

The horse and the mule, as long as rations and transportation are a necessity, will continue to be a primary factor in war.

In Flanders the name of the automobile is "snelpaadelzonderspetrooleijng," and the Flemish people keep out of its way.

The United States government has to pay a royalty for the use of most of the telescopic sights now employed on the seacoast and field artillery guns.

The solitary juror at Wilkesbarre, Pa., who held out for 16 days against the verdict which his colleagues wanted to bring in probably thought that they were the most unreasonable set of men that he had ever met.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Ha'e told a Boston audience the other night that Benjamin Franklin was born on Hanover street, in that city, and now the curious are inquiring what is the meaning of a tablet on the old Post building in Milk street declaring that his birthplace was there.

The principal steam railway system in France is about to substitute electric motors for steam locomotives in the suburban service between Versailles and Paris. The largest power station in France will be erected midway between the two places to supply the necessary current for the operation of trains.

Siberia became a penal colony in the middle of the seventeenth century. Under Nicholas I nearly 50,000 Poles were transported there. During the nineteenth century it is estimated that nearly if not quite 700,000 men, women and children were sent into Siberian exile, for Russian despotism was no respecter of person, sex, condition or age.

Spain has instituted a reform in the carrying out of the death penalty. Executions will be no longer public and criminals will not be exposed to view in the prison chapel for 24 hours before being put to death, as in the past. The object of this custom was to enable the criminal to prepare for death and to allow the public to join in praying for his soul.

In the New Jersey courts a novel way of punishing juvenile offenders is in vogue. The parents are summoned to the bar of justice to inflict the sentence of the court, which is generally a severe spanking. It is said the innovation works well, inasmuch as it saves the child from the disgrace of imprisonment and impresses upon the parents the necessity of restraining their offspring.

Social and economic conditions, as they are reported to exist in Guam, seem almost idyllic. Almost every one owns land, and lives happy in cultivating it; and only men do that necessary work, for the women remain at home, engaged in more appropriate duties. No man's necessities constrain him to work for another. He is his own capitalist and hired man; consequently there are no strikes, no lockouts—no "labor problem," in fact, to perplex and disturb. Since there is no "effective demand" for what the people do not produce themselves, they do not need money. There is neither store nor market on the island in which household necessities may be bought by exiles from the outside world, and according to Lieutenant Safford, vice governor, upon whose authority the more essential facts stated above are based, "You have to beg people to sell things." Obviously, modern progress and modern ideas have a wide field in Guam.

"Linen underwear for all seasons of the year" is a slogan which is originating a host of followers to the standards of Father Kneipp and his other advocates of hygienic dress. Among the chief objections urged against the wearing of woolen next to the skin is the fact that woolen cannot be easily sterilized. Linen or cotton can be boiled. Not so wool. Woolen underwear can only be sterilized by washing in naphtha or strong disinfectants, which is never done save by doctors who have been attending infectious diseases. A woolen garment will absorb germs much more readily than linen or cotton as it hangs on the line in the process of drying. Wool next to the body is apt to be irritating to the skin and it is relaxing to the blood vessels. While it is true that wool is absorbent, it is also a matter of fact that wool containing some oily substance has not the absorbent qualities of linen or cotton. A person who wears wool next to the skin cannot have as clean a skin as a person who wears linen or cotton.

A recent compilation of statistics shows that last year American dealers bought more than \$500,000 worth of foreign cosmetics and perfumes.

Another case of an American girl marrying a title only to find that it may cover a multitude of sins. And in this case they were thought to be happy; oh, so happy!

It has been found in the Maine cities which adopted a curfew ordinance that an increased police force was needed to enforce it, and rather than pay the costs of a larger force, the law has become more or less of a dead letter.

The Boston Journal sadly admits that the johnnycake, once a glory and a joy of the Yankees, "is rapidly becoming only a memory." The beautiful, tender, mellow johnnycake, lighter than gossamer and more delicious than the drink of gods! The great johnnycake makers are no more.

Diamonds of fine quality have been found near the Orinoco river, in the identical region where Sir Walter Raleigh sought vainly for El Dorado centuries ago. Sir Walter's ghost will be regarded as wholly harmless if it walks the margin of the new diamond fields, bitterly wailing that the favors of fortune are unequally divided.

It has been said that France looks to the patronage of exhibitors and visitors from this country to make a success of the Paris exposition. And while the truth of this assertion is not denied, the value of our co-operation is made the more apparent by the recent loan of \$15,000,000 made to France from New York bankers, wherewith to supplement the gold on which the exposition enterprise will necessarily draw.

The peculiar value of electrical power for the operation of the mountain railroads is now becoming recognized. It is probable that soon the trolley system will be the only one used for mountain climbing, thus effecting the saving of the weight of locomotives, water and fuel. The overhead trolley has been adopted for the Jungfrau, and a similar system will be used on the projected rack railway between Chambois and the Montanvert.

England buys 60 per cent. of the products which the American farmer sends abroad, says Consular Agent E. I. Harris at Eibenstock in a report to the state department, and the British colonies present the greatest field for our manufactured products. In the fiscal year 1898-99 England bought in round numbers \$73,000,000 worth of our principal products or 79 per cent. more than all the rest of Europe combined. Mr. Harris also calls attention to the fact that Great Britain has never shown the enmity toward our products which has been evident in other European nations.

In several western states have sprung up discussions of the proposition that burglary should be punished by death. The average burglar, appreciative of the risks of his profession, is prepared to kill, if need be, to effect his escape. To that extent he is a murderer in premeditation. He is therefore a doubly dangerous criminal, a despoiler of the night, and is usually hardened past the reform stage. Old experts at the business have testified that the hardened burglar seldom changes his trade. In spite of these considerations, however, capital punishment for burglary is not likely to be established. The modern tendency is away from the death penalty. Sentiment is sparing the lives even of dastard criminals—to what effect penology and its kindred sciences have yet to show.

The proverbial foible of many persons for concealing or misrepresenting their ages is proved by the census to be a reality. Careful scrutiny of the returns of population according to ages in successive census years shows that there is a widespread tendency among boys and girls to report themselves older than they are, as if to anticipate manhood and womanhood. Among those who are approaching middle age the tendency is in the opposite direction, namely to report themselves younger than they are. Finally, in the case of the very old, there is an inclination to add to their years. They seem to take pride in every year they have lived since they could boast that they were octogenarians. It is a little strange that this weakness of human nature should be so widespread, and that both men and women should be so sensitive upon the subject of their ages, seeing that there is no condition or circumstance of life for which the individual is less responsible than his age.

LIFE.
First you're born, an' fer a while
Daddy's pet
Keeps you goin'. After that—
Keep y'rself.
Then, unless the lady picks you
Fer a "brother,"
Fer another little while you
Keep another.
Such is life—first you are kept,
Then you keep.
You're awake a little while—
Then you sleep.
Here's a laugh, 'n' there a tear—
Or a sigh—
So you put in your year by—
Then you die.
—Baltimore American.

The Duty Soldier.

Colonel Jemmett took a chair opposite his hostess, who was toasting her obviously pretty feet by the fire. They had first met when he was 33 and she 15; they had not seen each other since he had turned 40, and she had availed herself of her majority to marry foolishly, so their early relations, if familiar, were unromantic. Thanks to the line of forbears wearing in succession the wig of jurisprudence, he had been already bald and serious when she had cast her child's glance upon him; and now, a quarter century later, her widow's scrutiny found him much the same, save that the frame of his baldness, like his moustache, was gray, and the seriousness of his face became gravity, almost sternness. If he had changed not very greatly, in the shaded light of her own strategically planned drawing room she seemed to him to have aged not at all. The girl was grown full woman, and, indeed, a widow of 40 cannot properly affect ingenuousness; but her weeds were rather becoming to her beauty than illuminative of her sorrow.

They were alone, and would, intentionally, remain alone; for the game of hide and seek of chastened hearts is not to be played in company. "You are looking well," she observed. "Better than when I saw you last."

The occasion to which she referred was her wedding breakfast, and certainly the then captain of foot was not looking his best that day. "Thank you," said he, nodding stiffly; "I'm pretty fit. And you—you're as well as ever, I suppose?" She smiled at the awkward speech. "You are as ironical as ever, I perceive."

"Me ironical!" he blurted—"not I! But I thought you seemed so well, and I remember you always seemed well. Were you not always well?" She was silent, with fire cast eyes, before she answered: "Yes, when you knew me I was well." A little pause. "Since then I have not always felt so very, very well." Another brief pause. Then, as the eyes traveled gayly from the fire to his face, to fall demurely on his watch chain: "But you see I am quite myself again."

Colonel Jemmett was entranced; wrinkles of 21 years' standing faded from his countenance, and he tried to recall speeches imagined before the wrinkles came; but the futility of the phrases crushed him now, and he said, with a very little emotion: "So you missed grandpapa, after all?"

"Used I to call you grandpapa?" she asked; she really had forgotten it. "Why should I have called you grandpapa?" His right hand ascended to his crown. "I think, at first, it was because of that," he said.

She stared. "Because of what?" she begged.

Colonel Jemmett writhed in his chair. "Because of not having any hair on the top of my head. I wasn't so very old, don't you know?" he answered.

Laughter rippled from the widow. "You are avenged," she said; "my own hair is growing thin now, and I'm only 33."

In spite of himself, he started; he had just ordered a bracelet to be given her on her 41st birthday.

She saw she had made a slip, and hastened to recover her balance. "Don't tell me you know better," she rallied him—"since my birthday is in February I may be forgiven for keeping it only in leap year. But truly, I shall very soon have less hair than you. Don't you believe me?"

He shook his head incredulously. She deliberately loosened some half-dozen pins and took from the centre of her coiffure a plait of not very great proportions. "It is my own," she remarked incidentally. "It was cut off when I was very—not very, very well—I had it made up. . . . Now, come and look at my bald spot."

As one who approaches a shrine, Colonel Jemmett did her bidding. Two of her long fingers diving into her hair discovered to him a perfectly bald disk, certainly not bigger than a sixpenny piece; perhaps it had been once tentanted by a contumacious patch of gray.

"Can you give me nothing to make it grow again?" she asked pitifully. Colonel Jemmett's heart fluttered as he stooped and kissed the place, but the kiss itself was reverential. The widow's surprise was divided evenly between his gallantry and his astuteness. She wondered what he would do next.

"I hope you are not offended with me," he said. "Oh, no, dear grandpapa," she answered, with a trace of malice. "Sit down and tell me all about yourself; about your exploits in the East. I want to hear particularly about them, for the newspaper reports are so stupid I never can understand them."

"Exploits!" said the colonel; "I never had one to my name."

laughingly. "You never marched from some place to the relief of some other place, carrying your guns over a snow mountain?"

"Ah! I know what you're thinking of," said the colonel. "It was a man called Whippet that did that. A splendid chap he is, too; you really ought to know him."

"There was a confusion in the names, Jemmett and Whippet. Whippet said nothing about it, but it was corrected as soon as possible."

"I don't see that Jemmett and Whippet sound at all alike," protested the widow.

"No, but on the telegraphic code they're much the same."

"How stupid of these horrid newspapers!" the widow ejaculated disgustedly.

"Well, it really was not so stupid," the colonel argued. "For it might, in a sense, have been I, instead of Whippet, that did it."

"How do you mean?" asked the widow sharply.

"Well, you see," replied the colonel, a trifle nervously, "Ali Pindah, where was Ben Williamson, who had to be relieved, was at the apex of an isosceles triangle of which a line drawn between Fort Dufferin, where Whippet was, and Fort Nicholson, where I was, would have been the base."

"That conveys no idea to me," returned the widow pettishly. "Can't you use plain English?"

"I mean to convey," said the colonel desperately, "that Whippet and I were equidistant from Ben Williamson, and it was a toss up which of us made a dash for him."

"And why were you not the one to do it?" queried the widow.

"You know I never was a dashing fellow," answered the colonel humbly. "You don't mean to say you were afraid?" she said after a little while.

The colonel nodded his head. "I was afraid."

She waited yet awhile before delivering what she meant to be a taunt: "I cannot understand why you did not follow your father's profession."

"I had not enough brains for it," he said simply. "Besides, I am attached to my own trade—so attached that I do not know what will become of me after another year."

"What happens then?" she asked, without interest.

"I shall be retired," he told her. "The age clause falls heavily on a man like me who has never had a chance to distinguish himself."

"I thought you had Whippet's chance," she cut at him.

For a moment he stared at her stupidly, then said without bitterness, but reprovingly as a father to a child: "I see you have not understood me. You have perhaps forgotten that your husband's nickname for me was 'The Duty Soldier.'"

"Yes," she retorted, without weighing her words, "and he defined it as one who is afraid of God and man, and for his own skin."

Her teeth closed on her tongue as she said the last word, for Colonel Jemmett arose and I shook himself. "I see that my call has been an intrusion on you; I shall not repeat the indiscretion. Goodby."

"Goodby!" she repeated mechanically, and touched the bell. She felt powerless to detain him, but looked wistfully at the door when it had closed behind him.

Ten days later she had a letter from him bearing the Southampton postmark. "I am leaving for the Tirah," he said, "to command a brigade. If I had done what you wished in the Black mountains I should have risked the lives of 500 men, women and children. I was afraid to do this. Perhaps in this new business I may be able to present the Duty Soldier in a better light—at least, in one which you can see."

"After all, he can be ironical," the widow said, and wondered if he could escape retirement. She thought she might write to him.

Colonel (local Major-General) Jemmett received the widow's letter the morning of the day his brigade was to attack the enemy's position. It was the first battle in which he found himself his own commander, and such a time is not the best for reading a beloved woman's letter. He was a duty soldier, and though the touch of it burned his fingers, he put it in his left breast pocket unopened.

In reply, Jemmett did what he seldom did; he snubbed the second in command, who went away and laughed at him, and then damned an aide-de-camp up hill and down dale for doing the same.

The enemy had brought two of the four captured guns into action against Jemmett, and the second in command was for opening the fight in the orthodox way by knocking these off their carriages with a round or two; but Jemmett would not hear of it. "No, no," said he; "we must have these back intact. Tell Captain Maxwell to burst his shells behind and around them, so as to clear away the supporting infantry; but we must take our chance of a bit of a blasting from them until we get near enough to pot the gunners. They're fighting very slowly, they're ranging badly, they're not setting the fuses properly, and they have only one limber's supply."

The second in command was a linesman, and when one of the hostile shells, the first which did happen to burst properly, carried off a bugler and six men, a growl escaped him about waste of life.

Jemmett, who saw with half an eye that things were going as he wished them, leaned from his saddle to pat his subordinates on the shoulder. "My friend," said he, "it may be inhumane, but I should not call it waste of life, though 20 more and myself were to go, if we win the day and get back those guns while a man as good as you remains to take my place."

"I beg your pardon, general," said the second in command; "but I wish you'd get off your horse, for I'm not big enough to do your work, however pleased I should be to try."

And just then another fragment of shell—the last the enemy fired that day—plunged against Jemmett's knee and brought his charger down with a broken back. Jemmett fell heavily on his head.

"You know what to do," said Jemmett to the second in command, as he recovered an hour later from the stunning effect of his fall.

"It has been done," answered the second in command. "The Rifles have cleared the ridge, we've got the guns safe and sound, and the guides are chivying the beggars down the valley."

"That's all!" declared the colonel. "And how long have I to live?" he asked.

"Bless my soul! How should I know?" returned the other. "Twenty years, 25, anything up to 150. Long enough to bury the brigade, anyhow."

"What's happened to me? I thought I felt my leg go."

"Yes, a chunk of it went. . . . I'm afraid you'll limp a bit, old chap."

"You mean it must come off?"

"No, it's not so bad as that—it only wants absolute rest—and there's the C. B., don't you know."

"I'm too old to care about that, but I suppose they'll hardly retire me now."

"Make you a field marshal more likely," said the second in command. Then Jemmett dictated a ten-line account of the action to the second in command, and when the latter had departed to send it off, and to attend to his proper work, bethought himself of the widow's letter.

It was very long, for the widow, and it made Jemmett forget the limp on one side and the C. B. on the other. It ended with the words: "Give me a definition of a duty soldier to take the place of the stupid cynicism he taught me."

Jemmett put the letter into the envelope and the envelope back in his pocket, and, his heart full of pride, tried to think out the desired definition.

His cogitations were broken by the re-entrance of the second in command, just a trifle flurried. "That ass Winter has been at it again," he said. "He heliographs down that he's in the defence of a mess, and can you get him out of it?"

"What does he want?" asked Jemmett, taken aback.

"He says he's surrounded, and can't cut a way through without a big loss."

Jemmett was a wee bit angry. "It's a shame," said he. "My men must be dog tired. I hardly know what to do."

"I know what I should do," snapped the second in command.

"What would you do?" the general inquired.

"Let him go to the devil his own way."

"You forget yourself," said Jemmett. "That's not business. We must do what we can to help him."

"If you send one man you must send the lot," said the second in command. "And you lose the fruits of your victory."

"Better that," returned Jemmett, "than suffer a defeat."

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Man With the Pull—Among Women the Drink Habit is Rapidly on the Increase—This Indicates a Degenerate Tendency That is Alarming.

O I ain't got any grammar, and I ain't up on the rules, but I'll get the situation. For I've got a pull that's pretty, do you see!

I can mix a dandy cocktail and put up a good coffee. I can give you all the records of the figures of the day! I control the ward I live in; all the votes how to me. And I always buy my fine cut of a lead school trustee!

There are others who are after this job I want to land. They can write and read off grammar as such rot to beat the band; they can fidget without pencils, they can spin out historee. But they don't get anythin' nothin' from a leadin' school trustee!

Why do people keep on dumpin' in the chairs, anyway? If the boys that gets the vote out air allowed to draw the pay? I ain't never done no teachin', but I ne the salarree. Which the same I've went and mention to a leadin' school trustee!

—Chicago Times-Herald.

Women and Intemperance.

From extensive reading, observation and experience in my line of work, writ Margaret A. Stewart, M. D., Superintendent of the New York City Dispensary, W. C. T. U., I am convinced that the drink habit is rapidly on the increase and that the ratio of increase is great among women. I do not confine the charge to any particular locality or social class. The stimulant habit is a scourge, a degenerate tendency which I manifesting itself to an alarming extent in our present civilization.

This curse is being handed down through the law of heredity, generation to generation, and is gathering momentum as it descends, till the whole Christendom is suffering. A French scientist, who has studied the history of Europe for the last half century, declares that the scourge of alcoholism threatens the civilized world. I own nation is consuming an extraordinary amount yearly. He says: "The consumption has increased from three pints per capita in 1851 to twenty-eight pints per capita in 1888. Of this, especially in New-mandy, the women drink even more than the men."

Other European countries show similar alarming conditions. Lady Henry Somerset, speaking for England, says: "There can be no doubt that the great problem before the temperance people of this country is how to arrest the alarming increase of inebriety among women. We stand in the unequal position of a nation that has a drunken womanhood."

In our own country we find that statistics show a per capita increase from 3.81 gallons in 1859 to 14.53 gallons in 1890. The figures of 1890 promise to go far beyond that, because all observers agree that the noticeable increase in the drink habit among women in this country has taken place within the last decade, particularly within the last five years.

I have it upon good authority that within the last five years, in the hopping districts of this city, the demand for liquors has caused to be fitted up in the saloons accommodations for women almost equal in extent to those for men. I learn, too, that the drug stores, with their soda fountains, are doing quite a thriving trade in spirituous liquors, sold to women, as are the saloons.

A downtown business man writes me: "Any one needs to do to verify my statements regarding the increase of the drink habit among women is to visit any of the public concert gardens any evening."

But not only in the great centres of population is this conceded to be a growing evil. From the smaller towns has come the same cry that the drink habit is growing upon our American womanhood.

This condition is one of deep concern, and one for which a vital cure exists. I believe that the strength of this curse is revealed in the law of heredity.

It is claimed by some scientists that in the working of this law daughters are more prone to inherit the father's characteristics, and vice versa. If this be true, do we not here find the scientific explanation of the increase of the drink habit among women?

We have to-day the most highly organized physical and intellectual man the race has ever produced, and consequently the most sensitive to the degenerating poison of alcohol.

When such a man gives way to drink his child is born with a lowered vital constitution, which craves the stimulant. Doubly terrible are the results when the mother, the source of life, has fallen under the spell of the deadly habit.

It is only by the study of the laws of heredity that men and women can be awakened to their responsibilities and check this rising tide of intemperance which threatens to engulf the race and destroy our civilization.—New York World.

General Roberts on Temperance.

At the annual meeting in London of the British Army Temperance Association, General Sir George White, the hero of Ladysmith, presiding, a letter was read from Lord Roberts, who wrote: "There never was a more temperate army than that which marched under my command from the Modder River to Bloemfontein. Nothing but good can result from so many soldiers being brought together in an arduous campaign when they see how splendidly our temperance men have borne up against the hardships and dangers they have had to face."

The nation holds open the front door of the saloon while the devil tends the back door that leads to the gutter, the brothel and hell.

A Christian Prohibition League has been organized at Sioux Falls, S. D. Its motto is: "By the study of the law for prohibition; when the church says, go, and vote no, then the saloon will go."