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The churches of the United States and Canada are endeavoring to look after the religious interests of miners in the gold-fields of the Klondike and on their way to them.

Professor Bryce has made a bad slip in his book on South Africa. He accuses the Boers of abusing the English by speaking of them usually as "rotten eggs," whereas the Transvaal phrase is "red neck," and applies to the British complexion.

A striking admission of the isolated position of England among the European powers, and an indication of the many international problems that press upon the attention of the English people, is to be found in the two declarations that were made recently before Parliament by members of the cabinet, both indicative of the steadily growing pressure which foreign powers are exerting upon British territory.

Baron von Riechthoven says that at the present rate of consumption the world could draw its supplies of coal from southern Shenai alone for over a thousand years; and yet, in the very place referred to, it is not uncommon to find the Chinese storing up wood and millet-stalks for their firing in winter, while coal in untold quantities lies ready for use beneath their feet.

Habner's Statistical and Geographical tables, as a result of the latest investigations, give the population of the world at 1,535,000,000. This is an increase over the figures of 1896 of 23,000,000. To this increase Europe is credited with contributing 5,700,000; Asia, 6,200,000; Africa, 7,500,000; America, 3,200,000. The United States, with its great growth, estimated by this authority at 2,800,000, and its present population, placed at 72,300,000, represents more than fifty-three per cent of the entire population of North and South America—a circumstance adduced as highly significant, and occurring in no other part of the earth.

Speaking of the work of the Red Cross Society in Cuba, the Washington Pathfinder says: "No one denies that the situation of the reconcentrados all over the island is simply appalling. Red Cross headquarters have been established at Cerro, a suburb west of Havana, where forty orphans of reconcentrados are now domiciled. Applications have been filed for all the remaining space at headquarters. The total of dependents, adults and children, is rapidly increasing, but the condition of those remaining is permanently improved. The municipality of Havana has donated an excellent warehouse on the harbor, and will furnish a sufficient number of laborers to handle all arriving relief supplies. There is a favorable outlook for the prosecution of the Red Cross work within its limited means. Ten thousand dollars remain in the fund provided by Congress for the relief of Americans in Cuba. This sum is decidedly inadequate."

The Louisville Courier-Journal says we have heard a great deal recently about the pride of Spain. We know that the Spaniards are a proud people, or they tell us so themselves on every occasion. But what are they proud of? There is no nation in Europe which is so illiterate as Spain, with the single exception of Italy. Of Spain's entire population sixty-eight per cent can neither read nor write. Says a writer: "Before the age of steam engines and telegraphs, when Europe was semi-civilized, Spain was a great nation. She was a strong savage among savages. But this is the age of cruelty (and how cruel Spain has been and is). It is the age when amity not enmity rules or is making to rule. For the sake of romance I would not like to see Spain die. She is so full of color, so anomalous, so alone in Europe, so nobly fierce, so proud among Nations that have almost given up the savage pride we had from the old times! She is like dream glimpses of Haroun-al-Raschid. And yet, with all, there is no more pathetic thing in all the world. We are impressed when we see the death of a man. How much more should we be impressed as we look thoughtfully and attentively at the quick respiration of a dying nation!" That is the most charitable view the outside world takes of Spain. She has a few scholars, a few statesmen, a few gentlemen, but they are a very small leaven in a very large lump, and the decadent Spain of to-day should be more an object of self-pity than of self-pride.

MEN OF THE MAINE. Men of the Maine, O men of the Maine, Flower of the people's life, Valiant your death was, nor suffered in vain: You perished for peace, not strife. Men of the Maine, O men of the Maine, Sad though your fate beyond words, Still your true souls 'mid the fire and the pain: Rose high with the winds and the birds. Men of the Maine, O men of the Maine, Your forms in the deep water slept; Yet the thought of your faithfulness never shall wane, And our memory's faith shall be kept.

THE WRONG DOOR. By WALDO HARKESHEIMER.

HE letter carrier was coming up the street. In a moment he would be at the door. Bertha Wayne pressed her forehead against the pane and stood on tiptoe, to see if he were going to stop. Yes; he disappeared at the entrance. She crossed the room, and opened her door a crack. She could hear his slow, even tread on the stairs. Perhaps he was only going to leave Mrs. Warren's mail, on the floor below. But, no; he was coming on—up the second flight. The girl's heart beat violently. He must not find her waiting there, and she sped noiselessly to the window.

Rap—tap! With a sinking heart Bertha saw the large envelope in the carrier's outstretched hand; but she smiled as brightly and said, "Oh, thank you!" as heartily as if she had not known that the brown wrapper covered the story on which she had builded so many hopes. The corners of her mouth drooped with the shutting of the door. So it had come back—after these weeks of weary suspense! "I did think they would take it!" she said to herself, tearing open the envelope. She glanced at the printed declaration blank, and there was a slight curl of the pretty lips. With an impatient gesture she tossed the package from her. "There is no use!" she said. "If they won't take that, they won't take anything—from me!" She gazed steadily out of the window. For six weeks this story had been her forlorn hope. Never had the future looked so dark as now. Alone in her purse, and with fourteen dollars in her purse, and no visible way of obtaining more—that was her present situation.

Bertha Wayne's first attempts in writing had been fairly successful. That was three years ago. Then had come the financial depression which had been so far-reaching, and for the last twelve months the only market she had found for her literary wares had been most unsatisfactory. The man whom she had counted as her best editorial friend had died, and the new editor had his own corps of contributors. Stories and poems which a year ago would have brought liberal checks were now returned to her with politely-worded circulars. Publishing firms that were her debtors collapsed without warning, and for two months she had not had a single article accepted. It would have required a stouter heart than hers to have met these days without quailing. For weeks she had felt physically and mentally incapable of continuing the fight. Now she told herself, "I might as well give it up first as last!" Thinking her bitter thoughts, she looked down on the hurrying throngs. "All with something to do!" she said. "But for me there is nothing—nothing! There's that ugly little doctor again!"

Her eyes rested on a young man alighting from a carriage. He was below the median height, slender and boyish, with a face that was undeniably plain. Having fastened his horse, he swung a yellow bag from the vehicle, and passed within a doorway. "He is a success," muttered Bertha jealously. "Only a little while ago he was footing it all over town! Now he drives everywhere. Well, he's a man—and smart, I suppose; he is mighty enough to beat I am only a girl. What's the use of living anyhow!" At last she went to her writing; but her mind was distraught, and the story lagged. It is not easy to build a happy romance when one's heart is aching. Day after day Bertha Wayne wasted her precious pennies on paper and postage, hoping against hope. Days of work and worry were succeeded by wakeful, weary nights, until nature had her revenge. One evening the girl dragged herself home from the post office and crawled up the long flights of stairs, only to faint at the door of her room. Miss Winslow, the little dressmaker across the hall, found her on the floor. "It is nothing," Bertha said, trying to reassure both herself and her frightened neighbor. "I am only tired. I shall be better in the morning." But she was not better in the morning. On attempting to arise, she barely escaped another faint; and Miss Winslow insisted on summoning a physician. Dr. Halberta was of splendid proportions—tall, erect, broad shouldered. As he stood in the doorway, his strikingly handsome features lighted

there was no need." The doctor put his ear to her heart. "It was slower now, and Bertha lay very still, breathing easily. "It is all right," he said, "a little weak, that's all." The girl stared. Suddenly she found her voice. "Do you mean I haven't any heart disease?" Joy and incredulity were in the tone. "Certainly," he smiled. Then taking a stethoscope from his bag, he made a thorough examination. "There is not the least organic trouble. Did you think there was?"

In a few minutes the story was told. An odd smile played about the physician's mouth, but he said only: "I am glad you sent for me, if I have relieved your fears. "I didn't send for you." The two looked wonderingly at each other. "Aren't you Mrs. Taylor?" "Why, no! Mrs. Taylor has the room over this." The young man laughed. "I think I'll go up and see her," he said. "I beg your pardon. I supposed I was attending the right patient." "I'm so glad you came," said Bertha. "No one knows what I have suffered for the last four days. Please stay and tell me how I can get well." Dr. Malcolm attended first to Mrs. Taylor. Then he spent another quarter-hour in the room below, asking questions, arranging medicines, and giving directions and advice. Bertha did not refer to his fee. Only thirty cents remained in her purse. She half hoped, she half feared, that he would not come again. He told her that she had overworked, and that her nerves were exhausted, and that she would probably be obliged to keep still for several weeks. There was no doubt of her being well in time. He bade her eat beefsteak twice a day. He did not inquire into her household arrangements. She was grateful for the omission. When he went out, he said, "I'll see you again to-morrow," and shut the door.

Bertha's eyes fastened themselves on the wall paper. The demon had been transformed into a cherub. Miss Winslow brought her a slice of toast with a poached egg for tea. She had added the egg on her own account. "I didn't know as toast was quite nourishing enough by itself, even if you are ailed," she said. Bertha was thankful for the luxury. She did not mention the ordered steak. "I don't know but what this little doctor is good enough, as far as he goes," Miss Winslow remarked, watching Bertha eat her egg; "but he's dreadful short and spindling. I always did like a big man." She sat for a time in dreamy meditation, evidently lost in her head past. Bertha gazed at her tenderly. When she looked up, "It was so kind of you to bring me this egg," she said; "I feel better for it already."

The little dressmaker came back to herself, and resumed: "Yes, I guess Dr. Malcolm's well enough, and you do look brighter; but it seems as if such a big, splendid man as Dr. Halberta ought to know more about hearts and things than a mite of a fellow like him. Though I don't say but that I'm glad if you haven't got it—if you haven't!" She shook her head dubiously. Bertha smiled. "I'd rather trust Dr. Malcolm and his stethoscope than Dr. Halberta's eyes." "Well, I don't know! He's awful stylish, and he's got pretty convincing eyes! Miss De Peyster says he's highly connected. But I don't know!" Dr. Malcolm did not appear until nearly noon. He was glad to find that his patient had slept well. "What did you have for breakfast?" he asked. Bertha blushed. She had not anticipated such direct questioning. But she was honest. "Toast and coffee." "Don't you like beefsteak?" "Yes." "Why didn't you have it?" She looked into his face. It was grave, but kind. "Because I could not afford it. Dr. Halberta carried off most of my money," she added, smiling. "I expect more every day" (which was strictly true), "but it hasn't come."

"How much did that man charge you?" She told him. He scowled, and muttered something about "quacks" and "fancy prices." Then he inquired into her mode of living. "You must have nutritious food. It is imperative. I think I'd better take you over to the hospital this afternoon." "But—how can I go?" "In my carriage. It is easy." "I haven't enough to pay my board." "St. James' Church has established a free bed there, and it is unoccupied just now. The rector is a friend of mine, and I will arrange it. I am sure you will be better at the hospital," he added, seeing her flushed hesitation. "You are very kind, doctor; but I don't know whether I can ever pay you." Her eyes filled. "That's all right!" The young man tossed off the words with an impatient motion of the head. He looked at his watch. "I will come for you at three," he said. "There will be plenty of time," musingly. He turned to his patient. "I do not want you to get up before one o'clock. You will keep still till then?" "Certainly, if you wish." There was the hint of a question in her voice; but the doctor did not appear to heed.

Half an hour later found Bertha still pondering the physician's last order. She had begun to have suspicious concerning it. She heard footsteps on the stairs, then fragmentary talk near her door. A moment more, and a knock was followed by the entrance of a young woman with a basket. "Dr. Malcolm sent me with your dinner," she announced, proceeding to set the dishes upon the table. Did ever beef tea and steak taste so good! After she had eaten, the woman made her rest a little while she arranged her clothing and the few articles which she would need to take. "Doctor said I was to wait and help you," she said, in answer to Bertha's protestations, and she gave such efficient aid that when the sick girl was fully equipped for her little journey, she was not much the worse for the slight exertion. "How good Dr. Malcolm is!" ventured Bertha. "Good!" echoed the other, "why, he is just lovely! I don't know where he'd be, if it hadn't been for him—in my grave, maybe. I broke my hip, and was a long time at the hospital. He carried me through that all right, and then got me a place with his aunt. She is a nice lady. I've lived there ever since. But I must go. You'll like it at the hospital, and I hope you'll get well fast." The doctor was on time. "You will be back in a little while, better than you have been in a year," he said, as he steadied her across the room. Exertion made her conscious of her weakness. She stood trembling while he shut the door and locked it. "You must not walk," he said, and before she realized his purpose he had her comfortably in his arms and was carrying her down the stairs. It seemed useless to remonstrate, so she only thanked him quietly when he set her on her feet at the street entrance. At the hospital she made fair progress towards health; but it was five weeks before she went back to her little room in the apartment house.

"It does seem so good to have you here again," said Miss Winslow, establishing herself for a comfortable chat. "I've been so lonesome I couldn't set myself about anything evenings. Queer, how Dr. Halberta pestered out, isn't it? Haven't you heard? Why, he raked in the money right and left, and finally cleared out one night, leaving lots of debts, and taking ever so many things he hadn't paid for! Strange! when he was such a good-looking man! I think sometimes you can't trust anybody. Seems as if you couldn't."

Bertha took up her writing again, and worked as hard as she dared, in hopes of earning enough to pay something of her indebtedness to Dr. Malcolm. He had treated the matter very lightly when she had mentioned it; but that did not lessen her feeling of responsibility. She had been home but a few days when the doctor came to take her for a drive. The fresh air would do her good, he said. They drove into the country, and talked of many things. They had grown to know each other well during these weeks of Bertha's illness. That morning she had received a ten-dollar check for a poem. Now she drew it from her purse, and handed it to the doctor. He looked at it, and passed it back to her. The girl flushed. "I know it isn't much," she said; "but it is a beginning." "I never did like beginnings," he laughed. "But I must begin to pay you for your care of me—you have done so much, more than can be told in dollars and cents!" "The worst of a physician's life is the dollars-and-cents part," he said. "I wish the doctors were paid by the Government, and I might never have to present another bill to a patient. But I shall let you pay me, if you will."

She held the check towards him. "No," he gently putting her hand aside, "if you really wish to pay me, there is only way in which you can do it." "How?" "Turn about and take care of me. I have no home; but I shall have one. It will be small and plain, for I am not rich; but I think we can be happy, if you will come and care for me. Will you?"

Had the wealth of the world been dropped at Bertha's feet she could scarcely have been more dazzled. There had never been the least hint of the lover in Dr. Malcolm. She sat like one stupefied. "Are you not so anxious to pay me, if it be not in paper or silver?" "Oh, no, no!—I mean—yes!" she stammered, covered with confusion. The doctor lifted his hat to a party of ladies in a smart street. Then he drew a deep breath. Bertha turned quickly towards him. "I was thinking," said he, "what if I hadn't knocked at the wrong door!" —The Housewife.

Moving Pictures. Since the days of the old-fashioned stereopticon, the improvement of projecting and moving pictures has been one of the surprising advances of the age. From that crude and imperfect beginning, the evolution of the present marvelous effects has been steady, and, considering what has been achieved, exceedingly rapid. It is now possible to throw upon canvas the most perfect delineations of life—a street with everything in motion, and with all as clear and distinct as though actually seen by the unaided vision. Among the latest improvements in this line is one by means of which the operator may introduce other figures into pictures already shown. It is possible to do this with ordinary lantern slides, and change and shift the picture in such a way that the realistic effect is enhanced, rather than diminished. The same lantern will permit of the use of kineoptoscope accessories, which add so much to the success of entertainment.

March of Science. "Alfred, you are late this evening. What detained you?" "Something I ate at a downtown restaurant disagreed with me. I made a bet with the proprietor that he was using unwholesome chemicals in his cooking, and in order to prove it on him I had to leave my stomach at a chemist's shop nearly all the afternoon. I won the bet, but I am fearfully hungry. Have you anything good to eat, dear?" —Chicago Tribune.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Love's Martyrdom—A Pointed Inquiry—Appropriate—Business With Pleasure—A Living Torture—Time, 2.30 A. M.—Natural—Easily Ascertained, Etc., Etc. He stood beneath her easement, Knee-deep in snow and ice, And tuned his harp and sang of love With every soft device. Of love he sang and gladness—All joys his heart could hold; He thought to catch her fancy, But only caught a cold. —Chicago Record.

Prohibitionist—"I attended the dinner of the Cold Water Society last night." Friend—"Yes? I suppose all the toasts were dry toasts?"—Puck. Easily Ascertained. He—"Do you know when you get a bad coin?" She—"Why, certainly, I do." "How do you know?" "Why, the man I offer it to refuses to take it." A Pointed Inquiry. Stern Father—"Henry, have you and your new watch parted company already?" Henry (laconically)—"Broke." Father—"Which?"—Jewellers' Weekly. Might Have Been Better Expressed. The Widow (weepingly)—"Would it be too much trouble to you to ask you to call in the undertaker?" Cholly (sympathetically)—"No indeed, delighted, I assual you!"—New York Journal.

Costing Enough. "Do you think that your son's college education will amount to much, Mr. Flansly?" "I've just had my bookkeeper figuring. It amounts to about \$6000 a year, so far." Business With Pleasure. Zim—"The doctor prescribed a five mile walk for me every day." Zam—"Of course you enjoy it?" Zim—"Oh, yes. You see, I do the walking around a billiard table."—New York Journal.

A Modern Necessity. "So you're broke," said the indulgent father to the son he had started in business, "but I'll put you on your feet once more." "On my feet? The first thing I want is a '98 wheel." Time, 2.30 A. M. Admirer—"Has your father any objection to my paying you visits, Miss Maud?" Miss Maud—"Oh, no—but—er—I think that he'd rather you paid them in instalments."—Brooklyn Life.

A Living Torture. Attendant—"This patient imagines he is at a comic opera all the time." Visitor—"You have him pretty well tied up." Attendant—"Oh, yes! If he got loose he would kill himself."—Puck. Willing to Consider. She—"If you were worth the million and I was poor, would you marry me?" He—"If you feel like transferring the fortune to me and taking chances, I will give the matter my serious consideration." Natural. "Where has Freddy gone to, Aunt?" "Gone back to the country, dear." "What for, Aunt?" "Why, his health, dear!" "Why! Did he leave behind him?"—New York Journal.

A Hidden Mine. Mrs. Biggs—"You call a ship 'she,' don't you, Ferdinand?" Biggs—"Yes, love." Mrs. Biggs—"Well, then, why do you call them 'men-of-war'?" Biggs—"Um—because they get blown up."—New York Press. Good Sleeping. Little Oscar had received a train of cars for his birthday, and he insisted on taking them to bed with him. His mother protested, "You should not take the cars to bed with you," she said. "Why not?" asked Oscar. "These are sleeping cars."

Pinches the Milkman. "Oh, mamma, cried Willie excitedly upon his return from a visit to the country, "I know now where grandpa gets his milk. He just pinches the cow." "Where do you suppose we get our milk?" asked mamma, mischievously. "Why," returned Willie, thoughtfully, "I suppose Bridget just pinches the milkman."—New York Journal.

The Cause of the Trouble. "Hello, Central," said young Tiddicum, "what is the matter with the line? I was trying to converse with a—er—er—party just now, and all the time she was talking to me I was bothering a perpetual, monotonous 'chug-chug' sound in my ears." "Tell the young lady," was the reply, "not to chew her gum so vigorously while she talks to you over the wire. Good-by."—New York Journal.

TO-MORROW'S PINS. Where is the thrill of last night's fear? Where is the stain of last night's tear? Where is the tooth that ached last year? Gone where the lost pins go to. For last night's riddle is all made plain, The sunshine laughs at the long past pain, The tooth that ached has lost its pain—That's what our troubles grow to. We can stand the smart of yesterday; To-day's worse ills we can drive away; What was and what is bring no dismay; For past and present sorrows. But the burdens that make us groan and sweat, The troubles that make us fume and fret Are the things that haven't happened yet, The pins that we'll find to-morrow. —Robert Burdette.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. He—"Is she really so curious?" She—"Curious? Why, she'd listen to advice."—Brooklyn Life. "Two souls with but a single thought," The poem says, nor err— His thought is all of her, you see, And so, likewise, is hers. —Chicago News. Fwaddie—"Aw, I couldn't get along without my watch." She—"How much do they let you have on it?"—Harlem Life. Suitor—"Sir, I love your daughter." Blunt Father—"Well, sir. What does that prove?"—Philadelphia North American. The Boy—"I guess sister's beau must be engaged to her at last." The Girl—"Why?" The Boy—"He has quit giving me money."—Up-to-Date. Helen—"Don't you think my new bonnet is a perfect dream?" Mattie—"It's more than a dream, dear; it's a genuine nightmare."—Chicago News. "You've voted here once to-day," said the election officer. "Nonsense," replied the repeater, unabashed; "you see, I'm twins."—Philadelphia American.

"Parker always exaggerates everything so." "Yes; he can't even start an account at the bank without over-drawing it."—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal. "Do you think it is like me," she asked as she showed him her latest photograph. "Like you?" he repeated. "I can almost hear it."—Indianapolis Journal. "This mandolin cost only \$10, and it will last your daughter a lifetime." "A lifetime? Gracious! Show me one that will last her about ten days."—Chicago News. Jones—"I started to ask Newlywed whether two could live on what one could, but— Brown—"But what?" Jones—"But he struck me for a ten before I could finish."—Puck. Traveler—"Don't you get tired answering so many fool questions?" Ticket Agent—"Yes." Traveler—"Which one tires you most?" Ticket Agent—"That one."—Chicago News. "Pride," said Uncle Eben, "am er good 'ting in its place. But er country or er citizen is in hald luck when he ain' got nuffin' much 'cep'n his pride ter be proud of."—Washington Star. Butters—"Come, you owe me an apology. I hear you said there was nothing in my head." Chesley—"I hope you will forgive me. I forgot about the wheels."—Boston Transcript. "Our Cousin John, who lives next door to us, has gone to the Klondike." "Weren't you sorry to see him go?" "Not so awfully sorry. He took his six dogs with him."—Chicago Tribune. "Jones is looking all over town for you." "So I understand; but I'm keeping under cover. It must be that I owe him money or that he wants to owe me some."—Philadelphia North American. "Young Mr. Enjoe is quite stanesque," remarked one young woman. "Yes," was the answer. "He strikes attitudes all the time he is awake. All he does is to pose and repose."—Washington Star. He—"The trouble with too many people in this world is that they never stop to think." She—"Yes, but I notice that the most successful people are the ones that don't have to stop to think."—Chicago News. Conclusion: Sportsman (who has bagged nothing and is bargaining for a hare)—"Seven-and-sixpence! That's rather high, isn't it?" Shopkeeper—"Ah, but see what a splendid place it's been hit."—Puck-Me-Up. "Really, my dear, you are not blind enough to think that the count has a real love for you?" "It does seem incredible, does it not? But he has offered to let me keep half the dowry for myself."—Cincinnati Enquirer. Professor—"Too bad! One of my pupils, to whom I have given two courses of instruction in the cultivation of the memory, has forgotten to pay me, and the worst of it is, I can't remember his name!"—Fliegende Blätter. Pictures of Leaves in Natural Colors. One of the most interesting experiments in photography is the photographic reproduction of a green leaf in its natural colors. To do this, take a copper plate, such as is used for process work, and have it silvered. Put it face up in a developing or toning tray, and on it place the green leaf of which a copy is desired. To hold the leaf in position lay over a piece of glass. A spotted negative not larger than 4x5—unless the leaf is quite large—may be used for this purpose. Turn over the plate a solution of hydriodic acid containing a few grains of iodine to each ounce of solution. Cover the plate completely, so that it is at least a half inch beneath the surface of the liquid. Set the tray in the bright sunshine and leave it exposed for about half an hour, when, on removing from the tray, a most beautiful photographic impression of the green leaf will be found on the plate.—Harper's Round Table.