

THE MESSAGE OF THE DAY.

THE PESSIMIST.

Each day but dawns to bring us  
Some newer kind of care,  
To add another wrinkle  
Or leave a whitened hair,  
Each sunset finds us nearer  
Graves that they'll dig somewhere.

THE OPTIMIST.

I look out in the morning  
And see the brown leaves play,  
Across the lawn, and gladness  
Comes urging me to say,  
"Thank God, no leaves are blowing  
Across my grave today."  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Where the Apple Reddens."

Her hair was wind-blown; her hat,  
turned down and shading her bright face,  
was of white calico and be-  
longed properly to a young brother.  
Her pink cotton dress had paid re-  
peated visits to the wash-tub, and, to  
the critical eye, was nearing the period  
when yet another tubbing would be  
advisable. She would have said she  
was horribly untidy—not fit to be  
seen; in fact, she said it.

He considered, and rightly, that she  
was so exceptionally blessed as to  
look delicious in anything, and he  
very wisely put that also into words.  
"That's very prettily said," she  
laughed. "No—don't go on. I am not  
such a hoyden but that I know the  
correct and only answer. I only like"  
—she molded her mouth, her distract-  
ing mouth, to pensiveness—"compliments  
that might be true."

"Mine all are, when addressed to  
you," he hastened to declare.  
"Then they are more like bare state-  
ments of facts than compliments, aren't  
they?" she smiled up at him, "and not  
specially to your credit."

"Greatly to yours," he insisted,  
"since your charms leave no margin  
for embellishment."  
"Oh, that is sweetly said!" she  
cried. "Don't please, say any more,  
for you cannot better that."

"But I can't stand mum," he ob-  
jected.  
"You can sit in silence, though."

"What do you mean?"  
"Last night, at dinner, at your lady-  
love's side. I was watching you—  
being opposite and with no one but  
a brother to speak to myself, I could  
not help it. And you neither of you  
spoke—at any rate, you didn't. So you  
see what you can do if you try."

"It was she—who had been trying,"  
he said, in mournfulness.  
"Had she? Poor you—she looks a  
little like that." She pulled herself  
up with a pretty affectation of alarm.  
"What am I saying? Oh, I beg your  
pardon! She looks as nice as can be  
—she can lie. It was you who looked  
put out."

"I had a reason to look it."  
"No doubt—I mean the must have  
had some reason for letting you look  
it."

"She could not help being—"  
"Poor thing—so weak!" I mean,  
bound to such a tyrant!"  
"I give her her own way in every  
thing."

She flashed round on him with her  
most provoking smile.  
"How horribly tame of you!" she  
said. "No wonder she has lost interest  
in her—your looks!"

"After all," he said, "I didn't fol-  
low you out here to talk of her."  
"Well, then, suggest a topic—I'm  
only waiting."

While she still waited she looked  
up at the laden apple tree under  
which they stood. She seemed to be  
selecting, with the eye of a connois-  
seur, but it may have been the blue  
and white patches of cloud-flecked  
sky seen through the branches which  
held her attention. He gazed at her.  
He had been so gazing every available  
moment during the brief week he  
had known her, and always with the  
same sense of pleasure in the picture  
she made. It was true she was only  
the half-educated, untidy, pleasure-  
loving daughter (the adjectives had  
been supplied for him) of the improv-  
ident, comfortable farmhouse where he  
and his mother and the girl he was  
engaged to were staying as paying  
guests, but he saw no reason in this  
why he should not admire her for  
the qualities he did not need to have  
supplied for him.

"I came out meaning to pick—well,  
several, not hundreds quite of apples,"  
said she, "and I can't reach one."  
"There is something I might do for  
you," he said, seizing his opportunity,  
or trying to seize it. For, try as he  
would, neither could he reach an ap-  
ple.

"I tell you what—that lowest branch  
there; it has four beauties on it. If  
you were to—" She looked up at  
him, smiled, looked down again, pen-  
sively up at the coveted branch, with  
a sidelong glance like a flash at him,  
and then down once more. But she  
did not conclude her sentence.

"If you would let me—if you'd only  
let me lift you up," he said, suddenly  
inspired, "you could reach them your-  
self, couldn't you?"  
"Ah! That would do it, wouldn't  
it? And I want them so!"  
"Then I may."  
"Certainly not! I'd rather—go  
without the apples!"

"I am much stronger," he said.  
"How if I seized you against your  
will?"  
"Why, I couldn't help that, could I?"  
she asked. And the thing was done  
in less time than it takes to tell.

But she had only picked one apple,  
the nearest, when his lady-love's  
voice came to them through the trees,  
calling him by name. And there was  
a sharp note in her voice (like the  
taste of an unripe apple) which told  
them what she saw.

"If you put me down before I've  
picked the four I'll never forgive you,"  
said the lady of the apples; so he  
held her till she had them all, though  
the task was robbed of a full half of  
the delights he had anticipated.

"Now, she said, when she was on  
her feet again, "go quickly. Oh, poor  
you!"  
"She'll cast me off," he said.  
"I should—if I were she!"  
And then he turned in haste.  
"But, if she does, come back to  
me!" she called after him.

"Well—and what? Be quick!"  
"And I'll give you a bite of an ap-  
ple—if there's any left!" she laughed.  
The girl he was engaged to had  
seen it all, she said, and forthwith re-  
nounced her right to that connection,  
she seemed to have seen even more  
than all, considering what it amount-  
ed to when she went over it in words.  
Low tastes and the society of the ill-  
bred, she told him, would be his ruin.  
Then she tossed him over to ruin, de-  
claring she would have none of him.

"You are free," she said (by no  
means for the first time), "and I  
know exactly how you will use your  
freedom."  
"I hope you'll have the opportunity  
of using yours as well," he said, stung  
into retort at last.  
"I might have known!" she cried.  
"Oh, what I have been saved! Every  
fresh face—"  
"So few faces are fresh," he said;  
and that was really unkind, for she  
had a sallow complexion.  
"I am not going to argue it any  
more," she declared, having talked the  
subject bare. "Go!"  
And he went. But he was a gentle-  
man, and previous to going he had  
tried his best to soothe her annoy-  
ance, even to frankly owning that—  
from her point of view—she had cause  
for it. He had tried to close his ears to  
the echoing voice, his eyes to the  
laughing face, of the girl he had left  
under the apple trees. He did all he  
could to shut out the sweet, sudden  
vision of freedom, of release from a  
captivity which had always irked him.  
It was not his fault in the present  
that his past faults were accounted  
unpardonable. He only went when  
he was certain that he was powerless  
to rivet his chains.

Observations Made of the Horrible Custom in New Guinea—It is Just a Bad Habit—White Victims in Recent Years Good Work Done by Christian Missions.

CANNIBALISM ANALYZED

WHY CERTAIN SAVAGES ARE FOND OF HUMAN FLESH.

The following article from the pen of a missionary appeared in The London Express. It is particularly timely owing to the doubt with which Angli- can papers had received the recent report of the same subject.

That cannibalism is still practised in British New Guinea after over thirty years of sovereignty is no reflection on the Lieutenant Governor and his magistrate, says the Bishop of New Guinea. With an area of 90,000 square miles on the mainland and 200 islands in proximity, and a force of 150 Papuan police, it is wonderful that it is limited to so few districts. It is safe to prophesy that in five years' time it will be unknown within this portion of the Empire.

It is just four years ago since I was first brought face to face with this gruesome practice. Scene, the north-east coast, 150 miles away from any Government station—a district where we Church of England missionaries were the first to live among the natives.

In front of us a native grass hut with skull and other bones of a victim of a cannibal feast hung up as spoils of war over the door, and the "consumer" justifying his action in the limited vocabulary that we possessed in common. He was a big-framed man, with nothing but a piece of cloth round his loins, a garment hammered out of the bark of the paper mulberry tree. He had a portentously big mouth, and he showed this to its full extent with a splendidly sound set of teeth, and a tongue blood-red from the juice of the betel-nut.

He then stroked his gullet up and down with one hand and with the other he pointed to the remains of his vanquished foe hanging over the door of his hut. "The Government says it is wrong; but it's for your good!" This was his plea for cannibalism. He knows better now, does my village friend.

The year 1901 was marked by a heavy roll of victims to cannibalism. Whether the number exceeded those of previous years may be questioned. Each year, at any rate, we know better what is going on. Still, the fact that there were four white victims marked last year unenviably.

In February a party of diggers were making their way inland to the Yodda gold field, over some desperate country that experience alone can help one to realize, when they were cut off by a crowd of savages. Two were killed and eaten; another a German, got away, but died a day or two afterward of exhaustion. The remains of the unfortunate men were found, and a party of their mates went out into the district and made horrible reprisals.

In April, on Easter day, the "Queen of Seasons," James Chalmers, who for twenty-seven years had risked dangers of missionary work among savage tribes, made his last attempt to win a wild district for civilization and the Prince of Peace, and the brave old Christian warrior met a similar fate with one white companion and twelve native helpers. The Government had to treat the matter as they would the murder of peaceable settlers, and the expedition, being attacked by the cannibals, hampered them severely and burned their villages.

I need not describe the other instances of cannibalism that occurred last year, except to say that I have in my possession the lower jawbone of a boy of fourteen or fifteen, who was killed and eaten not more than three miles from the coast in September last. When brought to me it had still portions of flesh adhering to it. This happened some forty miles from our nearest mission station, and caused me special regret, because I had fixed upon that very place for our next extension, and had we established ourselves there a year ago that poor lad would be living now in peace and security.

But why do these cannibal feasts take place? Is it pure savagery, or is it a natural craving for animal food, which cannot be satisfied in any other way? I would offer an opinion on this subject with considerable diffidence. It is, in fact, not easy to get materials for a definite conclusion at all.

When natives are in the cannibalistic state we are not sufficiently in touch with them to know their language and discuss it thoroughly. By the time we are able to converse fluently with them they have abandoned the practice, and when this habit is once given up I know nothing that the Papuan is so soon ashamed of, and, being ashamed of, does not care to discuss.

Besides, he is not accustomed to think out the reasons for doing a thing, and probably never had a reasoned reason, or thought why he did it, till we asked him. All we can get out of the villager, in answer to the question why he eats man, is such replies as: "It's flesh," "It's very good," or "It's our custom."

I think myself the consuming of the victim slain in the raid is the natural consequence of the raid. Tribes raid one another largely to take compensation for lives killed in a previous raid. "A life for a life" is New Guinea all over, and as the balance is never kept quite level there is always an account to be paid off. Apart from

this obligation, I believe the New Guinea savage raids as a change from the monotony of agriculture. The people in that island are not nomadic tribes, but live a fairly settled life in villages, and grow all their own vegetable food.

The Papuan rebounds from severe agriculture, and goes on a raid. Having raided and killed, he consumes, as a natural consequence, because the "flesh is very sweet." He eats it as he would eat pig.

It is smoked on the fire and dis- membered just in the same way. Then it is wrapped round in green leaves and tied up with bane and carried home in little parcels on poles. The pole is balanced on the man's shoulder, and the little bundles decorate the pole on each side of the man's head. The boys and girls eat it at once. Their parents put it before them, and they really do not inquire if it is pig or man. They eat it just the same. This, I suggest, is the true view of the horrid practice of cannibalism.

The idea that it is due to the natural craving for flesh meat is not borne out by my New Guinea ex- perience, for the river district, where cannibalism is most prevalent in that land, is the area where native pig does most abound. The rivers have only to be somewhat flooded, and the pigs are driven on to the higher ground, where they are easily speared. I have heard of one part of the coast where only the arms and legs of hu- man victims were eaten, but I have had no means of investigating this re- port.

As a Christian missionary I would draw what seems to me the obvious conclusion that Christian missions in such a land as British New Guinea are powerful aids to the cessation of bloodshed and cannibalism, and on humanitarian and imperial grounds, apart from any other, deserve far more general respect, not to add support, than they receive.

SCENTLESS ARIZONA SKUNKS.

But Their Bite Is Sure Death, Which Is Even More Unpleasant.

When William A. Wilcox, professor of entomology at an eastern scientific institution, entered one of the Minne- sota hotel carrying a box in his hands. The porters carried his hand satchels and he gave them the checks for his trunks. But he kept the box in his hand, even while he was registering, and took it up to his room with him while he was preparing for dinner.

The box was about two feet long, one foot wide and one foot high. It was of double construction, the inner part being of closely woven wire. The exterior covering of wood was pierced with holes and was easily unlined. Inside the structure was a small black and white animal which seemed to be perfectly peaceful. Once, in a while, however, the animal would fasten its teeth on the wire gratings, and would look displeased when it found they would not give to the touch.

"This animal," said Prof. Wilcox, "is one of the queerest and most dan- gerous specimens known. It is an Ariz- ona skunk. I don't know whether it belongs to the Mephitids family or not, as it has no odor. But it is called a skunk in Arizona.

"You may talk to the Arizona plain- man about tarantulas, Gila monsters, snakes or centipedes, and he will laugh at you while he takes another puff at his pipe. Say to him, however, that a skunk is in sight, and he will sleep all night in a tree rather than lie upon the ground. The reason for this is that the bite of a skunk causes hy- drophobia, and no man has ever been known to recover from the disease caused by the animal's bite.

"I did not believe this story when I went to Arizona last May, but I was in camp one night when an old guide was bitten by one of the animals. We took him to Flagstaff, keeping up his spirits with liberal doses of whiskey. He had the best medical attendance to be procured in the Territory, but he died, strapped to his cot, a raving maniac.

"I wanted to help him out by giv- ing him a dose of prussic acid, or of lead, but, of course, that would have been murder, although I always did be- lieve in the Greek doctrine of euthan- asia. Three doctors were in attend- ance upon the poor guide. All had seen cases of hydrophobia, and all agreed that this was the disease from which the man died. They told me this was July 15—that ten men had died in the territory from the same cause. Some of them were sent to the Pasteur Institute in Chicago, but they arrived too late for Dr. Lagorio to do anything for them.

"Then I resolved to take a live skunk with me to New York, and let the doctors at the Pasteur Institute there examine it. It was hard to get the animal alive.

"I'd just as soon fetch yer in a handful of tarantulas," said one guide when I spoke to him about the matter, "but as fer live skunks, excuse me."

"Finally I offered \$100 reward for a live skunk, and a boy who lived on a ranch in the Verde valley brought this animal in."—Minneapolis Tribune.

The Hen and the Diamond.

A lady lost a diamond in a Paris cab. The cabman, who is the owner of his own vehicle, lives at Levallois, a small place outside Paris, where he keeps a number of fowls. The other day, at a family gathering, one of the fowls was killed, and the diamond was found in its gizzard. The cabman at once thought about the lady losing a dia- mond, and guessed that the hen had jumped into the cab in the stable and swallowed it. Having kept the lady's address, the honest cabman restored the jewel to its owner, and was re- warded with a present of \$10.

LOOK PLEASANT.

We cannot, of course, all be handsome, And it's hard for us all to be good. We are sure now and then to be lonely, And we don't always do as we should. To be patient is not always easy, To be cheerful is much harder still, But at least we can always be pleasant, If we make up our minds that we will.

And it pays every time to be kindly, Although you feel worried and bitter; If you smile at the world and look cheerful, The world will soon smile back at you. So try to brace up and look pleasant, So matter how low you are down, Good humor is always contagious, But you banish your friends when you frown.

—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

HUMOROUS.

Wise—What makes you think he is dishonest? Wag—He suspects every- body else.

Sillius—Woman's work, they say, is never done. Cynicus—Yes, and sometimes it isn't even commenced.

Wife—I wish I knew a way to keep my glasses of jelly from getting moldy on top. Husband—That's easy. It is? "Yes; turn them upside down.

"Well, I've got the plans for my new house all finished." "Got them fixed to suit you, eh?" "Oh, no; but the architect says he is satisfied with them."

Son—What's the matter, dad? You look worried. Father (just retired from business)—Well, you see, I've never been without things to worry me before.

"Won't you try the chicken salad, Judge?" said the boarding-house keeper. "I tried it yesterday, ma'am," replied the witty Judge, "and the chicken proved an alibi."

"My children are crying for bread," whined the seedy-looking individual. "That's where you're lucky," said the well-dressed man, hurrying on. "Mine are crying for cake."

Geraldine—I'll be a sister to you. Gerald—That will be nice. Geraldine—What do you mean? Gerald—My sister loves me, but she doesn't ex- pect me to take her anywhere.

"Yes, the doctor has put me on the strictest kind of diet." "Indeed, what is it?" "Well, he said I mustn't eat anything I don't like, and not any more than I want of what I do."

Father—But I can't see any special philanthropy in giving you and Ernie money to marry on. Suitor—Oh, yes, it would be helping the blind, sir. Father—The blind? Suitor—Yes; love is blind, you know.

"I suppose those rich Gildedagers made a great display of grief when that millionaire uncle of theirs sud- denly died." "Grief! They haven't any time for grief. All their time is taken up in galloping around in search of the will."

"Now that we're engaged," she said, "of course I can't call you Mr. Parkin- son; and even Sebastian seems too long and formal. Haven't you any short pet name?" "Well," replied the happy Parkinson, "the fellows at col- lege used to—or—call me 'Pie- face.'"

"I wonder what makes a man's hair fall out so fast when once it starts?" "Worry," answered the man who al- ways has an explanation ready. "Not- ings tends to make a man bald so much as worry, and nothing worries a man so much as the idea that he is becom- ing bald."

"I met your wife yesterday. How well she is looking?" "Yes. We have been expecting her rich aunt to visit us this summer." "Ah." "Of course I don't mean that expecting her aunt has made my wife look so well, but it has kept her from going away any- where for a rest."

Mrs. Hoax—My new servant girl's a good one, but she makes my hus- band so mad. He's a crank about his coffee, you know. Mrs. Joax—And she can't make coffee, eh? Mrs. Hoax—She makes it just right, but that's the one thing he always likes to kick about, and now he hasn't any excuse, don't you see?

Dealing in Counterfeits.

If, notwithstanding the vigilance of the Federal secret service, this wide- awake country is occasionally flooded with counterfeit money it is natural to expect that less watchful nations would sometimes get into very serious difficulties through the counterfeiting of the currency. A case in point is Korea, which apparently is the coun- terfeiter's paradise. Part of the trou- bling arises from the attempt of the government to establish a nickel coinage, the intrinsic value of which is only about one-eighth of its face value. Consequently nickel is being imported in immense quantities. The British vice-consul at Chemulpo is authority for the statement that there are regu- lar market quotations on counterfeits. For instance, the official coinage is quoted at first class, the best counter- feits as second class, the medium counterfeits as third class and the poorest imitations as fourth class.

Emperor His Model.

The Emperor and Empress of Ger- many visited the little town of Moers recently and a crowd gathered to wel- come them. Noticing a young woman with an infant in her arms, the Em- peror asked her how many children she had.

"Six, Your Majesty," was the reply. "Oh, that is too many," said the Kaiser gravely.

The woman's husband, however, then stepped forward and said bluntly: "But you set us the example, Your Majesty."

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THE JEFFERSON SUPPLY COMPANY

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Its departments are all well filled, and among the specialties handled may be mentioned L. Adler Bros., Rochester, N. Y., Clothing, than which there is none better made; W. L. Douglass Shoe Co., Brockton, Mass., Shoes; Curdick Bros. Co., Rochester, N. Y., Canned Goods; and Pillsbury's Flour.

This is a fair representation of the class of goods it is selling to its customers.

NEWSY CLEANINGS.

Australia supplies \$85,000,000 worth of wool a year. Oil is being widely experimented with as a substitute for coal. There are 227 different religious sects in Great Britain and Ireland.

The total capital invested in railroads and canals in Canada is \$1,100,000,000. A service of automobile omnibuses has been established in Birmingham, England.

During the last forty-five years the population of Spain has increased by only 3,000,000. During September the coinage exe- cuted at the Mints of the United States was \$6,762,115.

Bats and their parasites are held re- sponsible, by an Italian expert, for the transmission of plague in some cases. There are over 8000 motor vehicles in Paris, of which 3888 are registered as capable of a speed of over twenty miles an hour.

By sucking up the binding material of the macadam, bicycles do more dam- age to roads than horsed vehicles, de- clares the surveyor of the Chorley Rural District Council, England.

The German Emperor has decided that all branches of the German Army will be equipped with service uniforms of gray color. The present uniform will be worn only for parade purposes. A bridge which will rank as one of the greatest in the world, from an en- gineering standpoint, will be erected across the harbor of Sydney, New South Wales. The structure will be 3000 feet in length, not including the approaches.

The French Government is about to lay a telegraph cable 1500 miles long across the North African desert from Tunis to Lake Tchad. A plow drawn by an engine will open a furrow thirty inches deep at the rate of one mile an hour, and the cable will be laid at the same time.

LABOR WORLD.

New York City has 150,000 organized wage workers. Candy-makers at Cincinnati, Ohio, have organized. The sanitary employes at Santiago, Cuba, struck recently.

The South Wales Miners' Federation has a membership of 120,000. Striking weavers at Toronto, Can., have declared their strike off. Fishermen at San Francisco, Cal., have taken steps to form a union.

It takes the constant labor of 60,000 people to make matches for the world. Cement, concrete and tile workers of Memphis, Tenn., have organized a union.

New York tailors who went on strike in 1836 were fined for demanding higher wages. Jacksonville (Fla.) carpenters demand an eight-hour day and thirty cents an hour minimum.

At the present time the Order of Railway Conductors has a member- ship of more than 27,000. The union has been recognized and an increase in wages granted the strik- ing coal miners at Ottumwa, Iowa.

A minimum wage of \$12.50 a week has been attained by the union of Hardwood Finishers at Indianapolis, Ind. Elkhart, Ind., labor unions will or- ganize a Trade Council, and make a demand for a wage scale and shorter hours.

New York bricklayers received fifty cents a day for fourteen hours' labor in 1776. They now receive \$4.80 for eight hours. The pit lads' revolt in Yorkshire, England, has ended at the collieries near Normanton. An advance in wages has been conceded to the lads.

Banks on Wheels.

Perambulating savings banks have been inaugurated by the authorities in the French provinces. A motor car is filled with seats for the driver, two clerks and a cashier. A table is so arranged that persons on the road can place their money on it without en- tering the vehicle, and under the table is a safe into which the money drops through a slot. A proper receipt is given and entry made in a book. This is to encourage thrift by making deposits easy.

A professional forger has been em- ployed by one of the Chicago banks as an expert in the detection of bogus paper.

BUSINESS CARDS.