Palestine may some day become a great mining field. One of our consuls there reports that immense deposits of phosphates have been recently discovered on each side of the river Jordan

A California inventor has a new device for directly utilizing solar heat. In the event of its success economists will regard the waste of energy during the summer of 1901 as little else than a tragedy.

The fellow who stole \$280,000 worth of gold from a California smelter explains that he wanted the money to enable him to invent a flying machine. It would probably have done him more good if he had invented his flying ma-

M. Santos Dumont has demonstrated that as a means of sport the airship possesses are social advantage of being much more dangerous than the automobile. Still, it lacks the element of menace to the innocent and plodding pedestrian.

That human muscles can propel a wheel over good country roads a distance of 750 miles in a little over two days, or at a rate, including all stops, of more than 14 miles per hour, is certainly a wonderful feat and indicates that the wheel as a racing machine has been brought close to per-

Compositors have something to be thankful for. Here is a specimen of a real German word: "Donaudampfschiffsfahrtsgesellschaftsoberdirectionbureauvorsteher." In English it means. "Manager of the chief director's office of the Danube Steam Navigation company." No wonder there is trouble sometimes in the printing trade in the Fatherland.

The skeleton spectre of famine again stalks abroad in parts of Russia and of Asia. Again the east will cry out to the west to give bread to millions of starving mouths. Even with all the progress of modern civilization hunger seems to torment as vast multitudes as in the days of the Caesars. Times are sadly out of joint in broad regions of the earth.

A monument is to be erected in Chicago to the memory of David Kennison, who died in that city in 1852, at the age of more than 115 years. Kencison was the last survivor of the 'Boston Tea Party." He fought through the War of the Revolution in the Continental Army, and at the opening of the War of 1812 was on garrison duty at Fort Dearborn, which then marked the spot where Chicago now stands. He returned to Chicago in 1846. His grave lies in Lincoln Park, not far from the Lincoln statute.

Philadelphia oculists tell us that there is something more in the brassy eye than mere slang. It is a disease and one which affects motormen and conductors on electric railways. Its symptoms are an excessive flow of tears and a dread of light. According to the oculists this is caused by verdigris conveyed by the hand to the eye, and its scientific name is chalkitis. The motormen and conductors whose hands are on brass rods and the like a good part of the time while they are on duty rub the verdigris into their eyes and then the trouble begins. If taken hold of in time no permanent harm results but if neglected the vision may be seriously impaired: and while it lasts a motorman is not wholty responsible for an accident because everything before his eyes is more or less blurred and he cannot see clearly.

The St. Paul eccentric recluse who provided in his will that all his cash amounting to some \$50,000, should be burned by his administrators "in the presence of witnesses till nothing but ashes are left," was illogical, not to say luny. If he had wished to escape the disgrace of dying rich, and to make sure that his hoarded money did nobody any good he should have burned it himself. Of all the ways of proving that one has money to burn this is perhaps the most novel. It has one advantage over the usual method of brainless spenders, which is to burn money in dissipation or foolish extravagance. The post-mortem conflagration, if carried out, will at least not harm the owner and will leave the government so much richer. The incident is another of the little ironies of life that crop out daily in the news. Think of the work and self-denial required to accumulate this considerable miser's hoard, the bitter disappointments in realizing at last that there are no pockets in the shroud, and the harred of kin and kind displayed in the instruction to burn it-and you have answered before asking it the question, "Was it worth while?" observes the New York World.

Among Glasgow's municipal institutions are wash houses, where house wives get the use of a washing stall and clean appliances as well as of a drying stove, all for four cents an hour.

Americans do not monopolize the practice of keeping the courts busy. It is published that in 1899 there were more than 1,125,000 actions started in England, making litigants of over 4 percent of the population.

The New York World says that we can smile at British jealousy of American trade triumphs, but when John Bull intimates that American ladies can't dance he'd better look out. There is such a thing as going too far.

Dr. Mary Wooley, president of Mt. Holyoke college, says that "gentlewoman" should be a synonym of "college woman," and adds that "the sacrifice of gracious womanhood is far too great for knowledge and is not required."

Professor Ludwig Marienburger of Chicago announces that the earth draws closer to the sun each succeeding summer and recedes farther away each winter. Though the exact measprements are not at hand, this condition of affairs has been suspected.

One of the bills of importance to workmen which are before the Galician diet proposes that every town of 10,000 inhabitants and upward should be obliged in the course of the next three or six years at the latest, to open an office for those who are in want of work. It must be free of charge, subject to government inspection and its statutes are to be rat-...ed by the governor of Galicia.

The state geologist of Texas has discovered sources of mineral wealth in that state that are astounding. He says that in one county alone-Cherokee-there are 600,000,000 tons of rich iron ore in sight, and that in the whole of eastern Texas there are 3,-300,000,000 tons. By the side of this ore lies all the coal necessary to work it into shape. "No country in the world," says the scienust, "has cheaper material for smelting iron than eastern Texas."

Cresceus' record breaking performance at the Brighton Beach track marked him as the king of all trotters. The fastest two heats and the fastest heat ever troted in a race are achievements either of which would have sufficed to make the event at Brighton beach memorable in the history of the sport. Cresceus' record for the two heats (4.09 1-2) betters that made by Anx on Sept. 17, 1894, by two seconds, and his first heat, trotted in 2.03 1-4. has never been equaled in a race. Great is Cresceus, and may he remain true to his name by ever increasing

The landlady who presides over the manners and edibles of the American boarding house comes in for a great deal of jocular criticism and sometimes for a very little praise. Any occasion to add to her scant praise is therefore welcome. A Chicago landlady has just earned distinction for an act of beneficence. One of her boarders is a salesman who lived for 31 days upon distilled water. At the end of that period he broke his fast because his landlady insisted that he should. She was imperious, but she had her way. Now, any landlady who stops one of these freak fasting exhibitions is entitled to the gratitude of all bored observers. But what was her motive? Surely this must have been a profitable boarder, if he paid regular rates. It is probable that her motive was that of self-defense; she didn't wish to risk the possible expense of a funeral, remarks the New York Mail and Express.

School savings banks are increasing rapidly in number in the United States. Last year the system was in practice in 732 schools of 99 cities in 18 states. During that year the deposits reached a total of \$876,229. Of this amount \$540,701 was withdrawn, leaving on deposit Jan. 1, 1901, \$335,528 In the same year 300 stations of the Penny Provident fund in 16 states received deposits from 79,010 children amounting to \$94,110. Of this amount \$93,735 was withdrawn. Dayton, O. leads among the cities in the number of these banks, having 316 in 22 schools each classroom where the savings of the children are collected constituting a bank. Los Angeles ranks next, with 392 banks in 54 schools: then Chicago with 250 banks in 123 schools; Kansas City, Mo., 219 banks in 46 schools, Pittsburg, Penn., 220 banks in 24 schools; Long Island City, where the system was inaugurated in March 1885, 210 banks in 17 schools.

HOW MARLOW GOT HIS THIEF.

en," Mr. Ritchie was saying, "but it's the thought that I trusted him and that he has cheated me. I liked him. I liked him the first time I saw him, and I've trusted everything to him almost from the first week he came-and that is over a year ago. Now, it maddens me—the thought that he was a thief, after all. Only catch him and nalf the £1000 he has taken shall be yours. Put him in the dock. I don't care what it costs me. Let me see him punished. Let me see him caught. Gor for him for all you're worth, Mr Marlow, and the very day he is charged I'll give you a check for

The detective's thin face flushed. He was young and unknown, and so far had never had a chance. Now it had come; and he might not only make his reputation but £500 as well and that last would give him all that was best in the world to him—the girl loved for wife; and without it it might be years before he could afford

He turned eagerly and gathered up

his papers and noteboook. "I'll lose no time," he said. "I'll do my best." But all the same it seemed an almost hopeless task. Fred Emberson, the thief, had had a good 12 hours' start. He had gone at 4 o'clock the day before to the bank to pay money in and to cash a check as usual ready for paying the men's wages on the morrow, and he had never returned. The check had been cashed, the money never paid in, and Fred Emberson had vanished.

Mr. Ritchie was a hard and bitter man. He had been soured five years before by the disappearance of only daughter. She had met, at the house of some friends she had been visiting, a man with whom she had He had been ineligible in every way-a poor man no prospects, with apparently nothing to recommend him—but that made no difference to her.

Mr. Ritchie had stormed and raged. had refused emphatically to see him and had forbidden her ever to mention him again. She had refused. She had tried for some months to induce the two men to meet, she had persisted in sticking to the man she and then she had run away and married him.

Mr. Ritchie never forgave her never would. He had returned all her letters unopened. He washed his hands of her and settled down, bitter and soured, to live out the remainder of his life in hard work.

Now to find that he had been deceived again seemed to make him more bitter than ever. At first he could not believe that his trusted clerk had really done anything wrong-he would turn up and explain, he thought, and he waited until the morning before he sent for a detective. Now the last doubt seemed removed. Fred Emberson had not been seen at his lodgings since the morning before, and from his desk at his office had gone every paper except those bearing directly on the business of the firm.

Mr. Ritchie looked up at the detec

"He's arranged it all, of course," he said, angrily. "He meant to go. He always goes to the bank on Fridays to draw the money ready to pay the men on Saturday morning, and he thought he'd seize the opportunity, of course. You see, he's left nothing behind in his desk—not a scrap of paper to betray him. Not a thing! Every thing was arranged.

The detective nodded. "I must see what there is at his lodgings," he said. "A criminal always gives himself away somewhere. He can't help it. If it wasn't for that the world would be a dangerous place for honest men. But they always leave something undone, and very often it is the cieverest thieves who are the easiest to catch in the end. They're too clever sometimes.

Mr. Ritchie nooded. Detective Marlow pocketed his papers and went out of the busy Midland town.

He sent his men to the station to make inquiries, and then made way towards the rooms in which Fred Emerson had lodged during the year he had been with Mr. Ritchie. went up to them, questioning the land-lady as he went, and getting no information, except that she had not seen Emerson since he had left for his office

the morning before. Upstairs Marlow found everything in order. The rooms were just as Emberson had left them. He might be coming back in half an hour. chest of drawers was full of clothes and littered with knick-knacks-pipes and pouches and tobacco. There boots arranged underneath, carefully polished; brushes and combs lay on the dressing table, and a writing desk stood close at hand. But in it Detective Marlow could find not a single scrap of paper, not a letter or an envelop or a bill. Emberson had arranged everything. There was nothing to tray him--not even an ink mark on

the blotting paper.

Marlow looked round in some dismay when he had finished. He couldn't find a single clew, not a thread to start a search, not a thing to go upon, and he made a close search, too, for the thought of the £500 reward made him strain overy nerve.

He was almost giving up at last when suddenly a tiny scrap of cardboard fallen between the mantel-piece and the wall caucht his eye. He took his penknife and began forcing it up. It might be nothing, of course, but he

"It's not only the money he has tak- | had turned over every scrap of paper and every book in the room, and he would miss no chance.

The cardboard came up slowly. was wedged in firmly between the mantel-piece and the wall, but he loosened it at last and held it up to the light.

When he saw it he gave a little gesture of disappointment. It was photograph of a child. That it longed to Emberson seemed the last

thing likely.

He called up the landlady and held it out to her. She shook her head over it. She had never seen it before, but it must have belonged to Mr. Emberson she said, for her own daughter had occupied the room before he had had it, and the photograph was of no

child they knew.

Marlow looked at it again and made a note of the photographer's name, which was printed on the back. It bore the address of a small town, and he frowned a little as he looked at it What had Fred Emberson, a thier, to do with a little child?

He shut his pocketbook with a snap and gave a final look around.

He was just turning away when his man came back from the station with the information that Emberson had been seen taking a ticket—not to London, as they had expected, but to a little place called Staybridge, half way down the line. It was a trick, of course. He would go on to Euston and excess fare, and be lost at once in London crowd.

Still Marlow sent his man to tele-graph to the station at Staybridge and waited, still impatiently, searching the room, for the reply.

It came promptly. Only one person

had come by that train on the day be-fore, and that was a mechanic in a working suit apparently on the lookout for work. Evidently it was not Emberson, and Marlow decided that his only chance now was to go Topping, where the photograph had been taken.

He started immediately, sending his man on to London to try to get some information there, and meaning to wait for him at Topping. He got out at a little, quiet country station. town lay behind it-a sleepy market town full of sheep and cattle and farmers' gigs, and bright with the spring

He found the photographer easily enough, and there a copy of the photograph he had brought from Emberrooms. It had been taken just about a year ago. The photographer remembered it distinctly, because the woman who brought the child broke down, crying at the finish for no reason at all that he could make out.

"I suppose you know nothing of her, do you?" asked the detective, and the photographer shook his head.

"No; but she came from a place not far from here," he said. "At any rate, I sent the proofs there—to a place called Staybridge, about five miles away.

Detective Marlow started a little Staybridge! He was on the road at last, surely! Staybridge was the place to which Fred Emberson had booked -the place at which the workingman had got out! Detective Marlow's pulse quickened, and ten minutes latwas walking away from Topping toward the distant village.

It was a hot walk that day. The roads were dusty, and he was tired when he reached it at last

He made his way slowly through the straggling houses and quiet shops toward an inn. He would have to stop, of course; perhaps for some days, certainly for one night.

He went in and had some tea, and

then set out to look around. He was all impatience. T £500 stirred him. The thought of the

He was remembering with a beating the girl he meant to marrythinking that it would not be long now-when a bend in the road brough

him suddenly upon a small cottage. It lay close to the road, a low wall emming in its little square patch of garden, and a little wooden gate leading to the flagged path, bordered with

wallflowers and lupins and lavender. He looked up half carelessly, won dering if Emberson was living cottage like that-if he was in Stavbridge at all-when the sight of a little child sitting on the wall brought him

to a standstill Something about her was familiar At first he could not tell what, and then he remembered the braid on her frock and the braid on the child in the photograph. It was the same dress, the same child, only now she was older-

and prettier. stopped and went toward her. She was such a little, thin child, and her face was pale and delicate in spite of the country air. She looked up at him with bright eyes and smiled, and omehow he felt oddly uncomfortable

He hesitated before he spoke, and then his question came with a gruff, sharp jerk.

"What is your name?" he asked. Her round eyes searched his face. It looked stern enough just then, but it dd not frighten her. She slipped down from the walt and held out her hand. "It's May." she said.

And-what is your father's name?" In spite of himself Marlow hesi-

"Father's called 'F'd darling,' " she eplied. "'Cos mother said so. An' he's been way such a long time, and I

don't fink he'd ever come back."

The detective looked down at her.
"Fred, darling!"

"When did he come back?" he asked, abruptly.

The child, all unconscious, took her

father another step nearer prison.
"Only the day before this day," she "and I was s'prised. couldn't fink who it was. But mother knew, and she cried, and it made her iller, and the doctor was very ang'y. "Where is your father?" asked Mar-

The child's eyes dilated a little. "He mustn't be 'sturbed," sne said 'He's wif mother and mother's drefful ill. "That's why he came back all in such a hurry.'

She stopped, looking up at the detective with eyes that almost unnerved him. Perhaps something in his face began at last to impress itself upon her baby mind, for a sudden droop came to her lip.

"I 'spects father's very bovered," she said, slowly. At that instant the cottage door was

flung open and a man looked out. When he saw Marlow he made a half-movement backward and then altered his mind and stood still.

Marlow looked at him and recog-

nized his man. This was Fred Emberson, the thief; this was the man he had come to catch-this was the whose capture meant £500.

And between them stood a child whose mother was very ill.

She turned delightedly.
"Why, there's father," she cried. Detective Marlow took a step for-ward and Emberson, suddenly making up his mind, came down the little

"I know who you are," he said hoarsely, "and I know why you've come. I suppose it's all up; but I couldn't help it, and perhaps— after-ward—the old man will forgive her." He jerked his head backward.

"Have you guessed who she is?" he ked. "Did Mr. Ritchie guess? Perasked. haps he'll take care of her when— when I'm shut up. But I never meant to take the money-I shouldn't have dreamt of it if she hadn't been so ill. They say she-she's almost dying, and we had hard work to live on the salary Mr. Ritchie gave me—and I couldn't help it. It's saved her per haps. I got down last night, and I got her everything I could—all the I got down last night, and I luxuries I could; but she doesn't know stole the money. She mustn't know till she's well again. The neighbors will look after her, and I want you to take me quietly, so that nobody will see. I admit everything, I'll admit everything to Mr. Ritchie, but I did it for her, and perhaps when he knows she's his daughter he'll forgive her and take the child. I can go. promise never to trouble them again, but it was the thought of her dying that made me do it.'

broke off abruptly and turned back to the cottage.

"Let me wish her goodby," he said iskily. "You'd better come in." He pushed open the cottage door

with a weary air.
"It's the end of everything," Em berson went on. "Mr. Ritchie trusted me for a year—I served him faithfully and perhaps he will remember that for her sake. I went to him on purpose-my wife and I arranged to try to get his forgiveness in that way if we could. It seemed the only way, and it might have been all right if I had not been mad at the last, but I had a telegram saying how ill she was and

I could not help it. I-I-did not stop

"I went to him a year ago, for the child's sake. My name isn't Emberson, of course, but I couldn't go in my right name lest he should recognize it. We wanted to win his forgiveness first. It hasn't answered. But he'll take care of her-and the Oh, God knows, he surely couldn't refuse to take care of her and the child."

He faced round eagerly to the de tective, and Marlow, suddenly, curi-ously weak, held out his hand, and made a bewildering remark.

"I'm hanged if I'll take the £500," he said.

He has said since that he is not of the stuff of which a detective should be made, for he did not arrest thief after all. Instead, he waited till the morning, and then they dressed the child in her Sunday best, and he caught the first train back and took her to see her grandfather.

What he said to him I do not know. How he went to work I cannot tell, but when he went back to Staybridge the old man went with him. And when Fred met them at the cottage door Ritchie had the child in his arms.

He looked into Fred's face and then held out his hand.

"It's half my fault," he said. "If I hadn't refused to see you at first five years ago, when my daughter wanted me to-you wouldn't have had the temptation. I see now how crue I have been."

Detective Marlow got married a few weeks later. Mr. Ritchie said he had caught the thief, and persisted in giving him the £500 after all.—Tit-Bits

The Noise of Animals.

The roar of a lion can be heard far ther than the sound of any other liv-ing creature. Next comes the cry of a hyena, and then the hoot of an owl. After these the panther and the jack The donkey can be heard 50 times farther than the horse and the cat 10 times farther than the dog. Strange as it may seem, the cry of a hare can he heard farther than that of either

When Victoria became Queen of England in 1837, one-sixth of all the land in the world was under her jurisdiction. Today King Edward reigns over nearly one-fourth.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Experiment That Will Be Watched With Interest by All Who Are Con-cerned About the Growth of the Saloon Evil-Why Men Drink.

Recently, a preacher shocked his hearers by saying that if he could command Mr. Carneigie's fortune he would not waste it on libraries, but would use it to establish saloons in all the cities. He qualified this proposition by the statement that he would have no intoxicating beverages sold at his bars. His idea that men will not give up drinking until something else shall be provided in its place has been advanced by many intelligent observers, not tably by Arthur Helps. Indeed, experiments in a small way have been made on the lines indicated by the preachers, and usually with some measure of success. It will be interesting, and perhaps profitable, to note the result of an undertaking of this kind on a large scale in Russia, where vodka, a particularly ferocious beverage, is of outie general use and abuse. There could hardly be a better field for a severe test of the opinion that men drink chiefly because of the social opportunities afforded by the drinking place, and not because of the direction of the Government, and is aimed mainly at the reform of the intemperate working neople. The substitute for the saloon is a place of general amusement and refreshment. In a large building are a theatre, capable of seating 2500 persons, and several restaurants. The performances are entertaining and instructive, and the price of admission is about five cents. In the restaurants meals are served at correspondingly low prices. The hall was crowded at the opening, and the people were apparently delighted with the drama, which will be varied with popular concerts and other entertainments. That the people were apparently delighted with the drama, which will be varied with popular concerts and other entertainments. That the people were apparently delighted with many distinct maladies. While the considerable experience.

American specialists have declared that trunkenness is a disease, and should be treated as such. This idea does not, however, bar moral treatment, which has been found to be efficacious in dealing with many disti at prices well within their means.—Phila delphia Record.

Anti-Treating.

Anti-Treating.

The action of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union at their national gathering in Hartford in condemning the silly and dangerous practice of "treating" cannot be too highly commended. As the resolution justly says, seven-eighths of the drunkenness of the day is caused by an observance of this vicious custom.

While movements against treating have been started before yet they have never amounted to anything. Now that a powerful organization, backed by a great body of Christians, has seriously taken cognizance of the evil it is to be hoped that all members of the Catholic Church will act upon the suggestion. Really, treating is silly and superfluous. The custom of each man paying for his own drink prevails throughout Europe and the rest of the world, and it is only in America that, in order to show "good fellowship" a man must pay for liquor he neither wants himself nor do his associates.

The resolution urging co-operation with non-Catholic bodies in fighting for the

must pay for liquor he neither wants himself nor do his associates.

The resolution urging co-operation with non-Catholic bodies in fighting for the cause of temperance is very timely, and all those who desire to further the good work will do well to avail themselves of the opportunity of united effort. Too much time has been wasted in the past in following out lines of sectarianism. Temperance is a universal ideal and knows no religious boundary lines. It is taught by the seven great religions of the world, only one of which is Christian.

We congratulate the Abstinence Union on its sound sense, and trust that the next convention shall show that the ideas promulgated in Hartford have been productive of good works.—Bridgeport Post.

Boys, Help Yourselves.

Boys, Help Yourselves.

I once saw an auction sign and (being a woman) crossed the street to investigate what manner of bargains were there to be obtained. I was not tempted to go in, for it proved to be a fire sale of cigars and so-bacco. But I did stand for many minutes looking through the big plate-glass window at a large dry goods box in the centre of the room, into which had been thrown promiscuously all broken packages of to-bacco and cigars. Above the box was a card which bore the inscription, "Boys under fourteen help yourselves." And the proprietor was walking back and forth, smiling and rubbing his hands and saying, "Help yourselves, boys, help yourselves," but some in your pockets." And fifteen or twenty boys all well dressed and just out of a neighboring school, were following his suggestion. Some were trying to smoke, some only trying to fill their pockets, all in a shame-faced way that showed them to be new at the business. And the dealer was well satisfied—he knew that he was planting good seed, and he knew that his harvest was sure.—Christian Observer.

Drnnkenness in England.

If I were asked to say in one word what was the matter with England, I should reply, "Drunkenness." What causes this drunkenness? I will not venture to declare, but from it springs practically all the ills to which the British social organism is heir.—London Interview with Miss McDowell, of Chicago.

The examples of numberless abstainers who enjoy the most perfect health and the brightest spirits, without ever touching alcohol, is in itself an efficacious argument. They furnish an obvious and incontestable proof that strong drink is absolutely needless for health, for strength, for happiness or for longevity.

The Crusade in Brief.

Metal beer pipes are corroded and soon eaten through with the poisonous acids in beer. One of Neal Dow's grandmothers was named Hate Evil Hall. He inherited the

sentiment.

sentiment.

Many a poor drunkard knows the truth of this word from Daniel Deronda: "That is the bitterest of all—to wear the yoke of our own wrongdoing."

Dr. N. C. Bennett testifies that he has investigated the vessels and tubes through which beer passes in a number of saloons He finds them infested with colonies of mold and bacteria.