

Colorado as passed California and taken first rank as a gold bearing state.

The halo of monarchy still shines. A drawing room of Louis XV, consisting of a sofa, six armchairs and some old Beauvais tapestry, has just been sold in Paris to a dealer from dingy London for \$70,000.

Those who are fond of comparing the condition of the people in England and the United States will be interested in the statistics recently published which show that in London one person in forty-five is maintained by public charity, while in New York the proportion is one in 200.

Says the Chicago Times-Herald: If women are supplanting men in some occupations, men "began it." The spinning, the knitting, even the weaving, the making of garments, all of cooking and preserving, the products of the dairy, were not many years ago household duties performed almost entirely by women. These occupations now give employment to large numbers of men as well as of women. So that if he reproaches her with encroaching upon his industrial domain, she can truthfully accuse him of first being an intruder and trespasser upon hers.

Owing to the increasing industrialism in Germany, the bodily length and strength of the factory population is steadily diminishing. This is a factor which is beginning to be felt seriously in making up the annual quota of recruits for the army. Some of the exclusively industrial districts by the Rhine and in Westphalia, as well as in Silesia, Saxony and Thuringia, do not furnish fifty per cent. of the recruits they did fifteen years ago. In one whole village, a populous one of more than 3000 inhabitants near Cottbus, not a single young man of military age fit to bear arms was found.

As an evidence of the invasion of foreign markets by the manufacturers of the United States, the Baldwin locomotive works of Philadelphia have received within two weeks orders for fifty-nine locomotives of various types, which will involve an expenditure of about \$600,000. These are the largest foreign orders that the Baldwin company has ever had on its books at one time. Ten passenger and twelve freight locomotives are ordered by the Russian government for the street railway of Finland; sixteen freight and eight passenger by the Central railway of Brazil; ten freight engines by the Grand Trunk railway of Canada; one fast passenger locomotive by the government railway of Norway, and one of the Penoles company of Mexico. The largest single order ever received from abroad by the Baldwin company was forty-four locomotives from the government of Japan.

For several months a new system of trading has been in vogue in Washington, known as "the stamp plan." A customer going into a store which belongs to the association, relates the Chicago Record, is given a ten cent stamp with every dollar's worth of merchandise purchased. That stamp is accepted in payment for other merchandise purchased at a central agency conducted by the manager of the association. This system has become quite popular, but has been complained of by merchants who have not adopted it, and at their instigation the authorities arrested the manager and one of the most prominent merchants in town on the charge of conducting a gift enterprise in violation of an act of congress. The defendants were convicted and fined \$100 each, but their attorney gave notice of an appeal, and they were released upon bonds of \$500 until a test case may be carried to the upper courts to determine the constitutionality of the law. The counsel for the stamp company argued that the offering of a premium equally to all customers is not violation of the law, because the element of chance does not enter into the transaction—the merchant simply gives the customer a discount or a rebate upon the purchase price. He holds that if the stamp system is unlawful, the Rochdale system and all other co-operative enterprises are equally so, and that tea merchants and others who give away china and glassware and chromes are guilty of a violation of the law. Several soap companies and cigar dealers offer premiums for patronage in the same manner. The stamp system is in use in several other cities, and the manager claims its legality has never before been questioned. It will be several months before the court of appeals can hear the case, but the decision will be a matter of general interest.

England's food bill payable to foreign countries is \$10,000,000 monthly. In other words, for nine months ending September 30, total imports of all articles of food and drink into the United Kingdom represented a value of \$88,000,000.

Great Britain is falling behind in the great industrial race. The United States, France and Germany, it appears, can show increased exports to the amount of \$105,000,000 in the twelve years extending from 1883 to 1895, while the exports of the United Kingdom in the same period decreased £9,000,000 (\$45,000,000).

According to the report of the chief of the bureau of navigation, seventy-four per cent. of the enlisted men on our navy are American citizens and eighty-five per cent. of the seamen apprentices are American born. Thus the wholesome work of converting the United States navy into an American institution goes steadily forward.

The inhabitants of Boise City, Idaho, are now supplied with hot water by nature. The water is led from wells to the city by mains, to which service pipes are connected, leading the water into the building, where it is made to pass through the coils, similar to steam heaters. Rates are charged on the basis of the size of waste, and are but very little higher than coal. Nearly all large buildings and many dwellings use it exclusively for heating. The water is highly mineralized, and unfit for table purposes, though excellent for bathing.

Ceylon cats are a curious instance of what evolution has accomplished in the way of adapting creatures to environments. They have no tails, and are able by lack of that appendage to imitate rabbits, and so get them into their clutches. They are great rabbit catchers, and as such are valuable beyond all other cats in Australia. They have been introduced into this country, but whether for their hunting propensities or not is not stated. The cat family has never been utilized by men as it might be. Rat and mice catchers can also be developed into good hunters in many other directions.

John Fox, Jr., writes in sorrowful protest to Harper's Weekly about the advertisement of his story, The Kentuckians, which appeared in Harper's Magazine for November. The advertisement says of Mr. Fox, "No one else has told so graphically the story of the family feuds that were formerly so common in the Blue-Grass regions," but Mr. Fox declares that one of his chief purposes in writing Kentucky stories has been "to relieve the Blue-Glass region of a prevalent slander that the feuds of the mountains are common to it." "There are no feuds in the Blue-Glass," he writes; "there never have been." "It is quite true," adds the Weekly, "that in The Kentuckians he has emphasized and made very clear and comprehensible that the Kentuckians of the mountains, where the feuds have flourished, though of kindred stock with Blue-Glass people, developed very differently, and, after three or four generations of rude and isolated life, were primitive and almost semi-barbarous people, whereas the Blue-Glass folk are at least as far along in civilization as their neighbors of the North and East."

John Wanamaker of Philadelphia was recently interviewed by a reporter on a subject of which he is well qualified to speak. He was asked if it pays to advertise when times are hard. "When the times are hard and people are not buying," replied Mr. Wanamaker, "is the very time that advertising should be the heaviest. You want to get the people in to see what you have to sell, and you must advertise to do that. When the times are good, they come of their own accord. But I believe in advertising all the time. I have tried all kinds of advertising and have spent a great deal of money in posters and bills, but I gave that up long ago and think that newspaper advertising is by far the best." Mr. Wanamaker was asked if he could see any immediate results from such advertising, and replied that he could, instancing the mornings when his store in New York or Philadelphia has advertised a job lot of bicycles or other things. There is invariably a long line of people waiting outside for the doors to open. "Advertising is one of the elements of business success," the great merchant declared, "but it is not the chief. The chief element is getting what the people want, keeping your eyes on the parts of the world where new things are made, and giving the people the best and the newest things along the lines of their real or fancied needs."

**A CHARACTER.**  
He sowed, and hoped for reaping—  
A happy man and wise;  
The clouds—they did his weeping,  
The wind—it sighed his sighs.  
He made what Fortune brought him  
The limit of desire;  
Thanked God for shade in summer days,  
In winter time for fire.  
—Pittsburg Bulletin.

## MRS. WEBSTER--SHOEMAKER

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

The old minister stood watching the shoemaker. The swift pegging and awl-holing and pulling of threads was mysterious to him, and the feverish rapidity with which it was done augured to him a certain nervousness in the worker. At last he spoke to her—"You have certainly become expert at your trade, Mrs. Webster. Your husband never made better shoes. By the way, have you heard from him lately?"

The woman flashed a pair of great black eyes at him angrily. She did not answer for half a minute. When she did, there was a world of suppressed feeling behind her calm words.

"I haven't heard from him since he went away. That's three years. I believe he is alive—but he knows better than to let me hear."

"I—always thought your husband meant well," he hurried to say.

"Have you had a letter from him?" she demanded, fiercely.

"No."  
"I thought maybe he wanted to come back and had sent you to prepare the way for him. That would be John Webster—he hasn't the courage of a mouse. I treated him well. I was a good wife to him. Just because debts were pressing, and I was sick, and there were four little ones—and the youngest was only three months old—his courage gave out. He left a letter. He said he couldn't 'endure' it any longer. Oh, he couldn't! And how was I to endure it, I'd like to know?—sick, only a dollar or two in the house, not a friend to turn to except the neighbors. I tell you, Mr. Mackenzie, I never can forgive him—never!"

The woman choked and had to wipe her eyes with her hand, blackened hand, but presently she fell to pegging again more passionately than ever. Just then a blue-eyed little girl appeared, carrying a tray of supper.

"Give me your handkerchief, Trotty," said the shoemaker. "There—set down my supper. I'll eat it pretty soon. Now you put the children to bed. This pair of shoes is promised for tonight."

The little seven-year-old maiden ran off obediently.

"I'm afraid I've hindered you," apologized the minister.

"No," she said, gently. "I've worked right along. Maybe pouring it out has done me good. I can't talk to the neighbors. I just work. The best thing John ever did was to teach me his trade when we were first married—and I've always helped him off and on. He said I had a knack at it—but we didn't think I should have to support the family with it sometimes. Maybe he went off to give me a chance," she added, bitterly.

"Perhaps he was not so much to blame as you think," the minister began after a pause, encouraged by her manner to continue. "He—"  
"Now, Mr. Mackenzie," she burst forth, angrily, "you said something like this to me when he first went off. I know you always liked him, and he wasn't a bad man in some ways—but he has shamed me and my children, he has brought my pride down—cruelly," the strong thread snapped like a wisp in her fingers as she pulled it fiercely, "and I never wish to hear his name again."

Tears coursed slowly down her pale, handsome cheeks and dropped on the last in her lap.

"But you had said something to him" he began again.

"Not much. I may have been sharp with him, now and then—but who could blame me? It was no excuse for him."  
John Webster had built a little shop for himself, several rods from the house, so that the noise of his hammering would not disturb his wife and the babies. In this quiet retreat the shoemaker could now talk without being overheard. She stopped suddenly, however, as she saw a dark-eyed boy of nine or ten pausing beside the half-open door and looking somewhat alarmed at the vigor of her tone.

The minister spoke to him, kindly. "He looks like you," he remarked to the mother, "he and the second boy—but Trotty and the baby look like your husband."

"I wish they didn't," she muttered almost viciously.

"Well, I'm glad you are getting on so comfortably," he sighed, rising to go.

"Thank you," she said, with an air of dogged pride. "Six months ago I paid the last debt John left me. This pair of shoes will bring me in enough to keep us for days. I have work ordered ahead for weeks to come, and nobody finds any fault with what I do, I believe."

As he went out little Trotty came in to report that she had put the children to bed and to light her mother's lamp. She received the approving words of the minister with happy pride, as he praised her.

"I wish," went on the child, timidly, "that I could see my papa again."  
"What do you say that for, Trotty?" cried her mother, stopping her work to look at the child furiously. "You don't want to see him. None of us want to see him. He went off and left us, and, after doing such a wicked thing, you should never want to see him again."

The child looked scared, slipped from her chair and ran toward the house. Through the brilliantly lighted pane her mother could see her, as she moved about the small living room putting the furniture to rights.

"She's a nice little thing," the shoemaker murmured, choking as she spoke. "But she has exactly such ways as he had—no spirit—just a sort of a good-natured little mush, like. But it's just as well that most women should be that way I suppose."

The good old minister had, in all innocence, deceived his trusting parishioner. It was true that he had not received a letter from John Webster, but he had seen that individual in a neighboring town the day before and had been requested to find out, as his wife had hinted, how he might be welcomed in case he should return to his home.

"I know I oughtn't to have let her," the man pleaded, humbly, "but she harried me and taunted me—good, Christian woman though she was, till I couldn't tell just what I was doing. She was sick and so was I, and I hardly knew what I did for the first few days after I left her. Then I went all to pieces, and they took me to a hospital in the city. I stayed there six months. It had been so long then that I didn't dare to go back. But I grew strong pretty soon, and I've had good wages ever since, and now I've saved up a tidy little sum, and for months I've been wanting to go back, but she is right; I haven't courage. I'm a coward. I've let my whiskers grow, and several of my old neighbors have passed me in the streets here without knowing me. I suppose I could go home and not be recognized for some time—only by her. I couldn't fool her."

Now when the minister reached home after his visit to the little shop he sat down and wrote to John Webster (who called himself "James Johnson") and told him that he saw no hope for him.

"Your wife is very bitter against you," he began. "She would not receive you."

Then he told of the success of the shoemaker, of the health and promise of the children and of the sweet little girl, with her father's sunny hair and blue eyes.

For days the exile pondered over the situation. It was Thanksgiving time. He had dim thoughts of celebrating that home festival with his dear ones, but the minister's letter deterred him. Day by day he worked at his trade, saving every cent he could, and while he pegged and sewed the fire within him burned. He realized how keenly he had tried his proud wife. He had not one resentful thought against her. He was only full of humble, penitent love, too humble, for he had had excuse enough for his conduct, ill as he had been. To be sure he should have tried to go back when his health had returned, but there his courage and not his will had faltered.

He knew a childless farmer living not far from his old home. This man and his good wife would keep "James Johnson's" secret. At least he could stay with them and go sometimes to gaze upon the faces of his own, from a distance if need be, and perhaps—perhaps—But he would not allow himself to think further, though he went to a store and filled a portmanteau with toys and sweets. He bought also a fine fur cloak—a woman's cloak—and a brooch of gold. Then he took a train, and in a short time he was walking the familiar streets which he had not seen since he had fled from them three years before.

Two or three evenings he strolled past his old home in the twilight. He looked through the windows so long as the shades were up. The sight of these longed-for faces, day by day, put something into his soul which he had not known before. Little by little his "despair sublimed to power."

One day he saw his wife leave the house equipped for a walk. She was probably going shopping. Now was his time.

"Trotty," he said, appearing at the cottage door almost before the sound of her mother's footsteps had died away, "please come up into the shop with me."

The child was used to waiting on customers who came for shoe strings or some of the little stock of fancy goods which her mother kept in connection with her regular work and thought that this was some farmer who knew her, but whom she had forgotten. Small as she was, she took up the key unhesitatingly, and, without speaking to her brothers, who were making a wild noise in the woodshed at their play, she preceded him over to the shop.

There was snow on the ground, and the air was chilly, but a little fire was left in the shoemaker's tiny stove. The man stooped down, and, taking a fresh stick of wood from the box, opened the stove and put it in. The

child looked surprised at his familiarity. When he shut the stove door with a click, she waited for him to speak.

Then he said brokenly, "Trotty—my little Trotty—don't you know me?" and held out his arms to her.

"Are—are you my papa?" she cried, delightedly, and she flew to him, nestling happily against his shoulder.

"Yes," he sobbed, while she repeated over and over, "Papa—my papa," and stroked his shaggy beard. "I'm glad you've come," she said, presently.

"But your mamma, Trotty? What will she think?"

The child remembered what her mother had said and shook her head doubtfully. Then she brightened.

"If you should put your arms around her and kiss her like this, I think, I think," but then she shook her head again, as she thought of what her mother had said.

His face grew sadder than ever. "I want to come home and live with you all again, Trotty," he said, piteously. "How shall we manage it? What can I do?"

He went on to tell her of the Christmas presents which he had brought for them all—"and tomorrow is Christmas, but I dare not come and give them to you," he added.

"Oh, yes, you do. You dare do anything," she broke forth after gazing at him fixedly for a moment. Trotty was very human, and the thought of the Christmas presents may have aided her ingenuity.

The words seemed to pierce his soul. He put her down and began to walk the floor. His head was raised, and his step was firm.

"Yes, Trotty—I do dare," he said, presently. "Don't tell anybody—not even your brothers—that I have been here, but I will be back by and by."

Then he hurried away, and as he walked he kept saying to himself: "Yes, that is the only way. She despises me because I am a coward; I will be a coward no longer. I will show her that I am a brave man, I will own my fault, and I believe she will not resist me."

The supper was almost over that night when there was a knock at the door. Trotty had been listening for it, and she sprang up in an instant. "Good evening," said John Webster, straightening his tall figure and stepping boldly over the threshold. "Good evening, Harriet. I've come back. You must take me. I was sick, and I think that must have been the reason why I deserted you so basely. It was wrong, but I am sorry for my soul—and you must forgive me, Harriet. I cannot live any longer without you and the children. You must take me back."

In the woman's face the Christmas joy had been playing, but now she grew pale and stern. She had pictured her husband always as the cringing, weakly man who had left her three years before. This newcomer, in spite of his bearded face, recalled to her the lover of her youth—full of health and hope. She would not even own to herself how she was shaken.

"Go away," she said, waving her hand toward the door. "You chose another path from ours, and now you can walk in it. We do not need you. We don't want you. Go!"

The youngest child began to cry. Little Trotty came up beside her father and held tight to his coat tails, gazing at her mother with white face and wide, beseeching eyes.

"No, Harriet," he said, calmly, and retreating not a step, "the time for that is past. You must not shut me out. I was wrong, but you know well how much I had to try me, and I was hardly myself. I think I was a little crazy—for I was sick—sick for six months, Harriet. I was taken to a hospital, and when I got out I was like a ghost—but I grew strong and found steady work, and I have been saving ever since—saving for you and the children, Harriet, though I didn't dare to write to you nor see you. I hadn't grown strong enough for that. But now I cannot live alone any longer, and neither can you. You have worked too hard. I can support you all. You must let this poor, hardened hand," and he picked up her right hand, with its callousness and griminess, "you must let it rest now—for now I have come to stay and to help you to fill the children's stockings this Christmas eve."

This speech confirmed the favorable impression which the visitor had made from the first upon the children. The mother felt herself visibly weakening. Yet all her wrongs rushed over her mind and how could she forgive him!

At this point Trotty's recent Sunday-school lessons came to her mother's assistance.

"Mamma," she said, timidly, pulling at her mother's gown, "you know what it says in the Bible, mamma—it's Christmas, mamma—and it's peace and good-will at Christmas, you know, mamma."

The woman's strong, handsome face softened—then hardened. She shook her head and drew away.

"It's Christmas," reiterated Trotty, tremblingly.

"Yes, mamma—it's Christmas," chimed in the eldest boy, who was his mother's especial pet. He came close beside her and looked up into her eyes.

"It's Christmas—and it's just as Trotty says," he repeated.

John Webster opened his arms and took one brave step forward—and, amid the happy sobs of her little ones, his wife sank into those strong arms and wept aloud upon her husband's shoulder.—The Housewife.

## A TEMPERANCE COLUMN

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

The Train Wrecker—The Evils of Social Drinking—Earnest and Convincing Words of a Member of the English Parliament—Preserve the Dear Boys.

"There is danger ahead!" Through the darkness of night.

Hark! a voice full of anguish is calling; Who can blame the brave heart for its moment of fright.

While the far-reaching gleam of the engine's headlight.

On a vision of horror is falling? But the hand at the throttle does not falter or fail;

Hard down goes the lever; though the cheek may turn pale At the thought of a death so appalling.

"There is danger ahead!" See, each moment more near;

God of mercy! how fast they are going. Though the brake on the wheels grate harsh on the car.

While the echoing valleys and hills, far and near.

Catch the sound of the shrill whistle's blowing! And the onlooker questions, with fear-bated breath;

Will they stop or go down in the river of death.

That so near at the moment seems flowing!

"There is danger ahead!" Rushing swiftly along.

Our Republic drives onward, unheeding. God of love! is there none to arouse the mad throng?

Shall no cry reach their ears midst the laugh, jest and song?

Are they deaf to all warning—all pleading?

Mighty God! give the strength; give the courage to hurl the Rum Power from the track.

Bare Thine arm; give the power we are needing.

—Thomas Sullivan, in Ram's Horn.

Social Drinking.

Sir James Haslet, member of Parliament for Belfast, speaking at a meeting recently held in London, presided over by the present Archbishop of Canterbury, gave the following important testimony, which we commend to the statesmen and public men of the United States:

"My Lord Bishop, it is with very great pleasure that I rise to propose that the best thanks of the meeting be given to you for presiding on this occasion. I think you are the right man in the right place. The church must lead if we are to have a healthy influence in society. As a stranger amongst you, I have no right to enter into hearing all that has been said in regard to total abstinence. I have never tasted drink. And, what possibly is not an easy matter, I have never offered it to others. The greatest difficulty we have in the social intercourse of life—to entertain publicly, as a public man, without drinking. So strong are social habits that you have raised against you all the weapons that satire and evil communication can possibly find. You are called 'mean,' 'niggardly,' and a hundred other things. I think my lord, that the change must come from the women. They must act as a lever in this matter, though I do not know very well how they are to do it. It was one of my duties, as the Mayor of Belfast, to entertain the representative of royalty, and it was a difficulty with me how I could do it without drink. Unfortunately, the Lord Lieutenant dropped upon me just the week after I was elected Mayor, and my duty was greater. I think that I might have been able to withstand; but I had then my wife with me, and she said, 'Well, you had better resign your office.' We carried it through at last, and I trust that the recollection of that may still be a warning life in the other world. But it is the difficulty of social life that you must seek to unravel. You cannot do it by legislation. I am bound to say that when I waited upon the Lord Lieutenant, and told him about my difficulty, he said, 'My dear fellow, I would only spit upon you if you sacrificed your principles.' Lord Londonderry was too much of a gentleman to seek that I should in any way lower myself, and I felt, as an old Scotchman, that I was working amongst the young, and addressing meetings all my life, that if I had then put drink on the table I would have sacrificed all that I had ever done. My Lord Bishop, it is not an easy thing to act thus. I have assailed through the years, and my bitterest enemies were those who sold drink. It has been said in Ireland that the readiest way to a man's intelligence is through his stomach. It is wonderful how kindly we are disposed after we get our dinner. It has unquestionably an immense influence; and there is a large class in our country of whom it may be said that the readiest way to their intelligence is through a glass of beer or spirits. You have that to fight against. During my recent contest, and during a certain number of years ago, I never had at the election committee meetings one drop of strong drink. If we cannot carry an election without it, then, in God's name let us surrender."

Reserve the Boys.

During an active temperance revival, in which the Order of Good Templars was especially active, the depression in the liquor traffic in a certain town of England was quite marked. A prominent dealer said to a friend: "Bankruptcy seems to be staring me in the face, for most of my customers have either joined the Good Templars or gone to the cause of Correction, and something must be done to save my business." He proved himself equal to the needs of the hour by renovating and decorating his saloon, and in various ways making it so attractive as to secure a new crop of young men as his customers. The result was that the Nation spends hundreds of millions of dollars annually upon the education of its boys and girls, in order to secure a worthy citizenship. The Christian church prays and toils and sacrifices, that the boys and girls may become Christian men and women. But the rum-shop can live only through the baffling of all Christian, humanitarian and educational effort to rear the young in the ways of wisdom.

And the Nation not only looks on, in apathy, while the vast procession of young men is being wickedly diverted from the path that leads to virtue, honor, health, and prosperity, into that path that leads only to degradation and death, but gives legal sanction to the work of the emissaries of Satan.

Reader! it may be only your neighbor's boy-to-day, but it is likely to be your son to-morrow. If you are too selfish to think of the public welfare, we beg you to remember that your own boy has no security against the enemy that is on the lookout for him. The liquor-seller wants boys, and will have them if existing conditions continue.

A Blessed Change.

Temperance people in England are not ing with much gratification the fact that the present Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple, has dispensed with the use of wines at Lambeth Palace, where during all episcopal regimens since the Reformation such refreshments have been habitually served. This is just what was to have been expected from as staunch a friend of temperance as Dr. Temple has long shown himself to be.

Temperance News and Notes.

The little principality of Waldeck, in Germany, has forbidden the granting of marriage licenses to habitual drunkards.