Iron ore is being shipped to the United States from Spain and a vessel which carried a cargo of iron ore returned with a cargo of steel rails.

"Love makes memory eternal" has been selected as the motto of the Society of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, in session in Staunton, Va., and laurel as the emblematic flower for Virginia.

The possibility is broached of taking passengers under the English channel in submarine boats instead of over it in rolling tubs. This is the most de cisive attack on seasickness in bulk which has been contemplated.

One of our scientists has made the discovery that man's desire to fight is greater in summer than in winter. This inclination may be easily explained. People don't come around in winter asking, "Is it hot enough for you?"

New Orleans, a city of nearly 300,000 population, consumes less than 15,000,-000 gallons of water daily. The total cost of the New Orleans water works was \$4,000,000. St. Louis has spent \$20,000,000 for the same purpose and has a daily consumption of 60,000,000

In exploring the Waipio river, in Hawaii, a party from the Bishop museum of Honolulu recently discovered a cataract that has one sheer fall of 600 feet and in this exceptionally dry season runs 8,000,000 gallons a day. The party reached the cataract only because of the low water which permitted the explorers to ascend the bed of the stream.

The supreme court of Iowa has fixed the cash value of a man's leg at \$8000. In a case tried the other day the jury gave a verdict for \$14,500 for an amputated leg, but the court declared that sum excessive, and followed a precedent established a few years ago, when a verdict of \$12,000 was cut down to \$8000. This is now regarded as the standard value of an Iowa leg.

An amusing story is told of Lord Kelvin, who on one occasion paid a visit with a friend to some well known electrical works. They were escorted ever the workshops by the senior foreman, a man of much intelligence and an enthusiastic electrician. Slowly they passed from department to department Lord Kelvin never once flagging in his attention to the foreman's homilies. At last, when the tour of inspection was complete Lord Kelvin quietly turned to him and asked: "What. then, is electricity?" This was a poser for the man, who, somewhat shamefaced, confessed that he could not say. "Well, well," said Lord Kelvin gently, "that is the only thing about electricity which you and I don't know."

Texas is going into the sugar-producing industry on an extensive scale. In addition to her present sugar-cane growing interests, which are operated under the state penitentiary system, arrangements are being made to place about 5000 additional acres in cultivation. About two years ago a farm embracing 5000 acres was purchased by the state on which penitentiary convicts were to be worked. This farm is situated in Brazoria county in the richest sugar cane belt of Texas. Owing to the lack of a sugar mill, but little of the new farm was placed under cultivation. But within a year it is hoped to have a sugar mill in operation, and to pay its \$175,000 cost out of the proceeds of the farm's crops in the following two years.

Instances of unbounded faith in the efficacy of queer treatment of diseases do not seem to fall off in number or in oddity. One western man says he was a martyr to the most agonizing form of chronic dyspepsia until he began the practice of taking a small quantity of fine, dry sand into his stomach every day. He insists that he is now completely cured of his malady. But many persons will be inclined to regard the swallowing of sand daily as almost as severe an affliction as dyspensia. In Colorado a former citizen of New York City asserts that by going almost constantly bareheaded he has relieved himself of chronic catarrh of the worst type, while a clergyman in West Virginia declares that by eating no solid food for 40 days he has conquered entirely the besetting rheumatism which had tormented him for a dozen years. These are interesting cases. How would it do for some adventurous experimenter to try all three systems of treatment on himself at once-to go bareheaded all the time, to swallow sand every 24 hours, and to fast from other food for 40 days? What would the autopsy reveal? A constitutional disability to tell the truth? queries the New York Tribune.

Out of 12,000,000 American families the income of 4,000,000 of these families is less than \$400 each per year, and the incomes of nearly 80 percent of the entire number are less than \$1000 each per year.

According to the Buffalo News there are 257 farms in New York state that make the culture of trees their principal business. The valuation is \$3,-607,107. Vermont has four similar farms valued at \$28,500.

The old saying that "His note is as good as gold," has been modified in Kansas to "His note is better than gold." A Reno county farmer has just brought suit to compel a mortgage company to accept money for a note which it holds against him.

The agricultural building at the Louisiana Purchase exposition in St. Louis will be 700 by 2000 feet and will cover over two acres more of ground than did the big manufacture and liberal arts building at the Columbian exposition in Chicago. In this thought the St. Louisans take great delight.

The American match and the American watch are becoming more and more popular in the remotest corners of the globe. With American matches, and American oil, and American liberty the irrepressible Yankee is doing a great deal of lighting and enlightening, and with his watches he is also marking time for the progress of civilization.

There is an international interest to the reported increase in the American demand for sauerkraut. A Pennsylvania maker has just filled a contract for a 15-ton supply of the great German delicacy. Germans have long maintained that lack of appreciation of such food varieties as theirs was responsible for American dyspensia. Is the sauerkraut market to furnish the open door to our better education?

Joseph L. Thompson of Franklin, N. H., who is now in the 85th year of his age, has taught school in that town and vicinity for 65 years. He says, as one thing learned in his long practice of his calling, that one-third of a teacher's time is taken up in maintaining order. On the wall of his "study" hangs a card with the word "Why" ir large letters. This, he says, has been his motto all through his life

A great many California oranges are shipped east in what are known as tramp cars. There is no fruit the price of which fluctuates as much as does that of oranges, and thousands of carloads of oranges are, therefore, started east with some uncertain destination. The car may be consigned to Kansas City, but in the meantime there are agents watching in the east for the best markets and on telegraphic information the car may be ordered on to Chicago or New York City.

There are some men who will put up their hands when they are told to do so by a man with a gun, and others that will not. When the man is found who will not do it, the chances are that one is also found whose courage is weightier than the other's gunpowder. An express messenger, who, with a hole blown through his car by dynamite, with bombs exploding around him and with pistols leveled at him an's eyes. His mission demanded seby hold-ups, can pick up a lighted bomb and hurl it out of his car, at the same time defying all the bandits who are threatening him, certainly deserves be worth—well, a lot to Kruger or Bosame time defying all the bandits who to be called a brave man. This was hat Express Messenger Charles did in Oregon the other day, and in doing thought nothing of it. it he foiled, single handed the attempt to rob his car. There are few finer instances on record of the triumph of one man's courage and determination over brute force.

Reporters are often more active and more gifted with an instinct for detail than the officers, says Charles E. Grinnell in the Atlantic. Together they make a formidable combination. But they are often divided in opinion. and yet oftener in their sympathies. Reporters, like the average citizen, are more apt to pity the prisoner, if for nothing else for the very reason that the police are down upon him. It is an ambition of reporters to unearth more facts than the police. Newspapers print news from a prisoner's friends as readily as news from his persecutors. Nevertheless, they spread abroad the charge against a suspected nerson more than he or his friends wish. Since the newspapers begin long before a trial to work up a popular interest in all the persons concerned, the results cannot be other than an exaggeration of the importance to the public of what stimulates and gratifies curiosity, whether or not it affects the question of the prisoner's

Woman vs. Woman.

The hotel porter discreetly looked the other way; he was enjoying the little other way; he was enjoying the little scene greatly; the Mt. Seymour Hotel provided many of them. The girl was young and pretty; the hand which toyed with the letter before her was studded with valuable rings, among them a narrow one of gold. It was evident that she was a wife. There was no husband to greet her, though the car with her luggage from the mail boat was standing at the door. Al-phonse had had the pleasure of handing her the letter: it had been given to him by a handsome, dark-eyed man only a few hours before.

'Monsieur le Capitaine he say, 'Give to de lady direct she come.' Hein, I do give.

The girl arose, her blue eyes dim with tears; the susceptible Alphonse

was overwhelmed.
"Marie," she said to her maid, "Capt. Molyneux has been ordered up to Pretoria; he only left today. Please see to the boxes.'

She crossed the hall toward the elevator and disappeared.

Many eyes had watched the little drama; the lounging chairs in the hall were all occupied; officers on sick leave, men convalescent and men on their way up to the front or back to old England. Women, too, some grass widows, a few real widows, many more with no special concern in the war at all. But it was the war which had drawn them to Cape Town-the war or, rather, the soldiers who were fight-Where else but to the Mt. Seymour Hotel should they go? fashion, joy and misery, virtue and vice rubbed shoulders in that fashion-

able and exorbitant hostelry.

"Ah, a pretty woman," drawled young Dennis of the —th Lancers. 'Who is she?" queried his compan-

John Beresford rose languidly from his chair and satisfied his curiosity at the porter's office.

ion.

"It's Bob Molyneux's wife," he said to his friend. "Fancy. One of my oldest pals. I was so sick at having missed him this morning. He left just before I got here. Ah! there is Mrs. de la Fane; she's a pretty woman, if you I was introduced to her this morning by old Vigors.'

He sprang to his feet and offered his chair to a tall, graceful woman who had entered the hall as he spoke.

She accepted it with a smile, and in a moment the little group attracted all Mrs. de la Fane was one of the leading spirits of the hotel: the acknowledged beauty, whose wonderful eyes drew every man into her toils. Her husband was rolling in money; he was reported to be a Johannesburg millionaire; but the reports were rather vague. It was sufficient for her admirers that he spent his money like water, gave the best dinners a man could wish to sit down to, and did scowl when other men smiled at his wife.

"What brings you down to Cape Capt. Beresford? de la Fane. "Major Vigors tells me your regiment is in the thick of it just now. She raised her great vioiet eyes to the young man's face as

The implication underlying the word stung him. He flushed, and tapped a side pocket in his coat.

'I have got a little bag here," he said with meaning—which contains—well, a few papers of importance."

"Oh!" laughed Mrs. de la Fane. "I see. You are one of Kitchener's messenger boys senger boys. Rather a satisfactory berth, isn't it, Captain? No risk, no worry, no exertion.'

John Beresford caught those violet eyes again full in his own. His heart beat faster. He did not care to appear as one of no importance in this womcrecy, yet for the moment his tongue ran away with him.

"You are wrong, airs. de la Fane." smiled in reply. "The papers would tha."

an's eyes. John Beresford saw it, but The silken toils were already about him.

"Come and lunch with me, Capt. Beresford, and you, too, Mr. Dennis," said Mrs. de la Fane.

Two days passed away. Muriel Molyneux felt inexpressibly lonely. This bustling, frivolous atmosphere of hotel jarred on her. Tortured with anxiety for her husband, she hated the laughter, the music, above all, the society. She kept aloof from it all. Her husband was an intelligence officer; she knew that he was never sure from day to day where he would sleep the following night. To attempt to follow

him to the front was impossible.

Now Muriel, for all her great love for her husband, was an enthusiastic little patriot. This dreary, useless idle to which she was condemned taxed her nerves to the uttermost. The quiet of the gardens overlooking the sea appealed to her. After dinner on the third evening after her arrival Muriel slipped out alone and paced the gravel paths in angry impatience with her fate. The gardens were empty. Her white dress looked ghost-like in the shadows.

In a little summer house at the furthest limits of the garden, bitter tears rose into her eyes as she thought of her own incapacity, her own enforced Suddenly a voice at her elbow startled her. Some one thrust a into her hand, with the words: Will you give me your answer tomorrow, or shall I wait for it now?"

She gave a little gasp and sat down. | Taken unawares, and anxious to hide the trace of her recent tears, Muriel stammered hastily, "Tomorrow? No; the day after," and the next momen she was alone again. Bewildered, she turned the note over in her hand. There was no address upon it. rose hurriedly and hastened to the door of the summer house. A man's figure, evidently that of a gentleman gate on to the high road. It was too

late to recall him.

She opened his note mechanically. In the dim light it was difficult to trace the writing, but a second glance left no room for doubt.

"The Societies Office, Stellenbosch. 'To Mrs. de la F.:

"Have you procured the dispatch case carried by the officer, J. B., yet? If so, the bearer of this is to be trusted; give it to him. If you have not yet secured it, tell him when to see you again.

Muriel drew her breath sharply. She sat motionless, her brain busy. realized at once that she had been mistaken for somebody in the pay o the Boers; a plot was hatching, and

At that moment she heard footthrust the note in the bosom of her dress. Suppose the messenger had discovered his mistake, and was redress. turning? Her heart beat wildly. With resolve Muriel had made her mind. The summer house had an inner room, to which a small doorway gave admittance. Opening the door she plunged into the darkness. Holding her breath, she peered through half-open door, not daring to close it for fear of making a noise. A man entered the summer house. A quick sigh of relief escaped Muriel's lips. It was not the messenger. She glanced at the man's face; then started back in horror. She recognized him as a man she had frequently seen in the hotel; but his eyes were now bloodshot, his expression wild, his manner distraught.

John Beresford (for it was he) drew revolver from his coat and raised it against himself.

Muriel waited no longer. With a little cry she flung open the door and threw herself upon the man. The revolver fell from his hand.
"Oh! stop, stop!" she cried. "You

can't know what you are doing." John Beresford stared at her as

though she were a ghost. He stood motionless, his arms hanging limply by his side, his wild eyes searching her "Can't I help you?' whispered Mu-

riel, gently, all the sympathy of her nature going out toward him. "Please "Help! I am beyond help!" echoed

the man, struggling with the words. "Leave me, for pity's sake, Mrs. Molyneux." There is only one way out of "How do you know my name?"

asked Muriel, in surprise.
"Molyneux was an old pal of mine," answered the other. "He would not

A sudden inspiration flashed across Muriel's brain. "What is your name?"

"John Beresford. For pity's sake

leave me. "Your initials are J. B., then? Have you—are the dispatches—"
"How do you know about that?"

said John Beresford, raising his head with a gleam of hope in his eyes. a soul but myself and the thief knows that it was stolen from me within the last 24 hours."

Mrs. de la Fane glided down the footpath leading toward the summer house. She was dressed in white. As she drew near she caught the sound of voices, and walked slowly past the doorway.

She gave a little dry cough when

she recognized John Beresford and Muriel Molyneux.

She seemed annoyed to find the summer house occupied at that moment. She paced the footpath for a few moments and then returned to the hotel. She went to the pigeonhole where she generally found her letters and telegrams. It was empty. Soon after midnight she went to the pigeonhole again. There was a sealed packet waiting for her. With a sigh of relief she carried it hastily to her room and read:

"The Societies Office, Stellenbach.

"Have you procured the J. B. documents yet? If so, the bearer of this is to be trusted. Give them to him. If you have not yet secured them, tell him when to see you again.

"J. X. de W." A second note in another handwriting was inclosed:

"Madam-Not finding you this evening at the appointed place, I am leaving this note for you at the hotel. shall be there tomorrow evening at 8.30 to receive your answer.

"J. X. deW.'s Messenger." Mre. de la Fane, slept the sleep of

the just that night. On the following evening she kept the appointment. Sne was again dressed in white. Punctual to the ment she heard a man's footstep on the path outside, and a tall, bearded man ood in the doorway.
"Mrs. de la Fane, I presume?" He

spoke in a deep, gruff voice.

spoke in a deep, grun voice.

She handed him a carefully sealed packet, saw him place it inside his breast pocket and waited till he disappeared. The next morning she reappeared. ceived an invitation from Capt. Beresford to dine with him that evening. THE GREAT DESTROYER She handed the note to Mr. de la Fan and remarked, callously:

What nerve the man has. Surely he knows there is nothing for him to do but shoot himself. * * * He's ruined * * * silly creature." silly creature."

de la Fane laughed harshly. So that evening a cheerful party as sembled in the private dining room Mrs. Molyneux and Mrs. de la Fane were the only ladies present, but some half-dozen men made up the party. With the dessert, John Beresford looked around at his guests, and placed a leather case on the table.

"I've had the queerest adventure since I've been in the hotel," he said laughing. It's too rich to keep to my-

self; it might amuse you."
"Fire away," said some one.
Mrs. de la Fane turned very white. but Muriel, watching her every move-

ment, felt no pity.
"You know, of course," Beresford continued, "that I was sent down on special service to deliver some dispatches to Gen. G—, who arrives here this evening. Like an ass, I made no secret of my errand. I shall be wiser another time. Well, two days ago the case with the dispatches dis appeared. You can imagine what felt like. After wild searchings for 24 hours there was only one thing to be

done. He then described his meeting with Muriel in the summer house, and her adventure with J. X. de W.'s messen-

"I wrote a note." he continued. "and inclosed it with the original letter, addressing it to a certain lady, whose name does not matter, asking her to meet J. X. de W. s messenger last night. In disguise I myself represented the messenger and received my dispatch back into my own hands."

The men laughed loud and long. 'The sequel, too, may be interesting," said John Beresford, coolly. couple of detectives are at this minute collaring J. X. de W.'s man."

"What about the lady?" he was Well, I fancy you'll hear that she

and her husband have been presented with tickets to Europe by the next boat.

A little choking cry came from Mrs. de Fane's lips. She had fainted.—The Onlooker.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A costly marble monument stands in a fashionable cemetery at Seattle, Wash., sacred to the memory of a The animal's owner faithful horse. was himself buried beside the horse recently.

The other day James Pelter, who lives near Winchester, Va., killed a bald eagle, whose spread of wings was seven feet. Mr. Pelter had lost several lambs and thought it remarkable that the thief left no tracks nor other sign of his visits to the farm, but when the eagle tried to carry off a dog which followed him, he concluded that the bird was the robber.

During the recent session of the British parliament no fewer than 6448 questions were asked in the house of This number has only once been exceeded in recent years—namely, in the session of 1893-4, when the number of questions asked was 6534. But the house sat on 226 days during that session, while there were only 118 sittings during the late session.

There are three nut cracking plants in St. Louis, Mo., giving employment to considerable numbers of people. The nut crackers are driven by electricity, each nut being fed individually into the crusher. After the shells are cracked the nuts are winnowed by an air blast, and the meat is picked from the crushed shells by hand, women and girls being employed for this part of the work.

A curious case came up the other day before the court in Caroline county, Md., when an ancient resident was charged with the larceny of nine eggs. Extra jurors had to be summoned, and it cost the county \$250 to try the case. The accused was 73 years old. His counsel said he had known the defendant for 40 years, and it was incredible that he would steal eggs. He argued that anyhow the state had not shown that the eggs were sound and nine rotten eggs would have no value at all. The jury staid out 15 minutes and returned a verdict of not guilty.

A Hamburg schoolteacher recently undertook to find out what his pupils knew about common things. Out of 120 children between 10 and 16 years of age, 58 had never seen a flock of 70 had never seen growing 90 had never heard a nightingale, 89 had never seen the sun rise, and 33 had not seen it set, 49 had never seen a man plow. He asserts that children may know about theatres and concert exhibitions, museums and stores, hundreds of the sim-plest things in life are mere words to them that convey no coherent idea

Scenting Danger,

According to Nature, the French minister of war has asked the Paris Academy of Sciences to give an opinion as to the possibility of danger arising from the establishment of wireless telegraphy stations in the neigh-borhood of magazines containing powder or other explosives. It is suggestthat the nature of the cases taining the explosive may be an important matter for consideration in connection with the subject.

The average woman feels that her life is wasted if she doesn't bolong to society for the suppression of some-

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Effects of Beer Drinking-It Kills Ouicker Than Any Other Liquor—How the Su-perb Constitutions of German Young Men Succumb to It,

Men Succumb to It.

Dr. S. H. Burgen, a practitioner of thirty-five years, twenty-eight in Toledo, says:

"I think beer kills quicker than any other liquor. My attention was first called to its insidious effects when I began examining for life insurance. I passed as unusually good risks five Germans—young business men—who seemed in the best health, and to have superb constitutions. In a few years I was amazed to see the whole five drop off, one after another, with what ought to have been mild and easily curable diseases. On comparing my experience with that of other physicians I found they were all having similar luck with confirmed beer drinkers, and my practice since has heaped confirmation upon confirmation.

"The first organ to be attacked is the light was the lists are a survey to the state of the light was the lists are a surveyliers.

practice since has heaped confirmation upon confirmation.

"The first organ to be attacked is the kidneys; the liver soon sympathizes, and then comes, most frequently, dropsy or Bright's disease, both certain to end fatally. Any physician who cares to take the time will tell you that among the dreadful results of beer drinking are lock-jaw and erysipelas, and that the beer drinker seems incapable of recovering from mild disorders and injuries not usually regarded of a grave character. Pneumonia, pleurisy, fevers, etc., seem to have a first mortgage on him, which they foreclose remorselessly at an early opportunity.

a first mortgage on him, which they foreclose remorselessly at an early opportuity.

"The beer drinker is much worse off
than the whisky drinker, who seems to
have more elasticity and reserve power.
He will even have delirium tremens, but
after the fit is gone you will sometimes
find good material to work upon. Good
management may bring him around all
right. But when a beer drinker gets into
trouble it seems almost as if you have to
recreate the man before you can do anything for him.

"Beer drinkers are peculiarly liable to
die of pneumonia. Their vital power,
their power of resistance, their 'vis medicatriz naturae,' is so lowered that they are
liable to drop off from any form of acute
disease, such as fevers, pneumonia, etc.
As a rule, when a beer drinker takes pneumonia he dies.

"Beer drinking produces rheumatism by
producing chronic congestion and ultimately degeneration of the liver, thus interfering with its function by which the
food is elaborated and fitted for the sustenance of the body, and the refuse materials oxidized and made soluble for climination by the kidneys, thus forcing the
retention in the body of the excrementitious and dead matter I have snoken of.
The presence of uric acid and other insoluble effete matters in the blood and tissues
is one main cause of rheumatism."

Disaster Caused by Alcohol.

that caused by tuberculosis is in:

Brewers 148 | Sweeps 141

Hair dressers 149 | Publicans 149

Stroll, music's 174

Dock laborers 176 | Coalmen 116

Pedlars 239

Barmen 257

lous and epileptic children, who must have shelter.

"This invasion of alcoholism ought to be regarded by every one as a public danger, and this principle, the truth of which is incontestable should be inculcated into the masses, that the future of the world will be in the hauds of the temperate."

The Drunkard Not the Worst Man.

A gentleman stepped into a saloon and saw a filthy drunkard, once a respectable man, waiting for his liquor.

He thus accosted him: "G——, why do you make yourself the vilest of men!" said the drunkard drunkard and the drunkard and the drunkard was a saloon and the saloon are saloon and the saloon are saloon and the salo

"I ain't the viest of men: said the drunkard.
"Yes, you are!" said the gentleman.
"See how you look! Drink that glass and you will in a very short time be in the gutter."

gutter."
"I deny your poz-zi-tion," stammered the drunkard. "Who is the vil'est, the tempter or the tempted? Who—who was the worst, Satan or Eve?"
"Why, Satan," said he.
"Well—well, behold the tempter!" said the drunkard, pointing to the bar.
The argument was irresistible. The the or The argument was irresistible. The barkeeper flew into a passion, and turned the poor fellow out of his house without his dram.—Christian Endeavor World.

The Words of a Judge.

Recently at Newry, Ireland, the judge in sentencing two men who had been drinking together, and who were charged with having stolen money, said: "It was a terrible thing, at recurring sessions, to see magistrates voting for the increase of these plague spots, as if these places did no harm. He only wished that the magistrates would accompany him all through, and hear the cases, both on the criminal and civil side of the court, and they would understand, as he now did, that nearly all the crime, and five-sixths of the poverty of the country, was caused by the public house. He thought that every man who voted for a public house under ordinary circumstances was a criminal himself."

Drunkenness in England.

The Rev. J. Q. A. Henry. Superintendent of the New York Anti-Saloon League, has begun his crusade in England, at the invitation of the Free Churches, holding the first of his seventy-five meetings in London. The Rev. Mr. Henry thinks there is more drunkenness in England than in the United States, especially among women. He points out that one third of the arrests for drunkenness in that country during the year 1900 were of women.

Swedes Tallest in the World.

According to statistics just published the Swedes are the tallest people in the world. The Norwegians were a little taller until some ten years ago, but the Swedeshave outgrown them by the fraction of a continette. centimetre

The Swedish conscripts, aged twenty-one, average a height of 170.1 centime-tres, showing a steady increase since 1841, when their average stature was 167. This is quite an unparalleled develop-ment of the race, and is thought due in no small measure to the diminution of drunk-enness in Sweden.