

The army is to have 30 dental surgeons. Some of the soldiers would appreciate a few chiropodists.

The latest from Alaska is that gold-bearing gravel has been discovered in the Atlin district yielding \$3.50 to the shovel. Nothing is said as to the size of the shovel.

Scientists announce the discovery of a species of walking fish. But we will never get at the truth of the average fish story until some one discovers a fish that can talk back.

According to official reports 26,418 patents were granted by the United States government last year. Several of them were for perpetual motion machines and a few were for airships.

The Grand Army of the Republic is passing. In 1890 its ranks contained 400,489. In 1901 there remain only 276,662. A great division comprising 123,827 men has ceased to respond to roll call.

It is pointed out that kings are not bad insurance risks. The average of life of the English monarchs since the Norman conquest has been about 50 years—almost as high as that of the general run of business men who work hard, eat and drink a great deal, and take no exercise.

It is worth while to reflect that Mr. Carnegie's million a month for public libraries means more than books for the many. It means work and wages for those who must put up the library buildings and for those who print, publish and distribute books. Breadth is a pronounced dimension of this giving.

In respect to her ability to support her population without foreign commerce Great Britain is the worst off of any country in the world. She is distinctly worse off than Germany, which is one of her commercial rivals, and of course worse off than the United States, the inhabitants of which can live without any commerce whatever.

The Massachusetts Woman's Suffrage association celebrated the 32nd year of its career with the opening of the new century. The association felicitates itself on the fact that during the period the right of full suffrage has been granted to the sex in four states in the Union, in the Isle of Man, in New Zealand, and in South and West Australia; that the right to a liberal use of the suffrage has been granted in England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland and Canada, and a limited use of it in 25 of the United States, in Sweden, Norway, Iceland, Finland, Russia, Prussia, Westphalia, Schleswig-Holstein, Saxony, Brunswick, Austria and Croatia.

Some practical suggestions for the reformation of drunkards are made in a recent report by the Massachusetts commissioner of prisons. That the drunkard is any less a drunkard after the payment of his fine, or the serving of his jail sentence, no one pretends, and in this particular the purpose of punishment, which is the prevention of crime, is not realized. The change suggested by the commissioner is the commitment of a common drunkard for an indefinite period, and his employment is gainful labor for the state. To the latter end a way was provided by an enactment of the legislature in 1858 which authorized the governor and council to purchase or otherwise take in any parcel of waste and unused land, not exceeding 1000 acres in area, and to establish on the land a temporary industrial camp for prisoners, who shall be employed in reclaiming and improving the land.

An educational feature in Wisconsin next summer will be the opening of a summer school at the State university for apprentices and artisans. It will be for the benefit of machinists, carpenters, or sheet-metal workers; stationary, marine, or locomotive engineers; shop foremen and superintendents; superintendents of water works, electric light plants, power stations, factories, large office and store buildings in cities; and for the young men who wish to qualify themselves for such positions. For these employments the full four years' professional courses in engineering are not required, and yet to satisfy the present demands upon this class of men it is necessary for them to obtain considerable theoretical and practical knowledge not commonly taught in any of the public schools. For the present this instruction can be given during the summer months only, as during the college year the shops and laboratories are filled with the regular students; but it is the expectation, if the demand is sufficient, to organize this new work into a separate school.

It is a lonesome city nowadays that does not have its own reform movement, remarks the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Somebody has made the discovery that a person's character can be told by their favorite color. People who persist in wearing bright red neckties will please take notice.

In this general movement toward combinations it is not without significance that the United States transports and the reefs seem to be getting together, too, pretty rapidly.

The superintendent of police in Paris severely reprimanding gendarmes for unnecessary violence to strikers is a fresh reminder that they do some things excellently well in France.

Among the Eskimo tribes of Greenland it is the rule that every animal killed, larger than a seal, must be divided among the men in the community regardless of their share in securing it.

Chicago business men say that the country high schools provide them with a more promising class of clerks than those graduated from the city schools. They are smarter and more generally available than the town boys.

Philadelphia, for 15 years back, has been engaged in a special fight against that dread disease, consumption, and it is gratifying to know, with success, it is announced that deaths from that cause in the city are fully one-third less than they were at the commencement of the battle.

Pauper labor is invading the colleges, where the oversupply of young tutors is forcing salaries down to the starvation point. Doctors of philosophy who have won their degrees with honors in Germany are said to be obtainable for service at American universities for \$600 a year.

Among the articles abstracted by ourglars from the wardrobe of a Paris banker were 312 pairs of trousers, 294 coats and 241 waistcoats. This eclipses all American records for extravagance in dress. It is instructive to learn that the financial Brummel in question is sought by the police for embezzlement.

Now that economic evolution is extending town privileges to the remotest outlying districts, and abolishing isolation, it is possible to make country life socially satisfying to woman. The farm of the future can be rendered a centre of thought, of social life, and of good cheer. Conversation can be carried on more freely, and good neighborhood established more easily than in town life, observes the New York Independent.

From investigations and experiments made in Arizona and northern Mexico has grown the theory that the date palm can be successfully, profitably and easily cultivated there, and that the tendency of the date to flourish in soil where other plants would not prosper will not only make date culture one of the chief industries of the southwest, but will give it a field where it will not interfere in any manner with other forms of agriculture or horticulture.

Minister Storer at Madrid writes that large numbers of Americans are being defrauded by persons in Spain and other European countries who pretend that large fortunes, etc., await the times if they will only forward a liberal sum to cover the expense of getting possession of them. In order to make the case appear plausible the swindlers send along forged official records, wills, newspaper clippings, etc. In some cases the innocents even go to Europe in person, only to find that the whole thing is a swindle.

Much injury can be done by philanthropists, without intention, to young men and women who are compelled to live economically while they are getting a foothold in business, or attending various kinds of schools and colleges in large cities, thinks the Christian Register. When their life in cheap lodgings and boarding houses where no provision is made for social pleasures, is described as surrounded with great temptations, injustice is done to thousands of young men and women who are too busy and too earnest to be conscious of temptation. They know that they are poor, they know that they are working hard for things that they greatly desire; but they are willingly paying the price this instruction can be given during the summer months only, as during the college year the shops and laboratories are filled with the regular students; but it is the expectation, if the demand is sufficient, to organize this new work into a separate school.

The Dark Room.

BY EDWARD ELLIOTT.

Every room in Harley Hall was occupied; omnibus, brougham and luggage cart had been to and from the station so often that Mr. Binder, the head of the stable department, had been heard to murmur something not very complimentary about people who went about with "trunks as big as 'ay-stacks," and who expected to find "carriages and 'osses awaiting for 'em everywhere to drag 'em up the 'ills." Men were glad to be bidden to Harley; they found they could kill time and pheasant more pleasantly there than at other places; and besides well stocked coverts there was a peculiarly attractive stretch of lowland, through which a small river ran, which produced a great variety of feathered fowl, and which enabled a man keen about sport to get away occasionally from the everlasting bang, bang and barn door fowl business.

Among the latest arrivals were two young men who were as unlike each other in every respect as two young men could be. Gilbert Hurst was a barrister, whose father owned a certain number of acres of land in the country, and who found like many other fathers of the present day that farming your own land and feeding, clothing and educating a family were pursuits that led to a small balance at your banker's and many sleepless nights. Gilbert was doing fairly well at the Bar, and was a steady, right-minded, level-headed young man, with a pair of honest gray eyes that told the story of a frank and honest nature. John Beasley, his companion on arriving, was tall, fair, narrow shouldered, well groomed and very rich. His father had made a large fortune out of small beer and was therefore ripe for the peerage. Mothers smiled on John Beasley, but John Beasley smiled mostly (when he had the chance) on a certain enterprising widow at South Kensington, who gave charming little dinner parties in a house so draped with art silks that it was called "Liberty Hall," the only object in the house that was not over-draped being the widow herself. Beasley senior had heard something about this lady, and had lectured his son, and advised him to marry as soon as possible, and if possible to "marry money."

As Gilbert entered the drawing-room his heart gave a mighty leap when he saw that Dorothy Lane, whom he had been for two years desperately in love with, was helping Lady Harley with the distribution of teacups. He had met Dorothy often in London, and to make her his wife was the cherished dream of his life, but he feared she would think he cared for the thousand a year which she was supposed to possess, that he was not well off enough to marry, and more than all, he feared she did not care for him.

John saw her, too. His heart gave no leap—it was not of the leaping kind; but he thought he had never seen her to such advantage as now, as she stood in the soft light of the shaded lamps, her dark red dress edged with sable at the throat and wrists, fitting her to perfection, and showing every curve of her graceful figure. John remembered his father's advice, and, like a dutiful son, promptly rushed into conversation with a Miss Green, who was among the guests assembled, and who was favored by a fortune to the extent of \$5000 a year, and who thought John one of the most charming men of her acquaintance.

He was not pleased later in the evening to find himself next Dorothy at dinner, while opposite him sat Gilbert Hurst, who already seemed on the very best terms with his neighbor, Miss Green. After answering some question of Lady Harley's respecting his journey he looked across the table and said:

"By the way, Hurst, I did not see you in the train. Did you get in at Euston?"

"Yes," answered Gilbert. "I came by the two-10, and was close to you on the platform some time."

"Oh, yes, I remember now. I saw you get into a third-class carriage with my servant."

Lady Hartley looked up, and wondered why her husband had asked John Beasley to stay with him. But John did not wonder at all, and he felt a glow of satisfaction when his servant opened the shutters of his bedroom next morning and his eyes lighted on his coronet worked in red wool on the blankets, and he thought of the society he was going to distinguish himself in during the next 10 days. In the half hour devoted to his toilet he made three resolves—first, that he would make himself so agreeable to every one that he would be asked again to stay at Harley; secondly, that he would "make the running" with Miss Green, with a view to matrimony and the possession of \$5000 a year, at the same time amusing himself with Dorothy, whose looks pleased him mightily; thirdly, that he would write to the South Kensington widow, omitting in his letter any mention of either Dorothy or Miss Green.

He attired himself with great care. In shooting clothes that were a great deal too new, and a scone of scent hung about him as he walked with a self-satisfied air into the breakfast room. He cast a sharp critical eye over Gilbert, hoping to find that want of means or want of taste would betray itself; but not a fault could be found with the shooting suit that looked worn, but was well worn, and John realized as he looked that there was an indescribable something about

the wearer that he, John, could never arrive at.

He played his cards very well, he thought, during the days that followed—days in which Gilbert had plenty of opportunities for finding himself with a bad headache, as he watched John making secret love to the girl he cared for so much.

The men started early one morning for an outlying covert that was generally supposed to produce rooketers, and that was kept as a *bonne bouche* for the end of the week's shoot. The ladies were to drive out to lunch, and Dorothy and Miss Green, who were rival photographers, were to send their cameras out in the luncheon carts.

On arriving at the side of the wood, Mr. Ridge, the head keeper had a few minutes' conversation with Lord Harley, and then set about placing their guns.

"Will you get through that gate, if you please, Mr. Beasley, and stand at the end of that hedge; and you, Mr. Hurst, if you please, will you stop about where you are now?" and Ridge hurried off to place the great men of the party at the corner of the covert, at which point the birds were expected to break. Lord Harley taking a middle place.

Soon silence reigned in the ranks; it was a perfect early winter day and as Gilbert turned his head and looked away over the beautiful English landscape his thoughts were far more of Dorothy than of pheasants, and it was not until a great hare had come loping out of the covert and had run almost between the feet of the keeper's son, who, weighed down with importance and cartridges, was acting as a loader, that he turned his thoughts to the business before him. Soon something more than the "tap-tap" of the "stops" could be heard, and a sound as though Bedlam was let loose gave the pheasants and the guns an idea that it was time to be up and doing.

A few shots at some stray birds, then a muttered "Here they come" from Lord Harley, and soon every one was blazing away.

Contrary to Ridge's expectation, the birds broke John Beasley's end of the covert, and not only did that gentleman let fly at everything that came his way, but he had a turn at everything that was rightly Gilbert's—a more systematic robbery was never perpetrated; and Lord Harley, who was not getting much shooting, had plenty of time to see what was going on, and to wonder, as Lady Harley had wondered, why he had asked John to stay with them.

Gilbert, though a very good shot, had lost his temper and had shot badly; he swore at the lad for not being quicker with the cartridges, and could have kicked Beasley when he sauntered up to him after the beaters were through, and remarked:

"Not quite up to the mark today, Hurst; you let a lot of these birds get away. Heavily handicapped, not having a good loader; my man is a capital chap, was with Lord Greystone, you know, six years, and has been two with me—ought to know something about it."

"I am afraid you were not very well placed Hurst," said Lord Harley, coming up and casting a glance full of meaning at John; "we must look after you better next time;" and there was a kindly ring in the old man's voice that did much to soothe Gilbert's ruffled temper.

Dorothy and Miss Green came out before lunch to enable them to see a drive down in the low ground. As the guns were placed behind a high, straggling hedgerow John was sorely tempted to ask Dorothy to stand by him to witness his skill and prowess, but prudence concurred, and Miss Green was selected as his companion.

"Will you stand by me, Miss Lane?" asked Gilbert. "I am afraid you will not see any brilliant shooting, but I will do my best. Let me unroll your waterproof and I can make you a comfortable seat here in these dry leaves, and you will be sheltered from the wind."

"I am so afraid," said Dorothy, scanning the sky that had become somewhat overcast since morning, "that it will be too dark for photography, and I wanted so to get a group; it is getting late, too, and the beaters seem a long time getting into line."

She knelt down in the leaves that carpeted the side of the hedge, and peered through a small opening.

"Oh, I can see them now quite plainly. Just look—they are down by the osiers, and will soon be here."

Gilbert knelt by her side, and held back some brambles that intercepted his view, his heart beating furiously and his hands trembling as he found his face so dangerously near to Dorothy's.

A sudden peal of laughter, and John Beasley's voice calling out—

"Are you two saying your prayers?" brought Gilbert to his feet and the blood to Dorothy's face.

Angry words sprang to his lips, but he was silenced by an appeal from a pair of very soft brown eyes and turning toward Dorothy he said:

"Yes, I was kneeling by your side; can't you guess what?"

"Look out, sir, there's a lot of duck coming over." This from the loader who had been munching twigs in a ruminative manner.

saying something unpleasant about his shooting. After that there was no time for talking; it was hot work for 10 minutes and a big mixed bag was the result.

Before lunch was over Dorothy settled to go home by a returning dog cart that had come out with a fresh supply of cartridges, and as she was leaving she saw Miss Green preparing her camera for action, a young man in attendance busy with the tripod and the legs.

John helped her with her wraps, saying as he did so:

"I am sorry you are going home, Miss Lane, I wanted you to be in the group;" and then in a lower voice, "you know very well I shall not care to have a copy unless you are in it."

"Never mind, Miss Green will be there," said Dorothy, as she clambered up into the dog cart.

John made a pretense of settling the rugs around her feet, and whispered:

"Thank goodness she will be busy with her camera; I have had enough of Miss Green's society for one day, and you know very well that at all times I infinitely prefer yours." Seeing a doubting look in Dorothy's face, he added, "You do not believe me, Dorothy, but it is true, I swear I will not go near Miss Green today."

The cart moved off and Dorothy had plenty to think of during her homeward drive. She knew very well that she had cared for him ever since she met him on the river two years ago; they had often met since, and now had been for a week together under the same roof. Surely he must have meant something just now—or was he only amusing himself, and did John really care more for her than Gilbert did?

After dinner that evening she was playing some dreamy German music that seemed to have a particularly soothing effect on Lord Harley, who was half buried and half asleep in a big arm-chair before the fire, when John came up and leaned over her shoulder till his lips almost touched her hair, and said in a low voice:

"I kept my word this afternoon; what is to be my reward?"

"That you shall be allowed to turn over the next two pages of music for me," she answered. "And this, after," she added, nodding toward a gardenia that she had left with her gloves and fan on the piano.

Gilbert's jealous ears heard the answer and he went off with a rage at his heart to the billiard room.

The following day it rained in torrents, Miss Green and several of the guests were leaving, and Dorothy went off to the dark room at the far end of the house to develop some negatives that she had taken of a ruined castle in the neighborhood.

She found all in order as she had left it and soon had everything ready for business, developing solution, alum, hypo, all in their respective places, the red lamp lighted, the matches close at hand and the candle blown out. She reached up to the shelf for the slide, took out the negative, and slipped it quickly into the developing tray for the preliminary wash, and then poured the solution over its surface. She gently rocked the tray to and fro in the dim red light, and saw the high lights make their appearance one by one. She searched in vain for the turrets of the ruined castle, and for the high belt of trees on the hill beyond, and began to fear she had taken two pictures on the same plate. Presently odd shapes and strange figures began to appear which, after a little fresh developer had been poured over them, took the form of folding chairs and benches, and Dorothy saw the shooting party at lunch before her. Her hand groped about for the match box, but the thought struck her that the negative was not hers and must not be wasted, so it was left in the alum a few minutes and after a wash was left in the hypo bath; but her quick eyes had seen enough to tell her that John Beasley had led to her, for fixed in her memory as surely as it was now being fixed on the plate was the picture of that young man sitting by the side of Miss Green, his head turned toward her, his hand almost touching hers. She sat thinking for some time, and was only aroused by hearing footsteps in the passage, followed by a knock at the door.

"Yes, who is it?"

"It is I," answered Gilbert's voice. "They are trying some new music in the drawing-room, and Lady Harley wants your help. May I come in?"

"Yes; the negative is fixed now, the light will not hurt it. You can come in."

Gilbert groped his way into the room, and found Dorothy seated at the developing table.

"May I see the photograph you have taken? Has the old castle come out well?"

She lifted the plate from under the running water tap, and held it up before the red lamp for him to see. She turned her head, and their eyes met for a second as he leaned over her shoulder, but before he could say a word of surprise there was a sudden flare, a snap and a gurgling sound, and with one wild flicker the lamp went out and they were in darkness.

"Where is the door? I know I shall tumble over something and do some damage. Will you lead me? You know this room better than I do."

A small soft hand was slipped into his, and though Dorothy did know that room quite well they were a very long time finding the door, but then, you see, the room was very dark, and before they left it Dorothy Lane had promised to become Gilbert's wife.—Waverley Magazine

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTemperance

The Epitaph of a Drunkard—Alarming Ravages of Drink in the "Country of Pure Wine"—One Alcoholic For Every Ten of the Population.

Pray, who lies here? Why, don't you know?

"This staggering, staggering, hoop Jo. What, dead at last? I thought that death could never stop his long, long breath—True, death ne'er threw his dart at him, But killed, like David, with a sling. Whether he's gone we do not know—With spirits above or spirits below—But if he former taste inherits, He's quaffing in a world of evils."—Boston Herald.

Alcohol and Crime in France.

In a thoughtful and suggestive article in a recent issue of Le Matin, M. Henry Fouquier moralizes on the two faces that human character presents in the events chronicled daily in the newspapers. One moment the reader is thrilled with the tale of heroisms such as those of the beach opposite the stranded racket boat, Ia Russie, and the next is horrified by the recountal of crimes that offend every sense of morality, decency and humanity itself. In view of recent events, he wonders if Paris will not soon hold the record for horrible crimes. French character, nevertheless, still in the main preserves the old proverb "Bad head, but good heart." Paris has known all the follies, including that of blood, but it is not in history that one must search for the reasons for the present moral degeneracy. Says M. Fouquier "It is still, I believe, accidental and curable. Poor Baudelaire, great poet, but absolutely unreasonable man, imagined his possession of genius to be the door of 'artificial paradises' in euphoric intoxication in its various forms. In reality, the open door is that of hell. It is alcohol, in all its forms, which creates the veritable demons, who sometimes furious possession of life in our midst, numerous enough so that their crimes do not arrest our attention save when they are committed in some unusual way.

"In certain classes, at least, there is one alcoholic for every ten of the population, whether they be conscious of it or not. The devoted men who have made themselves the apostles of the crusade against alcohol, which I deem one of the greatest movements of our times, give us their pamphlets and their lectures, which cannot be too great in number, the eloquent picture of the ravages that alcohol produces, in whatever manner it is introduced into our economy. Only they do not insist enough, perhaps, on the fact that alcohol, that is alcoholic poisoning in its various forms, possesses all appearances of temperance and who are really not drunkards. Hereditary or acquired nervousness has so developed in our race that the evil of alcoholism can cause its havoc in men who do not suspect it.

"I knew a literary man, who was not only full of talent and a gallant man, but moreover of a most scrupulous correctness of life. He would have died of shame to be a drunkard, yet he was one in his time. Experiencing nervous troubles, menacing symptoms of paralysis, he went, without revealing his identity, to a great physician. The doctor, after a rapid examination, said, rather brusquely, 'You are losing your mind, but I can do nothing for you very well that if you want to be cured you have only to stop getting drunk.'

"Only those who know my friend can imagine the indignant stupefaction caused by these words of the doctor.

"'I? A drunkard? I was never intoxicated once in my life. I never enter a cafe. I dine with my family.'"

"Explanations followed. My friend drank one bottle of wine a day and one glass of champagne after his coffee. For him that was alcoholism!

"We must understand it. Alcoholic poisoning exists outside even of habitual intoxication. The enemy of human reason can insinuate itself without noise, without excess, drop by drop, one may say, and yet not take possession of the place all the same. It is a Tartuffe who awaits the last act, delirium tremens or paralysis, to proclaim himself master of the house. It is for us, by every means, to close the door on him. In this emergency I understand the state reason, or if one uses it for temporary and personal affairs, how much more legitimate is its use when it is a question of guarding the health and greatness of our race."

Women and Intoxicants.

Here is a copy of a resolution passed recently by the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America at its convention in Philadelphia:

"Whereas, The virtue of a nation is never higher than the virtue of its women, 'be mothers of the nation form the habits of the youth. It is a lamentable fact that the drinking customs of our day, foster the use of the state among women—women of the higher grade of society, women of culture, wealth and influence, who should be eminent in respectability and virtue, as the example is apt to be followed and the customs become a normal society; be it that,"

"Resolved, I, that we urgently advocate the establishment of women's total abstinence societies and the forming of public opinion against this growing abuse."

"2. That we recommend open meetings, lectures and the distribution of temperance literature in places in which the interest in total abstinence is flagging."

Alcohol in Wine.

Two and one-half ounces of absolute alcohol are equal in volume to five table-spoonfuls. This amount of alcohol is found in ten table-spoonfuls of the purest whisky or brandy. I have recently secured the services of two eminent chemists who have analyzed six varieties of the finest wines, native and imported. I give the result of these analyses by volume in common measurements, each being somewhat less than the measure stated, to avoid fractional reckonings: Two of our finest California wines contain six table-spoonfuls of alcohol in a pint; one much vaunted American wine has a little over eight table-spoonfuls of pure alcohol in one pint; one brand of port contains seven table-spoonfuls of alcohol to a pint; one French wine, imported and which is advertised, contains five table-spoonfuls of alcohol to a pint; the lightest wine, a California brand, contains four table-spoonfuls of alcohol to a pint.—Dr. C. A. Greene, in the Medical Record.

The Road to Fortune.

William Waldorf Astor, in reply to the question, "How may a poor man make a fortune?" says: "Run and tobacco he should entirely avoid. No man can make money unless his brain is clear, and clear it cannot be when clouded with the fumes of alcohol or tobacco."

The Crusade in Brief.

If liquor and opium are not good for the uncivilized, will some one please explain, requests the Chicago Record, just where they benefit the highly civilized nations?"

It may be true that the man who wants a drink will get one, but the all-night and Sunday saloons, with their many varieties of many getting drinks who do not want them.

Every fresh drunkard, every little child who goes for beers, every new bottle of gin uncorked, every new sign painted over the public house door—all these are new arguments in favor of the need of temperance.