

Japan is to give China instructions in the art of war. This looks as if China intended to get civilized in earnest.

The Insurance Press makes the staggering statement that during the past 25 years property of the value of \$2,800,000,000 has been destroyed by fire in the United States.

Italy is fighting her battle of the sweets most royally, and it now appears almost certain that within a very few years she will be, instead of a sugar importing country, an exporting one.

It would have greatly amused or greatly worried such men as Benj. Franklin to know that a time would come in the history of the United States when a man's private income would be discussed as affecting his ability to meet the social obligations of a cabinet office.

According to the Pennsylvania Bureau of Railways, the street railroads in the Keystone State carried during the fiscal year ending June 30th 580,654,629 passengers, and only one person was killed for every 3,600,000 persons carried. Of the 111 killed during the year 14 were employes of the corporations.

The people of French Indo-China are physically so weak that scientists have been looking for the cause in the various conditions of climate, diet, etc. The conclusion is that the absence of phosphates in the rice diet is responsible for the physical weakness, so the French governor-general has ordered a cargo of phosphate to be introduced into the Indo-Chinese rice fields.

The Dublin Gazette contains the announcement that no fewer than six prisons have been wholly closed. Of late years the number of Irish prisons has been considerably reduced. Two convict prisons, namely, Spike Island, in Cork Harbor, and the Harold's Cross Prison, Dublin, in which Daniel O'Connell was imprisoned, and from which he escaped in 1865—are now used as military barracks.

There is a popular impression that imprisonment for debt has been abolished in Great Britain. The County Court returns for 1900, which are just published, show that 4692 debtors were imprisoned during that year. Technically they were imprisoned for contempt of court in failing to pay after the judge of the County Court had ordered them to do so, but the non-payment of debts was the real offence. The system apparently had a good effect in the case of the majority of the debtors, as the returns show that of 129,044 against whom commitment warrants were issued 124,352 paid up when they came face to face with the alternative of going to prison.

In the forward step that is marking the advancement of womankind in many countries today, Chinese women are seeking the emancipation which means, first of all, the liberation of their feet. This important news comes from Madam Wu Ting-fang, who recently returned from a visit to her native land. "Small feet are no longer in fashion," she says. "When I went to China, I found that the rigid binding and forcing back of the growth of the feet by my countrywomen is being rapidly abandoned. China has begun to recognize the custom as barbarous." As there are about 200,000,000 women in China, whose feet will, in course of time, be enlarged by this innovation, it may be well to call attention to a prospective new outlet for western hides.—States Success.

The war of the languages is being waged with great determination on one side and with desperate courage on the other in Prussian Poland. The attempt of the Prussian authorities in Posen to compel the Polish children to read the catechism in German instead of in their mother tongue has proven ineffective so far, through the refusal of the children to obey the instructions of their schoolmasters, in spite of floggings and other forms of physical punishment. The Prussian government, in explaining its severities, asserts that it is acting under the pressure of political necessity. The Poles, in the Reichstag and out of it, have developed a national political activity which has proven at times very troublesome to the government. Now the authorities of Posen are trying to obliterate the racial tendencies of the Poles by relegating the Polish language to a secondary place in their campaign, so far, however, has had the effect of reviving Polish national sentiment wherever that sentiment may have been lukewarm, and of uniting the Polish race upon a specific issue.

The Boston Herald remarks that there is growing evidence of the fact that the dawn of industrial peace between labor and capital is no optical illusion on the distant horizon.

An estimate that wireless telegraph messages will cost only one cent a word has been made public, in spite of the danger that the old fashioned telegraph company may be tempted to get as much ahead of the game as possible in the mean time.

France is beginning to realize the value of canals. A French economist has figured out that as compared with France, the lower freight rates in Germany effect an annual saving to the German industries of \$40,000,000. France's great need, he thinks, is more canals.

It has been computed that in the whole of the United States there is a total of 2842 electric lighting stations, representing a capital of nearly \$670,000,000. The largest number of separate electric light stations in any state is in Illinois, while the largest capital invested is in Pennsylvania, which also possesses the second largest number of stations.

Of the immigrants from southern Italy 55 percent can neither read nor write. Those who come from northern Italy are more intelligent, there being only 12 percent of illiterates. The rate of illiteracy among the Portuguese is 82 percent, and only 1 percent among the Scandinavians. The Scandinavians nearly all become landholders. The Poles, Portuguese and Italians mainly add to the army of unskilled labor.

The rock-salt mine near Lyons, Kan., bids fair some day to rival the wonderful mines of Wieliczka-Boecnia, in Austria. The Austrian mines contain 50 miles of streets, with many large halls, and skill and ingenuity have wrought out architectural designs and sculptured images. The Kansas mine has been worked only a few years, but many streets have already been cut and the product is nearly 500,000 barrels a year.

Kaskaskia, founded by French settlers in the seventeenth century, and after our acquisition of the territory the first capital of Illinois has been wiped off the official map by an order of the Postmaster-General, abolishing the postoffice of the place at the beginning of the year. Lafayette visited Kaskaskia in 1825. It was once a prosperous town, but the relentless Mississippi river, with its floods and snaky shiftings of channel, destroyed the bright prospects of Kaskaskia.

During the recent maneuvers of the Swedish navy this year experiments were made with wireless telegraphy which were so successful that the government has decided to erect an extensive system of coast signal stations. With these in operation the government will be able to communicate direct from Stockholm with any of its vessels among the islands of the coast at a distance of 25 miles. Swedish engineers are said to have made several inventions, which increase the efficiency of wireless communication.

The Odessa correspondent of the London Standard takes a rather gloomy view of the prospects of the Siberian Railway. He says the cost and time of the overland transit of merchandise from European Russia and from Western Europe generally will seriously militate against the commercial success of the line. As far as Russia is concerned, cargo can be transported by steamer from the Black Sea to the Far East in from 40 to 45 days at a cheaper freight than the Siberian Railway can afford to accept, and the present rates of oversea freight will bear a considerable reduction and still give a fair profit.

If any imagine that no problems of vital importance remain unsolved they greatly err, observes the Sun. The foremost in all lines of thought find them constantly before them. But nothing is so costly as a new fact and nothing so rare as a new idea. Who, ten years ago, would have dreamed of telegraphing without wire? Who, a hundred years ago, would have dreamed of telegraphing at all? Who, 50 years ago, would have dreamed of talking with his friend a thousand miles away? What new wonders are possible in this single department of endeavor? We do not know. The story of human progress is a story of individual struggle, and, for the most part, of individual failures, often avoidable by adequate means. The dream of the idealist in education is to provide the means discover the means, equip them for their work and profit by their achievement.

HOODWINKED.

It was at a country house party. Feeling lazy, I had stopped at home with my hostess while the others had gone out pheasant shooting.

Mrs. Carruthers suddenly looked up from her embroidery and spoke. However, I was not deceived by the apparent unpremeditation of her question, because I had felt for some moments that she was on the point of saying something.

"Phil, what do you think of Clara Delayne?" and she resumed her work in the most unconcerned manner. I hesitated a moment. Clearly, I must be very careful, for it is at all times a most risky thing to give to one woman your opinion of another. In the majority of cases—mind, I only generalize—if your opinion is enthusiastic you incur the one woman's displeasure; if, on the other hand, your praise is only qualified—well, keep out of the other woman's way. And in the present instance the danger was doubly great. Why had I, who am generally so wary, allowed myself to be left alone with my hostess, the most inveterate matchmaker in the country? I felt that my whole future hung on my reply, and as all this flashed through my mind a mental resolution to this effect, that if Mrs. Carruthers was a matchmaker she had now found her match. So I asked,—

"And who is Clara Delayne?"

"Why, you silly boy, that pretty blonde you took in to dinner last night; you know, she only came yesterday."

"Oh, that one," I said disrespectfully, trying to kill a bluebottle. "I did not catch her name when I was introduced," and I resumed my chase after the bluebottle. There was a pause while I wondered in which direction the next attack would be developed.

"Phil, my question!"

"Which question?"

That bluebottle did fidget me so, and I made a desperate dash at it, cleverly managing at the same time to upset Mrs. Carruthers' work basket. But all attempts to draw a red herring across the path seemed futile.

"Open the window, Phil; that's right, your fly has gone. Now pick up my basket and tell me what you think of Clara Delayne."

I was on all fours salvaging needles and balls of wool.

"I think she"—I suddenly pricked up my ears and listened. "I do believe they are coming back," I cried.

"You think she is—what?"

"I haven't thought anything about her at all. What do you think about her?"

This sudden turning of the tables took Mrs. Carruthers by surprise, and for a moment she was nonplussed. But she quickly recovered herself and deployed on the ground from which I had retreated.

"Well, I was going to tell you when you interrupted me with that absurd fly that her father is a dear friend of mine, and she will inherit fifteen hundred pounds a year when he dies—"

"Indeed!" I interrupted with interest.

"Of course, it is not much," she went on, encouraged by my look of interest, "but it is a little help; and when combined with the sweetest nature and all the domestic virtues—"

"She is just the girl," I put in eagerly.

"She is, as you say, just the girl to make a man happy."

"But does she want to marry?" I asked, jumping up.

"You silly fellow, what girl doesn't? You have only got to ask them."

"Well, if that is the case—"

"She is also fairly well read, not too well—man does not want that—and she is musical."

"If that is the case, as I was saying before, she is just the girl for Captain Rodgers," I said. "He is—"

Mrs. Carruthers picked up her work and sailed toward the door.

"You are an ass, Phil!" was her parting shot.

you on being an heiress to the tune of fifteen hundred pounds a year."

"Say, rather, 'condole with,'" she added. "But who told you?"

"A little bird," I answered. "And who told you?"

"Evidently the same little bird."

"A very old bird, if you ask me," I exclaimed, checking myself too late to avoid one of those sudden subjects to which every dinner table is subject. A titter went round the company. Horrors! There was a helping of pheasant before me. I heard Mrs. Carruthers saying sweetly, "I am so sorry, Phil; try another piece."

I vainly protested that I had not referred to the fowl, but being greeted with cries of "Name! Name!" The contretemps was very annoying—as I felt that I was now thoroughly in Mrs. Carruthers' bad books, and although she did not know what we had been talking about, still—such is the effect of a guilty conscience—I felt sure she must think that I had referred to her. Miss Delayne also did not seem over pleased at my innocent indiscretion which had directed the company's attention to her, and she occupied herself with Captain Rodgers, who was on her other side. He was an old acquaintance of mine, one of those generous, good-hearted sort of fellows who is always stony broke, and who will always step into the breach to help a friend.

I had often told him that I would one day find him a rich wife, but now that I saw him talking with Miss Delayne I did not feel so particularly keen about my suggestion to Mrs. Carruthers, as it happened to interfere with a brilliant plan which I had just thought of and which would dish Mrs. Carruthers so nicely. I recognized at once that it would be difficult to put the case too bluntly to Miss Delayne, so accordingly, when later in the evening I found myself ensconced with her in the conservatory, I proceeded to let her unfold the plans I had thought out over my cigar. I little thought what would happen in the same conservatory in about three weeks' time.

"Mrs. Carruthers is a most entertaining hostess and an amiable woman," I remarked, by way of preface, "and she has one set sin. But this is the first time she applied her energies in my direction, although she has known me ever since I was so high."

"What are you going to do?" asked Miss Delayne.

"Rather ask, 'What are we going to do?'" I said, not wishing to reply to such a delicate personal question. "It all rests with you," I continued, adding quickly, "whether we are to displease her by avoiding each other or deceive her by pretending to fall in with her views."

Miss Delayne's eyes twinkled.

"Mr. Mellor, you forget that there are other ways. I might, for instance, pretend that I did not want your company, while you could easily satisfy Mrs. Carruthers by your actions that you were doing your best to carry out her schemes."

"Yes," I assented, not at all eagerly.

"Or," she continued, "you could leave suddenly tomorrow on urgent private business."

"Quite so," I faltered.

"But it would be very selfish of me to spoil your holiday here?"

"Not at all," I interrupted.

"And I rather like your second idea. In fact, it would be great fun, I think, to upset Mrs. Carruthers' little plans for once."

"That is just what I thought," I exclaimed.

"We could be a lot in each other's company," she said.

"And especially when Mrs. Carruthers is about," I added.

"I have expectations, and don't want any man to marry me for them."

"And I have money, but if I took a wife she should only take me for my merits."

"That is capital," she said. "Then we are agreed in our views of life. Let us shake hands upon it."

We shook hands.

"We shall have great fun out of it," I said.

"And be the best of friends," she added. "Poor Mrs. Carruthers," she laughed, and then a look of doubt crossed her face. "What shall we say to her if she puts the direct question to either or both of us when we leave?"

"That is very simple," I answered. "We need merely to say 'We found out at the beginning that our views of life were similar, and that it was therefore no use our thinking of marriage.'"

"A neat epigram," she laughed.

That evening when I said good night to Mrs. Carruthers, she remarked playfully,—

"I am sorry about the old bird, Phil."

Miss Delayne should not encourage him; but when I mentioned the matter to her she did not see it in that way at all.

Was it possible that Mrs. Carruthers, having despaired of me, and being determined to make up a match for Miss Delayne, had put the captain on after all? If that was the case I would thwart her at all costs, and so I made every effort to forestall Rodgers on all occasions.

But the more I tried to be with Miss Delayne the more she contrived to keep out of my way; neither could I get any satisfactory explanation from her. In fact, she could not or would not see that she was not carrying out her part of the agreement. Her manner to me had gradually become more reserved than it was at first; there was not the confidence and feeling of equality which I had found in the beginning, and of course, it was all through that confounded Rodgers. I began to see that the game was not going to come off, and the sooner I left and ended it the better, as much a triviality was not worth the disturbance of my peace of mind. Accordingly I made my preparations, and that evening I told Miss Delayne about my intentions.

"I find that I shall have to leave tomorrow morning," I replied.

"Indeed!" she replied. "I am very sorry."

She certainly appeared most concerned.

"Why are you sorry?" I said, feeling my way on to sentimental ground.

"Well, because you are going before me, and I am afraid that Mrs. Carruthers will ask me the fatal question."

"Is that all?" I asked disappointedly.

"I see you think it is rather selfish of me," she interrupted, "but I always think epigrams are so near to—to—"

"To what?" I asked.

"To the truth; at least—" she hesitated.

"Well, you should surely not be afraid to say it if it is the truth," I said.

"No, but then, you see, an epigram is supposed to be— Oh, dear, I do not know what I mean. Why, how late it is. Suppose we join the others."

All of which was most unsatisfactory.

I was to leave in the morning soon after breakfast, and when the hour of departure had come round I went in search of Miss Delayne to say good-by. Now that I was on the point of going I felt sorry about it; indeed, it seemed to me that whatever pleasure I might derive from Mrs. Carruthers' now very problematical disappointment would be more than counterbalanced by the uncertainty into which I should drift as to Miss Delayne's future movements. For, to be truthful, I was rather nervous about mentioning the subject to her since this reserve had come between us. I found her reading in the conservatory, the place where our plans had been sown and where their fruits were about to be gathered. Perhaps she had thought I should look for her there; certainly I was not surprised to see her.

"I have come to say good-by," I said awkwardly. She closed her book and got up with a smile.

"Well, do not say good-by; rather let it be au revoir," she said.

"You do not mean that," I exclaimed. "I thought—"

"But why not? We are sure to meet in town somewhere."

"And you will let me know if Mrs. Carruthers says anything to you?" I asked indifferently.

Now that it was all over, the plan seemed to have fallen to dust in its very feebleness. What had it effected? It had tied me hand and foot, and I knew, now that I was leaving her, what had it wrought for me.

"Of course I will if you care," she said. "We have had very nice times together, haven't we?"

"I shall not forget them," I said "if only you—"

"Phil, Phil, where are you? The carriage is here," called Mrs. Carruthers as she ran into the conservatory. "Oh, here you are; I am so sorry you must go."

"Well, good-by," I said, taking Miss Delayne's hand and holding it for the benefit of Mrs. Carruthers, who was looking curiously at us. I felt the hand pulled, but I retained it in my grasp as Mrs. Carruthers said,—

"Now Clara, now, Phil, you naughty young people, you are not going to keep anything from me. Come, tell me all about it before you go."

I still retained the hand; it was so convenient for the denouement. Which of us should speak? I looked at Miss Delayne, but she gave me no encouragement.

"I hope you won't mind, Mrs. Carruthers," I began, apologetically. "but—but—" I had forgotten my part.

"We found out at the beginning," said Miss Delayne, "that our views of life," I continued hurriedly, "were—"

"Were similar," put in Miss Delayne. "And that," I added, "that it was therefore no use—"

I felt the hand tremble. I looked up into her eyes, and as the scales fell from mine I went on, "that it was therefore no use our ever thinking of parting." Mrs. Carruthers had left us. I heard her voice saying,—

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Wretched Panorama of Human Nature Adrift That the Bartender Watches Pass Before Him—Some Harm Done by "It," It Always Meaning Whisky.

This is what the bartender sees: A young man with a cold face, nervous energy, and a tired-of-the-world expression, leans over the polished, silver-mounted drinking bar.

You look at him and order your drink. You know what you think of him, and you think you know what he thinks of you. Did you ever stop to think of all the strange human beings besides yourself that pass before him?

He stands there as a sentinel, business man, detective, waiter, general entertainer and host for the homeless.

In comes a young man, rather early in the day. He is a little tired—up too late the night before. He takes a cocktail. He tells the bartender that he does not believe in cocktails. He never takes them, in fact.

"The bitter in the cocktail will eat a hole through a thin stomach," he says. "It had effect on your stomach, eh?" and so on.

Out goes the young man with the cocktail inside of him.

And the bartender knows that that young man, with his fine reasonings and his belief in himself, is the confirmed drunkard of your year after next. He has seen the beginning of many such cocktail philosophers, and the ending of the same.

The way not to be a drunkard is never to taste spirits. The bartender knows that. But his customers do not know it.

At another hour of the day there comes in the older man. This one is the fresh-faced young oldish man.

He has small gray side whiskers. He shows several people—whom he does not know—his book of commutation tickets.

He changes his mind suddenly from whisky to lemonade. The bartender prepares the lemon slowly, and the man changes his mind back to whisky.

Then he tries to look more dignified than the two younger men with him. In the midst of the effort he begins to sing "The Heart Bowed Down with Weight of Woe," and he tells the bartender "that is from 'The Bohemian Girl.'"

He sings many other selections, occasionally forgetting his dignity, and occasionally remembering that he is the head of a most respectable home—partly paid for.

The wise man on the outside of the bar suggests that the oldish man will get into trouble. But the bartender says: "No, he will go home all right. But he won't sing all the way there. About the time he gets home he'll realize what money he has spent, and you would not like to be his wife. It won't be any songs that she'll get."

The bartender knows that the oldish man—about fifty-one or two—has escaped being a drunkard by mere accident, and that he has not quite escaped yet.

A little hard luck, too much trouble, and he'll lose his balance, forget that there is lemonade, and take to whisky permanently.

At the far end of the bar there is the man who comes in slowly and passes his hand over his face nervously. The bartender asks no questions, but pushes out a bottle of everyday whisky and a small glass of water.

The whisky goes down. A shiver follows the whisky and a very little of the water follows the shiver. The man goes out with his arms close to his sides, his gait shuffling, and his head hanging.

It has taken him less than three minutes to buy, swallow and pay for a liberal dose of poison.

Says the bartender: "That fellow had a good business once. Doesn't look it, does he? Jim over there used to work for him. But he couldn't let it alone."

The "it" mentioned is whisky.

Outside in the cold that man, who couldn't let it alone, is shuffling his way against the bitter wind. And even in his poor sodden brain reform and wisdom are striving to be heard.

His soul and body are sunk far below par. His vitality is gone, never to return. The whisky, with its shiver, that tells of a shock to the heart, lifts him up for a second.

He has a little false strength of mind and brain, and that strength is used to mumble good resolutions.

He thinks he will stop drinking. He thinks he could get money backing if he gave up drinking now. He feels and really believes that he will stop drinking.

Perhaps he goes home, and for the hundredth time makes a poor woman believe him, and makes her weep more for joy, as she has wept many times from sorrow.

But the bartender knows that that man's day has gone, and that Niagara River could turn back as easily as he could remount the swift stream that is sweeping him to destruction.

Five men come in together. Each asks of all the others: "What are you going to have?"

The bartender spreads out his hands on the edge of the bar, attentive and prepared to work quickly.

Every man insists on "buying" something to drink in his turn. Each takes what the others insist on giving him.

Each thinks that he is hospitable.

But the bartender knows that those men belong to the Great American Association for the Manufacture of Drunkards through "treating."

Each of these men might perhaps take his glass of beer, or even something worse, with relative safety. But as stupidly as stamped an animal's paw, each other over a precipice, each insists on buying poison in his turn. And every one spends his money to make every other one, if possible, a hard drinking and a wasted man.

You, Mr. Reader, have seen all these types and many others, have you not?

Why did you see them? What reason had you for seeing them?—New York Journal.

Needn't Live With Drunkards.

No West Virginia woman need live with her husband if he is a habitual drunkard, for the Supreme Court of the State has decided that, if, after marriage, the husband becomes a drunkard the wife is justified in deserting him. For this cause, furthermore, the wife is entitled to her dower although at the time of his death she be living apart from him. The decision of the court is reported in the case of Neeley vs. Neeley, from Doddridge County. In his opinion Judge Dent says: "No woman is compelled to live with the worst of all brutes—a drunken brute—to the peril of her health and life, but she has a right to leave him and live apart from him until he furnishes her indubitable evidence of reformation."

Need of a Physician.

We know of many men who add to strong drink who have, in their sober moments, prayed long and faithfully that the drink-devil might be cast out from them, but their habit has become a disease, and they cannot heal themselves, even by means of prayer.

Help Needed.

To tell a man to cure himself of drunk eness portrays a large quantity of ignorance upon the subject and a small amount of human sympathy. It sounds like advising a man to go into a cage of wild animal without providing him with weapons of defense.

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