

The Paris exposition was cheap at a net cost of \$400,000.

Great Britain no longer furnishes the largest contingent of Swiss tourists. Germany comes first, France second.

Leborgy, a French authority on fashions for men, declares that the Prince of Wales dresses badly. And Americans have been copying him all these years!

Excelsior is not only the American motto, but thousands of tons of excelsior itself are exported every year to Central America, the West Indies, England and other foreign countries.

It is proposed to place in Winchester cathedral a stained glass window to the memory of Izaak Walton. If fish have memories, possibly they will approve the memorial, for while Izaak fooled many of them, he was yet their friend.

Strange to say, the experiment of starting Chinese laundries in London has encountered grievous reverses. Clothing entrusted to the slant eyed polishers of purified linen disappeared and the wielders of the sadiron in the British metropolis have been scattered in flight.

Lese-majeste has discovered a new form of offense in Germany. Let all be warned when they are in Germany to get up on their feet in a hurry whenever anyone "hochs der kaiser." It will not do to believe that the individual that hochs has been drinking too much, because that allows no excuse for remaining seated when his majesty's name is spoken. The courts have decided that. A town councillor has lately been tried and sentenced for forgetting his duty to the crown's might.

It is not impossible that the prediction that the day of the sailing vessel has passed will be falsified by the event. It is beginning to be seen by some shrewd men that the essential thing in some classes of transportation is to get the articles transported to their destination as cheaply as possible, and that the factor of time is only one of many that must be considered in order to achieve profitable results. Hence it may happen that a half a century from now such commodities as coal and pig iron will scarcely ever be shipped in steam vessels. Indeed, the proposition to build huge sailing colliers is already mooted in the United States, and is likely to be carried out by some of the big railroad companies whose roads tap American coal mines convenient to deep water.

Another communistic experiment has come to grief in the dissolution of the Christian Commonwealth Colony, which was founded three years ago in Muscogee county, Georgia, by 40 men, women and children from Ohio. They were an exceptionally intelligent and worthy body of people. Plain cottages were built, and a common dining hall, which was also used for religious services, was established. The first year was a prosperous one. Fine crops were raised and good prices secured for the products. A sawmill was built, a gristmill and a broom factory were profitably operated, and a dairy not only furnished the community with all the milk and butter needed, but afforded a surplus for the market. Then new members came and trouble began. Many shirked their work; gossip and scandal became rife; debts were incurred which there was no money to meet, and now it is announced that the colony has gone to pieces.

It is announced in the west that a way has been found to prepare the lignite deposits in Minnesota and the Dakotas for ready consumption in stoves and furnaces. These lignite beds lie near the surface, are almost limitless in extent, and are in a country which must pay a 1500-mile freight haul for coal. But the use of lignite for fuel has been retarded by the lack hitherto of a successful method of so treating it as to make it burn evenly from the surface to the core, as does a lump of coal. In Europe it is bricked by a secret process, which Americans have not been able to fathom. The chief trouble has been that lignite contains from 10 to 20 percent of water, and that the agglutinants used to mould the lignite into bricks contained also a large percent of moisture. An experienced miner, who has been conducting experiments for former Senator Washburn of Minnesota, thinks that he has solved the problem. He estimates that lignite briquettes, each the size of a man's fist, can be loaded on cars at less than \$1 a ton, and says that in fuel capacity it will equal Hocking coal.

Bishop Potter of New York City deplores the decline of home cooking, and expresses sorrow for the coming of what he calls the "tinned" era.

What a country is China for the newspapers of the future! For the 400,000,000 inhabitants of the Celestial Empire there are at present 50 newspapers, or only one for every 8,000,000.

Bot., the London Express and the London Mail dwell upon the decadence of British trade owing to American and German competition. They are endeavoring to get self-satisfied John Bull to realize the seriousness of the situation.

The automobile is likely to be utilized for more purposes than simple transportation. An ingenious individual of Wuloughby, Ohio, has rigged up a connection between his barn and residence by means of which he can, immediately the power is turned off at the trolley station for the night, switch his automobile storage battery in use, thus furnishing a current for lighting purposes for the remainder of the night.

"A handicap is a burden laid upon one who is swift or strong to reduce any advantage which he may have over the slow and the weak. By curious usage the meaning of the word is reversed in common speech," says the Christian Register. We speak as if it was a burden laid upon the weak, and was the cause of their failure. The sentiment of generosity is the handicap laid upon the strong, that they may be helpful and not harmful in their relations with the weak.

The Colorado Museum association has bought a collection of stuffed birds and animals, which will be the nucleus of a great Rocky Mountain museum, the site of which will be the City Park of Denver. A museum thoroughly representative of the Rocky Mountain region would be of the highest interest and value. In particular, such a museum should seek to amass the most complete memorials of Indian life which, to the men of a few hundred years hence, will be matter of deep wonder and curiosity.

The postoffice department has decided upon six special stamps for the benefit of the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo. The one-cent stamp, of green color, will have a picture of a lake steamer to represent the great transportation industry of the inland seas in which Buffalo is so much interested. The two-cent stamp, printed in red, will have a railway train; the four-cent stamp, in red brown, an automobile; the five-cent stamp, in blue, a picture of the new bridge at Niagara Falls; the eight-cent stamp, in lilac, a picture of the lock at Sault Ste. Marie, and the ten-cent stamp, of light brown, an ocean steamer.

A striking illustration of either the carelessness or ignorance of the American people is furnished by the annual report of the operations of the dead letter office. Nothing, perhaps, indicates more clearly than does the report of the operations of the dead letter office one of the worst national traits or weaknesses. The American people are surely careless, and whether this is due to the rush and hurry of their every-day life or to faults in the system of education cannot be told off-hand. Undoubtedly both causes contribute to the result. Again, many people take it for granted that the government, having undertaken to carry the mail, will see to it that letters and parcels are delivered at their destination, even though the address may be faulty in some respects.

The Indianapolis Journal quotes municipal and penological statisticians as saying "that Indianapolis ranks as one of the best policed cities in the United States, and gives much of the credit for this to the merchant police, an able adjunct of the regular force. This force was organized in 1865, and now consists of about 50 men, one-half the number uniformed, and the other half acting as detectives in citizens' clothing. Their districts cover, to a great extent, the downtown business houses. "Just how many robberies have been prevented or how many fires have been discovered in time to prevent serious loss by the members of this silent factor of the Indianapolis police power could only be obtained by the inspection of records for more than 35 years back," the Journal says. "Even then only a partial record could be obtained, for the number of wrongs that have been rectified by the merchant police since its organization in this city that have never been reported exceed by far those which would be found recorded."

THE DESPERATE CASE OF PERCIVAL.

Percival felt that the world was come to an end for him and he was trying to convince himself that he didn't care a continental if it was. He sat in a chair that seemed incompatible with any sort of discomfort, his pipe was between his teeth and he had been notified of a raise in his salary that very week; nevertheless the chair could not hold him in its padded embrace, and he got up and paced about the room in the regulation style of the caged panther; his pipe had gone out long ago, and as for the salary, what to him was salary.

He felt in the breast pocket of his coat and drew out a letter, or rather a note, which he read with a scowl corrugating his brow. Then with a succession of angry jerks, he tore it across and across and dropped the pieces, fluttering on the hearth. A moment later he gathered the pieces in a heap, and, striking a match, set fire to them. As the flame gradually died out from the rustling tinder a thought seemed to strike him and he felt in his breast pocket again. This time he took out a pocket book and extracted a small package wrapped in tissue paper from a special compartment; this also he laid on the hearth, and, with the same expression of angry determination on his face, struck another match and held it to the paper. It did not burn as freely as the other for a minute, but suddenly it flared up so that he had to start back to avoid the flame. The next instant there was nothing on the hearth but ashes and a particularly unpleasant smell permeated the room.

Percival drew a deep breath and remained staring moodily at the blackened fragments on the hearth for several minutes. Then, with what seemed to be an effort, he rose and began to whistle. What did it matter, after all? What did anything matter? No girl was worth a moment's worry.

In accordance with this decision he sat down again and struck a third match with which he lighted his pipe. He puffed away with preternatural calm for a little while and then took the evening paper from the table and turned to the theatrical advertisements.

"I might as well enjoy myself," he said. "That's probably what she's doing. I'll simply devote the rest of my existence to having a good time. If she ever hears of me at all it will be as a light-hearted man about town. Let's see what is on. No, I'm not going to afford her the satisfaction of seeing me drop into an early grave. My harp doesn't hang on any weeping willow tree. I'll tune her up and pick out rag-time tunes."

The paper dropped to the floor and he continued with a melancholy eye on the engraving of Napoleon at St. Helena, which hung on the wall: "I'll fissipate; that's what I'll do—fill the cup that clears today of past regrets and future fears—whooop'er up Eliza Jane. I believe I'll drink a bottle of beer before I go to bed tonight, just as a starter. They will go to her and tell her what I'm doing, and then maybe she will be sorry. I don't know, though, why I should care whether she is sorry or not. I don't suppose I really do. My mind is naturally disordered now, just as it would be if I suddenly broke myself of any other habit. In a week I shall be wondering what I ever saw in her and I shall be ahead so much experience. I suppose every man has to go through it once, just as puppies get the distemper, and I ought to be thankful that I found out in time how callous and frivolous women can be. I've had all I want of them, that's one thing sure."

He got up and walked about the room and then suddenly sat down again with an impatient exclamation. "I don't see why I can't simply dismiss the matter from my mind and let it go at that," he said. "I won't go out; that's one thing dead certain. It would be a confession of weakness to seek distraction. I wonder if she won't write and ask me to come again. I guess it's too soon for a letter, but she might send a messenger. Then I could coldly express my regret that I was unable to see her and suggest that it would perhaps be better that our correspondence should cease. That would settle the matter and it would be a satisfaction to know that it was actually settled. I guess it's settled, anyway."

"I wonder how that trial balance is coming out. Mosier is going to get fooled on this guess. They want to get some ink that won't clog on the pens the way the last did. I don't believe in the economy of buying cheap ink. There's going to be plenty for us to do between this and Christmas with the annuals and the holiday shipments, and it won't let up with the new year. Well, I shall be glad to have plenty of work to take my mind off this business. Work! That's what there is before me now. Good, honest, hard work and no fooling. Not that I wouldn't have worked just as hard for her. There was our home to work for. Now it will be just money grubbing. Well, I'll grub to beat the band."

He laughed a harsh, sardonic and disyllabic laugh, the sound of which reminded him of a villain in a black cloak whom in happier days he had gazed at from a gallery seat. He felt that he had misjudged that villain's art, but at the same time he ceased his soliloquy and lit his pipe again. It was easier to stop talking than to stop thinking, and his thoughts went wandering off to the little home

they two had planned. There probably never had been a house built just exactly like it, and there probably never would have been, but it had grown very familiar to him in the first half-waking hours of morning—particularly the room where they would sit together. Her face—! Castles in Spain! Money grubbing now; a deadening of human feeling, a self-contained, self-sufficing existence that would harden his heart and set his face in lines that would scare children. He took a savage satisfaction in the contemplation of his future self, but caught himself softening at the picture of this adamant millionaire, yielding to the appeal of the love of his youth and raising her from poverty to affluence; so he picked up the newspaper again and tried to interest himself in the partition of China.

The door bell below suddenly rang and Percival started to his feet. Could it be the messenger? He half opened his door and listened. He heard his landlady say, "I think he's upstairs in his room now. You can go up and see; it's right at the head of the stairs," and then he retreated to his chair, choked with emotion.

It was the laundryman with his weekly bill.

Would she have written that note, after all? Suppose she could have explained. And would it not be better to give her the opportunity to explain? Of course she could. She could make him look like a fool in one sentence, but he was not the man to allow any girl to twist him around her little finger. He would show her that. A trivial cause, perhaps, as some people might look at it, but what could there be trivial in their intercourse. Looking back he could remember other instances, slight in themselves, but were they not as floating straws showing the ebbing tide of love?

But to return to the Chinese question. Oh, hang the Chinese question! Yet it should be a matter of human interest. Great nations were playing a great game there; armies were gathering. How would it be to enlist. Here was a subject worthy of serious consideration. What could life offer him here but the prospect of a dreary slaving over account books. Was that a career for a man with blood in his veins and strength in his sinews? On the other hand, strenuous activity, the joy of conflict, the thrill of danger—and then a glorious death. She would hear of it and perhaps her blinding tears would fall fast upon the printed page where his name would appear in capital letters in the list of the slain. They might perhaps bring his mortal remains back in a metal casket. They have done that for the boys who fell in Cuba, and while Percival thought at the time it was a piece of idiotic sentimental extravagance, now it seemed only the proper and decent thing to do. The services would be held at the church, of course, and there would be pathetic allusions to the young hero, who animated by sentiments of the loftiest patriotism, responded gladly to his country's call and laid down his life on the sacred altar of—of that country. The chances were good for a swooning at that.

But after all it would not be well to go away with bitterness in his heart. She must understand that though Fate had spoken and an eternal separation must be—that it was his unalterable determination that it should be—yet he would be faithful to her memory. He would release her formally from her engagement—very formally. She should understand, yet he would place an icy barrier before her—and then he would bid her farewell forever. Perhaps a letter would be the best way.

No. Letters were only letters, liable to misconstruction, and there should be no mistaking his firm intention.

Yet it might be put better in writing.

But then there was always the danger of a letter falling into the hands of a third party. The old man might open it. Just as well to call tomorrow evening.

Where was the sense of putting it off? If it had to be done it might just as well be done at once.

Percival put on his coat and went out.

Perhaps ten minutes had elapsed since the eternal farewell had been spoken and the young man and the girl were seated on the sofa talking it over. They were not yet separated—far from it.

"You might just as well have given me another," he said, plaintively. "Then all this misery would have been avoided."

"I had given you enough—more than enough," she answered.

"Enough for you, perhaps."

"Now don't begin again, Percival. You know papa was getting awfully impatient. And one wouldn't have satisfied you anyway. I don't want to give you so many that you won't care for them."

"Try. Give me one now."

She gave it to him. Presently he said: "And you'll give me another lock of your hair?"

"You don't deserve it," she replied, "but I suppose I'll have to."—Chicago Record.

Transitory.

"Your wife's book is a success, isn't it?" "It was. It has been out over three months."—Brooklyn Life.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The Russian ministry of communications has decided to adopt petroleum for generating power on the locomotives of all the railways.

The French forest inspector at Lamur has found a way of making wood, by means of dry distillation and high pressure, impervious to water and acids, and a perfect electrical non-conductor.

Large balance wheels for engines and other machines running at high speeds are made in Germany by winding steel wire of rectangular section on a steel wheel having a grooved circumference. The wire insures the wheel against bursting in case of abnormal speed.

Sir Henri Joly, the lieutenant-governor of British Columbia, with the assistance of the Natural History society of that province, is taking steps to import large quantities of song-birds from England and eastern Canada. It is believed that they will be rapidly acclimatized, and will thrive in British Columbia.

No century in history has been without severe earthquakes in southern Italy. Thousands have perished there. Vesuvius adds to the danger of that land, and the town of Torre del Greco, which lies under the mountain, may meet the fate of Pompeii and Herculaneum any day. It has been partially destroyed several times.

In the new switch tower in the Grand Central yard, New York City, the windows are of green glass. It is a great protection to the eyes of the employees, and enables them to keep their vision at its normal strength at all times. The switch tower contains 176 levers, which operate the switches and signals by compressed air.

The reports of the test of the new 12-inch naval gun at the Indian Head proving-grounds are most encouraging, and claims are advanced that the highest velocity ever attained by a 12-inch gun was achieved. The projectile for this gun, which is one of 40 recently ordered for new battleships and heavy cruisers, weighs 850 pounds, and is fired with a charge of 300 pounds of smokeless powder. The pressure at the breech developed in these tests was 16 1/2 tons to the square inch, and the muzzle velocity of the projectile was 2854 feet per second. The previous record for a gun of this size is stated at from 2500 to 2600 feet per second.

INSECTS IN METAL.

The Ingenious Device of a Frenchman for Reproducing Them.

Did you ever see a copper caterpillar, a silver centipede, or a nickel gnat? Yet these and many similar objects can be had, if not for the asking, at least for a reasonable amount of money, at several places in New York. Who discovered the curious art is unknown, but it was introduced into this city by an eccentric Frenchman who said that he had elaborated the discovery of some chemists in Paris. M. Paul Despotte, for such was the man's name, declared his secret to be as follows: He first lampened the luckless insect, leaf or flower and then blew on it with a blowpipe. The object thus dusted was placed in an electrolytic bath, and upon it the metal was precipitated by the galvanic current. The object was then transferred to a second bath, from which all the organic matter was dissolved by an alkali. The metallic shell which remained was slightly heated, touched with some kind of shellac, and the thing was done. The inventor carried with him quite a collection of these preparations. The most interesting of all were a mosquito in gold and a hairy geranium leaf in copper.

The delicacy of the work was extraordinary. Under a powerful magnifying glass the little organs which are invisible to the human eye were seen perfectly reproduced in metal. The discovery does not seem to have been utilized to any great extent so far as trade is concerned, but has been taken up by many amateurs. This fall an ingenious girl up town first covered the back of her hand with black lead and then plated it with metal. She removed this, which was a perfect cast, and used it as a matrix, in which she deposited a second coat of metal, which she finally mounted on a piece of satin. Her hand, as may be supposed, was pretty, and when reproduced its copper made a work of art as novel as it was attractive.—New York Evening Post.

Why Altitude Helps Consumptives.

The splendid results of high altitude in the treatment of tuberculosis have not been due to any curative constituent of the atmosphere or any peculiarity of temperature, but entirely to decreased barometric pressure upon the external surface, compelling a greater expansion of the chest, opening up a larger surface for the interchange of gases and consequently a greater oxygenation of the blood. It is self-evident then that the forced distention of the lungs and bronchi in those who live in high altitudes alone confers immunity against the disease. The exercises available to produce better respiration are very numerous and varied, but the underlying principle is simply to bring into more vigorous play the muscles which expand the thorax and at the same time excite deep, full and free breathing—to bring the vital force of the lung to its maximum.—Parker Murphy, in Albany Medical Annals.

Germany holds first place in canary rearing with 250,000 birds a year. One hundred thousand of these go to America.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTemperance.

A Hymn For the World's Congress—The Bartender Doesn't Drink Because He Knows Too Well the Vice Ingredients of the Liquor He Sells.

Gathered from the East and West—Island, Continent and Zone, Unto Thee we make request, Worshipping before Thy throne: Lord! upon our Congress shine, Bless our work and own it Thine.

For the temperance cause we meet, Heart with heart, and hand in hand, In each face a friend we greet— We are one united band: As our fathers were, so we, By Thy help, resolve to be!

Give us love, and give us light, Knowledge, wisdom, strength and zeal, Courage for unflinching fight With the foes of human weal: In this war is no release, Till the sacred conflict cease!

Errors habits, customs, laws, Making for an evil end—All that checks the temperance cause, Vanquish, Lord, and it defend: May the throne of Thy majesty, And Thy kingdom rule o'er all!

For success old and new, Gladness praises now we pay, And for greater work to do, Arm and aid us, day by day: On our world-wide movement shine! Speed it, Lord, for it is Thine! —Dawson Burns, D. D.

Why Bartenders Are Teetotalers.

When one of our leading candy shops hires a new girl the rule is to say to her: "Now, Birdie, you may help yourself to the best there is in the house. Eat as much as you please. Eat morning, noon and night. Don't mind us. But you must not carry any away in packages." In a short time she is so surprised that the thought of eating candy causes nausea. For quite a different reason the bartender does not drink. He knows too well the ingredients of his liquors. He is too familiar with blends and compounds. He is satiated with the constant vision of men putting the enemy to their mouths to steal away their brains. The sight of drunkenness fills him with disgust. I venture the assertion that the most abstemious class in this community is composed of the men behind the bar.

The non-refilling bottle is unpopular with keepers of bars because it prevents the barman from putting his own compounds into packages bearing standard labels. One of the more noted restaurateurs in this city is openly charged by a wholesale liquor dealer with watering his whiskies. I dare say they all do it. The "drinking" is got to support the eating! Dealers in barroom and bottlers' supplies openly advertise essences and essential oils for the compounding of whiskies, just as other merchants advertise coloring matter for making white butter look rich and fit to eat. There are rye whisky essences, bourbon whisky essences, Scotch and Irish whisky essences, gin essences, rum essences, brandy essences, kummel essences and all kinds of bitters essences. A material called "Ageing" is sold for the purpose of "mellowing" and "smoothing" liquors. A small quantity will impart to new liquors all the properties conferred by age in a cask. It is soft and agreeable to the palate, and gives not only age but body to the blend.

When whisky is too dark or too light in color the correct shade is produced by a "sugar coloring" which is guaranteed not to cloud or thicken by age. It is sold by the gallon. There are other artificial colorings for different drinks—scarlet, red, green, yellow and brown. There are sedative powders for clarifying wines. Other desiderata are glycerine, prune juice, cherry juice, isinglass and gelatine, not to forget head oil, without which no grog-shop laboratory is complete. With head oil you put the head on. You may have heard of the head on the rye. Full directions with each bottle. And labels. And bottle capsules—special brands on short notice, made to fit any bottle and stamped according to the requirements. Standard labels supplied to the trade. All splendidly lithographed in bright, lively and showy colors.—New York Press.

Opposes the Use of Absinthe.

In the French Chamber of Deputies M. Marie Edouard Vaillant, Socialist, one of the Deputies for the Department of the Seine, moved a resolution calling upon the Government to prohibit the manufacture and sale of all alcoholic liquors pronounced "dangerous" by the Academy of Medicine. The resolution was aimed at absinthe, the consumption of which has nearly doubled in France since 1894, and now stands at 10,000,000 litres annually.

M. Vaillant and others denounced the spread of absinthe drinking, and laid stress upon its ravages among the population.

"The increase of consumption of absinthe," said the mover of the resolution, "marches arm in arm with the increase of cases of drinking insanity, which will end by becoming a national malady."

The Chamber adopted the resolution unanimously.

A Wise Woman.

"To-day is pay day and I'll be away from home," said the wife of a man lately converted in Grace Church. "And why are you away on pay day?" I asked. "Well, you see my husband knows that he will have extra trouble in keeping from the saloon when he gets paid, so he has asked me to come down and meet him at the door of the factory each pay day, and go home with him." Wise man and wise woman.

Results the Same.

The name given to strong drink in Africa is "shame water." The Maoris of New Zealand call it "Waiporo," or "rotten water." The American Indians speak of it as "fire water." Thus, without scientific knowledge, all children of nature have, by miserable experience, arrived at the truth as to the real nature of alcohol, which modern science defines as "a cerebral narcotic poison."

The Medical Point of View.

If you can help it, don't operate on a man who is drunk, especially if he appears to be a habitual drunkard. Drunkenness certainly seems to favor the occurrence of sepsis, owing to diminished resistance of the tissues, and shock occurs very readily. Besides this, delirium tremens may come on to complicate matters.—Journal of Inebriety.

The Crusade in Brief.

Wine unsettles the judgment. There are 104,636,404 gallons of whisky now ripening in bond in Scotland—an increase of more than seventy per cent. over the amount held five years ago. A man or woman who abstains is healthy and safe. A man or woman who indulges at all is unsafe. A man or woman who relies on alcohol is lost.—Sir B. W. Richardson, M. D.

Resorting to the use of stimulants to secure strength is like placing a mortgage on one's property. It provides ready cash for the present, but sooner or later the mortgage must be foreclosed.