

Hay is one of the spots on the ear that is progressing backwards.

In regard to elections, many have been named, but few will be chosen.

The czar wants to visit America. Westward the course of empire takes its way.

A Chicago thief wears a merry widow. Probably because widows usually are touching.

Prince Helle is as happy as a man who has just found the commutation ticket he thought he had lost.

Dr. Emma Culbertson, of Boston, asserts that "every woman is a human being." More wild-eyed radicalism.

Time is money, but you can't start a bank account with it and all down while it draws 3 per cent interest.

Strange how proud a self-made man is of his handiwork; yet you never hear a self-made "indy" throwing any bouquets at herself on that score.

When it comes to inquisitiveness and suspicion almost any woman can give a detective cards and spades and beat him out.

The average woman gets a double quantity of enjoyment out of a present—the present itself, and trying to find out the cost thereof.

Some people talk as if hot weather in summer is nothing less than a blooming outrage, which the government ought to put a stop to.

A Chicago woman was arrested and fined for wearing overalls. She committed the mistake of not having them made by a Paris dressmaker.

The French Academy, when full, contains forty "immortals." Two of them, Ludovic Halévy and Francois Coppée, have lately proved their mortality by dying.

From the capitalist's point of view, perhaps, the north pole is not worth \$50,000. It isn't portable, and for merely the good will of it that price is too high.

France is to have a new law which will bring divorce automatically after married couples decide to separate. Evidently the French lawmakers are determined to keep the population from dwindling any more.

"What," asks the Washington (Iowa) Democrat, "has become of the old-fashioned man who had to have a feather bed to sleep in?" The last time we heard of him he was content with a Morris chair, because he has a wife who snores.

What will the woman say to the assertion recently made by John Burns, president of the British loan government board, that the "servant problem" arises not so much from the scarcity of good servants, as from the incompetency of present-day mistresses to manage their help? Whether his charge is true or not, a girl without training for the work will find it as difficult to run her house and direct her servants as her husband would find it if he tried to direct a business without first learning how.

Louis Honoré Fréchet, who died recently, was the unofficial post laureate of Canada. He wrote in French, and his work was crowned by the French Academy. Longfellow called him as the "pathfinder of a new land of song." As a poet he was born, so to speak, in two nations. One of his poems, "Le Drapeau Anglais,"—"The English Flag"—suggests his allegiance to the British flag and his affection for that other flag, the flag of France, which, as a French poet, he kissed on bended knee.

Freight shipped to merchants east of the Mississippi must be plainly marked with the name and address of the consignee, according to a recent decision of the railroad companies. It has been the practice of manufacturers to mark the goods with a hieroglyphic, partly to save time in shipments, and partly to prevent spies from competitors learning who their customers are. This practice has made it difficult for the railroad companies to deliver the goods. One company is said to have lost \$1,500,000 in the last ten years, because it has had to reimburse shippers for goods lost on the road. Goods in car-load lots may go marked in cipher as heretofore, as it is not difficult to deliver a car at the point to which it is billed.

Among the sincere mourners at the death of the late Secretary of State, John Hay, there were none who felt more keenly the loss of a friend than did the Jews. They have not forgotten. The other day, at a convention of the Independent Order B'nai B'rith, resolutions were adopted to erect in Washington a suitable monument to Mr. Hay. The thing for which the Jews venerate the great Secretary's memory is his action at the time when the Kishinev massacres stirred the whole world to horror. The B'nai B'rith requested Mr. Hay to forward a petition to the Russian government; and although Mr. Hay was definitely, but unofficially, informed that it could not be received, he went ahead, and the representations he made are believed to have done much to check the massacres.

If within the range of possibilities, a sure and speedy solution of a very practical problem should be found—the problem of labor on the farm. It is discussed year after year, but is oftener treated as a joke than as a serious problem bearing in the most direct way upon the prosperity of the country. We have succeeded in moving the bulk of what the harvest fields, gardens, orchards and vineyards have

yielded to such labor as could be had to gather their products. Transportation and money have not always been adequate, but have in the main met demands at the most pressing season of the year. The record is, however, that millions of dollars' worth of farm products have rotted in the field or been allowed to wither on trees and vines because the help to gather and market them was not to be had, even at the best prices ever offered for such service. It will be recalled that during one harvest time the farmers of Kansas adopted the shotgun policy and brought the hobos into camp, compelling them, for a time, at least, to earn their bread by the sweat of the brow. But this is not a plan to be considered, and in spite of what we have lately been referring to as our "army of the unemployed," the vexations problem now seems more difficult than ever before. The manufacturing interests are reviving and expanding. Public works are enlisting a larger army than ever. In consequence, the trouble of the farmer is even more acute this season than in previous seasons. The farmer labors under a handicap because he wants extra men but a few months in the year, because the job is a rush one, and because the demand for short hours is not conceded when there is a question of saving crops. They mean the wealth of the nation, and some way will have to be found to harvest and market them without the heavy loss which we annually sustain.



THE FAMILY DOCTOR

The prolongation of life. "Why we grow old is a problem which many scientists have tried to solve. The fact that we do grow old is incontestable, and the changes in the tissues that come with increasing age are known to physiologists, but what causes these changes, and whether they are the cause or the result of old age, science has been unable to show.

We know that the process of aging is a hardening process. The soft and yielding structures, the arteries and the cartilages, stiffen with age; the juicy tissues dry up, and fibrous materials, or those containing lime, strangle or take the place of the structures which are concerned in the vital processes.

Some believe that it is simply a wearing-out process, and that the body is used up by work just as an engine is, or a watch. But this is no explanation, for a living machine which has within itself the power of regeneration, as the animal body has, is not comparable to a machine of lifeless material, which, friction wears away and which cannot be automatically renewed.

The cause of old age in the tissues is a gradual loss of the power of regeneration. As the cells wear out with use they can no longer be replaced by other cells of the same sort which are able to do the same work, but their place is filled by fibrous material which is incapable of doing the work necessary to nutrition and vital action.

This explains the process of growing old, but gives no hint as to the cause. One of the most recent theories proposed to account for this fatal change in the body is that of Prof. Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute in Paris. He says that there is a constant warfare going on between the cells of the body—the "noble" cells, such as those of the brain, the walls of the arteries, and the various organs, on the one hand, and those of lower order, the "phagocytes" or eating cells, on the other. The noble cells are always on the defensive, and so long as they are well nourished they are able to resist the attacks of their enemies. But within the large intestine are numbers of bacteria constantly creating poisons which weaken the resisting power of these noble cells. The remedy is to lessen the production of these poisons by attacking the bacilli which make them.

This Prof. Metchnikoff proposes to do by introducing harmless bacteria into the intestine to take the place of the injurious ones. He says that among these harmless bacilli are the lactis acid bacilli—those which are present in sour milk; and he advocates, therefore, the daily drinking of buttermilk. His theory is simple, but he himself is not so simple as to regard buttermilk as the elixir of life. He maintains only that the use of sour milk helps to prolong life by preventing the formation of poisons which shorten it.—Youth's Companion.

Ink on Leather. For ink spots on leather chairs wash the spots with milk, renewing the milk till it is no longer stained and the spot on the leather has disappeared. Then wash the leather with warm water, and when dry polish it with a very little linsed oil and vinegar mixed in equal parts. The ink stain should be removed as quickly as possible, for if allowed to dry and harden it is doubtful whether you will ever be able to entirely remove it.

It Took Everything. Naylor—Sorry to hear you had scarlet fever at your house. That's a bad disease. They say it usually leaves you with something.

Popey—Hub! It isn't likely to leave me with anything, judging from the doctor's bill.—Philadelphia Press.

A Better Authority. Young Husband—My dear Jimmie, I must say that this pudding tastes very bad.

When all the neighbors unite in saying, "What a good time she has in life," you can bet your last cent "she" is either a spin or a widow.

Getting rich quick is as difficult as it is dangerous and exciting.

Sermons of the Week

Faith. Without faith man cannot be what he ought to be in this world, much less the one that is to come.—Rev. F. W. Hinitz, Presbyterian, Danville, Ky.

Churches and Saloons. The churches stand as the outward symbol of the Christian religion; the saloons, as the gateway to perdition.—Rev. J. A. Henry, Baptist, Los Angeles.

Divine Power. Nothing less than the power of God can save the world. If we are saved at all we are saved by divine power.—Bishop J. M. Walden, Methodist, Cincinnati.

The Christian. If we compare every Christian with the Mohammedans or other heathen religions it does not always result with credit to the Christian.—Bishop Earl Craunton, Methodist, Washington.

Family Life. God did not place man in this world to live alone. He needs the companionship of his fellow man. So God placed him first in the family with all the privileges and blessings, and at the same time with all the responsibilities of family life.—Rev. Charles E. Craik, Episcopal, Louisville.

The Burden Bearer. The church stands for a perpetual promise to lighten all the burdens of human life. Whether the burden be of poverty or of sickness or of sin, the church should serve to lighten it till it is not merely less grievous, but till it has entirely rolled away.—Rev. Henry I. Cushman, Universalist, Providence.

Heirs. From generation to generation are transmitted talents or traits of character, for children are heirs. Life is more than label—call the vulture a dove, still it is a vulture; call the nightingale an owl, but the nightingale will still saturate the night with melody almost divine. As many as are led by God are the sons of God.—Bishop L. B. Wilson, Baltimore.

Social Clubs. Social clubs should not be considered in an essential factor in church life, nor should they be considered as a feeder, for my observation is that they fail to feed either the young people into the church, or church principles into them.—Rev. Harry E. Ghehrst, Unitarian, New Orleans.

The Lyching Evil. Our courts can aid in educating the people against the lyching evil by expediting trials. People have lost confidence in the sacred emine and sanctity of law, which has become partly in excuse for this relic of savagery in America.—Rev. E. W. Caswell, Methodist, New York City.

The Gospel. The Gospel is the power of God, the means by which God employs His power to save this world. There is no limit to His means in working for the salvation of mankind, and He never allows any of these means to go to waste.—Bishop J. M. Walden, Methodist, Cincinnati.

Divinity of Christ. The strongest evidence of the divinity of Christ is that He taught men the only adequate and satisfactory conception of God which has ever been brought to this world. More than all prophecies and all miracles this proclaims Him to be the only begotten son—God manifest in the flesh.—Rev. William H. Crawford, Methodist, Allegheny.

Ministry of the Church. The ministry of the church will fit all needs and all conditions, if she can only find men filled with her spirit to carry her message and to do her work. Out of the armory, where are stored the well-ried weapons of her spiritual warfare, we may find that fitted to our need which has won many a victory.—Bishop Edwin S. Lines, Episcopalian, Newark, N. J.

Liberty. In 1793 man knew what liberty meant. They had just been pouring out their blood for it. In 1793 men knew, or were beginning to know, what was the true denotation of national life, national promise and eventual destiny. All the lessons so painfully acquired meant moral nerve and exalted ambition in the hearts of all the people.—Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, Presbyterian, New York City.

Temperance. The present dignity of man demands temperance that he may not drag the image and likeness of God in the filth and mire of the streets; his family relations demand it; his civic duties demand it, that he may keep his promises as a dutiful citizen, which a drunkard is not—that he may obey the laws which bind his conscience and external acts.—Rev. George I. Conlan, Roman Catholic, Newark.

Old Fashioned Gospel. We do not need a new gospel or a new theology or a new religion. The old fashioned gospel that comforted the hearts of our dear parents when we were wild and reckless, that helped them to endure the care and trials of life and landed them safe in glory, that helped premier and president in times of national disorders, that changes the vilest sinner into the humblest saint, that comforts the sick and sorrowing, is a gospel that all need, and a gospel that none can improve.—Rev. F. W. Cox, Presbyterian, Providence.

The Biter Was Bitten. First Card Shark—How did you happen to let that greenhorn aka you? Second Ditto—He told me he was going from Detroit to Chicago, so I let him win as far as Ypsilanti. He got off there.—Detroit Free Press.

Saw for Himself. A man carrying a looking glass said to a newsboy, "Come here and look into this glass and you will see a donkey." "How did you find that out?" retorted the boy.—London Express.

FLAG HEROINE NOW PRONOUNCED A MYTH.



Betsy Ross never was fired with patriotic zeal in making an American flag and George Washington never leaned over her watching the nimble fingers sew the first stars and stripes. The chairman of the Philadelphia committee on marking historic places has so reported. The Betsy Ross house once contained a seamstress of that name, but, according to the Philadelphia committee, "she would have been fired with about the same amount of patriotic zeal in sewing Old Glory as she would have found in darning a pair of socks." The above picture, which has done duty for a century, is also called a fake.

COINS AND FACES ON THEM.

Features of Rulers Abroad, Here the Emblem of Liberty. Coins of most of the nations bear upon their faces the faces of their rulers. In the United States each coin has an emblem of Liberty. The first coins struck after the formation of the federal union bore the face of George Washington. General Washington disapproved of the custom and it was dropped. It has never been revived.

Portraits of prominent Americans appear upon postage stamps, internal revenue stamps and paper money, but never on coins. And it has been the custom to use no portraits of living men even on the currency and the stamps.

In England as soon as King Edward succeeded Queen Victoria the Queen's face gave way to that of Edward on all the coins and stamps in the British empire. The accession of a new ruler in most monarchies means an instant change in the designs of the coins.

But there is an exception to the rule of no portraits on American coins. The emblem of Liberty on the 1-cent coin is the goddess in an American Indian headdress, but the face shows no characteristics of the North American aborigine.

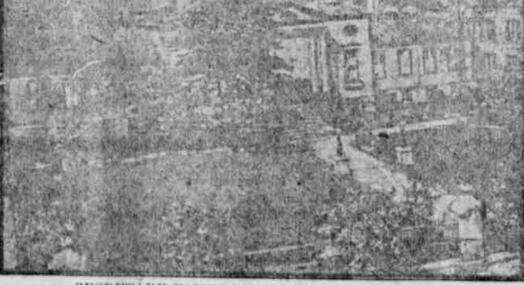
It is the face of a little girl, Sarah Longacre Keen, upon whose head was placed the feathered ornament of a Sioux Indian. Her father was an engraver and he placed his daughter's head on the coin.

Sarah Longacre Keen died in Philadelphia not long after having served thirty-five years as the secretary of her city's branch of the Methodist Women's Foreign Missionary Society.

Taft's Headquarters.

Will Hold Open Court at His Brother's Home in Cincinnati. Secretary Taft will make his headquarters at the home of his half-brother, C. P. Taft, in Cincinnati. The latter is one of the wealthiest men in that city and was the unofficial manager of the Secretary's campaign for the presidential nomination.

SECRETARY TAFT'S POLITICAL HEADQUARTERS.



of the most beautiful in the State and contains one of the finest art collections in the country. It will, while serving as headquarters of his brother, the Secretary, be the Mecca of tens of thousands who will journey to Cincinnati.

HORSE MEETS HIS MASTER.

Former Trooper of 11th Cavalry Shows Him After Struggle. With eyes flashing, nostrils distended, ears laid back, mouth open and whiskers standing sharply on end, Satan, a vicious horse, gave desperate battle with a brave blacksmith yesterday afternoon, says the Des Moines Register and Leader. Satan determined he would not be shod; the blacksmith shod him single-handed, but in the tus-

he had his left hand literally crushed. Several bones were broken and the smith suffered excruciating pain. The name of the smith is H. W. Brown, a former trooper in Troop D, Eleventh Cavalry, who was discharged here and took up his trade with Vroman.

Satan is a beauty; a little sorrel weighing scarcely more than 1,200 pounds, plump and full of ginger and fire. Satan has always rebelled savagely against the iron shoe. His very name was given him on this account. He has never been known to let a smith shoe him without being bound by leather straps until he could not move. Brown is a wiry soldier, erect and bold.

Legal Information

The report of the case of Copp v. Copp, 68 Atlantic Reporter, 458, decided by the supreme judicial court of Maine, discloses an attempt on the part of a wife to collect from her husband on a claim for labor as cook in his logging camp. Plaintiff also sought to establish a lien on certain logs. The court held that no judgment could be obtained by a wife against her husband, and sustained a demurrer to the declaration.

Plaintiff, in the case of Buchanan v. Stout, decided by the appellate division of the New York supreme court, 109 New York Supplement, 96, recovered judgment on a trial in the municipal court for injuries resulting from shock and distress of mind caused by seeing a pet cat mangled by defendant's dog. Plaintiff herself was secure in her room, and suffered no physical injury whatever. The supreme court reversed the decision of the municipal court, and held that no cause of action was shown.

In the interrogation of Mr. Harriman during an investigation by the commerce commission, he refused to answer the questions asked him concerning his operations. In Interstate Commerce Commission v. Harriman et al., 157 Federal Reporter, 432, it was contended that Congress had no power to make such investigation or to delegate any such power to the commission. The United States circuit court held that respondents should be compelled to answer the questions propounded, saying: "No person or company can escape in any commercial occupation without capital, and the management and investment thereof is as much a commercial instrumentality as is a locomotive or an engineer, and the power of Congress extends over all instrumentalities of commerce is no longer doubtful. To me it seems clear that financial regulation of corporations engaged in interstate commerce is a regulation of that commerce by regulating its most potent instrumentality."

MEDIAEVAL POMP FOR KAISER.

Herald, Squire and Bedizened Pageants at 18th Century Ceremony. Emperor William gratified his love for the pomp and show of feudal times at the dedicating of the restored Hohen-Koenigsburg, one of the most ancient castles in lower Alsace, says a New York World dispatch from Strasbourg. The restoration cost \$550,000.

The emperor and empress, accompanied by a brilliant suite, arrived there from Vienna for the ceremony, which was designed with elaborate regard for the customs of many centuries ago, the castle dating back to the thirteenth century.

It passed into the possession of the emperor in 1804, and since then it has been in process of restoration under the direction of Prof. Bode Ehardt, the recognized authority on ancient castles.

Other antiquarians find fault with the restoration, claiming it does not truly represent the castle as it stood in the days of feudal splendor. The castle, however, experienced several architectural changes in bygone centuries. In 1462 it was partly destroyed by the bishop of Strasbourg. It was restored, but in 1633 it again suffered when it was bombarded and burned by the Swedes.

Wednesday's ceremony was most brilliant. In front of the castle gates a medieval tent was pitched from which the emperor, the empress and their guests watched the historical entry of the brothers Von Sickingen, when the latter received the castle from the imperial warden, of whom, in other words, the castle passed from imperial into private possession.

Trumpets sounded a fanfare, the castle gates were opened, and from the forest at the foot of the hill came a herald, who recited a prologue. Then a procession marched up the hill and passed before the emperor into the courtyard. The three brothers Von Sickingen, on magnificently caparisoned palfreys, rode at the head, followed by a squire bearing their standard with blunderbuses, two-handed swords and long pikes of the period, pieces of artillery from the thirty years' war, forage carts, ammunition wagons, camp followers, squires and huntsmen.

Extraordinary care had been taken to reproduce exactly the uniforms and accoutrements of medieval German soldiery and many of the weapons carried were originals from private collections.

After a banquet in the Hall of the Burg, at which the emperor presided, the procession reformed and marched through the gayly decorated streets of Schlettstadt.

MEXICO CITY POLICE.

Street Lanterns that Keep Them Vigilant at Night. "When I visited Mexico," said an artist, "I found innumerable things of interest, but that which gained my notice particularly was the police system. In the City of Mexico the police at night are stationed at short intervals apart in the street. Each policeman has a lantern, which is placed on a stand in the center of the street. It is his duty to remain in easy striking distance of the lantern at all times, so that he will be on hand in case of an emergency.

"Any person who is able to reach the lamp and lift it from its hook before the policeman interferes is entitled to a reward of \$500. Any policeman who loses his lantern is subject to instant and dishonorable dismissal. This is to insure constant vigilance on their part and to require their presence at a certain point at all times. At first I regarded the thing as a joke, and I tried to get possession of the police lantern. But then I found that I was greatly mistaken. Not once, although I exercised extreme caution, was I quick enough for the policeman on watch.

"The City of Mexico is one of the best policed communities in the world. Policemen are always on hand when

one requires them, and it is virtually impossible for desperadoes to operate in the open."—New York Telegram.

THE BUSY KAISER.

Hardly a Thing in the Empire Escapes His Attention. Emperor William is the busiest man in Germany. Temporarily, I take it, President Roosevelt resembles him much, but the Kaiser is the more versatile of the two, says a writer in Everybody's. If there is anything going on in the empire that the Kaiser does not find an opportunity to take a look at, it has escaped the notice of those who watch him closely. He reviews all public findings, supervises all architecture, lectures everybody and is a general all-around Little Father in every sense of the term.

When they want to illustrate his ceaseless activity as well as his restless power they tell the story of the star above the cross on the spire of the Emperor William Memorial Church. This is the tale as it was told to me: Of course, the Kaiser insisted on revising the plans of the church. That is one of his fondest prerogatives—revising everything and especially plans. The architect brought the plans to him, and the Kaiser scratched out what he didn't like and made such additions as he fancied before he gave them the imperial O. K. The church was built. There was to be a big gilt cross on the spire, and it appeared in its proper place. But, much to the general astonishment, when the cross was put up a large many-pointed gold star was raised above it, on a heavy rod. The Berliners could not understand the star. They inquired. The architect said the Kaiser had added the star to the plans. The plans were examined. Then it was found that, in revising them, the Kaiser had let fall a drop of ink from his pen, which hit the paper just above the cross. The architect studied a long time over this blot of ink. His Teutonic mind grappled with the problem for weeks. There was no appeal. There could be no inquiries. He finally decided the blot of ink signified a star above the cross, and he put the star there, making it to correspond as nearly as possible with the outlines of the block. The star is still there.

A SUICIDE'S HAND.

The Queer Superstition that Used to Prevail in England. In former times it was a common notion that if a sick person could only touch the hand of a suicide he or she would be cured. This superstition was especially common in the west of England. In Cornwall touching a suicide's hand was said to have once cured a young man who had been afflicted with many tumors from his birth. A similar superstition regarding the touch of executed criminals has been widely prevalent and has often been recorded.

Work of the Farmer.

The countless millions of our population are fed and clothed by the American farmer. The grain waving in golden beauty upon the great plains of the West, the cotton drifting like summer snow upon the fields of the South, freight the fleets of nations and loose their sails, thread the continents with track of steel, fill the earth with the roar of trains and heap for trade and commerce and useful art those stores that make a nation great. Where are the sheaves of our strength if they are not found in our great, diversified agricultural products? What victorious hosts ever waved as joyous banners as those that float above the tasseléd maize from the snows of Maine to the splay groves of California? What spirit of beauty hovers above Southern fields when fleecy bolts unroll to crown "King Cotton"?—Hon. Ezekiel C. Candler, Jr., of Mississippi, in House of Representatives.

A Lucky Horseshoe.

The Australians, when they find a horseshoe, throw it over their shoulder. A lady in Sydney found one and threw it gracefully over her shoulder. It went through a hatter's window and hit a customer who was trying on a new hat. The gentleman, under the impression that one of the shopmen in a fit of temporary insanity had played the trick, promptly struck him and sent him through the plate glass window. A general melee ensued, although on consideration nobody knew what it was all about.

The White Evening Waistcoat. Anything that breaks through the gloomy, funereal, walttered aspect of male evening dress is to be commended. But practically, as a general rule, the white evening waistcoat cannot be effectively worn much after the age of 21. Black, it is well known, diminishes the proportions, but white undoubtedly increases them. I see men whom I have hitherto considered to be slim appear in white evening waistcoats and look absolutely corpulent.—London Graphic.

A Good Reason.

Pearl—They thought at first they would be married in Holland. Ruby—And what changed their minds? Pearl—Why, they heard that old shoes in Holland weighed from two to six pounds each.

A Contradiction.

Although a woman's age is undeniably her own, she does not always own it.