

York has an official, alleges the... Orleans... who draws a salary of \$1000 a year for doing nothing at all...

One of the most interesting experiences of the United States troops is that of the Yosemite reservation...

Houlton, the shire town of Aroostook County, Me., is, declares the New York Sun, one of the most remarkable of border settlements...

It is a true saying that a man who can't get along well in Aroostook County ought to be buried.

An unique character is Mrs. Mary Chynoweth, the millionaire "Christian Scientist" of San Jose, Cal. On her beautiful estate of Eden Vale she has built a house of 109 rooms...

Every chestnut tree in the pasture lot—she went on—"every apple tree in the orchard—every old zig-zag fence on that farm is everlasting fixed in my memory...

IN OTHER SKIES.

I went across the snowy field, An eerie wind swept whistling by, Far off a church bell slowly pealed, Then silence filled the hollow sky...

MR. WILKENNING'S HOBBY.

BY G. H. AUGUR.

"Mary, I am going to quit business," Miss Wilkenning, sewing away with nimble fingers and engrossed in her own thoughts, had not noticed that her brother had ceased reading...

"I've got money enough," "But you're an active, energetic man. What will you do with it?"

"I mean," he said, when he had adjusted himself satisfactorily, "that I'm going to turn over the whole thing to Wharton and retire, go out; quit."

"Mr. Wilkenning arose and walked two or three times across the room. Then he stopped in front of his sister.

"Every chestnut tree in the pasture lot—she went on—"every apple tree in the orchard—every old zig-zag fence on that farm is everlasting fixed in my memory...

Miss Wilkenning looked earnestly into her brother's face. "Alfred," she said, "you are tired of your home life. You are tired of seeing nothing but old maid's face morning and evening after year. You don't know what life is the trouble. If you were my age I had a family around you, you'd be happy and—"

wasting your life on a cranky old bachelor brother. It's a shame—a downright shame! But there!—he kissed her—"I couldn't get along without you; no, I could not, possibly. I have not thought of such a thing as a wife, Mary, in twenty-five years. I don't want a wife. I wouldn't have one around. Now, let's stop our nonsense about getting married, and talk of something that is among the possibilities. And here is one thing—your unreasonable prejudice against the country. I'm going to remove that or else I'm going to give up to it. I have a scheme which will result in one of those two things. Want to hear it?"

Miss Wilkenning bowed her head. "Well, I'm going up to Ryefields, Massachusetts, among the farmers—those plodding farmers who never leave their homes for three days at a time; and I'm going to hunt up the brightest, most progressive one of them all; and I'm going to ask him to come here and stay two weeks—do you follow me?—to stay two weeks as our guest. If he turns out to be a wide-awake, agreeable, well-bred man, one whose intellectual attainments are up to your standard, then you've got to acknowledge that that kind of people can grow in the country, and that I might live in the country without getting rusty. If I can't find such a man, then we'll stay in New York."

"If I've taken your breath away, I'll wait until you get it back. Take your time," Mr. Wilkenning sat down and pretended to read the paper. When he sought his sister's face again, she was gazing at him with an amused smile. "Well?" she said. "I'll accept that test," she said; "but I wonder if you have any particular person in mind. Do you think of any one of your country acquaintances who would be likely to convert me?"

"I've thought of several young fellows whom I knew years ago, Mary. There's that third or fourth cousin of ours, Tom Beverly, for one. He's a bright sort of fellow, eh?"

"All right," said Miss Wilkenning. The conversation ceased, and Mr. Wilkenning began once more to pace the floor. His face was radiant, and his tread was quick and elastic. The contemplation of a visit to Ryefields filled him with joy.

And Mr. Wilkenning went to Ryefields on the following day. He announced his arrival there in a letter to his sister, from which the following is an extract: "But isn't it a very singular coincidence that Tom Beverly should have left here for New York at the very time I was starting for Ryefields. Grace says he has been talking of visiting New York for a year or two, and finally he made a sudden resolve to go, and posted himself off. He intended to go straight to our house; and of course you kept him there. How do you like him? I shall not tell you what sort of a woman Grace is, though; you must wait until you see her. \* \* \* They have a magnificent farm, and I'm not going to leave him for a day or two, now that I've got up to the house. Give him this letter of introduction to Wharton, and tell him to make him feel at home at the mill as well as at the house. When I get back, I'll take him around to see the sights. Grace says he has had a great longing to visit the city—this is his chance to live there; and I believe it worries her a little. Don't let him get into mischief."

The answer to this letter was in part as follows: " \* \* \* But don't say too long. If you won't tell me about Grace, I think I'll not take the trouble to describe Tom for you. I should say he did like the city. He's a regular boy, and he's very friendly to show him, unless you have very good reasons for his 'taking in the town' pretty thoroughly. He says you will find him a fine animal. I told him how much you loved him, and you must keep a close eye on her. Hey, hey, she says, a cool road horse, too, but more moderate. I think you'd better use the gray horse and let the other ones alone. Shall you be home soon?"

It was two or three days after this when written, when Thomas Beverly, in the city, got a letter from his sister. He says, every day he's going home tomorrow, she writes, but he doesn't go. He is driving over the country, calling on all the people he ever heard of, to get points on farming, he says. I do believe he was out for a fortnight. Yesterday, Mr. Hendricks came down from Clearbrook to look at those yearlings, and Mr. Wilkenning took him to get an old him seven of them and the sweetest milk. I told him how much you expected to find an old better by about seventy dollars. Did you forget your appointment with Mr. Hendricks? How much longer are you going to stay in New York?"

have stayed. But I've come here to entertain you—partly—and partly because Mary would not let me that I could come." "She didn't, though?" said Mr. Beverly, with a peculiar expression of countenance. "She did, though," said Mr. Wilkenning. "What do you find of interest in the paper this morning, Tom?"

Mr. Beverly had suddenly buried his face in the newspaper. "I was just looking up a little advertisement of mine," he said; "I—I tell the truth, Alf, I'm desperately in love with New York, and I've offered a—desirable country place in exchange for—a city house. Here he went to read it."

"Do you do any more of these or other?" inquired a large dining. "Owners, please." "Then I'll talk with you about the farm of yours." "Will you stop please?" "Yes," said Mr. Beverly, throwing his paper aside; "I will." "Even?" "Yes, even." "They grasped hands." "My sister can't bear to think of leaving New York, though," said Mr. Wilkenning, with a troubled look. "She won't have to," said Mr. Beverly, tightening his grip; "we've settled that. It's tough on you, old fellow, and she—she's cried over it a lot. Alf, I know she has, and I believe she's afraid to meet you; but don't reproach her, old man. You'll get used to it. Brothers and sisters can't always."

Martin Van Buren, our eighth President, was born in the town of Kinderhook, N. Y., on Dec. 5, 1782. He was a lawyer, and served in the army during the Revolution. He was elected President in 1835.

He began the study of law, and in 1808 he represented the district in the Congressional convention of his district. He began the practice of law in his twenty-first year, and married Miss Hannah Hoos in his twenty-third. Two years after he had his first partner, and he was elected to the United States Senate in 1835. He was re-elected in 1837. The following year he was made Governor of New York, and the very next year he was called by Andrew Jackson to be Secretary of State. When Jackson retired, Van Buren succeeded him in the Presidential chair. This Presidency began March 4, 1837. In the elections of 1840 and 1844 he was defeated as the candidate for his party. In 1848 he appeared again as the candidate of the Free Soil party, but did not receive the electoral vote of a single State. After this he was absent in travel and retirement. He died on the 24th of July, 1862. His character was remarkable for its serenity. The masses respected him as a leader, but never worshiped him as a hero; nor did he ever inspire the enthusiasm that Andrew Jackson did. As you saw him once he was always seen—polite, self-possessed, dressing well, living well, and having a fondness for the society of literary men.—Detroit Free Press.

Uncle Sam's First Stamps. The first stamps issued were the denominations of five and ten cents. These stamps are now obsolete, and they would not be recognized by the post-office. The five-cent stamp contained a portrait of Franklin, made after a painting by John B. Longacre, in which the first Postmaster-General is represented wearing a white neckerchief and a coat with a fur collar. The color of the stamp is a light brown, and there is a border of fine straight lines around the entire stamp. The ten-cent stamp contained a portrait of Washington made from Stuart's painting. Its color was black, and it had in the upper corners the letters "U. S." These two stamps were all that were used until 1851, when letter postage was reduced to three cents, and a new series of stamps came in.—Boston Herald.

New Mode of Catching Elephants. The Indian mode of catching elephants by driving them into inclosures formed of living trees in the forests seems likely to be definitively abandoned by the British Government in favor of what is known as the pit system. The forest officers are of opinion that if the pits are properly constructed and due precautions are taken to break the fall of the animals the pitfall method of capture is the less liable of the two to cause injury and mortality.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

Something Interesting About the Co-Operative Stores.

How the Plan is Successfully Carried Out in England, and Its Adaptability to This Country.

Senator Stanford, of California, introduced a bill in the Senate last Tuesday to provide for more money in circulation. Spain is one step in advance of America in the use of electricity for agricultural work. In some parts of that country the farmer plows his fields with electricity as a motive power.

CO-OPERATION AMONG FARMERS. The political results growing out of the farmers' convention at Ocala may not vanish like smoke. But that assembly originated one movement which, if faithfully followed up, will end in most substantial good to all the agriculturists engaged in it. This is the movement toward co-operative stores.

One state depot of the National Union company has already been established at Louisville. Thirty-five branch stores are to be founded elsewhere in Kentucky. The farmers' county organizations will select agents and place them in charge of the branch stores. There will remain one thing to insure the success of the movement to enable farmers to control their own purchases and secure them on advantageous terms. Talk will be that the agents of their choosing must be both honest and shrewd business men.

That awful wreck. The accident was due to carelessness of a brakeman, Albert E. Herrick, of the Buffalo express, which was lying still beyond Hastings. Herrick fled and has not yet been found. He left his uniform in the train and put on citizen's clothes.

Heartrending Scenes at the Wreck. The unfortunate were pinned down and scalded to death. New York. [Special.]—The accident which occurred on the New York Central railroad at Hastings on the Hudson has proven to be much greater than stated by reports received. The official list of the dead, as given out, numbers eleven people.

Plans of Virginia's Creditors. A Surrender of Defaulted Bonds Proposed in Place of a Cash Deposit. New York City. [Special.]—Frederic P. Olcott, William L. Bull, Henry Budget, Charles D. Dickey, Jr., Hugh R. Garden, and John Gill, the committee of Virginia bondholders, met here Saturday. An Advisory Board composed of Grover Cleveland, Edward J. Phelps, Thomas F. Bayard, George S. Coe, and George F. Williams, is associated with the bondholders' committee in the effort to bring about a settlement of the Virginia debt on terms equitable alike to the Old Dominion and to its creditors.

Rails Spread and 17 Persons Were Injured. ATLANTA, Ga. [Special.]—Vestibule train No. 11 on East Tennessee railroad going South ran off the track in a cut near Williams Station, seventeen persons were injured, but none by.

Explosives for the Navy. Loading the "Tanks" for the Six-Inch Guns and the Eight-Inch Rifles—Powder in Boxes. Inside the damp and gloomy casemates of the old water battery at Fort Wadsworth a force of experienced men has been kept hard at work the past few weeks preparing the ammunition for the war ships fitting out at the various navy yards. These men are skilled in the handling of explosives, and the officer in charge, Gunner John A. McDonald, has had long experience in the kind of work during the thirty years he has been in the naval service.

EXPLOSIVES FOR THE NAVY.

How the Ammunition for Our Warships is Prepared.

At the magazine the powder tanks or cases and the boxes of shell were loaded on to a truck by a working party of the blue jackets from the ship. Arriving at the wharf the truck was unloaded and the contents passed by part of the blue jackets to others on the lighter, where it was carefully stowed below. A navy yard tug was lying at the wharf ready to tow the lighter and its dangerous cargo up the bay to where the Newark was anchored.

On entering the fort one ascends several flights of winding stone steps between walls of gray stone and under a stone ceiling. One could almost imagine himself in some historic fortress or prison built during the medieval ages. The very air smells of dampness. The fort is shaped like the letter O and the inside is open and exposed to the elements. On the outside three rows of frowning gunports face the Narrows, while the waters of the bay beat against the base of the massive walls. The place has long been abandoned by the soldiers, who are now quarters inside the fortifications on the hill above the town.

On what corresponds to the third floor, one encounters long piles of wooden boxes. These are all empty, but when received here from Wilmington, Del., they contained brown prismatic powder. Hundreds of tons have been used in the past four months. The powder is manufactured according to contract with the Navy Department by the Du Pont Mills on the Delaware. The powder tanks for the six-inch guns of the new monitor Miantonomoh are cylindrical in shape, the diameter of each being 24 inches, and the length 10 feet. The powder is packed in boxes, each containing 250 pounds. The boxes are made of iron, and are lined with a material which prevents the powder from becoming damp. The boxes are packed in a special way, and are shipped in a special manner. The powder is packed in boxes, each containing 250 pounds. The boxes are made of iron, and are lined with a material which prevents the powder from becoming damp. The boxes are packed in a special way, and are shipped in a special manner.

For the eight-inch rifles the tanks used, of course, are not so large, and the weight of the projectile is 250 pounds. Only a small quantity of this powder has been prepared at the fort, the only ships to be equipped with it are the Baltimore, Chicago, Atlanta and Boston; in all only twelve guns.

Most of the work is for the six-inch rifles, with which every cruiser of our navy is armed. Each ship has from one to twelve of these, and the quantity of ammunition expended in target practice and that needed by new ships going into commission keeps the men at the magazine busy the year round loading and unloading.

For this purpose the powder charges are of two kinds, the full weight being forty-six pounds, and what is called the reduced charge for use at target practice being thirty-three pounds. This powder is put into sacks ready for use and enclosed in copper cylinders, which are then sealed to make them water tight. These cylinders are very easily stowed in a ship's magazines and being fitted with rings at the ends, can readily be hoisted to the gundeck when needed. The projectile made for the six-inch gun weighs 107 pounds, and is of two kinds. The armor-piercing shell is longer and sharper pointed than the common or iron kind, and the point is of heavy forged steel. The bursting charge, which is placed inside, weighs several pounds, and is ignited by a timed fuse.

Fixed ammunition for the rapid firing guns is also loaded here in a special way. This kind the projectile and powder charge are fixed together in the form of a cartridge to expedite the loading and firing of the guns. The projectile weighs one, three or six pounds. The most of the ammunition for the Hotchkiss guns in general use in the navy is furnished now by the Hotchkiss Company itself, and is made in Connecticut. The cartridges are packed in specially designed boxes. Loading blank saluting charges for the guns of the secondary batteries of the ships keeps the men busy part of the time, but this work can be done on shipboard. Then the old style smooth-bore guns, such as are in use on the Lancaster, Pensacola, Kearsarge and a few other of the remaining relics of our "wooden walls," make a demand for another form of projectile and size of powder charge.

The gummer and his assistants at Fort Wadsworth do not manufacture any of the powders, forge any of the shells or make any of the powder tanks and fuses, but the work of putting them together keeps them busily employed. Handling powder may be a dangerous occupation, but great care is exercised there and it is not often that an accident of any kind is reported.—New York Recorder.