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According to Zion's Herald the Methodists in New England numbered 158,628 in 1897, a gain of eight per cent. since 1890.

"Westward the star of empire takes its way," has been the watchword for centuries. The trend of events has not changed its course, although the Stars and Stripes of the United States in their westward journey now hang over a portion of the Orient.

Mexico's first cotton factory was started in 1831, ten years later there were fifty factories, where to-day there are more than 100. In the majority of factories the work hours are from six a. m. to nine p. m., with two intervals for meals amounting together to an hour and a half.

The yard number of the new battleship Alabama is 290, which was the yard number of the famous Confederate cruiser built in an English ship yard during the war. If the new warship achieves as brilliant a record under the old flag as her predecessor did against it, the name will be historic in our navy, comments the New York Commercial Advertiser.

Under the unfavorable conditions that have so long existed the exports from the Philippines to the United States have amounted on an average to \$1,000,000 per month, and according to Mr. Oscar Williams, until recently United States Consul at Manila, this amount exceeds that to all other countries combined, and this, too, in the face of the fact that Germany is said to hold commercial supremacy in the islands.

No incident of the present stirring times is of more universal interest than the drawing together of Great Britain and the United States. In New York one sees the American flag everywhere, the lone star of Cuba frequently, and in many instances hung out in company with both of them the flag of Great Britain. In a letter from a friend of Harper's Weekly it is mentioned as an instance of the way in which the British and the American are getting mixed that Lord Sandhurst, who has held high commands in India and dealt with great efficiency with the plague in Bombay, "is a descendant of General Samuel Smith, of Baltimore, who fought the British stoutly in two wars."

While interest in the Klondike has subsided since the war, the nature of the developments there is such as would throw people during ordinary times into a fever of excitement and bring on a rash. The spring clean-up began last April at Bonanza and El Dorado creeks, and there is no change in the early estimates of the yield. The adventurous classes of this country are too much absorbed in the war to leave for the frozen North while it is on, and by the time the Spanish trouble comes to an end it is likely to be too late in the season to start. Besides, all but one or two of the roomy passenger vessels intended for the Alaskan route will become transports, and there will be small accommodations for gold-field passengers. But look out for the summer of 1899 if the output of 1898 is what the experts say it will be. War being over, as we may safely hope, the rush northward will fully make up for the lost time.

Says the Chicago Times-Herald: Feminine fashion as an effective element in warfare is one of the unique issues that have come to the front in these history-making days. The women of Washington, it seems, have resolved themselves into a patriotic league for the purpose of inducing their fair-fashions friends all over the country not to buy French millinery. This bellicose boycott of the much-adored Parisian bonnet is intended as international retaliation, inasmuch as France has assumed a friendly attitude toward Spain in the present unpleasantness. It will mean, it is said, an annual loss of \$50,000,000 to French importers. But they—the women—love their country more than the coveted pieces of headgear, and so this odd undertaking of the fair patriots progresses with a long list of prestigious patronesses in the National Capital. This is not the first time feminine headgear has played a part in history. As far back as 500 years ago it was a constant worry to the mandate-making sterner sex. One conspicuous instance is the royal decree of Louis XI, who excluded the monstrous hat of fair-fashions from both church and court. Woman's headgear is, without doubt, a powerful piece of human ingenuity, and this neoteric movement, as an interesting demonstration of the relative influence of the bonnet and the bullet, may commend itself to the liberty-loving ladies of the land.

THE REST OF IT.

Give every man his share Of sorrow or of gloom, And he will wonder where The other part can be. It pain to half his lot. He tries to make a jest of it. It serves to warn him not; He wants to know the rest of it.

Give any growing boy A watch, and there's no doubt 'Twill be his vantage point To turn it inside out. He isn't satisfied. To merely be possessed of it, The watch looks well outside; He wants to know the rest of it.

THE WINGED DEATH.

HAD been for some little time engaged, through a medical agency, in doing substitute work in different parts of England, when I received a summons by telegram to go and take temporary charge of a practice in the suburbs of Bradford. The address was that of a Dr. Wolford, who had died suddenly two days before, but beyond this I had no information. I was met at the Bradford Midland station by a surly looking individual, who, saying that his name was Sugden, and that he was the late Dr. Wolford's dispenser, at once suggested that we should go and have a drink.

room, his behavior underwent a complete change. He became sullen at once, and did not trouble to observe even the ordinary courtesies of the dinner table for my benefit. One incident I mention, because of its bearing on the tragedy which occurred later. There was a big Persian cat in the room, which Sugden seemed to take a strange delight in teasing to a point of fury. Finally, in its struggles to get away from his rough handling, the cat scratched his left thumb, deeply enough to draw a good deal of blood, and set a savage snap for doing it, and the dispenser got up and left me, slamming the door behind him as he went.

On our arrival at the house I was at once shown into the dining room, where Mrs. Wolford was waiting to receive me. "Oh, Dr. Meldrum!" she cried, as she came forward to greet me; "you can't think how glad I am to see you. I've been counting the hours till you could be here."

With a feeling almost of elation I took an empty tumbler, and carefully inverting it over the jelly dish, imprisoned the busily feeding wasp. And then I rang the bell. Mrs. Wolford answered the summons herself. I showed her the wasp and explaining that I had formed a somewhat strange notion about it, asked her to stay with Ronald while I went to my room to test my theory.

At this point she showed signs of breaking down altogether, but with a strong effort restrained herself. "You wonder why I ask you these questions?" she went on. "You think me hysterical—but I'm not, doctor."

"I must congratulate you, Dr. Meldrum," he went on, upon your acumen, for I see you have suspected my little winged messengers of death. What, by the way, is the death which they carry? Did you find out? Strychnine?—no, Dr. Meldrum, not that. It was something much more deadly than strychnine, though its effects are, I grant you, similar. What do you think of ptomaines—the poison that is bred of putrefaction? More artistic than your strychnine, I think, and infinitely more deadly; for I've improved on the book methods of preparation, I may tell you, and this little 4-ounce jar (which contains merely a scientifically prepared putrefaction of a rabbit's brain) will kill you if you so much as dip a scratched finger into it."

"The terror in her voice as she said these words was very real. 'Is your son ill?' I asked. 'Yes. Will you come and see him now? There is just time before dinner.' I expressed my readiness, and we went upstairs to the boy's bedroom. On the way Mrs. Wolford explained that this was her only child, ten years old; and added, tearfully that if she were to lose him too, as well as her husband, she would die. We found the boy sleeping quietly; without waking him I took his temperature, but found no indication of feverishness, and this, I pointed out to his mother, was, in a child, a fairly conclusive proof that at present there was not much to fear."

"But about your boy," said I; "why do you suspect Mr. Sugden of wishing him harm?" "At this question Mrs. Wolford, strangely enough, seemed confused. She hesitated, began sentences which she did not finish, and then, in a sort of defiant rush, gave me three or four very feminine and, to my mind, absolutely unconvincing reasons for thinking as she did. I was puzzled by this peculiar change in her manner. I said nothing, however, and a movement on the part of our patient put an end to what threatened to become an awkward silence. The boy was awake and complaining of thirst. His mother ran to a cupboard, and opening it with a key which she took from her pocket, brought out a plate of calves-foot jelly.

"I made this myself, doctor," she declared, "and have kept it locked up, so it will be safe to give him it." "There's a wasp having some of it, mummy," said the boy, and I was pleased to notice that the painful symptoms which had shown themselves before were now gone. The muscles of his face were still slightly drawn, but that was all. Mrs. Wolford took a spoon and knocked the wasp, together with the part of the jelly which it had attacked, into the fire, and then fed the boy with the remainder. After he had had it he went to sleep at once. Presently Mrs. Wolford went away

to prepare some more food to be ready for him when he should wake again, and I meanwhile undertook to stay with him. I was musing over the difficulties of this peculiar case, when I suddenly became aware of a buzzing sound in the room, which I presently traced to another wasp which had somehow found its way in. Now, I have an intense dislike to wasps, so when, after a few circuits of the room, the insect found the remains of the jelly on the plate by the boy's bedside, and settled down to enjoy this, I killed it with a flick of my handkerchief. Hardly, however, had I done so when I again heard a buzzing, and it seemed to me that this time the sound came from behind a wardrobe in one corner; it was not continuous, but was intermittently sandwiched in between intervals of silence, as though another wasp were spasmodic efforts to get out. I went to reconnoitre, and presently the yellow insect crawled out, and escaping the blow which I aimed at it, started in its turn to perform the irritatingly sonorous voyage of discovery round the room.

relaxed, he gave a wild shriek of torment, and then his muscles quivered and stiffened, and his body bent backward like a bow. His own vile drug, stealing into his blood through the opening door left by the scratch of a tormented cat upon his thumb, had seized him in its cruel grip, and before the servants, alarmed by the sound of the shots, had time to reach the room, he was lying before me dead, slain by the venom of his own brewing.—Tit-Bits.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A newly discovered spot on the sun is said to be 30,000 miles in diameter. A microbe that lives and multiplies in strong alcohol has been discovered by Veley.

Dr. Albert C. Peale reports to the Government that there are 882 known mineral springs in the United States. Anthracite coal discovered at historic Kings Mountain, North Carolina, shows an analysis of ninety-five per cent. of carbon.

The German timber trade has increased enormously with the advent of railways through the Black Forest, the Odenwald and the Thuringenwald. Mahogany is now very generally substituted for hickory in the manufacture of wagon wheels in France, it being found cheaper and quite as durable.

The number of stars visible to the naked eye is less than 6000. The number of stars visible through the largest telescopes is probably not less than 100,000.

The cylindrical bales of cotton now shipped from the United States to Liverpool are pronounced a great improvement upon the flat specimens, and also upon the old bale.

The course of the blood-vessels in dead animals or birds is now examined by the X-rays. In order to make the arteries, etc., give a photograph, or "radiograph," they are first injected with mercury. Very beautiful results have been thus attained.

There are twenty-six pencil works in Bavaria, of which twenty-three are in Nuremberg, the great European centre of the lead pencil trade. These factories employ from 8000 to 10,000 workers, and produce 4,300,000 lead and colored chalk pencils every week.

The Sussman electric miner's lamp, recently tried with success in Belgium, consists of a small accumulator of two cells, with an incandescent lamp attached. It burns for twelve or sixteen hours and gives a light from two and a half to five times brighter than the ordinary miner's lamp. It keeps alight in any position and is not extinguished by a current of air or an explosion.

Peat is treated in an English process, patented by Mr. Blundell, by being formed into paste, molded into tubes four or five inches through, then cut into sticks and dried for three or four weeks. Thus prepared, the material can be used as fuel, or it can be more profitably made into charcoal in retorts. Three tons of peat make one ton of charcoal. The process is to be tested in Italy, where are large deposits of peat.

English and American Workmen. The London Times, in a recent issue, publishes the report of a conversation between an English engineer and an American manufacturing engineer upon the relative industrial conditions of the two countries, and comments at some length upon the facts revealed. The American, as was to have been expected, dwelt upon the superiority of the American workman and machinery and on what an economic writer of ability characterized as the "cheapness of high wages." He alleged that the American workman receives higher wages, but the labor-saving machinery makes possible a profitable export trade. As a matter of fact, the high wages, more than any other factor in the industrial life of the country, make the profitable export trade possible. The high wages command the services of the best mechanics in the world, and the greater the skill of the artisan the larger the product of his labor and the less the waste from his work. The superior labor-saving machinery in this country has a good deal to do with the growing exports of manufactured products, but the most important agency of all is the higher wages.—Industrial World.

The Uses of Paraffin. The marked chemical indifference of paraffin and paraffin wax has led to its introduction in connection with a large number of industries. It is employed for lining wooden and metal vessels for acids; and voltaic batteries, in electric insulation, in coating splints and other appliances subject to septic influences, as a vehicle for fumes in the manufacture of matches, as a covering for cartridges, for preserving fruits and vegetables by forming a coating over their surface, and for an almost endless variety of similar purposes. It is also used extensively in the manufacture of candles, for securing a high polish on clothes in laundries, and for water-proofing paper and fabrics.

One View of a Mooted Point. It may be said that the little word "My" placed before the word "dear" has a significance of its own. When used between the ladies thus: "My dear Mrs. A." it is to devote an extra amount of cordiality and friendliness, and again when a gentleman so writes to a lady of his acquaintance, it has the same meaning. On the other hand, "My dear Mr. B." is seldom or never written by ladies to their men acquaintances, "Dear Mr. B." being considered sufficiently affectionate. Elderly ladies, however, are outside this rule, and write "My dear Mr. B." to men whom they have known as boys.—Philadelphia North American.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Before and After—The Place to Look. How Rumors Grow—No Cause For Alarm—Her Husband's Test of Influence—His Lament, Etc., Etc.

When we were two by the summer sea, Just one umbrella would do—ah me! Now we are one, and when storms are rough, Even two umbrellas are not enough. —Chicago Record.

The Place to Look. Teneptot—"The dogs of war are showing their teeth." Parkasie—"You find them in the cannon's mouth."—Detroit Free Press.

Before the Enemy. "But, Mr. Blossom, you wouldn't run away if the enemy were ten to one, would you?" "Not if there was a handy hole to creep into, Miss Dolly."—Pick-Me-Up.

No Cause For Alarm. Mrs. Youngwife—"Mary, don't you put acid in the water when you wash the clothes." Mary—"Oh, yes'm, but don't worry—me hands is used to it."—Harlem Life.

A Test of Influence. Irene—"She seems to have very little influence with her husband." Mary—"Indeed?" Irene—"Yes; she never can get him to spend more than he can afford."—Puck.

How Rumors Grow. Bill—"I understand that you told Gill that you raised some potatoes on your place as big as my head." "Jill—"No; I never said as big as your head; only as big as your brain."—Yonkers Statesman.

Her Hunger. "How do you find the oysters, Miss Fragile?" "They are simply delicious, and I am awfully hungry." "Walter, bring another plate of crackers."—Roxbury Gazette.

Her Best Impression. "What office does your husband hold in the lodge?" "He's the secretary." "Recording or permanent?" "Permanent, I guess. He's held it sixteen years."—Chicago Tribune.

Not Like Other Debutantes. "Has your daughter made her debut yet, Mrs. Green?" "I don't think she has. She ain't obliged to make her own things, you know. We can afford to buy the best."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

White Ashes. Nan—"I was just thinking what a queer thing nature is. Now, of what use is that tail to the cow in winter time, when there are no flies?" Fan—"It may be of no use to the cow, but what would we do for oxtail soup?"—Puck.

Influence of Sympathy. "Why didn't you have the burglar arrested when you caught him in your house?" "My husband and he got to talking about the war, and as they held the same opinions, my husband let him go."—Chicago Record.

No Lack of Attention. Miss New—"I can't get my watch to keep time properly." Jeweler—"Perhaps it needs regulating." Miss New—"Surely not. I move the regulator over the entire scale every day."—Jeweler's Weekly.

Her Mission. Mr. Utter—"You seem to be very fond of poetry, Mrs. Beacon; I am sure you must have written some." Miss Beacon—"Oh, no, Mr. Utter, mine is a far superior mission." Mr. Utter—"Indeed?" Miss Beacon—"Yes, I inspire it."—Brooklyn Life.

Partially Consoled. Girl with the Pink Shirt Waist—"So Jack has enlisted! Didn't you hate dreadfully to see him go?" Girl with the Ice Cream Hat—"It almost broke my heart. I don't believe I could have borne up at all if papa hadn't bought me a '98 wheel."—Chicago Times-Herald.

His Claim to Originality. "I don't see anything extraordinary about him!" said one young woman. "How did he get his reputation for originality?" "Oh," replied the other, "he's the only man in our club who hasn't tried to make a joke on Admiral Dewey's name."—Detroit Free Press.

His Lament. First Citizen—"After all, it is a sad thing to see these men leaving family and friends for the army, perhaps never to return." Second Citizen—"Sad? It's terrible! Why, there's one man in the ranks that owes me three months' grocery bill. And as you say, the poor fellow may never come back."—Boston Transcript.

Not His Permanent Home. He had admitted that he didn't have much money, but that did not worry her at all. "You won't need much," she said. "We'll live in a nice little flat all by ourselves, and I will do the cooking. I can make you lovely angel's food." "Angel's food!" "Yes. Isn't that all right?" "Oh, yes, of course," he hastened to reply. "But—but—I'll have to come down to earth once in a while, you know." For fully an hour he looked as if he were still doubtful about something. —Chicago Post.

THE YARN OF THE BO'SUN'S MATE.

"I'll tell you a tale," said the bo'sun's mate, "I'll tell you a tale of the sea; Many yarns I've told Of the ocean bold, But the swiftest yarn that ever I told Ain't as fast as the yarn I'll now unfold; And your hair'll be on end, and your blood run cold— Her husband ran cold," said he, said he; said the bo'sun's mate, said he.

"The good ship Jane," said the bo'sun's mate, "Was as staunch as a ship could be; She sailed one night, With a cargo tight Of the yellowest gold, which shone so bright, That its shining blinded the steerman quite, And he ran on a rock that was out of sight— 'Twas out of sight," said he, said he; said the bo'sun's mate, said he.

"Now there he was," said the bo'sun's mate, "With the ship a leakin' free; So our strength we spent, For to fix the dent— But the lovely gold, overboard it went, Which lightened the ship to that extent, That we floated off—but without a cent, Without a cent," said he, said he; said the bo'sun's mate, said he.

"Oh, we all felt blue," said the bo'sun's mate, "And we dashed our eyes, did we; Such an awful fate, As to lose our freight, Was a fearful thing for to contemplate, When a great idea struck my mate, And I says: 'Let's steal the Golden Gate!' Let's steal the gate," said he, said he; said the bo'sun's mate, said he.

"So on we sailed," said the bo'sun's mate, "Till the Golden Gate we see; And I hope I'll die If I tell a lie, When all was still and no one agh, We yanked that gate off on the fly, And sailed from San Francisco shy; From Frisco shy," said he, said he; said the bo'sun's mate, said he.

"Now, what I say," said the bo'sun's mate, "Is as true as true can be; A jewelry store, Bought up the door— It weighed a hundred ton or more— And all of us had wealth galore— Which shows you why I live ashore— I live ashore," said he, said he; said the bo'sun's mate, said he.

"F. M. Banken, in Atlanta Constitution."

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Clerk—"It is just twenty years since I entered into your employment." Principal—"That shows how patient I am."—Filigee Blaetter.

"Do you think it makes much difference which planet a person is born under?" "Not a bit, so long as he keeps on the earth."—Brooklyn Life.

Tom—"Did your father-in-law settle anything on you at your marriage?" Benedict (dejectedly)—"Yes; himself and his whole family!"—Puck.

"Men become what they eat," said Professor Graham. "Then I suppose pugilists are developed from a diet of scraps," replied a forward student.—Harlem Life.

She—"I heard about the elopement. Has her mother forgiven them?" He—"I think not. I understand she has gone to live with them."—Boston Traveller.

Sauce—"I saw a man in a window making faces to-day." Simple—"What was he doing that for?" Sauce—"For a couple of clocks. He is a jeweler."—Tit-Bits.

Little Bonnie—"Papa, what does repentance mean?" Papa—"Repentance is the sorrowful feeling that comes to the person after he gets caught at it."—Chicago News.

"Professor," said a graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know." "Pray do not mention such a trifle," was the reply.—Standard.

Pedagogue—"Conjugate the verb 'to do.'" Pupil—"Do, Dewey, done." Pedagogue—"Correct, my boy; you shall have a Manila hat next summer."—Boston Transcript.

In the autumn we lament the tree Which dies 'neath skies so chill and gray, But now it's even worse to see Our collars droop and fade away. —Washington Star.

Police Judge—"This is the eighth time in a year you have been brought before me." Offender—"I guess that's right; but it has always been a different policeman."—Indianapolis Journal.

Uncle John—"You don't mean to say that Hetty has taken up with that Garbley fellow. Why, he's a regular cheap John." Aunt Jane—"That's what I say, but he's very dear to Hetty."—Boston Transcript.

"It is said that people are not allowed to whistle in the streets of Berlin." "Great Samson! How do the people over there relieve their pent-up feelings when a popular song takes hold of them?"—Chicago News.

"I hate to bother you, pa," said the small boy home for the holidays, "but really I'd like to know—" "Well, what?" "How is it that baby fish don't get drowned before they've learned to swim?"—London Tit-Bits.

"Pshaw," said the man who didn't enlist. "I'm not afraid of war, and while I didn't offer my services to my country I'm going to prove my courage by spending my vacation at a seaside resort."—Philadelphia North American.

"Paw," asked the little boy, "didn't you say in your speech that you expected the map of the world to be changed soon?" "I think I did," said the orator. "Then what is the use of my studyin' geography?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Cawker—"This war is affording opportunities for people to brush up their knowledge of geography." Cawker—"It is. Only yesterday Sprockets discovered that Hampton Roads wasn't good for cycling."—Harper's Bazar.