

The officers of a leading London hospital believe that the general increase of cancer is due to excess in meat eating.

Osaka has been called the New York of Japan. With the manufacturing villages that cluster around it, it has a population of about a million.

The Irish Cyclist says: "The buttonless shirt," remarks a very much married man, "was invented at about the period that woman took to bicycles."

An Amsterdam paper states that the diminution in commercial value of agricultural lands in the Netherlands in the last twenty years amounts to 634,000,000 florins.

India's area of wheat farms is now about two-thirds as large as that of the United States. The wheat is still threshed by being trodden out by bullocks and buffaloes.

Some time ago a committee was appointed in Russia to consider whether it was advisable to permit women to practice law in that country. A majority decided in favor of the innovation.

Bishop Leonard of the Protestant Episcopal Missionary Diocese of Nevada, Utah and Western Colorado, says that the Indian has no profanity—not a profane word in his language. When he desires to swear it is necessary for him to learn English.

Rev. R. S. MacArthur declared in a recent sermon at the Calvary Baptist church, New York city, that he did not believe the flood referred to in the Bible covered the whole earth. He also regarded as a pure fable the statement that the ark rested on Mount Ararat.

If any dramatist has been daring enough to put on the stage such a situation as that disclosed at the under sheriff's court in London recently, the critics would without doubt have flayed him for his combined audacity and ignorance of law. An undefended breach of promise case, with the parties summoned to decide the question of damages; the weeping plaintiff baffling her own advocate by producing at the critical stage the inevitable marriage certificate and waving it in the face of sheriff and jury, thus proving that the defendant had not broken his promise, but had fulfilled it; and as a denouement the jury promptly finding, by direction, a verdict for the plaintiff against her will, thus deciding that the parties were not married, although they had proved that they were—surely the force of absurdity could not further go. Yet it all happened.

If it be true that the Mexican government has contracted with an English syndicate for a scheme of colonization, involving the settlement of 1,000,000 Europeans within twenty-five years, the scheme is one of direct interest to this country, remarks the New York Mail and Express. The development of the natural resources of Mexico by immigration ought to mean a vast increase in our export trade beyond the Rio Grande. At the same time, there are growing interests of our own capital in the land of our neighbor with which so vast a scheme of colonization might clash. Further announcement of the details of this somewhat visionary plan must be awaited. We would not allow the establishment of a foreign empire in Mexico by force of arms. It remains to be seen whether this proposed peaceful invasion will accord with our interests.

Scientific agriculturists all over the world were roused to keen interest some months ago by the news from Germany that by means of "nitragin," that is, cultivations of certain bacteria, the productive powers of many important food plants could be vastly increased. The theory was that by the aid of this "nitragin" the plants would be able to assimilate large quantities of atmospheric nitrogen, and so make the use of expensive fertilizers unnecessary. Later experiments, unfortunately, show that there was little foundation for the hopes excited by those first made. Still, there is something in the German idea, admits the New York Times. Trials conducted by the Glasgow Technical college with beans and red clover produced entirely negative results, but some carried out at the Lancashire County Council farm have given somewhat more promising results, the plants having been more numerous and larger on the treated than on the untreated plots. In the case of beans an increase of 18 1-2 per cent. was obtained from the inoculated plots over the uninoculated one.

Complaint is made in New England that the school system is under the domination of the professional and literary classes.

A writer in the Fortnightly Review thinks that 55,000 farmers, each with a 100-acre farm in Canada, could supply all the wheat England needs.

Rhode Island is said to be the only state which has a college where students, in addition to regular branches, are taught the art of road building.

Only 37,000 of the 32,000,000 of Prussia possess wealth representing an income of \$7000 a year, and only 14,000 own property to the value of \$125,000.

If the Salvation Army people succeed in making their wholesale farming scheme net them five per cent. upon their capital, some of our hard-working, life-long farmers will want to get Commander Booth-Tucker's recipe for the operation, predicts the New England Homesteader.

Dr. Cumley, a Chicago dentist, has been made the subject of inquiry by the grand jury, because he locked his door on the mother of a boy who wouldn't have his tooth pulled, although the dentist and the mother did their best to persuade him. The woman refused to pay a dollar for the dentist's wasted time.

The Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas of the People's church in Chicago is anxious for the formation of a vigilance committee to put down the highwagmen in that city, and says that he would like to be permitted to carry a shotgun in the streets. This minister of peace declares that the only way to stop the "hold-up" men is to kill a few of them.

It has always been a favorite and generally successful scheme of European rulers, when they find themselves in straits as to home matters, to awaken the loyalty of their people or to divert their attention from their grievances by real or imaginary foreign complications. This would seem to be the present attitude of the Emperor of Germany, and the near future will record his success or his failure.

"The South is emulative in gallantry," notes the New York Commercial Advertiser. "One state after another is honoring its pretty young women, and the women like it, even if their new honors are subversive of that retiring delicacy so boasted of before the war. Georgia has a female colonel of militia, so has Tennessee and South Carolina, and recently the governor of Arkansas made Miss Emma Whittington of Hot Springs honorary colonel of the reserve militia. The rank of colonel is the lowest, it appears, that the Southern girls will accept."

That statistics can be made to prove anything has been often said. Just what the honest statistics do prove, however, as to the relationship between crime and ignorance on the one hand, and between virtue and education on the other, is much disputed. A New York paper has opened its columns to the discussion of this question, with the result that some of its correspondents assert that crime and education are increasing together, while others insist that the more highly educated people become the fewer crimes are committed. And both parties to the argument make a plentiful use of statistics.

Once again England nervously is discussing the possible exhaustion of her coal supply, which forms the backbone of her commercial supremacy. Leonard Courtney, as president of the Statistical society, more than confirms Professor Jevons's view that the supply will be in peril within an ordinary lifetime. The output for 1896 actually was thirty per cent. less than it would have been if the rate of progress in Jevons's time had been maintained. While the British output has increased less than 2 1-2 times since 1860 the American output has increased ten-fold, and while the American cost of output has greatly declined the British has greatly increased. This strengthens the Spectator's belief that America soon will occupy a position of unchallenged supremacy in the industrial world. England must adjust herself to a smaller output of coal and iron and a readjustment of vocations. "If," adds the Spectator, "English supremacy be destroyed, it will not be through the failure of coal, but through incapacity to keep pace with the electric development in America and Germany."

A FIELD FLOWER'S COMPLAINT.

If I had been a snowdrop, the first one of the year,
Would you have thought me beautiful, being
the first, my dear?
If I had been a royal rose grown higher
than your heart,
Would you have bent your face to mine and
drawn my leaves apart,
Until they dropped about you feet, and all
my heart lay bare?
A broken heart, a golden heart, for you to
leave or wear—

Would you have gathered in your hand each
fallen rose leaf,
And said a gentle word for life so beautiful
and brief?
But I that fain would be a rose and wear her
royal red,
A field flower among field flowers, I lift my
loveless head;
Among the tall dead nettles, white campion
who will heed?
White campion shrinking faintly mid dock
and silverweed?
—Nora Hopper, in Black and White.

The Business Way.

Jack wanted to, but Lady Mary didn't, and that's the way it all came about. Jack swore she was the very daintiest, sweetest, loveliest girl on earth, added a great deal more of love's hyperbole, and—entre nous—even soared into poetry occasionally, when he read to Christopher Columbus, her pet bull terrier.

But as Christopher wrinkled his nose decidedly and his tail did not show the least intimation of a wag, Jack tore it up—the poetry, I mean. The trouble was Jack wanted to propose and couldn't. For never did he bring up the eventual subject but Lady Mary would go off at a tangent, possibly because Jack was using round-about ways.

As Jack confided to his chum (who shall be nameless for various reasons): "Do you know, H., if I speak of sunsets, she will immediately have a wild desire to discuss ethnology or irregular Greek verbs, and if I should ever mention love—not that I ever have, you know—but if I ever should, hang me if I don't believe she'd ask me how my liver was."

By which it can readily be seen that Lady Mary and Jack were on the best of terms, and the very intimacy seemed to preclude the possibility of anything more.

One afternoon I was lying on the river bank industriously fishing, while Jack sprawled upon the grass alternately reading and scribbling. Then he looked up and observed complacently: "Now, I flatter myself that's rather good. Listen, H.:

"The weary sun has sunk to rest,
And with him fades the dying day.
Come night, come hour I love the best,
Fit time love's winning words to say.
"I'm pretty good, eh?"
"Good? Oh, Lord! You want to change those last two lines. You should say:

"Alas! still lives a love-struck crank,
Who can't say what he wants to say.
"Besides, 'best' isn't good grammar, if you're comparing day with night."
"Hang it all, H., Tennyson himself could not please you." Then a long silence which he at last broke with: "Say, do you think she would have me?"

"Oh, take a run around the block! How do I know? There she comes now, and I give you fair warning if you two stay here and scare all my fish away I'll tell about the poetry."
Divinely tall and most divinely fair was Lady Mary. She came tripping sedately over the tender grass, the mountain winds kissing a delicate peach blossom into her cheeks. Jack, with his customary facility, rose to his feet and the occasion to play the gallant. Neither of 'em paid the slightest attention to me. I was supposed to be dead.

"Jack," she said, sweetly, "I want you to row me up to the store. Will you?"
Of course Jack acquiesced, and the two of them got into the boat and started.

Jack is a finished oarsman, at least he generally finishes it in about ten minutes. I knew it was to be interesting, so I gave up the fishing and watched them.

(Mem. later: They have drifted down the river, both behind Lady Mary's parasol.)

Now, Jack being one of those fellows who believe in never losing an opportunity calmly rowed the boat out in the middle of the river and then, as I predicted, shipped the oars and opened the conversation.

"How well we get along together in a boat," he remarked, gazing sentimentally at the cliffs.

"Yes," abstractedly, "but I wish you'd row up to the store. I don't want to waste the whole afternoon drifting like this."

"No, of course not," waking up suddenly. Two strokes. Then, "I wish we could always—"

"There are a lot of new people coming tonight," she broke in. "Mr. Eggleston told me so."

"Did he? H'm!" Then with a brilliant idea, "Are you ever interested in other people?" he asked in his most beguiling tone.

"Oh, yes—now, there's Christopher Columbus. I'm interested in him. I wish I had him here this very minute. I'd kiss his dear little nose."

"If I were only Christopher Columbus," insinuated Jack.

"I wish you were sometimes," she cried, wickedly. "Then I could shut you up occasionally, couldn't I?"

Now, what could anybody do with a girl like this? The end of it was that Lady Mary took the oars and rowed to the store herself.

Jack came to me disconsolately. "I wish I was dead," he said. I told him how annoying it would be to me to have him lying around dead. He said I talked like a fool.

"Jack, my dear boy," I said, patronizingly (I am two months older than he), "the next time you try to pop the question be like a bottle of ginger ale. Go off with a bang and let all the fizz come afterward."

"I never thought of that," he answered thoughtfully. "I wonder how

it would work? By George, H., you're a trump. I'll try it."
That evening they were both down by the spring, and I hid behind a tree. I didn't hear the first part of it, but I got there just in time to hear Jack say: "Lady Mary, I love you. Will you be my wife?"
"With pleasure," she answered, gayly. "You silly boy, why didn't you say so before?"
"Just what I told him," said I, coming from behind the tree.
"Did you? You dear boy, you may kiss me for that. Keep still, Jack."
And I did.

SENATOR MILLS' STORY.

Abraham Lincoln's Sweeping Pardon to John L. Helm.

Senator Mills has a new story about Lincoln. It was told to him by a son of John L. Helm of Kentucky, who lives in Corsicana:

"Old John L. Helm," said the senator, "was a famous character in Kentucky. He was, if I remember rightly, a governor of the state, but at any rate his position was a most prominent one. When the civil war came on Helm was a rabid secessionist. He could not praise the South too highly and could not heap enough abuse upon the North. He was too old to go into the war with his sons and remained at home, doing all he could to help the confederate cause and harass the Yankees who invaded the state. Finally he became so obstreperous that the federal general who was in command near Helm's home put him in prison. The old man's age, the high position which he occupied in the state, his wide connection and especially his inability to do any harm, were all pleaded in his extenuation, and he was released. Instead of profiting by the warning, the old man became more persistent than ever in his course. Once more he was clapped into jail. This happened two or three times, and finally, while he was still locked up, the matter was brought to the attention of the federal authorities. Even President Lincoln was appealed to and asked to commit the ardent southerner to an indefinite confinement in order that he might be cured."

"Lincoln listened to the statement of the case with more than usual interest. Then he leaned back and began to speak with a smile upon his face. 'You are talking about old man John Helm? Well, did you know that I used to live when I was a boy in Helm's town. He was kind to me. He seemed to like me as a boy, and he never lost an opportunity to help me. He seemed to think,' said Lincoln, with another of his almost pathetic smiles, 'that I would probably make something of a man. Why, when I went out to Illinois, poor and unknown, that man gave me the money to pay my way and keep me until I got a start. John Helm? O, yes, I know him, and I know what I owe to him. I think I can fix his case.'

"And then," said Senator Mills, "Lincoln went to his desk and wrote a few words. The bit of writing is treasured in the Helm household to this day. This is what the president wrote:

"I hereby pardon John L. Helm of Kentucky for all that he has ever done against the United States and all that he ever will do."

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."
—Washington Post.

Candle Fish—Food, Medicine and Light in Alaska.

With the discovery of the Klondike, with all its winter privations, comes also the practical discovery of a fish found along the Alaskan shores which it is said will furnish food, light and medicine to the prospectors who have gone into the new El Dorado. This fish is of the smelt variety, but larger and fatter. They are caught in nets easily, and on being caught, are found to be of a rich green color on the back variegated with blue, and with golden reflections on the belly. On being caught these fish are dried and stored. When the Alaskan is snowed in and without a light, he simply inserts the tail of one of these fish in a crack in the table and touches a match to its nose. It gives out a clear three-candle power light. The backbone is largely formed of phosphorus, which not only causes it to ignite easily, but also accounts for the strength of the flame and heat developed. The substance of the fish, largely fat, retards the rapid burning as the tallow acts in an ordinary candle. The fish is also valuable as food. Still another use to which it may be put is as a substitute for cod-liver oil, which, aiding the natural heat of the body, serves to protect against the severe cold. It is to be hoped that scientists will discover a way by which the skin of this fish may be made into clothing, and its backbone sharpened into miner's picks.

Mountain climbers frequently find butterflies frozen on the snow, and so brittle that they break unless carefully handled. When thawed the butterflies recover and fly away.

TRAIN OF FERRIS WHEELS.

Novel Scheme for Solving the Rapid Transit Problem.

A novel scheme for solving the rapid transit problem has been devised by Mr. M. C. Maloney, a Philadelphia inventor, which, it is confidently promised, will soon revolutionize all methods of transportation. The trains of this railroad will resemble an immense Ferris wheel, and will be arranged to roll along a track at a rate of at least 150 miles an hour. Each so-called "train" will consist of ten coaches arranged one on top of the other and bounded by the outer rim of the wheel. This great outside rim, shell, is to all purposes a large wheel which revolves around the centre, this portion of the train remaining stationary. This revolving wheel is built on ball bearings, so that notwithstanding the immense speed of the train, the compartments for the passengers are expected to be comfortable. The central part of the revolving wheel-train contains the coaches, dining cars, sleepers, engines, and every other convenience of a regular train. The engines are operated by electricity, which is generated from storage batteries. It is believed that this novel construction will greatly lessen the amount of friction, and will result in an immense economy of injury. It is calculated that the resistance that such a car will offer to the wind will be very much less than that encountered by an ordinary locomotive. One of these rolling trains will accommodate as many people as a long train of ordinary coaches. The inventor believes that the fare from San Francisco, which is now about \$100, can be reduced on this revolving railway to less than \$10. The run across the continent would be accomplished in about one-fourth the time at present required. The revolving train is to be little less than an immense circular hotel, and is to have all the conveniences and luxuries of the best hotels. The inventor promises that the new system will be working not later than 1900.

Systematic Farming.

George G. and J. Carroll Hamilton of Flat Creek, Bath county, are among the most extensive farmers in this section of the country, and they are also very successful. And why? Because they go at it in a business-like manner. These gentlemen own and manage four large farms, one in this county, one in Bath, one in Ohio and one in Missouri. They employ Colonel Gump, an expert bookkeeper, whose duty it is to keep an open account with every field on each of these farms. Reports are made to the colonel every day of the amount of work done in each field and everything in the way of cost to produce any article in these fields is charged up to it, just the same as a merchant would charge you with any article you might purchase from his store. So when the crop is sold they always know whether they have made or lost money. This is a system, we venture to say, very few farmers in Kentucky practice, and while most every farmer will admit that it is a good one, still very few of them will follow the example of these gentlemen. The trouble with a great many of our farmers these days is that they like to be in town too much. If they would stay at home except when they have business in town they would be better off. Now, we don't want our friends who are landowners to take offense at this, for we are interested in their success. When the farmers are successful everybody will prosper, and that is why we make the suggestion that they give their land more attention instead of sitting around on drygoods boxes in town whittling sticks.—Mt. Sterling (Ky.) Sentinel Democrat.

American Colleges.

The number, large and small, of educational institutions in the United States aspiring to the name of college is far greater than any one would imagine who has not specially investigated the subject, and it is fair to say that some of the smaller and newer ones are doing equally good work with their elders. According to last year's statistics (1896) there were 476 "universities and colleges of liberal arts" in the United States. Of these, Ohio has the largest number of any one state, 40; Illinois, 31; Missouri, 30; Pennsylvania, 30; New York, Iowa and Tennessee, 23 each; Kansas, 18; Indiana and Kentucky, 15 each; California, 16; North Carolina and Texas, 13 each; Michigan and Minnesota, 11 each; Nebraska, Maryland, Wisconsin and Georgia, 10 each; Massachusetts, Virginia, Arkansas, Alabama, Louisiana and South Carolina, 9 each. In the total number of students, Illinois leads with 13,252; Ohio comes next with 12,806, and New York third with 11,615. Massachusetts has a total of 6244, and Pennsylvania 9048. The older and best known institutions are: Harvard, Cambridge, Mass.; Yale, New Haven, Conn.; Princeton, Princeton, N. J.; Dartmouth, Hanover, N. H.; Brown, Providence, R. I.; Cornell, Ithaca, N. Y.; Columbia, New York city; Amherst, Amherst, Mass.; William and Mary college, Williamsburg, Va.; University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.; Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, Md.; and others.—Boston Transcript.

Queer System of Enumeration.

The Indians of Guiana have a queer system of numeration. They count by the hand and its four fingers. Thus, when they reach five, instead of saying so, they call it a "hand." Six is, therefore, a "hand and first finger." Ten is "two hands," but twenty, instead of being "four hands" is "a man." Forty is "two men," and thus they go on by twenties. Forty-six is expressed as "two men, hand and first finger."

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

Ring the bells of temperance—The Season of Good Resolutions—A New Year's Appeal for the Franchise of Self-Denial—Intoxication is No Excuse for Crime—Ring the bells of temperance, grasp a brother's hand—Chase a sister's dark despair away; "Him that overcometh," by His word we stand—He who gave His strength to those who pray.

Ring the bells of temperance, no uncertain sound—Falls upon our listening ears to-day—Never mind the battle raged around—Stand, if need be, in the thickest fray.

Ring the bells of temperance, ring them long—Let them drown the clamor and the din—One, our God and Leader, banishes our fear—In His Name the victory we win.

Season of Good Resolutions.

This is the season of good resolutions. For although every day of our lives should be as much the beginning of a new year for us, in putting away from us the things of vice and accepting the things of virtue, yet the custom has provided a certain definite time for looking back in dissatisfaction on our lives in the past twelve months. A time to turn from the weaknesses, follies and sins that have in that period rendered our hearts unacceptable to God, resolving with renewed courage to face the future, trusting in His willingness to aid us in our struggle.

Bitter indeed must the retrospect be to the man whose indulgence in drink has led him to the commission of some sin of which his inmost heart he is ashamed and from which he would have shrunk in horror had he not been under the influence of liquor. Bitter indeed—for he is conscious of the possibilities for good within him, stifled and rendered worthless because of his habitual or periodic drunkenness. Durd though his conscience may be by repeated offenses, there are undoubtedly times when the sting of remorse is in his soul. There is an accusing voice that is never entirely still, though it may be hushed by continual sinning, and this voice insists upon the enormity of sin.

But there is hope for such as he. On this day of the New Year the bells are proclaiming the best of a new spiritual order of things for each and every one of us, if we will but co-operate with the grace of God. Old desires, old sins, old habits that we have clasped to our hearts and worshiped for years past, perhaps for many years, may to-day cast away forever, breaking and destroying them even as the heathens long ago broke and destroyed their idols when they turned from them to the love and service of the God of righteousness. "To-day we may emerge, with His help, from the darkness and strife of sin to the light and peace that is obtained only through self-denial and self-control.—C. T. A., in Sacred Heart Review.

The Intoxication Dodge.

Judge Breyer, in ruling on a plea of drunkenness, advanced in defense of a man charged with fraudulent voting, put his foot down solidly on that old dodge. The judge, in charging the jury, warned them that it was not their duty to take the plea into consideration, saying:

"If you believe that the defendant voted in the name of some one else, as has been testified to, then the fact that he voluntarily intoxicated himself is no defense. He has not denied the fact of the illegal voting, but puts it up on the ground simply that he has no recollection of the occurrence. I say to you, as a matter of law, that if the intoxication were forced upon him, if the liquor was poured down his throat, it might act as a defense, but voluntary intoxication is no excuse."

There was little reason to doubt that the prisoner, although intoxicated, had voted illegally with a full knowledge of what he was doing, and it is more than possible that he had drunk liquor expressly to give him enough nerve to violate the law. The jury convicted him.

The tendency in recent years on the part of courts to relax drunkenness as an excuse for crime is altogether in the face of public decency and justice. Indeed, drunkenness in such a case as Judge Breyer passed upon yesterday is an aggravation rather than an extension of the main offense.

The intoxication of the insane is insanity, has been overworked by the courts. Juries should no longer allow it to impose upon either their sympathies or their common sense.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Clergyman's Story.

"One day a young man called to see me for relief," said a clergyman in a sermon recently. "He asked me for some clothes. He said to me, 'Do you know such and such a woman?' I said to him, 'Yes; a most excellent woman.' 'Well,' he said, 'I am her son. I have not seen her for fourteen years; I can not find her address, she must have moved lately. I want to see her once again.' While I sent him downstairs to the room where we gathered clothes for the poor I sent a fellow priest to the house of that woman to see if she would see her son. One of her daughters fainted at his name, another, stronger than her sister, saw her mother waver in her determination not to have this cause of her misery return, and said: 'Mother, if he comes home, I leave. For fourteen years we have been at peace, I shall not live in the same house with him.' After attending to his needs I told the son that his mother would not see him and sent him adrift, and he is wandering as thousands of others wander to-night, a miserable outcast, the cause of innumerable heartbreaks to those who love them. There is no greater enemy of the family than intemperance."

Misery Due to Drink.

I say that I firmly believe that there is more evil done to this community, more pecuniary loss, both to the individual and to the State, and more domestic misery due to excess in drink, than to all other vices. And last, but by no means least, I say that there is more crime due to this cause than to all other causes. You may say, in American phraseology, that is "tall talking," but I am not speaking extravagantly, and am dealing with facts, says Mr. Justice Holmes in an address in Wesley Church, Melbourne, Australia.

How It is Done in Nevada.

Five university boys have been dismissed from the University of Nevada for drunkenness. This is as it should be so far as the dismissal is concerned. If our universities would be less lenient to students who are like rotten apples in the university basket, parents would not dread sending their sons and daughters away from home influences to the great universities. The publication of such action is not injure, but will rather help, the Nevada University.—Pacific Prohibitionist.

How to Secure Prosperity.

With gold in the Northwest, pearls in Arkansas and big crops in every State we should have prosperity, and would have too, were it not that the saloons destroy faster than nature and man combined can produce.—The People.

A Few Temperance "Don'ts."

Don't take the first glass and you can't take the second.
Don't act as if God gave you a mind that you might becloud it with drink.
Don't think you are more of a man if you drink. It really doesn't add to your stature, mental or physical, the least fraction of an inch.