

In the statistics of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States there is an increase in the number of Sunday-school scholars for the year 1888-89, amounting nearly to 30,000, nearly a quarter of the increase being in the diocese of Pennsylvania.

A recent decision of the Supreme Court in California will give new trials to at least a dozen sentenced murderers, as the decision places the burden of proof, even in murder, on the State, whereas the old decision, which has been followed for thirty years, insists upon the defendant rebutting the charge of malice.

The Chicago Herald thinks there will be no sympathy wasted on the defeat of the Mormons by the Gentiles in the recent municipal election at Salt Lake City. The decay of Mormonism gradually but surely approaches. This consummation will be due less to stringent laws against the Mormons than to the leavening influence of a new race of Americans who are now bearding the lion in his den. American customs and American ideas are irresistible even in the stronghold of Brigham Young's fatuous followers.

During the heat of the excitement over the English imbroglio, some enterprising merchant placed on the Portuguese market a "Serpa Pinto" hat, named after the celebrated explorer. Hat sold like wildfire, as they were warranted to be of Portuguese manufacture. Suddenly it was discovered that the hats were really made in hated England. The revulsion of feeling produced by this announcement has resulted at Lisbon in the most eccentric demonstrations on the part of the populace. It was not uncommon to meet, in the streets, bodies of men engaged in the wholesale destruction of the detested headgear, trampling on the hats and threatening those who still wore them.

An ingenious counterfeiter has turned up in Chicago. His name is S. H. Shanks and he has been arrested. His methods were unique and interesting. He took one-dollar silver certificates, and by means of acids and fine pen work the large figure "one" on the reverse side was changed into two "tens," and the intermediate portion was transformed into a scroll. On the other side the "one" over the representation on the silver dollar was obliterated and "ten" substituted. The single "one" figures in the corners were neatly eaten off and the small figure "ten" substituted. The small "one" was changed to an X and a new number was printed in red upon the face. None but an expert would detect the fraud.

An acute agitation against the practice of lifting the hat in greeting persons in the street is in progress throughout Austria. The movement originated in Pesth. Two or three meetings of prominent men decided, when the influenza was at its worst, that baring the head in the open air ought to be discouraged, and passed resolutions in favor of introducing the military salute in the place of the bow with the lifted hat. The Pesth dailies took up the subject with avidity, and were soon in a pretty little newspaper row as to just what motions etiquette required a man to go through when he met an acquaintance in the street. The dailies in other Austro-Hungarian cities joined in the discussion. Consequently the question of hat raising has become a national one.

Every year shows a large increase in the shipments of Russian petroleum to England, while America remains nearly stationary.

An Unappreciated Partner.

Bilkins—How is business, Wilkins? Wilkins—Can't make it go. At this rate I'll be bankrupt in another month. I don't seem to have any head for business.

Bilkins—No, you haven't; but you have a good stand, and if you'll promise to keep hands off and let me run things, I'll go in with you as a partner. Wilkins—Done. A friend in need is a friend indeed.

Guest of Mr. Wilkins (ten years after)—What a magnificent place you have!—everything that wealth could buy or heart wish! You have been wonderfully prosperous, Mr. Wilkins. Mr. Wilkins (sadly)—True, but after all I get only half the profits of my great establishment. I just tell you, my old friend, the mistake of my life was in taking a partner.—New York Weekly.

EAT BEFORE SLEEP.

It is the True Way to Obtain Refreshing Slumber.

To Sleep on an Empty Stomach is to Awake Exhausted.

Going to bed with a well-filled stomach is the essential prerequisite of refreshing slumber. The cautions so often reiterated in old medical journals against late suppers were directed chiefly to the bibulous habits of those early times. When at every late feast the guests not unseldom drank themselves under the table, or needed strong assistance to reach their couch, the canon against such indulgence was not untimely. Nature and common sense teach us that a full stomach is essential to quiet repose. Every man who has found it difficult to keep awake after a hearty dinner has answered the problem for himself. There are few animals that can be trained to rest until after they are fed.

Man, as he comes into the world, presents a condition it would be well for him to follow in all his after-life. The sweetest minstrel ever sent out of paradise cannot sing an infant to sleep on an empty stomach. We have known reckless nurses to give the little ones a dose of paregoric or soothing syrup in place of its cup of milk, when it was too much trouble to get the latter, but this is the one alternative. The little stomach of the sleeping child, as it becomes gradually empty, folds on itself in plaits; two of these make it restless; three will open its eyes, but by careful soothing these may be closed again; four plaits and the charm is broken; there is no more sleep in that household until that child has been fed. It seems to us so strange that with this example before their eyes full-grown men are so slow to learn the lesson.

The farmer does it for his pig, who would squeal all night if it were not fed at the last moment, and the groom knows that his horse will paw in his stall until he has had his meal. But when he wishes to sleep himself he never seems to think of it. To sleep, the fulness of the blood must leave the head; to digest the eaten food the blood must come to the stomach. Thus, sleep and digestion are natural allies; one helps the other.

Man, by long practice, will train himself to sleep on an empty stomach, but it is more the sleep of exhaustion than the sleep of refreshment. He wakes up after such a troubled sleep feeling utterly miserable until he has had a cup of coffee or some other stimulant, and he has so injured the tone of his stomach that he has little appetite for breakfast. Whereas, one who allows himself to sleep after a comfortable meal awakes strengthened, and his appetite has been quickened by that preceding indulgence.

The difficulty in recovery comes from the fact that we are such creatures of our habits it is impossible to break away from them without persistent effort. In this case the man who has eaten nothing after 6 o'clock and retires at 10 or 11 takes to bed an empty stomach upon which the action of the gastric juices makes him uncomfortable all the night. If he proposes to try our experiment he will sit down and eat a tolerably hearty meal. He is unaccustomed to this at that hour and has a sense of discomfort with it. He may try it once or twice, or even longer, and then he gives it up, satisfied that for him it is a failure.

The true course is to begin with just one or two mouthfuls the last thing before going to bed. And this should be light food, easily digested. No cake or pastry should be tolerated. One mouthful of cold roast beef, cold lamb, cold chicken, and a little crust of bread will do to begin with, or, what is better yet, a spoonful or two of condensed milk (not the sweetened that comes in cans) in three times as much warm water. Into this cut half a pared peach and two or three little squares of bread, the whole to be one-fourth or one-sixth of what would be a light lunch.

Increase this very gradually, until at the end of a month or six weeks the patient may indulge in a bowl of milk, two peaches, with a half hard roll or a crust of home-made bread. When peaches are gone take baked apples with the milk till strawberries come, and eat the latter till peaches return again. This is the secret of our health and vitality. We often work until

after midnight, but eating the comfortable meal is the last thing we do every night of the year. This is not an untried experiment or one depending on the testimony of a single witness.—American Analyst.

They Split the Difference.

Adjutant-General Mullen was in a reminiscent mood. "I will tell you a little experience I had down in Louisiana in 1862," he said. "I was a member of the Connecticut Volunteers. The opposing armies had come into pretty close quarters, and Confederate outposts, stragglers and skirmishers were around us and doing considerable mischief. Three companies of our regiment were ordered out on skirmish duty. We marched down, five paces apart, according to regulations, into a perfect morass. The water was waist deep everywhere.

"I am not very tall, and found it necessary to hold up my cartridge belt to keep it from getting saturated. The Confederates were scattered through this swamp, and we took a number of prisoners without opening fire. I met with a misfortune. My foot caught beneath a couple of parallel branches beneath the water, and I was securely pinioned. My companions continued on their way while I struggled hard to extricate myself from my unpleasant predicament. I finally pulled my foot out with a desperate effort, but my shoe was left behind. I could only secure it by plunging my head beneath the surface of slimy, noxious, muddy water, but it had to be done. I had no sooner got the shoe tied on again than a Confederate came in sight from behind some bushes. Intuitively our muskets were simultaneously raised.

"Surrender!" thundered the Confederate.

"Surrender yourself?" I returned at the top of my lungs.

"Then we stood and eyed each other. Each had his gun cocked and levelled at the other, but neither pulled a trigger. Why we hesitated is more than I can explain. By delaying, you see, each was practically placing himself at the mercy of the other, or so it would seem. Suddenly the Confederate's gun dropped and I brought mine down also.

"See here, 'rank," he began, in a much milder tone, "if I should shoot you my side wouldn't gain much; and, again, if you should shoot me your side wouldn't gain much. Now, I've got a wife and two babies over yonder, and if you dropped me they wouldn't have nobody to take care of them. Now, it's a blamed mean man what won't split the difference. I'll let you go if you'll let me go, and we'll call the thing square. What do you say?"

"Well, what should I say? I walked over half way, and we met and shook hands and parted. About a year after a letter came to our camp addressed to 'Little Yankee that split the difference.' I had told him my regiment, you see, but not my name. The letter was a cordial invitation to visit the man at his home in Louisiana. He wanted me to see the wife and babies whose members had prompted him to propose to split the difference, and I have always regretted that I was unable to accept the invitation."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The Child of the Future.

It is a dreadful point about these microbes that the only way to avoid having them in a virulent form is to have them in an artificial or attenuated form. The children of the future will not run through the present gamut of infantile disease, but they will probably be subjected to inoculation with various microbes every few months. First, they will be vaccinated for small-pox; when they have recovered from that they will be taken to a Pasteur institute to have a mild form of rabies. Next, they will be given a dose of the comma bacilli to prevent cholera, and so on through all the ever-growing series of disease microbes. Oa! luckless child of the future! you will never be ill and never be well; your health will never be awfully monotonous; you will never know the weariness of the first night of measles, when it was so nice to lie in mother's lap and feel her cool hand on your forehead; you will never know the joys of convalescence, when oranges were numerous and every one was kind to you because you were not well; and your end will be to die of debility. How glad we are that we live in the present, with all its ups and downs of health to lend variety to life and death.

OUR WOODLANDS.

The Country's Forests and Their Preservation.

Trees Which Are Felled Should Be Replaced.

It is estimated, by those whose special study of the subject seems to have fitted them to judge, that the number of acres of land in the United States now covered with wood growth is about four hundred and fifty millions. Of this area, about seventy million acres belong to the United States Government. The rest is the property of individuals, except a small amount which belongs to States of the Union.

Of the entire forest area, it was ascertained that more than ten million acres were burned over in the census year 1880. It is not probable that the annual destruction by fire has fallen off since that year. It is estimated that twenty-five million acres of woodland are cut off each year. At this rate of destruction, the woodlands of the United States must speedily disappear if it were not the fact that while the woods in many places are being wantonly burned or cut away, they are also growing, not only in a great many sites where they have just undergone destruction, but in many places which have been clear of timber.

But although woods grow spontaneously in many parts of the country and so freely that there is little fear that there will be a net loss of timber east of the one-hundredth meridian, or a general unfavorable effect upon soil or climate in that region, the new growth, in the forests of the country, does not by any means keep pace with the destruction.

It is estimated that while twenty-four thousand millions of cubic feet of wood are consumed annually in the United States, the wood that grows each year on the present forest area of the country is not more than twelve thousand millions of cubic feet. It is reasonably certain that, whether tree growths as a whole increase or diminish, the great forests of the country must disappear unless something is done to check their destruction.

What the effect upon the far Western or more arid section of the country would be if the mountain forests were entirely swept away—as they must be under present conditions, since in that region the woods do not ordinarily spring up again when cut down—can be anticipated by observing the effect upon the water flow in New York State of the partial destruction of the Adirondack forests.

It is officially reported that the cutting away of woods in the Adirondack region has diminished the reliable water supply in the Mohawk and Hudson Rivers by from 30 to 50 per cent. The loss begins to affect unfavorably navigation in the New York canals and rivers.

In the Rocky Mountain and Pacific coast regions, the drying up of the sources of water supply by the cutting away of the mountain forests seriously endangers the supply of water for the irrigation of the plains below, and thus menaces the habitability of those regions.

Further east the question is equally a practical one, though not as threatening. The practice is to destroy without replacing. We commonly trust to the unaided operations of nature to put back the wood growths we take; but nature does not always put them back.

The experience of the old world has proved that a steady and profitable supply of wood may be drawn from forests, and a revenue from them derived by those who own them and the forests maintained in good growth at the same time, to supply still further revenue and to exercise their equalizing and preserving influence on climate, rainfall and water supply.

This lesson of profit and loss should not be a hard one for the practical American people to learn, and there are many indications, both in the direction of private enterprise and in projects for legislation, that they are learning it.

President Harrison, in January, sent to Congress a special message calling attention to the necessity of preserving the forests on the public domain, and urging early legislation to prevent the destruction of forest areas. The legislation which is most actively urged provides for the withdrawal of public

forest lands from sale or pre-emption, and the protection of the forests from destruction by fires and by the depredations of those who take the public timber without paying for it.—Youth's Companion.

Women's Family Names.

There is a lawyer who does a good deal of real estate conveyancing, one of the chief of whose grievances in life is the scant respect that women show toward their names. The fact that a certain alteration takes place in the name at marriage destroys, so he claims, whatever regard a woman might be expected to pay to an exact rendering, and the fact that any legal significance can in any case attach to the form seems to be quite beyond the grasp of the average feminine brain. If a girl baby is christened Elizabeth she will sign herself when called on to put her name to a deed after she is grown, Lizzie, Lisa, Elise, Lisbet or Lisbeth, according to which diminutive happens to be her favorite for the year, and will omit her middle name, give it in full or by initial, or sign instead of her own her husband's name, according to her sweet liking. The task of the lawyer who has to trace up half a dozen of these signatures to make sure that they all refer to the same person is not calculated to make easy the task of his wife who has to soothe his ruffled temper with a good dinner. That the married women should in all cases retain her own family name, preceeding it by her given name and following it with her husband's family name is the lawyer's plea if he is to be saved from insanity. Frances Folsom Cleveland, Julia Dent Grant, Louise Chandler Moulton, Julia Ward Howe, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and other set in this respect a good example.

Two Fish United by Hooks.

Nearly a year ago Fisherman W. T. Van Dyke, while pursuing his occupation off shore, invitingly threw out a fishing line with two well-baited hooks. Presently there was a jerk—the bait had "took." Van Dyke was hauling in hand over hand, when suddenly the tension ceased, and the line was gracefully and adroitly whisked into the boats minus both hooks.

Last fall Mr. Van Dyke in emptying one of his "pounds" of its over-night catch, discovered among his catch a pig fish and a sea bass united by a fishing cord, which he readily identified as his own. A hook had penetrated the jaw of each fish, and, becoming imbedded there, the flesh had grown around their barbs and securely fastened them in position. Thus held together for nearly a twelvemonth, they had coursed the briny in double team, held by a single twine, until death cut their thread of life in twain.

The skeletons of this curious pair of accidental Siamese twins, together with the hooks and line which constituted their sole domestic tie, now adorn the walls of the fish house of Mr. Van Dyke.—Long Branch News.

How to Fall Asleep.

Nearly everyone has experienced the misery of lying awake in bed desiring to sleep, but unable to do so, and wished for a means to successfully woo Morpheus. Reciting poetry or prayer, or counting ticks of clocks or other devices may have been tried in vain, and when they have been the situation is only aggravated by the dread of insomnia and consequent insanity. A physician said on this subject the other evening: "Sleep can be induced without drugs. Persons who find difficulty in going to sleep might try the experiment of placing a small bright object, seen by reflection of a soft and distant light in such position that the eyes are strained upward and back at such a distance as to make the eyes squint. That will induce sleep. Why? Why, simply because the person will magnetize himself. A bright dime suspended from a cord at the head of the bed would do for the bright object. This is not a new discovery. I've seen it in books, and if a person can't, so to speak, magnetize himself into sleep this way, he's in danger of Bedlam."—Star-Saying.

A Discourager.

Mrs. Figg—Isn't there any way to get rid of that young Jinx who keeps calling on Clara without positively insulting him?

Mr. Figg—Why, certainly. Just give him the baby to hold the next time he comes.—Terre Haute Express.