

The value of the churches and the land on which they are erected in this country up to July 1, 1897, is estimated at \$680,000,000.

In the German Reichstag recently, Herr Hammacher said that in the coming century European Nations will be obliged to co-operate to preserve their existence in the struggle with America.

An eccentric Londoner asserts that with a machine he has just completed he can write the entire contents of the Bible four times in a space one inch square. The writing point of the machine is said to be a diamond so small as to be invisible to the naked eye.

Over 100,000 horses were imported into Belgium during 1896 for food for the poorer classes, 4000 being killed in Antwerp alone for the twenty shops where this meat is sold exclusively. Large quantities are sold in Paris, both openly and in disguised form at cheap restaurants throughout the city.

The expense of a medical education in Great Britain averages more than in America. To obtain a degree or qualification in any medical school in England, Scotland, or Ireland, a course of study covering a period of at least five years is compulsory, and entails an expenditure of no less sum than \$2000.

The Baltimore American says: "There has been during the last two years, and there still continues, a very marked movement from the West to the South. Hundreds of industrials and thirty men, after a hard and unsuccessful struggle in the West, have given it up and come to the South, to find good homes and splendid opportunities to make a living for themselves and their families. They are pleased with the change they have made, and the success of the new Maryland colonies has far exceeded even the fondest hopes of their projectors."

Beware of the Klondike. This is the conclusion that has been reached by John D. McGillivray, an expert on gold, who sends a letter telling of the conditions which gold seekers are confronted with in the Yukon region in Alaska. Mr. McGillivray had been studying the situation in Dawson City and the mines for several weeks when the letter was written. He calls particular attention to the fact that all the claims on the richest of the gold creeks have already been taken up, and that new comers must prospect for themselves or work as laborers in the mines already opened. Wages at \$15 a day are a myth, he says, and for the poor man there is nothing but misery.

A writer in Scribner's says that the Western Powers are beginning to view Japan's activity in navy building with amazement. A generation ago she had literally no navy. Even at the beginning of the last war with China her modern equipment was confined almost exclusively to a half dozen unarmored cruisers—the best of their class, to be sure—and fifteen gunboats. The war brought many substantial additions to her navy, and now she has no less than forty-eight sea-going vessels in commission, including two first-class battle ships of 12,800 tons each. These figures are not so imposing, absolutely considered, except as an evidence of quick growth; but the additional modern war vessels that Japan is building in England, Germany and the United States are of such magnitude and excellent construction that Charles A. Cramp, our own famous ship builder, pronounces Japan's progress to be more notable than that of any other country in the world, except England.

It is quite possible, admits the New York Observer, that in detouring itself so generally to scientific pursuits and neglecting metaphysical studies, the scholarship of the age has deteriorated in intellectuality. A writer in the London Spectator declares that the intellect developed by the stress of modern life is a mentality in the mass, in the average man, where it does not exist in a profound form. "What seems most obvious to us in considering the modern world," says this writer, "is, first, the growing dearth of the rarer and deeper kinds of intellect; and, secondly, the pressure brought to bear by the rising, eager, democratic mass on the few finer minds. We do not produce to-day a Kant or a Spinoza, but clever critics who write about these men, who have read everything, and can give us all the latest views. We have not the deep, constructive mind whose operations move in a vast orbit, but we have seen eager minds which, comet-like, dart into sight, astonish by their lustre and quickly disappear."

#### OH, WHAT IS THE USE OF A SORROWFUL SONG?

Oh, what is the use of a sorrowful song?  
The world knows enough of sadness.  
Care press woefully, troubles throng,  
Till he sits and grieves in lonely  
And never is too much gladness.

Oh, what is the use of a sorrowful song,  
When we might sing one of thanksgiving  
That never a soul is too deep in wrong,  
Though years are heavy and pain is strong,  
To climb to truce and living?

Oh, what is the use of a sorrowful strain  
That sings but tears and groaning?  
There's never a life so full of pain,  
But hope in some corner may be again,  
And bloom into sweet believing.

Oh, what is the use of a sorrowful song  
That passes not one heart's aching?  
The hearts that are happiest pass it along,  
For mirth is heedless and joy is strong,  
But it hides in the heart that is breaking.  
—Emma S. Dowd, in Detroit Free Press.

#### "LYDDY."

OF HELEN M. WINKLER.

It was New Year's Eve in Pottsville Four Corners, and it was all over the world beside but that does not affect our story, nor did it matter very much to Pottsville. For in that peaceful Vermont hamlet scarcely a dozen families strove to realize anything of the cheer and the tenderness and hope that sparkles everywhere on New Year's Eve. Lyddy remembered it, however, although not with a happy heart. New Year's Eve had meant something to her, ever since that one five years before when Tom Brown had shyly, manfully told her of the love that had grown up with him from boyhood, and she had promised to be his wife. She was twenty then and he was twenty-two, and New Year's Eve had been a happy anniversary ever since, and had always brought some simple, dearly loved token from Tom, who had left Pottsville Four Corners on that same night, five years before, to make his fortune in New York city.

But to night there would be no happy remembrance. Lyddy reminded herself looking across the brown fields to the range of gloomy mountains beyond; there could be none. For the serpent had crept into Eden since the last New Year's Eve, and left it, as he always leaves it, forsaken and desolate. It had been hard enough for poor Lyddy to bear all along. The dragging months of anxiety when Tom's semi-weekly letters had failed to appear; the agonizing longing to hear from him; the growing nameless fear that had possessed her as the weeks rolled into months and still no sign. But the worst had come that morning. Lyddy was a sensitive, loyal soul. Her stepmother thought it was because she was so "girlish" that the girl uttered no word of her growing trouble, and gave no sign, beyond her white, thin face and listless manner of the doubts that had, at last, forced themselves inside the citadel of her heart and were laying siege to love. But Lyddy would have died rather than say a word that seemed distasteful to Tom; and her love for Tom had not been a thing of light weight, to be bandied about from her lips to other people's. Neither could she cast it out in a day.

Much better, she thought, if she could do that; for that morning the blow had fallen which had left the girl benumbed, stupefied. She had been out on some simple errand which took her across the lots to a neighboring farmer's. The morning had been a bright one and warm for December in Vermont. Lyddy had walked briskly, across the brown meadows and remembered that the last time she walked over them the golden-rod had been in blossom and Tom's last letter lay in her pocket. She had been happy then, confident of the love that was always to brighten and protect her life. But no more letters had come. And this morning Lyddy looked at the ghosts of the golden-rod and told herself that her life now had come to be as bare and brown and cheerless as the wintry fields, with only the ghost of a human love left to haunt it.

When she reached the low, rambling house again where she had been born and had lived and grown into a woman, with all a woman's intense capacity for loving, loyal and true, she walked straight into the kitchen and there sat Miss Andrus.

That personage was a maiden of some sixty summers whose sole object in life was to obtain what she called "the news," and having obtained it to proceed to disburse it among the Pottsvillians as expeditiously as her rheumatic and other disabilities would let her. Accordingly, Lyddy had no sooner seated herself in the old-fashioned, high-backed chair that had been for years her grandfather's post of honor, when Miss Andrus proceeded to the business of the morning. "Hain't heard the news, have you? Mebbe you don't hear from Tom Brown lately?"

"No," answered Lyddy shortly, ignoring the last question completely. "Well, you probably won't hear again very soon, anyways," and the ancient maiden bridled into a high-priestess of propriety. Lyddy made no answer. "The long and short on't is," continued Miss Andrus, "Tom's married."

Lyddy made no sign, although her face grew a shade paler. But her stepmother filled up the gap in the conversation with—

"It's, drew out a week old newspaper from her pocket and read.

"Married. In this city, December 15th, by the Rev. Dr. Blank, Thomas O. Brown, Esq., to Valerie, daughter of Hugh Manner, and of this city.

"If that ain't proof," continued the spinster, "what is?"

Nobody seemed able to answer that question and Miss Andrus passed the paper over to Lyddy, who took it, by means of a powerful effort at self-control with a steady hand. Her first impulse had been to rush from the room; but she seemed to call to her for help,—that she could not bear it.

But self-respect and the consciousness that such a course of action would delight her tormentor's heart and give her material for a month's gossip, kept her face rigid and her nerves steady. The room seemed dark and to a moment she could not see the printed words before her, but suddenly they seemed to stand out in letters of fire, letters, it seemed to her, that burned themselves into her brain and would never, never fade away.

Miss Andrus did not stay long, although it seemed to Lyddy that she was bent on a visit of some indefinite length. Perhaps she would have done so only the stepmother, comprehending, at last, that Lyddy's pride would not allow her to leave the room, took pity on the girl and sent her upstairs on some excuse. Lyddy had gone straight up to her little chamber and laid out on a chair the contents of the white bed. How long she remained there she never cared to remember. The red light from the setting sun went streaming through the narrow windows when she finally arose and going to the old chest of drawers in the corner, opened the topmost narrow drawer.

As the piles of neatly tied letters came suddenly into view, the girl dropped her head, and leaned against the frame of the "bird's-eye" maple for support. The memories of all her happy past rushed afresh upon Lyddy. The five happy years so short in passing, now seemed to cover her whole lifetime. Something within, the best part of her, seemed to have died since she had locked herself into the little chamber. What had not those letters meant to her? What visions of contentment, and happiness—yes, of perfect bliss, each single one had called up. How it had been secretly tucked into her pocket, or next to her glowing, palpitating breast to be drawn out, when no one was near, and read and re-read and read again, until the semi-weekly message made a fresh appearance and went through the same loving course to its final resting-place in the top drawer. But Lyddy could not bring herself to look at one of them now. She had intended to take the whole big awful of them downstairs and tuck them into the kitchen stove; but, lying there, mute and insensate in the top drawer, they seemed suddenly to thrill into something living. They seemed like part of Tom, himself.

"I can't, oh, I can't," moaned Lyddy. "I ought to. He's false to me, but—oh, I can't do it."

And then she shut the drawer tenderly, looking at the old letters as they would have looked at a coffin face that was pale and glow and sparkle. But they were not there. And then she went over by the window and watched the last rays of the sun as they slanted across the dingy hamlet known as Pottsville Four Corners. The red rays shot athwart the clustering houses, and lighted up the thin spire of the one church, making them glitter and sparkle. But they brought no prophetic visions of coming happiness to Lyddy. She seemed, instead, to see a long vista of faded, joyless, miserably years stretching interminably before her. Already it seemed that years had rolled by since that morning, so long ago, when Miss Andrus had called out the old New York newspaper.

An intense, restless longing swept over the girl's aching heart, to be out in the open fields, to be where nobody could see or speak to her, alone with nature. She slipped quietly down into the kitchen, and throwing a shawl over her head passed out of the shed door unnoticed.

Somewhere, anywhere out of the beaten road where neighboring, kindly eyes might not look upon her, she ran across the orchard and through the deserted calf-pasture to an old road that meandered down by the river, through the brown meadows.

"Valerie Manning, Valerie Manning," she repeated to herself. "She must have been beautiful, a girl with that name. Beautiful and rich and good, or Tom would not have liked her. Valerie Manning! Who would care for a girl named Lyddy Jones (she had never heard her name, Lyddy pronounced as it is spelled), when there was a girl with a name full of poetry to be had?"

Lyddy laughed to herself. What did she know about poetry? What did she know about anything? Nothing. The mistake had been in her supposing herself good enough for Tom Brown after five years of city life, with its marvellous possibilities and advantages.

"O I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it!" she exclaimed aloud to the alder bushes which hung darkly in the deepening twilight, over the still flowing river.

There may be a divinity that shapes our ends; there certainly is an evil genius that watches for the despondent moments of our broken lives and urges us on to complete our own ruin, rather than to pick up our broken threads and patiently strive to piece together our bit of the web of fate. He whispered in Lyddy's ear. A shiver ran over the girl, and she stopped, gazing, fascinated, at the quiet, noiseless river. Why not? Where upon the elderly woman who had never known what honest and

but determined. She had left the old road, now, and was on the brown, stubby meadow. Suddenly her foot hit something that gave forth a metallic ring. She looked down.

A short, sharp whistle broke through the perfect stillness of the early evening.

Why not that? Certainly that would be a much shorter way. The long, dreary years of a worse than bereaved life for her. Instead, a sudden relief from this overwhelming weight of crushing pain.

Another short, sharp whistle across the night air. Nearer now, and growing nearer.

Throwing the old shawl closely over her head, Lyddy knelt down and laid her head across the line of steel that shimmered in the light of the just-risen moon.

Only an instant more and then—peace and rest, and the lifted burden. The fiery eye of the locomotive gleamed larger and larger, as it bored down upon her, shrieking and whistling, coming closer and closer.

Two minutes later Lyddy arose from her position, and started helplessly after the retreating train. The engine stopped and laughed in the distance, as if exulting in the fact that it had made a gift to the girl of the life she would so recklessly have thrown away. "I've been a fool," Lyddy, sentimentally observed. "This was the old side-track they only use in summer. I've been a fool."

She stood watching the train until it finally disappeared.

"I'll go home," she said. "I've been a fool, and may God forgive me. There must be something left to live for, and I'll find out what it is," with which sensible remark, the girl, whose unromantic name was Lyddy Jones, struck off into the main road, and walked briskly toward home.

The moon swung clear above the tops of the trees and cast lonely black shadows across the path; but this country girl knew not what she had heard footsteps behind, but did not quicken hers, supposing them to belong to some belated farmer hurrying home from the Corners.

But she trembled when a pair of arms were suddenly thrown about her, and a voice she well knew, burned into her heart with merry words of greeting.

"Why, Lyddy! Dear Lyddy! I didn't look for you here."

"Tom!" she could only gasp his name.

"You didn't expect to see me, did you?" O, Lyddy!

"Yes," she gasped again.

"That's my name," was the answer. "But a fellow wants more than that, you know, when he hasn't seen the dearest girl in the world for months," and Tom took Lyddy's face in his two hands and kissed it.

"But Tom—Valerie!" she gasped.

"Valerie? Valerie, what?" asked Lyddy.

"What do you mean?" and he repeated the process he had found so agreeable a few moments before.

"But your wife, Tom."

"Yes, I hope so, soon. Let me tell you why I came, dear," was all the reply he gave her.

"Tom, aren't you married?" Lyddy began to grow coherent.

"Married? Well, I guess not," Tom was a Yankee still, in spite of five years in New York. "But we will be next week, dear—or to-morrow, if you can."

#### HARD TO FOOL UNCLE SAM

MANY VAIN EFFORTS TO GET GOOD MONEY FOR BAD.

Redemption Division of the Treasury Department the Special Object of Attention. Seems Easy, but Difficult and Dangerous—Attempts to Swindle with Notes.

Why men who in ordinary business affairs are scrupulously honest do not hesitate to swindle the Government is one of the problems which puzzle the department officials at Washington, according to a correspondent of the New York Sun. There is no doubt that this curious mental attitude toward the Government is very general. The Treasury Department sees more examples of it than any other of the departments, and of the Treasury experience the redemption division gets a full share. It is there that \$275,000,000 in worn and torn Government currency is sent every year to be exchanged for fresh, crisp greenbacks or shining coin. Mr. Relyea, who has been chief of this division for ten years, says it is a great place to study human nature.

In the redemption division they give you a whole note for three-fifths of a note of the same denomination. They give you half the face value of a note for a piece of it greater than two-fifths and less than three-fifths. Finally they replace a note entirely, however small the fragment offered for redemption, if the owner can show to the satisfaction of Mr. Relyea and his assistants that the remainder of the note was accidentally destroyed. Bear these facts in mind:

Less than two-fifths of a \$10 bill is worth nothing unless it can be proved that the remainder of the bill was destroyed accidentally.

More than two-fifths and less than three-fifths of the bill is worth \$5, but with the same condition fulfilled it is worth \$10.

Not long ago a doctor in Alabama sent to country girl, never before known to him, a \$10 bill, accompanied by an affidavit saying that while on a spree he had used the other half to light a cigar. The half which he forwarded was nicely charred along the inner edge. The story would have been very plausible if the redemption division had not received within twenty-four hours from an Alabama bank the other half of the same note. The theory of the Treasury officials was that while on a spree the doctor had struggled for the possession of the bill with some one, who had wrested half of it from him; that the desperado had turned the half into the bank and received \$5 for it; that the doctor, recovering his senses, had found the other half in his pocket, and not wanting to lose his money, had conceived the plan of singeing the edge of the note and saying the other half had been destroyed. So he calmly committed perjury in an attempt to rob Uncle Sam of \$5.

A short time ago a man in Chicago sent an affidavit to the Treasury accompanying the signed half of two \$20 bills and one \$10 bill. This affidavit was typewritten and in perfect form. It stated that the deponent was a commercial traveler, that returning from a journey, he had been cleaning out his traveling bag, when inadvertently he had thrown into the fire an envelope containing \$50 in bills; that, in accordance with section 30-and-so-of the law of such a date, he would like to have the money restored to him, etc. The clerk who brought this document to Mr. Relyea commented on its completeness.

"The story seems unnatural," said Mr. Relyea. "Hold up the claim for a time."

Twenty-four hours later a big shipment of mutilated currency came from the Sub-Treasury at Chicago. Mr. Relyea asked if there were any half notes in the shipment. In four or five minutes a clerk brought him the missing halves of the bills which the Chicago man had sent in.

"I didn't know myself, Lyddy," Tom answered. "Look at me."

"I was taken down the very last of September with typhoid fever, and was delirious, they say, for weeks. It turned into brain fever, and—well, Lyddy, I'm just this minute out of the hospital. Until within two weeks, I could not command myself enough to get a letter written, and then, when I found I was coming, I thought I would rather wait so short a time and surprise you. I did, didn't I? Well, he married to-morrow, and my vacation lasts till February. Say, aren't you surprised?"

"Yes, Tom," the tears were rolling down Lyddy's cheeks now. "But it can't be near not being a success, though."

"Why?" asked Tom.

"O, because."

And that was all the explanation she ever gave him.

To Be Kept Secret.

He was a great bore, and was talking to a crowd about the coming local election. Said he: "Gibbs is a good man; he is capable, honest, fearless and conscientious. He will make the very kind of representative we need. He once saved my life from drowning."

"Do you really want to see Gibbs elected?" said a solemn-faced old man.

"I do, indeed. I'd give anything to see him elected," answered the bore.

bill. It was pasted on a piece of heavy brown paper. In the lower left hand corner the serial number was clearly defined; in the upper right hand corner, where the same figures should have appeared, the note had been scraped, so as to blur the number, and a weak attempt had been made to suggest with India ink the first of the figures on the number below. The two pieces evidently had belonged to different notes. Alone they were valueless, because neither was as large as two-fifths of the original note; together the owner had hoped to make them appear to belong to the same note and so get \$2.50 for them. The attempt at fraud was weak and futile.

How to Prevent Dreams.

"After a series of experiments on myself and others," ventured an experienced physician to a Star reporter. "I am convinced that many annoying dreams and, which in many instances, rob sleep of much of its recreation and benefit can be prevented, if persons will take the trouble to do so. There are dreams which are produced by an overloaded stomach and indigestion. These can be prevented by not overloading the stomach and taking care, especially in the evening, not to eat that which experience has demonstrated is most easily digested. A fairly full stomach is, however, less conducive of dreams than an absolutely empty one. I think I can safely say that if these persons who are troubled much by dreaming will wear extra long sleeves during their night gowns, they will find a remedy thereby. What is even better than long sleeves is to put a rubber cord in the hem of the sleeves so that they will not slip up on the arm. The rubber cord should not be tight enough to interfere any way with the circulation of the blood in the arm, but still tight enough to keep the ends of the sleeves well down on the wrists. To the bachelors and others who can not have their sleeves properly arranged, the same effect can be secured by wearing a wristlet on the wrist, or better yet to pull a sock over the hands and pin the leg of it to the sleeves of the night-gown. In addition to preventing dreams this simple arrangement will be found extremely comfortable during the cold nights of the next couple of months. A little inquiry will convince any one that those whose wrists and forearms are uncovered, are annoyed most by dreams. The sock need as a kind of extended glove will effectively stop them, but it must be attached to the sleeve of the night gown, otherwise the sleeve will work up the arm and the desired effect be lost. My remedy in brief is, to keep the hand, wrist and forearm well covered."

—Washington Star.

Home Surgery.

Removing a splinter from a suffering hand may not be a nice and pleasant subject, but home surgery may sometimes give some one a feeling of heartfelt joy. The sufferer who illustrates the matter on this occasion was a carpenter. He was working at his trade at an institution over which the sisters of the Roman Catholic Church presided. One day he broke off an ugly splinter in his hand and could not get it out. He went home at the close of his day's work feeling no annoyance from the sound, but by the next morning the hand was in a serious condition and so painful that working was an impossibility. On his way to the doctor's, the carpenter stopped to tell the sisters why he must delay his work. "Let me see what I can do with your hand before you go to the doctor," said one of the sisters. The man demurred. "Yes," said the sister, with gentle insistence, "it will do no harm, anyway." She quickly filled within an inch or so of the top a rather wide-mouthed bottle with steaming hot water, and as she held it another sister pressed the injured part of the injured hand gently down over the opening. Such a peculiar sensation! It seemed to the man that his whole hand was being drawn with great force into the bottle. He would have taken it away, but the sister was holding it gently but firmly. Then there was a feeling of relief, it seemed as if the inside of that hand had become liquid and was pouring its unpleasant contents into the bottle. That was almost exactly what was happening, and with the liquid went the offending splinter. The hand was bathed and bandaged, and the carpenter continued his work without further inconvenience. —New York Times.

Selenium a Curious Substance.

Selenium has not hitherto played any very important part in commercial industries; it has been chiefly known in the chemist's laboratory as a curious and interesting substance possessing no special useful properties. It has recently been employed in the glassmaker's pot for producing colored glass. Rose-tinted glass is made by adding selenium directly to the ingredients in the melting pot, the depth of tint depending entirely on the quality used, and also to some extent upon the character of the glass—whether it be hard or soft.

A lovely orange red color is produced by mixing cadmium sulphide with the selenium before adding to the contents of the pot. The intensity of the yellow tint in this case depends directly upon the proportion of cadmium sulphide made use of.

A practical advantage attending this process is that it is not necessary to reheat the articles after being manufactured and to dip them in a coloring mixture as in the ordinary process of making red glass.

A Kentucky candidate for office, fearing his rival would beat him, rigged up a "ghost" out of two box kites and sent it abroad at night, bearing the advice to vote for him or else from the wrath to come.