

Hereafter the United States will appear upon nearly all the maps of the world that are used in European schools.

The Transiberian railway gives the cheapest rates in the world. It is possible to buy an emigrant's ticket, covering 6900 miles—nearly three weeks' journey—for about \$3.

The Galveston Daily News thinks that there will be a field, but a limited field, for wireless telegraphy. It will be of great use for short distance signals of a general character. It can hardly be expected to interfere in the least with cables across the ocean or with wires by which city is united to city the world over.

The Museum of Natural History at Mayence has added to its collection the skull of a prehistoric marmot, which was recently excavated at a considerable depth in the deluvial loess near that city. One remarkable feature about the skull is that it appears to be identical with the skulls of the bobac, the still living marmot of the Siberian steppes.

Sir Robert Ball, who, like all scientific men in England, is a profound pessimist, announces that some day another glacial period will freeze this poor old world. Fortunately he predicts this calamity for a date sufficiently remote. It will not come in our time, and when it does come it will not be an unmixed blessing, for it certainly will bring ice within the reach of all, muses Collier's Weekly.

There is a row over the beautiful castle of Heidelberg. One set of architects declares that the ruins are in a dangerous condition and proposes the restoration of the greater number of buildings to the condition in which they were when the French burnt the castle in 1789. Others assert that the ruins will stand forever and that the projected restoration is an act of vandalism, as no trustworthy description of the castle before its destruction is to be had. The ruin is the chief attraction in the town of Germans and foreigners.

Tunnel accidents are prevented in novel ways by some foreign railroads. In Saxony, for example, there is a railroad tunnel through which no train can pass unless its engineer has a certain staff. As the staff has no duplicates, only one train can go through the tunnel at a time. In our own country there has been at least one stop signal which has proven safe, but its use has not been popular with the railroads, perhaps because it causes too many repair bills. It is a long arm which comes down across the track when there is danger ahead and smashes the headlight and some of the upper works of the engine.

For locomotive building 1901 was a record year. Leaving out of account the work of railroad shops, there were constructed in the United States last year 3384 locomotives, of which 331 were for export. About 3000, therefore, were required to meet the demand of American railways for more motive power and to provide renewals—not an excessive proportion of the total number now in use, which is not far from 49,000. Should the demands of shippers for transportation retain their long-time urgency the capacity of American locomotive building concerns would doubtless be overtaxed during the current year as in the past twelve months.

The interesting things about inventions is the way in which the same idea will occur to different minds miles and perhaps years apart. A woman whose mind runs in the peculiar channel of inventions thought out, not so very long ago, an envelope that was calculated to appeal to the business man. It provided for a return letter, the return envelope, addressed and stamped, being combined with and hidden under the long flap of the first envelope. The whole worked out rather well, and when it was finished the woman applied for a patent. The very same envelope, identical in every detail, had been patented just 17 years before, so she found. The last attempt she has made has been to invent a garbage pail for the kitchen which can be covered neatly and uncovered by a mechanical device. The small model which she had made was perfect so far as a garbage pail could be. But the interesting fact has come to light that garbage pails like the one she considered so novel had been invented by a man several years before. The bright side of the difficulty is that some one else has made the attempt to get both these articles into general use and has failed, and that, therefore, the fact has been shown that they wouldn't have been successful, anyway.

It is again feared that there may be a revolution in Spain. The Spanish revolutionists, however, seldom become so rash as to pass the threatening point.

Compulsory education and the restriction of child labor are being agitated in Iowa, where it seems no law on either now exists. It has been started by the discovery that children not over six years old are being forced there to work on the farms at a time when they ought to be attending school.

An enterprising banker has invaded New York City, selling bread at two and one-half cents a loaf. He figures that, after paying all expenses of material, baking and delivery, there is a profit of one-fifth of a cent a loaf, and he looks for a comfortable income from the great number of loaves that will be sold in so large a city.

Roughly, Great Britain exports about 50,000,000 tons of coal per annum to foreign countries, among her chief customers being France, Russia, Spain, America, Sweden, India and the East. The export trade is exclusive of "bunker" coal taken by steamships engaged in the foreign trade, which averages about 11,000,000 tons per annum.

With the opening of the new year the number of carriers employed in the rural free postal delivery service was raised to 6300. There are now pending 6700 applications for the extension of the service, which is increasing in popularity. It is estimated that 5000 of them will be granted by the establishment of that many new routes.

Chicago no longer sells to the middle west alone. In every state and territory of the Union last year, not even excluding Alaska, Hawaii, the Philip pines and Cuba and Porto Rico, the Chicago commercial traveler has appeared with wares for sale. More than that, he has entered China and Japan and is again knocking at the doors of South Africa. He journeys to Mexico regularly and spends much of his time in Canada.

An incident showing the value of quick wit in taking advantage of the situation in an emergency occurred on the coast of England, where a number of pilot boats and fishermen, having been caught in a storm, ran for the harbor, but failing to get quite into safety made for the end of a long pier which was being erected where there was a "Titan" crane. The boats were run under it and hitched on to the tackle, when five boats and 15 men in them were lifted bodily into port.

In the Chicago Record-Herald Dr. George F. Shady observes that the proper interpretation of the germ theory as applied to septic infection lies at the bottom of all the present possibilities of cure by the knife, and has made clean wound treatment the new religion of safety for the countless number of otherwise doomed sufferers. The same doctrine of cleanliness must necessarily infuse itself into all the comprehensive systems of sanitary reform and disease prevention. It is appropriately placed next to that of godliness in its far-reaching beneficial ministrations. In its widest sense it controls all the baleful conditions of unhealthy environment and stamps out pestilence by cutting off all opportunities for its dissemination. A good water supply, effective drainage, clean streets and pure air make any city healthy. The best of all is that the public appreciates these facts and consistently seconds the laudable efforts of the health authorities to such ends.

The chief object of the American who travels is to "get there" in the shortest possible time. The time lost by the stopping of trains at stations to let off or take on passengers is sorely regretted by the traveling public, which prefers the express trains to the slower moving accommodations. Considering the great demand for faster trains and the efforts to build engines which are capable of great speed, it is strange that there has been no invention which would do away with stops for passengers, as has been done by the troughs for watering engines while in motion. A New York inventor now offers to the railroads what he regards as a satisfactory method of letting off and taking on passengers while the train moves at its usual speed. The invention consists of saddle cars to straddle the express train. By a system of raised and lowered tracks the saddle car is to be picked up at one station by the express and carried to the next station, the passengers being transferred from one to the other in transit. The inventor estimates that his arrangement would cut down the time between New York and San Francisco to 50 hours.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE IN THE MAINE WOODS.

I place this on record as the most remarkable story that has ever come out of the Maine hunting woods—and I know considerable about the stories of the Maine woods. If it were not vouched for so eminently I would not tell it. It would be too much for credulity and wouldn't be worth the telling. I believe it, for I know the men who tell it to me, even though they cannot explain it. They believe it and do not try to explain it, for they feel they cannot. Here it is. If the thing seems too much to believe, then don't believe it. But the facts are just the same.

On the north side of Eborstone mountain, in the town of Ellitsville, in Piscataquis county, Maine, lives Trustrum H. Brown, who calls himself "The Mediator." He entertains the harmless vagary that he is the mediator between man and God. For some 15 years since his retirement to the wilderness of northern Maine he has been writing what he calls a new Bible, and he has a mass of manuscript piled a foot high. By the way, I have examined the "Mediator's" manuscript considerably, and it is far from being balderdash. Much of his writing indicates real thought and considerable ability. The "Mediator" is in no sense of the word a crazy man, despite his hallucination on the subject of religion.

Brown has a bit of a farm and raises potatoes and vegetables enough to last him through the winter. He traps a little and hunts a bit and never goes hungry.

Early in December, just after the first snow of the season, he discovered one morning the fresh tracks of a moose near his house. By the manner in which the creature's great feet had played into the snow, Brown saw that the moose was a big one. In his capacity of "Mediator" he asserts that there are 10,000 spirits about him all the time. He alleges that he asked one of these spirits to tell him how big the moose was and that the spirit skipped along ahead and then came back and rendered him the information that the moose was none other than the Ambajesus Giant that had defied the rifles of hunters for years. The spirit further declared, so Brown avers, that the moose didn't have much of a start.

So the "Mediator" tied on his snowshoes, grabbed his rifle and a bit of a snack, and started away on the lone into the forest. This was early in the morning. Well, the "Mediator" scuffed along till noon without coming up with the moose. But the tracks still continued fresh and his spirit guide, so he says, kept breathing into his ear that the animal was almost in reach. He ate his lunch of cold venison as he walked, for in a stern chase of a moose no time is to be wasted. His keen woodsman's eye noted that the clouds hung low and were massing darker and darker. Had he not been so confident that the moose was just ahead of him and would "yard" at the coming of nightfall, he would have abandoned the chase.

At 4 o'clock it was dusk, and still the splay tracks were stretching on ahead of him. Then he could see them no longer, and regretfully he brought to in a ravine and abandoned the chase for the night.

He had not reckoned on the long pursuit and therefore he had not provided himself in the usual cautious manner. Above all, he had not brought his woods axe.

Only a man accustomed to the woods realizes how serious an omission this is. The "Mediator" was able to collect some dry kye or limbs that had dropped from the trees and he hewed off some low branches with his hunting knife. He killed a bit of a fire at the foot of a tree. He did not dare to go to sleep, for the cold was raw and piercing. So he stood and turned himself before the fire like an animated spit, moving constantly to keep awake.

In the morning there was nothing left of his provender except one flat-chested biscuit. Had he not been unduly fired with zeal to catch that moose he would have retraced his steps. But he felt that probably the animal had yarded a little way ahead, and so on he went. He did come across the trampled place where the moose had spent the night, and with its great teeth had ripped off the twigs and bark. By the mighty reach the "Mediator" saw that the animal was a monster, and on he drove eagerly in a skurry of snow from his broad shoes. Still those monster splotches in the snow kept trailing away ahead of him.

Then some unkind weather sprite joggled the clouds overhead. The snow commenced to come in the fine, driving flakes that indicate a protracted storm. Then, and not till then, did the reckless hunter turn about. But before an hour had passed the snow, driving faster and faster, covered his tracks. Night came on again. Once more he lighted his fire, and, dizzy for want of sleep, staggered about it, struggling to keep awake. The "Mediator" is nearly 70 years old, but his little little form is inured to hardship by many years of woods life. A less experienced man or one with less vitality must have succumbed. The snow came down damp and heavy, and the sagging boughs above kept dropping clumps onto his shoulders and into his neck.

At the first lightning that showed that morning was approaching, he ate

the last crumbs of his biscuit and started away. But the snow drove hard in his face. He was weak with hunger and sick for sleep. His limbs were stiff and his whole body ready to sink with fatigue. Accustomed though he was to the woods, it is not surprising that in a few hours he knew that he had lost his way. But still he kept on, hoping that he might come across some trail or water course, his chief hope of rescue, some logging camp.

The snow ceased in the afternoon, but a sharp and driving wind succeeded. It flung the drying snow and shrieked with it through the trees and clearings. The fine particles cut his face like the dust of a sand storm. Few men have made a fiercer struggle for life than he. It is probable that partial delirium overtook him, for he insists that he could not only hear his spirit guides, but could see them as they flocked about him and beckoned him on.

At dusk he was in a country wholly unknown. There were mountains off to the right, but he did not recognize the peaks nor the surroundings. About an hour after the dark came down with the wind still driving the snow into his eyes, he came out into a section that he recognized at last. It was "The Gulf." This is a canyon about three miles long, through which the west branch of Pleasant river rages. The walls are precipitous. But along the north side skirts a wood road leading to camps miles above, and into this road the "Mediator" staggered.

Now, he was desperately weak. But he knew that if he could round the foot of the canyon and scramble for three miles up the side of the first Chairback he would come to Long Pond, where there were camps. It was now a race for life. He stood his dear old rifle against a tree and hung his cartridge box on a limb. Then he clinched the belt around his thin waist and started. He was in a half stupor when he came down to the frozen ford at the foot of the canyon. He crossed, and striking the corduroy road that leads up to the first Chairback he plowed on. He fell a dozen times, but he had sense enough left to struggle up and dig to his task again.

When he made Long Pond his strength was nearly gone. But he knew that across the pond lay Hall & Davis's sporting camp, three miles away. The wind was still driving the snow, and he miscalculated his route across. When he came to shore he peered in all directions and listened. There was no glimmer of light anywhere, and no sound indicating that any camp was near. His knees were doubling under him by this time. His strength was gone, his eyes would not stay open, and he gave up. He stumbled and crawled up on the shore and fell across a log. His tongue was swollen in his mouth and his throat was dry. He says that he tried to shout but he could utter no sound but a gurgling whisper. Then he became unconscious.

Now comes the strange part of the story.

There was at the Hall & Davis camps at that time a hunting party from the town of Dexter. Among them were N. E. Meigs, the leading clothier of the place, and Walter Abbott, one of the proprietors of the large Abbott woolen mill. Mr. Meigs had been out that day with the party, and in trying to cross the pond had frozen both his ears, so bitter was the cold. He would have perished had not his guide beaten him to make him walk. He had desired to lie down and go to sleep on the snow, and had begged the others to go away and leave him.

On this evening he was lying in his bunk wondering whether or not he was going to be able to save his ears. They were wrapped up and were aching fearfully, and Mr. Meigs wasn't taking the most intense interest in any outside matters. The others were playing pitch-pede before the fire.

Suddenly Mr. Meigs raised himself on his elbow and cried, "I hear some one shouting for help."

The others stopped their play and listened. Beyond the moaning of the wind in the chimney and the sough of the big trees outside there was no sound.

"Folks with frozen ears can hear 'most anything," remarked one of his comrades.

"But I certainly heard some one shout," persisted Meigs.

"Do you believe for a moment," said his friend, "that a man with his ears done up like a pound of pickled tripe could hear a sound that we didn't?"

The clothing man admitted that it didn't seem very probable, but still he persisted in his opinion strenuously. At last one of the guides went to the door and shouted into the night. There was no response.

"It couldn't have been," he said, returning.

bunk, two of the guides put on their outer clothing and went out.

"Of course, it may be that some one has dropped into the water hole down here a piece," said one of them, "but as that's more than a mile away it don't stand to reason that you could have heard any shouting with your ears done up in that manner."

In the course of fifteen minutes one of the men came running back, and those in the camp heard him pulling the moose sled out of the lean-to.

"There is something the matter after all down at the water hole!" he cried to those within. "Ed was ahead and he hollered back to me to bring the moose sled."

And in a little while they came tugging into the camp a stiff figure that the guides as soon as the man was in the lamplight, recognized as Mediator Trustrum H. Brown, of Ellitsville.

At first they thought he was dead, but they undressed him and set him bodily into a tub of ice-cold water. They rubbed him with snow and after some work he began to revive. Then they poured whiskey and brandy down his throat, and at midnight he was sitting up and telling his story.

In two days he was all right and lively once more, and it may be stated here while I am on the subject of recoveries, that Mr. Meigs saved his ears.

Now the "Mediator" swears that the sound he emitted when he sank down on the log was only a whisper. Even a shout as loud as a foghorn would have scarcely been heard a mile away by men inside a log camp heavily banked with snow.

That the sound should have been heard by a man with his ears frozen and wrapped in bandages is more curious still. But for that I have authority that cannot be disputed. Both sides have told me their stories.

They do not try to explain it—neither will I.

But, as I remarked in the first place, I set this down not only as one of the most remarkable stories of endurance that the Maine woods have ever reported, but as a mystery that is almost uncanny.—Forest and Stream

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

In Woolwich, Me., a pine tree and a birch tree have grown so close together that their trunks have united. Pine branches grow on one side and birch on the other.

The Saxons whose original settlement is determined by the little kingdom of Saxony, derived their name from the sax, or short, crooked knife with which they armed themselves.

It is an extraordinary fact that men buried in an avalanche of snow hear distinctly every word uttered by those who are seeking for them, while their most strenuous shouts fail to penetrate even a few feet of the snow.

The first great drought on record happened in 678 and the two succeeding years, when, according to the records, there was practically no rainfall in England. In 879 the springs in England were dried up and it was impossible for men to work in the open air. In 993 and 994 the nuts on the trees were "roasted as if in an oven."

Among the strict regulations of the German military code is one which forbids anybody to present himself before a recruiting officer with a cane in his hand. Some weeks ago a reservist so far forgot himself as to enter the office of a recruiting sergeant major carrying his walking stick. For this heinous offense the unfortunate reservist was promptly court-martialed, and sentenced to ten weeks imprisonment for insubordination.

A Strasburg aeronaut says he has seen an eagle at the height of 3000 meters and again a pair of storks and a buzzard 500 meters above the sea level. On March 10, 1890, some aeronauts observed a lark flying at the height of 1000 meters; on July 18, 1899, another balloon met a couple of crows at an altitude of 1400 meters. These, however, are exceptions. Birds are hardly ever seen above a height of 1000 meters; even above 400 meters they are not frequent.

The Sultan's Income.

Of the Sultan's private income and state grant M. Dory writes: "For some time the imperial exchequer has been in such straits, owing to the frightful expenses at Yildiz—amounting to about \$160,000 a month—that the salaries of the lesser employees of the palace are paid irregularly, and then only with the greatest difficulty. The Sultan has a yearly grant from the state of \$3,680,000, and an income of about \$2,000,000 more from his immense estates, making in all a yearly income of nearly \$6,000,000. Nor is this all, for it does not include the interest on capital deposited in different banks abroad. No one knows the exact amount of these foreign investments, but they are approximately estimated at \$18,000,000. The allowances of the princes and princesses, meagre enough and paid irregularly, are deducted from the Sultan's civil list. Sometimes the payment of the grant he receives from the state is subjected to more or less delay, but it goes without saying that these arrears are settled before those of the salaries of the unfortunate officials and employes of the Turkish empire, whom the minister of finance leaves more and more frequently in the deepest distress.—The Argonaut.

On the trial trip of a new ship slugs runs four times over a certain course—twice with and twice against the tide. Thus her average speed is determined.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Poem: The Tippler's Vow—Drink and Crime as Viewed by the Twelve City Magistrates of New York—Liquor Responsible For Most Cases.

I vow to drink no more, for well I know
The more I drink the thirstier I grow.
And he who drinks to know, too late he learns
The fire he quenches most the more it burns.

This bottled stream has wet so many lips
That were not dry in speech nor used to sips;
Has made so many checks unwilling show
The rose that ever keeps them blushing so!

Look wise and shake your pretty head at
To play the fool so would the wisest act;
Sweets of the twining vine, as sure as late
Make loving woman too affectionate.

Wine makes a man, his fancy for the fact,
Believe he owns the earth, his health in fact.
Here, beggar, take another sip and health
For one brief hour a millionaire with me.

I've owned the earth; and I did pay for it
(The gain of pleasure mine) with shallow wit;
And that same earth, the rent last falling due
I've sold for an old story told anew.

Just one more drink? Alas, that just one more
Has been how many thousand times before?
I break the glass that holds the crimson blush
Of him who first taught man the grape to crush.

—Lee Fairchild.

Drink and Crime.

The Defender, New York, recently sent to the twelve city magistrates the following question:

"To what extent does the use of liquor operate as the inspiration or cause of offenses to the best of your knowledge and belief?" Here are the answers received from the magistrates who favored with a reply:

Magistrate Mott: "Almost universal cause of crime."

Magistrate Flammer: "Liquor in most cases is the cause or aggravates the situation."

Magistrate Olmstead: "The prohibition of liquor is the cause of a large proportion of minor offenses."

Magistrate Crane: "To a great extent. To my mind three-quarters of the offenses charged against prisoners brought to our courts come from the use of liquor."

Magistrate Mayo: "To the best of my knowledge and belief the use of liquor operates as the inspiration or cause of the above specified offenses to the extent of about two-thirds of them."

Magistrate Zeller: "In my opinion liquor operates only as the inspiration or cause for disorderly conduct, and this is mostly the case with the male offenders. My observation on the bench leads me to believe that liquor has been the cause of a limited number of crimes, and these crimes being only misdemeanors, viz., assault or disorderly conduct. Of course there are exceptions to the rule, but I say these exceptions are the rarest occurrence. I may say that drunkenness on the part of women is rather increasing, and with few exceptions when a woman is arraigned for intoxication she is also charged with disorderly conduct, which is not the case with a man."

Magistrate Mead: "To a very large extent. Probably ninety per cent."

Don't Laugh.

How often have you seen a drunken man stagger along the street?
His clothes are soiled from falling, his face is bruised, his eyes are dull. Sometimes he curses the boys that tease him. Sometimes he tries to smile, in a drunken effort to placate pitiless, childish cruelty.

His body, worn out, can stand no more, and he mumbles that he is going home. The children persecute him, throw things at him, laugh at him, running ahead of him.

Grown men and women, too, often laugh with the children, nudge each other, and actually find humor in the sight of a human being sunk below the lowest animal.

The sight of a drunken man going home should make every other man and woman sad and sympathetic, and, horrible as the sight is, it should be useful, by inspiring, in who see it, a resolution to avoid and to help others avoid that man's fate.

That reeling drunkard is going home. He is going home to children who are afraid of him, to a wife whose life he has made miserable.

He is going home, taking with him the worst curse in the world—to suffer bitter remorse himself after having inflicted suffering on those whom he should protect.

And as he goes home men and women, knowing what the homecoming means, laugh at him and enjoy the sight.

In the old days in the arena it occasionally happened that brothers were set to fight each other. When they refused to fight they were forced to it by red-hot irons applied to their backs.

We have progressed beyond the moral condition of human beings guilty of such brutality as that. But we cannot call ourselves civilized if our imaginations and sympathies are so dull that the reeling drunkard is thought a funny spectacle.—New York Journal.

Alcohol and Crime.

The warden of the Allegheny (Penn.) county prison board says in his report that during the twelve months ending December 31, 1900, there were received 9182 prisoners as against 8440 the previous year. The jail physician says that ninety-five per cent. of those committed were under his care for alcoholism, and out of 5727 who were summarily convicted there was not one who was not a victim of the alcohol habit. Still there are people who look upon the saloon business as necessary to municipal prosperity. Such ignorance is bound to be banished by the brighter light of the twentieth century.

Need of a Revival.

While the average Frenchman drinks 31.6 gallons of wine and beer, the Briton 32.1 and the German 29. The American drinks but 12.6 gallons, and he drinks but a little more than half as much distilled spirits as either the Frenchman or the German. No wonder that a temperance revival has been well started in Europe.

Directory of Habitual Drunkards.

At a mass meeting held in Exeter Hall, London, General Booth, the leader of the Salvation Army, inaugurated a special temperance campaign as a feature of the work of the Salvation Army during the present year. General Booth said he relied confidently upon the co-operation of saloonkeepers in this work, through their indicating the habitual drunkards, inasmuch as the supplying of habitual drunkards with liquor endangered the public's license, and that he intended to compile a drunkard's directory in each town, and follow the habitual drunkards home and reform them there.