

Helen Gould Writes on Riches.

Miss Helen Miller Gould, daughter of the late Jay Gould, has written for publication an autograph letter in which she sets forth the opportunities of the rich, declaring wealth to be a stewardship and not a means of personal gratification.

As one of the American heiresses, and as one who herself is making the most of her wealth in a philanthropic way, her letter is of peculiar interest. The world is familiar with her many good works and with those sterling qualities of character that have made hers the leading and best beloved name among American women. In all that has to do with benevolence, philanthropy and human kindness, she has for a number of years borne an active and prominent part, and her gentleness, no less than her modesty and the excellent discrimination she exercises in the uses to which she puts her great wealth, have won her the admiration of the nation. Our soldiers and sailors well-nigh worship her. Her generosity to the children of the poor and to invalids has made her name a household word in the humble homes of the land.

Her written opinion of the uses to which wealth should be put cannot fail to interest everyone who has given a passing thought to the subject of the responsibilities that attach to the possession of great riches. Is wealth a stewardship, and are we responsible for the use we make of it? In her letter, Miss Gould clearly takes this view. She discusses the various methods in which wealth may be applied to the highest advantage and to the noblest purposes. Her whole life is a beautiful illustration of the practical application of the great principles she advocates. This is her letter to the proprietor of The Christian Herald.

LYNDHURST

Irvington-on-the-Hudson.

DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH: Dear Sir—Your letter of recent date is at hand, asking my opinion on the subject, "How to Make the Most of Wealth." It is a topic on which I am not well-qualified to speak, and I would suggest that you make this same inquiry of some of our leading clergymen, whose views on the subject would be a great inspiration to us all.

The Christian idea that wealth is a stewardship, or trust, and not to be used for one's personal pleasure alone, but for the welfare of others, certainly seems the noblest; and those who have more money or broader culture owe a debt to those who have had fewer opportunities. And there are so many ways one can help!

Children, the sick and the aged especially have claims on our attention, and the forms of work for them are numerous from kindergartens, day nurseries and industrial schools, to 'homes' and hospitals. Our institutions for higher education require gifts in order to do their best work for the tuition fees do not cover the expense of the advantages offered; and certainly such societies as those in our churches and the Young Women's Christian Association and the Young Men's Christian Association, deserve our hearty cooperation. The earnest workers who so nobly and lovingly give their lives to promote the welfare of others, give far more than though they had simply made gifts of money, so those who cannot afford to give largely need not feel discouraged on that account. After all, sympathy and good will may be greater force than wealth, and we can all extend to others a kindly feeling and courteous consideration, that will make life sweeter and better.

Sometimes it seems to me we do not sufficiently realize the good that is done by money that is used in the different industries in giving employment to great numbers of people under the direction of clever men and women; and surely it takes more ability, perseverance and time to successfully manage such an enterprise than to merely make gifts.

You will, I am sure, be sorry you have made the inquiry of me, since I have given you so little information, but I think you can easily obtain opinions that will probably be far more helpful than mine. Believe me, very truly,

HELEN MILLER GOULD.

How Many.

Jonesby and his wife took the family tandem with them on their summer vacation, and in due time returned home, greatly refreshed by the outing.

"You are not as much tanned up as I expected to see you, Jonesby," remarked Ed Brownson, meeting him the next day after his return. "Tell me candidly how far your travelled on that tandem."

"Well," he replied, lowering his voice, "I

have hired a boy to turn the front wheel just one hour. As soon as he has finished I'll look at the cyclometer and tell you exactly how many miles we made on it."

He Gave Notice.

Whether or not the famous saying is a true one, that 'no man is a hero to his valet,' it is at least certain that not all American social aspirants can fulfil the ideals of an English butler.

There is an American lady a great social favorite, who has won the confidence of a dignified English butler named Higgins. He has never been in her employ, but he was at one time in the service of an acquaintance of hers, where he attracted her attention whenever she called by addressing her as 'my lady.' At length she corrected him, and he excused himself by alleging a natural slip of the tongue, owing to her resemblance to 'Lady Untingford,' whom he had served in England.

After a time he left his place, and 'Lady' Untingford's double did not see him for several years. Then one day she and her husband, who held a municipal office, attended for reasons of policy and gratitude, a large dinner given by a wealthy but uncultured man who had recently become prominent through his public beneficence.

The dinner was magnificent, but the host was not at home amid his elegance. His table manners were extraordinary. He tucked his napkin into his neck; he hopelessly mixed and misused the implements laid out for the various courses; he put his whole hand into the finger-glass and scrubbed it with the bit of lemon.

Of course his guests ignored these trifling errors, but there was one person present who did not. Looking up just as the innocent giver of the feast had done some especial violence to etiquette, the lady beheld the anguished eye of Higgins fixed reproachfully upon his master. Then he saw her, and his distress increased; he knew she was accustomed to "high life," and would know just how terrible were the unfortunate man's mistakes.

All through the long meal Higgins kept glancing from his employer to her, with wrath, mortification and entreaty in his look. His misery was piteous. The lady was finally unable to keep her mirth out of her eyes, which danced with fun.

In a happy moment Higgins perceived it; he realized the affair was passing off as a joke; and in the immense relief of the discovery, with his eye still upon her, he solemnly and unmistakably winked!

As the guests passed out when it was over, he found a chance to whisper confidentially, while holding open a door:

"Beg pardon, my lady—mum. It was half so 'ligly humorous, my lady—mum; but your ladyship can see as Mr. Blank is quite himpossible! It's a good place, but I leaves to-morrow, I can't stand the de gradation, my lady—mum!"

Down on His Luck.

"Just about two years from now, unless my line of development takes another trend or receives a decided check, I'll be a communist, and they tell me the next step is to anarchism." Then the suburbanite responded to the expectant silence of his listeners by telling his tale of woe.

"You know Vanwipper? He owns the big lot next to the one I rent. He is interested in half a dozen good things in Detroit, has money coming in at all angles, and everything he tackles comes his way. So I concluded just to follow his lead whenever I had the chance. He paid a fancy price for some kind of chickens that lay great big eggs. I bought a dozen of the latter for a dollar, he explaining that he made them cheap because I was a neighbor. You may know that I was working on mighty short material, for I put those eggs under a little bantam hen weighing about two pounds. How on earth she ever managed it I don't know, but in due time she went stepping about as proud as a peacock with eleven 'little' chicks nearly as big as herself.

"I got another sitting and secured the same results. When they grew large enough to be serious and attentive to business they averaged about one egg where my neighbor harvested three. He could sell his at two for-a-quarter, and I couldn't get that a dozen for mine. He had broilers all through the season while I ate bacon and hash, in order to preserve my thorough bred fowls.

"Vanwipper's coop is about twenty feet from mine and easier to get into. Last week somebody stole every chicken I had, even to the bantam, and Van never lost a feather. I don't deserve such luck. I'm

a good citizen and hustle six days a week for an honest living. I tell you that there is something radically wrong, and it is going to be righted or there'll be the infernalist upheaval this country has ever known. I'm using that chicken coop for fuel."

The Galveston Hurricane.

The following scientific account of the hurricane which wrought such awful destruction in Galveston in early September is contributed to The Companion by one of the most eminent of American meteorologists.

Every portion of our Atlantic coast, from Brownsville to Hatteras, is liable to be swept by a West Indian hurricane at least once in fifty years. Altogether the centre of such a whirlwind may appear to move erratically, yet it obeys the laws of mechanics as perfectly as a spinning top does when it first goes to sleep and then awakens up to rumble around over the floor. The Galveston hurricane may have been "asleep" on September the 6th somewhere in the Gulf of Mexico, but it woke up on the 7th and wandered slowly off in the direction of that unfortunate city.

The Weather Bureau map, based on a few stations on the Gulf coast, could only give a general idea of the dangerous proximity of the storm during the preceding four days; but on the 7th and 8th the official in Galveston, Mr. I. N. Cline, warned every one that the center would pass near by, on the east and south sides of the city, and advised all to move to the highest places available. The Weather Bureau could predict and warn, but nothing could avert the whirlwind or the destructive tide.

The general course by which the center of this hurricane passed from the Caribbean Sea to Texas, and then northward to Lake Michigan and down the St. Lawrence valley, was marked by several unusual irregularities. It had passed north over Havana, and seemed to be bound for South Carolina, but suddenly turned and moved very slowly westward.

When great whirls advance bodily, with much less than the daily rate of progress proper to their location, they do so in very erratic paths, that at present defy prediction. Usually hurricanes die away as they enter the dry atmosphere of Texas, but this one held on, and although it diminished on the 9th and 10th, yet it revived sufficiently to become a severe storm on Lake Michigan.

Its remarkable course and tenacity of life are directly traceable to the unusual extent and westerly location of the great area of high pressure that covers the Atlantic under the Tropic of Capricorn. But this area is one of the essential features of what is known as the general circulation of the atmosphere; therefore, we attribute all the peculiarities of the storms and the weather of the past summer to wide-spread general perturbations in the circulation of the whole atmosphere.

The World's Most Famous Picture.

In the Dresden Gallery in Germany hangs the most valuable picture in the world worth \$500,000, Raphael's 'Sistine Madonna and Child.' This great picture has, by permission, been especially copied and reproduced on heavy paper, size 22 x 30, in all colors and beauty of the original, and is given with this year's Toronto Saturday Night's Christmas Number. 'The Modern Madonna,' admittedly the most beautiful picture ever made by photography, has also been reproduced, size 16 x 21, and is given as another premium with the most beautiful book ever issued in Canada, full of stories, poems and artistic illustrations, some of the pictures occupying full pages. A boy's picture, 'An Impromptu Speech,' is also in colors, and 'Don't Cry, Mamma,' is the most touching picture of the home of a missing Canadian soldier yet produced. The whole sixty pages are original, bright, clean and typical of Canada, as also is the title cover, which depicts in six colors, an Indian boy plucking feathers from a king turkey of the forest which he has slain. Order at once, for nothing as good has ever before been offered in Canada, and last year's Saturday Night's Christmas was sold out within three days of its publication. Price 50 cents, in tubes ready for mailing. At all newsdealers, or from the Sheppard Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto.

General Grant's "Cincinnati."

In an article on 'Famous War-Horses,' Gen. James Grant Wilson tells how carefully General Grant looked after the welfare of his famous steed Cincinnati. The horse was a gift from a namesake of his own, a man in no way connected with him.

After his victory at Chattanooga General Grant was ordered to Cincinnati to meet the secretary of war. While there he received from a confirmed invalid of his own name an urgent request that he would call at his house. The sick man met him with the words: 'General Grant, I have not long

to live, and I wish to present you with my most valued possession, a horse that has no superior in the United States. There is a single condition attached to the gift—that you will always treat him kindly and never part with him.'

Grant accepted the horse, and called him Cincinnati. He was a superb, spirited animal of great endurance, and the general rode him almost constantly in the Wilderness campaign. On one occasion, when mounted on Cincinnati and accompanied by a staff officer, he said:

'Babeock, I wish you would dismount and see what is the matter with the bay's legs.'

'I think, general, that looking after Cincinnati had better wait,' replied the officer. 'It is simply murder for us to sit here.'

'Very well,' said Grant. 'If you do not want to see to it, I will.'

Dismounting, he quickly untwisted a piece of wire that had begun to eat into his charger's flesh, and as he moved forward he remarked to the colonel:

'When you have a horse that you value, never take any risks with him. Had that wire been left there a little longer, Cincinnati would have been ruined for life.'

All this time they were under a hot and deadly fire, but fortunately escaped. Grant rarely permitted anybody but himself to mount Cincinnati. Two exceptions were recalled by the writer, The late Admiral Ammen, who saved Grant from drowning when a lad, rode the horse when he visited City Point, and a little later President Lincoln mounted him. The admiral's comment upon the steed was: 'I have never seen his equal.' 'Nor have I,' replied Grant.

After Lee's surrender Cincinnati was retired, and enjoyed many years of rest and comfort at Ammendale, Maryland. The end came through an accident. The horse stepped into a blind ditch, and in extricating himself broke a fore leg. The intense pain caused him to limp round all night in a circle. It was deemed best to shoot him, and he was buried where he fell.

Muscles and Brain.

In one of the recent lectures at Clark University, Prof. Angelo Mosso of Turin availed that 'Physical education and gymnastics serve not only for the development of the muscles, but for that of the brain as well.' It is becoming evident, he said, that as much time should be devoted to muscular exercise as to intellectual exercise, and children should begin reading and writing only after they are nine years old. Muscular fatigue exhibits phenomena identical with intellectual fatigue. Nerve-cells show on the average every 10 seconds a tendency to rest. It is probable that only part of the brain is active at a time; the various parts relieve each other. The more mobile any animal's extremities are the more intelligent, other things being equal, he is.

Agriculture in Alaska.

The chilly experience of gold-seekers in Alaska are hardly calculated to make one think of that country as a good field for agricultural enterprise, but in fact our Agricultural Department thinks so well of the farming possibilities of Alaska that experiment stations have been placed at Sitka and Kenai, and headquarters are to be established for similar work in the interior.

To Protect the Great Redwoods.

It was reported at the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science that the redwood forests of the Pacific coast are now practically all in the hands of private owners who hold them for lumbering purposes. Since the redwood rivals the gigantic sequoia in size and interest, it is deemed a matter of scientific importance that it should be preserved, and the association approved the action of its botanical section in favoring

"77"

Dr. Humphreys' Famous Specific: 'Seventy seven' breaks up a Cold by restoring the checked circulation, known by a chill or shiver, the first sign of a Cold, it starts the blood coursing through the veins and at once "breaks up" the Cold.

If you will keep a vial of "77" at hand and take a dose when necessary, you will never take Cold. It doesn't matter if the weather changes suddenly; if you are caught out in light apparel, without overcoat or wrap; if you get over-heated and ride in an open car, or are exposed waiting for your carriage; if you work or sew in a cold room, or sit in a draughty church, meeting-house, opera or theatre. If you carry a vial of "77" (it fits the pocket and pocket-book) and use it freely, you will be protected and will not take Cold.

COLDS

the purchase and preservation of a public park in the Santa Cruz Mountains covering more than 25,000 acres, and occupied largely by the primeval redwood forest.

The Trolley in Siberia.

Electricity is conquering the world with greater rapidity than did its mighty predecessor in mechanical achievement, steam. The gradual opening of the trans-Siberian railroad has led to the introduction of electric light and electric machinery into the towns of Siberia. Recently the municipality of Vladivostok decided that electric trolleys were indispensable to the comfort and convenience of the inhabitants of that remote city, and it was resolved to build at once about twenty miles of electric tramways and to light the town with electricity, besides introducing other modern conveniences. Most of the machinery will be of American manufacture.

China's Gold Fields.

China contains some of the richest coal deposits in the world. Last fall Professor Drake of Tientsin visited the coal fields in the province of Shansi, which were examined by Baron von Richthofen in 1870, and found that they are of immense extent. The coal area is said to be greater than that of Pennsylvania, and the anthracite coal alone contained in these fields has been estimated at 630,000,000 tons. The Shansi coal-beds are so thick and lie so uniformly in a horizontal position that the practicability has been suggested of running long lines of railroad tunnels through the beds so that the cars can be loaded in the mines all ready for distant transportations.

Wonderful Variable Stars.

In studying the variations in the light of certain stars in the cluster known as "Messier 3," Professor Bailey has found one star whose changes are so rapid that in 30 minutes it gains more than an entire magnitude; in other words, becomes more than two and a half times as bright as it was at the beginning. Several others vary with a rapidity almost equally startling. Their entire period of variability from one maximum to the next is about half a day, but they gain light much quicker than they lose it. It seems impossible to regard such stars as suns in the sense of our sun.

Scientific Study of Crime.

Dr. Thomas Wilson, speaking at the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, argued that the celebrated theory of Lombroso associating certain types of crime with definite physical characters, was based upon untrustworthy statistics. Dr. Wilson thought it would be more correct to say that crime determines the physical structure than vice versa, and that environment is more responsible for crime than is hereditary character.

FOUL, LOATHSOME, DISGUSTING CATARRH!

Secure Relief in 10 Minutes

And a Radical Cure.

Does your head ache? Have you pains over your eyes? Is there a constant dropping in the throat? Is the breath offensive? These are certain symptoms of catarrh. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will cure most stubborn cases in a marvelously short time. If you've had catarrh a week it's a sure cure. It's of fifty years standing it's just as effective.

Grateful.

The portly gentleman in the black cutaway coat lighted his cigar, leaned against the bar and puffed away contentedly. Like most New York bar rooms it was a cosmopolitan place, full of many sorts of people. A lean, hungry-looking individual, with grimy hands and the beard of an Anarchist, approached the portly gentleman cautiously.

"I say, boss, could you let me have a nickel," he said tentatively.

"What's the trouble?" asked the other. "Well, you see, the fact is I haven't a cent, and I was out on an awful spree last night—and I want a beer."

He got the nickel. He looked at the coin meditatively for a time, and then at his benefactor.

"Say," he ejaculated at last, "you're a good fellow. I wish I had another nickel so I could treat you."

An Enormous Crystal.

Recent notices in newspapers concerning the crystal of spodumene 29 feet in length, said to be the largest known, have led Professor Montgomery of Toronto to describe in scientific journals a crystal of that mineral which he measured in the Etta-tin mine in the Black Hills 1885, and which was no less than 38 feet 6 inches in thickness. It almost perfect in form. Spodumene is a grayish-white or pink mineral almost as hard as quartz.