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A Song of Progress.

How fast this old world moves along, with science as its guide!
(John, fire up the carriage; I am going for a ride.)
In darkest space it leaves a rare illuminated path.
(Order six yards of lightning for a quick electric bath.)

How various as inventions! They dazzle sense and sight!
(John, cable there to London for a dinner Wednesday night.)
How swift the march of science, though pessimists may laugh.
(Here's Mollie's picture, painted by the new telautograph.)

It's forward, march! forever—the great, progressive plan.
(I see they've put new life in that electrocuted man.)
It's forward, march! forever—in spite of bolts and bars.
(I'm going to strike that air ship for a trip around the stars.)

F. L. STANTON,
In Chicago Times-Herald.

MORE THAN ONE TOM.

Nell sang gayly as she ran here and there putting things in order and making the little drawing room look as inviting as possible. Tom was coming that evening—dear old Tom Ricker! who had loved her ever since they were school children together, when he used to carry her great pile of books. He had been away a whole month on business, and his absence had made the time seem very long to Nell.

They say that the course of true love never does run smooth—that there is always something, it may be a mere trifle, to disturb its even flow; and the saying was good in this case, at any rate.

After an hour or two of that happy evening had been spent by Nell in Tom's company her mother had called her out of the room to give final directions regarding closing up for the night (Mrs. Springer was so nervous about burglars), and when Nell returned to the parlor she found Tom sadly changed. His manner was cold and distant and only the most commonplace remarks were made.

Poor Nell was hurt and bewildered. Surely no remark of hers could possibly have offended him; and yet he was offended, that was evident.

From that sad leave taking she went mechanically about her duties—that is, she saw that the doors and windows were securely fastened and the cat put out for the night. This animal was banished because it was no respecter of Cupid or bricabrac.

"Didn't Tom go home early for night?" Mrs. Springer inquired of her daughter the following morning.

"A little earlier than usual," the girl answered with her face turned to the window.

"Did you put Tom out the last thing?" was her mother's next query.

The girl started. "Did—I—I—put him out?" she stammered, with only one Tom in her mind at the time.

"Yes, did you put the cat out? Here's a chop off a saddle, and I thought, perhaps, you had forgotten him, and he had——"

"Oh, the cat! Yes, I put him out, I am sure."

Then Nell's face suddenly brightened, a light came in her troubled mind. The mystery about Tom's behavior was solved. She distinctly remembered now that her mother had called to her as she was leaving the drawing room, "Mind you turn Tom out," and she had answered decidedly, "indeed, I'll not forget that; isn't he a nuisance?"

She laughed a little, but instantly the pain came back to her heart. She could not explain the matter unless he mentioned it first, and that he would be too proud to do. However, she did keep up a tiny spark of hope, and looked for him every evening until three weeks had passed without him making his appearance, and then she gave him up entirely.

Three months from that time Nell stood by the front gate looking out on a very beautiful world. She had not seen Tom, except at a distance, in all that time.

He was keeping very much to himself now, she heard people say, and sometimes the bolder of her friends questioned her in regard to her treatment of the young man, and she answered calmly enough without giving them the least satisfaction.

But Mrs. Springer knew what Nell was suffering. She saw that there was some trouble between her and Tom, although she could not understand it. However, she finally decided that the girl needed a change, and had prevailed upon Nell to pay a visit of a few weeks to an aunt who lived near the sea shore. The trunk was packed, and Nell stood by the gate waiting for the 'bus to come along.

"Nell," called her mother from the door, "is Tom out there? Send him in, quick! There is a mouse in the larder."

Nell looked up the road. Yes, there was the cat, walking leisurely away.

"Here, Tom! Tom! Tom!" she called, and so intent was she on this duty that she did not hear footsteps in the opposite direction until their owner was near the house.

Then she started and saw Tom Ricker's grave eyes looking straight at her.

"Excuse me, Nell," he said anxiously, "but is that your cat?"

"Yes," she answered, with a nervous inclination to laugh.

"How long have you had him?"

"He followed father home one evening in the spring," she replied.

"And was there the last evening that I spent with you?"

"Yes."

"His name is Tom?"

"And do you put him out of the house at night?"

Then their eyes met; they read each other's thoughts, and both broke into the first merry laugh that they had experienced for many a long day. Nell glanced up.

"I couldn't catch Tom," she said running into the hall.

"Never mind that Tom," whispered the young man, who followed her and took her in his strong arms. "for this Tom has at last severely caught you."

—Forget-Me-Not.

Obliging Thieves in China.

On the first night that we tied up at the side of the canal we heard the muffled drum aboard the police boat of a town near by. Its steady tum-tum, tum-tum-tum seemed not to cease all night. The boat was a ten or twelve ton sailing vessel, carrying on its forward deck a little iron cannon, which, as a pleasure yacht at home, might carry. The sound of the drum brought to my mind a little Chinese village of my acquaintance, where a drum at the end of the single street of shops announced to the world that the inhabitants had banded themselves to keep order, had hired a watchman, and now required all persons to assist in keeping the peace.

"The thieves of the locality are not likely to ply their trade there," said a missionary, "because they will not have to throw the watchman out of work. It would not be considered kindly or hospitably for the local thieves to operate in his bailiwick. According to the fixed Chinese rule, the watchman will be paid as long as there is no robbery, but if a robbery takes place he will have proved himself useless. It will be with him as it was with Li Hung Chang, who as prime minister, was expected to keep the country out of trouble. He was caught napping when Japan declared war, and for this he lost his yellow jacket. Straight to the top, the rule always carries. The Emperor, in his capacity as the Son of Heaven, is supposed to keep the gods amenable. Therefore, when any disaster befalls China with drought or famine the Emperor publicly blames himself, and expresses his devotion to the gods whom he has neglected." This missionary said that he employed a watchman at his mission, but as year after year went by without a visit from burglars, he at last discharged the watchman. Immediately thieves broke into one of the buildings. The watchman was not a party to the crime. The thieves had kept away out of a regard for him, but when he was discharged there was no reason for longer staying their hand. The robber may be certain that the watchman was at once restored to his old post.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

The Port of Vladivostock.

Away to the extreme south of the tongue of land where Siberia sends and Corea begins stands the town of Vladivostock, thirty-four years old, planted in a land which would serve to typify the abomination of desolation, but which today has nearly 20,000 inhabitants. These are principally military. For hundreds of miles inland the population consists of the small military posts by which communication is maintained up the Suifun to the Cossack settlements on the Ussuri. The principal object in founding the town was to have a great naval station on the Pacific. Naturally the most southern point available was chosen, but although Vladivostock stands in the same parallel as Marseilles, the cold is very severe. The Gulf of Peter the Great, on which it is situated, never freezes, but a thin ice coat forms along its shores in December and for a couple of months ships are kept ice bound. It is in this harbor from which the Russian fleet in Japan is expected, that the Russian surveys have been so energetically collected.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Wonders of the Yukon.

Yukon, which is the present Mecca of placer miners in Alaska, is a land not only of gold but of wonders also. Some of the miners who have returned bring strange accounts of curiosities in nature. A miner on Sixty Mile creek found a tusk of a mammoth that projected seven feet out of a sandbank, and another found a single tusk so heavy that he could scarcely lift it. Nearly the whole of the Yukon basin furnishes fossils, and some of the miners believe that the unexplored country toward the head of the Copper River yet contain living specimens, as tales are told by Indians of that region of huge woolly beasts with horns like the trunk of a birch tree. They say that in winter puffs of steam issue from the nostrils of these monsters as from the escape pipe of a steamboat.

During the shortest days of winter, for a period of about thirty-three days, at Forty Mile Post, the sun does not make its appearance above the horizon, although at midway there is from three to four hours of twilight. The northern lights glow with the utmost brilliancy, on the other hand, and help very materially to drive away the darkness and desolation of the dreary land. During the summer season the order of things is reversed, and on the longest days in June, for about three weeks the sun does not disappear. On the shortest winter days the thermometer ranges from 20 degrees to 75 degrees below zero, and on the longest summer days from 60 degrees to 90 degrees above in the shade. The existence of active craters in the Yukon basin is asserted by Indians, who say that a very high peak, situated near the head of White River, is at times in a state of eruption. White River drains a high, mountainous country, and its waters are extremely muddy, being laden with a white, glassy substance called volcanic ash, which is carried down from a point near the head of the stream, a section of the country where no white man's foot has ever trod. According to Dr. Dawson, the deposits of ash are of recent date. He believes that the eruption which deposited the ash did not take place in the coast range. All evidence goes to show that it occurred near or at the headwaters of the White River, and to indicate the possibility of an active volcano there at the present time.

All About Lead Pencils.

The ordinary six-sided pencil, such as one gets when he goes into a store and asks for "a lead pencil," is seven inches in length and a trifle more than a quarter of an inch thick. Pencils are made in many different styles and shapes, and for many special uses. Special pencils of very small diameter are made for mathematical instruments. Another small diameter pencil is the programme pencil made for dancing orders, of which the sale in this country is estimated at 5,000 gross annually. Programme pencils are made round and hexagon in shape, and finished in a variety of colors and styles and some are wound with silk. Programme pencils are sold sharpened and with a ring and a cord and tassel attached, ready for use. Other small pencils made are those used for tablets and memorandum books. Check-marking pencils, with red, blue and green crayons are now used extensively in commercial establishments and by express and railroad companies, and in almost every office. Thousands of gross of checking pencils are sold annually, and the sale of them is constantly increasing. Crayon pencils in various hues are made of all colors and in many tints.—New York Sun.

A Novelty in Mining

In the great West, miners often find rivers that have their beds filled with enormous deposits of peculiar looking sand. This sand contains large quantities of gold dust, which, however, it is extremely difficult to separate from the sand, owing to the fact that the sand has very much the same specific gravity as gold, and settles in about the same way as the precious metal. This sand contains iron, and it has been found profitable, to a limited extent, to have the deposits melted; but this is not a very paying business, therefore a new process has been tried with marked success. By means of magnets the iron particles are drawn away from the gold, leaving this substance quite clear. After passing through the apparatus devised for this purpose, it is found that forty tons of sand yield one ton of crude sand and iron, worth about $100 a ton. If the machine that is now being tested does all that is claimed for it, it will be of very great value, as it costs but about a thousand dollars for a working plant capable of handling an enormous amount of sand per day.—New York Ledger.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

MY GRANDMA'S MEDICINE.

I have a little grandma
Who lives in the country,
Though she is as cheery as a little bird can be,
And very bird-like,
She calls herself the orchard
And the meadow filled with hay,
Sometimes she sets a-singing very loud,
Sometimes quite far away.
And this is what she says—I say
If I understand aright,
"Sing and you'll feel this summer day
Though it be storm to-day, 'Bob White!'"

Mary S. Cabell in Youth's Companion.

GET AN EGG AND SPIN IT.

In fact, get two eggs, one boiled and the other raw, and spin them rapidly on their sides on a mirror or other perfectly smooth surface. If you put the palm of your hand gently upon the boiled egg while it is spinning, it, of course, ceases to move, and remains motionless as long as you have life of your hand.

But, if you do the same with a raw egg, it will immediately begin to spin again when the hand is removed. Indeed, it is extraordinary how long you can hold your hand upon it without destroying its motion.

The reason of this is no doubt apparent. The fluid within the shell continues to revolve, though the shell is stationary, while in the other even the whole contents stopped.

If you attempt to spin the eggs on the mirror like a top, you will find that the boiled egg will spin for a considerable length of time, but the other will fall almost immediately on its side.—Detroit Free Press.

ANIMAL HAPPINESS.

All animals, from ants up to whales and elephants, play together in youth, and some are fond of taking such diversion at intervals through life. One might search the world over and not find more playful creatures than puppies and kittens, but there are other dumb animals which not only frisk about, but actually descend to practical jokes.

A Brazilian parrot once succeeded in making a railway party believe that they had run over a child. Sudden cries, followed by a low moaning, rang out from beneath the wheels. The train was stopped and the employes seriously searched the track, but no child was to be seen. No clew to the situation could be found, until a large green parrot, swinging in his cage, uttered a mocking laugh.

The monkey, on shipboard, used to amuse himself in the cook's absence by turning the water cocks in order to enjoy that worthy's surprise when he returned and found the water running over the floor, and there are scores of authenticated instances of actual deception practiced by animals to gain some desired end.

A certain Skye terrier used to attempt deceiving its master by going through the action of killing a fly and then assuming an air of success. One day, however, when proof was given him that his hypocrisy was detected, he slunk under the furniture, evidently quite ashamed.

The merry antics of monkeys are many and diverting. Humboldt was acquainted with a monkey in India which took delight in riding a pig. Every morning the creature caught one, leaped astride his back, and clinging there with great firmness, took his fill of riding. Another monkey, domesticated by a missionary, used to pet the family cat, a strong, good-natured animal, to the same use.

The favorite game of others seems to be that of sliding down hill. They climb to the top of a high snow ridge, be that upon the chimney, with the force of a bent backward, and, giving themselves an impulse with the hind legs, glide down the hill, head foremost. In summer they select a sloping river bank which has a clayey soil and where the water at its base is of considerable depth. Climbing this bank, they start from the top, slip swiftly over the sloping ground and plunge into the water.

The gambolling of whales is often witnessed by sailors, and Paley says that any observer of fish must acknowledge that "they are so happy they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes and frolics are simply the effect of an excess of spirits."—Atlanta Constitution.

An Audacious Cattle-Stealer.

An audacious cattle-stealer named Viguier has just been convicted at the Assize Court of Tarnet-Garonne, France, of stealing an entire flock of sheep. With the aid of his dogs, Viguier collected the flocks in the fields near St. Antonin and coolly drove them along the highways to Villefranche, where he made many attempts to sell them to farmers in open market.—New York Post.

UNCLE SAM'S WARDS.

Census Office Estimate of What the Indian Has Cost.

About 19,000 Whites Killed in War With Redskins.

In the complete Indian census report, just published, an interesting attempt is made for the first time to cast up in figures an aggregate of the government expenditures on account of the red men residing within our borders since the Union was established in 1789. The result of this remarkable attempt, says the Washington Star, indicates in the statistics presented that the gigantic sum of one billion one hundred and five million odd dollars ($1,105,219,362) was spent by the government up to the year 1890, either upon the Indians directly, or indirectly because of Indians. Counting in, however, the civil and military expenses for Indians since then, together with incidental expenses not recognized in the official figures given, it is safe to say that up to June 30, 1895, a further sum of $111,781,628 may be added to the foregoing figures, making a grand aggregate of $1,270,000,000 chargeable to Indians to date.

Of course, a large amount of treasure was spent in wars with the American Indians prior to the establishment of the federal government in 1789. Indeed, ever since the white man appeared within the present territory of the United States there has been a war almost continually, beginning on the Pacific side in 1513 and on the Atlantic side soon after the year 1607. Since the founding of our government the United States army, except when engaged in the wars with Great Britain and Mexico, and during the civil war has been used almost exclusively in the Indian service, and has been stationed largely in the Indian country or along the frontier.

In their calculation the Indian census experts omit the army expenses incident to the wars with England and Mexico, and the civil war with its sequel of reconstruction, and safely count two-thirds of the total expenses of the army as chargeable directly or indirectly to the Indians. The total expenses of the army from 1789 to 1890 were found to be $4,725,521,495; but deducting $3,514,911,047 for the foreign wars and the civil war the remainder is $1,210,610,487. Fully two-thirds of this sum, or $807,073,558, it is estimated, was expended for Indian wars and for army service against the Indians.

To this sum the census experts add the expenses of the Indian civil administration for the period between 1789 and 1890, amounting to $279,914,082, and $10,000,000 more to reimburse particular states for expenses incurred by them in Indian wars, and $28,291,632 more for pensions to survivors or widows of Indian wars, and then the total foots up to $1,105,219,372. Counting in, as stated above, $111,781,628 for civil administration expenses and a proportionate share of the army expenses since 1890, the grand total becomes $1,270,000,000—a billion and a quarter of dollars.

The Indian wars under the government of the United States are stated to have numbered more than forty and to have cost the lives of about 19,000 white men, women and children, including about 5,000 killed in individual encounters, of which history takes no note, and of 30,000 Indians, including 8,500 killed in personal encounters.

It has been the policy of the national government since the year 1878 to refund to the states and territories the money paid out by them in suppressing Indian hostilities. The liability is based on the fact that the federal government has treated the Indians either as nations or as wards of the nation, thus keeping them from control by the several states.

Speaking of the number of Indians now in the United States, as shown by the reports of special agents, and the number supposed to have lived in the past, the census editor says: "It is not probable that the present area of the United States since the white man came has contained at one time more than 500,000 Indians. High estimates were made in the early days, but the average even then was about 1,000,000. In 1890 we have 248,253 civilized and uncivilized Indians. Through almost four centuries warlike bands have resisted, and many of these Indians are still resisting progress. There are not ten tribes out of any of the 240 or more now in the United States but that have been in revolt, and these existing as tribes are now remnants, with a few exceptions, too poor or too lazy to fight, or they consider it too dangerous."

Vagaries Among the Rose Bushes.

There are many curious and interesting features in all floral culture, and none more so than the complete changes of both color and habit, by planting in close contiguity, or by changing from one soil and locality to another, were different conditions prevail.

A lovely blush rose of most uncommon beauty and fullness of petals was removed to a home not five miles distant, and when it bloomed it was only a half double and "just a common red rose." Its owner was much disappointed and most positive that a blush rose had not been sent. Not daunted, she tried again, and this time she saw the rose taken from the parent clump, yet lo, when it bloomed next summer it was still again almost single, and only a common red rose. The blush rose had grown in a poor, limerock soil, and was transplanted into a rich black loamy soil. No other reason was discovered.

White roses have become tinted and colored roses have paled by being too closely set, one against the other. Interlacing of the roots and mingling of the pollen was the apparent cause of the changes.

The most curious accidental change on record is that of a row of half-double, old-fashioned red cluster roses set alternately with half-double common white cluster roses. After a while there was a period of neither doing well, and many absolutely died out. Those left were carefully nurtured and responded to enriched soil and good cultivation by sending forth large, full very double roses, but only one bud on each long stem and of a very delicate shade of pink, and strangest of all, the wonder of wonders, they were thornless. Where had the thorns gone, and why? Here was a change from half double to double; from the habit of the old-fashioned cluster to the new style of long single stems, and no thorns. Surely nature is a skillful manipulator and full of amazing vagaries.

An Island Lake With Tides.

Russian scientists have lately been studying the curious island of Kolguiev, off the coast of Russian Lapland, and separated from it by a narrow strait. This island has a lake that has no visible connection with the sea, but is affected by tidal movements. To be sure, the tides in the lake rise and fall only a few inches, while those in the surrounding sea rise and fall several feet. The periodicity of the lake tides make it plain that the lake has a subterranean communication with the sea.

The water on the island is of three kinds, fresh water from rains and brooks at the highest points; a little lower, salt water like that of the sea; at the lowest point sea water, surcharged with free sulphuretted hydrogen. The fresh water is inhabited by the animal life usual in the fresh water of that region. The salt water has sea creatures, sponges and the like, while the water surcharged with sulphuretted hydrogen has neither vegetable nor animal life. The production of this free sulphuretted hydrogen has its counterpart in the depths of the Black Sea, where the presence of the gas destroys animal and vegetable life.

Good Fortune Through Sheer Luck.

No better instances of good fortune coming through sheer luck could be found, perhaps, than in the experience of a prospector named Mooney, near Kalispell, Montana, not many days. Having nothing whatever to do one afternoon, he, out of pure force, as it did look, for want of throwing stones at a mark, drilled a hole into a prominent block of rock and put in a shot, not caring to bind out a fuse or cap it put it over things fly. When the blast was made he found that he had broken into a treasure house. There was a big pocket in the rock the sides of which sparkled with almost pure gold. There was enough in sight to net Mahoney a handsome sum, and if the mine proves as rich as the surface showing indicates he has struck a bonanza.

Force of the Human Jaw.

Dr. J. V. Roe, a dentist of Jacksonville, Fla., has made some experiments as to the force exerted by the human jaw in chewing food. He says that the amount of pressure recorded in a single bite varies from 31 to 270 pounds. This maximum record, it is interesting to note, was made by a physician. The crushing force necessary to masticate ordinary beefsteak, Dr. Roe says, is only 11 to 15 pounds. He says that it is only a good deal more than is required when one eats, say, from sixty to 80 pounds, and he laments some that this waste of strength.

The Old Family Clock.

The old, old clock on the mantel,
With its tick, tock, all the day long
Telling the wearied moments of life,
Swaying pillows as in song.
Treasured old friend over the fireplace,
Recalling those days passed by
Till life's sad end I know you'll lend
That sweet tick, tock, as a sigh.

Dear old clock on the mantel
Companion through all my life—
Now you sink each slow and swing,
The struggle ended, storm and strife.
Treasured old friend over the fireplace,
I know you won my heart;
Mark yon the ruthless of cruel fate—
Was it just that we should part?

Dear old clock on the mantel,
Your tick, tock, answers me;
You know my dream of life is passed,
I crave your sympathy.
Treasured old friend o'er the fireplace,
All the world save you I dread
Tick, tock, tick, tock, in merry song,
Sing on when I am dead.

J. W. F. BUSSING.

HUMOROUS.

The Wife—It must be bedtime. The Husband—Hardly. The baby hasn't waked up yet.

"Who was the first man to make a mountain out of a mole hill?" "Oh, some real estate dealer, I suppose."

Before marriage a girl complains of her kin to her lover, and after marriage he complains of them to her.

"Isn't he rather lost?" asked the anxious mother. "Yes, mamma, in one sense of the word. I don't think he can get away."

Herr Filzinger (in skinflint)—What shall I have to pay for the likenesses?

Artist—I'd rather tell you that later on. I want you now to look pleasant.

Guest (pushing them away from him)—I don't like the way you cook eggs at this restaurant. Waiter—What's the trouble, sir? Guest—You don't cook them soon enough.

"How does Dumley spend his time since he was left that legacy?" "Why, he summers at the seaside, he winters in New York, he springs at White Sulphur and he falls at Niagara."

"Maud is such a conscientious little goose, and one summer girl is another." "How so, that?" "She thinks she must go to the trouble of breaking one engagement before contracting another."

An Arkansas City woman used concentrated lye instead of baking powder in her biscuits. Her husband ate of them and none of his friends have been able to put any dependence in what he said since.

Teacher—Tommy, what do you understand the author to mean when he says that riches and poverty are merely relative? Tommy—I guess he means that some has rich relatives and some has poor ones.

Watts—I went out to Boonville last week; where I both those lots, you know. Potts—How did you find the town? "There was a man stuck up in the middle of a Dennite prairie—that's how I found it."

"Who did she marry Fiddleback?" "Because she was in love with another man, and the man was in love with another girl, and the girl was in love with Fiddleback. It was the only way she could get even with the other girl, you see."

"Mary, we have breakfast at 8 o'clock," said Mrs. Post to her new servant girl, who was already entertaining several friends who had dropped in to see how she liked her new place. "All right, mum," said Mary. "If I ain't up don't wait for me."

Doctor—I really don't understand. There is no reason why you should go to for reduction of corpulency. Patient—Still I want you to put me through a course of antifat treatment. Mr. Fiddlesticks will say with her own eyes how I pine away for love of her.

Gilbert Parker recently encountered a Colorado bishop whom he had known in his boyhood. The bishop pompously inquired: "Ah, Gilbert! and are you still writing your—ah—little books?" Mr. Parker answered promptly: "Yes, bishop. And are you still preaching your—ah—little sermons?"

A Name to Conjure With.

They tell a good story in Dalton of a recent revival meeting in one of the rural districts of Whitfield County. In the middle of the services the preacher said:

"Will Brother Smith please lead in prayer?"

Sam Smith arose and began praying silence.

There shamefaced the preacher, and he said courteously:

"Brother John Smith."

At this announcement one set down and the other got up and began praying. The preacher saw his mistake, and hastening said let the eleven pray at once. Atlanta Constitution.