

Sir George Trevelyan, Prime Minister Gladstone's Secretary for Scotland, says we may read books, but we must read newspapers.

There is said to be a distressing amount of lunacy in Ireland, the number of cases per 100,000 of population having increased from 219 in 1881 to 375 in 1891.

It is said that Massachusetts is the only State in the Union which provides, by act of Legislature, that banks may pay checks for a certain time after the death of a drawer.

The New York Tribune is convinced that "it is only rich, happy, healthy and youthful Americans who become pessimists. All others are filled with the hope of a good time coming."

The demand for Percheron horses for export is so great that the purity of the breed is threatened, and a stud-book has been started in France by which the pedigree may be preserved and the race kept up to the standard.

The estimated wealth of the United States—that is, the value of all lands, buildings, railways, etc.—is put at \$64,000,000,000. The amount of money of all kinds is estimated by the Secretary of the Treasury to be \$2,108,130,092.

About the last logging that will be done in Michigan, Wisconsin and other lumbering States, according to the Woodworker, will be that of reclaiming the millions of feet of sunken logs which now lie in the streams of those States.

It may be of interest to the supporters of the early closing movement to know that, according to a little pamphlet issued for the guidance of commercial travelers, 632 towns in the United Kingdom recognize the early closing movement in some form or another. There is no early closing day in Liverpool. In Manchester they close on Wednesday at two. Glasgow is marked as a town where they close daily at 8.

There is fear in England, learns the Boston Transcript, that some of the native birds—one observer says thirty-two varieties of them—are in a fair, or rather a foul, way towards extinction. Some of the indigenous plants of the British Isles are also disappearing. A country vicar recommends, as a means to save the birds and plants from destruction, that the love of nature be awakened among the children in the schools. He suggests that a system of prizes for essays on birds and plants would be useful, and expresses a hope for a revival of the May festivals, with the proclamation of an edict by the May Queen against cruelty to animals.

The Hartford (Conn.) Medical Association has adopted a resolution depreciating the so-called medical contract system. The growth of this system, notes the New York Tribune, has been great during the last few years. In Hartford alone, there are twenty societies which provide their members with medical attendance for a small annual fee, ranging from fifty cents to \$3. One society got the doctors to bidding against each other, and finally secured the services of a doctor in good standing for 37 1/2 cents per capita. The physicians who go into this sort of thing claim that it is remunerative and that their connection with a society brings them outside practice.

The superstition about the number thirteen being unlucky is put to multiplied test in the new twenty-five-cent pieces, notes the New York Sun. On one side of the coin there are no less than ten repetitions of the number thirteen. There are thirteen stars, thirteen letters in the scroll held in the eagle's beak, thirteen marginal feathers in each wing, thirteen tail feathers, thirteen parallel lines in the shield, thirteen horizontal bars, thirteen arrow heads in one claw, thirteen leaves on the branch in the other claw, and thirteen letters in the words "quarter dollar." There hasn't seemed to be anything unlucky in the thirteen original States nor in the thirteen stripes on the flag, and now it remains to be seen if the man who gets his pockets full of these new quarter dollars will be unlucky.

THE PRISONER.

A man's skull is his lifelong jail. Behind its prison bars, From its eye wind he does the about, Puff at the earth and star; But unlike jail's of wood or stone, Its prisoner ever dwells alone.

Though through its front doors perfumed gales Are blown from glens of gladness, And through its back doors music strains Roll in the waves of madnes, And though he hears and hews each tone, The prisoner still muses dwell alone.

Though past the wind was of the jail Sweep scenes of solemn splendor, And I through the doors float hymns of joy Or dirges deep and tender; The prisoner hears the mirth and moan But in his jail he dwells alone.

No lover ever knows the road He loves in all its sweetness; The fellest love, however strong, Is marred by incompleteness; No heart is ever fully known, The prisoner ever dwells alone. —Sam Walter Fess, in Yankee Blade.

HOW HE SETTLED WITH GRINGO.

BY HALLIE HUNT.

"Back in the seventies," said a Texas merchant who was "on East" buying goods, "when I was adjuster for a big mercantile house of Galveston, I was sent to investigate a creditor of theirs out in the southwestern part of the State, my instructions being to collect the claim or run an attachment on the concern."

"At the end of a thirty hours' run on the train, I found myself in —, the nearest railroad station to P —, the town of my delinquent customer, which, upon inquiry, I found to be seventeen miles west, on the Mexican border."

"In my prowling about —, whom should I run across but my old friend, Bill Scott, captain of the Texas Rangers, who asked me what I was doing out there. I frankly stated my business, and asked if he knew the man I was going to settle with."

"Know Gringo Perez?" Scott repeated. Well, I reckon I do, that is by reputation. Why, man alive, Gringo Perez has five bars like you on your breast. He is a Grasser, you know, whom his fellow citizens nick-named "Gringo" their term of contempt for an American because he gave up sheep-shearing and horse-stealing and took to the slower but more business of merchandise. He's a holy terror — adds a notch to his pistol belt every six months and two during election day. Why, he don't pay for anything, and as for your attachment, you'd as well try to serve attachment papers on the devil for back bills on Brimstone!"

"Say, Rice, I think I'd better ride over with you. We are making this headquarters while we make a roundup of this season's crop of horse thieves, road agents and fence cutters in this part of the country, and I can leave word for the boys to join me at P — when they come in this evening. We might come in handy if you get into any trouble."

"It is needless to say that I accepted Scott's offer with avidity, though I gave him to understand that I had not undertaken to adjust that claim under the impression that I was going to a Sunday school picnic and would need to wear my billed shirt."

"It was about noon when we set out for P —, I riding one of Scott's "extras," a wiry, nimble-footed little broncho. I had taken the precautionary measure of getting out my attachment papers before we started—which I still hoped to use only as a last resort in bringing Mister Fire-Eater to terms."

"It was close upon 4 o'clock in the afternoon when we rode into P —, a typical Texo-Mexican border town. Most of the houses were one-story adobe, straggling along either side of the main street, which was nothing more or less than the continuation of the wagon road from one settlement to another. There were bunches of chaparral here and there about the outskirts of the town, and a dense thicket of it lay about a mile away to the west. Five of the nine business houses had "saloon" in big letters over the door, and calmly and peacefully confronted me, when we got off our horses, was the sign, "G. Perez, Dealer in Dry-goods, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Millinery, Boots, Shoes, Notions, Groceries, Hides, Wool, Agricultural Implements, etc., which covered the entire front end of the unpainted, weather-boarded store."

"Tied to the racks on either side of the public well, were eight or ten ponies, their flanks weighed down by the big Mexican saddles, which varied their monotonous duration by biting and kicking at each other while their indifferent riders loafed on the steps and stoops of the stores, telling yarns, smoking cigarettes, playing poker and reading the county papers, which were handed out, regardless of address, by the obliging postmaster."

"We found Perez in. He scooped out, weighed and tied up a dollar's worth of sugar for a slab-sided girl, while I introduced myself and stated my business. This professional duty finished and the lid put back carefully on the sugar barrel, he casually informed me that my house might go to —, and that he'd pay when he got ready, and not before."

"Naturally, this reception did not tend to increase my amiability, and I promptly turned on my heel and went out, intending to put my attachment papers in the hands of the deputy-

sheriff and instruct him to serve them at once.

"But the deputy turned pale at the mention of serving papers on Gringo Perez, kindly explaining to me that his present incumbency of office was the result of his never, under no suckumstances, meddlin' with other folks' businesses."

"Of course, I did not attempt to gain-say so obvious a statement, and was just taking a mental inventory of my ammunition, preliminary to a man-to-man settlement with Mister Gringo, when Scott overtook me at the door of the deputy's office, and hearing the new turn given to my situation, said:

"That's all right. I'll serve your paper. The captain of the Rangers is virtually a sheriff anywhere in the State—at his own discretion, you know" laughing and giving me the wink."

"By George, old man," I exclaimed, grasping his hand, "I am beginning to look upon you as a 'providential intervention' in my favor on this trip, and we walked on together over to Gringo's store."

"It was getting on toward dusk, and Gringo was in the back part of the room looking over his books. Scott and I both saw that we had him at his disadvantage, and before he knew what had happened, Scott was reading off the paper at the rate of sixty miles an hour. The man seemed stunned for a minute, then, suddenly collecting himself, he whirled round, ran his hand in a drawer, and whipped out a revolver, but before he got a good grip on it, I knocked it out of his hand, straddled it on the floor, and covering him with my own said: 'Come, come, Mister Fire-Eater, none of that! That isn't what we want you to get out of that drawer. A little cash would make it easier for both of us.'

"Like all bullies, the fellow was a bluff and coward. He saw we had him and he cooled down, standing sullenly by while Scott finished the miscellaneous stock on the counters and found some tacks and a hammer, with which he fastened the notice on the outside of the door. Then, rejoining me, Scott kicked the fallen pistol under one of the counters, and getting behind Gringo, requested him to precede us out of the store. This done, he locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and we then bade our host a pleasant good evening, and then walked over to the racks to get our horses."

"I don't think it would be a bad thing for our health to get out of here as soon as we can," Scott said. "The boys are mighty late getting in. They may be in a skrimish somewhere."

"We watered our horses, mounted and rode down the main street. As we passed a little shanty close to the road Scott sniffled and said: 'That looks like fried ham and eggs, don't it? Let's stop and have a snack.'

"We alighted, hitched our horses behind the house in an angle made by a shed room which served as the kitchen, and going inside, seated ourselves at one of the two oil-cloth covered tables, and gave our order to an old man, who filled the joint and respective positions of proprietor, cook and waiter."

"While we were eating we were interrupted by the entrance of a girl, whom I recognized as the customer in at Gringo's when we first called on him. She had an old shawl over her head, between the close-fitted edges of which her small, intelligent, frightened face peered out strikingly. She could not have been more than 14 years old, yet her face had all of the shrewdness and strength of a woman's. Darting past us she made a hasty survey of the kitchen, and turning, asked: 'What's Tobe?'

"Gone to the well," I said, thinking she meant our host, and half rising and smiling, in spite of myself, I added, after the manner of the country town store-keeper, "Can I do anything for you, miss?'"

"She came close to the table, and, leaning on the back of Scott's chair, she said nervously:

"You'n's better 'lar out, quick! Dad an' the boys is on yer trail. He come home to supper and missed cain. Me an' maw's hid 'll git it yer do'n's doin'."

"We understood in a flash that she was warning us against Gringo."

"Who are you, child?" Scott asked, turning and taking her hand, "why do you come to save us?'"

"Lain't kearin' so much about savin' you'n's as gettin' him tuk up," she answered seriously. "Still, I didn't want him to git the drap on yer—that ain't fair."

"She watched the door furtively, and gathered up the ends of the shawl as though for flight as she went on: 'He's my step-paw, an' a meaner cuss never lived. Me an' maw'd a lef' him long ago, but he would kill us if he ever ketched up with us. The only way to do is to git him tuk up for some uv his deviltry, and put in the penitentiary, whar he can't git at us. But, honest, you feelers better vamoose. You ain't got no time to fool. He's gone arter the Cowles boys, and I heard him tell Dick Sims an' them to jine 'em, back thar, back er the callyboose.' She pointed to the rear of the house. 'Some of 'em is going to lay fur yer in front, and some uv 'em is going to lay fur yer behin', an' yer can't git out 'n town no ways. You better git a move on yer, honest!'"

"She started to the door, then shrank back. 'Thar's the Cowles boys, now,' she exclaimed. 'Dad ain't fur off. Ef he sees me I'm a goner.'"

"By this time Scott and I were on our feet, and the proprietor came in with his bucket of water. His manner led us to suppose—and hope—that there was nothing unusual going on in the street. Setting the bucket on the shelf, he wiped his hands on the tail of his coat, and taking a plug of tobacco out of his pants pocket, bit off a chew as he remarked, 'Usual—I reckon you feelers is been doin' somethin', an' thar is goin' to be

some fightin'. I seen Gringo Perez and the Cowles boys an' Dick Sims an' er lot uv 'em, an' they seemed to be surroundin' in the house. Fur as I kin see, you'n's ain't got no show. You mought jes' as well thro' up yer han's an' s'render.'"

"Well, as far as I could see, this was the statement of an unflattering foot. 'Don't bolt, Rice,' Scott said quietly, his words accompanied by the rapidly revolving six clicks of his pistol, 'the boys will be in any minute—we're all right!'"

"Let's get to our horses," I said, and make a dash for the thicket."

"Stay where you are!" he answered, and his voice had the ring of the born commander."

"What are you going to do?" I asked, nettled."

"Whip the whole town!" he replied, beginning to barricade the back door with barrels of sugar and flour."

"Meanwhile the child stood there, the shawl dropped back from her head and shoulders, her little white face a study of disinterested curiosity and approbation. Her heavy-lidded black eyes glowed with excitement, and her thin-arched nostrils contracted and distended like a restive pony."

"I reckon you'n's is gwine to ketch him?" she said complacently. Just here my attention was diverted to Tobe, whose sir name of Hartsfield we had not yet learned. Going to a rack over the door between the two rooms, he took down an old army musket, and a raw-hide belt containing powder and shot horns. Whipping out the ramrod he swiped it twice up and down the barrel, blowing down it afterward. Then, whirling around facing us, he slammed the gun down on the table and said: 'Gentlemen, thar's my weapons, and here's me, at yer service. I don't know whar yer been up to, but I'm with yer! I'm glad uv an excuse to shake this settlement, enyhow. Thar ain't enough excitement gwine on here fur me. I want to move fuder west whar folks is got some spunk! and I'd jes' as lief declar' my principles on 'uzsez side as enybody else's.'"

"Our formal acceptance of the arms of the unexpected ally was prevented by our whizz of a ball past the window, and Scott's springing to the door and calling out:

"Throw down your arms and surrender in the name of the law?'"

"Han' us over that fine hair, an' we will," came Gringo's voice."

"What have you against him?" asked Scott."

"He's too blamed smart, an' wears a stake an' ridered shirt," answered a voice from the rear of the mob, followed by a roar of laughter, which was suddenly changed to one of fury when it was discovered who Scott was."

"That's Bill Scott, the fell uv thar uv the Rangers," heeled one, "let's cap-ture him!"

"Yes, he's stayed off too fur from the fell this time," yelled another. "Let's shear him!"

"Him, an' the fine hair'll look purty riden' uv the same rail, won't they?" joked another, and so the fun might have gone on until they forgot their blood thirst, had not Gringo himself pushed to the front swinging his pistol around his head and yelling, 'stop yer foul'n', boys! I'm here fur business. I've been insulted an' my rights as a citizen uv this State an' county interferred with. All that is in favor uv jussional rights, an' honest deals, come on an' help me whoop the stuffin' out'n these smart Ellocks!'"

"His harangue was welcomed by a murderous yell, and a click of what sounded like a hundred pistols and Winchester."

"Stand your ground!" said Scott to me and Tobe."

"All right, Cap," answered Tobe, as he rammed a wad of tobacco into his mouth and hitched his powder and shot horns around handy. The old man fairly danced from side to side of the half open door, as eager as a boy who has lighted the fuse of his first Fourth of July rocket."

"Gimme lief, Cap; gimme lief!" he chuckled, bracing his shoulder against the gun."

"Wait a minute; wait a minute!" Scott said, putting one hand on the old man's shoulder and cooping the other around his ear, leaning toward the north and listening intently."

"That's the boys," he said. "I hear their horses' feet." Then flinging the door wide open he called out once more: 'Throw down your arms! I command you in the name of the State of Texas!'"

Their answer was a volley of bullets which Scott returned by thrusting out his pistol-arm and emptying the six chambers to me and the old man, who kept the stream hot from the other side for the next eight minutes, till the Rangers, longest eight minutes I ever counted. The old man was in his glory. The way he poured powder, wads, bullets and caps into Miss Betsey and fired them out, was equaled only by the way he ejected one quid of tobacco, and bit off another. He took it as a matter of official interference that the Rangers should come up and take the fight out of our hands. He sent his last load at random through the air, and, going to the bucket, stood leaning on Miss Betsey while he gulped down two successive dippers of water."

"No, I don't! Dad ud kill me an' give him erwas!"

"That's all right, Chee!" the old man said. "You kin come an' go out with me, an' be my gal!"

"No, I can't!" answered she. "I ain't no school's out thar, an' I might be educated!"

"Our further family discussion was interrupted by the return of Scott, who informed us that Gringo and his leaders were lodged in the calaboose, and taken to the brush."

"Scott, and the group of citizens who accompanied him, concurred in support of Chee's proposition, that she ought to be educated, and a purse was made up then and there, providing for the child and her mother out of reach of Gringo, when he should again be at large." [New York Recorder.]

Japanese Love of Power.

The term *hana*, used by the Japanese, includes the blossom-clad stems and branches of flowering plants and trees, and even the stumps and branches of flowerless trees and shrubs. The blossom is regarded as but one detail of the composition, of little artistic value disassociated from the parent stem and from the lines of growth which impart to it its character. The branches of certain evergreens and other flowerless trees and plants hold the highest rank, for example, as the pine, the cedar, the fir and the maple.

The flower sellers in Japan invariably carry more bunches of greenery than of flowers, and the tiny vases placed before the innumerable Buddhas, in various shrines, have seldom bright blossoms, but always sprigs of cryptomeria, camphor or shrub branches; and it is astonishing how pretty and artistic a Japanese gardener will make a bunch of greenery we would scorn."

An artistic gentleman who has been in Japan some time said that at first he often thought he could improve the appearance of a basket or a vase of flowers after the gardener had brought them in, so he would add a touch of color, or take away a bit of green; but he invariably found he bungled, for the first arrangement was better, and he soon learned not to alter it."

In going up the mountains or along the level rice-fields, the bright cogies quickly see if their jinnikisha occupants are fond of flowers, and in a very careless and haphazard way, apparently, will pluck a blossom here and there, and soon present an artistic bouquet. The love for flowers and their arrangement seem to be natural characteristics of the entire Japanese nation. Tiny children who can scarcely toddle about on their wooden clogs, have, in nine cases out of ten, a bunch of flowers or greenery clutched tightly in their small fingers; and the find beauty in the commonest roadside weed. —Demorest's Monthly.

Chinese "Fake" Josses.

United States Consul Bedloe refers to "josses" as follows: Amoy and Canton are places which supply travelers and curio dealers with hideous idols, called "josses." They are manufactured, wholesale and retail, "modern" and "antiques" orthodox or to order, as may be desired. I am sorry to be obliged to state that much of the joss business is a fraud, pious and otherwise. The regulation joss is either a very fat and plump gentleman, with a large genius for selling, or a dignified, virtuous female with a superfluous number of arms and hands. But these styles did not suit merchants who desired to astonish their customers at home. So, to please their customers, the Mongolian joss-maker, with a keen eye for the main chance, turns out an assortment of clay hobgoblins warranted to freeze the blood of a small boy or produce hysterics in a nervous and dyspeptic girl. In this category come the man with the tiger face and ferocious fangs, the so-called "God of Hunger," who is only an every-day, half-starved animal smoker, and the "Snake God," who probably is a phase of delirium tremens. None of these belong to Chinese art. They are simply "fakes" made for the markets of Christendom.

Joss making is very simple. The manufacturer's chief stock in trade consists of wooden or metal molds. In these the wet clay is put into shape and allowed to dry. It is then touched up, dipped in molten glaze and allowed to cool. The average workman can turn out a hundred a day. The clay is kaolin, running from light and gray to snow white, and costs about one cent per pound. The glaze is melted in a small charcoal furnace, further to the old-fashioned soldering furnace of retired plumbers. The wags nances of retired plumbers. The wages of a good artist vary from twenty to forty cents per day. The cost of a fat-sized image is about three cents. He sells it for five cents to a native and for as high as \$1 to the credulous European or American tourist. —[Washington Star.]

It Will Be Slow Traveling.

Dr. Nansen's project of finding the pole by getting his ship frozen into a drift ice floe, and then allowing it to drift thither, is certainly a very original idea, but it reminds one of Mark Twain's observations that while the movement of a glacier is a very interesting thing, yet as a means of locomotion it is unquestionably slow. And then, who knows but the intrepid explorer, after waiting for some years for the floes to flow to the pole may find that they prefer to travel in some other direction! There may be an open sea at the pole for this floe to drift in, but it does not seem very likely when everything is frozen up solid for 500 miles further south. —New York News.

McGLYNN'S RESTORATION

Will He Be Assigned to Old Parish of St. Stephen's

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN TO DR.

What Concessions Have Been Made by the Priest or His Superior?

Known Mgr. Satolli and Father McGLYNN, Dec. 24.—The famous Father McGLYNN of St. Stephen's has finally been decided by the restoration of authority to perform his functions.

The settlement of the case came the scope of the general power vested in Monsignor Satolli, the Papal Legate, the decision was promulgated by him at the Catholic University, he is stopping.

The case was first formally presented to Mgr. Satolli on Wednesday last by Father Bertelli, Dr. McGLYNN's confessor and adviser throughout the controversy, and the Archbishop, which resulted in the suspension of the priest, and the practical excommunication.

He presented the plea of the priest, and the case of which Mgr. Satolli had him to return to New York and communicate to Dr. McGLYNN a message (the Monsignor). The purpose of which can only be surmised, but which is believed to have contained a statement of the concessions required to be made in order that his plea might be a favorable consideration.

Dr. McGLYNN's reply was brought to Washington yesterday by Father Bertelli and Mgr. Satolli were in consultation over the matter.

The presence of Dr. McGLYNN's friends in the city became known and as a result various reports were circulated as to the action of Mgr. Satolli in the matter. It had not been the intention of the Legate to settle the case at this date, but at a later hour last night the following statement was furnished by a representative of Mgr. Satolli:

"To end the many contradictory rumors sent out to the University, it is thought expedient to meet at 9 o'clock p. m. Dr. McGLYNN's friends from ecclesiastical and civil circles, and to discuss the restoration of the priest to his functions after having seen the Pope's Legate on all the points at issue."

The effect of this decision by Satolli is limited. It enables Father McGLYNN to serve as priest in any parish which he may be assigned. A restoration of his old parish of St. Stephen's is a further consideration and must be decided by the authorities here, by the Archbishop of New York.

Dr. McGLYNN's Friends Jubilant. New York, Dec. 24.—The new Dr. McGLYNN has been restored to his functions and has been rejoicing by his many friends. What concessions may have been made to him is not known. Dr. McGLYNN, it is generally believed, has publicly declared his contrition and attacks upon the powers of the Pope which he has made since his excommunication.

FLEEING FROM CHOLERA

Great Alarm in Russian Poland Over Appearance of the Pest. VIENNA, Dec. 24.—The cholera is spreading in the province of Lublin, in Russian Poland, and adjoining the Austrian border.

The consternation caused by the appearance of the cholera last autumn in Poland had become allayed, but is being aroused, and many of the fugitives from the cholera-stricken districts.

The fugitives are stopped at the frontier, if seen by the sentries, but there is no doubt that many of them will escape into Galicia and Austria proper. The authorities on both sides of the border are doing all they can to prevent a panic, with the scenes of influenza which accompanied the panic in Austria. The report that emigration to Austria is virtually stopped has caused much uneasiness, and, owing to dread of cholera and for other reasons, many were preparing to emigrate during the coming spring.

Her Body Claimed.

BORDENTOWN, N. J., Dec. 24.—The remains of the woman who dropped overboard from the steamer Florence when about 100 miles from Philadelphia Thursday, were found on her way to New York.

It is now learned that the name was Miss Helen Hedley Clark, and was an herb doctor. Her body was taken to Crosswick for burial. Clark's father was at one time known local preacher at Bordentown.

Helen Martin's Sentence Again Decried.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 24.—The sentence of Helen Martin, the young reporter charged with forgery, has been delayed through the influence of her friends. Judge Moore said that by request, postponed sentence notwithstanding, and that if the woman had escaped punishment by delay, it would be nothing, as her offense had too flagrant.

Justice Lamar's Condition.

ATLANTA, Ga., Dec. 24.—Associate Justice Lamar has gone to Macon, Ga., to spend the holidays with his family. He is somewhat improved in health, but is still far from being well. His condition is not such, however, as to create any alarm, at least for the present.

Court of Appeals Adjourns.

ALBANY, Dec. 24.—The Court of Appeals has adjourned until Jan. 10 next. Six hundred and seventy-four cases have been disposed of during the year. There are now some yet remaining on the calendar.