

The owners of fast automobiles somehow assume as much credit for the bursts of speed as the man who made the machine.

Football has done much to ease the public mind by making it plain that all the men who wear long hair do not necessarily play the piano or the violin.

The affairs of Spain are not very industriously exploited in the newspapers. General Weyler evidently disbanded his regiment of rough typewriters as soon as the war was over.

The boiler explosion has become so frequent an incident of modern affairs that it might not be amiss to make the public schools a means of impressing on the popular mind a few simple safeguards in this connection, thinks the Washington Star.

It seems to be about settled that the two largest islands in the world are both in the Arctic ocean. Greenland is unquestionably the largest—if Australia is counted as a continent—and recent explorations of Baffin Land show that it is second only to Greenland in extent.

It is all very well for China to attempt the reorganization of her army system with Japanese officers, but what is more imperatively needed is not a reorganization of the rank and file, but wholesale reformation in the official system which controls these two branches of the empire, thinks the Philadelphia Press.

The Boston police force, which includes 1306 employees in all capacities, made 34,500 arrests last year. This number was 4585 less than the average number of arrests for the preceding five years. The property reported stolen in the city last year was valued at \$94,211,07, an increase of \$24,879.96 over the average for the five years last past.

"You can't make a doctor of a woman," is the opinion of one of the trustees of Northwestern university, expressed in connection with the announcement that the Woman's College of Medicine is to be abandoned and that its buildings are for sale. Trustee Raymond continued: "It is impossible to make a doctor of a woman. Women cannot grasp the chemical and pharmaceutical laboratory work, the intricacies of surgery, or the minute work of dissecting. In our women's medical department we do not get as high a class of scholarship as is set by the other colleges in the university."

When a Chinaman loses his pigtail he is thought by those who retain that appendage to be an acceptable sacrifice to the deity they worship, and preparations to immolate one thus despoiled were recently made by his countrymen at Baker City, Ore. As he was paralyzed he could not cut and run away from his persecutors, and if it had not been for a local order of the Sisters of Charity among whom he had before found refuge it would have gone ill with him. They effected his rescue at the last moment, his countrymen regarding it as an act of impiety, inviting international attention and reprisal. The early discovery that the heathen Chinese was peculiarly still holds good, and is particularly demonstrated in his religious practices.

In an article in the Blackwood's Magazine, berating Anglo-Saxon society, the writer falls foul of the American woman, and expresses himself to this effect: The intense worldliness which is permeating the polite circles of Europe is the very essence and marrow of society in the United States. The demon of discontent holds sway there as elsewhere, and in that strange congeries of different social elements everybody, democrat and would-be aristocrat alike, treats life in general as a speculation for the rise. The husband slaves day and night in Wall Street or Chicago for the dollars which his smart wife spends abroad, or else competing in the unbridled extravagance of New York or Newport conviviality, and, strange as it may seem, he is content that it should be so. He feels, no doubt, that a kind of reflected glory is shed upon him by his better half's brilliance, and M. Paul Bourget is probably right when he says that "the American husband of a smart wife regards her as an investment that is expected to return dividends in the shape of social triumphs." American society delights in "lawdry Barnumlike entertainments and social functions, where the fabulous cost of the accessories is advertised in print, each article being inventoried according to its size, weight and value. Pretentious magnificence and vulgar smartness are the ideals of the rich."

The anxiety of multimillionaires to endow libraries and universities shows a very graceful readiness on the part of money to pay tribute to brains.

New Mexico, now seeking statehood, was organized as a territory September 9, 1850. Arizona was not organized as a territory until February 24, 1863.

It is inconsiderate for young women to mob a male celebrity in an effort to kiss him. No kindness could be more mistaken. The celebrity, however innocent he may be, invariably has to take all the blame for the transaction.

A school of instruction for laundry girls is to be established in Chicago. The School of Domestic Arts and Sciences, established in that city a year and a half ago by a number of philanthropic women, is to bring about the innovation, and the laundry school is to be a department of this institution. Miss Isabel Bullard, head of the school, says that washing is just as much of an art as making pie or baking bread, "and as for ironing, that is a fine art."

Pinkerton, the present head of the detective agency of that name, declares that in no country on earth do women manifest so much maudlin sentimentality for criminals as in the United States. Even when the men have no pronounced personal charms, he says, they are not without their female admirers in this country, who send them flowers and other tokens of esteem. The problem seems to be one for psychologists to study and explain.

A well known English dean recently had the misfortune to lose his umbrella, and he rather suspected that its appropriation by another had not been altogether accidental. He there fore used the story to point a moral in a sermon in the cathedral, adding that if its present possessor would drop it over the wall of the deanery garden during the night he would say no more about it. Next morning he repaired to the spot and found his own umbrella and 45 others.

It is said in Ohio that Governor George K. Nash has now realized the ardent dream of his life in having for the second time been chosen as chief executive of the state. At his recent second inauguration he said: "For the future I have but one ambition, the most sacred of my life. It is to show my appreciation of the people who have so highly honored me by being their faithful servant during the next two years. Upon this foundation must rest whatever of fame lives after me."

Lumbering has been going on in Minnesota for over fifty years, during which time it is probably safe to say been cut. Of this amount perhaps \$20,000,000 worth was granted to railroads. How much has the United States received for all this pine? Beginning with the year 1849 and up to October, 1897, the exact and total amount that the United States has received for all lands sold in Minnesota—agricultural as well as timber land—was just \$7,286,599.40. If these splendid pine forests had been managed on forestry principles the general government would have received many more million dollars, and Minnesota herself would have been in a much better situation. In view of such a record it is not unreasonable that the public now demand that some little remnant of the pine woods be saved as a forest reserve, observes the St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

America is not the only country in which there is difficulty in raising funds for memorials and monuments. England is again demonstrating that not republics alone are ungrateful when it comes to a question of contributing money for such a cause. The flasco made in the effort to raise a great fund for a Gladstone memorial is still fresh in mind, and now it has been announced that the king will be most reluctantly compelled to appeal to parliament to provide sufficient money to make up the needed balance to complete the Victoria Memorial Fund. The scheme that has been approved and adopted calls for the expenditure of about \$2,500,000. Of this amount in the year since the late queen's death only \$927,000 has been subscribed. The same difficulty was found in raising a fund for the Albert memorial, which is more understandable than in the case of the beloved Victoria for the Prince consort, although a man much honored in his adopted country, was always a foreigner. Parliament made a grant at that time, and despite the huge war expenditures, will doubtless accede to the king's request.

### THE MOCKINGBIRD.

List to that bird! His song—what poet pens it? Brigade of birds, he's stolen every note! Prince, though, of thieves—hark! how the rascal spends it! Pours the whole forest from one tiny throat! —Ednah Proctor Hayes, in Home and Flowers.

### Margery Danvers: Fireman.

By CARROLL WATSON RANKIN.

Beyond a doubt the property had been a marvelous bargain. The land alone was worth more than the price asked for the house and lot together, with carpets and fixtures thrown in.

The former owner had had greater business interests in another part of the world, and having found himself unable to live in two places at once, had wisely concluded to convert the superfluous house into cash. Mr. Danvers had bought it for a ridiculously small sum, and felt that he ought to be congratulated.

But although good Mr. Danvers was jubilant over the purchase, Mrs. Danvers, on her first inspection of the new house, sat down upon the thrown-in carpet and burst into tears.

The moment she beheld the parlor wall paper she forgot all else and gave herself up to grief.

It was really enough to make one oblivious of other things. Mrs. Danvers, who loved pink-and-white rooms, the late occupant of the house had been a big red-and-yellow man, who liked red-and-yellow rooms, and his taste in wall paper was certainly deplorable. There was only one thing in the house worse than the paper, and that was the carpet.

"What, don't you like the paper?" exclaimed astonished Mr. Danvers, who was not artistic. "Why, that's splendid paper! It must have cost \$3 a roll. Pattern's a trifle large, perhaps; but just think how it'll wear! It will last a lifetime!"

But, strange to say, this consoling information only made Mrs. Danvers weep the more.

"There's great stuff in that carpet, too," said Mr. Danvers, eyeing it approvingly. "It'll wear like iron, in spite of the children running over it. Those big magenta roses stand out well, don't they?"

Mrs. Danvers shuddered. The carpet was a calamity.

Reasonable as the price had been it had taken all Mr. Danvers could spare to make the purchase, so there was no money to be foolishly wasted in replacing the perfectly good paper and carpet. Poor Mrs. Danvers, covering as much of the ugliness as she could with her pictures and furniture, wisely made the best of it, but all her day dreams for the next ten years centered about the repapering of the ill-fated parlor.

Her daughter Margery understood and sympathized with her mother, and together they would deplore the durability of the obnoxious paper and carpet.

"It would be such a pretty room," Mrs. Danvers would mourn, "if only something would happen to that outrageous carpet and that horrible paper!"

"Wouldn't it be glorious," Margery would say, "if our chimney should get struck by lightning as the Browns' did? The paper was torn off the dining room wall, and soot from the chimney ruined the rugs. The Browns seem to have all the good luck."

The Browns sensibly retained their monopoly of the lightning, and the hated paper continued to bear a charmed life. No warning voice was ever raised when the little Danverses approached the parlor wall with sticky fingers; and although Mrs. Danvers and Margery fairly courted disaster, none ever came.

At last, when Margery was 17, both paper and carpet showed unmistakable signs of wear.

"Do anything you like about it. It's your house," said Mr. Danvers, generously, when Mrs. Danvers pointed out the defects. "Yes, get anything you like; all paper looks alike to me. Hardwood floors? Yes, I don't mind. Still I am a little disappointed in that carpet. I thought it would last forever."

"So did I," said Mrs. Danvers; but if she felt any disappointment it was well concealed.

Then came delightful weeks. The house was all torn up and turned over to the carpenters and paper-hangers. Mrs. Danvers and Margery spent all their days and part of their nights studying samples of wall paper. Mr. Danvers spent all his in trying to dodge the pails of paste and varnish that lurked in every corner.

At last, however, it was all finished, to the complete satisfaction of Mrs. Danvers and Margery, who ceased to covet the Browns' share of devastating lightning. Indeed, the renovated parlor became the object of Mrs. Danvers' tenderest solicitude, and the little Danverses began to see imaginary "Keep off the grass" signs on every side. And then, when it was no longer wanted, the disaster came.

Just a week after the departure of the last workman Mrs. Danvers went with her husband to a concert, leaving the house and sleeping children in Margery's care.

Margery spent the first hour in the kitchen, mashing peanut taffy. When at last she returned to the front of the house she was greeted by an odd pungent odor.

"I wonder," said she, "if I could

have scorched my candy? No; the smell seems to come from the front hall. Perhaps something is burning upstairs."

She stopped appalled when she had reached the top step. Something certainly was burning. The upper hall was full of thick, gray smoke.

"The children!" gasped Margery, starting through the smoke and into the nursery.

Here the smoke was dense, and through it, at the far end of the room, where a closet door was standing open, Margery could see a dull red glow.

"Quick! Quick!" she sobbed, dragging the heavy, half-stupefied children out of their beds, out of the suffocating room, through the hall and down the stairs. "Oh, do hurry! The house is all on fire!"

"There!" said she, snatching a vase of flowers from a table in the lower hall, and dashing flowers, water and all into the faces of the poor, astonished children, thereby producing two indignant howls.

"There, your lungs are all right if you can cry like that! Now go sit on the carriage block, and don't you dare to come into this house again until I call you, and don't you tell a soul that this house is afire. I'm going to put it out myself."

"Oh, I must—I must do it!" cried Margery, seizing the two heavy pails of water which Mrs. Danvers kept ready in her little conservatory for the purpose of watering her plants. "The fire is all in that one room. If I let the firemen in they'll ruin the new floors with their muddy boots, and they'll flood the whole house with water. Oh, I can't let them spoil that lovely pale-green paper and those lovely floors!"

So, never thinking that her mother would rather lose a thousand beautiful parlors than one little loving daughter, Margery rushed into the dense smoke and buried the contents of her pails straight at the scarlet glow.

The smoke stung her throat and almost blinded her, but she groped her way from the room, felt her way across the hall, ran down the stairs, and refilled her pails at the kitchen sink. The bath room was nearer, but Margery remembered that the faucets there were small, and knew she would save time by going to the kitchen.

She drank a little cold water, filled her lungs with fresh air at the open door and tucked up her skirts. Then up she went with her heavy burden, not spilling a drop on the precious floors. After the third journey Margery noticed that the scarlet spot had diminished in size, although the smoke was quite as dense.

"I must be careful not to put on a scrap more water than I need," said this model fireman, as she toiled upward with her heavy pails. "I mustn't spoil the dining room ceiling. I believe the fire is in the pillows and bedding stored in that closet. I'll open the window and throw them all out, if I can."

And she did, but it was not a pleasant task. The smoldering quilts burst into flames as she pulled them apart, and the sparks burned her wrists and hands. But with the window open it was possible to breathe, and when the reeking pillows had been added to the blazing heap on the lawn below, the atmosphere was decidedly improved, although still by no means clear.

As they discovered afterwards, the fire started from a few old rags used in polishing the hardwood floors, and tucked into the closet by a careless maid. It had burned almost through the base-board, and would in a few moments have eaten its way into the partitions, where it would have been beyond control.

Margery had undoubtedly saved the day and a great many dollars although she had, without realizing it, risked something far more precious.

She had bathed her face and hands, had opened all the windows to let out the disagreeable odor of burned feathers, and was going down-stairs, well satisfied with her evening's work, when her father and mother appeared at the front door. Perched on the newel post in the front hall, she told them all about the catastrophe.

"Where are the children?" was Mrs. Danvers' first question.

"Goodness!" said Margery. "They must be outdoors on the stepping-stone yet. I told them to stay there until I called them, and I never gave them a second thought!"

And there Mrs. Danvers found them, sound asleep in their little white night-dresses, but none the worse for their unusual experience, for the night was warm.

Mr. Danvers opened his mouth and closed it several times before he managed to find words to fit the occasion. When he finally succeeded all he said was:

"Margery, you smell just like a little dried herring."

But there was something besides smoke in his eyes, and Margery knew she was being thanked.—Youths' Companion.

**Civil List of European Monarchs.**  
The civil list of all European monarchs amount to a total of nearly \$30,000,000 a year. The revenues of the Czar of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey cannot be exactly estimated. After the Czar the Emperor of Austria-Hungary has the largest official salary, viz., \$4,250,000, while that of the Kaiser amounts to \$3,750,000 a year. Besides this official income, however, the rulers of Europe have enormous private revenues.

Some high-sounding names carry more weight on visiting cards than on checks.

### BEYOND CIVILIZATION.

Conditions in the Hudson Bay Country Described by a Visitor.

Miles Spencer, agent for the Hudson Bay company, in the almost unknown districts of Hudson bay, is on his first visit to civilization. Though 56 he has never seen a railway train previous to his present trip, and had of conceivance as an electric car. His life has been spent among the Indians and Esquimaux who occupy the northern parts of Labrador and the country immediately east of Hudson bay. Contrary to the general belief arising from the reports of missionary societies and others, Mr. Spencer says that in many respects the different tribes still adhere to their old customs and traditions.

Teh Esquimaux in particular, are, according to Mr. Spencer, a very difficult people to civilize. There has never been such a thing as a marriage ceremony among them, and the nearest they have got to one today in the districts controlled for the company by Mr. Spencer is that the young man generally tries to go to some post to buy a blanket, and that is all the ceremony there is about it. They are not so numerous as formerly, and it is thought that this falling off is principally due to the fact that for the past generation they have been taught to use English and American foods. Formerly they never even cooked their meat, and they seemed to derive more benefit from it raw than in its cooked state.

Money has not yet come into use among the people with whom Mr. Spencer has business dealings. Both Indians and Esquimaux bring their furs into the company's posts and in return receive different kinds of merchandise. Counters are used which are known as "made beavers," each of which is worth about 60 cents of our money.

The chief animals now hunted by these people are, first, the fox, and then the marten, beaver, otter, reindeer and fisher. The silver fox is of course most eagerly sought, yet notwithstanding its extreme value in civilization, the finest specimens sold at the posts yield only 30 made beavers, or \$18.

By far the largest amount of the credit received for furs goes for tobacco. When an Esquimaux or an Indian gets 60 made beavers, it is safe to say that he spends 59 on tobacco. The Esquimaux, in particular, will sacrifice almost anything else for it.

They are wonderfully friendly people among themselves, and it is very seldom, if ever, that quarrels arise between the people of different districts. The same thing cannot be said of the Indians to the east of Hudson bay.

Mr. Spencer is authority for the rather surprising statement that there has been no falling off in recent years in the number of furs sent out of this country.

Nearly all the white men in this territory marry squaws, and young children, too, often grow up neglected. The only education any of them receive is when a missionary happens to pass that way, for schools are unknown.—New York Sun.

### Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

Mr. Chamberlain makes his way into his place, and, before sitting beside the leader of the house, takes from the table an order paper of the day. This, as is generally known, contains a program of the business to be transacted at that evening's sitting. Having seated himself, he studies the paper intently for a few seconds, and, having apparently mastered its contents, throws it from him with an impatient gesture. Mr. Chamberlain then readjusts his eye-glass, thrusts his legs straight out before him, and looks round the house. On rising to speak he places his neatly written notes on the brass-bound box before him, and, having put the edges straight, fires away. Mr. Chamberlain speaks slowly and uses scarcely any gesture. Most dangerous when most polite, his face becomes like a piece of parchment when roused to anger. In the art of crushing an adversary by an inconspicuous quotation or by some personal thrust Mr. Chamberlain is unequalled. It is this gift that makes him as formidable on the platform as he is in the House of Commons. At public meetings he always seems to expect a few of his old radical friends among the audience. But woe be to the interrupter! Led on by the orator with a seductive question, his opponent gives just the reply expected. Back like lightning comes a crushing retort, and thenceforth all is smooth sailing. His perorations are invariably written out in full in his study, and frequently committed to memory. His voice is firm and clear, but not very musical; his enunciation perfect.—Chambers' Journal.

### A Cow Elops With a Moose.

The strange story of the elopement of an ordinary milk cow with a bull moose comes from Lake Onawa, a pretty sheet of water in the hills of Piscataquis county, much frequented by sportsmen from the big cities. The cow was the property of Dr. A. T. San-Jen, whose cottage is located on the shore of Onawa, and she was kept in a pasture enclosed by a rail fence. A big moose had been several times seen hanging around the cottage grounds late at night, displaying great boldness. Thursday night he came close up to where the cow was, and the two seemed to be good friends. Late at night a tremendous crash was heard, and the next morning the fence was a wreck, and the cow gone. Neither she nor the moose has been seen since.—Bangor, (Me.) correspondence of the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

### SOME THE V

Poem: Jim and Me—of the Reasons Why—Should Abstain From Liquor—Whisky Mocks Hide.

The story, sir? why, really, I haven't much to say: If you had called one year ago, and then again to-day, No need of any word to tell, for your own eyes could see Just what the Temperance Pledge has done for Jim and me.

The pail that holds the milk, sir, we used to fill with beer, But we haven't spent a cent for drink for now nearly a year. We pay our debts, we're well and strong, and kind as men can be That's what God and the Temperance Pledge has done for Jim and me.

We used to sneak along the street, feeling so mean and low— We always got the ashamed to meet the friends we used to know. We look the world now in the face, and step off bold and free; That's what God and the Temperance Pledge has done for Jim and me.

—Temperance Banner.

### A Warning.

Henry Ward Beecher, whose sermons on temperance every young man should read, said this: "If you say, 'Yes, I have a natural craving for it,' and then to you I say, 'That is the very reason why you should not take it. If you have no craving for it why should you have such a craving, surely, if you are wise, you will not put yourself in danger by indulging it.'"

Look at the thing from the viewpoint of your own interest. If you had to employ young men to work for you you would avoid drinking men. Then don't drink whisky yourself. Don't give every successful, conservative man the best of reasons for mistreating you.

Very often moral cowardice underlies the beginning of a drunken career. There are ideas of good fellowship associated with drinking.

A hundred thousand young men drink every day because they are afraid people will think they are not "good fellows." Have the courage to be a good fellow of the kind that is not pickled in whisky. When a man wonders at your ordering some harmless stuff, something free from alcohol, point to the drunkard at the other end of the bar and say:

"That man once thought that a brazer would not hurt him. I am modest enough to believe that what hurt him may hurt me. I shall need all my feeble ability to compete with such geniuses as you other fellows. Therefore I propose to keep intact my brain and the mucous membrane that lines me."

Remember above all that the truest thing ever said of strong drink is that it is "a mocker."

Every sensation that comes from whisky is a mockery. Every promise based on whisky is mockery. The strength of whisky is mock strength.

The friendships of whisky are mock friendships. How often have you seen such hideous mockeries of friendship—drunken men with arms around each other protesting friendship eternal? Whisky mocks hideously all the sacred feelings in life, and it destroys them all. Has whisky no work to do? Yes, it has an important work. It is the policeman, the executioner among human beings. It wipes out the unfit and softens the pain of their destruction. It wipes out families unfitted to survive. It shortens the harvest career of the spendthrift and of the man squandering inherited money. It has its place in medicine, along with strychnine, arsenic and the other poisons. It has no place in the constitution, the daily life, the social pleasures of a normal, self-respecting man.—New York Journal.

### Three Evil Practices.

In behalf of temperance there are some simple things which may be advocated with good results. Practical business men generally agree that a large part of all the evils of drunkenness are caused by three practices, namely, drinking at bars, drinking in business hours and the habit of treating. It is generally agreed by commercial travelers, and all who in active life see human nature at all angles, that more temptation comes out of these three practices than from any other source. Treating, especially, is responsible for many evils. It not only leads to drinking in bars and in business hours, but it is almost the sole cause of the excess which, practiced indefinitely, finally becomes a habit always difficult to overcome, sometimes impossible. Business men are more and more coming to the decision that drinking in business hours must be abolished. By and by they will go further and characterize the habit of treating as pernicious and therefore ungentlemanly, unsocial and undesirable. The habit of treating has a ridiculous side. If that could be fully recognized, the pernicious habit might be laughed out of existence.

### An Expert on Drink.

Seved Ribbing, the famous professor of medicine at the Swedish University of Lund, makes these remarkable statements in concluding an address on one phase of the drink curse:

"How large a per cent. of moral down-falls are caused through drink I am unable to say, but certainly it is not infrequent that you hear of a man many a questioned youth for an answer, 'I was somewhat under the influence of liquor.' Through drunkenness and in drunkenness one accustoms himself to conditions which, under ordinary circumstances, would be religiously shunned. In course of time the sense of shame is overcome, and a silenced, and the evil habits are looked upon as an every-day necessity. The cases when a young man will in cold-bloodedness and with a clear head and with decided intention throw himself into the arms of prostitution are very seldom in comparison with those that happen under the influence of liquor. An English army physician has shown figuratively that sickness in a troop is much less among the total abstainers than with the balance of the men."—Ram's Horn.

### Require Total Abstinence.

As a result of Carrol D. Wright's labor bureau investigations it appears that more than seventy-five per cent. of the employers of skilled labor in the United States require total abstinence of their employees, and fifty per cent. of the employers of unskilled labor demand the same.

### The Crusade in Brief.

There is a growing tendency among women to the indulgence of alcoholic beverages. The clergy could not do a better work than to lead off in a pledge-signing temperance crusade.

So serious has the drawback of beer-drinking workmen in Germany become, and so thoroughly is it recognized, that a movement has been started to exclude the drink from factories.

In the struggle for life which social independence engenders there is often the element of failure or overstrain, and women, too weak in many instances to bear the strain, resort to stimulants.