

There are Cubans whose sole ambition is to have the United States establish a provisional government, with an unlimited supply of provisions.

The telephone, the X-rays and a number of other established marvels have silenced the skeptics to a great extent. And they have also encouraged some of the inventors to look for notoriety first and trust more or less to luck in producing the goods.

English papers have discovered that Vienna, Austria, has set the example of providing bicycle tracks along the streets of the city. This is because a concession was recently granted for a new street on condition that it should contain a track for the use of bicyclists. They advise the municipalities of Great Britain to follow the example thus set. If the Britishers will cast their eyes westward they will find that this sort of thing has been done in America in a number of cities during the past few years, and that Vienna is by no means the leader in this line of progress.

Finland is the most free and enlightened part of Russia now, because it escaped absorption by Russia for so long, and got its political education from Sweden. Finland obtained local self-government by a native diet in the seventeenth century, and received a grant of permanent native laws, like a modern constitution, in the eighteenth. These rights were confirmed by the Russians after their several conquests, and have been sworn to by every Czar, as Grand Duke of Finland, since the final conquest, ninety years ago. In defiance of all these oaths, they are now to be taken away, not because they have been forfeited by rebellion or because Russia has better institutions to offer, but merely to extend over the whole empire the dreary uniformity of bureaucratic rule under nominal sway of a despot.

It is estimated that in 1890 there were 12,500,000 families in the United States, owing in all, property \$65,000,000,000. Of these 10,000,000 families, or just one per cent, of the whole, owned \$33,000,000,000, more than all the rest of the population combined. Of the remaining \$32,000,000,000, \$23,000,000,000, or more than two-thirds, were held by 1,375,000 families. That left 11,000,000 families, of whom half owned \$8,200,000,000 and the other half only \$800,000,000. The 125,000 families at the top of the scale own over forty-one times as much property as the 5,500,000 families at the bottom, and nearly four times as much as 11,000,000 families, constituting seven-eighths of the population of the nation. That was nine years ago. The concentration of wealth has gone on at an enormously accelerated rate since then, and it is going on now faster than ever before.

The differences that may exist between royal temperaments was pleasantly illustrated the other day at Rome, where the popular actor, Frezoli, "took off" King Humbert at the Costanzi Theatre in the presence of Queen Marguerite and her mother, the dowager Duchess of Genoa. So excellent was the imitation that these royal ladies were convulsed with amusement, seeing which, the audience rose and cheered the Queen to the echo in recognition of her amiability in laughing at the mimicry instead of taking offense. The King himself was not present, but there is reason to suppose that his volatile Italian temperament would have dictated a similar course. The contrast between such good-natured tolerance and the probable behavior of the Emperor of Germany, under similar conditions, is most pleasant. But no German actor would have attempted so hazardous an experiment.

In the case of a people so clever as the Japanese, and so eager to adopt the products of American mechanical genius, it has long been a cause of wonderment in certain quarters that our agricultural machinery, world-famous, has secured no market in Japan. Consul Samuel S. Lyon, of Osaka, explains the matter in a few words. The low price paid for farm labor tends to exclude machinery; but there are other reasons. The land is kept under continual cultivation, and there is no sod to break up; consequently little labor is necessary to prepare the soil for seed. Furthermore, fields devoted to different crops vary materially in level in order to facilitate irrigation, and the irrigation would make it exceedingly difficult to use machinery. For all mechanical appliances that can be used, however—and especially in electrical machinery—Japan is steadily increasing her purchases in the United States.

### THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Mine be the country life, content  
With the mild ways that shepherds went,  
Who, by a stream, cut reeds and blow  
The country's praises in the dew.

To drive my silly sheep to feed  
On the sweet herbage of the mead,  
Through all the sunny hours and then  
To fold them into sleep again.

To know my flocks; to love my lambs,  
All the sweet babies and their dams,  
And see them leap to hear my call  
From the sweet morn to eventide.

Or by some pleasant riverside  
To watch my kins stand down-eyed,  
Grateful to Him who brings to pass  
The lifted water and sweet grass.

Or 'twixt the handles of a plow,  
Upon some purple upland a brow,  
To follow steaming steeds and see  
God's beauty written on hill and sea.

This is the rustic's lot of bliss,  
Which he of towns shall daily miss,  
To see God's rainbow merrily bridge  
The high heaven and the mountain ridge.

My shepherd dog upon my knee,  
His head shall rest for company  
In hours of leisure, and shall keep  
My wandering kine and straying sheep.

Shall taste my drink and share my bread,  
Milk from the kine myself had fed;  
Oats and butter, golden-dyed,  
As honey that my bees provide.

To market at the peep of day  
My way would wend with corn and hay,  
But sell no harmless, joyous life  
To cry against the butcher's knife.

Be mine to foster life instead,  
Bid life to leap on hill and mead,  
His humble image, who once said,  
"Let there be life!" and Life was made.

Mine be the country way of peace,  
To tend maternal earth's increase;  
The sun's child, and the winds grown mild  
With tender mercies for their child.

—Katherine Tynan, in The Spectator.

### Danny Curran, The Blow Boy.

By Alfred Semmer.

A rainy night on the main street of a small modern city is not at all depressing; the flash and glimmer of the electric lights on the wet pavements and the rattle of carriages dashing through the rain produce a metropolitan effect that is very satisfactory to the passer-by. On this particular rainy night, a resident of Junction City, passing the most imposing structure on the main street, would have noticed that the building was partially lighted and would have inferred correctly that the quartet of the First Parish church was holding its weekly rehearsal.

Inside the church the quartet was preparing to leave. The rehearsal had passed off well and all were in good humor. As was usual, the tenor had helped the contralto into her coat, and as was usual the organist had helped the soprano, his wife, into hers. The bass, young Holworth, his tall figure increased in a long light rain coat, stood waiting for the others, and was incidentally looking at Danny Curran, the blow boy, who was not a favorite with the quartet on account of his habitually disrespectful attitude toward them, and towards musical things in general.

There was certainly nothing pitiful or appealing in Danny's usual attitude towards the world, but as the young man looked at the boy sitting with hands thrust deeply into his pockets and head thrown forward, he felt moved at the other's loneliness, dampness, and general appearance of being at odds with the world. Holworth was to make a call later, and had in his pocket a very artistic box filled with chocolate creams. He stepped over to the boy and held out the box to him, remarking:

"Here, my son, this belongs to you."

The boy looked up with a shrewd, startled look and said, "Aw, come off!" at which Holworth smiled, laid the box on the seat, and moved away with the rest, nodding a reply to the muttered and confused, "Much obliged," of the other.

Five minutes later found him in the library of a very attractive modern cottage, seated beside a pretty girl to whom he was saying:

"Well, the matter stands just here; Hannaford has decided to go within two weeks; and at the end of that time either Clark or myself will have his place as paying teller of the Merchants' National, and incidentally, very incidentally, you and I will know whether our marriage will be in the immediate or distant future. The place should come to me, but Clark's uncle has a very strong pull."

"Arthur, they must see that there is no comparison between Clark and you!"

Holworth threw back his head and laughed delightedly.

"I wish you were on the board of directors. I have never believed in women suffrage, but I see plainly that in this case you would be justice personified."

For a week or more Junction City and its best hotel, the Saint James, had been the hosts of two investors and dealers in real estate, Mr. Ezra Grayson and Mr. J. Hamilton Fales. These gentlemen were much interested in the thriving city, and had in mind several large real estate deals there. They were also large owners in a Chicago suburb, concerning whose growth they had unlimited faith; and rumor, reinforced by an item in the Evening Sun, had it that Colonel Nevens, one of Junction City's richest men, was much interested in this direction.

Two nights following the quartet rehearsal, Danny Curran, the day bell boy of the Saint James, was passing the room number forty-five, in which the strangers lodged, and noticed that the transom window that opened into the hall was being closed. Danny's curiosity was aroused. He knew that

the room adjoining connected with number forty-five, and two minutes later he was in this adjoining room, with his ear pressed against the thin connecting door. He could catch most of the conversation, and its import made his heart thump. Fales was speaking:

"Duch, this is going to be fruit for us. The Merchants' and the First National do the same. Hannaford, the teller at the Merchants', goes to lunch at twelve and Holworth takes his place; and at the First, the teller goes at half past and young Mason takes his place." There was a pause in which the speaker was evidently examining a signature, for his next remark was, "It's the best work you ever did. I don't know that Nevens himself would have the nerve to deny that signature."

The talk continued for some time, and though the boy could not hear all the conversation and was not familiar with the methods of a bank, he was naturally sharp, and hotel life had not dulled him. He understood the plan clearly. Colonel Nevens was a heavy depositor in both the Merchants' and the First National; Grayson had forged the colonel's name to a check on each bank, to be presented when the teller's substitutes were on duty. Colonel Nevens was to be called to his former home in Massachusetts by a bogus telegram announcing the death of his brother, and with him out of the way for a few days, the plan seemed perfect.

Danny listened till he had these facts and then slipped noiselessly from the room. Ten minutes later he was in a big arm-chair in Mr. Arthur Holworth's handsome room, talking earnestly with that gentleman, who had just been perusing what seemed a most interesting book, the title of which was "Plans for Modern Houses."

Holworth listened at first carelessly and then with the closest attention to the boy's rapid and slangy utterance. As Danny left the room at the close of a long talk he said earnestly:

"Now, Mr. Holworth, you has always used me white, and I mean just what I said; nobody is going to know anything about this by my tellin'."

Holworth nodded understandingly, shook hands with him and said:

"As I told you, Danny, you won't lose anything by this night's work."

"No, sir," said the boy, and disappeared into outer darkness.

The next day shortly after Mr. Hannaford, the paying teller, had gone to lunch, Mr. Ezra Grayson entered the Merchants' National bank and took his place at the window before Holworth, whom he knew slightly. As he passed over a check for fifteen thousand dollars, with Colonel Nevens' bold signature at the bottom, remarked:

"You see that the colonel has some faith in Chicago's growth."

Holworth assented with a very nervous laugh and said:

"How will you have this, Mr. Grayson?"

"One thousand in bills and the balance in a draft on Chicago, please," responded Mr. Grayson suavely.

Holworth remarked that he would have to get some large bills from the safe, and as he spoke pressed the button that connected them with the police station, two blocks away. On his way to the vault he stopped at the cashier's desk, and with a few muttered words laid the check down in front of him. When Holworth came back to the teller's window with the cashier at his side, two policemen stood in the doorway, and after a short and stormy scene, Mr. Grayson was under arrest.

A month later the cashier, talking with Mr. Arthur Holworth, happened to refer to the latter's appointment as paying teller.

"I don't mind telling you now," said he, "that Clark was booked for that place; but your lightning work on the Nevens' signature impressed the directors too much."

Holworth smiled and, with true modesty, changed the subject.

### A Historical Anchor.

If the port anchor of the American ship W. H. Macy could talk it might unfold some wonderful yarns. The big but ungraceful mudhook swinging over the ship's bow was once suspended through the hawse pipe of the United States frigate Cumberland. When it was made nobody now seems to know, but in it is more than likely that it began its career of usefulness with the launching of the Cumberland.

It was on the Cumberland in 1861 when the war broke out and probably when the frigate disappeared under the waters of Hampton roads. Between that day and the time the Macy was launched, which occurred about fifteen years ago, the history of the Cumberland's anchor was unknown.

"Old Cumberland," as the sailors call the big anchor, weighs about five tons, which is nearly twice as much as the average anchor used by sailing craft. The stock is sixteen feet long and of solid oak, which is as sound today as when it rested on the deck of the Cumberland. The ring through which the cable passes is large enough to admit the passage of a body of a full-grown man, and the flukes are just three and a half feet wide. The only signs of the anchor's past now visible is the name, "U. S. S. Cumberland," stamped into the iron. Some of the letters are almost obliterated, but there is enough left to identify the anchor.—San Francisco Chronicle.

### A Baffling Sign.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the friend.

"I haven't the least idea," answered the very cynical invalid. "The surgeons are going to operate for appendicitis."—Washington Star.

### SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

Eros is the name selected for the newly discovered little planet between Mars and the sun by Herr Witt, the discoverer, though Mr. S. C. Chandler of Cambridge, Mass., the astronomer who has computed the planet's orbit, pleaded to have it called Pluto. Mr. Chandler's computation has been verified by examination of the star photographs taken at the Harvard observatory station at Arequipa in Peru.

A writer in Cosmos, M. Emile Mason, argues that the East Indian dongong or lamatin is the natural foundation for the myths of sirens, nereids, and tritons. A female dongong recently captured in the Red sea has a head and bust which, when seen at some little distance, might be taken for a mermaid. The lamatin has also a vibrant voice, and these two combined make a good base for the theory which the writer has advanced with a good deal of elaboration.

Sunlight, says the Lancet, has a well-known effect upon the life of pathogenic organisms. Direct sunlight will kill tubercle bacilli in a few hours or perhaps in a few minutes, whereas they will live for days if exposed to a very strong diffused daylight. The exhilarating effect of a burst of sunshine in the spring is probably not due to mere luminosity, but to an increased actinic action, a chemical action which we cannot very well explain, but which every one feels. In estimating, therefore, the value of a health resort, the amount of this actinic value in the sunshine ought to be taken into account, no less than the number of days upon which the sun shines during the month or the year.

The breeding of orchids has received much attention in recent years, both in Europe and America, with results of the greatest interest to the natural history student. Up to 1860, states Mr. C. C. Hurst, but four flowered orchids, raised from distinct crosses, were recorded; in 1890, about 200 had been enumerated, while there are now on record no less than 800. Of these 800, about 100 are generic hybrids, the parents belonging to different genera. About 500 are primary hybrids; that is, hybrids of the first generation between two different species, about 270 are secondary hybrids, and 30 are tertiary. No hybrid orchid of the fourth generation has been known to flower. These experiments have demonstrated the existence of natural hybrids, formerly thought to be impossible, have proven that hybrids are very fertile, removing an objection to the theory of the evolution of species admitted by Darwin, and have suggested that hybridization has been one of nature's rapid and effective means of creating new species more fitting for life under new conditions.

The progress of the various researches into the origin of malaria, is a subject of considerable interest, and medical men are gratified to hear of steady advances in the prosecution of several investigations. In the proceedings of the Reale Accademia dei Lincei the work of Messrs. Bastianelli, A. Bignami, and Grassi is described, and it is stated that they have succeeded in tracing the development of the semilunar bodies in the medial intestine of Anopheles claviger kept at suitable temperature after these insects had drawn blood from individuals suffering from aestival malarial malaria. They have also been able to obtain spring fever by allowing one of the insects to pierce the skin of a person who had not previously been affected by malaria, and who was living in a locality where the disease was not experienced. In an elaborate series of researches they have proved that the malarial parasite is an authentic case of heterocism, where the same organism appears under different forms. It is of interest to know that concurrently with these observations the life cycle of a parasite of the bat has been studied, which apparently undergoes similar alternations of generations, the intermediary host being an insect. These conclusions are in agreement with previous investigations in the malarial parasites of birds, and are considered substantial additions to the knowledge of the subjects now possessed by scientists.

### The Fascination of Gold Hunting.

Once you have seen a "color" in the bottom of a pan with the black sand following it around like a faithful servant, you can never again be deceived by the false glitter of any other particles. You would know it if you saw it between cobblestones. You would know it if you saw it between cobblestones in Broadway, or if it were no larger than a pinhead at the bottom of a trout pool.

For the moment, the yellow pile of makes you feel like seeking a claim your own and harvesting its treasure for yourself. But when you look at the miry path along the base of the mountain by the creek side, and think of following it with a pack on your back until it is no more and a wilderness begins; think of passing over the mountains until you come to what you consider a likely place and thawing through 50 feet of earth at the rate of a foot a day in the haphazard possibility of finding "pay dirt," you conclude that the poetry of the thing can be better appreciated by sitting on someone else's dump.—Frederick Palmer in Scribner's.

### A Very Quiet Town.

Colorado Springs, Col., boasts of being the quietest town in the country. No church bells are rung there, and no whistles are blown. A local paper admits that dogs bark at night in Colorado Springs, as they do everywhere else, but it adds: "when they run about they make no noise with their feet in the sandy soil."

### "He That is Warm Thinks All So."

Thousands are "cold" in that they do not understand the glow of health. This implies disordered kidneys, liver, bowels, blood or brain. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes "warm" because it gives all who take it perfect health.

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Mme. Loubet greatly resembles her friend, Mme. Carnot, in her charitable tendencies. She disposes of large sums among the poor, and is a regular visitor at the hospitals.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Collis P. Huntington is a fine yachtsman, and has a more thorough knowledge of navigation than most amateur seamen.

OUT OF TUNE AND HARSH.

Stove's Unevenness Affects Piano's Sweetness.

The girl had a new piano. She was a musical girl, and it was as nice a piano as could be found. When she had it properly set up and ready for use there was probably not a happier girl. But as she sat down to play a look of discontent and wonder spread over her face. It was strange, but this new piano was certainly out of tune; certain notes sounded like the hammering of a piece of iron. That would never do; she couldn't play on a piano like that; she couldn't understand it, either, for certainly that piano had a very sweet tone in the shop. So the piano man was sent for in great haste, and came to see what the trouble was, very much astonished himself. He ran his fingers over the piano, and then, turning, gazed curiously around the room. That is a most curious and impertinent man," thought the girl, as she watched him, his fingers moving over the keys, but his eyes wandering searchingly from one piece of furniture to another. Finally he left the piano, went to a stove in the room, tucked a piece of paper under one leg, and went back to the piano, when, strange to say, every note was as sweet and clear and full as could have been desired, and there was not a suspicion of discord. During the cold weather a stove had been placed in the room, and not standing evenly, with certain vibrations of the piano it was made to move, and there followed a little clattering of iron, which, coming simultaneously with the striking of the keys on the piano, sounded as if that instrument had produced the disagreeable sound. "That is all right now," said the man, as he left the piano, "only it was a stove man you needed instead of a piano man."

### Thick Fogs.

They were talking about the recent fogs, and some one stated that his morning train had stopped every half mile on its way to the city, the fog being so thick that it was impossible to see either of the railway banks.

"Oh, that's nothing!" said another man who was of the company. "Down in Lincolnshire the fog is sometimes so thick that the driver has to get out and lead the engine."—London Tit-Bits.

### A Sensible Conclusion.

Fair American—How do you like our country? Literary Foreigner—I am delighted with it. Fair American—Then you are not going to write a book about us?

### SALESWOMEN understand what torture is.

Constantly on their feet whether well or ill. Compelled to smile and be agreeable to customers while dragged down with some feminine weakness. Backaches and headaches count for little. They must keep going or lose their place.

To these Mrs. Pinkham's help is offered. A letter to her at Lynn, Mass., will bring her advice free of all charge.

MISS NANCIE SHOE, Florence, Col., writes a letter to Mrs. Pinkham from which we quote:

"I had been in poor health for some time, my troubles having been brought on by standing, so my physician said, causing serious womb trouble. I had to give up my work. I was just a bundle of nerves and would have fainting spells at monthly periods. I doctored and took various medicines, but got no relief, and when I wrote to you I could not walk more than four blocks at a time. I followed your advice, taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Purifier in connection with the Vegetable Compound and began to gain in strength from the first. I am getting to be a stranger to pain and I owe it all to your medicine. There is none equal to it, for I have tried many others before using yours. Words cannot be said too strong in praise of it."

MISS POLLY FRANK, Meade, Kan., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel it my duty to write you in regard to what your medicine has done for me. I cannot praise it enough. Since my girlhood I had been troubled with irregular and painful periods and for nearly five years had suffered with falling of the womb, and whites. Also had ovarian trouble, the left ovary being so swollen and sore that I could not move without pain. Now, thanks to your wonderful medicine, that tired feeling is all gone, and I am healthy and strong."

### SYRUP OF FIGS



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is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not grip or nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

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### "The Little Minister's" Church.

The Aud Licht church at Kirriemuir (Thurms), Scotland, made famous by J. M. Barrie, seems to have fallen upon evil days. William C. Conn, the "little minister," has resigned because the older members of his congregation said he was "too broad," having preached in the pulpits of other denominations. Although the presbytery acquitted him of all blame, Mr. Conn could not be persuaded to remain. There are, by the way, only twenty-seven churches in Scotland and two in Ireland which are now included in the "Synod of United Original Deceivers," a fact which reminds the Philadelphia Press of the reply made by an old Scot when asked after the welfare of his church: "Weel," he said, "ye ken 't this way; first, there were a hunderd o' us. Then there was a schiam an' 'th' left but fifty. An' then there was a heresy trial which took awa' twenty-five. Then a destraction left only my brother Donald an' myself—an' I have sair dou'ts o' Donald's orthodoxy."

### WOMEN WHO EARN THEIR LIVING

