

GAINS AND LOSSES.

Come the hours when we sit in the shadow
That falls like the drop of a wing
O'er the nest that is naked and empty
When the fledglings have learned how to sing.

Then we are the heart for the old time,
The time that was busy and gay,
With the world and its clamor about us,
And we in the midst of the fray.

In the shadow we count up our losses;
We weep where we marched with the best.
Oh! the ache when we try to walk softly,
The cry of our soul against rest.

And we grieve for the golden heads vanished
Our children are women and men,
And wistful and deep is the yearning
To have them but the children again.

And we fret o'er the fruitless endeavor,
The labor that satisfied not,
Till the shadow grows thicker and longer,
And the blue in our eyes is a blot.

On the lingering splendor of sunshine,
That taps with its lances of light,
At the shut and barred door of our memory,
An after-glow radiant and bright.

Do we see nothing else but our losses,
We mourning there, fools and pariahs,
With the crown and the kingdom before us,
The conflict and turmoil behind?

Shall the harvest lament for the seed time,
The bud be less blithe than the leaf?
Is there joy when the plough breaks the furrow,
And none when the hand binds the sheaf?

Oh! wands that are folded and drooping,
Spring wide in the evening's uplift;
Reach out to the stars that are showing
The skies in a silvery rift.

No day of our days is so hallowed
As that when we see, just before,
The light in the house of our Father
Shine out through His half-open door.

THE ESCAPE.

BY W. DELAPLAINE SCULL.

The last palisade—over! and limbs
Long stiffened felt flaccid once more with
the life of twenty-five. Now for a slow
and cautious creep along the gully by
which water came into the township;
later on he would bethink him of that
narrow escape at the third doorway.
Whist! a man's head in the road, and he
bent down once more behind the
earth-ridge and pushed his way up-
stream with difficulty, showing as little
of himself as possible. It was an officer
coming into the town late.

Very silently, the moon was trouble-
some to one just escaping, but, praise the
Lord, who watches over bold English-
men, the guard had not yet discovered
their loss, and the water was bearably
cold. Never return thanks too soon!
The officer reined his horse on a rising
slope, and, turning in his saddle, glanced
back over the shadow-dappled land so
that his eye, running up the shiny ribbon
of stream, suddenly saw the black dot
laboring away against its current.

Instincts of destruction ran along the
nerves of him; he drew a pistol and
fired, sending a splash of water over
John's head, while the echoes smote the
fortress-walls and lost themselves in the
woodlands behind. A low clatter rose
out of San Jago; John rose out of the
stream and ran to the copse. The
Spaniard spurred after him with drawn
sword, eager for the pleasure of slicing
him when caught up; in a few minutes
he was alongside, but this being a shad-
dowed spot he stayed his hand overhead
till the stroke should be sure. In that
moment John doubled like a hare and
rushed desperately at the soldier, who
reined up at once and brought down
his blade—vainly. For the cunning Eng-
lishman ducked under the horse's body,
then popped out, seized his foe's leg and
foot, and with a sudden fierce heave shot
the soldier sideways on top of his head,
necked, while the victor grasped the
bridle, bent to earth and snatched the
weapon's point into its haunch; off shot
the horse with a snort of pain, while the
clatter of pursuers arose behind, finally
sinking away as the pine trees drew by.

Then, as the moon entered a thick cloud
bank, they came to an open prairie, and
onward into darkness they went without
more than the slightest of stumbles.
Several miles; the horse began to breathe
hard and sob, then settled into a slow
trot.

More miles. The trot became a walk,
and the walk more difficult; more miles
yet, very long ones, and the earth went
up and down as the darkness became
gray—there were low hills and shallow
ravines, then came rocks and ledges,
and cliffs; the way speedily thinned, the
horse stopped at a cliff wall.

To the right, to the left, John looked
for an opening; there was none. He
raised his hands, licked a finger of the
clearest, thought he felt a faint fresh-
ness on the left side of it, and so turned
in that direction. After some hundred
yards he came to a crack in the wall; he
pushed it in, and was ledly roomy at
first, then it widened into a chasm, and
wound along in darkness with a band of
light at the top—then came a sudden de-
scent, and the weary creature he rode
stumbled and threw him into a pool of
water.

The shock of the plunge brought him
together again. He struggled beneath
the water, came up at last, hocked choked,
and pulled himself up on a rocky ledge
in the hard source of the stream that
passed mysteriously underground,
and came to daylight in the country
where the Spaniards had placed Fort
San Jago. He went along the chasm
and after an hour or two stood on the
platform; bare rock and nothing else; he
went on higher still, with hunger assert-
ing itself, miles and more miles yet.

Then he sat for a space, and thought;
he could not stay there, they would track
him to the rock wall and cliff; was there
another way to the other side? The
cold, shut-in lake was quite still now,
the cliff by which he had come in was
dimly visible across the dark level; he
stood up and looked behind him; the
cliff continued there like a narrow road
upward. Then he knew that he had
come to the hidden source of the stream
that passed mysteriously underground,
and came to daylight in the country
where the Spaniards had placed Fort
San Jago. He went along the chasm
and after an hour or two stood on the
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San Jago. He went along the chasm
and after an hour or two stood on the
platform; bare rock and nothing else; he
went on higher still, with hunger assert-
ing itself, miles and more miles yet.

And there were more plants nearer the
edge; to them he hastened, with the
blade still dragging from his wrist, to
fall prone on a little group of them, and
on a huge puff-adder lying almost in-
visible along an earth-ridge. Instantly the
beast drew back its head and struck him
on the bare leg; then fled.

A rigger-fell; he seized the sword
in both hands, brought it down at the
marked place, missed it, fell for-
ward, and the steel bent and broke under
him as the enemy glided away. But
after he panted with the strength of
revenge; caught it up as it twisted by a
large stone, pushing the stone over its
neck by an effort, and kneeling, cut its
writhing body into long strips with the
fragment of his blade. Then he got back
on his feet, and the green tufts, and while
the poison worked its way to his heart,
sweetened his last moments of life with
those leaves, till a stupor came over him
and he slept with his destroyer the sleep
of death on the border of the Sweet
Palm Coast, as the Indians called it in
their tongue.

Such was the escape of John Tilden,
whose bones have long become dust, the
only man who ever crossed the Tierra
de Sed.—[Black and White.

CONFEDERATE CASH.

UNIQUE COLLECTION OF PAPER MONEY OWNED BY UNCLE SAM.

How the Notes Were Made—A Big Business in Counterfeiting—Depreciation of the Notes.

Hidden away among the archives of
the Treasury Department is a curious
volume which few people have ever look-
ed into. Though the thing is not more
than a scrap-book, it is filled from cover
to cover with money. Altogether it holds
not less than \$200,000. The contents
are real currency of legitimate issue, and
yet the whole of them would not be
accepted to-day in payment for a bag of
flour or a box of soap. This is because
Confederate notes and bonds, which com-
pose the collection described, are worth
at present nothing more than their value
as a scrap. There is no far as certain
specimens are in demand by collectors.
Nevertheless the volume is extremely in-
teresting by reason of the fact that it
represents the most complete existing
assemblage of the "shipplasters" put in
circulation as promises to pay by the
government of the South during the
Civil war.

Looking over the pages of the scrap
book, the various issues of currency
being arranged in chronological order,
one follows from start to finish the history
of the greatest civil conflict that the
world has ever seen. The story of a
nation is always told most interestingly
by its money. "Two years after date the
confederate states promise to pay," reads
the inscription on the earliest notes, but
very soon this is replaced by a more con-
servative legend, setting the date of pay-
ment at "six months after the ratification
of the constitution of the confederate
states and the United States." And this
latter form holds up to the end of
the war. The money is patterned pretty
closely after Uncle Sam's, but the clear
lines of steel engraving are feebly imi-
tated by the processes of photolithogra-
phy. Why this method of printing
employed is quite an entertaining anec-
dote in itself.

It will be remembered, perhaps, that
Charles M. Schuchman, of South Carolina,
on taking office as the first secretary of
the confederate treasury made a contract
with the American Bank Note Company
of New York for a supply of paper notes
for \$1,000, \$500, \$100 and \$50. The
order was filled, a considerable quantity
of the currency being shipped to Rich-
mond and safely delivered. The goods
being found satisfactory the bank note
company was requested to send on the
balance of the order. This was done, but
the United States government was not
alert and succeeded in capturing the
plates on board of the vessel which was
conveying them to Richmond. A few
years later this matter was brought up
in Congress very effectively as an argu-
ment against employing the American Bank
Note Company to print United States
money, its action in lending such services
to the confederate government being de-
monstrated.

Now, at the time when the war began,
the American Bank Note Company had
a branch establishment at New Orleans,
which was conducted by a man named
Schmidt. Subsequent to the event just
described plates for \$100, \$50, \$10 and
\$5 notes were engraved there and printed
from. This did not last long, however.
Blanton Duncan, lieutenant colonel of a
Kentucky regiment, started a private
press at the close of the war, and pro-
duced paper currency by lithographic
processes to supply the confederate
treasury. Other shops were set up later
on for the same purpose, and the rivalry
for government contracts being very
great, they all united against Schmidt.
At this period any northern man resid-
ing in the south was an object of suspi-
cion, being regarded as an enemy and
liable to arrest and imprisonment. Accord-
ingly the governor of Louisiana, who was
public sentiment, swooped down upon
the branch office of the Bank Note com-
pany, and confiscating all the material in
the shape of plates, tools, etc., distributed
it among the lithograph printers.

About half a dozen of these litho-
graphic establishments at Richmond and at
Columbia, S. C., continued to print
paper money for the confederate treasury
until the close of the war. From the
beginning to the end of the conflict not
far from \$1,500,000,000 in shipplasters
of various denominations were turned
out and put into circulation. Looking
over the curious scrap book described
one notices that each note is actually
signed in pen and ink with the names
of the treasurer and register of the treasury,
and a serial number being put on in like
manner. This was accomplished by em-
ploying clerks to sign for those of the
treasury. They were arranged to work in
pairs, one signing for the register and the
other for the treasurer. The numbers were
added by a third person. At the begin-
ning this labor was performed by men,
but they were in such demand for fight-
ing purposes that women were substituted
later on. Altogether 244 women and 68
men were engaged in this task during
the war. They did the signing and num-
bering of the notes by sheets, which
were afterwards cut up.

One complaint that was made against
Schmidt was that he was horribly slow,
and this was a very serious matter where
there was an immediate necessity for al-
most unlimited supplies of a negotiable
medium. The lithographic establish-
ment in immediate proximity to the bank
material in immense quantities by block
ad runners from England. They also
obtained from Great Britain their work-
men, nearly all of whom were Scotch-
men. The firm of Keating & Ball, at
Columbia, survived all the other money
printing concerns, and toward the end
of the war they had all the contracts and
were the official engravers for the con-
federate treasury. Their factory was de-
stroyed by General Sherman on his famous
raid of 1865. In 1864 because of the
continued quarrels among the different
people who did the printing of the cur-
rency, the treasury appointed an officer
with the title of superintendent, whose
duty it was to conduct dealings with the
lithographic engravers and to superin-
tend all matters respecting the produc-
tion of the paper currency.

As if the foregoing had not been other causes
sufficient to depreciate the value of the
confederate currency that government
was still further embarrassed by the
counterfeiting on an enormous scale of
its issues of paper money. Gangs of ac-
complished forgers in the Bermudas and
in the north devoted much attention to
the production in immense quantities of
fairly accurate imitations of the notes
and bonds of the southern states. It is
certain that these criminals actually em-
ployed the services of lithographers in
the money-printing establishments which
supplied shipplasters for the support of
the war, and in this way they were able
to secure impressions made on paper
matrices from the original lithographic
stones. Thus they had no difficulty in
reproducing the bonds and notes by the
simplest mechanical means in fact, simi-
lar to the only difference being that the counter-
feits were apt to be a little bigger than
the originals by reason of the stretching
of the paper matrix.

Twenty-two Billions Insurance.

The enormous increase in the fire in-
surance business of this country in
recent years is shown, remarks the New
York Times, by some figures just col-
lected by a well-known adjuster, who
fixes the total amounts insured at the
close of 1892 at \$23,000,000,000, which
represents about 32.5 per cent. of the
total property valuations in the United
States. In 1863 the percentage of
amounts insured in the total property
valuation was only nine. In 1870 it had
increased to 16.78, in 1880, to 20.90, and
in 1890 to 30.41. The total amounts in-
sured to-day are nearly thirteen times
greater than they were in 1860, while
the property valuations are only four, or
at the most four and a half times greater.
C. C. Hine, of New York City, an
excellent authority on fire in-
surance matters, said recently that the
amount of this increase is not so very
astounding, because every industry en-
larges here phenomenally, but that the
percentage of increase on the values to
be insured raises the inquiry whether the
fire insurance mine has not now been ex-
hausted. Whether or not these reduc-
tions in the fertility of the fire in-
surance field are correct, it is certain that
there never was more grumbling among
the underwriters than there is to-day.

The year that has just closed has been
remarkably severe for fire losses, and in
Brooklyn and Milwaukee the field men
are at a state bordering on consternation.
This condition of affairs is the result of
numerous causes, extending through a
term of years. Increasing rates and
decreasing commissions, together with a
complicated agency system involving
agents, brokers, and middlemen of high
and low degree, have each contributed
to the general demoralization of which
the underwriters complain.

Pottery and Porcelain.

There is a vast difference between
pottery and porcelain; pottery being
opaque and porcelain translucent. "Por-
celain" is the term applied to all glazed
pottery, and "bisquit" to all unglazed
pottery or porcelain. Technical terms
are troublesome, and therefore will be
omitted when possible.

In China, porcelain was manufactured
before the Christian era; but the art did
not reach Europe until the sixteenth
century. Pottery had been manufactured
at least two centuries before; but, al-
though constantly searching, chemists
were not able to find the necessary ma-
terials for the manufacture of porcelain.
The art of glazing with stoneware was
discovered at Burslem, England, in
1690, in a rather curious way. A
servant while boiling salt for
brine, in an earthen vessel, allowed the
water to boil away; the pan became red
hot, and when it was noticed was cov-
ered with a beautiful glaze. News of
this discovery spread rapidly; and the
potters taking advantage of the hint, salt
glaze became common.

There are two kinds of porcelain, hard
and soft; and there are several methods
by which these may be distinguished.
The soft paste can be scratched with a
sharp knife on any part not covered with
the glaze. It also has a somewhat soapy,
warm feeling to the touch, and the frac-
ture has the appearance of cream. "Hard"
porcelain is heavier than the soft, is a
whiter white, and is cold to the touch.
When broken, the fracture looks like
alabaster; and, as a rule, the rim under-
neath the plates and other pieces escapes
the glaze.—[Demorest's Magazine.

Ants in Africa.

A correspondent of the London
Graphic writing from Umfali, Africa,
says: Sir John Lubbock ought to come
and live here; he could revel in ants.
There are millions and tens of millions of
them. The ground round our huts is
riddled with deep holes, the entrance to
white mounds. These insects are terri-
bly destructive. A "leather bag" will be
eaten into holes in one night. I think
everything in the country would be de-
stroyed by them if they were not for the
black ants. These are quite half an inch
long, and they prey on the smaller white
ants. One suddenly sees a long black
line extending for thirty or forty yards
along the hospital compound. The line
moves with a sharp, rustling sound,
like the crisp rustling of dried
leaves. One looks closer and finds that
the black line is an army of ants going
to storm a white ant heap. One ant
alone goes at the head of the column,
which is about eight inches wide. On
each side run single ants, bustling up
stragglers and rushing to drag sticks and
straws out of the way of the army, which
streams down into the nest it has in view,
and in about ten minutes streams home
again in excellent order, each black ant
carrying a white one. It is a most curi-
ous sight. There are very few birds to
be seen; a few golden orioles and some
dear little black and gray birds, the size
of tomtits, are all that one comes across.

Victoria's Last Resting Place.

When the Queen dies her mortal re-
mains will rest in the gray granite sarco-
phagus with the late lamented Prince
Albert's ashes. Underneath the arms of
the Queen and Prince Albert, on the
monument, is inscribed "Farewell, will-
ing and loath, here at last I will rest with
thee. With thee in Christ I will rise
again." The white marble recumbent
statue of the Prince Consort is in the
uniform of a Field-Marshal, wearing the
mantle of the Order of the Garter—this
is on the right; the left side of the lid
and the unoccupied space is where the
Queen's body will be laid. Bronze angels
with the outstretched wings and dawning
robes are on each corner of the tomb.—
[London Society.

At the beginning of the war the con-
federate paper money was current at par.
It soon began to depreciate, however,
and by 1863 its market value had fallen
to about 50 per cent. Toward the end
of the war it was worth so little that one
note actually became a millionaire in order
to live at all. Milk cost \$40 a quart,
and in one recorded instance a southern
gentleman with a fair appetite paid \$105
for a very modest lunch at a restaurant—
such a meal as one could get for about
45 cents in Washington now. At the
fall of the confederacy the currency
passed for 1 cent and a fraction on the
dollar. An ex-colonel of volunteers,
located in Washington, told the writer
an odd story of an incident which occur-
red when the army of the Potomac
was in full press of Lee's forces. As
fast as the wagon trains of the enemy
were overtaken they were pillaged and
in one of them were found the funds of
a military paymaster. About \$50,000 of
the confederate money seized was cram-
med into a gunny-sack and delivered to
the officer quoted. In response to a re-
quest he gave the entire sum to a ser-
geant, who afterward informed him that
it had been able to support of it at the
rate of \$5 on \$100 to confederates, the
presumption being that the latter ex-
pected to be able to use it profitably in
parts of the south where the currency
had not yet dropped to nothing in value.
—[Washington Star.

The Great Wall of China.

The scenery from the Great Wall is
very fine. The wall is here a dividing
line between the high, rugged hills of
China, which tower above us on the one
hand, and the great sandy plains of Mon-
golia on the other, with dim mountain-
summits beyond in the far distance.
Over these barren, rocky spurs and ac-
clivities, ascending to their very sum-
mits, winding about in their irregular
curves and zigzags, its service battle-
ments clear-cut against the sky on the
topmost ridges, descending into dark
gullies to appear again rising on the
other side, the endless line of massive
stone and brick runs on and on until lost
to sight behind the farthest range. And
so it goes for miles and miles, east-
ward to the Pechili Gulf, and westward,
mostly in two great, rambling lines,
along the border of the Gobi Desert and
Kashan, until it ends among the rock-hills
of the Nan Shan range. However we may
regard it, whether as a grand conception
for the defense of an empire, as an en-
gineering feat, or merely as a result of
the persistent application of human labor,
it is a stupendous work. No achievement
of the present time compares with it in
magnitude.

But it has outlived its usefulness.
The powerful Tatar and Mongol hordes,
whose sudden raids and incursions it was
built to resist, are no more to be feared.
The great Genghis and Kublai could not
lead their people to gory conquest now
as they did centuries ago. The Chinese
civilization has endured, while the once
conquering Mongols, the people who in
their brightest days established an em-
pire from the Black Sea to the China
coast, and a court at Peking of such
luxury and splendor as Marco Polo de-
scribed, are now doomed to pass away,
leaving nothing behind them but the
traditions, and records, and ruins of a
brilliant past. The wall stands as a sharp
line of division between the tribes of the
north and the Chinese. The latter,
though repeatedly subdued and forced
to bear a foreign yoke, have shown an
irrepressible vitality to rise like a phoenix
and to reassert their supremacy and the
superiority of their civilization.—[Cen-
tury.

Working Days in Different Countries

In these days of ever-recurring labor
disputes in almost every part of the
globe, says *Iron*, of theories of the British
workmen for the Continental Sunday
(but, mind, only so far as pleasure, not
labor, is concerned); and, of the weak-
kneed endeavors of the Continental
nations, in his turn, to have the British
resting Sunday interrupted, it is interest-
ing to note the figures furnished by a
Polish statistician, the number of work-
ing days per annum standard in various
countries. As might be expected, the
inhabitants of Central Russia labor fewest
days in the year—to wit, 237. Then come
Canada, with 270; followed by Scotland,
275; England, 278; Portugal, 283; Rus-
sian Poland, 288; Spain, 290; Austria and
the Russian Baltic Provinces, 295; Italy,
298; Bavaria, Belgium, Brazil, and Lux-
embourg, 300; Saxony, France, Finland,
Württemberg, Switzerland, Denmark and
Norway, 302; Sweden, 303; Prussia and
Ireland, 305; United States, 306; Hol-
land, 308, and Hungary 312. Assuming
that these figures are fairly correct, it
may be considered that in a few instances
they afford ground for mild surprise.
For example, if the Canadian working
man has only to rest 270 days out of
365, why does he cross the bound-
ary line to the United States, where he
will be kept at the grindstone, so to
speak, for 306 days, or only six less than
the Hungarian has to slave? Again, it
is curious that Brazil should be bracketed
with Bavaria and Belgium at 300 days,
these three constituting the only coun-
tries mentioned in the initial letter of
those names—"B" what it is worth,
noting that the sweating Fritz and the
down-trodden Pat are in the same cate-
gory, these gentlemen having legally to
deliver for some 30 days more in the
twelvemonth than their more fortunate
Scottish and English colleagues.

Elephant and Locomotive.

The remark of George Stephenson that
the result of a collision between a cow
and an engine would be "so much the
worse for the cow" is historical. That
even a greater animal than a "cow" will
fall to a score a town-down against a
locomotive, except under favorable con-
ditions, is amply shown in a report from
Siam. It seems that a full-grown ele-
phant broke a fence of the railway near
the Otkwin Station, and then coolly
walked down the line between the rails.
The mail train from Mandalay shortly
afterward put in an appearance, and,
frightened by the noise and the sparks
from the stack, the elephant turned and
charged the unknown antagonist.

The train kept on the track, but the
rash attacker was nowhere. It was swept
away with such force that the carcass
was hurled down an embankment with
the skull crushed in. An elephant of
large size will weigh about three or four
tons, and if this particular one had at-
tained any speed in the charge which
proved so disastrous to its valiant car-
rier, the collision must have been a most
serious one. An elephant with a thin skull
can hardly expect to be victorious in a
conflict of this kind; nevertheless, the
escape of the train without injury is
very fortunate.—[Hong Kong Gazette.

The population of London now ex-
ceeds that of New York, Brooklyn, Phil-
adelphia and Chicago combined, and
these four are the only American cities
having one million or more inhabitants.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A WELL-KNOWN Episcopal Bishop from
a Western State was in New York a
short time ago, and during his visit ran
across a young English curate walking
the streets foot-soot and weary. "I
came over to America," he said, "just to
get a bit of experience, don't you know,
and am hoping to find a small parish
with a vacancy." "Just come right
along with me," said the Bishop. "I am
going away out into the Southwest and
will give you a chance to get all the ex-
perience you want." The young curate
gladly availed himself of the opportunity
and shortly afterwards arrived at the
scene of his future labors. That very
day the Sheriff of a neighboring county
came in with a six-footer who was jailed
on a charge of triple murder; there was
a freight collision "up the road," the
police raided the "Half Acre," a crack-
shotter slashed another with a razor;
there was an alarm of fire and a suicide.
To add to the young curate's "experi-
ence," the local paper that night apolo-
gized for the lack of local news, saying
that there wasn't much going on of a
sensational character and police circles
were unusually quiet. But the curate
will remain and thinks he has struck a
field where he can do good work.

The great Yukon River of Alaska is
soon to be made a highway of commerce
by the establishment of it of a regular
service of side-wheel steamers. The first
boat of the proposed line, now building,
will run from St. Michael's Island, fifty-
five miles from the mouth of the Yukon
—at which point it will connect with
Norton Sound steamers—over 2,200 miles
up the river. The fact that Alaska has
the third—possibly the second—largest
river in North America is not often re-
membered. The new steamer, the P. B.
Wear, will establish trading posts along
the river, will trade in all kinds of mer-
chandise, and the returns will be in gold
dust and furs. It will carry a complete
assaying outfit and everything that a
miner requires in taking out and testing
valuable mineral. It will also take along
a sawmill to cut timber for trading sta-
tions. The frame of the Wear was laid
and fitted at Seattle, and she will be put
together at St. Michael's Island. She
will be 178 feet long, 28 feet beam and
4 feet deep. The Yukon is only naviga-
ble during July, August, and Septem-
ber, and it is thought that for the pre-
sent probably but three or four trips a
year may be made.

An interesting feature of the report of
the Connecticut Bureau of Labor Statis-
tics is the part showing the growth of
mutual benefit societies among working
men and women in that State. The
largest increase was in the group for
aiding sick members and burying the
dead. There is some evidence of growing
forethought and provision among the
laboring classes of other States. It is
well, however, warns the New York
Press, to look into the character of the
societies which promise benefits. "Where
the prominent feature is speculative
there is danger ahead. Losses to in-
vestors through associations whose prom-
ises of return have far exceeded the
legitimate results of investment or other
accumulation have been too frequent
during the past year."

It seems rather incredible to speak of
the candle power of search-lights as in
the millions and hundreds of millions,
but according to the Electrical World,
this is warranted by facts. The lamp
itself does not give a very high candle-
power when measured in any one direc-
tion, but when a magnifying lens is used,
which collects all the light, as it were,
and throws it in one direction, the inten-
sity of the light is enormously increased.
For instance, in the search-light which
is being experimented with upon the
World's Fair grounds, the candle-power
of the arc light alone is only 150,000
candles, the carbons being 12 inches
long and 1 3/16 inches in diameter.
When this is surrounded by a reflector
four feet in diameter, the candle-power
is multiplied to the somewhat startling
figure of 460,000 candles.

They are trying what they call a Good
Will Farm in Maine, with a considerable
degree of success. The idea is to
instead of to reform schools. On the
farm they are separated, as far as possi-
ble, into groups, in a number of cottages
that have been erected. The idea is that
in this way the boys may be subject to
the beneficial influences of home life.
The household work in each of these
families is divided up among the boys,
who also work on the farm or in shops.
The same thing has been tried in Massa-
chusetts also. A farm has been bought
in Danvers, on which it is proposed to
care for 500 homeless and destitute chil-
dren. Its distinctive feature, the cottage
system, might well be tried on a larger
scale in other States, in place of the
great institutions in which so many boys
and girls are huddled together.

THERE is a rush of gold hunters to the
new diggings in the San Juan country,
Colorado. Claims have been staked out
on the San Juan River for seventy-five
miles from its mouth, and for twenty-five
miles up the Colorado River. Men are
pouring in from all the adjoining re-
gions, and from Utah and Arizona. They
are staking claims over each other, and
lively trouble is looked for. Living is
enormously high. Supplies cannot be
obtained anywhere in the vicinity; those
persons who brought supplies won't sell,
and those who didn't are suffering.
Few, if any, took tents, there is no ma-
terial at hand with which to build houses,
and the prospect of a winter under
ledges of rocks and wherever a little
shelter can be found. Some are making
money now, a few gaining as much as
\$15 a day panning out dirt, but much of
the ground can be worked only at great
expense.

OLIVE growing, olive picking, and
the manufacture of olive oil have be-
come a highly important industry in
California. This year the industry has a
remarkable boom, and the dealers are en-
tirely unable to meet all the orders they
have received. This is especially the
case in the Pomona Valley. Everybody
engaged in the olive trade—growing,
making oil, or acting as broker—is
making unusual profit, and there is a de-
mand for five times the amount of the
crop. One order that could not be filled
came to Pomona last week from a New
York grocery house for 20,000 gallons of
pickled olives. Many orchardists have
made \$250 an acre from olives this sea-
son, and some have made a clear profit
of \$350 an acre.

DURING 1891 about 450 more persons
were killed by wild beasts in India than
during the preceding year. The number
killed in 1890, however, was very low,
still the figures for 1891 are about 220 in
excess of the mean. The yearly average
of persons killed by wild beasts in India
is between 2,500 and 3,000. The mor-
tality from snake bites is much greater,
varying from 21,000 to 30,000 annually.
In one district of Bengal, Hazaribagh,
no fewer than 205 deaths were due in
1891 to a single brood of man-eating
tigers.

PINK ARMOUR, according to the Chic-
ago papers, has a hundred dollars placed

on his desk every morning, which he dis-
tributes in charity during the course of
the day. His bill for luncheon often
runs up as high as 40 cents, while some
of his clerks spend nearly a dollar. But
they don't have to drop a hundred
dollars a day in charity.

A NORTH CAROLINA genius proposes a
novel scheme for providing an endow-
ment for a college in his vicinity. He
suggests that the trustees insure the lives
of fifty men, between the ages of 40 and
50, for \$10,000 each, and as the insured
die off and the amounts of the policies
are turned in convert the money into a
fund for the college. This would mean
an endowment of \$500,000 at some time
or other.

One of Butler's Fees.

The late General Butler used to de-
light in telling of one fee that he secured.
His son, Paul Butler, owned a fine dog
which he kept at the family home, in
Towell, Pa., on his way from the
house mornings, would sometimes drop
into the meat market where the family
supply came from and leave orders. The
dog knew the store and formed the bad
habit of going around there to have the
butcher throw him a bone. This the
butcher neglected to do one morning,
and the dog satisfied his want by taking
from the block a fine sirloin steak and
running off with it.

A few days later the General and the
butcher happened to meet. The butcher
had allowed the theft of the steak by the
dog to rankle in his mind.
"General," said he, "if a dog should
come into my meat market and steal a
fine steak, what remedy should I have?"
"Send a bill for the steak to the owner
of the dog," answered the General, and
off he went.

The butcher took his advice and sent