

Better a deluded enthusiasm than a lead heart.

We do not enrich the present by ridiculing the past.

Man is strengthened by fear when he has will to overcome it.

What a jolly old world this would be if all men practiced what they preach!

'Wouldn't that jaski you' is understood to be the prevailing slang phrase over in Port Arthur.

A fashion paper says that only a pretty woman can wear a hat that dares. We don't know why.

Things might be much worse than they are. What if Port Arthur had one of those unpronounceable Russian names?

While the Dreyfus case remains unsettled France does not mean to be entirely overshadowed even if there is a big war in progress.

Lives of Mormon saints remind us

That when we have passed away Smiths will be on deck behind us, Multiplying every day.

Columbia has formally decided not to invade the United States, so our army will have about fifteen minutes more rest than if war had been declared.

The Russian wolfhounds and Japanese spaniels were observed to be on good terms at the New York dog show. The "dogs of war" have another story to tell.

The great skill in warfare shown by the army and navy of Japan will prepare the world for the news that Christianity is making rapid strides in that country.

It is mentioned as one of the praiseworthy traits of the Duke of Cambridge that he didn't forsake his wife. Has it come to pass that such a sacrifice is worthy of the world's special attention?

Great Britain until quite recently was always the world's largest holder of gold. To-day, however, your Uncle Sam's stock is twice as large as hers, and amounts to nearly \$1,000,000. Strange things do happen.

"Buffalo Bill" is suing for a divorce, alleging that his wife has been "cruel" to him. Shall we continue to pay out our good money to see a "hero" who professes his inability to take care of himself in a mixup of that sort?

Some American coast resort has missed a great bargain. The French state barge, elaborately decorated, which had carried sovereigns and other dignitaries, has been sold for less than \$50. Built in the reign of Charles X., it was last used when President Lobet went to Toulon to meet the Italian fleet. Now it meets the fate of other floundering boats.

The writers of great hymns build monuments to themselves in human hearts, yet it is fitting that material structures and inscriptions should commemorate their service. An instance of grateful remembrance is the recent placing of a memorial tablet in the chancel of the parish church, Farnham, England, to the Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady, the author of "Rock of Ages." He was a native of the town, but died in London when only 37 years old, in 1778.

The time was when to be without a roof to cover one's head was to be an object of commiseration or scorn, but in these days rooftrees are going out of fashion, and to be able to see stars from one's bed is to be on a fair way to health and wisdom. The custom of sleeping out of doors is adopted not alone by those afflicted with lung disease. It is a cure that ministers to a mind diseased as well as to an ailing body, and is particularly recommended to those suffering with any of the thousand and one nerve diseases. People build their homes with upper porches, where, as they say, "on fine nights we may sleep out of doors," and those who are porchless imitate the Arabs and may frequently be seen folding their tents and stealing away to back yard or vacant lots, where the "sweet restorer, sleep," is more easily wooed. Of course, it is not likely that the rooftop will disappear altogether; people have submitted to the passing of the parlor and to the new prominence that has been given to the kitchen, but it is not to be expected that they will meekly allow a skyey roof to take the place of the artificial one provided by man.

When President Hadley of Yale said that the public life of this country needs a large body of young men of independent means, he was influenced, it is to be feared, by the interests of his own hundreds of young men of independent means. Theoretically, the young man who can best afford to devote himself to the public service. But, in practical fact, that is just the kind of young man which the public can least afford to have in charge of its affairs. The young man without means but with the right stuff in him can best contribute to his

self in the public service, even in the way of a bare living; manufacturer, commerce, finance and the professions offer him far more glittering attractions. And, yet, this young man, fresh from toil, with the inspiration that comes of empty hands, and with sympathies undivided, is the one who through all history has held the pilot wheel of the ship of progress with the steadiest hand and stoutest heart. The man of independent means, be he young or old, is out of sympathy with the real emotions and the environment of the masses. He views the common lot only as one looks into a house through a window. He knows the common life only as one who dwells in the hills knows the life of the valleys. The great movements of human progress have seldom originated with men of independent means. They have sprung from the heart of the common people. The great leaders of men have come up from the soil. What we need in public life, and in private life, too, is not the man "rich enough to resist temptation," but the man honest enough to despise it, the man too true in his sympathies to mistake public good and too quick in his intelligence to be misled. Wealth confers many blessings upon its possessor, but it never yet gave him brains or morality, though it often robs him of both and much else besides.

Niedermeier, Marx and Van Dine killed by the law is the end of the Chicago car barn bandits. They were boys. It is difficult to make the average boy think of the future. If he is wild, a street rover, a product of bad books and lax home regulations, he is pretty apt to sneer at anything that smacks of preaching. Every city has many—too many—bad boys. Perhaps few of them will ever shed human blood, but there is no doubt that they are traveling the same thoroughfare that these Chicago youths have traveled, and if they go far enough they will find the gallows casting a ghastly shadow across the road. What is to be done? The problem is as great as the problem of existence. There never was and there never will be a set of rules that will stop crime. But the fathers and mothers must know that the first responsibility is theirs. They cannot afford to neglect their children. The sequel to neglect is tears and sorrows. If home is not pleasant, there are streets. The boy who is driven there for his company finds it. He also finds cigarettes and whisky and profanity. He finds the society that makes Jesse James a saint and Deadwood Dick a martyr. He smashes windows and destroys property; he steals rides on the street cars. He is familiar with dark alleys and hiding places at a rat is with its hole; and as he grows tougher and tougher he glories in it. He isn't really happy until he makes converts. He wants other boys to be bad. His mother cries over him, and his father is too busy, or too careless, to get to the heart of things, and realize that his boy has gotten away from him. There are rules at home. Often they consist mostly of "don't." "Don't make a noise;" "don't touch the piano;" "don't whistle;" "don't muss up the room;" "go to church or take a licking;" "don't join a ball club, because 'father' never belonged to one;" "don't visit the neighbors boys, and don't bring them home with you, because it is annoying;" "don't play football, because it is too tough." There are other don'ts. Apply them with enough severity and you can make a sneak and a liar out of a promising boy. He isn't a man. He does not think like a man. His brain is in the process of development as well as his legs, and he needs room and a good bit of license and a great deal of tolerance and forgiving, if he is to grow up strong and clean and healthy, inside and out. God bless him, not once in a thousand times he is born bad. There isn't much in the idea that a child can inherit a black heart. Most of them can be molded, led, trained. Keep the boy busy with clean amusement and you have robbed the unclean of half its power. Listen to him; give ear to his troubles and his joys. Laugh with him and sympathize with him. Let boy who has a good father for a champion never be a bandit and he will never get very far from the teachings of his mother.

The Borrowed Regimentals.

A Romance of Memorial Day.

Always towards Decoration Day old Silas Morton went through the self-same period of excitement, fervor and patriotism. Along about the 20th of May he became a being revived by stirring memories, and no man kept better step, looked more dignified and important than the old hero of Company B, who had saved the regimental colors at Pea Ridge forty odd years back. Silas had got a two-line notice in the busy prints for that five-minute plunge amid shell and shell, but a century of love and devotion in the hearts of comrades and their descendants.

Memorial Day was a picture-dream to him, an occasion where rarely fervent and tender emotions mingled. He devoted hours to formulating programs of ceremonies, to brushing up his cherished accoutrements. On the eve of the day memorable he strolled over to the home of his veteran companion in arms, John Ridgely.

Paul Ridgely, grandson, sat on the rustic porch, his head between his hands, a victim of either deep dejection or stammered. He started up, confusedly, startled, and turned dead white.

"How's the grandfather?" inquired Morton.

"Very much better," answered Paul. "The fever is gone, and the doctor says he will be well and about soon if he keeps mind and body quiet."

"He won't do neither if he realizes it's Decoration Day," declared Silas.

"He mustn't realize it, then—in fact, we have fixed the calendar several days out."

"Strange procession—without him in the ranks!" grumbled Morton. "I won't see him, then, till it's over—might hurt out the truth, for I'm naturally full of the occasion. That's why I run down. I was thinking, Paul, my old blue suit is pretty shabby. John and I are about a size. He wouldn't object, if he knew—would you, if I wore his to-morrow?"

"Sorely not," answered Paul quickly. "I'll get it for you at once."

Paul knew just where to find the suit, for he had put it away himself the last time his grandfather had worn it. That was two weeks before. The old man had gone to a G. A. R. meeting, had returned with a sore throat, and the next day was laid low with fever.

Paul sighed as he thought of that night in question, so much had depended on it, and out of it had come only silence, disappointment and suffering. Over in a corner was Paul's trunk, packed. He was going to leave Coleville as soon as his relative was better—and for a great, sorrowful reason.

"Why haven't you been down to see us?" inquired Morton, as Paul handed him the parcel. "Been a pretty steady nurse, though, I reckon, for you look peaked. Come soon—Madge has missed you."

"How is Madge?" inquired Paul, chokingly.

"Oh! same as usual—she's going to the grove to-morrow."

"UNKNOWN." Or where the dog-dog's notes, sweet summer's night. First from the hillside over the Tennessee. Or by the James, or by the Chickamauga. Or where the Gulf winds dip the sails alone. Or where the Schuyllkill cleaves the vernal shadows. Or wherever far the comet-gathering arms. Of the broad Hudson, through the fresh-rimed mountains. Of village-rises and harvest-blooming farms. Wherever we meet the friends once fondly cherished. And hands all warm with old affection take. Breathe ye with love the names of those who perished. And sleep in graves unknown, for Freedom's sake. The wooded slope of Chattanooga shades away. The level fields where they repose, alone; In serried rows in Arlington's green mead-ows. Their headstones speak the one sad word, "Unknown." Balm-breathing Jones, to old home-farms returning. Bear from green fields no pleasant airs to them. Nor rose and lily's odorous censers burning. In morning suns, from dew-bejeweled stems. The west winds blow by Chickamauga. The south winds play the Rappidan beside. But they are dead, and we shall see them never. Till heaven's armies follow Him who died. Peace! Let us mingle love's sweet tears with pity's. For those who bought the heritage we have. Who gave their all, and in death's silent cities. Have but the nameless epitaph, "Unknown."—Boston Herald.

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MEMORIAL DAY AND SENTIMENT.



It is to the South, the land of flowers and fragrance and chivalry and beautiful women, that the North owes the fine idea of decorating the graves of soldier-dead with flowers, setting apart one day each springtime for the ceremony.

The custom spread to the North, and was universally observed, even before it was established as a national institution. By a general order issued by General John A. Logan, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, May 5, 1868, May 30 was fixed as Memorial Day for that year in all States and Territories and the District of Columbia, except Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina and Texas. These States fixed their own dates for Memorial Day. It is observed earlier in the South than in the North, the date for several of them being April 23. Although there has never been any Federal legislation touching Memorial Day, many of the States have made it a holiday, and both houses at Washington, whenever in session, always adjourn on May 30, in respect to the dead.

It is a beautiful custom, founded entirely on sentiment. Respect for the dead means nothing only as it influences the living. Memorial Day knows nothing of strife, of wrong, of ill deeds, of small natures, of selfishness. It says: Men were brave to the extent of dying for what they believed to be principle. They endured hardship, privation—they suffered much—and all for the cause in which they believed.

There is no sectional line in bravery. There never has been. We honor courage and devotion, and ask not under what flag heroism was proven. We place flowers on grassy mounds, and pray that the generation that has grown up since the great struggle has all of the fire and courage and virtue of those who have gone. We hope that future generations will find so much to admire in the deeds of those now living, that in the years that are to come we will be remembered, even as are those of the silent army of the great war.—St. Louis Chronicle.

ed the terrific decline where a plunge meant death. Morton gained the flag, seized the trailing lines, was dragged flat, but his iron fists sawed at the sinewy leather strips. As Morton gained the wagon seat, Paul sprang into the box. Madge had sustained a bruise on the forehead and was stunned. Some one brought cold water—she revived slightly, and lay in Paul's arms, while Morton anxiously drove homeward. Paul carried Madge into the parlor of the farmhouse, placed her on a couch, and left her to the care of her grandmother. As he went out and sat on the doorstep, he was shaking like a leaf. The emotions of the past hour had been a vivid strain. Suddenly a light step preceded a timid touch on the shoulder. Looking up, he thrilled to the grateful glance of the fair girl whose life he had saved.

He could say nothing, as she sat down beside him, telling him brokenly what she felt she owed to his unselfish bravery. Then there was an interruption. In his shirt sleeves, storming ferociously, old Silas came up. "See here!" he cried, extending the coat he had worn that day. "I'd rather have lost the team than that happen!" In rushing to Madge's rescue he had slit one sleeve entire of the borrowed garment.

"Don't let that worry you, Mr. Morton," said Paul.

"It does worry me. I've spoiled my old friend's regimentals!"

"Why," assured Madge gently, "I think I can sew it up so it won't show much."

She took the coat, nodding encouragingly to Morton as he walked off, and, as she turned over the garment, from an inside pocket a sealed letter fell out.

"Why!" she exclaimed in surprise, "it is addressed to me."

"Paul gave a gasp. Was it possible? His handwriting, 'the' letter!"

Yes, there it was; the missive settling his destiny, which he had asked his grandfather to hand to Madge two weeks previous.

known and unmarked resting places of the Union soldiers. As the news of this touching tribute flashed over the North, it roused, as nothing else could have done, national unity and love, and allayed sectional animosity and passion. It thrilled every household where there was a vacant chair by the fireside and an aching void in the heart for a lost hero whose remains had never been found, old wounds broke out afresh, and in a mingled tempest of grief and joy the family cried, "Maybe it was our darling." The out of sorrows, common alike to the North and the South, came this beautiful custom. But Decoration Day no longer belongs to those who mourn. It is the common privilege of us all, and will be celebrated as long as gratitude exists and flowers bloom.—Chauncey M. Depew.

Al, sir, there are times in the history of men and nations when they stand so near the veil that separates mortals from immortals, time from eternity, and men from their God, that they can almost bear the breathing and feel the pulsations of the heart of the Infinite. Through such a time has this nation gone, and when two hundred and fifty thousand brave spirits passed in the field of honor through that thin veil to the presence of God, and when at last its parting folds admitted the martyred President to the company of the dead heroes of the republic, the nation stood so near the veil that the whispers of God were heard by the children of men.—James A. Garfield.

This day is sacred to the great heroic host who kept this flag above our heads, sacred to the living and the dead, sacred to the scarred and maimed, sacred to the wives who gave their husbands, to the mothers who gave their sons. Here in this peaceful land of ours, here where the sun shines, where the flowers grow, where children play, millions of armed men battled for the right and breast on a thousand fields the iron storm of war. These brave, these incomparable men, founded the first republic, they fulfilled the prophecies, they brought to pass the dreams, realized the hopes that all the great and good and wise and just have made, and had since man was man. But what of those who fell? There is no language to express the debt we owe, the love we bear to all the dead who died for us. Words are but barren sounds. We can but stand beside their graves, and in the hush and silence feel what speech has never told. They fought, they died, and for the first time since man has kept a record of events, the heavens bent above and domed a land without a serf, a servant or a slave.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

The Seventh Michigan's Exploit. The success of the brilliant move across the river at Fredericksburg makes a bright page in the annals of the Seventh Michigan infantry. Confederate sharpshooters lined the opposite bank and impeded the work of laying pontoons bridges, which had finally been abandoned. A call was made for volunteers to cross and drive the enemy out. Soldiers of the Seventh seized some empty pontoons, rowed rapidly across, jumped ashore and drove the Confederates from the rifle pits and from the houses. Two Massachusetts regiments followed and secured them in holding the position.

Famous Decoration Day Sentiments. When the war was over, in the South, where, under warmer skies and with more poetic temperaments, symbols and emblems are better understood than in the practical North, the widows, mothers and children of the Confederate dead went out and strewed their graves with flowers; at many places the women scattered them impartially also over the

Of the 896 degrees conferred by the University of Michigan throughout the year 1903, 328 were upon students in the literary department; 242 upon law students, 206 upon students in the medical and homeopathic departments; 81 upon dental students; 79 upon engineering students and 22 upon students in pharmacy. Eight degrees were honorary.

Be Warned! Heed Nature's warnings! Pain tells of lurking disease. Backache is kidney pain—a warning of kidney ills. Urinary troubles, too, come to tell you the kidneys are sick. Constant weariness, headaches, dizzy spells, days of pain, nights of unrest are danger signals warning you to cure the kidneys. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, which have made thousands of permanent cures.

Frank D. Overbaugh, cattle buyer and farmer, Catskill, N. Y., says: "Doan's told me ten years ago that I had Bright's disease, and said they could do nothing to save me. My back ached so I could not stand it to even drive about, and passages of the kidney secretions were so frequent as to annoy me greatly. I was growing worse all the time, but Doan's Kidney Pills cured me, and I have been well ever since."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Overbaugh will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address: Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents per box.

A good authority on horses says that the gray will live the longest, and that roans come next in order. Blacks seldom live to be over twenty, and creams rarely exceed ten or fifteen.

Some of the women of Siam intrust their children to the care of the elephant nurses and it is said that the trust is never betrayed. The babies play about the huge feet of the elephants, who are very careful never to hurt their little charges.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County. FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed to in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1903. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Manchuria's latitude corresponds with that of Manitoba, North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota and Nebraska. Its area of 362,310 square miles is only 10,000 square miles less than the combined area of these great grain states.

A foreman recently found fault with a compositor for not punctuating with more judgment. The Typo earnestly replied, "I'm not a pointer, 'I'm a setter.'" This is inserted here as a dog-goned good composing-room joke.

WET WEATHER COMFORT. There is no satisfaction keener than being dry and comfortable when out in the hardest storm. YOU ARE SURE OF THIS IF YOU WEAR TOWERS WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING. MADE IN BLACK OR YELLOW AND BACKED BY OUR GUARANTEE. ASK YOUR DEALER. If he will not supply you send for our free catalogue of garments and hats.

Miss Ella Barrett of St. Joseph, Kans., will exhibit at the World's fair, a table cloth valued at \$500. The Canadian Ticket Agent's Association will visit the world's fair in a body during the week of May 16. Pearls of character often form in the sore spots of the heart.

The Shortest Way out of an attack of Rheumatism or Neuralgia. It is to use St. Jacobs Oil. Which affords not only relief, but a permanent cure. It soothes, cures, and restores the suffering. Price, 25c. and 50c.