

TRIUMPH.

I hear the world scold while he strives away. I see men smile when he has turned to go. And even pity, but he does not know; He has no ears to hear the things they say.

And so goes boasting on from day to day. And in his eyes there is a happy glow. Denoting an exciting heart below. And in his visions pleasing fancies play!

Aye, let them laugh, since, happier by far Than they who understand his traumas are. He hurries on with triumph in his heart. For what is triumph but a glad conceit. That lifts one over the rabble in the street. And makes some common count a noble part!

- S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

By Victoria E. Benton.

How long before the next train leaves for Boston? The burly porter, who was addressed, grew quite genial in manner when he saw the pretty face of the young lady beside him.

"Just one hour, miss," he replied. "Then I can take a look at the city," said Marian East to herself.

The porter heard, and was at once ready with his advice: "Best jump into that street car, miss. The blue one over yonder. It will take you up on Main street in ten minutes, and Main street holds all the principal stores."

Marian East thanked him with a charming smile, and made her way to the street car, which was on the point of leaving the station as she reached it.

The city was not a very large one, but the shops were sufficiently tempting to hold her a prisoner before them for some moments before she remembered to glance at a clock.

Twenty minutes of her hour had already slipped by. She gave up a secret little plan that she had formed on her way that evening in the train. She knew only one person in that city, and he was quite ignorant of her presence on this day.

During the previous summer she had met George Elphinstone in the country at the house of a mutual friend who was his business partner. They had ridden, drove, walked and talked together for three long, happy months. And when they parted George Elphinstone had asked for and obtained her picture, which he had vowed to keep forever, as the most sacred treasure of his life. Then he went away and silence fell between them.

No letter came to remind Marian of the friend whom she had allowed to grow too dear. To all appearance she had been only a summer friend to him, while he—oh, how her heart ached as she tried to unlearn the lesson which he had been at such pains to teach her in those happy days among the mountain scenes!

It was all over now! She had learned to forget George Elphinstone, she said to herself. And she would not own that her "stop over" in this city—his home—had been made only that she might have the sad pleasure of looking upon the walls that sheltered him, and of seeing his name on the office sign which he had so often described to her. Himself she did not wish to see, unless she might catch one glimpse of him from a distance, herself unseen. In some crowded street. To be obliged to speak to him now—to hold his hand a moment, and to look into his eyes, as a stranger—oh, that would be dreadful! Not for worlds would she have had it happen so!

As these thoughts passed through Marian's mind she had left the shop windows and had been borne onward by the ever-burrying crowd until the name of a street, painted on a lamp-post opposite caught her eye and brought her to a pause—"Spring Street."

It was there that George Elphinstone had his office.

There was but the breadth of one street between them. Should she cross it?

Further up Spring street she could see the iron posts and railings of a park or public garden. Well dressed ladies and children were constantly passing up that way.

Most of them passed by Marian, not without a swift glance of inquiry at her fixed attitude and thoughtful, absorbed face.

"No, I will not go," she thought, at last.

"Oh, my purse! my purse! I've lost it! Where's a policeman?" cried a nervous-looking woman, who had been standing close beside Marian at the crossing, while a procession of cabs and carriages passed down the street.

Marian turned to glance at the woman and then at the clock in a watchmaker's window.

It was past the half-hour-time for her to return to the railroad station.

"One moment, miss," said an important voice, as she stepped from the curbstone.

A hand was laid upon Marian's arm. A blue-coated policeman, after listening an instant to the nervous woman, was actually stopping her.

"I did not see it done, and I am in a hurry to catch a train," she said hastily. "I have no information to give about it."

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Marian turned pale. "You are wronging me terribly," she said to the lady, who only tossed her head scornfully. "Come," said the policeman. "I am innocent. I have never seen the purse! I am just from the country, and I am going to Boston to take a place in a school," said Marian, trying to keep back her tears. "Indeed, madam, you are terribly mistaken," she added, turning again to the lady, who nodded to the policeman and promised to meet him at the police station in ten minutes. "I am a respectable school-teacher. My name is Marian East, and I have—"

"Marian East," repeated a voice in the crowd, which was gradually collecting outside the group of three.

The next moment the nervous lady and the policeman were pushed unceremoniously aside, two warm, friendly hands took Marian's, and a handsome, dark-eyed man was smiling down at her protectingly.

"Miss East! How delighted I am to meet you!" said the genial voice of George Elphinstone—the voice that she had learned to love so well. "I have been traveling in Europe constantly for a year past, on business for a client, and have been moving so rapidly that it was quite hopeless for letters to follow me, and returned only yesterday morning, and to-morrow I was going to our friend Gaylord to ask your address. And here I meet you like this! But is anything wrong?"

The important policeman was looking strangely crestfallen, as he watched this warm greeting to Marian from a gentleman whom he knew very well. But the nervous lady held her ground, and, in a few words, repeated to Mr. Elphinstone the charge she had made against Marian.

"Absurd nonsense!" said Mr. Elphinstone, indignantly. "Here, Peterson!" He said a few words to the policeman, who seemed to know him very well and respect him highly, and ignoring the nervous lady's complaint, he handed Marian to a carriage and drove away.

Straight to his partner's house they went, and in the charge of his partner's wife Mr. Elphinstone left Marian, while he went with the policeman and the nervous lady before the police magistrate, and explained the case.

Within an hour he returned, bringing Marian's unchecked luggage from the railroad station with him.

"As for that school in Boston, I have a word to say," he remarked to Marian that evening, when Mrs. Gaylord considerably sat, with her husband, in the next parlor, well out of the range of the curtained arch. "I have a better situation for you."

"But the Boston place is a very good one," said Marian, innocently.

"But you will have so many pupils to look after. In the place I offer, you will have but one, and he will give you as little trouble as possible. What do you say, Marian? Will you teach your husband how to be a good and happy man?"

Tears rose to her pretty eyes as he drew her head down upon his shoulder.

"Oh, you will never know how much I have cared for you!" she murmured. "and I thought you had forgotten me."

"I was only waiting, love, till I had a fit home to offer you," he said, as he kissed her.

And in her heart Marian secretly blessed the nervous lady, and the policeman, and the missing purse—Saturday Night.

The Basutos.

Next to the Zulus the Basutos are physically and intellectually the finest tribe in Africa; and, indeed, the "Fingoes," who are met with in large numbers throughout the country, are, I believe, members of dispersed Zulu tribes who have intermarried. The Basutos mostly wear blankets of diverse colors—more commonly dark red—which reach to about the knee, though the younger generation even dispense with this loose garb, and run about in their bronze, chocolate-colored skins. Many of the women have their faces tattooed in lines from the forehead to the chin and across the face. The Basutos know a stranger at once, and if one remains long in the country he is frequently addressed by a nickname, such as "Father of tall men," "Father of long beards," etc., the more common and complimentary title being "Morena" or "chief. When one meets a Basuto the general salutation is "Lumela" (pronounced dumelaha, and meaning "Good-day to you"), the reply being simply "E." (pronounced like a in day, and meaning "Good-day to you also"); or, supposing one wished to say, "I like to travel in company," it would be "Ke rata ho eta ke na lo ba hang."—Good Words.

Just Be Natural, You Say.

The thing most essential of all in life photography is that the persons photographed shall seem unconscious of the presence of the camera. That they should really be so is seldom possible, except in a crowd. The hurly-burly of a city street offers a fair chance for concealment to the man with a hand camera, though no matter how cautious he is the prints all to often show some pair of eyes turned suspiciously on the instrument. But in the country he cannot help being conspicuous, and he has to confess his purpose and ask his subjects to pose. This is perhaps just as well, for it is next to impossible, with a hasty snapshot, to make the surrounding count for all they might in relation to the figures. One does best when he has chosen, with some deliberation the position for both his camera and those who are posing.—Saturday Evening Post.

FAMILIAR THINGS UNKNOWN AT LAST CENTURY'S BEGINNING.

There Was No Railroad, Steamboat, Electric Light, Telegraph, Telephone, Phonograph, Sewing Machine, Cotton Gin, Photograph, Bicycle or Anæsthetic.

One hundred years ago Thomas Jefferson was President of the United States and Aaron Burr was Vice-President. There were sixteen States, Vermont, Kentucky and Tennessee in addition to the original thirteen. The country's population was 3,398,483; Virginia had 880,200 people, Pennsylvania, 692,365; New York, 589,051; North Carolina, 478,103; and Massachusetts, 422,845. The population of New York City was 60,180; that of Brooklyn, not yet incorporated, was less than 4000. Indiana was then the frontier, with 5641 inhabitants. A man who had seen the turbid flood of the Mississippi was a curiosity. The Union of Great Britain and Ireland was consummated 100 years ago. Bonaparte was still First Consul. Wellington had not become famous, and Nelson was the British hero, with five years to live before Trafalgar. Scott was yet to write "Waverley." Wordsworth had just written some of the "Lyrical Ballads" but was an obscure poet. Coleridge, his friend, had composed the "Ancient Mariner," but had no fame. Byron and Shelley were urchins at school, and Keats was in short dresses. It was not until seven years later that Fulton's steamboat was tried, and it was nineteen years before the first steamship crossed the Atlantic. Holding communication with Europe only by slow sailing vessels, the United States were too isolated to be concerned about interference. It was not until 1823 that the Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed.

Travel in the United States a hundred years ago was by stage coach and ship, sail boat or row boat. The largest sailing vessel had a tonnage of 500, and required weeks to make the Atlantic passage. Steamships of 10,000 tons cross to-day in about five days. Our railroad mileage would now girdle the earth twenty times. The farmers of 1801 were just beginning to use cast-iron plows in place of wooden ones, and they knew nothing about fertilizers. Many years were to elapse before the invention of the reaper and the self-binding harvester. In fact, agriculture was painfully laborious, the forest was slowly cleared with the axe, and the house built by the settler was a rude hut of logs, where he lived with no comforts and did not dream of luxuries. The news of the world that came to him in his solitude was months and sometimes years old, but in that respect the dweller of the town was not much better off. To-day the farmer has a rural mail delivery which connects him with the most distant parts of the globe, and he reads a daily paper containing news of Europe which is only a few hours old. Familiar things that did not exist at the beginning of the nineteenth century best illustrate our development: the railroad train, the steamboat, the electric light, the telegraph, the sewing machine, the cotton gin, photography, the kitescope, the bicycle, anæsthetics, the elevator—the list could be extended to the length of a catalogue, for hardly any convenience or utility used in the house, the office, the warehouse and the factory to-day was known to the people who toiled and lived 100 years ago.

One hundred years ago a man could not take a ride on a steamboat. He could not go from Washington to New York in a few hours. He had never seen an electric light or dreamed of an electric car. He could not send a telegram. He couldn't talk through the telephone, and he had never heard of the holo girl.

He could not ride a bicycle. He could not call in a stenographer and dictate a letter. He had never received a typewritten communication. He had never heard of the germ theory or worried over bacilli and bacteria. He never looked pleasant before a photographer or had his picture taken. He never heard a phonograph talk or saw a kitescope turn out a prize fight.

He never saw through a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary with the aid of a Roentgen ray. He had never taken a ride in an elevator. He had never imagined such a thing as a typesetting machine or a typewriter. He had never used anything but a wooden plow. He had never seen his wife using a sewing machine. He had never struck a match. He couldn't take an anæsthetic and have his leg cut off without feeling it. He had never purchased a ten-cent magazine which would have been regarded as a miracle of art.

He could not buy a paper for a cent and learn everything that had happened the day before all over the world. He had never seen a McCormack reaper or a self-binding harvester. He had never crossed an iron bridge.

The Use of the Cushion.

Every woman has one cushion that is too nice to use, but is meant to hide a spot on the sofa.—New York Press.

The average number of horses killed in Spanish bull fights every year exceeds 5,000, while from 1,000 to 1,200 bulls are sacrificed.

WHY WE HUNGER AND THIRST

The Modern Sensation Different From the Primitive Instinct. Scientists have decided that the sensations popularly called "feeling hungry" or "thirsty" are, in modern civilized communities, something entirely different from the primitive instinct of animal life, depending primarily on the condition of the blood, which is indicated in the desire for food, air, and water. That the urgent need of the body for food and water and the occurrence of these specific sensations are not absolutely interdependent, may be demonstrated by temporarily removing the sensation without supplying the craved substance. A piece of sponge introduced into the stomach will remove the sensation of hunger for a time, as will also the simple tightening of the belt. The practice, too, of certain South American Indians of chewing coca leaves for deadening the sense of hunger is well known. A great deal of ordinary drinking is the result of artificial rather than real thirst. The true thirst for water depends essentially on the state of the tissues and blood, of which it forms a very large part in actual bulk. The specific sensation of thirst, however, is usually due to a roughness or dryness, or congestion of the mucous membranes of the back of the mouth and throat. This may be produced in an artificial degree by a number of local conditions quite independent of the real needs of the tissues and blood. It may come, for instance, from mouth breathing, from excessive smoking, or from eating a large and indigestible meal. So that really the actual sensation of thirst is not by any means always an indication of the real bodily need for fluids. It is well to remember that one should not drink copiously at meals, or imbibe very cold water when greatly heated. Firstly, because the subsequent reaction stimulates further thirst, and, secondly, because the excessive coldness may increase the general dryness of the tissues by stimulating perspiration. It is recommended that for all conditions of "throat thirst" one should sip warm water, suck a pebble, take acid fruit or oatmeal water, in preference to drinking copiously of cold fluids. It has been estimated that in the tropics, when the thermometer ranges for so great a part of the day at 100 degrees Fahrenheit and over, a man requires about a gallon and a half of water a day.—Chicago Record.

Cost of Running Warships.

Secretary Long has submitted to Congress information concerning the cost of running armed vessels, tenders and warships sent to the Philippines or from there since May 1, 1899.

The famous trip of the Oregon around Cape Horn from San Francisco to Key West cost \$47,987, not including the cost of coal consumed, which cost \$50,298. When she went from New York to Manila, October 12, 1898, the trip cost \$115,110, without the expense of coal, which cost \$25,622 in addition.

Thirteen trips have been made around the Horn by various vessels in the time in question, including the Oregon twice, Marietta, Justin, Sterling, twice, Iowa, Celtic, Scandia, Badger, Marblehead, Newark and Iris. Exclusive of coal cost, these trips cost the Government \$665,370. Seventeen trips have been made by this class of vessels by the Suez Canal route, and the canal tolls amounted to \$59,443. The ships that went by this route were: Castine, Solace, Yosemite, Olympia, Glacier, Nashville, Brooklyn, Marietta, New Orleans, the Dixie and the Alexander twice through. The cost of these trips, exclusive of canal tolls and coal consumed, was \$554,456. This is only slightly more than the cost of thirteen trips around the Horn, and the cost of coal around the latter route would be much greater than by the Suez Canal. The cost of bringing Admiral Dewey's flagship Olympia from Manila was \$38,887 for coal, \$112,974 running expenses and \$3474 Suez Canal tolls, or a total of \$155,355.—Washington Correspondence in New York Sun.

Norah's Subterfuge.

The kitchen maid thrust her head inside the door of the family sitting room and called out: "Mrs. Strahung, the cockroaches is thick in the pantry an' the chiny closet! What'll I do wid 'em, men?" "Cockroaches, Norah?" exclaimed Mrs. Strong, much displeased. "How does it happen that you have allowed them to become so numerous?" "They kin here from Mrs. Paikins's men, next door," mentioned the name of a neighbor with whom her mistress was not on very good terms.

"Come from Mrs. Perkins's, did they?" said Mrs. Strong, considerably mollified. "Well, I don't blame them! They'd starve to death in that house!"—Youth's Companion.

Tried Many Years Ago.

Piny speaks in his natural history, 50 A. D., of the good effect of "pouring oil upon troubled waters." More than eleven centuries ago the venerable Bede tells of a priest sent into Kent to fetch King Edwin's daughter, who was to marry King Oswara. He visited the Bishop to get his blessing, and was told that the journey would be stormy, but that a pot of oil which was given him would still the tempest. When the storm came the priest used the pot of oil the bishop had given and lo, the tempest was stilled. Professor Horsford and Commodore Wilkes are men of modern times who have seen the same calming effect produced in violently stormy weather.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A Norwegian scientist, C. A. Munster, believes that by connecting two islands under water with galvanized iron plates and sending electric currents through them one might get \$1,500,000 of gold and silver out of sea water annually.

London steel manufacturers have recently purchased the English rights to the Bessemer Thiel, open-hearth, process. The claim is made that with the new method installed steel can be produced at a price to prevent further American competition in Europe. It is estimated that prices of "mild steel" can be lowered ten per cent.

The practice of oiling roads to keep the dust down was begun in California a few years ago and is extending to several parts of that State. The dry season is so long that the idea of obtaining dustless roads is naturally attractive to Californians and the success that has attended the use of oil for this purpose promises to cause its even more general adoption.

The "selectant" is a new device for automatically charging electrical vehicles which is designed to be located in public places and used by automobilists who find their batteries exhausted. Connection is made with one of four plugs, each one furnishing a different amount of current, as may be desired. A coin dropped into a corresponding slot starts the flow, which is maintained until the batteries have received the amount paid for, and is then stopped. The connection is severed, and as the door of the apparatus is closed the machine is made ready for the next call.

According to a recent consular report Carl Linder who is giving special attention to machines for producing liquid air, describes, in the Journal of the Association of German Engineers, a furnace recently designed for an ingenious application of this substance. The furnace is intended to burn low-class fuels, such as lignite and peat. The combustion is intensified by turning the gaseous mixture obtained by evaporating liquid air on the fire. Nitrogen is first set free, after which there remains a gas containing at least fifty per cent. of oxygen. The price of this gaseous mixture is said not to exceed eighty cents for a thousand cubic feet.

Acetylene gas, in addition to furnishing brilliant illumination, can also be used with the blast to produce intense heat if combined with air and oxygen in the proper proportions. It has been found that a heat sufficient to melt gold could be obtained when acetylene was used in the blast-lamp, and experiments have recently been performed in which oxygen was substituted for the air. When pure oxygen was used it was found that the flame became exceedingly luminous and deposited carbon in a compact form much resembling gas carbon, but by mixing the oxygen with air the gas is completely burned and the temperature produced is sufficiently intense to melt platinum. The use of acetylene in this way does not present any advantage over the ordinary gas consumed in the blast-lamp, except in cases where the laboratory is supplied with such a source of illumination instead of ordinary gas.

The Pink Doll and the Blue Doll.

Clinging to her mother's skirts at the Bridge entrance last night a little girl about seven years old stood patting a doll dressed in pink. Another mother stood near with a child who carried a doll dressed in blue. Looking at the latter the child with the pink doll said:

"You cruel thing, you will kill your dolly holdin' her head down side up." "Your dolly will catch cold," replied the other. "You ain't got no clothes on her arm."

Then the mothers of the children glared at each other and one said: "Sh-sh-h, Mabel, don't talk to her." Whereupon the mother retorted: "People can tell your bringing up at a glance."

And the big fat cop who stands near the telephone booth nervously moved away.—New York Sun.

New Continent Awaits Development.

British Africa is larger in area than the United States, and probably surpasses the republic in the richness and variety of its natural resources, says a South African correspondent. Of the regions that are intermediate between extreme north and south we at present know little; but that there lie undeveloped in these vast coal beds, enormous iron deposits, boundless timber forests and the finest natural water powers in the world cannot be questioned. In five years' time the transcontinental railway projected by Mr. Rhodes will begin to tap these stores of accumulated wealth, and the world will witness a process of development of a rapidity and completeness unexampled in its history.

Kings as Drawing Cards.

The most profitable period at the Paris Fair was the eight days when the Shah was there. The Kings of Greece and Belgium did not greatly affect the sale of tickets, but King Oscar did, although he dressed like any other gentleman. He has so many showy and fine qualities that he was the most fetching European king in the way of sovereignty. The man in the street likes something in the medieval or Renaissance feeling. Oscar would, if King of France, be a modern Francis I., who, despite Victor Hugo, is still popular.—London News.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Something Laefing—Not So Great, After All—His Recollections—Indications of a Storm—His Wife's Gowns—An Unexpected Blow—Wise in His Youth, Etc.

Lives of great men all remind us We are much like them; but Fate The receipt has not assigned us—How to make folks think we're great.—Pack.

Not So Great, After All. "Great surgical feat, that putting a na nral drum in a woman's ear." "I think not—women hear too much as it is."—Ohio State Journal.

His Recollections. "What are your recollections of West Point?" asked the social reformer. "Rather hazy," replied the former cadet, sententiously.—Philadelphia Record.

Indications of a Storm. "Do you believe that a ring around the moon betokens a coming storm?" "Yes, if my wife's temper is in a favorable condition for it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Wife's Gowns. Mrs. Church—"Did you say your husband liked these clinging gowns?" Mrs. Gotham—"Yes; he likes one to cling to me for about four seasons."—Yonkers Statesman.

An Unexpected Blow. First Tramp—"Wot wuz it de lady done to yer dat has so unmanned yer?" Second Tramp—"She offered me a sponge cake, partner—think of it, a sponge cake."—Brooklyn Life.

Wise in His Youth. Teacher—"And what prevents your striking a guy smaller than yourself?" Pupil—"Pity!" Teacher—"And a boy larger?" Pupil—"Prudence."—Chicago News.

Wearisome. "Waggs doesn't seem to be popular." "No; he's the kind of man who always wants to talk to you on the street car at night when you're going home too tired to talk."—Chicago Record.

The City of Clowns. Goop—"A Chicago scientist claims that there are 10,000,000 microbes in—"

Woop—"Oh, those Chicago census figures make me weary."—Baltimore American.

The One Who Wanted Him. Father—"What does that young popinjay hang around here for when he knows I don't want him to?" Daughter—"Because, pap, he likes to be with the person who does want him to."—Detroit Free Press.

Ready Relief. "I," said the centimillionaire, "deem it a disgrace to die rich." Whereat the legal profession was visibly perturbed. "How can we break your will in your lifetime?" they demanded.—Judge.

Lost Nothing. "Have you heard the story of the empty box?" queried the Simple Mug. "No," replied the Wise Guy, expectantly.

"It's just as well," said the Simple Mug. "There's nothing in it."—Philadelphia Record.

Just What Happened. Blanche—"Oh, girls! I put a piece of May's wedding cake under my pillow last night, and—"

The Girls (breathlessly)—"What happened?" Blanche—"I ate it all before I went to sleep."—Brooklyn Life.

Otherwise Discreetly Silent. McJigger—"Bragg tells me he got mixed up in a scrap last night." Thingumbob—"Did he get the best of it?" McJigger—"Of course. If he hadn't he wouldn't have said anything about it."—Philadelphia Press.

Unrealized. Barnestorm—"Yes; poor Ranter has gone crazy as a loon. The part he had to play was too much for him." Buskin—"What was he playing—Jekyll and Hyde?" Barnestorm—"No; Monte Cristo." at \$12 per week and six weeks' salary due."—Philadelphia Press.

Caution Indispensable. "A man must be very careful if he desires to retain the confidence of his constituents." "He must," answered Senator Sorghum. "In fact, there's only one way to accomplish it, and that is never to let them catch you when you are fooling them."—Washington Star.

A Remarkable Being. "Do you know that man over yonder? He has just had greatness thrust upon him." "How so?" "Why, he's the only public man in the country who when asked to tell what would happen in the new century said he didn't know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From a Modern Mother's Diary. Clifford was extremely naughty today. I have offered him fifty cents to submit to being whipped, and he has taken the matter under advisement. I am determined to whip him, if I have to pay him \$1.25. I feel I am quite right in paying my boy for being whipped. It teaches him the value of money.—Detroit Journal.