000. Since the passage of the Chinese exclusion act in 1882 the number known to have come in under the law is but about 8,000, though it is asserted that large numbers have come in by devious methods in violation of the law.

THE ARBUTUS.

Arbute, blossom of the May,
Thou and the wind together
Make, whatever the almanacs say,
The spirit's brightest weather,
When youth is gone and fancy flown,
When thought doth little and dwells alone,
The blooming foot-paths open a way
To many a long past holiday,
Though youth be flown and fancy gone,
The mind's sweet memories may live on,
Only let the south wind blow,
Thou and the South together;
For thou and the balmy south wind make
The spirit's brightest weather.
—James Herbert Morse, in the Century.

DRIVEN TO MARRIAGE.

HAT Hugh Colewood ought to be the happiest man in Greenville was everybody's opinion.

He was young, handsome and well educated; then, just as he was preparing to fight his way to fame with poverty arrayed against him, he had suddenly been made the sole heir to the fine old estate of his eccentric aunt, Miss Betsy Colewood, recently deceased.

What more was necessary to the happiness of a gay young fellow like Hugh Colewood? Nothing, it seemed to the envious bachelors.

However, there were conditions, or one, at least, in his aunt's will which caused him no little uneasiness. He must love and marry the girl of her choice, one whom he had never even seen.

Hugh Colewood caught up his aunt's last letter to him and read it again and again, hoping to find some little loophole of escape from the galling condition.

But it was there in merciless black and white. This is the part that worried him

"If you cannot comply with my wishes for you to meet Ethel Wayne and love and marry her you forfeit your heirship to my estate. Ethel's mother was my dearest friend, and if you marry her daughter it will be fulfilling my fondest desires. You cannot help loving her.

"I could not rest in my tomb peacefully and know that Ethel was not mistress of my estates, and you, dear boy, the master. My lawyer, Mr. Cranston, will arrange for you to meet Ethel, as he is one of her guardians. You know how thoroughly I despise old bachelors, therefore, I give you warning that I will not allow you to inhabit my houses and lands as one of that disagreeable, crusty order."

So had written the eccentric spinster. Hugh nibbled the ends of his mustache impatiently as he pondered on the conditions which the will imposed.

Hugh loved the Colewood estates, and could not bear to think of giving them up. Now, if the will had not specified whom he must marry, but left the selection of a wife entirely to himself, Hugh believed that he would have enjoyed the romance of hunting for a bride.

He picked up his hat and rushed from his room, going up to the hotel where Mr. Cranston was stopping, while he arranged some business matters with Hugh.

"Hello, Colewood! Have a seat," said the lawyer, scrutinizing the flushed face and nervous manner of the visitor. He was just wondering to himself if the unexpected good fortune had turned young Colewood's head, when his visitor remarked:

"You are aware of that one peculiar feature in my late aunt's will, Mr. Cranston?"

Light at once dawned upon the lawyer and there was a twinkle in his eyes. However, he asked indifferently:

"To what peculiar feature do you refer, Mr. Colewood?"

"The one that absurdly commands me to marry a girl that I have never seen."

"Oh, that!" returned Mr. Cranston. "You are a lucky fellow, Colewood. That's the best part of the fortune."

"It's the most exasperating part," Hugh cried desperately. "How can a fellow love and wed to order?"

"Well, it's a deal of time and bother saved to the wooer," remarked the lawyer, puffing. "I have no doubt Ethel Wayne will suit you better than any selection you are capable of making."

Hugh Colewood flushed warmly at the lawyer's cool observation and he spoke hotly.

"I'm sure she won't suit me, sir. The estate can go to charity for all I care. I don't love any woman and I love my freedom too well to marry yet awhile. I don't want to be thrust on any woman for the sake of a fortune, and I don't suppose Miss Wayne cares two straws about the absurd conditions in my aunt's will."

"It is very likely, although Ethel had the greatest respect for the late Miss Colewood, and was very careful to humor all her vagaries," returned Cranston, much amused over young Colewood's excitement. "However, I hardly feel able to state whether the girl would accept Miss Colewood's last great vagary in the shape of her impulsive nephew or not."

"I shall not give her the opportunity," said Hugh, nettled at the lawyer's words.

"Hold on, Colewood. Let's drop nonsense and come to business. You like your aunt's estates, but you cannot retain them without complying with her wishes. You have never met the girl whom your aunt has chosen. Perhaps it will be proved that you are neither of you opposed to fulfilling the condition.

"At least, you must meet. I will arrange that. Ethel will pass the summer with my sister in the country, and I'll manage it for you to spend a few weeks with them. You can very soon tell whether the condition is wholly obnoxious or not. What do you say?"

"I will do as you advise, thank you, sir," replied Hugh, who had now cooled off and was trying to take a business view of the strange situation.

Four weeks later Hugh Colewood was speeding away from Greenville on the morning express, bound for a little town among the blue hills of Virginia.

When he stepped from the train he was disappointed to find no one waiting to convey him to the country home of Mr. Cranston's sister, a distance of eight miles.

He was in the act of asking the way to the best hotel when a buggy came rapidly up to the station and halted.

The station agent hurried forward to meet the driver, who was a slender young girl, with bright dark eyes and hair as golden as the June sunbeams touching those hills.

"Is Mr. Colewood of Greenville waiting here to ride out to Mrs. Thurston's?" inquired the fair driver in a sweet voice which won Hugh's interest at once.

"I am here and waiting, thank you," returned Hugh for himself, smiling pleasantly as he came forward on the station platform.

"I came to drive you to Mrs. Thurston's," she answered simply.

"Shall I take the reins?" he asked, as they started away.

"No, thank you; I like to drive," she answered.

"It was too bad for you to take so long a drive for a stranger," he remarked, as he stole a side glance of admiration at the girlish form in dainty blue.

"Oh, I don't mind the distance at all: besides, I rather had to come," she replied. "I did wish to go with the young folks, who are having a picnic this morning over on Laurel Hill, but Uncle Jerry was sick, and of course he couldn't come for you."

"Then Mrs. Thurston and Miss Wayne never drive, so they made a virtue of necessity and sent the last resort of the place," and she laughed merrily.

"It is too bad my coming prevented you joining the picknickers," he said. "I shall not be able to forgive myself."

"That's nothing. I am enjoying myself now too well to think of Laurel Hill," she returned brightly.

"Thank you, and at the same time let me assure you that I, too, am enjoying myself excellently well," and Hugh bowed to the young girl, whose eyes dropped beneath the warm light of admiration in his blue ones.

"I hope you will enjoy your visit, Mr. Colewood," she said, to change the subject. "I know Mrs. Thurston and Ethel will do all they can to make your stay pleasant."

"Thank you; I've no doubt I shall find it pleasant," returned Hugh. "You, too, are one of Mrs. Thurston's summer household, I suppose?"

"Yes," with a smile. "You see I am a distant relative to Mrs. Thurston; then Miss Wayne is my cousin and exercises a kind of cousinly guardianship over me, which no doubt is very necessary."

"So you are Miss Wayne's cousin? I do not remember hearing Mr. Cranston mention you. I did not expect to have the pleasure of meeting any ladies but Mrs. Thurston and Miss Wayne."

"How unkind in Mr. Cranston not to prepare you for this meeting" and there was a roguish gleam in her eyes which Hugh did not see. "I had up to date regarded Mr. Cranston as one of my very best friends, but to ignore me so utterly, when he knew I would accompany Consin Ethel here, looks like downright intentional neglect."

"You have not given me the pleasure of knowing your name," said Hugh, both amused and pleased with his pretty driver.

"Oh, I'm a Wayne, too," she answered laughingly. "Ethel Estella Wayne, variously nicknamed, as you will observe later on."

Two Ethel Waynes! Here was a real surprise for Colewood. Why had Cranston not mentioned that strange fact to him?

If the Ethel Wayne referred to in the will was only half as animated and generally captivitating as the one by his side, Hugh thought it might be an easy matter after all to obey that condition which had so vexed him.

Colewood received a cordial welcome at Mrs. Thurston's pleasant home. He found Miss Wayne to be a tall, dignified girl of about twenty-three, with coal black hair and deep gray eyes. She was as unlike her little merry-hearted cousin as it was possible to be.

Yes. Hugh decided that she was just such a woman as his eccentric aunt would be likely to select as the wife of her heir.

In the weeks which followed Hugh's arrival he saw a great deal of Miss Wayne, although much of her time was divided between her taste for literature and in remonstrating against the innocent pranks of her cousin.

It did not require a long time for the young man to realize that he could never love Miss Wayne as the man should love the girl whom he intends to marry.

He made another important discovery—that his life would be a failure without the little cousin to furnish daily sunshine and wifely cheer for his own home.

He resolved to let Miss Wayne have one-half of his aunt's estates and the orphan asylum the other. He would marry the girl of his own choice, provided he could win her, and boldly fight his own way through life.

Having so decided Hugh set out for a stroll along the river, feeling more manly for his resolve.

He came suddenly upon a little figure in white, reading, in a little viney nook by the river's side.

"Wait, Estelle," he called, for she had started to run away. "I shall leave tomorrow, and I have something to say to you which you must hear."

The telltale flush which swept over face and neck at his words might have given some hint of an easy surrender. However, in a moment she had regained that customary piquancy which had more than once exasperated Hugh.

"I'd be sorry to have you leave us with any burden on your mind," she said, provokingly.

"It is needless for me to tell you why it was arranged for me to meet Miss Wayne here," he said, unheeding her light words. "You know, I suppose."

"Some slight idea, I believe," she returned, fingering her book.

"Well, I may as well tell you that that condition in my late aunt's will can never be fulfilled."

"And why not?"

"Because I love another," he cried, passionately. "Oh, Estelle, can you not see how tenderly, how ardently I love you? Without you I shall make a failure of life. Won't you show mercy, Estelle?"

"Oh, Hugh! would you marry a poor girl when you have a chance to win a dignified bride and retain those princely estates?" she asked.

"Yes, darling. I prefer you with love in a cottage to the wealthiest woman with all the estate in the world!"

"Rash statement, young man."

"It is true. Do not torture me longer, Estelle. Can you not love me a little?"

"No."

"Then you do not love me?"

"I'm afraid I do."

"Do not mock me, Estelle."

"I am not mocking you, Hugh," in a very sweet voice.

"Then you do love me a little?"

"No, not a little, but very much."

He would have caught her to his breast, but she eluded his arms, crying:

"Oh, there's Uncle Cranston!" and she rushed forward to greet the little lawyer, who had approached them unseen.

"It is useless for me to ignore facts," said Mr. Cranston, pleasantly. "I did not mean to overhear your conversation, but I arrived unexpectedly and thought I'd hunt up my spirite here and surprise her. I see you understand each other pretty clearly."

"Yes, sir," said Hugh, bravely; "I have decided to enjoy love in a cottage with this dear girl rather than keep the estate with Miss Wayne."

"Love in a cottage! Oh, that's too good!"

And Mr. Cranston broke into a hearty laugh, in which the girl finally joined him.

"Will you have the goodness to explain what amuses you so much in my statement?" asked Hugh, not a little nettled.

"Pardon me, Colewood. But really you are the victim of your own blunder?"

"Blunder? I don't understand you, sir?" returned Hugh.

"Of course not," and the lawyer laughed again. "This spirit, whom you took to be the unimportant little cousin, is in reality the Ethel Wayne referred to in your aunt's will. I did not tell you that there were two Ethels, so while she was driving you over here you jumped to the conclusion that Miss Wayne at the house was the Ethel.

"You see I have been told all about your amusing mistake. Ethel would not explain her real identity with the girl whom your aunt had selected for you, and, as the other ladies believed you knew, you have remained the victim of your own mistake."

Six months later the condition in Miss Coleman's will was cheerfully obeyed.—Boston Globe.

Country People to the Front in Cities.

Recent statistical inquiries have shown that cities grow because they absorb the best, and not the worst, of the rural population, who better their condition by coming to town.

Charles Booth, the eminent English statistician, in his great work, "Labor and Life of the People," has shown, from very extended inquiry, that most of those who come to London from the country either have work already engaged, or have good prospects of getting work; and that their condition is generally improved by their change of abode.

The British census of 1890 confirms this in a striking manner by showing that the people of country birth are most numerous in the wealthy quarters of the city, where employment abounds, and least numerous in the poverty stricken quarters.

All this is contrary to the preconceived opinion that countrymen wander aimlessly to the city, and are chiefly tramps or broken down persons.—Scribner.

H. R. Marcy, of Forsyth, Montana, has the head of a deer that has three irregular horns on each side and nine irregular horns in front, between the two large ones. The side horns are nine inches in length and those in front from one to four inches in length.

LIFE IN THE NEW STATES.

FOUR ANNUAL INVASIONS OF THE NORTHWEST.

Sheep-Barbers From California and Cattle-Herders From Texas—Hop Pickers and Wheat-Harvesters.

BECAUSE it is impossible to picture the novelty—to an Eastern reader—of life in the North west, and because it nevertheless must be suggested, let me tell only of four peculiar visitations that the new States experience—of four invasions which take place there every year. In May there come into the stock ranges of Montana shearers by the hundreds, in bands of ten or twenty, each led by a captain, who finds employment and makes contracts for the rest. These sheep-barbers are mainly Calfornians and New-Yorkers, and the California men are said to be the more skilful workers. To a layman, all seem marvellously dexterous, and at ten cents a head, many are able to earn $6 to $8 a day. They lose many days in travel, however, and may not average more than $5 on that account. Their season begins in California in February, and they work through Oregon, Washington, and Montana, to return to a second shearing on the Pacific coast in August. Some come mounted and some afoot, and some are shiftless and dissipated, but many are saving, and ambitious to earn herds of their own.

They come upon the Montanan hill ahead of another and far stranger procession—that of the cattle that are being driven across the country from Texas. This is a string of herds of Texas two year olds coming north at middle age to spend the remaining half of their lives fattening on the Montana bunch grass, and then to end their careers in Chicago. The bands are called "trails," and follow one another about a day apart. With each trail ride the hardy and devil-may-care cowboys, led by a foreman, and followed by a horse wrangler in charge of the relays of broncos. A cook, with a four horse wagon load of provisions, brings up each rear. Only a few miles are covered in a day, and the journey consumes many weeks. These are enlivened by storms, by panics among the cattle, by quarrels with settlers on guard at the streams and on their lands, by meals misfed and nights spent amid mud and rain. That is as queer and picturesque a procession as one can easily imagine.

Then there is the early autumn hop-picking in the luxuriant fields of the Pacific coast in Washington. Down Puget Sound and along the rivers come the industrious canoe Indians of that region in their motley garb, and bent on making enough money in the hop-fields to see them through the rainy and idle winter. They are not like the Indians of story and of song, but are a squat-figured people, whose chests and arms are over-developed by exercise in the canoes, which take the place of the Indian ponies of the plains, as their rivers are substituted for the blazed or foot-worn trails of the East. To the hop-fields they come in their dug-outs from as far north as British Columbia and Alaska. When all have made the journey their canoes fret the strand, and the smoke of their camp fire touches the air with blue. Women and children accompany the men, all alike illuminating the green background of the hop-fields with their gay blankets and calicoes, themselves lending still other touches of color by means of their other skins and jet hair. They leave a trail of silver behind them when they depart, but the hops they have picked represent still more of gold—a million last year; two millions the year before.

Again, a fourth sort of invaders appears; this time in Dakota. These are not picturesque. They come not in boats or astride horses, but straggling or skulking along the highways, as the demoralized peasantry made their way to Paris during the French revolution. These are the wheat harvesters, who follow the golden grain all the way up from Texas, finding themselves in time for each more and more northerly State, until in late autumn, they reach the Red River Valley, and at last end their strange pilgrimage in Manitoba. The hands and skill they bring to the dense wheat-fields of Eastern North Dakota are most welcome there, and these harvest folk might easily occupy a high niche in sentimental and poetic literature, yet they don't. As a rule, they are not at all the sort of folk that the ladies of the wheat lands invite to their tea parties and sewing bees. On the contrary, far too many of them are vagabonds and fond of drink. In the Red River country the harvesters from the South are joined by lumbermen from Wisconsin and Minnesota, who find that great natural granary a fine field for turning honest pennies at lighter work than felling forests.—Harper's Magazine.

Pecan Culture.

Pecan trees, says the California Fruit Grower, ought, when possible, to be grown from seed and planted where the trees are expected to remain. In digging from the nursery rows the tap root of nut trees of this kind is almost inevitably injured, and this being the main support of the pecan, the trees do not generally do so well when transplanted as when allowed to remain where the seeds have germinated.

The United States contain more than 500,000 almond trees.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Nearsight is hereditary.

Chile has an area of 218,925 square miles.

All Fools' day is traced through every country of Europe to the Hindoos.

In Russia, where blinders are never used, a shying horse is almost unknown.

The Mohammedans consider silk unclean, because it is produced by a worm.

The ordnance survey of England took sixty-five years to make, and was completed in 1856.

The average number of fire alarms in New York City in a year is a little in excess of four thousand, which is at the rate of more than ten a day.

There is a house in Summerville, Ga., which has had since its erection three tenants and soon after its occupation by each was struck by lightning.

Albert G. Wakefield, a veteran lawyer of Bangor, Me., wears a pair of calfskin boots that he has had since 1861, and they are in good condition now.

A Florida fish story tells of a shad, some twenty inches long, which leaped from one stream to another, over a considerable space of ground, in search of food.

The ants have their great personages as well as the human race. These little insects go under commanders, and it is well known that bee colonies have their queens.

Leonard Whitton, of Brighton, Canada, weighs 469 pounds, 300 pounds of which he has acquired within ten years. He is not yet forty, and is still increasing in weight.

A tree was cut in the Puget Sound (Washington) forest the other day from which seven cuts were taken without a knot, their combined length being 179 feet. The tree scaled forty-eight thousand feet.

A Scotchman who wanted to sell some bees inserted the following advertisement in the local paper: "Extensive sale of live stock, comprising no less than 140,000 head, with an unlimited right of pasturage."

One of the finest opals in the world is worn on his cap by the Chinese Minister at Washington. It is as large as a pigeon's egg and is surrounded by diamonds. The value of the cap, with the ornament, is placed at $5000.

The old stone house in Kingston, N. Y., in which the State Constitution was framed and adopted, is now open for visitors. Among the curiosities already displayed within its walls is a flax wheel used by Teunis Swart's wife in 1787 and a dresser 200 years old, once the property of Peter Marius Green, on the shelves which are several pewter dishes, used by old-time Dutch people.

Good and Bad Feathers.

Feathers figure very prominently in the religious customs of most aborigines, and remarkably so in the Southwest. Among Navajos and Pueblos alike these plume-symbols are of the utmost efficacy for good or bad. They are part of almost every ceremonial of the indefinite superstitions of these tribes. Any white or bright-hued plume is of good omen—good "medicine" as the Indians would put it.

The gay feathers of the parrot are particularly valuable, and some dances cannot be held without them, though the Indians have to travel hundreds of miles into Mexico to get them. A peacock is harder to keep in the vicinity of Indians than the finest horse—those brilliant plumes are too tempting.

Eagle feathers are of sovereign value; and in most of the Pueblos great, dark, captive eagles are kept to furnish the coveted articles for most important occasions. If the bird of freedom were suddenly exterminated now, the whole Indian economy would come to a standstill, No witches could be exercised, nor sickness cured, nor much of anything else accomplished,

Dark feathers, and those in particular of the owl, buzzard, woodpecker and raven are unspeakably accursed. No one will touch them except those who "have the evil road"—that is, are witches—and any Indian found with them in his or her possession would be officially put to death. Such feathers are used only in secret by those who wish to kill or harm an enemy in whose path they are laid, with wicked wishes, that ill-fortune may follow.—New York Journal.

Culture of Water Cress.

The water cress plant is aquatic in its habit, and is grown in beds through which water runs freely. The drains of swamps made six feet wide and two feet deep make the best ground for the crop. If the bottom is sandy so much the better, but the muck makes a bottom that produces very good cress, but is not so clean. The seed is sown in July or later, and should be fresh or it may not germinate. The seed is quite small, and a few ounces will sow a large bed or a number of small beds. Or the beds may be planted with cuttings from an old bed, and these root very freely, if set in the soil and covered up to half an inch of the top. The crop is cut early in the spring, and by the use of sash over the beds a winter crop may often be grown, which sells at high prices. The cutting is done with shears, taking about three inches of the top, green stem and leaves. It is sold in long narrow baskets holding about a peck, usually at seventy-five cents the basket.—New York Times.