

The fool who rocks the boat is too often the one saved after the upsetting.

Solomon's temple has been found, but the plumbing is reported to be in bad condition.

The man who invented postal cards is dead. The postmistress ought to give him a monument.

What a national calamity it would be if the earthquakes in California had ruined the prune crops!

There is no danger that the czar of Russia will disarm. If he ever does his own subjects will get him.

A Denver scientist has rediscovered the planet Eros. He should be the next man to have a go at the north pole.

Water is not so cheap after all, when William K. Vanderbilt finds himself compelled to offer \$50,000 for a small pond.

Apparently the train robber sees no need for him to go west to grow up with the country. Illinois is good enough for him.

Alfonso is, indeed, leading poor old Spain a merry pace for progress. He is said to have learned to swear and to drink highballs.

Now that Yohe and Strong are safely away from American shores a strict quarantine ought to be established against them.

Some of the chauffeurs have apparently decided that it involves an unnecessary waste of time to go back and pick up the dead.

The water in Great Salt Lake has fallen six feet during the past eight years. There must be a hole in the bottom of the old thing.

Lord Kitchener is called the bravest man in the British army, but has never been able to summon up courage enough to get married.

Women have been mobbing women in the streets of Paris of late. And all over the matter of schools and religion. How the hair must have flown.

A Buffalo man was held up and robbed in his own back yard. This ought to be some consolation for those who are held up at the summer resorts.

When a preacher takes a woman by the hand, and says, "We missed you last Sunday," she feels that her faithful attendance at church has not been in vain.

The cholera epidemic in Egypt is so virulent that people die in five minutes after being stricken. These microbes must carry double-barreled shot-guns.

The warning that the Egyptian sphinx is crumbling to pieces gives American multimillionaires a new opportunity to contribute to a relic restoration fund.

In a dispatch from New York Gates' wealth is said to be only \$20,000,000. This is ridiculous. He wins more than that much every week at poker alone.

A great drawback to women making an unqualified success in business life is their inability to look on calmly while those who owe them large sums are doing the Dives act.

The esteemed Cleveland Plain Dealer says there is only one rhyme for "month," and gives it as "oneth." How about millionth, billionth, trillionth, and so on, neighbor?

Sarah Bernhardt admits that she is 58 years of age. But it must be said for her that she has not yet arrived at that point in life where most women begin to grow too stout.

Rose Coghlan has declared, in the Montana district court of Lewis and Clark county, her intention to become a citizen of the United States. We need all the good-looking citizens obtainable.

Whether the Baldwin-Ziegler expedition has been temporarily suspended or permanently abandoned, the north pole must do more or less dodging to keep out of Lieut. Peary's way in his final dash this season.

Since Kipling wrote "The Vampire" how many men, after a quarrel—in which they were, of course, to blame—have made sarcastic reference, either mental or oral, to "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair?"

The grave diggers in one of Chicago's cemeteries have struck. Still, the situation isn't as serious as it might be. Since the advent of the automobile scorcher it frequently happens that there isn't anything left to bury.

When Gens. Botha, Dewet and Delarey reach London, King Edward will grant them an audience. Had some such meetings been held before the South African war, instead of after, the world might have been spared a sorry spectacle.

The World Is Too Much with Us.

The world is too much with us, late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn!

—William Wordsworth.

Following Orders.

BY HAROLD HUME.
(Copyright, 1902, Dany Story Pub. Co.)
Dick had finally all the sentiment knocked out of him so far as the business was concerned. He had come to the great city and taken a position as reporter on the Screamer full of enthusiasm in the work and a determination to succeed, and he had spared neither time or energy to make good. He had been the first man down to report and last to go home, staying about long after he could have gone in the hope of catching a late emergency assignment. He had sought hard assignments which the older reporters dodged.

He had not minded the sneers of his colleagues, but it had jolted his faith when the powers that were, utterly ignored his faithfulness and placed it not to his credit at all. Dick felt the injustice of it keenly, but the first real blow came when he had spent four days and nights on an elopement story and had fallen down while the Thunder had all the details on the first page—secured, he afterward ascertained, by wire from the Kansas City correspondent and rewritten in the office to make it appear a local story. He attempted to explain to the city editor, but was cut short.

"I don't care a rap why you didn't get it. The fact remains that you didn't. You fell down and that's all there is to it. Results are what count, and what I want is stories, not explanations." This made Dick blind with fury, inasmuch as he would have willingly given up his day off to work on the story. The final crash came when he was sent out on a big financial story and found a lead which seriously reflected upon a concern in which the chief backer of the paper was the dominant personality. He worked out his story on another theory and ingeniously covered the connection. When the storm broke loose the next day and he attempted to justify upon he was told with more emphasis than courtesy that he was not responsible for the editorial policy of the paper.

"What d'ye suppose we have copy-readers and city editors and night editors and managing editors here for?" shouted the city editor. "What you are hired for is to go out and get facts. Then if we want 'em suppressed we'll let you know. And when we get so we are not competent to run the sheet we'll turn it over to a batch of cub reporters. I ought to fire you—that's what I ought to do, and I've a blamed good mind to do it, too. But I'll just lay you off for a week so you can have a chance to study over the question of your duties and limitations, and then I'll give you one more chance." Then the other fellows gazed at him unmercifully as the man who had appointed himself the censor of the paper.

So it was that Dick became hardened like the others and worked for his salary, and not for glory, and took



hopes, he was sent out to "do" a sensational embezzlement story. It proved considerable of a puzzler and the assignment lasted several days. Finally all his fighting blood became aroused and he buckled down to the mystery with his old-time enthusiasm and fidelity. While rooting around night and day picking up loose ends of the story and running down impossible clues, he accidentally stumbled upon a most peculiar fact which set him off upon a scent wholly out and beyond the lines being pursued by the other reporters and the police.

Presently Dick was summoned into the inner room, where he found "the old man" alone and white and trembling. The daughter had departed. "Is this story known?" he whispered, hoarsely.

"Only to you and me," replied Dick. "It is a scoop. I worked it up alone. Even the police do not suspect."

"The old man" threw himself upon Dick's mercy and begged that the secret be kept between them. "I will fix up the deficiency to-morrow in some way," he said, "and send the boy away. My God, Horton, help me keep this from his mother and sister. I know I have no right to ask it, but it would kill them and I am human and, by heaven, sir, you can name your own price."

"Done," cried Dick. "You have the copy. I have forgotten it."

"And your price?" asked the father. "I will demand later," responded Dick, with a sphinx-like smile.

"It shall be yours, whatever cost," replied "the old man," grasping his hand.

What that price eventually was is another story, the gist of which the reader is entitled to guess.

THE SORT OF MAN HE WAS.

Ex-Speaker Reed's Opinion of One Who Was Rather Too Effusive.

Ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed has a knack of disposing of disagreeable acquaintances that few public men possess, as many have learned to their intense chagrin.

"I was in Washington once," said a man at the club, "when Tom Reed was the czar of the house of representatives. He was holding forth with earnestness on some theme to a group of friends when that man you see over there by the cigar counter pushed his way through the crowd, grasped Reed by the hand and said effusively: 'Hello, Tom, old boy, how do you do?'"

"Reed responded in a manner that was more of a shake for the man than for his hand and went on with his talk. When our friend over there had edged out of the crowd someone said: 'You didn't seem to be happy over him, Reed. Who is your friend, anyway?'"

"Reed drawled out: 'He's a fellow from New York who knows more men who don't want to know him than any other man in the United States.'"

Flowers and Weeds of Life.

Everywhere we see youth, unwilling to pay the full price for success, trying to pick the flowers out of an occupation or a profession, but omitting all that is hard, ugly and disagreeable. This is as if soldiers were to go through a hostile country leaving a stronghold, here and there, unconquered, to harass them perpetually by firing on their rear and picking off their men. The only way to insure victory is to conquer as you go. You must not leave the enemy a foothold in any part of your kingdom. Dread of drudgery must be overcome. Grasp the nettle hard, if you would rob it of its sting. You must destroy the weeds as you go, or soon there will be no flowers; and without flowers you cannot have fruit.—Success.

Ladies' Tailors Not New.

There were, it seems, "ladies' tailors" and tailor-made dresses in the days of Queen Elizabeth. A contributor to the Tailor and Cutter has been visiting Cumnor, and was shown a letter written by the ill-fated Amy Robsart shortly before her death at Cumnor house, which Sir Walter Scott describes in "Kenilworth." It was to a Mr. William Edney, tailor at the Tower, and refers to the alteration of a gown he was making for her, and contains a promise to see him paid. The unfortunate lady died before the gown was finished, and the poor tailor had to wait for five years before he was paid by the earl of Leicester.

reader he nearly ran into a vision in blue and white—a girl with flashing black eyes and a saucy rosette of a mouth. He recognized her as Alice Knox, the pretty daughter of "the old man" and twin sister of the subject of his story. She accepted his stammered apologies demurely and passed on after a friendly word of greeting.

This chance meeting gave him a new viewpoint on his story—and a most startling one. This was Herbert Knox' twin sister and her exceeding fondness for the brother was a matter of common comment. Could he break her heart? He had no compunction for the father who had humiliated him, but could he be the means of breaking the sister's heart? He glanced up and saw her standing before the door of "the old man's" room. She was radiant and at that moment glanced at him and gave him a saucy nod and smile. That settled the fate of the story. He took it in both hands and started to tear it in pieces, but a second thought possessed him and he rose quickly and walked over to where she stood.

"Will you hand this to your father when you go in?" he said, steadily.

"Certainly," she replied. Then she vanished, leaving the room cold and dreary.

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GAS IN COAL MINES.

Dangerous Explosive Accumulates in Spite of Greatest Care.

Being reminded of some of his own experiences by the recent disaster in the Cambria mine, Frederick E. Seward of the Coal Trade Journal gives the following account of the phenomena in a gaseous mine.

"I had been invited," said he, "to visit a property which was said to possess a seam of coal of unusual thickness and purity. It was, nevertheless, a notoriously gassy mine, inasmuch that the fire boss made regular rounds to test the working places and call up warning signs if too dangerous vapor was discovered.

"Going down a 300-foot shaft on a platform elevator without sides (simply the guide rods), in company with the fire boss, I walked along the main entry for one-half a mile, viewing the coal by the light of our little tin-cup lamps. Presently, on approaching a visibly cracked roof, my guide said that he would show me what gas was and how it was put out. He held his lamp up near the crevice in the roof and forthwith there was a floating of blue gas along the roof near the crevice, like burning alcohol in a basin of water.

"We will not let it get ahead of us," said the guide, and with that he took off his coat and brushed out the flaming gas, driving it away from the crevice. If he had driven it toward the crevice the roof might have come down. As if this were not enough, the guide said: 'I will show you where it is not even safe to go with an ordinary lamp.' He thereupon lit his safety and blew out the other tin-cup lamps. We walked along the entry until we came to a place which led up the face of the coal. Climbing upon that which had been broken down the guide lifted his safety lamp and the blue flame began to dance around the gauze.

"This daily tour of the fire boss no doubt saves many lives, but there is often a quick accumulation in places where he has found nothing dangerous."

HIS PRIDE WAS HURT.

And Frenchman Threatened to Take a Mean Revenge.

A story was told at a recent dinner of a New York literary club which goes back to the time when a certain famous man was governor of Massachusetts. The tale sounds like a revival of a newspaper yarn contemporaneous with its hero. At any rate, it is worth retelling.

Along a country road in the north of Maine plodded a French-Canadian with a trained bear, making his way to a county fair. At a cross road he met a long-whiskered yankee driving a mule. They nodded to each other and were continuing on their ways when suddenly the Frenchman pricked up his ears.

"G'long there, Napoleon!" the farmer drawled to his mule.

The Frenchman stopped short and listened again.

"Git up, Napoleon," called the yankee.

"I say, ma fren," called the Canadian, bringing his bear to a halt, "what for you call ze zhackass Napoleon?"

"That's his name," replied the farmer, indifferently.

"Well, he is no name for a zhackass. Napoleon was a great general."

"So's my mule," replied the other, good-naturedly. "Geddap, Napoleon." The Frenchman lost patience. "Look ere, me fren," he said, "you call z zhackass Napoleon wance more time, I tell you wat I do. You see zat black bear? Well, I poke his one eye out an' call him Ban Butler."—Youth's Companion.

Apples of the Northwest.

An account of how the great northwest has been made to grow most of the winter apples for this country is valuable in connection with the increase in plant values. The early farmers of the vast prairies could find no apple tree hardy enough for the climate. They spent fortunes in nursery stock, and in planting trees, without success. In 1855 Gideon M. Mitchell of Minnesota planted thirty varieties of apple trees and a bushel of seed. In nine years he planted, all told, 9,000 trees. At the end of the tenth year he had left, after the winter's cold, only one tree, a small seedling crab. From that, however, has come the fine apple known in the market as the "Wealthy," a fruit from which the northwest now annually reaps millions of dollars. During these nine long years of planting and failure Mr. Mitchell's friends told him that nowhere in all that region would an apple ever grow, says Success. His success was a triumph in which he must have experienced emotions similar to those of Columbus when, in 1492, he sighted the island of Guanahani.

Two Startling Suggestions.

It is rather startling to find that all the most effusive signs of affection in use to-day are nothing more or less than relics of barbarism—a modified form of attack. Such, at least, is the opinion of "Student" (Oxford), who claims to be an authority on the subject.

"Take, for example," he says, "a kiss. What is it but a pretence to bite? It is an action plainly intended to convey the meaning: 'I could bite you, you see, but I won't.'"

"In the same way the playful pats and slaps which a lover gives to his sweetheart are obviously a mimicry of blows, regarded simply as privileged marks of endearment. When he clasps her in his arms it is the sense of capture which thrills him, and of being captured which thrills her."—London Tit-Bits.

The Dewey-Anderson Coolness.

General Thom S. M. Anderson, who lately went on the retired Dewey, dating from a time shortly after the battle of Manila. When Anderson arrived there, he was anxious to do something, so he visited Dewey and proposed to take the town. The admiral dissented, suggesting mildly that the events of May 1 gave him some distinction as well as authority. General Anderson who is given to plainness of speech, rejoined bluntly: "Hell! All you did was to smash a few pewter ships." Ever since then the two men have been anything but friends. This story is related by an officer of the Second Oregon regiment, which was in Manila at the time under Anderson's command.

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