Christian science is growing rapidly in the United States—at the rate of a new church a week, it is claimed.

Kentucky is the only state south of the Ohio river that has not made some provision for disabled confederate soldiers, either by means of pensions or by the establishment of soldiers' homes or both.

Says the New York Herald: "Wherever bicycles are ridden there springs up a demand for good roads that is bound to bear fruit. Farmers profit more by good roads than any other class. The bicycle is one of the farmer's best friends.

Governor Black, in his annual message, pays a tribute to the National Guard of New York, which he says consists of about fourteen thousand of the finest young men of the state. These young soldiers, remarks the New York Observer, serve without pay, and as the governor remarks, should not be hampered by officious political control. The time has gone by when the state militia was a laughing stock, and the grotesque "target company" a sight to amaze all beholders. The National Guard has improved greatly, is a necessary adjunct to the state constabulary and of national defence, and should be approximated to military standards as far as possible. The only "boss" a militiaman should have to deal with is his superior officer.

The statement frequently published that there are only 400,000 Jews in the United States, the Atlanta Journal has long believed to be away below the fact. Conclusive evidence that this is an underestimate was supplied at the meeting of the American Jewish Historical society in New York. David Sulzberger, with the assistance of the historical society, has devoted much time to an investigation of this matter, and he computes the number of Jews in this country. New York leads in the distribution of this population by states. It has 350,000 Jews or nearly as many as most of the cyclopedias give to the entire country. There are 85,000 in Pennsylvania and about the same number in Illinois. Ohio has 50,000, and California comes next with 35,000. The idea that nearly all the American Jewish citizens are engaged in trade is grossly incorrect, asserts the Journal. They are found in every profession and avocation. They are lawyers, doctors, scientists, teachers, inventors, railroad officials, journalists, literary men, mechanics, farmers and are found in many other callings. In every line of effort which they have entered our Jewish fellow citizens have won success and distinction. Their skill in mercantile pursuits is proverbial, but they have proved a high class of ability and ready adaptability in whatever they have undertaken.

One of the most gratifying signs of the times so far as this country is concerned, is the growing spirit of benevolence and generosity, observes the Atlanta Constitution. During the past year, which is better remembered for the hardships which it entailed upon the masses than for aught else, there were larger sums of money devoted to charities of various kinds than in any previous year, with the exception of 1896. In the aggregate, these charities for the year amount to the sum of $33,612,814. As compared with the figures for preceding years, it appears that great progress has been made in this direction. In 1894 the country gave only $10,967,116 to charities; in 1875, $28,943,549; in 1896, $33,670,129, and in 1897, $33,612,814. From these figures it is evident that the country, with its increasing wealth, is steadily becoming more generous. Of the total amount of money subscribed to charities during the past year it appears that $10,203,450 went to colleges; $14,785,622 to hospitals and benevolent institutions; $5,023,738 to churches and religious societies, and $1,218,000 to museums and art galleries. On the basis of sex, it is stated that men subscribed $20,033,378 and women $13,579,136. This is a much better showing for the women than for the men, as there is less wealth among the former than among the latter. To note some of the larger gifts made during the year, the following list is cited: Mrs. Leland Stanford to the Stanford university, $1,000,000; J. Pierpont Morgan to charities, $1,000,000; John Fred Martin to churches, $1,000,000; John B. Deering to charities, $2,000,000; Washington Covington to colleges, $1,000,000; George M. Pullman to manual education, $1,200,000; P. A. B. Widener to art, $1,000,000; Charles Contoit to charities, $1,000,000, and Henrietta R. V. Baker to charities, $2,000,000.

THE AFTERGLOW.

Oh, wait for the afterglow
When the sun in the sky sinks low,
And the long light dies
In the summer skies,
Then wait for the afterglow.

Oh, wait for the afterglow
When the crimson clouds fade and go,
And the wind, full west,
Brings a vague unrest,
Then wait for the afterglow.

Oh, wait for the afterglow
When the heart of the earth beats slow;
One pause—it must tell
All its hidden spell
In the light of the afterglow.

Oh, wait for the afterglow
When the light of this life sinks low,
And the long day dies
In the half-drawn sighs,
Then wait for the afterglow.

Oh, wait for the afterglow
When with hands clapsed in hand we'll go
Toward the tender west
And in perfect rest,
Then wait for the afterglow.

Oh, wait for the afterglow
When the pulse of this life beats low,
And we know so well
What it meant to tell,
In the light of the afterglow.

—Georgia E. Bennett, in Keokuk (Iowa) Unitarian Calendar.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

WHEN pretty Hester Warren married Ezra Banks, who was twenty years older than she, and a shy, silent man out of touch with village life, everybody said that she made a mistake that she would soon regret. Yet, though village eyes kept keenest watch upon them, village prophecy was for once at fault. Hester's girlish beauty changed into comfortable middle-aged comeliness, and Ezra grew stiff and rheumatic, yet their devotion to each other was unchanged; indeed, after Nannie, their only child, married and left home, it seemed as if the pages of life had blown back for them and they were once more lovers, and the world was for them alone.

That was before Ezra had typhoid fever. Through his long illness his wife nursed him tenderly, but he came from it a broken-down old man, with his ears forever sealed to all the common sounds to which his life had been set. He was slow in realizing this, but one day as he lay watching his wife and the doctor, the knowledge broke harshly upon him. He could see his wife's lips move as she smoothed the bed with her soft, wrinkled hand, but he could hear no word. Then he turned his dull eyes, with a pitiful look of pain darkening them, toward the doctor. He too, was speaking, but the deaf ears could catch no sound. His weak, peevish voice jarred suddenly upon their talk.

"Why don't ye speak so's I can hear ye, stid o' mumbling so?"

His wife started and then cast a quick, imploring glance at the doctor. She leaned down over the bed; her face was in the shadow and her husband could not see her eyes.

"Do you hear me now, dear?"

The words reached him faintly, and from a distance. He struggled with the sounds a minute or two before they resolved themselves into words.

"Of course I hear ye," he said fretfully, "only why don't you speak up? I ain't so sick, be I?"

The words were a little clearer now, though still far off.

"You have been very sick, but are getting better fast. It has to be quiet for you, you know, dear, but you will soon be up, now."

The old man shut his eyes wearily; the effort had been a heavy one for him. His wife turned to the doctor, her eyes shining through her tears.

"I can make him hear," she cried, "I knew I could. I didn't believe Ezra could get where he couldn't hear me. And he needn't ever know now."

The doctor looked at her and said nothing. He was a young man, and it seemed very pitiful to him.

But he had not understood the old man's strong constitution. In a few weeks he was about again, as well as ever, apparently, save for the sealed ears. His wife chattered to him in her old fashion, and kept out of sight the medicines she took for her strained voice; she cautioned the neighbors who came to see him, and thought that he did not know. But she was mistaken; there were other sounds—many of them—that had been woven into a life of nearly seventy years, and in place of these there was a great vacant stillness; and he knew all.

One afternoon she found him sitting in the big wooded chair in the kitchen, studying his old twisted hands. He gave her a tremulous smile as she came in.

"I'm most broken up, Hester," he said,

"Don't!" she cried, "don't Ezra!—I can't bear it! We're both getting older, but that's all 'tis."

He shook his head sadly.

"No, 'tain't, Hester—I've been a-seeing it for a long time. You're young yet—you can see and hear just as you uster, but I—I'm an old man, Hester. You've been a good girl, and we've had a happy life together, but I didn't calculate for you to be tied up to an old man. I've got to thinking about it lately, and sometimes I think folks was right and it hadn't orter been."

The woman listened and a great pain seemed to beat up in her throat and choke her voice. She leaned over and put her trembling hands on his.

"Ezra," she cried, and the appeal in her voice carried it with clear distinctness to him, "Ezra, have I ever said or done a thing to make you feel so?"

He looked up, startled.

"God knows you haven't, Hester," he said earnestly.

"And, Ezra, if anything should happen to me—if I should be sick or helpless, would you love me less? Would you?"

A change came over the old man; it seemed for an instant that the face of his youth looked back at her.

"If it wasn't for your suffering, Hester, I wish you could see," he said almost passionately.

He rose stiffly, and stood with his arm about her, looking down the road. It was toward nightfall, and the valley was full of shadows, while above the hills floated soft gray clouds—the dead sunset. And even as they looked a sudden thrill and flush came across these, and the valley was filled with the glory of the after-glow, and the two old figures stood silent in the midst of the golden light.

It was a few weeks after this that Hester caught a severe cold. She was in bed for several days, and Nannie had her husband and child to care for, and her mother would not let her stay long.

"They'll be needing you—I can get along now," she said.

"I guess they can get along without me a little while longer," answered Nannie.

"What say?"

Nannie looked alarmed; she raised her voice and spoke with careful emphasis—

"I guess—they can get along—without me a little while," she repeated.

Her mother nodded.

"I said it had been quite a while," she said. "I'm glad you're going, Nannie, though we shall miss you so."

Nannie's face filled with a pitiful tenderness. Her mother looked up suddenly and noticed, and a strange expression came into her eyes. She spoke with curious eagerness.

"Nannie," she said, "tell me true don't I hear as I used to?"

Nannie's face flushed. With a sudden impulsive gesture she threw her arms about her mother, sobbing bitterly. But in her mother's eyes the strange expression grew into a glad light.

"Don't feel so, Nannie," she said. "I—I guess I'm almost glad. I'm going to tell your father."

Nannie went home the next day sorely against her will. She told her husband that it almost broke her heart to think of them so; if it wasn't for little Nannie she would go back there and stay, but she couldn't take the child—it might hurt her throat seriously to have to shout to them. Then she caught Nannie up and kissed her again and again; she wondered how she could live if she couldn't hear that baby voice. She was troubled, too, for the child had a delicate throat and she dared not take her often to see the old folks—and they would miss her so!

But it was not so hard; her mother spoke of it herself and said that she and father had talked it over, and they knew it would be best not to have the child there often. And Nannie mustn't worry—they could get along all right as long as they could hear each other. Indeed, it seemed as if the bond of suffering drew them closer together. It was beautiful to see the old man's care for his wife and his tenderness in speaking to her. The neighbors who had pitied at first talked often of it; they said they never saw two deaf people take such comfort in each other. Often on summer days the two high-pitched voices would be heard, and the people passing would smile at each other and sometimes linger a little.

"'Tis kind o' social to hear them," they said.

So the winter passed and the summer, and then quite suddenly, one night when the earth was lying hushed and silent under a soft fall of snow, the old man passed from the silence of his life into the greater silence that is beyond the reach of human voice.

The neighbors for miles around came to the funeral, and the house was full of grave decorous whispers, broken strangely when any one spoke to the wife. She was pale and silent; only once did she speak of anything that she wanted done, and then she called Nannie hesitatingly.

"Tell him I don't want him to speak so's I can hear. It—it wouldn't seem proper, somehow. It won't make any difference to Ezra now, and I"—she faltered a moment, and tender light came into the faded blue eyes—"I guess he can't say anything about my husband that I don't know a hundred times better than him."

"I'll tell him, mother," said Nannie, gently.

Her mother spoke slowly, choosing her words. "And tell him," she said, "that we've lived together thirty years, and it don't seem more than thirty weeks as I look back. And tell him that in it all was never an angry word, never anything but a love I can speak of; and tell him" (she was crying a little now, but her face was still touched with the wonderful light) "tell him that the only thing I'm sorry for now is that there wasn't more I could do to show my love for my husband."

"I will tell him all," said Nannie.

That was a strange funeral—the neighbors spoke of it afterwards. The still figure that sat dead to the words of tender healing spoken by the minister seemed to lend an element of mystery to the scene, and the contrast between the darkened room and the brilliant, sparkling world outside flashed upon their eyes like a miracle.

They spoke of it on the way home, and said that Ezra had been a good husband to her, and no one would fill his place.

"Nannie means all right," Mrs. Tarbox said, smoothing her black dress, "but she hasn't time to set down and make a work of entertaining her mother."

"'Tis so," answered Mrs. Slocum, "and Hester'll miss entertaining Ezra, too. 'Tain't as though she wasn't afflicted, either way. She's young and spry enough yet, but it seems most as if it's no use."

"I shall sort o' miss hearing them summer evenings," said her friend. "We were so near, you know—it seemed almost like company."

"I guess we'll all feel bad to see the house shut up," responded Mrs. Slocum, her voice full of the solemnity of the occasion.

And Mrs. Banks, all unconscious of the talk, was being driven over to Nannie's. She was so quiet that her daughter did not disturb her.

"I don't feel as if I knew what to say to her, though she is my mother," she whispered to her husband.

They helped her tenderly into the house and Nannie put her into the easiest chair. From the next room a baby voice broke in upon them.

"Mamma, can I see dran'ma? Nannie wants to see dran'ma!"

Nannie was hurrying to the door when a voice stopped her.

"Let me have Nannie, please—it's so long since I have!"

Nannie stopped at the door, a great wonder in her eyes.

"Why, mother!" she exclaimed.

Her mother looked up at her with a tremulous smile.

"Yes, I know. I meant to tell you before, but I couldn't, someways I've heare all the time; I was only deaf a day or two from cold. I thought I really was at first, and then I kept it up, because it comforted—him—somehow. He'd felt he was old and breaking down, you know, but when I did, too, he felt better and cheered right up. There was only one thing—I did want the baby so! And it seemed as if 'twould break my heart when she did come not to answer her, and to have her strain her little voice to make me hear!"

"And you kept it up all these months!" said Nannie, in hushed tone.

Her mother looked up; she was holding little Nannie with eager, trembling hands, and it almost seemed as if the golden baby head reflected a wonderful light upon her tired face.

"I guess when you've loved a man more than thirty years, that isn't much to do," she said.—Pacific Rural Press.

How Godsend Lufkin Got His Name.

Perhaps Godsend Lufkin, of Tilden, has the distinction of owing the queerest name in Maine. Godsend's grandfather, old Peter Lufkin, owned about all the wild land in the town. When he died he left his property to his four boys in trust, the whole of it to go to the first grandson who should come into the world. At that time none of the boys were married, but they at once remedied this fault, every one taking a wife inside of a year from the time the will of their father was made. Six years after his wedding the wife of George Lufkin presented to him a son, who was entitled to the great estate under the terms of the will. It was agreed that the boy's mother should bestow the name, but she neglected to tell the minister about it before the party had assembled in the Church. Then when the clergyman asked what name he should bestow the child's father spoke up and said: "I think you'd better call him a godsend, because he has proved that to my family." The words spoken in jest were taken in earnest by the clergyman, who proceeded to formally christen the boy as "A Godsend Lufkin," a name which he bears to-day. As he got nearly $100,000 worth of property along with his name, he is trying to stand it.—Detroit Free Press.

Passing of the Coal Stove.

If the statements of active and reputable members of the coal trade may be believed, the use of gas for cooking and heating purposes of coal, not only in the vicinity of Greater New York, but throughout the country. Not long since a builder of numerous apartment houses on the upper part of Manhattan Island made the assertion at his club that, after a careful investigation, he had ascertained that nearly 40 per cent. of the business of the gas companies in the Harlem region was day business. The gas heaters and ranges, he said, were burning almost as much gas as the illuminating burners.

"The passing of the coal stove," said the investigator, "means a serious loss to the coal trade. The substitution of gas for coal as fuel has been growing gradually, until now it confronts the retail coal dealer as a problem involving his very existence. It is to him now about what the competition of the electric light was to the gas companies a few years ago. In fact, the coal trade has had nothing but hard luck since the advent of natural gas. Instead of the old evil of overproduction being responsible for the lack of profits in the coal trade, the chief trouble comes from "under production."—New York Times.

German Working Women's Hours.

German clothing manufacturers are not permitted to employ women more than eleven hours daily, and on Saturday the time is curtailed one hour. Neither can they be engaged to work later than 5.30 p. m. on Saturdays or the day immediately preceding a holiday, not between the hours of 8.30 p. m. and 5.30 a. m.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

Missouri Road Convention.

A large and harmonious convention in St. Louis spent two days in debating the road question. The principal questions were the most feasible means of improving the highways, the best method of utilizing the labor of criminals, misdemeanants and tramps, and plans for submission to the Legislature. A committee of fifteen was appointed to suggest a method of future procedure.

It was resolved that the ninety counties in the State which are authorized to levy a tax of sixty cents for county purposes be asked to set aside one-third of it for road improvement. If this was made law, good roads would be built. A resolution was adopted asking the submission of a constitutional amendment permitting county courts to increase the tax levy for road purposes, and another resolution in favor of a State highway commission. The Missouri Road Improvement Association was invited to unite with their organization, and it was decided to hold the next convention in St Louis.

To Locate Roads Properly.

The importance of locating a road correctly at the outset, according to competent surveyors and thorough examination, can hardly be over-estimated. Where reports are made by viewers to some superior body with whom the final decision rests, it is of great importance that the viewers be liberal minded, intelligent and public spirited, and that one of them should always be a thoroughly competent engineer. A full report of every examination should be made, and should contain sufficient data to make it possible to base an intelligent and accurate opinion on it.

Deputy Secretary of Agriculture John Hamilton, of Hamilton, Penn., is endeavoring to secure better work in this direction, and has prepared the following form of report, with the object of securing full and explicit information in answer to each question:

ROAD VIEWERS' REPORT.

All reports of boards of road viewers, to view and lay out new roads in this district, shall contain full and explicit information upon the following points:

1. The date of the view.
2. Where held.
3. Whether proper legal notices were given.
4. What viewers were present?
5. Whether they were severally sworn or affirmed.
6. Between what points the proposed road is desired.
7. Is such a road necessary?
8. Should it be a public or a private road?
9. Submit a plot or draft of the proposed road, giving courses and distances; also indicating where the line of the proposed road crosses other roads, property lines, streams and ravines; also showing location of buildings and other improvements near which it may pass.
10. Submit a profile drawing showing the elevations and depressions and contour of the surface over which the road runs.
11. Draw all maps and drafts to a scale. The vertical lines of the profile map to be upon a larger scale than the base line.
12. Show the number of degrees of grade at various points.
13. Describe the character of the ground over which the proposed road runs, giving also the kind of sub-soil; whether rock, clay, gravel, sand, muck, etc.
14. Mark on the profile map the cuts and fills, also the height and length of all bridges and culverts.
15. Make out and submit an estimate of the cost of constructing the road.
16. State whether or not damages are demanded; if so, how much, and by whom.
17. State whether any protests were made against the laying out of the proposed road; and if so, by whom.
18. State the objections, if any, raised against granting the road.
19. Have you laid out this road over the shortest and best practicable route? If not, why not?

To be dated and signed by each member of the Board of Viewers present at the view, giving names in full, and postoffice addresses.

Items of Interest.

The common road is to the farm wagon what the steel track is to the locomotive.

State aid in road-building is a system of co-operation by which good roads can be economically and rapidly constructed.

The general ignorance and poverty of the Turk, and his bigotry and fanaticism, are largely due to the almost universal absence of means of intercommunication.

The bad roads of the South, says State Geologist Holmes, of North Carolina, levy a mud and sand tax of five dollars on every man, woman and child in the Southern States.

Ex-Governor Northen, of Georgia, says that he is in favor of four reforms in the State—first, textile training schools; second, any policy which will teach scientific farming; third, good roads, and fourth, a reformatory prison for the detention of youthful criminals.

At the next State election in Minnesota an amendment to the State Constitution will be voted on providing for a tax of one-twentieth of a mill, to be added to the regular State road and bridge fund, and for the appointment of three State road commissioners. The present fund is about $12,500 a year and the new tax is expected to yield $28,750 more.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Ostriches are fond of waltzing, according to a writer in the Popular Science Monthly.

The fastest flowing river in the world is the Sutlej, in British India, with a decent of twelve thousand feet in 180 miles.

In the African oasis of Tugurt about 600 artesian wells have been opened successfully along the course of a subterranean river.

It rains on an average of 208 days in the year in Ireland, about 150 in England, at Kezan about ninety days, and in Siberia only sixty days.

At sea level an object one hundred feet high is visible a little over thirteen miles. If five hundred feet high it is visible nearly thirty miles.

According to Nilsson, the zoologist, the weight of the Greenland whale is one hundred tons, or 224,000 pounds, or equal to that of eighty-eight elephants or 440 bears.

Firemen will appreciate a hose and tool carrier recently patented, which has a belt to go around the waist, with a shoulder strap to support the weight of the tools and hose line.

To protect bank cashiers from robbers a steel plate is set in the counter close to the window and held by a spring so it can be released by the foot and fly upward to close the window and stop bullets.

Guns can be easily cleaned by a new device consisting of a central stem and a pair of elongated spring-plates, with wide, flaring ends centrally pivoted to the stem to rock loosely and fit against the interior of the barrel.

In a paper read before the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Jacquemin communicated the results of experiments showing that leaves of fruit trees, vines, etc., develop a strong bouquet of the fruit when soaked in alcohol. He thinks the quality of a poor vintage might be improved by the addition of some leaves during fermentation.

The Sussman electric miner's lamp, recently tried with success in Belgium, consists of a small accumulator of two cells, with an incandescent lamp attached. It burns for twelve to sixteen hours, and gives a light from two and one-half to five times brighter than the ordinary miner's lamp. It keeps a light in any position, and is not extinguished by a current of air or an explosion.

M. Martel, the well-known French cave hunter, has explored an "aven," or natural pit, in the limestone of the Lozere, France, with remarkable results. After descending a vertical shaft for about 200 feet, he found an immense hall, sloping downward, and at the lower end a "virgin forest" of stalagmites, resembling pine and palm trees. Many of them are very beautiful, and one, over ninety feet in height, reaches nearly to the vault of the cavern. Nothing like this forest of stone has been observed in any other known cave or pit.

Curly-Haired Men.

It is not generally known that there is a well-defined prejudice against curly-haired men when it comes to choosing a jury to try criminal cases, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. The prejudice, when it is manifested, comes from the defense. When asked to explain the objection to curly-haired men a prominent practitioner recently said: "When I was just starting my legal mentor inculcated that idea in me. He said that curly-headed men had almost invariably been pampered darlings of their parents, and in their youth had been so used to having their own way that they had come to believe that everybody on earth was wrong except themselves. In this way the seeds of opposition are sown, and when they grow older they make it a point to disagree with everybody and everything. If everybody else on the jury votes for acquittal they vote for conviction, as a matter of course. They live on combat, and are as stubborn as the days are long. A curly-haired man never gets on the jury when I am defending a man if I can see him in time."

Hot Drinks.

A mistake is very often made in assuming that cold drinks are necessary to relieve thirst. As a matter of fact, very cold drinks frequently increase the feverish condition of the mouth and stomach, and so produce that very condition which is sought to be alleviated. It has been shown by experience that hot drinks relieve the thirst and cool the body, when it is unduly heated, in a more effectual manner than ice-cold drinks. Indeed, a higher temperature is to be preferred, and those who are much troubled with thirst might do worse than try the advantages to be derived from hot drinks instead of the cold ones to which they have been accustomed. Hot drinks have the additional advantage of aiding digestion, instead of injuriously affecting the stomach and bowels.—The Ledger.

The Burning of Green Wood.

Every one who enjoys sitting by a wood fire must have observed how the wood sputters and hisses, and frequently gives off little jets of flames, and again the pieces crackle and fly off at a considerable distance. This is caused by the water in the wood which, confined in the cells, becomes heated and generates steam. It is a curious fact that intense heat and intense cold produce fractures in various substances. In the most extreme cold weather it is not uncommon, especially if the cold has come on suddenly, to find trees that are split from the ground to the top by the action of frost. Freezing expands the water in the cells of the wood, and so suddenly is this done that the trees burst as would a pitcher or mug in which water was confined.—The Ledger.

TRAINING OF FIREMEN.

All Are Athletes and No Cowards Get Into the Department.

Jacob A. Riis writes of "Heroes Who Fight Fire" in the Century. The article is one of the series on "Heroes of Peace." Mr. Riis says:

Firemen are athletes as a matter of course. They have to be, or they could not hold their places for a week, even if they could get into them at all. The mere handling of the scaling ladders, which, light though they seem, weigh from sixteen to forty pounds, requires unusual strength. No particular skill is needed. A man need only have steady nerve, and the strength to raise the long pole by its narrow end, and jam the iron hook through a window which he cannot see but knows is there. Once through, the teeth in the hook and the man's weight upon the ladder hold it safe, and there is no real danger unless he loses his head. Against that possibility the severe drill in the school of instruction is the barrier. Any one to whom climbing at dizzy heights or doing the hundred and one things of peril to ordinary men which firemen are constantly called upon to do, causes the least discomfort, is rejected as unfit. About five per cent. of all appointees are eliminated by the ladder test, and never get beyond their probation service. A certain smaller percentage takes itself out through loss of "nerve," generally. The first experience of a room full of smothering smoke, with the fire roaring overhead, is generally sufficient to convince the timid that the service is not for him. No cowards are dismissed from the department, for the reason that none get into it.

The notion that there is a life-saving corps apart from the general body of firemen rests upon a mistake. They are one. Every fireman nowadays must pass muster at life-saving drill, must climb to the top of any building on his scaling ladder, slide down with a rescued comrade, or jump without hesitation from the third story into the life net spread below. By such training the men are fitted for their work, and the occasion comes soon that puts them to the test. It came to Daniel J. Meagher, foreman of Hook and Ladder Company No. 3, when, in the midnight hour, a woman hung from the fifth-story window of a burning building, and the longest ladder at hand fell short ten or a dozen feet of reaching her. The boldest man in the crew had vainly attempted to reach her, and in the effort had sprained his foot. There were no scaling ladders then. Meagher ordered the rest to plant the ladder on the stoop and hold it out from the building so that he might reach the very topmost step. Balanced thus, where the slightest tremor might have caused ladder and all to crash to the ground, he bade the woman to drop, and receiving her in his arms, carried her down safe.

One Cause of Forest Fires.

A traveler, who had occasion to make an encampment on a ledge of rock in an unbroken forest asserts that he witnessed the beginning of one of the most destructive forest fires that ever occurred in that region. A dead tree or enormous size blew over and longed against another tree, which it bent almost in the form of a bow. The fierce wind swayed the top of the bent tree which supported the trunk of its fallen neighbor. It so chanced that there was a space of several feet where the fallen tree was smooth and rested on the other. The force of the wind in sweeping the bent tree back and forth soon ground the bark from the trunk of the tree. The friction caused by this grinding developed a high degree of heat, and the tourist, to his astonishment, saw the wood of the dead tree burst into a flame. The top was soon consumed and fell, scattering burning embers upon the dry leaves for some distance around. These fanned to a flame by the wind, soon created a fierce fire that swept over miles of valuable timber. Much blame has been attached to campers and malicious persons who have, it is alleged, started fires either through carelessness or for a desire for wanton mischief. Owners of large tracts of land would do well to keep close watch of their forests during and after heavy wind storms which are not accompanied by a heavy rain. A little precaution might save thousands of acres of valuable timber.

A New Opiate.

There grows in South Arizona a weed that is used by the natives for smoking. It is one of the most powerful and dangerous opiates known. Its use in a mild form produces the greatest hilarity and exhilaration of spirits. In larger quantities and at later stages the user becomes ugly and unmanageable. Mixed with tobacco the Mexicans revel in it. It is so seductive that it is smuggled into prisons, and the authorities have hard work to keep it out of the hands of the convicts. Saturated with this drug they forget all of the ills and cares of life, are reckless and pugnacious, and will fight on the smallest provocation, or no provocation at all. This weed is called Mariguana. It is cultivated by the Mexicans, and the natives of South Arizona, and is quite a profitable article of barter. For it, as for opium and liquor, the devotee will sacrifice his last dollar. Its use long continued undermines the constitution and produces a condition bordering on idiocy. The habit once acquired is almost impossible to break up, and the victim finds it necessary to increase the amount until an incredible quantity can be consumed.

Artificial Salt Air.

One of the features of the new hospital building in Berlin is to be a large room in which patients with maladies of the respiratory organs can breathe air artificially impregnated with salt.