

ONE WITH OUR COUNTRY.

Shadows and shadows, but hope for the best; We're one under heaven—from east unto west...

CYNTHIA.

BY MARY SWEET POTTER.

"You see, Cynthia, it is like this. I can't make much of a living here, and so I have decided to go out west and see what I could do."

"Well, I can't blame you, Jack; Jennie's a good girl, and some who go west do well. I don't know how I shall ever get along without you, though."

And the loving heart of the sister asserted itself in a burst of tears at thought of the coming separation.

Jack looked at her regretfully. "I hate like everything to leave you, Cynthia, but I suppose I must. We're going right away, too," he added, looking out of the window to avoid the rare and piteous sight of his strong, bright sister in tears.

Cynthia Lee swallowed her grief as best she could, restoring her brother's self-possession by a few commonplace words; then he went out, and she worked on with nimble fingers, shelling beans for dinner.

Soon the outer door flew open, impelled by the eager hands of a young girl.

"The Bartlett pears are ripe, Cynthia; see these," polling some beautiful specimens of the fruit mentioned across the table.

The fruit did not call forth any enthusiasm on Cynthia's part, and the younger girl, seeing that something was wrong, began to shell the beans, her face disturbed by frowns.

She, like her brother, had an unpleasant communication to make this morning, but the time seemed scarcely favorable, judging by Cynthia's face.

There was a long silence, broken at last by Cynthia.

"Jessie," she said, "Jack is going to leave us; how shall we ever get along without him?"

"How—he is?" stammered Jessie. She had known it for weeks. "Oh," she went on, "there's no use beating about the bush, Cynthia; I knew Jack was going, and I am going, too, at the same time he goes."

Cynthia turned a pale, stern face toward her sister.

"You do not mean it, do you, Jessie?" she said, with a quaver in her voice. "Why, I promised mother never to let you out of my sight till you were grown up, able to—"

"Why, Cynthia! I'm 17, and lots of girls marry even younger than that," interrupted Jessie, impatiently.

The expression of Cynthia's face changed once more.

"Marry!" she exclaimed. "In the name of mercy, whom are you going to marry?"

"Why, Frank Bailey, of course, Jack knew it, and I should think he might have told you and saved me a trouble. I should think you might have seen how things were going and been prepared for this and saved getting yourself so worked up over it," grumbled Jessie in an injured tone.

"Why, I did know pretty near about Jack, but you—you're only a child," said Cynthia, drearily.

"Well, I'm engaged to Frank Bailey, any way, and I'm going to marry him and go west with him and Jack and Jennie and his folks, and you will have to get along the best you can. You ought to be glad Jack and I are doing so well."

Cynthia thought that time would prove whether they were indeed doing well, but she did not say it.

"Then I must live all alone," she said.

"Oh, no! You have the two dogs and six cats and Mooly and the hens. And you know how to manage the place. Wasn't it lucky that father left it for your share and gave the money to me and Jack?"

Cynthia listened to the end of Jessie's speech, then dropped her face into her hands and laughed and cried hysterically, till Jessie left the room with an air half-indignant, half-sorrowful.

Cynthia did not harrow the feelings of her brother and sister by any more displays of grief. She set cheerfully about preparing outfits for the two young emigrants, and before the time for their departure had arrived there stood ready, locked and corded in the hall, two big boxes for each of them, containing, as Jessie well knew, the lion's share of the household linen which by right belonged to Cynthia.

Soon the time came when the double wedding, the good byes and the departure were all events of the past, and Cynthia was alone.

She felt indescribably miserable as she turned to go in after watching them out of sight, and the dogs, looking into her face, knew that something was wrong and plainly showed it by their affectionate demonstrations.

"You dear old boys!" she cried, returning their caresses. "We must fight it out alone now."

Cynthia's nature was not easily crushed. It bounded up from the pressure of ill fortune's iron heel as does a child's toy of India rubber on which it has set its tiny foot to see the rebound.

She missed the brother and sister naturally, but when two years passed and they had not written to her more than half a dozen times, she could not but feel less desire for their companionship than at first. Indeed, searching her mind, she found little in it but content.

She had worked hard indoors and out, and as a result she found her-

self, in addition to her contented mind, possessed of perfect health and a bank book.

Still, on that second anniversary, it seemed to Cynthia that she would have given much to see her young brother and sister walk in and seat themselves at her lonely dinner table.

For the first time since their departure she gave way to a fit of crying that was childish in its intensity, as she sat waiting for her dinner to cook.

Two cold noses were thrust inquiringly into her face, and the tide was turned in a measure.

She placed a hand on each beautiful head and looked in the honest eyes.

"How can I call myself alone when I have you dear, faithful creatures?" She was still caressing them when they suddenly left her side and rushed out of doors with short, quick barks of alarm.

Jumbo was a very large dog and Saracen rather particular as to who came on the premises; so Cynthia hastened after them, for fear the visitor might be frightened. When she reached the big gate post, Saracen was growling in a way to terrify a stranger.

At first Cynthia saw no one, but almost immediately a battered sun hat came into sight, followed by the entire figure of a little girl.

"Please, ma'am, may I come in a minute?" she asked, her voice trembling with fear.

"Why, surely," Cynthia replied. "Come right along; the dogs shan't hurt you. Be good now, boys; don't you see how little she is?"

Thus there entered into Cynthia's domain the palest, slenderest child she had ever seen. She had the appearance of a child of 10, yet, as Cynthia soon learned, she was nearly 14.

She was ragged and dirty, with the look in her eyes of a "starved animal."

"My poor child, who are you?" asked Cynthia.

"I'm Annie Gray."

"Where did you come from?"

"New York."

"How did you get here?"

"I walked, ma'am. I've been walking three days and sleeping under sheds, stopping along asking for a place to stay and work; please, ma'am, have you anything I could do?"

"Come in, child, come in. We'll see about the work later. Dinner is just ready to take up, and we must attend to that first."

The little girl stepped inside the door with alacrity. Cynthia hastened to set the table and serve the warm, substantial meal. Then, while they ate it together, she listened to what the child had to say about herself with warm interest.

"I'm sorry my clothes are not nice, ma'am, but they are all I have, so I could not wash them very well. I washed my hands and face, though, in the beautiful brooks all along the way. Oh, that was so nice! I was always clean before my mother died. You see, ma'am, it was like this," she continued, with a mature manner that did not sit strangely upon her, spite of her delicacy. "I stood it with father as long as I could. He got wild after mother died and seemed to hate me. I wanted to stay and keep house for him, but—see this, ma'am, and this"—exhibiting purple spots on her arm and shoulder. "But, dear me, he didn't know he did it. It was all that awful drink."

Seeming to see Cynthia's horror and disgust for the man she was excusing, her loyalty took alarm.

"Indeed, ma'am, you mustn't think my father was bad. He was always kind to mother and never struck me a blow till after she died and he began to drink. Oh, I feel so sorry for poor father!"

Cynthia was doubtful as to so much sympathy being deserved by the man who could so forget his duty to his motherless child, but somehow she could not find it in her heart to say what she thought to the loyal little daughter who sought to defend him.

Indeed, she saw to it that the hunger of the girl was satisfied; then she took her upstairs to a chest containing many things that Jessie had outgrown or cast aside because she tired of them, and when the little waif again descended to the kitchen she was so transformed as to be hardly recognizable.

And so it came about that at last Cynthia had companion and assistant. For she kept little Annie, who seemed to feel as if a paradise had opened to her.

The dogs, without withdrawing any of their loving allegiance from Cynthia, found room in their big hearts for the child, and they were the best of friends.

Three years passed, and Annie had drained the fount of knowledge at the village academy, and it was evident that she still thirsted. Consequently, she must be sent to a good boarding school for a time. After that it might be that she would go still further, for she was developing rare intelligence as well as beauty of character and person.

In consequence of all this Cynthia found herself, one bright fall morning, watching the departure of her only human companion and turning, as she had turned years before, to the love and companionship of her animal friends, who never failed her.

A year slipped by, and then there came into Cynthia's life another change. She and Henry Lester, a stranger in the village, met in October, and before the end of November she had promised to marry him, and the time for the wedding was decided upon.

Cynthia could not help feeling many serious misgivings; she felt drawn toward this sad looking man with the brown eyes that always seemed searching for something except when looking at her; then they were full of peace and restfulness and deprecating love.

Deprecating was the word that seemed to fit his manner toward her. Cynthia sometimes felt pained by it, and wondered if nothing would ever change him in that respect. Too much humility was not to her taste, and good and reliable and handsome as he was, that way of his which always seemed to be saying, "Forgive me, please," grated upon her frank, independent nature in spite of all she could do to drive the feeling away.

Speaking of Annie as her adopted daughter, Cynthia had mentioned her as a possible obstacle to their engagement. He turned to her eagerly.

"Trouble your mind no more about her, Cynthia. She shall be as my own child."

Then he became lost in that dreamy maze which seemed sometimes to envelop him.

One day late in December there was a quiet wedding at the minister's house in the village, and then Cynthia found herself going swiftly towards home, her mind filled with strange new thoughts and conjecture as to how Annie should receive the news that that home would hereafter own a master—that they two would no longer be all in all to each other.

For some unexplainable reason Cynthia had never written Annie regarding her coming marriage, and as the hour drew near for the astounding disclosure she felt very nervous.

It was now near at hand. There remained but one day before Christmas; Annie would certainly be home for the holidays, and tomorrow would, in all probability, be the day of her arrival.

The morning of that day was cloudless. All the morning Cynthia flew about the house making pleasant preparations for the holiday. Everything was done at last. She had finished her simple toilet and stood at the window, watching with loving eyes the rollicking romp of her husband and the dogs in the feathery snow, when up the road came a team from the railroad station with Annie waving her handkerchief from the depths of the roomy sleigh, her cheeks so red that Cynthia saw the color from her window. Then her heart jumped into her throat, it seemed to her, for as the sleigh stopped Annie sprang out with a shriek that terminated in the word, "Father!" and after a second's hesitation Henry Lester had taken the few steps that lay between himself and the girl and gathered her in his arms.

Cynthia looked upon the scene with dazed eyes. It was evident that the introduction she had been dreading was not needed; but what did it mean?

While her whirling brain was regaining its balance her husband and Annie had entered the house. Annie immediately hastened up to Cynthia's room.

"What is it, Mamma Cynthia? My father tells me to come to you to find out why he is here."

Cynthia took the girl in her arms and held her in silence for a moment, while many and varied thoughts ran through her mind. At length she said:

"The explanation is very simple, dear; he is here because he is my husband."

Annie raised her head and kissed Cynthia's flushed face again and again.

"I am very glad," she said. "Some time you will tell me how it came about, won't you? It seems such a strange thing to happen."

"Strange indeed!" thought Cynthia. "I cannot tell the child that if I had known who Henry was it would never have happened."

Then, together, they descended to the kitchen, where they found Lester sitting dejectedly by the fire, a dog on either side of him, anxiously awaiting the appearance of his wife and daughter.

Cynthia hardly knew how to meet him. He did not leave her to face the difficulty, but rose and held out his hand to Annie.

"Come here, Annie," he said, "and plead for me with your mother. Tell her, dear, from me, that I have never tasted liquor since the day I returned to our poor home and found you gone. I have been searching for you ever since. I have worked hard and saved all I earned, thinking to find you and make a home for you, but had grown discouraged and had given up hope of pleasure in life till I met her. Assure her, dear, that she shall never repent having taken the step she has, for I loathe the man I once was as much as she possibly can, and I did not mean to deceive her in any way. It was not necessary to give her the details of my degradation, I thought, since that was all in the past. I cannot believe that since she has learned my story she can harden her heart against me."

He held his disengaged hand toward her, his face full of anxious pleading. The gentle brown eyes that had attracted her at first spoke well for him now, and she felt that she loved him in spite of all.

She took his offered hand in both of hers and kissed him.

"We three will begin life together as if the world were new and we the only people in it," she said. "Stir the fire, please, Henry; I must get our little girl some dinner, or she will be-

gin to think it a sorry home-coming."

A long-drawn sigh of contentment from Annie denoted anything but sorrow, and over the face of the man who listened as to a repeal of a sentence of banishment, there crept a look of peace that confirmed Cynthia in her belief that she had decided wisely and well.

And the dogs, looking on and listening to the tones of their beloved mistress' voice, settled comfortably down at the feet of him whom they had already learned to love.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A London general omnibus is supposed to earn \$95 per week.

Ant hills in West Africa sometimes reach the height of fifteen feet.

Five feet is the minimum height of the Russian and French conscript.

The Romans used a circular fan on occasions of state and the Greeks made fans of the flat leaves of the lotus.

In the towns of Chile most shops are open till midnight, and during the hot afternoons, when everybody takes a siesta, they are locked up.

A recent landslide in China revealed a pile of money equaling in value 7,000,000 coppers. The coins were made about the middle of the eleventh century.

The king of Siam has a bodyguard of female warriors—i. e., 400 girls, chosen from among the strongest and most handsome of all the women in the land.

In northern China one of the principal occupations is raising dogs for their fur, which is fine and dense and much used for clothing. They cost only 40 cents apiece.

With a piece of string and a little sand and grease some Hindoo convicts recently sawed through an iron bar two inches in diameter in five hours and escaped from jail.

Just as a letter was being read in a Farmington (Me.) household from a daughter in California announcing her good health and well being, a telegram came announcing her death.

Garlic came from Asia and has been used since the earliest times. It formed part of the diet of the Israelites in Egypt, was used by Greek and Roman soldiers and African peasants.

The quaint little chimney sweeps add to the picturesqueness of Charleston, N. C., where they are still in constant demand to clean chimneys of the soot from the soft pine wood so largely in use.

The skin of the reindeer is so impervious to the cold that any one clothed in such a dress, with the addition of a blanket of the same material, may bear the intensest rigors of an Arctic winter's night.

As soon as a man falls into debt in Siam the creditor can seize his person and keep him as a slave. Should the debtor run away, his wife and children, his father, or other relatives are liable to be seized.

The Gallas tribe in Africa is reported by a Belgian authority to regard it as a sacred duty to kill cows on every possible occasion, with a view of sacrificing a certain volume of sacred lore which a cow once swallowed.

About 10,000 pounds of elderdown are collected annually in Iceland, 7000 being exported to foreign countries. Formerly the peasants used to receive about \$5 a pound for it, but the price has now fallen to half that amount.

Denmark's kings for 384 years have all been named Christian or Frederick. This is not the result of accident. It is the law of Denmark that Christian must be succeeded by Frederick and Frederick by Christian. To attain this and without the changing of names in case of death or other reason every Danish prince, no matter what other names he may receive, always includes Christian and Frederick among them.

Disappearing River in Arizona.

"There is a river out in our territory called the Hassayampa, which is typical of Arizona," said Mr. J. C. Adams, the mayor of Phoenix, Arizona, and one of the most progressive citizens of that lively town. "This river will run along for a few miles as a broad, beautiful stream, and, narrowing suddenly, disappear through the sands, only to crop up again a few miles further on and run along as placidly and beautifully as a well-regulated stream should. There is a legend connected with this river that any one who ever tastes of its waters can never afterward tell the truth. The mines in the country through which it flows are called 'Hassayampas,' and from them come most of the weird, wild stories of adventure that people in the east expect from Arizona, the erstwhile home of Alkali Ike and Cactus Bill. This water can be bottled and brought east, so that an Arizonian who comes here on a mission can take a small nip and then tell his friends about Arizona."—Washington Post.

Crabs in the Sunshine.

Crabs bury themselves in the mud and sand in the winter, and when taken out they are, in cold weather, numb and motionless. But if they are left in a sunny, sheltered place in a boat or elsewhere they will come to the power of motion again. There was a curious illustration of this, the other day, in a lot of crabs lying on a stand in front of a downtown fish market. There might have been 200 or 300 crabs spreading over an area of three feet in diameter. The sun shining down over a building on the opposite side of the street, fell across the stand in front of the market in such a way as to bring half the crabs into the sunlight and leave the other half in the shadow. The crabs in the sunshine were lifting up their claws and showing signs of life; those in the shadow were motionless.—New York Sun.

SERMONS OF THE DAY.

RELIGIOUS TOPICS DISCUSSED BY PROMINENT AMERICAN MINISTERS.

Rev. George H. Hepworth's Sermon in the New York Herald is Entitled "Nothing is Small"—An Address by Evangelist D. L. Moody on Bible Texts.

The New York Herald publishes the complete result of its recent competition for prize sermons printed in columns. The first prize was awarded by the Herald itself, and the second, third and fourth prizes were decided by the votes of its readers. The successful competitors were as follows:

First prize, \$1000, to the Rev. Richard G. Woodbridge, pastor of the Central Congregational Church, Middleboro, Mass. Subject, "The Power of Gentleness."

Second prize, \$500, to the Rev. W. S. Perkins, pastor of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Meriden, Conn. Subject, "Burden Bearing."

Third prize, \$300, to the Rev. John D. Long, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Helyon, L. I. Subject, "The Good Side of Life."

Fourth prize, \$200, to the Rev. Edwin P. Parker, pastor of the Second Church, Hartford, Conn. Subject, "Law of Kindness."

Dr. Hepworth on "Nothing is Small.

Text: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—Matthew xxv, 21.

I know of no part of Scripture which gives me more good cheer than this. It contains the kindest and most encouraging statement of fact that ever fell from the lips of Christ. I oftentimes wonder what circumstance suggested this subject—what impelled Him to put a gentle hand on our shoulder, as though to say, "Be not troubled." To do things well is to do God's work in God's way. Nothing is trivial that is worth doing at all.

It is true that not all can be great in the sight of men, but every man may belong to heaven's nobility. There are men in the humblest walks of life who will wear coveted crowns in the hereafter because they did their simple duty in a simple fashion.

When we get into the other world we shall be profoundly surprised to find that the Lord's standard of value is very different from that to which we have been accustomed. We regard social position, wealth, intellectual culture as of prime importance and rather imagine that the Lord would estimate to condemn any one with these three enviable possessions. But it is clear that we and He do not agree, for with Him a pure heart and a sweet, placid and gentle life are worth more than all else besides.

God will make you make of your heart pure or your life sweet without your assistance. Nor can you make a pure heart or a sweet life without His assistance. These desirable results must come from a true association of God with man and a man with God. When your work is moved by a divine ambition, is commingled with His omnipotence, then and then only can the ideal soul be produced. He can make wealth, He can give you the genius which will make you famous, He is absolutely necessary for you and Him to bring in holy partnership before the thing which heaven prizes most can be attained.

When we step across the border we shall find that many of our earthly ideas of value are either mistakes or pretensions, and that lives are acceptable and profitable only in proportion to their spiritual symmetry and beauty. The more a man does for others, therefore, the more he does for himself, and if he can only do himself, to the neglect of others, he will have to go into the primary class in heaven and learn what true religion means.

Someone said to me recently in despairing tones, "My life amounts to so little. I live a hundred days in a hurry, and if I should drop out of existence it would make no difference to anyone." If that were true it would be very sad. But this man was to my mind one of the wisest mortals I knew in his environment, and knew what he had done with it, how much he had made out of it. Yes, he was a manual laborer, and his hands were grimy with toil. He was a saint in overall.

He was the guardian angel of an aged mother who thought herself forsaken in heaven long before she went there because the son was so like Providence. He strained every nerve to give his boys an education that they might be fitted to do better work than he had done.

You say all this is a matter of course." Then I said, and God's blessing is a matter of course.

That was a narrow life? No; it was as wide as God's love could make it, and as noble as his character could make it. He who does the little duties of life with a large heart makes himself great in soul. You can better afford to stand before God in honest rags than in the purple and fine linen of dishonesty.

The important question to be answered is not, Who are you? But what are you? Your pocketbook does not weigh as much as your moral principle in the scales of God.

It is rank heresy to say that your life is worthless if you are doing your work well. Heaven is full of princes who found it hard to pay the rent of their earthly houses.

Never allow yourself to say, and especially to feel, that the work you are doing is insignificant or the place you will fill is of no importance. To do that is to make an unhealed for criticism on the Lord, for you hereby declare that the duty He has set you to do is not worth doing. If there is any value in the things that are in your opinion of the value of things and not in His judgment as to what He needs to have done. You have no right to hold any such opinion, and if you do it is because your ideas are based on false principles.

It requires many hands to make a watch. If one of the hands which fashions one of the cogs of one of the wheels does its work badly the watch will never keep good time. The whole is to be perfect every part must be perfect.

So it is in the universe. You do not know, but God knows that unless you take pains to make your cog of the wheel with fidelity you may do a damage which cannot easily be repaired.

Little things done well make a great soul, and small duties are always great duties in the eyes of the angels.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

ADDRESS BY MOODY.

The Famous Evangelist Speaks in New York on the Value of Bible Texts.

"I believe in my heart that the best thing on this earth is the Gospel of the Son of God. I said last night that the keynote of this mission is the saying of Christ, 'The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.' To-night I will take another text to follow it. And I want you to remember that the object of the sermon is to drive home the text. I would rather have one text of the Bible than all the sermons in the world. There are enough of them preached in New York every week to save the city ten times over. In John 11, 29, are the first words recorded by the evangelist as having been spoken to him by Jesus Christ. They are, 'What seek ye? It may have been sixty years after John heard those words that he wrote them down, but they had made such an impression on him that he remembered the time and the place. With another who afterward became a disciple he had gone to look at Christ, and asked Him the question, 'Where dwellest Thou?' 'Come ye and see,' answered the Saviour, and the two disciples went, and never left Him.

"It is very evident that these two men found more in Christ than did a good many others of their time. And do you know that there are a good many in New York the same way. It is recorded in the gospels that many of those who followed the Saviour left Him, and there were many who followed Him to-day who say they are disappointed. Why? I think I can tell you. When the crowds followed Christ in the Holy Land they did so from various motives. Some of them wanted to see Him perform miracles. They wanted to see the devils cast out and the lepers cured, and so they were always saying to Him, 'Master, show us a sign.' Others thought He was going to found an earthly kingdom, and wanted to get into office when He founded it. Others thought that they might entangle Him into saying something which would lead to His condemnation and death. Others followed just from morbid curiosity to see the crowd and hear something new. Others He Himself accused of being after the fishes and the loaves. They did not care about His message.

"All these people soon got tired of following Christ; but I can vouch for one thing—that no man for eighteen hundred years who has followed Jesus through what He is has ever been disappointed. He is all that you make Him to be. Some make a little Saviour, because they think little of Him.

"What seek ye, you that are here to-night? Come, if you would, and go through the crowd and find just the same motives actuating you as those who followed the Lord in Palestine. There are some men back there who came to see the crowd. Another has come because his wife has been nagging at him for the last three weeks, and he promised to come. Another man is here because he has nowhere else to go. He says that if he had a good comfortable home you would not find him here. Another of them is here to hear the singing. I'm glad he wanted to hear something, anyway. Although some of you have come with low motives, thank God you have come at all, and you may change your mind before you go through. I'm glad to have a chance at you, whatever your motives for being here may be.

"Here is another text I want to read: 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' So many people think that they will attend to temporal things first, and after they have made a comfortable fortune and settled down they will attend to eternal things. God says, 'No, you must first seek the Kingdom of God.' I think if this were really done you would never come to want.

"I have been besought on all sides to preach sermons on capital and labor and similar subjects. My friends, I believe as long as you stand before me to-night you will turn out right in the end. I believe so many don't get on because the Kingdom of God comes last, not first, with them. You can't tell what will happen before the morning. Christ says, 'I will allow a man who followed Him to bury his dead father before he had obtained the Kingdom of God. I believe there are thousands and tens of thousands of young people who have written on the fly-aves of their Bibles by some loving father or mother the text I have quoted, from Matthew vi, 33.

"If Moses should suddenly appear here what do you suppose would be the first words he would say to you? If you asked him to come to the platform and take your place he would say: 'The choice is between life and death. Choose life.' If Hezekiah were to come here what would he say? I think he would ask you, 'How long have ye been following me?' If Solomon should appear he would say, 'Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' Suppose that little tent-maker, Paul of Tarsus, were here. He would shout, 'Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.' And if Jesus Christ were to appear among us He would say, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.'

HOW TO AVOID YELLOW JACK.

Professor Klek Says It Is Easy to Avoid the Germs.

Uncle Sam has only to issue an order to his troops to "cook your food and boil your drinking water" to render the whole American army immune from yellow fever, according to Professor Edwin Klek, of Rush Medical College, in an account of whose discovery of yellow fever germs was published a fortnight ago.

The Spanish soldiers in Cuba, among whom the mortality from yellow fever has been great, had their food cooked and uncooked food and water indifferently. It is Professor Klek's theory that if the simple precaution of boiling and cooking had been followed the army would have been practically immune from the disease.

In the event of war with Spain the American troops sent to Cuba would be forced to depend largely on food canned in the United States, which would lessen the danger considerably. It is Professor Klek's belief that the familiar injunction of the Chicago Health Department to "boil the water" would complete the safety of the troops from the disease, whose ravages are more to be dreaded than Spanish bullets.

THE SAN JOSE FRUIT BUG.

New Jersey Is Its Eastern Home, According to Entomologists.

The Agricultural Department has just issued a bulletin on the San Jose scale in 1896-97, prepared by Entomologist L. O. Howard. It is of much interest at this time because of the recent outbreak of the German Government prohibiting the importation of living plants, fruits, etc., on account of the alleged discovery of scale on peas shipped from California.