

THE SWEET SORROW OF PART-IRING.

"Good-night," he said; the parlor light was soft and dim and low. "Good-night," he breathed again; "Good-night," it's time that I should go. She rose and smiled into his eyes. Then she bent her head, "Good-night," he murmured lowly; "Good-night," he said. "Good-night,"—Ten minutes later, they were standing in the hall. But he was on his homeward way, "Good-night"—he was so tall. Her head came barely to his heart, and she was fair and slight. "The hour has come for us to part," he said, "and so, Good-night."

CAPT. JIM McMILLAN'S TAME WHALE.

Did you ever hear of Captain Jim McMillan's tame whale? I asked one of the old-timers recently in a down east town, with a party of seamen discussing the particulars of the Chinese difficulty. Without waiting for an invitation, the speaker opened up with his story as follows: "Captain Jim McMillan was a retired sea captain who moved, with his family, to a small island 'down the bay,' near Deer Island, N. B., and under the protection of the Canadian flag. The island had a small harbor in which was a used-up weir that in former years had gathered up herring and other salt water fish so common in Passamaquoddy bay. With a few weeks of repairing the brush enclosure, Captain Jim had the weir in good condition again for the first catch of fish. He arranged the gate for the high run of tides and went home to await returns. "They were not long in coming, for in next day, when the veteran went off to investigate his newly-repaired weir, he was very much surprised and delighted to find an immense school of fat-looking herring leisurely swimming around the inside and evidently enjoying the place. The fish were unable to get out as the gate was closed, and there was considerable satisfaction in his first catch, since the fish had been rather scarce. At different points near and the herring were in good demand by the sardine factory owners at the neighboring places. "Here was a lucky catch, indeed, as he could quickly find a ready market for these large-sized herring at Eastport, where they would later find a place in one of the big smoke-houses or be used as mustard sardines. "The captain made a visit to Eastport a few hours later, told of his supply of herring alive in the weir and soon was offered a fair price; in fact, looked upon the lot of herring as worth \$100. "When Captain McMillan returned to his Canadian home down the bay a few hours later, he was happy and his hopes ran high. "We'll have plenty to eat when I sell this lot of herring," said he to his wife, who sat him on the beach, and I'll buy you a new dress before I come back from Eastport, sure." A short time later in the day he got into his boat and pulled into the weir, when his hair stood on ends as he saw a very large and black-looking object resting on the water in the narrow enclosure. "It looked like the body of a big snake and the aged seaman thought it might be the famed mythical sea serpent he had so often read about, but had never seen before. Before he could leave the interior the big fish began swimming around the enclosure in a circle and it did not take Captain Jim long to get on the outside and drop the big gate in place. His weir full of herring a few hours before had been eaten up or gone through the several small breaks in the side of the enclosure, made by the fish, and this was enough to cause the captain to utter a few oaths, since no one was near at the time. "He watched the big fellow a few minutes in silence, then said slowly, 'that critter cost me \$100 sure, and he may be worth that amount if I can get him—dead or alive, but the latter if possible.' He was not long in finding out that the fish he had captured was a very young whale, and since it was one of unusual length and very slim, might be taken for a big snake at a distance as the parts of the body came into view. It was not an easy matter to capture the fish alive without assistance, and determining to make the best of his recent misfortune, Captain McMillan set out for his home to inform his wife of the whale's visit, and what had become of their catch of herring. "It was a big disappointment, but she cheered him up with the remark that 'even a dead whale was worth something.' The skipper went across to a neighboring island for help, later returning with two workmen and a long coil of rope with which they expected to capture the whale alive. Repeated attempts were made to get the rope under the mammoth fish as it swam around inside the weir, but it was impossible to get near enough and finally the men had to give up the attempt. "There is one way to get the whale landed safely on the beach, that I know of," said one of the men, "and that's to build on to your weir." A little explanation followed, and it was decided to extend one corner of the weir like the two fences of a lane, up on the beach to high water mark, then drive the big fish on shore where it could be captured when aground and helpless. "Work on the extension began that day and continued for three days, then the

lane was completed all but one thing. How to make an opening for the whale to find a false escape up the beach was a question for the fishermen to solve, and it looked like an impossibility. One of the boatmen finally hit on a plan of lowering down a gate at the end, after removing enough of the brush weir at that place, and then to hoist it out of the water again. It required several hours of hard work to construct a suitable gate and sink it into place before the weir could be out in the desired place, but this was finally done, and at the signal the false gate was arranged in position, then raised. Hardly had it reached the top of the water than the whale seeing what looked like a sure opening and escape in view darted up the narrow enclosure at a rapid rate of speed. "The big fish could not turn and in less time than it takes you to tell the story was high and dry on the smooth beach. How that whale churned up the water with its tail when the tide began turning for the ebb, but in a few minutes the mammoth fish was as helpless as a baby. Captain McMillan measured the orrider on the beach and found it more than forty-five feet from nose to tail, but unusually thin for a whale. "He did not want to kill his new-found prize and was at a loss how to hold it when the tide came in again, but concluded to build a small enclosure around the whale on the beach and at a future time expected to securely fasten a big hawser about the tail of the fish which would hold. He set to work and soon had the captive securely fenced in on all sides so that escape was almost impossible, and when the salt water of the Bay of Fundy again reached the young whale there was some fun for a short time. Next day the captain came to Eastport and from a blacksmith secured a stout iron band to fit securely around the outer end of the whale's tail, just back of the fin. "In the hand was an 'eye' to fasten on a light chain, and with his newly-made collar he soon returned home, and after some difficulty, at low ebb, had the iron band fastened around his victim on the beach. When the tide again came in part of the fence was removed, and the chain was securely fastened on both ends, one being in the eye of the band, the sea monster was a prisoner. "Captain McMillan concluded to allow his captive to deeper water than his cove afforded, so that the fish might be able to look after its supply of food during the day when he was not around. For a few days the captive whale made a lively time of it and tried to break away from the chain, but finally was obliged to submit, and after a short time devoured a quantity of food brought near the weir by the owner. Many of the island residents came from the neighboring places to see the captive whale on the chain, and Captain McMillan was asked why he did not exhibit his prize at the large cities across the border and along the Maine coast. "That would have been easily enough done had the fish been dead, or small enough to carry about in a boat, but how could he get a forty-five foot whale out of the harbor in safety? "It was not long until the big fish began to show signs of becoming tame, and the approach of meal time was always found ready to devour the food provided. "In several weeks Jim's baby whale had increased somewhat in length and also became quite tame, so that when the veteran seaman came near it in his boat his appetite would play alongside. After two months had passed and the fish had increased in size to be noticed, Jim thought he had better secure a stouter chain to hold his pet, and again made a visit to Eastport for a longer and heavier piece of chain. This he secured and returned to his Canadian home for a change, when he was much surprised and disappointed when he was told that the whale had broken the chain and disappeared into the deeper water of the Bay of Fundy. It was quite a shock to Captain Jim to find the broken chain and his whale after so much expense and trouble, but he returned to his house and talked over his loss to his wife. "Never mind, Jim, perhaps the big fish will come back for his dinner as usual, as I've heard of such things, and, you know, that wasn't no ordinary whale, neither. That whale was tame when it left these waters, and mark me when I say that you'll see the fish back when it's time for the grub to be served. "The husband allowed that the whale was certainly tame, but how was he to capture the big fellow if he shouldn't return to the cove for the customary noon meal. "I'd better shoot the critter and be sure of the carcass this time; what do you say, wife? "Don't be too hasty, Jim, but wait for developments, as the whale will return often when it comes back once, you can bet. One day he went to see. "At the appointed hour for feeding his former pet Captain McMillan went down to the ledge where he had stood so often on recent days and tossed the food into the bay to his friend, the whale. "He threw the bucket of food to the water and watched it sink below the surface, but before the last particle had disappeared the dark form of a long, slender fish came to the surface, and when the fish was exposed there the telltale iron ring and hanging to it a small piece of chain. "That's my whale!" exclaimed Jim, as the big fish swam leisurely about the cove and did not want to leave the small harbor when the food was gone. "The old seaman remained on the rocks for a long time, and was then convinced that his wife was right about the fish which had come back to stay, evidently. Next day, and as fast as meal time came, there was the tame whale, and soon the islanders heard of Jim's lucky find. When Jim went out to gather up his lobster traps or haul in his fishing lines and nets the whale accompanied him and was rewarded by receiving a newly caught cod or pollock off the hooks. One day Captain McMillan started out on a fishing trip down the bay, and not far from Grand Manan, N. B., a fierce gale arose and a blustering snowstorm set in, which promised to last for several days. "Mrs. McMillan and her children gathered on the beach near their home and watched closely through the storm for the husband and father, but nothing could be seen in the distance but the high waves in which no small boat could live. "If Jim was out in that storm he had little chance to escape, she thought, and as the day was nearly gone and no signs of her husband, she began to feel a little uneasy. "The storm seemed to increase in fury, piling the waves high up on the beach, and it began to look as if another seaman was to be reported among the missing. "But what was that long, low object she saw coming up the bay like a fast moving steamboat half buried in the water? The more she looked at it the more she wondered, and as the object came nearer she was able to make out the form of a snake-like

fish of a very large size, the head high up out of the water. "Could it be her husband's tame whale back for his dinner at this late hour, she thought, as she supposed the fish had gone away early in the day. As it came close to the point of land on which she stood she saw that there was some object on its back that resembled a human being, and as the whale came into the small harbor with the speed of a steamboat, under full steam, the form of her husband could be plainly seen. He lay across the whale's back, near its neck, with his arms over the side of the fish, holding on in a firm grip and in another minute Captain Jim's form rose from the surf and was quickly clasped in his wife's arms. He followed her into the house and after a complete change of clothing, followed by a warm drink, he told her how he had been saved from a watery grave by his faithful whale, which seemed to know considerable. "When the storm broke this morning," said Jim, we were well down the bay and before I could get prepared for the storm my mast broke off by the fierce wind. What followed I am unable to say, excepting that I struck in the icy water, and was sinking when I felt something soft like coming up under my hands, and you can bet I grabbed it. When I came to the surface I saw it was my tame whale, and then I felt safer than I had a minute before, although I was at a loss to know just what the big fish would do and where it would take me. I talked to the faithful whale as I would to a person, as I had so often done during the meal hour, and promised him extra rations if he landed me on the beach. "You know the rest," continued the captain to his wife, "and here I am safe and sound after a ride of fully twenty miles on the back of a real whale, but a good one, I can assure you." "Captain McMillan turned the fish to good use later, when he went out on his fishing trips, as he would fasten a stout rope to the iron band in the whale's tail and would be towed home faster than by sailing, or even steam, as the fish always came into the little cove. All went well for about a year and many tempting offers were made for the wonderful fish, but Jim would not part with his silent friend for any amount, as to the fish he owed his life. He was just beginning to teach the whale to tow his boat to different neighboring points in Passamaquoddy bay, when the long fish took sick and died. "That was a sad blow to Captain McMillan, gentlemen, as well as his family, and it was a long time before they fully recovered from the shock and the loss of their pet. "Captain McMillan didn't know just what to do with the body, but finally decided to give it a burial in the bay near his home and mark the spot with a gravestone in the form of a big buoy above the dead whale. "This he carried out to the letter and the unique funeral services were held on the beach the following day and were attended by quite a large gathering of Canadian friends from the islands near. "That ended Captain McMillan's tame whale, gentlemen," said the speaker, "and I will now bid you all good-night," saying which, he gathered up his bundles and started for home.—Leicester Journal.

When Japan Lost.

The treaty of Shimonoseki was signed April 17, 1895. On April 23 the Russian, French and German Ministers at Tokio presented a joint note to the Japanese government protesting against the cession by China of the Liaoting peninsula, on the ground that as a Japanese possession it would be a constant menace to Peking and a danger to the independence of Korea, and hence detrimental to the general peace of the Orient. Russia had increased her military forces in the Amur province, and her fleet in the Chinese waters numbered 22 vessels, including some of the best in the world, and also prepared to strengthen her feet in those waters. The British Government refused to join in the menacing demands of the three Powers, but advised the Japanese Government to yield. Japan submitted the joint note to her Generals and Admirals, and they reported that scarcely a ship was in thorough fighting trim, while the whole military organization had been put to severe strain by the recent campaigns in Korea, Manchuria, the Liaoting peninsula, etc. The financial resources of the Administration were nearly exhausted, and it would clearly have been madness for Japan to engage under such conditions in a war with European Powers. She therefore sought only a dignified means of submission, and finally, after much negotiation, an arrangement was reached and a protocol signed at Peking early in November. Japan accepted 30,000,000 taels as an extra indemnity and agreed to evacuate Port Arthur and the Liaoting peninsula, while China is said to have covenanted not to cede any part of the latter to any foreign Power. Japan was thus forced to abandon part of the fruits of her victory, under pressure brought to bear on her at the moment when she was least able to resist.

Use For Old Shoes.

When your shoes are discarded as "really too bad for anything," they have by means finished their course of usefulness. The second-hand dealer, perhaps, buys them up and renevents them to the best of his power, sells them again to some poor person.

The Policy of S-S-SH.

Why has the grand old party of free speech—and grand it was in its earlier days—suddenly become the party with an assortment of muzzles?

Victory in Indiana.

Indiana, so often the contesting ground for the great parties, is by the Democrats repulsed solely in the Democratic column, with 15,000 plurality. Even the Republican managers, claiming everything else in sight, admit that the State is in doubt. The tour of Mr. Bryan through the State has put an end to that doubt, and from all quarters the Democratic National managers have had assurances that the State will be solid for Parker.

Concerning Montana, Colorado, Idaho.

Concerning Montana, Colorado, Idaho and Wyoming, the utmost mystery has been maintained by the Democratic managers at the National headquarters. It is doubtful whether the admissions that they count upon the 14 electoral votes they could give would have been made if representatives from each of these States had not come into New York and boldly proclaimed that their States were committed to the Parker cause.

It was not until then that admissions were made—until they were confronted with what might be considered proof—

Parker Will be Elected. Democratic Leaders Assert Their Candidate Will Have 256 Votes. Policy of Campaign Has Been One of Quiet. Task of Claiming Everything in Sight is Left to Republican Managers. NEW YORK, Oct. 25.—That Judge Parker will have 256 votes in the electoral college is the real belief of the Democratic managers—a belief which is more than a hope—indeed, a conviction. The Democratic policy throughout the campaign has been that of a still hunt. The campaign has been conducted upon the lines which Samuel J. Tilden, nearly 30 years ago, pursued with such astonishing success. Confidence has been withheld from everybody, even within the committee headquarters, while the work of thorough organization has been persistently followed. "No claims have been made. There has been, indeed, no attempt to arouse the local workers by promises of success and the glare of brass bands. On the contrary, it has been impressed upon them that the road to success lay through constant work in organization. Proceeding upon the assumption that the independent vote of the country was with the Democratic candidate, they hammered at the building up of the organizations that eight years of continuous defeat had laid on the ground and have sought the last vote in each minor civil division they believed they were entitled to have. These policies, though the managers are unwilling to admit it, is their belief, based on the proofs of returns, have more than justified their labors and expenditures. These policies have left to their opponents all claim-making, which, the more unopposed it has been, has swollen to such magnitude until, to quote a distinguished Democrat, "the Republicans are claiming, 'the heavens above, the earth beneath, and all the waters under the earth.'" MAJORITY FOR PARKER. The Post has been placed in possession of the inner facts upon which the Democratic belief in 256 votes for Parker in the electoral college is based. As a result, more than 256 votes are hoped for. Wisconsin, it is held, is quite likely to cast its electoral vote for Parker, and there are even hopes of the State of Washington. Here is the list counted on by the Democratic management: Elec. votes. Wisconsin.....12 Indiana.....12 New Jersey.....12 Montana.....3 Connecticut.....3 Colorado.....3 Delaware.....3 Idaho.....3 Maryland.....3 Wyoming.....3 West Virginia.....7 Total.....105 One hundred and fifty-one votes from the Southern States are conceded by the Republicans to Parker. Add these to the 105, and the result is 256, a majority of 17 for Parker. These are the real figures of the close month Democratic managers. The Republicans claim New Jersey by 17,000. The Democrats dispute it by claiming a majority. In New York with its 39 electoral votes, there is in the returns and the canvass sheets abundant justification for all the claims made. Here the real figures are 20,000 plurality in the whole State for Parker, and 80,000 for Herrick, although there are enthusiasts who claim for the gubernatorial candidate at least 100,000. With the exception of two counties, the State from a Democratic standpoint is in excellent shape. These counties are Onondaga and Westchester. In the one 9,000 plurality for Roosevelt and in the other 2,500 are conceded. The condition in these counties is due wholly to local Democratic divisions. Elsewhere everything is harmony. The Gold Democrats are in line and enthusiastic everywhere else. What there was of silver alienation has passed away. The secret figures of the State managers are 85,000 plurality for Roosevelt above the Harlem river, and 115,000 plurality for Parker below it making the plurality of 30,000 for Parker. HOPE IN CONNECTICUT. Connecticut, in the beginning, was one of the most doubtful States because of the large percentage of the whole vote given to McKinley in the last two campaigns, and because of the divisions existing among the Democrats. There was another fear, and that was that the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad would be used as a political engine in favor of the Roosevelt ticket. Three weeks before the election, however, conditions have materialized that have justified the Democratic managers of the State, as well as the National managers, in the conviction that there is both a National and a State triumph awaiting them. The Democratic managers will admit of no doubt of the result in Connecticut. West Virginia, Maryland and Delaware are a group of States which, erroneously, are supposed to go together. Maryland may be dismissed with the assertion that the reports from that State assure a plurality for the Democratic electoral ticket, in that the element of the Democratic party that supported McKinley in 1900 and gave him a plurality is solidly in line and declared for Parker, its leaders being on the stump for Parker. WEST VIRGINIA IS SAFE. The last reports from West Virginia have convinced the Democratic managers that West Virginia is no longer doubtful. The figure of plurality for Parker are put down for 7,500. Delaware is claimed by the Democrats by 1,500 plurality. This is made upon the reports of the State managers, who say that they have the best organization they have had since Addicks began his corrupting work in Delaware. There is no doubt that they have had encouraging assistance from the Democratic National committee. The Gold Democrats are in line, and there is no silver Democratic falling away. VICTORY IN INDIANA. Indiana, so often the contesting ground for the great parties, is by the Democrats repulsed solely in the Democratic column, with 15,000 plurality. Even the Republican managers, claiming everything else in sight, admit that the State is in doubt. The tour of Mr. Bryan through the State has put an end to that doubt, and from all quarters the Democratic National managers have had assurances that the State will be solid for Parker. MYSTERY IN WEST. Concerning Montana, Colorado, Idaho and Wyoming, the utmost mystery has been maintained by the Democratic managers at the National headquarters. It is doubtful whether the admissions that they count upon the 14 electoral votes they could give would have been made if representatives from each of these States had not come into New York and boldly proclaimed that their States were committed to the Parker cause. It was not until then that admissions were made—until they were confronted with what might be considered proof—

it was admitted that each of these States was upon the secret list, and they were confident of the result. No claims are made as to Wisconsin, but there is a large hope that the conditions obtaining in the Republican party will continue to the end, in which event it is at least a chance that the electoral ticket of Wisconsin will be for Parker. Although there are conditions in Michigan, Minnesota and Illinois which indicate that in each a Democratic governor will be elected, no claims as to the electoral ticket will be made. WILL NOT TAKE STUMP. Judge Parker will not go on the stump. Any political utterances he may make will be at his home at Esopus. This is final. Delaney Nicoll, vice chairman of the National Democratic committee, made this statement to-night, when asked what success the leaders of the party had made toward inducing the presidential nominee to go on a speech-making tour. For three days many of the prominent Democrats have urged Judge Parker to reconsider his determination to not appear at any of the big meetings. It was planned that he should make a whirlwind campaign during the last two weeks of the campaign, in Indiana, New York and West Virginia with his running mate, Henry G. Davis. All the pressure possible was brought to bear upon him, but it availed nothing. HOLDING UP EMPLOYEES. The Democratic National committee has received information that the Republican State committees in Southern States have adopted some extraordinary methods to raise funds for their National committee. W. A. McKee has been sent out as an agent from Republican headquarters at Atlanta, Ga., with instructions to visit every postoffice in Georgia of any size, and demand from the postmasters a contribution, also asking him to notify all clerks and carriers in the various offices to report to him. The amount that each employe is asked to give is 10 per cent of his salary. The postoffices are told to instruct all Republicans employed in the postoffices, and also those who have not made known their political belief, to visit Mr. McKee at his hotel and make contributions. Each caller is said to be told by Mr. McKee to consider the interview strictly confidential, and warned not to let it reach Democratic ears, because Mr. Cortelyou would be postmaster general after Oct. 1st, 1905, and they might lose their positions. Predicts Prosperity Wave. ST. LOUIS, Oct. 18th.—That a wave of prosperity is about due, was predicted by the Illinois Bankers' Association in session here to-day by Frank A. Vandervlip. "I am convinced," said Mr. Vandervlip, "that the possibility of another great business expansion are at hand, but connected with those great possibilities are great responsibilities. Those responsibilities are largely on your shoulders. The bankers of this country will have great influence on the beginning and the length of this next period of prosperity. "A great speculative boom now is not what is needed. It is, indeed one of the special dangers. If bankers in the great centres are unconservative in the inducements they hold out to secure deposits, and accumulate great stacks of money which will loan at such low rates as to encourage unduly a speculative spirit, they will strike a blow at this returning prosperity which may long delay its coming. "There is another danger in the banking situation. During the height of the last commercial expansion people so lost their heads as to commit their extravagant and foolish actions by saying that there was a new political economy; that the old laws no longer applied under the new conditions. They were wrong, lamentably wrong. And to-day a thing for the bankers of this country to remember is that there has been discovered no new law of finance which makes banking without reserves safe and conservative. "I believe it is time for optimism. So long as we remember in humbleness our mistakes and hold close to a proper conservatism the course of financial events seem likely to follow only one general direction, and that is toward improvement, toward expanding business and toward better times."

Tillman a Preacher.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Oct. 24.—James H. Tillman has decided to enter the Methodist ministry. Tillman has written a letter to an old friend in this city telling him of his intentions, and also informing him that he has already made application to the Methodist conference for admission. Tillman is a nephew of Senator Benjamin R. Tillman, of South Carolina. While serving as lieutenant governor of that State, James H. Tillman shot and killed N. G. Gonzales, editor of a paper published here. He was subsequently acquitted at a trial held at the capital city, which was quite sensational.

The Home Doctor.

Palpitation of the heart may be arrested by bending down so as to allow the blood to run to the head. It is said that a muskrat skin worn the for side next to the lungs will bring certain relief to asthma sufferers. Portions of hot baked onions will not only relieve earache, but will sometimes cure the deafness that results from earache and hard clogs. Blisters which form after burns or scalds should be pricked immediately, the water squeezed out and pressed down gently with cotton wool. The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply to the part affected. It will draw off the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours. Remarkable Hospital Patients. Two remarkable cases that are occupying the attention of surgeons are those of Herbert Castello, who is in the German hospital with a fractured skull, and Thomas Winters, who lies at the Medico-Chirurgical hospital with a broken neck. Castello was injured when thrown from a trolley car on September 12, and since that date all endeavors to restore him to consciousness have failed. Winters' neck was broken by a steam shovel in the subway on July 13, and his death was expected in a few hours. He is paralyzed from his neck down but his mind is clear, and unless gangrene shall set in his chances for several years of life are excellent. Concerning the cases that are occupying the attention of surgeons are those of Herbert Castello, who is in the German hospital with a fractured skull, and Thomas Winters, who lies at the Medico-Chirurgical hospital with a broken neck. Castello was injured when thrown from a trolley car on September 12, and since that date all endeavors to restore him to consciousness have failed. Winters' neck was broken by a steam shovel in the subway on July 13, and his death was expected in a few hours. He is paralyzed from his neck down but his mind is clear, and unless gangrene shall set in his chances for several years of life are excellent. —Cortelyou allows 150 electoral votes to Parker and Taggart, with more lavish generosity, concedes 200 votes to Roosevelt. But concerning the 117 that are left there is an irrepressible conflict between the two chairmen.

To the President of Our American Colleges and Universities. Our readers will remember that in behalf of our American Humane Education Society we addressed the presidents of our American colleges and universities, asking them to aid in establishing a "Professor of Social Science and Humanity" in every university and college. We are requested to republish that letter in part or whole and comply with the request as follows: A Professor of social science and humanity in every university and college. The university or college sends out a doctor with a knowledge of drugs and medicines to hold in his hands the lives, health and happiness of human beings. Is it not important that he should be also humane? It sends out a lawyer to practice his profession for good or evil; a law-maker to make laws; a judge to administer them; a capitalist to employ hundreds, perhaps thousands, of poorer people. Is it not important that all these should be humane? Ought it not to be the aim of every college and university to send out every graduate a better and more humane man than when he entered? And how is this to be accomplished? Ought not the great questions of peace and war, upon which the happiness of millions depends, to be thoroughly discussed in our colleges and universities;—the questions of capital and labor; how best to prevent anarchy, riots, and great destruction of property and life; the temperance questions of poverty and crime—how best to deal with them;—the wise administration of our great charities for the prevention of cruelty to the sick, the insane, and all who are dependent on charity? Is there not a vast amount of information on all these subjects which it would be well for university and college students to know? It is clearly established that there is a great increase of crime in our country, far more murders than the average of the most criminal country in Europe. What can the educated young men of our country do about this? Another great field of humane effort lies in the almost unrestricted sale, especially to the poor, of poisonous and adulterated articles of food, drink, cooking wares, wall papers, etc., etc.—the milk upon which tens of thousands of infants are fed in our cities. Then in regard to the claims of the lower animals to protection, is there not another important field of information and thought? How many of our college or university students are familiar with the wonderful intelligence of many of the lower orders of creation? The carrier pigeon that flies hundreds of miles to its home—how many have ever studied the evidence of their good as well as intellectual qualities?—how many know that Agassiz firmly believed in the immortality of some of them?—how many know the effect on public health of eating the flesh of animals that have suffered in transportation or slaughtering, and that all suffering to animals just before death poisons, to a greater or less extent, the meat, so that old hunters refuse to eat the flesh of deer, run and worried by dogs, and wise fishermen prefer fish that have not suffered before dying? How to promote public health by improving animal transportation by land and sea—by improving and making more merciful our methods of slaughtering animals—by preventing the confinement of milk cows in dark and unwholesome stables and feeding them on distillery slops and other impure food? How many know that the milk of the abused animal mother, like the milk of the abused human mother, may produce sickness and sometimes death? How many have ever properly considered the relation of birds to agriculture, and how much better it is to study them with an opera glass and kodak than with a gun? How many know the happiness that may come into human lives by the universal teaching of kindness to the lower ones, and that the boy who has no proper home influences may be made a merciful man and good citizen by the constant practice of kindness to the lower creatures? Is there not a vast field of thought and information on all these subjects which educated men ought to know? And where can they get this better taught than in the college or university? When in 1875 we asked President Hayes at Washington to put into his message to Congress what had been written on the transportation of animals, he answered, "When I was in Harvard University I heard a sermon by Dr. Hodge on the immortality of animals, which I have never forgotten to this day. What you have written shall go into my message." And it did, almost verbatim. When in the winter of 1884 and 1885 I addressed the students of a New Orleans university, a gentleman arose at the close and said: "Ten years ago I was a student in Dartmouth College when Mr. Angell came there and addressed the students on the importance of teaching kindness to dumb animals. I had never thought of the subject before, but when I left college there was no one thought more strongly impressed upon my mind than the duty of kindness to the lower animals." The gentleman was then the assistant superintendent, and has since been superintendent of the public schools of Minneapolis. If such results can come to only two students from listening to a single sermon and talk, what may we not hope when the seventy thousand students now in our American colleges and universities are as thoroughly educated in regard to humane subjects as they are in regard to other matters? I am sure no thoughtful man connected with any of our American colleges or universities can carefully consider this subject without feeling that a Department and Professorship of Humanity in our larger institutions, and courses of lectures in our smaller, are quite as important to the future of our nation and the world as anything now taught. If preferred, it may be called The Department of Social Science and Humanity. GEO. T. ANGELL. Doesn't Work Both Ways. The President's "gag" order regarding annual estimates is not to be strictly applied when there is a decrease in the amounts to be asked for by any department. After the cabinet meeting on Friday at which the probable estimates from several Departments were discussed, Secretary Hitchcock said that the estimates for the department of the Interior will be \$3,000,000 less than the appropriation for the present fiscal year. Nothing was said about the estimates from other departments.