

There are about a dozen strong Presbyterian churches in London, whose membership is made up almost entirely from the working classes.

An effectual way of compelling people to submit to vaccination has been adopted in Norway. Citizens who have not been vaccinated, it is said, are not allowed to vote at an election.

The German naval department has ordered that a translation of Captain Mahan's "Influence of Sea Power in History" be supplied to all the public libraries, schools and government institutions.

At a recent lecture delivered in Nulhansen, Germany, a missionary named Eichler read extracts from a Chinese book of the eleventh century which present some striking points of resemblance to Dante's "Inferno."

"Mexico is governed, and it is now generally conceded that she is well governed, more economically than any other country," says Modern Mexico. "The entire budget expenses of the Republic now reach about fifty million Mexican silver dollars per year, considerably less than it costs New York City in gold for its government."

The literary death-list of the English-speaking world in 1897 includes no great names. Palgrave and Mrs. Oliphant represent literature pure and simple perhaps better than any others. Of scholars and historians we have to lament Professor Wallace and Calderwood and Dr. Drisler and Justin Winser. Professor Henry Drummond and Henry George lead the class of men of great native ability given a popular turn.

The German woman proclaims her emancipation not only by going for academic degrees in competition with the men, but by engaging in all sorts of trades in like rivalry. A recent official report shows that there are in Germany three women employed as chimney sweeps, thirty-five as sisters, seven as gunsmiths, 147 as copper-smiths, 379 as farriers and nailers, 303 as masons, eight as stonecutters and 2000 for marble, slate and stone quarries.

The insurgent chiefs in the Philippines who surrendered to the Spanish on the promise of safe transport to Hong Kong knew better than to trust the mere word of their captors, states the New York Mail and Express. Their followers held their pistols at the head of Spanish "honor" until word was received of their safe arrival at Hong Kong. It is this knowledge of the perfidy of the Spanish character that made utterly hopeless at the outset all negotiations with the Cuban insurgents for peace on the basis of autonomy. Negotiations imply faith, and there is just as little faith in Spain as there is just now health in Cuba.

Great Britain's dependence upon the United States is yearly becoming more pronounced. Not only in the purchase of agricultural and mineral products is that power bestowing marked favor upon the American market, but also in the purchase of industrial and commercial products. Much has already been said of the extensive purchases which Great Britain has recently made in this market of electrical outfits and supplies. Within the last five years the aggregate value of these purchases has mounted far up into the millions, and yet larger orders are being received from Great Britain at the present time than ever before. The latest wrinkle in the trade relations between the two countries is set forth in the following significant paragraph taken from a recent London dispatch: "Her Majesty's stationery office, which supplies all the departments, allows common sense to take precedence over patriotism. The India office, which is the most exclusive and old-fashioned of them all, grumbled upon making the shocking discovery, but of the chiefs of the stationery departments answered: 'What's all this fuss about? If we can get notepaper in America better and cheaper than the British manufacturers can supply, we will place our orders there.' Twenty-five years ago Great Britain would have hooted at the idea of buying manufactured articles in this market. With the arrogance which her industrial prestige brought to her she naturally looked with contempt upon the crude manufacturing enterprises of the United States. But times have changed, and Great Britain is to-day one of the most extensive purchasers of American products. She buys coal, iron, bread-stuffs, electrical supplies, cotton, tobacco, paper and numerous other wares. What a splendid beginning for the power which once spurned our market!

THE WOMAN LOVING YOU.
There's one thing that can lift the soul above both care and woe—
And since there's much of both, of course 'tis well that it is so.
If every friend has left your side and foes have filled their place,
While slender takes your record up its slimy charge to trace—
If every rose along your path has disappeared from view—
The world is not a desert if some woman's loving you.
A curtain pulled aside for eyes to watch while you're in sight—
This cheers you as no million stars can light obscuring night.
The white hand waving you a kiss from lips that love your name,
Can make you overlook men's hate and all their hostile blame.
And God has not forgot the word—you feel that this is true
Since He has given you the boon, the woman loving you.
—Will T. Hale, in Chicago Times-Herald.

THE FOREST FIRE.

By LOUIS E. VAN NORMAN.

ESSIE and I were friends. We had always been friends since—well, since we were dresses together. That was when I was five and she was four. We were, from that time, always together. Like brother and sister, you say? More than this. For brothers and sisters are not always close friends. We were chums. She went everywhere I went and did everything I did, and, as we grew up to boyhood and girlhood, we were inseparable. Even when I had attained the dignity of long pants I preferred her society to that of my male friends, for there was nothing soft about Tessie, except, perhaps, her eyes, and they were a beautiful, soft hazel.

She was strong and athletic, but of a slender build; could drive, row and swim as well as I could; and had a complexion well browned by a long and intimate acquaintance with God's sunlight. A brave girl, too. I remember well how once she swam across a quarter of a mile of choppy river to get the doctor for that grumpy old Sarah Tore, the lighthouse keeper's wife. She loved the cross old man, she said, although no one else saw anything in her to love.

Then Tess went to boarding school and came back at the end of three years with a little of that "horrible tan"—that's what her proper sister Laura called it—gone out of her cheeks, and just the faintest trace of city manners about her; but at heart the same dear old Tess as ever.

Now, although my girl friend and I had known each other so long and so intimately, yet we had never fallen in love with each other. I am positive of this, because when I got soft on Jennie Bingham and lavished all my money on flowers for her, Tess only laughed. Then there was the time I fell head over heels in love with dashing Cora Sands. Why, then I had it! I got to the stage where you moon around street corners and carve her name on old stumps and gate posts. I even wrote my name and hers together on the marriage page of the old family Bible, just to see how it would look, and then rubbed it out in guilty haste. Even then didn't Tessie get up the lawn party and manœuvre so that Cora and I were partners for the whole evening? And then, there was the Jack Manners episode. Jack quite lost his head over Tess, and asked her father if he could marry her. I think he even proposed elopement to Tessie. But she didn't love Jack, she said, and so wouldn't hear of his wasting any time or money on her. And I didn't feel a bit jealous. I am sure I didn't. So you see it's quite plain that we had not given the mischievous little God Cupid any work to do for us. But now I was twenty and Tessie nineteen, and somehow, as I took the shapely little hand she offered me to welcome her back, after those three years at school, somehow it came to me suddenly that Tess was a beautiful girl, and that her eyes were bewitching. And there came into my heart a strange, uncomfortable feeling—dissatisfaction, jealousy—what was it? It certainly was not pleasant. Suppose some one should take it into his head to fall in love with Tessie and marry her? Confound him! But then, what was that to me? I was not in love with her. Of course not. We were simply friends. And yet I instinctively disliked this fellow who might make love to my girl chum.

The summer I wish particularly to tell you of, the one following Tessie's return from school, our folks and her folks decided to spend the hot season at a little mountain hamlet with an unpronounceable name—a mixture of French and Indian—thirty miles or so to the north of Lake Superior. We had already spent one season there and knew of a good boarding house where they gave you enough to eat, and were too unsophisticated to charge a ruinous price. It was a one-horse sort of a place, containing about a dozen families, mostly French Canadian habitants, primitive as Noah. The population numbered about one hundred persons. The town was perched high on the side of a thirteen-hundred-foot-high hill. Dover Mountain, they called it. Directly back of this hill—in fact, almost a continuation of it—rose a tall, pointed mountain about three thousand feet high, which the French habitants called Ducre's Spine. This eminence, as well as the hill on which the little village lay, as though it had been dropped there, was very thickly wooded. Just a little space close about the houses had been cleared of trees, while for miles around extended the dense virgin forest, most of whose heavy growth of pine, cedar, chestnut, oak and hickory, besides a rank undergrowth of sumac and scrub oak, had never been desecrated by the woodman's ax.

The folks were to go up to this wild

neer. There was no mistaking it now. The evergreens and withered underbrush had become veritable tinder in the long-continued hot and dry spell, and before the destroying flames they disappeared as snow before the sun. It was only about half an hour since I first noticed the smoke, and now we could hear distinctly the distant crack and roar of the flames, and every now and then the heavy, resonant swish and boom as some great king of the forest fell, crashing through the smaller growth beneath it. The twilight was coming swiftly on. We began to get thoroughly frightened as the fire came nearer and nearer.

A great cloud of cinders and smoke, the advance guard of the all-devouring enemy, began to blow in our faces and fire the dry underbrush at our feet. A breeze had sprung up. We might have died for it two hours before and not received it, but now, when its presence was most deadly, it appeared to give greater velocity to the already furious pace of our destroying enemy.

I applied the whip vigorously to the old horse, and he seemed to put forth his best energies, but the crazy wagon on so heavy that we did not get along any faster than a good trot.

The girl beside me was pale, but her lips were firmly set and her eyes burned with a lustre, determined light. She would not flinch, I saw. She came of stern stuff, this tender young girl, and the fierce, stubborn spirit of her Dutch ancestry was standing her now in good stead. I knew Tess would not faint or scream or do anything foolish or wild, but would be a comrade to me in our danger, with a courage equal, if not superior, to my own.

On came the fire. It was now within half a mile of us and roaring like a wild beast in sight of his prey. A great cloud of smoke and cinders preceded the flames and blew right in our faces, making our eyes smart so that we could scarcely see, and griming and peppering our flesh till it felt raw. A flock of teal—great big, beautiful fellows—swept over us, flying toward the lake, uttering loud, discordant cries. Now and then one of the number would fall to the ground, its wings, perhaps, singed by the flames over which it had passed. Four beautiful deer, a massive stag with magnificent antlers and three soft-eyed does, came at full bound from the covert to the left of the road, the buck leading in a frightened run and the females following with that startled, almost human, look in their large eyes that one notices in animals at bay. A long, glossy black snake writhed its swift way through the underbrush, across the road and was lost to view in an instant. I scarcely knew how I managed to see all these minor features in the play which afterwards came so near being a tragedy, but every little thing is indelibly impressed upon my mind, even to this hour.

Our old horse was now fully alive to the danger we were in. He trembled and shook in every limb and drew the rickety old vehicle along at a rate it had never gone before. I held the reins and spoke encouraging words to him, and tried to comfort the brave girl at my side. Tess was trying to keep the cinders off us with a little silk parasol—one of my gifts to her—but soon there were so many holes burned in that dainty relic of civilization that it became a veritable colander, through which poured a red-hot blinding flood of sparks and smoke. A great hissing, crackling cinder lighted on her Tam-o'-Shanter and that soon was so near a blaze that I pitched it off and threw it away. Tess looked like an angry goddess. Her long brown hair had escaped from its fastenings and swept out behind in the wind our passage created. As she held the reins while I warded off a great blazing fire which came hurtling down upon us, with her eyes sparkling with excitement, her face pale as ashes, and her lips set, she looked like another Queen Boadicea driving her chariot of wrath over the necks of her proud Roman insulters. Even in those moments of agony I wondered how she kept up so marvelously.

We were now about half way home and almost in the belt of flame. Things might now get better, and if we could hold out for another half hour there was a chance of our getting off with our lives. I tried to speak, but my throat was so parched that I could not utter a sound.

The heat was frightful. Clouds of dense white smoke settled about us in suffocating closeness, while the thunder of the falling giants of the forest, together with their snapping blades produced by their sharp branches and the ever-increasing roar of the flames, made up a grand and awful diapason. And the fire came closer and closer—and finally—it reached us.

"Tess!" I shouted, as I put my arm about her waist and drew her down below the sides of the crazy old vehicle. "Dear girl, our time has come! Good-bye!"

"Dear Ben, good-bye!" I read, rather than heard from her lips. It was impossible to hear her words.

And after that, as the novelists say, all was like a dream. I have a confused recollection of a heat so terrible as to almost force my eyes from their sockets and shrivel my skin up to parchment—of the old horse dropping to the ground—of standing over my brave Tess fighting off the blazing branches—of agonizing burns on my head, face and hands! And then there came a terrible crash! I seemed to see ten thousand stars and all was darkness!

I never knew just how long I was unconscious, but it must have been for many hours, for when consciousness again mounted I her throne in my soul it was broad day. At first I could not open my eyes at all. Then

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.
STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Two Passions—Two Hard Cases—Two's Company—An Illustration—Wasting Good Money—A Wise Child—A Modern Education—Practical Finance, Etc.

A woman looks into a glass
Until she's fascinated;
A man looks in another kind
Till he's interested.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Two Hard Cases.
"You have a hard case," said the lawyer.
"So did the safe," said the burglar,
"but I cracked it."—The Ledger.

An Illustration.
Hasband—"That little Jones boy seems to be remarkably fond of cake."
Wife—"Extremely! Why, he even eats his mother's home-made cake!"—Puck.

Two's Company.
Mr. Wilberforce—"What do you think of the third party, Miss Dimpling?"
Miss Dimpling—"Oh, I always detested a chaperon."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Wasting Good Money.
Charles Bragg—"Yes, Miss Brightly, it costs me ten thousand a year to live."
Miss Brightly—"Oh, Mr. Bragg, do you think it's worth it?"—Boston Traveller.

A Wise Child.
Mamma—"Ethel, what do you mean by shouting in that disgraceful fashion? See how quiet Willie is."
Ethel—"Of course he's quiet. That's our game. He's papa coming home late, and I'm you."

Practical Finance.
Jones—"They say our circulation is twenty-two dollars per capita. Now, you haven't twenty-two dollars, have you?"
Smith—"Yes; I have."
Jones—"Have you? Lend me five, will you?"—Puck.

A Modern Education.
Proud Mother—"At last, my dear young education is finished, and you have diplomas from the highest seats of learning in the world."
Cultured Daughter (wearily)—"Yes, and now I'm too old to marry."—New York Weekly.

Work of the String Band.
Tourist—"What is that crowd over the way?"
Native—"That's our string band."
Tourist—"Preparing to give an entertainment, I suppose?"
Native—"Yes; going over the river to lynch a horse thief."—Chicago News.

Columbus's Mistake.
Teacher—"Did Columbus know that he discovered a new continent?"
Class—"No; he thought it was India."
Teacher—"Correct. Why did he think he had found India?"
Bright Boy—"I s'pose it was 'cause the inhabitants was Indians."—New York Weekly.

Why the Giraffe is Dumb.
The children had written compositions on the giraffe. They were reading them aloud to the class. At last the time came for little Willie to read his. It was as follows:
"The giraffe is a dumb animal and cannot express himself by any sound, because its neck is so long its voice gets tired on its way to its mouth."
From Little Willie.
"I had an adventure the other evening," said Miss Autumn to a neighbor on whom she was calling. "It was quite dark and I saw a strange man just ahead of me and I ran until I was nearly exhausted."
"And did the man get away from you?" asked little Willie, who was listening.—Chicago News.

He Knew the Business.
"What did that man want?" asked the druggist.
"A pint of whisky," said the new clerk, who was on trial for a week.
"Did he have a prescription?"
"No."
"Well, what did you do?"
"I wrote one for him."
"Consider yourself permanently engaged."—Cleveland Leader.

Just Hit It.
Thompson—"Something worrying you, Newman?"
Newman—"Forgotten what my wife ordered this morning. I remember that, at the time, I thought, 'Well, that's a sad subject.' What could it have been?"
Thompson—"Was it sad-irons?"
Newman—"That's just what it was—three sad-irons!"—Judge.

The New Girl.
The typewriter girl is never discouraged. On answering an ad. the principal of the establishment said to her:
"I am very sorry, Miss, but you came too late. I have already engaged a young man stenographer."
"Well, introduce me to him. Perhaps I can marry him, and then I can take his place," was the prompt response.—New York World.

Great Scheme.
Watson—"Now is your chance, old man, to get in on the ground floor of my new company. Stock is sure to be at a premium before the month is out."
Bjork—"What's your scheme?"
Watson—"Company organized to stand by when the returning Klondikers shake the dust of Alaska from their feet, and gather up the dust and smelt out the gold in it."—Somerville Journal.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.
Transparent Apples.
Six large apples, one cup granulated sugar, one cup water, one lemon, white of an egg and two heaping spoonfuls of powdered sugar. Peel and core the apples, slice the lemon into the water and cup of sugar and put on to boil; when boiling, add the apples and stew till tender; take out carefully, without breaking, and arrange on a dish; boil the sirup quickly ten minutes longer and pour over the apples; beat the white of egg to a stiff froth; add powdered sugar and beat again. Drop in spoonfuls over the apples and serve very cold.

Spiced Mackerel.
Spiced mackerel is extremely appetizing and may be prepared by the following directions: Select three or four fresh, fat mackerel and clean them without splitting them. Place them in a crockery dish and sprinkle them with salt and pepper, adding three bay leaves, three blades of mace and six whole allspice. Mix vinegar and water in equal proportions and cover the fish with it. Cook for three hours in a slow oven. Remove to the serving dish, pour the remaining vinegar and water left from the three hours' cooking over the fish, and serve at once. If put in a cold place the fish may be kept for several days.—New York Tribune.

Egg Timbale.
Place a saucpan with one tablespoonful butter over the fire, adding one heaping tablespoonful flour. Cook three minutes, without browning, and add one cup of milk, one teaspoonful salt, half teaspoonful pepper, and a small bouquet. Stir and cook ten minutes, or until it forms a smooth sauce. Strain it into a clean saucpan and add two tablespoonfuls fine chopped mushrooms, one tablespoonful fine chopped truffle.
Cook ten minutes longer, add six hard-boiled eggs, previously pressed through a potato presser, and three raw yolks of eggs, cooking the whole over the fire for five minutes. Then add the three whites, beaten to a stiff froth.
Butter eight timbale molds, decorate the bottom with a star of truffle, and sprinkle the entire inside of mold with some fine chopped parsley. Fill in the mixture, and, covered with buttered paper, place in a medium oven about thirty minutes, or till done.
This can be tested by trying each timbale, before they are taken out of the mold, with a larding needle or skewer. If it comes out clean it is done. Serve with tomato cream sauce. The truffles may be omitted if not handy.—New York Press.

Household Hints.
Buy a boiled lobster only if he has his tail kinked up under him, because that shows that the lobster was strong and muscular when he was put into the boiling water.
Silk may be restored by sponging, and while quite damp it should be rolled on a broomstick and left until quite dry. This may take twelve hours or more. Silk should never be ironed.
Soiled places on bed or pillow ticks are improved if covered thickly with moistened starch and placed in the hot sunshine. When the starch has dried, rub the spots which it has covered vigorously with the dry starch.
Moisten the buttonholes of starched collars, wristbands or cuffs a little (on the wrong side) before attempting to button them or to insert cuff buttons; they will more easily button, and the buttonholes will keep longer intact.
Salt thrown on coals when broiling steak will prevent blazing from the dripping fat. When contents of pot or pan boil over, or are spilled, throw on salt at once. It will prevent a disagreeable odor, and the stove or range may be more readily cleaned.
Do not fail to oil the wringer every time you wash. If oiled often there is less wear on the machinery, and less strength is expended by the operator. To clean the rollers, rub them first with a cloth saturated with kerosene oil, and follow with soap and water. Always loosen the rollers before putting the wringer away.
To eat a soft-boiled egg daintily and without accident to fingers or napkin is a coveted accomplishment. A great improvement upon the china egg cup is the little graceful affair made of twisted wire called an "egg-holder." On its standard is the cup proper, while at the top rests a tiny circular knife which removes the end of the shell smoothly, leaving an opening for the egg spoon.
When flatirons become rough or soiled, place a little fine salt on a paper and rub them back and forth over it. Put a little beeswax between two pieces of cloth and keep near the ironing table. If the irons get coated with scorched starch, rubbing them over the cloth will usually remove it. When ironing starched goods, rub the irons over a bit of sandpaper before returning them to the stove.
The broken pieces and crusts of bread not fit for toast may be put into a pan and dried, not browned, in a cool oven. Better leave the door open or you may forget them. When thoroughly dry roll them on an old bread board; sift through a coarse sieve; put them into a glass jar or tin box and stand them aside for breeding croquettes, cutlets or oysters. This will save the purchase of cracker crumbs.
Flannels must be washed in water of uniform temperature. Whether it be hot, lukewarm or cold does not so much matter, but for the best results the water must be of like temperature for the several processes, all of which, including drying, should be conducted with despatch. Wash quickly, rinse quickly, dry quickly, is the injunction for washing flannels. Woollens should never be allowed to freeze dry. Freezing injures the fibre.