In South Africa there is a great demand for donkeys, as they are proof against climate, plague and flies.

It appears that Germany is not the only bete noir of industrial Great Britain, though it is doubtless the chief. The "made in Germany" cry is now supplemented by another—"made in the United States." In other words, American manufacturers are invading English home and colonial markets.

Some time since an Englishman in Ceylon announced his conversion to Mohammedanism and immediately claimed the privilege of polygamy, taking unto him a second wife in the person of an English girl of excellent family, who also announced her conversion. The first wife sued for a divorce. The man protested that as a Moslem he had a right to two or even four wives. The matter has come up in the courts, and it has been decided that his status in Ceylon is that of an Englishman upon whom the obligation of monogamy is binding whatever his religious belief, whether he be Christian, Jew, Buddhist, Mormon or Mohammedan.

Says the San Francisco Argonaut: "The daily papers are not content with plastering pictures over their pages, most of which are superfluous and all of which are bad. They have now devised all sorts of typographic freaks with which to disfigure the pages already defaced by poor pictures. It has become a matter of extreme difficulty to pursue the windings of an article in and out of the pictures and over to the inner pages, where its ramifications generally terminate. For, according to the new 'journalism,' it is necessary to begin all the news features on the first page with a whoop and a howl, allowing them to trickle out like stale treacle on the inside pages. But this desire to get everything 'featured' on the first page has brought about the condition which makes the daily papers look like picture puzzles. As if to add to the confusion, some inspired editorial ediot has now devised a plan of inclosing in borders all sorts of stories, scraps of interviews, sayings of individuals more or less obscure and the flotsam and jetsam generally of the news of the day. There is thus made up a sort of journalistic remnant-counter or newspaper ragbag, which is surrounded with variegated black borders of varying degrees of hideousness, and around which must coil and curl and convolute the genuine news of the day. The hapless purchaser of a newspaper is now forced to pick out the news, not only from amid the pictures which deface the pages of the dailies, but from these typographical monstrosities as well."

During her first term in the White House, relates W. E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record, Mrs. Cleveland was always accessible to newspaper correspondents and was the source of a great deal of valuable information concerning official and social affairs. The women correspondents were very fond of her and appreciated her sympathy and assistance, but during the second term, after the children came, she became more secluded; she seldom saw any of her old friends of the newspaper profession, except on the occasion of official functions, and even then she usually referred them to the president's private secretary or to Colonel Wilson, the master of ceremonies at the White House. It is said that this change in her disposition was caused by a little incident that was resented by the president and herself as an unwarranted intrusion into their private affairs, and caused them to take measures to protect their household against any further attacks of that kind. At the same time the article they complained of was not only an interesting but a truthful account of an event which occurs daily in every well-regulated household that is made happy by children. A newspaper correspondent of some fame happened to call just as Ruth who was then a baby, was having her morning bath. The operation was being observed with great pleasure by the president, who invited his friend to join him. The latter of course was immensely interested in studying the demeanor of the president of the United States, and particularly a man of Mr. Cleveland's character and disposition in the midst of such a pretty domestic scene, and afterward took the liberty to write a description of the affair for his paper. The public was greatly amused, but the president and Mrs. Cleveland were indignant. That particular correspondent was never received at the White House again, and he effectually destroyed their confidence in his profession.

All over the country landowners and others are suing paper, woodpulp and saw mills for dumping refuse and waste into streams and ruining them. Most of the suits are successful.

An expert says that getting shot does not hurt any more than having a tooth pulled. The dissemination of this knowledge will not lessen the rush to get out of the way when bullets are flying around.

Georgia people and papers are pluming themselves greatly upon the fact that the new capitol of Rhode Island is being built of Georgia marble, in preference to all the granite and marble of New England. It comes from Pickens county, and is represented to be remarkably white white and strong.

The ingenuity that has been exhibited of late years in the discovery and application of explosives for mining purposes has really been remarkable, and not less so has been the growth of the trade in explosives during the period of twenty years since the English act of 1875 came into operation, says the Trade Journals Review. Not only has the number of factories more than doubled, but the number of persons employed in them is now over 10,000, which shows an increase of nearly 3000 even during the last ten years.

Professor Bryce declares that the one conspicuous failure of American institutions is the government of our great cities, which every intelligent man knows to be true. The state limits the liberties of its cities. It does not dare to trust them with full autonomy. We have for years relied upon the country vote to hold the cities in check, but the time is soon coming when the cities will take matters into their own hands. If the rate of growth from 1880 to 1890 continues, in 1920 the cities of the United States will contain 10,000,000 more than one-half of the population. The city will then control state and nation.

The plague continues to spread in India, in spite of all sanitary efforts for its extirpation. Its progress is slow in comparison with most epidemics, but it is the hardest of them all to uproot entirely. It is several years since the present malady started on its course from China, and the history of previous visitations justifies the conjecture that it may have a long road to travel. Russia's plague of 1878 hovered about the countries of Western Asia for a decade before it advanced northward. In 1867 it appeared at Bagdad; in 1870-'71 Kurdistan was invaded; and in 1873 Bagdad suffered anew. In 1877 it appeared at Recht, an important city of Northern Persia, near the port of Enseli, from whence it was carried northward in Caspian ships and planted in the populous but malarious and unwholesome deltas of the Volga. Russia did not get rid of it for a number of years, and stray cases of it appeared in other European countries, to which it has been a periodical visitor since their history began. It may come again, but it is not now armed with its old terrors.

Disgraceful scenes have been witnessed more than once in American legislative chambers, recalls the New York Times. Our statesmen have occasionally resorted to the argument of fists vigorously swung, and in just a few instances the course of debate has been interrupted by the violent insertion into it of knives and revolvers. These lamentable facts are not to be denied, but the humiliation they have caused in sensitive minds is much mitigated by the thought that never, even amid the agonies of "reconstruction," did the most uncouth of our lawmakers display for more than a few minutes the reckless blackguardism by which for weeks past the members of the Austrian Reichsrath have shaken the foundations of the empire and classed themselves with savages. Democracy has its scandals, but monarchical institutions, apparently, do not develop in all who live under them unvarying reliance on courteous and legal methods as the only alternatives to out-and-out rebellion. However, we should remember that the government of the United States is an ancient one, compared with those of Austro-Hungary, Germany, Spain, Italy, France, and most of the minor Continental nations. In due time, no doubt, the residents of Europe will attain to our present high average of self-control. It would not be fair to expect as much from people to whom constitutional rule is still only an experiment as from those whose ancestors have been free for many a generation, and who have learned from long experience when to fight and when to make parliamentary motions.

A SONG OF HER LOVE.

There's a song of a bird in a blossoming tree,
And songs in wind-trebles above;
But the song that is ever the sweetest to me
Is a dear little song of her love!
Like fairy bells ringing
Where roses are springing,
Is the song of her love that my glad heart is singing!

O the bird in the blossoms with melody charms
And the winds sing the blue fields above;
But of rosy-red lips and two little white arms
Is the dear little song of my love.
Of red lips that kiss me
And tenderly bless me,
And arms like a necklace that clasp and caress me.

Sing ever, ye birds, to the blossoming tree
And, winds, pipe your music above;
Her brown curls are brighter than blossoms to me,
And I'm singing a song of her love;
Like fairy bells ringing
Where roses are springing,
Is the song of her love that my glad heart is singing!
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Creed and Crocuses.

The Rev. Wetherby Smiles was rector of St. James' and occupied a rose-embowered cottage not far from the church. The cottage, with its attendant garden, was a dainty, pretty spot, which looked as though a woman's hand had planned and cared for it. But no woman had anything to do with the rectory. The Rev. Mr. Smiles' only servant was a doddering old man; the rector prepared his own meals, except when he was invited to tea by some old lady who pitied his lonely, indigestion-breeding existence.

Not that the Rev. Mr. Smiles was a woman hater, but Mr. Smiles was very high church indeed. Unfortunately, St. James' and the parish and the people were very poor. The good people liked the Rev. Mr. Smiles and tried to follow his suggestions upon high church usages. But there are people, you know, whom you couldn't make high church with a jackscrew. The communicants of St. James' were mostly farmers and small tradesmen.

The rector felt that the clergy, to be able to give their whole time and thought to their work, should live lives of celibacy. He had felt at times a strong drawing toward some ecclesiastical order in which such vows would be necessary. Then he would wear some outward sign of his vows, and the young women of his parish would not fall in love with him. The rector was young and good looking; he had been in his present pastorate six months, and he had already had an experience.

The young rector lived with his books, occasionally taking a little recreation in the garden. The roses disappeared, the leaves fell and left the clinging vines bare, and the snow covered the prim little beds in the rectory garden. Thus a year of his pastorate closed, and the spring drew near.

The Rev. Wetherby Smiles, from his study window, could look across his garden plot and see the brown earth warming in the spring sunshine and the trees and bushes slowly bursting into leaf. Nature is always most attractive in the spring, and nature in a thousand ways, with bud and leaf and warming earth and white-flecked sky and sweet air, wooed him from his books.

He looked across his garden, I say. And across the garden, beyond the low hedge, was another garden, which in summer was full of color. He had noticed the brilliant-hued beds the year before, but now the only bit of color was a pale-blue morning robe that flitted about the inclosure.

To tell the truth, the rector had seldom noticed that morning gown or the little woman inside it before. But it pleased his fancy now to look across the hedge and watch his neighbor. He recalled that his old major-domo had told him the cottage next the parsonage was occupied by a widowed lady—a lonely creature who had taken up her abode there but shortly before the Rev. Mr. Smiles was settled over St. James'. He remembered the little figure in black in one of the side pews, pointed out to him by the clerk as "Mrs. Scorritch," and probably had not given her a thought or a glance afterward.

However, he saw so much of the pale-blue gown that first warm week in spring that he looked for the little widow in her pew the next Sabbath. She had laid aside her weeds and was dressed in some soft, clinging, fawn-colored material that made her look like a very demure little moth. And she had the sweetest face in the world—as least, the sweetest face in the Rev. Wetherby Smiles' world.

On Monday morning the clerical black appeared in the rectory garden almost as soon as the pretty morning robe appeared over the hedge. The demure little face dimpled and smiled under its garden hat at the rector's approach, and the widow nodded brightly.

"You are early at your gardening this spring, Mrs. Scorritch," he said.

"Yes; but it is so warm," she replied, in defense. "I am expecting my crocuses to appear any day now."

"I'm afraid we shall see some frost yet, Mrs. Scorritch," said the rector.

"Now, don't talk that way, I beg!" cried the little woman, clasping her hands, inclosed in long-wristed and particularly well-fitting gauntlets. "Just suppose my crocuses should come up and be frost-bitten! Oh, the thought is too awful."

"I sincerely hope you will not be disappointed, but this climate is uncertain."

After that the young rector often found it quite necessary for his health to work in his garden while the blue gown (flitting like a butterfly from rose tree to vine and from vine to hedgerow) was in evidence in the neighboring yard. Really, after poring over musty theological tomes all winter a man must get some freshness in his soul and new blood in his heart.

The gardening went on apace, and the treacherous warm weather continued. Many were the conferences held across the hedge regarding the proper pruning of rose trees, the planting of hardy seeds and the preparation of the beds of earth. The rector had never suspected there was so much detail to the business of gardening.

One morning, just after a warm night rain, the Rev. Mr. Smiles was called to the hedge by a litttle cry from his neighbor.

"They are coming!" she cried, in delight. "See! here is the dearest little blade of green pushing up through the mold—and there is another—and another! Just look at them!"

The rector found it necessary to leap the hedge (he had been something of an athlete at the university, and certainly this spring weather was sending the blood coursing through his veins quite like old times) and look at the crocus bed near to.

"They are such lovely ones," she said, earnestly. "I don't believe you noticed them at all last spring" (he pronounced maledictions upon himself for having been so blind as to miss so much beauty the previous season), "but they will be even better this year—if we don't have that horrid frost you have been prophesying."

She looked at him roguishly, and it suddenly crossed the young rector's mind that several yellowish-green points of crocus blade, breaking the damp soil, made a far prettier picture than the finest rose bush in full bloom which he had ever seen. It was a strange fact and one he had never discovered before.

But when he had returned to his own lonely domain and entered his study, he stopped and thought seriously for a minute. Then he cast his flat-crowned ministerial hat upon the floor with great emphasis and exclaimed:

"It's my creed, I tell you, that a man in orders should not marry."

Now, there was no one visible to argue the question, and yet there seemed to be argument in his own mind, for the Rev. Wetherby Smiles smote his palm with his clenched fist angrily and kicked the flat-crowned hat to the other end of the room.

For two days the rector of St. James' rigidly stifled his interest in crocuses; his interest in creeds, however, was not entirely satisfying. On Sunday, after vespers, he overtook on his way home a little figure in a fawn-colored gown.

"You must see my crocuses, Mr. Smiles," she said. "The buds will be open before Sunday."

The rector glanced gloomily at the darkening sky and thought that probably there would be a frost that night. But he could not long think of frost and other unpleasant possibilities under the skillful manipulation of his charming little neighbor. He hesitated at her gate, and again crocuses triumphed over creed. The crocuses were flourishing finely; the creeds took a back seat—indeed, a very unobtrusive seat—in the rector's memory.

His interest in the crocus continued that evening to so late an hour that his old servitor really thought he was not coming to supper and cleared away the repast.

"Never mind," said the rector, kindly, "I am not hungry," and when the old man had doddered off to bed he sat down before the open window of his chamber and stared out into the still night.

He sat there for an hour. A light burned behind the curtain of one of his neighbor's windows. That was her light he knew. Finally it disappeared, but he sat on, his arms folded upon the sill, his eyes glaring fixedly into the darkness. Creed was making a strong fight for life.

It grew rapidly colder, and suddenly the Rev. Wetherby Smiles awoke to the discomforts of the outer man. He shivered and drew away from the window. There was no breeze and no clouds, but an increasing chill made him close the casement.

Then he slipped on a smoking jacket and went to the door. There was a light haze upon the river and a shimmer of frost in the air.

"A bad night for the farmers and fruit growers," he thought. Then his mind reverted to those crocuses. "They will be black by morning," he said. "Too bad! and the little woman thinks so much of them."

He hesitated a moment and then went in again, reappearing shortly with an old mackintosh.

"Just the thing to spread over the bed to defend them from the frost," he muttered and with long strides crossed the rectory garden and leaped the hedge.

Feeling a good deal like a night prowler who had no business in the place, he crept through his little neighbor's garden and approached the crocus bed near the porch. He started at the slightest sound and glanced about fearfully. Suppose anybody should see him—one of his parishioners—even his major-domo! He forgot the night was dark; it seemed to his excited imagination that anybody passing along the road could see him—the rector of St. James'—prowling about beneath a lady's window!

Suddenly, just as he spread the covering over the crocus bed and was turning hastily to flee, he heard a sound on the porch. He started, and his eyes became fixed upon the vision before him. A figure, all in white, and motionless, stood upon the lower step.

The Rev. Wetherby Smiles was startled, but he was not superstitious. For some seconds, however, he stared at the apparition before he recognized it. Then he stepped quickly forward and began to make excuses in a low voice.

"Mrs. Scorritch—Lydia—I beg your pardon, but I thought——"

He got no further in his faltering remarks. With a shuddering little cry the figure tottered and would have fallen to the ground had he not sprung forward and caught her in his arms.

"Good gracious!" muttered the Rev. Mr. Smiles, the perspiration starting on his brow. "What a situation. Suppose anybody should see me now. To think of me—a clergyman—in a woman's garden at night, holding that woman in my arms!"

He was tempted to lay her down upon the porch and run. But he looked down into the little white face, revealed by the faint starlight. The pale lids were drawn over the great eyes, which he thought so glorious. The pouting lips had not entirely lost their redness, but the cheeks were without color.

He looked upon her, and then did not lay her down and flee. Instead he stooped lower and—lifted her more closely against his breast and carried his burden into the house. There was a couch in the reception room. He laid her down and lighted the gas. She opened her eyes languidly and saw him.

"I have frightened you, Lydia," he said, stooping above her. "Really, I had no intention, you know. I only remembered the crocuses——"

"I—I thought you were a burglar," she admitted. "And when I heard your voice——"

"Didn't you recognize it?" he asked.

"You—you had never spoken to me in just that way before, and——"

He bent lower and took her hand. "I was only thinking of the crocuses, Lydia," he said, which was very true. He had quite forgotten the "creed."
—Chicago Record.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

In India the natives, when a bicycle comes along, fall down and mention the name of the Deity.

A lady in Hiram, Me., has cucumber pickles which have been in her possession for more than forty years.

Whistling is practically unknown among the Icelanders who regard it as irreligious, and a violation of the divine law.

The first forger of a Bank of England note was Richard William Vaughan, a linen draper of Stafford, hanged in 1758.

Miss Florence Hudson of Baltimore, Md., has a tooth of solid gold, with a diamond in the centre of it. The ornament cost her over $150.

The long tails of the Shah of Persia's horses are dyed crimson for six inches at the tips—a jealously guarded privilege of the ruler and his sons.

If Chinese children do not obey their parents, and the latter whip them to death, the law has no punishment for them, as obedience to parents is the cardinal virtue.

W. T. Woodward, the Kentucky horse breeder, is going about telling his friends that he has been cured of rheumatism by carrying old electric light carbons in his pockets.

Among the many devices to assist the blind one of the best is a typewriter in which the keys have raised letters and which punctuates the paper with either letters or the dots contained in one of the blind alphabets.

Experiments testing the comparative values of salt and fresh water in street-sprinkling are being made in San Francisco. It is said that salt water does not dry so quickly as fresh, and that it binds the dirt together, so that there is less dust.

The people of Sharpsburg, Ky., engage in diverting contests on Saturday evenings. Forty men are each supplied with a dozen eggs, and range themselves in two parties, twenty on each side. They then begin throwing the eggs at their opponents, and at its close they look like omelets from head to foot.

The largest lobster that has been seen in New Haven, Conn., in years was on exhibition at the Tontine hotel. The big shellfish weighed twenty-eight pounds, and was very old. It reposed in a dish on the office counter, and was kept cool by pieces of ice. The lobster was alive, and lazily moved its great claws.

A Virginian has invented a tree protector which kills insects and worms which try to crawl up the trunk and eat the leaves, the new device consisting of a pliable receptacle to su round the tree and hold the inse killing liquid, with a felt pad at bottom to prevent insects from ing up between the tree and th tector.

Seven Feet of Hair on Mr. La

Mr. Legrand Larow of L has a beard which perhaps est worn by any man in His beard is seven feet i has measured seven and Mr. Larow was born county, N. Y., in 1852 tives are noted for h not of extraordinary 6 feet in height, pounds. When st beard down it exter the floor. He has 20 years. He wear and wound around wrapped and lodge St Louis Globe

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

How to Help—Alcohol Appetites—They Are Not Caused by Natural Cravings, But Result From an Education Which is Abnormal and Ends in Disaster

You say you can't talk about temperance,
But to help it one way may be found;
You can close your lips and keep them closed
When the glass goes 'round.

You say you have no time for doing
Half as much as your neighbors can do;
But closing your lips, and by keeping them closed,
Then we'll know you are true.

You say you don't think your example
Is potent for good or for harm;
But one day you may find that the lips which were closed
Held a magical charm.

And we know that the throne of the tempter
Would at once be hurled down and lie low,
If only all lips that now open would close,
And each voice would say, "No!"
—Faith Chiltern.

Alcoholic Appetites.

The desire for alcoholic stimulants is commonly spoken of as appetite, but we deny that its nature is the same as the cravings of a hungry man for food. The latter comes alike to every healthy man, as one evidence of health, but the former must have other provocation than the calls of nature, and it represents disease. We do not deny that liquor cravings may come by inheritance, but the example of a drinking father gives a sufficient explanation of the son's drink habit without touching the question of heredity.

Without denying the theory of hereditary appetite, many years of observation and study have convinced us that we must look to other causes than that for explanation of most of the cases of slavery to drink. While we do not object to the expression "drink appetite," we insist that in most cases the drink habit represents not a normal, but an educated appetite, and, therefore, we attack the educators, and say that such disastrous education ought to be suppressed.

These educators are chiefly in two classes, viz., first, those who educate young men into the path of death for the sake of the money that can be gained thereby, and, second, the devotees of fashionable drinking, and the cowards who dare not resist or antagonize such fashion.

As to the first named class, no sensible man can believe that the elegant saloon, resplendent with paintings and mirrors, is called for by the slave appetite. A jug and tin dipper answers his claims, and he will not even insist upon the dipper. The saloon is created as an educator, and exists in that capacity. Go where the saloon is unknown, and the young men give little evidence of alcoholic appetite. The saloon system is a humbug, as well as an outrage.

As to fashion as an educator into the drink appetite, as we have said before, it is the worst obstacle to public sobriety and should be held responsible accordingly. The men of influence who defend it rest under a fearful responsibility.

Let us not be deluded by the current sophistry about natural or inherited appetite for alcohol; these causes are but as drops in the ocean.

The causes of drink appetite are mainly controllable, and therefore ought to be suppressed. They have been practically suppressed in many localities, and by patient attention to duty can be largely reduced everywhere.—National Temperance Advocate.

The Masses, the Boys and the Saloons.

The Lutheran Observer says: "The church will never reach the masses until it first reaches the saloons." This is as true as it is pithy and pointed. Before "the masses" can be brought to Christ they must be brought away from the saloons; and the only way to gain that point is to destroy the saloons. You can no more keep the boys and young men out of the licensed and legalized saloon than you can keep flies out of an open molasses barrel on the street in August. Close the barrel and roll it into the cellar, and then the flies will keep out of it. So close the saloons and keep them closed, or a certain number of your boys and young men are as surely doomed each year to be lured by them into a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell as are flies certain to be lured to their death by the open molasses barrel. Sunday-schools and young people's societies, and Y. M. C. A.'s and churches, may do all they can to draw the boys and keep them away from the saloons, but it will be of little or no avail so long as the legalized saloons exist. Into them the boys will go, despite the tears and prayers of parents and the efforts of Christian people. How do we know? By having watched the drift of things in that direction forty years. In all those years a regular stream of boys have been going out of Christian homes, out of churches and out of Sunday-schools into the saloons, down to drunkards' graves, and the same stream is going on still, bigger and stronger than ever. Yes, Christian people, if you would save your boys and reach the masses, first reach and close the saloons.—Religious Telescope.

A Good Stimulant.

Yes, I admit that whisky is a stimulant.
It stimulates abnormal and vicious appetite.
It stimulates unholy passion.
It stimulates the death dyed traffic in human virtue.
It stimulates poverty.
It stimulates disease.
It stimulates depravity.
It stimulates crime.
It stimulates divo
It stimulates th
pitfall.
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