

White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER XVIII.

Chopart was a bold, reckless man, and cruel and avaricious. He had commenced his career as commander of the Natchez fort by cruelty to his own men, but one or two grave complaints made to Gov. Perier had been high enough to get him removed, and he let the whites be in peace, but expended his wrath upon the poor Indians. He was now much elated, for he was sure that the beautiful village of the White Apple would soon be his, and he meant to pocket much money in the transaction. One day he sat in his red house, with some of his attendants about him, when a soldier demanded admission.

"How now, sirrah?" he demanded, as the man entered.

"I have come with a warning," the soldier replied.

"Hah! a warning. Speak out."

"An old woman passed my post this morning, monsieur, and she bade me tell the French to be on their guard, for danger threatened them."

"And from whom?"

"From the Indians. They will rise and butcher us all."

"Have you spoken of this before?"

"I have not."

"Then you shall not tell it to others," cried Chopart, in anger. "Have you not seen enough of this idle fear? What!—without cause?"

"At this call, two soldiers entered, who, seeing Chopart in the passage to obey the commander's call."

"Take this fellow and lock him up in the prison," he ordered. "We'll send him the red rats down upon us if they know we live in fear! They dare not offer us harm. Away with him!"

For conveying this intelligence the poor man was cast into a strong dungeon, and there kept for several days with his feet in the stocks.

But this was not the only note of warning Chopart had. Four days afterwards, a soldier came to him and informed him that the Indians surely meditated the destruction of the fort, and of all its white inhabitants.

"Out, fool!" exclaimed Chopart, angrily. "The old hag who told you this only thinks to frighten us. She thinks that by exciting our fears she can frighten us into giving up our plan of taking their village of the White Apple. What! would ye show to the Indians that we feared them? Away with such idle foolishness!"

He was astounded at the information of the French commander, and as a last resort he went to Chopart's lieutenant, a man named Mace, who, she imagined, would have some influence with his superior. But even this proved abortive. She told Mace that destruction would surely fall upon them if they did not take some means to keep the Indians away from the fort. But on the very next day Chopart invited the Indians to a banquet, and pledged his friendship to them anew.

With a feeling of utter consternation, Mace returned to her lodge. One evening she sought White Hand's dwelling, for she had a faint idea working through her mind that the French youth might have some influence in all this. She knew that he had been originally doomed to death to go and intercede face to face with the white man's God, but she had never yet fully known why he was spared. She found White Hand alone. He gazed eagerly into her face, for he was anxious to know how her work progressed.

"White Hand," she said, speaking rapidly, "why were you spared from death when you first came here?"

"That I might marry Coqualla," replied the youth.

"But was there nothing else?" asked the old woman, looking him sharply in the face.

"Why, yes," returned White Hand, smiling with some diffidence, for the real reason seemed so foolish and ridiculous to him that he almost feared he should be laughed at for speaking of it.

"And what was that?"

"Why, I promised to pray to the white man's God that none of the wickedness of the French might succeed, and also to tell him how badly the red men had been treated by the intruders, for I was of that people, and they supposed that I should have some influence with my Supreme Father."

"That's it!" the aged person groaned, with her hands folded across her bosom. "How!" asked the youth, in surprise. "I know that the Great Spirit had a hand in this work, for the fort at Natchez is deemed past all hope!"

"No, no, no!"

"It is. The last stick will be removed tomorrow, and then the blow must fall."

"To-morrow?"

"The blow falls on the day after. The fatal sticks mark the intervening days."

"And must all fall—all?"

"All at Natchez, but not elsewhere, for the others were not so weak, and ere that time the whites will be warned. But what now, is that? Hark! There are shouts of welcome."

They both started for the door, where they were met by Stung Serpent, who caught the youth by the arm and forced him into the house again.

"White Hand," he said, speaking quickly and sternly, "remember your oath, for your salvation may now depend upon it. The white men have come to carouse in the White Apple. Beware that you do not forget yourself! Shall we trust you? Mind—all is well with you if you are faithful!"

"For not, my father," spoke the youth, unable to suppress the trembling that seized his limbs.

"Even you may conduct Coqualla to the council."

"It was a calm, warm night, and in the center of the great square were built two fires of pitchwood to serve as torches, and here the white men and the red were gathered in social confab and amusement. There were over a hundred white men there, and at their head was Chopart himself. Louis recognized him at once as a brutal man whom he had once seen at New Orleans dragging an Indian girl."

Most of the whites wore decent looking men, but before the night had passed away, White Hand shrank away to his lodge, and as he laid his aching head upon his pillow he drew Coqualla close to him, and in a whispering tone he murmured:

"Alas! I am ashamed of my own people. With all their advantages of birth and education—with the enlightenment of ages as their heritage, they are but savages!"

The next day found some dozen of the white men at the Indian village.

That day Chopart, but himself, with a few

of his warriors, accompanied them to the town, and there the dark monarch promised Chopart that, in consideration of his kindness in allowing them to remain so long in their village, they would bring more than the quantity of corn promised.

"On the morrow," he said, "we will come with our tribute of corn, double what we promised, and on the next day we shall leave the village of the White Apple."

"But stay," cried Chopart, "we will have one more carousal ere we part. This night you shall bring your warriors here, and we'll cheer our souls."

"Our white brother speaks kindly," returned the Great Sun; "but will he not be wroth at the rudeness of my people?"

"No. Bring them, and we'll pledge friendship."

"Thy red brother will come,"

"And his braves with him?"

"It shall be so."

And that night saw the scene of carousal changed to Natchez. And there they sat—the doer and the doomed! And they pledged eternal friendship! The white man had planned to rob the red man of his inheritance—to drive him from his home, profane his temple, and plow up his fathers' graves! The red man had planned to keep his home, to maintain sacred his temple, to guard well his fathers' graves, and that this should be done, the invader was to be swept away! It was a strange pledge, but the white man was the first to offer it.

It was after midnight when they separated, and the stars lighted the Natchez to their homes. When they reached their village, the Great Sun, in company with his chiefs and nobles, went to the temple and entered. They approached the place where the sticks had hung, but there were none there now. The leathern things hung against the wall, but there was nothing in them.

"Chiefs, nobles and warriors of the once powerful Natchez, may not this be the eve of our re-awakening? The day is past—the morn cometh! Shall not the Natchez once more stand at the head of nations? To-morrow we open the path, and henceforth from that time let our enemies beware! The Great Spirit is with us, while the white man's God has forsaken him. What shall we fear? Sleep now, but sleep not too soundly nor too long. Let the sun find us ready to bid him welcome—so shall we do honor to the parent of our great first king!"

Thus spoke the Great Sun, and as he closed, he moved slowly towards the door, and his chiefs followed him; and ere long afterwards the village of the White Apple was wrapped in silence; but there were two there who slept not. White Hand still prayed that the coming death blow might not extend to his father, and the wish kept sleep from his eyes.

And he who watched the sacred fire now felt his duty doubly binding, and sleep came not to him, as he still kept up his tireless vigils.

CHAPTER XIX.

At an early hour the Great Sun and Stung Serpent were astir, and when the first rays of the morning sun darted into the beautiful vale, they rested upon all the warriors of the Natchez there assembled. Such as had pistols carefully loaded them, and hid them away with their hunting knives in their bosoms. Their tomahawks were sharpened and along their belts, and all took their guns. These each man of the common class went and got his bag of corn, and having set it down, they commenced their war dance. But they made not such hideous noise as usual—only enough to propitiate the Great Spirit, and make him acquainted with their intent.

It was well in the morning when they set out, and by the middle of the forenoon they reached Natchez. They entered the place dancing and singing, and straightway carried their corn to the fort. Then the red men began to separate—some this way and some that. Every house had one or more visitors, according to the number of people in it. Some begged for milk, some asked to buy powder and shot, for which they promised to pay in corn at some future day. A richly stored barge lay at the pier, which had come up the day before, and on board this a number of Indians crowded. Into the fort they crept by different ways, presenting themselves wherever there was a white man, until at length they were distributed wherever there was a blow to be struck.

At length a sort of solemn stillness reigned over the devoted town, as though the deathangel had hushed all hearts. But hark! What is that horrid yell that comes from the fort—a yell that makes the hair stand on end? What are those fearful cries—those mad shouts—and those despairing groans?

The general assassination of the French took so little time that the execution of the deed and the preceding signals were almost one and the same thing. One single discharge closed the whole affair. It cost the Natchez only twelve men to destroy two hundred and fifty, through the fault of the commanding officer, who alone deserved the fate which was shared by his unfortunate companions.

Some half dozen Frenchmen escaped, as by a miracle, this general massacre, and made their way to New Orleans in safety. The women and children of the whites were mostly saved to be kept as prisoners.

Of course the Natchez supposed that all the whites in the country were now dead. Not one of them dreamed that they had escaped into the forest, and that they had been so early. So they caroused in the town all night, and on the next morning they started for their village. They had spared two men whom they retained as prisoners, and who escaped from them after having served them some weeks. One was a wagoner, named Majeux, who was kept to transport the goods of the French to the Indian village; and the other was a tailor named Lebeau, whose services they wanted in fashioning the French garments to their own use.

On the next morning, White Hand was startled by the return of the Natchez. He went out, but his heart sickened at the scene he was destined to witness. Two hundred and fifty human heads—

But those who know the Indian character can imagine the horrid orgies they might hold when freed with revenge and freed with victory. Even the historian, who deals only with stubborn facts, lays down his pen in silent horror when he finds himself in the midst of Lebeau's narrative of what he saw in the Indian village, and bids his readers spare him the recital.

White Hand crept back to his lodge, and Coqualla found him there pale and faint. She bathed his temples and brow, and after a while he revived, but he dared not venture out.

"Alas, my companion!" murmured the princess, "they make horrid pomp out of their victory, but it has cost them dear, though they realize it not now. My people are now blind, but they shall awake to sense and sight and know that the best man of them all is gone!"

"Coqualla?" uttered the youth, starting up. "It was a mere interrogative, 'My father is wounded, even unto death.' And the men the priest spoke bowed their head and the big hands trickled down between their fingers."

"When? How?" asked White Hand, forgetting for the moment the deep terror

of his own soul in the grief of his companion.

"He received a bullet in his bosom yesterday. But he sent me for you. Come."

White Hand arose and followed Coqualla from the lodge. In the center of the great square, before the temple, there was a fire kindled, but the youth dared not look towards it. He knew its terrible purpose, and with quickened steps he hurried, stopping his ears with his fingers to shut out the sounds that fell upon his ears. But fortunately he had not far to go. When he entered Stung Serpent's dwelling, he found the women there crying and yelling in despair. Upon his bed of bearskins lay Stung Serpent, breathing heavily, and ever and anon raising his head to listen to the sounds that came from the square. When his eyes rested upon White Hand, he beckoned the youth forward, at the same time bidding the others stand back.

"Sit thee down by my side," he said, "for I have much to say to thee."

Quickly the youth sat down, for he hoped he should now know some things that were only his at present by suspicion.

(To be continued.)

ONE WAY TO SMASH TRUSTS.

How Jupiter Pluvius Knocked Out a Corner in Olymplan Nectar.

The boss of high Olympus looked up from his cup with a wry expression.

"What's the matter, Jupiter?" inquired Juno, as she dipped into the ambrosia platter.

"It's this nectar," replied the eminent Olymplan. "It ain't up to the standard. What's the matter with it?"

"In my opinion," said Juno, as she took a spoonful of the honey of Hybla, "it's all the fault of the trust. They have let the quality run down. And at the same time they have raised the price."

"Trust?" cried Jupiter. "What trust is that?"

"The Olymplan Nectar trust," replied Juno. "I thought you knew all about it. Mercury is the president and general manager, and he and Apollo are the board of directors. Mars wanted to buy in, but they wouldn't let him. They claimed he was too quarrelsome. They gave Neptune 100 shares of preferred on condition that he'd help them water the stock. I thought you heard of it at the time."

Jupiter looked black, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, as he pushed away from the table.

"I hear of it now for the first time," he growled, and the echoes of his growl reverberated among the distant hills. "And what's more, I don't expect to hear of it again. Syndicate my nectar, will they? Why, blame their pesky hides, what do they mean by it?"

"There, there, Jupie," said Juno, in her most soothing tone, "don't get so riled. The boys didn't know how vexed you'd feel about it."

"Well, they'll soon find out! Haven't they a plant somewhere, or something?"

"There it is," said the statuesque one, as she pointed to a lower terrace. Jupiter grimly smiled.

"We won't have to wait for any Supreme Court decision in this case," he remarked, as he stepped to the nearest cupboard and drew out what looked to be a half-dozen metallic skyrocket.

At sight of them Juno gave a little scream and put her hands over her ears. A moment later Jupiter stood by the open window and drew back his massive arm. There was a blinding flash and a startling report, and the nectar plant on the terrace below trembled to its base. Thunderbolt followed thunderbolt, and when the sixth was thrown, there wasn't a vestige of the building left.

"There," said Jupiter, as he wiped his hands on his napkin and calmly resumed his seat at the table, "I fancy that's one way of solving the trust problem. Pass the nightingale tongues, please."

VERSATILE MR. HILL.

Railroad Magnates Who Knew How to Handle a Derailed Engine.

James J. Hill's wonderful versatility and grasp upon the multitude of details of practical railroad management have been a source of much comment among railroad men in recent years. While on a tour over the Great Northern road, his train, which was going down a steep grade, became derailed. Running at a low rate of speed as the train was no damage was sustained by the officials further than a general shaking up. Mr. Hill was the first man to alight when the train stopped after running several rods along the ties. He found that the locomotive had been thrown from the rails, and stood watching the ineffectual efforts of the train crew to place the engine back on the track. Jackscrews were used, but the men did not seem to thoroughly understand the work.

"That won't do," said Mr. Hill. "Your jacks won't lift it when in that position."

But the men applied the levers, thinking they would show the president that they knew their business. The jacks slipped, letting the ponderous machine down on the ties with a bump.

"Let me set that jack," said Mr. Hill; "I don't think it will slip then." And, grabbing the screw, he set it at an incline to his own satisfaction, and, after throwing a little sand on the top and bottom, he exclaimed, "Now go ahead."

The train men were a little dubious at first, but they applied the levers, and the huge machine slowly lifted itself into place and slid quietly onto the rails. The delay was only twenty minutes.—New York Times.

Question of Degree.

The philosophy of human existence was discussed in the presence of the representative of the Washington Star.

"It is my opinion," remarked the first sage, "that a man who has a college degree is very likely to be successful in life."

"True," answered the other, fresh from the reports of the commencement exercises in the newspapers, "and it is a rule that works both ways. A man who is successful in life is very likely to get a college degree."

From Habit.

Mr. Brown—Good morning, Mr. Jones; how's your wife?

Mr. Jones (who is deaf and didn't quite understand)—Very bustling and disagreeable again this morning.

Grief hollows hearts even while it ages heads.—Bailey.

"WHITE COAL" OF FRANCE.

Glacial Streams of the Alpine Region Put to Work.

There has been quite a great deal of activity in the past few years in the development of the glacial streams of Alpine France, says the Philadelphia Record, and the torrents which until recently flowed aimlessly through that country have in many cases been put to useful labor and the engineers have designs on a number of others. One of the chief spirits in this movement to utilize the mountain streams is M. Berges, a well-known engineer, and he has estimated the hydraulic forces of France at 10,000,000 horse power. This is more than sufficient to drive all the industries of the country. According to his figures the 25,000 miles of railroads in France make use of 4,000,000 horse power and the other industries of the country require 2,500,000, making a total of 6,500,000 horse power.

In most cases the method of making use of the water has been to divert it and conduct it to a point where it can economically be availed of. Large pipes of metal bring the water from vast heights. A section of one of these great conduits is a few inches less than eleven feet in diameter, or about the same size as the tunnel under the Thames at London, but the latter is less than 100 feet in length, while those in the mountains of France are in some instances of great length. The one spoken of, which is laid near Grenoble, which is the "white-coal capital," is over 15,000 feet long. A little over 8,000 feet of this is of steel and the rest is of wired cement.

At Lancy, a few miles northeast of Grenoble, the water which gives power to mills of various kinds and to the electrical plant which lights the valley of the Grailval and maintains its several tramway systems is brought by three successive falls, whose total is 3,500 feet.

Light is furnished to the houses and farms of the vicinity at a very moderate cost. For example:

Per year.

First lamp, ten candlepower, \$4.82 1/2

Second lamp, ten candlepower, 2.89 1/2

Three lamps, five candlepower, 2.89 1/2

Total for five lamps, 35 candlepower, \$10.61 1/2

An average of \$2.12 per lamp per year.

In 1863 it was deemed a bold achievement to bring water from a height of 200 feet, as at Urriage; but now M. Berges has succeeded in canalizing a fall of 1,610 feet and another of 1,804 feet. At Epierre (Savoie), M. Joya used a fall of 1,935 feet and at Chapareil (twenty-five miles from Grenoble) another of 2,040 feet.

Natural History.

The eel has two separate hearts. One beats sixty the other 100 times a minute.

A large number of swans from Russia and North Germany wintered on the Swiss lakes.

The box and python have the largest number of ribs of any animals, the number being 320 pairs.

Near Tiverton, Devonshire, there is to be seen a blackbird with a white head and a speckled back.

A curious butterfly exists in India. The male has the left wing yellow and the right one red; the female has these colors reversed.

The house fly is very rapid in flight, its wings making 800 beats a second, in which time it goes twenty-five feet. When alarmed the rate is increased to that of fifty feet a second.

It has often been stated that sixty miles an hour was the utmost rate at which a swallow could fly. Recent experiments upon Compeigne and Antwerp proved that a swallow in a hurry can cover 128 1/2 miles in an hour.

When feeding, the stride of an ostrich is from twenty to twenty-two inches; when walking, but not feeding, twenty-six inches, and when terrified eleven and a half to fourteen feet, or at the rate of about twenty-five miles an hour.

Originally the common or domestic goat was a native of the highlands of Asia. Naturalists generally regard it as having descended from an animal found in the Caucasus Mountains and the hill country of Persia, called in the Persian language the peasing.

New kinds of living butterflies can be produced from existing forms by greatly increasing or decreasing the temperature of the place where the butterflies are kept. A difference in coloring and even in form has thus been obtained by Prof. Fischer in recent experiments.

On the Way Home.

A wind is a wind, from whatever quarter it may blow. So the tight hotel-keeper in the Scottish Highlands, of whom a tourist asked:

"Is this a good place, do you think, for a person with weak lungs?"

"Name better, sir, name better," was the encouraging reply.

"I have been advised to settle in a place where there is a south wind. Does it blow much here?"

"Oh, aye," was the answer. "It's aye the south wind that blows here."

"But it's blowing from the north now!"

"Oh, aye, sir, it's a' one. It's the south wind a' the same, sir, on its road back again."

A Mere Myth.

"Welcome," cried a voice, as Charon's boat grounded on the transatlantic bench.

"Who are you?" inquired the newly arrived shade. "I can't see you at all."

"No wonder," replied the voice. "I never had even a ghost of a chance to exist. I'm the man under the bed that the old maids are still looking for."—Philadelphia Press.

If a girl has a long head, she will postpone the marriage indefinitely rather than go to live with her folks.

If you like any one, his mistakes are almost as easy to excuse as your own.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Science and Disease.

THE warfare of science with disease is one of those ever-old and ever-new contests which have a fascination for many minds. While the training of specialists has doubtless done much to effect cures in individual cases, and while the experiments of investigators have certainly enlarged the boundaries of human knowledge respecting disease neither of these factors have contributed so much toward the control of the half-dozen more important maladies that annually slay their thousands as the gradual spread of elementary knowledge respecting disease among increasing numbers of the earth's inhabitants. The immortal Jenner has for more than a century had the credit of discovering the efficacy of vaccination and so of saving the lives of millions; yet it is probably true that he gained his knowledge of cow-pox, the method of disseminating it among human beings, and the protection it afforded against smallpox from the simple dairy folk of Gloucestershire, who had long observed it. The world owes him a debt of gratitude for spreading abroad the information he had gained, but hardly for a true discovery or generalization in science. Pasteur worked out from many contributing sources a consistent theory of germ diseases, and following his reasoning Behring and Roux perfected the anti-toxin treatment of diphtheria, probably the greatest contribution of pure science to the specific treatment of disease. In the case of typhoid fever, while science has done much in investigating the causes of its epidemics, only the gradual education of the public to the protection of its food and water supplies can ever put an end to its ravages. Fortunately, the public is growing more and more alive to the importance of such protection, and the death rate from typhoid is decreasing. Only the co-operation of large numbers of widely scattered people can destroy the malaria-burdened mosquito; but in the case of yellow fever intelligent action by a single local health board, like that of Havana, will suffice practically to conquer the disease. Tuberculosis, again, is clearly preventable by the spread of knowledge that consumptive sputum must be disinfected; and the end of cholera infantum waits on the growth of the simple practice of sterilizing milk for infants.

In all these various directions while science has been the pioneer it remains for the slow spread of elementary knowledge among the people to work the cure.—Current Literature.

A Disappearing Race.

TWO decades ago the native population of the Esquimaux lands, Labrador, Greenland and Alaska, was 35,000. To-day the population of these countries is only 15,000—a decrease of 50 per cent. At this rate the Esquimaux will soon have vanished off the face of the earth. There is something about this evanescence of race as a totality which is more than dramatic—it is tragic. This in spite of the fact that the Eskimos are only one of the inferior divisions of the great human family. The disappearance of a distinct subdivision of humanity as a whole shows how dubious is the tenure of the earth when the question is considered with regard to the destiny of human beings in their relation to the great march of historic progress. One naturally thinks of the disappearance of the Indians in the United States as a parallel. But great as is the decline of their branch of the human commonwealth within recent years, it cannot relatively equal the losses sustained by the Esquimaux.—Buffalo Enquirer.

How the New Law Hits Bankrupts.

A MEASURE of great importance to business men and lawyers—and, indeed, to the whole community—is the bill which was signed by the President recently, and by which the bankruptcy law of 1898 was materially amended. We observe, in the first place, that by the new law preferred creditors of a person who soon afterward becomes a bankrupt are not debarred from having their claims paid up by a failure to surrender the amount received. In pursuance of a decision of the United States Supreme

Court, a preferred creditor may now retain the amount paid, provided, of course, the payment was not fraudulent, while at the same time, as regards debts unpaid, he will share the rights of other creditors. Another important amendment provides that the appointment of a receiver for an insolvent corporation shall be deemed an act of bankruptcy entitling the creditors to choose their own trustee. Among the objections to a discharge which are included in the new law is the giving of a false mercantile statement, or the proof that a voluntary bankrupt has sought to go through bankruptcy more than once in six years. The bill just enacted also adds to the list of debts from which a bankrupt cannot be relieved by a discharge in bankruptcy. Among these additions are debts to the wife and children, and alimony; also any sum due under a judicial decision to a seduced woman or for the support of an illegitimate child. We note, finally, that the list of corporations permitted to go into voluntary bankruptcy will hereafter include mining corporations, and that the fees of referees and trustees are to be increased on an average of about 50 per cent of the fees hitherto allowed by law.—Harper's Weekly.

New Tendency in Immigration.

N ALLUDING to the fact that during the six months ending with the close of 1902, 323,041 aliens entered the United States, Commissioner Sargent, of the Immigration Bureau, points out that the great bulk of this army of newcomers promptly sought employment in the towns and cities, especially in the East, instead of spreading throughout the country and assisting to populate the farming regions of the West.

The change that has come about in this respect is marked. Formerly the majority of our immigrants came from Great Britain, Germany and Scandinavia. Those from the last two territorial divisions of Europe made their way in great numbers to the West and Northwest, where their energy and industry made them valuable factors in building up the prosperity of the agricultural communities which play such important parts in feeding the nation and producing the surplus food products which the United States send abroad to furnish means of subsistence for the masses of the Old World.

This general distribution of the immigrants was wholesome on every account, since it tended to equalize the national population. Now, however, the people who come to our shores are chiefly from Russia and the south of Europe, and their tendency to stay in the cities increases the congestion in industrial centers, while it leaves a marked scarcity of labor on the farms of the West, where, during most of the year, the demand for workers at good wages is keen and constant.

How this trend toward concentration is to be overcome is not apparent. But it is manifest that it is a much less healthful development than the former practice. It is far better that the immigrants who are now arriving in such multitudes should be distributed widely over areas where the population is comparatively scarce than that they should herd together on the Atlantic slope in "colonies" which tend to make the progress of Americanization slower and more difficult.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Increase of Crime.

THE statistics of crime as set forth in a report made to Congress by Dr. Arthur MacDonald indicate that for thirty years past crime has been increasing in the world. In spite of the progress of education and the labors of philanthropy, mental and nervous diseases, suicide, insanity, juvenile crime, and pauperism are at present increasing faster than the population. This increase, due apparently to concentration of population and increased strain on the mental apparatus of mankind, does not necessarily imply that the world is growing worse, but merely that it is changing. An increase of crime may be an incident of a development that in the long run will be salutary. Dr. MacDonald's report accompanies a bill to provide a laboratory for the study of the criminal, pauper and defective classes, in the hope of discovering the microbe of crime and eliminating it.—Harper's Weekly.

THE MORALS OF MANNERS.

"Now, Aunt Margaret, it is a rainy afternoon, and I want to have it out with you about my 'bad manners,' as you call them. I've been here just a week, and you have spoken to me seven times about my behavior. Here's the list, as nearly as I can remember it."