

Among the new "Don'ts" is "Don't sneeze." You might break an eardrum.

The fact that the year 1900 beat all records for suicides may be attributable to the end of the century argument.

There is some question whether the name of the present year shall be written "M D C C C C" or M D C D or M C M. What is the objection to plain "1901?"

It is estimated that the losses from fire throughout the world amount every year from \$150,000,000 to \$200,000,000. Of course, the larger part of this falls upon the fire underwriters of the different nations.

Both Arkansas and Mississippi, which are to have new state houses to cost about \$1,000,000 each, have by a singular coincidence selected as the sites for the buildings those formerly occupied by penitentiaries.

California is conceded to be the great prune state. The belt adapted to the cultivation of this fruit extends from Washington to Arizona, but the Golden state produces more than all the balance of the territory combined.

William Woolsey, a Maryland farmer, has just died and left \$50,000 to his country to build good roads with. Here is an original suggestion and a good one to wealthy testators who are in search of something besides colleges, libraries, hospitals and churches on which to bestow their riches.

In spite of the reports at every hand of the farm population turning citywards, the census says that the farmers in the United States have increased 1,400,000 during the last ten years. It would be a good thing if we could believe that men are going back to the land and away from the congested centres, says the American Cultivator.

The Chicago man who is trying to keep his name a secret while he gives liberally of his wealth in aid of the worthy poor objects to being referred to as a philanthropist or to having his giving termed charity. But, all the same, he seems to be the truest type of philanthropist and his work the highest kind of charity, if those words mean anything.

The Chicago Tribune comments on a musical folly announced by a German scientist. He has discovered that plants are sensitive to music, and that some plants unfold their leaves and are stimulated to growth when sweet music is made, while they close them again if the music becomes discordant. The Tribune thinks well of the discovery, and suggests that a brass band might be usefully employed in forcing the products of a truck farm, while a mandolin orchestra could be used to stimulate a flower garden.

It is an unprogressive hamlet that cannot produce at least one old resident who has "lived in three centuries." One of the noteworthy features of the 19th century was that it made such a feat of longevity possible. Because of the great increase of creature comforts—better food, better shelter, an improved knowledge of hygiene, etc., the expectation of life, as the insurance men call it, has improved with demonstrable regularity. The century produced no "old Parris" with a record of 150 years, but its crop of authentic centenarians was unexampled.

As a result of the Boer war the English military papers are clamoring for a complete change in the system of military maneuvers in England. One describes those hitherto held as merely great spectacular social events. It says they were synonymous with holidays and this notion was encouraged by the military authorities themselves. The field days at Aldershot were arranged so as to include the Whitsuntide and August bank holidays—trains full of soldiers going down to Aldershot put on a siding to let the trippers get there first, picnics all over the heath and hills, officers and their women friends at cold luncheon, private soldiers and their friends enjoying themselves in various ways, march past, march back to camp, camp fire, sing song, drink—the whole thing, it says, was a stupid and useless farce. It compares the present condition of the British army with that of the French before 1870, when their military exercises consisted in marching long columns of troops past a decorated stand holding a decorated emperor, who bowed and saluted while the band played; while east of the Rhine things were quite otherwise.

Massachusetts has the first law in the world prohibiting vivisection in the schools.

Luigi Storti will go down to fame as the first man to die in the electric chair in Massachusetts under the new law. Some men have greatness thrust upon them.

Almost any prediction that can be made for the 20th century seems reasonable. At least there are those who will believe that whatever can be imagined is possible at some time.

The old-fashioned gun metal is out of date, and steel only is now used in artillery guns, and in this connection it is hardly necessary to mention the fact that the United States furnishes the best steel extant.

It may seem well nigh impossible to exterminate the mosquito, but let it be borne in mind that we have never consistently tried. Science should attempt to breed a bird or an insect which will do it for us.

Any precedence which may be given to the subject of establishing communication with the supposed inhabitants of Mars must be regarded as a direct reflection on the man in the moon, whose claims for consideration are being ignored.

Russia has again given evidence of superior diplomatic shrewdness through disclosing the fact that she possesses treaty rights in Manchuria which are a year old, but of the existence of which the other powers seem to have been totally ignorant.

It is reported by the Chicago Record's San Juan correspondent that the republics of South America are negotiating an alliance, having been prompted to do so by the fear that American influence will become paramount in the western hemisphere. The movement is said to be an outgrowth of the Ibero-American congress recently held in Madrid.

The new German code of civil procedure makes the husband supreme in most social matters. He may fix the hour for dinner, the manner of serving it, the number of servants, and he may limit the yearly supply of linen, but under no circumstances may he open his wife's letters without her permission. Though he may fix the dinner hour, it is probably just as well for him to be on hand at the time when the dinner is actually ready.

The North Carolina experiment station has discovered that the flavor of eggs is determined by the feed. After giving hens chopped onions for two weeks the eggs became so disagreeable in flavor that they could not be used. Wheat shorts, cottonseed meals and skim-milk increased the number of eggs laid, but the eggs had a disagreeable flavor. Cracked corn and corn dough resulted in fewer eggs, but larger ones and of better flavor.

The voting machine is rapidly gaining in public favor. The first state law authorizing its use was passed by New York in 1892, allowing towns to use the Myers automatic ballot cabinet in town elections. During the past year Rhode Island created a voting machine commission to examine machines and make regulations for their use by cities and towns. In Iowa the use of voting machines has been authorized at all elections, and a commission to examine voting machines created.

A movement has been started in Virginia, and it has received the indorsement of several state legislatures, favoring the acquisition by the Federal government of 500 acres at Yorktown, including the old Moore mansion, where Washington, Lafayette and Rochambeau received the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, which act closed the Revolutionary struggle for independence. The ground is historic, and the object is to preserve it as a public memorial of the event which transpired there.

The people of Australia are raising excellent cotton and they believe they can grow along their northern and northeastern coasts more of this fibre than they can use. They have long been the largest wool growers in the world. British manufacturers have argued that although Australia might raise enormous supplies of wool and cotton it could never make cloth because the atmospheric humidity required for spinning was lacking. But the needed humidity is now artificially supplied to spinning mills and there seems to be no reason why Australia should not make cotton and woollen cloth as well as provide the raw materials.

MICHAUD'S EXPLOIT.

BY FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

Trapper, boatman, interpreter, trader and freight-captain by turns, Felix Michaud had, when I knew him, spent 40 years in the Upper Missouri and Platte countries. Short, stocky, of great breadth of shoulder and uncommon strength, he was of iron endurance at 60. He was a man of singularly placid and even temper, yet of most adventurous spirit, cool, determined, alert, seeming never to be taken by surprise.

He was my captain in a wagon-march from the Northern Pacific road to the Black Hills when every mile of our route from old Fort Fetterman was beset by hostile Sioux. Three times they attacked, only to find Michaud ready to receive them. The close order of our march and the unremitting vigilance exacted by our leader undoubtedly saved the band of 35 adventures.

When Felix Michaud went to Fort Bridger from the Missouri country in 1840 or thereabouts, he was a young man, untried among the trapper companies. Some weeks after his arrival, and in the time of revels at summer rendezvous, he had the misfortune, unwittingly, to provoke one of Bridger's fire-eaters, a hot-headed trapper who could not brook to be crossed without fighting. Felix was immediately challenged to fight, the challenger naming his own weapons—rifles at 60 paces.

The peaceful Canadian, however, not only refused to fight, but attempted to explain that he had meant no offense. This breach of frontier etiquette could not, of course, be overlooked, so Michaud was branded "squaw" and promptly cut by most of his new associates.

Some days later the offended trapper, somewhat in liquor, attacked Michaud with a pistol, declaring he would blow the "squaw Kanuck's brains out" if he did not immediately get a gun and fight, whereupon Felix promptly disarmed his opponent, seized the astonished trapper by the belt, bore him outside the fort's defences, and flung him, neck and heels, into "Black Fork swimming-hole." This matter raised such a laugh against the trapper that he did not renew his attack. In fact, when sober, he laughed as much about the affair as any one.

Nevertheless, such was the mountain code that Michaud's reputation was not fully established. "Kanuck," as he came to be called, was tolerated merely as a good man at taking beaver, and handy about the camps.

Two years later he was trapping with a small band near, or within, territory now included in the National park. Among these little-frequented mountains he and his companions gathered so great a harvest of peltries that when spring came their small outfit of ponies was found inadequate to pack all to the fort. Months of hot weather must elapse before the expedition could return, and no cache would preserve the furs from spoiling so long. It thus became necessary to leave a man behind—one who could be trusted to care for the furs, and also to hold the ground against invasion from a rival company.

The choice of a man was determined by lot, but Michaud was left out of the drawing. Some thought he would rejoice at this, but the young Canadian was much hurt at his comrades' lack of confidence in him. When the unlucky member, "Haze" Fenton, expressed a conviction that he should never see Fort Bridger again and made some final requests of a friend, Michaud promptly volunteered to stay with him. The trappers were surprised, but offered no objection to his remaining.

Thus Felix and the big, raw-boned Yankee, Haze, were left in a mountain wilderness to guard some thousands of dollars' worth of furs. As their winter dugout was getting damp for the peltries, they fell to work with their axes, and built upon the bank of a small lake a pine-log shack with a rough wareroom overhead for storage.

Weeks passed into months. The trappers fished, hunted, picked berries, or lounged about in enforced idleness. Notwithstanding there were hostile tribes at no great distance, they saw no man, red or white, for four months, and were looking forward to the return of their friends, when Haze came in one evening from a ramble about the lake, wearing a sober face.

"Kanuck," he said, setting down his rifle, "we've got company on this lake, and a mighty poor sort. Lope Vasquez and his gang, six of 'em, are camped down here a way."

Michaud said nothing, but his face must have shown the concern he felt at this piece of unwelcome news.

Lope Vasquez, a cousin of Bridger's Spanish-Mexican partner, had been employed by the trader, William Sublette, but had been whipped out of two camps for stealing. Subsequently he had gathered, from the unprincipled sort, a band of free trappers, who were more than suspected of being freebooters as well.

Haze watched the effect of his news. "Guess you'll be climin' out of these mountings right sudden, Kanuck," he said.

"Mebbe so, mebbe not," replied Michaud, in his terse and often non-committal fashion.

They ate a supper of jerked venison and berries in silence. Then Felix got some dry deerskins and tied them up along the crosspieces overhead.

"That's a good idea," admitted Haze,

"but 'twon't do any good. They know about the beaver. Some fellow got drunk at the fort, and let it out among their friends or spies. They saw me as I came by their camp, but I didn't let on to see them. They've got us under close watch, and we've got to cave or fight—which?"

"Me—I t'ink fight," said Michaud, coolly.

"Three to one is big odds," said Haze, dubiously, "and they'll just simply watch for a chance to shoot us, like the sneaks they are, when we stir outside."

"All the same," replied Michaud, in his slow, imperturbable way, "me, I weel not run till eet ees necessaire."

"You talk brave enough," said Fenton, doggedly and doubtfully. "Guess I'll stay around here as long as you will. We'll be served like two rats in a trap, that's all, but I'll stay just the same."

The trapper's apprehensions were, indeed, well founded, as Michaud was soon to discover. The attack came sooner than they expected, and like a lightning stroke.

Fenton lay sleeping upon his blankets, while Michaud sat upon some skins with his back against a wall and rifle across his knees. The Canadian had removed a couple of boulders which filled a hollow under the logs at his side, thus making a way of escape, if escape should become necessary. Primarily, however, he wanted to listen, with his ear close to the ground, for any sounds of stealthy approach.

But the attack did not come in that manner. Michaud was aroused toward morning by a sudden rush of feet outside, and instantly there was a crash at the door. Its puncheon slabs—they had been pegged to crosspieces—burst into the room, followed by a crowd of dark figures tumbling in at the opening.

Instantly Felix ducked into the hole he had made under the logs, and was outside in a twinkling. So Haze was the only "rat" found in the trap. Michaud waited only long enough to hear a short scuffle, and to know that Fenton had been secured and was beyond his present assistance; then he sped away among the bush and rocks. No one pursued, however, or came out to look after him. If the outlaws knew of his presence—and he felt sure that Haze would not enlighten them—they did not consider his escape as dangerous to their enterprise. Michaud did not believe they would kill Fenton if they could in any way use him.

The Canadian posted himself upon a height where he could overlook the shack, and waited for daylight. There was no stir among the men until about sunrise, when the whole party marched out. Haze Fenton among them, each man bearing a pack of beaver upon his shoulders. Michaud at once made an accurate guess at their plans. He waited until they were well out of sight and hearing, and then descended to the deserted cabin.

The marauders had taken nothing but the more valuable bales of beaver and otter peltries, in packs of some 60 pounds each. Michaud furnished himself with a blanket, as much meat as he could easily carry, and leisurely set out upon their trail.

He had little difficulty in overtaking them, loaded as they were. He was very wary in his approach, watching them from cover and at a distance. As the country was exceedingly rough, he had not much trouble in keeping out of sight. Once he got the general direction of their course, he had no need to trail them.

They traveled to the northeast, and Michaud knew they had come without ponies. They were packing their booty to the big lake of the Yellowstone, where they had canoes hidden, or if not, could hew them out of logs. Once on the great watercourse, they could easily drop down to the Missouri and sell their plunder for enough to give each of them some six or eight hundred dollars.

All day Michaud followed, at one time getting close enough to see that Haze Fenton, with hands tied behind him, was packed like a burro, his sturdy shoulders bent under the weight that was strapped upon them. Michaud hoped for no greater success than to set the unwilling toiler free. To that end he was ready to incur any personal risk which did not involve obvious foolhardiness. That night he watched Vasquez's camp as an owl watches the burrows of whistling rabbits.

But the men slept in a row, with their feet to their camp-fire. Haze lay in their midst, and a man, gun in hand, stood guard. Evidently they were running no unnecessary risks. In the morning so near was Michaud that he could hear the men's voices as they cooked a breakfast of young "fool hens" which they had knocked over the evening before. He could see the grinning face of their black Mexican leader, who appeared to be in high good humor.

Again the Canad followed through a day's slow march. Another night passed, and the vigilance in the camp proved unremitting.

On the following forenoon the route lay across a long stretch of rough, exceedingly tumbled bench lands which, from the description Michaud gave me, I think must have been ancient lava beds.

In crossing these arduous stretches, the outlaws followed on old elk or buffalo trail, and toward noon their line had become stretched out over a considerable distance along the path. A high wind was blowing nearly in

their faces. Here Michaud saw his opportunity for a bold stroke. With the stealth of an Indian and the daring of Boone, he went swiftly forward, keeping under cover of rocks and crawling rapidly over exposed hummocks, until he had overtaken the rear straggler. Keeping softly behind until the man descended a little pitch, Michaud sprang upon his burdened shoulders, and the fellow went down with a smothered yell.

He was quickly convinced of the uselessness of a struggle, and a gentle prick from Michaud's knife brought his hands across his back, where they were tied with the strings of his own pack. Michaud then tied the man's legs, smashed his gun upon a rock, and sped on.

He caught the next man carrying his load upon his head, and gave him a stunning blow in the back of the neck. To tie him and break his gun was the work of a moment.

Then seeing a fellow, who was but a short distance in advance, go up on a little ridge and drop his pack to rest, Michaud covered him with his rifle and advanced rapidly along the trail. The man did not happen to turn around immediately, and when he did so was looking into the muzzle of the Canadian's gun at less than a dozen steps. His own rifle—like those of his fellows—was slung under his arm. He sprang to his feet, stared wildly at Michaud for an instant, and then put up his hands in token of surrender.

He was made to lie upon his face while Felix, with a knife in his teeth, made him fast as he had done the others. Michaud now carried two cocked rifles, one in either hand, as he hurried forward on the trail. He hoped to overtake Haze Fenton next.

The ground was very rough in front, and he could see nothing of the men in advance. He had gone but a short distance, however, when he came face to face with Lope Vasquez, at the bottom of a rock-worn waterway. The Mexican had dropped his pack and turned about, apparently to look after his fellows, or to give some direction to the next behind. In a twinkling the outlaw's gun was at his face, and his bullet whistled through Michaud's skin cap, cutting, as he afterward discovered, the skin upon his left ear.

Michaud returned shot for shot, dropping one rifle and raising the other with mechanical swiftness, and the freebooter fell in his tracks. Before Felix could recover from astonishment at his own success and the narrowness of his escape, he heard a joyful shout close at hand, and saw Haze Fenton stumbling toward him.

Haze was almost ready to drop with fatigue and the weight of his load. He had been with Vasquez, and as the latter turned back, had seated himself to rest when he heard the shots. Instantly upon seeing the Mexican fall, he had divined the situation. His exultation must be imagined as the faithful comrade freed him from fetters and burden.

An extra rifle was quickly reloaded, and the trappers hurried on together to overtake the other two of Lope's men. They were found at the foot of some rocks awaiting their fellows. The stiff gale that was blowing had carried all suspicious sounds away from them. They were surprised to see the big Yankee coming, unloaded, but his hands were behind him, and apparently one of their mates was at his heels with a rifle in either hand; so they were caught off their guard.

Haze enjoyed their discomfiture immensely. Their guns were broken, and they were made to carry their packs back to their fellows. Then the band of five were set free, given what provisions they had, told to care for their wounded leader, and take themselves out of the country as best they might.

The trappers guarded their furs for a day or two, and then, certain that the miscreants had taken themselves off for good, they cached the bales and returned to their shack.

The peltries were recovered two or three weeks later, after the coming of the band from Bridger's.

As for Felix Michaud, he could not be induced to take pay for the service he had rendered, but when he was chosen captain of the company he accepted joyfully.—Youth's Companion.

Workmen's Comfort and Efficiency.

The introduction of steam power into the manufacturing world drove the little blacksmith's shop, shoe shop, the country dairy, and weaver's loom from the village into the city and opened many new problems. In those early days the small workman found it best to consider carefully the physical, moral, and mental welfare of his apprentice and his assistant. If it paid the small employer to do this, it will pay the great employer many fold more to have the same thoughtfulness for the hundreds of thousands in his employ. The difficulty will be to determine what is needed for this adjustment, and how to accomplish the arrangement even with the needs recognized. It would seem, however, that all will agree that among the essentials to economic production and a proper adjustment of relations are opportunity for thorough training of the workman and his co-operation in saving and in perfect manufacture.

Attention to personal comfort is another of the essentials in the recognition of the needs of employes. By this is meant thoughtfulness for comfort in work—proper arrangements for lunches and food—opportunities for rest, for baths, and for all those things which add strength and encourage contentment. It is not sufficient, however, to think simply of the physical wants. To accomplish one of the great aims of all such plans—that of securing intelligent operatives—it is necessary to afford mental training and mental growth.—The Engineering

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Drunkard—Frightful Nightly Average of Bloody Crimes—The Liquor Traffic to Blame For More Than Half of Them—Facing the Awful Facts.

What left him void of reason and control? A chattering, idiotic shape? A rained soul? What drove the sparkle from those eyes? What loosed that mandarin tongue? What caused that hectic flush to rise, That hectic flush and nerve unstrung?

What banished pity from that breast? What lulled that conscience to its rest? What kindled out to waste that brain? What quickened but to clog the mind? What dived that cheek into the stain? Of guilt and shame behind?

What fanned the latent fires of hate To fury's maddened state? What aimed the deadly bow? The helpless hand must strike? The blow that fell on friend or foe, On friend or foe alike.

Faith, Hope and Love. The Solemn Vow, Alas! Alas! Where are they now? Where are the safeguards of the soul? It must happen to thee, my friend? Who shall answer? Call the roll? Who shall answer for the curse of Drink? —New Voice.

Three Murders an Hour.

Ten thousand people are murdered every year in the United States, fully one-half the victims falling at the hands of liquor-crazed criminals.

One murder every twenty minutes for the period between 8 o'clock at night and 5 o'clock the next morning.

While this is an appalling statement yet it is but a moderate estimate, and includes only the actual reports of murders, none of the many crimes that are never reported or investigated being included. It does not include supposed suicides, the killing of those who have mysteriously disappeared or the deaths of scores and perhaps hundreds of tramps and others about whom nobody cares to inquire.

During the last year the number of murders in the United States has steadily increased, almost annually, until at present the yearly average of 10,000 is a fair estimate—and more than one-half of this vast number of murders are, beyond question, the direct or indirect result of the liquor traffic.

Eminent criminologists believe that murderers are largely afflicted with hereditary vice. An investigation made by a Chicago physician regarding the family history of one murderer sentenced to the penitentiary last year seems to bear out this theory.

It seemed that he came from a respectable family of workmen. The mother of the murderer was an industrious woman. His brother was a clerk and bore a good reputation. His father drank heavily, but was not criminally inclined. On further investigation the physician learned that the criminal had had two uncles who had died in convulsions when quite young. The murderer's grandfather on the mother's side had been an epileptic. The grandmother was sound and normal. Both the grandparents of the murderer's mother were normally and mentally sound. But the murderer's great-grandfather, through direct paternal line, had been a suicide. On going further back, and by writing to the murderer's former home in Massachusetts, the physician learned that the murderer's great-grandfather had been a confirmed drunkard, and in a fit of rage had killed a man. This great-grandfather was hanged back in Revolutionary days. Since then three other murderers have descended from his family.

The Rum Demon on Work.

Medical men and sociologists are becoming alarmed over the great increase in the number of persons suffering from what they are pleased to call alcoholism. Nearly all the New York City hospitals receive such patients from time to time, says the Rev. John Josiah Murray. The workhouse and the almshouse on Blackwell's Island are full of them, and the insane pavilion on Twenty-sixth street, as well as Ward's Island Asylum, have scores of men and women suffering from this condition of diseased body and mind. Alcoholism is the last stage of chronic drunkenness—nature's danger signal that the end is near. You may call it delirium tremens or insanity or any other name you please, but the sad fact is that it is a sure forerunner of death.

Some men and women are all right when sober, but after each periodic spree the body and mind become more paralyzed until death quickly ends their sufferings. It is strange, indeed, but true, that many of those who suffer from alcoholism have the kindest and most genial natures. They suffer eternal ruin from the unintentional goodness of their friends which they are unable to resist. I have known so many of them. They are arge hearted, generous persons, and make loyal companions, but this is their weakness.

It Sounded Awful.

A temperance lecturer was preaching on his favorite theme. "Now, boys, when I ask you a question you must not be afraid to speak up and answer me. When you look around and see all those fine houses, arms and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now. Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes, sir," shouted a hundred voices.

"Where will your fathers be in twenty years?"

"Dead," shouted the boys.

"That's right. And who will own this property then?"

"Us boys," shouted the urchins.

"Right. Now tell me, did you ever in going along the street notice the drunkards lounging around the public house door waiting for some one to treat them?"

"Yes, sir; lots of them."

"Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead," explained the boys.

"And who will be the drunkards then?"

"Us boys."

Everybody was thunderstruck. It sounded awfully. It was awful, but it was true.

What Each Gets.

From a bushel of corn the distiller gets four gallons of whisky.

Which retails at..... \$16.80

The farmer gets..... 25

The U. S. Government gets..... 4.40

The railroad company gets..... 1.00

The manufacturer gets..... 7.00

The retailer gets..... 15

The consumer gets..... Drunk

The wife gets..... Hungry

The children get..... Rage

A Proper Sequence.

At the New York automobile show there was an amusing suggestion about the juxtaposition of these machines on the main floor. A languard in a row there was a big truck bearing the word "Champagne" in large letters, and the brand next to it had ambulance and next to it a police patrol wagon.

The Crusade in Brief.

Alcohol diminishes the vital forces.

Unless the liquor traffic be destroyed the home will die.

Unless the liquor traffic be destroyed the church will die.