

If inventor Edison can make good his promise of a cheap concrete there may yet be hope for our pine forests.

Russia has now 5406 savings banks, of which 625 were opened last year. This speaks well for the material prosperity of Russia.

Mr. Rockefeller's gifts of \$200,000 for an institute for medical research is a very practical benefaction. It is hoped, however, that it will not lead to the discovery of any more new diseases.

More than 40,000 names have been added to the pension rolls of the United States within eleven months. No other country ever conceived it possible that any nation should display so magnificent and almost illimitable generosity.

The new 16-inch rifled gun which is being built for the United States government will have a range of 21 miles, but there is no assurance that it will ever hit anything at that distance, as the target at which it may be directed will surely be out of sight.

A bank president, determined on death, provided himself with a razor, some rough on rats and a bottle of acetonite. If he had been as cautious in conducting his bank as he was in arranging for his demise he might not have felt that suicide was necessary.

The inevitable conclusion is that passenger travel from Europe to northern China and all freight traffic in which time is an element of much importance will seek the Siberian route if the Russian government is wise enough to provide proper facilities and maintain reasonable charges. American traffic with the ports of China will not be affected, as our railway systems and the direct sail across the Pacific afford a better route.

What are we coming to? All the old-fashioned theories concerning the vital organs of human beings are being destroyed by modern surgery. The stomach has been proved to be non-essential to the support of human life and its elimination has been effected without producing serious disturbance of the digestive organs. It has been long known that one lung may be removed with comparative safety. The ruptured heart may be sewed up, and sections of the brain removed and the patient survive.

The master of the buckhounds seems likely to disappear from the English royal household. For a long time there has been bitter opposition to the royal hunt at Windsor, as stag-hunting is no longer regarded as decently humane. It seems absurd that in so old a country as England there should be wild deer, yet on Exmoor, in Devonshire, the red deer are in such numbers that the farmers of the surrounding region claim that the hunt is there a necessity. And this is only eight hours from London.

The London Daily Mail is publishing a series of articles on "The American Trade Invasion," showing how the United States is successfully competing with every branch of British industry. Commenting editorially upon the question, under the caption "Why We Regress," it expresses astonishment that Englishmen, with a reputation for integrity and patriotism, should be found "ready to tell England that she has no cause for uneasiness." "Such assurances," continues the Daily Mail, "are natural from Americans who desire to lull Great Britain to sleep while they capture the British and foreign markets, but from Englishmen they can only be inspired by ignorance or ostrichism." The Daily Mail concludes that the British economic system is "based upon theories which facts are daily proving more delusive."

The great commercial celery business of Kalamazoo, Mich., has been built up almost entirely by Hollanders. These plucky and skilful gardeners have transformed the once worthless swamps and bogs into valuable land, worth from \$300 to \$900 per acre. They are extensive farmers, the great majority of the 250 owners cultivating one acre or less, a celery farm of ten acres being very unusual. From the total area of about 500 acres from twelve to fifteen million stalks of celery are shipped annually. Most growers sell to local dealers, who ship to various points. Some of the older, enterprising, well-established growers handle their own product and ship direct to their customers. The small landowners realize only about eight cents a bunch, but growers with larger acreage and in better financial circumstances, ship direct to their customers as far east as Philadelphia, and get 15 cents a bunch.

Wyoming has solved the Weary Willie problem by discovering a natural soap deposit within its borders.

The supremacy of American manufactures is now shown by the fact that golf clubs are being exported to Scotland.

A Paris paper speaks of "the Yankee peril." Another name for it is "commercial push." It would be less perilous to other nations if they had more of it.

The attorney-general of Massachusetts has rendered a decision in relation to the constitutionality of the bills authorizing street railways to carry merchandise in small packages. He finds that the bills are constitutional.

An Ohio man who is to inherit \$2,500,000 finds among the conditions that he must marry "some good woman." The testator's idea, presumably, of a balance-wheel against sudden wealth. But who was it said "Frugality is a bachelor?"

How are the mighty fallen in interest. A little less than nineteen years ago the papers gave columns to Arabi Pacha. Today three lines are enough in which to announce his "repatriation" after eighteen years of exile in British keeping in Ceylon.

A French philosopher claims to have discovered that the Anglo-Saxon race is dying out because the women would rather practice law, lecture or play golf than to raise children. The theory is interesting, and would have been important but for the fact that the race is not dying out.

A lovelorn Maryland pair, escaping from the usual irate parent, showed a directness that augurs well for success in life. Fearing they might be overtaken, they stopped a clergyman on the street corner, the clergyman impressed the first pedestrian as a witness, the four backed against a building, and before a gathering and appreciative crowd the knot was tied.

We owe it to France that the canon is now added to the spear and sword as capable of useful conversion to the purpose of the agriculturist, remarks the San Francisco Call. In that country the furious charge of hailstones, threatening in the vineyards, has been turned by a vigorous canonading. Having conquered Jack Frost in the form of hail, French ingenuity has turned upon him in his more subtle form, and the destructive white and black frosts are rendered powerless to do harm by firing canon over their vineyards, orchards and fields until they are thickly covered with the powder smoke of battle.

The wealth of the United States is computed every 10 years from the census returns. The total wealth in 1850 was put at \$7,135,780,228, or \$308 per capita, and in 1870 at \$30,068,518,507, or \$780 per capita. This amount rose in 1880 to \$43,642,000,000, or \$870 per capita, and again in 1890 to \$65,037,091,197, or \$1036 per capita. Expert statisticians estimate that the amount for 1900 will be at least \$90,000,000,000, or nearly \$1200 per capita. When it is considered that the latter amount represents accumulated savings of \$6000, or nearly four times the average of 1850, for every family of five persons, it is evident that the world is growing rich at an astonishing rate under the operation of machine production, states C. A. Conant, in the World's Work.

An article in a recent issue of the American Kitchen Magazine is on the education of children in the use of money. A paragraph in it relates to the guardianship by the parents of the money children accumulate in their toy banks. It was found from answers to questions sent out to children in the matter, that almost no child could preserve his bank money from the family use. It was constantly borrowed, at first paid back scrupulously, then in sums short of the original loan, finally not at all, and the bank was abandoned for a time, to be started again with a repetition of the experience. Other children reported also on the manner in which promises of money payment were kept by their elders. Various tasks were set them for which small sums of money were to be paid, but when the weed-digging, stone-picking, or what not was performed, payment was forgotten or reduced, or a first installment given, and the matter dropped. The writer did not draw the inference, but one wonders if this attitude, duplicate in very many families, of parents toward children's savings or earnings, will not perhaps account for the inherent dislike which the average person has to business relations with a relative.

THE PHANTOM PINTO.

An Adventure with the Ghostly Guardian of an Enchanted Canon.

BY BOURDON WILSON.

"We'd jest as well throw up our hands, pardner, an' take th' back track fer Tucson; I've led yuh on er rainbow chase, I reckon."

It was Lew, my partner, who said this, as we gazed gloomily down the hill upon which we were standing. Lew was a child of the desert, innocent of book-learning and the ways of civilized man, but a crack shot with a rifle and revolver, and a skillful prospector; he was blue-eyed, tow-headed, and the sun and wind of the desert had given his face the color of leather. I took him to be about 25 years of age. Our acquaintance began in Tucson. I was going along the main street one day, when he stopped me to ask for the loan of the price of a meal; he was broke and hungry, he aided. His was not the whining plea of the beggar, but the manly request for momentary aid of the self-reliant frontiersman who expects to return the favor at some future time, and I gave him a dollar, although I had never seen him before.

Later in the day he hunted me up to tell me of a valley a few hundred miles away, where placer gold was to be found, and ended by proposing that we go prospecting in partnership, I to buy the supplies and outfit, and he to lead the way to the valley. I agreed and we set out the next morning, our effects packed on the back of the "blamejest, kickin'est" mule, as Lew described him, that I have ever known. For two weeks we tramped across the blistering deserts of Arizona, and at last arrived where we could see down into the valley, but only to find it the ghost of a gold field; it had been worked by somebody else. Aing the dry bed of a little creek that marked the valley's centre were a thousand holes and trenches, and as man heaps of sand, which told us that it had come too late; in the blaze of the setting sun the place looked utterly desolate, which but added to our gloom and disappointment.

"I'm mighty sorry," Lew wit on, "but yuh c'n see I didn't lie 'bout it, I reckon. 'Taint no use ter be over milk we ain't never had ter spill, though, an' we'd better start kickin'." He broke off and was silent a few moments, then brought his hand down on his thigh, with a heart slap. "Pardner, have yuh got th' new ter give Ghost canon er try?" he exclaimed. "There's gold there, a lot of it, they say; I've got th' ter tackle it if yuh have. What'd yuh say?"

"I'm willing," I replied; "bear your share, an' we'll see 'bout it." Lew seemed surprised, an silently looked me over a few moments. "Ever hear of Ghost canon before, pardner?" he asked finally.

"No," I said; "but that can't figure. I'll take your word for it that there's a chance to find gold here."

"Maybe yuh've heard of it by its Mexican name, 'Canon Encantada'?" Lew whispered, his voice sinking almost to a whisper.

"No, I think not," I replied. "But why do you ask?"

"W'y, 'twas there 't' th' Mor party was wiped out by 'Paches, th' years ago; yuh've heard o' that 'in', I reckon," he answered. He referred to the murder of Tom Morris a four companions by Apache Indians.

"Oh, yes, I've heard of 'but I didn't know just where the hellin' took place," I said. "Are you afraid some of the Indians are still th'?"

"No, that ain't what bluffs 'r," he replied; "it's th' pinto pony—'Canon's' haunted."

"Haunted," I exclaimed derelictly. "Well, if we find gold in theunon we'll rout the ghost out, eh? What about the pinto pony?"

Lew slowly shook his head. "Th' pinto's jest where th' ghost os in—'he's th' ghost," he said serio.

I looked Lew in the face and kked heartily.

"Laugh if yuh want," he sae solemnly, "but it's straight good livin' in yuh. Ain't never been er th' as went in that canon an' come outain, excep' jest one, er greaser; 'e plumb locced him; ever since the's done nothin' but mouth an' 'outh 'bout th' pinto pony what don't have no trail. I'd rather be dead th'azy like that. I seen th' pinto self once, but I didn't have th' nerter foller 'im in th' canon."

"Then how is it that you wad go now?" I asked.

He grinned sheepishly, and face flushed in spite of its tan. "I'm kinder figgerin' on gittin' ried soon's I git er stake ahead," hampered. "Th' little girl's saith'd have me; she lives up in Presd'."

death-like stillness of the desert. As we neared the scene of the massacre of the Morris party, a creepy sensation went up my spine, and I shivered in spite of myself at sight of the rough stones, each bearing in rudely chiseled lines the tell-tale crossed arrows, that marked the graves of the murdered men.

"This is th' place, pardner," Lew said in an awed whisper. "Th' red devils was up in th' rocks there, on both sides, an' th' pore boys didn't have no more show for their lives'n er rabbit. Ugh! but ain't things here ghosty-lookin'?"

Ghostly looking they were, without a doubt; I no longer wondered that even a harmless spotted pony had given such a place the reputation of being haunted. "It can't be anything but a pony," I thought, "and if the gold is still in the canon, he has my thanks for scaring others away from it."

We camped where the valley narrowed into the canon, and I am not ashamed to admit that, amid such surroundings my sleep that night was not entirely unbroken. Sunrise the next morning found us busily cooking our breakfast, and that eaten, we at once packed up and started into the canon. We went perhaps half a mile when Helen, our pack mule ("Helen Damnation" Lew had christened him immediately after receiving a kick from the animal), showed a decided objection to going farther; stopping short and whistling as though in fear, he planted his forefeet in the ground and would not budge another inch.

"Maybe it's er hunch, pardner," Lew said, wrathfully surveying the stubborn animal; "at any rate we'd jest as well try fer gold here as anywhere else."

We unpacked Helen and Lew took a pan and went to the edge of a pool, remnant of the torrents that poured through the canon in the rainy season, where he filled it with sand and began washing, while I picketed Helen in a grassy place where he could graze.

Presently a cry from Lew carried me running to his side; he was pointing into the pan, and looking there I saw perhaps a spoonful of gold dust gleaming dull yellow.

"We've struck er rich, pardner!" Lew cried, trembling with excitement. "If that ghost of er pinto'll jest keep away, we'll get our pile right here."

"Nonsense! There's no such thing as a ghost, Lew," I returned; "not here, at any rate."

Lew stared at me as though he thought I had lost my senses. "Not?" he cried; "yuh ain't seen that, then?" And he raised his arm to point to the opposite side of the canon.

Where we stood the canon was about 300 yards wide, and the mountains on both sides rose almost perpendicularly, something like a thousand feet above us. Looking where Lew was pointing, I was startled to see a village of half-ruined cliff-dwellings nestling in a great niche high up the side of the opposite mountain. Silent as the grave and without a sign of human occupancy, it was a strange, weird sight that, although it was in broad daylight, sent another creepy sensation writhing up my back.

"There's ghosts a-plenty round that place, pardner," Lew said, earnestly. "I ain't never seen one o' them dead-an'-gone Injya towns yet, but what was haunted; I'll bet 'twas right round here somewhere 't' pore old Dominguez saw th' pinto pony."

"I saw that Lew was intensely earnest, that his belief in ghostly manifestations was too deep-rooted in ignorance to be overcome by anything I could say. "Well, there may be ghosts here, as you say," I answered, "but if I had a nice little girl waiting for me, all the ghosts in Arizona shouldn't stampede me from rich dirt like this; they're not going to do it, as it is."

I did not misjudge my man. "I'm with yuh there, pardner!" Lew said, with determination. "These here guns o' mine was made fer biz."

I was still gazing at the village, and suddenly saw something that caused me to raise my hand to the brim of my hat so that I might see better.

Lew instantly hushed and looked where I was looking. "What's th' matter? What'd yuh see?" he presently asked, swallowing hard.

"Oh, nothing; just a shadow, I guess," I answered, carelessly. At the moment I had thought it a human face peering above a crumbling wall, but so great was the distance, and so quickly did the object disappear, I was far from sure what I had seen, and I deemed it best not to arouse Lew's superstitious fears to a higher pitch; I did not relish the idea of being left alone in the canon, and I was determined to stay there and get the gold.

Lew said nothing more, but I could see that he was not entirely satisfied; he hitched his revolvers around to where they would be convenient to his hands, and set to work again. All of that day we worked hard, and at its close had something like a pound of gold dust to show for our labor. Naturally I was jubilant and excitedly talkative, but Lew answered me only in monosyllables. When he finished eating his supper, he carefully examined his revolvers, and making his bed under an overhanging rock close by, crept into his blankets.

I made my bed on a bit of smooth ground on the opposite side of our fire—that nearest the ruins—and stretched out on it to smoke another

pipe; I was not the least bit sleepy. As I lay there gazing with wide-open eyes at the stars above me, suddenly, from not far away, came the gibbering howl of a coyote; instantly the mountain walls took it up, tossing it back and forth until the canon rang as though all the fiends in hades had broken loose. Scarcely realizing what I did, with my every nerve tingling and twitching, I sprang wildly to my feet and fired a shot in the direction I thought the mangy little beast to be, and the canon roared with the echo.

Slowly the uproar died away, and then I collapsed as a chuckle came from Lew's direction, and he remarked, "Reckon yuh wouldn't have much show with er ghost, pardner, if er pore little cuss of er kyote c'n start yuh ter shootin' wild like that."

I made no answer. I was indignant with myself for losing my nerve so easily. I lay down again, but not to sleep; I was quivering with nervousness. The coyote did not howl again—my shot had scared him away—but the wind rose presently, and began waiving in a most nerve-distracting way in the rocks above me.

"S-w-l-s-s-h-h, oo-oo-oo, r-a-h-h-h," a stronger gust would go sweeping past, and then from across the canon would come a series of faint, mournful sounds, such as sorrowing ghosts might be expected to utter. I began to understand how Dominguez came to lose his mind through his experience in the canon, and to wish that I were anywhere else, when the wind died away as suddenly as it had risen, and there was absolute silence. I fell to watching the stars again; the hours dragged slowly by, and at last I fell into a half sleep.

Suddenly I awoke and sat bolt upright, straining my ears for a repetition of the sound that waked me. Soon I heard it again; it was Helen whistling and plunging in fright. He was picketed behind a point of rock where I could not see him. Hastily I felt under my pillow for my revolvers, but could not find them. Helen's snorting and plunging grew more violent with every moment, and at last, fearful lest he break his rope and we lose him, I gave up hunting my revolvers and started running toward him. The moon was now shining brightly, and when I came to where I could see the mule, I saw something just beyond him, something that brought me to a sudden standstill, and that seemed to freeze the blood in my veins—a beautifully marked piebald pony, its legs moving naturally, but its feet seeming not to touch the ground. And it was moving directly toward me!

Paralyzed with terror, I stood as though grown to the spot; nearer came the pinto, and I tried to yell to Lew, but a harsh rattle was the only sound my throat would make. Quivering with fear, Helen was standing as close to me as he could get, his rope stretched to the breaking point. Now the pinto was passing close beside him, when he suddenly wheeled round, giving a wicked squeal, and like a streak of lightning, his heels flashed in the moonlight, striking the pony with a surprising crash fairly in the side. Giving a strange grunt, for a pony, the pinto staggered and fell on its side, floundering helplessly; the next moment, however, its side burst open, and a naked Apache Indian sprang out and ran at me, a long-bladed knife glittering in his hand. Instantly my superstitious fears vanished and my muscles regained their power. Unarmed, I turned to run; but my foot tripped, and I fell with the Indian sprawling on top of me. I realized that it was a struggle for my life, and, yelling to Lew at the top of my voice, I grappled with the Apache. Back and forth we rolled and tumbled, I trying to obtain possession of the knife, and he to put an end to my struggling with it, neither gaining any advantage over the other. Minutes seemed hours. Could Lew never hear, I wondered, my breath coming in sharp gasps, my strength almost gone.

How long we fought I can only conjecture; the Indian's powers of endurance were greater than mine, and at last he forced me over on my back, his one hand clutching my throat, his other, grasping the knife, raised to strike. I saw the steel flash and glitter in the moonlight, and a sickening fear shot through me; the knife was in the act of descending, when two shots rang out in quick succession, and it flew to one side, while the Indian sank down on me, quivering in death. The sudden reaction from utter hopelessness to a sense of safety was more than my tortured brain could bear, and I fainted where I lay; the next thing I knew Lew was pouring water on my face, and I saw that day was breaking.

When I had recovered sufficiently I made an examination of the pony's hide, finding it partially stuffed with grass which rounded it out, giving it a life-like appearance, though the deception would have been readily detected in daylight. Later in the day, following a faint trail, we climbed up to the cliff village and found that the Indian had made his home in one of the houses. Scattered about the room were numerous articles taken from the men he had murdered; among these were several rifles and revolvers, but there were no cartridges, which explained why the Indian had made use of his disguise to get near enough to attack with his knife instead of shooting us at long range.

We were not again disturbed in our work, and when we at last exhausted the sands of Ghost canon, we left it with a sack of dust that amply paid us for having dared the phantom pinto. Two months later I danced at Lew's wedding.—San Francisco Argonaut.

One of the most destructive earthquakes in the world's history was that which occurred in Yeddo in the year 1703, when 193,000 people were killed.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Poem: Death's Assistant Butcher—Drinking For the Effect—Experiments of Dr. Starr and Pertinent Suggestions by the Kansas City Times.

In our world, death deputes Intemperance to do the work of age; And hanging up the quiver nature gave him. As slow of execution, for dispatch, Sends for his licensed butchers; bids them slay Their sheep (the silly sheep they fleeced before), And toss him twice ten thousand at a meal. Oh, what heap of slain is there! Cry out for vengeance on us. —Young.

Mental Mood of Drinkers.

To the many uninformed people who insist on drinking strong liquors "not because they like the taste, but are fond of the effects," the discoveries made by Dr. Allen Starr as to the quality of mental mood produced in the drinker by different sorts of beverages may prove instructive.

In a recent article in the Medical Record he says that the result of careful investigation has led him to conclude that in the majority of individuals sherry produces a quarrelsome disposition, while, on the other hand, port tends to exert a soothing effect. Champagne causes apparently a decided exhilaration of the flow of thought, while Burgundy makes one think more slowly and by no means adds to the feeling of conviviality.

Whisky, brandy and gin have entirely different effects on the individual, but Dr. Starr will not undertake to classify their manifestations with reference to any large number of persons.

The fact of the matter is he cannot do so, for each one of these beverages produces an effect upon the individual who may absorb them in overdoses that is in inverse ratio to the sober temperament of the absorber and in diametric opposition to every rule of psychology that was ever laid down. Four drinks of brandy may make a usually temperate man talk like a house afire, while five drinks of gin may put an alert and hustling man into a state of paralysis. Eleven drinks of whisky may set a normally peace-loving citizen to fighting every wooden Indian and police telephone box he comes across, and a mixture of all three of these brands of liquor during the progress of a spree may turn the most profane and irreligious man into a sinner of hymns and a spouter of gospel texts and scraps of sermons.

If a large number of experimenting persons who insist on drinking liquor without reference to quantity or quality or age or character for its "effects" and not for its "taste," would take the precaution to have the different stages of their "jags" portrayed by phonographers and photographers, engaged especially to follow them from barroom to buffet, and from beer saloon to alehouse, they might secure a collection of data that, when examined in moments of sober reflection, would serve more effectively to prevent a recurrence of their experimentation than all the cures for alcoholism ever invented.—Kansas City Times.

It is a Deceiver.

Alcohol, whether you call it a poison or not, has something very peculiar in its nature; there is about it a sweetness and seductiveness, a sort of serpentine quality of attraction, which gradually draws men on while they do not know it, and which at last they find themselves unable to resist.

Coleridge says: "Evil habit first draws them down, and then they cry out to rise." Dr. as an eminent French writer expresses it, "We are insensibly led to yield without resistance to slight temptations which we despise, and gradually we find ourselves in a perilous situation, or even falling into the abyss, and then we cry out to rise." Why hast Thou made us too weak to rise? In spite of ourselves, a voice answers to our consciences, "If I made thee too weak by thine own power to rise out of the gulf, it was because I made thee amply strong enough never to have fallen into it." Do not let any of us be so proud as to think we should be safe. If men of the highest genius have fallen under this temptation, if even an Addison, a Burns, a Coleridge, and hundreds of others, were tempted by the excess of their work, and work re-kindled the vestal flame upon the altar of genius by the unhallowed fires of alcohol, I, for one, will not be the man to abstain from saying to anyone: "Let him that thinketh he standeth—however superior he may think himself to the same temptation—still let him beware lest he fall."—Archdeacon Farrar.

Merely a Lack of Manliness.

A drunkard who is told that he is suffering from a disease knows deep down in his own soul that his principal suffering is a lack of manliness; he has an honest interval occasionally he despises himself, recognizes that the plea of a want of will is one which might be urged in defense of all criminal weakness, of all delinquency of duty, as well as in defense of his worse than beastly appetite.

Strictly speaking drunkenness is not per se a crime, as the sympathetic justice urges, but it is the father of many crimes, and even in its "plainest" aspects it rolls up a greater total of misery, heartache, ruin and despair than all the crimes put together. We can imagine nothing, therefore, which is more fatuous or unforgivable than the coddling of the individual who is responsible for a share in this total with the notion that he has no responsibility, that he is somehow really distinguished as a deserving object of compassionate concern. The whipping post would serve his case a thousand times better, but unfortunately the nature of the offense makes this impossible.

The frenzy which drives women to smashing saloons is always explicable, but they are after the wrong object. They should smash the drunkards, who are the real home destroyers and whose misguided apologists simply multiply the evil which they wish to decrease.

A Painter's Grim Joke.

A saloon license was granted in a Pennsylvania town in a building formerly used as a trunk factory. Over the door was a big sign, "Frank's Saloon." The saloon keeper asked a prohibition painter to change the sign to suit his business at the least possible cost. The painter took his brush and simply carried it around the crosspiece of the "F," making the sign read, "Drunk Factory."

Liquor and Business Men.

It is beyond question that the daily potations of city men are terribly on the increase. The red rules of self-denial and moderation during the hours of business have been brushed aside.—Toronto Truth.

The Crusade in Brief.

While the pulpit sleeps, the saloon sells. Moderation the gateway to drunkenness.

Alcohol, the mightiest evil genius for killing men.

Human depravity its deepest depths liquor waffle.

The number of saloons in Ohio last year was 10,348, an increase of 476 over 1899. The license receipts were \$1,864,642.

Alcohol vitiates the blood, inflames the stomach, overtaxes the heart, destroys the kidneys, hardens the liver and softens the brain.—Norman Kerr, M. D.