

King Peter is preparing for his coronation by taking a five-mile sprint every day.

J. Pierpont Morgan is another sufferer from the malady known as millionaire's stomach.

A woman is willing to take the benefit of the doubt and let man have the benefit of the benefit.

Port Arthur seems to fall as easy and as often as a man who is trying to quit smoking cigarettes.

Millions have laughed at Mark Twain's quaint humor. Millions grieve with him in his present sorrow.

There's no use crying over spilt milk. The better way is to seek the nearest pump and repair the damage.

A new Galveston greets the eye of the traveler. On the stepping stone of its dead self it has risen to higher things.

The war has, after all, its bright side. So far neither Rudyard Kipling nor Alfred Austin has written a poem about it.

Oxford university is going to confer the degree of doctor of letters on W. D. Howells. "Who reads an American book?"

No wonder the railway engineer who saw his lifelong friend round to pieces under his locomotive has wholly lost his nerve.

Jack White has won the British open golf championship. One of the strange things about the case is that he is an Englishman.

When that \$2,500,000,000 ore trust is formed it will be something more than an airy joke to say that Mr. Rockefeller owns the earth.

The four-leaf clover is a favorite design with the younger ladies for embroidering their silk hosiery. We learn this from one of our exchanges.

He laughs best who laughs last. According to this, the best laughter is the man who has to be trepanned in order to make him see the point of a joke.

A New York paper is offering a prize for the best vacation suggestion. We have heard that it is a good plan to remain quietly at home and take a rest.

King Peter of Serbia announces that he is going to have a coronation in August. It will be a good thing for innocent bystanders to stay away from.

Czar Nicholas has begun to find infemal machines under his bed. There's a boy who doesn't need a microscope when he goes hunting for trouble.

The New York Herald urges the establishment of a school for writers of fiction, but what is really needed is an institution to teach people not to try to write fiction.

An Iowa man after firing five shots at his wife was shot at seventeen times by policemen. Owing to the fact that there were no innocent bystanders nobody was hurt.

The duke and duchess of Marlborough are reported to be living apart. Nobody can blame any married couple from doing everything in their power to be happy.

The Boston Globe prints a roll of 89 G. A. R. veterans who are 80 or over, which demonstrates what kind of constitution the boys of other days were endowed with.

The arrival of Boozena Sokup, an emigrant from the old world, was duly recorded at New York the other day. We venture to predict a bright political future in this country for Mr. Sokup.

F. W. Giles is said to be the name of the man who introduced the English sparrow into the Mississippi valley. The charitable supposition is that Mr. Giles didn't know what he was doing.

The Chicago girl who tried to commit suicide by drowning and was saved because her skirts floated her, has good reason to be glad that she never followed the example of Dr. Mary Walker.

Even at savings bank interest of 3 per cent, compounded semi-annually, money grows rapidly. Ten dollars a month deposited in the bank will amount to \$647.70 in five years. Start a bank account today.

The latest scientific information is that hair and teeth have about served their purpose and that the human family is destined to become perfectly toothless and bald. Which makes us still gladder we're alive right now.

Twenty-four people of the Harry Lehr stamp are going to dine in a monster wine barrel in Berlin. The guests will enter through the bung-hole, which is just large enough to admit an average-sized person. The question is can they get out after dinner.

The pastor and one of his elders in a Pittsburg church treated the congregation to a few rounds with bare knuckles after the services. Comment is withheld until it is learned whether this was a ruse to make divine worship more attractive to the male part of the community.

According to the latest figures the population of the world to-day is 1,503,000,000. About half of its inhabitants are feminine. And yet young men continue to sing, "There's only one girl in the world for me."

An Eden in Africa

The secretary of the Uganda protectorate, Mr. Cunningham, who has just arrived from Uganda, has given a representative of Reuster's agency the following interesting particulars concerning the present condition of the protectorate:

"The latest news that I give you of Uganda," said Mr. Cunningham, "is that there has been an extraordinary development of tourist traffic on the Uganda railway. When I was at Mombasa it had been found necessary to duplicate all the trains from the coast to Lake Victoria in order to carry tourists and intending settlers. I should say 10,000 was a small estimate of the number of tourists to be looked for during the coming season."

"The scenery is unique and there is about fifty miles of zoological gardens, teeming with wild animals. On my way down country at the Kapiti plains we passed through a herd of fully 50,000 zebras; we saw twenty ostriches, some rhinoceroses and giraffes in the distance and the plains simply swarmed with gazelles. The zebras, whose stripes shone in the bright sun, were massed on the railway line and merely divided to let the train pass, a few scampering away for one hundred yards or so. Nowhere else in the world can such a sight be witnessed."

"And then to many people the natives are still more interesting than the wild animals or the scenery. Here in London you have the twentieth cen-

tury, but in Kavirondo it is only the day after the creation, with the difference that the Adams and Eves of Kavirondo have not yet discovered that they are naked, and instead of reposing in beatific leisure among apple trees Adam and Eve may be seen hoeing gardens along the railway or carrying baskets of grain to the market at Port Florence, the majority of them without an atom of clothing. But there is nothing to affect the susceptibilities of the European visitor. It is nature. You might as well object to a sycamore tree going without leaves as object to a Kavirondo man or woman going naked. At the railway stations, alas! they are gradually getting Adam into trousers; but, as a rule Eve still moves in all her native charms, wearing at most a tassel suspended from a girdle.

"The cruise around Lake Victoria occupies about a week, the steamer touching at all the German and British stations. The scenery at Entebbe and Mnyonyo (the port of Kampala) is very fine, and, as the course lies among the most beautiful parts of the Sose archipelago and the Buvuma group, there is an unending feast for the eye of pretty creeks, bold headlands and banks of graceful palms, fringing broad slopes of turf. As to the Ripon falls, they defy description. I think it may safely be said that the tour to Uganda outrivals in interest anything to be found elsewhere in the world."—London News.

The Man of Habit

It happened in a Fulton street restaurant that contains by actual count seventy-two tables. At 3 o'clock last Wednesday afternoon five of these tables were occupied. That left sixty-seven for the accommodation of late arrivals. At a few minutes past 3 a man entered. He was thin, had short gray hair, a stubby gray mustache and stony, staring blue eyes. He came in at the south end of the room, walked stolidly past the sixty-seven empty tables and the four that were occupied by solitary diners and sat down in the end chair of the seventy-second table, at which a man and a woman were seated.

The couple were engaged in a conversation which, to all appearances, was tender as well as confidential. They stopped talking when the man sat down and looked at him and at the empty tables suggestively. But the man's mind was not in a receptive state. Subtle hints were lost on him. Calmly he studied the bill of fare, from which he finally selected a meal of clam cocktail, sirloin steak and coffee. The woman in the case looked desperate.

"Is there no remedy?" she said. "None short of actual murder," replied her companion. "Under the circumstances we would be justified in that," said she. "Any jury in the land would acquit us."

"We might move," she suggested a moment later. "No," said the man; "let's hang on and see what he does."

"He" apparently had no intention of moving. When his luncheon was served he ate it slowly. Presently the man and woman went away. After their departure curiosity got the better of the man at an adjoining table who had watched the proceeding throughout.

"I am going to find out," he said, "what that white-livered pelican meant by freezing that couple out." In slightly modified terms he put the question to the solemn diner.

"Why," said the "pelican," "I didn't mean anything by it. This is my table, I've eaten luncheon at this table every weekday for the last fifteen years. You don't suppose, do you, that I am going to be thrown out of gear at this late day by a pair of sentimental lallygaggers?"

"Good Lord," said the inquisitive man, "were you never mushy yourself? Couldn't you tell? Couldn't you see?"

"I saw nothing," was the reply. "I reiterate, this is my table and I am a man of habit."

"May Heaven deliver me," groaned the inquisitive man, "from people who have 'habits'!"—New York Press.

Work of Sixty Years

The Electrical World and Engineer, in an article on "Sixty Years of the Telegraph," says: "The past week has witnessed the sixtieth anniversary of the electromagnetic telegraph, it being May 1, 1844, when Prof. Morse was able to demonstrate the use of his invention in reporting at Washington the proceedings of the Whig convention at Baltimore. Since that time the history of the telegraph in this country and elsewhere has been one of universal benefit. It is certainly a moot question whether of late years the telegraph has advanced as rapidly as it might have done, and whether it has not become more or less crystallized and fossilized in its apparatus and methods. Yet even this statement must be made guardedly, for, while the great telegraph systems the world over appear to look askance on automatic and machine methods, the wireless telegraph inventions have been generally taken up and pushed with great success; and if there is anything more wonderful and more stimulating in the domain of electrical advance at

the present time than the wireless, we do not know what it is. The amount of service rendered to the public by the telegraph sixty years after its practical inception may be gauged from the fact that in only four or five of the leading countries 400,000,000 or 500,000,000 authentic messages are dispatched annually, exclusive of those handled by leased private wires. In this country the record is now probably about 100,000,000 a year, while Great Britain does not fall very far behind that. Germany and France together are good for another 100,000,000, while Russia, Italy, Austria and Spain will probably account for another batch of equal magnitude. The telephone to-day has asserted for itself the function of knitting closely together the various communities in which it is used, but it is still the proud boast of the telegraph and the submarine cable that they have been the great instrumentality in annihilating distance, promoting intercourse and commerce and bringing the nations together."

The Soul's One Hour

All day I have toiled in that busy mill Where souls are ground and money is

All day I have gripped the trenchant steel And grappled with columns black and Till to-night I am faint and my senses reel, And the glory of God seems far and dim.

And so I have come to this quiet room To sit in the dark and touch the keys— To wake the ghost and the lost perfume Of the soul's dead flowers with my harmonies.

And here, alone, for a single hour I can dream and idle and drift away; I can touch the ghost of a passion-flower; I can catch the gleam of a vanished day; I can gather the lilies of long ago

It is seldom that a hospital surgeon is placed at a loss to answer patients but one of the best known operators in this city was completely taken aback recently.

The patient, with a leg so badly hurt that amputation had been decided on, had excited the interest of the surgeon because of the peculiarity of the complaint. He brought a couple of surgical friends into the ward to see the case, and, as he approached the cot, remarked:

"Well, how are you to-day?" "Like a flash the patient answered: "Oh, I'm sick abed," and the surgeon vowed that the knife should not be used the next day, as intended. "Best of all, he saved the merry young man's leg."—Philadelphia Press.

That bloomed by the path where a baby trod; And love's first roses, as white as snow, That are blossoming now at the feet of God.

Oh, stainless lilies, and roses white! Oh, passion-flower, with your petals red! You are mine once more for an hour, to-night. The heart is dumb and the years reel, Oh, scented summer of long ago! Oh, vanished day with your gleam of gold! Oh, blood-red lips and bosom of snow! You are mine once more as in days of old.

Just for to-night, for as early dawn I am back to the grovel of greedy lust; Where the wheels of traffic go whirling on; And souls are ground into golden dust. —Albert Bigelow Paine in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Plausible Excuse. Russell Sage was talking the other day about a dishonest but plausible broker.

"I have caught this man," he said, "in a dozen shady transactions. He has always, though, been ready to excuse himself."

Mr. Sage smiled. Then he resumed: "He reminds me of a chap who broke a plate glass window one day. As soon as he had broken the window he hurried off as fast as he could go. But the shopkeeper had seen him. The shopkeeper came after him and grabbed him by the collar."

"Aha, you broke my window, didn't you, eh?" he said. "Yes, and didn't you see me running home for the money to pay for it?" said the other.

WITH THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

WE ARE THE PEOPLE!

THE Y. M. C. A.

We of the United States are Americans. We are the people. But are not the Canadians and Mexicans also Americans? Are they not also the people?

Europeans have long said "Yes." We of the United States have long said "No." Now comes Archibald R. Colquhoun in his "Greater America" to fortify us in our answer. He writes of the United States of America and its dependencies alone, and he speaks of them as "America" without qualification.

"There is no other country," he says, "which could be spoken of as America."

And that is true. There are Mexicans, Canadians, Brazilians, Chileans, etc., but these are Americans only in the geographical sense. In the political and national sense only the people of the United States are Americans.

The name is ours, and ours alone by right of prior use and example to the rest of the Western world. But for us the names of the other American republics would have no national meaning at all—would be mere geographical expressions.

We made the Western hemisphere politically different, nationally different from Europe. We made it distinct in fact.

For those who have followed us we have every respect, but at present there is only one American people—one American nation—and we are that people.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

NEED OF THE FARMER.

The farmer must learn to place a cash value upon his own time and labor and know where they are expended and what results they produce. He must learn to think of the dairy cow as a machine for manufacturing cream, etc., into milk—a machine that will do its best work when kindly treated, sheltered from storms and fed a balanced ration. The small plots of idle ground should be made to produce something that will sell in the market or supply the family table. The waste products of orchard, garden or grain field should be turned into pork, mutton or poultry, while everything that can serve no better purpose should, if possible, add fertility to the soil. Rotation of crops should make summer following unnecessary and \$10 worth of apples should not be lost for the want of \$1 worth of spray.—Portland Oregonian.

EDWARD'S FOOT DOWN.

The English legation in the Serbian capital has been broken up. The house has been vacated and the staff dispersed to other capitals and the British Minister, Sir George Bonham, will go elsewhere. King Edward VII. informed the Serbian government that Great Britain did not consider the promotion of the officers personally concerned in the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga from their posts at court to higher offices in the army and in the state, as a satisfaction for the outrage perpetrated last summer. After a long suspension diplomatic relations are now permanently closed. This is an example which other powers of Europe may have to follow. The awful murder and the protection of the murderers by the man who was the beneficiary of the assassination is too much for civilization. King Edward will be respected in all sections where decent people thrive, for delivering this rebuke. There have been kings of England who have been bloody and revengeful, but they were long before the days of Edward VII., and very little of their blood runs in his veins. Edward is a modern king. The longer other rulers postpone action as to Serbia the harder will it be for them to wipe out the disgrace which is already sticking to them.—Chicago Record-Herald.

PROGRESS OF HUMANITY.

The ethical millennium is certainly far away. The progress of humanity is rhythmical, not steadily continuous, and it may be that we are in the trough of the sea. It may be that thought has been turned to material things, or maybe only to new concepts of religion, to the dismay of those who tend neglected altars. But certainly humanity has not lost its inspiration. No wrong appears but that there are hands ready to right it, no suffering but that there is zeal for self-sacrifice in its relief, no problem of humanity but that unselfish souls are at work for its solution. If there is a recession, then, we may be sure that the flood will come again. And, whether there is or not, no better standard of ethics will be commended to favor by telling society that it is more material than ever before, when, after realizing all its faults, it perfectly well knows that it is not.—New York Tribune.

UNCLE SAM'S BIG POCKET.

Your Uncle Sam is very well to do. He puts his hand in one pocket and coin to the amount of fifty millions is scattered in insurance to rebuild Baltimore and Rochester. He puts his hand in another pocket and out comes forty millions for the Panama canal, and he stands these demands without even the tremor of a lip; or the quiver of a whisker.—Kansas City Chronicle.

COLORED CLOTHES AND HEALTH.

The health value of colored clothes is infinitely superior to that of sable fabrics. You will find more microbes to the square inch on dark than on light garments. Black arrests the health-giving rays of the sun. It is strange that Mme. la Mode should turn out to be only the High Priestess of Health in disguise, and that the microbes of Mayfair and the bacilli of Belgravia should be more afraid of a butterfly of fashion than of a sable-coated doctor of medicine.—Chic.

AS A WAR PREVENTIVE.

We do not agree with those who think that arbitration will succeed in putting an end to war—at least not in the near future. But its triumphs have been so signal and so frequent that we must believe that it can prevent many wars. Arbitration, coupled with the deadly efficiency of modern weapons, the fearful cost of war and the burdens which great armies and navies impose on the people, who are beginning to weary of the burden will certainly circumscribe war and will keep nations from rushing headlong into it.—Indianapolis News.

A RECIPE FOR SUCCESS.

This is my advice to young men seeking for success: Fix your eye on England, fix it on Alaska, fix it on the moon, collect beetles, desire tram tickets, demand lost boot laces, die for dead cats—do any of these things and you may have your will. But do not fix your dreams upon success, for the bones of those dreamers are wrecks along the shore.—G. K. Chesterton, in London News.

A CHILD'S DISPOSITION.

How often do we speak of a child as obstinate and pig-headed when he is merely determined! We fail to see that what we take to be obstinacy to give up some pet project is really a courage and tenacity of purpose which will prove a successful shield in years to come when fighting the battle of life. What a terrible mistake we make when we try to subdue the child and, as we say, "break his spirit!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

RAILROAD FROM CAPE TO CAIRO

Pet Project of the Late Cecil Rhodes Rapidly Nearing a Reality—Tourist Tickets on Line Now Being Issued

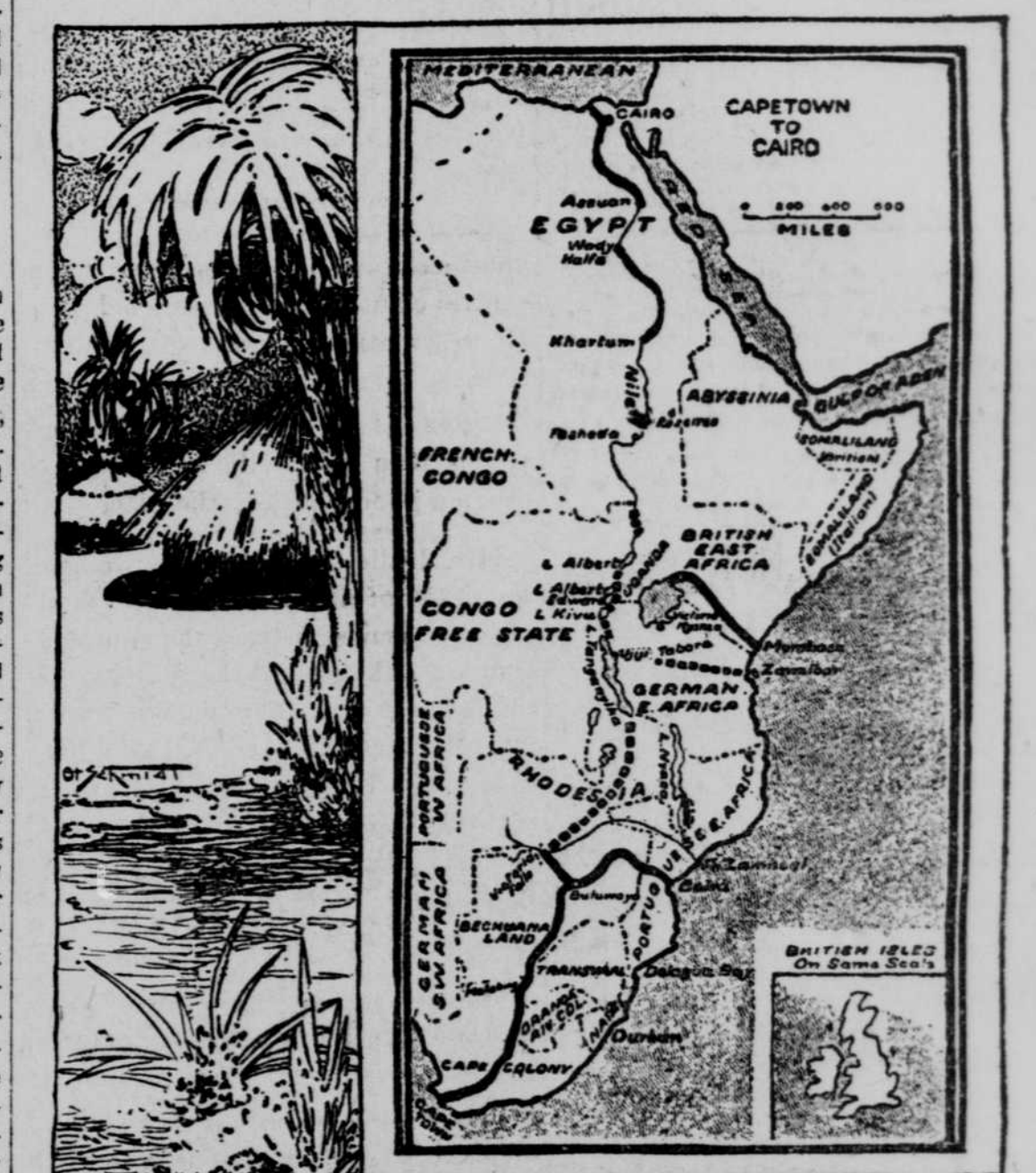
Writing in 1900 to Ewart S. Grogan, a plucky young traveler who had just completed a journey from the Cape to Cairo, Cecil Rhodes said: "Every one supposes that the railway is being built with the only object that a human being may be able to get in at Cairo and get out at Cape Town. That is, of course, ridiculous. The object is to cut Africa through the center, and the railway will pick up trade all along the route. The junctions to the East and West coasts which will occur in the future will be outlets for the traffic obtained along the route of the line as it passes through the center of Africa. At any rate, up to Buluwayo, where I am now, it has been a payable undertaking, and I still think it will continue to be so as we advance into the far interior. We propose now to go on and cross the Zambesi just below the Victoria Falls. I should like to have the spray of the water over the carriages."

If Cecil Rhodes were still alive he would see this last wish realized, for the railway from the south has been carried from Buluwayo through the Wankle coal fields to the edge of those wonderful falls, which are twice the height and more than double the width of the Falls of Niagara, while a bridge consisting of a single span of 500 feet is now being constructed over the gorge below the falls, and will be completed by the end of the year.

The bridge will have the distinction of being the highest in the world, the rail level being 420 feet above the

document to choose the western route, and accordingly the line northward from Buluwayo was begun in May, 1901. Last year it reached Wankle, a distance of 200 miles, and the additional seventy-five miles to the falls have been constructed in less than a twelvemonth. Tourist tickets to the Victoria Falls are being issued and among the visitors next year will be 250 members of the British Association, who have accepted the invitation of the British South African company to pay a visit to Niagara's rival. Starting from the south, the railway is now completed from Cape Town to Victoria Falls, a distance of 1,635 miles, and a further stretch of 350 miles in a northeasterly direction to Broken Hill Mine, 100 miles beyond the Kafue river, will be begun at an early date, the contract having already been let. This section, which is to be completed by the end of March, 1905, will tap a district rich in copper, lead and zinc deposits, beyond which is a region with vast supplies of rubber. There will then remain only a section of 450 miles to complete the connection with Kituta, at the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, where the Chartered Company's sway terminates. Survey work here is now in progress, and there is no doubt that within a few years this link will be made.

From this point onward, however, Rhodes' scheme has had to be modified as the nature of the country around the chain of lakes stretching from the Zambesi to the Nile came to be known. As Grogan pointed out, Lake Tanganyika is hemmed in by



HOW THE CAPE TO CAIRO PROJECT STANDS AT PRESENT

river, or fifty-five feet higher than the dome of St. Paul's. While the construction of the great span is in progress the rails for the extension northward will be conveyed across by aerial gear to avoid delay.

It was originally intended to carry the line from Buluwayo due north through the Mafungabusi coal district, crossing the Zambesi at the Kariba Gorge. It was found, however, that the country north of the Zambesi at this point offers immense difficulties for railway construction, and that the value of the coal deposits is not to be compared with that of the Wankle coal fields.

The certainty of a large tourist traffic if the line were carried to the Victoria Falls formed a further in-

steep mountains offering well-nigh insurmountable difficulties to railway construction, but on the other hand, the lake itself offers a magnificent waterway of 400 miles on the direct line between the Cape and Cairo. It may be taken as granted, therefore, that this part of the journey will be made by water, and that passengers will be carried by steamboat from Kituta to Usambara, at the north end of the lake. From here to Lake Kivu is 90 miles, offering no serious obstacle to a railway beyond a rise in level of 2,000 feet. Lake Kivu is sixty miles in length, and this sheet of water also is surrounded by high and precipitous mountains, so that another break in the line will have to be made and the waterway utilized.

Bribery.

Russell Sage was in early life an errand boy in a Troy grocery store. At a certain directors' meeting, reverting to his boyhood days in Troy, Mr. Sage said:

"I remember well a frequent visitor to our Troy grocery, a rich young farmer from Schaghticoke. He had fallen in love with a New York girl who had spent the summer in Schaghticoke, and in the autumn he called on her in the city and proposed marriage.

The story goes that, as soon as she refused him, the young man put on his hat and stalked out of the house. Once outside, though, an idea struck him, and, returning, he said:

"Would the tower of Europe be any inducement?"

Once Famous Town in Decay.

Secretary Gantt of the state of South Carolina has just finished reclaiming a considerable portion of the once famous town of Hamburg, S. C. Some few of the old houses still remain standing, having been patched up from time to time, but Hamburg is now principally a lot of little hovels occupied by negro laborers who work in Augusta.

The total business activity of the old town consists now in a little stand about 18x20 feet just at the foot of the bridge, and what pretends to be a grocery store, located where the center of the city used to be, the entire stock of goods of which could be packed into a dry goods box.—New York World.

A Country of Linguists.

Winston Churchill's recent breakdown in a speech in parliament recalls to the English press a similar lapse of memory on the part of a member named Shell in the house of commons. Shell was commencing carefully prepared sentence with the word "necessity," when his memory deserted him. He repeated "necessity" three times, and then Sir Robert Peel mischievously added: "is not always the mother of invention."

Wiped Out Black Snakes.

W. D. Cushman, while working in a cemetery at Tolland, Mass., noticed a number of black snakes together in the grass on a sunny slope. Rushing among them he killed ten, the last two being found in a tree in which they had taken refuge. The snakes varied in length from three and a half to six feet.

Armenian Archbishop.

The most Rev. Horses Saradjah, archbishop and head of the Armenian church in this country, will preside at the convention of Armenians to be held in Boston.

Leoncavallo's New Opera.

Leoncavallo has arrived in Berlin with the manuscript of the opera "Roland of Berlin," which Emperor Wilhelm commissioned him to compose some years ago. The subject is a controversy between the mayor of Berlin and one of the Brandenburg princes several centuries ago, in which the mayor was forced to submit to the prince.

Tecumseh's Tomahawk.

The tomahawk that Tecumseh, the famous Indian chief, carried when he was killed is exhibited in the Kentucky building at the world's fair.