ALONE.

I.

The fire flits on the walls
 And glitters on the pane;
Lo! Memory's wand recalls
 The happy past again.
 I sit alone.

A tender weirdsome light
 O'ercasts the fading green,
Amid the leaves' sad flight
 And Autumn's golden sheen.
 I roam alone.

Alas! the wild winds sweep
 O'er Winter's bosom white,
Like moans of restless sleep,
 Or hollow sounds of night.
 I sigh alone.

II.

The hyacinth doth peep
 And spring-time lilies bloom,
O'er dearest ones asleep
 Within the dreamless tomb;
 I weep alone.

The distant church-bell sounds
 O'er fragrant meadows broad
And silent sleepers' mounds;
 All pass to worship God.
 I go alone.

Soft doth the music steal
 Out o'er the flow'ring sod,
No grief these sleepers feel
 Forever more. O God,
 I am alone!

—*T. B. P. Stewart in The Current.*

A STITCH IN TIME.

It started with the black and white exhibition last year. I was going through with my Uncle Mark, and we stopped in front of a picture labelled "The Chemist," and I asked Uncle what he thought of it. I had been working down at the School of Mines myself for the past month, but had said nothing about it to Uncle Mark.

"I hate the sight of all of them," cried the old gentleman irascibly. "Since my aunt eloped with a young whippersnapper of an apothecary's clerk, thirty years ago, and brought disgrace to our family, I feel my fingers itch to destroy all their drugs and villainous compounds. I heard you talking last summer about taking up something of the kind, Mark, and if you had, you'd have been ten thousand dollars poorer than you will be now. I'd not have left you a cent, sir—not a penny, sir. The Hepworths have always been gentlemen, and I should be blanked sorry, sir, to have one of them become a syrup-mixer."

"But, Uncle, there is a great deal of difference between a chemist and a drugstore clerk. Every great scientific man must understand chemistry, and even if—"

"Don't you tell *me*, sir. I know 'em all, sir. These chemists are all alike, sir!"

"Well," I replied, meekly giving in, "why didn't you say something to me about it at the time." Then, fearful lest he might find me out, I added: "I might have gone on and become a chemist for all you said about it *then*."

"I don't want to influence you, Mark. You can go and do what you please for all of me. I shall say. I have no authority over you, and don't want any. Only, I didn't intend to leave my money to any apothecary, sir."

This was pleasant, to say the least! I firmly resolved to leave the School of Mines instanter. I had taken it up on the sly, intending to surprise my friends by the discovery of a new metal or some such exploit. I always washed my hands in weak acid before leaving the lab., and changed my clothes and had hitherto gone on undetected. So I felt I was safe if I stopped.

"By the way, Uncle," I said, "I think I shall go into business. Can you recommend me to any of your business acquaintances? I should like to commence as soon as possible."

Uncle Mark looked very much pleased.

"That's right, my boy; that's right. I'll see what I can do for you. Meanwhile, I see pretty Miss McGregor over there, and I would be cruel to keep you away from her any longer, so, au revoir, Mark. Come and dine with me this evening," and the kind old gentleman slipped off in a moment.

I instantly shot into the next room to Miss McGregor's side. She was standing there looking at "The Chemist."

"Well, Miss Flora," I said, "what do you think of it?"

She turned quickly and stretched out her hand.

"Good, morning, Mr. Hepworth," she cried, smiling.

"You were not at all startled?" I said, holding her hand—such a sweet little hand, that it was pain to let it go—"and you did not hear me come up?"

"No," she said, letting her hand still lie in mine; "but it seemed so natural to have you standing there," and then she suddenly blushed and drew her hand out of my vigorous grasp. "That is," she added, "I mean that—that I—"

She was growing rosily red, so I came to her rescue.

"You mean, Miss Flora," I said, with a faint attempt at jocoseness, "that I have inflicted myself on you so much lately that you have come to look on me as an inevitable, although tiresome incubus. Well, I admit that I have haunted your steps very much lately, but if any of you, you must send me packing. I don't wonder that you become awfully bored."

"I did not mean that, Mr. Hepworth," she said hastily.

"Miss Flora, my name is not Mr. Hepworth," I interrupted.

She looked at me a little astonished.

"Your name is not Mr. Hepworth?"

"No. That is, not to you. My name is Mark, Miss Flora, if you please."

"But I don't please," she said, with a pleasant little laugh. "That is—not yet. Why, I have only known you for a half-year! But, to change the subject, are you going to Mrs. De Morris Brown's next Thursday night?"

"I haven't been asked that I know of," said I, sadly. "I don't know Mrs. Brown."

"But your uncle could get you an invitation if you wish one. I am going."

"Miss Flora, I shall be there if I have to ask Mrs. Brown myself for a card. But I see your mother looking anxiously for you. Shall I take you to her? Till Tuesday night, then, au revoir."

"Good bye," she said, and then, as she saw her mother's back turned "Mark."

"I shall thank you for that Tuesday night," I said laughing.

After the McGregors had driven off I started to go down to Uncle Mark's, but concluded to take a farewell visit to the laboratory. I had become quite attached to the place, and felt quite a pang at the idea of giving up my "magoo-mixing." I decided to make one more analysis, and then give it up forever.

That evening at dinner Uncle Mark said:

"I spoke to Mr. Share about you, Mark. You know the firm, best brokerage business in the city; Share, Ticker & Co. I told him you would see him at Mrs. De Morris Brown's on Tuesday night, and could speak for yourself."

"Unluckily, Uncle, I haven't been invited to Mrs. De Morris Brown's."

"You haven't? Well, I'll get you a card. Mrs. Brown will let me have one."

On Tuesday I finished my analysis, but I had to work till pretty late. I hurried to my room and commenced to dress. I looked at my reflection in the glass and started. I had forgotten to wash my hands in acid before leaving the laboratory and these stains were colored like a rainbow. I was rather frightened, but I hadn't time to go back to the laboratory, and as to staying away from Mrs. De Morris Brown's when Flora and Old Share were to be there—impossible. I looked at my hands. The stains were pretty bad (my forefinger looked like a well-used, unscraped palette), but they did not extend above my wrist. My gloves would hide them. I looked at the clock. I was late already, so I hurried on the rest of things and started to pull on my gloves. As I jerked them on I heard a suspicious crack. I examined the tear, but flattered myself it wouldn't show, and hurried into the cab, and was soon in the gentleman's cloak-room at Mrs. Brown's.

I found Uncle Mark waiting for me.

"Ah, Mark," he growled, "I thought you were never coming. Fifteen minutes late! You'll never get on with Mr. Share unless you're punctual. Punctuality and neatness are his two great hobbies, and if you run against either you can make up your mind to stay on his black-book forever. Come down and I'll present you to Mrs. Brown."

After the presentation, Uncle Mark looked around the room.

"I don't see Share," he said, "but there is Miss McGregor, and you can talk to her until I find him."

I went over to Flora. She was talking to Lieutenant Evans, a confounded idiot who was always hanging about her, and hadn't sense enough to see that she disliked him.

"Well, Miss Flora, I obtained the card, as you see. Good evening, Lieutenant; have you seen General Sherman?"

"No. Is he here to-night?" said Evans, starting up.

"I think I saw him in the ball-room," said I, and when Evans went in that direction I said: "Now, Miss Flora, let us gain the conservatory before he comes back," and I hurried her toward the door through which the dark green palms beckoned so enticingly. I went too fast, however, for I struck my foot against a vine or something and I went down on the walk. I put out my hand to break my fall, and did, somewhat, but that confounded rip in my glove extended now down the side of my right hand to my thumb.

Flora stood there laughing vigorously.

"I can't help it," she apologized. "Just when you were gloating over your wicked deception of Lieutenant Evans, to have retribution overtake you so well. It is so ridiculous that I have to laugh."

I arose, a little sulky, and rather flurried by the accident to my glove, and tried to join in the laugh, but I didn't succeed very well. That was Flora's great fault. She laughed altogether too easily. However, I changed the subject, and we walked along, talking about the black and white exhibition and the various pictures, meritorious and otherwise. I kept my right hand, with the injured glove, in my pocket.

"Miss McGregor—Flora," I said suddenly, "I promised to thank you for calling me 'Mark.' When you called me 'Mark' it was all I could do to keep from throwing myself at your feet and telling you how much I loved you. 'Dear Helen,'" and I took her soft little hand in my two big ones, "you know I love you heartily, with all my soul, since I first saw you. Whenever I have looked into your sweet, glowing eyes, I have tried to find some sign that you loved me, that my love could call forth a little in return. My darling little love, let me see them now and perhaps—"

She had cast her eyes down demurely when I began, and her face was wreathed in blushes, but now she interrupted me with a hearty peal of laughter, and her eyes were riveted on her hand so secure in mine. I followed her glance. Oh, horrors! That confounded glove! The empty kid forefinger dangled down, and my ribbon-colored rainbow-hued finger protruded prominently with the spotless glove as its background. I stood there glaring with rage, when the voice of Lieutenant Evans broke in on us.

"I've found you at last, Miss Flora. This is our waltz. What is the joke? Cawn't you let me enjoy it, too? Mr. Hepworth is an awful wag, I know."

How I got away I don't know, but as I was trying to elbow my way to the cloak-room, an elderly gentleman planted himself in front of me and said:

"This is Mr. Hepworth, isn't it? Your uncle recommended you to me and asked me to speak to you about a place in your office. I am Mr. Bernard Share," and he held out his hand to me gravely.

Reluctantly I drew that hideous hand from behind me and shook hands with him. This was the man who insisted on neatness! He started at the sight of the spotted finger, of course, and I tried to explain the matter. He chalantly he said:

"Don't you think I have the small-pox, or have been painting my finger in a paint pot. The fact is, I left the laboratory late this afternoon, too late to remove some chemicals which I spilled on my hand, and a split in my glove has disclosed what I flattered my self I could keep hidden."

"Yes, you young scoundrel, you have been hiding it a long while," said a voice behind me. Uncle Mark, of course he had come up to introduce me, and had overheard me. "Share, I withdraw my recommendation of this young man to you. I am now convinced that he is a liar, and a sneak;" then turning to me he said: "And I wish you to understand, sir, that I am no relative of your's after this. I have no nephew. You hear me, Share, I don't know this young man."

"I had already decided that he would not do for me," replied Mr. Share.

I got away from that miserable place as soon as I could, and have decided not to leave the laboratory. In fact, chemistry is the only thing left for me now since I lost a legacy, a place in business, and the girl I loved, and all by a ripped glove!—*Washington Hatchet.*

Leaf-Cutting Ants.

In my rambles I discover a nest of the large leaf-cutting ant (the Œcodama) found over the entire South American continent—and a leading member of that social tribe of insects of which it has been said that they rank intellectually next to ourselves. Certainly this ant in its actions, simulates man's intellect very closely, and not in the unpleasant manner of species having warrior castes and slaves. The leaf-cutter is exclusively agricultural in its habits, and constructs subterranean galleries in which it stores fresh leaves in amazing quantities. The leaves are not eaten, but are cut up into small pieces and arranged in beds; these beds quickly become frosted over with a growth of minute fungus; this the ant industriously gathers and stores for use, and when the artificial bed is exhausted the withered leaves are carried out to make room for a layer of fresh ones. Thus the Œcodama literally grows its own food, and in this respect appears to have reached a stage beyond the most highly developed ant communities hitherto described. Another interesting fact is that, although the leaf-cutters have a peaceful disposition, never showing resentment except when gratuitously interfered with, they are just as courageous as any purely predatory species, only their angry emotions and warlike qualities always appear to be dominated by reason and the public good. Occasionally a community of leaf-cutters goes to war with a neighboring colony of ants of some other species; in this, as in everything else, they seem to act with a definite purpose and great deliberation. Wars are infrequent, but in all those I have witnessed—and I have known this species from childhood—the fate of the nation is decided in one great pitched battle. A spacious bare level spot of ground is chosen, where the contending armies meet, the fight raging for several hours at a stretch, to be renewed on several consecutive days. The combatants, equally sprinkled over a wide area, are engaged in single combat or in small groups, while others, non-fighters, run briskly about, removing the dead and disabled warriors from the field of battle.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Shall We Meet Again?

The following from the pen of the lamented George D. Prentice is well worth reproduction. It was regarded as meritorious when it first appeared, and age seems to have but added to its beauty: "The fiat death is inexorable. No appeal for relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom, wither, and fade in a day have no frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and the multitude that throng the world today will disappear as footsteps on the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the antagonist of life, and the thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its dark passage may lead to paradise; we do not want to go down into damp graves, even with princes for bed-fellows. In the beautiful drama of Ion, the hope of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his life a sacrifice to fate, his Clemanthe asks if they should meet again; to which he responds: I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of stars among those fields of azure my raised spirits have walked in glory. All are dumb. But as I gaze upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in love that mantles through its beauty that can not wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemanthe.

Arizona's Name.

The name of Arizona was not bestowed through any poetic arrangements of Indian or Spanish names, but is derived from "Aridus" and "zona." Aridus, dry—from "areo," to be dry. From this root also comes the word "arid," which signifies dry, exhausted of moisture, parched with heat; as, for instance, an arid waste. This is without doubt one of the roots, the prefix (Ari) of the word Arizona. There is no difficulty in the way as to the suffix. That is plain enough to any one who has studied word analysis. "Zona" or "zone" simply means a girdle or belt. Hence we have the different zones or belts on the earth's surface—two frigid, two temperate and one torrid—to mark the average heat from the sun's rays upon certain portions of the earth. Hence the suffix "zone" or "zona," and we have the entire word Arizona, whose meaning is simply "a dry or parched belt of country." This name, however, is a misnomer so far as the greater portion of Arizona Territory is concerned.—*Arizona Sentinel.*

PRESIDENTIAL POVERTY.

Few of Our Executives Who Have Left Fortunes Behind Them.

John Adams, at the age of 66, after twenty-six years of continuous public service, writes a correspondent to *The Cleveland Leader*, retired to his little estate near Quincy, Mass. with barely enough property to give him the needs of life on a farm and the only thing he got from the United States during his later years was the privilege of receiving and sending his letters without postage.

Thomas Jefferson had to borrow something less than $10,000 of a Richmond bank to pay his debts before he left the white house, and the history of the last seventeen years of his life is one of almost continuous financial embarrassment. During the forty-four years which he devoted to the service of his country his property dwindled and his estates became involved. In asking for the above loan he says: "My nights will be almost sleepless, as nothing would be more distressing to me than to have debts here (in Washington) unpaid, if, indeed, I should be allowed to depart with them unpaid of which I am by no means certain."

He obtained the loan, but he went from Washington still owing $20,000, and a few years later he was forced to sell his library, which he had been sixty years in gathering to relieve his necessities. Congress, parsimonious then as now, valued it at half its cost, and gave him $23,000 for what was worth $50,000. In 1819 and 1820 there were hard times in this country, and Jefferson, now a man of 77, lost $20,000 by indorsing for a friend, and he tried to relieve himself by selling some of his lands. But times were bad and there were no purchasers. Land would not bring more than one-third of its value, and at the request of the old ex-president the Virginia legislature passed an act permitting him to dispose of Monticello by a lottery. This fact was noised about over the country, and so many subscriptions came to his relief that the idea was given up. New York raised $8,500, Philadelphia sent $5,000, Baltimore $3,000, and Jefferson, it is said, received these moneys proudly, saying: "No cent of this was wrung from the taxpayer. It is the pure, unsolicited offering of love." He died at 83, believing that his estate would support his children. He was mistaken. Continued hard times caused increased depression, and the mansion and the estate merely paid the debts which hung over them. Martha Jefferson, his daughter, lost her home and prepared to teach school, but the legislatures of South Carolina and Louisana each voted her $10,000, and this enabled her to die in comfort. Jefferson's only surviving granddaughter, Mrs. Mickleham, lives in poverty in Georgetown, and congress has refused to aid her.

I have before me a newspaper of 1826, published just one month after Jefferson's death. It contains an advertisement of the sale of Monticello by lottery in 1820, and represents it as valued at $71,000. Shadwell Mills, another estate of Jefferson, is valued at $30,000, and the Albemarle estate at $11,500, making a total of three prizes worth $112,500. The tickets are $10 each, and there are 11,477 blanks.

President Madison left some property at the time of his death, but his widow, the peerless Dolly, was for a time dependent upon the bread and meat furnished her by an old negro servant, and her last days were made easy only by congress buying from her for $30,000 the manuscript notes of the debates of the constitutional convention, which Madison had taken.

President Monroe, though he declined, it is said, $358,000 from the government for his public services, died very poor in New York, and it was twenty-seven years before his body was removed to Richmond, Va.

John Quincy Adams must have received over $500,000 in government salaries, and he is one of the few presidents who gained in property during his life after he had left the white house. He remained in retirement only about a year, and then entered the lower house of congress. After about sixteen years of service there, he died in the capital in 1848, exclaiming: "This is the end of earth: I am content." John Quincy Adams accumulated property, and the home in which he lived in Washington is now worth at least $30,000, and was until a few years ago in the hands of his decendants. His family is wealthy, and Charles Francis Adams is a railroad nabob.

Andrew Jackson gained nothing in wealth from his white house salary. It cost him, he says, every cent of it to pay his expenses, and the most of the proceeds of his cotton crop in addition. He returned from Washington at the close of his second term with just $90 in his pocket, to find his farm going to ruin and himself so deeply in debt that he had to sell part of his land to get out. The panic of 1837 did not affect him, but in 1842 he became involved through the debts of his adopted son, and he had to borrow $10,000 from Frank Blair. Congress relieved him somewhat during his later years by refunding the fine of $1,000 which he had paid in New Orleans in 1815, and this with the interest amounted in 1843, I think, to $2,700. Still, at the time of Jackson's death he owed more than $16,000, and now his heirs hold only a life estate in the Hermitage by an act of the Tennessee legislature.

Martin Van Buren retired from the white house wealthy and ambitious. He ran for a second term and was defeated. He was a candidate for nomination when Polk was nominated at Baltimore four years later, and in 1848 he accepted a nomination as the "Free Soil" candidate for the presidency and received 300,000 votes. Van Buren was a close, cautious, money-making fellow. He got good law fees, and began to learn economy while saving enough as a young man to get married. At his estate at Lindenwald, where he lived during his later years, he was surrounded with books and comforts, and he left a manuscript on political parties in the United States which his son published in 1867, five years after his father's death.

President Harrison owned a farm in Ohio when he was inaugurated president. It is safe to say he was poor, for he had been lately doing the drudgery of the clerk of the courts at Cincinnati. President Tyler supplied much of the money which ran the white house out of his own pocket, and congress would not pay the salary of his private secretary. He, like Van Buren, was not satisfied to leave politics at the close of his term, and he died in 1862, while serving as a member of the confederate congress. Moderately wealthy while here at Washington, he left little to his children, and one of his sons is now a clerk in the treasury department at Washington.

Zach. Taylor was by no means wealthy when he died in the white house. James K. Polk left a big house and enough to keep his widow, and Millard Fillmore, who started in life as a wool carder, died ten years ago, with enough of an estate in Buffalo to create a lawsuit over the sanity of his second wife. He took, like Grant, a foreign tour at the end of his term, and was a presidential candidate in 1856 as a leader of the know-nothings. James Buchanan did not leave such an estate as enabled Harriet Lane to keep Wheatlands, and within the past year it has been advertised for sale. Buchanan spent all his salary as president while in Washington, and what he had left after paying his white house expenses he gave in charity. He did not attempt to enter politics again, and he died an unappreciated and disappointed man.

Abraham Lincoln died poor, and it is due to congress that his family was provided for. Andrew Johnson went back to his house at Greenville, Tenn., where he had started in life as a tailor, but he continued to take part in politics until his death in 1875. Just before his death he had been elected again as United States senator, and he took his seat on the 5th of March, 1875, at the special session convened by Gen. Grant. He died by a stroke of paralysis, and left no fortune behind.

Of the other presidents Grant's necessities are agitating the country to-day, and Garfield's family is wealthy only through the voluntary subscriptions of the people. Truly, as Sidney Smith used to say, "There is nothing so expensive as glory."

A Famous Naturalist.

The fame of Seth Green as a master of the rod and gun, and as an enthusiastic, practical pisciculturist, is worldwide. He is a keen observer of nature in all her moods, but is especially noted for his intimate acquaintance with fishes and birds, and their habits, and the profound knowledge he possesses of the vegetable and animal life upon which they feed. Mr. Green is gifted with remarkable conversational powers, is clear and luminous in statement, and no one can listen to him without rare entertainment and instruction. He is untiring in his researches after knowledge, and has a marvelous aptitude for combining and controling the minor and insignificant forces of nature, so that they will work together for the advantage of man. His labors extend far beyond the mere cultivation of fish. Among his melon vines Mr. Green has laid boards. Lifting up these boards multitudes of toads are found concealed there by day. At night they come out and feed upon the insects that infest the melon vines. It was a simple device, and one that succeeded admirably. The toads were harnessed to his scheme of gardening, and worked faithfully and well. There is a hint in this to other growers of melons. Mr. Green is a born experimenter, and is not slow to get at the bottom facts in the matters that attract his attention. He is not disposed to adopt the speculations or conclusions of others, except so far as they are based upon proven conditions. He has reduced to practical use and given to the world the results of long years of study and observation, and the world is better thereby. He is in the full vigor of industrious life, and will yet accomplish much more in the field of his special pursuits.—*American Agriculturist.*

Italy Abroad.

A work lately produced at Rome gives many interesting particulars concerning the number of Italians living in foreign countries at the end of 1881. At the head of the list stands France, which, with Algeria and the colonies, contains 274,825, of whom 21,577 are in Paris, 33,693 in Algeria, and 57,861 in Marseilles. The Argentine Republic, or La Plata, has 254,388, 103,595 of whom live in Buenos Ayres. Strange to say, the United States of America has in its immense population only 170,000 of whom 20,286 are found in New York. The number in Brazil is 82,196, of whom 17,570 fall to San Paolo. In Austria and Hungary there are 43,875, of whom Trieste has 16,202. In Switzerland there are 41,645, of whom 19,603 are in the canton of Ticino; in Uruguay 40,000, in Turkey 18,612, in Egypt 16,302, most of whom live in Alexandria. Only 14,567 find a home in the British Isles and all the colonies, and of these only 7,189 in Great Britain and Ireland. Tunis has 11,196, Peru about 10,000, Spain 8,825, the German Empire 7,096, of whom 1,552 fall to Prussia (not including Hesse-Nassau, which was 496). Then comes Mexico with 6,103 Italians, Monaco with 3,437, and last the Russian Empire with only 2,938.—*New York Post*

Illiteracy in Siberia.

The discovery has lately been made that there is a town in Siberia, called Ilim, where not a single person can read or write. It is in the province of Irkutsk, and somehow or other has managed to get itself utterly overlooked and forgotten by the Russian government. The 500 inhabitants possess four churches but no schools, and, allowing the rest of the Czar's subjects to go on as they please, the good people of Ilim have continued in the old republican forms of government, which everybody supposed had been formally abolished by imperial edict throughout all the Russias ever so many years ago.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

FRANCE AND GERMANY COMPARED.

Figures That Indicate the Tendencies of the Two Nations.

M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu has recently made an interesting comparison between the industrial population of France and Germany, taking as a text the "Resultats Statistiques du Denombrement de 1881" for the former country, and the "Statisches Jahrbuch, fur das Deutsche Reich" for the latter. On the 5th of June, 1882, the date of the "Jahrbuch" the population of the German empire was 45,222,113, while that of the French republic, Dec. 18, 1881, was 37,622,048—Germany, therefore, being about 7,500,000 to the good—and that at a faster increasing ratio than France, seeing that the excess of births over deaths in 1882 was 525,000 in the one country, and only 100,000 or so in the other. While bearing in mind that Germany is prone to emigration and France to immigration, the former population may be said to increase at the rate of 350,000 per annum, and of the latter at the rate of 150,000. Each decade sees some 2,000,000 people more in the German proportion than in the French, in the year 1900 the excess will be close upon 11,500,000. A comparison of the occupations of the two countries shows some striking differences, owing to the habits and temperament of the different nations, although it is difficult to arrive at a strict classification, because in France, more than in most countries, persons are often found figuring in two or three capacities. It often happens, for instance, that a land-owner in the country (and returned as such) is a lawyer or doctor in the city, while in the lower strain of society a weaver is as often as not an agricultural laborer when textiles are slack, and many a house domestic helps his employer in the fields or in his office, being by turns a servant, a farm bailiff, or a clerk. These, however, are difficulties incidental to all census returns, more or less. The number of those who live by farming or forestry in Germany, including women and children, is 19,225,455, the same great class in France representing 18,249,209; no very great difference when we consider the relative similarity of surface, which in Germany is 540,000 square kilometers, and in France 528,000, though the difference becomes considerable when we take into account 7,500,000 extra population. On the other hand, the difference is lessened by the fact that children are much more abundant in Germany than in France. It is, however, when we consider the manual industries that the greatest divergence appears. Mining, building, and handicraft trades generally employ 16,058,080 persons in Germany, while in France all industries, grandes et petites, put together, give occupation to only 9,324,107, and this undoubtedly gives the keynote to the greater activity and development of the life of the people in the German empire. Commerce and the carrying trade, including shipping, railways, and hotel-keeping, employ 4,531,080 individuals in Germany, but in this respect it is outstripped by France, notwithstanding that the railway mileage is less, and that the Germans are notoriously the greater travelers of the two. The army, navy, gendarmerie, and police comprise in France 432,174, the addition of the wives and families bringing the number up to 552,851. In Germany the army alone numbers 451,885, or, with the families, 542,282. The number of functionaries and officials, together with the professions, are, in the latter country, 579,552, and in this respect again France heads the list with 689,000. Germany contains 1,022,223 persons without a profession, and this army is reinforced by women and children, bringing it up to 1,908,309, in which is a class consisting of those preparing for work, such as students and apprentices numbering 337,000, while there are also 938,244 which include housekeepers, day servants, and the like. France has only 737,088 actually without a profession, but has 2,121,173 living on their means, which is tantamount to the same thing; and there is a small batch of 91,216 of *professions inconnues*, which, if all the secrets were known, would form a remarkable series of revelations. The number of those who live on their means (*von eigenem Vermogen*) in Germany is placed at 1,593,125, which is very considerably less than the French contingent, and tells in favor of the Germans, as possessing less idle ones in a household. Domestic service in France employs 2,557,266, of whom from 106,404 men and 281,380 women are returned as attendants in hotels and restaurants. The domestic class in Germany is only 2,324,924. The occupations depending upon eating, drinking, and lodging comprise 1,164,590 individuals in France, as against 756,647 in Germany, a fact which will be potent to those who are acquainted with the two countries and know the different degrees of estimation in which the art and graces of living are held.

The Mexican Police System.

The City of Mexico has an excellent police system. At night there is a policeman at every corner. He never patrols the streets, but has a lantern which he sets in the center of the intersecting streets, and then retires to a convenient doorway and sits silent until relieved. As a consequence there is a row of lanterns in the middle of every street. Each policeman carries a club and a revolver, and wears a blanket around his shoulders. The roundsmen who patrol the streets are mounted, and carry carbines and sabers, looking like cavalrymen. Policemen are invariably polite, and will stop a street car and assist a lady to enter it as gallantly as the proudest Castilian.—*Two Republics.*

In due course of time the British public may come to use a further variety of American political phrases. A British statesman may point with pride to his Record, and will denounce with vehemence those who bolt the regular nomination, and who prefer not to vote the straight ticket. A little knot of party managers will prepare the slate, and a little group of British mugwumps will break the slate.—*London Saturday Review.*