

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The German commercial traveller always speaks the language of the country in which he attempts to sell goods.

The new motor fire engine at Paris seems to be giving satisfaction. It carries six men and travels at the rate of thirteen miles an hour.

A woman who wears a stuffed bird on her hat is liable to a fine of from \$25 to \$50 by a law recently passed by the legislature of Arkansas.

Complaint is made that Grosvenor Square, in London, is losing its aristocratic tenants, whose houses are falling one by one into the hands of African and Australian millionaires.

On an average 12,000,000 postage stamps are used by the people of the United States every day in the year. Figure it up and see if you can comprehend what it means for the 365 days of the year.

According to the report of the Forestry Commissioner of Pennsylvania the recent forest fires in the State destroyed at least a million dollars' worth of property. Carelessness and incendiarism were responsible for them.

While the thermometer in Boston recently indicated a temperature of ninety degrees in the shade, meteorological experiments with kites showed that at an elevation of 14,000 feet the temperature was from ten to fifteen degrees below freezing point.

The cost of fuel is a most important item to every manufacturer, and he needs only to have it demonstrated that smoke consumption is practicable when he will adopt the methods that insure it says Pittsburg Commercial Gazette. It will be money in his pocket to do so. The smoke problem is a difficult one, but we have always believed that American ingenuity and skill would finally solve it.

The total number of cattle in the world is estimated at 190,000,000, of which 44,000,000 are in the United States. The number of sheep in the principal countries of the world is 410,000,000; Great Britain has 39,500,000; France, 21,500,000; Germany, 11,000,000; Russia, 44,500,000; Spain, 13,250,000; Argentina, 74,250,000; United States 39,000,000; Uruguay, 16,250,000; Australia, 110,500,000.

Continental financiers are not worried about the Chinese loan which was negotiated to pay the war indemnity to Japan. While the largest share of the loan was taken in Berlin, it is believed that most of it has drifted to London. In case of the dissolution of the Chinese Empire the English bankers would be the sufferers, unless they have already disposed of the loan to Chinese financiers.

The American Consul at Tamsui, Formosa, notes the fact that the camphor product of the island now controls the markets of the world. The Chinese yield never has exceeded 220,000 pounds, and Japan's has dwindled to 300,000 pounds. Formosa has, however, ranged over 6,000,000 pounds a year during the past four years. The maximum yield was reached in 1895, when the production reached 7,000,000 pounds.

The new board of control of state lunatic asylum number four of Missouri, has awarded a contract for the erection of five cottages on the site located at Farmington, where 226 acres of ground have been secured. The institution will be constructed on the cottage plan, and the buildings to be erected at the present time will have a capacity of about 250 patients. An appropriation of \$150,000 is available for the work.

Tramps and thieves find their nefarious business flourishing in these festive days, when travel and outdoor life are imperative requirements and locking up the house an irksome and easily neglected duty. The householder who puts on an extra pressure of vigilance in the summer season need never buy a gun for purposes of desperate retaliation upon ubiquitous and elusive housebreakers. The police do their best; but security from robbery, like charity, begins at home.

The Japan Times, of a recent date, says: "It is reported that a bill for prohibiting smoking by young people was presented at the House of Representatives by Mr. Nemoto and four others. The main purpose of the bill is to the effect that juvenile smokers under eighteen years of age shall be punished by a fine ranging in amount from ten to one yen, and the confiscation of pipes and fittings used by the offenders. The bill is said to have been drawn up on the model of similar enactments prevailing in Germany and the United States of America."

The public bath movement has extended to many of the cities having 300,000 population and less—in most cases the municipality voting the necessary funds. Philadelphia still has the distinction of having the only bath with washroom attached. The establishment of this convenience was due to the labors of a private association.

Baltimore has a public bath, the gift of a benevolent citizen, and Boston claims that her Dover street establishment is the most sumptuous in America. Chicago's free public baths were established by the municipal government.

State Superintendent Lewis, of Minnesota, has compiled figures showing the growth of the school system in the State during the last twenty-five years. The population has increased from 500,000 to something like 2,000,000; the number of teachers from 2,399 to 13,000. In 1875 the average teacher's salary was \$30.25 a month; in 1900 it is \$40. Twenty-five years ago there were 2,975 school houses; now there are 7,300. The school property was valued at \$2,000,000; to-day it could not be re-produced for \$16,000,000. The permanent school fund was a little over \$3,000,000. To-day it is \$13,000,000.

A little man, only six years old, the other day detained a huge ocean steamship at New York City for twenty minutes after the hour for sailing had arrived. His grandmother, a very old lady, had disappeared, and the child, fancying that she had gone ashore, rushed out upon the pier himself and resisted every attempt to carry him on board again, until his relative was finally found. The disproportion between the size of the nidget and the bulk of the vessel, between a baby's will and the tremendous authority of a steamer's captain, made the incident sufficiently amusing to be chronicled.

The question as to whether flowers are a necessary feature of a funeral has engaged the attention of the highest judicial tribunal in Rhode Island. The payment of the bill of a florist was resisted by the administrators of the estate of a deceased citizen, at whose funeral flowers were furnished on the credit of the estate. The court justifies this expenditure, remarking that the custom of having flowers at funerals is well nigh universal in this country, and when not abused by extravagance or unseemly ostentation it is certainly to be commended as giving appropriate expression to our feelings of respect and love for the departed.

Much has been written and spoken in favor of the appointment of official experts states the Atlanta Journal. The plan is to select these experts after thorough examination, to make them officers of the court and to pay them out of court costs just as the sheriff and clerk are paid. It is argued that by this method expert testimony of real value would be obtained. The approval skill and the impartiality of the official expert would, it is believed, be serviceable to the cause of truth and justice in many cases. The plan of employing official experts received a very valuable endorsement from the Pennsylvania Bar Association at its recent meeting and is undoubtedly growing in general favor.

In speaking of the possibility of an alliance between Peru, Bolivia and the Argentine Republic, with a view to war with Chili, an American, who has lived in Chili for a number of years, says: "Peru and Bolivia know very well that they cannot whip Chili, and the outcome of a war, in the event of the alliance I have named, would be the same. The Chilians can and will fight. We can put 375,000 men in the field, for ten per cent. of the population can be counted on in the event of war. We have ample modern arms, and I have no fear as to the outcome. Should the Queen of England decide against Peru in the boundary arbitration, a war may result, though I am of the opinion that it can be avoided."

A curious case was tried before the Civil Courts in Vienna, Austria, the other day regarding a claim arising out of a railway accident. The plaintiff stated that he had received internal injuries as the result of the accident. The medical experts maintained that the shock of the smash had caused the heart of the plaintiff to change from its normal position, to one lower down in his body. This theory was received with incredulity by the jury, but their scepticism was satisfied when they applied their hands to the man's ribs and could feel the organ beating in the usual manner. The medical men stated that the sufferer might live for several years notwithstanding the extraordinary displacement of his heart, but that he was more liable to heart failure and would experience great difficulty in doing his work. Under these circumstances the jury awarded the plaintiff heavy compensation.

The Real Chinaman. The Chinese are the most easily governed race in the world, if people will only strive to understand them. The real Chinaman of the interior—an individual totally distinct from the Treaty Port sharks and quayside loafers, who are generally former jailbirds from the Hinterland—is peaceable, hospitable, courteous to strangers, easily managed, and good to his wife and neighbors. When he puts his "chop" or "hong" stamp on paper, he may be relied upon to carry out his bargain honestly. Two hundred native-drilled troops will keep a district of 200,000 such men in peace and order, so long as their religious and other ceremonies are not causelessly interfered with.

The wheel of fortune is no longer the bicycle.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

The Two Sides of It.

There was a girl who always said Her fate was very hard; From the one thing she wanted most She always was debarred. There always was a cloudy spot Somewhere within her sky; Nothing was ever just quite right, She used to say, and sigh.

And yet her sister, strange to say, Whose lot was quite the same, Found something pleasant for herself In every day that came. Of course, things tangled up some times

For just a little while; But nothing ever stayed all wrong. She used to say, and smile.

So one girl sighed and one girl smiled Through all their lives together; It didn't come from luck or fate, From clear or cloudy weather. The reason lay within their hearts, And colored all outside; One chose to hope, and one to mope, And so they smiled and sighed.

What Happened to Lloyd's Toad.

Lloyd was fond of all the creatures that lived in the garden, from the robin high up in the apple tree to the little ants which built their homes in the gravel walks. He was always careful not to harm any of them, but some of them he thought more interesting than others. There was a toad which he called his own, and he fed it with crumbs every day. He liked to watch it as it hopped about among the plants, darting out its bright red tongue to catch any small insects which came in its way.

One day Lloyd ran to his mother in the greatest excitement. "My toad is trying to get his skin off!" he cried. It was true. And when Lloyd and his mother reached the toad, they saw him pulling the skin up over his head in much the way that a little girl would take off her high-necked, long-sleeved apron, only it was harder work for him to do it. But he tugged bravely away with his forefeet until he was free; and then what a bright new coat he displayed!

Lloyd was delighted; and he asked many questions about toads and the way in which they changed their coats, and after that he was more fond of his toad than ever.—Our Little Ones.

Flight and Song.

A baby lark had got out of its nest sideways—a fall of a foot only, but a dreadful drop for a baby. "You can get back this way," its mother said, and showed it the way. But when the baby tried to leap, it fell on its back. Then the mother marked out lines on the ground, on which it was to practice hopping; and it got along beautifully, so long as the mother was there every moment, to say, "How wonderfully you hop!"

"Now teach me to hop up," said the little lark, meaning that it wanted to fly; and the mother tried to do it in vain. She could soar up, up, very bravely; but she couldn't explain how she did it. "Wait till the sun comes out after rain," she said, half remembering. "What is sun? What is rain?" the little lark asked. "If you cannot teach me to fly, teach me to sing."

"When the sun comes out after rain," the mother replied, "then you will know how to sing."

The rain came, and glistened the little bird's wings together. Then, of a sudden, it had to blink its eyes; for a glorious light had spread over the world, catching every leaf and twig and blade of grass in tears, and putting a smile into every tear. The baby-bird's breast swelled, it did not know why; it fluttered from the ground, it did not know why.

"The sun has come out after the rain!" it trilled. "Thank you, sun! Thank you! Thank you! O mother, do you hear me? I can sing!"

Then it floated up, up, calling: "Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! I am flying!"—J. M. Barrie, in Scribner's Magazine.

A Doll's Hospital.

Perhaps the most remarkable hospital in Chicago is conducted in the four upper floors in a little frame building in Wells street. Judging by the number of patients that are treated there, it is the largest institution of its kind in the city, there sometimes being over 200 individuals waiting for treatment. Strange as it may seem, however, the only living persons about the place are a young German and his wife. The patients are all dolls. The most important medicine used for curing the bodily ills of the patrons in this novel institution consists of glue. Dolls of all conditions and descriptions are gathered there for repairs. One of the most delicate operations is giving a new complexion to the naughty French doll who has passed through a season in a fashionable lake shore nursery and whose waxen features have suffered from the loving pranks of baby hands.

Then there are broken noses, smashed porcelain cheeks, belonging to some little girl's favorite. Dolls of this kind come to the hospital by the doz-

ens, in spite of the fact that new ones could be purchased for less money than the doll physician charges to make the repairs, but of course any little girl will tell you that the newest doll in the world isn't quite as good as her old battered playmate. Dolls that have been snatched bald-headed are important patrons of the hospital, and in one of its little rooms there are hundreds of wigs of all colors and varieties, destined some day to grace the head of a doll of high or low degree.

You may be sure that the doll doctor and his wife are favorites with the little folk whose nursery darlings have found renewed health and beauty in the quaint hospital.—Chicago Record.

Musical Taste in Animals.

Some years ago my father lived in an old hall in the neighborhood of one of our large towns. The grounds were extensive. It was his delight to have a sort of model farm, which gave me many opportunities of studying the different characters of the various animals upon it. Then I saw the influence of music upon many of them. There was a beautiful horse, the pride and delight of us all; and like many others, he had an unconquerable dislike to be caught. My father had so trained him to obedience that he gave very little trouble; a whistle and a wave of the hand, and Robert would come to be saddled. But if left to our old gardener, Willy, he would lead him a chase generally ending in defeat. One very hot summer day I was sitting at work in the garden when Willy appeared, streaming with perspiration. "What is the matter, Willy?" "Matter enough, Miss. There's that Robert, all uncanny beast; he won't be caught, all I can do or say, I've give him corn, and one of the best pears off the tree; but he's too deep for me—he snatched the pear, kicked up his heels, and on he is, laughing at me at the bottom of the meadow."

I was very sorry for the old man, but I did not clearly see how to catch the delinquent. I could well believe he was laughing at our old friend, for he was a curious animal. "Well, Willy, what will I do? He won't let me catch him, you know?" "Ay, but Miss, if you will only just go in and begin a toon on the peancker; cook says he will come up to the fence and hearken, for he is always a-doing that, and maybe I can slip behind and catch him."

I went in at once, not expecting my stratagem to succeed. But in a few minutes the saucy creature was standing quietly listening while I played "Scots wha ha'e w' Wallace bled." The halter was soon round his neck and he went away to be harnessed, quite happy and contented.

There was a great peculiarity about his taste for music. He never would stay to listen to a plaintive song. I soon observed this. If I played "Scots wha ha'e" he would listen, well pleased. If I changed the measure and expression, playing the same air plaintively, as for instance in the "Land o' the Leal," he would toss his head and walk away, as if to say, "That's not my sort of music." Changing to something martial he would return and listen.

In this respect he entirely differed from a beautiful cow we had. She had an awful temper. Old Willy used to say: "She is the most contrarist beast under the sun." If she were in one of her ill-humors, it was with the greatest difficulty she could be milked. She never would go with the other cows at milking time. Nancy he milked with them;—that was a thing not to be thought of. She liked the cook; and when not too busy, cook would manage Miss Nancy. But if she were not very careful, up would go Nancy's foot, and over would go the milk-pail. When the cook milked her, it was always close to the fence, near the drawing room. If I were playing she would stand perfectly still, yielding her milk without any trouble, and would remain until I ceased. As long as I played plaintive music—"The Land o' the Leal," "Home, Sweet Home," "Robin Adair," any sweet, tender air—she seemed entranced. I have tried her, and changed to martial music, whereupon she invariably walked away.

I could give many instances of a love for music in animals. I will give another. I was sitting in the drawing room one evening, singing to mama. It was a double room with double doors. She was in one where there was a lamp. In my room, which was unlighted, the window was open, and close to the window was a stand for music. When I ceased playing I heard a peculiar sound, and was conscious there was something in the room. I called for a light. Then, sitting on the stand, was a large white owl. He looked far less surprised than we did. In a minute or two he stepped quietly out of the window and flew away. After this we did not leave the lower sash of the window open; but the owl still came and sat upon the stone outside, listening.—Chambers' Journal.

An Advantage in Being Short.

Colonel Burn-Murdock, who is now in South Africa in command of the "Kaiser's Own," owes his life to his short stature. When the square was broken at Abu Klea, Colonel Burn-Murdock was standing by the side of two other officers, both taller than he. The onrushing dervishes fired a volley, and, unhappily, both of his tall neighbors fell shot through the head, while Colonel Burn-Murdock was hit in the helmet. That helmet is now in the ancestral hall.

DECADENCE OF THE COWBOY.

Severe Shock to the Feelings of Northerners.

Northern Montana is bewailing the decadence of the cowboy. Justly, it would seem, if there be truth in the report that two border outlaws chased a dozen members of the Diamond H. round-up outfit for twenty miles in terror-stricken search for refuge, to the town of Culbertson. Think of it! Twelve doughty knights of the plain, blue of lip and wild of eye, spurring their horses to incontinent flight over sagebrush and bunchgrass, and ever and anon turning their wan faces backward over silvery shoulders for a look at their relentless pursuers. Picture in your mind's eye the scudding of a dozen jack rabbits, close pressed by a pair of ravenous wolves! Oh, the horror of it!

The report from Culbertson says that the cowboys were unarmed, excepting one or two guns in the whole outfit. It is a harsh allegation, and public judgment should be suspended pending the receipt of further particulars. If it be proved true—ah, well, we of Montana must blush for the shame of it! The traditions of the gun are dear to the Western heart. It has barked defiance to law and order. It has been the chief property of the cowboy comedy of "shooting up the town" and it has furnished ragtime music for many a tenderfoot to dance by. Has the westward course of empire relegated the "shooting iron" to the scrap pile? Has it gone the way of the brown buffalo and the preserved Indian? Will it no longer dangle in menace from the belt of the bold vaquero? It would seem so, for the report has it that the Diamond H. outfit was unarmed.

All the world will join in the northern Montana wall. The Iconoclast, Time, has shattered the idol of the "wild and woolly west." The long locks of the cowboy have been shorn; his goatie is preserved only as a memento on the aging face of Buffalo Bill Cody; his buckskin habiliments have given way to overalls and jumpers and his bravery is bound between the yellow covers of a nickel novel.

Twelve cowboys chased by two great bandits! They will not believe it in the east, where the popular idea of the cowboy is still somewhat awesome and picturesque. Here in Montana, swallowing our pride, we will henceforth look upon him as a herder of cattle and brander of calves—our cowboy.—Butte City (Mon.) Inter-Mountain.

THE WILY JOHN.

Riches Machinists Who Go to China Generally Get the Worst of It.

A great many skilled machinists and engineers have gone to China from this country during the past ten years," said the captain of a large cargo steamer, who has made frequent trips to the flowery kingdom. "Most of them were engaged to take charge of big plants, and while the job seemed tip-top on the surface the result was nearly always disappointing. The Chinese are very anxious to avail themselves of foreign skill but take care to dispense with it at the earliest possible moment. A manufacturer, for example, will put in modern machinery and hire an American expert as a superintendent, giving him a couple of sleepy looking young Chinamen as assistants. In six months the sleepy looking pair have mastered all the technicalities of the plant and some pretext is found for getting rid of the American."

The fact that he has a five or ten year contract is no special obstacle. All labor contracts may be voided for good cause, and in China there is never any difficulty in proving anything you like about a man. I knew an Ohio engineer who went to Canton several years ago to set up and operate a large plant in a silk mill. He was under a five-year contract at \$5,000, gold, per annum, and thought he had a soft thing. Before his first year had elapsed he was discharged on the ground of habitual drunkenness, neglect of duty, waste of material, insubordination and a dozen or so other little things I have forgotten. Being entirely innocent, he showed fight, but was overwhelmed by a cloud of witnesses and the case against him was made so strong that the consul refused to interfere. His place was taken by his native assistant, who made a botch of it and destroyed thousands of dollars' worth of costly machinery, but that didn't help the engineer who was sacked. American experts who know the ropes insist upon having a "clause in their contracts authorizing them to employ their own assistants. It has been the same way with even the military instructors. The soldiers of fortune who went there expecting life time jobs were crowded out as soon as young native officers learned enough to take charge of the troops themselves."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Robert Clive As a Boy.

Robert Clive, the English general, was dubbed a "dunce" when a boy, and to get rid of him his family gladly permitted him to go as an ensign to India. He fought his way to a colonelcy by the time he reached his successes against the French, and in 1756 saved the English rule in India by driving Suraj-ad-Dowlah out of Calcutta and routing his army. Eventually he returned to England wealthy and covered with honor.

KEYSTONE STATE.

LATEST NEWS GLEANED FROM VARIOUS PARTS.

NEGRO STOLE GIRL'S HAIR.

Crept Up Behind Her at Chester and Cut Off Long Braid—Bowler of Columbia County Sawmill Blown Up, Wrecking Building—Norristown Girl Walks Out of Her Bedroom Window—Other News.

Slipping up behind Mabel M. Gyles, who was wheeling a baby coach on Edgemont avenue, Chester, a colored man cut off the long braid of hair hanging down the young girl's back and made his escape. The daring deed was committed under the glare of an arc light.

Mabel, whose hair had hung down to her waist, says she felt what she thought was a bug crawling on her neck. Putting back her hand it encountered the grimy fingers of a man. Then there was a sharp "click" as the scissors cut the braid.

Pedestrians on the opposite sidewalk saw a colored man vault a fence and dash across the lot. Officer Scott was notified at once and he went in pursuit, but in the darkness all trace of the man was lost. The braid was cut off close to the head.

Three Injured by Explosion.

At the sawmill of Everett & Ikeler, in the Fishing Creek Valley, twenty miles north of Bloomsburg, the engineer, Robert Evans, discovered fire in a pile of boards near the engine and attempted to quench the flames by throwing water upon it. Some of the water struck the boiler, which immediately exploded with a terrific report completely demolishing the building and injuring three men, the only employees in the mill at the time.

The injured men are: Robert Evans, engineer, horribly scalded and badly lacerated by flying pieces of iron; Charles Savage, helper, terribly cut and bruised about head and body by flying timbers; Emanuel Bender, sawyer, head and face badly cut and skull fractured.

The victims were immediately removed to Benton, where they received medical attention and everything possible was done to afford them relief, but few hopes are entertained of their recovery.

The force of the explosion was so great that many of the heavy timbers of the mill were found on the opposite side of the creek, a distance of over 200 yards away, and the heavy boiler was hurled a distance of 200 feet from the scene of the disaster.

Scranton Speak-Easy Law.

Mayor James Moir, of Scranton, signed the "speak-easy" ordinance, which has been fought with great earnestness in the City Council for several months.

The ordinance provides that on proper complaint being lodged the Mayor or any alderman of the city can order that any place where it is suspected liquor is sold without a license shall be raided, and, if the proof secured is convincing, the proprietor can be fined sums ranging from \$10 to \$100, and in default of payment be committed to the county jail for thirty days.

A conviction under this ordinance will not be a bar to a conviction under the terms of the Brooks high-license law.

The Men's Union, which has been making a spirited fight against speak-easies for some time, announced that hereafter it will arrest speak-easy proprietors under the provisions of this ordinance, because they can secure a summary conviction in that way.

Advance for Tin Workers.

Word comes from Pittsburg that the tinplate workers all over the country will probably receive an advance when the mills start. It is expected that the American Tinplate Company will sign the scale for the coming year shortly. The scale provides for adjustments every two months based on the average selling price of tinplates for the previous two months.

According to the examination of the company's sales records just made by officials of the Workers' Union the tin men will get an increase of 12 per cent. under the next arrangement.

The scale for next year is the same as that of last year, and it is not believed that any difficulty will arise over its signature.

Walked Out Window.

Annie Rose, a domestic employed by W. W. Potts, at Sredeland, placed her bed at an open window to get the benefit of the draught. During the night she dreamed that her mistress called her. She arose and in a somnambulist state walked out of the window. Although she fell a distance of 15 feet, the shock failed to awake her. Members of the family were aroused by the noise and discovered the girl sound asleep on the lawn under the window. She was uninjured.

Slampered Amidst Disaster.

A horse belonging to John Miller, attached to a carriage, ran away on Wyoming street, Hazleton. The only occupant of the carriage was a 4-year old boy, fast asleep. The horse ran at a terrific pace for several blocks. People gazed in horror at the scene, expecting to see the child dashed to death, but when the horse was finally captured the lad was still sleeping peacefully on the cushions and knew nothing of his exciting ride.

State News in Brief.

The coroner's jury exonerated the nine men arrested for the murder of William Sinkowicz during a row at Shenandoah.

The mill and boiler house at the Hoboken quarry, at North Bangor, were entirely destroyed by fire. The loss is about \$5000, with an insurance of \$2500.

The body of an unidentified man, about 45 years of age, was found hanging from an apple tree on the farm of Daniel Updegraff, near Newberry.

The hearing in the Parsons post-office robbery case was held before United States Commissioner Hahn at Wilkes-Barre. The defendants, Martin Golden and Patrick Collieran, were held under \$1000 bail each for court.