

In the Dominion of Canada women have municipal suffrage in every province, and also in the Northwest territories.

The Island of Malta has a language of its own, derived from the Carthaginian and Arabian tongues. The nobility of the island speak Italian.

The Providence Journal says that four men in every ten are engaged wholly in agriculture, but the Atlanta Constitution thinks the proportion is much larger.

An estimate of the number of fowl in Pennsylvania, made by the State Veterinarian, is 15,374,000, valued at \$8,235,000. The annual egg product is valued at \$13,763,600.

Fashion affects suicide as well as other things. "The time was," says the London Lancet, "when laudanum, morphia and opium were the favorite poisons, but now carbolic acid has taken their place, and according to the last available returns (1894), the latter caused more than twice as many suicidal deaths as the three former combined, for, whereas the opiates poisoned 82 persons, carbolic acid poisoned 167."

The Chicago Timberman estimates that the agricultural implement manufacturers of this country use a total of 1,448,293,750 feet of lumber annually, of which white pine, principally low-grade stock for packing purposes, furnishes 29 per cent., ash 19 per cent., oak nine per cent., yellow pine 8 per cent., poplar eight per cent., hickory seven per cent., maple seven per cent., elm, very largely rock elm, four per cent., and basswood one per cent.

The Brooklyn Eagle states one of the important issues of our day and generation in a comprehensive way. It says: "If we are to have honest municipal government the time must come when political partisanship shall be subordinate to the question of the honest and efficient conduct of the business of a city on business principles. Then men who believe in getting a dollar's worth of work for every hundred cents expended will be the men who believe that public work is necessarily more costly than private work and who have a share in the great profits which that cost makes possible."

The iron masters of America have broken into the markets of the world, boasts the Boston Cultivator. They are now shipping iron to Liverpool, Manchester, Rotterdam, Vienna, Genoa, Trieste, Yokohama, and Calcutta. They can compete with the largest Scotch and English iron furnaces everywhere. The largest iron concern in Tennessee claims that 30 years of work on their estate has but scratched away one per cent. of its contents, while the scratching process has increased the value of the remainder five or six times over. No doubt the possession of the finest iron and coal mines in the world will give the United States a manufacturing supremacy unequalled by any other nation on earth.

With each recurring week the importance of the cathode ray is more distinctly emphasized. Only a few days ago it appeared as a witness in a very important damage case in Brooklyn, relates the Atlanta Constitution. A young man who had received a bullet wound in the palm of his hand employed a physician to extricate the lead. On account of the bungling nature of the operation and its failure to give him any permanent relief, the young man had reason to believe that he had been the victim of malpractice, although the physician had shown him what he claimed to be the bullet. In order to settle the doubt in his mind he consulted another member of the profession, who subjected his hand to a thorough examination, making use of the cathode ray. No sooner had the strange, mysterious light penetrated the young man's hand than the bullet which had been the subject of so much controversy was seen distinctly imbedded in the flesh. It fastened the charge of malpractice with scientific precision upon the quack who performed the operation. As a result of this disclosure a suit for \$20,000 is now pending.

Many a man who has a pie appetite

A FAMILY STORY

WHEN LOVE WAS YOUNG AND GREW NOT OLD.

HE had not the least shame about telling her age. On the contrary, she was rather proud to do so. It was something to be proud of. Not that she was sixty-four, but that at sixty-four she looked not a day over forty-eight, and a blooming forty-eight at that.

True, her hair was silver, but what a waving wealth of silver! And it was not sent to soften wrinkles either. She wore as many of those ornaments as it is legitimate to wear at forty-eight, and no more. Oh, she was certainly a wonderful woman for her age, was Mrs. Joseph Allestree!

Quaint, indeed, she appeared, particularly on a certain evening, standing in the old square portico, with the sun shining straight under the trees into her face.

The house at her back was low and long. It stood endwise to the lazy little river that flowed at the foot of the abruptly sloping lawn. On the side, at the end of a long, shady avenue, was a gate with an old-fashioned wooden arch over it, concealed by vines.

It was toward this gate that Mrs. Allestree looked, leaning forward eagerly, like a girl, one hand shielding her eyes from the level sunbeams. She wore white—think of her daring to wear white! She was watching for Joseph. He had gone down to Stonetown—only a mile distant—for the post at 5 o'clock. That was two hours ago. Joseph did love dearly to gossip with the old farmers and shopkeepers, but he really ought to remember dinner time.

But Joseph had not forgotten his dinner. At this very minute the gate opened and his little girl rolled in, followed by three enthusiastic dogs—a St. Bernard and two red setters.

Mr. Allestree, after embracing his wife as if he had just returned from a year's journey, went in with her to dinner, and Mr. Allestree was—but I will not describe him; simply he was everything that the husband of Mrs. Allestree should have been. Forty-two years had gone by since their marriage and in all that time they had never been separated a single day.

"Dearest," said Mr. Allestree as they sat down, "I owe you an apology for my tardiness, but it couldn't be helped. I got a letter calling me away on an important matter, and I had to stop to attend to some things in the village. I must go immediately—to-morrow."

"Oh, that Perley affair," she said, glancing over the page. "But, Joseph, can't you put it off? Remember, the Kennedys are coming in the morning to stay over Sunday."

"I cannot, Henrietta. It's got to be attended to at once."

When he handed out the post to her and she found not the letter she longed for, an angry face it was that peered in at him, and a stern—albeit well bred—voice that demanded of him to hunt through every box, lest perchance he had made some error in distributing.

The deserted, neglected wife must blame somebody, and she would not blame her husband. She did not at first even dream of blaming Joseph.

By the middle of the week her whole mood changed. She felt hurt, deeply hurt. There seemed to be no reason, no excuse for such neglect. To think that this, their first separation in so many years, should be unbridged by a word!

She could not have the consolation of writing to him, for he had left no address, there being an uncertainty about the very part of London in which that troublesome Perley was was living.

It was the way of men, and he, it seems, was not better than the rest of them. Once out of her sight he forgot—forgot all the love and daily devotion of forty-two years.

By Saturday morning Mrs. Allestree was ill—ill enough to go to bed. Jimmy had to fetch both posts, and after delivering in person the first one, he vowed to Molly that he would not approach Mrs. Allestree again while Mr. Allestree was away.

All day Sunday Mrs. Allestree lay silent in a dark chamber. Molly could not get a word from her, nor would she eat. It was almost restful to be so weak. True, she was in despair. She had given up all expectation of seeing Joseph again, but compared with the bewildering tossings of vain conjecture, her present state was one of quietude and peace.

But by Monday morning she was suffering torments once more. She felt that if Jimmy returned without either Joseph or a letter she would surely die, and, indeed, she nearly died at it was.

When the wheels sounded again upon the gravel Mrs. Allestree sat up in bed. She was whiter than her hair. No voices were heard below. She clutched her heart and gasped. But presently a door opened and a step came up the stairs. It was the step of Joseph. As he entered the room she fell back among the pillows.

"My dear Henrietta, what's all this?" He looked around almost accusingly upon the two frightened women, as if he had caught them in the act of assassinating their mistress. "Didn't Jimmy tell you?" she murmured.

"You know Jimmy never tells anything. He did say you weren't well. But have you been very ill, dear?" The women had withdrawn, and he seated himself upon the bed.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Whoever has a good temper will be sure to have many other good things. There is nothing so strong or safe in an emergency of life as the simple truth.

It is the biggest kind of an insult to offer a small sum of money as a bribe.

A poor man with a sunny spirit will get more out of life than a wealthy gambler.

The violence done us by others is often less painful than that which we do to ourselves.

A man's domestic relations seldom trouble him as much as the relations of his domestics.

To see plum pudding in the moon is a far more cheerful habit than croaking at everything.

No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence.

It is not wise to aim at impossibilities; it is a waste of powder to fire at the man in the moon.

When a man is ashamed to look in a mirror it is a safe bet that that his wife buys his neckties.

The epochs of our life are not in the visible facts, but in the silent thoughts of the wayside as we walk.

A coquette is like a rose. Each lover plucks a leaf; the stem and thorns are left for the future husband.

We take great pains to persuade others that we are happy than in endeavoring to be so ourselves.

It pays better to tell the truth and lose temporarily than to state falsehood and lose permanently.

Many preachers are good tailors spoiled and capital shoemakers turned out of their proper calling.

After a woman has been married three months she talks less about soul affinity and more about her meals.

There are no greater wretches in the world than many of those whom people in general take to be happy.

If a man is so proud that he will not see his faults, he will only quarrel with you for pointing them out to him.

To character and success, two things contradictory as they may seem must go—humble dependence and manly independence.

The only thing that can be compared to a good ad. in working ability is a mortgage. They both work day and night, rain or shine.—The South-West.

The History of Health.

To trace the history of the search of the human race after health would be almost tantamount to writing the history of the race itself. A careful examination of the position which hygiene now holds will, we think, justify us in alleging that it has made such advances as may fairly entitle it to take its place among the progressive if not absolutely exact sciences.

Its literature has been said with truth to be among the oldest in the world. We cannot doubt that in order of chronology the first came to be honored is that of Moses, as the author of the most complete and detailed system of hygiene in ancient times. We may be pretty sure that the code of Moses was the outcome of the wisdom and experience of long past ages.

Be that as it may, however, we cannot but admire the excellent precepts laid down for the cleansing and purifying of house and camp, for the security of pure water, for choice of good and wholesome food, for the isolation of the sick and the unclean and for the destruction of refuse. It would not be too much to say that a fairly strict adherence to the Mosaic law would have preserved mankind from many of the disastrous plagues which have afflicted it. During the Middle Ages the Jews enjoyed a remarkable immunity from outbreaks of epidemic disease—an immunity which still distinguishes them in our own time.—New York Ledger.

Red Rocks Mark Her Grave.

In sight of the Erie tracks, between Susquehanna and Great Bend, are the "Red Rocks," a red cliff standing above the Susquehanna River. Near them can be seen traces of the grave of a beautiful Indian maiden, the daughter of a famous chief. She was betrothed to a young brave, a member of the father's tribe, then encamped near here. Her father desired her to marry the son of the chief of the neighboring tribe, and the wish of the paternal ancestor usually counted for something.



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