

China has itself been for centuries one of the most exclusive of nations.

Andrew Carnegie proposes to give \$10,000,000 to help educate American people up to something a little better than the so-called historical novel.

Between telephones in use in railway trains and also on the tables in restaurants we have no cause to fear that our native land is slowing down its gait.

The experts at the United States fish commission are reported to be puzzled over the question, "Do fish sleep?" We are not experts, but that they do sleep is probably the cause of lots of fishermen's "hard luck" stories.

Some manuscripts of Richard Wagner are said to have been discovered in use as coverings for jam pots. The story was probably started by a French writer as an insidious and cruel method of shocking Germany's musicianly pride.

There is the usual hope that the date of inauguration will be changed, so that the barbarous practice of submitting a man to the chance of contracting pneumonia will not be included among the tests of his fitness for office, observes the Washington Star.

Criminals are very expensive members of the community. They cost the people of the country about \$1,000,000 a year. If their increase could be prevented it would be a paying investment to give each of the 250,000 accepted criminals a monthly pension of \$300, on the condition that he take a life vacation from the strenuous demands of his profession.

The British Museum library contains over 2,000,000 volumes, acquired partly under the provisions of the copyright act, which gives the museum a right to a copy of every book published in the United Kingdom, partly by purchase, and partly by donation or bequest. It also appears that in the museum there are over 16,000 volumes of London newspapers, more than 47,000 volumes of provincial newspapers from England and Wales, about 10,000 volumes of Scottish newspapers, and some 9000 volumes from Ireland, figures which go to support the demand for increased accommodation.

An idea of the enormous passenger traffic of London will be obtained from the following figures: Thirty-eight omnibus routes converge at Charing Cross. About 700 omnibuses pass there every hour, carrying 9000 passengers. At Hyde Park corner there are 20 omnibus routes, 390 omnibuses per hour, with an hourly passenger average of over 5000. At High street, Kensington, there are four omnibus routes, with 112 omnibuses and 1500 passengers per hour. At Piccadilly Circus there are 35 routes, 650 omnibuses and 8500 passengers, while along the Strand there are 26 routes, 445 omnibuses per hour and 6500 passengers.

A new incident in the American invasion is reported from Egypt. An American engineer has just completed a new system of suspended bridge tramways for unloading coal from steamers in Alexandria. The present apparatus is the first that has been installed in Africa, but the Egyptian railway administration has decided to adopt the system, which will undoubtedly meet with further success. The work is done automatically, and only occupies one-fourth of the time necessitated by manual labor and steam winches; 2120 tons of coal in ten hours is the unloading capacity of these hoisters, two or three ships can be worked at a time, and there is a great diminution of waste and "small." The saving of labor is also one of the great advantages of this system.

A year ago a philanthropic Parisian matron of wealth and position happened to discover a nurse girl in one of the public parks whose inexperience brought her into sore distress in the care of her infant charge. After relieving the girl, this philanthropic woman conceived the idea of establishing a school for servant girls. The institution was started and is now in a flourishing condition. Girls are taught washing, dressing and properly handling a life-size porcelain infant and all sorts of domestic work, and when armed with credentials of efficiency from the institution, are eagerly employed by housekeepers. It is said that not a complaint from the mistresses who have given the graduates employment has yet been lodged with the management. Practical philanthropy of this kind is always valuable, as in teaching the recipient of its favors how to care for others it teaches them how to provide for themselves.

On Pitcairn Island in the South Pacific ocean mail is delivered only once a year. That must be a pleasant place for the man whose bills come by the post.

Every country is disposed to put the construction on the Monroe doctrine that suits its interests. It should be remembered, however, that no interpretation is valid until it receives the endorsement of the United States.

The tests made on the German military electric railroad between Berlin and Zozen have already produced speeds exceeding 100 miles an hour, and that within the limit of apparent absolute safety in the opinion of railway engineers.

Because a pert telephone girl in Seattle, Wash., refused to connect a subscriber with the fire department when he wanted to give notice of a fire a loss of \$60,000 was incurred, and now the telephone company is being sued for damages by the person thus served and by the insurance company which suffered the loss.

Carefully compare statistics of the population of the British Empire, published by a trade paper, bring out the rather startling fact that out of a population of nearly 400,000,000 about 48,880,000, or less than one-eighth, are of British birth or descent, nearly 4,000,000 are non-British white men, and the colored races number 313,000,000.

In 1880 there were seven pulp and 12 paper mills in Maine, having a capital invested of about \$2,500,000. At the present there are 30 pulp mills and 28 paper mills, with a daily capacity of about 2165 tons of pulp and paper. The amount of capital invested in the business is not far from \$30,000,000. These mills consume about 350,600,000 feet of lumber each year.

Before 1898 there had been no rubber planting in Nicaragua beyond a few fruitless experiments on the Atlantic coast of Nicaragua. In 1898 the work began on what may be called a large scale, and each year since the number of planters has increased. It is safe to say that in this vicinity \$50,000 in gold value is now being expended yearly in growing rubber exclusively.

Statistics issued by the British Indian department of revenue show that the mineral production of the British Indian empire is not very promising. Of salt about 1,000,000 tons is annually produced; of saltpetre, about 20,000 tons, and coal to the extent of 6,000,000 tons, while the gold was valued at about \$10,000,000, mostly from Mysore. Burma and Assam have yielded 38,600,000 gallons of petroleum.

In the competition for coronation honors in England it has been decided that no knight in armor shall throw down the gage of battle as champion of the king against his enemies, that the ancient office of herb strewer shall be allowed to fall into innocuous desuetude, and the bearing of the royal bows and arrows in solemn state may be pretermitted. But even with these old-time features of display lacking it cannot fail to be a memorable and wonderful pageant.

The St. Louis Republic remarks that Emperor William of Germany will unquestionably be amply repaid in practical knowledge for the close and searching study of American naval developments to which he is now devoting so much of his time and august attention. In all probability the German kaiser is witnessing the building of the greatest navy yet known in the world's history. The supreme teaching of world politics is that the prestige of a nation depends upon that nation's sea power.

The swamping of the submarine boat Fulton at her wharf in New York City does not necessarily reflect upon her qualities as a diver. She went under because a workman negligently left a hatch open while her stern was being hoisted out of water for repairs. Naturally the water entered the hole and the craft foundered. The carelessness of an individual has spoiled many an elaborate scheme before now. One man's inattention to orders brought two trains into a head-on collision the other day in Michigan, and caused the death of many people. Yet the railroad is not to be condemned as a worthless institution. The Royal George was lost because somebody blundered, and yet she was the finest vessel of her type afloat at the time. When some ingenious fellow invents a device which will be proof against human carelessness or error, he will have scored the greatest of all successes.

THE VERECUNDITY OF LANGFIELD.

By Helen Ellsworth Wright.

When the men of the service left Valdez to build the military lines through the interior of Alaska, Langfield went with them.

He was undeniably plain, undersized and over-sensitive, and that was why he felt certain that Dolly could never love him. To be sure, he had no intention of loving her, but when six feet two of well developed manhood, in the person of Tom Perry, came down from Circle City prospecting, Langfield found that intentions and love had very little to do with each other. Vainly he stood erect, but not one cubit could he add to his stature, and every morning the square of looking-glass impressed afresh the redness of his hair upon him.

Tom and Dolly had known each other in the States, and Langfield watched with hopeless pain the renewal of their friendship. She had grown shy with him since Perry came and there could be but one reason, he argued. He did not blame her; there was nothing in him to inspire a woman's love, and Tom—So he packed his flute and his knapsack and left with scarcely a farewell.

The men were not fond of Langfield. He had a way of shrinking into himself, that only Shivers, the camp mascot, a lank mongrel Siwash with the stump of a tail, understood.

Mornings, when the "Top Sergeant" gave his first call through the camp, it was the warm tongue of Shivers that brought Langfield into touch with the day, and later, when the company lined up around the mess tent for their rations of coffee and beans, the man would seek a secluded stump for a table, with the dog huddled by his side.

Langfield seldom joined the camp-fires. But when the fever broke out, Langfield was the first to offer his services. He was not afraid of contagion he told the sergeant, and anyway, there was no one at home who needed him. After that he and Shivers took up their quarters in the hospital tent.

The fever had its run, but only one, thanks to the nursing, was borne up the trail and laid away under the snow. Langfield planed a piece of spruce scantling and drove it in by the mound, but his hand was unsteady, and his eyes were heavy and dull.

"The Top Sergeant" on his rounds the next morning found him sitting up in his blankets. His face was swollen and discolored, and he was talking excitedly to Shivers.

"You mustn't let Dolly get the fever," he said; "she's so little. Nor Tom—promise me you won't let Tom." He leaned over and looked into the dog's pleading eyes. Shivers whined and thrust his muzzle into his master's palm. "She couldn't help loving him," Langfield continued drowsily. "You know she couldn't herself!" He fell back on the pillow and tossed restlessly for a moment. "It'll be cool up there under the snow," he began again, "and I won't be heavy to pack. And say—" He sat up, pulling the dog close to him, "maybe she'll forget—that my hair was—red."

The men were very tender to Langfield after that, and Shivers seldom left his bedside.

When, some weeks later, he became convalescent, he seemed smaller and sligher than ever, and his hair shone more vividly red against the pinched, white face. They carried him out into the sunshine, but his eyes wandered regretfully up to the snow.

In a month he was at the post again, doing the work of two men, with scarcely the strength of one. He came down the mountain one night an hour behind time. The trail was slushy, and the early gray twilight lent a soft indistinctness everywhere. Suddenly he paused and stood looking intently at a line of fresh tracks in the path. His first thought was of Shivers. He always met him, but seldom so far from the camp. Lighting a match, the only one he had, he bent closer. The prints were too clean-cut for a dog; the opposites almost overlapped each other, and Shivers was broad-chested. Cautiously the man crept on, peering about for another mark he knew. It was there—a slight depression in the mud, like the fringe of a feather. Only the edge of a shaggy tail made that. He stood up and looked around him. He was not afraid of death, but he had a decided preference regarding its medium, and a she-wolf hunting for a family dinner was hardly his liking.

The camp was three miles away, and the underbrush made a cross-cut impossible; besides, the snow still lay in the ravines. There was one thing to be done, and drawing his hat securely down, he started forward, then paused again, with his head raised to listen.

From somewhere there came a faint cry, weak and indistinct, but undeniably human.

Langfield made a trumpet of his hands. "Hello!" he shouted, and strained his ears for the reply.

Some 10 feet down the trail a glacier stream had gullied out the bank. Its icy, slate colored waters fell almost perpendicularly over the rocks. Creeping to the slippery edge, he peered over and called again. A faint voice answered.

A steep, shelving path was just visible, and he clambered down to it, scratched and torn by the brambles at every step. A little farther on a roll of blankets impeded his way, and he knew that somewhere in the ravine below he would find a prospector.

The man proved to be a big fellow, out the light was too dim to see his face. The force of his fall had wedged one leg between the crevices of rock,

and it took Langfield's entire strength to extricate him. He pressed his knees to the stranger's lips, and rubbed him vigorously, but it was half an hour before he could get him up the path. All the while, in his over-wrought fancy, he heard the cry of the mother-wolf for food, and once he was sure that a pair of luminous eyes were watching them from the dusk.

"It's no use," said the man at last. "I can't make it!" and he sank limply on the bank.

Langfield took off his coat and rolled it into a pillow, then started below again. In the outfit there would be matches, and blankets enough for the night.

Just as he reached them a long, whining howl broke the stillness. Another followed, and another. They were tracking along the trail.

To the man, straining every sinew under his heavy load, it meant but one thing. Mechanically he held to his burden and stumbled on. His head swam dizzily, and the brush about him seemed to swarm with uncertain shapes. With a superhuman effort he hoisted the blankets over the last little ledge of rock and drew himself up behind them.

The sick man lay where he had left him, but creeping toward him on the bank was a lithe, gray shadow. It was less than a dozen feet away. Langfield drew his revolver, then, by the sudden fire, he saw what he had done.

"Shivers!" he cried. There was a glad whine of recognition, as the dog tried to drag himself toward him. Langfield was kneeling beside him in a moment. "Shivers, old friend," he said, and somewhere on his "journey to the dog star," Shivers heard. His stump of a tail wagged an answer, and in his glazing eyes there was a look of perfect trust.

The night wore on. Slowly the gray skirts of dawn swept across the eastern sky.

Langfield still sat with the dog in his arms. The prospector could not see his face, but the slight, drooping shoulders seemed familiar. The pain was growing unbearable, and he groaned.

Langfield started. "Yes, yes," he answered absently. "I'd forgotten." He put the dog gently from him and stood up. The morning light was flooding everything, and it fell upon the two men as they looked into each other's eyes. Langfield drew in his breath with sudden sharpness. The other muttered an oath and leaned weakly back against the bank.

"Tom Perry!" ejaculated Langfield, taking a step toward him. "You!"

The man nodded.

The lines on Langfield's face were tense and drawn, and he steadied himself with an effort. "Well," he said at last, it's three miles to the camp, and we'd better be moving."

There were a few drops in his canteen. He offered them to his companion, converted himself into a prop for the wounded side, and the slow, painful journey down the trail began.

Neither of them talked much. The mist hung midway on the mountain, and when they emerged from it, the company's quarters lay on the ledge below. Already the camp was astir.

The two men upon the path paused exhausted. Langfield eased the sick man down and threw himself beside him. He had not eaten since the day before, and was weak and giddy. The solitude was oppressive. Blue-faced glaciers smiled mockingly out of the ravines, a raven croaked from the alders, and the memory of Dolly seemed hovering in the light. For the first time Perry's helplessness tempted him. Why should this man have everything which he had been denied? He felt again the dumb, pleading eyes of Shivers. Shivers had loved him; he had never known that his master was plain and red-headed, and Shivers—was dead.

Langfield mechanically slipped his hand to the sheath in his belt, stole a sideways glance at his companion and saw that his eyes were closed. He drew out the knife and held it behind him. His breath came in short, convulsive gasps.

Just then Perry gave a stifled moan. The sound brought Langfield to his senses. What was this he had intended to do? A fit of trembling seized him. He rose to his feet, though he reeled as he did so. There was a swift movement of his right arm, and something glanced in the light and fell far below them in the brush.

"No one needs me," he thought, "and Tom—"

"Come," he said aloud, "we must get you down for—your wife's sake."

The man did not reply at first. When he did his voice was a trifle husky.

"I have none," he said.

Langfield stared at him. "Why—Dolly—" he blurted out. "She—" He began and stopped again, but Perry understood.

"No-o," he replied with an effort, "she didn't want me." He turned his head and looked unseeing across the valley. "There was some one else," he said.

"Some one else?" Langfield stupidly repeated.

"Yes," answered the other, "and it seems the fool couldn't understand!" There was a moment's silence. "She's waiting till the company's ordered back," he added, with a whimsical smile.

Langfield drew his hand across his forehead. The snow, high up on the mountain, seemed a swimming sea of white; the little stream beside them roared like a cataract in his ears.

Perry made an effort to rise, but fell back in a spasm of pain.

"She loves—my God, man!" he cried vehemently, are you an idiot. She loves—you!"—The Ladies' World.

UNLOADING IRON ORE SHIPS.

Machinery That Now Greatly Reduces the Labor and Cost.

The use of steam shovels at some of the large iron mines in the Lake Superior region in loading cars at the mines has long been an important element in reducing the cost of our iron ore. The handling of the ore in this manner years ago reached a degree of perfection that is almost incredible. A record of 6000 tons of ore dug from the ground and loaded by one machine in nine hours indicates what may be done under favorable conditions. Of course this achievement is not usual and it would be unfair to gauge a season's work by this record. The average output of each shovel per day, working in open pits and dumping the ore directly into the cars is about 1500 to 2000 tons costing from 10 to 15 cents a ton to mine and load.

It was long, however, before great expedition and economy were secured in unloading the ore ships after their arrival at the receiving ports of Lake Erie. This problem has been solved at last, machinery having supplanted a large extent the hand labor which formerly filled the ore buckets. Ore handling appliances now remove the ore from the vessel at a minimum of expense.

At Conneaut, on Lake Erie, for instance, a 6000-ton ship may now be cleared of its ore in 14 hours. A load of ore arriving at that port may be delivered at the furnaces of Pittsburg in 28 hours after the arrival of the vessel. A steam shovel in operation there loads 35 to 40 cars with ore in two hours.

The machine for unloading vessels weighs about 400 tons, has a height of 55 feet, and is mounted on wheels, so that it is moved along the dock as it unloads one part after another of the vessel. The clamshell bucket which scoops up the ore has a spread of 15 feet, takes out 10 tons of ore at a time and discharges it directly into railroad cars or through a hopper into small cars, which carry it to stock piles at the rear of the dock. Its capacity ranges under ordinary conditions, from 250 to 300 tons per hour. It reduces the labor employed 75 percent, only six men being necessary for the operation of each machine. Three men are in the hold to clean up the ore which the machine cannot reach and the other three are engaged in operating the machine. The entire cost including the wages of workmen and engineers is 20 cents a ton for removing the ore from vessels and depositing it on railroad cars ready for transportation to the furnaces.

This machine has been introduced at most of the ore receiving ports, including South Chicago. It has brought about one of the most important economies recently introduced for lessening the cost of producing pig iron.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Comparatively few horses attain to 17 hands, but Kansas boasts of one that measures 20 hands and weighs 2412 pounds. This big creature is owned by a man named Stout, who lives in Doniphan county, Kan.

The Zurich Tagblatt published the following advertisement: "A Swiss family, Protestant, wants money to purchase a grocery shop. In case the help is forthcoming the family will baptize their three children, aged 1 to 10 years."

The goose market is one of the principal institutions peculiar to Berlin. Geese furnish one of the staple articles of diet to the German people, and the total value of geese consumed in Berlin in a year is said to exceed \$2,500,000.

Three friends of a Russian living at Marienburg gave him 100 marks to shave off his beard. But his wife interfered with a public notice to the effect that she claimed part proprietorship. The three friends are now suing the husband for non-performance of his contract.

The Chinese have the idea that milk revives the youthful powers, and that it has special virtue as winter food for old people. Pictures and characters illustrating this idea as well as the value of it for baby food, would without doubt increase the sale of American milk in China, as one of the consuls suggests.

"Bees" are an institution in the Russian village. All summer time they are in full swing, especially among the women. Each one's flax is gathered and beaten in turn, the potatoes are dug and stored, and so on. But at the end of every day the evening is full of song and dance, for in Russia they do not forget to play after work.

The ancient city of Babylon seems to have been protected from floods by high brick bankments on both sides of the Euphrates, while an immense reservoir was constructed into which the whole river might be turned through an artificial canal. This great reservoir, used for irrigation in times of drought, held sufficient water to irrigate over 2,500,000 acres.

Their Romance.

"Let's see; wasn't there a romance connected with their courtship?"

"Yes. The one he told her about his vast wealth."—San Francisco Bulletin.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Some Pleas For the Saloon—The Claim That It is the Poor Man's Club is a Dangerous Lie—Too Much Frequenting by the Young.

The following is from an article entitled "The Saloons of Pittsburg," contributed to the Brotherhood Star by the Rev. Dr. Fisher:

"The saloon is a menace to good government, and the avowed and open enemy of the church and the home. It has justly brought down upon its own head the opprobrium of all good citizens, and yet there are some who look upon it as a necessary evil and lamely attempt its defense on grounds of so-called expediency. That the saloon furnishes a cheery and bright retreat from the cares of the day, and stands in strong contrast to the dingy office, or the dirty and hot mill or factory, and is to the young man a place of sociability and entertainment is conceded by many of its enemies, and by some writers it has been called 'The Poor Man's Club.' This claim, however, is not only untrue and is therefore a dangerous lie.

"The brilliantly lighted room, the dazzling mirrors and bar fixtures which are usually present in saloons claiming any degree of respectability are always mentioned, but the bare and over-covered with filthy sawdust, the vile pictures which hang upon the walls and the foul air laden with obscenity and profanity are usually omitted in singing the praises of the saloon. Nor is the gambling annex, which so often forms an important part of the saloon, generally advertised. The 'Poor Man's Club' sophistry does not prove that the saloon's club is any less a menace to the community of Pittsburg than is the

cessity which is heard annually in court, and is recognized and in making laws providing for its removal, but really giving it an air of respectability, and the claim that it is a source of revenue to the county are both very transparent and will not go down with the student of political economy.

at the saloon does for the public temperance house cannot do, and only bad, and the expense upon the honest taxpayer as the result of the saloon is far in excess of the revenue received.

the suggestion that the saloon is a substitute for the speak-easy, the opium den, or the brothel is usually the last ditch which the interested defender of the saloon takes a stand on.

"A visit to the saloons of Pittsburg during the evening hours especially will reveal the fact that far too large a portion of the young men of this city go there for amusement. This we claim is not entirely due to lack of better places. We have not heard of the reading rooms, parlors or gymnasiums of the M. C. A., and similar places of resort being overcrowded; nor do we believe it fair to charge it to the natural depravity of young men who find it easy to stray from the path of purity and temperance. Let us rather ask if the real cause of the vice is not to be found in the cloak of respectability assumed by reason of its legal status and partnership with the State, and also too often on account of the patronage by good people of the restaurant with a saloon annex.

The writer believes that all the much talked of substance for the saloon will not meet the issue successfully so long as the saloon exists as a strong competitor. Tear off the mask and let this agency of Satan fall, as fall it surely will by its own weight of corruption.

Let the State wash its hands of the whole business and so-called 'sumptuary' laws will be necessary.

"When the saloon is outlawed it can be treated as a nuisance and soon abolished."

Mighty Aid to Success.

Complete temperance—that is, total abstinence from all poisons—is a mighty aid to success. Life is too short, nowadays, to squander time on the delirium of intoxication, or on the mind-clouding reactions that follow the excitement of every stimulant-habit.

"I'm sorry, amico, but I've no time to fiddle," Dr. B. Jones, of London, used to say in declining the invitations of convivial friends.

The truth probably was that he rejoiced in a pretext for absolute emancipation from a life-blighting vice, for temperance need not limit its arguments to utilitarian considerations. The superior chances for success extend to the pursuits of intelligent votaries of pleasure.

During the bonanza period of the California placer diggings, the traveler, Gerstaeker, noticed that many miners, including men who had gone exclusively in quest of fun, because they operate under the inspiration of good luck; they preferred the river-bar to the run-bar, and avoided dissipation that tended to mar their enjoyment of more pleasant pastimes.

The main objection to the use of stimulants is, indeed, the fact that they defeat the main purpose of their use. The opium-eater, like the dram-drinker, hopes to trick nature out of some extra enjoyment, and playing that trick is, in every instance a losing game. Its penalties outweigh its pleasures; the net result of the experiment is a loss, in happiness, as well as in time and health.—Success.

The Saloon Cursed Town.

Localities might be pointed out in the Northwest which were originally entered by a sturdy and industrious band of pioneers. That their settlements should, in the course of time, become the richest gardens of the Northwest, there seemed to be every reason to expect. Yet such has not been the case.

One of the fertile sources of this curse upon the community was the saloon. It was built near the church. Saloon and church formed the nucleus of a village which eventually had other saloons. The saloon became a pleasant rendezvous for the young men. Here they could meet a friend whenever they went to the postoffice or to the blacksmith's shop. It was frequented during most of their leisure hours, and crowded upon election days and Sundays. Habits, associations, tone of conversation, ideas about men and affairs, ambition and purposes of life were formed and molded in the saloon.

Water will never rise higher than its source. A generation will seldom exceed the level of the influence by which it is surrounded, and where the saloon is the high school of the community, we cannot expect the children to discredit their education.—Catholic Citizen.

The Crusade in Brief.

The alcoholic psychopath, who is suspicious, gloomy and irritable, with strange perversions, should come under medical care at once. He is dangerous to himself and to the community.

The Crusade in Brief.

The mills of God grind slowly; the liquor traffic mangles horribly.

Health is the root of all good; strong drink is health's fiercest evil.

It is a fact worth mentioning in these days of social wine drinking that not a drop of wine was served at the wedding of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. In New York there were thirteen in Philadelphia thirteen and in New York four arrests to every 1000.