

PROGRESS PUBLISHING CO.

General Booth, leader of the Salvation Army, is planning an invasion of Zululand, South America, and, preparatory to the organization of his forces for this foreign campaign, he has issued a call for 5,000 officers to be trained as missionaries.

The annual wood consumption of the United States for building and other purposes is something over two thousand millions of cubic feet. We still have a large area of forest land, but with a wasteful and imprudent management how long can this last?

It is reckoned that it costs sixty dollars to keep each of the one hundred thousand families of Minnesota warmed and fed during a single winter—nearly the value of one-third of her wheat crop in 1886. Fuel is comparatively abundant and cheap at the South.

The London Musical Standard publishes the names of people of note in the musical world who died last year. There are included 250 names and many nationalities are represented. The average age attained was high—61 years. There were four suicides, all singers. One cantatrice was assassinated and another was "hissed to death."

The recent long drought in England caused great embarrassment to the umbrella trade, as sales nearly ceased. One manufacturer who was sued for a debt of £5 declared that nothing but the drought prevented payment of the debt, and the Court granted him a month's respite, in the hope that rain might come and umbrellas be salable.

There are two church bells at Messilla, Mexico, that are valuable. They were cast in 1775, and it is said that just before the casting was made at least \$1000 worth of gold and silver jewelry was dropped into the molten mass of metal by the devout, who thought thus to propitiate their patron saints. The bells are to be melted and the precious metals recovered.

According to the latest newspaper directory there are 15,420 newspapers now published in the United States and Canada, of which 11,614 are weeklies. In New York State there are 1,591 newspapers. The total single issue of all publications is estimated at 30,165,250, from which it would seem that almost every person in the United States of an age to read peruses pretty regularly one or more newspapers.

Gratitude that takes the form of dollars and cents is generally well liked by the recipient. If so, Private Heath of the Fifth cavalry, should feel repaid for a gallant deed he did eleven years ago in the Sioux war. In that campaign he rescued the captain of his company, who was wounded, from falling into the hands of the Indians at the great risk of his own life. Now Captain Price is looking him up to give him a deed to a Kansas farm worth \$9,000.

The Sydney (Australia) Herald quotes an official report relative to attempts to suppress the rabbit plague in Australia and says: "The evidence goes to show that the present system for the destruction of the rabbits has been a complete failure. There has been £361,492 spent, and 7,853,787 rabbits have been killed. That is, every rabbit has cost nearly a shilling to kill, while the lamentable fact remains that the rabbits have not decreased in numbers, but have rather increased."

Who are the people that leave money on deposit, and fail to call for it? A little information on this point comes from Connecticut, which has eighty-four savings banks at present, not over twenty of the number coming under the law requiring reports concerning unknown depositors. The amount of deposits which have remained without claimants for twenty years is known to be over \$75,000. Of this, \$21,000 is held by the Society for Savings in Hartford, \$17,000 by the New London Savings Bank, \$12,500 by the Norwich Savings Bank, \$7,000 by the Bridgeport Savings Bank, \$4,000 by the Middletown, and not far from \$4,000 by the Norwalk Savings Bank.

Attention is being called to the enormous loss of stock that has taken place on the ranches of Montana and Wyoming during the past winter, owing to lack of food and to exposure. The cattle are required to provide for themselves on the bleak plains of these territories and where the ranch is overstocked and the pastures bare many animals must necessarily perish. "This," says the New York Epoch, "is a matter which sooner or later will require legislation of some kind, for to permit cattle to starve and freeze to death is surely the worst kind of cruelty. It may also be a question whether any of that region is suitable for stock in winter, with the exception of a narrow strip under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains and subject to the Chinook winds."

The report of the appointment division in the Post Office department contains the following figures for the past fiscal year: Number of offices established, 3,048; number discontinued, 1,500; appointments on resignations and commissions expired, 5,863; appointments on removals and suspensions, 2,584; appointments on changes of names and sites, 482; appointments on deaths of postmasters, 589. The total number of appointments of postmasters of all grades during the year was 13,079. The total number of appointments for the years 1885 and 1886 was 22,747 and 9,547 respectively, making a total for the three years of 46,373. The total number of post offices of all grades in operation on July 1, 1887, was 55,157.

Jeffrey Wilson, who died near Mechanicsburg, Ohio, a short time ago, was born a slave in Virginia in 1773, and had entered on his 115th year, when he died. He was a slave for ninety-two years. He had two wives. By the first he became the father of eight children, three of whom are living, the average of their ages being 80 years, the eldest being 87 and the youngest 79 years. By his second wife he had nine children, six of whom are living, their average age being 52 years, the eldest being 58 and the youngest 41. He had seventy-six grandchildren, thirteen great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild, his offspring extending through four generations, there being 106 souls. In his veins flowed the blood of three races—white, negro, and Indian—and to this fact is attributed his longevity.

The reclamation of the desert of portions of northern Africa by means of artesian wells, seems to be going on prosperously. The first well has constantly increased its flow, and now irrigates an area of 1500 acres, on which are growing many thousand palm trees, besides garden crops for the support of the population which has flocked to the place, and a second well has been driven about two miles from the first, which already delivers nearly twice as much water as the first. If the flow from the second can be distributed as successfully as that from the first, the two wells, neither of which is 300 feet deep, will bring into cultivation an area of more than seven square miles, forming an oasis of considerable importance, and it seems now probable that the French government may take measures for restoring their ancient fertility to tracts which were once renowned for their fruitfulness.

Europe has 337,000,000 people, according to the report prepared for the International Statistical Congress. This is about five and a half times as many persons as there are in the United States. This population lives upon 6,233,000 square miles of land. But more than half the land in Europe is Russian territory, and Russia has far less than half the people. Russia has 3,423,185 square miles of land, leaving for all other nations but 2,809,815 square miles, and the population of all the nations, exclusive of Russia, is 244,400,000, that of Russia being 93,000,000. If all Europe were peopled as densely as are the non-Russian countries, Europe would have more than eight times the population of the United States. But the whole area of the United States is 3,250,000 square miles, or rather less than the Russian territory, but a good deal larger than the remainder of Europe. Non-Russian Europe, therefore, crowds 244,000,000 of people upon a surface much smaller than that held by our 60,000,000. In all Europe, exclusive of Russia, the average of population to the square mile is 190, and in the United States it is 19. For every loaf of bread that a man gets in Europe there is ten times as much struggling as for a loaf in this country. Bread is dear, therefore, and humanity is cheap in Europe. Humanity is more highly rated here, and bread is cheaper.

Heredity in Handwriting.
Do you believe in heredity in handwriting? A friend advocates the theory to me with much show of reason. His life has been a long one, and he says that now, in noticing the signatures of children of friends of his, he is frequently startled by the close relations of their penmanship to that of their parents. Inquiry does not demonstrate that the children have intentionally copied the handwriting of their sires, but without intent have come into the same peculiarities. In some instances the difference between the two could scarcely be distinguished. The student of heredity and its many whims has here a new field of labor that might prove interesting in the development. —[Pioneer Press.

The First Dead Confederate.
It is said that Jackson county lost the first son in the late war. Mr. J. A. Williamson, who belonged to the Banks County Guards, died of measles before any blood was shed in the Confederate army. He was the nephew of our fellow-citizen, J. P. Williamson. Should a monument be erected to the memory of him who first lost his life for the lost cause, Jefferson will stand a good chance to have it.—[Jackson (Ga.) Herald.

The Good Man's Creed.

A little thought and a little care,
A little tenderness now and then,
A precious speech and a courtly air,
May give one rank among "gentlemen;"
But he who merits the highest place,
Though clad in homespun cloth, 'tis true
Is one who carries a heart of grace,
And is really a nobleman through and through.
Ah! not to a leaflet here and there
Is the lovely scene of the rose conveyed;
Nor is there a corner within it where
The fragrance lurks, and the treasures laid;
But every petal is truly filled—
Pink or crimson, or saffron hue—
With odors rich, by the dews distilled;
And the rose is a sweet rose through and through.
And yonder billow with foaming crest,
So bright and sparkling, so glad and free,
May seem of a lighter make than the rest
Of the mighty sweep of the solemn sea;
But there's not a drop in the crucible,
Never a drop since the world was new,
That wouldn't be the self-same story tell,
That the sea is a salt sea through and through.
The tree is stunted, the vine is spoiled,
There's neither blossom nor leaf nor fruit,
When the sap in its upward reach is foiled
And fettered close in the tangled root.
And there's nothing sound, and there's nothing strong,
There's nothing good, and there's nothing true,
That is not honestly—right along
Sweet and savory through and through.
Faithfully faithful in every trust;
Honestly honest in every deed;
Righteously righteous, and justly just.
This is the whole of the good man's creed.
—[The Earth.

POLLY'S BISCUIT.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

"Polly, don't buy your pearls to-day." Polly Rutherford looked up quickly from the jeweler's case she was bending over, and saw Mr. McIlwaine standing at her side. "Why shouldn't I buy to-day?" she cried. "I have had this hundred dollars in gold for almost a year, Mr. McIlwaine, trying to make up my mind what I wanted most; now my birthday is almost here again, and I am afraid Grandpa will make this do for two birthdays, if I don't hurry and spend it." But Polly's gay little laugh was checked by a look of unmistakable compassion in the gentleman's eyes. The color faded a little from her bright young face, but she would not ask any questions here in the crowded store. "You may put them back to-day, Mr. West," she said to the jeweler. "I'll come again to-morrow." "Very well, Miss Rutherford," said the vexed salesman, concealing his disappointment, "I shall reserve them for you." Polly left the tempting store with Mr. McIlwaine, and once on the street turned upon him a pair of frank, questioning eyes, which he found hard to answer. Paul McIlwaine was a friend of the Rutherford family; but not specially of little Polly; she was only sixteen, a mere child to the hard-working lawyer of thirty, and one whom he considered as altogether frivolous and empty. Polly was an only daughter, living with a widowed mother in her grandfather's elegant house, and if she was not a spoiled girl it was not the fault of the dotting old grandfather, whose idol she had been from her babyhood. "What did you mean, Mr. McIlwaine?" she asked, presently, finding that the questioning look brought no reply. And then, seeing how embarrassed he seemed about answering, she said, with a sudden fear, "Have you been at Grandpa's since I left? Is anything the matter?" "They are all well," he said, answering the thought which he knew was in her mind, "but something has happened, Polly, of course, or I would not have interfered with your purchase." "Oh! tell me, tell me," said the girl in an agitated voice. "Why do you keep me in suspense?" "What a blunderer I am," thought her companion. "If I tell her out here on the street, there will be a scene; but I'm in for it now, and if I don't tell her I suppose there will be a scene; that's the way with these fine young ladies." "It is a hard thing to say to you, Polly, but your grandfather has failed." "Failed," repeated Polly, vaguely, "you mean he has lost his money? Is that all? Is that what you were afraid to tell me?" "That 'all' means a good deal more than you seem to understand," said Paul McIlwaine, impatiently; "it means loss and grief and disappointment and poverty to one of the best gentlemen in the world; it means hard work to your mother who has no strength for work; to you—"
"He stopped, and Polly said quickly, feeling the tinge of contempt in his tone: "Never mind about me, but I see now how bad it will be, poor Grandpa! Mr. McIlwaine does—must—will anybody else lose by Grandpa's failure?" "It is too soon to say positively," he replied, "but I think not. I think he has quit business in time to leave his creditors any appreciable loss." Polly's head was up now, and her eyes shining. "Dear old Grandpa," she said, "bless his heart; I am ashamed that I

asked the question; I might have known. But, oh! I'm so much obliged to you for keeping me from spending my hundred dollars; it was very kind of you, very; I don't know how you came to find me. How long have you known about Grandpa?" "It only came out this morning, and took us all entirely by surprise. But here we are at your door; good-by, my dear; if I can be of service to you in any way, (he had meant to offer her money, but he was suddenly afraid to speak of such a thing to the spirited-looking girl before him,) remember the long intimacy between our families gives me a right to help you." "Thank you," she said, simply; it was all she had voice for, and, using her latchkey, she let herself into the house. "Bless me!" said the young lawyer, as he walked off, "but the girl has pluck! It was very pretty, and entirely womanly, too, the way she thought of others, her grandfather and the creditors. I didn't think little Polly had it in her." If he had seen little Polly at this minute, he might not have thought she had so much in her; she had slipped noiselessly into the great handsome front parlor and dropped down on one of the low cushioned divans, "all in a heap," as the girls say. For two whole hours she kept herself hid in the parlor, nobody knowing she was in the house, and in that long, silent time, when she heard only the tinkling little bronze clock, and her own irregular breathing, something happened to Polly, almost like what happens to the moth when it comes out of the cocoon. It happened to the Polly that was hid away inside of the Polly that everybody knew; and who shall say but that this great, startling change of fortune was not sent to keep that inside Polly from being smothered and dwarfed by the outside Polly! When she went to find her mother and grandfather, it was with a bright face and steady voice. A few days after this, Polly brought up a dainty little breakfast for her mother, who was quite overcome by their disaster, as was the poor old grandfather. "Come, mither," Polly said blithely, "I made these biscuits, and you've got to eat two. What a good thing it was that you had that hobby about teaching me to do things; don't it fit in nicely now?" "It was a theory of your father's," answered the mother, in a depressed tone; "I promised him when you were a wee baby in long clothes that I would have you taught to do everything that women can do, and of course, after his death, I felt the more bound to do it. But I don't know why you should make so much of it now; you can't support yourself by making biscuits." "I don't know," said Polly, carelessly; "I don't know," she repeated more earnestly, springing up and walking about the room as if her mind were not following her footsteps. In a few weeks the Rutherfords had moved into a small down-town house, with all the available rooms "let," and poor old Mr. Rutherford was trying feebly to discharge the duties of a small-salaried office into which his friends had put him. Polly's mother seemed quite crushed at first, but the girl herself was buoyant with hope, as every young girl has a right to be, no matter what her style of living is—or is not. Thanks to Mr. McIlwaine, she had her hundred dollars now to invest in an enterprise on which she had set her heart far more than it had ever been set on the pearls. And along with the hundred dollars she had also to invest in it youth, health, good sense, a brave spirit, and a proud independence. What else needed she for a happy and successful life? Her enterprise began with a visit, basket in hand, to seven or eight of the best city hotels, and as many of the restaurants; to all of them she offered a daily, weekly, or tri-weekly supply of her dainty little beaten biscuit, such as she had learned to make down in eastern Virginia, from a famous old cook, who had in slave days belonged to her father's family. She was successful almost up to her own expectations, and far beyond her mother's, and her elation could not but infuse some hope into that lady's weak spirit. "We must have a new name for your biscuit, miss," said one wise old restaurateur; "what shall we call them?" "Call them," said Polly, hesitating and laughing, "call them the Polly-wolly-winkum biscuit." The Polly-wolly-winkum biscuit got to be the fashion that winter; after hiring one good cook at what seemed ruinous wages, a second and a third had to be engaged; but Polly put on her great kitchen apron, tied up her abundant hair into a high knot, and spent four hours of every day in her kitchen herself; no plea of other engagements, no pretense that the cooks would do as well without her, no tempting offer of sleigh-rides, no flattering invitations of any sort could make the little mistress of the bakery break her rule, or neglect her work. Naturally the biscuit grew in favor.

The last time I visited the Polly-wolly-winkum bakery, it had moved its quarters to a large, well-lighted kitchen, with a class-room attached. Yes, a class-room; for Polly had agreed to teach cooking to a number of rich men's daughters at a good round price per girl, and, not to lose the chance of doing good because she was poor, she selected a dozen poor girls, to whom she gave another hour a week, without pay. Mr. Paul McIlwaine was my cicerone on the occasion of my visit and when I had admired and praised until the English language was exhausted he said, gravely: "Nevertheless a suit is pending in court against the Polly-wolly-winkum bakery; it is charged that Miss Rutherford is dishonestly withholding from all the young gentlemen of her acquaintance the time and thought and interest they believe to be their due." "That is a dreadful charge, Polly-winkum," said I. "What are you going to do about it?" "I'll engage Mr. McIlwaine to defend me," replied the little bakeress, running to look into an oven. But somehow her face was red even before she opened the oven door!—[Good Cheer.

Food of the Turks.
The Turkish cuisine must be tasted to be appreciated. The basis of all culinary operations in Stamboul is a certain kind of tallow extracted from the broad and thick extremity of the Caraman sheep. This tallow has an odor so potent that we would not use it even for candles. The Turks are essentially vegetarians. They eat beef very rarely, and never pork or veal. They indulge in ducks, lean fowls, and finally sheep, the flesh of which they cut off in small pieces. These pieces are strung upon long spits, which are held and turned for some minutes over hot coals, where they are slowly roasted, retaining all their juices. This is what is called kebab, a healthful and nutritious food, which Europeans find delicious. Turkish pastry is quite varied, and would not be disagreeable if honey and sugar were not used so abundantly, and if the taste of tallow could be excluded. Bakalava and ekmek-kataif (thick cakes cooked in honey, perfumed with rosewater and covered with caimak, a kind of cream) in particular, recall very savory memories. Pachas and rich Turks always have at their repasts a great number of dishes, which the servants bring in on brass platters, and place on the mat on the floor or sometimes on small, low tables, around which the guests squat themselves. They eat in silence and in a grave manner, and serve themselves generally with their fingers as well as with their forks, and with their teeth as well as with their knives. Nevertheless, they deign to use a spoon to convey to their mouths food that is not very solid, like stewed rice, malebi, a kind of cooked cream and flour, thick and bitterish milk, of all of which they are very fond. Their drink consists of clear water; but this does not prevent them from imbibing before their repast a white liquor, raki, which is made of the gum of the mastic tree mixed with alcohol. It is an agreeable drink, but it is used like absinthe, the taste and properties of which it possesses. Its use, and even its abuse, does not bring remorse to the conscience of the Turks, for Mohammed has forbidden them to use wine, but he forgot, prophet though he was, to foresee the manufacture of raki, an invention more modern than his own.—[American Analyst.

Quicksand Swallowed the Train.
"Talking about railroad accidents," remarked an old railroad man in conversation about the Chatsworth horror, "the most remarkable one I ever knew of—and I've been running on the road now for nearly thirty years—was in Kansas on the K. P., not far from Fort Wallace, where a train of cars, including the engine, was thrown into the bed of a dry creek and never found. That is, the engine and some of the cars never were. The engineer and fireman were both lost. The train was a freight, and that's why there were no passengers to be killed. At the time of the Tay bridge disaster in Scotland, the train, which was blown from the bridge, or went through the bridge, which ever it was, was never found because the water and mud were deep and swallowed up the engine, while the coaches probably went out to sea with the tide. But there was no tide in that Kansas dry branch. The quicksand just swallowed everything."—[Chicago Tribune.

Brought to Earth.
They were seated in the balcony, and he, the ardent and romantic lover, was breathing impassioned sentiment into the ears of the peerless but practical Priscilla. "How sweet to me is the scent of roses!" he murmured, in his thrilling tones. "The perfume of that queen of flowers affects me strangely, agitates me, nay, even forces the tears into my eyes!" And Pegasus would have soared to even greater heights had she not brought him to earth with the commonplace comment: "Well, do you know, I've noticed the same thing about onions!"

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A natural curiosity has been discovered at Solothurn, Switzerland, the centre of a large watch manufacturing district. It is the nest of a wagtail, built wholly of long spiral steel shavings, with the least part of vegetable or animal fibre used in its construction. The steel shavings are half a millimeter thick and about twelve centimeters long. The nest has been preserved in the Museum of Natural History.

Saw a Cool Deed.
"I saw a cool deed this morning," remarked Fangle at the supper table. "What was it?" asked his wife, with deep interest. "The title to an ice-house," replied the wretch.—[Life.