

If you are enthusiastic over the automobile you are automad; if an enthusiast, an automaniac; if you own or desire to own a motor carriage, a victim of automania. These are the latest additions to the English language.

The State of Kansas now has 100 cities and towns with over 1,000 inhabitants each. Kansas City leads with a population of 46,219, and Topeka comes next with 35,365. Wichita is third, with 22,026, and Leavenworth fourth with 20,893. No other exceeds 17,000.

The discovery in Alaska by a scientific party of a lot of new bays and glaciers and uncatagued plants and birds shows what a many interesting and possibly useful things a man may overlook when he is in a hurry to reach the gold fields and has no eye for scenery.

John Bull is slow to follow a good example, but the showing made by our gunners in the late war has stimulated the British admiralty to double the target practice on all English men-of-war. This will greatly improve British gunnery, but it is doubtful if it will ever equal the American, as in the Revolution and the war of 1812 it was clearly proved in many sea fights that our gunners were the superiors.

Chief of police Johnston of James town, N. S., said the other day that he could think of no case where a tramp had been a troublesome prisoner—that they are usually too indolent to care about making a disturbance. The real danger from them, he said, lies in their taking possession of barns or unoccupied houses in the country where, by the careless use of their pipes, "which they keep working in some wonderful manner," they sometimes contrive to start a fire which destroys the building.

Lady Georgina Vernon, daughter of the tenth Earl of Haddington, is well known as an authority on dairying as an occupation for women. She spent some time in Normandy studying into French methods in cheese-making. She strongly urges the practicability of dairying for women as a self-supporting industry, but says that cheese would be the most profitable branch of the work. Most of the bad butter, she claims, comes from small dairies with only two or three cows. It is to be hoped, remarks Harper's Bazar, that many women of this country may be induced to follow some of her suggestions, going into the manufacture of some of the more delicate cheeses.

During the Paris Exposition there will be over a hundred congresses of all sorts, kinds, tongues and conditions, comprehending everything from a bacillus to the universe itself. There will be a great hall, two-thirds on land and one-third on water, with vast galleries and such arrangements that thousands can be meeting at once. For instance, the 7000 members of the Congress of Medicine will be divided into 23 sections, and not only will each be taken care of, but the members will all be entertained and will have special opportunities for visiting the Paris schools and hospitals. This illustrates the whole proposition. It shows that Paris is doing everything to get the world to visit her, and that she will exhibit all her varied interests to the millions that attend her end-of-the-century show. The attendance promises to be enormous.

Unexpected success has followed the opening in Philadelphia of a children's branch of the public library. It is the first library of the kind in the city, and the children have availed themselves eagerly of the opportunities it offers. Although it has been in existence only three months, there are about 2,400 names registered on its books as regular readers. "With clean hands and a clean face" is the only rule of the place, besides that of orderly silence. During the whole time of its existence no child has had to be sent out of the library for misconduct. Even on rainy days, when the place is crowded, order and silence always prevail. The little folk come in and are allowed to go straight to the shelves in search of reading matter. Each child is allowed to take out two books at a time, one of them fiction and the other instructive. On the average, the child readers are about 14 years old, and the boys outnumber the girls nearly four to one. History is the favorite literature for the boys, while the girls revel in fiction. It is said by the library people, to the credit of the children and the shame of their elders, that the proportion of instructive books taken out by the little ones is far in advance of those perused by older card holders.

An English (Ind.) clergyman refuses to pay poll tax, on the ground that he is church property, the property of the congregation as much as is the pastoral residence, and that, as such, he is exempt from taxation the same as the parsonage.

The metric system of weights and measures was introduced into Germany shortly after the Franco-German war, but the Germans in general, in their every-day dealings, continue the use of the pound almost exclusively, especially the older people.

Emile Zola thinks happiness more widely diffused in France than in England. Happiness in England seems to the great French realist to have greater capillarity, though he fears that the spread of public houses will, if not quickly checked, soon ruin the arterial system of both nation and individual.

As nations grow older and richer and more settled their birth rate usually decreases, and we are following the great majority of precedents. The prospect that the next census will reveal a smaller ratio of increase than the country has formerly shown is in the estimation of the Atlanta Journal no cause for regret. Mere population is not a blessing. Many countries have more people than they can take care of, and there are probably millions in the United States who can endorse the philosophical remark of Josh Billings, "It would have been money in my pocket if I had never been born."

The increase in exports of manufactured products of the United States in the past ten years has been phenomenal. Very few even of our own people appreciate the extent to which this trade has grown. During the fiscal year ended June 30, 1889, the total value of our exported manufactures was \$138,500,000, or 19 per cent of the entire amount of our exports. The value of our exported manufactures during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1899, was \$338,500,000, or 28.13 per cent of the entire exports of this country. In ten years there was an increase of \$200,000,000 in the value of manufactured articles exported from this country.

As explained by the Portland Oregonian, the reported decrease in the salmon pack does not necessarily mean a decrease in the salmon catch, or that the fish are becoming scarce. A large portion of the fish is now eaten fresh, and this proportion is increasing annually with the rapid growth of the cold-storage business and of the refrigerator car service. The latter service places the Chinook salmon of the Columbia within reach of persons thousands of miles away, in practically as good condition as when it left the cold waters of the Columbia, and it is but natural that this demand should continue to increase. As the cold-storage men pay higher prices for the fish than do the canners, the change in the disposition of the catch is for the benefit of all interested in the industry except the canners. There should, however, the Oregonian thinks, be fish enough for both canning and storage, with artificial propagation, and well enforced laws regarding close seasons and the taking of fish.

The Boston Globe recently devoted a good deal of space to the opinions of men on what form of athletics produce the best mental, moral and physical results. Various experts gave their opinions. Richard Henry Dana said golf, a well known Harvard baseball player said baseball. Ten Eyck the champion oarsman, said rowing; Fred Hovey the tennis expert, said tennis. And all of them gave the very best reasons in the world for their views. Now, as a matter of fact, few men have time to play either golf, baseball, football or tennis, and a still smaller number have opportunities for rowing. The man who works from 6 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock at night—and a great many men work even longer hours than this—is unable either to play golf, tennis, baseball or football. But he can walk, and this, after all, is the very best exercise he can take. No matter how many hours a man puts in at work, no matter how fagged out his brain is, a good stiff, brisk walk is beneficial. A ten-mile walk is the best tonic that any physician ever prescribed. And the proper way to walk is to throw the shoulders back, expand the chest, swing the arms easily and take good, steady long strides that will start the blood to tingle and cause easy perspiration. Walking as exercise is God's own invention. Man has never been able to improve upon it.

WHEN IT RAINS.

Folks that live in the city, they grumble and complain,
And look dissimilar than ever, when it comes on to rain,
And you can't exactly blame them, for I am free to say
There's nothing worse than the city on a rainy day.

Eaves and awnings dripping, black mud in the street,
Till you don't know whether you'd better mind your head or your feet;
And you go along hitting and bumping the people that pass you by,
And you're lucky if an umbrella doesn't take you in the eye.

And the steam comes up from the gutter with every sort of a smell—
Except a good one—till you'd like to lose your nose for a spell.
And you can't see into the windows, for they've all a smear of steam,
And you feel as if the whole concern was just an ugly dream.

But here, out here in the country, it's another sort of guess;
The rain is making a picture, instead of making a mess;
There's as much as fifty shades of green in an acre or so of trees,
And as many more in the mowing field—especially in a breeze.

The sparrows chatter and giggle in every little pool;
They make me think of a parcel of girls on their way from school;
And the robins hunt in the plowed ground for the worms they know are there,
And the larks, though you can't see them, are singing everywhere.

All times are good in the country; there's always plenty to do;
You can go to school in the winter, when the summer work is through.
You don't know much about playing, if you haven't worked your best,
And the folks that are always resting don't know what it is to rest!

—Margaret Vandegrift, in Youth's Companion.

THE DISENCHANTING OF THE MINISTER.

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

Miss Sophia Pendleton sat in the parsonage parlor with a thoughtful frown contracting her brows. It was a perfect day, and the soft breeze audaciously ruffled Miss Sophia's gray locks and wafted the perfume of roses into the room.

The harrowing conviction was forcing itself upon Miss Sophia's mind that her brother, the Rev. Harmon Pendleton, at the mature age of 44, had actually fallen in love. This fact was in itself an offence to Miss Sophia, but it was not all, for the minister had committed the supreme folly of losing his heart to a chit of a girl, and a most objectionable young person altogether in Miss Sophia's eyes.

"Now, if he had only fallen in love with Mary," mused Miss Sophia. "She is a most estimable young woman. But that doll-faced, vain, frivolous Lottie—" and Miss Sophia groaned. "A man of his age and a minister of the gospel to lose his wits over a pink and white complexion and yellow hair! Oh, it is too bad! If I only knew of some way to disenchant him."

Just then two girls and a young man passed along the street. One of the girls was tall, dark-eyed and stately; the other was pink-cheeked and yellow-haired. Her hands were full of roses, and her laughing blue eyes were uplifted to the face of the young man by her side.

Miss Sophia snorted with disgust. "Flirting as usual, the shameless piece!" she ejaculated. "A nice minister's wife she would make! Harmon's an idiot!"

Then Miss Sophia suddenly awoke to the fact that the hired girl had been left much too long to her own devices, and rose hastily to her feet. In so doing she tripped over a stool and gave her ankle a severe wrench.

A little later the Reverend Harmon Pendleton returned home and found Miss Sophia with her foot on a stool and her ankle swathed in bandages.

"Why, Sophia, what has happened?" asked the minister.

"I've sprained my ankle," replied Miss Sophia, with grim disgust. "I can't so much as put my foot to the floor."

"Why, this is indeed bad!" murmured the Rev. Harmon.

"And it is not all," added Miss Sophia. "Martha has just had word that her mother is very ill and to come home immediately. What to do I can't imagine."

"Why, get another girl," murmured the minister.

"Since when has it become so easy to get help in Westonville at a moment's notice?" ejaculated Miss Sophia, with supreme scorn.

"I met Miss Armiger down the street," said the minister, with sudden inspiration. "She intends stopping on her way home. Perhaps she can think of a way out of the difficulty."

"I don't doubt it; Mary Armiger is a most superior young woman," said Miss Sophia, with emphasis.

"Yes," she is indeed," readily assented the minister.

"So utterly unlike her sister, Lottie," supplemented Miss Sophia.

"Yes, they are very unlike, certainly," said the minister, quietly.

"Did you meet Lottie also?" asked Miss Sophia, furtively watching her brother's face. "She passed with Charlie Saunders, making eyes at him, as usual. What an audacious flirt that girl is!"

"Oh, I have not seen Lottie," replied the minister, and then he added, "Here comes Miss Armiger now."

He passed into the hall, returning in a few moments with Mary Armiger.

"Why, Miss Sophia, I am so sorry to hear of your accident," she said. "She had soft dark eyes and a low, sweet voice.

"I was just telling Sophia that perhaps you may be able to help in her present awkward predicament," said the minister. "Martha's mother is ill, and she is going home this afternoon."

"Why, that is too bad," said Mary Armiger. "How long will Martha be gone?"

"A week, at least," replied Miss Sophia.

"How would it do for me to come and keep house for you?" asked Mary, after a few moments' thought. "Father and mother are going away tomorrow for about two weeks. There's the Widow Mason's daughter, Sarah, who would, I am sure, be glad to come and do the rough work."

"You would be doing me a kindness; I should not soon forget," replied Miss Sophia, with surprising eagerness.

In fact, she was really delighted with the plan. What an opportunity it would afford to bring Mary Armiger's sterling qualities under the observation of the minister! He was fully cognizant of her usefulness in the church, her good work among the poor and suffering of the parish; her domestic virtues could now be demonstrated to him.

Miss Sophia looked at her brother. He was gazing gratefully and appreciatively at Miss Armiger.

"No one in trouble ever appeals to you in vain, Miss Mary," he said. "But this is really something of an imposition."

"Not at all. I shall be very glad indeed to come. Only," with a slight hesitation, "I am afraid I should be obliged to bring Lottie, as there will be no one at home."

Miss Sophia's brow darkened; the minister's pale face flushed slightly. "By all means bring Miss Lottie," he said, as Miss Sophia remained silent.

Then suddenly Miss Sophia's brow cleared. It occurred to her that Lottie's presence might very materially further her plans. It was true that the minister had fallen a victim to her pretty face, but living in the same house with her for an entire week, he would have abundant opportunity to compare her with her sister, and disenchantment was sure to follow.

"Of course we shall be pleased to have your sister," said Miss Sophia, with such evident sincerity that the minister, well aware of her views regarding the younger Miss Armiger, was considerably astonished.

The next day, Martha having departed, the two Miss Armigers took up their abode at the parsonage. Five days passed. Miss Sophia was sitting at the parlor window in the evening, reflecting with much complacency over the events of the past five days. Mary Armiger had certainly demonstrated the fact that she was a model housekeeper and an unexcelled cook, and the minister appeared duly impressed. He spoke enthusiastically of Mary's abilities as a housekeeper, and he gave abundant proof that her cooking met with his approval. As for Lottie—she had played right into Miss Sophia's hands. She lay in bed until very late every morning, and she spent the remainder of the day lying in the hammock, reading a novel or flirting with Charlie Saunders.

Miss Sophia heartily disapproved of Charlie, who, being the only child of rich parents, was rather given to taking life comfortably and getting all the pleasure out of it possible. Charlie was quite aware of Miss Sophia's feelings for himself, and the cordiality with which she received him during the Miss Armigers' visit caused him the liveliest surprise.

Though Lottie always looked distractingly pretty, Miss Sophia felt sure the minister had quite gotten over his fancy for her forget-me-not eyes, pink cheeks and yellow hair in the contemplation of Mary's sterling qualities.

"Really," murmured Miss Sophia, looking down upon her injured limb with quite an air of approval, "the spraining of my ankle was providential."

Lifting her eyes, Miss Sophia saw upon the porch, quite distinctly, for the moon was shining brightly, Mary Armiger and Charlie Saunders. She stiffened in her chair. Mary and Charlie being together it followed that Lottie and the minister were bearing each other company. There rose before Miss Sophia's mind's eye a distracting vision of Lottie,

lovely in her white gown, with pink roses in her yellow hair. The next moment, however, all thought of Lottie, engaged in luring the minister to a return to his former folly was driven from Miss Sophia's mind, for Charlie Saunders had placed his arm about Mary's waist and kissed her upon the lips.

Miss Sophia gasped in astonishment and horror. Could she have seen aright? Mary Armiger, the model of all that is best in womanhood, permitting an insolent boy to kiss her unrebuked!

As Miss Sophia sat bewildered the couple moved towards her.

"Why, Miss Sophia, you are all in the dark; I'll light the lamp," said Mary, as she stepped through the low window into the room, followed by Charlie.

Miss Sophia sat in grim silence until Mary had lighted the lamp. She fixed her eyes sternly upon Mary. Certainly she had never seen the elder Miss Armiger look quite so pretty before. There was a pink flush in her cheeks, and her dark eyes were soft and bright.

"Mary Armiger, did I really see that young man kissing you a few moments ago or did my eyes deceive me?" asked Miss Sophia, with uncompromising abruptness.

Mary blushed, while Charlie, to Miss Sophia's intense indignation, began to laugh.

"I—I am afraid that you did, Miss Sophia," faltered Mary. "You see I had just promised to marry him."

"What!" gasped Miss Sophia. "That worthless young scamp, who does nothing but flirt with your sister?"

"Now, Miss Sophia, that's too bad!" cried Charlie. "Lottie and I never thought of such a thing. She knows that I've been in love with Mary for ever so long."

Before Miss Sophia had time to collect her scattered wits sufficiently to make a reply the minister and Lottie entered the room. Lottie's cheeks were pinker than the roses she wore in her hair, and the minister's eyes were radiant.

For a moment Miss Sophia's eyes lingered first upon the girl and then upon her brother, and she made a quick movement to rise from her chair. The minister came to her assistance.

"I wish to go to my room," she said, laying her hand upon her brother's arm, but keeping her face studiously averted from him and the other occupants of the parlor.

When they reached her bedroom door she stopped and turned a rather white face towards him.

"I suppose you will permit me to remain until you are married to that doll?" she said.

"Why, Sophia, surely you are not thinking of deserting me now that I shall need you more than ever!" exclaimed the minister. "You see if I were going to marry a woman like Mary Armiger now, and a suspicion of a smile crossed his lips, but was quickly suppressed, "I should not require anyone to keep house for me. But its being Lottie makes it a very different matter."

For a moment or two Miss Sophia said nothing.

"Humph!" she at length replied. "I'll think about remaining."

LIKE DIAMOND-STUDED WALLS.

The Beautiful Appearance of the Interior of a Nevada Cavern.

On the north side of the Osgood range of mountains, about four miles east of Eden creek in Nevada there is a natural cave of quite large dimensions. It is in the limestone formation and has the appearance of an old worked-out mine with its slopes, raises and winzes. It is almost impossible to find the entrance, as it is covered with a growth of underbrush.

The first thing that a person notices is a small crevice in the rocks, but as he crawls into the crevice on hands and knees he finds that it widens as he goes down. About fifteen feet from the entrance a man can stand up and walk down the gradual incline, which is at about 60 degrees. At a place thirty feet from the mouth there is a raise some thirty feet high and a drift forty feet long. The sight which meets the cave-seeker's gaze at this point is most beautiful. On the ceiling large stalactites hang in clusters, and the walls are decorated with glistening crystals of lime intermingled with drops of water, giving it the appearance of being set with millions of diamonds.

Farther down the cave widens until a chamber is reached which is over sixty feet across and over fifty feet high. There are numerous other passages or caverns, and on the left there is a passage big enough to admit the body, that opens into a second chamber which is about twenty feet across and ten or fifteen feet high. In the main chamber, some twenty feet high, can be seen the opening of another chamber, but as there is no timber near to make ladders the upper cavern has not yet been explored. There are, no doubt, other large chambers which could be found were closer explorations to be made. Stalactites and stalagmites can be seen in all directions. Water is dripping continually, and the light of a candle shining upon these crystals and drops of water gives the cave a very entrancing appearance. This cave is the home of the wood rat, and there are indications that there might be thousands of the little animals which make this natural wonder their home.

To Effect a Change.

Tom Highfly—I'm going to stop running around so much. To tell the truth, I'm tired of having a good time.

Arthur Henpeck—Then, why in the name of sense don't you marry?—Harlem Life

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

The Song of the Siren—A Phase of the Whisky Cure Question Not Often Dwelt Upon—The Only Absolute Remedy For Alcoholism a Powerful Will.

BY REV. FRANCIS A. CUNNINGHAM.

The sirens sit by the summer sea,
And they sing on the seething foam
A song of the rout and revelry
Of their mystic island home.
The sailor lists for a moment brief
And he steers for the lovely shore,
But his bark is wrecked on a rocky reef
And he sinks to rise no more.

Oh a siren sits in the city streets
And she sings the selfsame song,
And she smiles on the noble youth she meets,
And she fathers him into her throng.
He drinks a draught from her golden bowl
And he feels its mystic fire
Like the bliss of heaven within his soul,
And he drinks to his heart's desire.

He sinks as the sailor sank of old
In the depths of a merciless sea,
And the touch of his hand is damp and cold
And his life is a misery.
His brain is racked with young remorse,
And his soul with agony is sore,
His excess proceeds from worse to worse
Till he falls to rise no more.

Oh, brave are the men who sign the roll
For the hate of the draught that kills,
Of the trade that strangles the youthful soul,
Of the rain of human will!
Oh, brave are the hands that spurn the cup,
That scorn the siren's call!
But the man who raises his brother up
Is the bravest of them all.
—Sacred Heart Review.

Value of Whisky Cures.

The intrinsic value of the many medicinal agents which have been warranted a sure cure for the affliction of alcoholism, has never been definitely settled, and in spite of flaring testimonials and advertisements, is uncertain at its best. Heavily drinking men are wont to flatter themselves into the belief that when the effects of excessive indulgence begin to inconvenience them, they can apply to the first dispensary of patent nostrums and obtain relief at so much per gallon.

Never was greater fallacy. Some of these cures doubtless have points of merit, but in its last analysis, their success depends upon the individuality and will power of the patient.

Those who availed themselves of the benefits offered by these different systems have been variously profited. Some few were never visited by a desire to taste the alcoholic poison again. Others held out against its allurement for a brief period after they had been discharged from the institute, and still others tired of the strict methods in vogue, and fled from their temporary refuge before receiving any good from the treatment. The different systems have all had their successes and failures, and the secrecy surrounding the formulas of the medicines employed has always left doubt as to whether it was the chemical or moral agents which wrought the change.

The drunkard who depends entirely on the physician to rescue him after he has progressed far in his intemperance, is leaning on a broken stick. There can be no doubt that only a political mischief cure for alcoholism is the exertion of a powerful will, and the devotee of John Barleycorn who is looking around and trying to see some way out of his vassalage had better satisfy himself on this point at once.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Drink Evil.

There is to-day in the English-speaking countries no such tremendous, far-reaching, vital question as that of drunkenness. In its implications and effects it overshadows all else. It lies at the centre of all social and political mischief. It paralyzes energies in every direction. It baffles penal reform. It obstructs political reform. It rears aloft a mass of evilly-inspired power, which at every salient point threatens social and national advance, which gives to ignorance and vice a greater potency than intelligence and virtue can command; which deprives the poor of the advantages of modern progress; which debauches and degrades millions, brutalizing and demoralizing them below the plane of healthy savagery, and filling the centres of population with creatures whose condition almost excuses the immorality which renders them dangerous to their generation. Can any political organization be said to represent the best aspirations and the strongest needs of the people while this abiding source of misery, crime and poverty is allowed to spread and flourish?—New York Tribune.

Practical Temperance.

The workmen of Atlanta are to be commended for their action in deciding against the sale of beer on Labor Day. The main purpose of having a day set apart on which to pay tribute to the dignity of labor being to elevate it, no better step could have been taken than that by which the laboring men of Atlanta have decided to mark the day by sobriety. No class of men have sinned more against the ideal of temperance than those who earn their bread by honest toil. Self-indulgence steps in to steal that which should go to wife and children, and leaves in its train misery untold. When we see workmen exercising supreme self-denial and seeking their faces against customs which destroy happiness, we have a strong evidence of reform which means much to the home and the family. Let the money which goes for intoxicants go to the wives and babies instead, and we will make a good exchange of joyous homes for the dubious profits which may come to a few from the sale of intoxicants.—Atlanta Constitution.

No Room For Drunkards.

Thirty of the leading business men of Minneapolis were recently asked "Is there room in your line of business for an exceptional capable young man, who has every qualification for business except that out of business hours he drinks in moderation with his friends?" In five days those thirty men had responded for himself and without knowledge of the others, and all had the same story to tell. Not one had any time or use for men in their business who drank. As business men are governed, in their employment of labor, solely by results attained, the growing custom of discriminating against drinking men as employees is simple and direct testimony as to the evil effects of liquor upon the brain and hand of the worker.

The Crusade in Brief.

Rum nearly always spells ruin.
Drinking is an enemy to thinking.
Temperance is the guardian of the other virtues.
The slang of the saloon is not in place on the lips of a sober man.
A drunken man is a nuisance to everybody. Even the saloon-keeper throws him out.

Not one drop of intoxicating liquor is allowed to be sold at any of the military camps of Canada.
To be sober means to be secure against many assaults of the devil to which the drunkard succumbs.
Scotland has 146 parishes without public houses, poor rates or public drinking houses. Perhaps the lack of the latter accounts for the absence of the former.