

It is estimated that there are 1,300,000 Irish in Australia. California, Florida and Texas threaten to close unnecessary sons to purchase Mediterranean fruits and nuts.

It is claimed that the boundary line between Idaho and Washington is thirty miles out of the way, and a resurvey would probably place Spokane in Idaho, increasing the population of that State 73,000.

Agon Sell, the famous New York conductor, is of opinion that the first American opera is due to appear pretty soon now, this country having several composers capable, in his opinion, of producing it.

New Yorkers travel more than ever, says the Sun. In 1890 they took on the street 175 journeys a year each on the average cars and elevated railways, but now each inhabitant averages 243 journeys.

Loaded cars will soon be transported across Lake Michigan. A large propeller is being constructed at Toledo, Ohio, with a capacity of twenty-one cars. It is expected that a great saving of expense will be made by this change.

The day of successful sneering at "book-farming" is past, exclaims the American Farmer. The farmer who succeeds now-a-days must read—a good deal—digest what he reads, and intelligently apply it.

There lately came to the London post-office from Egypt four baby crocodiles. The Boston Transcript suspects that they had probably been sent by some one who had heard that a medical periodical had recommended the importation of a shoal of the reptiles, which have a special liking for lipiritis, as means where to cleanse the Thames and the sewers.

The eyeglasses which pinch the nose are certainly dangerous, maintains the Atlanta Constitution. A case recently occurred in St. Louis of a man who died of cancer of the nose by the pressure of his eyeglasses.

There is not much toleration for the anti-vaccination craze in France, where medical science has reached a very high point of development. The recent outbreak of smallpox at Rheims has called out a proclamation from the Comite Consultatif d'Hygiene Publique de France declaring that "vaccination is a duty imposed upon every good citizen."

Eighty years ago boys in the United States under eight years of age worked in factories, in some instances fourteen hours a day; fifty cents a week was a not uncommon rate of wages for women;

A very capable woman could earn fifty cents a day at a trade which she must give six months of unpaid service to learn; with capital at fifty cents a yard, a woman's earnings for ten weeks would be sufficient to buy the material for a dress which she can now purchase with a half day's wages.

"If we go back still another generation," says the New York Sun, "we find that a little more than 100 years ago the work of a man at common or unskilled labor was worth but half a dollar a day; and on this he supported his family in what was no doubt regarded as entire respectability.

But assuredly it was not, if tried by any standard, new or old, a condition of luxury. Small as were his earnings, he paid two dollars a bushel for wheat, twenty-five cents for corn and twenty cents a pound for salt pork.

THE DEAD DAY. The argent and imperial day. For all his wealth was made to yield. He passed his gates of palms and lay. Far out upon his battered shield. Lay calm and king-like, with red garments rolled. In blood, and gleaming burnishments of gold. Then quietly king came down and swathed. The king in somber vestments now. She bowed her face above and bathed. Her eyes in darkness and in dew. And closed and kissed them softly as she said. Aside the dead king's silver coffin lid. Some star-tipt candles foot and head; Sweet perfume of the perfumed sea. And then she turned her eyes away. She saw great curtains lovingly; And as she looked them on the best moon's horn. Unloosed her hair, and mourned and mourned till morn.—Joaquin Miller.

LOVE OR MONEY? BY R. L. KETCHUM. RTHUR FERRIS was tall, blonde, handsome, and dandy. He was a little more than twenty-eight. He was also the possessor of a long head, in the line of the maternal side of the house. He was likewise a dutiful son. It was the two latter circumstances that had, on more than one occasion, saved him from making a triumphant ass of himself. It had not been for his long head, it is more than likely that he would have fallen desparately in love with that bewitching governess of the Hastings, with whom he had spent several weeks in the mountains one summer five years ago. But he had given himself time to think, and had reflected on two days, much to his later satisfaction. Then there was that dear little Miss Dixon, whom he had met at the seaside. It had been a glorious evening—that last. They were sitting on the veranda, where they might see and yet be unseen. The soft moon shone down on Strauss Waltz floated out from the ball-room. There was the pale, silver light of the moon, the murmuring ripple of the waves on the beach—and all that sort of thing, which you have read about so many times that you have learned to skip it in the novel.

Well! Elsie was going away—soon. They had talked in sighs and murmurs for half an hour; Arthur's left hand clasped Elsie's dimpled right one, his right arm was about her waist; both hearts beat vigorously, as hearts will be on occasions when love has just opened his mouth to tell Elsie what she had been waiting for for two weeks, when there was a step close at hand, a rustle of skirts, and the cooing voice of the maternal Ferris said: "I beg your pardon, but will you please excuse Arthur's few moments? There are those miserable business affairs that must be attended to in time for the late mail."

And this was saved a second time, for Elsie had not a cent, and neither had he—at least, not many of them. There were several other occasions when his own long head, or his mamma's, had helped him out—for Arthur was somewhat susceptible. But it is not of these I have to tell.

His time had come. The in-very-way-desirable young person had presented herself. True, she was not young as she had been; but, then, that was a mere trifle. She was just his own age, or as good as his own, and an heiress of considerable degree. She was not—well, not exactly handsome, and he was rather inclined to what is politely called plumpness; but Arthur's mamma and Arthur's long head gave their approval—and Arthur did not care who she might be, so long as she possessed the above qualifications, particularly the one involving a very neat fortune in her own right.

Besides, Arthur was getting a bit desperate. In fact, he had so far exceeded his own salary and the maternal allowance (which, by the way, was as large as Mrs. Ferris could afford), that nothing short of a miracle, or a matrimonial alliance such as had been so long seeking, could save him from getting into very deep water.

And thus it came to pass that this winter found him engaged to Miss Bernice Field, much to the satisfaction of his mother, who was visiting in New York, and to whom he had, like the dutiful son he was, sent the gratifying news at once.

He was disappointed, however, on one point. He had pleaded artfully for an early wedding, but Miss Field had set her foot down with much firmness and said he must go through a long probationary period—all of which Arthur failed to understand. He had always been noted for his persuasive powers, and had flattered himself that Bernice, with her gentle clinging, bud-like ways, would succumb at once.

had once suggested that "there's many a slip" to Arthur merely shod a shoe at him, and whistled serenely. If he had ten minutes later—if he had succeeded in the bid—if— "it was an awfully close shave," he reflected, and he stopped and shook hands with himself, much to the amazement of the policeman on the corner.—The Argonaut.

In an Indian School. Some of the Indian parents are very proud of their children's progress, and on best-days visit the schools, and listen with great satisfaction to their children speaking in the unknown tongue. There were several in one of the school-rooms while I was there, and the teachers turned them out of their chairs to make room for us, remarking pleasantly that the Indians were accustomed to sitting around on the ground. She afterwards added to this by telling us that there was no sentiment in her, and that she taught Indians for the fifty dollars there was in it. The mother of one of the little boys was already crouching on the floor as we came in, or squatting on her heels, as they seem to be able to do without fatigue for any length of time. During the half hour there were she never changed her position or turned her head to look at us, but her eyes fixed only on her son sitting on the bench above her. He was a very plump, clean, and excited little Indian, with his hair cut short, and dressed in a very fine pair of trousers and jacket, and with shoes on.

Why it is Called "Key West." Unlike too many of our American cities, Key West has a history and its name a meaning. The first I will not recognize as a true key to the fact or true, may be found in any encyclopedia, but the latter I will give in order to correct a common error. Many people imagine that the name has something to do with the geographical position of the island. On the contrary, it is a corruption of the words Cayo Huevo (Bacon Island) and was so called because the Indians of the coast islands and those of the mainland were of different tribes and constantly fighting, and the Island men having been driven from one Key to another, finally made a desperate stand here, but it was of no avail, and their bones were left to whiten on the sands and give a name to the Key.

The Snake an All-round Athlete. It has been suggested that man's instinctive dread of the snake is a reminiscence of his original state, a very good reason, but it is by no means universal. Shelley, for instance, regarded the snake as the emblem of innocence, as will be seen in the "Revolutions of the Earth," where he writes of the "serpents of Paradise." The origin of the feeling is probably his acquaintance with the little snake which lived in the tall grass of the Sussex house in which Shelley passed his childhood. There is an impression on the part of many that the snake has a defective organization, which is certainly true. As Owen said, the snake can out-climb the monkey, outswim the fish, outstrewn the athlete, can crush the tiger, and jumping into the air, can seize the bird on the wing.

Water Cure for Rats. A Country Gentleman correspondent has had great success with the following plan: Fill a barrel one-third full of bran and water, mixed stiff enough to hold a rat on it; let them feed a couple of nights, then make them another mess in the same barrel of nearly all water. When one goes in down goes Mr. Rat, and the next, not knowing his brother's bad luck, follows suit. In the morning the barrel will be full if the rat supply holds out.

A set of false teeth made of ivory by a New York dentist for George Washington and used by him in an exhibition at the Patent Office in Washington.

An hour or so later, a young man, walking briskly down the street, was

MODERN ATHLETES.

RIVALRY OF ANCIENT OLYMPIC CHAMPIONS.

Miller and the Canadian Cyr have proved their ability to toy with one hundred pound dumbbells, and a multito who traveled with several American circus companies could lift a four by six oak ten table with all the men that could sit on top or hang on to the legs, but Barnum came too late to utilize the abilities of

UR modern gymnasia, says Dr. Felix L. Oswald in the San Francisco Chronicle, are often models of comfort, and their teachers and pupils enjoy the liberty and equality of sportsmanship. But the amount of physical progress developed in that way cannot begin to compare with the results of the times when the safety of a commonwealth depended upon the bodily vigor of its citizens.

Gunpowder, "the villainous saltpetter" that knocked out Chevalier Bayard in the first round, made the practice of tournaments an anachronism, and the tendency to rely on mechanical substitutes for muscular strength. In physical agility (less dependent upon a basis of inherited qualities) modern specialists are equal, if not superior, to their ancient prototypes.

But in feats of strength few of our modern champions could have hoped to carry of a third-class prize at Olympia. A "running jump" of thirty feet would break the record of our athletic clubs. East and West, while the very circus stanzas accounts of the Indian games leave no doubt that a leap of forty feet was once considered a very ordinary performance, since a Spartan youth once cleared fifty feet, and a native of Crotona (a Grecian colony in Southern Italy) even fifty-five.

Archery has experienced a tad revival, but God has failed to save the mark of what the British longbowmen of the old century would have called good marksmanship. In quick shooting improved firearms would, of course, carry all prizes, but it might be questioned if our best sharpshooters would have broken the record of a first-class medieval archer a distance of two hundred yards.

Sworship has less rapidly declined and only fifty years ago Japan could boast of gladiators that could have held their own in the Roman arena. The Emperor Commodus was said to have forced a swordsman to use a foil of lead against his own broadsword, but the innovation would perhaps have been exceeded if a pugilist had ventured to enter the Circus Maximus with a pair of boxing gloves. So far from dreaming of such modifications of the manly art the ancient thought a bare knuckle fight rather too tame for the purpose of a public spectacle, and made the disciples of Pollux use the cestus, a heavy halberd of iron fastened to the fist by means of a leather strap.

Now, with a quick sharp breath, blow upon the line where the egg and the glass meet. The egg will jump to the other glass. With a little practice this can be done every time. Be careful to blow in a line with the left-hand direction, and land on the table with disastrous results.—Youth's Companion.

QUEER BIRDS OF ALASKA.

During the cruise of the Corwin in Alaska, several downy young were collected by Mr. J. E. Lutz on Otter Island. They are of special interest since the newly hatched chicks of the two species collected have never been received at any museum, so far as known, nor have they ever before been described or figured.

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WORDS OF WISDOM.

A country's best defense is its good name. Great truths are often said in fewest words. Narrow waists and narrow minds go together. Woman is a miracle of divine contractions. A fashionable woman is always in love with herself.

When the lieutenant had disappeared from view, I turned my face to the front, bolstering my trembling hopes with the thought that this last victim was a shining mark, as I certainly was not. Besides, I believed that the sharpshooters could not get the range on our end of the line. Then followed a "thud" close to me, and my next sensation was that I was prostrate on the ground, pierced through my left arm, heart, and spine with a lead, as round as the earth. This was no physical sensation, but, of course, was not the fact. Then through my brain there flitted quickly a vision such as the thought of a battle most commonly brings to mind—masses of warring men struggling, lying on the ground, the meek and the fierce, the stout and the feeble, with all the indignation I could express was shouting to the men in gray.

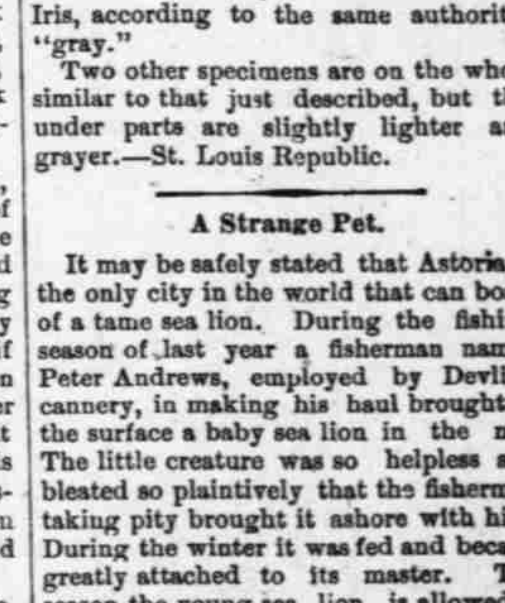
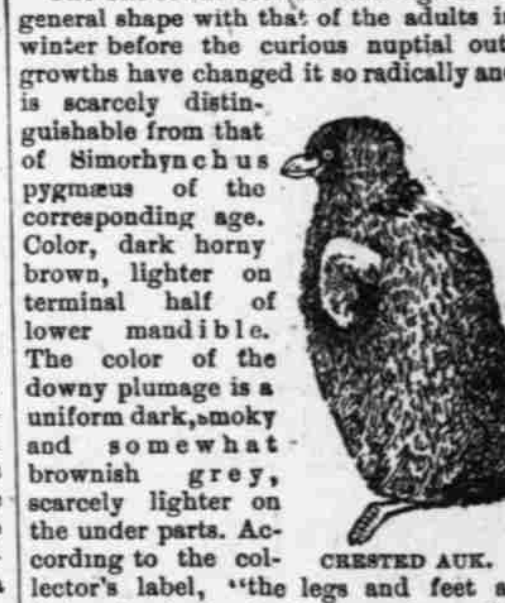
Next I was being lifted and supported by some one, and a voice said, "He is hit, but something in the matter of the said another voice sternly, "he is hit, and as good as dead. Take him to the rear." I had so far recovered as to comprehend these remarks, and instantly concluded that I was the subject of a practical joke. In a another moment I grasped the matter, and my heart was broken. I had been so severely wounded that I could not even feel the direction of my heart and spine—that is, obliquely to the front of my person—had ticked the limb of a bush a few feet away, keeled over and struck flatwise on the arm, imbedding it in my chest and in the flesh.—Popular Science Monthly.

The Empire State express on the New York Central recently made the fastest time ever recorded by an engine pulling a train. The speed was measured by Angus Sinclair, editor of Locomotive Engineering, who rode in a metallic box bolted to the engine with gages and testing appliances attached. The locomotive, No. 870, is the record-breaker which, on the famous run to Staatsburg was reached. Then it put on a tremendous burst of speed. As the trees and fences rushed by in a continuous blur the passengers who kindly for the man in the little box wondered how he was standing it. When Albany was reached the passengers and the people in the station crowded around the locomotive and asked Mr. Sinclair how he felt. He said he felt as if he had been flying.

For four consecutive miles the speed was at the rate of seventy-eight miles an hour, the fastest recorded time ever made by a locomotive drawing a train on a level track. The diagrams made from the gauge showed the condition of the train. It developed 1600-horse power and consumed two and one-eighth pounds of coal per horse power per hour. Mr. Sinclair is confident that with one car it could run one hundred miles an hour. The locomotive, No. 870, is the record-breaker which, on the famous run to Staatsburg was reached. Then it put on a tremendous burst of speed. As the trees and fences rushed by in a continuous blur the passengers who kindly for the man in the little box wondered how he was standing it. When Albany was reached the passengers and the people in the station crowded around the locomotive and asked Mr. Sinclair how he felt. He said he felt as if he had been flying.

It is curious that "Lexington," the title of a British Lullaby, should have become the slogan of the American Revolution, but not more curious than the fact that the first spot of ground on this continent named to commemorate the opening battle of that struggle should have lain upon the site of Lexington. Lexington was named by Simon Kenton and other noted pioneers. Long before Lexington was named Lexington, Lexington was named Lexington. Lexington was named Lexington. Lexington was named Lexington. Lexington was named Lexington.

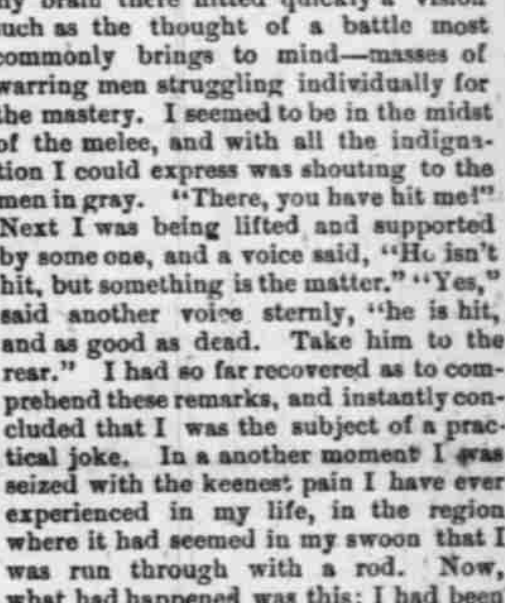
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A SPANISH POSTBOY.

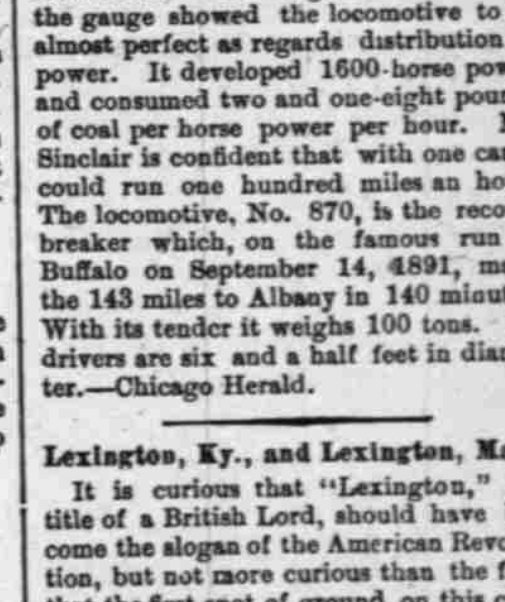
Near Puebla, Oaxaca, Mexico, a Spanish postboy is shown riding a mule, carrying a large pack on his back. The pack is secured with ropes and contains various supplies for the journey.

A MALAY'S AGILITY. A Malay man is shown performing a feat of agility, balancing on a narrow surface or performing a similar feat.



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