

Dakota County Herald

DAKOTA CITY, NEB.

JOHN H. REAM, - - - Publisher

The head that wears the crown is doing some more uneasy lying.

One great trouble with flying is that the earth is such a solid thing to fall off.

Buffaloes are quoted at \$1,000 a head. Is the best trust secured control of the buffalo market?

Canadian author has written a book called "The Dungeon," with the idea, perhaps, that it will be a good cellar.

If those three airships prove their ability to sail across the English Channel, where will Britain's "walls of oak" get off at?

King Edward, it has been announced, is out of debt. Like the village blacksmith, he can now look the whole world in the face.

A strong suspicion exists that the sick man of Europe never will be well until he picks up and goes over to Asia, where he properly belongs.

Americans, declares Prof. Zuehlke, prefer the exclusive to the common life. The man who owns a motor car will be inclined to deny this assertion.

When the Englishman heard that Chicago's smoke nuisance is greater than that of London they will put it down as nothing but another Yankee boast.

Mr. Edison may be taking a physical rest, but his imagination appears to be working overtime when he predicts that we will fly to the north pole in forty minutes.

A Chicago man is said to be afraid to inherit \$1,000,000. He should overcome his fears, for even when one has a million the ownership of an automobile is not compulsory.

It is said there are more blonde criminals than any other. Still, blondes who have managed for a lifetime to keep out of jail need not give themselves unnecessary worry.

Mr. Edison thinks the present type of aeroplane will not be the flying machine of the future. At the proper time Mr. Edison will drop a few guarded hints as to the future airship.

In a recent football game between teams representing two eastern colleges, seventeen players were knocked unconscious. Yet there are people who become excited over the danger of war in the Balkans.

King Edward has paid off all the debts he incurred when he was the Prince of Wales. This is highly creditable to his majesty, but with a life-long job and a good salary how could he have done otherwise?

The publishers of John D. Rockefeller's forthcoming story of his life advertise that Mr. Rockefeller does not indulge in any moralizing or arguing. "He merely tells how it happened," says the advertisement, "and lets the reader draw his own conclusions." In view of the fact that the reader has his conclusions all drawn now, this is probably a sensible course for the autobiographer to take.

A year ago, when times were hard, eastward-bound steamers were crowded with foreigners who had lived for a time in this country, but were returning to their native land, many of them intending to stay there. When the big Cunarder, Lusitania, came into New York the other day, it had on board seven hundred Swedish immigrants, six hundred and thirty of whom had gone home last fall. Many of them had not intended to come back, but nearly all of them, when questioned, declared that they had returned because they found that they "could not live in the American way" on the other side; and they had become accustomed to the freedom and the luxuries of American life.

It will be thirty years in December since the death of the woman who is supposed to have founded the collar industry in Troy, New York. As twenty thousand persons are engaged in making collars and cuffs there, and as the city produces nearly nine-tenths of the collars and cuffs made in this country, it is evident that the distinction of starting the business is considerable. It seems that Orlando Montague, a Troy shoe manufacturer, was scrupulously neat, and that his wife found the labor of washing his shirts burdensome. The shirts of the time had the collars and cuffs attached, as have many shirts to-day. To avoid washing the whole shirt when only the collar was soiled, Mrs. Montague made detachable linen bands tied round the neck with tapes. Under this arrangement her husband could put on a clean collar every morning and every evening without compelling her to spend too much time over the wash tub. Her neighbors followed her example, and the demand for such collars was so great that a Methodist minister, who kept a notion store in town, soon employed several women to make them, while he peddled them from house to house. Mr. Montague saw that the business might be profitable, and opened a collar factory, where his wife's invention was developed and exploited. Unlike many inventors, Mrs. Montague, through the prosperity of her husband, profited by her discovery.

Another expedition in search of treasure lost in the Spanish main in the days of the galleon and the freebooter has come to grief. This time it was a party of five old Harvard men who blithely set forth in the former cup defender Mayflower, with divers and all the paraphernalia necessary to penetrate the hold of a sunken treasure ship and recover enough doubloons and bullion to place the gold reserve on an impregnable basis. About the time the treasure seekers set sail it

was reported that a swarthy crew of Jolly Rogers who wore the blue of old Yale had chartered a low, rakish craft to trail the Mayflower. With cutlasses and pikes, and not forgetting the barrel of rum, these bold pirates planned to let the sons of Harvard perform the hard and dangerous work of recovering the fabulous treasure; then a shot across the bows, boarders over the side with cutlasses in teeth, five wearers of the crimson walking the plank, a scuttled Mayflower, and then a scot to the fastnesses of some West Indian coral bay to divide the booty. But there was no chance for the amateur Captain Kidds and Morgans to carry out their part of the joke; it has been far from a joke with the original treasure seekers. A hurricane came up, and the Mayflower is now a dismantled derelict somewhere in the gulf stream, while the party of five, together with the seven members of the crew who were rescued from the battered bulk, to which they had clung for forty-eight hours, have been landed at the port of Baltimore by a Norwegian tramp steamer. Treasure trove has a seemingly irresistible fascination for the adventurous. It also excites the cupidity of those who are not adventurers, and a promoter, it was announced a few days ago, proposes to capitalize that fact by floating a million dollars of stock in a corporation to recover about \$50,000,000 worth of gold from a vessel that foundered some hundred years ago at a spot that has been "exactly located." Every school boy knows that the ghost of the lamented Captain Kidd stalks to protect his ill-gotten hidden wealth, for which vain search has been made. Now, it's just as certain that the spooks of other freebooters and mariners who sailed the Spanish main are on guard. They resent the penetration of their sentimental past in this day of steam and gasoline, except by the delvers of the pen, who find fiction's most thrilling field in that romantic era; and they make the hurricane blow as a warning to those who would disturb the mysteries of Davy Jones' locker. If you are not superstitious enough to believe it just powder the net results of last treasure seeking in real life.



Heart-Strain.
The heart is a long-suffering and patient organ, and fortunate it is that this is so, for even the gentlest or the laziest person puts burdens on it that any less obliging organ would resent to the extent of quitting work.

The digestive organs do this sometimes, and the result is much suffering for the time being; but when the quarrel is patched up, and the offender consents to abuse these useful and necessary parts of the body, life goes on as before.

The heart cannot stop work for a minute, for if it should life would end at once; and so human nature presumes upon its knowledge of this, and puts all sorts of difficult tasks upon the heart.

There is a limit, however, that cannot be exceeded, especially by those who have passed the fortieth mile-post, without risk, if not of instant death, at least of chronic invalidism.

The heart is a muscular bag, divided into four compartments, the function of which is to pump the blood to all parts of the body, which it does by the regular contraction of its walls. In health and under normal conditions this pumping action goes on regularly and quietly, but when an impediment is offered to the flow of blood in the arteries, such as occurs during active exercise or under the stress of some strong mental emotion, such as grief, anger, or great joy, the muscular wall must contract more forcibly.

If the opposing force continues beyond a certain time, the heart gets tired, and its cavities dilate a little, while its action grows more rapid. The sign of this is shortness of breath. Young athletes, by a course of judicious "training," gradually strengthen the heart muscle so that it is able to meet the strain and overcome it by more forcible contractions. In youth, also, the organ is elastic, and readily returns to its normal size, even in the absence of "training," as soon as the strain is reduced.

In later life, however, this elasticity disappears, and a severe tax on the organ, such as bicycling up-hill, running, or even a strenuous game of tennis, when one is "soft," may result in a dilatation which is not reduced readily, or which may even persist as a crippled heart, making its owner more or less of a permanent invalid.

Every person over 50 should avoid severe physical strains of all kinds. He should exercise regularly—walking is the best kind of exercising for the heart—but he should avoid unusual feats of running, bicycling or even horseback riding, such as the army officers are now subjected to, if he would keep his heart in condition to last as long as the other organs—up to 80 or 100 years, which is the natural limit of a well-spent life.—Youth's Companion.



KAISER AS A MATCHMAKER.

Plans to Marry His Only Daughter to Heir to Austria-Hungary.

Interesting reports are about to be effect that the Kaiser has his eye upon the young man who will some day be emperor of Austria and king of Hungary as the future husband of his only daughter, the 16-year-old Princess Victoria Louise. The scion of royalty who is the object of this alleged august matrimonial plan is the Archduke Karl Franz Joseph, grandnephew of the reigning emperor, Francis Joseph, says the Berlin correspondent of the New York Times.

Young Karl Franz, who is just 21, is the eldest son of the late Archduke Otto Franz Joseph, brother of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, who inherits the Austro-Hungarian throne when the present aged monarch dies. Archduke Karl Franz is directly in the line of succession because the Archduke Franz Ferdinand has renounced his right of succession for his own children, in consequence of his marriage with Princess von Hohenberg.

Confirmation of the reports as to the German Kaiser's plans for his daughter is naturally difficult to secure, but the Viennese are persuaded that his majesty had them definitely in mind when he took his daughter along to Vienna last May, on the occasion of the congratulatory jubilee visit of the German ruling sovereigns.

Archduke Karl Franz Joseph lately finished one year's service as lieutenant in a German Hussar Regiment. Princess Victoria Louise, although not a pretty girl, is said to be growing up to be an exceedingly sweet and talented young woman, who, as the only daughter in a family of six sons, is the constant chum of her mother, the empress.

QUEER STORIES

The Nishi Trading Company of Japan does a \$100,000,000 business with Europe, Australia, America and Asia.

In London more fires occur on Saturday than on any other day of the week, and more in August and December than in any other months.

After twenty-five years of operation of the Postal Savings Bank of India the depositors number 1,390,220 and the deposits amount to \$49,223,283.

Merchants in South America complain that manufacturers in the United States are too often inclined to "unload" undesirable goods on them.

There are now over 250,000 words in the English language acknowledged by the best authorities, or about 70,000 more than in the German, French, Spanish and Italian languages combined.

Among the latest horticultural products exhibited in England is a rose so dark as to be almost black. Many gardeners are eagerly trying to get a blue rose; success in this line means a fortune.

There is a difference between the fire departments of London and of New York City. The London department costs 10 cents a year for each inhabitant, while the department of New York costs \$1.75 for each New Yorker.

The amount of whalebone taken annually does not now exceed 25,000 pounds. The largest part of this is taken by the whalers sailing out of ports on the Pacific coast. A few years ago the amount taken was as much as 500,000 pounds annually.

A party of some thirty men, formerly sailors on the Russian cruiser Knaz Potemkin, who have been employed in the petroleum factories in Roumania, have fled to Canada. It will be remembered that the crew of the Knaz Potemkin mutinied and many of the men took refuge in Roumania.

The average resistance of the human body from the feet to the hands, when the soles of the shoes are saturated with water and the hands are wet, is about 5,000 ohms, and may be represented approximately by the resistance of a copper wire about one-two-hundred-and-fifty-fourth of an inch in diameter and 7,710 feet in length.

Dr. Ida Kahn, a Chinese woman physician, who took her degree several years ago from the University of Michigan, has returned to this country to take a post-graduate course in Johns Hopkins. Miss Kahn is a missionary for the Methodist Episcopal church and opened the city of Nanchang to missionaries after it had been forbidden ground for some time. She accomplished this by curing the wife of Tatal Tao, the mayor.

John W. Gates looms up rather large across the water than he does at home. This from a London newspaper: "Our Washington correspondent telegraphs that John W. Gates, the sporting millionaire, is constructing a golf course that is to cost \$1,000,000. His race course will cost three times as much and his automobile track, fifty yards wide, thirty-four miles long and constructed entirely of concrete, will mean an expenditure of \$4,000,000."

How to Fill Up Holes in Wood.

It sometimes becomes necessary to fill up cracks or dents in the fine woodwork, furniture, floors, etc. The following is the best way of doing it: White (tissue) paper is steeped and thoroughly softened in water and by thorough kneading with glue transformed into a paste and by means of ocher (earth colors) colored as nearly as possible to the shade of the wood. To the paste calcined magnesite is then added, and it is forced into the cracks or very finely to the wood and after drying retains its smooth surface.

So it is.

Teacher—If a vehicle with two wheels is a bicycle and one with three wheels a tricycle, what is one with only one wheel?

Scholar—A wheelbarrow.—Illustrated Bits.

When two men are life long friends, each man thinks it is largely due to his forbearance.

POSTMASTER FOR 47 YEARS.

G. W. L. Smith of Smith's Basin, N. Y., Holds This Record.

The oldest postmaster in New York State and perhaps the oldest in point of continuous service in the United States is George W. L. Smith of Smith's Basin, Washington County, a little town with a population of less than 200, situated on the Champlain canal, says the New York Sun. Postmaster Smith was appointed April 19, 1831, by Montgomery Blair, postmaster general during Lincoln's first term, and has survived all the Democratic administrations since that time.

Before his appointment as postmaster Smith had served as clerk in the postoffice for ten years, giving him fifty-seven years of continuous service. Smith has really served the postoffice department one year less than James G. Kerr, an octogenarian who is now employed in the office of the superintendent of the mails in Chicago, but Kerr has never risen to the dignity of being boss of a postoffice.

Smith's success in clinging to his job through the Democratic years was said to have been due partly to the fact that there were no Democrats in Smith's Basin who had the heart to terminate the veteran's long service and partly to President Cleveland's inclination to do so. Smith's Basin is as proud of the postmaster's record as he is, and once when an unsympathetic Democrat started a petition for Postmaster Smith's job everybody else in town signed one asking that Smith be retained.

When Smith first went to work in the little Washington County postoffice every letter was recorded, waybilled and wrapped separately, and every three months the postmaster had to send a record to Washington of each letter that left his office in that time. Now the veteran receives and sends out eight daily mails and has two rural delivery routes to look after.

Mr. Kerr, whose record is a year longer, was born in 1828 and became a mail clerk when he was 21, serving first in Painesville, Ohio, where his uncle was postmaster. He was sent from one city to another until he finally landed in Washington just prior to the Civil War. After establishing posts to take care of the mail for soldiers in parts of the south conquered by the union army he ran the first railway mail service south of Mason and Dixon's line. He went to the Chicago postoffice in 1876 and for the last thirty-two years has been correcting the galley mail proofs for the Chicago newspapers.

HE "BESTED" THE PARSON.

Lord Bacon is the author of a dictum that for a child it is probably no harder to die than to be born. This saying comes to the mind when one reads the account in the Spectator of the death of Jesse Pearce, a gloomy old bachelor who raised fine cows. For some years he had entertained a strong dislike of the village parson, with whom he had had difficulty over a piece of land. "Ess," said his old housekeeper, "he'm gone, and parson didn't bury 'em, for he'd gone furrin; so parson from Stoke parish did put 'em in the dirt. Measter, a did always say, 'A wunt' be they fellow to put 'em in the dirt when I be carried out by town and fed foremost,' a said.

"The land yer mine," said he, "and parson he had'n' no right to 'em, but I did best 'em," a said.

"So parson, he ver' gone somewhere, girl ways off, when measter took sick, an' he says, 'Sarah,' says he, 'I'll best 'em yet. I did best 'em over the land, and I'll best 'em to my buryin',' says he, 'an' after that he didn't take no more heed.

"Backs of pain he ver' in, but a didn't cry out for naught, an' when I see the poor nose of 'em so brown's a razor, and him so like in the face to's brother that did die thirty year back, I did know how 'twould go. But a never cried out, only did pluck at sheet and speak low to himself.

"My cow, a did say, 'my dear beauty, A shan't never see her no more,' an' the tears did run down over's cheeks. For he did love they cow, look, so well's a Christian, and wouldn't never let none milk her but I, for I did sing to she when I did milk, so milk would come easy, an' measter, he did set they cow above any o's kin.

"An' there he did fret, the dear soul, that he shouldn't see her no more. Nor didn't, an' her a beauty, too. But he bested parson, did measter, an' I reckon that ver' a rare comfort to 'em."

ITALIAN TOBACCO CULTURE.

Results on Ferrara Experimental Farm Prove Satisfactory.

The results of the experiments of tobacco cultivation in the province of Ferrara, northeastern Italy, in 1906 and 1907, by the Societa Agricola La Codigoro, have been published, from which Consul D. R. Birch of Genoa has prepared the following summary:

An experimental field prepared in the commune of Codigoro in 1906 was limited to twelve and one-half acres of ground, but the necessary dryhouse erected was suitable for a much greater cultivation. The total expenditures for the trial exceeded 100,000 lire (\$20,000). The first experiment in 1906 was considered of much advantage, therefore, in 1907 the area of cultivation was increased to forty-two acres, situated in several different localities, according to the exact provisions included in the concession given by the government. The result of this second experiment, however, was not so good as that of the first year, but this partial failure is said to have been due to causes not connected with the question of the availability of the soil for tobacco culture.

It is announced that the project will not be abandoned, as faith in the possibilities of the soil of Italy is still strong enough to warrant further experiments. In fact, another company, known as Societa Grande Bonifica, has prepared about 300 acres of land for a much more extensive experiment in tobacco planting.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

PUBLIC SCHOOLS LACK INDUSTRIAL TRAINING.

By Andrew S. Draper.

The length of the school period and the productive value of the citizen are closely related. Individualism is the great basis of a nation's true strength and real culture.

Knowing this, we have seen that there is not sufficient articulation between the educational and the industrial systems of the country. We have seen the indefinite expansion of instruction and the unlimited multiplication of appliances leading to literary and professional and managing occupations without any real solitude about the vital industrial foundations of the nation's happiness and power. A situation manifestly unjust to the greater number, even unjust to those for whom it has done the most, has resulted.

Notwithstanding our boasted universality of educational opportunity, there has grown up an absurd hiatus in the educational system which denies the just rights of the wage-earning masses and grievously menaces the industrial efficiency and the material prosperity of the country. There should be an open chance for every American child. The influences of the schools must not lead boys who might become excellent cabinetmakers into being no-account lawyers and girls who might be first-class breadmakers into being fourth-class music teachers. The school system has grown deformed; it is one-sided and not broad enough at the base.

A GOOD HUSBAND'S HARD LOT.

By Louise Satterthwaite.

Sometimes, it seems to me, that worn and worried wives and mothers forget, or at least neglect to remember, that good husbands bear their equal half of the burden. A woman who runs a house and cares for children has no leisure; this is the truth; but the man who has to find every cent to pay for it all has no easy snap of it, either. A woman's work is never done, the old saying runs, and where there are children it truly is, never done; night as well as day the mother forever has the yoke upon her neck; a thousand trifling duties and exasperations pursue her like a cloud of midges. So, if she sometimes complains, who can blame her? Though there are thousands who never utter one word, but do their best always and cheerfully, so long as they live. But to the woman who believes that all that husband does is to go downtown and there while the hours away till it's eleven in jocosus freedom I would say that I would like her to really know what it means.

To many a man it means being virtually a slave. The mother, at least, while she may be slave to her work, can order it as it suits her; but the man who is servant of another must take what is said to him, obey orders and put pride and in many cases principle in his pocket. On such a husband rests always the haunting responsibility of maintaining the home. He can never forget that mother and children look to him and to him alone for bread and shelter and food. This burden is no slight one. He must stay for every day in the week in one room at one place, be it bright or dark, clean or

AIDS THOUSANDS OF MUTES.

London Rector Talks to 2,000 in His Church and Gives Needy Help.

London has 2,000 deaf and dumb persons who attend St. Saviour's Episcopal Church in Oxford street, the rector of the church is the Rev. F. W. Gibby, who, although not a deaf mute, is a son of parents thus afflicted. His congregation is mixed, including aristocrats and even bootblacks. He makes his signs as picturesque as possible, which action not only quickens the process of "speaking"

transplanted him to England, where he served under Nelson in the battle of the Nile.

The boy was French, son of the admiral of the French ship Orient, and that was the vessel that blew up with the immortal boy standing by the mainmast.

The boy's unconscious destroyer, Capt. Benjamin Halliwell was born in the old Boylston house still standing at the corner of Boylston and Center streets, in Jamaica Plain. The house

stood resolutely by the mainmast, though his father lay cold in death.

So much moved was the captain that he had a coffin made in the boy's honor out of the floating fragments of the Orient and sent it to his friend and patron, Lord Nelson, with the story of the boy's bravery, and expressing deep regret for the young hero's untimely end.

Nelson had the coffin placed in the cabin in remembrance of the boy, and Capt. Halliwell himself told the tale to the then widely known poet, Felicia Hemans. Her sympathies were immediately excited and she immortalized the boy in her sentimental but immortal verses, and she named him wisely, "Casabianca, White Soul."

RABBITS ARE HARD FIGHTERS.
Charge of Cowardice a Slander—Defeat of a Ferret.

Tell a man that he hasn't the pluck of a rabbit and if he doesn't disprove it by hitting you he is certain at any rate to be extremely annoyed, says Pearson's Weekly.

Yet the taunt is a libel on the rabbit. A doe rabbit will fight like fury in defense of her young. She will charge like a battering ram and use those long sharp incisors of hers to capital purpose.

An old buck rabbit is not to be lightly tackled by weasel, stoat or even ferret. On the sanded floor of a small public house near Chestnut a ferret of long experience was matched with an old lop-eared buck, the property of the landlord.

The ferret made straight for the rabbit's throat, but the latter was in the air before master terror could reach him, and leaping clean over the ferret's head let out with those powerful hind legs of his a kick which hurled the ferret bodily against the wainscot. Twice the ferret returned to the attack and twice he missed his grip and went hurrying through the air.

The third repulse was enough for him. He knew he was beaten and could not be persuaded to stand up for a fourth round.

Casualties Expected.
During one of Speaker Cannon's bitter political fights in his district in Illinois, the opposition resorted to desperate tactics. Among other things, friends of Uncle Joe were summarily dismissed from positions they held in the public service. Some of his friends became alarmed at this, and one of them called on the Speaker at his residence, and said somewhat excitedly:

"Joe, Smith and Jones have lost their positions in the postoffice. What are we going to do about it?"
Uncle Joe took another puff at his cigar and then answered, with a benevolent smile. "Nothing. If you go into a battle, you have got to expect to have some dead and wounded."

The Bitter Bit.
Hewitt—Who was that fellow who in a fit of absent mindedness tried to light his cigar from the electric light?
Jewett—He's a joke writer who makes a specialty of jokes about countrymen blowing out the gas.—New York Press.

THE SENSATIONS OF YOUTH.

By G. Stanley Hall.

Young people need to tingle with sentiments, and the appetite for excitement and sensation is at its height in the teens. Here is where the principle of viciousness gives the teacher one of his chief opportunities and resources. Excitement the young must have, for feelings are now their life. If they cannot find it in the worthy, they are strongly predisposed to seek it in the grosser forms of pleasure.

Hence, every glow of esthetic appreciation, every thrill aroused by heroism, every pulse of religious aspiration weakens by just so much the potential energy of passion, because it has found its kinship equivalent in a higher form of expression. It is from this point of view that some of our German co-laborers have even gone so far as to advocate a carefully-selected course of love stories, chosen so as to bring out the most chivalric side of the tender passion at this age, when it is most plastic and capable of idealization; while others have advocated theater-going to selected plays, palpitating with life, action and adventure, that emotional tension may be discharged not merely harmlessly, but in an elevating way.—American Magazine.

VOTERS RESPONSIBLE FOR POLITICAL GRAFT.

By H. C. Loudenslager.

We will never have really pure politics in America until we devise some means for compelling voters to perform their duties. At the present time the percentage of men who shirk their responsibility, particularly at the primaries, is enormous. The result is that the political game in America is played too often only by an inferior class of citizens, who could easily be outwitted by good men. These defaulting good citizens who neglect their duty to the community are responsible for graft in public life, for bossism in States and cities and for practically every iniquity of American politics. This is a fact which is known to every practical politician and to every man who has ever run for public office. If they would do their duty we would have clean politics. We never will have clean politics until the exercise of the right of voting is made compulsory by every person who is entitled to cast a ballot.

READING THE SERVICE IN THE SIGN LANGUAGE.

was built in 1723 by the Boylston and afterward passed to the rabid royalist, Benjamin Halliwell, after whom the house was named.

The old man lived in Jamaica Plain long enough to make himself unpopular when the American revolution broke out. The son had been early sent to England for his education, and he became one of the seven American-born men to attain distinction in the British navy.

In the battle of the Nile Capt. Halliwell had command of the ship Swiftsure, which ran down the luckless Orient. When Capt. Halliwell gave the command for the French vessel to be blown up he knew nothing of the 13-year-old son of the French admiral, who foolishly, but heroically, obeyed his stern father's order, "Don't leave the vessel till I give you permission," and his "prout, though childish, form" graced the doomed vessel when she "with fragments strewn the sea."

Capt. Halliwell afterward heard the sad tale and was much moved by it. The boy called out three times in agony to his father, he learned, but

NOT A MYTH.
Story of "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck" Founded on Fact.

Few people know that the "Boy on the Burning Deck" is not a myth, but an actual fact, and still fewer know that the man who gave the order for the destruction of the vessel, on whose deck the aforesaid boy stood, was born in Jamaica Plain, and lived there till his royalist father, who objected strenuously to the American revolution,

transplanted him to England, where he served under Nelson in the battle of the Nile.

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By G. Stanley Hall.

Young people need to tingle with sentiments, and the appetite for excitement and sensation is at its height in the teens. Here is where the principle of viciousness gives the teacher one of his chief opportunities and resources. Excitement the young must have, for feelings are now their life. If they cannot find it in the worthy, they are strongly predisposed to seek it in the grosser forms of pleasure.

Hence, every glow of esthetic appreciation, every thrill aroused by heroism, every pulse of religious aspiration weakens by just so much the potential energy of passion, because it has found its kinship equivalent in a higher form of expression. It is from this point of view that some of our German co-laborers have even gone so far as to advocate a carefully-selected course of love stories, chosen so as to bring out the most chivalric side of the tender passion at this age, when it is most plastic and capable of idealization; while others have advocated theater-going to selected plays, palpitating with life, action and adventure, that emotional tension may be discharged not merely harmlessly, but in an elevating way.—American Magazine.