

Maine has gained 39,000 people in thirty years, and Vermont gained about 17,000 in the same period, and in the ten years ending with 1890 she gained 136 inhabitants.

In the Government of Saratov, in Russia, horse thieves and cattle raiders are lynched when caught. The latest case is the beating to death with sticks of four men by the peasants of Bikle.

The late Prince Henry of Battenberg had a theory that every Nation was civilized in proportion to its appreciation of music. On hearing a Chinese orchestra, he once remarked: "These people are hopeless; they will never progress."

Those married men who have already provided seal skin saques for their wives and daughters are in big luck, thinks the Atlanta Journal. The Alaska seal herd has decreased from 47,000,000 to 175,000 in twenty-five years and is still falling. It is a consolation that a pretty woman dares not need a seal skin cover to make her attractive.

An enterprising London tradesman undertook to advertise by telegraph the other day, and sent to several thousand prominent ladies a despatch to the effect that a great sale was in progress. The ladies have been accustomed to looking at telegrams as matters of importance, and they were one and all annoyed. When the merchant got through apologizing to indignant husbands, big brothers and such, and had paid for the insertion of not a few abject apologies in the newspapers, he had made up his mind that newspaper advertisements were the best, after all.

The entire agricultural press is seeking to learn the exact profit in farming. The time has passed, asserts the San Francisco Chronicle, when the agricultural paper has fulfilled its duty by making public the most successful methods of culture. What farmers want to know is how to take in more than they pay out. A paper published at Springfield, Mass., has offered \$30 in prizes to farmers who send them articles giving either actual experience of writers in money making from the farm, or the experience of any farmers' organization in buying or selling together—the prizes going to those furnishing the most ideas. There is a third class of prizes to those who best tell how marketing ought to be done.

Los Angeles dispatches chronicle the fact that at the distribution of the estate of Pio Pico, the last Governor of California under Mexican rule, only a gold watch and chain were left. Pico was the richest of all the native California hidalgos except Vallejo. He owned ranches which covered hundreds of thousands of acres, and his cattle were unnumbered, but, like Vallejo, he had no conception of the value of land or money. When the Americans swarmed in he played the hospitable host for several years, and when his ready money was gone he mortgaged his estates. Twenty years saw him stripped of everything, and for the last decade the man who was once the most powerful in the State simply vegetated on the bounty of old friends. In the same way General Vallejo, who once owned the best lands in Central California, died in poverty in the house which once witnessed his princely entertainments.

The Atlanta Constitution notes that the experiments of Massachusetts and New Jersey in the construction of first-class highways have aroused a good deal of interest in other States. Massachusetts spent \$700,000 last year on her roadways, and she is willing to spend still more this year. In New Jersey, too, the people are anxious to be taxed if they can get good roads. In many States, North and South, it is suggested that it would be a good plan to work the convicts on the public highways. Their labor would in time furnish every locality with good roads, and thus employed they would not compete with free and skilled labor. The outdoor work would be a good thing for the health of the prisoners, and if properly guarded they could not escape any more easily than under the present system. With first-class highways our farms will rapidly increase in value, and their owners will have better facilities for carrying their products to market, while the item of saving in the wear and tear of vehicles is of important consideration. With these improvements, our rural districts will attract settlers, and the country will draw the surplus population of the towns. Perhaps this points to the solution of the convict problem.

FOE TO STRONG DRINK

THE GREAT LIFE WORK OF FRANCIS MURPHY.

Picked Up from the Gutter, He Has Become the World's Greatest Temperance Reform—Story of His Life and His Remarkable Success.

Blue Ribbon's Champion. There is no name better known in temperance circles the world over than that of Francis Murphy. He is without a doubt the greatest living advocate of the doctrine of total abstinence. During his long career as a champion in the blue ribbon cause he has carried happiness into thousands of homes and reclaimed from the gutters thousands of men who have since grown into prosperity and wealth. All this has been accomplished by a magnetic eloquence that strikes the heart of the listener. He is not highly educated or even always polished in speech. He is better equipped than that for the work



FRANCIS MURPHY.

in which he has spent the best years of his life. Though his phrases are not always the turn of grammatical excellence, his words have the ring of truth and deep feeling and his manner is of the genial, gracious, winning kind that naturally attracts men to him. Five minutes in a man's company is enough to have Francis Murphy addressing him by his first name or the abbreviation of his last, and slapping him on his back, not rudely, but in a genial welcoming way. Francis Murphy is not as vigorous a worker as he once was. Sixty years of life have left their marks upon him, but while they have deprived him of some of his forcefulness as a speaker they have brought a gentleness which is equally effective.

Story of His Life. Francis Murphy, as his name indicates, is an Irishman. "I came to this country when I was 16 years old. It was twenty-six years ago in the city of Portland, Me., that I signed the pledge," says Mr. Murphy. "Before that I had been a leader of the young fellows who drank about that town. But all at once a new feeling took hold of me, a new force entered my mind and I determined to quit the life I had led. It was one of the surprises of the town when I did sign the pledge. But with me the first thought was of my bottle companions. I took a pledge and went among them, and in almost no time sixty or seventy of them had put down their names to a promise never to drink liquor again."

"It was noticed in the town at once. Prominent business men would come down around where we lived, and speaking to some of the neighbors, would say: 'Hello, Tom, or Joe, or whoever it was, you're looking different from what you did; you look better. What's come over you?' And Tom or Joe would reply: 'Well, you know, I used to have a good deal of trouble with my bottle. He used to drink with Frank Murphy, but now Murphy has got him to sign the pledge. Since he did that my wife is a young girl again and I feel like a young man.'

His First Temperance Lecture. "And so it went, until I had an invitation from the mayor of the city, Benjamin Kingsbury, to make a speech in the City Hall. 'No, sir,' I told him, 'I never made a speech in my life, and I'm not going to try in the City Hall.' 'Well, you don't need to,' he replied. 'Just appear there sober that will be speech enough for you.' I agreed to do that, and I went. The City Hall was filled



MRS. FRANCIS MURPHY.

clear out to the street, and there were such prominent men as Tom Reed, George Shipley and others of that caliber. At the proper time I was introduced to the audience as the young fellow who had begun Portland's great temperance reform, and I thought I ought to say something just to show my appreciation. But lo and behold I couldn't say a word. I stood there trying to speak, but I couldn't, and finally broke out crying. Of course I was shamed and humiliated, and thought I had brought disgrace on every friend I had on earth. I had no thought but to get home, and there I went as soon as I could get out of the crowd. And I stayed there three days, out of everybody's sight, until my friends began to inquire. 'Where's Frank?' Nobody could say, and finally they came to the house to look me up. Mayor Kingsbury was one of them. They asked me what was the matter, and I replied that I had disgraced them all and my family and myself and everybody else by the failure I had made at the City Hall. 'You haven't failed; you've done magnificent,' said Kingsbury, 'and I have fifty applications for you to talk temperance.' 'For a while I demurred, but then I went out with a little pledge, not ex-

pecting to make speeches, but simply to talk to one man or two at a time. My success was greater than I expected, and the work I did resulted in the formation of the New England Reform clubs, with which 75,000 people signed the pledge. That was the start of my temperance work.

"The number of people who have taken the pledge from me I can not tell exactly. The only figures I have were those that were compiled in 1878, when it was reckoned that 13,000,000 people had taken the blue ribbon through the work I had started. In the four years I spent with my son, Thos. E. Murphy, in Great Britain, it is estimated that 5,000,000 people signed our pledge. In the city of Belfast, Ireland, my son took 40,000 signatures to the pledge in three days. That is the greatest record ever made by a man in temperance work. My best work was done in Pittsburgh in 1876. I talked there for three months in one hall, and as a result 45,000 men signed the pledge. It was that work, too, that started the movement that made the gospel and total abstinence cause. It was that work, too, that gave me fame, and I have never made any money since I first had the fame. I have refused to turn my work into a money-making business."

Mr. Murphy has been aided by his wife, who, like himself, is a winning apostle of temperance.

WAS A MAKE-BELIEVE PROXY.

How a Rich Texas Girl Won a Poor but Proud Lover.

To the knowing girl there are more ways than one of availing oneself of the maiden's leap-year privilege. A story comes from rural Texas illustrative of this truth and showing how a courageous girl may overcome difficulties in winning the man of her choice. In a certain county of the Lone Star State there lives a very charming girl, who, being yet in the heyday of her youth and withal rich in her own right, has always had a long train of admirers. The majority of them were well off as to this world's goods, but Cupid had in his usual mischievous style so arranged matters that none of them found favor in the girl's sight. The only man among them all that had the power to set her heart fluttering and to whom her fancy had paid tribute even when he was absent never pressed his suit. He belongs to that innumerable army of poor but honest, and his pride withheld the words that the Texas belle was so anxious to hear.

The other day she went to him in the most bewitching costume and a smile that exactly matched. She told him with blushing candor that he was old enough and sensible enough to be getting married. She had a young lady in mind that would make him a capital wife, and if authorized by him she would volunteer to carry on negotiations. This made the young man mad and took him entirely out of himself. He served notice in very terse terms that he did not require the services of anyone in conducting his affairs of the heart, and it was particularly exasperating to have the only woman he ever did love or could love come to intercede for someone else.

Now, this was exactly what the sensible girl knew, and accordingly she had laid a trap for the man of her choice. Her calculations had been accurately made, and when the poor but proud lover had been betrayed into the declaration of his passion and blushed more furiously than before and stammeringly insinuated that perhaps if he had disclosed his feelings earlier she might have been saved the performance of a very embarrassing task. The young man, finding the ground slipping from under him, grasped at the nearest protection, which was, of course, the girl. She did not object strenuously, and arrangements are now being completed for a wedding, which for gayety and general happiness shall cast into the shade everything hitherto seen in that section.

DROPS OF WATER.

The Awful Pain Their Continual Falling Inflicts.

One of the Chinese modes of punishment, especially when a confession is wanted from a criminal, is to place him where a drop of water will fall upon one certain spot in his shaved crown for hours, or days, if necessary. The torture this inflicts is proved by an experience of Sandow, the strong man. When he was in Vienna a few years ago a school teacher bet him that he would not be able to let a half litre of water drop upon his hand until the measure was exhausted. A half litre is only a little more than a pint. Sandow laughed at the very idea of his not being able to do this. So a half-litre measure was procured, and a hole drilled in the bottom just sufficient to let the water escape drop by drop.

Then the experiment began. Sandow laughed and chatted gaily at first. The schoolmaster kept count upon the number of drops. At about the two hundredth Sandow grew a little more serious. Soon an expression of pain crossed his face. With the entrance into the third hundred his hand began to swell and grow red. Then the skin burst. The pain grew more and more excruciating. Finally, at the four hundred and twentieth drop Sandow had to give up and acknowledge himself vanquished. His hand was sore for several days after.

Humor with the Parisians.

The first bonhead from the Mayflower scrambled out on Plymouth Rock. "I suppose," remarked Miles Standish, emptying the water from his shoe, "that we can now be referred to as lauded aristocrats."

And when this was repeated to Elder Brewster and explained to him he almost laughed.—New York Recorder.

Don't talk of your friends as your "set." It makes them feel like a collection of souvenir spoons.

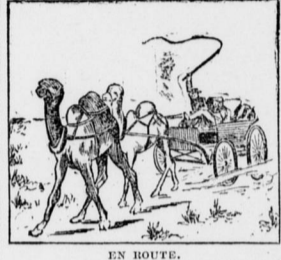
WILDS OF AUSTRALIA

CAMELS CARRY TOURISTS AND BURDENS.

The Beasts Consume Astonishing Quantities of Water When a "Condenser" Is Reached—Lakes with Mirages and Occasionally One with Water

Water at Eight Cents a Gallon.

In Australia camels are quite generally in use as beasts of burden, and journeys to the mining camps in the desolate West Australian Bush region are almost invariably made with them. They are used either under the saddle or hitched before a wagon or carriage. Camels are also especially trained for use as bearers of baggage and other burdens, and the animals accustomed to that can carry from 400 to 500 pounds for long distances. In the towns at the edge of the mining district, which is as a rule covered with an interminable and monotonous growth of dense forest, these animals are not for sale or hire. At Coolgardie they can be hired at the rate of £1 per day for riding, and 12s. 6d. for pack camels, a big deposit being usually demanded on



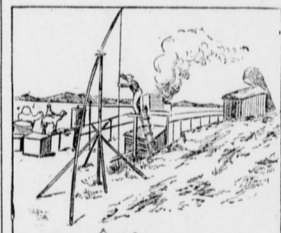
EN ROUTE.

each one besides. A good fast animal for riding purposes costs about £70, as against £30 to £40 for the pack animals.

Traveling by camels is a very uncertain mode of procedure. The Australian animals are inured to all kinds of hardships, but sometimes they travel fast and sometimes with exasperating slowness, and the efforts of the tourist to spur them on when they choose to advance at a snail's pace, are usually futile. Every once in a while, when traversing the wastes, one comes upon a condenser, a plant where water is collected, to be sold at the rate of four pence or eight cents a gallon. It is astonishing to observe how much water will flow down the throats of the camels, and the bill, after all have been daily watered, is startling.

The first experience of actual bush life is novel, and this to a great extent compensates one for the inevitable "roughing it," a novelty which, by the way, however, too soon wears off and leaves the bare uncomfortable facts in all their uncompromising reality. Still, the first experience is not altogether unpleasant, and in the light of the big camp fire, with the surrounding forest extending like some huge cathedral into the distant gloom, the effect is distinctly impressive.

Occasionally the traveler gets into the open country and sights a large lake, with water in it. To the reader to whom the wilds of western Australia may be unfamiliar this astonishment may doubtless appear strange; it is, therefore, necessary to explain that out in those parts a "lake" does not necessarily contain water, though it may do so at certain times of the year, if any rain should happen to fall. As a gen-



A CONDENSER.

eral rule, these inland seas are but vast expanses of arid sandy sand, whereupon the curious effect known as "mirage" usually takes the place of the missing element, and, as a rule, so realistically, that it was very hard, indeed, to believe that the distant rippling water, looking so refreshingly cool under the glare of the scorching midday sun, was in reality but a cruel deceptive illusion, which would gradually retreat as one advanced towards it.

It Was in His Bill.

That reminds me of a story they tell about Rudyard Kipling—indeed, I won't be sure that it isn't he who tells it. He stayed at a hotel once upon a time, in Montreal, I think it was, and when he came to go away he asked for the landlord. The landlord appeared. "I wanted to see you," said Mr. Kipling, "because you are a wonderful man. I have never known your equal. I have sojourned in hotels all around the world. I have never seen one like this."

The landlord swelled with pride. He intimated that the thing was really nothing when you knew how to do it. He was in a seventh heaven of delight. Mr. Kipling waited till he heard the earth again. Then he resumed: "I want to tell you that of all the hotels under the shining sun I have never seen one that for unmitigated, all-round, unendurable discomfort could not even be named in the same day with yours."

And when Mr. Kipling's bill was made out, one item in it read: "To impudence, 83." But what's 83, when one has spoken one's mind?—Washington Post.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

WILD SUNFLOWER BELLE.

An Atchison girl started out the first of the year with a resolve to say nothing, but always look interested and sympathetic. The other girls are still wondering what makes her so suddenly popular with everyone.—Atchison Globe.

THE SMOOTH BROW.

The photographs of a decade ago, or even half that period back, look crudely old fashioned now. It is the heavy bang which then prevailed, and which has now almost disappeared, that gives them their air of antiquity. The straight bang departed long since. The heavy curled bang belongs to past history. And even the light fringe, to which the possessors of high foreheads have clung, is retreating. It is being thinned, trained back, pinned off the forehead with sidecombs and all that will remain on most brows before long is a light curl or two to break its severity.—New York Advertiser.

AVOIDS THE PUBLIC GAZE.

Mrs. Cleveland dreads publicity for her children. She says her little girls are private persons and that the public has nothing to do with them. To her they are too sacred to be gazed upon by the vulgar public. This is to be regretted, as persons who know the little tots declare them to be most charming children. So bent is she on preserving their privacy that she has never had their photographs taken by any professional photographer. Only one amateur is said to have been allowed to make snapshots of them. She is a young lady, an intimate personal friend. Evidently Mrs. Cleveland's trust in her discretion was well founded. Mrs. Cleveland has no such feeling about her own photographs, which may be bought in a great variety of graceful poses at any shop where pictures are sold.—New York Journal.

AN INEXPENSIVE BEAUTIFIER.

If you want to soften your face, try, instead of rubbers and ointments and balms, a little spiritual gymnastics. Look at yourself in the glass. If the corners of your mouth are down, and you are an unhappy looking object, elevate your expression. Think of the pleasantest thing that ever happened to you; the kindest thing that was ever done for you; the merriest time you ever had in your life; send out the most generous, the sweetest, the most helpful thought you can think of your friends, and if your face is not softened more charmingly than ever a wrinkle rubber could make it, then you have not thought strongly, bravely, or generously enough. There is so much that could be written on this that thoughts play leapfrog over my pen, and there is not time to adjust them properly or to utter them. It is clear, however, that she remains youngest who has the widest possible range of sympathies and vivid appreciation. Not knowest thou, not believest thou, but—lovest thou? Is the password through the gates of everlasting youth, as well as to "the new church."—Boston Transcript.

SPIDER WEB VEILS.

The very latest is a large, delicate mesh somewhat resembling a spider's web. A curious little white speck like a fly near the left eye and on the right close by the mouth is an arrangement of spots which might easily be mistaken for a spider. This veil is bordered with a little narrow edge of Honiton lace and two loveknots within a reasonable distance of a pretty mouth. If the veil is white the spider and the fly are black, and vice versa. This might truly be called the allegorical veil, assuming the face to be young and innocent, looking at the world beyond with wondering eyes. The old-time useful fashion of gathering the ends and front, making the veil fit comfortably around the face, has been quite done away with. Instead, it is allowed to hang loose and fall in funny little frills, resembling, on a smaller scale, the golets of our gowns. A few years ago this fashion was the special prerogative of old ladies. Some women have a born talent for buying veils, and it is generally the woman who is not over young to whom those toilet becoming veils are more important than all the rest. The most popular these cold days is a heavy chenille dot and very close together; in this the white-haired woman with a youthful face is seen at her best.—New York Journal.

GOSSES.

Mrs. Mary E. Lease, the famous Populist politician, has left the lecture platform for the pulpit.

Two women servants in Paris are the sole legatees of their mistress, who lately died possessed of \$120,000.

Miss Martha Carey Thomas, President of Bryn Mawr College, has been elected a Trustee of Cornell University.

Mrs. Toulman Smith is the first woman to receive the appointment of Librarian of Manchester College, Oxford.

Miss Helen Gould has founded two scholarships in New York University of \$5000 each, to yield \$250 annually.

In England there is a woman auctioneer who is successful in her chosen business, which she adopted when she was only sixteen years of age.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

SOMETHING ABOUT POTATOES.

In a bulletin issued by Professor Snyder, of the Minnesota State Agriculture College, he makes a point of interest to the housewife. He shows that where potatoes are peeled and started boiling in cold water there is a loss of eighty per cent. of the total albumen, and where they are not peeled and are started in hot water this loss is reduced to two per cent. A bushel of potatoes, weighing sixty pounds, contains about two pounds of total nitrogenous compounds. When improperly cooked one-half of a pound is lost, containing six-tenths of a pound of the most valuable proteids. It requires all of the protein from nearly two pounds of round beefsteak to replace the loss of protein from improperly boiling a bushel of potatoes.

THEORY AND PRACTICE OF BAKING.

A great many cooks make a failure of baking, simply because they do not understand the management of the oven, and seem to be unable to grasp the few simple facts necessary to its successful handling. Most cooks fire up the range and fix the proper point at the degree when the outside of the oven door will hiss sharply if touched with the wet finger. This is a degree of heat unsuited to almost all delicate articles. It scorches and sears them over; things that should rise are held in by the crust that forms too quickly, and daintiness with such management is out of the question. Cakes are crusty over and either become soggy or burst out at the top of the dish and run over like volcanoes. This spoils the shape and symmetry and is unworthy of a culinary artist.

As a matter of fact, the number of minutes an article should bake is but a very small part of the knowledge required for successful cooking. Ten minutes in some ovens is equal to twenty in others, and forty may make the article as dry as a chip.

The old fashioned brick oven had points of grace, perhaps because bakers knew how to manage it. It has been suggested that the modern oven should be provided with a thermometer and that cook-books should have degrees of heat as well as the number of minutes required for baking. Under ordinary circumstances the oven is of proper temperature for plain cake when it will brown a sheet of white letter-paper without setting it on fire. Bread ought to be baked in an oven as hot as possible without burning, and the heat should be maintained steadily until done. Cakes may have the heat slightly reduced by putting a little can of hot water into the oven. This lowers the temperature and should be removed if the fire becomes at all slack. Practice, watchfulness and experimenting are the only ways to successful baking, and will be so until our range ovens are provided with thermometers, and until our cooks learn how to use them.—New York Ledger.

RECIPES.

London Potatoes—Fry slices of cold potato, about one-fourth inch thick, till a nice brown; lay them on a hot dish and place on each piece a thin slice of hard-boiled egg, allowing two eggs for five portions. Pour over all the following hot:

Bean Soup—Thoroughly mash the remaining half of the beans; return them to the liquor with a small minced onion and a small handful of celery tops, dried and saved for soups; add water or stock if there is not enough bean liquor; season to taste.

Sauce Piquante—Melt a tablespoonful of butter; sift in two tablespoonfuls of flour, stirring all the time; add salt and pepper to taste, and then gradually one gill of water and one gill of vinegar; stir well until the sauce has boiled a few moments. A little parsley may be added.

Fried Mush—Slice well-cooked mush (stiff enough to mold nicely in greased pan or dish) about one-quarter inch thick. Cut in neat squares or oblong. Drop in smoking hot fat; you would French-fry potatoes. When a delicate brown lay on paper a few minutes. Serve with or without maple syrup. Cook enough mush for several mornings. It keeps well in a cold place.

Baked Tomatoes—The tomatoes from which the juice was drained at luncheon should be drained again if still wet. Put a thin layer of fine bread crumbs in a well-greased baking dish, a thick layer of tomatoes, just enough minced onion to flavor delicately, many tiny bits of butter, salt, pepper, and another thin layer of bread crumbs. Repeat until the dish is full, having crumbs on top. Bake slowly about an hour.

Salad—Some string beans and boiled cabbage left from yesterday's dinner, and some beets pickled last fall, coarsely chopped; a tablespoonful or more piled on small lettuce leaves on each of the necessary number of individual plates and a thin mayonnaise dressing over all. The lettuce can be raised in a roomy window-box in a sunny window, where it looks very pretty growing. A few leaves may be cut at a time as needed, the roots left to send up more leaves.

French Beans—Soak a pint of navy beans over night; put on to boil in one quart of fresh water; at the end of half an hour add one teaspoonful, or less, salt and boil again gently and without breaking for another half or three-fourths of an hour; meanwhile, cook a very small slice of onion in a cupful of tomato juice; strain or not, as you choose; about this time the beans are done; thicken this with flour and butter; put in half the beans, well drained; reheat and serve.

Five-cent telegrams are to be tried in Italy. The Government is also trying to have the tariff with other European countries reduced.