

A Hard Year on the Saloon.

The present year has been remarkable for the victories won over the saloon in different parts of the country. Georgia voted the saloon out of that state. Oklahoma entered the sisterhood of states with a constitution absolutely prohibiting the saloon within its borders. And Alabama is the last state to convert to the prohibition ranks. Kentucky is fast increasing the area of her anti-saloon territory, and will probably be the next commonwealth to adopt state-wide prohibition. Even the "State of Dabque" the saloon is on the run. Everywhere, except down in Davenport, the influence of the saloon seems to be on the wane.

A Pathetic Instance of Thankfulness.

In primal times there dwell in the land of Acadia, now a part of Nova Scotia, a large number of farmers, who were descendants of early French colonists. According to Longfellow they were an admirable people; they dwelt together in love of God and man; they were free from fear and envy, they did not look the doors or bar the windows. Their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners. There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Amid such surroundings the gentle Evangeline lived. Fair was she to behold, a maiden of seventeen, wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue. Many a suitor came to her door, but among all who came young Gabriel only was welcome. They had grown up together, learned their letters from the same book, and together sang the same church hymns. And when they were no longer children, when Gabriel was a valiant youth, with a face like the morning, and when Evangeline was a woman, with the heart and the hopes of a woman, there came an evil day for Acadia. A day "without an example in story."

By the terms of a treaty, Acadia was ceded by the mother country to England; but the love of the Acadians for France, for the home of their forebears, was stronger than any treaty, and they refused to take the oath of allegiance to England and be subject to bear arms for that country. Their refusal brought an order which scattered them like snow flakes far and wide. Scattered were they from the cold lakes of the north to the sultry shores of the Gulf of Mexico; and some of them to "the lands where the Father of Waters seizes the hills in his hands and drags them down to the ocean." In the haste and confusion of embarking, wives were torn from their husbands, children were separated from their parents and lovers parted never to meet again. The soldiers obeyed orders; they filled the ships without regard for the wishes of anyone, and the ships landed the Acadians far asunder, on separate coasts.

When Evangeline saw Gabriel pale with emotion, and about to be taken away from her, she whispered to him to "be of good cheer," and assured him that while they loved each other there was not anything that could harm them. Bound in the bonds of a faith like that, and guided by hope, she sought for her lover by mountain, stream and sea. At times she saw Gabriel in visions while she slept, and again during her waking hours something would say to her that Gabriel was near. And at such times she was in fact very near to him, so near that it would almost seem as though an angel had passed and revealed the truth to her spirit. Many years were added to the life of Evangeline, but they wrought no change in her faith or her endeavors. She searched for her Gabriel in the land of the Spanish Grey Moss and the mystic mistletoe, and she searched for him far to the westward, far beyond the desert where the gateways of the mountains open to let the rivers come out. But all without avail. Seasons came and went but Gabriel was not found. Finally in her old age, while ministering to the wants of the sick and dying in a Philadelphia hospital or almshouse, Evangeline felt something within her saying: "At length thy trials are ended," and soon thereafter she beheld the outstretched form of an old man, long and thin and gray, but through the changes which time had wrought she easily recognized the features of her long lost lover. With gentle voice and in accents tender and saint-like she bent over him and whispered, "Gabriel, O my beloved!" Evangeline came into his mind, tears filled his eyes, and vainly he strove to speak, but his words remained unuttered. Evangeline knelt beside him, kissed his dying lips, and pressed his lifeless head to her bosom. Longfellow whose poem immortalized Evangeline tells what

followed in these words.

"All was ended, now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow. "All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing. "All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience! "And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom, "Meady she bowed her own and murmured, "Father I thank thee."

According to the report of the Secretary of Agriculture the dairy products of this country are next in value to the corn crop which stands at the head of the list. And when the prices of stocks and many farm products went tumbling down, the butter market was but slightly affected.

The United States navy has perfected a system of wireless signaling, which will enable Admiral Espy to maintain constant communication with the White House during the entire voyage of his great fleet to the Pacific. It will also enable him to keep in continuous touch with every vessel of his large armada, although they may and probably will sail hundreds of miles distant from each other.

SHAPED ALMOST ALIKE.

Striking Similarity in Contour Between Italy and New Zealand.

Saving only for the fact that one is a peninsula and the other a group of islands, by far the most striking similarity in contour exists between Italy and New Zealand. The resemblance of each of them to a high heeled Wellington boot is almost perfect. Cape dell' Armi and Cape Reinga form the ends of the two boots. The bay of Plenty in New Zealand, and the gulf of Taranto, in Italy, form the instep, while Cape Runaway and Cape Santa Maria di Leuca are respectively the points of the heels. The general shape of the calf of the leg is also the same, so is the curve outward to the somewhat gouty looking toe.

The point of dissimilarity is of course the separation of North and South Islands into two. It is easy, however, to see that if these two islands were somewhat raised they would become one and would then even more resemble the Italian peninsula than they do now. A comparison of the islands of Ireland and Scotland will also show several points of resemblance, but this is nothing like so striking as it is in the case of the two widely separated portions of the world above mentioned.

Bumped His Pride.

There is a young man in Boston who can actually trace his family back two generations. His one failing is a desire to be thought of a descendant of one of "the old families," and his studio, he says, he is an artist—contains a number of portraits. One thing in which he takes particular pride is a Continental uniform complete in every detail, with finick and powder horn. He was showing this to a young lady the other day. "My great-grandfather wore this suit when he gave his life to his country during the brave days of the Revolution," he said. The young lady inspected the uniform carefully, but could find neither bullet hole nor scar. She turned to him with a charming smile. "Oh, was the poor old gentleman drowned?" she asked.—Argonaut.

Queerest Town in England. The most curious town in England is Northwich. There is not a straight street nor, in fact, a straight house in the place. Every part of it has the appearance of an earthquake. Northwich is the center of the salt industry in Cheshire, England. On nearly all sides of the town are big salt works, with their engines pumping hundreds of thousands of gallons of brine every week. At a depth of some 200 or 300 feet are immense subterranean lakes of brine, and as the contents of these are pumped and pumped away the upper crust of earth is correspondingly weakened, and the result is an occasional subsidence. These subsidences have a "pulling" effect on the nearest buildings, and they are drawn all ways and give the town an extremely dissipated appearance.

The Gender of the Moon. In English, French, Italian, Latin and Greek the moon is feminine, but in all the Teutonic tongues the moon is masculine. Which of the twin is its true gender? We go back to the Sanskrit for an answer. Professor Max Muller rightly says "On the Religion of India," "It is no longer denied that for throwing light on some of the darkest problems that have to be solved by the student of language nothing is so useful as a critical study of Sanskrit." Here the word for the moon is mas, which is masculine. Mark how even what Hamlet calls "words, words, words," lend their weight and value to the adjustment of this great argument. The very moon is masculine and, like Wordsworth's child, is "father of the man."—"Moon Lore."

Impertinent. Clara—Well, aunt, have your photographs come from Mr. Pencil? Miss Mayvelyn (angrily)—Yes, and they went back, too, with a note expressing my opinion of his impudence. Clara—Gracious! What was it? Miss Mayvelyn—Why, on the back of every picture were these words: "The original of this is carefully preserved."—London Chronicle.

The Other Way Around. The loyalty of the Scottish Highlander or to his kilt is a picturesque thing. He will never admit that it makes him cold, and highlanders who were suffering from cold in the ordinary dress of civilization have been known to substitute the kilt for it in order to get warm, though this would be like removing one's coat and waistcoat and rolling up one's shirt sleeves for the same purpose.

It is said that a stranger, seeing a soldier in full Highlander uniform shivering in a cold wind, asked him: "Sandy, are you cold with the kilt?" "Na, na, no!" the soldier answered indignantly, "but I'm high kilt with the cauld!"

Plenty of Old Ones. Mr. Chippy (looking up from the paper). The doctors have discovered another new disease. Mrs. Chippy—Well, I wish they'd stop looking for new diseases long enough to find a cure for my old rheumatism.—London Telegraph.

Both Disappointed. He—I suppose, then, we may as well break the engagement and say we have both been disappointed in love. She—There seems to be no other conclusion. You thought I had money, and I certainly thought you had.—Judge.

SIN OF THE STREETS.

Young Criminals in the Making and New York's Juvenile Court. A day spent in New York's children's court will never be forgotten. Here all the youthful offenders are tried. Into this court crowds more of human interest than in any other court in the world. Before its bar is constantly passing a great procession of human iniquities, scenes vibrant with pathos and humor, for both pathos and humor consist in the perception of incongruities. It is in the eyes of the parent and the sins of the living conditions that the overcrowded city forces on its children that here stand out most strikingly. The real culprit is more often the delinquent parent than the delinquent child. The parent of a child brought to a saloon two or three times a day, paid in hand, to procure the family supply of beer—a familiar one in a great city—impedes Small wonder that the child's moral perceptions are obliterated and his instincts perverted in such surroundings. 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