

Harvard has discontinued its veterinary school. It might substitute instruction in repairing automobiles.

Spain does not allow any prejudice to interfere with its purchasing American goods. With all its chivalry and romance, Spain has always had a pretty fair conception of the value of a peso.

The small boy cannot always be classed as an inveterate nuisance. Two little nine-year-olds at Kokoma, Ind., discovered a broken rail upon a bridge, and through prompt action saved two passenger trains from disaster.

A British parliamentary return states that there are 1305 miles of street tramway open for traffic in the United Kingdom. The total capital authorized is \$209,385,200, and the total number of passengers carried last year was 1,198,226,758.

The co-eds in the Wurzburg university, Germany, persisted in wearing their hats in the lecture rooms, and the janitor was forced to post a notice in the entrance hall that unless they were voluntarily removed thereafter the offending women "must expect to have their hats taken away by force." After that the hats came off.

A league against dueling has just been formed in France. Its organizers intend to found local branches in all the departments, and their aim is to bring about the settlement of all affairs by tribunals of honor. The absolute principle to be observed by all the tribunals is that in no case can a question be settled by the force of arms.

The Frenchman's weakness for government situations is shown by the fact that for 20 vacant posts as office, guardians, caretakers, porters, etc., at the prefecture de la Seine, there were no fewer than 7000 applications and 25,800 applications were received for 320 vacancies among the office sweepers. These candidates were recommended by municipal councilors, deputies, senators, and even ministers.

The total output of the eight locomotive building yards in the United States for the year 1901 was 3384. This is 231, or 7.3 percent more than in 1900, and is the largest output for any one year. It is especially interesting, because the two previous years were also record-breakers, and the new record was made with one works closed for six months. Of the 3384 locomotives built last year 337, or not quite 10 percent were for export; 825 were compounds.

In a few brief lines from the rock-bound Massachusetts coast is condensed a pitiful tragedy of the sea. A distressed barge in the offing; a lifeboat with a crew of seven to the rescue; a rush of angry waters engulfing the little vessel, and then swift death for six hardy life savers. Not even on the high seas when hurricanes rage is maritime adventure so dangerous as the oft-repeated experiences of the government life-saving crew. And these heroes, who value not their own lives, and take no heed of fame, are paid starvation wages by the government for 10 months in each year, and are laid off without pay during the remaining two months! Unenlightened selfishness, indeed! exclaims the Philadelphia Record.

The neglect of roads that were recently good, and that with a little expenditure of money, work and sense, might be kept so forever, is, without a doubt, a consequence of the disease of the bicycle. Whatever may be said of that vehicle, remarks the Brooklyn Eagle, "its value in extending well-paved streets and well-laid roads is unquestioned. So long as a million of wheels were in use there was a common demand for roads on which one could ride them. With pleasure riding came collateral advantages. The country inns, roadhouses and stores were better kept than ever before; work was found for mechanics at repair shops; the farmers had a more active demand for their products, in view of the increased business of provincial hotels and restaurants; real estate values, even, were favorably affected. But the riding of bicycles for pleasure has almost ceased. It is too bad. Our well-made paths and wheel ways, which four or five years ago were gay with a whirling throng, which at night sparkled with moving lights, which were lined with inns whence came cheerful sounds of music and merry-making, are scenes of melancholy, the occasional and lonely rider emphasizing their deserted aspect. The roadhouses are closed and falling into decay, weeds springing about their little lawns and gardens, or snow drifting over their once populous verandas,

Gating, the gun man, has invented a plow that does the work of 60 horses. But what can the ordinary farmer do with a contrivance of that kind?

The vote of Nevada fluctuates very little. In 1892 it was 10,878; in 1894, 10,508; in 1896, 10,305; in 1898, 10,011, and in 1900, 10,196. No other state in the Union has such a record of an almost stationary vote.

A once popular play hinged upon a paper hidden in "The Leather Patch" on a pair of trousers. Truth, thus dared by fiction, now produces from the hollow wooden leg of a Trenton junk man \$15,000 a will and a temperance pledge. Fiction always was outclassed in this match.

Bermuda is to be equipped with the largest floating dock in the world. The structure was recently launched at Wallsend, England, having been constructed there for the British government. It has a lifting capacity of 17,500 tons, and an area of 69,000 square feet. It will, therefore, accommodate the largest battleship afloat.

The annual report of the farmers' cooperative society in Iowa, shows that last year it handled and marketed products to the value of \$616,294, at an expense of \$4030. It is claimed that the amount saved by the society during the year ended July 9, 1901, on the basis of the volume of business done was \$86,000, which would give its 607 members an average of \$1403 more than they would have received if they had marketed their products in the old way.

It often happens that the introduction of an invention intended to take the place of something already in use, actually results in increasing the use of the latter. The telephone, for example, as many people thought, would take the place of the telegraph to a great extent; on the contrary, while its use is constantly increasing, the use of the telegraph is increasing, too. It is the same with the electric light and illuminating gas. Census reports show that the use of gas, in spite of the introduction of the electric light in buildings of all kinds, including private dwellings, has steadily increased during the past 10 years.

As a result of the Anglo-Japanese agreement it is expected that there will be something like a vogue of Japanese fabrics and styles in the fashionable English world. The consummation of the Franco-Russian pact was for several years the dominant factor in the creation of the Parisian modists and milliners; hats, cloaks and gowns were made to suggest its outline or decoration, the Cosack tradition. In similar manner, it is predicted that some modifications of the quaint Japanese robes and packets of hairdressing, etc., will find their way into the toilet of the English gentleman, where the kimono indeed has already established itself.

The Philadelphia Record quotes the following letter from Pulaski F. Hyatt, United States Consul at Santiago, Cuba: "As the question of land ownership in Cuba is under discussion for your information I write to say that, so far as sugar plantations were concerned before the Spanish-American war, out of forty-seven sugar plantations within my consular district of Santiago and its dependencies not one belonged to a person who claimed to be a citizen of Cuba. By far the larger share belonged to British subjects, although long residents upon the island. The balance was pretty evenly divided between French, German and Spanish citizens, while two belonged to American citizens—one small one to Chester A. Whitney, near Santiago, the other to a man by the name of Ringley, near Manzanillo."

The Egyptian pyramids are soon to come out of their darkness of 5000 years, and will be accessible to all tourists. General Director Maspero, of the society which has in charge the preservation of the antiquities of the country, has been experimenting with the electric light, and began his work on the temple of Karnak, at Thebes. The experiment met with so much approval that he has decided to light the inner passages and catacombs of the great pyramids. This will provide Egyptian tourists with new attractions, and they will be able to penetrate to the innermost recesses of the pyramids. The lighting will be of especial value to women, who have confined their investigations of the pyramids of the left shore of the Nile to climbing up on the outside, as they were afraid of the intense darkness within. With the introduction of the electric light the tombs of the Pharaohs will be accessible to all.

ASTRAY IN THE NIGHT.

By NORMAN DUNCAN.

In order to reach Lake Kamichou, where Ellerton had his adventure, you take train at Quebec for the back country, and when you have been jolted over 200 miles or more of that rickety road, you are put off in a wilderness of pine and tangled underbrush—in the dusk a forsaken, ghostly place—fearfully silent when the train has puffed out of hearing. Thence you go by canoe down a tortuous, fussy little stream—dodging boulders, picking the way through noisy rapids, paddling laboriously through long stretches of slow, back water—until you sweep out into the head waters of the Kamichou. In the twilight you make the lower end of the lake, where you find hard ground and a clear space to pitch your camp. If you love this patch of unspoiled wilderness as some men do, you look back over the quiet water, and upon the wooded shores, which rise to the sky, now all aglow, and you know that you are happy to have escaped for a time from the life you have left in the cities.

"I have heard you say, Ellerton," said I, one evening, when the day's fishing had been well done and we were loafing blissfully on the shore, "that you had an adventure here."

"About 60 seconds long," said he. "Not long enough to turn a man's hair gray," said I, with a laugh.

"I don't know about that," he responded, soberly. "I don't know about that. Seconds seem to be very long sometimes. A minute is not like a minute when death stares you in the face."

"But you escaped," said I.

"That's the ridiculous part of it," said Ellerton.

"Well," said I, "you've time to tell the story before we take a swim."

"Swim!" said he, with a shudder. "I think I'll not go in tonight. I've already recalled vividly enough the minute of horror I had off the point there."

"And that is the story?" said I.

"Yes," said he, "you're right. It was my first summer on the Kamichou, when I was in happy ignorance of how dense a real Kamichou fog may be. I was here with Jack Black, of our company, who had made this his fishing ground for years. I was his guest, in fact, and therefore bound in politeness to follow where he led. We had spent the early part of the afternoon whipping the streams above Moose brook, and we had come slowly down the lake, casting from the boat, until we were a mile above the point, and well out over deep water. Then we let the boat drift, and both took to fishing."

"It had been lowering all day. Dull clouds hung in the sky from the hills to the hills, and turned the waters of the lake black. It was hot, gray, damp—oppressively 'muggy,' indeed, as Jack had said. It was not long before a roll of thunder sounded from the northeast. Then on the instant a certain nervous depression, which invariably falls upon me with the approach of a storm, strongly asserted itself; and I looked about in some apprehension.

"'Jack,' said I, 'it's going to blow hard, probably; it's going to rain hard, anyway. I think we'd better pull in.'"

"'Oh, pshaw!' said Jack. 'Rain won't hurt us.'"

"Black clouds were crowding up from the northeast. I could readily distinguish them from the unbroken gray of the sky overhead, and it seemed to me that a wind had torn their edges to tatters. The rain had hidden the hills, and I could see it sweeping over the lake toward us.

"We caught only the edge of the storm, however. It was nothing more, after all, than a heavy summer shower. It cleared the sky for a time and left the water unruffled. We were drenched, to be sure, and I had the boat to bail out, but we were well content; and so we fished on until the evening came down, and I caught sight of the first star.

"'Now, Jack,' said I, 'we had better get in.'"

"Jack is at this moment somewhere in the interior of Newfoundland, where the mosquitoes are as big as horseflies, and gather, so the visitors say, in clouds which darken the sun. The salmon are proportionately large and plentiful. That man is after them. Neither distance, hardship nor expense can dampen the ardor with which he pursues the game fish. You will not wonder, then, when I say that all the polite persuasion I could bring to bear upon him on this occasion was of no effect.

"'Your wife will be growing anxious,' said I, at last.

"'Oh, no,' said he, placidly, 'she won't expect me for an hour yet.'"

"We were then half a mile offshore—just beyond the edge of the sand-bars. The lower end of the lake, here, for something less than half a mile from the outlet, is not at any place more than four feet deep, and in many spots it is much less than that. The shallows are many acres in extent, though to all appearances, when the water is turbid, the depth might be unfathomable. Beyond, through all the twelve miles of the lake, it is deep—even to within a few yards of the shore.

"We were lying, as I say, just beyond the sand-bars, when I saw a thick, white mist begin to creep from the shore out upon the water. Then it seemed to gather in all directions about us; but the heaviest cloud came across from the marsh-lands in the west.

"It was an inoffensive thing at first, and I saw no danger in it. It lay close to the water—a fleecy, white cloud, sweeping gracefully toward us. It was only when we were enveloped—when the shore line had become indistinct and, growing dimmer yet, disappeared—that I was startled by the thought that there might be some difficulty in making land.

"'I say,' I called to Jack, in alarm, 'you know your way about here pretty well, don't you?'"

"Jack glanced up and a perplexed look overspread his face. He gazed about him in every direction for a moment, but he saw nothing save a circle of black water about the boat and a white wall roundabout and overhead. I wondered which way the camp lay—even, in fact, which way the shallows lay. I was utterly confused. The breeze had failed, and there was no perceptible current. Nowhere was there visible any object by which our position might be fixed.

"'I think,' said I, 'that the boat was heading due north when last I saw the shore, but I'm not certain. It was most certainly northerly, at any rate.'"

"'Why,' said Jack, confidently, 'I know this lake so well that I could smell my way ashore, if there was no other way.'"

"We were in no danger whatever. At most, it appeared, the discomfort of spending a night on the water was all that we had to fear. But have you not remarked how suddenly great perils may come? How, in a twinkling, men pass from a safe place into an overwhelming, deadly danger? And how the situation may be precipitated by the very slightest miscalculation?"

"'Now I'll row you ashore,' said Jack, as he put up his fishing tackle and took the oars.

"He began to turn the boat about. He pulled vigorously on his left oar and backed water quite as energetically with his right. This he kept up for a much longer time than I thought sufficient to turn the boat's head to the south. I was not, however, in any position to make suggestions. The power in Jack's strokes gradually decreased, until he came to a full stop. He gazed intently this way and that. Then, finding nothing to arrest his eye, he turned suddenly to me.

"Which way does she head now?" he asked.

"'I think you have turned too far.'"

"'I don't think I have turned far enough,' said he.

"'If you were to row on a straight course as she heads now,' I said, 'you would land somewhere near the head waters of the lake.'"

"Jack rowed doggedly on the course of his choosing for half an hour or more without developing anything to give us a clue to our whereabouts. Night added to the obscurity. We might have been on a shoreless waste of water for all that we were able to see. The mist made the night impenetrable. I could but dimly distinguish Jack's form, although he sat not more than five feet from me; soon I could not see him at all. At last he lifted his oars and, as I inferred, looked over the bow.

"'It's a wonder,' he said, 'that they don't show a light at the camp.'"

"'I still think your course is wrong,' said I. 'At any rate, no torchlight at the camp could possibly penetrate this mist. Had we not better decide to lie here until morning?'"

"'We can't do that,' Jack answered, with a kind of fierceness in his tone. 'My wife would be too anxious. We must make the camp.'"

"'I heard the oars rattle in the rowlocks and the splash of the blades in the water. The boat moved forward. Jack was rowing strongly—almost angrily. It was plain that he was losing his temper. It is hard enough for a man to walk in a straight line with his eyes blindfolded; it is much harder to row a straight course over smooth water in the dark. No inexperienced man can do it. He fails to realize that his right arm is much stronger than his left; even though he may do this, he cannot measure out equal strength to his arms. I was reasonably certain that Jack was rowing in a wide circle. When his breath came in gasps and his strokes were slow and labored, I said:—"

"'Let me have a go at it, Jack.'"

"'All right,' said he, 'we'll change. Perhaps you'll have better luck than I.'"

"'Be careful,' said I. 'We're over deep water here.'"

"He let the oars swing to the side, and I made ready to steady the boat. I heard him rise. The boat rocked a little. He is a heavy man, and somewhat unsteady on his feet. It was so dark that I could not see him; only then did I know that he was on his feet, waiting for me. I rose in the stern myself, and with the utmost caution advanced a step, stretching out my hands as I did so. I swayed to the left—fairly lurched. Have you never, in deep darkness, suddenly felt a loss of power to keep your equilibrium? You open your eyes to their widest. Nothing is to be seen. You have no longer, if I may so phrase it, a sense of perpendicularity. You sway this way and that, groping for something to keep you from falling. Thus I felt.

"'Are you ready?' said Jack.

"'All ready,' said I.

"'I made a second step forward; again the boat rocked, again the darkness confused me, and I had to regain my balance. In that pause it struck me with unpleasant force that we were both poor swimmers, weighted with great fishing boots; and I recalled that we had seen the boat sink, although

she was empty, when we had washed her out, the day before. 'If she were full of water now,' I thought, 'she would flutter from under our feet.' A third half-crawling advance brought me outstretched hands and drew me forward until we were very close.

"'Look out!' he cried.

"'I had crept too far to the right. The boat teetered alarmingly. We caught each other about the middle and crouched down waiting, rigid, until she had come to an even keel.

"'Now!' said Jack.

"'I made the attempt to pass him. The foothold was uncertain; the darkness was inconceivably confusing. I moved to the side, but so great was my agitation that I miscalculated, and the boat tipped suddenly under my weight. The cold water swept over the gunwale. I should have fallen bodily from the boat had it not been for Jack's strong clutch upon my arm. In the light we might have steadied ourselves; in the dark we could not. Jack drew me back—but too hurriedly, too strongly, too far. The side of the boat over which I had almost fallen leaped high in the air and the opposite gunwale was submerged. Jack released me, and I collapsed into a sitting position in the bottom. Instinctively I grasped the gunwales, and endeavored frantically to right the boat. I felt the water slowly curling over.

"'She's sinking,' said Jack, quietly.

"'Yes!' I gasped.

"The boat sank very slowly, gently swaying from side to side. I could see nothing, and all I could hear was the gurgle and hissing of the water as it curled over the gunwales and eddied about the boat. I felt the water rise over my legs—creep to my waist—rise to my chest—and still ascend! I think through those seconds all my faculties were suspended, although one great problem was clear enough before me: If I could not row ashore, how could I swim ashore? Where was the land? A yard or a mile off? In which direction would it be best to strike out to make the most of the little strength I had? Could Jack take care of himself? If not, how could I best help him? These questions were before me, but I was incapable of answering them. I had not one clear plan that I can now recall. I did not breathe. I did not move. I waited. The water rose to my shoulders—to my neck—to my chin! Then I felt a slight shock, and it rose no more. There was a moment of deep silence.

"'We have grounded,' said Jack, tremulously.

"'Your course was right,' said I.

"'We have been over the sand-bars all the time.'"

Ellerton paused for a moment. He looked over the Kamichou, now almost covered by the night, to the waters off the point.

"'It was just off the point, there,' he continued. 'We had been rowing in a circle over the shallows—probably very seldom in deep water. We sank in three feet and a half of water. It was not difficult to make the land. We lifted the boat and turned the water out of her. Then we waded ashore, guided by the depth of the water, and dragged the boat after us. In half an hour we were at the camp. As I said in the beginning,' Ellerton concluded, "the escape was the ridiculous part of the adventure. But sixty seconds sometimes make more than a minute.'—Youth's Companion.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The largest sum ever spent in improving one street was \$14,300,000 on the Rue de Rivoli, Paris. New Cannon street, London, cost \$2,950,000.

The greatest bay in the world is that of Bengal. Measured in a straight line from two enclosing peninsulas its extent is about 420,000 square miles.

Farthing breakfasts, consisting of coffee, bread and butter and jam, are now being provided by the Salvation army for poor children in Newcastle, Eng.

The Eskimo have a queer manner of wrestling. The wrestlers sit down on the floor, back to back, and lock arms. A wrestling match is a test of strength to determine which can straighten out the other's arms.

The tail of a fish is his sculling oar. He moves it first on one side and then on the other, using his fins as balances to guide his motion. If the fish is moving fast and wants to stop, he straightens out his fins, just as the rower of a boat does his oars.

Carp are wild animals, according to a recent decision of a London police court. Seven hundred of the fishes had been exposed for sale in a small tank, where they naturally died, and it was held that the owner was guilty of a violation of the cruelty to wild animals act.

Persians still believe that human tears are a remedy for certain chronic diseases, reports a physician just returned from Persia. At every funeral the bottling of mourner's tears is one of the chief features of the ceremonies. Each of the mourners is presented with a sponge with which to mop off his face and eyes, and after burial these sponges are presented to the priest, who squeezes the tears into bottles, which he keeps. This custom is one of the oldest known in the east, and has probably been practiced by the Persians for thousands of years.

Opals.

He—Are you superstitious about opals? She—Well, I think it's unlucky to lose a chance of getting one.—Philadelphia Press.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Whisky Road—Many Millions of Men Walk This Path to Destruction—The Able Man Who Drinks Temperately Starts Many on the Path.

We are well aware that among those who drink a great many lead lives of self-control. Drink does not conquer them. It gives excitement without serious damage. It may even make life really more agreeable.

There are thousands of self-controlled drinkers—self-controlled for the present at least.

Each of these is apt to look upon himself as proof of the fact that drinking is not necessarily harmful.

But each of these, especially if a conspicuously successful man, is one of the most dangerous men in the community.

Weak young men follow the example of those whom they admire.

If the successful business man drinks, and controls himself, his weak clerk follows his example and does not control himself.

Many a poor creature has gone to jail, indignantly prosecuted by his employer—by the very man from whom he learned his bad habits.

We write to-day to urge upon successful men, upon all temperate drinkers, this fact:

You can of course do as you please with yourself—but don't put temptation in the way of others.

If you have a son of fifteen you would be furious at any man who should tell him that a little whisky would not hurt him. You would call the giver of such advice a villain. But many a grown man, weak in character, lacks the moral strength of a young boy.

Remember that what you can stand, others cannot stand. When drink is discussed, think of the harm it does, think of the women and children made miserable by it, think of the pitiless slavery that it inflicts on mankind.

Never say a good word for whisky or for any of its fellow trouble-makers of civilization.

You are a responsible part of the human race. You have no right to be indifferent to the effect of your example on others. The greater your own strength of character the more followers you will have. Lead them on the path that will keep them free from harm.

You are powerful and fearless. Do not on that account encourage the weak to pick a quarrel with an enemy that will vanish them.

Perhaps you ask: "Do you expect to stop the sale of strong drinks? Have you any idea that men will ever stop drinking whisky?"

To that we must answer "No." While millions of men live dull, unsatisfied lives, they will seek and find artificial excitement.

While competition, overwork, strained nerves and ignorance of right living torment mankind, strong drink will be used to give false rest, artificial aid to digestion and to "let down" the nervous tension.

We have no hope of reforming humanity. It cannot be reformed. It must be made strong enough and happy enough to turn aside from the stimulant that it will no longer need.

We have no hope of wholesale reform. You cannot take medicine from the sick, or whisky from the miserably in spirit.

But you can give good suggestions, you can plant good resolutions in the breasts of many. And that we hope to do.

We discuss temperance on this page and ask each reader to decide what is best for him.

Never mind why others drink. What is best for you.

Never mind the good excuses which certain drunkards offer—what excuse can you offer if you fail to give yourself a chance? —New York Journal.

Temperance in the Army. An order urging temperance reform in the army has been promulgated by Secretary Root, by direction of President Roosevelt. The order refers to immorality in the service, and says it is the duty of officers to point out to their men the terrible effects of excessive drinking in strong drink. The order says: "By direction of the President, the attention of the officers and enlisted men of the army, especially of those serving in the tropics and away from home, is called to the following facts:

"The only really efficient way in which to control the diseases due to immorality is to diminish the vice which is the cause of these diseases. Excessive indulgence in strong drink is absolutely certain to ruin any man, physically and morally; while disease due to licentiousness produces effects which are quite as destructive and even more loathsome.

"It is the duty of regimental, and particularly of company, officers, to try by precept and example to point out to the men under their control, and particularly to the younger men, the inevitable misery and disaster which follow upon intemperance and upon moral uncleanliness and vicious living. The officers should, of course, remember always that the effect of what they say must largely depend upon the lives they themselves lead. It is in the highest degree necessary that each officer should be an example to his men in the way of temperate and cleanly living.

"Every effort should be made to promote throughout the army a cleanly and moral tone in word no less than in deed. As a nation we feel keen pride in the valor, discipline and steadfast endurance of our soldiers, and hand in hand with these qualities must go the virtues of self-restraint, self-respect and self-control."

A New Way to Reform.

B. F. Stevieck, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, has caused to be published in all newspapers of that city this notice addressed to the saloon keepers: "My downfall and domestic troubles are all caused by drinking. I have said several times that I would quit, but I never did quit. Now my wife has filed a suit for divorce, and I realize what a fool I have been. I have notified all saloon keepers not to sell me liquor, and have told them I would prosecute them afterward if they did so. When my friends ask me to drink the bartender will refuse to serve me. My wife has consented to withdraw her suit and I intend to brace up. The saloons that sell me liquor will have a damage suit on their hands."—The True Reformer.

Need of Total Abstinence.

Under the auspices of the ministerial association of Joliet, Ill., a notable temperance mass meeting was held recently. The speakers were bankers, judges, merchants, teachers, railway managers, editors and workmen. All bore testimony to the need of total abstinence by the man who succeeds in life. Earnest, thoughtful appeals were made for a higher grade of citizenship, which will banish the saloon.

Record of Hard Drinkers.

Drunkards in Germany will for the future be sternly looked after by the State. Each town must keep a record of all the hard drinkers, and the city medical men are bound to report those who habitually imbibe to excess, so that the authorities may weed out the black sheep and subject them to a strict course of treatment.

Brains Sodden With Beer.

A Munich manufacturer recently declared that the cheapness of native beer was his greatest handicap. "The fact that my men's bodies and brains are sodden with beer, day and night, puts me behind American manufacturers in the race."