

Duke Henry's creditors do not seem to have realized anything on his marriage with Holland's Queen.

A phonograph with rag-time music attachments has been sent to the Persian court. Now, will the Shah be civilized?

The Victoria memorial statue to be erected in London is to cost \$1,000,000. The sculptor chosen to erect the statue is Thomas Brock, and it will be erected in Trafalgar square.

At the bicentenary of the Kingdom of Prussia the East Prussians collected 100,000 marks which the Kaiser has assigned for the education of boys who are no longer under the care of their parents.

The area devoted to the cultivation of rice in the South will be very materially enlarged this year. If the ratio of increase keeps pace with what it has been during the past few years this country will be able to supply its own demand.

Small potatoes are not to be sneezed at any longer. They are all used in the starch factories. About 16,000 tons of potato starch is made in this country every year. Here is where the small potato is just as good, so far as it goes, as the big one.

Street trees, properly planted and cared for, work a remarkable change in the value of residential property. Any one with doubts on this subject should look into the history of Washington, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Buffalo and other cities, where a comprehensive system of street planting has been carried into effect.

The inventors of names should find out a briefer and better word than "automobile"—something short and snappy. The "wheel" is easier to mention than the "bicycle." A fit word of a few letters should be chosen for the motors. And something Anglo-Saxon might be found to chase away the "chauffeurs." That is decidedly too foreign a term.

The latest statistics of the Salvation army show that there are 732 corps now in the United States, with 24 food depots, which has furnished 110,000 monthly meals, and 190 social institutions for the poor, with a total daily accommodation in the same for 7200. The workmen's hotels number 66 and the workingwomen have 6 with an aggregate of 6325 inmates. Five labor bureaus and three from colonies are established, the latter having 240 laborers. Other minor institutions and sick settlements number about 80 in all. The expenditure on all these institutions in 1900 was \$253,000, of which \$210,000 was raised by the work of the payments of inmates.

Minnesota is a poor place of residence for a man who does not want to support his wife and abandon her. The legislature has passed a law making wife abandonment a felony, punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary for not less than one year and not more than three, with a provision for a suspension of sentence providing the husband give bond to the state to support his wife and family. Under this law it is believed that deserting husbands can be arrested in and extradited from other states. If the law stands a proposed test it is not unlikely that other states may follow Minnesota's example. The courts have to deal with no more difficult problem than this, and the total annual expense to the public in caring for abandoned families must be enormous. So long as the husband remains in the same place with his family he can be got at and made to pay, but once out of the jurisdiction of the court, he is practically a free man.

The African quagga is extinct, and several families of antelopes have been wiped out of existence. Zebras are scarce, giraffes are few in number, the rhinoceros and hippopotamus are passing from view, but the helladotherium (hitherto only known through fossil remains found in Greece) still roam through the forests of Uganda. The helladotherium is of the size of an ox, its neck is a little longer, proportionately, than that of a horse, the ears like those of the ass with silky black fringes, the head taperlike and the nostrils like those of the giraffe. The forehead is a vivid red, and the neck, shoulders, stomach and back a deep reddish brown, and the hindquarters and legs and boldly striped in purplish black and white. Great is the helladotherium, for has it not survived the vicissitudes of two or more geological ages. And does its existence provide the narrators of tales about the sea serpent—that antediluvian leviathan of the deep—with badly needed evidence of their truthfulness?

A manuscript of Milton's "Paradise Lost" recently sold for \$830. If poets possessed Methuselah's longevity they might make good money.

Male mosquitoes do not bite, but get their living from the juices of flowers. It is evident that in mosquitodomy, at least, the female sex is privileged.

The London council is going to spend \$7,500,000 in building model cottages for workmen. The new municipal houses will accommodate 42,000 people.

Boston intends to spend \$6,000,000 this year in street building and repairing, but it is not likely to attempt to make its crooked paths straight. That were a hopeless undertaking.

All Europe produces beet sugar with the exception of Switzerland, and Persia and Egypt have entered the field. The beet sugar industry is one of the great sources of France's wealth.

An electric railway which is being built in India has filed an order for 1,000,000 pounds of trolley wire with a Connecticut manufacturing firm. This is another triumph for American over British manufacturers in their own field of operations.

The American city milkman is not the sole occupant of the milk-water trust. Our consul at Frankfurt, Ger., reports that of 122 samples of milk examined by the board of health, over half were diluted with from 10 to 60 percent of water. A test of 3794 samples in Hamburg resulted in proving 475 objectionable.

Illustrating the cheapness of the parcels postal service in Germany, it is enough to cite the fact that the department allows packages to be sent by soldiers at the low rate of 20 pfennigs (5 cents) up to three kilograms (6.6 pounds) in weight, regardless of distance. During last year 3,562,800 soldiers' packages were sent through the parcels post.

A consular report from Vienna gives results of the census recently taken in Austria-Hungary. It shows that the present population of the country is about 46,890,000, 19,200,000 of which is furnished by Hungary. During the last decade the population of Austria increased 9.3 percent. Hungary shows an increase of 10.7 percent for the last 10 years, which is slightly less than for the 10 years preceding.

We not only furnished millions of dollars' worth of animal horses for South Africa, but have received orders for millions of dollars' worth of iron horses for Russia. The Russian minister of roads and transportation has allowed the government railroads the following sums for 1901: For locomotives, \$10,300,000; for freight cars, \$9,270,000; for passenger cars, \$3,605,000; total, \$23,175,000. American firms will get about \$20,000,000 of this.

An interesting supreme court decision in New York holds that a woman in getting off a street car must be given time to gather up her skirts, in addition to time to step down from the car platform. It is further held that it is the conductor's duty to see that her skirts are clear of any car fittings or attachments before she starts the car. If he starts before he assures himself that they are free he is guilty of negligence. The court, on the other hand, does not consider that a woman is negligent to travel upon a car with a dress so long that it will be more likely to catch upon such appliances as necessarily extend above the platform, such as bell plungers etc.

The death in Balse of Emilie Kempin recalled an era that already seems ancient. Its date was 1889. There was then in New York City no opportunity for a woman to study law; nor had any woman advocate invaded the city, though the legislature had in 1886 legalized the admission to the bar of the gentler sex. Mme. Kempin graduated in 1886 from the University of Zurich, but meeting with opposition in her application for a law professorship she came to New York City, where she applied for admission as a law student at Columbia. Her application was refused, but she was permitted to attend the classes as a "visitor." In the fall of 1889 she founded the first women's law class in the city. Later she returned to Europe. The number of women lawyers in the metropolis is not yet great—not so great proportionally as in Boston or in the west—but enough have entered the profession to remove such action from the realm of experiment. Truly an amazing change for a single decade to have witnessed, exclaims the New York World.

AN ADAPTATION OF EXODUS.

Why There Were Many Plagues in the Captain's Quarters.

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

To a certain sort of mind a saint is only to be known as a saint by the halo above his brow, and the Prince of Darkness himself would be devoid of identity without a pitchfork and cloven hoof. To such as these the knight-errantry of Drayton and Bartlett may seem problematical; but a knight-errant is one who succors beauty in distress, and who rides abroad redressing human wrongs. Whether he employs an obnoxious insect rather than a sword, as Drayton did, or whether he rides a S. C. government mule, as Bartlett was wont to do, is neither here nor there.

Bartlett was riding the aforesaid mule shortly after the time my story begins. He rode it up the line, its long gray ears wagging evenly and restfully, and came to a halt in front of the set of quarters where Drayton and he roomed. Drayton was sitting on the porch, his feet on the railing, his chair tipped back, and the visor of his cap pulled down on his nose. He pushed the cap to the back of his head as Bartlett came slowly up the steps.

"I wish you would get a horse," he complained. "If you could just realize the figure you cut on that old elephant!"

"That's a mule," corrected Bartlett, his arm around a pillar and letting his heels dangle as he perched on the railing. "It's also a very nice mule. It is no longer a shave-tail, but has reached years of discretion. The moment man or animal does that, his appreciative country straightway has him inspected and condemned. Horses may do for some, but not for one who has the duties of post quartermaster to perform. And, besides, I believe in the infantry and scorn a horse."

"The scorn," observed Drayton, "of the fox for the grapes." "Don't rub it in," said Bartlett, dejectedly; "I'm miserable enough as it is."

"Thought you looked rather triste. I'm all sympathy. Go on."

Bartlett released his hold upon the pillar and folded his arms on his breast in an attitude combining stern endurance and precarious balance. "The Collines are going to rout the Lawrences out." Now, the Collines were the family of Captain Collins—wife, mother-in-law on both sides, and three small children. They had that morning arrived in the post. Collins was in command of Troop L, which had been moved on some weeks before. If he had been well-disposed his entry should not have put the whole garrison, below his rank, in the throes of fear of a progressive "turning out." For there were empty quarters into which he might have moved exactly as well as not, and no one had been any the worse off.

"But Collins won't see it that way," Bartlett went on. "He ranks Lawrence, and his wife ranks him, you bet; and it's the wife and the mother-in-law who are going to have the Lawrences' set or bust."

"Throw them a few buckets of paint and calamine, by way of sop," Drayton ventured to suggest.

"Did," said Bartlett, briefly. "Offered them half the quartermaster's department, and a carpenter, and a blacksmith, and a farrier, too, if they happened to need one. Told them they could have any or all of the colors of paint in the rainbow, if they'd just be good—but those three Graces are going to have the Lawrences' house."

Drayton opined, with a little of the placidity, nevertheless, with which he all bear one another's burdens, that it was a very great and very profane shame. "There's that poor little woman with those little bits of kids, and just moved into those quarters, and got them all fixed up so prettily, and her garden started, too. Then, those Collines; they're a mean lot of cattle, anyway." He made a gesture of disgust, which turned the visor around over his left ear, and was silent for a minute through sheer wrath.

"I told Mrs. Lawrence they would be serpents on the wood cutter's hearth—" "Serpents, now?" asked Bartlett; "they were cattle before; and you called that—he pointed over his shoulder—"an elephant, whereas, in point of fact, it's a mule." "I told her," continued Drayton, unmoved, "that it wouldn't pay. I know all about the Collines—served with them in Texas. I was sitting on Mrs. Lawrence's steps—I know that I usually am, so you can save yourself—I was sitting on her steps when the Collins outfit drove up. The ambulance stopped in front of the C. O.'s house, next door, and Collins jumped out and went in. The rest of them just waited. All would have been well if Mrs. Lawrence hadn't become tender-hearted in a most unnecessary way, and hadn't chosen to disregard any advice. He assumed the look of prophecy fulfilled. "I told her to sit still and not get excited and do something rash; gave her the benefit of my knowledge and experience. But it wasn't any use. She made me dry up and hang on to the kids, while she ran down to the ambulance and invited the whole caboodle to come in and rest and refresh themselves. They came. You can bet your life they were Collins—or they wouldn't have been the Collines. I saw Dame C.'s weather eye taking in the house. I could see she liked it, and I knew there'd be trouble. Mrs. Lawrence kept them in luncheon—the whole seven of them. Asked me, too; but the kids were

raising Cain, and the abode of peace was transformed, so I lit out."

"Well, I guess she's sorry now—if that's any comfort to you. For the Collines are not only going to have those quarters, but they're going to have them quick. Even the C. O. got at Collins. But it wasn't any use. 'My wife likes the quarters,' says he. And that's all."

They sat in meditation for some time. Then Drayton spoke.

"I like those quarters, too. I'm going to have some of them myself," he said.

Bartlett did not understand, and Drayton undertook to explain. "Well—see here." He took his feet down from the rail, in his earnestness, and straightened his cap. "It's like this. You and I have got one room each in this house, haven't we, same as the most of the other bachelors?" Such was the case. "And we're entitled to two rooms each, aren't we?" Bartlett agreed that they were. "And we've been keeping these ones because we've been too lazy and good natured to ask for more, haven't we? Well we won't be lazy and good natured any more. If the Collines move into the Lawrences' set, I'll vacate my room—turn it over to you—and I'll apply for the upstairs floor of the Lawrences' house. Oh! I'm entitled to it, all right," he chuckled. "I know my rights as a citizen of these United States and as a first-lieutenant of cavalry. The Collines, the whole sweet seven of 'em, may have the lower floor. It's all they can claim under law. That's four rooms, including the kitchen. I dare say they won't mind living like that any way. They're pigs."

"Pigs, too?" asked Bartlett.

Drayton went on unfolding his plan. "Once I have that top floor, you watch the interest in life I'll provide for them. I'll make their days pleasant and their nights—particularly their nights—beautiful. I'll have suppers up their every evening, and do songs and dances until reveille, if I have to hypothecate to pay my commissary bill, and if my health breaks down. You watch." He stood up and began to button his blouse. "So you are warned. If the Collines move in, such is my devotion to them that I'll move in, too. And I'll put in my formal application for those two rooms. No other two in the post will suit, either, you understand."

And it all came about exactly as he said. There was a heira of Lawrences and an ingress of Collines, and great was the latter's wrath when they found Drayton taking possession of the upper floor. They protested to everybody in general, and to the commandant and the quartermaster in particular. And the commandant and the quartermaster said they were sorry, but that Drayton was "certainly within his rights. He had applied for the quarters in virtue of the general turning-out that D troop was causing the post, and he was entitled to occupy them. There was nothing more to be said."

"I can't pretend to be sorry for them, exactly," Mrs. Lawrence confided to Drayton, when he advised her not to try to settle in her new quarters very elaborately; "I'm only human, after all, and my house did look so sweet, and my garden— But I'm sorry for you. I think those children are the very imps of evil."

Drayton nodded. "There are others," he said.

It was emigmatic, but Mrs. Lawrence looked doubtful and ready to be hurt. "You don't mean mine?" she said.

"No, my dear lady," Bartlett reassured her, "he doesn't mean yours. He thinks yours are all that tender infancy should be. I don't know what he does mean, however. And probably he doesn't know himself."

"Don't!" queried Drayton, enigmatical still. "Don't I just?" "Perhaps," said Bartlett, "you mean Jimmy O'Brien. I saw you hobnobbing with him today. Would it be Jimmy now?"

Drayton would not commit himself. But it was Jimmy and one other, nevertheless. Drayton had come upon him when he was playing duck-on-a-rock all by himself, near the sutler's store. The duck was a beer bottle, and Jimmy was pitching stones at it, with indifferent aim. The father of Jimmy was first-sergeant of Drayton's troop, and so the lieutenant felt they had enough in common to warrant a conversation.

It began by a suggestion as to a better way to throw a stone, and it ended with a bargain struck. "Then," said Drayton, "if I promise to pay you two bits for every centipede, four bits for every tarantula, ten cents for every lizard, a nickel for every toad and a cent for every big spider, you will catch all you can and bottle them for me?"

Jimmy nodded solemnly.

"And you won't say anything about it to any one?" A quarter was pressed into a chapped and grimy hand.

The very next morning before guard-mounting, he clambered up the stairway to Drayton's rooms. Drayton was only just dressing. He had kept late hours. Bartlett had helped him, and until 2 o'clock they had alternated pacing heavily to and fro with dropping heavy bodies on the floor.

There was a centipede, two lizards and three toads. Jimmy's pockets bulged with bottles. There were also five large and unpleasant spiders.

"Good boy," said Drayton, and paid as per schedule.

Mrs. Colline and the mother-in-law's nerves were not calmed, any way, by the wakeful night. It was the harder for them when they found three large toads in their rooms that day. To have a toad hop at you from a dark corner is not nice. It is still less to step on one and crush it. It gives a peculiar sensation. Mrs. Collins found it so. There was a lizard in the milk bottle, and another on the back of a chair, whence it climbed into a mother-in-law's hair. Big spiders infested the place.

Toward noon Drayton came downstairs carrying on the end of a pin, and examining it critically, a centipede. "Large, isn't it?" he asked, with some pride; "I killed it myself at the top of the stairs. They always come in families of three. The other two will be along pretty soon, I suppose."

The mother-in-law shuddered. "You and Mr. Bartlett made a great deal of noise last night, Mr. Drayton," she reproached.

Drayton looked concerned. These government quarters were so thin-floored, he explained.

"Did he always stay up until 2 o'clock?" He admitted being of a restless disposition and given to insomnia.

"All right," he reported to Mrs. Lawrence, shortly after. "You just rest on your oars. We'll have you back in those quarters before the kids have had time to do much damage to the place. I should say that a fortnight, at the very outside, should see Mrs. Collins suing for another set—any other old set. Bartlett will let her have them. He's an exceptionally obliging Q. M., as Q. Ms. go. That's his reputation."

It did not run as smoothly as Drayton might have wished. The women of the Collins family did not surrender without giving fight. They attacked Drayton himself first, but were met with an urbanity which parried every thrust. It was the thinness of the walls and floors, and that was manifestly the government's fault. As for his insomnia, the blame of that lay with the doctor, he should think. He did not like staying broad awake until nearly dawn any better than they did. Of course, however, he would try to control his restlessness. The attempt met with failure, though, and the women appealed to the commandant. The commandant was urbane, too, but the insomnia of his officers was evidently not a matter to be reached officially.

It was plain that the insomnia aroused the suspicions of the Collines. But the insects did not. They had never—not even in Texas—seen 2 house so overrun with reptiles. There were lizards in everything. There were frogs and toads in dark nooks. They hopped into your lap when you were least expecting it. They were always getting under your feet and—squashing. Spiders spun webs and dropped from the ceiling and the walls. And as for more venomous things! A day hardly passed that Drayton did not kill a tarantula or a centipede somewhere around. They seemed to emerge only when he was near. The wrath toward him was tempered with unwilling gratitude to a saviour. There had also been a garter snake on the front porch. And one terrible day they had come upon Drayton, sabre in hand, standing in the front hallway beside the decapitated body of a rattlesnake. They neglected, in the excitement, to notice that the body was not wriggling.

Jimmy had that morning produced a newspaper package. "Here's a dead rattler," he had said. "I didn't know as you could use him. But I found him, and you can have him for a dime."

And the rattler had proved the best investment of all, as well as the last straw. Captain Collins had carried him on a stick out into the road. Then he had gone to the commandant and Bartlett. He was heavy-eyed for want of sleep. The whole family was that way; and Drayton was, too. In all humanity he asked the favor of being allowed to change his quarters. Any other quarters would do, provided there were fewer insects. He was not particular at all. He asked so little, in fact, that Bartlett took pity on him. He renewed his offer of paint.

"Now," he said to Mrs. Lawrence, "you can come back to your own. They'll move out tomorrow. I've just been inspecting the premises, and there hasn't been much harm done. They are still the best quarters in the post. The kids have knocked a few holes in the walls and the woodwork a little scratched. But I'll give you some paint, too."

Paint was Bartlett's idea of the panacea for all earthly ills. He had not much else in the world, being a second-lieutenant; but he had paint, and he was liberal with that.

The Collines moved next day. Drayton waited until the last load of furniture was gone, and the three women were taking their final look around. Then he came down the stairs holding out, at the length of his arms, two centipedes on the point of two large pins. He exhibited them.

"These quarters are too much for me," he said, "I'd rather have a corner of a house-top, rather than a wide upper floor with crawling things. I'm going to go back to my own room."

A fierce light of suspicion broke in on Mrs. Collins' mind then. "I believe, Mr. Drayton, that the whole thing was a put-up job."

"Do you? Do you really?" asked Drayton, smilingly, deprecatingly.

"But consider, my dear lady, consider the centipedes."—San Francisco Argonaut.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Says: Do Not Harness Bacchus to Your Load of Work, Then You Will Have Plenty of Courage, Hope and Energy.

If you were lost in a dark wood and could not see the moon or the stars you would not extinguish your lantern, would you?

If you found yourself in a desert you would not throw away your bottle of water.

Well, then, do not talk about being driven to drink because you are out of work and in trouble, or because times are so hard that your business barely pays your office rent.

Of course drink gives you a momentary or "hourly" exhilaration, and causes you to forget your worries.

But the corresponding depression follows, with increased gloom and enfeebled courage and strength.

If you are a sensible man, with good average intelligence, you will hoard your strength and save all your faculties unimpaired by drink, or drugs, to carry you through the dark days in life's woods, and you will keep your light of sober reasoning aflame.

If, after you pass through the woods, you have still the desert to encounter, you will not add to the pangs of thirst by "fire-water."

You will, instead, endeavor to keep your head cool and your brain clear.

As well tie your feet in a bag when you are in a hurry to reach a destination as to fill yourself with drink when you have a hard and difficult path to pursue.

If you want to try the experience of drunkenness, wait until you achieve a success and then "celebrate," if you are determined upon it. Then you can afford to rest and repent at leisure, and if you have a strain of good principle and moral worth in you one experience will be enough.

You will not want to try it again.

But don't harness Bacchus to your load of work and worry and imagine he will pull you through. He is not that kind of a god. He makes excellent promises, but he takes you only to the edge of the ditch, and in the first ditch, much the worse for his brief merry companionship.

Keep yourself perfectly normal in times of anxiety. If you are in the habit of using stimulants and nicotine, reduce your usual quantity, and if you have the will power, give them up entirely for the time being.

I know a man who did this during business depression, and he was amazed at the result. Where he had been despondent and nervous all the time, when not under the influence of a stimulant, he found himself full of courage, hope and energy.

Instead of waking with a weight on heart and head he woke full of ambition for the new day before him.

Instead of trying to kill dull time by drinking, experiment upon yourself by finding the strength of your will in giving up the use of all stimulants until you can "celebrate" a victory.

It is more novel, and says better in the end.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the New York Journal.

Drink and Young Criminals. The National Conference of Charities and Corrections in session in Washington has given prominent recognition to the terrible increase of criminals, the appalling growth of the population of our penal institutions. A paper read before the conference by Mrs. Ophelia Amigh, superintendent of the State home for juvenile offenders at Geneva, Ill., cast valuable light upon the important question. Mrs. Amigh is reported as saying that every girl now in the home under her care had one drunken parent, and in the case of many of them both parents were confirmed drunkards. Mrs. Amigh says:

"If we desire to raise fine stock we never think of keeping the sires and dams drunk all or half the time, and yet nearly all the children who come to us are the products of such conditions."

She goes on to say: "One has to sit but one day in the Juvenile Court in Chicago to realize what it is that fills all kinds of charitable and penal institutions in Illinois as well as in other States. All kinds of crimes, from the wake of intemperance, and something must be done or we shall become worse than a nation of lepers."

Mrs. Amigh mentions one particularly startling instance which has unfortunately been paralleled many times. She says: "We had one girl brought to us not quite fourteen years of age who had delirium tremens, and we barely saved her life. She had drunk more or less since she was ten years of age. What can we say of the brute in man's form who would ever give or sell intoxicants to a child like that?"

It might be irrelevant to ask: What shall we say of the man who legalizes a traffic the result of which, by centuries of experience, is known to be such things as these?

Prohibited His Own Beer. Recently Guinness, the great "beer baron," of Dublin, erected some model tenements for the use of working people, and among other things prohibited all intoxicating liquors; even his own beer is not allowed to be sold. Lemonade and mineral waters can be had, but intoxicants of every form are shut out. Plenty of baths, but no bars. Very significant.—National Temperance Advocate.

A Continuous Performance. O how many are waiting to see if something cannot be done! Thousands of drunkards waiting who cannot get ten minutes in any direction without having the temptation glaring before their eyes or appealing to their nostrils, they fighting against it with enfeebled will and diseased appetite, conquering then surrendering, conquering again and surrendering again.

The Crusade in Brief. Divest a saloon of every possible social facility or appurtenance and men will still patronize it.

Men drink for the feeling of mental elation and satisfaction that it gives, not for social enjoyment.