

Official returns it appears that twenty-two per cent. of those who voted cast their ballots for prohibition in Canada when prohibition was given some weeks ago.

York is now the commercial metropolis of the world. The supremacy which London long held has been transferred to the Empire State.

Law has recently enacted a law limiting the sale of tobacco to youths sixteen months of age.

Electricity by its general application and the arts has brought new dangers. Two men were killed on the streets of Baltimore.

Proof that American and British interests in China are virtually furnished by refusal of the minister to China to support the contract to build the Canton railroad.

From an agent of the Agricultural Department, published some time ago, it is learned that Texas had been injured by a locust plague.

Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion. Marriages and death notices gratis.

A NEW YEAR. Our other years have slipped away as slips the flower its sheath. Once more with hands held out we grasp a gift the Father sends.

A ROMANCE OF THE CUBAN WAR.

BY HELOISE DURANT ROSE.

[The incidents of this story are taken from life.—The Author.]

T was breakfast time at Avondale, and General Higginson, for the fifth time, wondered what kept his daughter so late.

"Where have you been, Mona?" inquired her father.

"Down at the river; I found the stone wall near the boathouse ablaze with these blossoms. I am sorry to be late, dear."

"The Southern mail is in," observed the General, nodding toward a small pile of letters at her plate.

She flushed slightly as she laid the letters on the table.

"I should like to write that rascal's name," exclaimed Gilbert, impulsively.

"That is just where it hurts so," answered his father.

"B. George," exclaimed Major Laurie, after cursing herself early in the evening.

"With the invalided officers returning this week is young Colonel Lawrence, who was severely hurt in the charge at San Juan.

"Who is she?" asked Gilbert, interested.

"A Miss Sterling, whose nature verifies her name; have known her since she was a girl."

"The anxious time for her when you were wounded," suggested the General.

"But I was not in much danger, you know; now some fellows got so out on you you would hardly recognize them. There was poor Lawrence—"

"Both his listeners started—one leg clean gone, the other up to the knee, one arm off, and a scar across his face—and the plucky chap just smiled through it all."

Father and son exchanged glances.

"He pulled through, thanks to the devoted nursing he got," continued Laurie, unconscious of the interest his words aroused.

"How was that?" asked Gilbert, in a constrained voice.

"Well, you see, it was this way; he's very reticent, still, we all knew he was devoted to some girl at home, though he never mentioned her name or spoke about her; couldn't get him into the slightest flirtation with anyone. When we came back together he spoke for the first time to me about his affair."

"You see, Laurie, I am such a wreck; should I marry a girl when she might have to nurse me? and then, at best, I'm not a whole man; will have but one sound arm and only part of one leg to offer her." By George, I felt for the poor devil when he talked like that.

"Well, I suggested to try her and see what she thought about it. Write and offer to release her. He caught at the idea. 'But I wouldn't write as though pleading with her; I would not want to be married out of pity, but would just state the facts and leave her free to decide,' said he. 'And what do you think she'll write?'

"I asked him, 'I think she is too faithful to give me up,' he answered, and, 'pon my word—scar or no scar—he looked so proud and handsome as he spoke, I only wished his sweetheart could have seen him.'"

"And then?" asked Gilbert, as Laurie paused in his narrative.

"Oh, then he wrote, alluding to his being a wreck, and referring to the account in the papers, and yesterday her answer came; I was in his rooms when he got her note—just a short one, but he turned white, and said bitterly, 'She writes that my views upon the subject of our engagement ending meet her own; she releases me, evi-

"dently without regret, thankful to be free from what might have been a burden to her.' I tried to cheer him up; he gave me one look, such as you see in a hunted beast, you shoot it down, and, by Jove, he keeled right over. I was in a fearful funk, and called his man. He came round presently and begged me not to mention the subject again."

"Laurie, for God's sake explain matters a little more," cried Gilbert, who had risen from his chair in great excitement.

"Yes, sir," cried the General, equally roused, "you don't know how much depends upon what you have been telling. Colonel Lawrence is engaged to my daughter Mona."

"I am glad," said Mona, quietly, and then calling to her dogs, she walked quickly away.

Gilbert Higginson was a good-hearted, fatherly specimen of his profession, loving outdoor life and always steering off for a day at Avondale when he could manage to escape the routine of his office.

He arrived in high spirits with his friend, a Major Laurie, just returned from Porto Rico. The two men had not met for nearly ten years, and each seemed equally glad to renew his college friendship.

As soon as they were alone the General poured out his indignation and vove to his son, who was naturally much incensed at the behavior of Mona's fiancé.

"It is just where it hurts so," answered his father.

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"And here's news of his engagement to another woman!" echoed Laurie, evidently in hopeless amazement.

"The nurse who took care of him. There is a flaring account of it in today's Reporter."

"Confound the newspapers; it's all a lie," cried Laurie, fumbling for his eyeglass and almost dropping his lip.

"They have mixed our names up; it is I that am engaged to the nurse Miss Sterling, whom I just mentioned; Lawrence never looked at another woman nor had a thought except for his fiancée; I can swear to that."

"But his letter," began the General. "All his confounded chivalry; wishing to give Miss Mona a chance to be free of an invalid; why, he's more of a man now, with legs and an arm off, than half the whippersnappers one meets every day."

"What is to be done?" cried Gilbert. "My sister is nearly broken-hearted."

"By thunder, sir, if what you say is the true explanation of the situation, then you have made three people very happy to-night," added the General.

"Tell your sister that I am off for New York, and get a note from her. What time does the train leave?"

"There is one at 11.45, if you really mean to go."

"If you will kindly order a trap for me, I'll get ready now," said Laurie, looking at his watch and relapsing into his lip and drawl.

The next morning when Major Laurie walked into the adjoining bedroom his friend started up in bed and tried to ask a question, but Mona's note was in his hand before he had time to frame the words.

"My darling," she wrote, "forgive me for misunderstanding your letter. I cannot free you from our engagement as long as I realize that you love me and that I can be of use to you. What matters to me a loss of an arm or a leg, as long as you love me enough to hold your soul together. I am yours till God calls that soul home to Himself. Your loving Mona."

Toward noon of that day Major Laurie had a vision of Mona with her arms around her lover's neck, heard her joyful cry, and from Lawrence a murmured "My darling—at last," and he hastily left to himself two of the happiest hearts in New York.

As he turned to Mona's brother in the next room, wiping his eyeglass, which had suddenly become misty, he said below his breath, "By Jove, I rather think I've done a good day's work."—New York Times.

A Story of General Grant. Stuart Robson tells the following story in which the late President Grant occupies a prominent place: "I was playing some years ago in a well-known theatre outside of New York. The first act was over and I was chatting in the wings with my manager when a boy rushed in on the stage to tell us that General Grant and his family were in one of the boxes. A flush of gratified pride mounted to the manager's face, followed by a look of agonized doubt, as he evidently reflected that perhaps the General had 'dead-headed' into the box. 'Did you send him a box?' he asked me, and on my replying in the negative he pulled a card from his pocket and scribbling a line on it, told the boy to take it to the box office and bring back an answer. The boy rushed off, his head full of the General, and returned in a few minutes with the card, which he handed to Mr. Manager. A ghastly look crossed his face as he read it, and without a word he handed it to me. The first line read, in a rather shaky managerial cursive: 'Did General Grant pay for his box?' while underneath appeared: 'No, but my son, Fred Grant, did.—U. S. Grant.'—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Matrimonial Inhibitions. Don't marry a polished girl—she might reflect too much. Don't marry a tennis girl—she'll be on to all your rackets. Don't marry a girl who plays pool—she knows too much about pockets. Don't marry a musical girl—she knows too much about notes and bars. Don't marry a bright girl—she might go out when you most needed her. Don't marry a grass widow—you might have to cure her of hay fever. Don't marry a melancholy girl—her sighs might prove a heaviness to you. Don't marry a girl who cries—damp powder is awfully disappointing. Don't marry a "peach"—she might not be easily preserved. Don't marry a lazy girl, unless you are in the tire-repair business. Don't marry an industrious girl—it might prove too great a temptation for you. Don't marry a vain girl, unless you are anticipating breezy times and will want to know which way the wind blows.

Her Pet Parrot. A woman came out of a tailor's establishment on G street Wednesday morning and I could not but turn to stare at her. On her left forefinger sat an imperturbable green parrot. There was a faint suggestion of frosty stinging in the sunny air and Master Parrot was fortified against it. He wore a coat, or a blanket, or whatever you like to call it, of green velvet, made of two pieces, just the shape of a turtle's shell. One piece hung over his chest. The other protected his back, and the two pieces were joined to a kind of collar. A bicycle stood at the curbstone. The lady placed the utterly self-possessed bird on the handle bar, mounted and rode away. I said to myself that obviously there was a woman who was well, who had been since "Miss" on her visiting cards since hoop skirts were in fashion, but when I asked the very next woman I met about it, she told me that the parrot's mistress not only had a husband, but a real live baby, too.—Washington Post.

PRICE OF MICA. A Native Product, But This Country is Unable to Supply the Demand.

"There are between 250,000 and 300,000 pounds of mica used in the United States annually," said a wholesale dealer in that mineral in New York to a writer for the Washington Star recently.

"North Carolina, New Hampshire and other States once supplied all the mica used in this country, but so extensively has the material been utilized in the last ten years in various arts and mechanical trades that many of our most productive mines have been pretty nearly exhausted. The consequence is that about fifty-five per cent. of the material is now imported from Norway, Sweden and Russia, and the expense incident to shipping it to this country has raised the price of the article twenty per cent. The wholesale price of mica at present varies from \$1.20 to \$25 a pound, according to the size and quality of the sheet, and a still larger advance may be expected if new American mines are not soon discovered.

"The material is largely used in the arts for spectacles and optical instruments, especially for holding small objects for examination through a microscope. It is also used, when finely ground, for making bronze powder. Sheet mica is used, as is well known, instead of glass, in places exposed to heat, such as reflectors, headlights and stove and lantern lights. On naval ships it has taken the place of glass in portholes, where it is not easily fractured by the discharge of heavy guns.

"The working of a mica mine is a comparatively easy and inexpensive process. Sheets of the silicate stand in upright ledges, and when uncovered, are easily separated from the adjacent rock. Then with hammers the splitting of the strata is accomplished without much trouble. Blocks yielding sheets two and two and a half feet square have often been quarried in New Hampshire. 'Scrap' mica is gathered in the mines in great quantities, much of it being the debris left where the sheet mica has been broken by the picks in cutting it out. It is ground up for use in varnish and paints and makes a glittering coating for wallpaper. It is worth from \$5 to \$25 a ton."

Combating the Tsetse Fly. All have heard of the ravages of the terrible tsetse fly of Africa, which is so fatal to cattle and horses that none of these animals can approach with impunity the so-called "fly belt" where the dreaded insects congregate. This belt commences about 100 miles from the coast, and extends for about the same distance up country, and the re-enforcements recently sent to Uganda to quell the mutiny which broke out among the Sudanese troops were compelled to cross it. In order to protect their ponies two officers of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers hit upon the device of dressing the animals up in specially constructed garments, which gave them a most comical appearance, resembling the pantomimic creatures seen on the stage at Christmas time.

First, the ponies were swathed in bands of straw, on the top of which came coat and trousers of cloth dipped in oil and iodoforn. It was necessary thus to raise the material from actual contact with the hide of the animal, for the tsetse fly can pierce ordinary cloth. It will be interesting to learn whether the ponies thus protected went unscathed through the terrible "fly belt," for the experimental clothing, if effectual, may lead to the introduction of some material which may come into regular employment for the same object.—Chambers's Journal.

An Old Porto Rican Town. San German is one of the oldest towns on the island of Porto Rico, having been founded in the same year as San Juan. It contains 24,847 inhabitants. It is situated on a long irregular ridge, along which runs the Guanabato River. It has a fine church with marble altars, and three plazas. It has a large botanical establishment in connection with a seminary for young priests and contains several charitable establishments. Its territory grows cane, coffee, cacao, cotton, corn, oranges, lemons, alligator pears, tamarind, pines, and has large bands of cattle and forests of fine trees. It manufactures Panama hats, mats, hampers, and hammocks of magney fibre. This town was attacked and destroyed by the French in 1528, and in 1748 it obliged the English to retire.

Quite a Beard. Probably the longest beard in the world is that of a metal worker at Vandenne, near Nievre, France. The man is seventy-four years old and in perfect health. When fourteen years of age he had a beard six inches long. It grew from year to year, and now his hirsute attachment when unrolled has reached the respectable length of ten feet ten inches. When this man goes out walk he carries his beard rolled up in a big skein under the arm, as the old Roman senators carried their togas. In winter time he winds his beard several times around the neck, using it as a boa. Since the man is rather small in size, measuring but five feet three inches, the beard is more twice the man's height.—Chicago Journal.

He Meant Well. The trial of a doctor's suit was published in a Connecticut newspaper some years ago, in which a witness was called for the purpose of approving the correction of the doctor's bill. The witness was asked by the lawyer whether the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger. "No," replied the witness. "I considered the patient in danger so long as the doctor continued his visits."—The Sanitarian.

GENIUS. Far out at sea—the sun was high. While veer'd the wind and lopp'd the sail— We saw a snow-white butterfly Dancing before the stiff gale, Far out at sea!

The little wanderer, who had lost His way of danger nothing knew; Settled awhile upon the mast, Than flutter'd o'er the waters blue, Far out at sea!

Above, there glim'd the boundless sky; Beneath, the boundless ocean shone; Between them danced the butterfly, The spirit-life of this vast scene— Far out at sea!

The tiny soul then soar'd away, Seeking the clouds on fragile wings, Lured by the brighter, purer ray Which hope's ecstatic morning brings, Far out at sea!

Away he sped with shimmering gleam! Scarce seen—now lost—yet onward borne! Night comes—'with wind and rain,—and he No more will dance before the morn, Far out at sea!

He dies unlike his mates, I ween; Perhaps not sooner, or worse cross'd— And he hath felt, thought, known and seen A larger life and hope—though lost. Far out at sea! —Richard Hengist Horne.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Long drawn out—The naval secretary interviewed.

Bell—"And so they were happily married?" Nell—"Yes; each one of them married somebody else."—Tit-Bits.

She—"I think I must have hit the caddy." He—"Naturally; you were not aiming to hit him."—St. Louis Republic.

Mommer—"Billy, where are all those huckleberries? Did you eat that plateful?" Billy—"No, mommer; I ate it empty!"

Doctor—"Do you take a bath regularly? Once a week, I suppose?" Patient—"Lor' bless you, no, sir. I hain't so dirty as all that!"—Sketch.

"Let me show you something." "What is it?" "A kinetoscope representation of Johnny going through a new pair of shoes."—Chicago Record.

"Why did Josephine dismiss her suit for damages?" "The man proved that he ran into her bicycle because he was looking at her."—Chicago Record.

"Mrs. Binks seems like a very fussy woman." "Fussy? Say, if she built a house she'd insist on having all the nails manicured."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Groom (very wealthy)—"Why did you marry an ordinary chap like me?" The Bride—"I haven't the slightest idea. Mamma managed the whole affair."—Harlem Life.

Mrs. Bronson—"The Sillibys have reached an agreement with the owner of their flat house." Mrs. Marble—"So?" "Yes. Their children are to be allowed to visit them once a week."—Life.

Emily—"I am so unhappy. I begin to see that Arthur married me for my money." Her Dearest Friend—"Well, you have the comfort of knowing that he is not so simple as his looks."

"That woman tried to beat me down on the price of quinine." "What did she say?" "She said I ought to make it ten cents cheaper because she had to pay her little boy to take it."—Chicago Record.

Tenant—"You call our flats the Klondike because they are so cold in winter and so hot in summer, I suppose. Ha, ha!" Landlord—"No, because there's no such money in them as people think."—Detroit Journal.

Husband—"Anything you want down town to-day, my dear? Shall I order some more of that self-rising flour?" Wife—"We have plenty left; but I wish you would stop at an intelligence office and order me a self-rising servant girl."

"Am I the first girl you ever loved?" she asked him, more as a matter of habit than anything else. "I cannot tell a lie," said he. "You are not. You are simply the best of the bunch." Being a modern maid, she was content with that.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mr. Buyer—"Mr. Green, there seems to be something serious the matter with the horse I bought of you yesterday. He coughs and wheezes distressingly, and I think perhaps he is wind-broken. What would you advise me to do?" Jay Green (promptly)—"Sell him as quickly as you can; I did."—Tit-Bits.

These two converted savages were speaking of a third; nothing is to be gained by repeating names here. "He'd sell his soul for a dollar!" exclaimed one. "And that's way below cost, if there's any truth in the statistical reports of missionary expenditures!" replied the other, evidently much disturbed.—Detroit Journal.

Torpedo Boat's Wear and Tear. So injurious is life on a torpedo boat that a year's continuous service will mentally and physically incapacitate a man. This assertion is made on the authority of Lord Charles Beresford, but that the strain on anyone serving on these craft is very great is shown by the fact that to one month's service the British naval regulations allow one week off. Austria is endeavoring to mitigate the hardship of service on these boats, and life on one built for the Austrian navy, and tried on the Thames recently, was demonstrated to be pleasanter than on those of the English navy.

A Great State. Kansas is a great State in a variety of ways. Among the candidates who were voted for at the late election occur the following names: Napoleon Bonaparte, George Washington, Andrew Jackson, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, John Bunyan, Tom Corwin, Julius Caesar and Edgar Poe. Nearly all of these were candidates for the Legislature.