The famine in India has cost the government $6,000,000, and the friends of suffering humanity have contributed to relief funds nearly $9,000,000. And yet vast numbers have died of starvation and disease. The food problem has become extremely serious.

The London Times reckons Mark Twain as second to Sir Walter Scott in the list of authors who have paid the debts of a firm from which they might have received an honorable legal discharge. But Mr. George W. Curtis must be counted as one of that distinguished company.

Rye is scarcely half the price of wheat. Considering the unusually wide discount of this useful cereal it ought to do better, thinks the New England Housewife. Perhaps the rye-consuming people of northern Europe have had their tastes permanently changed toward white bread during the three or four years of phenominally cheap wheat.

It is announced from Basile, Switzerland, that a society which devotes itself to works of goodness and mercy has organized an entirely new kind of ambulance brigade. The specialty of the new brigade is defined by themselves: "We escort home the ibrineates who are in conflict with the perpendicular." The new patrol undertakes to carry the horizontal citizen to his home, to administer first aid in the form of drugs, and after treatment in the shape of tracts. On the day of its inauguration it brought home no less than 14 fathers of families, all of them worsted in their weary battle with the perpendicular.

Case and Comment observes: "The responsibility of the legal profession for the prevalence of perjury is very great. There are some lawyers who create evidence to aid their own cases. These constitute the most dangerous class of professional criminals, and we may hope it is very small. But there are many who will wink at and silently encourage perjury when it is on their side. Yet these men would scorn to receive stolen goods. They quietly swallow the camel, but would be insulted if you offered them the gnat. This is because moral sentiment is more clearly defined with respect to receiving stolen goods than with respect to profiting from perjury."

The movement to establish textile schools in the southern states that will give some instruction in cotton weaving and spinning, so as to take advantage of the drift of the cotton manufactory industry in this direction, is gaining ground rapidly. Georgia, which has been the pioneer in the South in the manufacture of cotton goods, led off, the Legislature agreeing to give $10,000 toward a textile school as a department of the State School of Technology if $10,000 additional could be raised on the outside. No difficulty has been found in raising the money, and the new textile school will be in operation in a few months. It will be modeled very closely on the textile school of Lowell, Mass. The Legislature of Mississippi has just passed a bill for the establishment of such a school in connection with the State Agricultural and Mechanical college.

The navy department has for years contended that it would be impossible in time of war to increase the number of men in the navy without taking in much material in the rush and hurry that would do more harm than good. In the present state of affairs recruiting officers are popularly supposed to be taking all men who present themselves and are in any way fit. But they are not doing so. The slowness with which men are being enlisted would seem to prove that the standing contention of the department is correct. Apparently a thoroughly sound navy (so far as sailormen go) is only to be had by keeping men on hand in time of peace. But it is said in the New York Sun that the recruiting officers are as anxious as any to prove that good men cannot be collected in a hurry and are exercising extraordinary care in making selections from the rush of candidates. A single decayed tooth, no matter how slightly it may need repairs, or a scar which indicates past operation of any nature whatever on the candidate's body, is said to be sufficient ground for instant rejection. The great difficulty in the way of making the newly purchased ships instantly effective will be to provide crews for them if the standard is kept as high as at present. There are a great number of men in the navy who have enlisted over and over again and stay in the navy because they like their ships and their officers and the way they are treated.

Turkey and Greece are the only European countries into which the telephone has not been introduced. Sweden has the largest number of telephones per capita of all countries in the world, having one to every 115 persons, and Switzerland comes next, with one to every 129.

So many bicycles made in the United States have been shipped across the seas and sold in Germany that, instead of trying to learn with all her skilled labor how to make them as well and as cheap as we do, her manufacturers in that line have raised their hands and cried aloud for mercy.

In Liverpool, with its nine public baths and eighteen sheltered swimming pools, any one may take a sea-water bath at any season. In one of these establishments, especially for boys, as many as 16,000 sometimes bathed in a week. Public bathing-establishments are to be found in 200 cities of England and Wales, and Glasgow is said to have more bath-houses than any city in the world.

The Chicago Record says: "The regulation of the railways presents a serious problem for this country, and one that must be faced. The declaration of Mr. Adams (of the interstate commerce commission) that in the ten years of the operation of the interstate commerce law we have done little to settle the question should serve to arouse practical students of public questions to a more serious consideration of the problems involved."

A prominent educator, talking to mothers, says that with all children there are nascent periods—that is, there are certain times when a child can learn to do things easier and better than at others. The growth of the brain is not generally understood. There is, however, an ebb and flow of interest. The children apply themselves assiduously for a time, then comes arrest, and educators are now disputing whether to urge the child along or after the ebb wait for the certain return of interest in their work.

Statistics show that there are in the United States approximately 800,000 employes of railroads, and to be found among this number are: One hundred thousand station men, 35,000 locomotive engineers, 40,000 firemen and helpers, 25,000 conductors and despatchers, 65,000 trainmen, 30,000 machinists, 100,000 shopmen other than machinists, 20,000 telegraph operators and their helpers, 15,000 switchmen, flagmen and watchmen, and 175,000 trackmen. And is it not reasonably safe to suppose that this vast army represents, in those dependent upon each for support, at least three others, making the total number who have to look to the railroads of this country for a living 2,480,000 persons? And is the other fact comprehended, that the railways of the United States expend each year—not counting the interest paid upon its bonds, or the dividends paid upon its preferred and common stock—more than $100,000,000 in excess of the total expenditures of the United States government? Indeed, the railroads are the great disbursing agencies of the country.

Professor Henry C. Adams observes in the Atlantic: "The merchant, the manufacturer and the farmer, working under conditions of industrial liberty, do not seem to require any peculiar supervision on the part of the state, for competition is adequate to insure relative justice as between custom, as well as the sale of goods at a fair price. But in the railway industry, competition does not work so beneficent a result. On the contrary, such is its nature that it imposes on railway managers the necessity of disregarding equity between customers, and of fixing rates without considering their fairness, whether judged from the point of view of cost or of social results. Were this not true there would be no railway problem. The railway industry is an extensive and not an intensive industry. Ability to perform a unit of service cheaply depends more upon the quantity of business transacted than upon attention to minute details. The expenses incident to the operations of a railway do not increase in proportion to the increase in the volume of traffic. This does not pertain to the business of the manufacturer, the merchant or the farmer, but is peculiar to the business of transportation. It is adequate to explain why all advanced peoples have surrounded the administration of railways with peculiar legal restrictions. The necessity of some sort of government control lies in the nature of the business itself.

BLOOM-TIME.

Had you wandered otherwhere
Through the May-time of the year,
I'm not saying that one rose
Had been slower to unclose,
That one pollen-cell the less
Had grown quick o' beauteousness,
Had you wandered otherwhere
Through the bloom-time of the year.
Whatsoever way you went,
How should May be else than May?
Mine the sweeter wonderment
Since you walked with me the way.

Had you passed me all unseeing
In the May-time of your being,
I'd not say these rhymes of mine
Had been fewer by one line,
That my heart had gone unsung
All the blooming ways among
Had you passed me by unseeing
In the love-time of your being.
Only, had you never come,
Just one heart-beat were unstirred,
Just one chord had waited dumb,
One song failed to find its word.

—Charles Washington Coleman, in Harper's Magazine.

Bradley, The Headstrong.

"Isn't it queer how small the world is, after all?" said the shorter of the two men, as they steered each other down the aisle of the smoker, while the car seemed to be doing its best to jolt them both over the shoulders of other passengers in the seats. "I'm always running into somebody I haven't seen for a long time. Now, who would have thought of meeting you coming into this smoker—in this section of the country?"

"Yes," said the taller—he with the new tweed traveling cap—"but then the world is big enough to keep old acquaintances like us apart. Let's sit down here—apart for years. How many years is it?"

"Must be a good ten, I should say," said the first speaker, a dark, wiry man, with small side whiskers.

"Quite that—I hadn't heard of you for quite a long while when Scobel told me about that desperate love affair of yours, and that was—"

"Ha, ha! Yes, that was more than four years ago. Did Scobel ever tell you the end of that? No? Got a cigar?" The small man wriggled his neck with an air of complete self-satisfaction. "Well, I don't mind telling you, knowing that it won't go any further, of course—"

"Of course, that's understood."

"I don't mind telling you that I always thought myself well out of that affair—yes. You see, she went away from Galena one summer to spend some time at a small watering place where an aunt of hers was staying. Of course, we kept up correspondence—very sweet and all that, you know—but all of a sudden the letters stopped. Well, I didn't know what to make of that. Just as I was beginning to get fidgety a letter came from her, telling me that she had met with a frightful accident—slipped from a limb of a tree into a creek. It so happened that some fellow was standing near, fishing, and this man managed to crawl out on the same limb of the tree just as she was losing her hold. Oh, perhaps Scobel told you all that?"

"No," said the other man, looking at the ash of his cigar, "Scobel didn't tell me that. I was only smiling at the thought of how much alike all these romantic rescues are."

"Oh, yes; all alike, you know. And, so far as I can make out, this fellow didn't do anything particularly brave, either. Just held his hand out to her and pulled her in. Anybody could do that, you know."

"How did he get to her?" the man with the tweed cap asked.

"Climbed out on the limb, I believe. Well, then there was some sort of mystery about the man for some days. He didn't tell his name, and she didn't find it out until after she got quite well. But you see, Trappes, I didn't care to have my fiancee writing to me every day about some other fellow I didn't know.

"Of course not," said Trappes.

"So I very soon took an opportunity to request her to—to just drop that hero of the limb. Told her I didn't want to know his name, even if she did find it out."

"And that put an end to your affair, did it?"

"That? Oh, no! That was only the beginning of the end, as it were."

Here the smaller man—his name was Bradley—seemed to fall into a retrospective reverie, and Trappes respected his feelings by smoking and studying his cigar ash in silence.

"You know, Trappes," Bradley at last resumed. "There's no question about it. Eloise—Miss Jennings—was a very nice girl at that time. But she was very young!"

Trappes nodded gravely. "I guess she must have been," he said, "to judge by what Scobel told me. You always were a man of some taste, Bradley; I always thought so."

"Yes; that's all right," said Bradley.

"Pretty and all that. I wonder if she's still as graceful as she was?"

"I should think so, quite," said Trappes. "Eh? What did you say? Oh, I didn't quite catch. This road seems very badly ballasted."

"But there's one point that I've always put my foot down on," Bradley continued. "I hold that when a man takes to himself a wife it is his to command and hers to obey."

Trappes nodded his assent.

"That was the rock that Eloise and I split upon. She wrote me rather a huffy letter, telling me she was going to find out this fellow's name—this limb man, you know—for her own satisfaction, if not for mine, and have him call upon her. Well, that was too much."

"Was rather sassy," Trappes remarked.

"Oh, yes," said the little man. "I simply wouldn't stand it. I said to myself, 'If I'm not her master now, I never will be when we are man and wife.' So I wrote and insisted absolutely on her not seeing that man again. You see, I felt that I must rise to meet the crisis or be forever fallen."

"Quite so," said Trappes. "And he?"

"Well, you know how women are, Trappes. I suppose I'm a little headstrong myself," said Bradley, settling his collar.

"Ye-es," said Trappes, "I confess you did impress me as a little over inclined to have your own way about things in general when I first met you. And you were only a boy then."

"I can't help it, Trappes. It's my nature, I suppose. Well, let me tell you about Eloise——"

"You still call her by her first name?"

"Oh, force of habit, you know. I was going to say, I don't believe Eve would ever have wanted to touch the apple if she hadn't been told expressly to let it alone."

Trappes was still smiling.

"Anyway, she insisted that she must see this man—gratitude and all that. And the end of it was——"

"You broke it off?"

"Oh, of course, the lady must always have that privilege," said Bradley, with a courtly smile. "But—it ended there."

"And you never married at all, did you, Bradley?"

"I?" said Bradley, suddenly pulling out his watch. "Oh, yes—by jingo! I must be getting back. You must let me introduce you to my wife—she's a splendid woman—a most sensible woman. Come on."

Trappes had not quite finished his cigar; neither, for that matter, had Bradley. Seeing his friend's sudden enthusiasm, however, to present him—Trappes—to Mrs. Bradley, Trappes could not in honor appear to value the introduction at less than the worth of a half-smoked cigar. They rose, and the smaller man almost dragged the bigger into the parlor car.

The two had no sooner passed through the vestibule and closed the door behind them than a very distinct voice, of low register, said: "Here, where are you going to? Is this what you call five minutes, Demetrius Bradley?"

"Oh. That you, dear?" said Bradley, in some confusion. "Yes, dear. Let me introduce—I met a friend in the smoker—Mr. Trappes."

"Delighted to meet Mrs. Bradley," he said. "Your husband interested me so in his conversation, Mrs. Bradley, that we hardly knew how time was flying."

"Men seldom do when they are indulging in tobacco," and Mrs. Bradley drew herself up to her full height, which was considerable. "Sit down, please. What was it that interested you so?"

The question was addressed to both and in a manner which plainly showed that these two naughty boys were to be investigated under the searchlight of discipline. Trappes was silent, only smiled pleasingly.

"Oh, nothing, dear," said the iron-willed Bradley, with a look at Trappes that might have meant either appeal or reproach.

Trappes had not yet obeyed the order to sit down. He was standing with one hand on the back of Bradley's chair.

"Mrs. Bradley," he said, "I'm afraid I must hurry off now to look after some—matters, back here—have to change cars at Indianapolis, you know—we are nearly there—see you later."

And Trappes really seemed to anticipate much pleasure from the future meeting, for he was smiling unmistakable enjoyment as he moved away.

Bradley sat silent, while the sensible woman discoursed, her discourse beginning, "When I say a thing I mean it. You should follow the same maxim, Demetrius."

A few minutes later this discourse was interrupted by the cry, "Indianapolis—change cars for the Vandalia," at which Bradley rose mechanically.

"Sit still, Demetrius," said his wife. "We don't change here."

Just then a voice behind the culprit's chair said: "Isn't this Mr. Bradley?" and he turned to face a remarkably pretty, flushed, smiling girl.

"It's such a long time since we met, isn't it?" and she held out her hand.

"Eloise!" gasped Bradley. "I—I beg your pardon—Miss Jennings!"

"Mrs. Trappes now," she laughed. Then, as the tall man with the tweed cap came up behind her, she added: "Let me introduce Mr. Trappes—the man on the limb!"

"Oh," Bradley stammered. "So pleased to meet you, Mr. Jennings—Mrs. Eloise."

"Glad to meet Mrs. Elweese," said the sensible Mrs. Bradley, severely acknowledging a pleasant bow from the younger woman.

"All out for the Vandalia!" the conductor shouted.

"You don't get out here, Demetrius," Mrs. Bradley repeated.

"How—how long have you been married?" Bradley asked, slowly settling into his chair.

"Just three weeks," said the young bride. "So glad to have met you, Mrs. Bradley. Your husband is quite an old friend of mine. You must keep a firm hand on him; he's dreadfully headstrong. I wish I had time to tell you. Good by!"—St. Louis Star.

It is said that there is in Sonora a tribe of Indians with yellow hair and blue eyes.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A small piece of cheese and an electric wire form the latest rat-trap. The cheese is fixed to the wire, and the instant the rat touches the cheese he receives a shock which kills him.

Very young children are not sensitive to pain to any great extent. Dr. Denger calculates that sensibility is seldom clearly shown in less than four or five weeks after birth, and before that time infants do not shed tears.

A Mr. Rous claims to have invented a powder which, used in the place of concrete, will have the effect of making buildings fireproof. It can also be used in the extinguishing of fires, and can even be swallowed without fear of consequences.

Boats are to be painted by machine hereafter at a West Superior (Wis.) shipyard. Pneumatic power is to be utilized, a pail of paint being attached to the machine, which deposits the paint in a fine spray on the ship, the operator merely working a sort of nozzle much as though he were sprinkling a flower garden with a watering pot.

The depth of the sea presents an interesting problem. If the Atlantic were lowered 6564 feet the distance from shore to shore would be half as great, or 1500 miles. If lowered a little more than three miles, say 19,680 feet, there would be a road of dry land from Newfoundland to Ireland. This is the plain on which the great Atlantic cables were laid.

The rapidity of thought is limited, and voluntary action of the muscles is slow in comparison with the involuntary movements of which they are capable. The researches of Messrs. Broca and Richet show that ten separate impressions is the average highest limit of brain perception. The experiments prove that each excitation of the nerves is followed by a brief period of inertia, and during this period no new or appreciable impression can be made. An individual's voluntary movements of any kind can not exceed ten or twelve per second, although to the muscles, acting independently of the will, as many as thirty or forty per second may be possible.

A Curious Experiment.

Sparrows stung by carpenter bees have been seen to die quickly from stoppage of respiration in complete paralysis. M. Langer has killed rabbits and dogs by inoculating them with bee poison, which contains a small quantity of formic acid and a toxic alkaloid that resists heat and cold as well as the action of acids. Following on this line of investigation M. Phisalix, the French authority on the venoms of insects and reptiles, has established beyond a doubt that the poison of the hornet in sufficient quantity renders one immune to that of the viper. The poison extracted from the stings of fifteen hornets injected into the leg of a guinea pig caused a marked lowering of temperature, which lasted thirty-six hours.

The redness and swelling produced at the point of inoculation finally reached the abdomen and ended in mortification of the skin. In a similar experiment, where the same dose of poison was heated to eighty degrees for twenty minutes, there was no general injury and the local action was confined to a slight temporary swelling. Likewise the inoculation of a glycerinated maceration of hornets caused only slight local troubles. But the organisms of the animals that received this poison became able to resist a subsequent inoculation with viper's poison. This resistance is such that a guinea pig thus immunized can support without the least danger a dose of viper's poison capable of killing him ordinarily in four or five hours. The duration of the immunity varies from five to eleven days.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Antics of Electricity.

The mention of electricity of a frisky behavior will suggest to most people some of its actions on the trolley, or about the street cars, or in connection with electric light wires, when it breaks loose—which are all of too dangerous a character to be amusing; noting not at all its pranks on their own desks, though no "live" wire be within a mile of them, writes George J. Varney in Lippincott's.

It does not always occur to our minds that electricity is playing a little trick when we take a sheet of writing paper from a pile and find it does not come alone, but drags along another sheet or more, "sticking closer than a brother."

Similar action of the immense sheets of book paper on a printing press in certain states of the atmosphere—when one is slid on to the form of type and has one or more others partially adhering to it for a moment, then taking flight away from the press to some dingy resting place—frequently keeps the pressmen in an uncomfortable state of fidgets.

Such action results from the attraction and repulsion of frictional electricity—the same kind that is produced by the chafing of the silk flaps against the rotating glass disk in the so-called "electrical machine."

An experiment with the same kind of electricity, which can easily be tried, is to apply gentle friction to a thin piece of cloth or paper; when, on bringing it near the wall of the apartment, it will be attracted thereby, and adhere to the surface—be it wood, plaster, or paper—for a brief time.

Johnnie and the Parrot.

"Johnnie," said a Chicago mother to her six-year-old son, "is it possible that I overheard you teaching the parrot to swear?"

"No, mamma," replied Johnnie, "I was just telling it what it mustn't say."

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

"What Will You Take?"—Alcohol in Medical Science—The Results of Observations Made by Distinguished Surgeons—Dangers of Beer—Will Work Woe.

"What will you take, boys? I've drinks of all kind,
To banish dull care and drive thought from the mind.
Some folks would restrain us—but that's their mistake—
I have license to sell, boys—so, what will you take?"

"What will you take?" Christian men of this land,
Rum's victims lie ruined on every hand.
This question we ask; what reply can you make?
For the blood of your brother, say, "What will you take?"

—Thomas Sullivan.

Alcohol in Medicine.

The report of Dr. A. Monroe Lesser, the executive surgeon, gives the results of observations in regard to the use of alcohol, and points out in detail the bad effects produced by it. "Leading German, English and American physiologists," he says, "accept it as a fact that alcohol in small quantities, by exciting the energies of the body, may increase the capabilities during the short period which is sometimes required in diseases, but that this provision is always gained at the expense of some vitality and a later relaxation." So in cases where it might be useful in relieving inflammations, this advantage is offset by the fact that while producing this effect, it has a deleterious influence on the other tissues. He also points out that alcohol is not a good thing to enable the body to withstand cold or fatigue, and quotes Nansen, the Arctic explorer, to the effect that those who drank alcohol could not bear the Northern cold, and that no one of his staff was allowed to partake of it. This fact was noticed, however, long before Nansen's time. We distinctly remember that in the time of the old stage coaches which plied between Philadelphia and New York, that during periods of cold weather experienced drivers refused to drink alcoholic liquors, but confined themselves strictly to water drinking while on their journeys, for the reason assigned that the use of alcoholic drink rendered them less able to withstand the exposure they were subjected to.

As an evidence that it does not preserve the living tissues or furnish staying qualities, Dr. Lesser notes that "in the English army, in its Soudan campaigns, a number of regiments received certain quantities of alcohol, while other regiments received none, the result showing that the latter could bear the strains of long marches far better and were better preserved than those to whom alcohol was given." In the same way he finds its effects injurious to digestion and deleterious in septic conditions.

One of the first questions a surgeon asks nowadays when a person sustains a dangerous injury, is whether he has been accustomed to the use of alcohol, holding that the chances for recovery of one so addicted are largely decreased, as compared with those of one not accustomed to its use. So, too, athletes in training for some event are required to abstain entirely from the use of alcohol, experience showing that it greatly lessens their powers of endurance.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

Why a Man Should Not Drink.

Because it isn't good for him.
Because it isn't good for his family.
Because it wastes his money.
Because he is liable to drink to excess.
Because drink isn't necessary to health.
Because, on the contrary, it has been proven detrimental.
Because happiness doesn't depend on drinking.
Because misery often results therefrom.
Because it is often the ruin of homes.
Because it never helps a man in the struggle of life.
Because it hinders good endeavor.
Because it lowers the tone of a family.
Because it opens the door to temptation.
Because it forms a habit almost impossible to overcome.
Because many a mother's heartache may be traced to it.
Because jails and orphan asylums proclaim its work.
Because drunkards' graves are so numerous.
Because children inherit the taste for drink.
Because there are a thousand other reasons which we have not time to enumerate, all pointing to the folly of drinking intoxicants, and to the wisdom of being a total abstainer.

An Astonishing Comparison.

The world was recently thrilled with the news that Great Britain had appropriated almost $120,000,000 for her naval expenses for the coming year. The sum, when compared with our own expenditures, seems enormous, but, according to the figures of Dr. Dawson Burns, recently published in the London Times, the drink bill of the United Kingdom is more than 6.8 times that great appropriation, or $761,408,615. The new American battle-ship, the Illinois, which when finished will be the most powerful vessel of our navy, will cost almost $4,000,000; but the British drink bill would build 200 such vessels. But why go across the seas? The money that we, the American people, spend for drink in a year's time would build an Illinois every working day in the year.

Sobriety a Test of Fitness.

There is no longer any indulgence for the public man who gets drunk, nor is it possible any more for a man to maintain a first-class standing in private life if he is known to be given to intoxication. It is exceedingly difficult for the habitual drinker to prosper in any profession or to secure a situation in any branch of business. Most of the corporations make sobriety one of the tests of fitness for employment, and society shuts its door in the faces of those who cannot or do not control their appetites. This gain for temperance has brought with it a general elevation of the standards of morality and propriety.

French Biggest Drinkers.

A learned professor at Geneva, Switzerland, states that France drinks more alcohol annually than any other nation in Europe. His calculation is based on the percentage of alcoholic liquors consumed. According to this standard each person in France drinks thirteen quarts of alcohol in many more quarts of wines, beers, etc., in the course of a year.

Will Work Woe.

Japan is catching the smokeless powder craze. Hundreds of gallons of spirits have been shipped to that country to be used in the manufacture of it. If the spirits in the powder do as much mischief in Japan as they do in this country outside of it, they will be as dangerous to friend as foe.—Deadwood Pioneer-Times.

How to Make a Drunkard.

Do you wish your children to become drunkards? asks the Southern Messenger. It is very easy. Accustom them at an early age to a little whisky. For every little ailment administer to them a little sip; they will soon get used to it, and even like it. I knew a boy who was brought up in this way; at the age of twelve he was a confirmed tippler.

Temperance News and Notes.

Learning to drink is very easy, but God's help must be invoked in order to unlearn it.

The devil's face may be seen without a mask, by taking a look at the drunkard's home.