CALEB'S JEALOUSY.

"Why, what is that?" asked Caleb Moor, as the expressman rattled up to the door of John Hutter's farm-house, dumped something heavy on the porch, and stood whistling and beating time with his boots while he waited for some one to come out, "Going to have company, Jennie?"

Jennie Hutter shook her head.

"No," said she; "pa has taken it into his head to have city boarders, that's all. Some old gentleman who is going to write a book and wants quiet, I believe. What a bother!"

Caleb laughed.

"He'll not bother you much, plaything," he said. "You are not interested in the crockery, nor do you sweep or make the beds. The rose on the branch by the window will be troubled as much by his coming as you."

Jennie pouted.

"How idle you fancy me," she said. "I sew perpetually, and I made a custard yesterday Ma won't let me do housework, and old Nancy always says, 'Go away and don't bother me, child,' when I try to help. I——"

"There, plaything," said Caleb, "don't make excuses. I'd as soon expect a humming-bird to turn kitchen-drudge as you; and you are to belong to me some day, and I shall lay you up in cotton as you lay your pins and ear-rings, and like to see your little hands snow-white as they are now, if you are a farmer's wife."

Jennie looked down and blushed. She had been betrothed to Caleb for two years, but she had not quite grown used to talking of it.

"Every one tries to spoil me," she said. "You will work, Caleb; why not I?"

Caleb lifted her upon his knee as though she had been a child.

"Jennie," he said, "this is why," and he put her little hand upon his great brown palm. "See the difference between us. I was made to work. A great, broad-shouldered six-footer, with the sinews of a giant and the constitution of a horse, and you look as if a breath would kill you—a fairy, just a little taller than those we used to read of in the gilt-covered picture-books years ago. When I first grew up and took notice of farmers' wives, I made one observation. As a general thing they are worked harder than the men. I've seen fellows with acres upon acres, and a fortune put away in the bank, whose wives did all the cooking, and washing, and ironing for a dozen hands besides their own children—women with babies crying after them and keeping them up all night, and maybe a slip of a raw girl half the time to help. I've seen those women break down, before they were thirty, into sallow, gray-haired wrecks, you'd almost call old, and I've seen them buried, and heard the clergyman call these deaths 'dispensations of Providence,' when an honest jury ought to have been called to give the verdict, 'worked to death.' Yes, my dear, and if in all these hard lives a thing was done wrong or forgotten, those men would talk of idleness, and scold, and growl, and worry as if they had servants instead of only the delicate mothers of their little children to do their bidding. And then I've said this, Jennie: "When I'm married I'll have a helpmate and a friend—a thing to love and cherish, not a slave. And I'll show folks that a farmer can treat his wife as well as a king, and have as fresh and blooming a one. And that's my plan, Jennie, and was when I chose you. I know you are willing to help me, and you shall in fifty ways—but not as a drudge, darling, if I'm as I hope to be, a well-to-do man.

Jennie nestled her head upon his shoulder and said nothing, though she thought, "how good and tender he is, and how happy I am." And what more Caleb intended to say no one will ever know, for just at that moment a voice close to his ears said:

"Is this Mr Hutter's?"

And Jennie flew from Caleb Moor's knee and began to crochet violently, her cheeks as red as the Berlin wool she was knitting, while Caleb seized upon a volume of poetry which adorned the table and began to regard it intently, utterly ignorant of the fact that he was holding it upside down.

"Is this Mr Hutter's?" asked the voice again, and Jennie, becoming aware that it was her duty to speak, replied:

"Yes, sir; walk in and I'll call pa."

Thereupon the gentleman entered.

"Don't disturb your father if he is busy," he said. "My name is Jordan. I—I believe my trunk arrived an hour ago.

Jennie said, "Yes, sir." And Caleb lifted his eyes to see the "old gentleman" who "wanted quiet, and was going to write a book."

He saw a man of forty, nearly bald, but by no means elderly or plain-looking. A very handsome man, in fact, with a distinguished air, which Caleb, plain and homely as he was, understood at a glance, and eyes brown, long-lashed, and bright, which followed Jennie's retreating figure admiringly.

"I suppose he wants a beauty for his book," thought Caleb. "Well, he's welcome, and if he'll put her in as good and handsome as she is, I'll buy two copies."

Then Caleb looked at his big silver watch, remembered that the man whom he was to see about the two calves which were to be sold would be waiting, and walked away homeward. And why, thinking it over, he should be sorry, that the new boarder was a handsome, middle-aged man instead of the old book-worm he had expected, Caleb could not tell.

"What is that man to me?" he said again and again. "I'm an idiot, and I'd trust Jennie with the handsomest young fellow under the sun I'm certain."

Sunday was Caleb's visiting night, the evening when, after the old-fashioned country custom, the family absented themselves from the parlor and left the courting couple solus. On other days Caleb might "happen in," but he was not expected or prepared for. On Sunday, therefore, Caleb went over to the Hutters'. Tea was over, and Jennie was in the parlor, so were the "old folks," so was Mr. Jordan. Mr. Jordan was very sociable and talked a good deal.

Eight o'clock came, and he did not stir; still he sat and talked. The old folks looked at each other.

"I'm afeared we're a-keepin' Mr. Jordan up, pa," said the old lady.

"Don't stand on ceremony, Mr. Jordan," said the old gentleman.

"Not at all," said Mr. Jordan. "On these lovely moonlight nights late hours suit me best," and he leaned back in his chair, as though he never intended to go to bed at all.

The conversation flagged. All the better for Mr. Jordan. He told them about his travels in Europe and he liked good listeners.

Ten struck. The old folks arose.

"If you'll excuse us," they said, politely, "we'll retire."

Mr. Jordan excused them, and remained, talking still.

The fact was that in the society to which he was accustomed no young lady would have remained up alone to entertain a gentleman, and it never entered his mind that while Caleb remained he was de trop.

Caleb imagined the gentleman was trying to "sit him out," and grew indignant. He folded his arms and scowled.

Mr. Jordan hoped smoke was not disagreeable to Miss Hutter, and lighted a cigar. Finally Caleb, in a rage, hearing the clock strike two, took his hat and departed, and Jennie ran up stairs to cry, for Caleb had not kissed her at parting.

Caleb himself was jealous and wrathful, and as time wore on nothing happened to change his mind. The same thing was repeated evening after evening, and Jennie was not as angry as she should have been. Indeed Caleb was fast becoming possessed of the idea that she liked Mr. Jordan better than she had ever liked him.

"The impertinent rascal! he must know that she's engaged to me," said Caleb. "I'll show him what I think of him," and accordingly he did his best to be rude to Mr. Jordan, and to show him that he was not welcome in the little parlor.

Mr. Jordan only fancied his manners uncouth and his temper bad, and devoted himself to Jennie, who tried to make amends for her lover's ill-behavior by great politeness, and who was terribly troubled, poor little soul, by Caleb's disagreeable manners.

Had she known the whole truth she might have been yet more troubled. Caleb's greatest fault was jealousy, and now that passion was boiling in his heart, and maddening him until the good-humored, well-intentioned young farmer was a revengeful, dark-browed, dangerous sort of fellow, with all sorts of wicked thoughts and feelings.

He hated the handsome man who was striving to win Jennie from him, and he was angry at Jennie, who seemed to "encourage him."

At last, one Sunday, he did not go to the Hutters'. Better not go than suffer as he did, he said; and neither did he attend as usual to his farm, but spent his time wandering about the woods with gun and game-bag, by way of excuse for idleness. For a whole week he slept on the grass, and bought his meals at wayside taverns, or sometimes shot a rabbit or a hare, and broiled it over a gipsy fire for his dinner.

There must be something done. He must have it out with Jennie, and give her back her letters, and that golden lock of hair that lay against his breast—but not yet, not yet. So he wandered about the wood like a madman, and mad he was for the time, to all intents and purposes.

The Sabbath evening came again and he sat under a great elm, with his gun by his side and his head bowed on his hands. It was quite dark, and no one could have seen him in the shadow. Neither did he see two people who walked slowly past, but he heard their voices—John Doolittle and Peter Duckworth, old residents of G——.

"What's come of Caleb Moor?" asked one.

"Dunno," said the other. "He'd orter hurry back: the city feller'll have his gal if he don't."

"Have her any ways," said the first, "Mark my words, she's jilted Caleb. I seen her and t'other sitting in the verandy, like two turtle-doves, as I went past, and he's as rich as a Jew, they say."

"That's enough for any woman," said the second, and the two trotted on.

Caleb listened until they were gone, and then started up. The image presented by the words, "like two turtle-doves," lashed him to such a fury as he never felt before.

"I'll kill him!" he muttered. "I'll kill him! by Heaven, I will!"

And he examined his gun as he spoke, with a terrible gleam in his dark eye, and throwing it over his shoulder hurried away toward the Hutters' farm-house.

It was a dark night, moonless and cloudy Far away he could see the gleam of candle-light from the small parlor, and two dark figures with their backs to the window. He knew them in a moment—Mr. Jordan and Jennie Hutter.

"Together! together!" he whispered between his teeth, and strode on, crushing the green grass beneath his feet.

At last only the branches of a tall lilac intervened between himself and the pair. He stood behind it, and looked at his gun again. He listened.

"I have something to say to you, Jennie," said Mr. Jordan's voice.

Caleb took aim, deadly aim, at the broad back of the speaker, and stood still again.

"I'll hear what it is, and then kill him!" he muttered. "Yes, I'll hear it all. Then he shall drop at her feet just as she has given her false heart into his keeping, dead and then I will end my wicked life, and the man who loves her and the man she loves shall die together."

His finger was on the trigger, and he stood like a statue of vengeance waiting for the words whose import he already knew.

"You must know I love you," said Mr. Jordan. "You must be used to love and admiration. But perhaps you cannot guess how much. It is better than my life Jennie, I adore you."

Caleb drew one step nearer, his teeth set, his eyes sparkling.

Jennie said nothing. Mr. Jordan went on:

"Will you be my wife, Jennie? I am older than you, but I will be very kind to you Could you like me well enough for that, my dear? You would never repent it. I am rich, and my wealth would be lavished upon you, and your grace will be appreciated, and your wish shall be law to me. You—Jennie, don't run away; speak to me—will you be my wife, darling?"

The muzzle of the gun rested on the window-sill now, and Caleb Moor's breath almost brushed the thin, dark curls of Jennie's wooer.

"How will she say it?" thought Caleb. Not what—that he believed he knew. In a moment more Jennie spoke.

"I am so sorry," she said. "I did not think—it never entered my mind that you liked me so. Your ways are so different from ours, and—and—you are so much richer and older."

"But does that make any difference?" asked Mr. Jordan.

"I don't know. If it was any one else I should say the same. I cannot say yes, Mr. Jordan."

Caleb heard the words, and his gun dropped lower.

"Why not? Am I too old?" asked the wooer.

"I'll tell you the simple truth," said Jennie. "I am engaged, Mr. Jordan—I have been engaged two years to Caleb Moor."

"But you don't love the sulky brute," cried Mr. Jordon; "that can't be Jennie."

"I love him better than anything else in the world," said Jennie; "and if the richest, handsomest, and best man on earth were to speak as you have spoken to-night, and if he were poorer than a beggar, and were to lose all the fine, manly looks I like so, I should choose him before the other. I feel your offer to be a compliment, and I hope you'll not care much; but I must say no."

"You must, indeed, if you feel thus," said Mr. Jordan; and, without another word, he walked out of the room.

Caleb dropped his loaded gun on the grass, and walked in. His dress was disheveled and soiled, his hands blackened with powder, and his face very pale; but Jennie threw her arms about his neck.

"Where have you been, Caleb?" she said, "and what have you been doing?"

And he answered:

"Jennie, I've been in the woods, hunting rabbits. And as to what I've been doing, why, I've been cherishing wicked, angry, jealous thoughts, that I ought to be ashamed of. I've been as bad at heart as bad could be; but it's all over now, Jennie, and I'll never be jealous of you any more—never, darling."

And Caleb never was; and the remembrance of that evening remained with him, though he could not bring himself to shock Jennie by telling her the whole truth.

THE HUDSON BAY RAILWAY.

Good Prospects of Beginning the Work this Season.

The reported success of Mr. Sutherland, President of the Hudson Bay Railway Company, in negotiating loans in Europe, gives ground for the belief that his interesting and rather audacious enterprise will begin its work of construction this season. Of course local traffic, in the present condition of settlement, is not going to enrich very greatly the proposed railroad from Winnipeg to Hudson Bay. Much of the country to be traversed is not even suited for profitable agriculture, and certainly will not tempt a large population so long as vast areas to the southward, less rigorous in climate and more fertile in soil, are to be had for little or nothing. Yet portions are adapted for pasturage and even for tillage; there is plenty of timber; there are valuable animals, and around Hudson Bay are indications of mineral treasures, including possibly the precious metals as well as iron, copper, lead, and anthracite coal. But the real foundation of the railroad scheme is the hope of opening a new grain route to Europe by way of Hudson Strait. This hope is based on the fact that, while the distance from Winnipeg to Montreal is 1,400 miles, the distance to Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay is only 700, the remaining distance to Liverpool being about the same by both routes. There is even a shorter route, by making Port Nelson, at the mouth of Nelson River, the Hudson Bay terminus; for then, by building along the north shore of Oxford Lake, the distance by rail from the head of Lake Winnipeg would be only 350 miles, and the total distance from Winnipeg, 650. But Fort Churchill's harbor is so much the better of the two as to give it the preference. The argument, then, is that the Northwest, American as well as Canadian, would get a shorter route to Europe for wheat and other food products. For example, Edmonton, on the North Saskatchewan, 200 miles north of Calgary, would save, it is said, over 1,200 miles of rail by the new route, and Pembina, in North Dakota, perhaps 1,000. Minnesota and Montana might also find it desirable to use this route. As to its construction and maintenance, although the latitude is very far north for easily operating a railroad, yet it is said that a route has been examined which does not involve very heavy grades, and requires but one important rock cutting.

The caution, in fact, hitherto displayed by capitalists when invited to invest in this undertaking is not wholly, nor perhaps chiefly, caused by the difficulties of building or the cost of keeping open a line in that region. The main doubt is as to the water portion of the proposed route. Hudson Bay itself is sufficiently navigable, its enormous area not allowing anything more than shore ice to obstruct it. But, on the other hand, Hudson Strait, its outlet, is navigable only about a third part of the year, even for ships expressly built for the purpose, and still less for ordinary vessels. This project of a Hudson Bay route has been under discussion for fully ten years, and as long ago as 1884 the Dominion Parliament sent out observation parties to ascertain its feasibility. They were stationed at half a dozen different points on Hudson Strait, with a party also at Fort Churchill. The next year a vessel sent to relieve them was caught in the ice belt off Labrabor, and there held three weeks, when, with a damaged hull, she put back to Newfoundland for repairs. In August she started again, and at last managed, in spite of troublesome ice fields and a strong tidal drift, to bring off the observers. An open passage was then found, and, in fact, the Hudson Bay Company had been accustomed for generations to send their vessels through the strait in July, August, or September. The great question is whether a route open only four months in the year can compete successfully with the present grain routes to Europe. Under the most favorable circumstances, there must of course be chances of detention, apart from risks of more serious accidents, which might involve increased cost of transportation to offset the saving in distance. Insurance rates might also be higher than by existing lines. However, the project is ambitious and enterprising; and if it has at last secured capital enough to make a start on the construction of the line, it will command the attention due to so bold an undertaking.

The first painting, so far as known, was done in Egypt, B.C. 2100, by command of King Osywandyas, to commemorate his exploits.

The Greek statues of marble were generally painted in gorgeous colors and frequently covered with a profusion of tawdry ornaments.

MISSING LINKS.

In Spain only one-fourth of the population can read and write.

The population of modern Athens is only a little more than 100,000.

The finest existing ancient picture is a mosaic the "Battle of Issus," found in a pavement at Pompeii.

Apelles is said by Pliny to have invented the use of canvas in painting. He also employed oaken tablets.

Carrots are said to be excellent for the complexion and are especially recommended to the victim of freckles.

The hunters of early days were very attentive to the bluejay, for whatever might be astir in the woods would be announced by this watchful creature, and his noisy cries often gave warning of a hidden foe.

The power to wag the ear is common among the West Indian half-breeds and the Maya and other derivatives of Mexico and Central America, and many whites have the power who hardly realize the fact.

In the northern hemisphere all storms revolve from right to left; in the southern hemisphere they revolve from left to right. Cyclonic storms never form nearer the equator than the third parallel of latitude.

Both Hindoo and Musselman women wear glass bangles and in the northwest provinces they are regarded as sacred objects. If a glass bangle be accidentally broken its pieces must be gathered together and kissed three times.

The largest city in Spain is the capital, Madrid, which has a population of 472,000. The next largest cities are Barcelona, Valencia, Seville and Malaga, after which there are twenty cities, the population of which ranges from 98,000 to one-third of that number.

The Bible has been translated into 187 of the leading languages, which are spoken by about 600,000,000 people. Adding to these figures those of the minor tongues, it is a fair estimate that the bible is now accessible to fully 1,000,000,000 souls, fully two-thirds of all mankind.

The gates and bars which still survive in some of the London thoroughfares as an unasserted claim of certain landholders to right in the streets are to be abolished, the house of lords finally sanctioning a bill promoted by the county council. These gates number fifty-nine.

It is not customary for a housewife to cherish stale bread, but good Mrs. Soar of Ambaston, England, has a loaf of which she is extremely proud. It is 600 years old, and was originally given to one of Mrs. Soar's illustrious ancestors by King John, who accompanied it with a grant of land.

Steam carriages, ponderous phaetons with a steam engine and boiler underneath to supply the motive power, have become comparatively common on the streets of Paris. They run about ten or twelve miles an hour, and as they make a great deal of noise horses are all afraid of them.

The method adopted by an electric lighting company of London in laying their connections consists of copper strips conducted along their entire system in culverts underground. A terrier has been trained to do this work and carries the electric wires through the culverts with the skill of an experienced workman.

Brilliancy of color is obtained by placing complementary colors together and a combination of uncomplementary colors subdues them. Thus, when green and red are placed side by side each becomes brighter, but if yellow be placed beside green it throws a blue shade on the green and the green throws a red shade on the yellow, both thus losing some of their brightness.

A man who had lived much among the negroes and observed their ways declares that there are no people who pride themselves on their social rank as they do. In the same tenement it is possible to find all grades—"low-down nigger," "common nigger," "gentleman nigger" and "yellow fellre," to quote their own nomenclature The differences are apparently traditional.

The word bankrupt comes from two Italian words signifying a broken bench. The populace of Venice, Florence and other Italian cities often became greatly incensed with the moneylenders, who were frequently Hebrews, and bursting into the market places would steal the change and break or overturn the bench. A broken bench implied a money changer without funds, hence the term.

Plucking ostriches requires many precautions. The birds are driven into a large inclosure, then into smaller ones until they are so closely packed together that they cannot fight or turn round; from there into a plucking box, where there is just room for a bird to stand. An operator standing on each side of the box reaches in and with shears snips the long white plumes from the wings. The tails and the glossy black feathers on the body are pulled out.

Queer Facts About Money.

There are 119,900,000 old copper pennies somewhere. Nobody knows what has become of them, except that once in a while a single specimen turns up in change. A few years ago 4,500,000 bronze 2-cent pieces were set afloat. Three millions of these are still outstanding. Three million 3-cent nickel pieces are scattered over the United States, but it is very rarely that one is seen. Of 800,000 half-cents, which corresponds in value to English farthings, not one has been returned to the Government for recoinage or is held by the treasury. Congress appropriates from $100,000 to $150,000 yearly for recoining the uncurrent silver coins now in possession of the treasury. These are mostly half dollars, and are not circulated because there is no demand for them. Not long ago the stock of them amounted to $26,000,000, but it is only about half that now. The money set aside for recoining is not intended to pay for the cost of the minting, but is required to reimburse the treasures of the United States on account of the loss of weight which silver pieces have suffered by abrasion. This loss amounts to $30 on every $1,000, and it has to be made good in order to set the treasurer's account straight.—[Boston Transcript.

The only two foods which contain all the substances necessary to human life are said to be milk and the yoke of eggs. A man can live in health on these two foods.

A petrified whale 216 feet long has been discovered in Costa Rica in a rift between two mountain peaks some distance from San Jose, and 3,300 feet above the level of the sea.

IN THE FLOWERY KINGDOM.

Interesting Letter From a Canadian Lady Missionary to China—Characteristics of the People—Difficulties of Learning the Language.

The following are extracts from a private letter from Miss Hastings, a missionary to China, to a friend in this city. It is dated Knei-iang, Feb. 18th, 1893:—

I suppose you will want to know something about myself and the strange people among whom I am living. I cannot say strange country, because the sky is as blue and the grass as green, and the flowers as bright as in Canada, and did not God make them all? But certainly the people are very different. In the first place they talk a very difficult language, and when we first came here, we did not understand a single word they said, but now after months of heard study, we can make out a good deal that is said and can also talk a little. We can tell our woman to sweep, and to wash clothes and to "fetch and carry" for us, and what is even better, we can talk to them a little about Jesus and how He died to save us from our sins.

It strikes us as very strange whenever we go into a home, to have the women ask if we smoke. Of course we say no, and then the women smoke themselves, and what is much worse, very very many smoke opium, which is even more hurtful than the liquor habit at home. And then this dreadful opium has such power over its votaries that though they may want to break off the habit they find it almost impossible to do so.

The little children we find very interesting. Do you know, the mothers carry the little ones on their backs; they tie them on and go about doing their work; sometimes we see quite little girls carrying the little babies in this way. Most of the girls have their feet bound when they are about six years old. This cruel custom causes them a great deal of pain, and they often cry for hours together because of it, but after a while the feet become numb, and the pain ceases and they manage to go about on them, but they never are able to walk as fast or freely as we can. Many old women have to use a stick to help them along. The children are also very fond of play. The girls have a game in which even the mothers sometimes join. You know what a shuttlecock is and how we beat it into the air with a bat? Well, the Chinese girls have a shuttlecock with a flat bottom, and instead of a bat use the side of their little feet. They beat it up quite fast, and often keep it up quite a long while, quite as long as we could with a bat. It looks very funny to see them doing it.

You would think the houses rather strange; they do not build upstairs rooms, though many houses have a loft which they reach by a ladder; downstairs they do not lay wooden floors, but simply make use of the ground, and in winter this is very cold and damp. Then they do not have stoves or fireplaces, but use a sort of firepan in which they burn charcoal or coke. They do not build chimneys to their houses, but when the fires are lighted the smoke must go out of the door or from a hole in the roof.

We are not able to walk about very freely because the Chinese do not approve of ladies walking on the street, so when we have to go through the larger streets, we must ride in a sedan chair, which is carried on the shoulders of two men. I do not like this at all, as I would very much sooner walk, but we are obliged to use them sometimes. There are some horses in this part of the country, but the streets of the cities are very narrow and the roads outside are merely footpaths, so they do not use carts at all; besides the country is hilly and often we have to go up and down many steps in passing through the city streets, so that carts would be useless, and they cannot even use the barrows like they do in the cities on the coast. When we were in Yang-cheo I had a number of rides in a barrow. It was very funny indeed. Two sit on together and in getting off you must be ready to alight at the same moment, for if one jumps off first, the other is likely to be tipped over. The barrow has only one wheel with a seat on each side and as there are no springs, it gives you a good shaking up.

The city where we are living is over 2,000 miles from Shanghai, the seaport where we first landed, and it takes nearly three months to get here. Travelling is very slow and we do not journey at nights. We carry our beds with us and when on the river sleep on the boats, but when travelling over land we stop in the native inns. In our room there would be perhaps two wooden bedsteads and sometimes a table and two chairs. We had to spread out our own beds and make ourselves as comfortable as possible.

The Chinese New Year was on the 17th of Feb. Then the people shut up their stores for several days and have a big holiday. Every night for about a month they let off fire-crackers. If you lived in China for that month you would not want to hear fire-crackers any more. Beside this, we hear the beating of gongs in the temples and houses by which we know they are either worshipping idols or ancestors. It makes one feel quite sad sometimes as we think what all the noises indicate.

VALUE OF OUR FISHERIES.

Yankees Watching Fishing Operations.

An Ottawa special says:—In connection with the work of the International Fisheries Commission, which is now sitting at New York, and of which body Commander Wakeham is the Canadian representative, it was stated here to-day that the Americans have a special vessel following the fleet for the purpose of watching fishing operations. This shows that our neighbours are fully alive to the importance of obtaining full information on the subject apropos of this matter. Advices were received at the Fisheries Department to-day stating that the Canadian fishing fleet has had a great streak of luck off the coast of Yarmouth county. Inside of a week our fishermen have taken over 400 barrels of mackerel, while the Americans, in the more southern waters, only caught 500 barrels in a month. One hundred Canadian vessels are engaged off the Yarmouth coast, and great jubilation exists at their good fortune.

The total wealth in the possession of the people of the United States and of foreigners owning property in the territorial limits was estimated in the year 1890 to be about $63,000,000,000.