

The farmers have long been the most dissatisfied of all the population of the United States.

The number employed in agriculture in Spain is but 4,033,491, of whom over 800,000 are women.

A society has been formed in Shanghai to counteract the crime of stealing women to be sold into worse than slavery, which is alarmingly common, and on the increase in some parts of China.

Colonel Wright, superintendent of the census, thinks the statistics of population given by the last census were too large; and he estimates the total population of the United States in 1900 as but 67,000,000, whereas we have been calling our present population "in round numbers" as 70,000,000.

When the present war in Cuba began Spain declared that her administration of affairs in the island was all right, that no reforms were needed and that no concessions whatever would be made to the revolutionists.

India is a very uncomfortable country. This year is worse than common. Drought makes every road a river of dust; other rivers are dried up.

The Cologne Volks Zeitung says it has proof that Emperor William, after the recent political revelations, wrote a personal letter to Prince Bismarck, appealing to him to be patriotic and to cease his talking of Germany's past policy.

A New Hampshire woman has accomplished the feat—somewhat difficult, nowadays—of doing something which no woman, so far as known, has ever done before. This daring innovator, says the New York Times, is Mrs. Marilla Marks Ricker, whose home, when she is not traveling in Europe, living in California, or practicing law before the Supreme Court at Washington, is in Dover, and the basis of the second claim to originality which her friends make for her is the fact that she has entered a serious application for the position of United States Minister to the United States of Columbia.

Robert Emmet was only eighteen years of age when his father died and left him in charge of their newly settled, partially cleared farm with the responsibility resting on his inexperienced young shoulders of caring and providing for his widowed mother and his two small brothers.

It should be the ambition of the Christian to do what God wants done. His prayerful best is the best any one has ever done.

EVERY YEAR. The spring has less of brightness, Every year. And the snow a chastiter whiteness, Every year. Nor do summer flowers quicken, Nor does autumn fruitage thicken, As they once did, for thy sicken, Every year. Life is a count of losses, Every year. For the weak are heavier crosses; Every year. Lost springs with sobs replying, Unto weary autumn's sighing, While those we love are dying, Every year. It is growing darker, colder, Every year. As the heat and light grow older, Every year. I care not now for dancing, Or for eyes with passion glancing, Love is less and less entrancing, Every year. For the days have less of gladness, Every year. The nights have more of sadness, Every year. Fair springs no longer charm us, The winds and weather harm us, The threats of death alarm us, Every year. There come new cares and sorrows, Every year. Dark days and darker morrows, Every year. The ghosts of dead loves haunt us, The ghosts of changed friends taunt us, And disappointments daunt us, Every year. Of the loves and sorrows blended, Every year. Of the charms of friendship ended, Every year. Of the ties that still might bind me, Until time and death resigned me, My infirmities remind me, Every year. Thank God, no clouds are shifting, Every year. O'er the land to which we're drifting, Every year. No losses there will grieve us, Nor loving faces leave us, Nor death of friends bereave us, Every year. —Albert Pike.

THE COUNTY LINE ROAD. BY GEORGE S. CUTHBERTSON.

In a particular portion of the fair State of Michigan is a long, level stretch of highway, located on the boundary between two counties, for which reason it is familiarly known to the adjacent residents as the "County Line Road." In former days, before the keen bladed ax and sharp toothed saw of the sturdy settler had accomplished such a wonderful transformation in the appearance of the landscape, both sides of the road were lined for a number of miles by a dense, heavy growth of forest and underbrush.

Robert Emmet was only eighteen years of age when his father died and left him in charge of their newly settled, partially cleared farm with the responsibility resting on his inexperienced young shoulders of caring and providing for his widowed mother and his two small brothers.

Robert was a healthy, active youth, with a clear brain and strong, well-developed muscles. He fully realized the gravity of his position and cheerfully and bravely went to work. By dint of earnest, tireless efforts, fine crops of grain and vegetables were grown and harvested; so that, when in the waning life of autumn there came whisperings of the arrival of blustering winter, the Emmet family found themselves plentifully provided with food and an ample surplus of farm produce which, when sold, would bring in sufficient revenue to meet all the expenses incurred in the management of their farm and household.

in a dress of coarse, dark material and a thick woolen shawl hung in loose folds around her shoulders. Her head-gear consisted of a small felt hat, over which was drawn a close, brown veil that completely concealed her features. Her hands were enveloped in mittens and in one of them she carried a little wicker basket, whose contents were hidden from view by a strip of paper tucked about it. As Robert drove up the woman paused and turned around. She didn't raise her veil when she spoke, and her voice was low and hoarse. "Would you give an old woman a ride?" she asked, and then went off into a paroxysm of coughing. "Certainly, ma'am!" said Robert, cheerfully, at the same time bringing his team to a stop. "What a terrible cold the poor thing's got," was his mental comment, as he looked down pityingly. When the fit of coughing had subsided she clambered slowly into the wagon and took a place beside the young teamster, who drew up the heavy robe and kindly assisted in arranging and tucking it around his passenger. "Quite chilly," he remarked, settling himself again on his seat. But his companion made no reply, and he concluded that she did not desire to enter into conversation. So they drove along in a silence broken only by the noise of the vehicle and the clatter of the horses' hoofs on the frozen road-bed.

At Harvard University some years ago a great row was made over the discovery that in one of the societies it was a custom to brand some of the new members with a hot iron, by way of initiation. The Chicago University students have modified this Spartan treatment by using ice instead of the hot iron. Seven neophytes, candidates for Snell Hall, were blindfolded and put through a course of good natured horse play peculiar to college boys. Then one of them, Cleveland by name, was called forward for the branding process. Cleveland had been a candidate for the '96 eleven, and was anxious to wear a "C" on his football sweater. He was now told that his desire for athletic fame was to be gratified; that is, he was to have the "C" branded on his bare chest. The young athlete was stripped, his hands and feet were tied, and then a hot mustard plaster was applied to his breast, so that he might become "accustomed to the heat." Meanwhile he could hear a hot iron sizzling close at hand. When the young man was just in the right condition of terror the branding was begun. His tormentors, taking a piece of ice, inscribed on his bare breast a large frigid "C," while the poor fellow, with teeth set, writhed in agony. Six other boys were subjected to the same imaginary torture, and they all said that the sensation was painful enough to have been the real thing. —New York Journal.

The oil resources of California are being carefully investigated by the State Mining Bureau, which looks for a great development some day of the oil industry along the slopes of the coast range from San Francisco southward almost to the Mexican border line. The recent extensive explorations made in the southern part of the State by W. L. Watts, of the Mining Bureau, formed the subject of an interesting popular lecture given last night before the Academy of Sciences.

The wood was entered with considerable apprehension, still he felt safer than if he had been destitute of means to defend himself. But nothing of a suspicious nature was further encountered and—much to his relief—the journey was concluded in safety. —Detroit Free Press.

Most of the soap factories in Greece—which number thirty-seven—are to be found at Zante, some working all the year round and others only during certain months. The annual production of common soap is about 6,500,000 oke, of which three-fourths are consumed in the country, the remainder being sold to Turkey, Egypt, Bulgaria, Roumania, Austria and the United States.

In Siam elephants roam wild in the forests, but a royal edict forbids anybody to kill them. Great rewards, on the other hand, are bestowed upon any one who is so fortunate as to capture a white elephant.

The palmist says that long fingers are a sign of refinement. A short, stubby hand argues a lack of sensibility; a thin thumb, rather small, denotes weakness. Strength of character is shown by the thumb asserting itself over the other fingers. If the thumb curves backwards its owner is obstinate. The thin palm shows a refined, cultured nature. The thick one a coarse but strong individuality.

The brutality of Spanish civilization is strikingly illustrated in what is known as the bull fight. During the period between April and October of last year there were no less than 10,000 bulls slaughtered in Spain at a valuation of \$360,000. In the brutal contests of the Spanish prize ring 7000 horses during the same interval of time were either killed or maimed, while several persons forfeited their lives upon the altar of this cruel sport.

These bull fights are not only patronized by the Spaniards, who attend them in great multitudes, but the Government itself lends every aid and encouragement to them which it can possibly render. The king of the torreadores, as the hero of the bull fight in Spain is called, is honored by the Spaniards almost to the point of worship, and greater adulation is heaped upon him than the Empire is wont to bestow upon its leaders. During the recent season the king of the torreadores earned \$61,200, or ten times the salary of the Prime Minister, while the earnings of other fighters ranged from \$5000 to \$30,000. No other entertainment in Spain nets such handsome results or appeals so forcibly to Spanish pride as the bull fight.

In the light of this national trait it is no wonder that the Philippines are in revolt and that Cuba, in her eagerness for a better and purer civilization, the one which has paralyzed her growth for so many years, has at length thrown off the yoke of Spanish despotism. —Atlanta Constitution.

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The authorities of the Dominion of Hawaii have presented the Hawaiian government with 80,000 young salmon to be planted in the rivers of the Hawaiian Islands.

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS. TOPIC FOR SUNDAY, MAR. 21. "How Our Bodies Influence Our Souls" Dan. 1: 8-21. Mar. 15. Samson's mother. Judges 13: 1-24. Mar. 16. The Nazarene. Num. vi. 1-8. Mar. 17. The Rechabites. Jer. xxxv. 1-18. Mar. 18. John the Baptist. Luke 1: 1-14. Mar. 19. Solomon's opinion. Prov. xiii. 26-28. Mar. 20. Paul's opinion. 1 Cor. ix. 23-27. SCRIPTURE VERSES.—Prov. ix. 14-19. Eccl. 10: 2; 12: 1; 10: 2; 12: 1; 10: 2; 12: 1; 10: 2; 12: 1; 10: 2; 12: 1. LESSON THOUGHTS. A beautiful rose imparts its sweetest fragrance to the life-giving air and makes about it; but when, through neglect or abuse, the rose has turned to decay, it contaminates the air with its poisonous leaves. So the body, pure and temperate and healthy, imparts beauty and strength to the life-giving air that inhabits it; but a pure soul exerts a life in a body that has been ruined with temperance and sin. Our bodies are by nature inclined to sin, every temptation of the flesh overcomes us to the strength of the will that has been weakened. SELECTIONS. Against some diseases, indeed, inoculation acts as a safe-guard. But against the attacks of the soul perils spiritual health and strength is the true defense. An Italian painter, at the outset of his career, determined to paint a face to represent the virtue of innocence. After looking around he at length found a little boy with a face of such loveliness and purity that it seemed like the image of an angel. He painted the child and hung the picture in his studio. One day, passing away, and he conceived the idea of painting a companion-piece to this portrait, which should represent vice. In a close-upon a prison he found a man upon whose face were signs of every crime, and he painted his face alongside the other. Afterward, conversing with the prisoner, he learned that he had been the little boy who had been selected as the type of purity. This one change even the appearance of purity could transform a soul from angelic brightness into the blackness of perdition. As it is not disinfectants that will certainly secure one against infection, so a sound constitution, so it is not raw life that will strengthen one against temptation, but a strong soul. DEEP PRAYERS LIKE DEEP-SEA VOYAGES. It may be your prayer is like a ship, when it goes on a very long voyage, does not come home laden so soon, but when it does come home it has a richer freight. Mere "coasters" will bring your soul such-like country things, but they will not sail to Tarshish, returning with gold and ivory. Coasting prayers, such as, every day, bring us many necessities, but there are great prayers which, like the Spanish galleons, cross the main ocean and are longer out of sight, but come home laden with a golden freight. —Spurgeon. A TRUE GENTLEMAN. "I was in England one time," says Moody, "and was invited out to dinner. The host asked me to drink one and another of his seven kinds of liquors. I refused each and again, until finally I saw the lady sitting next to me beginning to get confused and thick in her words, owing to the influence of liquor, and I said, 'This place for me,' and asking to be excused went upstairs. The host was very resentful and followed me to find out what the matter. I finally told him and he said, 'You're no gentleman.' 'Well, I don't want to be if I have drunk in order to be one.'"