

The Passing of the Spirit.

The wind, the world-old rhapsodist, goes by
And the great pines, in changeless vest-
ture gloomed.
And all the towering elm trees,
thatched and plumed
With green, take up, one after one,
the cry;
And as their choral voices swell and die,
Catching the infinite note from tree to
tree,
Others far off, in long antistrophe,
With swaying arms and surging tops
reply.
So to men's souls, at sacred intervals,
Out of the dust of life takes wing and
calls
A spirit that we know not, nor can
trace;
And heart to heart makes answer with
strange thrill;
It passes, and a moment, face to face,
We dream ourselves immortal, and
are still.

—[Archibald Lampman in the Century.]

A Fateful Partnership.

Even a stranger to the big town walking
for the first time through London
sees on the sides of the houses many names
with which he has long been familiar. His
preconception has cost the firms those
names represent much money in adver-
tising. The stranger has had the names
before him for years in newspapers and
magazines, on the boardings and on
boards by the railroad side, paying little
heed to them at the time; yet they have
been indelibly impressed on his brain, and
when he wishes soap or pills his lips al-
most automatically frame the words most
familiar to them. Thus are the lavish sums
spent in advertising justified, and thus are
many excellent publications made possible.

There was the firm of Danby & Strong,
for instance. The name may mean
nothing to any reader of these lines, but
there was a time when it was well known
and widely advertised, not only in England
but over the greater part of the world as
well.

Curiously enough, during the time the
firm was struggling to establish itself, the
two members of it were the best of friends,
but when prosperity came to them causes
of difference arose, and their relations, as
the papers say of warlike nations, became
strained. Whether the fault lay with John
Danby or with William Strong no one has
ever been able to find out. They had mutual
friends who claimed that each one of
them was a good fellow, but those friends
were willing to lose his own share in a
profitable business, if by doing so he could
bring ruin on his partner.

When Strong found himself penniless,
he cursed, as was his habit, and wrote to
a friend in Texas asking if he could get
anything to do over there. He was tired
of a country of law and order, he said,
which was not as complimentary to Texas
as it might have been. But his remark
only goes to show what extraordinary
ideas Englishmen have of foreign parts.
Strong got himself out there somehow, and
in course of time became a cowboy. He
grew reasonably expert with his revolver,
and rode a mustang as well as could be
expected, considering that he had never seen
such an animal in London, even at the
Zoo. The life of a cowboy on a Texas
ranch leads to the forgetting of such things
as linen shirts and paper collars.

Strong's hatred of Danby never ceased,
but he began to think of him less often.
One day, when he least expected it,
the subject was brought to his mind in a
manner that startled him. He was in
Galveston ordering supplies for the ranch
when in passing a shop which he would
have called a draper's, but which was there
designated as dealing in dry goods, he was
amazed to see the name "Danby & Strong"
in big letters at the bottom of a huge pile
of small cardboard boxes that filled the
whole window. At first the name only
struck him as familiar and he came near
asking himself "Where have I seen that be-
fore?" It was some moments before he
realized that the Strong stood for the man
gazing stupidly in at the plate glass win-
dow. Then he noticed that the boxes
were guaranteed to contain the famous
Piccadilly collar. He read in a dazed
manner a large printed bill which stood
beside the pile of boxes. These collars, it
seemed, were warranted to be the genuine
Danby & Strong collar and the public were
warned against imitations. They were
asserted to be London made and linen
faced, and the gratifying information was
added that once a person wore the D. & S.
collar he never afterward relapsed into
wearing any inferior brand. The price of
each box was fifteen cents, or two boxes
for a quarter. Strong found himself mak-
ing a mental calculation which resulted in
turning this notation into English money.

As he stood there a new interest began
to fill his mind. Was the firm being car-
ried on under the old name by some one
else, or did this lot of collars represent part
of the old stock? He had no news from
home since he left, and the bitter thought
occurred to him that, perhaps, Danby had
got somebody with capital to aid him in
resuscitating the business. He resolved to
go inside and get some information.

"You seem to have a very large stock
of these collars on hand," he said to the
man, who was evidently the proprietor.

"Yes," was the answer, "You see, we
are the State agents for this make. We
supply the country dealers."

"Oh, do you? Is the firm of Danby &
Strong still in existence? I understood it
had suspended."

"I guess not," said the man. "They
supply us all right enough. Still, I really
know nothing about the firm except that
they turn out a first-class article. We're
not in any way responsible for Danby &
Strong; we're merely agents for the State
of Texas, you know," the man added, with
sudden caution.

"I have nothing against the firm," said
Strong. "I asked because I once knew
some members of it, and was wondering
how it was getting along."

"Well in that case you ought to see the
American representative. He was here this
week. That's why we make such a dis-
play in the windows; it always pleases the
agent. He's now working up the State
and will be back in Galveston before the
month is out."

"What's his name? Do you remember?"
"Danby, George Danby, I think. Here's
his card. No, John Danby is the name. I
thought it was George. Most Englishmen
are George, you know."

Strong looked at the card, but the let-
tering seemed to waver before his eyes.
He made out, however, that Mr. John
Danby had an address in New York, and
that he was the American representative of
Danby & Strong, London. Strong placed
the card on the counter before him.

"I used to know Mr. Danby, and I
would like to meet him. Where do you
think I could find him?"

"Well, as I said before, you could see
him right here in Galveston, but if you are
in a hurry you might catch him at Bron-
cho Junction on Thursday night?"

"He is traveling by rail, then?"
"No, he is not. He went by rail as far
as Felixopolis. There he takes a horse,
and goes across the prairies to Broncho
Junction—a three days' journey. I told
him he wouldn't do much business on that
route, but he said he was going partly for
his health, and partly to see the country.
He expected to reach Broncho Thursday
night." The dry goods merchant laughed
as one who suddenly remembers a pleasant
circumstance. "You're an Englishman, I
take it."

Strong nodded.
"Well, must say you folks have queer
notions about this country. Danby, who
was going for a three days' journey across
the plains, bought himself two Colt revolv-
ers and a knife half as long as my arm.
Now, I've traveled all over this State and
never carried a gun, but I couldn't get
Danby to believe his route was as safe as
a church. Of course, now and then in
Texas a cowboy shoots off his gun, but it's
more often his mouth, and I don't believe
there's more killing done in Texas than in
any other bit of land the same size. But
you can't get an Englishman to believe
that. You folks are an awful law-abiding
crowd. For my part I would sooner stand
my chance with a revolver than a lawless
any day." Then the good-natured Texan
told the story of the pistol in Texas, of the
great lack of demand for it, but the
great necessity of having it handy when it
was called for.

A man with murder in his heart should
not hold a conversation like this, but Wil-
liam Strong was too full of one idea to
think of prudence. Such a talk sets the
hounds of justice on the right trail, with
unpleasant results for the criminal.

On Thursday morning Strong set out on
horseback from Broncho Junction with his
face towards Felixopolis. By noon he said
to himself he ought to meet his former
partner with nothing but the horizon
around them. Beside the revolvers in his
belt, Strong had a Winchester rifle in front
of him. He did not know but he might
have to shoot at long range, and it was al-
ways well to prepare for eventualities.
Twelve o'clock came, but he met no one,
and there was nothing in sight around the
empty circle of the horizon. It was nearly
two before he saw a moving dot ahead of
him. Danby was evidently unobserved to
riding and had come leisurely. Some time
before they met, Strong recognized his for-
mer partner and he got his rifle ready.

"Throw up your hands!" he shouted,
bringing the rifle butt to his shoulder.

Danby instantly raised his hands above
his head. "I have no money on me," he
cried, evidently not recognizing his
opponent. "You may search me if you
like."

"Get down off your horse; don't lower
your hands, or I fire."

Danby got down as well as he could
with his hands above his head. Strong
had thrown his right leg over to the left
side of the horse, and, as his enemy got
down, he also slid to the ground, keeping
Danby covered with the rifle.

"I assure you I have only a few dollars
with me, which you are quite welcome to,"
said Danby.

Strong did not answer. Seeing that the
shooting was to be at short range, he took
a six-shooter from his belt, and, cocking it,
covered his man, throwing the rifle on the
grass. He walked up to his enemy, placed
the muzzle of the revolver against his
rapidly beating heart, and leisurely dis-
armed him, throwing Danby's weapons on
the ground out of reach. Then he stood
back a few paces and looked at the trem-
bling man. His face seemed to have al-
ready taken on the hue of death, and his
lips were bloodless.

"I see you recognize me at last, Mr.
Danby. This is an unexpected meeting,
is it not? You realize, I hope, that there
are no judges, juries, nor lawyers, no man-
damuses and no appeals. Nothing but a
writ of ejectment from the barrel of a pis-
tol and no legal way of staying the pro-
ceedings. In other words, no cursed
quibbles and no infernal law."

Danby, after moistening his palid lips,
found his voice.

"Do you mean to give me a chance or
are you going to murder me?"

"I am going to murder you."

Danby closed his eyes, let his hands
drop to his sides, and swayed gently from
side to side as a man does on the scaffold
just before the bolt is drawn. Strong
lowered his revolver and fired, smothering
one knee of the doomed man. Danby
dropped with a cry that was drowned by
the second report. The second bullet put
out his left eye, and the murdered man lay
with his mutilated face turned up to the
sky.

A revolver report on the prairies is short,
sharp and echoes. The silence that fol-
lowed seemed intense and boundless, as if
nowhere on earth there was such a thing
as sound. The man on his back gave an
awesome touch of the eternal to the still-
ness.

Strong, now that it was all over, began
to realize his position. Texas, perhaps,
paid too little heed to life lost in fair fight,
but she had an uncomfortable habit of put-
ting a rope around the neck of a cowardly
murderer. Strong was an inventor by

nature. He proceeded to invent his justifi-
fication. He took one of Danby's revolv-
ers and fired two shots out of it into the
empty air. This would show that the dead
man had defended himself at least, and it
would be difficult to prove that he had not
been the first to fire. He placed the other
pistol and knife in their places in Danby's
belt. He took Danby's right hand while it
was still warm and closed the fingers
around the butt of the revolver from which
he had fired, placing the forefinger on the
trigger of the cocked six-shooter. To give
effect and naturalness to the tableau he was
arranging for the next traveler by that
trail, he drew up the right knee and put
the revolver and closed hand on it as if
Danby had been killed while just about to
fire his third shot.

Strong, with the pride of a true artist in
his work, stepped back a pace or two for
the purpose of seeing the effect of his work
as a whole. As Danby fell, the back of
his head had struck a lump of soil or tuft
of grass, which threw the chin forward on
the breast. As Strong looked at his victim
his heart jumped, and a sort of hypnotic
fear took possession of him and paralyzed
action at its source. Danby was not yet
dead. His right eye was open and it
glared at Strong with a malice and hatred
that mesmerized the murderer and held
him there, although he felt rather than
knew he was covered by the cocked revolver
he had placed in what he thought was
a dead hand. Danby's lips moved, but no
sound came from them. Strong could not
take his fascinated gaze from the open eye.
He knew he was a dead man if Danby had
strength to crook his finger, yet he could
not take the leap that would bring him out
of range. The fifth pistol shot rang out
and Strong pitched forward on his face.

The firm of Danby & Strong was dis-
solved.—Black and White.

Electrical Window Signs.

The manufacturer of electrical win-
dow signs is doing an active business. He
has established the fact that if
an object in a store window can be
kept in motion long enough some one
will be sure to stop to look at it. An
updown window sign electrician
adopts his own apparatus for push-
ing his business. In his window he
has a central disk, from which three
arms radiate. At the end of each arm
is a signboard containing a leg-
end commending the advantages of
window sign advertising; for instance,
one board sets forth: "If your sign
moves and attracts attention your
goods will." These boards are so
hung as to maintain a perpendicular
position as they revolve with their
face always to the street. The mo-
tive power comes from a cell battery
seen in the window. Another novel
device which never fails to attract a
crowd is the idea of a vander of elec-
tric pianos. Over the sidewalk is
fixed a large circular case containing
a number of white, flexible, sinuous
arms, moving from a common center.
These are connected with the key-
board and follow the motion of the
keys on a piano inside the store.
When a lively tune is being played
the bewildering gyrations of the
tumbling bars in the case seem to
have a constant fascination for the
passersby.

A Costly Fan.

"I can tell you a few things about
fans, seeing that I have been in the
business all my life," said M. Ducoil-
let, a Frenchman.

"The finest in the world are made
in Paris. Once in a great while my
house has an order for a very costly
one. Last year the Marquis D'Uzes
ordered one as a bridal present for his
prospective daughter in law that
cost him 5,000 francs. It isn't often
that such expensive ones are pur-
chased, even by the wealthy. This
one was exquisite, of real lace, hand
painted, with diamond monogram.
The average rich woman in Paris,
however, hardly ever pays over \$25
for a fan intended for personal use,
and I find that about the same limit
prevails in this country. If it were
not for the heavy duty of 40 per cent.,
imposed by this Government, we
would sell a great many more fans in
America."

A Gospel Trolley Car.

A gospel trolley car will soon be
making nightly rounds of New York
and Brooklyn suburbs. The car
made its first trip a few nights ago,
loaded with a melodeon and speakers
and singers, connected with the
Passaic Street Mission, in Passaic,
N. J., made a round trip on the New
Jersey Electric Railway, going by
way of Paterson to Singed and back.
Wherever they saw a group of people
on the sidewalks or rural road sides
the car was stopped, and the evan-
gelists sang hymns and exhorted the
bystanders to seek salvation. The
idea is a novel one, and while it is
difficult to see how it could be car-
ried out without interfering with the
regular traffic of the line, it is possi-
ble that some persons might be im-
pelled to better living who could not
otherwise be reached.—Philadelphia
Record.

Pneumatic Tires Not New.

Most people imagine that pneu-
matic tires are novelties of recent in-
vention, and yet they were actually
used on English roads nearly fifty
years ago. We read that "at the
Bath and West of England agricul-
tural show, held at Gullford, a
couple of carriage wheels were shown,
fitted with pneumatic tires. These
were made by May & Jacobs, for the
Duke of Northumberland, forty-seven
years ago, but the carriage, proving
too heavy for the horse, they were
discarded. The tires were constructed
on almost entirely the same prin-
ciple as those in use on cycles to-day,
an inner chamber, with stronger
outer cover. When punctured they
were repaired by the same means as
now adopted.

COST OF ALINER'S TRIP.

HEAVY EXPENSES INCURRED BY THE ST. LOUIS.

Her Captain Alone Receives a Large Salary, but the Bills for Coal, Supplies and Wear and Tear Are Enormous -- Handsome Profits Realized.

Much has been written about the
great steamship St. Louis, which
promises to be the forerunner of a
magnificent fleet of Yankee built and
Yankee devised transatlantic liners.
Her many wonders of workmanship
and her great engines have all been
described and applauded. Naval ex-
perts have studied her to discover
her worth as a war vessel, as she now
belongs to the auxiliary navy of Uncle
Sam, and has been so constructed
that almost instantaneously she can
be converted into a swift cruiser,
with speed enough to catch up
with or run away, if the latter
be necessary, from anything that
floats.

An interesting feature of the St.
Louis, but one which has not been
touched upon, is the cost of main-
taining her. She is a little city or
municipality in herself, the Captain
being the Mayor and the officers the
Board of Aldermen. The agents of
the big ocean liners are inclined to
be shy about talking of the expense
of their steamer, as the rivalry be-
tween the different lines is so intense
that none of them care to give out
information which may be business
ammunition for another. Clement
A. Griscom, Jr., son of the president
of the line controlling the St. Louis,
however, agreed to give some figures
on the question when seen by the
writer. He figured for some time,
and then said that the expense of
the round trip of a steamer like the
St. Louis averages between \$60,000
and \$80,000, according to the season.

This is the busiest time in the year
for the big liners, and when the St.
Louis gets back from Southampton
her maiden voyage both ways
across the Atlantic will have cost
fully \$80,000. The voyage between
the two ports will take a trifle more
than seven days, making the daily
cost of operating one of the huge sea
monsters something like \$5,500. In
the winter time, when the passenger
traffic is down to a minimum, the ex-
penses, of course, are much less, and
that is when the cost gets down to
\$60,000 for the round trip. Men who
spend \$10,000 a month on a steam
yacht, as Commodore Elbridge T.
Gerry does, are regarded as terribly
extravagant, but maintaining a ves-
sel like the St. Louis for a month
would cost something approaching
the sum of \$200,000.

No single individual on the St.
Louis gets a large salary. Of course
the captain heads the list, getting
about \$5,000 a year. Captains on
smaller passenger steamers only re-
ceive \$3,000 a year, which in these
times of great salaries is not any too
large. The chief officer of a ship
like the St. Louis gets only about
\$1,500, which is somewhat small
when it is remembered that the bulk
of the heavy work falls on his shoul-
ders. The second officer's pay ranges
from \$900 to \$1,200, according to the
size of the ship, while the third and
fourth officers only get from \$600 to
\$900. All of these men have to per-
form duties of a responsible kind,
and as there are no bonuses attached
to their work it can be seen that they
are not overpaid. These items also
show that while the vast sums of
money are expended on running
ships of the size of the St. Louis,
none of it is thrown away.

The crew of the St. Louis numbers
410 men. Two hundred of these are
in the engineer's department, and all
of them are directly under the
authority of the chief. The steward
department is the next largest, num-
bering 170 in all. The sailors, in-
cluding the deck officers, number
forty. The engineer's department is
the most expensive of the ship, owing
to the immense coal bills. The
St. Louis burns more than thirty
tons a day, or about 4,500 tons the
round trip. This means an expendi-
ture of \$15,000 alone. The salaries
of the men, the engineering supplies,
including the thousand and one
things needed for the vast machinery
of a great ship, call for \$5,000 more
every round trip.

The chief engineer draws \$3,000 a
year, and his immediate assistants
receive \$1,500, \$1,200 and \$1,000 re-
spectively. The stokers or firemen
average \$300 per month, and the fur-
naces of the St. Louis require 180 of
them working in different shifts.

The purser, who is the most impor-
tant person on board, does not get
much in the way of a salary, as the
company, in fixing his pay, figured
on the large bonuses he receives for
changing money and performing the
little services which the wealthy
traveler does not hesitate to pay for
liberally. His salary is only \$1,000
a year, but he makes another \$2,000
in fees, and sometimes considerably
more. The ship's surgeon only re-
ceives \$900 a year for the same reason.
He is brought in contact with num-
bers real and fancied invalids of the
wealthy class and, although no one
is compelled to fee him, few fail to
do so, and a big popular ship like
the St. Louis is worth in the neigh-
borhood of \$3,000 to \$4,000 a year.

The steward's department is one of
the costliest on the ship, as it pro-
vides the provisions for all the pas-
sengers and crew. The provisions
for a round trip cost in the neigh-
borhood of \$12,000, and the salaries of
the steward's men amount to \$3,000
more. The stewards are the least
paid of any on the ship, for the
reason that in the fees of the passen-
gers they collect a very respectable
sum annually. All the pay they get
is \$20 a month, but they take in \$40
a month in tips. The real downright

eastern man and woman are almost
willing to give their last cent for
some little service, and the stewards
who are constantly thrown in with
this class of unfortunates reap a
goodly harvest.

The chief steward receives \$1,500 a
year and also comes in for his share
of the tips, as it is within his power
to place many delicacies in the way
of the liberal tourist. The chief cook
is a great man on the ship, almost as
great as the captain, and in all
makes \$3,000 a year out of his job.
The breakage and wear and tear on
the ship and its furniture is very
heavy, requiring an expenditure in
incidentals of about \$5,000 each round
trip. There are countless little
things to be replaced, and a compar-
atively little thing like the washing of
the ship's linen means an expendi-
ture big enough to support a man for
a year in the lap of luxury.

While the expenses are great, of
course the income is proportionately
large. A round trip that costs \$60,-
000 should bring at least \$100,000
into the coffers of the company, if
not considerably more. But when
the expenses are down to \$60,000 the
company is glad to break even.

Here are some odd facts about the
St. Louis. There are fully 1,000 tons
of piping of various kinds in the
ship. The condensers will pump up
at least 50,000,000 gallons of cooling
water a day. The furnaces will con-
sume no less than 7,500,000 cubic
feet of air an hour. The boiler
tubes, if placed in a straight line,
would stretch nearly ten miles, and
the condenser tubes more than
twenty-five miles. The total num-
ber of separate pieces of steel in the
main structure of the ship is not less
than 40,000, and the total number of
cubic feet of timber used in the con-
struction is more than 100,000. The
total number of rivets is not far from
1,250,000. A distinguished marine
engineer of England once estimated
that in a ship of this size, if all the
steel which composes it were made
into needles and placed in a line
they would reach more than ten
times around the earth, or the dis-
tance to the moon, 240,000 miles.
Another expert has estimated that if
the ship were propelled by galley
oransmen, as in ancient times, it
would require a force of 117,000 men
continuously at work to develop the
same power that the engines of this
ship will produce.

Training a Locomotive.

It may not be generally known
that locomotives intended for express
trains require as much training in
their way, for fast running as do race
horses. The Pennsylvania Railroad
Company builds its own engines and
those built for express trains are
known as Class P. They are very
large and built with slight variations
after the pattern of the big English
engine imported into this country
several years ago, and which at that
time was a curiosity in its way.
When one of these big engines is
taken out of the shops to be placed
on the road, instead of putting it to
work it is intended for at once,
it is run for two or three weeks on
some one of the local branches, in
order to train it, so to speak, for
faster running. By this means all
the bearings and journals connected
with the running gear become settled
to their work; for, should anything
about the new machine not work har-
moniously, there is ample time to
adjust the defect. Usually the new
engine proves troublesome on ac-
count of its propensity to make fast
time, and at almost every station is
found to be a little ahead of schedule
time, and must wait for from ten
seconds to a minute. No. 180 of
Class P was running yesterday on the
Trenton accommodation train, but
will soon be flying over the road
from Broad street station to New
York and return, at the rate, in many
places, of a mile a minute.

Met Death Dramatically.

An old miner of Wellington, British
Columbia, met death in a dramati-
c way, some two weeks ago, as a re-
sult of an old, reckless practice. His
long familiarity with explosives had
made him careless. He always kept
his keg of black powder stowed under
his bed in the little cabin in which
he lived, and had a bad habit of
smoking in bed until he fell asleep.
This might seem criminally careless
to any one but a miner, but the possi-
bility of disaster probably never
occurred to the old man or his neigh-
bors. But what every one else might
have expected, happened. One night
recently a near neighbor was awak-
ened by the crackling of flames, and
found the old man's cabin was afire.
Before any help could be rendered
the explosion came, and the old mi-
ner and his cabin went up.

Morning Dew.

A good deal of the dew which we
see in the morning covering the
leaves of grasses and other plants
comes from the interior of the vege-
tables themselves. The extremely
fine dew, as a rule, is atmospheric,
but the larger drops, which we find
on the margins of leaves, are in gen-
eral exudations from the plant tis-
sues.

An Old Prescription.

The oldest prescription in existence
has been found. It was given as a
wash for promoting the growth of the
hair of the mother of King Chate,
second king of the first dynasty, who
reigned about 4,000 B. C. This is the
translation: "Pad of a dog's foot, 1;
fruit of a date palm, 1; ass's hoof, 1;
Bull together in oil in saucapan. Di-
rections for use: Rub thoroughly in."

OPIMUM A VALUABLE DRUG.

Commission Has Decided that It Is Less Harmful than Alcohol.

The opium commission, appointed in
England to report on the use and effects
of opium in India, has rendered its de-
cision. It had to determine whether op-
ium, when taken in moderation, was an
injurious article of diet; whether In-
dian opinion was opposed to its use,
and whether prohibition was a practi-
cal policy. All three questions are an-
swered by a vote of 8 to 1 in the nega-
tive. Opium is found to be an excel-
lent remedy in moderation all through
life with practically no ill effect upon
the healthy constitution and its habit-
ual vices, like the Sikhs and the Raj-
poots, display exceptionally fine phys-
ique. Doctors know that the effect of
opium differs with every constitution,
and it is proved that the Indian con-
stitution tolerates it better than even
that of the Chinese, who are not pure
vegetarians. It no more injures them
than wine injures Italians or beer the
Bavarian peasantry. In India every-
body looks upon opium as allowable,
and the practice of opium eating is al-
most universal. In fact, its prohibition
would be everywhere regarded as an
unjustifiable interference with a purely
domestic comfort, just as in this coun-
try an effective attempt to prevent a
man taking a glass of beer with his
home dinner would be considered.

There is a disposition among thought-
ful natives to look upon the use of the
drug as the alternative to the use of
cheap alcohol and to dread the resort to
the latter. Religious feeling accounts
for this in some measure, but it is well
known that, while Asiatics take opium
in moderation in the use of sedatives, they
lose all restraint when they take too
much alcohol. So the commission has de-
cided that opium is a reputable drug, that
it does infinitely less harm in the world
than alcohol and that its effects in a
large proportion of cases where it is
used are beneficial and desirable. This
decision would, of course, greatly sim-
plify the question of prohibition, but
the commission frankly confesses that
prohibition is simply impossible. There
is no means of preventing the manu-
facture of opium in the native states
and throughout India, and no amount
of zeal or expenditure or severity can
prevent the smuggling of a drug which
can be carried in a quill, which will
grow anywhere on the continent of
India, and which national opinion, even
among the officials and the police, en-
tirely approves. The commission says:
"We can, and do, restrict the use of op-
ium by taxing it enormously, but the
prohibition of it is entirely beyond our
power." The moderate use of opium
is, therefore, at last pronounced respect-
able. There are people on this side of
the world who have always looked upon
it as a shining virtue compared with the
loathsome habit, still tolerated by some
cultured nations, of tobacco chewing in
public places.—St. Louis Globe-Demo-
crat.

Fruit Trees by the Roadside.

The pleasure of riding or walking
through country places would be great-
ly increased if fruit trees lined the
road sides. Of course some of the
fruit trees grown would be taken and
eaten by the passersby, but except near
cities and large villages this demand
would be quickly satisfied. With the
roadside fruit held as common property,
it would be less difficult to protect the
fruit in near-by or adjoining orchards.
The fruit trees would have a further
advantage that they do not grow so
large nor do their roots extend so far
as to injure the fields beside them. We
know some fine rows of large trees by
road sides which effectually destroy the
soil for one or two rods inside the field,
and make it not worth cultivating. The
elm, whose roots always run near the
surface, is one of the worst trees in this
respect.—Ex.

Musk-Flavored Fish.

An artificial musk factory has been
established upon the Rhone, in the can-
ton of Geneva. Since its opening fish-
ermen have noticed that the fish—espe-
cially the trout—taken within a couple
of miles down the river have a very
pronounced flavor of musk, the heads
in particular being uneatable. As it is
known that the essential oils of anise
and lavender attract fishes, foxes, mar-
tens, etc., it is believed that the fishes
may be similarly led by the odor to
seek and eat the musk refuse.

Larger than Lick's.

A principal feature of the Paris Ex-
position of 1900 will be the largest tel-
elescope in the world. It is to be 200 feet
long, and to have an objective of four
feet diameter.

A Good Appetite

Indicates a healthy condition of the system
and the lack of it shows that the stomach
and digestive organs are weak and debilit-
ated. Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful
power to tone and strengthen these organs
and to create an appetite. By doing this it
restores the body to health and prevents at-
tacks of disease. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently
before the public eye today.

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family cathartic. 25 cts.

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