

McKinley, like our other two assassinated presidents, left only a small fortune.

The International Seasickness association and the Amalgamated Hay Fever society should fuse and break into politics.

Arizona olives are said to be better than the imported ones. Evidently nobody has found out, as yet, how to adulterate them.

The mission of the new problem story is said to be "not to settle problems, but to raise them." Most people can raise their own problems without any assistance.

The new woman is in the medical profession to stay. The first of the class obtained her diploma in 1849. There are now 6060 women graduates in medicine in this country.

Electricity is finding additional favor in Sweden. The government of that country is figuring upon utilizing it as the motive power upon all the railroads of that country. The superabundance of water power in Sweden renders this easily possible.

New England still holds the record for density of population in the United States. Rhode Island has 407 inhabitants to the square mile, Massachusetts 349. New Jersey comes third with 250 and Connecticut fourth with 187. There are only four other states—New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Ohio—which have more than 100 inhabitants to the square mile.

A sea-going suction dredge has been specially constructed at Richmond, Va., for use in the southwest pass of the Mississippi river. The craft is able to steam at the rate of 10 knots an hour. If it can be operated in rough water, which no dredge yet invented has been able to do, it may solve the problem of reaching the gold-bearing sands underlying the ocean off Cape Nome.

The cost of harvesting wheat on the Pacific coast has been so lessened by the use of automobiles that a greater amount of the grain can be produced at the same actual expense than in the Argentine Republic, where labor costs only a fraction of a dollar a day. The large automobile traction engines, now used in California, are of 50 horse power, and are provided with driving wheels 60 inches in diameter. They do the plowing, planting and harvesting, in their proper seasons. One traction engine performs the triple work of plowing, harrowing and planting in one operation.

An Englishman of distinction making his first visit in the United States brought it to a close in Washington, and called at the White House in company with an American friend. A public reception was in progress, and, falling into line, he paid his respects to the president first in that way, and subsequently met him for a few moments in a private audience. He laughingly explained to the president that being in America he wanted to do as the Americans did. As they walked away together, the American asked the Englishman what had impressed him most in our free government. "The accessibility of the chief magistrate, and the absence of all arms and force from his official residence," was the Englishman's reply.

"Links with the past" has been a standard headline in the English newspapers ever since the new century began. The theme is an old one, but many of the examples cited have been most interesting. It would seem impossible, for example, if it were not proved that Miss Courtenay, who signs herself an octogenarian, could have talked with the boatman who took out Mr. Alexander Pope for his constitutional row at Richmond. From Paris an even more striking instance is reported. A gray-haired prisoner was brought before the police justice for some trifling misdemeanor. "Have you no relatives?" asked the judge. "No. My parents are long since dead, and my only brother also died a hundred and thirty years ago." "A hundred and thirty years! No trifling with the court," cried the outraged justice. "But I'm not joking, your honor," said the prisoner. "Just listen. My father married young, at 19, and within a year had a child born who died shortly after birth. After the death of his first wife, he married again, at the age of 76, and I am the offspring of that marriage. I am now nearly 73 years old. Reckon up, if you please, and see if my only brother did not die 120 years ago." The justice could only admit this apparently incredible link with the past.

The decline of British agriculture accompanied the rise of the American farmer as purveyor to the world.

The extinction of the red man is a myth, for the state of New York still contains a population of 5257 classed as Indians.

There are now 2294 miles of irrigating canals in Nebraska, which have cost \$4,772,984, and which water 1,698,831 acres of land.

The number of Arctic expeditions now in the north seems to indicate a disposition on the part of the explorers to discover the pole by means of the human chain device.

The pines in southern forests have been destroyed so rapidly for a number of years that much anxiety has been felt by those who realize the importance of preserving broad stretches of woodlands.

Since 1875 the whale fisheries have fallen off from 200,000 barrels of oil to 80,000 barrels, while whalebone has fallen from 10,000,000 pounds to 400,000 pounds. Petroleum accounts for the decreased output in the former and steel stays have taken the place of the latter in women's corsets.

America's latest invasion has displaced the ancient glass-blowing industry of Belgium. An American firm has paid \$40,000,000 for the principal glass-blowing business in that country. Consequently there is a new impetus against American methods, and the Belgian parliament has been asked to "keep the rascals out." The decline in the glass industry in Belgium, and its wonderful facilities for continuing it, led the American investors to save it.

The use of the Roentgen rays on the human body has been open to the objection that mortification of the skin often followed the operation. This tendency of the rays' effect has been overcome by a French physician, who has found that the tubes worked by alternate currents of high frequency and high tension never produce erythema, but that, on the contrary, the rays so obtained possess the curative properties recognized in electro-therapeutics.

From France and not America comes the latest novelty in insurance, says a London correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch. Up to the present the Yankees have led the way in innovations, and many of them have been so popular that they have been grafted on to English and French systems, but so far no American company has been bold enough to insure a candidate for parliamentary honors against risk of failure at the polls. A French company, however, has undertaken this work.

Young Lochinvars in Kentucky go about with downcast looks, for Indiana's Gretna Green is under a ban. For generations it has been easy for eloping couples to cross the river and get married with great expedition before irate fathers could bar the sudden gates. But the majesty of the law north of the Ohio is wrinkling its awful brows, and warnings have been given to ministers and to local officials near the border that in lecherous haste and disregard of the provisions of the statutes as to parental consent in the case of minors and concerning licenses must be sternly repressed. Hence the melancholy countenances of many a lovelorn swain and many a tender hearted maiden in the state of fair women and fast horses.

In the matter of recognizing the close relation between sound teeth and good health we have made great progress since the days when a little aching in a child's molar was the signal for "yanking" out the offending tooth says the Chicago Record-Herald. Perhaps no grievance that is now treasured up against parental neglect is so keen as the one that is cherished by the person who has grown to manhood's estate to find himself short three or four molars or bicuspids—perhaps even a front incisor, which is a disfigurement for life. But we are still far behind the countries of Europe in recognizing the close relation between bad teeth and disease, according to the opinion of Dr. Truman W. Brophy, who was one of the two delegates who represented the United States at the recent International Dental Federation in London. Dr. Brophy was especially impressed with the means observed by European governments and municipalities to promote public knowledge of hygiene and to make the people understand the necessity of cleanliness. In England he was particularly struck with the attention paid to the care of the teeth.

An Affair of Honor.

When I was last in Paris I had a letter of introduction to the Countess de Clairmont, who lived in a venerable mansion in the Faubourg St. Germain, near the ancient abbey church. I found her to be an aged lady of a very old family, a very devout churchgoer, and a bigoted Legitimist, believing in "divine right" and the Count de Chambord, and fully expecting that he and his white flag would rule the destinies of France when Orleansists, Bonapartists and Republicans would be forgotten. Apart from dogma and politics she was, however, a very charming and interesting person. She had evidently been very handsome in her youth, and even in her old age retained a little coquetry and much spirit. At the recital of some deed of daring and heroism her black eyes would flash and sparkle and her lips tremble with emotion. It was like going back to the past century to sit in her dim drawing room, with its quaint old furniture, rich and religiously preserved, hung with portraits of her ancestors, and hear her talk of warriors, priests and nobles, whose mitres and swords had decayed, and whose moldy and moth-eaten banners, waving in church and chapel, are but tattered rags with the blazonry illegible.

One day I was looking at the portrait of a lady so lovely, with a sweet and melancholy beauty, that even the disfiguring costume of the last century, especially the abominable high head dress, could not mar its effect, for you looked only on the face and forgot the accessories. It was from the pencil of Mme. Lebrun, the favorite artist of Marie Antoinette, who has left us such touching souvenirs of the unhappy queen.

"That lady, I am sure, had a story," I said. "I need not ask if the original was a relative of yours, Madame, for I see a family likeness in the head." "You are right," she said. "That portrait might pass for my own likeness as I looked 50 years ago. I have a miniature taken at the same age which looks like a reduced copy of Mme. Lebrun's charming picture." "And the lady was—?" "Pardon me," said the old countess; "I will tell you her story at full length. It is an old family history, but it is thought to have some of the elements of romance. Perhaps it may be of some future use to you as a story teller in your own country. So arm yourself with patience, cousin, and hear with an old woman's garrulity."

The old lady called me cousin because at some far away period there was a matrimonial alliance between our families, long before my grandfather emigrated to America. I will not attempt to relate the narrative in the language of my hostess, but condense it and tell it in my own way.

The original of Mme. Lebrun's picture, then, was Victorine de Grantier, wife of Hector de Grantier, a gentleman of wealth and family. The marriage was an exception to the general rule of French marriages, being a love match. The parents of the lady had permitted her to choose a husband for herself; and though among her many suitors were some more eligible in point of fortune and opportunities for rising in the world than Hector, she gave him her hand because she could bestow her heart with it.

De Grantier was handsome, gentle and warm hearted. He had no vices, and but little ambition. He was a poet and a painter, though not a professional one, and he was in easy circumstances, although not reckoned a man of wealth. Never was there a happier couple, and when the bride's father and mother, who died within a few days of each other, left the world almost hand in hand, the certainty of leaving their daughter the partner of a man devoted to her, heart and soul, soothed their last moments.

There was a shade of melancholy in Victorine's nature, and she often thought to herself that her married life was too happy—that it was like a still, bright, summer day, so perfectly full of sunshine, so heavenly, that weather seems pronounce it too lovely to last, and regard it, with shaking heads, as the precursor of a devastating storm.

And the storm that wrecked the happiness of Victorine was near at hand. Among her rejected suitors was a wild, bold man, named Raoul Maltravers, an ensign in the royal navy of a very distinguished family high in power at court, who might well look forward to the prospect of seeing the broad pennant of an admiral float ever his own quarter deck. But, with all the qualities of a noble race, he was stained with many vices. He was a gamester, a duelist and a libertine; prodigal with his gold, cruel with his sword and fatal in his hates.

Although his rejection was couched in the most respectful terms, it roused his worst passions, and he swore to wreak a deadly vengeance on the rival who prospered where he had failed. The hand he could not win himself should never be clasped in wedlock by another. In this temper of mind he went to sea.

It must be borne in mind that this project of vengeance was a secret locked in his own heart, to be divulged in action, not in words. Therefore, when, some months after the marriage, the ensign returned from his cruise, the incident did not create any alarm in the breast of Mme. Victorine de Grantier.

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height, features and complexion. The gossips of the neighborhood said they were born for each other and predicted a marriage between the parties. But the servants of the family asserted that the old lady would never, for some reason of her own, probably that of nearness of blood, permit the alliance, and that the young people rarely, if ever, met. It was observed that whenever Claudine had gone to church the chevalier was sure to make his appearance and when he was in the drawing room she was always absent. Whether this was arranged by the mother or whether this young woman and this young man, so strangely alike, cherished an antipathy equally strange, was a mystery, like almost everything else in this mysterious household.

Had the widow, foiled in her plan of vengeance by the sex of her offspring, forgotten or forgiven Raoul Maltravers? No one knew, but no one ever heard her pronounce his name. Meanwhile Raoul Maltravers had left the sea, not being particularly fond of the music of heavy guns, for though brave enough on the duel ground, because he was the best blade in France, and always sure of victory, he was really a poltroon. He had married a very beautiful heiress, and lived in great splendor. He had more than one affair of honor after his marriage, with a fatal result to his antagonists.

One day the Chevalier de Hauteville made a morning call on Mme. de Grantier. He found her in her boudoir, which was draped with black, and lighted with wax tapers.

"You know this is a sad anniversary," she said. Then she added, with a sharp look of inquiry: "Raoul Maltravers."

"Dead," was the reply. "Come to my heart," cried Victorine. "Claudine, you have avenged your father."

"Claudine!" I exclaimed, in utter astonishment, when the old countess had come to this point of her narrative.

"Yes," she replied, "the Chevalier de Hauteville and Claudine de Grantier were one and the same person. Mme. de Grantier had reared her daughter like a man and trained her to arms in the solitude of her old provincial manor or house, where a wondrously skilled professor of the sword, an Italian, gave her lessons daily. You must not think too harshly of the memory of Victorine de Grantier. I am now positively certain that the death of her husband turned her brain, and that during all the years of her widowhood she was a monomaniac. That she inspired her daughter with her fanatical idea of vengeance is natural—the mother lived for no other purpose."

"But what became of Claudine?" "She is still living in an advanced age, a widow," replied the countess. "Doubtless harrowed by remorse for having shed human blood?"

"It caused her great suffering for years, but the clergy whom she consulted told her that the circumstances absolved her from all moral guilt. She was an irrisponsible agent of her mother—her judgment deliberately perverted by one who had herself lost the power of reason. Yet were many hours of bitter sorrow and penitence passed by that unhappy woman. And now let me show you a sad relic."

The old lady rose, walked to an ebony cabinet and unlocking it took out a long, old-fashioned rapier and bade me draw it. I took forth the blade and remarked that it was covered with rust.

"Those darker stains are the life-blood of a man," said the old lady, with a heavy sigh—"for that was the sword with which I killed Raoul Maltravers."

"You?" I cried. "Yes; for before I became Countess de Clairmont, I was Claude de Grantier."—New York News.

FIJIAN FIRE CEREMONY.

Natives Who Walked Over Red Hot Stones with Impunity.

Two New Zealand medical men, Drs. Hocken and Colquhoun, recently visited Fiji, where they had an opportunity of witnessing the now rare fire ceremony of the natives. It is so rare that the power is now confined to a single family living on an islet 20 miles from the Fijian metropolis, Suva. These people are able to walk, nude and with bare feet, across the white-hot, stony pavement of a huge oven.

An attempt was made on this occasion to register the heat, but when the thermometer had been placed for a few seconds about five feet from the oven it had to be withdrawn, as the solder of the covering began to melt. The thermometer then registered 282 degrees, and Dr. Hocken estimates that the range was over 400 degrees.

The fire walkers then approached, seven in number, and in single file walked leisurely across and around the oven. Heads of hibiscus leaves were then thrown into the oven, causing clouds of steam, and upon the leaves and within the steam the natives sat or stood. The men were carefully examined by the doctors before and after the ceremony.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Poem: The City of the Great, by S. E. Kiser—Startling Facts About the Cause of a Young Man to Shun Alcohol—Testimony of Dr. Samuel J. Kennedy.

He lives in lordly style,
His towers loom tall and vast;
I make way for him while;
His carriage rumbles past;
His yacht rides on the bay,
His acres stretch away
Through fertile fields and dells—
But hold in check by slave,
He does not give his name
To the whisky that he sells.

I claim no broad domains,
No servants hear my call;
I toil for little gain,
My house is poor and small;
But I am proud to sign
These humble words of mine
So any man may see!
His calling brings him shame—
No title bears his name—
But Lord! he brings me
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Their's Poison in That Glass.

Two young men from the Far West were on board a train the night before Christmas going East to spend the holidays with friends.

They evidently started out with the determination of enjoying themselves, no matter who might be annoyed by their jesting and profanity. At midnight, when some of the passengers were trying to sleep the noise of glasses was heard—one of the party was taking from his satchel a bottle from which he poured into a glass the fiery liquid. As he sat looking at it "giving its color in the cup" a lady sitting near said in solemn tones, "Young man, there's poison in that glass." Immediately all eyes were turned toward him as he sat pale and motionless, holding the glass before him. His companion said with much feeling, "That is true, and I have been drinking poison all my life." The thought seemed to trouble him and he put the glass aside.

Science proves that alcohol is a poison. It never changes in the system, but remains alcohol. It is shunned and cast out as an enemy.

It is not food for mind or body; on the contrary it destroys the mind, hatters the nerves, vitiates the blood and, worse than all, ruins soul and body.

Young men, are you willing to run the risk for the momentary gratification of taking a glass of wine or beer, the fatal glass? Stop and consider. A single glass of liquor has brought many a young man to the penitentiary or gallows.

Then flee to the Saviour; ask to be delivered from the evil appetite; seek forgiveness, and He will hear and answer in peace.

Samuel J. Kennedy, the dentist, recently tried for the murder of Dolly Reynolds, gave out these words of warning to young men and young women:

"Do not touch the first drop of wine or liquor. Shut them as you would a snake. Because if you do not they will ruin you as they have well-nigh ruined me and brought me into the very atmosphere of an ignominious death. Two cocktails brought me where I am to-day, despoiled for a crime before my quiet life merited it. I have charged up all my three years of frightful wretchedness to the liquor that stupefied my memory."

The night that Dolly Reynolds was murdered I could not recollect those who had seen me and could have proved an alibi. Those cocktails, with the chloral I took for my neuralgia, constituted knockout drops. If I hadn't drunk the cocktails I would not have taken the chloral with liquor, and it would have taken me only fifteen minutes to clear myself instead of three years.

I wish it were possible for me to talk personally to each and every young person who finds pleasure in the social cup. I would convince them that they are playing with fire, and that their quiet lives merited it. I have charged up all my three years of frightful wretchedness to the liquor that stupefied my memory."

Leave drink alone, young people. It may not involve you, and those you love, in a miserable murder case, but it will just as surely entail misery and suffering as it will entail the death of some unfeeling your body.—Temperance Advocate.

Of Two Bottles Beware.

Recently the press of New York contained lengthy reports of the death by suicide of a celebrated actress, and many editorial homilies were written thereon. The most truthful and suggestive was a short editorial in the New York Journal, closing with these words:

But as a warning to others and for the sake of accuracy, it is necessary to emphasize this fact:
The young woman died close to a table, and on the table "was a filled champagne bottle and a bottle of whisky."
Those two bottles told the story of the suicide. Those bottles and their brothers and sisters which had preceded them on that or some other table gave the dull color to the world and a quivering look to the future which drove the girl to suicide. The world is none too easy, men are none too reliable, and they are certainly ungrateful to the women who bear their first and tolerate them afterward. The whole atmosphere of life is filled with slings and arrows that keep us dodging. But the first thing to dodge is that whisky bottle and that champagne bottle which were found on the table beside the dead girl.—National Advocate.

Preferred Water to Wine.

For over fifty years Dennis Swenno has served the Fire Department of Chicago, beginning at the bottom and rising to the complete control. He now retires because his physician thinks it best for him to do so, and much against the wishes of the property owners and fire underwriters of Chicago. He attributes his success as a fire fighter to his temperance habits. At a social luncheon at which the chief was a guest it was noticed that while wine flowed freely he drank only water. A friend asked him if he was opposed to wine drinking. "Not for others," said the chief, "but I never know when I may be summoned to exercise my clearest judgment in order to prevent a serious loss of life and property, and I could never forgive myself if at such a time I should make a mistake, and had the least reason for thinking that my mental powers had been in some degree impaired through the influence of alcohol."

For a similar reason all our great railroad companies require that their employees shall abstain from the use of intoxicants.

The Crusade in Brief.

Temperance is the cause of truth, of righteousness, of philanthropy and of prudence.
Men by the thousand who spend their earnings at the bar leave their families destitute at home.
The squalid homes of the drunkard, his crushed and drugging wife and wronged children present sickening sights to contemplate.
A wise resolution of the French Chamber is aimed at the sale of absinthe, a villainous poison which has done more of its victims, Charenton and other insane asylums of France.