

WAS FULTON FIRST.

MOREY RAN A VESSEL 14 YEARS EARLIER.

Was Sunk, He Thought, by Rivals—Fulton Saw His Model and, It Is Claimed, Stole the Vermonter's Idea and Became Famous.



Who invented the first steamboat operated in this country? Robert Fulton has earned immortal fame as the inventor, but was he really entitled to it? asks New York World.

In 1803 Fulton experimented on the River Seine, in France, with a small steamboat, and in 1807 launched another steam vessel on the Hudson river. The latter trial gave him the credit of what has ever since been accepted to be the first practical operation of a steamboat. But it is now claimed that Capt. Samuel Morey of Fairlee, Vt., invented a steamboat which, in 1793, made a trial trip on the Connecticut river. Among those who witnessed this event was the late Rev. Cyrus Mann, at that time a boy. In an address at the centennial of the town of Oxford, N. H., where Capt. Morey was born, he said: "So far as is known, the first steamboat ever seen on the waters of America was invented by Capt. Samuel Morey, of Oxford, N. H. The astonishing sight of this man ascending the Connecticut river, between that place and Fairlee, in a little boat just large enough to contain himself and the rude machinery connected with the steam boiler and just a handful of wood for a fire, was witnessed by me in my boyhood, and by others who yet survive. This was as early as 1793, or earlier, and before Fulton's name had ever been mentioned in connection with steam navigation.

"There is no reliable evidence from history to show that Fitch was the inventor of steam navigation in this country, from the fact that the progress in that art cannot be traced back to him; but it can be traced to Robert Fulton, and from him directly to Capt. Samuel Morey, and nowhere else. It is settled beyond all question that Morey had launched his boat on the waters of Vermont before Fulton had accomplished the same thing in New York. It is also a well-established fact that Fulton visited Morey at Fairlee for the purpose of witnessing his successful experiment before he himself had launched any kind of a steam craft; and it can be shown that Morey had been engaged in such experiments for years before."

Capt. Morey on this first trip succeeded in making four miles an hour against the current. This first steamboat was a rough craft with crude apparatus. It was propelled by a paddle wheel at the bow, and the engine also was located near the bow.

Morey after this first trip visited New York and consulted with Fulton and Livingston in regard to his invention, showing them the model. They thought favorably of his invention, but advised him to place the engine in the middle or side of the boat rather than in the front part, and his paddle wheel in the rear.

Capt. Morey now made a much larger boat. This also was propelled by steam, and the power was applied to a paddle-wheel in the stern. It was also fitted with paddlewheels on the sides, which could be turned by hand power. The boat was called the Aunt Sally, and was painted white and adorned with fantastic red stripes.

In the year 1820, it is alleged, the boat was sunk in Morey Lake, a sheet of water in the vicinity of Fairlee, named after Capt. Morey by jealous enemies who filled it with bowlders. Others assert that Capt. Morey, fearing that his contemporaries might see the boat and deprive him of his patent by infringement, sank it himself.

It is said to lie in about eighteen feet of water at the south end of the lake, a few rods off shore. The spot is covered with pickered grass and the muddy bottom is very soft. In all probability it is by this time completely covered. Some attempts have been made to raise it. In 1874 the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society appointed a committee to find the boat, but the committee searched in vain.

Up in Vermont it is said that Fulton, conceiving the idea of the invention from the model he had seen, despoiled Morey in later years of the fame and name which he should have had. And Morey, his friend said, in his last years was of the same opinion himself and spoke bitterly of Fulton.

The model of the boiler and engine are still in existence, and are in the possession of C. F. Bracey, of Wells river, Vt., and Judge Kibbe, of Fairlee, Vt.

Trade in Tarantulas.

According to a Passadena paper the capturing and shipping of tarantulas may be classed as one of the industries of the Pacific coast. The business in this unique traffic resulted last year in the shipment from that place of over 20,000 tarantulas to meet the demand of the tourist traveler, and it is estimated that in the last five years 250,000 spiders have been sold.

Daniel Boone's Gun.

Daniel Boone's gun is still carefully preserved. Its stock and barrel are five feet long and it carries an ounce ball. It is now owned by Nathan Boone Van Bibber, a descendant of the famous Kentucky pioneer, and is in Charleston, W. Va. The original powder horn and bullet mold are with the weapon.

WITH A RESERVATION.

Perplexity in a Colored Congregation Over an Unexpected Donation.

Recently a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church returned from a tour of the south and made his headquarters at one of the big hotels uptown, says the New York Tribune. To those who called upon him at the hotel he told a funny story about his experience among the negroes of the south. He went down with a party to one of the fashionable winter resorts along the coast. One Sunday he was told of a service that was to be held at a colored Methodist church several miles inland. It was suggested that the party attend these services, and accordingly carriages were ordered and the drive was made. The rest of the story is best told in his own language. He said:

"When we arrived at the church we found that it was to be a sort of special service to raise money to pay off a church debt. They had recently erected a new church, and it was only partly paid for. The local bishop had been summoned and a great effort was being made to get the money. When we had taken our seats a colored brother came around and asked us if we would not go to the front, but we declined. In the course of his remarks the bishop dwelt upon the good work that had been done in the name of the Redeemer, and called upon everyone present to contribute something toward paying off the great debt that the church had assumed in building a new house of worship. He said that the debt was \$142.35, and that it must be met. His eloquent plea reached our hearts, and we made up a little purse among ourselves and raised \$100. The money was handed to me, and I, when the plate was passed around, laid a crisp \$100 bill on the plate. While the money was being counted a song service was held. It was plainly evident to us that something unusual was going on, and there was a subdued air of excitement among those counting the money. Finally the bishop stepped to the front and raised his hand. The music ceased at once. He began to speak very gravely, and imagine our astonishment when he said: 'Brethren, we have met with remarkable success in our efforts today. We have received enough money to pay off the debt and a surplus of \$14.12—that is, providin' the bill which the gentleman from the north gave us is genuine.'"

Piano Playing and Neurosis.

A corresponding member of the Paris Academy of Medicine has sent to that learned body a memoir in which he maintains that the numerous cases of chlorosis, neurosis, and neurasthenia observed among young girls is due to learning to play on the piano and to the hours devoted to practicing. He has drawn up careful statistics from which he concludes that, among 6,000 pupils obliged before attaining the age of 12 to learn to play the piano, nearly 12 per cent suffer from nervous troubles. The author does not attempt to draw up statistics of the victims among persons who have to listen to their performances.—British Medical Journal.

Draining a Lake.

The Fanfulla of Rome announces that the projects of the draining of the Trasimene lake, which has been talked about for more than 2,000 years, will at last become a fact. A syndicate of capitalists has bought up the territory surrounding the lake, and the immense undertaking will be started this year. The circumference of the lake, in which there are three small islands, is more than thirty miles. Its depth averages nine feet. It is proposed to finish the work inside of two years, and it is to cost 12,000,000 lire (\$2,400,000).

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

Mrs. George Lewis of Boston thinks she is the youngest grandmother in America. Her age is 32 years.

John Oliver Hobbs (Mrs. Craigie) has been elected president of the society of women journalists of London.

Sarah Bernhardt is to begin her first tour of Germany next fall at the expiration of her American engagement.

Miss E. Thornton Clark, the sculptor, is said to be fond of pets of all sorts, and her prime favorite is a mouse.

Three persons were recently saved from drowning at Hythe, England, by the courage and skill of Miss Evans, a girl of 21.

Mrs. Bertha Welch, of San Francisco, has given more than \$150,000 in the last four years to St. Ignace's church of that city.

Miss Alice French ("Octave Thanet") is a Yankee by birth (partly of Virginia lineage), an Iowan by adoption and a southerner by choice.

An American woman is about to make a tour of the mikado's realm on a bicycle. She will publish a book called "Unpunctured Tires in Japan."

Miss Douglas, the champion amateur marksman of England, recently scored fifty-seven bull's-eyes in succession with a revolver at twenty yards' range.

A bust of Charles Sumner, made by the colored woman sculptor, Elmondia Lewis, will be one of the attractive exhibits of the negro building at the Atlanta exposition.

It is expected that Lady Betty, wife of Chief Secretary Balfour, will do her best to make his Irish administration popular. She is a woman of great talent and social tact.

Lady Haberton, inventor of the divided skirt, is said to have a new fad. She contends that female servants should wear knickerbockers, as such costume facilitates movements.

Mrs. Frank Weldon, wife of Frank Weldon of the Atlanta Constitution, is in correspondence with the Princess Nazie, of Cairo, Egypt, in reference to exhibits at the cotton fair next fall.

SLEEPING IN COFFINS.

Strange Religious Community in Montreal, Which Renounces the World.

The strangest religious community in the world is one founded in Montreal by a certain Dr. Jacques, a graduate of the Victoria School of Medicine, who, during the year in which small-pox raged in Montreal, visited no fewer than 1,200 patients and did much good work in the city. Among these patients was a family from St. Florence named Aubin, and the father and mother, with five daughters, now live under the doctor's roof. The parents, who do not belong to the community proper, live like ordinary mortals, but the five children lead a life almost as severe as the terrible austere regime of the Carmelite nun. They are robed in red material, with a white headress falling down over their shoulders. These girls have no education whatever, yet their medical protector says they are very learned in things pertaining to the celestial sphere. By the side of a nicely decorated altar stands a post about six feet in height, and upon the latter hangs an ox chain ten feet long. When Montreal is given over to carnivals, to balls and parties, and when it is easy for frail man and womankind to be tempted, it is at these seasons that the five sisters devote themselves most intently to penitence and prayer. This heavy chain is hung around each sister's neck for an hour at a time, while they kneel in prayer for their sisters of the world whom destiny has thrown in temptation's way. Each bed is a large deep coffin, painted black, and covered over with gray cotton. The pillow is made of soft wood and not a single article of clothing is visible. The five sisters sleep upstairs, the second floor being divided into a half dozen small, cheerful rooms or cells. The furniture in each of these sleeping apartments consists of a black coffin, a table and a tin wash-basin, the same absence of clothing being quite as marked as on the floor below. Dr. Jacques himself occupies a room on the ground floor, and sleeps in a large, bare coffin throughout the summer and winter. The only recognition of this famous community by the Archbishop of Montreal is in the fact that one of the city's clergymen is spiritual director of the five sisters in question, of whom three go to communion every morning and two or three times a week.

WINDING ROPES FOR MINES.

Belgian Makers Are Turning Them Out of Great Strength and at Low Cost.

In the Comptes Rendus an account is given of some flat winding ropes made by Belgian machine builders for use in the deep collieries of the Mons and Charleroi districts. The largest of these is intended to lift a load of six and one-half tons, made up of three and one-half tons weight of cage and six tubs and three tons net load of coal from a depth of 1,200 metres (3,937 feet). The ropes are made of Manilla aloé fibre of a flat section, with ten strands tapering in breadth and in thickness. The average weight per metre is 11 kilograms (24.2 pounds), giving for the length of 1,350 metres a weight of 14.85 tons for each rope. The working strain will be 90 kilograms per square centimetre (1,280 pounds per square inch) at the thick and 110 kilograms (1,564.5 pounds per square inch) at the thin end. The winding engines are intended to be worked with steam at four atmospheres boiler pressure, and to be capable of bringing the load from the bottom of the mine to the bank in 65.4 revolutions. These are the first 10-stranded ropes that have been made in aloé fibre, and it is expected that their life will be about two years. Flat steel ropes are also in use at what is known as the Providence pit in the Charleroi district of Belgium. These are made of eight parallel four-stranded ropes tapered by reducing the number of wires in the strand from 12 to 11 and 10, according to position. The breadth of the rope varies from 200 millimetres (7.8 inches) at the thick to 170 millimetres (6.6 inches) at the thin end, and the average weight is 12½ kilograms (27 pounds) per metre. The winding engines at this pit handle a gross load of 12½ tons, 6¼ tons for the cage and 12 tubs and 6 tons of coal, from a depth of 950 metres (3,117 feet). This rope lasts only twelve months.

Advertising Himself.

An Ohio revivalist named Jonas appears to have gone into the business of reviving as a profession. His "ad" in the paper declares that "he has a strong voice and is able to speak to the largest audiences at grove meetings. He is not backward about speaking twice a day where opportunity is afforded. His heart is full of the work and he is anxious to reach people with his message of deliverance. He can preach on Sundays as well as talk politics on week days. He is a very efficient revivalist. He has a wonderful faculty of entertaining, holding and convincing audiences and can speak in the same place night after night with continually increasing attendance."

Playing Cards.

Playing cards were introduced into Europe by a crusader about 1290, to amuse Charles IV., King of France, who had fallen into a gloomy state of mind bordering on madness. The hearts were originally called Caesars, and were designated to represent the ecclesiastics.

An 18 1-2 Pound Prince.

Not far from the bathing beach at Rye, N. Y., is a camp of prosperous pygmies. Recently Mrs. Tryphena Zut, the queen, gave birth to a son, which weighed eighteen and one-half pounds. Local doctors say this beats the record.

Just Like Them.

A Bethel (Me.) experimentalist has discovered that potato bugs can fast sixty days in an air-tight bottle without serious disfigurement.

LIVED LIKE THE RATS.

DISCOVERIES RESPECTING SOME ARIZONA INDIANS.

They Burrowed in the Earth—In Fact, They Had Subterranean Homes on a Grand Scale—Imagination and Sense of Dignity.



AN EXPLORATION in the Rio Verde valley of Arizona, conducted for the bureau of ethnology by Cosmos Mindelleff, has brought about some new and interesting discoveries respecting a prehistoric race. These people burrowed in the earth like rats. Their houses were holes in the hills, some of them so extensive as to be veritable subterranean hotels, the apartments being in suites for the occupancy of families. Eight miles south of Verde, on the east side of the river, is the now empty home of a once prosperous underground community. It has 200 rooms on the main level, divided into seventy-four distinct and separate sets. On a level above, constituting a second story, are fifty-six rooms in twenty-four sets. It is believed that the entire establishment accommodated 150 to 200 people. Hollowed out of the faces of the cliffs in that region are thousands of rooms, sometimes in clusters of two or three, while now and then will be found such an elaborate excavation as that just described, affording quarters for a community of considerable size. The places chosen for such workings are along the faces of cliffs where strata of soft rock appear. The rooms generally are rudely circular, the largest being thirty feet and the smallest five or six feet in diameter. In the underground hotels a suite ordinarily consists of one large main room in front, entered by a narrow hall from the face of the bluff, and a number of smaller rooms connected by narrow doorways or short passages. There is no outlet into the open, except through the main room or parlor. Usually there are a number of little storage rooms, or cubby-holes, corresponding to closets. These are from one foot to five feet in diameter, on a level with the floor. The deserted dwellings of these burrowing people have been found in New Mexico and Colorado also. In some places the hills have been literally honeycombed by them. W. H. Holmes, the ethnologist, has described a picturesque promontory of rock which must have been at one time a veritable human hive. Says he: "As one from below views the rugged window-pierced crags he is unconsciously led to wonder if they are not the ruins of an ancient castle, behind the moldering walls of which are hidden the secrets of a long-forgotten people. But a near approach quickly dispels such fancies, for the windows prove to be only doorways to irregular apartments, hardly sufficiently commodious for a race of pygmies."

Along the Rio Grande, in New Mexico, near the modern Pueblo of Santa Clara, are cliffs of volcanic sand and ashes. Into the face of these cliffs many chambers have been excavated, the rock being friable and easily worked. The specific gravity of some of the rocks is so low that they will float on water. For mile after mile the hills are studded with dug-out rooms, of which there are many thousands. Some of them evidently were used as stables for asses, goats, and sheep, judging from the accumulations of droppings found. Others were for the storage of grain. Often steps were cut in the cliff-faces, forming rude stairways by which the chambers could be reached. Not much is known about the history of the Rio Verde valley. Within recent years that region has been a stamping ground of the hostile Apache and Walapai. So late as twenty-five years ago, when settlement by the whites was begun, the rifle was more necessary than the plow for successful agriculture. At present, the valley is one of the best-known mining districts in Arizona. In early times the Verde was known as the Rio San Francisco, and trappers and prospectors told many tales of wonderful ruins to be found along its banks.

Three Tricks for Slender Folk.

Dainty shoulder finishings are in great numbers, and are highly regarded, especially by slender women, to whom they bring the appearance of increased width, so much desired. One of the most beautiful of these devices is the long scarf of chiffon, tied into festoons by butterfly bows of ribbon and finished at the ends by bunches of flowers and ribbon. The festoon that passes about the shoulders is allowed to droop well over them, the little bows coming just to the front or over the round of the shoulder. Elaboration is accomplished by giving to this pair of bows long and fanciful ends. These scarfs are offered at big prices in the stores, but four yards of chiffon and a pair of deft fingers accomplish the same thing for very little money.

Stopped a Runaway with Her Shawl.

John J. Daly was driving along Bull's Ferry road in New Jersey the other morning, when one of the wheels of his buckboard struck a stone and the sudden jolt threw Mr. Daly from his seat. He fell upon the axle between the wheel and the body of the wagon, but managed to hold on, though the frightened horse ran away. Mrs. Mary Fischer of Miles avenue, West New York, stepped into the roadway and spread her shawl out in front of the animal bringing him to a stop. Mr. Daly was badly shaken up, but was not hurt.

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

The Mythological Story of Two Famous Monsters.

In ancient writings Scylla and Charybdis are always mentioned in conjunction and interesting myths are connected with them. Scylla is a rocky cape on the west coast of South Italy, jutting out into the sea so as to form a small peninsula at the northern entrance to the Straits of Messina. Early in the fifth century, B. C., a fort was built upon the rock, and in course of time a small town grew up, straggling down the slopes toward the sea. The ancients looked upon the navigation of this place as attended by great peril, though at the present day the danger is not more than attends the doubling of an ordinary cape. It is no wonder, however, that the ancients considered it a dangerous point, for, according to Homeric legend, the rock was the home of a vicious monster called Scylla, possessing twelve feet, six long necks, six big mouths, with three rows of sharp teeth in each and who barked like a dog. This hideous monster, they believed, was ever ready to pounce down upon and destroy ships whenever opportunity occurred. If they were fortunate enough to escape Scylla they were still in danger of running into Charybdis unless they kept a sharp lookout. Galafaro is the modern name of Charybdis, and it is a celebrated whirlpool in the Straits of Messina. Homer places Charybdis exactly opposite to Scylla, probably to exaggerate the danger of the navigation, although it is not improbable that the whirlpool may have changed its situation since his day. Even at the present day the navigation of this whirlpool is considered very perilous, and it must have been extremely so to the open ships of the ancients. It is described as being "an agitated water of from seventy to ninety fathoms in depth, circling in quick eddies." In this whirlpool, according to ancient belief, dwelt the monster Charybdis, who three times each day sucked down all the water of the sea and three times each day threw it up again, destroying everything that came within its reach.

It Is Common.

So are the stars and the arching skies,
So are the smiles in the children's eyes;
Common the life-giving breath of the spring;

So are the songs which the wild birds sing—
Blessed be God, they are common.

Common the grass in its glowing green,
So is the water's glistening sheen;
Common the springs of love and mirth,
So are the holiest gifts of earth.

Common the fragrance of rosy June,
So is the generous harvest noon;
So are the towering, mighty hills,
So are the twittering, trickling rills.

Common the beautiful tints of fall,
So is the sun, which is over all;
Common the rain, with its pattering feet.

So is the bread which we daily eat—
Blessed be God, they are common.

So is the sea in its wild unrest,
Kissing forever the earth's brown breast;

So is the voice of undying prayer,
Evermore piercing the ambient air.

So unto all are the "promises" given,
So unto all is the hope of heaven;
Common the rest from the weary strife,
So is the life which is after life—
Blessed be God, they are common.

Wires Won't Work in Hoosac Tunnel.

It is an old fact that the telegraph wires will not work through the Hoosac tunnel. Messages have to be sent on wires strung on poles over the top of the mountain, fully nine miles, and that is the way ingoing and outgoing passenger and freight trains are heralded to the keepers of the two tunnel approaches. In order to maintain this overland mountain line a swath of woodland has to be clear of trees and bushes directly up the steep mountain side. There are supposed to be magnetic ores inside the mountain.

LITERARY INDUSTRY.

Locke is said to have spent over six years in the preparation of his essay on the "Human Understanding."

Charles Lamb would write one of his essays in an evening, after a day spent at his desk in the East India office.

Byron spent the leisure hours of nearly four years in the preparation of the first two cantos of "Childe Harold."

Grote is reported to have spent fifteen years in the work of preparing and writing his "History of Greece."

Spenser, from first to last, consumed four years of tolerably steady labor in the preparation of the "Fairy Queen."

Dryden worked irregularly, but considered that his daily task ought to comprise from 100 to 400 lines of verse.

Douglas Jerrold is said to have devoted but a few hours to the preparation of each one of his Caudle lectures.

Mulhall, the great statistician, devoted nearly thirty years to the preparation of his "Dictionary of Statistics."

Young wrote his "Night Thoughts" in less than six weeks as a means of comforting himself under his bereavement.

Goldsmith wrote "The Vicar of Wakefield" in six weeks. It is said to have been a story of his own recollections.

Newton spent over eight years in experiments and the collection of data for his "Principles of Natural Philosophy."

Machiavelli was many years in gathering material for "The Prince," but the actual work of writing it was done in six months.

Enraged at being refused a dance by a young woman at a ball in Chilpeo, Mexico, Louis Martinez shot into the crowd, killing three men and a woman.

A DOG AND A CAT.

Two Stories That You Will All Read with Interest.

Two instances among many that occurred in my own experience go far to convince me that dogs and cats possess mental powers identical in kind with those of the human mind. I lived in a house placed forty feet back from the street, a picket fence in front and at each side, except that, at the side of my piazza, a tight board fence five feet in height shut us off from my neighbor's house, which was built against mine. My other neighbor owned two lots, one of which intervened between his house and mine. The rear of this vacant lot was encumbered with quite a tangle of vines and weeds, and between this rear part and my own very small back yard was a tight board fence five feet in height. The piazza fence has to do with my dog story, and the tangle of vines and weeds has to do with my cat story. I possessed a black-and-tan of good proportions. When he was out in the street he could not get over the picket fence, but he had learned that by a bold leap he could catch his fore-paws on the top of the piazza fence and scramble to the top, whence it was easy to descend on the home side. One evening we were sitting on the piazza, and I happened to be close to the fence, when I saw Mr. Band-T. come to the gate. Finding it closed, he trotted into the neighbor's yard and leaped up the fence; but the instant his head appeared above the top of it, I gave him a sounding box on the ear, which sent him backward to the ground. He went back a little way and sat down to think about it. After a while he walked out into the street to our gate and decided to wait until somebody should open it. After a little while I let him in. He ran immediately to the fence and spent fifteen minutes trying to find out where that blow had come from. He was satisfied it had come from our side, but he evidently had no suspicion that I was connected with it. His entire action showed conclusively that he had thoughts about what had befallen him, and a determination to find out the truth. We also had a favorite cat, which understood perfectly well that she was a member of our family. After the manner of cats, she one morning informed us with maternal pride of the advent of five little kittens in the woodshed. Our domestic relations were unchanged and unimpaird for some days, until, in fact, the kittens began to sprawl around too much under foot in our very contracted back yard. One morning, without thought that Tabby was within hearing, and much less that she was capable of understanding, I said to the servant girl, quite in a business way and without any demonstration kitterward:

"Louise, these kittens will soon be too much for us. When the boy comes with the milk, s. If he won't take four of them away."

That's all there was of it; yet in less than twenty minutes the five kittens had disappeared over the fence, and we saw them no more until they were well grown and able to take care of themselves. Tabby was faithful to us to the end, but no more kittens of hers ever appeared on our side of the fence.—Our Animal Friends.

Cure for Bloomers.

A cure for the bloomer craze has been found at last. It is the invention of a shrewd Vermont, and in the several instances in which it has been tried it has worked almost as magically as magic. The inventor had a wife who rode a bicycle, and who insisted upon wearing bloomers every time she went out for a spin. Neither protests nor appeals nor threats could induce her to wear another costume. So one day the husband, with a patience that would have caused Job to open his eyes, sat down and made a pair of bloomers for every hen in the poultry yard, and drawing them on the hens, called his wife to look at them. They looked just like she did, he said, when she was on the wheel in costume. A little more graceful, perhaps, but not a bad reproduction. There were some sharp words for a moment, but the woman hasn't worn bloomers since. What's more, she now declares that she never will wear them again.

RELIGION AND REFORM.

In 1894 the production of wine in France was 1,631,000,000 gallons, while in the United States it amounted to but 25,000,000 gallons.

The W. C. T. U. Home for Women at Eau Claire, Wis., has been established eight years and in that time has helped 149 young women to a better life.

The empress of Japan is president of the Red Cross Society, which organization gave such Christian and humane help to the wounded Chinese prisoners. Sixteen of the Samoan group of islands have been evangelized entirely by native missionaries. The drink traffic is, as usual, the greatest hindrance to their work.

The Christian Advocate notes that the town of Dubam, Me., with a population of 1,253, has furnished 30 Methodist ministers, and how many of other denominations it does not know.

Finland has demonstrated that spirits are not necessary in cold countries, having become practically a total abstinence country. This change has been effected under local option and woman suffrage.

Mission work in New Mexico commenced in 1866. There are now 25 schools, more than 40 ministers and native helpers, and over 800 communicants. There are about 40 missionary teachers on this field.

The city of Texarkana voted the saloons out, and immediately the Cotton Belt railway moved its machine shops from Pine Bluff to Texarkana. The company prefers to have its shops where there is no whiskey sold.