

According to Once A Week, the requisites for the development of trade in Central Africa are—cheap carriage, capital and the exercise of sound common-sense business principles.

The production of cottonseed oil is attaining to immense commercial proportions. A schooner reached Philadelphia the other day having on board 6798 barrels of the yellow oil from Texas.

The Great Alta irrigation district system of canals at Traver, Cal., has been completed and is running full of water, practically irrigating 130,000 acres of land. Five hundred canals and distributing ditches are in operation.

In the provinces of Rio Grande do Sul, Sao Paulo, Parana and Sta. Catharina, in Brazil, there are German colonies numbering 250,000 people that have jealously preserved their language and nationality, and almost the entire trade of these sections is in German hands.

Japan has now a school system somewhat similar to our own. Controlled by local authorities are more than 28,000 schools, of which 26,000 are elementary, the teachers number nearly 72,000, and the scholars 3,410,000, nearly half the total population of school age. The total annual expense of the system is about \$7,000,000.

In Russia a child ten years of age cannot go away from home to school without a passport. Servants and peasants cannot go away from where they live without a passport. A gentleman residing at St. Petersburg or Moscow cannot receive the visit of a friend who remains many hours without notifying the police of his arrival, as the case may be. The porters of all houses are compelled to make returns of the arrival and departure of strangers. And for every one of the above passports a charge is made of some kind.

Honey could be immensely improved, thinks the Chicago Herald, by the planting of flowers known to yield a fine flavored nectar. Everyone knows the difference in the quality of the comb contents in different parts of the same country and in different regions. The Narbonne honey obtains its fine flavor by being harvested chiefly from labiate plants, such as rosemary, etc., and though it appears that the Maltese honey does not, as often stated, owe its fine aroma to orange blossoms, the latter undeniably perfumes the Greek honey.

It is stated that a scheme is on foot to utilize the waters of the Rio Grande for irrigation purposes. The project is a vast one, but there is no doubt, asserts the San Francisco Chronicle, that it could be successfully carried out and a great quantity of land on both sides of the border now useless could be brought under cultivation. Of course, a treaty would be necessary in order to permit the operations to be carried on, but as both Mexico and the United States would benefit lastly by the redemption of the arid lands that could be watered by the river there would probably be no opposition made to such an agreement.

After teaching school for fifty-one years, Johann Jacob Haberle of Germany died some years ago, and his diary has just been published, in which the punishments he administered are all noted down. He gave 911,517 strokes with a stick, 240,100 "smites" with a birch-rod, 10,384 hits with a ruler, 136,715 hand smacks, 10,235 slaps on the face, 7906 boxes on the ears, 115,800 blows on the head, 10,763 tacks from the Bible, Catechism, the poets and grammar—two years he had to buy a Bible for the scholars, 77 times he made his school on peas, and 5001 scholars were punished with a ruler held over their heads. As to his abusive language, it was so rough that they were to be silent.

Edith Wilder's Journal.

By METTA E. S. BENSON,

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CHAPTER V.

Then slowly opening the door, I was greeted with the odor of violets, borne in on the cold outer air. Instantly there followed a sweet ripple of laughter, a little rush and rustle— "Why Joyce?" and I sprang forward to meet her.

"Dith, you old darling!" she exclaimed, half smothering me with her caresses. Clinging to each other, we passed from the hall-way into the room where Leon was sitting. There was a smile on his face as we entered. "Leon," I explained, "this is my sister Joyce. Miss Volney, Mr. Courtney." A light of intense admiration shone in his eyes as he greeted her, I felt a stricture of fierce pain at my heart. How lovely she was! Her golden hair, her radiant face, the indescribable charm of her entire person seemed to fill the room with a brilliant brightness.

"Really, Dith," she said while viewing her rich outer wraps, "I do believe you would have come to see me for a whole month." "Pray, how did I know you were home? I supposed your school was not closed until August." "Oh, bother the school!" she made a pretty grimace. "Truly, Dith, taken all in all—the conjugating of French verbs, the dreadful rules, and the still more dreadful food—I was driven nearly distracted. I think I was quite out of my senses for a week or two. Then my quarterly allowance came; after that, expostulations, pleadings, tears, a pleasant journey, and the freedom of home life again."

Leon laughed at her terse, childish recital. But how did Mrs. Volney take the unexpected home coming? I asked, as she drew the ottoman close beside my chair and seated herself thereon in a sort of graceful abandon. "Oh—with a little lingering over the word—she was more pleased than otherwise, I fancy. But you wish I had not returned. Why, I wonder!" And she looked at Leon with a bright, enchanting smile.

"Because I think it would have been greatly to your advantage to have remained," I replied. "Do you know, Dith?" (she could always make easy shifting from a disagreeable subject), "that you grow absolutely pretty with that light in your eyes, and a hint of pink in your cheeks." Then she clasped her hands softly, while a merry laugh bubbled over her lips. "Pardon me, Dith, but I cannot help laughing when I remember what a grotesque little object you used to appear when you lived at Mrs. Chilson's. Have you forgotten the first visit you made at Mamma Volney's? I would laugh aloud for days afterward, whenever I recalled the curious picture you made in that scant brown lawn, coarse, ill-fitting shoes, and to crown all that horrid old hat of Mrs. Chilson's, which was a whole size too large for you." Again that rippling laugh.

A lady detective. My name shall go down to posterity; my deeds adorn the pages of a sensational novel! Children receive my blessing! and rising to her feet she extended her hands above us in a mock benediction. At nine o'clock Mrs. Volney sent after her. Leon walked beside her down to the gate. "Your sister is very beautiful, Edith," he said, as we lingered a moment in the open door-way while the sound of the bells came back to us like peals of merry music.

Golden green the grass is growing where the snow has been. Out in the old elm this morning a robin sang a little forlornly it seemed to me. Or was the forlornness within myself? I only know I am tortured by a sense of loss. A brightness and glory has gone out of life. Some tender buds that blossomed in my heart are withering.

There are no more evenings alone with Leon; no more wonderful, low-voiced talks of the joy that thrills us; of the rare, sweet hopes that cluster about a day now drawing near—our wedding day. Joyce has suddenly found her sister's society necessary to her happiness. Evening after evening she comes fluttering in with a pretty bird-like motion which is natural to her, and so absolutely does she appropriate Leon's attention to herself that through an entire evening we rarely exchange a half dozen common place thoughts. He is yielding slowly to the charm of her exceeding beauty; is drifting back into the careless trifling manner which so annoyed me at the beginning of our acquaintance. For a time the depths of his nature were stirred, and I believe, but for Joyce, he might have developed into a tender, true, earnest man.

Dear heaven, that I should feel compelled to write this of my flower-faced sister! There is, however, a fatal strand of weakness in his character, and there are times when her loveliness fills and satisfies every throb of his being; when he is mastered by her bewitching beauty, and sense and judgment protest in vain. And so I am trying to put the dear dreams as I: to face the reality without a throb of cowardice. But I find:

"This is truth the poet sings, That a sorrow's crown of sorrow Is remembering happier things." I was belated at my work last night. A dress made by finished, and having worked rapidly since early morning I was tired and nervous. I thought of Leon; of what he had brought into my life, and of all he would take away in going. And although I knew in that hour it had been only an idle dream which had held me for a time in its thrilling grasp, yet regret was strong within me, and I could see nothing clearly except the image of my own helpless misery.

Presently I reached Mrs. Volney's. The magnificent furnishings of the gas lighted rooms was partly revealed through half drawn curtains, and from the music room came broken sounds of melody, as of joyous chords struck at random. In the deep darkness without I stood and watched them—Joyce and Leon. She was at the piano, her white fingers toying with the keys, her radiant face uplifted to his as he stooped above her. In that supreme moment I think I must have hated her. She had so much, so luxurious a home, beauty, accomplishments—why could she not have left me in peace with my one possession? Then better thoughts urged themselves foremost. This was only one of the mysteries of our human lot. Joyce was my sister—the very counterpart of my own beautiful mother. She loved this man who was my plighted husband. These thoughts conveyed to my mind a vision of reasons, which slowly merged into one brief sentence—I must renounce him.

I have had the evening to myself and have been resolutely gathering up Leon's little gifts and putting them out of sight. Artistic trifles, scattered here and there about the room; books he has read and that are full of his pencil marks; a knot of flowers he fastened at my throat one day with a delicate caress and a loving word. This was weeks ago, and their beauty is vanished, but a faint odor lingers among their faded leaves. "Some time," I say to myself, "I may be able to look upon these things unmoved." But even as I say this, my heart is heavy with sorrow and the tears fall fast, remembering how much they have been to me—how meaningless they are now. Dear God! is it always to be thus? Are there no lasting joys, no hopes that strike deep root into the soil of our being that no chance or change can hinder their growth? A volume of Tennyson's poems fell open before me, and I read: "Since we deserv'd the name of friends, And thus effect so lives in thee, A part of mine may live in thee. And move thee on to nobler ends." The doctor and Edna have delayed their marriage one month. I understand why they have done so and am very grateful.

not. We have no right to be always tucking our troubles down into other people's hearts." "That is true, as a rule; but there are exceptional cases. Sometimes a sorrow revealed is half borne. Besides there is the promise, that if we are willing to help another bear his burden our own shall be proportionally lightened." "And yet I have heard you say, Rose, that suffering and sorrow were the agents by which God lifts us into a more exalted plane of living. Then, should we not endure every intensest throb?" She looked into my eyes steadily for a moment, with that rare and tender smile of hers which is ever a sermon of peace that we go astray. Was not this true in your case? Were you not dazzled by the splendor offered you until you yielded to Leon's importunities against your better judgment? At first you did not care for him with any feeling of affection, but he was a man who had never had a wish thwarted in his whole life, and the difficulties you placed in his way but added zest to his wooing. Your quiet bravery, your pure, true life, combined with certain peculiar personal charms, challenged his admiration and called forth the best emotions of which he was capable. Perhaps he will be a better man all his life than if he had never known you, and you are not impoverished by the giving, are you?"

I am richer a thousand fold. I have passed through an experience which must forever intensify the significance of the acts by which I am bound to others. I have renounced much but I have gained still more. Although in outer seeming my life will go on just as before, yet to me there is an appreciable difference. Something has come and gone; but I have gained a wisdom I could not have gathered from books. It cannot be put into words. "No," Rose replied, after a moment's silence, "there are certain thoughts and bearings that must grow into our lives by actual experience. I think God meant it so. It is the way by which He sanctifies our sorrow and transforms even our mistakes into a 'rampart ground' for further and grander effort."

Our hands met in a mutual clasp, and the eyes that looked into mine were large with tears. "This was to have been my wedding day. Edna remembered, but was silent, only lying beside my plate this morning a bunch of pansies, with the dew upon them, and for which I thanked her with a smile. It was such a delicate token of sympathy and love. Who but Edna would have thought of it?" The great wide earth is mad with bloom and fragrance. All day the sunshine has crept like a caress into the room where I sat at my work, fashioning bridal garments for a fair young girl. Fate is sometimes a cruel jester. I am a trifle quiet to-day—sorrowful, almost—and yet, after a close questioning of my heart, I know that there is no throb of regret within its deep emotions. It is only an beginning to comprehend Rose's words: "The grandest lesson of life, Edith, is to learn that real happiness lies within one's own nature."

Every day I see the world growing larger about me, and I move tranquil in the midst. "My desolation does begin to make a better life." There is something very beautiful in the idea of selfhood—that I, Edith Wilder, struggling onward with the toiling masses, helping and being helped, am yet an independent factor in the great problem of existence. Less than a year ago, when Edna and I began our home life, it just seemed that I had been suddenly set into a niche of paradise. I had reached the goal of desire. I had stooped to quaff at the fountain of perpetual joy! Now, I know that the best of life is not reached at a bound. That there are heights into which one must ascend, not swiftly as the eagle in his upward flight, but slowly, painfully, step by step. These things have been born out of my own experience.

"For I, myself, with these have grown To something larger than before." I write but little in my journal now, for Edna and I are living so much in these days that are lessening one by one. The bridal garments are taking shape slowly, in our leisure moments, and there are wonderful plans for the future, and loving, backward glances over the year that has gone. And sometimes into the midst of happy talks, there are sudden clasping of hands and eyes that grow dim with tears. It is hard to loose old ties and drift into new relationships however fond our anticipations may be. Harder sometimes than can be put into speech.

It is all over. The pleasant assembling of friends; the sacred vows; the congratulations; the good-byes. Very bright and pretty Edna looked as she paused at the car door and blew back a last kiss from the finger tips of one dainty, gloved hand. Ordinarily Edna is not pretty, but there are times, when, under excitement, her face flushes into a color and expression that astonishes and dazzles even those who know her best. "Dear friend, may all the path of your future years be strewn with joy and peace!" This was the wish that came stealing down my thoughts for her, as I turned

away from the moving train that bearing Dr. Brownlow and his wife you'd my vision. "O, the desolation of our little home! I returned and began putting things to rights. There stood the piano, with a book of Sonatas open at one of the thorns, just as she left off playing, one evening. There is not a thing my hand rest upon, or my hands touch, which is not in some way connected with Edna. The happy days are ended forever. I will be my friend always, but never more in the dear olden sense. I had kept up bravely through it all, but I broke down in the midst of such thoughts as these, and falling face downward upon the floor sobbed out my sorrow alone. In the afternoon I went down to Room to unfold to her my plan for a new home. After the wedding had been duly discussed, I said: "Rose, I have nearly perfected a plan whereby, with your consent, of course, I can live with you."

"A plan to live me, Edith? Tell it, please." "And you would like it, then, I know by your face." "Like it! Oh, Edith! if the dream only can become a reality!" "I have no reason why it cannot. There is a lovely cottage upon Wildwood avenue, and the owner, a lady whose husband has recently died, is very anxious to rent it. It is really a desirable place. There is a wide, green lawn in front with a few fine old trees; a rose tree runs round over a side veranda; at the right of the house is a small flower plot, and just beyond a large grape arbor. At the back of the house there is not a yard of ground that does not serve some purpose. There are fruit trees of different kinds, bushes of raspberries, a small plot of strawberries, a vegetable garden, and at the far end a well arranged park and hen-house containing a few choice fowls. The latter I thought to buy for Dick, and allow him to have the proceeds for his own use. It will be an encouragement to labor, and if he learns to care for all these things in a right manner, he will not find many idle hours."

"And I should like him to have some such employment, for he is too much at large in the street now, breathing in a poison from the rude talk of older boys and of coarse, vulgar men, which I fear he will never live down. He is a bright, loyal, brave boy and I want him to become a clean, pure man." "I know you do, Rose. And Dick was not left out of my thought when I was planning for our home. But now for the business part. I will rent the house and contribute my share beside to the household fund, if your mother will consent to my proposal."

"But would this arrangement be quite fair to you, Edith?" "I think so. True, my expenses will be a trifle more than during the year past, but my income will also be larger. A number of ladies for whom I have worked, have banded together and retained my services for the coming year at the rate of ten dollars a week. I was offered a lucrative position in Madame Forney's establishment; but these ladies seemed to think that no one could please them so well as myself. "And really, Rose, I have sought in every possible way to perfect myself in my art. For dressmaking is an art. It requires as fine an artistic sense to make a perfectly fitting dress and adapt it to every detail to the wearer, as it does to paint a picture or write a poem. And I believe the only reason why women are so often out of lucrative employment is that they are not painstaking enough. They give more thought to the gain than to the acquire from the work than to the work itself."

"Is this the result of nature or education?" "Of both, I think. Wifehood and motherhood seem to be woman's natural realm, and comparatively few girls are trained for a self-providing career. But, really, Rose, we must turn a leaf down just here, and leave this conversation to be continued."

Strenuous Efforts for Penny Postage. WASHINGTON, April 25.—A strenuous effort is being made by persons interested in the passage of the bill recently introduced in the House by Representative Post, of Illinois, to reduce letter postage from 2 to 1 cent per ounce. A circular has been distributed broadcast and has been received by nearly every member of the present Congress, stating that one hundred and four members have promised to vote for the bill, and urging non-committed members to support it. The circular has been sent to the people in all doubtful Congressional districts, asking that their representatives be instructed to vote for the measure.

BRIEN IN CHICAGO

The Bunco Man Said to be Hiding There.

BEEN AT SPORTING RESORTS Believed to Have Spent Sunday at House Near the Stock Yards.

He is Lying Low Now, for All the Detectives in the Windy City Know His Removal of His Beard Said to Have Effected a Starting Change in His Appearance—Watching Out for the Police in Montreal.

CHICAGO, April 25.—The noted bunco man, "Tom" O'Brien, is said to be in Chicago, or at least he was here yesterday, according to reports. It was a matter of surprise that he should be in Chicago, for there are dozens of men here who know him, while all the members of the detective force are acquainted with his features. O'Brien was here twelve or fifteen years ago, when he worked with the notorious "Doc" Baggs, made this city his headquarters, but never did anything here that entitles him to special consideration.

He was arrested for vagrancy, but he always worked outside of Chicago, police here never fastened anything of several thousand dollars, and are warrants out for him at further west than this. After escaping from the New York officers O'Brien must have steered for Chicago, if the story of his presence here is true. It is said he got off the Shore train at the Van Buren street in the morning, being unburdened with baggage, and hurried to a shop in the basement of No. 123 street, where his beard was removed, his hair cut close to his head.

The transformation worked by the barber is said to have been startling. His nearest relative or best friend has never known him. O'Brien is alleged, visited a Turkish bath in the neighborhood near by and remained there for some time, after which he entered a cab and drove away.

Where he remained in hiding the day is not known, but he would no trouble in finding friends to shelter him. O'Brien has not been in Chicago much of late years, but kept up communication with his friends all the time. The famous bunco man is claimed, visited some of his friends in two or three Clark street apartments last night, but kept very close, and a detective would not have been able to find the house of a friend who lives on Stock yards.

Looking for O'Brien in Montreal. MONTREAL, April 25.—The New York police have asked the authorities here to keep a sharp lookout for O'Brien, "King of Bunco Men." The police have what they think is an O'Brien's presence in this city, busy engaged in working it, captured here the bunco man can be tradited.

Imports and Exports of Spices. NEW YORK, April 25.—The value of specie from the port of New York last week amounted to \$2,200,000, which \$1,771,860 was gold and silver. All the gold and silver went to Europe, and \$650,000 went to South America. The value of specie during the week amounting to \$99,132, of which \$60,780 was \$38,372 silver. The steamship Bretagne, which left this city for Havre, took \$1,755,000 in gold of which \$1,250,000 was shipped to Gard Freres, and \$505,000 by L. Thalman & Co.

Trainmen Submit Various Grievances. SCRANTON, Pa., April 25.—A meeting of the trainmen of the various railroads of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad and J. W. one of the officers of the Brotherhood, waited upon General Halsted in this city Saturday afternoon, and had a long conference with him, but it is believed the committee will submit various grievances of a bill to the General Manager.

Resigns and Confesses to Wrongdoing. BOSTON, April 25.—Francis J. well, for sixteen years a member of the board of registrars of the city of Brookline, has resigned, and said that he has confessed to the recent violent take action of the South on the colored race the Texarkana lynching, his appeal to the colored people of States and their friends, request to set aside May 31 as a day of fasting and prayer. Signers are F. B. S. Pinchback and Douglas.

A Day of Prayer Over Negroes. ST. LOUIS, April 25.—The appointed at the recent meeting of colored citizens to take action on the recent violent take action of the South on the colored race the Texarkana lynching, his appeal to the colored people of States and their friends, request to set aside May 31 as a day of fasting and prayer. Signers are F. B. S. Pinchback and Douglas.

A Cut in Eastern Rates. NORFOLK, Va., April 25.—Board of Directors of the Norfolk and Western Railroad, in a meeting held here yesterday, voted to reduce the rates on coal and other commodities to the Eastern States.

Archbishop Corrigan Denies a Report. NEW YORK, April 25.—Archbishop Corrigan told a reporter of the National Press to-day that the despatch sent from Rome that the Pope had refused to grant a dispensation to the Cardinal of Baltimore to be elevated to the cardinalate was without foundation, because the Pope had not been petitioned to make him a Cardinal.