

Providence is on the side of the heaviest battalions, and President McKinley is wise to call for plenty of volunteers at the beginning, observes the New York Tribune.

Some inventive genius in Denver has invented a spanking machine for use in schools and reformatories. What's the use of introducing machinery for work which can be done equally well by hand, asks the Chicago Times-Herald.

The pastor of a Christian church at Hanford, Cal., has been "grubstaked" by three friends for a two years' sojourn in Alaska, and the congregation agrees to care for his family during his absence, on condition that if he strikes it "rich" he will pay off the church debt.

The Italian minister of instruction has issued a circular to the directors of schools, in which he complains that instruction in domestic duties is too much neglected in the schools for girls, the instruction imparted being planned, seemingly, with special reference to the few who want to become teachers.

The Iowa state board of health has recommended that cities and towns of the state prohibit the riding of bicycles on the streets with handle-bars more than four inches lower than the saddle, and that wheelmen be required to hold their heads in a position to command a view of the street ahead for at least 200 feet. All this is in the interest of health, especially the health of the man who does not ride a wheel.

The record of the Bank of France, as a bulwark of public and private credit in that country, is one to be proud of, says the Buffalo Commercial. Secretary Gage spoke of that remarkable institution—it is not a government bank, by the way—at the Chamber of Commerce dinner in Pittsburgh as "the largest note-issuing bank in the world." Its notes are based on its assets. Its total circulation is at least \$750,000,000. During the war with Germany it advanced to the French government not less than \$280,000,000, "besides supplying all the commercial needs of the French people." It suspended specie payments, but gold went to a premium of only 1 to 2-1/2 per cent., most of the time remaining at the first named figure. In this country, in the July of 1864, gold was at 258. After the war and the commune, the Bank of France was found standing like a rock. Thiers said it had saved the country, and that it could not have done so if it had been a government bank.

A foreign authority makes the following remarks about women and eating: "For many years past the tiny appetite has been out of fashion, and girls have taken to eating so heartily, that it was only a question of time how soon the doctors would publicly rebuke them for eating themselves into their graves. The time has come, and a medical authority lays it down that women, as a rule, eat too much. Of course, the bicycling maiden and the golfing girl require more than their grandmothers did to sustain them in their arduous amusements, and with them the increased appetite may be healthy, but the majority of women take very little active exercise, and yet they eat almost as heartily as do their men folk." This is a serious enough state of affairs. Perhaps if the risk were only that of life, women would not change their ways in this respect. But there is a more serious side to the question. Overeating without exercise produces a muddy complexion. That ought to settle it and bring about the proper reform.

"A Philadelphia physician" says the Philadelphia Record, "has a plan that he claims will wonderfully mitigate the suffering of a man whose body has been perforated by the modern small calibre bullet. It is well established that the velocity and penetrating force of these bullets are so great that unless they chance to strike a bone they will pass entirely through a man's body without his knowing it. The physician's idea is to attach a small wad of antiseptic cotton to the rear of the bullet. This would be covered by the shell of the cartridge, and could not interfere with the loading and firing. As the bullet passes through a person the wad will antisepticize the wound and prevent consequent suppuration. It may be possible so nicely to adjust the adhesion of the wad to the bullet that as the missile passes out it will leave the wad to plug the hole and stop the bleeding. Ultimately this system might do away with the necessity of a large medical corps, as each bullet would carry medical treatment for the unfortunate it wounded."

The Missouri Bar association has adopted a series of recommendations which, if followed, will radically reduce the divorce business in the Missouri courts.

A New York circus manager has placed at the service of the war department twenty-five elephants for the campaign in Cuba. In one way or another those Cubans, sooner or later, are bound to be given a show.

The proverbially dull English Sunday is disappearing under the influence of the bicycle. In this country the reverse is the case, declares the New York World. The bicycle has nearly killed Sunday baseball in many Western towns.

There is no particular objection to jokes about the advantage of enlisting football players for the war, but the New York Tribune ventures to predict that the young heroes of the gridiron would make an uncommonly good record if they should volunteer to serve their country.

Says the Boston Herald:—It is Mark Twain who observes, in one of his sketches of travel in foreign parts, that the reason there is comparatively little arable land in Spain is because the great majority of the Spanish people are in the habit of squandering it on their persons, and when they die it is buried with them.

President Dwight reports that the already visible requirements of Yale for buildings and endowments cannot be supplied for less than from \$3,000,000 to \$4,000,000, which he hopes to secure during the next six or seven years. Lest this announcement should stupefy the friends of Yale, he adds that the university has received as much as that since 1887. It is a striking reminder of the generosity with which Americans respond to claims upon their benevolence.

The naming of the new battery on Sullivan's Island, Charleston (S. C.) harbor, after Sergeant William Jasper, is said to be the only instance on record in this country of a fort being named in honor of a soldier other than a commissioned officer. Sergeant Jasper was shot and killed at Savannah, Ga., on Oct. 9, 1779, while planting the flag of the 2d South Carolina regiment on the British ramparts. He had previously distinguished himself during the attack on Fort Moultrie, June 28, 1775.

There is a fashion in vegetables as in everything else. At present celery is rising to the top of the wave of popularity. There is good reason for the change. It is a fine appetizer raw, it is a delicious vegetable when boiled, steamed, fried or baked. It makes an admirable soup, and a superior salad. When old it has medicinal virtues, being an active nerve. The seeds dried and pulverized make celery salt, and this mixed with powdered pepsin, makes an invaluable remedy for many kinds of dyspepsia. The root, which most Americans foolishly throw away, when washed and boiled is a very wholesome and palatable dish. The pale green, yellowish tips are fine ornaments for garnishing meats and salads, and, to cap the climax, the chemists now extract from the plant several new medicines of great efficacy.

In general the phrase "American humor" has come to mean a spirit for catching the ludicrous and grotesque side of life. Yet the humor of America today is far deeper, maintains the Chicago Times-Herald. Grim-visaged war is not the companion to evoke light merriment even in the most flippant minds. The righting of great wrongs does not tend to idle jesting. There are quips and jokes of the hour, but they bite with a mordant sting, and beneath the surface words betray the serious temper of the time. A zealous orator for war was asked: "You will go to the front at once?" "No, but my brother is ready," he replied, and asked: "Will you go?" "I suppose so, since I have no brother," was the dry retort of the man who had argued for peace. In this reply rings the quality of the speech of that great American, Abraham Lincoln. Such humor is of the very essence of wisdom. It betokens loyalty to the will of the people even through contempt for the inconsistent advocate of an unwelcome policy. But humor is a mood not always of whimsical or ironical turn. That which now governs the minds of citizens is relentless and forbidding in its revolt against cruelty, injustice, and a smarting sense of betrayal. This republic, standing foremost in the eye of the world, has shown the nations that the humor of America is imperative in its demands for fair dealing and respect for the rights of men.

Time may steal the dewy bloom  
Of all our summer roses:  
He can never bring to doom  
Hearts where love reposes.

He may shower us with dole,  
He may rack the bosom;  
He can never from the soul  
Shake one tender blossom.

#### SONG.

He can never raise the bar  
To that inner garden;  
He can never hope to mar  
Hearts where love is warden.

Therefore let us not deplore  
Any stress of weather,  
But, securing fast the door,  
Laugh at him together.

—Chicago Record.

## THE MONSTER; OR, AN INTERNATIONAL MATCH.

Thomas P. Corbins lives a mile or two out of Hartford, on rising ground, above a pretty tributary of the Connecticut. He is an excellent fellow, and though his establishment is on a simple scale, because he happens to prefer it, he has made his pile.

His wife is dead, and he has only one child, a pretty daughter. At present Dorothy was acting as cook, her cook in a fit of wrath having taken French leave and her waitress having her hands full caring for the house.

It was a warm summer afternoon, and Dorothy was alone in the kitchen, the ingredients for a sponge cake neatly laid out before her. The clock struck three, and just as it struck the electric train stopped before the house and dropped a young man. He was fair, his eyes blue, his moustache light, but it was not the fairness of the Anglo-Saxon race. In fact, Max de Resal had only very lately arrived in America.

Opening the small wicket near the larger entrance, through the high red paling, he walked up a white pathway, shadowed by tall trees, and took in the character of the house he was approaching at a picturesque, ivy-covered angle.

A Lapland wolf-dog, aroused from his slumbers in an armchair on the verandah, broke the intense stillness that hung like a spell over the house, and his noisy alarm brought a tousy mop of hair to one of the Queen Anne windows in the roof. Max felt he was expected to explain himself and said, interrogatively: "Mr. Corbins?" but the maid, seemingly misunderstanding him, waved him around to the kitchen.

"Let us find the kitchen, then," he said to himself; "but Pierre shall hear of this, sending me to such a place, wasting my time."

A little farther on a door was open with a screen drawn across it inside, and Max, without any ceremony, walked in. The shutters were half closed to keep out the light and flies, but he distinguished a woman's figure.

"I have an introduction for Mr. Corbins," he said, addressing her.

Miss Corbins took the envelope from his hand, pulled out the card it contained and, to the horror of Max, calmly read it:

"The Marquis de St. Cybars begged to remind Mr. Corbins of their acquaintanceship and to introduce his great friend, the Vicomte de Resal, who was traveling in America for a few months."

While Dorothy read the letter, Max, becoming accustomed to the dim light, was making up his mind that the beauty of American cooks was quite as uncommon as their manners, and Dorothy was turning over in her mind schemes for baffling this would-be fortune hunter. She spoke French fairly, and her next speech was in that language.

"So it's not on business you want to see Mr. Corbins?"

Up went Max's hands as if words were inadequate to express his amazement.

"She speaks French, too!" he cried. "Mademoiselle, in my country I should think you a disguised princess. But here I have sworn that, after all the strange things I have seen in the last month, nothing shall astound me. Still, I must confess I think Mr. Corbins' cook breaks the record, as you say. Yes, if I have still any vestige of sense left, I think I may say I only wanted to pay Mr. Corbins a visit of courtesy."

"Travelers like you," she said, a spice of malice in her tone, "are not very common in America. Frenchmen, especially don't generally visit us just for the pleasure of it."

"But," he went on, seating himself on a pitch-pine chair, "I give you my word I am neither an engineer, a painter, a writer nor a singer."

"Well, then," said Dorothy, using the egg-beater vigorously, "I know what has brought you here. You want to catch an heiress! Oh! you may as well tell the truth to a poor servant like me."

"When a young man wants a wife," said Max, "of course it's an heiress."

"Then you had better go to Newport, sir. It's the season there just now. But stay, Newport is perhaps too grand for a viscount. Such very rich girls go there. What a pity, now, you're not a marquis, like Mr. de St. Cybars. He managed his affair quickly, I can tell you—I might almost say I saw the bargain struck. Servants do see so much, you know, and guess more. Poor Lily Everson, I'm afraid she knows by this time that it does not make a girl's life happy just to be a marquis!"

"St. Cybars hasn't behaved well," said Max; "but, then, you see, he never cared for her. I'm not going to make that kind of marriage."

"Aren't you?" she said. "Oh, dear, is it a poor American girl you want to marry, monsieur? There are plenty of that kind."

"Well," said Max, "you see I'm poor myself, and what's more, incapable of earning my living, so I must have a rich wife. But why shouldn't a rich wife love me? I shall never marry anyone I don't love."

"I'll tell Miss Corbins everything you said," she said. "But when you see her you won't want her—she's a monster. Her neck is down between

her shoulders, and as to figure, well, she has none."

Max took from his pocket a French gold piece. "Look here," he said, "would you mind not mentioning my visit at all? I'll go back to New York and not see Mr. Corbins. I shouldn't like to spend my life with such a woman as you describe."

"Don't be in too great a hurry," she said. "If you are you may make mistakes, as the author of 'Outre-Mer' did."

"I might have expected that!" cried Max. "You know Bourget, then? What a country! And to think I'm not likely ever to see you again!"

"Why not?" You can see me tomorrow if you find me interesting."

He paused a moment, not sure whether some other adjective might not be more expressive, but he could think of nothing better than "Very interesting!" Then he looked straight into the honest, clear eyes that met his and, leaving the money on the table, went away.

His curiosity had been aroused, he had been amused, interested; more than this, charmed. She was very handsome, of this there was no question; figure, eyes, features, expression, all were good, and she was remarkably intelligent. Still, she was but a cook after all, who wore a white apron and beat eggs like any other cook.

Next day he had not to invent even the mildest of stratagems to carry out his purpose. For reasons of her own Dorothy made things easy for him, and, thanks to an exciting baseball match in the neighborhood, he found the house as empty as the day before.

"Well, you've come for the answer to your card?" she said. "Here it is. Miss Corbins wrote it before she had to go out. You really are unfortunate about her. But she has invited you to dinner tomorrow."

He interrupted: "Just now I am more interested in something else. You have read Bourget, I know. Do you remember what he says about girls in America—I mean girls who—haven't much money and who are so anxious to be well educated that, to go on with their studies, they hire themselves out in the holidays as servants? That, at any rate, was true, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," she answered; "there was a girl here once who read Virgil and Xenophon, a housemaid; but she had to go; she was really too fond of books."

"Mademoiselle," said Max, falteringly, "I am sure you are one of those interesting girls."

"You are paying me a compliment I don't deserve," she said, presently. "I shall always be what I am now. And don't you think," she went on, with a charming smile, "that a good cook has her value?"

Then Dorothy turned to the table and went on with her jelly making. She tried to pull the cork from a bottle, and the vicomte took it from her and drew it.

"This is not the sort of work you were intended for, my poor child," he said. "With your mental gifts you ought to do something more suitable." But Dorothy only smiled.

Then she said: "I presume you will accept Miss Corbins' invitation to dinner?"

"If I do, what good will it do for either you or me? I shall not so much as see you."

"Only come," she said; "you will see me, I promise you."

An hour or so later Miss Corbins received the Vicomte de Resal's formal acceptance of her invitation.

Before going to dinner the next day Max made all his preparations for leaving Hartford on the midnight train. When he reached the house the faxen-haired Nova Scotian let him in and conducted him through large folding doors to the lair of the "monster."

Apparently the room was empty, and Max thought he was too early. Just then, through a half-glazed door, he caught sight of soft puffs of tobacco smoke and heard the tones of masculine voices.

Corbins received him with the warm cordiality of an American, introduced him to the minister and then said:

"I ought to have been in there to receive you, but my daughter was, at all events. You know her I think?"

"Miss Corbins is not in the drawing room," said Max.

"Is she not? On, then, there is some more bother or other in the kitchen. Ah, sir! dinners come into the world ready made in France; but here! It was just by the nearest shave my daughter hadn't to cook it again tonight herself."

"Again?" said Max, bewildered and conscious that he stood on the edge of an abyss.

"Oh, yes!" said Corbins. "For the past week she has been covered up in an apron cooking—for a house full of people, too. It seems to astonish you, sir; but wait a bit longer before you think you understand us. But here is my daughter."

"Come," she said, "dinner is ready."

She held out her hand to him as if on ceremony of introduction were required between them and, taking his arm, led him into the dining room.

"Courage," she said to him, her

face radiant with amusement. "Haven't I kept my promise?"

"Yes," said poor Max, "you have and to such purpose that I don't know how to look you or Mr. Corbins in the face."

Max never knew how he got through the dinner, and he thanked God when Corbins and the minister adjourned to the garden to smoke. Miss Corbins thought it too cool for her in her evening dress, but begged Max not to think of staying with her in the drawing room if he wanted to smoke, too.

He looked at her for a moment, then said: "No, thank you. I don't care for a cigarette tonight."

"I am afraid," she said, "you are going to leave us on bad terms."

"What do I care if I am the laughing-stock of all America?" he answered. "I only mind being a fool in your eyes. If just for half an hour or even for a moment I was idiot enough to take you for the—"

"Don't say the word," said Dorothy, "if it hurts you so much. But, all the same, I'm proud of your mistake."

"Ah!" he said, "making fun of me again as you did then, little as I supposed it!"

"Oh, I don't want to hurt your feelings," said Dorothy. "You'll forget all about me; you will soon be on your way to Saratoga or the Catskills, according to the addresses on your introductions. You have some left, I suppose?"

"I have," he said, now in a white rage; "here they are," and, taking them out of his pocket, he tore them to bits and threw them on the carpet at her feet. She watched him quietly, but when she spoke her voice was a little altered.

"I can give you better ones," she said, then stopped suddenly. There was nothing cruel about her, and she saw tears in his eyes. He turned away from her and, standing at the window, seemed to be gazing at the deep blue vault above studded with stars.

But he soon mastered his emotion and again turned to her.

"Sixty minutes more and then good bye forever. So I may speak, as I dared not if we were to meet again tomorrow. I did come to Hartford to look not for a wife, but for my wife. I hoped to find her and take her home with me. Perhaps I counted a little on my happy star, but more on a loyal, honest wish to be happy with her and make her happy."

Dorothy listened, softly waving her white, fluffy fan and taking in his every look and movement.

"To hear you talk," she said, "one might believe you had been on this search for years. America is rather big, you know."

"So I thought three days ago. But now it isn't a country or a state or even a town to me; it is all one house, this house where my destiny was to be determined. If you knew what I felt the very first look you gave me—not a thunder clap, as sudden, but so beautiful, so sweet. You know I came here to marry you or some rich girl, and you know why I dare not say now I love you."

She made a little face; to her he seemed to have said nothing else for the last half hour. He understood what she was thinking and went on.

"Ah!" he cried, "how beautiful, how dear you are! How can you think I shall forget? Think what you please of me, but of one thing be sure, I wouldn't marry an American girl now for the whole world."

"I haven't the whole world," she said, smiling; "I can only offer you—"

"What?" he said, with a strange thrill of expectation.

"Myself!"—New York Mail and Express.

#### Disappearing Gun Carriages.

The disappearing carriages are built in accordance with any one of a number of mechanical principles; but, whatever system be employed, the practical operation is the same. In front of the gun is an immense shield of sand and concrete presenting no projection or angles which would reveal its location. Behind this the gun lies hid. It is loaded, given the proper elevation and direction, rises, discharges its projectile, and the recoil returns it to its hidden position.

To test the value of such mountings the English conducted experiments at Portland in 1885. A pit was dug in the natural slope of a hill and in this pit a wooden model of a large gun was mounted upon a disappearing carriage.

It was arranged to appear for half a minute at intervals of three minutes, emit a puff of smoke and disappear. The Hercules at 800 yards fired in ten minutes 6910 rounds from the machine guns and 29 rounds from its 6-pounders. The gun stuck at the seventh minute and could not be hauled down. In spite of this it was struck only sixteen times, and had it been steel the effect would have been simply to scratch the paint. Besides this 28 10-inch shells were fired at it from a distance of 2500 yards and no hits were made, the shell striking from 300 yards short to 300 yards over, and from 120 yards left to 130 yards right.

This was under circumstances unfavorable to the gun since it did not return the fire. A fixed gun subjected to a similar test was struck over 200 times.

—Collier's Weekly.

#### X-Ray to Determine Sex.

Another new use of the X-ray has recently been discovered. Much difficulty has been experienced in distinguishing the masculine from the feminine silk cocoon, and the distinction is important, as the former yields more silk. The female cocoon contains many unripe eggs, rich in mineral salts. The dark shade produced by them denotes the sex.

The wren often makes a dozen nests, leaving all but one unfinished and unused.

## A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

### THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

The Sinner Home—The Action of Alcohol on the Human Organism—How it Interferes with the Function of the Blood—Makes the Judgment Defective.

The home of sweet sobriety— Ah! best indeed are they Whose happy fate it is to dwell Therein from day to day. No drunken brawls disturb their peace. No discords ever come To mar the harmony that fills And rules the sober home.

There chubby children gather round The fire, when falls the night, And tales are told and songs are sung, In hushed, love and light. And mother tries to look severe, And smiles the children's glee— But smiles instead, for love of those Who gather at her knee.

And when the father's step is heard Outside, upon the stair, What joyous cries and welcomings Are flung upon the air! A promised doll to Nell he brings, The baby's favorite toy, And toys for Ben and books for Jen, And kisses for them all!

Ah, many are the hearts that lack A home-life such as this, A loving mother's cheerful smile, A father's kindly kiss. Oh, pray that every lonely child "Nath' heaven's starry dome May know and feel the peace that reigns Within a sober home."

—D. A. McCarthy.

#### Alcohol.

Exactly what is the action of alcohol on the human organism? The following reply is from a Frenchman, a book published in 1893 by Georges H. Wilson, M. D., then assistant in a large asylum in Edinburgh, and later placed at the head of a costly and truly scientific experiment, to ascertain what prospect there is that chronic alcoholism can be cured. The process of intoxication he describes thus: "If a man drink a considerable quantity of an alcoholic liquor, a large amount of the alcohol passes unchanged through the bodily system. Such. The alcohol mingles with his blood, and is carried by it through every part of the body, so that, if he die soon after drinking, it may be found in all the large organs. This is notably the case with the liver, but most of all with the nervous system. A kind of elective affinity seems to exist between the tissue and alcohol; and it is on this account that we regard drunkenness as essentially a nervous affection. Before the general narcotic effect is brought about it has a primary selective action on the nervous system which regulate the blood supply of the nervous system. This immediate result of alcohol is called 'stimulation,' and occurs, for the most part, before the alcohol has been long in contact with the brain tissue. It is an established fact that alcohol interferes with the function of the blood, so altering its character as to impede aeration of the tissues and the repair of waste. The brain shares with the other organs in the treatment of disease. The action induced in the brain is of the nature of a progressive paralysis. Moral qualities and the higher processes of intelligence are therefore first invaded. Self-control is lost and judgment defective; at a later stage with the abolition of imagination, feeling and will, the man becomes stupid, dull and passive."

#### Disuse of Alcohol in Disease.

Intelligent physicians have long questioned the propriety of the use of alcohol in the treatment of disease. Time was when it was prescribed freely for many of the ills which flesh is heir to, but the evils resulting from the appetite for it that was frequently engendered by its use as a curative led to investigations which have resulted very largely in its disuse. Other remedies proving more efficacious in most of the cases, while many able physicians maintain that other and better remedies may be found in every case where alcohol was formerly used.

The annual report of President William T. Wardwell, of the New York Red Cross Hospital and Training School for Red Cross Sisters, quoted in the Baltimore Sun, presents some facts of general interest upon this subject. He says it has been the practice in the hospital from its foundation to avoid the use of alcohol in surgical cases as well as in cases of disease. "The medical and surgical staff," he says, "have in no case administered alcohol in any of its forms, and the treatment has been absolutely non-alcoholic," with the result to convince the trustees of the wisdom of such treatment, and to justify them, after four years of experience, in declaring their firm conviction that in its treatment, other "have an important and permanent influence upon the future of surgical and medical science, and that a hospital conducted upon this system is a rapidly growing necessity."—Trenton (N. J.) American.

#### Ravages of Drink Among Women.

The Monitor, of San Francisco, recently spoke as follows on the subject of the saloon: "Now and again some sensational occurrence draws our attention to the fact that the ravages of drink among women are far greater than we suspect. There is a certain disinclination to touch this subject, but we are coming to the conclusion that an exposure of the drinking habits of women is absolutely necessary. The side entrances of the saloons in this city are frequented by the crowds of girls bearing respectable names and apparently walking in the paths of righteousness. Mothers are too careless about their daughters. When the scandal does come the blame is only too often to be laid at the door of parents love-lid and lazy."

#### Some of the Dangers of Alcohol.

Speaking of alcoholism in women, Dr. Agnew Sparks says that, used as a factor to spur flagging energy, it is a deadly enemy, because it renders the system incapable of touch on the delicate nerves and is apt to form a habit in this way that cannot be broken without pain and trouble.

Inebriety from a fondness for alcohol is hardly ever found in women; its origin usually lies, she says, in perturbed physical conditions. Women are cured more easily than men, she declares, and hypnotism is one of the best agents in all of the advanced stages. "Let alcohol alone," is the medical woman's advice to her sisters; "it will do you no good, as it gives only temporary and false relief, and will do you much harm by leaving real and lasting effects."

#### Why "Solid Comfort" is Lacking.

No wonder our laboring classes lack "solid comfort," exclaims one of our ex-changes, when it is shown that millions of dollars are spent yearly in this country for liquor. The working man simply denies his family the comforts of life by paying an unnecessary tribute to the saloon-keeper.

#### Temperance News and Notes.

Whisky is the child of rot, and the brother of disease. Running into a saloon to drink is one way of running into debt.

Alcoholic insanity is twice as common in France now as fifteen years ago, and the number of persons placed under restraint on account of it has increased twenty-five per cent. in the last three years.

"In spite of our civilization, and of all the efforts made by ministers of religion, the amount of drunkenness among all classes of the English people—women, as well as men—is a frightful scandal, and is bringing misery and wretchedness to thousands of homes."—Cardinal Vaughan.