

France has decided to follow Germany's example in establishing a naval attaché at Washington. This is gratifying evidence of the world reputation the United States navy has acquired.

A Denver (Col.) man gave a dinner to four thousand children on his wedding day. At the end of twenty years, if he is able to give a dinner to his own children, he can be said to have made a success of life.

The Catholic churches of Cincinnati have been forbidden to allow the singing of certain masses because they too closely resemble operatic music, or, to use the words of one of the leading priests of the city, are "too stagey." Hereafter, the committee on church music of the diocese will pass upon each piece before it is allowed to be sung.

The hatred of France to England, however inconvenient, is natural. Lord Salisbury's sagacious and massive mind now apparently accepts with reluctance the truth, long since recognized by the majority of his fellow-subjects, that the conditions for an enduring friendship with the Latin races do not exist. Hence the immense efforts made by the premier to bring the English speaking peoples into sympathy with each other.

The vegetarians may be expected to deny the recent statement of an American physician in Porto Rico, who says that the Porto Ricans have become physically degenerate because they eat vegetables and not meat. The vegetarians can bring up the authority of the Bible, for it relates of Daniel that after eating nothing but pulse and water for ten days his countenance "appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat."

"Early to bed and early to rise" is a Philadelphia proverb. Ever since the days of Benjamin Franklin that city has enjoyed a reputation as a place of staid virtues and moderate habits. People were not supposed to go there at the pace that kills. But it seems that Philadelphia has lately been losing its beauty sleep, and a movement is on foot among its social leaders to restore the good old days of Poor Richard, so that young men and maidens may have a better chance to grow wealthy and wise.

The Omaha exposition was a remarkable demonstration of the industrial prosperity of that section of the West which contributed to its array of exhibits. It was another indication of the rapidly increasing industrial importance of a part of our country which the Eastern mind is accustomed to regard in a somewhat confused and nebulous light—as a vast stretch of farm-lands, most of them heavily mortgaged, and none of them removed very many steps from a state of uncomfortable poverty. The exposition at Omaha tended to prove, along with the unceasing argument of the Western press, that the West in reality enjoys a high degree of prosperity, and, furthermore, that its activities are not confined to agriculture, but that they are fast stretching out into directions which the East is inclined to consider as lying within the limits of its own special field of usefulness. The fair at Omaha made an especial effort to show that the West is fast assuming importance as a manufacturing and commercial territory.

The report of the secretary of the interior contains some interesting information bearing upon the expansion policy. He shows that of a total of 1,356,323,972 acres of public domain, 637,339,422 acres have been appropriated and are now occupied; 139,516,276 acres have been reserved for various purposes, including 40,719,474 acres as permanent forest reserves; 579,368,274 acres still remain unoccupied, of which 262,651,971 acres are unsurveyed. Ninety-four per cent. of the unoccupied areas is classed as desert lands, and only about 71,000,000 acres are capable of cultivation either by irrigation or under the natural rainfall. This indicates how near the agricultural land belonging to the government is exhausted. During the last year 11,328,037 acres were disposed of to private settlers, and 1,932,534 acres to railways. The forest reservations which are permanently withdrawn from settlement for the purpose of preserving the timbers and protecting the sources of the streams, are situated in the following states and territories: Arizona, 1,861,760 acres; California, 8,511,794; Colorado, 3,103,360; Idaho, Montana and Washington, 16,818,720; New Mexico, 431,040; Oregon, 4,653,440; South Dakota, 967,680; Utah, 875,520; Wyoming, 3,195,160.

Extensive educational reforms are projected by the Madrid ministry. The war demonstrated the need of teaching the Spanish young idea how to shoot.

Since July last 990 bicycles have been stolen in Chicago, and the police of that city give out the opinion gravely that some bike burglar is trying for a ten-century record.

The shade of Christopher Columbus, in the Elysian Fields, must smile with amusement to see his countrymen of today carrying his brother's dust to and fro upon the earth under the pious fiction that it is his, while his own rests undisturbed by the side of the rusting fetters he once wore.

One of the first acts of General Wood at Santiago de Cuba was to reform and vastly improve the school system. General Kitchener's first act concerning Khartoum since his conquest of the place is to raise \$500,000 for the establishment of a college there. That is what Anglo-Saxon conquest means today—the building not of fortresses to enslave people, but of schools to educate and elevate them.

The Massachusetts Socialists are highly elated by the showing which they made at the recent election in Massachusetts, having a total of 10,000 against 6301 a year ago. This will entitle the party next year to a place upon the official ballot as a regular political party, and they are greatly encouraged by the success in Haverhill of James F. Carey and Louis M. Scates, who were elected to the Legislature on the Socialist-Labor ticket, and will be the first Socialists to hold a seat in any legislative body in the United States, it is said.

The advantages of ancestry and family are worth little in themselves to a young man save in our oldest communities. In the newer parts of the country the day laborer, provided nature has gifted him with brains and energy, may cherish any ambition. Lincoln was a day laborer. General Miles was a clerk in a dry goods store. Blaine taught a country school. Garfield drove mules on the towpath. McKinley practised law in the insignificant little town of Canton, Ohio. Many of our millionaires began as workmen. Other men who are drudging for wages today will be the millionaires of twenty-five years hence.

Birmingham, England, is frequently referred to as the best governed city in the world. Whether or not that is true, Birmingham certainly has made greater progress in municipal socialism than any other city. Almost everything is municipalized. It was a pioneer in municipal tenement houses, markets, slaughterhouses, museums, art galleries, libraries, industrial schools, public laundries and baths, street-car lines, gas plants, electric lighting, and draws most of its revenues from business blocks erected by the city upon the ground which was formerly covered with the slums, and was purchased in order to eradicate them. Municipal sanitation is probably carried to greater perfection in Birmingham than in any other city in the world, and the common council is now spending \$2,000,000 in the purchase of a farm upon which the sewage of the city may be utilized as fertilizer.

One of the greatest drawbacks to arming in this country, and especially in the New England states, is the difficulty of keeping the boys upon the farm. Fifty girls have taken up the study of scientific farming in the Minneapolis college of agriculture. The progress of these young women will attract general attention, and if the results are practical the innovation will naturally spread to other states, and thus in the end work a reform in farming matters that will not only give a new impetus to the industry, but also rehabilitate many of the now abandoned New England farms, and furnish profitable, healthy and even congenial employment to the super-abundant female population of those states. With scientific methods, in conjunction with the labor-saving machines now in vogue, farming is not accompanied by the drudgery that necessarily attended the work in the years gone by. There is nothing in the whole routine of farm labor that cannot be accomplished by the average woman, and in no instance need she unsex herself in its performance. It is to be hoped the movement started by the Minnesota women will result in a reformation in farm matters that will not only increase the quantity and quality of the product, but also render the home of the farmer attractive to the young men of the family.

#### A WEATHER SONG OF HOPE.

The rain is in the valley, the mist is on the hill,  
But the soul is in the sunshine, and the heart  
is happy still;  
For love is ever springtime, and knows not  
wintry chill.  
And the world will be brighter in the  
morning!

The river has no music as it ripples to the  
sea,  
But the soul is in the sunshine, and as happy  
as can be;  
For love is ever springtime, with the blossoms  
blowing free,  
And the world will be brighter in the  
morning!

What though the skies are solemn, and t  
singing-birds have flown?  
Love knows a sweeter music than the birds  
have ever known;  
For love is ever springtime, and the roses  
are his own,  
And the world will be brighter in the  
morning!

Oh, love it is that leads us from the sorrow  
of the night  
To the beauty of the morning—to the splendor  
of the light;  
And every garden blossoms, and every sky  
is bright,  
And the world will be brighter in the  
morning!

## A FIREPROOF MAN.

BY ADDISON P. MUNROE.

My horse had cast a shoe, and I stopped for repairs at a blacksmith's shop in Lime Rock, a quaint little hamlet in the northern part of one of our New England states. The village, a couple of miles distant from the nearest railroad, consists of the post-office, smithy and a baker's dozen of rural dwellings; a pretty and peaceful place with rustic views that a man accustomed to the bustle of city life can fully appreciate.

While waiting for my horse to be shod, I learned that a few rods further on, over the crest of the hill, were the famous lime kilns. I had heard of the kilns at Lime Rock since my boyhood, but I had never chanced to come that way before, so, telling the loquacious blacksmith that I would return for my horse soon, I strolled over the hill to investigate.

I was met by the kiln-tender, a strong, robust man about 50 years of age, who welcomed me cordially and volunteered to show me the modus operandi of the affair, which he did thoroughly. I can remember that when he flung the big iron door of his furnace open with the words, "This fire burns night and day and never goes out," although I was ten feet away from the door, I was glad to screen my face with my hands from the terrible heat; and yet, as if the fire were not hot enough, he commenced to throw on great sticks of cord wood, which blazed up instantly.

Having finished the inspection of the place, I was about to thank him and withdraw, when I chanced to make the remark that in this quiet little village of Lime Rock one could forget all the cares of life, all its excitements and tragedies.

"Young man," he said, "for 15 years I have burnt lime in this place, and although my previous years were spent in far more exciting places, yet the nearest approach to a terrible tragedy happened to me in this same quiet, peaceful village."

Scarcely an interesting narrative, I hastened to assure him that I should feel honored if he would favor me with the particulars of his adventure. Offering me a stool and filling and lighting his pipe, he told me the following tale:

"It will be ten years ago the 15th of next December that the exciting incident in which I figured occurred. As I have already explained to you, we have a gang of men here through the day, but only one man through the night, his duties being to tend the fire and draw the lime, which latter is done three times in each 24 hours. I was then the night man and was on duty on the 15th of December of which I speak.

"It was a cold, clear moonlight night about 10 o'clock. I was alone, the last lonelier having gone home, and I had just replenished the great fire, when the latch was lifted, and a stranger walked in. He was a tall, muscular, well-built man, I should say about 40 years of age, clad in a large overcoat and wearing a silk hat; he had a fine, intellectual face, with flowing side whiskers and sharp black eyes; eyes that seemed to have the faculty of looking beneath the surface; in fact, they attracted my attention almost before I observed his other features.

"Now I like company in the long winter nights, and as I pushed forward a stool I bade him a cordial 'good-evening.'

"'Good evening,' he returned pleasantly, and throwing off his overcoat he seated himself opposite to me.

"'I do not often have callers at night,' I said, 'but they are always welcome.'

"'Well,' he replied, 'the fact is I am walking down to the station to take the midnight train into P—. As I had plenty of time and saw the reflection of your fire I thought I would drop in, get warm and have a chat with you before finishing my walk.'

"'Well, he was a good talker, and time passed pleasantly, and after we had conversed some 20 minutes I had learned that he was a professor of chemistry in B— university in P— and that he was an enthusiast in his profession.

"'Suddenly he asked me if I would let him see my fire. I stepped around and threw open the big furnace door; the heat was intense, but although he stood within three feet of the open door, unlike most visitors, he neither moved away nor seemed to pay any attention to it, but drew nearer, if anything, with his sharp, black eyes fixed intently on the flames.

"'Shutting the door I said: 'You are different from most people, professor; everyone cannot stand the heat as you did.'

"'I should be able to stand it,' he replied, 'it has been the study of my life.'

"'He paced back and forth excitedly, his fingers working convulsively, and his eyes still fixed on the furnace door. The sight of that fire had had a strange effect on him.

"'The study of your life? What do you mean?'

"'I will tell you,' he replied, calming himself with an effort and resumming his seat. 'As I have said, I have made chemistry my life study, but I have studied it with a fixed purpose, and that purpose is to invent a compound that will render the body of any living animal impervious to fire. Think of the renown that awaits the man that can render the human body fireproof! Think of the sufferings and deaths caused by fire that he could vanquish! I have labored hard for 20 long years, and at last, at last,' he almost shouted, 'I believe I have perfected it!'

"'With trembling hands he drew from his pocket a bottle filled with a thick, black fluid and a small syringe with a needle point, such as physicians use for hypodermic injections.

"'Man,' he exclaimed, a thimbleful of this elixir, injected into a man's veins, five minutes after injection will render him so impervious to fire that he could crawl into your furnace and go to sleep there without a particle of injury; could inhale the flames without injury to throat or lungs! Why,' he shouted, stepping in front of me, 'it is the invention of the century! Do you wonder that the heat from your fire had no effect upon me? I am fireproof! I have taken the injection, and all the fires of Hades could make no impression on my flesh!'

"'I began to be alarmed at this enthusiast, he was getting so nervous and excited, but I inquired:

"'How do you know it will work to the extent you claim, professor?'

"'I made my last experiment last night,' he replied, 'and it was a glorious success. I took a large dog, administered a powerful opiate, so that he would not resist, injected the proper amount of the elixir and placed him in my large furnace and shut the door. When I got home tonight I shall let him out.'

"'And you expect to find him alive? I burst out incredulously.

"'I most certainly do, and he will be none the worse for his experience, except that he will be pretty hungry; two hours after I left him my assistant told me he was sleeping peacefully. Now only one more trial is necessary to convince the world that it can be done—say, that it is done—and that is to experiment on a human being! After this last experiment I shall introduce legislation making inoculation compulsory, so that death by fire will forever be a thing of the past, and my name will be handed down to future generations as the greatest benefactor of the human race. And now, having taken the injection, and with that magnificent, glorious fire of yours at hand, I propose to test it on myself, with your permission.'

"'I started to my feet. My eyes were opened at last; I was talking to a lunatic, a determined madman. I looked at him with horror and made up my mind that he should not thus commit suicide; I would knock him down with a stick of cord-wood first.

"'Meanwhile he had drawn a small bottle from his pocket, removed the cork and saturated a handkerchief with its contents; I smelt the fumes of ether. In a second, before I could think further, he sprang upon me. Instantly it flashed upon me that he intended to experiment upon me, not himself. With the cunning of a madman he had thrown me off my guard and intended to etherize me and then to inject some of his compound into my body.

"'Now, as you see, I am a pretty rugged man, and I was still more so ten years ago. Without a weapon of any kind, it was to be a struggle in which strength and strength alone would count, and to my dying day I shall never forget the desperation of that combat. I fully realized that if he succeeded in placing that handkerchief against my nostrils all would be ended; so, shouting loudly for help, I put forth my strength in my fight for life. In less than a minute I realized that I had found my match.

"'I had succeeded in grasping his wrists, and I dared not release them for fear of the ether. Back and forth we pushed, round and round we circled; we tripped, fell, broke apart and rose again both at the same instant.

"'He rushed at me again with wild, unearthly cries; he bore me backward. I struck against a barrel of lime, and over I went with him on top; something pressed down hard on my mouth and nose; I struck out blindly, then a great blackness came over me, and I knew no more.

"'When I came to myself I was lying on a pile of old bags, right where you are sitting now, with a man working over me; near the door was my professor, securely manacled between two other men in uniform. The professor was bewailing his ill fortune and pouring out curses upon his captors for interrupting him.

"'Well, neighbor,' said the man who was attending me, 'that was a pretty close call; wait until your head gets a little clearer and I will explain.' 'In a short while they told me that the 'professor' was an inmate of a lunatic asylum in P—, where they had been employed as keepers. He had succeeded in escaping that morning, and they had tracked him with great difficulty, as he was wonderfully cunning. When in the neighborhood of our town they had heard his wild shouts as he made his last attack on me and rushing thither had arrived just as I fell, overpowered. After a desperate struggle they had secured him.

"'He is sound enough except on this subject of fire,' said the keeper. 'Only last night he poisoned one of our pet dogs with some chemical mixture, treated the body with his elixir and then put it in the furnace. The only way we could quiet his frenzy was to tell him the dog was sleeping quietly. And now, as we must get him back to the institution, is there anything we can do for you?'

"'I requested him to go to a certain farmhouse and call one of my helpers to take my place, as I did not feel able to finish out the night. This he did; and then taking the madman, who had relapsed into a sullen fit, into their carriage, the men bade me good night and drove away, and I never set eyes on the 'professor' again. Yes, you may rest assured I never forget the 15th of December.'

"'Thanking him for his story I bade the lime-burner good-by and left him piling the wood on his great fire, which threw a lurid glow on the interior of his shed.—Waverley Magazine.

#### AN OBITUARY GUILT.

Queer Donation by the Women of Maine Parish to Their Pastor's Wife.

"Many queer gifts come to the minister of a New England country church at the annual donation visit of his parishioners, but the oddest and creepiest thing of the kind that I ever knew of I encountered once in northern Maine," said A. E. Stetson, a member of a New York publishing firm. "I was a book canvasser then, selling religious works, and I stayed one night at the house of a Baptist preacher in the town of Monson, since become somewhat prominent through the development of its slate quarries. The preacher was a man of deep erudition, known far and wide for his unworldliness and apostolic piety, and his wife was a notable housekeeper. There was a good supper, and at 9 o'clock in the evening prayers. These over I went to bed in the best room and, after the day's hustling, slept soundly.

"'Waking in the bright morning sunlight my attention was attracted by the odd pattern of the quilt which served as counterpane on my bed. It was a patchwork quilt, made in large squares, and on every square was a lettering worked in black worsted. In the square immediately before my eyes I spelled out the words: 'Sacred to the memory of Solomon Tubbs. Died Oct. 8, 1867.' In the next square was inscribed: 'In memory of Martha Phillips. Born June 11, 1833. Died Jan. 14, 1864.' On every square was an obituary notice couched in a style similar to the first one that I read, and they covered a time running from 1851 to 1867. The quilt, which I learned afterward, was presented to the pastor's wife by the women of her husband's congregation, combined the utilities of a counterpane with the record of deaths in the parish for a term of sixteen years. That it was spread in the best chamber showed that it was reserved for guests as a mark of high consideration.

"'At first sight the memento mori character of the inscriptions was a trifle appalling to a man just awakened. But being a guest at the same house for some subsequent nights I got used to the obituary quilt and even derived a certain enjoyment from studying out the inscriptions of mornings before I got up from bed. So familiar did they become to me that I could have repeated them all in order by the time I quitted my canvassing field in Maine to take up my present business in the metropolis.'—New York Herald.

#### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Cloth is now being successfully made from wood.

Both Mary Queen of Scots and George III were buried at midnight.

The Scotch thistle is growing in Greece, although, there it is called the artichoke.

In the eighteenth century Polish ladies obliged their daughters to wear little bells in order to proclaim where they were all the time.

In Siberia, if a man is dissatisfied with the most trifling acts of his wife, he tears a cap or veil from her face, and that constitutes a divorce.

An eminent man of science has recently declared that red-haired people are far less apt to grow bald than those who are possessed of other colored hair.

There are parts of Spain where the hat is unknown except in pictures. The men, when they need a covering, tie up their heads, and the women use flowerets.

In Abyssinia the murderer is delivered into the hands of the relatives of his victim, who kill him in the same manner in which he committed the murder.

Some of the petrified wood found in Arizona it is said, is so hard that steel tools will not work it, the petrifications being only three degrees less in hardness than the diamond.

In the island of New Britain a man must not speak to his mother-in-law. Not only is speech forbidden to his relative, but she must be avoided; and if by chance the lady is met, the son-in-law must hide himself or cover his face.

#### HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Poster Pillow for the Divan.

To make a poster pillow choose a poster that is of the realistic school—one that shows not more than three colors. Trace the figures on the stuff selected and then buttonhole them with a coarse silk on to the pillow cover. Velvet or satin may be used, or two shades of linen, or even unbleached muslin.—Ladies' Home Journal.

#### A Useful Invention.

There is an invention of the English which means so much comfort to the householder that it should be imported. It consists of a couple of pulleys and ropes for the opening and shutting of heavy windows. The pulleys are high up in the framework of the window, and there is some little arrangement in the sash which fastens the cords. Two handles at the ends of the two pieces of rope fall where they can be conveniently reached. One is dark, the other is light. The dark one is for "down," so that when the window is to be opened one has only to pull the dark handle, and down comes the window. When the window is to be closed the light handle is pulled, and the window-sash is lifted.—Harper's Bazar.

#### A Safe and Effective Fire Kindler.

Kindling with kerosene, though almost universal when it comes to starting the kitchen fire on a winter's morning, is a dangerous operation as generally done. No farmer or his son, of course the wife or daughter never has this cold and disagreeable task to perform, can be blamed for wishing to abridge this uncomfortable duty. If he will try the following plan he will find it a success. He neither spills oil on stove and floor, carries oil in the dishes to season the breakfast later on, and last but not least, does not blow up the stove or set the house on fire.

Take a tin can, one with a cover so that the oil will not evaporate, and fill about two-thirds full of oil, and set in some handy place out of the way. At night put two or three cobs in the can and leave to soak. When the fire is to be started, take the cobs and put on the grate of the stove, piling the kindling and fuel over them. Then touch a match to them and your fire is going full blast. Always have some cobs in the can. If for any reason it is desirable to have a fire on short notice, your kindling is always ready.—J. L. Irwin, in New England Homestead.

#### New Use for the Drum.

Into American households at last has the war come. The drum—that instrument of martial sound—has been transformed into one of the most necessary articles of the home—the scrap basket. Workboxes and work-baskets, too, are with a little ingenuity made out of the same implements as the hand of the march.

But little labor is required to fit these drums to their new vocation. If possible—for sentiment's sake, if nothing else—drums that have actually seen service are preferable, but if an old drum cannot be procured, a fresh new, miniature one, direct from a shop, glistening in all its gorgeousness of bright paint, will do. Any size is allowable, and the adornment thereafter is limited only by the taste and skill of the fair war enthusiast.

The first step is to cut out one end—not knock it out, mind you, as that would loosen the strings and break up the drum's entire structure. This excision should be done carefully, and with judgment. Then the interior should be lined with silk, saten or cretonne. Bands of ribbons should be tied around the outside, in the same fashion as ribbon is tied around any basket, and the metamorphosis should be finished off with huge bows, tied in the most artistic manner.

What are known as "baby drums" are made in the same fashion, into very tiny scrap baskets to stand on the feminine writing table, and yet another use for the transformed drum is as a "hair receiver," to be placed on my lady's dressing table. "Baby drums," too, must be used for these.—New York Herald.

#### Recipes.

Peach Roll—Use stewed, evaporated peaches, well mashed and sweetened. Make a good baking powder biscuit dough, roll half an inch. Spread butter over, then the peaches. It may be boiled, baked or steamed. Thin cream, sweetened and flavored, makes a very acceptable sauce.

Stewed Salsify—After scraping, boil tender and cut in pieces; there should be three pints; put in a saucepan with a teacup each of vinegar and water, one tablespoonful of butter and one of sugar. Season with one teaspoonful of salt. Just before serving mix in half a teacup of cream and a beaten egg.

Rice Balls—Mince a little cold chicken very fine, add a bit of minced onion, salt, pepper and sprig of parsley, if at hand and liked. Shape cold boiled rice into balls two inches or so in diameter, hollow out and fill with the chicken mixture, cover over, roll in flour, then in beaten eggs and then cracker crumbs. Fry in butter a nice brown. Serve hot and with "cream sauce," a tablespoonful each of butter and flour braided and cup of hot milk.

Potato Pone—Add to the mashed potatoes instead of flour, sifted corn meal, melt the lard and wet up with boiling water. Leave the dough very stiff, then break into it, one at a time, two fresh eggs. Work them well through the mass. Take it up by small handfuls, toss them from one to the other, and flatten them lightly around the sides of a hot baking pan, very well greased. Bake quickly until a crisp brown crust forms on top and bottom.