

Papal Secretary of State.



CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL

All the official business of the vatican is transacted through this person. The direction of the struggle against the French government by the Catholic church has been in his charge.

ANTI-OPIUM CRUSADE

GREAT DEMAND FOR CURE BY CHINESE OF MALAY.

Want Discovered Which is a Specific For Smoking Habit—Free Dispensaries Established—Thousands Cured.

Washington.—The anti-opium movement in Malay, says a Penang correspondent, can only be described as colossal. So rapidly has it spread and so popular has it become that it reminds one more of a Welsh revival than a movement undertaken by the Chinese.

When the news of the movement that came from China a few enthusiasts took up the matter in Singapore and opened a free hospital for the cure of smokers, but very little progress was made. A few weeks ago, however, a well-to-do Chinaman in Kuala Lumpur, the capital of Selangor, received from China specimens of a plant which was said to be a cure for the opium habit. A short search revealed the fact that the plant grew freely in Selangor in a wild state, and in a very short time a quantity was obtained and active operations commenced.

The leaves of the plant, which appears to be a shrub somewhat akin to gambler, are exposed to the sun for a day, then chopped fine and roasted, after which an infusion is made and the specific is ready for use. The first man experimented upon was a Chinese employed by a European, and, although he was a confirmed opium smoker, he was pronounced cured in a week.

Now an anti-opium society has been formed in Kuala Lumpur, and the specific is distributed free, while so great has become the demand for the "opium plant," as the Chinese call it, that those who gather the leaves in the jungle demand \$10 per picul (133 1/3 pounds) for them. The dispensaries established for the distribution of the specific are hard pushed to keep up with the demand, the applicants in Kuala Lumpur alone numbering over 2,000 daily.

The anti-opiumists say they have cured in the few short weeks since the plant was discovered over 14,000 people in the Kuala Lumpur district alone, and the statement appears to be corroborated by the fact, which is vouched for by a partner in the opium "farm," who is naturally deeply interested in the matter, that the receipts of the opium shops in and around Kuala Lumpur have fallen off by two-thirds, while several shops have had to close for lack of custom.

The federated Malay states will not be very much affected, even if the opium habit be entirely stamped out, for they do not depend upon opium to any great extent for their revenue; but in the Straits Settlements matters will be very different, for the opium tax is the principal source of revenue, and although the farmers have not yet been affected like the opium smokers in Selangor, they are distinctly apprehensive as to the effect the spread of the anti-opium movement and the introduction of the specific in the colony will have upon their sales. A month will show whether they really have anything to fear, for the movement may die out as rapidly as it has sprung up, or it may result in the ruin of the opium farmers and the consequent embarrassment of the colonial government.

Find Injunction in Bible. Cleveland, O.—A city councilman, stirred by a flood of street railway injunctions, hunts for first writ ever issued and finds it recorded in the Bible. The writ was by Artaxerxes against the building of the temple at Jerusalem and was dissolved by Darius.

SAMPLES FOR MANUFACTURERS.

Department of Commerce and Labor Has Goods Sold in Foreign Markets.

Washington.—American manufacturers who are desirous of capturing some of the trade in the orient, South America and other countries now enjoyed by foreign manufacturers, say a report of the bureau of manufactures of the department of commerce and labor, should apply to that bureau for its varied lines of samples of goods that find a ready market in those countries.

These samples have been gathered primarily for American manufacturers and consist of cotton yarns, piece goods, belts, braids, handkerchiefs, gloves, laces, towels, etc., which are manufactured in foreign countries and sold in China, Japan, India, Australia, Turkey, Egypt, South Africa and South America.

Any or all of these samples, the report states, will be sent upon application to manufacturers, chambers of commerce and other commercial organizations located in cotton manufacturing centers.

The bureau also has samples of cloths of various sizes manufactured and worn in the north of England. Also a number of heel irons, sole blocks, soles and nails of different sizes and varieties used in the manufacture of clogs.

From Edinburgh, Scotland, there are a large number of samples of wall paper. From China there are toilet soaps made in Austria, France, Germany and Holland and leather gloves made in Germany, calabash pipe made in Cape Town, South Africa, and a calabash which it is believed may be profitably grown in the United States.

NEEDN'T PAY FOR COSTLY GOWN

French Judge Decides in Hubby's Favor and Warns Dressmakers.

New York.—Paris courts have taken another twist at dressmakers' suits for extravagant gowns and unpaid bills. From the French capital comes a decree that will interest dressmakers as well as women who have a penchant for running up bills which they know hubby can never pay. A fashionable dressmaker in Paris demanded \$5,800 for 21 gowns supplied to a woman within two months, and sued the woman and her husband. The French court awarded \$3,800 to the plaintiff, pointing out that even if the husband gives his wife authority to purchase toilets it must be presumed that he intends her to be reasonable. The court rules that it is the duty of dressmakers to inquire whether orders given by the wife accord with the husband's financial status.

The court also cautions tradesmen that they should show prudence and reserve when orders are offered which are obviously exaggerated and extravagant.

Hot Water Lake Found.

Pierre, S. D.—Another artesian well has been secured on the line between here and the Black Hills, showing that the artesian basin underlies practically the whole western half of the state, as well as the eastern half. The water in this well, like that at Capa, is very warm, having a temperature of over 120, and it is accompanied by a strong flow of gas. This indicates that a hot water well could be secured at Midland, where no borings have yet been made.

Township Has Only Ten Residents.

Lebanon, Pa.—Cold Spring township, the largest in area in Lebanon county, has had but one birth in the last four years, a child having been born to Mr. and Mrs. George Holtz. The population of the township now numbers ten, five of the residents being voters. The township also boasts of the oldest resident in the county, Mrs. Phreany Ray, who will celebrate her one hundredth anniversary next month.

WHALEBONE AT \$8,750 A TON.

It Might Pay Now to Look Up Those Old Whalebone Ribbed Umbrellas.

"I see by the papers," said Mr. Griffinby, "that the last quotation for whalebone in England was £1,750, or, say, about \$8,750 a ton, making whalebone worth now somewhere in the neighborhood of \$4.50 a pound—a pretty costly commodity.

"I can remember the time when whalebone was cheap, very cheap; when we used to burn whale oil in lamps and use whalebone for umbrella ribs. Those old-time whalebone ribbed umbrellas were not much like the present steel ribbed close rollers. "No. They were of the bulky out sort of gingham umbrellas that you see now sometimes reproduced after a fashion on the comic stage, but which are now never actually used by anybody, though once they were used by everybody, umbrellas with whalebone ribs. And what I was going to say was this:

"People are out all the time looking through the country for old furniture, quaint old colonial, and that sort of stuff. Why couldn't we hunt up those umbrellas—there must be millions of them lying around in country garrets—why couldn't we look up those old whalebone ribbed gingham umbrellas, for the whalebone there is in them? Don't you think there may be an idea here for making money.

IN A MODERN HAREM.

Circassian Slaves Now Wear Copies of Paris Fashions.

Less picturesque than the description in Pierre Loti's "Disenchanted" was my reception in the harem of Bosma Hanum, the wife of a close relative of the throne, says a writer in the Boston Globe.

I was assisted out of my carriage by a gaunt eunuch in a black frock coat and red fez, who gave me the shivers as he clutched my arm with his sable paw.

Inside the hall I was met by a crowd of female slaves, who helped me to remove my wraps. They varied in age from 15 to 40; some of them were negroesses, but the majority were Circassians.

The latter are supposed to be the most beautiful of all Turkish women, on which account the slaves of the sultan are always selected from among them; but in this instance I looked in vain for any trace of good looks, and, indeed, could hardly help smiling at the comic effect they produced, dressed up to the nines in the latest Paris fashions, executed by local dressmakers.

Misleads Horse Buyer.

"Deacon" Snow, who recently died in Provincetown at a good old age, was one of the shrewdest horse traders on the cape. He once had a horse which showed a rooted aversion to covering more than three miles an hour.

A customer who liked the appearance of the animal had about concluded to purchase, and asked if he was a good traveler. "The deacon," assuming a confidential tone, said: "Mr. Jones, you'll certainly be pleased to see that horse go."

The bargain was made and the new owner drove away. The next morning bright and early he appeared on the scene in a great rage. "See her," he cried, addressing the "deacon." "I thought you told me this horse was a great traveler?"

"Never said nuthin' of the kind," was the quiet reply.

"What in thunderation did you say, then?"

"I said you'd certainly be pleased to see that horse go, and so would any one else, I guess, that owned him."

Sent Out by Express.

A few years ago a banquet was given the delegates to the convention which had that day nominated Hon. Otis M. Gove, of Waltham, Mass., for the state senate.

Several of the delegation had spoken in very flattering terms of the nominee, of his native city and its famous watch industries, whose products were so well known everywhere. The last speaker, ex-Mayor Baxter, of Medford, began by saying: "Gentlemen, we have listened to the glowing accounts of the industries of Waltham, whose products are so well known everywhere. But don't forget that Medford also has industries of her own, the products of which I venture to say are as well known to the good people of Waltham as those of her own beloved city."

The Number of Our Hairs.

According to a well known medical authority fair-haired people possess commonly between 140,000 and 150,000 hairs on the scalp, the number being about the same for man and woman. Dark haired people have, on an average, about 105,000, while red haired people are said to have only 30,000. But the last apparently possesses one great advantage in the fact that they retain their hair better, seldom becoming bald. Their hair is much coarser than that of dark or fair haired persons.

Easy Matter.

Why do women always manage to have the last word? asked the man of petty considerations. "Possibly," answered his satirical spouse, "because men insist on yelling a warabal games and elections, until their voices are useless."

HERE IS PROOF POSITIVE.

Dispute as to Whether Animals Think Settled for All Time.

"Do animals think?" was the subject under discussion by the Dewbury Debating club. Bob Rogers, the dog fancier, said they did.

"I have a dog," he declared, "which acted like a hero once when my house caught fire. My wife and I snatched up as many of the children as we could carry, and flew into the street. Neither of us had time to close them till we got outside, and then, alas! we found there was one missing.

"Before we had time to return to the blazing house we saw Rover peering into the faces of all the rescued children, and then, having discovered that there was one short, he sprang through the flames and reappeared in less than a minute, with a blanketed bundle, which proved to be our child. "Marvelous!" exclaimed the listeners.

"Wait a second, my impatient friends," proceeded Rogers. "That dog hadn't finished. In two seconds he was back in the furnace again. We felt sure the noble animal would be cremated, and I remember feeling disappointed that he hadn't been able to count the children correctly, after all, for there was none left in the house to save. However, when he returned he had between his teeth, all safe and sound—what do you think?" "Give it up!" shouted everybody.

Rogers leaned forward and whispered: "The fire insurance policy—wrapped in a wet towel!"

MILK THE ORIGINAL FOOD.

Prof. Osler Tells of the Dietary Needs of Mankind.

Comparing the human body and the steam engine in a lecture, Prof. Osler said one differentiating feature was that while the engine had only one furnace, and a large one, the human body consisted of myriads of little furnaces—that is, cells. Milk was the original food of man. It contained the four things that were necessary as food—fat, curd, sugar and salt—all dissolved in water. Dr. Weir Mitchell once showed him a robust-looking patient, and he remarked: "He looks as if he had been living on the fat of the land." "No," replied Dr. Mitchell, "on the fat of the cow." That patient had a five years' milk diet—except on Sundays, when his wife insisted on rice pudding. If vegetarians would eat their vegetables and say less about it they would do well. Many vegetarians were not as robust mentally as physically.

Alcohol was quite unnecessary. If all the beer and spirits could be dumped into the Irish channel and the North sea for a year, people in England would be infinitely better off. "If," he continued, "on the second day you dumped all the tobacco into the sea it would be good for you and hard on the fish."

Poor Man's Misfortune.

Miss Elizabeth Magie, the pretty and talented Chicago girl who recently jumped into distinction by offering herself for sale, said the other day in an address before a girls' club:

"I advise all of you to be new women. I urge you to pay no heed to the gibes about new women that are continually being uttered by men.

"It isn't a fine type of man that gibes at the new woman. You know the story of the man in the county jail."

"What brought you here, my poor fellow?" a missionary asked.

"I married a new woman, sir, the prisoner groaned.

"Aha," said the missionary. "And she was so domineering and extravagant that it drove you to desperate courses, eh?"

"No," said the prisoner. "The old woman turned up."

Dental Job Goes Begging.

Municipal authorities of Barmen, Prussia, have been requested to advertise for a dentist who is willing to attend an elephant, an inmate of the local zoo. He suffers from peevishness in consequence of frequent attacks of toothache, caused by overabundance of sweets. At such times he is practically unmanageable. The local dentists refuse to attempt to fill his teeth. One dentist was brave enough to try to examine an aching tooth, but the enraged elephant chased him around the enclosure and the dentist afterward sent in a bill for damages caused by the shock.

Difference in the Races.

The Frenchman of the middle class sacrifices everything in order to obtain for his children some official position or other, a man or one, perhaps, but a sure one, leading after 30 years of penury to a pension verging on destitution. This is one aspect of the decay of the French race. It is easy to understand that two races are not evenly armed for the struggle for life if one be made up of aspirants to official positions and the other of individuals possessing initiative, daring and energy. For this reason do Latin races decline, while Anglo-Saxon races grow and multiply.—Paris Siecle.

Nerve.

"Yes," said the warden, "he was the coolest and most thoughtful convict who ever broke jail."

"You don't say!" exclaimed the visitor.

"Yes; he left behind him a note to the governor of the state beginning: 'I hope you will pardon me for the liberty I'm taking.'"

A TRANSACTION IN FISH.

Market Man Had All Kinds, and Bride Made Her Choice.

A New England bride with slight experience in the markets of Manhattan entered an Eighth avenue market last Friday morning. "What kind of fish have you?" she asked.

"Some nice German carp, ma'am. No? Well, then, some Gloucester halibut."

"From Gloucester?" asked the bride.

"Well, what they sell in Gloucester," replied the man of the seafood emporium.

"Oh, what are those?"

"Green smelts from Rhode Island, ma'am. And we have lobsters from Nova Scotia, yellow perch from up state, carp from Muddy Ponds, near St. Louis, cod from the Chofera Banks, swordfish, blackfish or tautog caught in the sound."

Stopping to catch his breath and get the customer's measure, he went on:

"Sheepshead from Peconic bay and also cold storage; shad, string clams from Long Island, hard shell clams, haddock from Boston," here she hesitated, "mackerel from St. John's, Newfoundland; Block Island blotters, the very best boat fish from Cape Cod, Gloucester and imported smoked finnan haddock, best New England domestic haddock, native eels from Long Island, Cape Cod and Long Island oysters; the very finest smoked and salt herring and mackerel."

"Well," and the bride looked dubious. Then, as though an inspiration had come to her, she said: "Give me about ten cents' worth of your best salt cod, the very freshest you have."

PLUM PUDDING ALL RIGHT.

The Lancet Says It is a Good Meal in Itself and is Unjustly Blamed.

The London Lancet, which so often points out the terrible and unappreciated dangers to health encountered in every day life, publishes with reasonable optimism a hearty defense of the Christmas pudding.

"It is accused of indigestibility," says the Lancet, "but a syncretical consideration of all the events would indicate the reverse to be the case. For an individual enjoying average health the ingredients of plum pudding should offer no physiological stumbling block."

The paper then points out that the pudding is generally eaten after an extra large, hearty meal and unjustly gets blamed for what is really the result of overeating. "The Christmas pudding," says the Lancet, "is a meal for a hungry man, for it is hardly possible to conceive a more complete food. Eggs supply plenty of protein, suet a sufficiency of fat and bread crumbs, fruit and sugars a generous proportion of carbohydrates. Moreover, most of these carry the further necessities of human diet, namely, mineral salts."

Could Still "Swallow."

"Deacon" Snow, as he was familiarly called, was a quaint character well known in Provincetown, Mass., where he recently died, more than 80 years of age. He was a horse jockey by profession, and also kept the principal livery stable in town. On one occasion he was driving a party of "city folks" over to Truro.

They had provided themselves with a basket of fruit, as well as with a bottle of liquid refreshment, which was passed from hand to hand among themselves. Finally one of the party said: "Deacon, won't you have a peach?"

"Guess not," he drawled, turning half around, "you see my teeth ain't what they used to be, but"—and here he eyed the bottle longingly—"my swaller is just as good's ever 'twas."

The Wrong "Haul."

Here is an octopus adventure. The crew of the Perle, a fishing boat hailing from Cancale, France, between St. Malo and Mont St. Michel, were about to pull in a big net when they encountered a sudden resistance. The net was simply crammed, not, however, with good mackerel, but with vast numbers of octopus, each provided with tentacles more than six feet in length. The slimy wretches swarmed upon one side of the craft, giving the fishers a frightful experience. The men had at last to cut the rope of the net, sacrificing it altogether, and then to free the side of the boat from the octopus which stuck to it.

Is Motto of Prince of Wales.

"Ich dien" is not the motto of King Edward; it is the motto of the prince of Wales, and Edward used it while he was heir to the throne. This motto was under the plume of ostrich feathers found in the helmet of the king of Bohemia, who was slain at the battle of Cressy, while a volunteer in the French army, August 26, 1348. Edward the Black Prince won this battle for the English, and in respect to his father, Edward III, who commanded in chief, he adopted the motto, which has been borne since that time by heirs to the throne of England.

Serious Damage.

"I'm glad to see you didn't laugh at that poor old man when he fell down," said the stranger.

"That's my gran'paw, the little boy howled. "O! bo! bo!"

"Don't cry, boy. There's nothing serious."

"O! waw! He sat down on my train o' cars, an' I'll bet he busted 'em."

INDIAN OF MEXICO DOCILE.

Essentially a Man of Peace, He Wants to Be Let Alone.

The simple minded, patient, docile Indian of Mexico is eminently peaceful. Bountiful nature and perpetual summer combine to palliate his improvidence. He can not see the necessity of laying up anything for a rainy day. It rains half the days in Mexico anyhow, but that only makes the mangoes grow larger and cheaper. If he has no tortillas today some of his neighbors have, and they will gladly share, for conditions may be reversed tomorrow, says Modern Mexico.

These Mexican Indians make the best and the poorest servants in the world. Their greatest charm from this standpoint is their perfect appreciation of their position. Always polite, never presuming, with bat, in hand, it is always "your servant" and "with your permission." In the household they ask a half holiday once a fortnight with never a word of complaint when working hours last from daylight to midnight.

The Mexican Indian does not want to fight. All he asks is to be let alone. His politeness and affectionate nature are inborn. His love for children is particularly marked. It is a common sight to see a laborer in the street with but two pieces of white cotton clothing to his back or his name stop a woman with a baby in her arms and, holding the child's face between both his hands, deliver a resounding smack and chuck it under the chin. And in the same unconscious and entirely unfeared manner will a young man take his sombrero from his head and reverently kiss the hand of some ancient relative in a tattered dress when he encounters her in the crowded thoroughfare.

TWO OLD CRONIES CELEBRATE.

Have Their Own Way of Observing the Spirit of Christmas.

"For many years," said Mr. Frank L. Shafer, of Cincinnati, at the Arlington, "a couple of old cronies of my acquaintance have had a unique way of celebrating their friendship on Christmas day."

"Functionally at noon on December 21, they meet at a certain rendezvous and Bill opens the game by buying a quart of wine. When this is consumed Tom makes a purchase of a second quart, the drinking of which consumes much time, and the story of their years is told and retold.

"The finale, which is an act of great seriousness, consists of Bill going down into the depths of his trousers and pulling forth a \$20 gold piece, which he presents to his chum as an evidence of sincere appreciation. Without the loss of a second Tom makes a dive for his pocket and extends to the other a double eagle, accompanying the gift with fervent expressions of everlasting friendship. This quaint custom appears to be original with the principals of my story, and without going into detailed argument it would seem their plan is not altogether without merit."—Washington Herald.

Firers of Fatal Shot Unknown.

"You know how a soldier traitor is put to death," said the colonel. "The traitor stands blindfolded and half a dozen privates shoot at him simultaneously. But perhaps you don't know that each of those privates, though he take the most careful aim, may afterward say without fear of contradiction that the traitor's blood does not stain his hands.

"This is the reason: Two of the rifles for this ghastly shooting are always loaded with blank cartridges. Then they are shuffled and no one knows which the harmless ones are. The executioners draw and each is as like as not to draw a harmless gun. So, when they shoot they can solace themselves for their un-Christianlike work with the thought that maybe they are only shooting a blank cartridge at the poor, blindfolded wretch before them."

Met the Lawyer Hard.

Joseph H. Choate, the famous lawyer and diplomat, said at a lawyers' dinner:

"We lawyers couldn't do better than resolve, on the new year, to be gentler in our cross-examinations. Rudeness in cross-examination never, never pays. This is a truth that I once saw proven in a damage suit.

"In this suit a cross-examining lawyer shouted at a witness in overalls: "You there in the overalls, how much are you paid for telling untruths?"

"Less than you are," the witness retorted, "or you'd be in overalls, too."

King Edward's Chef.

King Edward's chef, M. Menager, has a salary of \$9,000 a year, besides free lodging near the palace. He does nothing in connection with breakfast, but devotes his attention to preparing dinner, which is served at nine o'clock. Menus are furnished by the official known as master of the household, and after dinner M. Menager presents his bill, which is always paid on the spot.

Had to Concede It.

"Well," said Subbuss, "I've just weathered a little labor trouble, that's costing me seventy-five per week."

"What?" exclaimed Clitman, "seventy-five dollars a week?"

"No, seventy-five cents. Our snok struck for a raise from \$4.25 to \$5."—Catholic Standard and Times.