

As to millstones, many are undied and few are milled.

A London paper informs us that croquet is to be popular in England this year. Mollycoddle!

Married people should so live that the minister who performed the ceremony will never feel like apologizing.

Now and then some man succeeds in becoming famous without being made so by the President; but it is a slow process.

The family Bible is usually accepted as an accurate record of a man's age, but not so, it seems, in the case of Methuselah.

In Germany a man has been punished for sticking out his tongue at the Kaiser. The Kaiser doesn't like to be mistaken for a doctor.

King Peter of Servia wants to borrow money. In the event that he can't do that he would probably be willing to marry an American heiress.

The United States Supreme Court has been appealed to to decide the question, "What is whisky?" It will never be able to do it by tasting the stuff.

One of the lawyers who helped to defend Harry Thaw is reported to have put in a bill for \$100,000. It requires some nerve to charge such a large price for falling.

Says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "While waiting for your prayer to be answered try to get what you want yourself." In other words, dust off your knees and hustle.

When a young woman to whom a man gave his seat in a crowded New York street car said "thank you" he fell in a fit. The probability is that she will never repeat the rash act.

We may as well understand that it will never be possible for Americans to get Englishmen to consider them refined as long as anybody on this side says "I guess" instead of "I fancy."

Count Boni de Castellane has expressed a willingness to drop for a cash consideration his appeal from the decision of the court that awarded the countess a divorce. Boni is such a self-sacrificing boy.

The young heir to the Spanish throne has practically dropped out of public sight since his birth. He may as well be given to understand at the start that if he expects to continue to be famous he will have to keep doing things with unintermittent regularity.

Boycott against American goods in China has been suppressed. The American consul-general at Canton reports a striking punishment for those who tried to further it in that province. The viceroy has compelled the association which prompted the attempt at boycott to turn over the money in its treasury to a public hospital. Thus money intended to make trouble will go toward alleviating it.

The return of the bicycle is predicted by those who are interested in the trade and it is said that the business is picking up. There is no likelihood of a revival of the bicycle fad of fifteen years ago, but the trade is expecting an increasing interest in the wheel as a practical means of transportation and recreation. The expectation seems reasonable, for it is noticeable that other nations have not abandoned the bicycle to the extent which it has been given up in America. It still remains a beautiful and inexpensive means of travel and of seeing the country.

The daily prints are not without ample warning that life on the stage is not all plaudits and roses. Those who read understandingly may know it is a hard life, full of disappointments to most of its votaries. There is excitement, it is true, and there are occasional rewards. But there is excitement in a runaway with horses or a steamboat explosion and probably an equal proportion of rewards. While the public must be amused there must be someone to amuse it, but the hard fact of the business is the supply of amusements far exceeds the demand and the majority of stage-yearning girls will meet nothing but hardships when they try to embrace histrionic art or its amusing kindred.

The birth of a male heir to the Spanish throne has for the present simplified the question of the succession, a matter that has been responsible for much disturbance in the empire, as well as in the rest of Europe. The trouble was acute so long ago as 1700, when Charles II. of the house of Hapsburg died, childless, after making Philip, grandson of Louis XIV. of France, his successor. This first Bourbon King of Spain was not recognized by the other powers till after a long war, concluded with the Peace of Utrecht in 1713. Philip, known as the fifth of Spain, proclaimed the Salic law the next year, limiting the succession to his male descendants. His grand-grandson, Ferdinand VII., one of the royal victims of Napoleon's ambition, was restored to the throne in 1813. In 1829 he married his fourth wife, and abrogated the Salic law in spite of the protests of his brothers and of the French Bourbons. His daughter Isabella, born in 1830, was proclaimed queen on his death, three years later, with her mother as regent. Isabella's uncle, Don Carlos, asserted his claim to the throne under the Salic law, but the regent succeeded in maintaining her daughter's position. Don Carlos' descendants have ever since been pretenders to the Spanish throne. The present Carlist claimant is his grandson, Queen Isabella was driven from Spain by a revolt in 1868, and two

years later the Spanish succession caused a fresh commotion in Europe. The proposition to call to the throne a prince of a branch of the Prussian royal house of Hohenzollern was the apparent though not the real cause of the great war of 1870 between France and Germany. The throne was offered to Prince Amadeo, a son of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, but the task of governing Spain was too much for him, and after a few years he abdicated. Then a republic was set up, but it lasted only two years, and Alfonso XII., the son of Isabella, was restored to the throne without the shedding of a drop of blood. On Alfonso's death, in 1885, his daughter Maria succeeded him, and was queen till Alfonso XIII., the present king, was born, a few months later, the ninth of the house of Bourbon to rule over Spain. If the new prince should die, and Alfonso have no other children, his sister's son would succeed him, and in the remote contingency of the direct line of descent from Ferdinand VII. becoming extinct, the Carlist claimant would become king.

According to a report twelve girls of the Chickasaw nation have written to a college president soliciting his aid in procuring for them Caucasian husbands. They have described their possessions with a minuteness that would charm a fortune hunter, and have made it clear that they are fully aware of the importance of presenting financial attractions before presenting to make other claims. While in a flippant mood this action might be construed as a girlish jest or a harmless joke, there is reason to suspect an underlying purpose of seriousness, an earnest desire to better the existing state and promote future happiness. All authorities agree that Indians do not make ideal husbands. Hiawatha was perhaps an exception, but Hiawatha must be taken with more than the usual allowance of salt, and everybody knows that Mr. Longfellow in far off Cambridge did not enjoy exceptional facilities for studying the Indian in his conjugal capacity. The noble red man in song and story is extremely picturesque as he pursues the flying deer or spears or fishes for the elusive fish, but his nobility dwindles as he lolls in the hammock while his wife grubs in the fields and toils that he may eat. It is also noted by careful observers that over the Indian may rise to eminence in an Eastern college town and acquire large fragments of general knowledge his disposition on returning home is to lapse into primitive conditions and enjoy life as did his fathers before him. The Indian girl, on the other hand, profits more enduringly by education. She sees the white maiden maintaining supremacy over the white man, and goes with increasing admiration the white wife giving necessary orders to a well trained and obedient husband. How natural then that the Indian girl should wish for herself so happy a lot, and long for a transition that would assure her a position of independence and comparative freedom from toil. The advantages or disadvantages that might accrue from this attempted assimilation of races it is not to the point to mention here. The question involved is merely the tribute paid to the American white husband, the reassertion of the statement that in the opinion of universal womanhood he is the best husband in the world. Individually he may have his faults and precipitate a divorce suit even from an Indian bride, but standing as a shining whole, the exponent of a widely recognized principle, he leads all mankind in the estimation of woman. Hence the credibility to be attached to the story of the twelve Chickasaw maidens and the pleasing reflections to be inspired thereby.

LAUGH AT SUPERSTITION.

Sailors Say Many of the Romances of the Sea Have Vanished. Sailors are no longer superstitious. At any rate, it is difficult to find one who has any regard for the old sea lore about which a thousand and one fascinating stories have been told. Whether the modern steamship has made sailors feel a little less fearful and more independent of the forces of nature, says a writer in T. B. I am scarcely prepared to say; but an old sea captain at Rotherhithe actually laughed when I asked him if he was afraid of carrying a cat on board or sneezing on the left side of the ship.

They are good old yarns," he said, "but not even during my days as an A. B. and mate on a sailing ship did I ever hear a man object to having a cat on board the ship. We preferred pussy's company to that of the rats, who gnawed our toes and made holes in the grub. And as for not sneezing on the left side of the ship, why—here the captain shook with laughter as he pictured the spectacle of men holding a sneeze and running from one side of the vessel to the other, so that they should not arouse the elements and bring on bad weather—"I don't believe," he said, "one sailor in a hundred ever heard of the superstition."

"What about 'Mother Carey's chickens'?" Very nice birds, Harbinger of bad weather, you say. Landsmen say we think so, but we don't. If that were so we should always be fearful of bad weather; for petrels are to be seen every day when on a long voyage. We like to see them about the ship when no other life is visible."

Other sad disillusion awaited the T. B. man when he picked up a copy of the Nautical Magazine, in which a writer, talking of lost sea romances, says that "crossing the line" is remembered only on passenger ships, where its observance is expected; while whistling for a wind is gone, for the simple reason that few ships want any wind nowadays, and a whistle won't mend a propeller shaft.

At one time when England was master and mistress of the seas too, no Dutchman dared to help himself out of a mess but the English and Yankees had "had their wack." Now it is first come first served, and the Englishman is lucky if he is there at all.

It sometimes happens that other people have as good an opinion of a man as he has of himself—after he is dead.

RICH MILK INSPECTOR

Mrs. Marshall Field Will Try to Save Lives of Chicago Babies. Mrs. Marshall Field is to try to save her social obligations by assuming the duties of a Chicago milk inspector. The widow of Chicago's merchant prince, society leader and possessor of millions, has caused a stir among the 400 by accepting a position on a civic health commission appointed by Mayor Russe. All other members of the board are men. Her new duties will carry Mrs. Field into the tenement houses and hospitals of the city and she will doubtless become a rival for sociological honors of Miss Jane Addams and Mrs. Potter Palmer.



MRS. MARSHALL FIELD.

will be able to greatly improve the milk supply and that death's summer harvest of babies, which is always large in Chicago, will be lessened by hundreds.

ALL AFRICANS NOT BRUTAL.

Moundans Bear Fighting Tools Instead of Warlike Weapons. That the native African is not always and invariably a poor, half naked brute has been proved by the reports and photographs brought back to France by the "Moll mission," an expedition sent to the French Congo about eighteen months ago for the purpose of determining some unsettled boundary questions. South of Lake Chad Comandant Moll discovered a peaceful race of agriculturists and shepherds, intelligent and hospitable, ripe for civilization, living in pastoral simplicity.

Everything about the Moundans is picturesque and interesting. They are a vigorous and handsome race and very brave, but contrary to the almost universal practice of the Africans in regions where white rule has not been established, they never carry arms. On the contrary, the implement of offense seen in their hands is a hoe.

Apples and Cigars. "Why do I keep apples in the desk drawer with my cigars?" said the executive business man with novel ideas. "Because it gives them a fine and distinctive flavor and also imparts just sufficient moisture to keep the cigars in excellent condition. I discovered the thing quite accidentally. Am fond of apples, you know, and like to keep some around my desk for a nibble or two occasionally. Generally I kept the fruit on top of my desk, but one day the dust was so bad that I resolved to place the apples in a drawer. There wasn't a drawer sufficiently empty for the apples except one in which I had cigars. It didn't look like a good combination, apples and cigars, but into the drawer went the apples.

"A couple of hours later I felt the need of a smoke. The delicious flavor the cigars had surprised me. It was a make I had been smoking for years, but I never had noticed that flavor before, and I enjoyed the smoke so much that I lit it up with another from the same drawer. The result was the same, and then the presence of the apples with the cigars suggested a solution of the mystery.



Miss Oldgrip—Yes, I am single entirely from choice. Miss Pert—Whose choice?—Philadelphia Record.

Yeast—Are all the rooms in your flat light? Christonbank—Oh, yes; we have gas in 'em all!—Youkers' Stationer.

Fatigued Philip—Did that lady 'trow bolin' water on yonse? Wandering Walter—Worse'n dat, Phil—worse'n dat. It was soap-suds.—Cleveland Leader.

"Sir, I want your daughter's hand." "You may have it with the greatest pleasure, dear boy, if you'll take the one that's always in my pocket."—Baltimore Sun.

She—Have you ever written any poetry? He (proudly)—I had a sonnet once in one of the leading magazines. She—No, but I mean any real poetry.—Somerville Journal.

Dyer—What did your wife say when you told her you wouldn't be home till late? Rowdier—I don't know. I hung up the receiver as soon as I was through talking.—Brooklyn Life.

"How do you know he is used to receiving letters from that girl?" "Because," answered Miss Cayenne, "he knew immediately where to look for the second page."—Washington Star.

Strong-minded Old Lady (to the new year's wife)—Oh, yes, mum, I've 'ad my ups and downs, but I never 'ad what you may call a serious trouble. I've only lost two husbands!—Punch.

Nell—Maud says she has had seventeen proposals this year. Belle—I didn't think she knew so many men. Nell—Oh, sixteen of them were from Chollie Saphedde.—Philadelphia Record.

Tommy—Pop, was writing done on tablets of stone in the old days? Tommy's Pop—Yes, my son, Tommy—Gee! It must have taken a crowbar to break the news.—Philadelphia Record.

Old Hunk—Didn't you marry me for my money? Answer me that, madam! Mrs. Hunk—Certainly I did. And we'd get along just lovely if you were not so stingy with it.—Chicago Tribune.

Fortune Teller—Beware of a short, dark woman with a fierce eye. She is waiting to give you a check. Visitor (despairingly)—No, she ain't. She's waiting to get one from me. That's my wife.—Baltimore American.

"Chumpley's auto got away from him and ran fourteen miles on a country road." "I'll bet he was mad." "No, he was ticked. He said it was the best run his car had made without adjusting."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Where," asked the tenderfoot, "was the last man killed here?" "He ain't been killed yet," replied Arizona Al. "There's goin' to be at least one more killed as soon as him and me comes face to face."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Yes, ma'am, the convict was saying, 'I'm here jst for tryin' to flatter a rich man.' The idea!" exclaimed the prison visitor. "Yes, ma'am, I jst tried to imitate his signature on a check."—Philadelphia Press.

"Ah!" he sighed. "I have long worshiped you at a distance." "Well," she replied, coldly, "if it is necessary for you to worship me at all, I prefer it that way." And it was back to the boarding-house for him.—Chicago Daily News.

She—Gladys is so sorry she took her engagement ring round to the jeweler's to have it valued. He—Why? Did he say it was too cheap? She—Oh, no. He said he would keep it for a bit, as Freddie hadn't settled up for it yet.—Pick-Me-Up.

Mrs. Stubbs—Lund's sakes, John, there must be a great many barber-shops in Wall street?" Mr. Stubbs—What causes you to think so, Maria? Mrs. Stubbs—Why, the papers say hundreds of men are "trimmed" there every day.—Chicago Daily News.

Jones had a vegetable garden in which he took a great interest. Brown, his next door neighbor, had one also, and both men were especially interested in their potato patches. One morning, meeting by the fence, Jones said: "How is it, Mr. Brown, you are never troubled with caterpillars, while my bushes are crowded with them?" "My friend, that is easily explained," replied Brown. "I rise early in the morning, gather all the caterpillars from my bushes, and throw them into your garden."—Tit-Bits.

Why the Bill Was Big. The chest that lights by electricity when the door opens has its drawbacks. When he went South for a month's shooting a young New Yorker thought he had left his bachelor apartment in such order that he would have no cause for complaint on his return. The size of his electric light bill on his return convinced him that something was wrong, says the New York Sun.

He complained with unusual fervor, the company investigated and found out the sources of the extra expense. In the hurry of departure he had left open the door of one of his closets. The electric light shone right and day in that closet for more than a month.

A Peculiar Safeguard. "You needn't be afraid, my friend, the hotel will not burn." "Why, it isn't fireproof, is it?" "No, it isn't fireproof." "Then why do you say it will not burn?" "Because there is no insurance on it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Same Thing Here. Meg—I say, Tom, de Frenchies call a gal's feller her fiancée. Tom (gloumily)—Aw, well, ain't dat wot it all comes ter?—Baltimore American.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

INFLUENCE OF GREAT WEALTH.

By President Eliot of Harvard. Great capital at the disposal of a single individual confers on its possessor great power over the course of industrial development, over his fellow men and sometimes over the course of great public events, like peace or war between nations. It enables a man to do good or harm, to give joy or pain, and places him in a position to be feared or looked up to. There is pleasure in the satisfaction of directing such a power, and the greater the character the greater may be the satisfaction. In giving this direction the great capitalist may find an enjoyable and strenuous occupation.

The most serious disadvantage under which the very rich have labored is the blighting up of children. It is well nigh impossible for a very rich man to develop his children from habits of indifference and laziness. These children are so situated that they have no opportunity of doing productive labor and do nothing for themselves, parents, brothers or sisters, no one acquiring the habit of work. In striking contrast are the farmers' children, who co-operate at tender years in the work of the household.

DO NOT EXPECT SUCCESS TOO SOON.

By John A. Howland. A rock upon which so many young men founder for life, or on which they stick more or less hopelessly for varying periods, is the expectation of immediate recognition of their best efforts.

At any time and under any circumstances in business the mark of appreciation for services of any one employe may be counted upon as coming grudgingly. It is so much easier for an employer to keep tab on inefficiency, and at the same time so much more profitable, that especially meritorious services lapse into a niche of quiet confidence.

In the light of level headedness who shall say that it is not the part of practical good sense that the young man should not have an immediate and expected reward? It is easy for an employer to figure that the young man who has done something could not have done so without first having the opportunity; that having done something under favorable circumstances, marked recognition of the results might unbalance and undo the otherwise potential future of the young man himself; that with all regard for the future of the young man and the future of the business, any sudden and marked recognition of a new man's service could work irreparable harm to the intangible system that had prevailed in the establishment for years.

Opportunity that shall lead to most lasting ends ordinarily is a condition resulting of growth. A too sudden

less, but not in the least stolid, in the narrow hall, he uttered a smothered exclamation of anger. "Why are you up at this time; it isn't 5 o'clock? Why do you pry in this way upon me?" he enquired with a subdued savagery in his voice. "I guessed last night you'd be leaving early this morning, sir, and that you'd be the better of a morsel of breakfast. The tray's ready. I'll bring it."

"I don't want your breakfast. I'll never eat another in this house," he answered, glaring upon her as he threw his portmanteau heavily down.

"Oh, yes, you will, sir," she said, with a sort of exasperating quiet cheerfulness. "Will you have an egg or a bit of that potted meat Misses makes so nicely? It's all ready."

"I won't have anything, I tell you," he answered rudely. "Get out of my way and take your meddling tongue downstairs."

Mary Anne closed the door and stood up against it, and folded her hands on her apron in front of her. Looking back upon it afterwards she could only suppose that God was quite near her, for in ordinary circumstances she was not a very brave nor even a strong girl.

There was a sense of impending calamity in the house. The heavy day had arisen with weeping skies, and Mary Anne, finding her occupation on the front steps gone, retired indoors shaking her head.

She paused in the lower hall, near the bottom of the stairs, and listened with her small head on one side like a bird, for some sound from above.

Thus posed, one obtained an excellent view of her, a sort of portrait study that remained. She was well-made, the straight angular line of her faded cotton frock could not altogether destroy the shapely outline, and her feet, ex-tremely neat and well shod, might have served as an object lesson to certain of her shipboard class. For she was only a general or household slave, serving in a dull street in lower suburbia for the magnificent sum of twelve pounds per annum. Her apron, though coarse, was clean, also the small neat collar pinned with a shamrock brooch in front.

She had rather a long thin neck, and a small neat face with a tremulous womanly mouth, and a pair of lovely eyes. Mary Anne was unaware of her own assets; nor did she strive to make the most of them. She was clean and tidy because it was her nature to be so, and because she was paid to be a help, not an eyesore in a stranger's house. Her code of ethics or morals was elementary, but bound her duty, which immediately lifted that code to the highest plane. Mary Anne was, in a word, that particular kind of household treasure which is growing extremely rare, an honest hearted girl who gave at once the service of love and duty to the household that employed her. Was it worthy such regard, such faithful adoration? We shall see.

It was very early, quite two hours before Mary Anne's appointed time for rising, and the milkman had not yet passed upon his earliest round. But her kitchen fire was blazing cheerfully, and her kettle was on the boil, as she herself might have expressed it. And she had opened up the dining room and spread a lunch cloth on the end of the table. Someone was astray upstairs, and her instinct, the sort of sixth sense that never erred, had warned her that some recognition from her of that fact might be desirable, even if not absolutely necessary.

Presently she heard a stealthy step, and stood aside, though not out of sight, to wait until it should bring its possessor in sight. It was her master, carrying a portmanteau in one hand, and his boots in the other. At sight of Mary Anne, standing motion-

success may be more destructive of men than three failures. A young man, suddenly promoted out of an establishment's existing order, may bring after him a train of petty animosities to his final undoing. Or, such promotion of a man without perspective may ruin him through his own egotism.

AVOID THE DAILY DISPUTE.

An English dean of the past generation was accustomed to present every couple whom he united in the bonds of matrimony with a card, upon which were printed four "golden precepts: "Avoid the first quarrel as a deadly danger." "Never both get angry at the same time." "Never dispute each other; it is both unprofitable and unedifying." "Remember always that a soft answer turneth away wrath." There was an old Athenian law which required that a newly married couple should, as soon as they were alone together, eat a quince in partnership, in token, this fruit being the symbol of good will, that their conversation should thereafter be mutually pleasant. If only this rule were stringently observed, how many sins of the tongue were left undone, how many bitter quarrels would be avoided!

It is often said that manners are out of date, that courtesy nowadays is considered old fashioned, and politeness to those of one's own household altogether unnecessary. Which is a pity, all round, both for men and women, since not only quarrelling, "wrangling, and jangling," but neglect and indifference, as well, are impossible to true politeness. Love may be careless, but finished courtesy never!

IF YOU SWEAR.

"The greatest things are due to boys," wrote an old Roman poet and sage, and we in an age presumably more enlightened need to take the maxim to our hearts. Before a child there should be all carefulness of speech, lest some harm befall their youthful minds. Nothing is more shocking than to hear a child swear. Few children do, fortunately; yet it is not the fault of their elders if they do not. Almost all American men use profanity in the senseless and heedless and useless manner of profane swearers. Our streets are loud with oaths, and to a person of sensitive ear the ribaldry and blasphemy are awful.

Few men who pretend to be gentlemen in any of the senses of that greatly abused word swear when there are women present, however. They have decency enough left for that. But they are not all particular when it comes to children. For my own part, it seems four times worse to let a child hear an oath. The harm that may be done is far greater in the former case than in the latter.

"You've an infernal cheek," he muttered under his breath. "Get away down to your own quarters, can't you, and leave your betters alone."

"Yes, sir, presently sir," she said cheerfully, her spirits rising as his sank. "I'll bring it up, and then you can have a sleep on the sofa till 8 o'clock."

There was a little impatient rattle at the handle of the door. Gainsford's color rose, Mary Anne started and stood back. And his wife came in. She looked extremely pretty with her fair hair straying in little disordered curls on her forehead, the blue of her dressing wrap showing up the delicate fairness of her skin. Her wide eyes staring round fully understood it.

"Oh, Harry," she said in a strange voice, "you were going to leave us?" "Yes, I was, Lucy, for good, but I've been stopped by Mary Anne."

Mary Anne stood aside, but she did not go away. She did not know what kept her there, because she was not by nature a prying or ill-mannered person.

"I knew you felt bad last night, but I thought it would be all right this morning, like it was before," said his wife, in the same strange voice. "I am sorry if you feel like that. I had no idea."

"I've tried to be patient, Lucy, and I felt that I had come to the end of my resources," he said, dully. "Of course, I was wrong. It was the coward's way, but I did not think of all it might mean to you and the children."

"I should have died, and perhaps taken the children with me," she replied, quite quiet.

Then suddenly she took a swift step forward and knelt at his feet. "Oh, Harry, forgive me and lift me to your heart again! I will be good. I will be good."

The strong man's features worked convulsively as the cry, so like a child's, fell on his ear.

"My poor girl! my poor girl," he said, and Mary Anne stole out and closed the door. Her heart sang in unison with the bubbling kettle as she descended the dark stairway to her own domain. She was not very high in the scale of intelligence, but she had done what she could. And it was a great thing. She had averted a sorrowful home and made the opportunity for a home to be built up anew upon a solid foundation.—British Weekly.

Sworn to Secrecy. The Dundee Advertiser tells a story of a country cleric, still on the underside of 40, who was driving home along a road from an outlying hamlet when he overtook a young woman. He recognized her as Mary, the maid of all work at a farm which he would pass on his way to the rectory. So he pulled up and offered her a lift. Mary was nothing loath, and the parson was glad of her company. All the way to the farm gate they chatted pleasantly, as country people do, and when her destination was reached he set her down. Then she thanked him for his kindness and his company. "Don't mention it, Mary; don't mention it," he said politely, as he pulled the rig around his knees and gathered up the reins. "No, I won't," answered Mary in an obliging tone, and the young rector went on his way thoughtfully.

Uncle Eben's Wit. "Don't pride yersel' too much on yoh own opinions," said Uncle Eben. "A mule generally has his own way, but it don't make him popular."—Washington Star.