BEYOND.

A wanderer far in the gloomy night
Had traversed his way, alone,
Nor compass, nor chart, nor beacon light
On his tortuous pathway shone;
And the storm came on like a demon's tread,
And the labors of man were tost
On the seething tempest, as hope were fled,
And the weary soul were lost;
But soft, through that tempest's billowy wrath,
A bright ray glinted across the path;
Like the voice of an angel far and free,
Rang "Near—er to Thee!"

The rage of that tempest, fierce and wild,
Like the marshal'd hosts of wrong,
Dispell'd as the voice of the gentle child
Continued its heaven taught song,
And the wanderer bravely struggled on
Toward that doubly sacred goal,
For the blissful light of a perfect dawn
Had gladdened his eager soul:
He stood transfixed by a mystic spell,
As the song like an inspiration fell;
"Still—all—my—song—shall—be,
Near—er to Thee!"

O thus do the bitter storms conceal
The light of a perfect day;
Thus does the sacred song reveal
Hope's beauteous beacon ray;
Gethsemane heard the pilgrim's cry
That echoed in worlds above—
The thunders that crashed from Sinai
But opened the gates of love;
The song that is echoing down the years,
With their heaving tempest of doubt and fears
The wanderer's compass and chart shall be!
"Near—er, my God, to Thee!
Near—er to Thee!"

—Cleveland Plaindealer.

A Story of Two Kisses.

COMFORTABLY ensconsed in an easy chair, her pretty brunette head pressed lightly against the lace cushion, the young Countess Eva de Valrey sat motionless before the fire, gazing dreamily into the hissing flames. One of her little hands held a dainty gauze screen before her face, while the other hung listlessly at her side, its whiteness enhanced by her long black gown, and the open letter, which had slipped from her fingers to the floor, looked like a white bird with outspread wings.

This letter, from her Aunt Yseult, annoyed the young widow excessively, with its reiterated entreaties for her to marry again. Her aged and only relative assured her that the position of a widow of twenty-two years was an impossible one, but Eva de Valrey acknowledged, down, very far down, in the depth of her own heart, that she had never been so happy as now. Free, independent, with a beautiful boy four years old—she had all the pleasures of matrimony, and none of its drawbacks!

"Husbands are a great trouble," she thought, "that is, judging by the one I had. Aunt Yseult pretends that he was an exception, but she seems to forget that she herself introduced her nephew to me, and assured me at the time that he possessed every good quality under the sun. I cannot place much reliance on her now when she declares that she has suitors for me who are absolute perfection. Thanks, dear aunt; one experience is quite enough for me."

She got up languidly and took a few steps through the room. The air was fragrant with the scent of Parma violets, of which great bunches filled every nook, their soft tints blending harmoniously with the mauve silk which covered the walls, and making the whole room seem like an enormous violet-sachet.

"Shall I go and visit her at the Chateau Grillon, as she entreats?" she said thoughtfully. "Why should I not? I suppose I need not be afraid of her marrying me off against my will! Besides, it will be a good opportunity to tell her, once for all, that I intend to remain a widow forever!"

She sat down at a diminutive ebony secretary, and the light, falling from under the mauve silk shade of the tall lamp near her, cast a soft aureole round her lovely face, with its large brown eyes, its delicately chiselled nose, and its pouting lips, and rendered still more dazzling the pearly tint of her skin.

Taking out a sheet of note-paper, she wrote a few lines thanking her dear aunt for the invitation which she had so much pleasure in accepting. Then she lapsed into revery again.

Eva had married the Count de Valrey, not for love, but in order to atone for what she considered a grave offense. He had led a gay life, and having arrived at an age when his joints were stiff, and his gallant speeches called forth only smiles of contempt from their fair hearers, he realized that it was time for him to settle down. Accordingly, he applied for assistance to his Aunt Yseult, and two days later he was presented to Eva, a young orphan who had recently returned home from her convent school and was still studying under a tutor. The count had no sooner laid eyes on the lovely girl than he mounted the hobby of love and set out for the conquest of beauty. The attentions of the old bachelor did not trouble their recipient in the least. Indeed, she found him rather amusing, and although his gallant speeches sometimes brought a momentary flush to her satin cheek, that was their only effect, and if anyone had said to her, "Behold your husband," she would have exclaimed with a ripple of laughter, "I do not care for old relics." One evening, when torrents of rain were falling, Aunt Yseult and the tutor were seated in a corner of the drawing-room playing bezique, and at the other end of the room Eva was at the piano, with the Count de Valrey beside her turning the leaves of the music. The alluring strains of Brahm's waltzes, and the little white hands flying over the keys, affected the elderly lover to such a degree that he exclaimed in a hushed whisper, as he bent over her:

"Since I have known you, I have appreciated beauty, grace, loveliness——"

"And did not do so before?" she asked merrily.

"I did not believe in them," he answered. "I thought that love was a delusive thing invented by poets."

She laughed mockingly as she said: "But you know better now, I suppose, Count?"

"Yes, I know too well," he whispered passionately. "I feel the reality of the pangs, for I love you;" and, carried away by the earnestness of his declaration, he stooped over, and stole a kiss.

A loud, harsh discord on the piano, which made the card-players look around in wonder, was the only response to this act of temerity, and Eva, offended and indignant, closed the piano without a word and left the room.

That kiss was a cataclysm, for, according to the girl's conventual ideas, to be kissed by a man constituted a crime for which marriage alone could atone. The next day, therefore, in spite of her heart's protestations, in spite of her lover's age and unattractiveness, she announced her willingness to marry the Count de Valrey, without giving any reason for her sudden determination, being ashamed to confess to the stolen kiss.

For three years she took the tenderest care of her aged husband, who soon became crabbed and infirm, and when he rendered up his soul to heaven, the poor little widow wept, not for him, but for her vanished girlish dreams.

II.

"Well, how do you like Raoul de Melchede?" asked Aunt Yseult as, seated under the thick shade of a linden-tree in her park, she wound off the silk from the skein which Eva was holding for her.

"He's not bad," was the reply.

"Not bad!" repeated the old lady indignantly, brandishing the ball of silk in the air, "the scion of one of our oldest families. Not bad! I should think not!"

"I like his friend, Monsieur Davanne, better."

"We are not talking about him, my dear."

"He is an artist of great talent."

"A miserable dauber! I invited him merely as a companion for the marquis."

The little countess broke out in a peal of laughter and exclaimed:

"Suppose the poor fellow heard you, aunt!"

The old lady shrugged her shoulders to express indifference, and Eva continued teasingly:

"You said yourself that he had a more distinguished bearing than the Marquis de Melchede——"

"Hush, child—don't be irreverent," interrupted her hearer sharply. "I hope you don't mean to allow yourself to be cajoled by a painter when a marquis is courting you."

"You need not be alarmed, aunt. I shall not take either one or the other. I shall never marry again."

"Why not, I should like to know?" cried the aunt furiously, and Eva answered in a quiet tone:

"I wish to devote myself entirely to the education of my son; that is enough for me to do, and I cannot undertake the care of a husband again."

"You are absurd, my dear."

"Why so? You yourself have never married, and yet, Aunt, you get on very well."

"That is a different thing. I have always been so much occupied with other people's marriages that I have had no time to think of my own loniliness."

"Well, try to forget mine, I beg of you."

"The marquis adores you; he will persuade you."

"He?" I think not."

"We shall see—we shall see!"

The old lady, exasperated by this opposition, made a gesture of despair, and then went into the house, while Eva ran in search of her little boy, who had taken advantage of the earnestness of the conversation to slip away unperceived.

The young Countess de Valrey remained in the Chateau Grillon for two months, and during that time she was besieged by the solicitations of her aunt, and the adoration, more or less open, of the Marquis de Melchede, and Jacques Davanne, the artist. The former, though far from prepossessing, with his angular frame and fair, insipid face, had the advantage of family and title, besides being an accomplished man of the world, while Davanne, who claimed no coat-of-arms, made up for the deficiency by his frank and manly bearing and his artistic talent, which was universally acknowledged.

Eva de Valrey reflected upon the respective merits of her two cavaliers, and found that she was incapable of making choice between them.

The sultry day was drawing to a close, and a cool breeze springing up blew softly through the leafy arches of the great park of Grillon.

The setting sun seemed to linger in its descent, bathing the whole horizon in its gold and purple hues, and sending its rays obliquely through the foliage to the green moss below, where they made little spots of brightness among the shadows. All nature seemed to be falling into a calm, majestic slumber.

Jacques Davanne walked slowly, thoughtfully through the woods, deaf to the harsh cries of the jays which flew away at his approach, unconscious of everything except his sorrow. He could think of nothing but his love for the young countess, and he longed for courage to throw himself at her feet, to ask her to be his wife—he, the poor artist! While he stood pondering at a place where several pathways met, he heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and, not wishing to be discovered in his sad revery, he shrank back into the shrubbery. The next minute two persons appeared, and as he caught sight of them, Davanne turned pale with agitation. He saw Eva de Valrey leaning on the arm of the marquis! Their conversation was very earnest, and the young widow's clear tones reached his ear as she exclaimed:

"You say you love me entirely. Why then should I not return you love——"

The breeze carried away the rest of the sentence as the couple passed on, and Jacques Davanne rushed off in the opposite direction. He was broken-hearted, desperate, for he saw that his love was indeed hopeless; his rival was preferred before him, and there was nothing for him to do but to go away, to stifle his love and his despair. Night fell, unfolding her dark mantle spangled with silvery stars, and still the mourner wandered on under the spreading trees. In the Chateau Grillon all were sleeping, and the only sound in the forest was the plaintive voice of the screech-owl, which from a tall oak tree made answer to the sighs of the wanderer.

III.

In the little Oriental parlor of the Chateau, sunbeams were coming through the chinks of the closed blinds, and falling in long, slender lines of brightness upon the matting which covered the floor.

Eva de Valrey was gazing absently at her little son, who, sitting on a stool at her feet, was playing noisily with a wooden horse. Leaning back on the sofa, she reflected with a smile upon the success of the trick she had played on the marquis the evening before, and on her aunt's look of horror when told of the deception.

Suddenly Jacques Davanne in travelling attire entered the room. At sight of the young countess he drew back hastily, and would have retired but that she spoke to him.

"Well, Monsieur Davanne, are you very anxious to escape from me?" she asked gently.

"Ah, no, madame, on the contrary; but—but," he stammered, "I am about to leave Grillon."

"You also?" she said with some bitterness. "Then the marquis has told you?"

"He has told me nothing, but I know too well, and I cannot stay here and witness his triumph, his happiness. Ah, do not think I hate or envy him—the simple truth is, I have been dreaming such dreams of bliss that my heart, in falling suddenly from the height of its mad hopes, has received a fatal wound."

"What do you mean?" said Eva sadly, motioning him to sit beside her on the sofa. "What has happened to grieve you so? Tell me your trouble."

He too the proffered seat, and answered slowly:

"Do not mock me with your sympathy. That will only make my misery more keen. Last night in the park, I heard a fragment of your conversation with Raoul de Melchede."

"What then?" she asked, and he exclaimed excitedly:

"What then? Do you want to hear me say that I love you madly? You know that, and so you also know how I suffer at this moment. I had hoped to accomplish the impossible—I, the poor artist, had dared to think that the rich countess might be my wife. Fool that I was, nothing less than hearing my doom from your own lips would convince me of my folly! Ah, fool, fool!"

His emotion was so great that Eva trembled as she heard him, and, striving in vain to speak calmly, she asked in a whisper:

"What did you hear last night?"

"I heard you say to him, 'Why then should I not return your love,'" replied the artist, and Eva smiled as she exclaimed:

"But let me tell you, Mr. Eavesdropper, what the rest of the sentence was. I said: "But first I must tell you frankly that I have lately lost my all through unfortunate investments, so that I and my child will be entirely dependent on my husband!"

Her tone was so earnest and sincere that Davanne was completely deceived, as the other suitor had been, and he answered with a sigh:

"Such a consideration could have no weight with Raoul, where there was a question of winning you, madame."

"Your friend the marquis," added Eva in a tone of contempt, "asked me to say the words once more, so great was his dismay; then with a deep bow he told me that, although he adored me, he knew his family would not approve of his marrying a woman with no dower, and with deep regret he took his departure."

"It is impossible," said Davanne, in amazement; he never will relinquish you——"

"He has done it so completely that he is now on the way to Paris, and Grillon will see him no more," she said.

A ray of hope pierced through the darkness of her listener's despair, and he said slowly:

"If you could but have confidence in me, in my talent! I promise you I would make you rich, and happy, and your child would be as my own."

At that moment the little boy looked up at the distressed face of the speaker, and, climbing up on the sofa, he said, consolingly:

"What is the matter? Are you going to cry? Look, mamma, he is so sad! Let him kiss you as I do, and then he will not cry!"

Before his astonished hearers could stop him, he put a little arm around the neck of each and drew their heads together until their faces met, and Jacques Davanne, unable to resist the child's mandate, touched his lips to the soft cheek of the young mother. Eva de Valrey made no demur when for the second time in her life she was conquered by a kiss, for her whole heart, answering to the sweetness of the caress, told her that now indeed she loved!

UNCLE SAM'S NEW BANK NOTES.

They Will Be Truly Artistic, With Allegorical and Historical Designs.

To most men the beauty of a United States note depends less on the artistic value of the picture engraved upon it than on the size of the plain number stamped upon its face. But persons of artistic sensibilities have long desired a change of the designs that would make the currency creditable from an aesthetic standpoint. Among those who share in this desire is Chief Claude M. Johnson, of the bureau of engraving and printing. After many months of effort he converted the secretary of the treasury to his views.

Mr. Johnson believes that the United States notes of issue should in each denomination represent in their designs some idea typical of the republic, or illustrative of its growth, power, history, or resources. He therefore obtained from leading artists for a new style of notes. All of our notes are very plain. Their designs consist for the most part of portraits of presidents, generals, statesmen and prominent officials, in combination with more or less elaborate scroll work. There is nothing characteristic about them except plainness and paucity of design.

Chief Johnson has already secured designs for the new one, five and ten dollar certificates, and the plates are being engraved. The present $1 silver certificate has on its face the portrait of Martha Washington, "One Silver Dollar" on a scroll in lathe work on the left, and another scroll in the centre. The new $1 certificates have been designed by Will H. Low, the New York artist. The engraving represents History and Youth.

History is represented by a beautiful woman, who sits at the left upon the ledge of a great window adorned partially by the American flag. She points to the Washington monument in the distance, across the Potomac river, and to the capitol, still further away. A youth, encircled by her other arm, follows her gaze with ambition stamped upon his features. On the opposite end of the ledge stands a printed book, on which, with a strong glass, one can read the first paragraphs of the constitution of the United States. The whole is framed in a series of small portraits of the great men of the nation, among whom are authors and inventors, as well as those who have attained fame in the public service.

Fully as great a change will be made in the design of the $5 silver certificate. It now has a portrait of Grant, with lathe work and scrolls on which is printed the denomination. The new design is by Walter Shirlaw, and is considered the strongest of all so far approved. It is allegorical and represents the power, genius and strength of the country. Liberty is represented by a beautiful woman in graceful robes standing upon the globe, with her feet resting upon North America. In her hand she holds an incandescent electric light, from which a ribbon runs to lightning-torn clouds at the left.

Clutching those clouds is Force, a powerful man, who also controls three terrified horses hitched to a chariot. At the right of Liberty the dome and the senate wing of the capitol can be seen in the background. Partially hiding it is another female figure holding aloft a dove, and below a scroll. This represents Peace and Law. At the left of Liberty a typical American eagle is poised, and on the other side sits Fame, a third female figure, proclaiming the glory of the country through a trumpet of great length.

Thomas F. Morris, of the engraving bureau, designed the new ten-dollar silver certificates, but his design has been elaborated by Mr. Shirlaw. It represents the new American navy. Two white cruisers are seen upon the ocean, one coming bow on at the left of the note, and the other showing her port side in the center background. A large sitting figure leaning upon a hammer at the right hand corner represents the shipbuilders. Two infantile Neptunes with tridents, dolphins and shellfish grace the lower left-hand corner of the note. This is such a good design that it may be used for notes of higher denominations than $10. Portraits of public men are henceforth to be put on the back of the notes, and not on the front, where they now appear.

EASY TO READ CHARACTER.

Anybody Can Do It—Knowing How Is the Thing.

There is a whole world of telltale indications in the top or apex of the ear, and it would be a good thing if young girls were to form the habit of casting a glance at that part of the anatomy of their callers and admirers and make a mental note for their own guidance by what they see there.

If the top of the ear lies close to the head and the ridge is straight or gently rounded the young man that owns that kind of an ear may be counted as being eminently proper and as harmless as a lamb. But if the top starts away from the head at a well defined angle and runs up to a point before turning down to become the back ridge of the ear—well, that young man had better be kept at a good, safe distance. That's the faun ear, the satyr ear, and when those wise old Greeks gave to the capering companions of the nymphs of the woods goat legs and goat ears they knew what they were about. Men havn't changed one whit, either, and that point to the ear is just as full of character and warning today as it was when Bacchus was doing business at the old sign of "The Rollicking Rams."

The value of such a pointer as the above to a young woman who is bothered by a superfluity of suitors and is under the painful necessity of making some choice from among them it would be difficult to estimate. She will immediately get rid of some of them by inditing some such an epistle as this to them:

Sir:—For the first time since our acquaintance began I observed the contour of your ears last night while you were stooping down to put on my overshoes. On referring to my "Guide Book of Character" I made the shocking discovery that they belong to what is there described as the "satyr type." I am therefore under the painful necessity of informing you that your attentions to me must cease at once. Nobody with satyr ears shall ever become the wife of your much disappointed GAL.

THUMBS TELL EVERYTHING.

The value of the discoveries made is greatly enhanced by their simplicity. Any fool can understand them. A lot has been written about palmistry, but palmistry is as complicated as the eleven books of Euclid. It abounds in charts and diagrams. And then when you have learned how to decipher all of the crow tracks and hen scratches on the palm, you can't always get the person you are interested in to submit his hand for examination. All you need concern yourself with is the thumbs. Hear the oracle:

The thumb is a remarkable indicator of its owner's bodily and mental condition. Let mothers watch their children's thumbs, and if they stick out boldly it is an unfailing indication of good health and aggressive disposition, while if they have a tendency to seek the shelter of the fingers it means feeble health and subservient will.

The weak man's thumb is weak and pendant, the strong man's thumb is strong and erect. You can tell from a glance at a man's thumbs whether he is an aimless thinker, or a man who carries his ideas or somebody else's into action. Mark well the thumbs of the ladies of your choice. If the girl's thumb, be it ever so prettily rosy, has a tendency to stand at right angles to the hand—well the gray mare will need a bit, that's all; while if it lies flat or droops a little you can count on martial submission to the master mind, and that's the sort of domestic paradise all the sons of Adam are looking for.

What excuse has a man for falling in love with the wrong sort of girl after a tip like that? None whatever. Pretty faces are all very well, but if they don't go along with the right sort of thumb the man who knows enough to put two and two together will have none of them. And then the capitalist who wants to hire a man for a good hard thinking job will not engage a man whose thumbs indicate that his thinking doesn't amount to anything. By the way, it would be rather interesting to ascertain just how many of that sort of thumbs there are in congress.

The man who leans back in his chair when he smokes his cigar and takes it out of his mouth frequently and watches the smoke wreathes curl over his head is a frank, genial, whole souled sort of fellow, fond of the good things of this life, but equally fond of sharing them with his friends. The man who takes short, quick puffs at his cigar and often chews savagely at the butt belongs to the selfish, aggressive type, who look out for himself first, last and all the time. He never forgives and never forgets. He is a good man to let alone, but above all things never make an enemy of him.

PROPOSALS OF MARRIAGE.

Statistics of How Men and Women Act at an Interesting Moment.

There is a clever statistician who could teach a thing or two to the novelist. This statistician has attempted to classify the action and methods of proposals, and, as a result, has presented tabulated figures extremely interesting to psychologists, says the Philadelphia Times. Out of one hundred cases thirty-six gentlemen take the lady in their arms, sixty-seven gentlemen kiss lady on lip, four gentlemen kiss lady on cheek, three gentlemen show very good taste by kissing lady on eyes, and two gentlemen kiss lady on hand. It is to be presumed these two out of a hundred are the timid, diffident kind, though it is possible that they might be of the quietly sentimental nature. One gentleman kisses lady on nose. It must be added that the statistician is careful to insert the saving clause (by mistake). There is even a record of a man kissing a lady on edge of shawl, but, thank goodness, there is only one in a hundred and the chances are that this man is peculiar. Seventy-two hold lady's hand, seventeen hold it very tightly, fourteen have lumps in their throats and nine exclaim aloud: "Thank God!" Only seven out of a hundred declare themselves to be deliriously happy and five are too full for utterance. Three out of a hundred stand on one foot when they make proposal and two go down on one knee, while nine make a formal prelude—something like the slow music in the play, we suppose, when the villain appeals to heaven to witness the consuming flame of his affections for the heart he plots to ruin, etc.

The behavior of the lady under the circumstances is equally entertaining and instructive. Out of a hundred cases eighty-one sink into the arms of gentleman, sixty-eight rest their heads on gentleman's breast and only one sinks into the arms of a chair; eleven clasp their arms around the gentleman's neck, six weep tears of joy silently and forty-four weep tears aloud—whatever that means; seventy-two have eyes full of love, and nine out of a hundred rush from the room and tell everybody. Only four are greatly surprised, and eighty-seven of a hundred knew that something was coming. Five giggle hysterically and one even sneezes. Only one of a hundred struggles not to be kissed, while six kiss gentleman first. If we believe the statistician, one out of a hundred women will say: "Yes, but don't be a fool."

SHOSHONE FALLS.

Phenomena Which Give Rise to Stories About This Wonderland.

Strange stories are told of phenomena that appear at the Shoshone falls. Sometimes when the air is perfectly still the spray arises several hundred feet above the walls of the canyon and can be seen on the plains at a considerable distance. Then for days and weeks at a time there is scarcely any spray at all. Often the whole canyon around the falls will be filled with spray, and every bark and rock will drip with moisture. Again it will be as clear as a frosty night under the same conditions from influences that no one has been able to discover or explain.

Often above the monotone of the falling waters weird sounds may be heard unlike any that were ever nemed and can be compared to no other, and again from time to time a sudden throbbing is audible, measured by regular intervals, like beating of a human pulse. These, too, proceed from no apparent cause, and science has been unable to solve their mystery.

At the crest of the highest rock in the center of the Shoshone falls is the nest of an eagle, and for thirty-four years the same bird has come regularly on the 26th, 27th, or 28th of March to repair and reoccupy it and raise a brood of young. Charley Walgomet first noticed her when he located here in 1860. The nest was standing then, and as long as he lived there, until five years ago, he kept a record of her reappearance. She never varied more than three days in her arrival. Since his time the record has been kept by others, who testify to the same regularity.

The spray from the falls carries a sediment which clings like frost to the window of the little hotel and can be scraped off with a knife. Mr. Keller, who keeps the place, says that they clean the glass every spring by laying the sashes flat and pouring upon them a solution of vinegar and salt. After they have soaked for three or four days the coating can be wiped off with a cloth, but in a few weeks the glass is covered again, as if it was frosted. The scrapings look like the dust of lime. The same sediment clings to the leaves of the trees and vegetables that are grown around the place and can be scraped off the rocks and the face of the bare clay.—Chicago Record.

HOP INTELLIGENCE.

Moderate orders are still coming from London for Pacific coast hops, the English trade preferring them to the state goods this year. Hence for the qualities suitable to the wants of shippers the market is steady, possibly a little firm on very high grade. There is quiet trading with brewers and the demand is fairly divided between the state and Western hops. Some of the large brewers seem to feel confidence in the position of choice goods, but they have already secured fair stocks and are inclined to follow the market along rather conservatively. Between dealers there are not many trades, and the lack of business on the open market makes it difficult to determine the real value of hops. We retain 11c as an inside rate for strictly choice state or Pacific coast; it is certain that they could not be bought for less, and we hear of fancy long growths holding for more money. Good to prime qualities are quoted at 8½@10c, largely on sales to brewers, and there are a number of the lower grades, especially of states, offering from 8c downward. So many of the recent samples received from this state are of common qualities that it is thought the best of the crop has either been already marketed or is not offering to any extent at present. Still some interest in yearlings and values steady. Old olds dull.

State, 1894, choice, per lb.....	11 @
State, 1894, good to prime....	8½@10
State, 1894, common to fair....	6 @ 8
Pacific coast, 1894, choice, lb..	11 @
Pacific C, 1894, good to prime..	8½@10
Pacific C., 1894, com. to fair....	7 @ 8
State or Pacific C., 1893, lb..	3½@ 6
State or Pacific C., old olds....	2 @ 3

—N. Y. Price Current, 12th.

THE POTATO WILL BE KING.

The potato, not wheat, is the civilized world's staple food. The principal European countries that produced close upon three billion bushels of potatoes in 1893, raised only two billions of wheat, and all their imports did not make the wheat supply approach the consumption of potatoes. In America this coudition is reversed, the potato crop averaging only 33 to 50 per cent of the amount of wheat. Yet potatoes now bring more money per bushel than wheat, and yield five to eight times as many bushels per acre. The average yield per acre for the five crops 1890-4 was of potatoes 68 bushels and of wheat 13 bushels, while the December farm price has averaged 60c and 66c respectively. Potatoes are worth fully as much for this period as during a like period 15 years ago, while wheat has declined over 50 per cent, cotton quite as much, wool even more. The conclusion is irresistible that the potato may be more extensively grown than at present and still be more profitable than many other staple crops. It has been one of the best money crops for the Colorado farmer for many years. This fact will be quickly grasped by farmers generally, and the new year is likely to witness a boom in potato growing. Hence the importance of the best and most economical methods, that the new crop may be grown at the least expense and yield a fair margin of profit above the lower prices that will naturally follow. The slovenly grower will not be "in it" in this new potato culture. Those who make 150 to 400 bushels per acre without more than ordinary expense, will be the farmers who are satisfied with the potato crop of 1895.—American Agriculturist.

BIRTHPLACE OF THE BROWNIES.

Commonplace Surroundings Amid Which They Came Into Being.

New York Sun: Probably very few people who have met the brownies in one quarter of the world or another know that these interesting people first saw the light through the north window of a room in an office building in lower Broadway. They come into the world with the roar of the street and the prosaic bell of the cable car, the first sounds likely to fall upon their ears. There is nothing nearer the supernatural about the surroundings in which they are born. The other floors of the buildings are occupied by wholesale dealers in such articles as coats, hats, and shoes, which even the mysterious brownies have adopted.

Palmer Cox's studio is not a room that looks as if it had served for so long as the birthplace of these unique little figures. It looks very much like the sitting-room of a country farmhouse after the successful visit of an enterprising peddler. The light that falls through the four large windows floods the room. There is a stove to heat it, and behind a screen in one corner an industrious typewriter is at work. Nothing suggests that the quaint figures hung about the room in the form of dolls, in pictures, woven into rugs, and grinning on pieces of stamped calico originated here. But the small slant-topped desks, covered with a piece of blotting paper, entirely plain, and facing a window through which the light pours, was the cradle of most of the brownie brood. Some of the first, for the oldest brownies are not of native birth, came into this world by way of Canada. But the dude, the Irishman, the policeman, like the great majority of the rank and file of the brownie band, were born down in that office building on Broadway.

The oldest brownie in the lot is now 14 years old. It was in 1881 that Mr. Cox drew him. Until that time he had written stories for children and made their characters animals that talked like human beings. But children found an element of unreality in this that made their sympathy with them incomplete. They and Mr. Cox too wanted characters who could have all the humor of the brownies, enjoy themselves just as much, and draw for their readers such sound and unobstrusive morals as are always the sum of brownie experience. So when Mr. Cox thought of the old Scotch tradition of the brownie tribe, which he had often heard of from his Scotch neighbors in Canada, they seemed to be just the sort of people he wanted in his books to take the place of the talking animals. The publishers were not inclined to listen to his proposals about writing a fairy story. They wanted the animals kept up, and fairies, they said, had already been written about by so many famous authors. But one of the brownie stories was published in 1881, and since that time their creator has never written about anything else or drawn anything other than the little figures which have made his fame, and are now doing all they can in the characteristic, fussy, energetic brownie manner to make his fortune.

Mr. Cox takes his brownies very seriously. He talks about them with the solicitude of a parent. He takes more interest in their adventures than a child would, and as he sits in his studio one would judge from his tone that he expected the brownies on the walls to drop into his lap and talk there have been a hundred stories since he wrote the first brownie story, and there have been a hunder stories since that time. But Mr. Cox says that his ideas travel faster than his hands, and that his fingers are tired when there is plenty inspiration left. The first successful brownie story Mr. Cox says it seemed an impossibility ever to repeat. The third he was quite certain could never be accomplished. But it was an easier matter than its predecessor, and the ideas have come more easily to Mr. Cox's pen for every succeeding story.

The familiar physical traits of the brownies were discovered accidentally. There was an alphabet to be designed, and Mr. Cox drew some figures on which the letters could be placed. He decided to draw them on the stomachs and chests of the little men who were supporting them. This requires them to have large bodies, and in order not to detract from the prominence of the letter it was necesary that their legs should be small and their heads as inconspicuous as possible. Of course anybody can see that a figure of such proportions must have been a brownie, whether intended to be one or not. But the idea of the little figures came to Mr. Cox in this way: The stories descriptive of the brownies' adventures are always written before any of the pictures are drawn. Thus, when the brownies went traveling and reached Spain, Mr. Cox remembered bull fights and had straightway a picture in his mind's eye of the brownies being chased from the arena by a bull. So he wrote the story about it and drew the picture afterward.

None of the brownies has ever passed out of the owner's control. When their pictures were printed first in the magazines it was with the condition that they remain the property of the artist, to be returned to him when the brownies got into a book. In whatever magazine they were printed they were used only temporarily, and they remained the property of their creator. At first there were no such interesting variations in the race as the dude brownies or any of the national brownies. As these types were drawn Mr. Cox had them copyrighted at Washington, and nobody can use them. The brownies in jewelry, calico and carpets have been sold to different companies that pay Mr. Cox a royalty for their use and the figures are copyrighted. Now that they have got onto the stage the brownie costumes and accessories are so protected that they can never get under other control than Mr. Cox's.

A WINNER'S DREAM.

At Monte Carlo a week or two ago the decorous quiet which generally reigns in the Salon d'Or was amusingly ruffled.

While the solemn function of displaying, mixing and shuffling the cards, which precedes the beginning of the play, was being gone through, a gentleman walked up to the tables, deliberately counted out a lot of bank notes, in value five hundred pounds, and placed them on black.

This somewhat unusual occurrence of staking a maximum before the play for the day had begun naturally attracted attention, and a bystander remarked:

"Rather bold play, sir."

"Well," said the player, "I dreamed last night that I saw the table exactly as it is now, and on the first coup black won."

The cards being duly cut, the tailleur proceeded, watched by the onlookers with unusual interest, to deal out the cards for the first coup, and black won.

A suppressed "Oh!" from the bystanders greeted the announcement, and then from across the table came, in tones of agonized entreaty, a lady's voice: "What did you have for supper last night? Do tell me."—The Amusing Journal.

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