

Christian science is growing rapidly in the United States—at the rate of a new church a week, it is claimed.

Kentucky is the only state south of the Ohio river that has not made some provision for disabled confederate soldiers, either by means of pensions or by the establishment of soldiers' homes or both.

Says the New York Herald: "Wherever bicycles are ridden there springs up a demand for good roads that is bound to bear fruit. Farmers profit more by good roads than any other class. The bicycle is one of the farmer's best friends."

Governor Black, in his annual message, pays a tribute to the National Guard of New York, which he says consists of about fourteen thousand of the finest young men of the state. These young soldiers, remarks the New York Observer, serve without pay, and as the governor remarks, should not be hampered by officious political control. The time has gone by when the state militia was a laughing stock, and the grotesque "target company" a sight to amaze all beholders. The National Guard has improved greatly, is a necessary adjunct to the state constabulary and of national defence, and should be approximated to military standards as far as possible. The only "boss" a militiaman should have to deal with is his superior officer.

The statement frequently published that there are only 400,000 Jews in the United States, the Atlanta Journal has long believed to be away below the fact. Conclusive evidence that this is an underestimate was supplied at the meeting of the American Jewish Historical society in New York. David Sulzberger, with the assistance of the historical society, has devoted much time to an investigation of this matter, and he computes the number of Jews in this country. New York leads in the distribution of this population by states. It has 350,000 Jews or nearly as many as most of the encyclopedias give to the entire country. There are 85,000 in Pennsylvania and about the same number in Illinois. Ohio has 50,000, and California comes next with 35,000. The idea that nearly all the American Jewish citizens are engaged in trade is grossly incorrect, asserts the Journal. They are found in every profession and avocation. They are lawyers, doctors, scientists, teachers, inventors, railroad officials, journalists, literary men, mechanics, farmers and are found in many other callings. In every line of effort which they have entered our Jewish fellow citizens have won success and distinction. Their skill in mercantile pursuits is proverbial, but they have proved a high class of ability and ready adaptability in whatever they have undertaken.

One of the most gratifying signs of the times so far as this country is concerned, is the growing spirit of benevolence and generosity, observes the Atlanta Constitution. During the past year, which is better remembered for the hardships which it entailed upon the masses than for aught else, there were larger sums of money devoted to charities of various kinds than in any previous year, with the exception of 1896. In the aggregate, these charities for the year amount to the sum of \$33,612,814. As compared with the figures for preceding years, it appears that great progress has been made in this direction. In 1894 the country gave only \$10,967,116 to charities; in 1875, \$28,943,549; in 1896, \$33,670,129, and in 1897, \$33,612,814. From these figures it is evident that the country, with its increasing wealth, is steadily becoming more generous. Of the total amount of money subscribed to charities during the past year it appears that \$10,203,450 went to colleges; \$14,785,622 to hospitals and benevolent institutions; \$5,023,738 to churches and religious societies, and \$1,218,000 to museums and art galleries. On the basis of sex, it is stated that men subscribed \$20,033,378 and women \$13,579,136. This is a much better showing for the women than for the men, as there is less wealth among the former than among the latter. To note some of the larger gifts made during the year, the following list is cited: Mrs. Leiland Stanford to the Stanford university, \$1,000,000; J. Pierpont Morgan to charities, \$1,000,000; John Fred Martin to churches, \$1,000,000; John B. Deering to charities, \$2,000,000; Washington Covington to colleges, \$1,000,000; George M. Pullman to manual education, \$1,200,000; P. A. B. Widener to art, \$1,000,000; Charles Condit to charities, \$1,000,000, and Henrietta R. V. Baker to charities, \$2,000,000.

There are 106 different kinds of typewriters made in the United States, but only one kind of a successful typewriter.

The Jews are much more exempt from tubercle than any other race, and there is little doubt, says a medical writer, that much of this exemption is due to the great care exercised in the choice and dressing of their meat.

During prosperous times the sugar crop of Cuba averaged 1,000,000 tons annually. The total product of 1896-97 was 225,221 tons; of 1896-97 the product was 212,221, a deficiency this year as compared with last year of 13,170 tons. The shortage is only one of the penalties of war.

Several secret societies composed of workmen in Denver, Col., have determined to boycott the department stores. As all of these organizations have branches with women members, who are the principal patrons of the stores, a lively contest between the affiliated bodies is expected. The women want to shop where they can get the best bargains, boycott or no boycott.

Jeffersonville, Ind., is proud of a veteran of the war, who lives near there, and is the father of nineteen living children, all of whom were born since the war. The eldest child is thirty years old and the youngest seven. Among the children are four sets of twins. Newton Norris, the father, draws a pension, but if he lived in Canada he would be receiving an additional sum for adding so generously to the population.

How many people know that the United States produced last year one-fourth of the world's gold, or about \$60,000,000 worth? And Colorado is credited with about one-third of this as her share. These figures, furnished by Robert E. Preston, director of the mint, tally very closely with those furnished by The Engineering and Mining Journal, which gives \$241,391,639 as the world's total production of gold for 1897, an increase of more than \$29,000,000 over 1896. The gold found in the Klondike region swells the Canadian output from \$2,810,000 in 1896 to perhaps \$7,000,000, during last year.

One of the most surprising discoveries of the century has just been made by Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie, the great Egyptian excavator. He has found that the Pharaohs who built the pyramids and their predecessors were cannibals—that this wonderful people, who erected the most splendid temples and the most colossal monuments, and who possessed a civilization that has astonished the intervening ages, ate the bodies of their dead. He has opened 150 tombs, and from them taken many mutilated remains of the victims of cannibalism. Professor Heinrich Brugsch, continuing the study and investigation, adds his opinion that the ancient Egyptians were man-eaters of the worst kind, and brings forward conclusive evidence showing that they not only offered up human beings to the gods, but regularly used the flesh of human beings as food.

E. J. Berry, an expert horse grower, in an address at a recent convention of American stock breeders and feeders in the city of St. Paul, referred to a condition in the markets which is of great interest to the horse trade of this country. He declared that he and other men conspicuously engaged in stock raising believed that the United States would at no distant day witness a horse famine, and that it would be due partly to the hard times and low prices which have driven many growers out of business and partly to the increasing demand for American horses in Europe. He said that horse raising, if properly attended to by farmers, would speedily become one of the very foremost of our agricultural interests, and his recommendation was that special attention be given to growing horses of the grades in demand in foreign markets, which he described as follows: First a well-bred coach horse; second, a cab horse; third, the omnibus horse; fourth, the draft horse, and fifth, the American trotter. To these Mr. Berry might have added the cavalry horse, which is growing in favor wherever American stock has been used in that service. There is but little, and there will be still less demand for poor horses, here or abroad, but there is undeniably a growing market at home and in Europe for thoroughly sound, properly bred animals such as American stockmen are amply able to raise. There is no reason why this important branch of agricultural industry should not experience a widespread and profitable revival.

SUNSET ON THE FARM.
Dawn behind the western hill the red sun sinks to rest.
All the world is weary, and I am weary, too.
The partridge seeks its covert, and the red-bird seeks its nest.
And I am coming from the fields, dear heart, to home and you.
Home, when the daylight is waning;
Home when my toiling is done;
Ah! down by the gate, sweet, watching eyes wait
My coming at setting of sun.
The sheep from off the hillside haste to the shepherd's fold,—
For death lurks in the mountains and darkness comes apace.
The fleeing sun looks backward and turns the sky to gold.
Then folds the mantle of the night across its face.
Home, when the daylight is waning;
Home, when my toiling is done;
Ah! down by the gate, sweet, watching eyes wait
My coming at setting of sun.
Gently fades the rosy light from out the western sky.
And I am coming from the fields, dear heart, to home and you.
Home, when the daylight is waning;
Home, when my toiling is done;
Ah! down by the gate, sweet, watching eyes wait
My coming at setting of sun.
—Arthur J. Burdick, in American Agriculturist.

The Other Girl.

When I arrived at the station Lady Mannington, Molly and the French maid had collected their chattels and stood round the immense heap, in attitudes denoting various degrees of impatience. I apologized.
"It is of no consequence," said Lady Mannington, in a tone signifying it was of the greatest. Molly shook her head at me and smiled.
I looked at the two ladies and the French maid, and then I looked at the miniature mountain.
"The brougham is only seated for two," I hinted.
"Celeste can walk," said Lady Mannington.
"I shall be glad of her company," I responded, politely.
Lady Mannington glanced at me doubtfully. "Perhaps she could manage by the coachman," she suggested.
"His wife is most particular," I interposed, quickly.
"I should prefer to walk, mamma," said Molly, with an air of much good nature.
"Perhaps that will be best," Lady Mannington conceded, reluctantly.
"I am sure of it," I indorsed, heartily.
"If only your aunt had sent the omnibus"—Lady Mannington began, aggrievedly.
"It was most careless of her," I admitted instantly. I caught Molly's eye. She has a curious way of smiling at nothing.
So Molly and I started to walk over the crisp snow. Just outside the station I helped her over the stile. "We may as well take the short cut," I observed; "it is not so very much longer, and I have so much to say to you."
"What about?" asked Molly.
I hesitated. "It is about a friend of mine," I replied at length.
"Oh!"
"He is in the deuce of a mess," I began, confidentially. "I want your help."
"What can I do?" asked Molly, opening her eyes.
"You can advise me," I replied, taking courage. "A woman's wit—"
Molly was pleased. "Go on, Mr. Trevor."
"I fear you will think my friend particularly foolish," I said, sorrowfully.
"Very likely," replied Molly, indifferently.
"I assure you he has many good points; but it happened a girl wanted to marry him."
"What!" exclaimed Molly.
"I can't think what she saw in him," I replied, uncomfortably.
"I hope," said Molly, "you are not going to tell me anything that is not proper."
"Oh, no," I replied, earnestly. "The girl was quite respectable. All the parties are most respectable."
"She could not have been quite nice," said Molly, decisively.
I stopped to test the strength of the ice over a pool.
"I have seen her look quite nice," I remarked, thoughtfully.
"You know her?" asked Molly, quickly.
"Oh, yes. It wasn't really the girl who wanted to marry my friend; it was her mother. I mean the mother wanted the girl to marry my friend. I hope I make myself clear."
"I don't think that improves matters," retorted Molly.
"She has a large family of daughters," I explained.
"Go on," said Molly, with a severely judicial air.
"My friend was in love with another girl—a really nice girl. In fact, a quite splendid girl. One of the very best," I said, kindly.
"You know that girl, too?" asked Molly, a little coldly.
"Yes."
"Well?"
"My friend was staying at a country house and so were both the girl and her mother, and she—"
"Who?" asked Molly.
"The girl whose mother wanted her to marry him. I do hope I am clear. She got him into a quiet corner and somehow or other my friend found out she had hold of his hand. I—I don't know how it happened. It just occurred."
"How clever of your friend to find it out," said Molly, sarcastically.
I went on hastily. "And then he saw her head coming nearer and nearer his shoulder, and he didn't know what to do."
"I wonder," said Molly, "he did not call for help."
"You see," I went on, "he was afraid she would propose or—or—the mother might come. He guessed the mother was pretty near. Then he thought of the other girl, and he got into a dreadful panic. In fact, he lost his head."
"It could not have been a great loss," observed Molly, disdainfully.
"No-o; but it was the only one he had, and he was accustomed to it. He didn't know what to do. So he said he was already engaged."
"Did he say 'already'?"
"Yes." It was a cold day, but I mopped my brow with my handkerchief.
Molly uttered a peal of silvery laughter. "I am really sorry for that girl, but it served her right."
"The girl didn't turn a hair. She simply straightened herself up and asked to whom he was engaged."
"Well?"
"He blurted out the name of the other girl. He couldn't think of any other name."
"To whom, of course, he is not engaged?"
"No; and I don't suppose she would have him. She is far, far too good for him."
"Is that your whole story?"
"Very nearly. The girl went away and told her mother, who came up gushingly and congratulated him. She is a true sportsman. Afterward she went about telling everybody of the engagement, and my friend has had to receive congratulations ever since."
"How awkward!" said Molly, meditatively. "Has the other girl heard of it?"
"Not yet. This all happened yesterday."
"Yesterday?"
I nodded. "And the worst is the other girl is expected to arrive at the Towers almost immediately."
"Dear me," said Molly. "So your friend is at the Towers now?"
"I didn't mean to let it out," I replied, a trifle abashed.
Molly began to laugh. "It is most amusing; but why did you tell me about it?"
"I want your advice."
"Who is the other girl?" asked Molly, curiously.
"Please don't ask for names," I implored.
"But my advice must depend on the other girl's disposition."
"She is everything that is perfect," I replied, fervently.
"No doubt," retorted Molly, satirically.
"You might almost be the other girl yourself," I went on, with careful carelessness.
"Really?" said Molly. "I believe that must be considered a compliment. Thank you very much."
"What," I asked, with elaborate indifference, "would you do if you were the other girl?"
Molly stopped and broke off a sprig of red berries. They were not so red as her lips. "Of course," she said, "I should be very annoyed."
"Ah, of course," said I, forlornly.
"At any rate, I should pretend to be very annoyed."
"But really—" I began, delighted.
"Oh, that would depend on the man."
"Supposing, for the sake of illustration," said I surveying the wide expanse of a neighboring field, "I was the man?"
"This is nonsense," said Molly. "We can't make believe to that extent."
"Why can't we?"
"But you would never be so foolish."
"But if—"
"Let us talk about something sensible," said Molly, with decision.
"But my poor friend is depending on me for advice."
She thought. "Of course your friend must get away from the Towers before the other girl arrives."
"You are quite clear he ought to get away?" I asked, mournfully.
"There can be no doubt of that. Just fancy everybody rushing to congratulate the other girl and your friend being present at the time. There might be a dreadful scene."
"I can picture it," said I, representing a groan.
We had arrived at the entrance to the avenue. I stopped and held out my hand.
"Good by," I said.
"What do you mean?" she exclaimed.
"I—I am going away. I am the man."
I do not think I am mistaken. The color faded slightly from her face.
"And the other girl?" she queried, faintly.
"You are the other girl."
The red replaced the white. She stood quite still, with her eyes bent downward, and then she began to trace figures in the snow with the toe of her tiny boot.
"Good by," I repeated.
She looked up. "Of course, I am very angry," she said. And then she smiled and held out her hand. I took it humbly and forgot to relinquish it.
"Mamma will be getting anxious," she remarked. "We must hurry."
But we did not hurry.—Pick-Me-Up.

HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES.
To Wash Woolens.
Dip woolen garments in very hot soap-suds, stir them about very rapidly and withdraw quickly. Do not rinse the garments, but let them dry by themselves on the line. Be sure that the water is thoroughly hot, as tepid water would shrink the fabric.

Care of the Omelet Pan.
A French cook never, it is said, washes the pan in which an omelet is made. It is wiped clean with pieces of paper, then rubbed dry with a cloth. In this way the omelets made in the pan are not so apt to burn. These artists in cooking lay great stress upon the quality and the care of their tools.

Japanese Furniture Polish.
A polish that hails from Japan is said to be very fine for furniture, as well as floors. It consists of one pint each linseed oil and cold, strong "a," the whites of two eggs and two ounces of spirits of salts; these several ingredients to be mixed thoroughly together and poured into a bottle, which should be well shaken before the polish is used. A few drops are poured upon a rubbing pad of soft silk and the wood rubbed with it, being afterward polished with an old silk handkerchief. The process is a tedious and fatiguing one for the cleaner, but its effect surpasses that of any easier and quicker method.

Watering House Plants.
I am satisfied that not one person in twenty is aware that too much water is more dangerous to the plants than too little. Some gardeners seem to have the idea that to take a watering pot in hand to supply the needs of plants is an easy duty, and that to give a dash here and to soak the soil there, is all there is to the matter. One thing is to be observed: Not all plants under all circumstances, nor, indeed, the same plants under different circumstances require the same amount of water. It is necessary, therefore, to study the nature and habits of kinds so that each may be treated according to its needs. A vigorous blooming plant, say a fuchsia or geranium, might be said to represent the maximum need of water; the same when in a state of rest, in cool, damp weather, the minimum requirement as to this. Therefore, to give exactly the same quantity of water in both conditions named would be to cause harm by not giving enough water to some and too much to others. One safe rule is to wait until the ball of earth begins to get rather dry, and then to give enough water to moisten the soil through and through. Then do not water again until the former state of dryness is reached, be that time six hours or six days.—Vick's Magazine.

Recipes.
Brown-Bread Soup—Boil stale brown bread to a smooth jelly with water and a little milk; when it is almost transparent, add enough milk to make it creamy, a little butter and palatable seasoning of salt and pepper, and serve it hot.
Rice Soup—Use equal quantities of water and fruit juice, heated together; for each quart allow a quarter pound of rice, boiled tender, with the grated yellow rind of a lemon; stir all these ingredients over the fire, sweeten the soup to taste, and serve it hot.
Bread-Dough Crumpets—Take half a pound of ordinary bread dough white or brown; beat hard into it one-fourth of a cupful of powdered sugar, one and a half ounces of butter and one egg and a half. Beat well; let rise, and bake in well-greased muffin rings.
Apple Soup—Boil together to a pulp equal quantities of peeled apples and bread, sweetening them and adding the yellow rind and juice of a lemon for each pint of apples; when the pulp is soft and smooth, thin it with hot milk to the consistency of cream, and serve it hot.

Potato Sautees—Pare freshly boiled potatoes and slice them. Have one pint. Put one ounce of butter in a pan to melt. Put in the potatoes and "toss" them. Cook a light brown. Dish and sprinkle with a half-salt-spoonful of pepper, a third-teaspoonful of salt and a small tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley.
Batter Soup—For each quart of soup allow two eggs and two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour, beating these ingredients to a creamy batter after having warmed the butter; have ready over the fire a quart of boiling milk and water, and let the batter fall into this in a thin stream, stirring the soup as the batter falls into it; boil the soup for about five minutes before it is served, seasoning it with salt and white pepper.

Cheese Cutlets—Take three ounces of grated cheese (scraps of dry cheese may be used), one and a half ounces of butter, two eggs, a scant teaspoonful of mustard and a speck of cayenne pepper. Pound these ingredients well together and shape like cutlets. Brush over with egg, roll in bread crumbs and cook in boiling fat till a golden brown. Serve each cutlet on a piece of toast cut exactly to its shape. Dust a little Parmesan over and serve on a doily.
Broiled Tripe—Use the thicker part of the tripe. Honey comb is preferable. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, rub with melted butter, dredge with flour, and lightly brown each side on a hot wire broiler over a clear fire. Serve on a hot platter, with a little melted butter poured over it, and with a garnish of parsley and sliced lemon. If the tripe for broiling has been in pickle, it should be rinsed in cold water, and stewed in part milk and part water before it is seasoned and broiled.

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

When Asked to Drink—A Great Deceiver.—Rev. Dr. Cuyler Speaks Eloquent About the Deceptive Qualities in Intoxicants—The Philosophy of Temperance.

The Sacred Heart Review prints the following warning in verse, under the title "When Asked to Drink":

Think of the thousands sleeping
In drunkenness' graves, day by day,
Think of the mothers weeping
Their wailing lives away,
Think of the sisters tearful,
Think of the moun beloved ones,
Think of the infants fearful
For cherished sons.
Think of the fond hopes shattered,
The high ambitions slain,
Think of the true hearts scattered
Never to meet again,
Think of the bosoms riven,
The lives that are tempest-tost,
Think of the souls God-given
That now are lost.

A Great Deceiver.
Rev. Dr. Theodosius L. Cuyler, the veteran writer, who says he has still the heart of a boy, though his hair is gray and his years are many, and who has written many a wise word for our girls and boys, speaks as follows of a great deceiver:—

"Many of the famous advocates of temperance are dying off, but there is one trumpet-tongued orator who continues to sound his tocsin in every house that contains a sinner, and who never grows weary. He is a man of a rare and noble character; a preacher who utters this tremendous warning: 'Look not on the wine when it is ruddy, when it giveth color in the cup, when it goeth down smoothly; for at the last, it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.'"

"The serpent quality of all intoxicants lies in their deceptiveness. Wine is a mocker, whose ever is deceived thereby is 'wise.' The drinker fancies that his glass is doing him good and promoting his health. Instead of adding to his strength it excites him for a time, and the reaction leaves him the weaker. Thousands of people call for liquor at the restaurants, or set them on their tables to promote digestion; and I have known a man, who, after his fallacy after alcohol had poisoned their stomachs, the hero Dr. Livingston, of Africa—a physician himself—asserted that he could stand any and every hardship best by using wine and water only. I had a conversation with Nansen and thanked him for his published testimony that during his exploration of Greenland, he found alcohol of no benefit to himself or his men. "Another deceptive quality in intoxicants is that they steal a march on those who use them, and an appetite is formed before one suspects it. The reason is that every glass of liquor increases the desire for another glass. A tumbler of water or milk satisfies thirst; a glass of liquor increases thirst. A young man said to a friend of mine: 'This awful drink has used up my money, ruined my health, and almost killed my parents. It will soon kill me. I know the devil is in it, but I am so strong that I cannot stop it.' And he did not stop; yet when he began to sip his wine he never dreamed that he would die a wretched sot. Of all the deceivers that betray body and soul, none is so alluring and enslaving as the glass."

The Philosophy of Temperance.
There is much wisdom to be gathered from the outcome of this same temperance movement, says the New World of Chicago. It is this: Public wrong sentiment can be changed to public right sentiment. An evil, though it may be threatening and all-pervading, can be lessened through constant and heroic effort. It takes a long time, a whole generation, sometimes two, possibly into the third. Agitation against natural vices produces little impression on the first generation. Their error is clearly shown. It breaks out in taunts, ridicule and invective. After some years of fighting, the taunts, ridicule, and invective are silenced, and that is a great advance. The first generation, the worst of all, will not surrender; they think too much of their "individual liberty" to capitulate. But here the workers of reform can take a most decided stand against the young, incoming generation. They will listen, argue, weigh and finally consider. In this is wanting the prejudice of their forefathers. They can be talked to about blessings, results, consequences. And though many, possibly more than half of the whole, may be irreformable, still the showing will be good. Another stand is taken against the third incoming generation, and it is here that the "fighters for the right," may hope to gain decisive victory.
People may and do say: "It will do no good," "Where is the use?" "The end will never be reached," etc. It will do good, it is of use, the end will be reached. It may take twenty, thirty, forty years, but the final outcome is unquestionable. The criticism of the first generation can be silenced; the attention of the second secured; and the surrender of the third guaranteed. The most pessimistic can rely upon that much gain though in many cases the gain is much greater.

A Brighter Outlook.
A report recently prepared by Mr. Bateman, the head of the commercial department of the Board of Trade of the United Kingdom, on the production and consumption of beer, wine and spirits in the chief European countries, and in the United States, presents a condition of affairs relative to this country which must be satisfactory indeed to all good citizens. We learn, among other things, from this report that the consumption of alcoholic beverages in the United States is less, per capita, than in any other country, and that while in Europe the sale and consumption of alcoholic liquors increase at a more rapid rate than the population, with us the production and consumption of spirits have been for some years decreasing, and the consumption of beer, having regard to the increase of population, has not perceptibly increased. If this tendency can be maintained, says one of our daily contemporaries, "as we believe it can, in the future, it cannot fail to exercise a tremendous effect upon the future well-being of the United States, particularly in the competitive industrial struggle that is going on, and must in the future to a much larger degree go on, between our country and the countries of Europe."

The Bicycle and Temperance.
A wheezing enthusiast says: "If temperance orators and teetotalism's advocates fully realized to what extent they were being added in their crusades, by the ever-increasing use of the bicycle, they would hasten to establish cycle academies throughout the land. It is a well-known fact among cyclists that 'soft' drinks are the most popular among experienced riders. The thirst engendered by a long spin is best quenched by a beverage innocent of alcohol."
Worth Trying.
In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred it is found that when men have genuinely given total abstinence a trial for a sufficient time they are able to say that they are clearer in the head, lighter in heart, heavier in purse, that over the years in the old days "undoubtedly both mental and physical work can be best done under total abstinence conditions."

Temperance News and Notes.
Bacchus well his sheep he knows!
For he marks them on the nose.
In these days of struggle for existence the working and business man cannot afford to spend money in liquor.