

Picturing a Paradise.

GOOD NEWS FOR FARMERS.

M. Berthelot, France's Minister of Foreign Affairs, has made some remarkable predictions of what will have happened on this earth by the year 2,000. He says:

"While agriculture is nowadays regarded as the backbone of the wealth of every civilized nation, the honorable practice of cultivating the soil will be entirely obsolete. There will not be the remotest use for it in the year 2000, for everything necessary to sustain life and everything desirable for increasing the pleasures of living will be manufactured and furnished by the master of chemistry.

"Mining will be reduced to an agreeable diversion, for all necessary metals and other products will be supplied by new methods according to the laws of physics. Of course nobody would think of digging for coal then, as chemistry will yield all materials of inflammability, and when there is no coal to be hauled up, the number of strikes will be very materially reduced.

"Thoughts of war will be abandoned, likewise all tariffs. Both these institutions, which we now consider up-to-date, could not hold their own in an age when aerial navigation will have arrived at the highest point of perfection, controlling its own course, but uncontrollable by mundane powers. What does an army of a million men amount to if a single air ship, properly laden with chemicals, might at any moment swoop down upon it and wipe it off the face of the earth, bag and baggage?"

"At present we create steam by the chemical energy of burned coal, but coal is obtainable only at the expense of much labor, and coal deposits are decreasing rapidly. Science will have to apply itself to the task of pressing the heat of the sun and of the interior of the earth into service. To do so is not impossible; on the contrary, we have well grounded hopes for the final subjection of these heat fountains.

"Even at this period, when the skill of engineers is not limitless, we might succeed in sinking a shaft that would penetrate 4,000 feet into the interior of the earth. A hundred years from now such pits will be at man's disposal at all convenient points, and their existence will guarantee that industrial undertakings may be run at a minimum cost. Combine the motive power of the earth's heat with that of the great rivers and seas—now hardly utilized for that purpose—and no other driving force for all sorts of machinery will be required. And after hundreds of years it will be as perfect and active as on the day when man first thought of employing it.

"Science, having the immense heat deposits in the bowels of the earth at its disposal, will easily solve another principal problem of applied chemistry—the production of food by the combination of elementary bodies. We know already the synthesis of fats and oils, their diverse chemical character and physical properties, and to this we hope to add, at an early date, intimate knowledge of the part nitrogen plays in the economy of nature. This inexhaustible motive power being at hand, food can be produced with the aid of carbonic acid from carbon, out of water by oxygen and hydrogen, and out of the atmosphere by nitrogen.

"Then industry will undertake the duties of agriculture, and the chemist in his laboratory will raise substitutes for cereals, plants, and all the products of husbandry. His products will not only be cheaper, but more nearly perfect than those of nature. Instead of devoting several hours every day to his meals, a man will carry a little box of chemicals in his pocket, providing him with all he needs for making him sound and happy—albumen, fat and carbonic hydrate. Neither season, nor rain, nor drought, nor frost, nor hail, nor insects, nor microbes will interfere with man's food-getting. There will be no spoiled crops, no famines and no intemperance in the year 2000.

"Cultivated fields, vineyards, pastures and game parks will vanish in the course of time, for of what use will they be to humanity fed by the chemist? Because he lives no longer by murder and by the destruction of living things, man will achieve high culture, and his morals will infinitely improve. Nations will cease to boast of the wealth of their countries, for it will be quite immaterial if a territory be fertile or not. While at present emigration seeks for lands rich in natural resources, the deserts will become the favorite abodes of man after the year 2000, because it is far more healthy to live there than in the fertile districts covered with rotten vegetable matter.

"The age of applied chemistry will allow the fullest development of art and the beauties of human life. The surface of our globe, no longer disfigured by geometrical designs drawn by the plough, will be turned into a garden, as man can afford to grow flowers and trees, grass and bush, to his heart's content. In this paradise he will live happy and contented, all—even the

poorest, if there is poverty—finding it an easy matter to provide for the necessities of life.

"Will man fall a victim to corruption in the embarrassment of riches partly unearned? We hope not. It has already been intimated why the future man will be morally better than the man of today. Labour, work alone, gives true happiness. And man will continue to work, because the products of his skill—mental and physical—will benefit almost exclusively his intellectual, ethical and æsthetic development, only an infinitesimal part of his earnings being needed to keep body and soul together."

Discounting Fish Stories.

IT TAKES A MUSKRAT FRENCHMAN TO CAP THE CLIMAX PISCATORIALLY.

Out in the region of St. Clair Flats, near Detroit, lives a peculiar tribe, known in general as the muskrat French. Nowhere else in the United States is there a community such as this in language and customs. Despite the fact that their ancestors have lived there for a century and a half, they speak English that is barely intelligible to the average citizen, while their French, it is said, is totally beyond the ken of a Parisian, says a writer in the New York Sun. As a means of earning money they hunt and fish, selling their prey to the markets. Their own staple food article is the muskrat, called "mushrat," which abound out there, hence their name muskrat French. Against all ridicule they will maintain that no beast, bird or fish is more delicate, sustaining and healthful than this animal.

"Take eem fat," said one of them to a New Yorker, who spent part of his vacation on the flats, "take eem fat, stoff eem with airb (herbs) an' specco (spice), put eem on fire an' roast eem, an' sh! what will you? He is perfect. You shall not tell eem from duck. Gentilman of New York come 'ere to eat duck. We give eem mushrat, cook comme il faut. He say: 'Ah, heaven! Nevaire, nevaire have I eat such a duck!' He thought it for a duck, that mushrat."

TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.

"Las' week," said Henri, one of this tribe, "up on a Roosh (the Rouge river). Look for deer. See a buck 'cross rivaire. Raise gun. Bang! Someting jump from water. Ping! Bullet go through eem. He is beeg mosk'longe. Bullet go on. Pang! Kill buck. Go through buck. Pad! Hit big tree. Henri leave gun, jump in water, get mosk'longe, sweem ovaire to buck. Mosk'longe dead, t'irty poun'. Buck dead, tree hundred poun'. Hole in tree where bullet hit. Honey run out. Pick up leaf to stop honey. Hare run out. Grab hare, knock eem against log an' kill t'ree partridge."

At this point Henri's voice rises to a perfect yell, and he almost chokes in his frenzy. The others nod and grunt their approbation.

"How you get zem all back?" asked Antoine.

"Put hare in pocket," says Henri, subsiding into a modified howl, "put partridge in othaire pocket, take mosk'longe in teeth, put buck ovaire back, an' sweem 'cross again."

ANOTHER OF THE SAME KIND.

"Pretty good, Hennery," says "Beel," who is not of the muskrat French himself, and pronounces the name accordingly. "Pretty good; how about you, Antoine?"

"Go feesh las' week," says Antoine, in a voice that would draw tears from a rock. "Feesh in Lake Erie. Good luck. Catch pairh; 50—40 pairh. Oh, beeg! Poun', two poun'. Good luck. Get ready go home. Take oar. Then splash! Mosk'longe, 50 poun', leap into boat. I laugh, say: Antoine, great luck! Fifty—40 beeg pairh! Beeg mosk'longe. Great luck. I row. But no! Flip go mosk'longe tail. Out go pairh. Flip! Nothaire pairh. Flip-flip. One—two—six pairh! Flip-flip—flip! All pairh gone! Flip—splash, out go mosk'longe. All gone! Mon Dieu! I scream, I weep. All gone—pairh, mosk'longe, all! I return with ze broken heart."

"True," says Taydo, "I see you when you are come back with not one feesh."

Not an iota of doubt is expressed, even by the lifting of an eyebrow. To doubt a muskrat Frenchman's word is not safe.

Located at Last.

Mr. Dumbleton, who is too economical to keep any extra collar buttons on hand, and who devotes a good share of his matin moments to hunting for these wayward essentials of male attire, startled his wife the other morning by a more than usual overflow of emphatic language.

"What's the matter, now?" she exclaimed.

"Matter enough!" he returned with a series of paralytic gasps: "I've swallowed my collar button!"

"Thank goodness!" snapped out Mrs. D., "for oces in your life you know where it is."

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