

COLUMBIA.

BY P. S. GILMORE.

Columbia! First and fairest gem On nature's brow—a diadem, Whose lustre bright as heavenly star, The light of freedom sheds afar.

Like Noah's ark, a God-sent bark, In search of land through day and dark, First found thee held by nature's child, The red man in his wigwam wild.

Columbia! Soon the tidings spread Of what Columbus saw and said; The eyes of men they turned to thee, The new land, rising from the sea; Each spread his sail before the gale, To verify the wondrous tale, And thus began what was to be The hope and home of liberty.

Columbia! See what thou art now, A crown of stars on nature's brow; With fields of gold and toiling marls, With fifty million loving hearts, Who cling to thee from sea to sea To guard thy peace and liberty; Who, man to man, shall ever be just, And in the Lord place all their trust.

Columbia! Lift thine eyes on high, See Him who dwells in yonder sky, The King of Glory on His throne, Who looks on all, for all's His own. Our earthly gain would be in vain, A home in heaven to attain, If with our hearts we did not pay Our debt to Him. Then let us pray, At morn, at noon, at eventide, Oh, Lord! be ever at our side, That we Thy voice may always hear, And feel that Thou art ever near. In mercy spare from grief and care The nation, bowed in fervent prayer, Who ask with reverent love and awe, God bless and save America!

MY FIRST PATIENT.

I had been in my new lodgings for a week. A week that had dragged itself along in an endless series of days, every one bringing to me the dreams and the hopes of an entire lifetime. Over the glass door of my neat little apartment the white door-plate, with which it is customary to announce the office of a practicing physician, had shone for a week. For the same length of time my little reception and consultation-room had waited with its dark curtains and straight-backed chairs for the patients who were to come to seek the advice and help of Dr. Max Erhardt. After all, I had no cause to wonder that my room remained so empty in the first days, for the neighborhood had first to get accustomed to my name, and to the fact that they could find good medical advice in their near vicinity. All this I said to myself comfortingly at that time. When, by good fortune, I should be able to heal only one patient, then the situation would quickly change. My reputation would increase, and soon the rush of people to my consultation-room would proclaim my success. I should soon go about in a pretty, little carriage, with a dark, brown horse, driven by a respectable coachman; then, indeed, then—

At last, a thought which completely overpowered me came to my mind. I was again in spirit with my Cousin Marie, who certainly would make the prettiest of doctor's wives that one could imagine. I loved my fair cousin. As a boy, I had shown her every little chivalrous service which in either house or garden is demanded of the stronger comrade. As a junior in school, I had inscribed my first poem to her; and as senior, I had badly injured my voice, which was just then turning to baritone, by singing incessantly of "the flaxen-haired girl." When I returned home, after passing the first examination, the first thing of all that the student noticed was that "the flaxen-haired girl" had come to love him as completely as that subject, but neither said anything on that subject. My University period passed by. All the time I worked earnestly, and whenever I had undergone the tedious struggle of examinations victoriously, Marie's dear eyes seemed to express her lively interest in the successful accomplishment of all my endeavors. And when Cousin Marie greeted me upon my return, said softly, "Herr Doctor Erhardt," I looked deep into her dear eyes and said more softly, "Frau Doctor Erhardt." Then I saw a bright blush come over her face, as she turned hastily toward the window-seat.

Now and then, during the next few days, I had opportunity to speak to Marie of all the castles in Spain which a young physician could build in his empty dwelling; but I dared not inform her of my dream in regard to the future doctor's wife. There lay in the blue eyes of my dearest an expression which kept back my words, even when they almost found utterance. I had no doubt that Marie would eventually be my wife, but it seemed as if a lack of confidence in my ability as a physician lay in her glance. That increased my pride, and induced me to remain silent and await the time when the report of my first professional achievement would proclaim my ability to Marie.

With my thoughts absorbed in all these things, I sat on the afternoon of a dreary November day in my consultation-room, and at first failed to notice a faint ring at my bell. Then I arose to open the door myself, as I had sent my errand-boy to market.

I confess that during the few steps which were necessary to bring me to the door, a flood of strange thoughts came over me. A caller was seeking my help. Very likely it was a patient of high birth, and I should certainly receive a rich reward and fame, and—I was already married to dear Marie. I opened the door. In the half-dark of the late August day stood a poorly-clad woman before me. Out of her haggard and charcoal-blackened face looked a pair of great, dark eyes beseechingly at me.

"Doctor," said the woman in a trembling voice, "Doctor, be merciful, O please. My little Marie is so sick."

The name atoned for the woman's unpromising appearance, which coincided badly with my latest dreams.

"Who are you? Who sent you to me?" asked.

"No one," the woman answered quickly and in a low voice. "O Doctor, do

come! I have been carrying coal all day from the wagon into a house near by. I live over there in the courtyard. My child has been sick since yesterday. I found her so much worse that I came to you at once."

I hesitated somewhat; the disenchantment was so great.

The woman wiped her face with her blackened hand.

It was a face which already showed many furrows caused by sorrow and trials.

"I should have gone for the charity physician," she said, wearily, "but your servant, Doctor, is a child of the shoe-maker in our courtyard, and he has told everyone that you are such a good man. Oh, do help my little girl!"

I decided to go with the woman. After all, one is a man, and most of all is he a man who has learned to do his duty. So I went with her, after I had gathered together the necessary instruments with a compositing which astonished and half-shamed even myself.

Across the street we took our course, into a great courtyard lying behind a row of houses. Then she led me up five flights of stairs, each one darker and steeper than the last, and finally through a badly-fitting door into a little room with slanting ceiling and very little windows. On a miserable but neatly-arranged bed lay a child of perhaps fourteen months. Her limbs were fever-heated, and her eyes were wandering and inexpressive.

The woman bent down to the bedside. "She does not know me! She does not know me!" she moaned.

The child coughed; it was a croupous cough of the worst sort. I tore a leaf from my book, and wrote my first prescription as a practicing physician.

"To the nearest apothecary," I said. The woman looked at me, embarrassed. "Can I take it to the one in the Konigsstrasse?" she said.

"No, no," I cried, "it requires the greatest haste; why will you not go to the apothecary in this street?"

The woman reddened perceptibly, in spite of the charcoal dust. Finally she stammered, "The apothecary in the Konigsstrasse knows me; I carry coal there, and he will perhaps—I have no money."

A heavy tear dropped on the paper in her hand.

"These people, who can pay no physician and no druggist," said I, angrily, but inaudibly. I took out some money, and said aloud, "There, take that, and go quickly."

The woman kissed the hand of her child, and then, before I could stop her, she kissed mine also, and hastened away. I looked around the room for a seat. A rickety chair, a red chest, an old table, some miserable dishes on a poor, cold oven, which occupied the place of a hearth, comprised all the furniture.

Hanging on the wall in a corner was a standard woolen garment, and also a child's cloak and a little hat with a ribbon around it a finger's-breadth wide; on a bracket hanging next to the little window was a withered myrtle tree, a red geranium, and a hymn-book, with drying yellow edges. That was everything the room held.

I sat down beside the little girl. She was apparently well cared for. Her limbs were round and pretty, her golden hair was soft and curly. She was unconscious; her blue eyes stared straight before her, as if she was looking into the far, unknown distance. The room was cold. I went to the oven and found only some splinters of wood.

There were so few that I did not attempt to build a fire. I sat down and waited for the woman and the medicine. Ever and anon my glance would wander around the miserable room. Here was a poor, hardworking woman, who carried charcoal on the street, while her child lay in want and sickness, and yet she loved her baby tenderly.

Suddenly the thought shot through me that I could not save the child. I had been called too late. I had not resolution enough to try any doubtful energetic effort to save her, to snatch her from the arms of Death. My heart was heavy. I sprang to the door and listened for the footsteps of the mother. She came finally; my reproachful look met her downcast one. "There were so many people in the store. A woman like myself did not dare to press forward."

An hour of torment went by. The medicine availed nothing. Little Marie could not swallow it. An operation on the throat was of no use. The child died, died before my eyes on the bosom of the mother, bowed down by her grief.

She finally looked up in a terrified manner; a tear had fallen on her hand, but she had not wept.

"You are weeping, doctor," she said, softly. "Ah, don't weep, sir, you will stand before many a sick bed as you have stood here, where the Lord will not help."

She looked fixedly at the little corpse. "I have loved her very dearly. I have done for her what I could in my poverty. Whenever I came home from my work I found her so pretty, so charming! For hours she would lie in bed or on the floor and play with almost nothing, and she laughed for joy when I came home. God has taken her from me. He loves her more than I do, but, oh, I shall be so lonesome!"

I pressed the woman's hand, but could not speak. I dropped some money on the table, and silently went out. At home I laid my instrument case away, and sat down disheartened. I could eat no supper. I went to bed and tried to get to sleep. But the picture of the gloomy attic, of the dead child, of the submissive and patient woman, kept me less from sleep than the tormenting self-reproach which I thought over everything that I had done. My first attempt! I simply groaned, and then the words of the poor woman came to me again: "Don't weep, doctor, you will stand before many a sick bed as you have stood here where the Lord will not help."

I had been summoned too late; I had not been able to save the child. You will stand before many a sick bed as you have stood here," I laid my face in the pillow. It was a terrible night; the torturing thoughts which made me so restless were very different from the pleasant dreams which had encouraged me in both my waking and my sleeping hours.

Early on the following day an old college friend came, who had sought me on his way through the city. He dragged me over the crowded streets, into the Museums, into all sorts of restaurants. He complained of my tardiness.

feigned a headache and escaped the necessity of having to see a sensational play at the Court Theatre. Tired and worn out, I went at last to my window. On my way there I passed the window of a brightly-lighted flower-shop. I walked in and bought a costly, white camellia and some sweet-smelling violets. I went up the five flights to the room of the poor woman. I found the door unlocked. It was faintly lighted, and a little coffin stood in the middle of the room. In it lay the child dressed in a white gown. The ribbon on the hat on the wall had been made into two little bows, the myrtle wreath lay on the blonde hair, and the geranium was laid upon her breast. On the table stood a lamp, and the open song-book lay near by it.

I laid the beautiful white flowers in the little, motionless hand, and put the bouquet of violets on the quiet breast; then I looked at the open book. The page was turned at an old song which I had learned at school, and had long forgotten.

I laid the book away, sighing. The words which I had read, the awful stillness, the peacefully-resting child, oppressed my heart; I went home, after asking in the house for the hour of the interment.

I went to bed early. I was very tired and all disquiet left me. And as if called forth by a strange power, the words of an ardent prayer flowed over my lips; the prayer that God might bless me in my difficult position, and might change my concited assurance in my own skill into a submissive trust in His protection, whenever my little knowledge and my earnest wishes would not avail; that I might hope for God's comfort at all sick beds, where I must, as on yesterday, stand helpless.

Early in the morning I awaited the little coffin in the courtyard. A man bore it; the mother, in her poor, black clothing, followed. She pressed my hand and gave me a thankful look when she saw that I joined the little procession. The way was not long; the streets were almost empty; the air was very mild for November. As the iron gate of the burial-ground opened, the weeping woman dropped her head upon her breast. Beside the open grave stood the clergyman.

"I have made it my duty, as long as my strength lasts, to give a last blessing to all the dead of my parish," said he softly, as my astonished look met his.

Dear, kind priest, you did not suspect how the plain, homely words of blessing which you spoke over the little coffin gave comfort to the poor woman, and to myself as well!

"In God's hand everlasting rest is found," "I know it, I know it," sobbed the woman, and she bent her pale face over the hand of the young priest.

On the evening of the same day I went to my relatives. All the older members of the family were absent. Only Cousin Marie was at home to receive me. We sat at the window and let the moonlight shine upon us, and then I told her how I had visited my first patient and what I had learned thereby of value to my calling. Marie said nothing during my confession, but suddenly I felt myself embraced by her arms. She looked at me with moist eyes.

"Look, Max!" she said. "Now you know well in what respect you failed in your profession. Thank God that you have gained this knowledge through your first patient. Now I think that you will become an able physician, who will always do good, even when his own skill shall not avail."

"Kissed my cousin. "And now, what do you mean?" I said. "Have you the courage to become the wife of such a doctor?"

She smiled in the midst of her tears, and we were betrothed at last.

Fortune willed it that on the next day I should again be called to attend a child, who was very sick with the croup. I was also fortunate enough to be able to save it. Much grace had God since then allowed to be bestowed through my hands to the sick and the poverty-stricken. My profession became dearer and dearer to me. The mother of the child who had been my first patient soon moved into my house to attend to the management of the household until my dearest one became my wife. She then stayed with us as cook, until later she became nurse to our first-born daughter, Marie. She wept over the child for joy, and in thankful remembrance of the little blonde girl who had shown me what it is to be a physician.—[From the German, in Romance.

Wolf Against Eagle.

"I once witnessed a battle between an eagle and a big gray timber wolf," said Lieut. Charles E. Crittenden. "The wolf had singled out a lamb for its mid-day meal, but just as he was preparing to gather it in an eagle swooped down upon it. Before the bird of freedom could rise into the air with its burden the wolf attacked it viciously. For about a minute the air was full of feathers and hair, and then the combatants separated and sized each other up. The wolf came to the scratch, but I regret to say that the emblem of this great Republic showed the white feather unmistakably. Instead of coming up with that never-say-die courage with which it is accredited, it spread its wings and flew screaming away. I do not believe that a bird that a thiefing wolf can chase away from a square meal is a fit emblem for the greatest nation on earth. I would rather see a game rooster on our standard."—(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

King of Serpents.

The largest serpent of which any accurate measurements have been taken and noted was an anaconda which Dr. Gardner found dead and suspended to the fork of a tree during his travels in Mexico. It was dragged out into the open by two horses and was found to be thirty-seven feet in length. Inside of it were discovered the bones and flesh of a horse in a half-digested state, and there was no doubt that it had swallowed the animal whole. Dr. Gardner and other travelers say that anacondas, pythons and boas attain a length of over forty feet, but there is no recorded instance of one having been encountered longer than that which has been mentioned, though many persons have seen serpents alive which they estimate to be of considerably greater size.—(Chicago Herald.

ONE HUNDRED STANLEYS IN A CENTURY.

A Plea for Justice to the Martyr Spanish Pioneers.

The World's Columbian Exposition ought to teach us many great lessons; but the best it can teach us is justice to American history. We have two things to learn. First, that the pioneering of American history was a national achievement absolutely unique in the world's history. And second, that one did not do it. No other nation in any time or land has ever made such a record in sustaining heroism and endured hardship, in area of exploration, in tenacity of occupation, in conquest at once so soldierly and so humane; nor was ever a nation so ill repaid in the gratitude of its beneficiaries. And that record was the record of the Spaniard.

Justice to Spain has never become general among us. That early Spanish spirit of finding out was almost superhuman. No other mother ever bore 100 Stanleys in one century. A poor Spaniard lieutenant with twenty men had pierced a continental desert and looked down into the sublimest wonder of the world, the Grand Canon of the Colorado—three full centuries before a Saxon eye ever saw it; and that was a fair but unpromising sample of the truth from Cape Horn to Colorado.

No where else has a savage world found such noble mercy at the hands of its conquerors. We have wiped the aborigine from off his own state; the Spaniard kept him alive and improved him. The Indian throughout Spanish-America is to-day more numerous than in 1492, and is a new man. There was no politics in the Spanish-American policy. From first to last, from 1492 to 1821, it has been permanent, unchanging, all comprehensive, just, humane, manly; the only noble Indian policy of all time. And yet we have been taught to believe that the history of Spain in America was a bloody and cruel one. There were, of course, Spanish brutes, as well as other brutes, though not so commonly—and individual acts of cruelty. But the laws of Spain knew no pets, and injustice was punished. I cannot recall that England ever administered punishment for such an offense.

That later days have reversed the situation has nothing to do with the obligation of American history to do justice to the past. Why is Spain weak to-day? Why is she a drone as compared with the young giant of nations that has grown since her day in the empire she opened? Simply because she spent herself in that gigantic effort, peerless in history. She was chivalric and not commercial. England never paid any attention to the New World until it began to figure as a "business opening."—[Charles F. Lummis.

Worst Man-Eater Known.

The Calcutta Englishman contains a blood-curdling account of the doings of a man-eating leopard lately shot in the Rajshahi district in Bengal. The monster had destroyed 151 persons before he was brought down. His appetite for flesh, his ferocity, his cunning and his audacity were unexampled in the leopard tribe, and they would have done credit to a tiger.

He depopulated whole villages, for the mere terror of his name sent the inhabitants flying as soon as he had seized a solitary victim in their midst.

For miles around the people never ventured to leave their houses after nightfall until they heard he was dead, but this was no great hindrance to him. He would seize them from the verandas when they were smoking the evening pipe, and sometimes he penetrated the very houses in the dead of night and carried away children—often without giving the slightest alarm to the other inmates.

As a rule he killed only one person at a time; but sometimes he killed three in one day. Children and old women were his favorite food. Among his victims there were but six men. He was impelled by a sheer hankering for human flesh, for he never touched the cattle.

The villagers began to think the scourge was a demon incarnate, and it was impossible to organize them for the pursuit. At length some twenty elephants were brought together for an expedition, and a flying column of British planters set forth in quest of the destroyer. They searched for some time in vain, until an old man, whose wife had been eaten, came to report that their quarry had taken refuge in a tamarind tree.

It was as he had stated, only the man-eater had hidden himself in the jungle at the foot of the tree and for the moment could not be found. The place was surrounded and the elephants advanced in close order to trample the fugitive out of his hiding-place. This maneuver succeeded after frequent repatriation; the beast was driven out of cover and at once riddled with balls.

He will become a legend in the district, and perhaps a deity.

Lucky Triplets.

"The wonderful Hill triplets, of Bensalem, Bucks county, Penn., are still enjoying the biggest kind of a boom," said old Squire Dodsworth, of Bristol, as he sat in a group of friends in the Bin-ham House lobby, and swapped experiences and news with them. "They're about ten months old now, and are still so much alike that their mother goes on a decorative with red, white and blue ribbons on the Gerofee-Gerofay plan, so as to make plum sure that they won't get mixed up in handling. Probably no kids outside of some freak babies in a dime museum ever had so many visitors call on 'em as these Hill triplets. Why, there ain't been a day since they were born that people ain't been to see 'em, and since the spring set in warm, they come in parties and picnics in the grove night with the babies live. An' what's more, them triplets is gittin' rich fast. Constable Jenkins' mare c'n trot a quarter of a mile. You see, soon as they was able to be photographed all in a row and ninety people of 'ery hundred that goes to see 'em want anywhere from two or three to a dozen to give away to their friends. The trips always c'oan' kick their fat little legs up an' get pup'll in the face a laughin' when folks come to see 'em, and that just makes the pho-

tographs sell lik hand liker on a cold night. Plagued 'I would't be most ready to say them kids was human, they show so much intelligence when strangers drop in. Their mother says they is just as good all the time, and so do all they're seven brothers and sisters; but then they're predestined, as is natural. All the photograph money after the photographer is paid goes into the trips' bank and I'm told that it's beginnin' to bulge."—[Philadelphia Record.

Columbus' Personal Appearance.

Columbus was of powerful frame and large build, of majestic bearing and dignified in gesture; on the whole well formed; of middle height, inclining to tallness; his arms sinewy and bronzed like wave-beaten oars; his nerves high strung and sensitive, quickly responsive to all emotions; his neck large and shoulders broad; his face rather long and nose aquiline; his complexion fair, even inclining to redness, and somewhat disfigured by freckles; his gaze piercing and his eyes clear, his brow high and calm, furrowed with the deep working of thought, writes Emilio Castelar in *the Century*. In the life written by his son, Ferdinand, we are told that Columbus was not only sketched most marvelously, but was so skillful a penman that he was able to earn a living by engrossing and copying. In his private notes he said that every good map draftsman ought to be a good painter as well, and he himself was such in his maps and globes and charts over which are scattered all sorts of cleverly drawn figures. He never penned a letter or began a chapter without setting at its head this devout invocation: "*Sanctum Mariae sit nobis in via.*"

Besides his practical studies he devoted himself to astronomical and geographical researches. Thus he was enabled to teach mathematics, with which, as with all the advanced knowledge of his time, he was conversant, and he could recite the prayers and services of the church like any priest before the altar. He was, as I have already said, a mystic and a merchant, a visionary and an algebraist. At times he veiled his knowledge in cabalistic formulas, and allowed his vast powers to degenerate into puerile irritation, it was because his own age knew him not, and had dealt hardly with him for many years—from his youth until he reached the threshold of age—without taking into account the reverses which darkened and embittered his after years. Who could have predicted to him in the midst of the blindness that surrounded him, that there in Spain, and in that century of unending achievement, the name of Columbus was to attain to fame and unspeakable renown? There are those who hold that this was the work of chance, and that the discovery of America was virtually accomplished when the Portuguese doubled the Cape of Good Hope. But I believe not in these posthumous alterations of history through mere caprice, nor in those after rumors of the discoverer who died in obscurity.

A Transportation Scheme.

In an article on country roads and electricity in the *Electrical World* by William N. Black, a scheme for covering the country with a network of electric roads is outlined. The plan is to build electric lines through every part of the country connecting the various lines of railroad and placing the farmers in close communication with the cities and markets. Of course, this would be practicable only in the more thickly settled portions of the United States, and could hardly apply to the great prairies of the West. The farmer would thus have rapid transportation for all his farm products, for any kind of freight and for himself and family. In addition to this, power could be taken from the lines for harvesting, ploughing, or any other of the numerous forms of work which are now done by slower and more expensive means. It might be argued that such a system would never pay interest on the capital invested in it, which is probably true. But the same can be said of the building of country roads. The expense of constructing such a network of electric lines would not be greater, and would probably be considerable less than that of building first class roads. The present wretched condition of the country roads is a well known fact, and it is only a question of time when an immense amount of money must be expended in improving them, or the same must be devoted to the construction of some such system as that outlined by Mr. Black.—[New York Herald.

Sweet-Faced Japanese.

A writer says that perhaps the secret of the sweet expression and habitual serenity of Japanese women can be found in their freedom from small worries. The fashion of dress never varying, saves the mind on that subject, and the bareness of the houses and simplicity of diet makes housekeeping a mere bearable. Everything is exquisitely clean, and easily kept so. There is no paint, no drapery, no crowd of little ornaments, no coming into the houses with the foot-wear worn in the dusty streets.

And then the feeling of living in rooms that can be turned into balconies and verandas at a moment's notice, of having walls that slide away as freely as do the scenes on the stage, and let in all outdoors, change the suites of rooms to the shape and size that the whim of the day or the hour requires. Well, perhaps Buffalo women are not as sweet and serene as they might be, but Buffalo is not Japan. Women here cannot live in houses that can be turned into verandas at a moment's notice. There are seasons and days in Buffalo when piazza life is not inviting. The Japanese women, moreover, probably do not reside with "ladies" who are continually giving them "a week's notice."—[Buffalo (N. Y.) Commercial.

Butcher Girls.

Of all the masculine vocations, that of the butcher seems to be the last one that can be turned into woman's work. Yet a Northern paper says that at Chester, Ill., two young women, daughters of a Mr. Long, may be found pursuing it any day, not merely cutting up and selling the meat hung in a shop, but actually killing, skinning and cleaning the animals.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE Peary expedition gives confirmation to the declaration of Nansen, the Swedish explorer, that its interior can be traversed with sledges without serious difficulty. Greenland would seem to offer the most practicable route to the pole. Stone houses as supply stations could be constructed and stored with food and other necessities at sufficient intervals in the heart of the Greenland continent, and in this way the pole could be reached and its magic and magnetic mysteries unlocked. It is the last grand secret that the surface of our earth conceals, and it is not in the nature of men in this advanced and daring age to permit such a secret to be much longer withheld. The New Orleans Picayune is convinced that the pole can never be reached by ships. Greenland projects as an enormous tongue of granite far into the Polar Sea and perhaps with a craggy peak marks the site of the pole. Who will be the daring explorer to attain it?

THE San Francisco Examiner declares that the need of a new system of forestry in America is being gradually understood by a larger and larger number of people. The system or no-system of turning the forests over to the lumbermen to be destroyed as rapidly as possible has been followed too long, but the popular sentiment that shall change all this is being roused. It is coming to be understood that forest preservation does not mean the withdrawal of forest lands from the use of the people or the cutting off of the supply of timber. On the contrary the reservation of public forest land is to secure its free use to the public, and to bring the forests under management that shall furnish a steady supply of lumber and fuel without impairing the forests. It is only by public ownership and public administration that this object can be secured, and any force that aids in establishing a national system is to be welcomed.

KICKING BEAR, the famous war chief of the Ogallala Sioux, who was the leading spirit in the ghost dancing and insurrection that led to the bloody affair at Wounded Knee, has been set at liberty and returned to Pine Ridge Agency. He was captured by General Miles in 1890 and confined for a while at Fort Sheridan. Afterward he was allowed to go to Europe under the charge of Buffalo Bill, in the hope that an idea of the greatness of civilization would tame him. He came back, however, full of a warlike spirit, threatening to go on the warpath as soon as he reached his people. For this reason he was again imprisoned at Fort Sheridan, and has only regained his liberty on a solemn promise to refrain from hostilities. If he had been a white man, he would have been hung long ago for his many murders.

SIR JAMES CAICHTON BROWNE delivered an address on "Tooth culture" the other day at Cambridge, England. He referred to the alarming increase of decay in the teeth in this country, especially among the young. In Leeds 90 per cent. of the teeth of the population are bad, and in England 10,000,000 artificial teeth are used annually. Sir James ascribed the increase of dental decay to pulpitis and softness of the food in modern times, and other causes. Sir James advocated increased attention to the state of the teeth, and the periodical inspection of all school children.

THERE is now in operation in Denmark a law giving every Danish subject, man and woman, the right to a pension at sixty years of age. Exception is made of persons who have been convicted of crime; who have fraudulently made over their property to relatives or others; who have brought themselves to distress by extravagance or evil-living; who have during the preceding ten years received relief from the Poor law; or who have been convicted of mendacity. Applications are to be addressed to the parish, who will make all inquiries, and fix the amount of the relief to be granted.

THE vast extent of the territory covered, by and tributary to the Great Lakes and the volume of business transacted thereon are little known. The total basic area is 370,000 square miles, embraces more than half the fresh water area of the globe, and the coast line in the United States extends over 3,000 miles. The extreme distance in the United States east and west is 1,279 miles and north and south 500 miles. Bordering on the lakes are eight states, with a total population of over 26,000,000. In these eight states are over thirty-six cities having a population exceeding 10,000 each and six having over 100,000 each.

THE advertisement of the brigand Candino, in the Journal of Sicily, complaining of a correspondent's letter, is curiously illustrative of the march of civilization. He is still pursuing his profession at the head of a considerable band, and he begs to state "through your esteemed columns" (for which purpose he forwards one dollar) that the remarks in question are injurious to him. "We do not touch the poor who work for their living, but only the rich. Nor do we kill persons with a dagger, as is infamously asserted of the man Cassetaro; we shot him."

THE continued absence of Mr. Winans who has not visited his vast Highland deer forests for five years, is provoking the criticism of the Scotch newspapers. These preserves, in the north of Scotland, stretch from sea to sea, and Mr. Winans pays an annual rental of \$25,000 for the territory. The point is made that an American should not be permitted to keep such a great tract locked up for years when there is such a dearth of land for pasturage and other purposes.

THERE are just as big rewards in farming as in any other pursuit in life. The men who get them are the ones who make a life-long study of the business and neglect no opportunity of gaining all the information possible bearing upon it. The most successful farmer must study as hard as the successful lawyer, doctor, merchant, manufacturer, or engineer to master the intricate details which make up success.

THE city of Bremen has spent 30,000,000 marks, or about \$7,500,000, in making the Weser navigable. Big steamships can now go up to the city instead of being obliged to discharge cargo and land passengers at Bremerhaven, necessitating for the latter a car-ride of a couple of hours or so.