

Prophet Totten says: "All great events occur in even years." That's odd.

Whether in a nation or an individual, empty pride is at least as bad as an empty pocket. There's nothing in it.

Even four hundred years ago when it ran up against America Spain hadn't any idea it was the great country it is.

Abdul Hamid isn't saying a word nowadays. The Spanish atrocities in Cuba evidently have shamed him into silence.

What's the use of sending an expedition out to search for Andree? Why not ask a Key West correspondent where Andree is?

A contemporary asks "Whom are missing?" Without attempting to answer this question we will wager that the list includes Lindley Murray.

A New York paper says that a man in that city has three wives living under one roof. That fellow apparently regards matrimony as a sort of three-ring circus.

We have no doubt that Laureate Austin would accomplish much better results if he would furnish the subjects only and hire somebody else to furnish the verse-making.

The Russian Emperor thinks Cuba a very small plat to fight over. He breaks off a chunk of the Chinese empire that is larger than the suffering island about once a week and adds it to his territory.

It is announced that thirty-one women have signified their willingness to marry General Cassius M. Clay. Before these negotiations proceed further the general ought to do a little business in divorce court.

The booksellers of Paris ordered 63,000 copies of Zola's "Paris" in advance of publication. The subsequent experiences of the great painter of the woes of the poor and the injustice of the unthinking rich will not ultimately lessen the number of his readers.

The infelicity of ending a sentence with a preposition is pre-eminently pardonable in this note addressed to a collector of customs: "Find ten dollars which the writer defrauded the United States of." The English of sincere penitence is above criticism.

Arbor day is the antidote for the flood disasters in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. It will take many decades to make good the havoc of the woodman's ax, but persevere, and eventually equilibrium of nature may be restored and the devastations of the flood withheld.

A Boston girl who has been trying to find out why her bicycle often runs into objects she tries to avoid thinks she has solved the problem at last. She says: "It is hypnotic influence of concentrated attention, rendering the movements inco-ordinate, so that the rider becomes the victim of perverted reflexes of purposeless effort and the abject subject of an optical delusion." And perhaps she is right.

The hoisting of the Russian flag over Port Arthur and Tai-Lien-Wan undoubtedly marks the beginning of the end of the oldest empire in the world. Up to this time China, while passing through many vicissitudes as modern progress had crowded upon its ancient conservatism, has preserved its integrity and its sovereignty. It has been forced in some degree out of its seclusion, but it has remained a national entity. To-day it is regarded as the prey of European powers, and its partition among the earth-hungry Western nations has already begun.

Scraping the lining of a chimney to get gold and silver is a form of mining which the books do not recognize, but it may be profitable under certain conditions. The chimney of the Assay Office in Wall street, New York, is nearly two hundred feet high. A new lining of fire brick has been put in it. The old lining, over forty years old, yielded almost fifteen hundred dollars. There were fifty-two ounces of gold and eight hundred and sixty ounces of silver in the scrapings. Smoke which has a market value through deposits of precious metal it makes ought to be treated with great respect.

A Wyoming stock-raiser, dissatisfied with his surroundings and in haste to be rich, recently sold his land and started for the Klondike. A few months later a French mineralogist discovered near the despised ranch a mine of cobalt, a rare and valuable metal. The whole district promises to become a new center of wealth. It was upon land sold to enable the former owner to start for the gold mines of California, that the great oil wells of Pennsylvania were afterward found; and both these incidents accentuate the fact that we are continually within reach of important discoveries and great opportunities, missing them by a hair's breadth of impatience, failure to observe or lack of preparation.

Why does not this great country have a national air? Not something borrowed or paraphrased from abroad, but an air of its own—original, characteristic, stirring, full of life and motion. What we want is something simple, bold, a swing, a dash, a clear, shrill, penetrating clarion note that rings like a

will bell in the night and turns men pale with fervor. Why can we not have a battle song of our own? Why must we content ourselves with tepid messes borrowed from abroad, with dressed-up pious lamentations, with dismal chants and dirges? We are young, we are strong, we are full of virility and fire. Give us something that speaks for our splendid, palpitating nationality—something that jumps with our free stride and passionate ambition!

The career of Blanche K. Bruce, Register of the Treasury, who died recently, was one of singular vicissitudes. Born a slave in Virginia fifty-seven years ago, and obtaining in his boyhood only such education as he could get by stealth, few things could have seemed less likely than that he should enter the United States Senate at the age of thirty-four, only four years above the minimum age fixed by the Constitution. Yet he did this in 1875, as a Senator from Mississippi. Soon after the completion of his term in the Senate, he was appointed Register of the Treasury by President Garfield, the same office which he has held under the present administration. Mr. Bruce's native ability and his traits of character won for him the respect of his associates in public life.

Something entirely new in qualifications for suffrage is about to be given a trial in Louisiana. The provision finally adopted, not without opposition, requires an educational test for suffrage, but makes an exception where the illiterate voter possesses property or his wife has property. Exception is also made in case of a foreigner naturalized prior to the first of this year, and in the case of an illiterate voter whose father or grandfather was a voter in Louisiana or some other State previous to Jan. 1, 1867. With voting where suffrage is granted because of the elector's garden patch or his wife's mules we are familiar, for several States have similar property qualifications. But the plan of permitting a man who cannot read and has no mules to vote simply because his grandfather was a voter more than thirty years ago is a decided innovation. The proposal would be amusing were it not so serious. In business life young men frequently bank on the credit of their fathers, and in social life there is a tendency to rely on grandfathers or more distant ancestors. This, however, is the first suggestion of a hereditary qualification for suffrage in any American State. It certainly is not a suggestion of the surviving grandfathers, for few of them would care to continue voting indefinitely through illiterate descendants. This strange suffrage qualification is of doubtful validity. A majority of the delegates opposed it, but accepted it as a compromise. Both of the United States Senators from Louisiana have declared it unconstitutional from a Federal standpoint, and a number of other Senators consulted denounce it. If it is finally tried and sustained what new and strange suffrage qualification may we not expect from the next constitution-making body?

In Japan's new Cabinet are several young men who have imbibed much of the commercial spirit of the age. They are aggressive young fellows who are committed to the developing of the material resources of the Empire. Prime Minister Ito, who for the third time is at the head of the Cabinet, is disposed to give his young colleagues wide latitude in which to carry out their policy of building up the industries of the country. Last year over five hundred miles of new railway were constructed in Japan, and this year it is proposed to build even a greater mileage. All told, there are two thousand miles of railway in Japan, and in order to make them pay they must be fed with the traffic that springs out of commercial activity. These railways belong both to the government and private corporations, and connect the principal cities of the Empire. In order to stimulate manufactures, the new Cabinet decides to negotiate a commercial treaty. Germany has been selected as one of the countries which will be invited to enter such a treaty. The Japanese argue that Germany manufactures machinery which they need, and consumes the products which they manufacture. Therefore a commercial treaty with Germany is looked upon as a desirable acquisition. This eagerness, on the part of the Japs, to secure a commercial treaty, under which the products of the two countries thereto may be advantageously exchanged, ought to attract the attention of our government. Germany produces no machinery that we do not produce and she consumes no Japanese products that we do not consume. We can secure the trade of Japan if we go after it on terms that will be acceptable to the new Cabinet, but we cannot get it if we remain inactive and silent while Germany is pursuing the prize. We ought to furnish the Japanese the greater part of their railway iron, and their rolling stock, but we furnish them only a small fraction of what they use. We ought to furnish them the machinery they use in their cotton and silk mills, but we do not furnish any to speak of. We ought to have a market there for our machinery, agricultural implements, etc., but the foreigners on the other side of the Atlantic enjoy a monopoly of what we ought to share. The Japanese like us. They are trying to make their system of government analogous to ours, so far as it is possible to make a monarchy resemble a republic. In view of this we ought to compete with Germany for the trade of the Japanese, and if necessary make such concessions as would secure for us a continuing market for our staples, and the products of our mills and factories, which now glut the channels of home consumption. Japan wants to trade with the outside world; why not have her trade with this country?

CLIMATE AND CROP BULLETIN.

Farm Work Retarded by Cool Weather and Moisture.

The United States Department of Agriculture issued the following climate and crop bulletin for the past week:

The week has been too cool for best results in New England, the central valley and east Gulf States, while excessive moisture has retarded farm work generally in the States northward of the Ohio river and in the east Gulf States. In the middle and south Atlantic States, Texas, the Dakotas, generally throughout the Rocky Mountain region, and on the north Pacific coast the weather conditions have been more favorable. No rain has fallen in California during the week, and consequently the severe drought previously reported continues unbroken. Drought also continues in Florida, though partially relieved in localities in the northern portion of the State. The bulk of the corn crop is planted southward of the northern boundaries of Arkansas, Tennessee and the Carolinas, but northward of this line, except in Kansas, slow progress has been made, owing to excessive rains and the cool weather. None has yet been planted in Indiana, but planting has begun in portions of Ohio, Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania. A little planting has also been done in Nebraska.

Poor stands are reported from the South Atlantic States, and but light growth has been reported generally in the Southern States. In southern and central Texas, however, the crop is growing, and is now receiving its second cultivation. Over northern Texas the crop is late and irregular. The winter wheat crop continues in promising condition in the principal wheat States in the central valleys. Further improvement is reported from Ohio, and in Michigan the crop has been benefited by recent rains. In the Southern States it is now heading. As a result of the severe drought in California the grain crop has been injured beyond recovery, except in the northern coast counties and in some of the foot hill regions and over the southern portion of North Dakota. Seeding is well advanced over the northern portion of North Dakota and in Montana. In Oregon seeding is complete, but considerable is yet to be done in Washington. The early sown over the spring wheat region is coming up and is generally in promising condition. Slow progress has been made with oat seeding where unfinished in more northern States.

In the central and southern portion of the country the crop has made favorable progress during the week. In Alabama the early sown is nearing maturity. The general outlook for fruit in the Northern States continues promising, and the prospects in the middle and southern sections appear more favorable. There is abundant supply of tobacco plants. Transplanting continues in South Carolina, and has commenced in North Carolina. Tobacco is suffering from drought in Florida.

BIG POWDER MILLS BLOWN UP.

Twenty Persons Believed to Have Been Killed in California.

At 5:15 Tuesday afternoon Santa Cruz (Cal.) was startled by a tremendous explosion. Buildings were shaken as though by a violent earthquake, and the first thought was that one had occurred. Hardly had the rumblings died away when the second shock occurred, not so violent as the first, and soon small boughs from redwood trees, shingles, bits of powder cans, and other debris began falling in the streets of the city. They cleared up all doubts as to the cause of the shock. The California powder works had been blown up. The second shock was followed by a third and then a fourth, more violent than the others. Between fifteen and twenty people, mostly young boys, employed at the works, were killed, and as many more were injured.

The first explosion occurred in the gun-tower works. This was followed by the destruction of the nitroglycerin house, and then a number of buildings used in the manufacture of smokeless powder for the Government. Then the inside powder magazine blew up with a terrific roar. Although considerable powder was stored there, the amount was small in comparison with last week, as over 100 tons were shipped to Chicago Sunday last to fill the order of the Government.

Nothing is known as to what caused the explosion, but it was probably due to spontaneous combustion. There were many wild rumors afloat to the effect that Spanish sympathizers did the work, but the stories are probably based on the fact that a number of persons of Spanish descent live in the vicinity of the works.

FRESH BEEF FOR THE KLONDIKE.

Two Thousand Steers Will Go Over the Dalton Trail in June.

Two thousand beef steers are being gathered in Montana for shipment to Dawson in June over the Dalton trail. They will comprise two expeditions in which fully \$300,000 will be invested. A Tacoma dispatch says: C. W. Thebo, backed by Butte (Mont.) men, has shipped 1,300 steers to pastures here, where they will be fattened until May 20. Jack Dalton is arranging to drive 700 more steers over the same trail. Each hundred steers will be in charge of six cowboys, each cowboy being provided with pack and saddle horse, the two expeditions employing 120 cowboys and 240 horses. Thebo has chartered the big barge Skookum to carry 900 steers and 3,000 tons of freight to Pyramid Harbor, landing there in June. The balance of his band will be shipped from Vancouver on a barge now building. The steers will be driven by easy stages to Fort Selkirk, whence they will be rafted to Dawson, arriving in July. His cattle will cost \$130,000 landed at Pyramid Harbor, the feed, equipment and wages bringing the cost of the expedition to \$200,000. The Daltons expect to receive 25 cents per pound live weight on the Klondike, which should make their receipts over \$800,000, leaving \$500,000 profit. Men have been sent to watch the Dalton trail, the indications being that it will open early.

State Items of Interest.

Fessenden, N. D., has 300 inhabitants and four newspapers.

J. P. Marsh, a pioneer business man of Denison, Texas, dropped dead at his place of business.

Senator Morrill of Vermont celebrated his 88th birthday anniversary in Washington a few days ago.

Hugh Fraser, charged with murder, was acquitted at Bessemer, Ala. Fraser was with Thomas Collins when J. L. Howell was shot in the Bessemer prison in December last.

ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT

Recently Speaker Reed wished to see a man on some pending legislation, and telegraphed for him to come to Washington. The man took the first train available, but a washout on the road made it impossible for the train to proceed farther toward its destination. Going to a telegraph station he sent this dispatch to the speaker: "Washout on the line. Can't come." When Reed read the message he sent back this reply: "Buy a new shirt and come, anyway."

Some years ago Edward E. Rice was presented to Von Bulow at a club dinner in Boston. It was just about the time that all Europe was talking of Mme. Von Bulow's flirtation with Verdi, who had taught the pianist almost all he ever knew about music. "I want you to become acquainted with Mr. Rice," said a friend; "he doesn't know anything about music, but he has composed several operas." "Delighted, I am sure," murmured the great pianist with a sarcastic smile; "he reminds me of a man I knew at home; his name is Verdi."

The following is an exact copy of a letter received by a young lady, who possessing a piano and being about to move to a small country town, advertised for room and board with a family "musically inclined": "Dear Miss, we think we kin suite you with room and board if you prefer to be where there is musick, I play the fiddel, my wife the organ, my dotter Jule the akordion, my other dotter the banjo, my son Hen the gittar, my son Jim the foot and kornet, and my son Clem the base-drum, while all of us sings gospel hims in which we would be glad to have you take part both vocal or instrumental if you play on anything. We play by ear when we all git started there is real musiek in the air. Let us know if you want to come here to bord."

When Secretary of the Navy Long visits his old home "way down in Maine" his reception is hearty, but very democratic, and the people do not at all appreciate the fact that the ruler of Uncle Sam's "navy" occupies a very different station from the boy they knew years ago. The Waterville Mail tells this story: "While at his home in Buckfield this summer ex-Gov. Long employed a woman in the neighborhood to do the family washing. One day as he was driving by the place he called to see if the washing was ready. The man of the house came to the door in response to the secretary's knock. 'Is our washing done?' inquired Mr. Long. The man turned and bawled to his wife: 'Maria, Maria, is Johnnie's washing done? And 'Johnnie' forbore to smile in the presence of his kindly old neighbor."

President McCosh, of Princeton, was accustomed to lead the morning exercises in the chapel every day, and during the exercises he gave out notices to the students. One morning, after he had read the notices, a student came up with a notice that Professor Karge's French class would be at nine o'clock that day instead of half-past nine, as usual. Dr. McCosh said it was too late, but the student insisted that Professor Karge would be much disappointed if the notice were not read. The exercises went on, and the doctor forgot all about the notice. He started to make the final prayer. He prayed for the President of the United States, the members of the Cabinet, the Senators and the Representatives, the Governor of New Jersey, the Mayor and other officials of Princeton, and then came to the professors and instructors in the college. Then Professor Karge's notice came into his mind, and the assembled students were astonished to hear the venerable President say: "And, Lord, bless Professor Karge, whose French class will be held this morning at nine o'clock instead of half-past nine, as usual."

An enthusiastic admirer of Miss Anthony says: "I shall always remember a maneuver of Miss Anthony's which I saw at a meeting at which she presided three years or so ago. She called upon several of what she called 'her girls' to address the audience. The girls were exceedingly well-bred, well-educated, and well-dressed women. They were logical. They were witty. They were, in short, the very cream of women public speakers. When the last one had finished, Miss Anthony rose, and with what I am sure was a twinkle in her eye, said: 'Now, we'll hear from one of my boys.' Thereupon a Congressman from the new Northwestern State mounted the platform. He was uncouth. He was uncultured. His English was painful to hear; his manners painful to see. He ranted. He argued in stump speech fashion. He had neither good taste nor logic. The contrast between the holder of the franchise and the gentlewomen who had preceded him was marked. Dear, simple man that he was, he could not see that every man in the audience was ashamed of him. He did not see that he was an object lesson for the suffrage movement, but I am quite sure Miss Anthony saw it. I can't help thinking she meant it, too."

Two Remarkable Feats.

Henry Wolfsohn recalled yesterday a remarkable feat of memory by Signor Gore, who traveled as conductor with a concert company organized by Campanini. The music trunk not having arrived in time for a concert, Signor Gore accompanied from memory on the piano the entire third act of "Faust," at the same time transposing the music half a tone.

The Romance of the Great Lakes.

In the St. Nicholas, W. S. Harwood writes of "The Great Lakes." Mr. Harwood says: "There is much of thrilling interest, much of romance, much of daring surrounding the shores of these lakes, much in a study of the early periods of their history, for the historian or the novelist. A long time ago—so long it seems like ancient history to us—the first white man, probably about the middle of the sixteenth century, saw these

lakes. It is not so easy to fix a date for this event, but we know that as early as 1530 to 1540 the French priests, the voyageurs and the coureurs de bois, the trappers and adventurers of the day, visited the eastern lake region on the north. They came with two messages: one bore tidings of the commerce, and proved that the French nation was alive to the value of the new country; the other told the story of the Christian religion. It were well, perhaps, to mention another message—a more or less baleful one—brought by the adventurers; for there were adventurers among these early discoverers—men who had no other motive than to seek the strange and the exciting, and to spend their days in the alluring and profitless occupation of seeing how many hairbreadth escapes they could enjoy, in how many scenes of pillage and robbery they could take part.

Those who have written so gracefully and elegantly of the early history of the regions surrounding the northern portions of the Great Lakes have but begun to tell the tales which will be told with more and more freedom of invention as the writers of the future come to appreciate more and more what a splendid storehouse of material lies in this Northland.

JOURNALISTIC DIFFICULTIES.

The Work of the Censor and the Press in Austria.

There is a censor of the press, and apparently he is always on duty and hard at work. A copy of each morning paper is brought to him at 5 o'clock. His official wagons wait at the doors of the newspaper offices and send to him with the first copies that come from the press. His company of assistants read every line in these papers, and mark everything which seems to have a dangerous look; then he passes final judgment upon these markings. Two things conspire to give to the results a capricious and unbalanced look; his assistants have diversified notions as to what is dangerous and what isn't; he can't get time to examine their criticisms in much detail; and so sometimes the very same matter which is suppressed in one paper falls to be damned in another one, and gets published in full feather and unmodified. Then the paper in which it was suppressed blandly copies the forbidden matter into its evening edition—provokingly giving credit and detailing all the circumstances in incoherent and inoffensive language—and of course the censor cannot say a word.

Sometimes the censor sucks all the blood out of a newspaper and leaves it colorless and inane; sometimes he leaves it undisturbed, and lets it talk out its opinions with a frankness and vigor hardly to be surpassed, I think, in the journals of any country. Apparently the censor sometimes revises his verdicts upon second thought, for several times lately he has suppressed journals after their issue and partial distribution. The distributed copies are then sent for by the censor and destroyed. I have two of these, but at the time they were sent for I could not remember what I had done with them.—Mark Twain, in Harper's Magazine.

Horace Greeley as an Orator.

Mr. Greeley was not an orator in any scholastic sense. He had a poor and somewhat squeaking voice; he knew nothing of gestures; and he could not take an orator's pose, which adds such emphasis sometimes to the matter and argument to be set forth. Not all his years of practice on the platform and on public occasions ever changed his habits and methods as a speaker, and he ended as poorly equipped in the respects named for the vocation as when he began. But he had one prime quality, without which all the others are exploited in vain. He invariably had something to say, and he said it in such clear and wholesome English, with such sincerity, that he was an orator in spite of all the rules.

To state it briefly, of all the eminent speakers I have introduced—and more than once—there was not one who gave better satisfaction, different and notable as they were, than Horace Greeley. As a consequence, he came to me oftener, and wore the best. We might or might not agree with some of his peculiar premises, as when he says: "The moment a drop of alcohol is received into the human stomach, that moment the stomach recognizes a deadly enemy;" but he set his audience thinking, and illuminated his theme.—Harper's Magazine.

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An interesting story is told of Mascagni, the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana." One of his friends had casually said that there was no work of any of the six most famous composers, whose names were mentioned, which Mascagni could not play faultlessly from memory. The statement being ridiculed as impossible, Mascagni reluctantly consented, in order to settle the dispute, to make the effort. A number of musical experts were invited to attend the recital, each one in turn selecting a composition for performance. In vain they tried to baffle the composer, who not only answered the challenge brilliantly in every instance, but filled up the intervals with delightful improvisations of his own.—New York Herald.

Wasps as Fly-Destroyers.

The best fly destroyer in the world is a common or garden wasp. An expert says he has known one wasp to kill 1,000 flies in a day.

HEROES OF THE BALL ROOM.

Remarkable Instances of Bravery Displayed There by Dancing Men.

The men who frequent dancing rooms are not by any means so effeminate as some scornful members of the stronger sex would have us believe. Scented dandies are capable of courage in emergencies, and brave deeds are occasionally performed even in the enervating atmosphere of the ball room.

While in the act of snatching a kiss from an attractive girl under the mistletoe a young masher felt a breath of hot air on his face, and, in glancing up, saw that the evergreens on the large chandelier had caught fire and were blazing away merrily. A quick look around the room told him that the other dancers were unaware of the catastrophe, so he drew back a pace, measured his distance, and with one gigantic spring managed to catch hold of the chandelier. Hanging on by one hand, he rapidly pulled down the burning evergreens and cast them to the floor, scorching his arms terribly in the process, but never once flinching.

Not until he was satisfied that every bit of inflammable material was safely accounted for would he relinquish his hold. Beyond a doubt his ready resource prevented a conflagration, but he suffered so much that one of his hands had to be amputated. His beautiful mustache, of which he was inordinately proud, was also frizzled up by the fire.

A somewhat similar feat was performed by a conceited but daring young coxcomb in a crowded ball room last winter. Several ladies had fainted for want of air, and as the ventilator in the roof would not answer to its pulley the young dandy volunteered to scramble up the fragile rope and see what was amiss. This was the only practicable method of obtaining relief, for some larking guest had locked the door of the room on the outside, and it was impossible to break it open.

The young fellow cut his hands almost to ribbons before he reached the ventilator, and even when he got up found it impossible to open it. Undeterred by this, though, he unhesitatingly banged his head through the thick glass, and then slid to the ground, where he fainted from the loss of blood.

During a dance in a Spanish ball room a heavy plaster cast fell from a bracket, and would certainly have injured one of the host's daughters had not her partner warded it off with his arm. The accident frightened the girl a little, for she was extremely nervous, but the gallant who was dancing with her insisted on continuing the waltz, and assured her that he was not in the least hurt.

Accordingly the couple kept up to the music for fifteen minutes or more, and their consummate dancing drew admiration from every one in the room. The girl was the first to plead fatigue, so her partner led her gracefully to a seat, and went off, ostensibly to get refreshments, but really to find a doctor, for his arm was broken in two places, and his shoulder was dislocated. With remarkable endurance he had refrained from mentioning the injury which the plaster cast had done him, and had suffered acute agony for fifteen minutes rather than alarm the sensitive daughter of his host.—Tit-Bits.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

TRAINING is the art of gaining. Quietness is the magnet of peace. Patience is the barometer of faith. Good works are the voice of faith. Influence is the magnet of character. Capability is the polestar of revolution. Discipline is the crucible of responsibility.

In forgiving a fault, we may inspire a virtue.

The man who stands for God is safe to stand alone.

The gospel means not law over men, but love in them.

Temptation is the balance where character is weighed.

Conscience makes cowards of only those who fail to obey it.

Emotional Christians, like jelly fish, float with the tide.

To put works against faith is to contrast the tree with its roots.

To define is to limit; a finished theology would make God finite.

Love has emulation without strife, unity without uniformity.

One's faith shows less what he is than what he is trying to be.

Beware of prosperity; luxury was the death-knell of Rome's vigor.

Knowledge and wisdom make a strong team when hitched together.

Those who worship wealth, will bow in adoration before good clothes.

Record of a Russian Hospital.

Moscow has a hospital large enough to hold 7,000 persons. It was founded in 1764, and at present takes in children at the rate of forty a day, or about 15,000 a year. There are twenty-six physicians and about 900 nurses. During the first century of its existence the hospital received and brought up no fewer than 468,500 children. On his retreat from Moscow in 1812 Napoleon gave special orders that this building should be spared.

The counterfeit coin may be lead, but it's hard to push.

A man may be fast asleep but rather slow when awake.