

At last accounts the cost of the Panama Canal had risen to \$600,000,000. This evidently a humorous item, or else the ditch is to be silver-plated.

When we speak of a "snail's pace" we are in the dark as to the exact speed. It has now been demonstrated by measurement that a snail can travel a mile in fourteen days.

The law of Wyoming allows women to vote. It goes still further. It especially provides that there shall be no discrimination on account of sex in the pay for any kind of work.

Of the 300,000 immigrants who arrived in the United States last year, 6000 went south of the Potomac to reside. The 6000, however, were first-class, as the majority were either colonists or skilled workmen.

One of the most remarkable thefts on record is reported from Whatcom, Washington Territory, where a thief stole an entire orchard, just planted, hiding his work for a time by sticking willow twigs in the holes where the fruit trees had been.

A well known New York physician recently said: "I vaccinate infants when they are six weeks old. Until an infant is vaccinated I do not allow it to go out into the air. There is more small-pox in this city than people imagine, but the fact is kept quiet."

The Baltimore American thinks that if a man has a "reasonably well-shaped mouth he should not wear a mustache; the same paper is authority for the statement that mustaches are less worn than formerly, all of which will be hailed with satisfaction by the barbers.

Hannibal Hamlin is now the sole living ex-Vice-President. Four gentlemen are still living who have nominally filled the office by virtue of being Presidents of the Senate—Ferry, Bayard, Sherman and Edmunds; but Mr. Wheeler was the last with the exception of Hamlin of those who held the position by virtue of an election.

Few persons who brush away a bee that is stinging them, know that if time is permitted to the bee, he can extract his sting from the wound and fly away with it without injury to himself, whereas, if he is hurried, his stings torn from him, and he dies in consequence. Even to save the life of a bee people would be slow to prolong the sensation of being stung.

Louis Kossuth, the venerable Hungarian patriot, says in a late letter: "The burden of more than 84 years weighs down my infirm shoulders. Under this weight the body is deadened, the soul grows blunted, life becomes a state of mere barren vegetating. Man feels then like some time worn, mouldering ruin, which no longer assorts with the world of the living."

So largely have the Chinese increased in Hawaii that the island bids fair to become a Chinese colony. All other population is decreasing, owing to the ravages of diseases induced by the vices of civilization. The Chinese number fifteen thousand and have already great power and influence. They are industrious and economical, and these qualities give them a grip on every land where they are allowed to come.

The late Dr. Hugh J. Glenn, of Colusa County, California, was regarded as the largest wheat grower in this country, with the possible exception of some of the bonanza wheat farmers of Dakota. He had 70,000 acres of land in Colusa County, and one could ride for seventeen miles along the Sacramento River without leaving his possessions. He had 40,000 acres sown in wheat, and in harvest-time a small army of men were employed. It was thought when he died, about two years ago, that the great ranch would be split up, and would thus afford homes to hundreds of families; but the heirs decided to allow it to remain intact, and this year the manager of the estate reports that fully as much land is in wheat as during the doctor's life.

Until one goes through the twenty-nine examining divisions of the United States Patent Office, and takes at least a glance at its 186 classes of subjects, subdivided into 3000 sub-classes, but little conception can be had of the diversified subjects of invention to be seen there, or of the immense amount of labor that must necessarily be bestowed upon their examination before a patent can be issued, as no part of a device can conflict with somebody else's device. The number of persons employed in these divisions and the cost of examining and "keeping the run" of over 3900 sub-classes of devices, in round numbers are: Persons employed, 263; cost per annum of running the divisions, \$379,100. It cost for photographing or otherwise producing plates of these devices for the Patent Office Official Gazette, for five years ending 1886, \$183,886.58, and for producing copies of drawings of the weekly issues of patents, designs, trade marks and pending applications, and for the reproduction of exhausted copies, or the same period, \$368,872.13.

A correspondent says: "There is some reason to believe, judging from the tone of Novoe Vremya and other Russian journals, that the tax on foreign residents in Russia, which these journals so strongly advocate, may shortly be introduced by the government. A report is current that this tax will be fixed at 150 gold roubles per annum, which makes about 255 roubles in the ordinary currency, or about \$125. The effect of such an impost would of course be to drive out of the country the more skilled and industrious artisans of foreign nationalities. Like the foreign passport tax, it will act as another check to Russia's foreign commerce."

A steam yacht is an expensive luxury. Jay Gould seldom cruises on the beautiful Atlanta and more seldom has guests aboard, yet she costs him \$6000 a month. W. K. Vanderbilt has made one cruise in his new Alva—to the Bermudas—and has planned others and he calculates that it will cost him at least \$10,000 a month to maintain his steam pleasure craft. Wm. Astor keeps his steam yacht, the Nourmahal, tied up most of the time, and consequently he gets off more cheaply—\$2000 to \$3000 a month. The most extensive and most famous for its good cheer of all New York steam yachts is James Gordon Bennett's Namouna. For twelve months in the year he keeps her in commission and hardly a week passes when her cabin is not the scene of some lavish entertainment. Entertainments, more or less lavish, cost money, but how much Mr. Bennett spends in that way will remain a mystery. It is only known that the sum total of actual expenses on the Namouna is \$48,000 a year.

The Epoch says that in the summer time, "the thunder storm takes its place as a formidable agent for the destruction of human life and property. The multiplication of telegraph wires in cities is doubtless somewhat of a protection, at least it is comparatively rare that any one is struck by lightning in crowded towns. But in the country houses and barns, even when guarded by lightning-rods are frequently the target of the thunder-bolt, and people who, from a foolish desire to escape a wetting, take refuge under tall trees especially when they are isolated, are apt to pay the penalty of their rashness. There is a proverb that lightning never strikes twice in the same place. This must take its place as among the fallacious saws born of superstition. The objects that offer the electric fluid a convenient track once are apt to perform the same service a second time and it is known that a building has been struck a second and even a third time during the same shower. It is one consolation for those who mourn friends taken off by lightning to know that such a death is probably quite painless."

**Nature is the Greatest Model.**  
Household ornamentation, in its designs, its meanings and effects, follows closer to nature models than anything else I know of, says L. Rouard in the Globe-Democrat. The most modern designs in arrasene and other ornamental fabrics are wavy lines. Nature seldom if ever made a straight line. Take for instance the human countenance—it is a good model or guide; taking the nose as a center, the eyes should be the same size and equally apart, the forehead, the hair, and lower portions of the face all should be equally proportioned from that center; or, as the head is higher than the shoulders, so the center of an article of furniture should be the tallest point, and the decorations arranged as near as possible to the above proportions in the matter of balance. Blending of colors, too, is important in the selection of decorations, and the nearer we go to nature in this also have we the most desirable and commendable selection. The more I have investigated the more I am convinced that nature gave us models which can not be improved.

**Making a Speech.**  
A well-known stenographer in this city was called upon recently by the president of a certain political body and requested to take a speech from him. At the time appointed the reporter went to the gentleman's office, and they looked at each other for some time, the stenographer waiting for his employer to begin his speech. The man stammered out a few ideas and paused. He looked at the short-hand man awhile, and finally said: "You know better than I what I want to say. You are used to that kind of thing, you know." That settled it. The young man gathered up his blank paper and strode out. The next day he returned with the speech written in typewriter's copy, and was paid the sum charged without a question.—[Philadelphia Call.]

**According to Circumstances.**  
"What influence has the moon on the tide?" asked the new teacher. "Depends on what's tied," replied the smart-aleck boy, thoughtfully; "if it's a dog it makes him howl, and if it's a gate, it depends on who's trying to untie it. My sister—" and just then the new teacher began to remember that all the former teachers in Birehly district had resigned in the middle of a term.—[Barbette.]

**Hope and Memory.**  
Why should it be that the misty past,  
Or the future yet un-seen,  
Is dearer far to the heart, alas!  
Than the present which lies between  
With every pulse of the heart's red flow  
Is woven a dream and a sigh,  
For the happy days of the long ago,  
And the glad sweet by and by.  
There is a wisdom in nature's way  
Which the doubting heart ne'er knows;  
We live the best of our lives each day,  
From dawn to their sunlit close;  
For the bliss we tasted at youthful springs,  
And the joys which are to be,  
Are brought each day on the gracious wings  
Of Hope and Memory.  
—[Nixon Waterman in the Current.]

### THE LOST DEED.

BY ISABEL HOLMES.

"It's mighty queer about that deed," Reuben Hill was saying to his wife, as he wiped the perspiration from his face with his red, polka-dotted handkerchief. "Nathan was so methodical like about his papers and everything. It wasn't like him to mislay it. But I have looked through all the drawers of that old mahogany desk and among his other papers fifty times, I guess. I know he meant the Red Brook Farm for O-scar, but if that deed is never found I suppose his own boys will take it."

Mrs. Hill was bending over the kitchen stove with flushed face, for the day was hot. The odor of fried ham filled the air. She stood back and looked at Reuben by the open window, with a meditative air.

"It is queer about it," she echoed. "It will be mean enough if O-scar gets cheated out of a share in the property. He worked faithfully for Nathan till he was of age, more faithfully than his own boys, and Nathan thought so much of him, too."

"And meant to do the square thing by him," Reuben continued. "You don't suppose Robert or Will had a hand in—"

Reuben interrupted himself to look up, as a strange shadow fell across the square of sunlight in the kitchen door. A girl, a stranger, carrying a valise, was standing there. Her comely face was flushed, and she seemed somewhat overcome with the heat.

Mrs. Hill looked at her with an encouraging smile. The girl stepped inside the doorway in response to the mute welcome.

"Don't you want to hire a girl at low wages through the hot weather?" she enquired abruptly.

"We do our own work," Mrs. Hill responded. "Our own girls, Addie and Lottie, are both at home this summer. Have you come far? You look heated. Won't you sit down where it is cool and rest?"

"I have walked from Kennebunk this forenoon," said the girl. "I am pretty tired."

She sat down in the Madras-covered chair by the open door. Her eyes wandered around the kitchen as if she recognized something familiar in the surroundings, although she was a stranger.

"You've come a pretty long stretch," Reuben volunteered, giving her a quick, shrewd glance. He was apt to be on the lookout for strangers.

Mrs. Hill regarded her with the kind motherliness she felt for her own girls.

"You'll feel better after you have had some dinner with us," she said.

"Just left a place, I s'pose," Reuben commented.

"Yes," said the girl. She spoke with a slight Scotch accent. She seemed a little embarrassed with the question, and her eyes wandered through the door to the hired men coming up to dinner from the hay field.

"I had a pretty good place, but I wanted a change," she said, bringing her glance to bear upon Reuben's face bashfully.

"A girl ought to stick to a good place," he ventured.

She made no reply to this "feeler," but something like a smile flitted over her face.

"Sort of odd, I guess," was Reuben's thought.

Mrs. Hill removed the "sizzling" spider from the hot stove, and taking up the platter of brown slices of ham, she said to the girl:

"Come in this way and take off your hat."

The girl followed her into the cool dining-room and gave the same peculiar glance around. Mrs. Hill set the platter on the invitingly laid table and then conducted the stranger into her own bedroom adjoining, where the high feather bed stood, covered with a patchwork quilt of pink and white "basket work."

"Just lay your things on the bed and come right out to dinner," Mrs. Hill said. "Here's a little girl who wants a place to work," she said to Lottie, who just then came out of the buttery with a huge apple pie, which she placed on the table.

"Well, there's enough work to be done here, dear knows," Lottie returned briskly, with a friendly nod to the newcomer. "There's sewing enough to keep Addie busy six months, and that spinning—I don't believe you'll get round to it before Christmas. It takes us both all the time to potter round with the household. I do think

ours beats all the houses in the neighborhood to pile up work. Yet we are always at it, late and early."

The hired men now came in and the family gathered around the table. Oscar, a tall, rather good-looking fellow, sat directly opposite the girl. She was looking around upon the assembled faces with that strange look of half recognition she had worn since she crossed the threshold. She met the eyes of Oscar suddenly. She colored and kept her eyes on her plate the rest of the dinner hour.

In the after-dinner conclave she gave her name as Sara McKay. She had come to the "States" from Prince Edward Island about a year ago, and landed in Portland, and found her way to Kennebunk, where she had lived in a family ever since.

"I'd be willing to work for my board awhile, it seems so much like home here," she said.

"Well, you're welcome to stay and help when you feel like it? Mrs. Hill responded for her heart had gone out to the stranger from the first. "We never feel as if we can pay wages in the house, because we have to keep hired help on the farm all the time. But you can stay through the hot weather, and I dare say a place will turn up for you before long."

"I can spin," Sara said, eagerly. "All the girls on the island learn to do that."

"I couldn't draw a thread to save my life," said Addie.

So it was settled. The wheel and reel, so common in our grandmothers' days, were brought out and set in the shed because it was cool. Sara, with the fluffy "rolls" heaped high on a chair back at her left hand, drew out her thread and filled the spindle rapidly, with a nonchalance and easy command of the situation that won the admiration of the girls, it being such an unusual accomplishment among them.

A week went by. Sara was talkative about her island home, but non-committal regarding her reasons for leaving the place in Kennebunk.

"Whatever it means she's a good, nice girl," Mrs. Hill said to the girls privately.

Reuben Hill still ruminated over the disappearance of the deed. Oscar came into his meals quietly, having very little to say at any time. He had lived there since the death of Nathan Hill, six months before. Once or twice he caught Sara regarding him with a curious, fixed expression and answered her with a grave look of inquiry that brought the furious blushes to her face.

One day Sara had finished her dinner and gone out into the shed, leaving the family to rise, one after the other, leisurely. The soft whirr of the wheel, mingled with the murmur of insects in the hot summer noon, reached the dining room.

"It's queer how she happened to come here," Addie remarked, reflectively.

"And she's so secret about leaving her place," added Lottie.

"Well, I do like to see her round," Mrs. Hill said in her own placid fashion.

Mr. Hill, going out through the shed on his way to the big barn, stopped in consternation. Sara was sitting on an old red chest in the corner, in great distress seemingly. He gave one glance, then hurried back, and called startlingly through the kitchen door.

"Mother! girls! Come! Sara's in a fit!"

They came hurrying out with various exclamations. Her eyes were wide open, but unseeing. Her face was working convulsively.

"Perhaps she's subject to them," suggested Mrs. Hill.

"Oscar," said M. Hill, "tell Tim to jump on the gray mare and ride to the corner for a doctor. Quick now!"

Sara became quiet all in a moment. "Don't send for a doctor," she said. "I'm not sick."

Her eyes were still open and unseeing, but her voice had changed, and was falling upon their ears in gruff, familiar accents.

"Nathan's voice, if I ever heard it in my life," Reuben told the doctor afterwards.

"Don't you know me?" she asked in that familiar voice. "I've been wanting to come and tell you about the deed. I have never been able to come before. You've overlooked a secret drawer in the mahogany desk. It is close under the bookcase. The deed is there. Go now and look."

Like one dazed Reuben went up stairs and searched for the secret drawer in the old-fashioned piece of furniture, a combined bookcase and writing desk, which had been removed there, with other things, after Nathan's death. It must be confessed that he felt pretty nervous. How did Sara know about the deed? It had never been mentioned in her presence.

He returned. "There ain't any drawer there," he said.

"But there is," persisted Sara. "There is a spring, the color of the wood, about the size of a pin head, close under the bookcase on the left of the writing desk. Pass your finger nail over the surface and you'll find it."

Reuben went again. It must be admitted that he felt a thrill of superstitious fear.

He did as she directed, touched the spring and the drawer flew open. There sure enough, was the deed.

He went back to the group, who greeted him with various exclamations. Sara started, shivered slightly and looked around upon the faces with seeing, questioning eyes.

"What has happened?" she asked. "Have I been asleep? I felt awful strange the last I knew, and thought I'd sit down on the chest a few minutes."

"You've been asleep, or something," Mrs. Hill said slowly.

Sara went to the wheel and, taking up the thread she had left half twisted, began spinning, with a rather shamefaced expression. They all looked at her so strange, and Oscar's eyes seemed riveted upon her.

"How did you know about the secret drawer?" Reuben asked, abruptly.

"Secret drawer?" Sara repeated with a genuinely mystified look.

"You were in some kind of a trance, I think," Mrs. Hill said.

"I thought you were in a fit," said Addie.

"And I thought you were going crazy," laughed Lottie, now that her fear was gone.

Mrs. Hill explained about the deed. Sara listened, then said deliberately: "I never told you how I came to leave my place. I thought you might think it was silly. It was all on account of a dream I had."

The group were listening breathlessly. "I saw this house with the long piazza and green blinds," she went on, "the big barn, with the great doors open, the bee hives, your faces, everything just as plain in my dream as I saw them when I came that day. I thought I was to come here to help some one. I didn't understand what it meant, but I awoke with the feeling that I must come, whether I wanted to or not. I had seen the long, dusty road stretching ahead of me, and the house and barn on the hill. When I got there I was half frightened, but you all seemed as if you had been expecting me. You made me feel at home."

"Strange," said Mrs. Hill, with a sort of awe in her voice.

"Aunt Samantha would explain it," said Lottie. "She's been going to seneces at the corner lately."

From the day that the deed was found Oscar began to show open preference for Sara.

It was not until she became his wife and they were living quietly in the little house on the Red Brook farm that she confessed to having seen his face in her dream the plainest of all, and that she had been told that she was to marry him.

Reuben Hill is not quite such a hard-headed skeptic as formerly. He has to admit that there may be stranger things in the universe than his philosophy has dreamed of.

We give the facts, as they came under our notice, without pretending to account for them.—[New York Mercury.]

### The Writing of Modern Hymns.

Know that man? It's William H. Dane, and he makes \$20,000 a year writing hymns, or rather that's the royalty he gets. He is engaged with Fay & Co., but in his leisure moments he hunts around and finds a touching bit of poetry and he works it into a hymn. Oh, it's a paying business; beats any kind of writing I ever heard of, but it's not everybody that can cater to that sort of a style. It's harder than writing variety songs or even longer stories or detective yarns of blood and thunder romances. You see, a man must have some of the divine afflatus mixed with a good deal of piety in order to be a success as a hymnologist. He lives in a fine residence on Mount Auburn and some time ago he had a falling out with John Mitchell—something about a boundary line. They got the matter in courts, when Mitchell said he'd fix him, so he erected a long row of three story bricks right adjoining. He said he was going to put up a hundred, but he only got as far as seventy.—[Cincinnati Inquirer.]

### Lafayette's Land.

There have been numerous inquiries of late as to whether Lafayette accepted a township of land tendered him by the United States government, and if he did accept it, where was the land located. These inquiries have brought out a statement of one who was a deputy surveyor in Florida, who says that after completing the survey in 1825 he returned to Tallahassee, where he met Col. McKee, who had been sent there as the agent of Gen. Lafayette, then on a visit to the United States. Col. McKee was commissioned to select the preferred township, and he chose one adjoining and northwest from Tallahassee. It is presumed that the land has long since been sold off.

### What He Caught.

"Fishing yesterday, eh?" queried Wigwag.

"Yes," replied McPeiter, hoarsely.

"You brought your catch home this time?"—facetiously.

"Yes, and I've got it yet."

"What was it?"

"A cold—the worst I've had this season.—Free Press.

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Where the Presidents are Buried.

The burial-places of our Presidents are widely scattered. Washington lies at Mount Vernon; the two Adams are buried under the old church at Quincy, Mass.; Jefferson rests at Monticello; Madison's grave is at Montpelier, not far from Monticello; Monroe's remains lie in the Richmond Cemetery; Jackson's grave is in front of his old residence, "The Hermitage"; Van Buren was buried at Kinderhook; Harrison at North Bend, near Cincinnati; Polk at Nashville; Taylor's remains are near Louisville; Fillmore lies in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo; Pierce was buried at Concord and Buchanan at Lancaster; Lincoln's grave is near Springfield; Johnson's at Greenville, Garfield's at Cleveland, Grant's at Riverside and Arthur's at Albany.

There are twenty persons whose gifts to colleges in this country aggregate over \$23,000,000. Three of these—Stephen H. Hilditch, Johns Hopkins and Asa Packer—gave over \$14,000,000.