

The state in Cuba does not support a single public library.

A Chicago newspaper has figured out that by the census of 1900 Chicago will contain 200,000 more people than New York city.

A Kansas court has ruled that "a man who calls upon a woman regularly and takes her to entertainments occasionally, is legally engaged to marry her."

The courts of Missouri decide that a teacher has control over a child from the time it leaves the parent to the time of its returning, including the time to and from school.

The colored people of Baltimore, Md., are demanding colored teachers for all the colored schools, and the school authorities are making arrangements to let them have their way.

According to the New York Observer women constitute two-thirds of all the church members in the United States, but only one-thirteenth of all the criminals. Men make up twelve-thirteenths of the criminals and one-third of the church members.

An eminent sawmill statistician estimates that the forests of Maine are worth \$35,250,000. The same authority informs us that the states of Connecticut, Rhode Island and Delaware could be hidden away in the big woods of Maine and never heard of more.

San Francisco banks have in their vaults millions of dollars face value of farm mortgages they dare not foreclose, states the Examiner, as they could not realize fifty cents on the dollar. These mortgages represent the savings of San Francisco workers and the misfortunes of California farmers.

Italy is suffering from the effects of foreign entanglements, maintains the New York Advertiser. Urged on by Great Britain, she went into the business of extending her responsibilities in Abyssinia, with the result of fearfully beaten army, a complete change in ministry, popular intractability and a menace to the throne.

Another enormous estate "in the Bank of England" is said to have been discovered by the finding of the satchel of a French soldier of the revolution, and some people in the Northwest have been notified that they are the heirs. Of course, adds the New Orleans Picayune, they will pay a good deal to find out that the estate is a myth.

Queen Victoria's greatest bane is the enormous amount of original "poetry" sent to her from all parts of the world. It is all read by her secretary, and the best of it submitted to her majesty and personally acknowledged. On the recent birth of the royal grandson nearly half a ton of manuscript verse was received at Windsor.

Referring to the appointment of Mr. Francis Pakenham to be minister to Stockholm, the New York World tells a humorous story of the new minister. Some twenty years ago the foreign office required from all the members of the diplomatic service a return of their exact age, there having been reason to suspect that certain senior functionaries were in effect nearer the septuagenarian limit than they professed to be. Mr. Pakenham "had the honor to report that he was looking forward to the speedy celebration of his eleventh birthday!"—having been born on February 29, 1832.

The other day when judge Grosscup, of Chicago, was sentencing a young man, convicted of embezzlement, he imposed comparatively a light sentence, and explained his leniency by saying: "I don't want to make a criminal of you. You are too young a man." The prisoner, it seems, had been foolish rather than vicious, and had been led to his crime more by circumstances than by any lack of moral sense. The judge very properly exercised his discretion. He decided that it would be an injury to society to impose a severe sentence, which would make a confirmed criminal of a youth who was capable of being reformed, so he sent the youngster to the house of correction instead of prison. He is a sensible and a just judge, maintains the Atlanta Constitution. It is a greater benefit to society to reform a young criminal than to blast his life by one of those severe sentences which little picayune judges frequently impose, doubtless under the belief that their harshness will give them a newspaper reputation for Roman firmness and all that sort of rubbish.

Easter Hope.

When winter's minions have withdrawn,
Their spectral tents from hill and plain,
And drawn by vernal-mantled dawn,
Comes spring to claim her own again.
The windflower in its sunless sleep
Within its prison chamber chill
Feels sudden through its being leap
A vernal and ecstatic thrill.
Hope bids thee look, O drooping heart,
Beyond death's dark environment,
When like the flower thou, too, shalt start
Renewed as with the touch of spring.
—Clinton Scollard in Harper's Bazar.

CALLA LILIES.

"Oh, Madge, I have found the dearest shell and such a lot of pink seaweed."

"Well, I'm fairly loaded down with treasures. Won't the home folks at the East be delighted when we carry our trophies back? Only think, Lucy, the winter is gone and for once in our lives we haven't seen snow. Tomorrow is Easter, you know."

They were dragged and hair-disheveled, these two girls, whose merry voices were caught by the impudent west wind and carried over the sand dome piled up by the advancing waves that screened the little cottage just beyond from the view of the treasure seekers on the beach. The breakers had dashed their pretty tourist dresses with salt spray more than once when their interest in searching for sea secrets had made them oblivious of their proximity.

Such glad, happy voices they were, so full of youth's abundant enthusiasm, so vibrant with life's sweet impulses that the solitary man standing in the door of his vine-covered cottage turned his face in the direction from whence they came, and, shading his eyes with one muscular hand, listened.

His face was not a happy one, and his eyes—really fine eyes they were, full of possibilities of loving—were brimmed with discontented shadows. The man's form, as he stood there, quite filled the doorway, suggesting the thought that his measurement must have been taken when the cabin was constructed, and the entrance made an exact fit with little or no space to spare. This suggestion of economy was carried out even more noticeably in the interior arrangement of the tiny abode. The bed, a rude affair of undressed boards and army blankets, together with a chest of tools, exactly fitted across one end of the single room. A few necessary cooking utensils and a more lavish display of garden tools occupied every available space upon the walls of this diminutive establishment, where, notwithstanding its compactness, "order reigned supreme." Every article that could by any possible means be hung upon the wall had its own particular nail, and was in its place. That the man was orderly in all his belongings could be seen at a glance. Even the flowers in the garden grew in prim, decided rows, and the cottage floor was without the usual indications of masculine housekeeping.

Having noticed these things, one naturally becomes desirous of a closer acquaintance with the man, who, living an existence of utter isolation, surrounds himself with so many refining influences. There is some uncommon element of attraction in the man's moody face, and one can almost imagine the mouth to be sensitively curved under its heavy growth of beard. Looking at him as he stands under the luxuriant swaying vines hanging from his cottage eaves, you feel that it is all a mistake, this hermit life of his. Nature never intended him for a recluse. His heart is too large; too lavish with affectionate impulses that have striven to find satisfaction in the flowers he has cultivated for the very love of them. There should be a sweet-faced woman at his side, and children at play among the flowers. There are some people so eminently fitted for the genuine home life that they carry suggestions of it about them like the fragrance of a perfume that cannot be separated from their personality. Hugh Andrews realized his weakness. He knew that the flutter of feminine skirts and the ripple of childish laughter filled his whole being with strange tenderness, and knowing this he fought against it with stubborn determination rarely exercised in the conquering of unworthy passions.

Years ago he had vowed to hate humanity, and because his better self would not permit him to accomplish his purpose in the active walks of life, surrounded by warm pulsating human hearts, he withdrew from among them to blast his life by one of those severe sentences which little picayune judges frequently impose, doubtless under the belief that their harshness will give them a newspaper reputation for Roman firmness and all that sort of rubbish.

covering the future possibilities of the place had made him a magnificent offer for his sage-covered acres, which he had indignantly refused. What cared he for gold? His wants were few, and his scanty income quite supplied them. His dog, his cow, his saddle horse and his flowers were his companions. All he asked of the world was to let him entirely alone in his lonely corner, and even this modest request was denied. Failing in their attempts to secure his lands the syndicate had purchased those adjacent, and the motor brought crowds of pleasure-seekers to his very door three times a day. Must he go away from his friend, the ocean, and seek some less attractive solitude? Was there any place in all the earth where curious, prying tourists would not venture? He thought he was trying to forget the dark chapter of his life, and all the while he was nursing the memory of it in his resentment to mankind.

"And so tomorrow is Easter," he mused, as the girlish voices grew faint and fainter with the lengthening distance between. "I used to keep holidays in that other life of mine; but I have kept no record of them for 10 years. I was to have married Edna Eldred on Easter Sunday, 10 years ago." His eyes turned with pathetic longing to the bank of snowy calla lilies swaying their waxen goblets in the breeze at his side. On Easter Sunday, 10 years ago tomorrow," he repeated sadly. "I wonder that I have cared for calla lilies since, for they always reminded me of her; but somehow my life would be incomplete without them." Was it quite complete with them. He seemed to think so, but his face did not mirror the completeness.

"I bought Edna a calla lily bulb at Christmas time that year," he continued, "and we said that its first blossom should unfold for our wedding day. How we watched that bud, my little sweetheart and I, for she was mine then, before my college elum, Walter Benton came with his greater fascination, and deliberately set about winning her heart from me. That first calla lily had opened to full perfection on Easter Sunday, and crowned his wedding feast, not mine."

He was bending over the lilies, almost caressing them with his strong hands, and did not see the eager little face pressed against the rude fence by which his garden was inclosed. A moment later he was startled by a soft, childish voice piping:

"Please, Mr. Man, may I have one lily for my pretty mamma's Easter?"

Turning about, this picture met his gaze: A round, rosy face, wide-entwining blue eyes, a dimpled chin resting on the topmost slat of the fence, the tips of ten rosy fingers, a wide-rimmed hat blown backward and a mass of fluffy hair tossing about in golden confusion. Had he schooled his heart for nothing all these years, that such a strong desire to take the darling in his arms and kiss her soft little mouth should fill him with longing now?

"Mamma says that Easter is never a happy day for her," continued the child with a pathetic break in her voice, like the beginning of a sob, "and I guess that one of those pretty lilies would make her forget that she can't be happy on Easter. Lilies ought to make people very happy, but you have such a many, and you don't look very happy."

A little lady came flying along the beach beyond the sand dome, calling distractedly:

"Ethel, Ethel, oh, where are you, my child?"

"Here, mamma. Do come and see the pretty lilies."

Directed by the child's voice, the little woman came toward the cottage, and not seeing the gentleman at first, began reprovingly:

"Only think what my naughty daughter has done now. While I have been searching for you the last motor left for the city, and we must now spend the night in this lonely place."

Then becoming conscious of another presence, she turned her troubled face toward him.

Their eyes met with instant recognition.

"Hugh!" both hands went out to him entreatingly, "forgive."

"Walter?" There was a touch of the old resentment in his voice, and his questioning glance fell on the child.

"One must remember only good things of the dead," she said softly.

"You naughty man, you've made my pretty mamma cry, and you was going to give her a lily to make her happy," the child's indignant voice protested.

"She shall have them if she will come and take them. Will you, Edna?"

The bank of snowy lilies was between them—the lilies and the little child in whose dimpled hands the gate stood open—but the fair-faced woman saw neither the lilies nor the child at that moment. She saw only the true love entreating her in the eyes of the man she had never ceased to love, and remembering the great wrong she had done him, and his years of exile, she passed through the gate and into the circle of his arms.—Detroit Free Press.

Change of Color in Animals.

In cold countries, upon the approach of winter, the fur of the animals begins to change in color. The black-coated creature begins to turn dust-color and gray, finally the color fades out and the animal becomes pure white. This is nature's provision for their protection, as, were they to retain their dark color, it would be extremely easy to see and capture them on the snow-covered surface. The Arctic hare is an interesting example of this change. In summer it is on the upper side black, with light-brown mixed; when cold weather approaches the fur fades out and becomes snowy white, except at the tips of the ears, which retain the dark color. These little animals are wonderfully hardy and prolific, and expeditions have found them of great value as a food supply in time of necessity. There is also a much larger hare, known as the polar hare. This animal has a somewhat fluffy coat, and it takes a very sharp eye to detect it when running over a field of light snow. There is also an Arctic fox that changes color in the same way. It is very small, and a most beautiful creature. In summer its fur is a delicate slate gray; when the snow comes the hair becomes wonderfully thick and long, especially on the tail and feet. To bring the summer and winter coats of this animal together, it would seem impossible that they came from the same creature. These foxes are very sly and unusually intelligent. They are most accomplished thieves, appearing to steal for the fun of it, as they carry away articles that could by no possibility be of any use to them. The ermine is another of the coat-changing creatures. In summer its fur is of a rich mahogany brown, but in winter it acquires that beautiful white with which we are so familiar.—New York Ledger.

Stopping Machinery by Electricity.

The sad loss of life and limb, which occurs much too often, should, if M. E. Lucien Meyer's invention is adopted, be minimized. He describes his contrivance as one that is capable of bringing to immediate standstill all the machines in a large factory at the moment a cry gives warning that some one has been caught by clothing, hair or limb, and is being dragged between rollers and cogs. A number of electro magnets are brought into action by the pressure of any of a series of contact buttons, fixed up at very conspicuous points in a shop, and these control valves which shut off the motive power, whether steam, air, water or electricity. At the same instant a brake of great effectiveness is brought against the periphery of the fly wheels. At a recent trial a twenty-horse power engine, working at ninety revolutions, under a pressure of seven kilogrammes, was stopped by the apparatus in two-thirds of a second. Although the starting and keeping in motion of machinery may be taken as all important objects from an engineer's point of view, there is a very decided advantage to be derived from being able to stop it, if necessary, on the instant.—London Machinery Market.

The Meanest "Mean Man."

To the large number of stories of the "meanest man" which are frequently related should be added that of a certain Frenchman famous for his habit of grumbling at everything and on every occasion. He was attacked by inflammatory rheumatism and was very carefully nursed by his wife, who was very devoted to him in spite of his fault finding disposition. His sufferings caused her to burst into tears some times as she sat by his bedside. One day a friend of this invalid came in and asked how he was getting on.

"Badly, badly," he exclaimed, and it is all my wife's fault.

"Is it possible?" asked his friend in surprise.

"Yes; the doctor told me that humors was bad for me, and there that she sits and cries just to make it move in the room." —Pearsons Weekly.

At the Union depot in Chicago there is an average of nearly ten trains an hour and of 81,000 passengers a day, while 1,000,000 pieces of baggage a year are handled.

THE ABYSSINIANS.

They Are the Oldest Nation of Christians in the World.

The Conquerors of the Italians Scalp The Slain.

The empire of Abyssinia fell into the hands of Italy through the death of Menelek I., king of Shoa, and the Italians find themselves, after many years of warfare, costing the lives of thousands of men and millions of dollars, in only partial possession of a land once thought to be the scene of the ceaseless warfare between the lion and the unicorn, a land where the rivers refused to flow unless over beds of precious stones; whose mountains were of solid gold—the home of the queen of Sheba, who gathered from its riches the treasures which amazed King Solomon, and finally the land which, under the name of Ethiopia, has a history as marvelous as that of Egypt, for whose throne, in fact, it actually furnished many monarchs.

That is the Abyssinia of tradition. In reality it is nothing to boast of. Italy has acquired nothing but a few thousand miles of extra territory, peopled by inhabitants who eat their meat raw, who practice cruel tortures, who cut a man's head off for debt, and who, strangely enough, profess to be the oldest body of Christians in the world.

The typical Abyssinian is a tough customer. He would cast his father into prison for a small debt, chain his mother-in-law to a post for some slight infraction of domestic discipline, and then calmly go to church to worship with a clear conscience. Historians tell us that he was originally a Caucasian, but he has welcomed Egyptian, Hebrew, Arab, Greek and Portuguese into his civilization without restraint, and as he stands today he is literally all things to all men. There are probably half a million of him scattered over 130,000 miles of territory, and he has asked to get a chance at the Italians, who profess to despise him, but who in half a hundred battles and skirmishes have had their hands full.

The Abyssinian has been fighting against European supremacy for years. Old king Theodore and then king John, in the good old days, used to make prisoners of all embassies sent out to them by foreign governments, and then would fight the relief parties sent out for their rescue. These exchanges of courtesies continued for a quarter of a century, but the wily foreigner soon suppressed John.

There are some 200,000 fighting men in the kingdom, 18,000 of whom have become possessed of rifles. The Abyssinian fights mostly with a sword which has a blade of good steel two feet long and a razor-like hook almost as long. With this he can reach over an enemy's shield and pound a hole in him before he knows what has hurt him. He is also fully armed with spears, javelins and other weapons, and when a cloud of warriors, thousands strong, and thus armed, suddenly appear in front of a detached column of European infantry, annihilation generally follows. The practice of scalping, strangely enough, is part of the Abyssinian warfare, and the ghastly trophies thus gathered constitute an Abyssinian's best claim to recognition as a warrior.

But peace has its victories for this strange people as well as war. Thus, for killing an elephant single handed he is permitted to wear a silver chain, for a lion a similar ornament, etc. When he has killed one foe his head is shaved, with the exception of a single plait; for two enemies he is allowed two plaits, and so on until five adversaries have fallen before his prowess, and then he is allowed to let it grow at will.

Abyssinia has been governed for a century past by kings who exercise a limited authority. The warrior population is too independent to submit to tyranny, as more than one monarch has found to his sorrow. Each district submits to the quasi authority of a chief, and this has led to a queer administration of the law. The Mosaic interpretations are carried out in detail, and "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" is the basic principle underlying the Abyssinian code.

The whole criminal code is merciless in its infliction of penalties. Thieves are publicly whipped, and to heighten the moral effect of the chastisement on the community the prisoner is made to cry out with each lash, "Take heed and profit by my unfortunate position."

To test their insensibility to pain, a group of Abyssinian warriors will seat themselves in a circle, bare their arms and invite their girl friends to place lighted tinder on the exposed skin.

Then, while the flesh sizzles, he will smile and keep up an animated conversation, obvious to the pain.

The strange features of this strange people, however, is their religion. They lay claim to Christianity, dating their conversion back to primitive times, and that they do observe the forms and ritual of that faith there is no doubt. Religious feasts and fasts are incredibly numerous, and are observed with punctilious regard. It is said that the fast days in a single year number over 261.

They do not practice the generally accepted doctrine of cleanliness being next to godliness, however, and the feast of St. John is regarded as the universal day when Abyssinia cleans up for the year. The true Abyssinian regards it pagan at all times to wash his clothing or his body, with the exception of the hands or feet when starting on a journey.—New York Dispatch.

How Camphor is Made.

One of the principal products of the territory which has come under Japanese administration as a result of the war with China, is camphor.

Small shanties are scattered over the hills where the camphor trees grow, and in all directions the clearing of the woods is going on at a rapid rate. On the hillsides are built distilleries, consisting of oblong-shaped structures principally of mud bricks, and about ten or twelve feet long, six feet broad and four feet high.

On each side there are five to ten fire holes about a foot apart and the same distance above the ground. On each fire hole is placed an earthen pot full of water, and above it a cylindrical tube, about a foot in diameter and two feet high, passes up through the structure and appears above it.

The tube is capped by a large inverted jar, with a packing of damp hemp between the jar and the cylinder to prevent the escape of steam. The cylinder is filled with chips of wood about the size of the little finger, which rests on a perforated lid covering the jar of water, so that when the steam rises it passes up to the inverted jar, or condenser, absorbing certain resinous matter from the wood on its way.

While distillation is going on an essential oil is produced and is found mixed with the water on the inside of the jar. When the jar is removed, the heavy drops solidify, crystallization commences and camphor in a crude form, looking like newly-formed snow, is detached by the hands, placed in baskets lined with plantain leaves and hurried off to the nearest border town for sale.

With regard to camphor as in other commercial matters, the Chinese government has acted very foolishly. For over thirty years there has been a constant demand for camphor, and yet the administration has done nothing to prevent the reckless waste of the forests and taken no steps to provide for the reforestation of uninhabited tracts useless for cultivation. Scottish Geographical Magazine.

Some Antique Phrases.

Some interesting bits of philology are given in a recent number of the Glasgow Christian Leader. "Conspicuous by its absence," we are told, is an expression used by Lord Russell in a speech made by him in 1859, but the expression is as old as Tacitus, having been employed by that historian in exactly the same way as by Lord John Russell, who, being a finished classical scholar, no doubt translated and adapted it to his own use. The phrase "to die in the last ditch" was first used by William, prince of Orange, who, during the war with France, was asked what he would do in case the troops of Holland were defeated in the field, and who replied: "I will die in the last ditch." The "baker's dozen," meaning thirteen, dates back to the time of Edward I, when very rigid laws were enacted regarding the sale of bread by bakers. The punishment for falling short in the sale of loaves by the dozen was so severe that in order to run no risk the bakers were accustomed to give thirteen or fourteen loaves to the dozen, and thus arose this peculiar expression. The sobriquet "Father of his country" dates farther back than the time of George Washington, being first applied to Marius, the Roman, who, B. C. 102 and 101, won signal victories over the northern barbarians. Marius declined the honor, but the name was afterwards given to Cicero, then to several more or less worthy Roman emperors, and finally to Washington, who, by his enemies, was also termed the "stepfather of his country."

Port Said, the terminus of the Suez canal, enjoys the reputation of being the wickedest place in the world.