

Baltimore has the largest colored population of any city in the world. The census is expected to show at least 125,000.

Capitalists are trying to get Florida farmers to go into Cassava raising. Starch can be manufactured from it. Three tons to an acre at \$20 a ton is the golden promise held out.

There is a faith healer in New York who offers to cure poverty for \$1. And such is the gullibility of mankind that it is safe to guess that at least one case of poverty will be cured as rapidly as the dollars can tumble in, thinks the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Ralph Waldo Emerson welcoming Louis Kossuth to Concord forty-seven years ago made this remarkable prophecy: "The shores of Europe and America approach every month and their politics will one day mingle." It has now come true—at the Hague and in the Philippines.

The consular reports from Ireland show a great increase in prosperity there. The people are in better condition than has ever been known. The tenants are paying rent promptly and the land owners are paying their taxes. The deposits in the savings banks are larger than they have ever been, according to the records.

The rurales who have been organized to repress brigandage in Cuba are doing good work. They have made several captures and have compassed the death of the notorious highwayman, Garcia. These rurales were organized from the best class of Cuban soldiers by General Brooke and are serving under American officers. They will doubtless become the permanent constabulary of the island.

That was a very pleasant tea party in the harbor of Colombo tendered to Admiral Dewey and the officers and men of the Olympia. The British cheers that greeted the flag of the United States as it entered that bay, and the response of Admiral Dewey, expressing the new era of concord and amity between his country and Great Britain, are in pleasant contrast with the rancor of which that other tea party in Boston harbor, on Dec. 16, 1773, was a symptom. In that case the tea was thrown overboard from a British ship. In this case the tea is put on board an American ship by friendly hands.

Statistics have lately been prepared touching the amount of the obligations of debtors discharged under the federal bankruptcy law up to the present. One table which has appeared puts the total liabilities of discharged debtors at \$65,000,000. The numbers of the petitioners in the different cities vary very considerably, as do the amounts of liabilities set opposite each city. Some of the smaller cities in the country find a place in the table, while some of the larger ones are conspicuous by their absence. It will occasion no surprise to learn that New York, the largest city in the country, leads as regards the liabilities of the discharged debtors.

Nothing is plainer from statistics than the fact that the ranks of the habitual criminals are being abundantly recruited by young men, observes the London Law Magazine. This class is not the product of past causes, merely continuing in the present as a survival of conditions no longer existing. It is still being produced freely. An extremely large proportion of the burglaries, house-breakings and the like, are the work of offenders under twenty-one. No less than thirty-four per cent. of the persons convicted for these offenses in 1897 were between sixteen and twenty-one. It is clear, therefore, that young men take to professional crime very readily, in spite of all deterrent influences.

The house-boat seems to have some difficulty in becoming domesticated in this country. There is more truth in this statement that appears on the surface, observes a writer in Harper's Bazar. House-boat: we have, to be sure, but they are of an untamed and roving disposition, quite unlike the really domestic English species. A Thames house-boat is one of the most conservative institutions of that eminently conservative country. Year after year it clings to its own particular section of bank, with as little apparent ability to move with the stream as if it were the bank itself. The American species is different. Sometimes it has a motive power within itself. Sometimes it hires "a tow." But in one way or another it manages to satisfy the national yearning for movement—for getting up at morning in a different place from the one in which one went to sleep at night.

The harder Sir Thomas Lipton and his crew try to take the cup with them the greater glory there will be in keeping them from doing it.

Oklahoma has an acreage of wheat equal to two-thirds of the area planted to that crop in the United Kingdom of Great Britain, and, what is better, raises more wheat on the two-thirds than do the Britishers on the whole.

Of the world's total railway mileage of 454,730 miles, North America has 209,556 miles. The Old World will have to yield first place to the New before many years have passed, to say nothing of coming railway enterprises in South America.

Nebraska keeps a state record of mortgages filed and released. This record shows for the last three years \$53,000,000 of land mortgages filed, and \$38,000,000 released, a reduction of \$15,000,000 apparently in the total mortgage debt of the state. Each of the last three years shows a reduction.

Tea after evening chapel is the latest innovation introduced by the president of the Chicago university. This is not quite in line with college traditions. But as a novelty it is interesting. The young men of the middle West are to be put in training for the social martyrdom which is to come later on.

Perhaps no scientific use to which photography has been put equals its service to astronomy. Twelve years ago an international astronomical conference held at Paris adopted it as a means for charting the heavens and cataloguing all stars up to and including those of the eleventh magnitude. Eighteen observatories have since been co-operating in this work, and when finished the catalogue is expected to give the true position of three million stars.

The Japanese scheme of emigration to Mexico is a failure. Thirty-seven Japanese were sent thither and an area of 12,500 acres of land was taken up, but the soil proves to be hopelessly unproductive, and thirty-five out of the thirty-seven immigrants have made their way to the Japanese legation, 250 miles, in search of aid. Unless the families of the immigrants join them by next spring the land will be forfeited. The matter is causing much anxiety in Japan, especially to Viscount Enomoto, who has engineered the enterprise.

A recent writer finds one of the signs of Anglo-Saxon superiority in the way the Anglo-Saxon "bounds out of bed like a cannon ball," while the Latin crawls out as if life were a burden. It is true that a good many Anglo-Saxons bound out of bed with just about the degree of buoyancy of a cannon ball; and if they do not feel that life is a burden, they certainly feel that getting up is one of its greatest troubles. If the real Anglo-Saxon finds a pleasure in leaving his bed at the time he ought, then much Latin blood has insidiously crept in amongst us, even into families that count their descent pretty purely English.

The English, as a race, are truthful and so are Americans, but so at variance are their conceptions that they seem to stand on different planes, says the San Francisco Argonaut. The element of humor, lacking in one and marked in the other, accounts for this. An American paper will print as a roaring jest something the journalists across the water will in all solemnity accept, and when there follows the inevitable exposure, refuse to join in the laugh, but express amazement, not devoid of horror. Notwithstanding this, American papers, in relation to the great events of the world, are as accurate as others, seldom printing that intended to deceive, and even their erring no more grossly than the censor, who would suppress facts or render them inaccessible.

The country is fairly well supplied with railroads, but the commodities which they transport are not all or chiefly produced on their lines. We need roads over which to transport to railroad stations the commodities produced within a reasonable distance of them. We also need such roads to lead to landings on navigable rivers, and for various other neighborhood uses. The cost of getting produce to a station is often greater than that of getting it from the station to market. The cost of getting commodities to the great avenues of commerce varies with the character of the roads. It is easily demonstrable that bad roads are more expensive than good ones in any place where there is any great need of a road at all. Hence a community must either pay for having good roads or pay for not having them, reasons the Louisville Courier Journal.

## THE TRUTH ABOUT The Blue-Diamond Robbery.

Those who pay attention to the records of criminal cases, as reported by the newspapers, and who have a good memory for such matters, will recollect the interest aroused, now several years ago, by the trial of one Robert Morris for what was known as "The Blue-Diamond Robbery." In the minds of some, perhaps, the details of this crime may be still fresh. But for the benefit of that infinitely greater number of persons whose memorial faculty is only a nine days' affair, it will be as well to recapitulate all the facts of the case before proceeding to the elucidation of one very mysterious point, which at the time baffled the cleverest detectives in London.

First, then, for the recapitulation of the facts, as disclosed before the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House and subsequently before the Recorder of London at the Old Bailey. The victim of the robbery was one Jacob Blumefield, an Anglo-German Jew and a well-known diamond merchant in Hatton Garden. This gentleman, in the course of a visit to the Dutch East Indies, with a view to the purchase of pearls (in which also he dealt) had picked up from a native Sumatran, for a song, six stones, which the vendor supposed to be small, pale and therefore comparatively worthless sapphires, but which Blumefield's practised eye told him at once were those rarest and costliest stones in the market, viz., blue diamonds. It was stated in court, I recollect, by expert witnesses, that there were not more than 30 blue diamonds known to exist and that the ratio of their value to ordinary diamonds of the same size and water was at least 100 to 1. On this basis the six stones referred to, despite their insignificant size, were worth fully £20,000; indeed, at the time when they were stolen Blumefield was negotiating a sale of them to Messrs. Rostron, the Bond street jewelers, for a sum several thousands in excess of that amount. It may be readily imagined, therefore, that the theft of such gems excited no small sensation.

The circumstances of the theft were, or appeared to be, sufficiently commonplace. On the day of the robbery Blumefield had carefully locked the diamonds in his safe when he quitted his office at 6 o'clock. At about 8 or 9 the watchman who was on duty, and who had received particular instructions to keep an eye on Blumefield's office, happened to catch the flash of a light through the keyhole, and pushing open the door, which he found unfastened, made his way inside and actually caught the thief red-handed in Blumefield's room. He at once collared the fellow—a small, weak man, who made little resistance to his stalwart captor—and raised the alarm. In a minute or two several constables were on the scene, and a little later an inspector arrived, who lost no time in despatching a special messenger to Blumefield's private residence in Pembridge square.

On the diamond merchant's arrival a thorough examination of the premises was made, disclosing the fact that his safe had been opened with a duplicate key, which, in fact, was still in the lock, and that, while everything else had been left untouched, the most valuable contents, namely, the blue diamonds, had been abstracted. The thief, of course, was then conveyed, without delay, to the nearest police station and duly charged by Blumefield, who now recognized him as a man who had called upon him at his office a few days previously in reference to a proposed purchase of gems, which had fallen through. He recollected, also, that he had had occasion to leave the stranger alone in his office for a minute or two, when, probably, the latter had managed to get an impression of the lock of his safe. The prisoner did not deny this. Nor, in spite of the usual caution, did he make any secret of the fact that he had broken into the office for the purpose of stealing the blue diamonds. But that he had stolen them he stubbornly denied. "Someone else had forestalled me," he said. "I found the safe open and a key already in the lock. I'd got my own duplicate, but I didn't have to use it. If you search me you'll find it in my waistcoat pocket."

In confessing he had entered the office with felonious intent he was, of course, only admitting as much as the circumstances of his capture rendered obvious and incontrovertible and, so far as that went, was doing himself neither harm nor good. But his statement that he had been forestalled was so clearly of the cock-and-bull type that no credence whatever was naturally attached to it. He was subjected to the usual rigorous search. The duplicate key, as he had said, was in his waistcoat pocket, and in his coat pockets there were one or two other felonious instruments. Yet not a sign of a blue diamond, nor any other jewel or valuable, was found upon him. His clothes, his boots, his hat, his person, even to the inside of his month, were again and again examined. Not a trace of the missing stones! And this was the more remarkable because he had been collared red-handed, and from that moment had no chance whatever allowed him of throwing away or otherwise disposing of the stones.

"I tell you I haven't got them," he kept persisting. "I'd have prigg'd 'em if I'd had the chance, I don't deny, and it would be no use if I did. But I was forestalled, I tell you. Some other chap must have got in just before me and lifted 'em. You're only wasting time and trouble in searching me. You are, indeed."

Of course, no attention was paid to this ridiculous assertion, and after the process of search had been repeated again and again, Blumefield returned with two of the police to his office in Hatton Garden, where it was thought possible that the thief might have managed to drop the stones. But the most careful scrutiny of every nook, cranny and corner failed to discover them. Blumefield, very naturally, fell into a fine state of mind.

In the interval between the arrest and his trial Blumefield obtained leave to see the prisoner in Newgate. "Look here," he said to him (I am condensing the evidence subsequently given by a warder at the trial), "I'll make you an offer. If you'll tell me what you've done with those diamonds, and enable me to recover them, I'll pay £2000 to any representative of yours you like to name. The money shall be paid to him in cash here, in your presence, and then you can have it when you come out. You're not making matters a bit better for yourself by sticking to that absurd and incredible story. If anything, rather worse, for you'll get dropped on more heavily by taking that line than if you do your best to restore me my stolen property. Now, then, you'll be a fool if you refuse; you will, upon my word."

"If I had stolen the diamonds, or knew where they were, I'd close with you like a shot, Mr. Blumefield, for I know very well that I'm in for five years, anyhow. But I didn't steal them, and I don't know where they are any more than you do," answered Morris. "My story sounds unlikely enough, I'm well aware. Maybe the judge and jury won't believe it, either; but it's true, and that's all about it."

From this position—true or false—nothing could induce him to budge. The day of his trial arrived. The case excited great interest, and the recorder's court was packed. There were two counts in the indictment, the one (I'm not a lawyer, and I only quote from memory, therefore I will crave indulgence in case my legal phraseology be incorrect)—the one of "feloniously breaking into" Blumefield's premises in Hatton Garden; the other of "stealing therefrom diamonds to the value of £20,000." To the former the prisoner pleaded guilty, to the latter not guilty, and the prosecution, in the hope of procuring a more exemplary sentence, proceeded with the charge of stealing the jewels. But this was a difficult matter to prove. Everybody, of course, was convinced that Morris had stolen the diamonds; but to establish it by the technical rules of evidence was another affair. Against the fact that he was caught on the premises, admittedly with the intention of stealing the diamonds, had to be set the fact that no sign of a diamond, or any other stolen article, was found upon him when caught. Furthermore, the circumstance of his having refused Blumefield's offer of £2000, which was elicited by his counsel in evidence, went to some slight extent in his favor. But this the prosecution tried to discount by advancing the theory that he must have had an accomplice who had made off with the jewels and that the prisoner would be hardly likely to give away £20,000 for £2000. On the other hand, the defence urged that there was absolutely no evidence of the existence of any accomplice; and, besides, after the manner in which the theft of the blue diamonds had been bruited abroad and advertised, it would be impossible for the thief or thieves to dispose of them for a quarter of their real value, if indeed at all. In which contention, of course, there was some truth.

The recorder summed up at considerable length—a careful, equipped summing up, as I remember thinking at the time, balanced, like the sentences in a Greek dialogue, with perpetual "on the one hand" and "on the other hand"; impartial, no doubt, but colorless, and affording no assistance whatever to the jury. The latter, after considering their verdict for an hour or so, at length brought the prisoner in "not guilty" on this indictment. He was then sentenced on the other indictment to 20 months' hard labor, the recorder observing that if anything previous had been known against him, which apparently there was not, he should have sent him into penal servitude.

Such is a brief—a very brief—recapitulation of Robert Morris's trial and sentence in connection with the theft of the blue diamonds. I now come to the important point in my story, the only part of it which is not mere recapitulation, namely—the elucidation of the mystery as imparted to me only a few weeks ago by Morris himself. I may take this opportunity of saying that I am the doctor who attended the ex-convict in his last illness, of which the fatal termination came so recently as a fortnight since. He died in a lodging in Bloomsbury, in miserably poor circumstances, and being unable to pay me any fee, I parted to me his secret to do what I could with, as a sort of last acknowledgment of my services.

"Doctor," he said to me one day, about a week before he died, "I shan't leave any effects behind me to pay your bill. But I can leave you a little secret, which you might turn into a nice sum of ready, if you set about it the right way. Ah! what a fool I was to go and make ducks and drakes of all that oof! Do you know, doctor, after I came out of shop I was worth £8000?"

"Eight thousand!" I exclaimed. "Then, you did steal the blue diamonds? How did you manage to hide them?"

"That's the secret I'm going to tell you. Ah, doctor (he chuckled gleefully; I'm not writing a moral tale; I'm telling the truth, and the truth is that Robert Morris was not in the least penitent), 'I had the diamonds on me when I was caught; I had them on me when I was searched at the station; I had them on me when I went before the lord mayor; I had them on me when I was tried at the Old Bailey, I had them on me all the 20 months I was in the stone jug—aye, all the blessed time.'"

"Impossible!" I cried. "You could not have concealed them."  
"Couldn't I, though? Ah, doctor, I'll show you. Bring me that cup of the washstand, now. Do you see what's in it?"  
"Your grinders," I said, looking down at the double set of false teeth lying in the cup, "what about 'em?"  
"Nice ones, eh?" he asked with a leer and a wink.  
"Very," I answered.  
"Made 'em myself," he said, with another chuckle. "The p'lee e knew I was a dentist's assistant, too. Wonder they never guessed."  
"Guessed what?"  
"Take 'em out of the cup," he told me.  
I did so.  
"There's a little mark at the side of the plate," he went on. "It's a spring. Press it with your thumb nail."  
I obeyed his instruction. In an instant all the top grinders sprang open, revealing to me the fact that each of them was simply a small hollow receptacle, contrived, as I saw on closer examination, with the most artful skill and workmanship.  
The sick man broke into a yet more gleeful chuckle as he watched the amazed wonder with which I was gazing at this marvellously clever effort of skill and cunning.  
"There!" he said, chuckling till he coughed himself speechless. "Not so impossible after all—eh, doctor?"

## A TEMPERANCE COLUMN. THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

Write it, the Poem that Was Such a Favorite With Miss Willard—The Outlook From the Woman's Christian Temperance Union Standpoint.

[Miss Frances E. Willard recommended every young person to learn and speak these verses:]  
Write it on the workhouse gate,  
Write it on the schoolboy's slate,  
Write it on the copy book,  
The young man's eyes often look,  
"Where there's drink there's danger."  
Write it on the churchyard mound,  
Where the rum glass dead are found,  
Write it on the gallows high,  
Write it for all passers-by,  
"Where there's drink there's danger."  
Write it in the nation's laws,  
Blotting out the license clause;  
Write it on each ballot white,  
So it can be read aright,  
"Where there's drink there's danger."

Write it on our ships that sail,  
Borne along by storm and gale,  
Write it large in letters plain  
Over every land and main.  
"Where there's drink there's danger."  
Write it over every gate,  
On the church and halls of State,  
In the hearts of every land,  
In the laws of every land,  
"Where there's drink there's danger."  
Decline in Liquor-Drinking.  
The silver anniversary meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Seattle in October next will be the first gathering of the organization on the Pacific coast. Miss Anna Gordon, Secretary of the Union for the United States, and also Corresponding Secretary for the world organization, says that the records of the Union show that during the year following Miss Willard's death there were more additions than during any other year in the Union's history. The growth during the past year has been large, and there was never a time when the outlook was more hopeful than to-day. The Union has some 300,000 members in the United States. It has branches in forty countries, in all parts of the world, with a total membership of about 500,000. Australia is said to be particularly well organized. Branches are flourishing in India, in Africa, in China and in the principal countries of Europe. In the last-named country the movement is slower than in most places, for it is found to be a difficult field to cultivate.  
The Union is so well organized and has covered its field so completely that it has forty departments of activity, each distinctly recognized. That under Miss Gordon's care is work among children.  
Miss Gordon's review of the field for the twenty-five years of the life of the Union was most interesting. Without any question, she says, great progress has been made in the drinking habits of the people. Not only has there been a perceptible decline of social drinking, but the business value of total abstinence is being recognized more and more. The case of the Southern Pacific Railroad is given. Orders were issued that no one should be employed by the road but total abstainers—a fact which obtains with other roads also. But it was found that if saloons were suffered to remain where they were, liquor was easily there was danger to the road. Hence an additional order has been given that no liquor-selling shall be permitted in any building which is the property of the road. One of the leading business men of Chicago, who is not a total abstainer, yet recognizes the value of abstinence so much in his business that he has made a rule that only abstainers shall be employed. In many places agreements are secured on the part of dealers in real estate whereby a clause is put into the deed that the sale of liquor shall never be permitted on the premises.  
Lately there has seemed to be an increase of drinking at home on the part of some people who have been in Europe and have put in practice here what they found abroad. But this does not offset the broad generalization that during the last twenty-five years the use of liquor has declined, and that the outlook for the future is most encouraging from the Union's point of view. The temperance movement in our country is now advanced so well that only three States in our country fail to require temperance instruction by law.

A family comprising seven persons left Scranton, Penn., the other day, the whole party traveling on one full fare railroad ticket. There were the mother and her three pairs of twins, none of the children being up to the half-fare age of five years.  
Here are a few names taken at random from the delinquent tax list of Hawaii for 1898, as printed in one of the Honolulu papers: Alapaki, Bila Alapai, Ah Kuni, Ah You, C. S. Ah Fat, Boe Tan Tong, Bow Din, Doi, As Goo, Iokepa, Ellen Kahaunaela, Linkia Kaholoholo, Leihulu Keohokaloa, Kahakumakalani, Not At and B. Se. The "Ks" take up three columns of space, being three times as numerous as the delinquents under any other letter.  
In reference to a recent paragraph on mermaids, a correspondent of the London Telegraph writes: "It may not be generally known that Japan exports these shams in assorted sizes, in glass cases, at so much per foot-run. They are made of the body of a fish and the dried head of a monkey, so skillfully united that it is difficult to detect where one begins and the other ends. Of late the market for mermaids has been flat; at one time they were fairly common in the curiosity shops."

In 1550 a remarkable lamp was found near Atestes, Falua, by a rustic, who unearthed a terra-cotta urn containing another urn in which was a lamp placed between two cylindrical vessels, one of gold and the other silver. Each was full of a very pure liquid by whose virtue the lamp had been kept shining upward of fifteen hundred years. This curious lamp was not meant to scare away evil spirits from a tomb, but was an attempt to perpetuate the profound knowledge of Maximus Olybicus, who effected this wonder by his skill in the chemical art.  
An English agriculturist has been experimenting with bees as letter carriers. Having conveyed a hive to a house four miles distant, he let out a few of them in a room where a plat of honey was placed to attract them. When they had settled upon this feast the experimenter fastened tiny dispatches upon their backs with a drop of paste, taking care at the same time that the motion of their wings was not interfered with. He then set them free, whereupon they immediately set out for their old home, where the writing was read with a magnifying glass.

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Such scenes are unanswerable arguments for the banishment of the drink curse from our land.—Northwestern Mail.  
An Old Law Still in Force.  
We learned the other day of a man who boasted that he had taken a bottle of wine every day for fifty years and had never been injured by it. But of his twelve children, six died in infancy, one was idiotic, one became insane, and the other four grew up to be nervous invalids. Men find it impossible to get away from the old law laid down thousands of years ago that "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon their children." It is a terrible thing for fathers to commit sins for which their children will have to pay the penalty, but men are doing so on every hand.—Herald and Freshyter.  
Questions Easy to Answer.  
Who with healthy, untainted blood wishes to have a body like that of the sots whom he meets? Who with a vigorous, clear brain cares about exchanging it for the mental incapacity which they exhibit? Who with a clean, pure heart would like to have his filled with such obscenity, profanity and villainous as come forth from theirs?—Be not among winebibbers. Choose better companions.  
P. T. Barnum's Advice.  
In one of the last letters written by P. T. Barnum, just discovered, he thus advised young men: "Keep your brain free from the fumes of alcohol, your blood free from its taint. Avoid tobacco as the poison it really is. Keep yourself clean, physically and morally. Give your body the care you would give to any machine of which you require much good work."  
The Crusade in Brief.  
By order of General Wood saloons in Santiago are closed on Sundays.  
The social glass is the doorway to the drink habit, and that habit is the doorway to poverty.  
Benjamin Parrot was hanged at Hamilton, Ont., for the murder of his mother, whom he had killed when she rebuked him for coming home drunk.  
Intemperance is the source of much of our crime and misfortune. Thousands of premature graves tell of its ravages. Our workhouses are thronged with victims, and baneful tyranny is cramming our jails with criminals.