EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

The Marrying Mood.

IT is safe to say that if there were no love to urge men and women into marriage there would be very few weddings and mankind would finally become as extinct as the dodo. If marriages should be made after mature deliberation and careful reasoning one might expect those contracted by persons of advanced age to be the happiest. And yet that is not the common experience. The common experience is that the happiest marriages are those which take place early in life, and that when an elderly man or woman gets married—we are not speaking of widows and widowers—they more frequently make a mess of it. The reason for this is not hard to find. It is absolutely essential to the happiness of wedded life that there should be common concessions. Two minds cannot always think alike; two people cannot always desire the same thing. One of them must, therefore, give way. Young people can learn to do this more readily than older ones. As to the wisdom of getting married and marrying young, there should not be two opinions. Home life is the most wholesome and the very best estate, and every woman should be a homemaker. There are many things, as society is now organized, which militate against marriages except among the rich and the very poor. Among the very poorest classes of the population poverty is not considered a bar to marriage. But there is a great class in every community which is ambitious to "keep up appearances," and which thinks it cannot afford to marry. The young woman has been used to living with a certain amount of luxury, and there is a disinclination to fall lower in the social scale by living in a cheaper neighborhood and with fewer of the comforts and conveniences of life. Each one wishes to begin where the parents left off. Plain living and high thinking are no longer the aspirations of the many.—Baltimore Sun.

Unrest and Work.

THE remedy for unrest is to earn one's rest. This implies not merely duty to one's calling, but to one's self. The man who tries to get somewhere and feels at the end of the year that he is farther on the road than he was at the beginning of it, is not pessimistic and downcast, even though he is still distant from the realization of his hopes. We cannot restore the old conditions of labor. We tend evermore toward working with our heads and leaving the work that used to be done with hands to senseless machinery. Many of us, too, are afflicted with a fool notion that it is beneath one's dignity to work with the hands; that it is better to be a spruce clerk on ten dollars a week than a greasy mechanic at twenty. But it isn't.

If many of those who suffer from this unrest will take up an occupation or a fad that calls for the use of the muscles, we shall hear more whistling and less sighing. Our hands are made to use, and we grow just as discontented when we are forbidden to use them as if we were ordered not to use our feet, or our stomachs. We have outgrown the occasion for the appendix vermiformis, but it will not do to neglect our hands till they wizen to flippers that cannot crush mosquitoes. The man who has no more to do with his hands than to fold them, or to rest them on the top of a bar, is a man whose unrest may become dangerous. Members of unions who used to work grew so restless after a year of suppression by wholly senseless strikes that they go forth and destroy. Men who used to be kept busy teaching school or practicing law grow so restless under long vacations and perennial postponements that they get up sociological theories and travel around worrying everybody with them.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Rowdyism in Colleges.

THE year's news reports from various college centers have been enlivened by some startling accounts of student activity in the way of "cane rushes," "color rushes" and similar diversions. In some cases the girl students took a hand in the rough and tumble of physical encounter. Now come the details as to the late case of hazing at a Baltimore college, where a student was "initiated" into a Greek letter fraternity. After having been undressed, blindfolded and laid on a cake of ice the student was taken upstairs and thrown from a balcony, falling upon a blanket held by his fellow students twenty-five feet below. He was tossed in the blanket until unconscious and covered with bruises. This was the "first degree." A few days later the "second degree" was administered. The next morning, not unnaturally, the student was dead. His chum, who had experienced a similar initiatory ceremony, was dangerously ill.

Doubtless this was an exceptional and extraordinary case, but it was not so much unlike some other recent college festivities in character as not to give grounds for speculation regarding the standards of conduct toward which the young American collegian is tending. Much has been said and should be said in favor of athletics and robust physical development, but the recent "rushes" and the common charge of slugging in football matches indicate that physical development is leading not to the health, strength and endurance of the athlete but to mere rowdyism.

By dint of vigorous and prolonged effort most of the college faculties of the country managed to suppress hazing a few years ago. But the "initiations," the "rushes" and the football slugging show a resort to practices quite as repugnant. Has the striving after the strenuous life led to a confusion between manly courage and the strong-arm work of the back-lot bully?—Chicago Daily News.

Graft a National Vice.

GRAFTING is by no means confined to [illegible] petty and wholesale robbing of the community by public officials. There is the grafter who is false to the interests of his employer; the grafter who uses his position with corporation or company to a dishonest end. In every branch and ramification of the business, financial and industrial world is found the grafter, smug of face, discreet of tongue—a snake warmed in the bosom of the one he systematically plunders. This spoliation has become the besetting and shameful sin of the American people.

There is hardly an occupation or profession which does not afford opportunity for graft. The time has come when graft is a recognized and conventional factor in determining the incomes of those who profit thereby. * * * If the Benedict Arnolds of a city the size of New York or Chicago were to march in solid rank past the respective city halls, it would take them long to pass, and it is to be feared that they would be greeted and applauded by throngs of envious and admiring followers.

We may accept it as a self-evident proposition that the man who buys his way into office intends to steal his way out of it. These are the professional grafters; they make no pretenses of a fine spun morality. But equally dangerous and far more despicable are the grafters who pose as respectable members of society. The grafter of the slums has his counterpart in the genteel, educated character in broadcloth, who prates of patriotism and asks the blessings of Providence upon his peculations.

This is the only nation in the world where the holding of a public office raises a suspicion as to the character of the incumbent. We have not enough civic pride to outweigh the energy and the influence of the grafter. Since this astounding and deplorable state of affairs obtains in no other nation, the inference is clear that we have reached a low moral plane.

The grafter is an effect; not a cause. He is the retainer of dishonest business interests; the henchman of those so carried away by the lust of greed that they do not hesitate to plunder their fellow citizens through the bribed co-operation of those who are elected to protect their interests.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Wife and the Criminal Law.

THE law lags behind the advance of women, as we are reminded by a case which was tried at Marylebone the other day, in which a young woman and her husband were charged with stealing and receiving. It is not for us to question the blame of a sin to which the husband has pleaded guilty. But the magistrate fell back at once on the old legal maxim that when husband and wife act in concert the wife is not responsible, being under her husband's control. Surely the whole world of modern womanhood will rise in revolt against such an assumption. Even the magistrate hinted that it ought to be "reviewed." Under the present law the man was remanded and the wife was discharged, to protest, as she surely must, against the last remaining feminine wrong. No woman can sit down calmly at home and consent to escape remand on the ground that she was under control of her husband.—London Chronicle.

CRACK SHOT OF REVOLUTION.

Exploits of Timothy Murphy, One of Morgan's Sharpshooters.

The battle of Saratoga, fought in October 1777, has its place in history as one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world from Marathon to Waterloo, so wrote the English historian, Creasy, and thus far nearly half a century has elapsed, and his word has never been questioned.

Let us look at two characters who shared in this battle, Col. Daniel Morgan, afterward general, ever the stanch friend of Washington, and at the date of which we write, the leader of 700 sharpshooters; and Timothy Murphy, the crack shot of Morgan's corps.

Morgan was a far-sighted and clear-headed soldier; he had observed in the action of October 7, a noble looking British officer, who, mounted on a magnificent charger, dashed from one end of the line to the other. While this officer lived, Morgan considered the issue of the contest a doubtful one; he therefore selected twelve of his best marksmen, among whom was Timothy Murphy, and, leading them to a suitable position, he pointed out to them the doomed officer, who was dressed in full uniform, and said to them: "That gallant officer yonder is Gen. Frazer. I admire and respect him, but it is necessary for our good that he should die. Take your stations and do your duty."

Within a few minutes a rifle ball cut the crupper of Frazer's horse, a second passed through his horse's mane. Calling his attention to this, his aide said to him: "It is evident you are marked out for particular aim; would it not be prudent for you to retire from this place?" Frazer replied: "My duty forbids me to fly from danger." The third shot was from the rifle of Murphy, and Frazer fell, mortally wounded.

His death so disheartened the British that the moment he fell the tide of battle turned against Burgoyne. He had lost his best subordinate, the only one of his officers who had the slightest influence with him.

At the close of the Revolution Murphy married and settled in Schoharie as a farmer, but his old habits still clung to him.

To his last day he maintained the reputation he had won as a sharpshooter in Morgan's corps. It was a custom in those days for riflemen to shoot for a prize. On one occasion a large oak tree had been blazed near the ground and in the circle a small piece of white paper was fastened by a brass nail. The distance to be fired was over 100 yards. Several close shots had been made, and it became Murphy's turn to fire. He lay down on the ground at full length, resting his rifle on his hat, as the others had done, and, after glancing over the barrel, he was heard to say: "Sure, and I believe I can see that nail." Again he sighted his piece—fired, and the paper fell. An examination showed a center shot; the ball had driven the nail exactly in.

In person, Murphy was stout and well made, handsome in face, with jet black hair and an eye that would kindle and flash like the lightning when excited; quick as a cat in all his movements and possessing an iron frame that nothing apparently could affect. What, moreover, is very remarkable, is that in the most dangerous duty that war could possibly entail upon him, in which he passed seven years of army life, his body was never wounded or even scarred.—United Service Review.

RUSE OF THE REJECTED ONE.

How a Girl Who Had Promised to Be a Sister Was Brought to Terms.

"I understood you to say that you reject me," he said.

"Your understanding is correct," she replied, "although somewhat blunt. I feel that I cannot marry you."

She took a step forward and gently touched his arm. A tear was in her eye.

"I'm so sorry," she said.

Something in her voice made him straighten up. He had not asked for sympathy. He resented it so suddenly that it was as if some outside power had taken possession of him. He felt mad right through.

"You needn't be," he replied. "Why should you be? If you entertain the slightest notion that I'm going to jump off the dock or ruin my life dismiss it at once. There are, I can assure you, worse things than being a bachelor. In the first place, there are no enormous bills to pay. Then, a man can go and come as he pleases, without let or hindrance. Instead of being bound down to one woman, subject to her whims, her idle fancies, he is free for all. He can pursue his cherished ambitions without interruption. When he is sick he can secure proper care without being nursed by an amateur. He doesn't have to attend dinner parites, or any other kind of parties, if he doesn't want to. His time is his own. He can smoke or not, without question, and he is absolutely free to pursue his own ideals. There are worse things than being single. I was willing to run the risk, with you, but don't sympathize with me. I shall get along all right, thank you. I——"

She turned toward him with a sudden movement of determination, and held out her hands, pleadingly.

"Now you must marry me!" she said.—Smart Set.

Ruskin as a Gardner.

Fond as Ruskin was of flowers, especially wild ones, he had his own ideas as to what a garden ought to be, and in his practical gardening was quite a landscapist. He liked making paths and contriving pretty nooks. When he first came to Brantwood he would have his coppice cut no more. It spindled up to great tall steps, slender and sinous, promising no timber, and past the age for all commercial use or time honored wont. Neighbors shook their heads, but they did not know the pictures of Botticelli, and Ruskin had made his coppice into an early Italian altar piece. Then he had his espalier of apples and a little gooseberry patch and a few standard fruit trees and some strawberries mixed with flowers. In one corner there were beehives in the old-fashioned pent house trailed over with creepers. Here and there were little hummocks, each with its especial interest of fern or flower.

Cloves for Nausea.

"Cloves," said a physician, "make an excellent and handy remedy for nausea, for the headache due to train rides and for slight attacts of sea sickness. I went abroad last year and on the boat the first day out I began to feel the approaches of seasickness. I took a clove every hour all the rest of the day and by midnight attack had left me and it did not return again. My wife is much given to indigestion, particularly when she eats pastry but experience has taught her that she may now eat pastry with impunity, provided that she swallows a clove now and then for several hours after the meal."

Bullet or Rope Always.

Stranger (in Frozen Dog)—Is there an opening here for a physician?

Broncho Bill—Can't say that there is. Yer see, it don't require no specialist in this community to tell what folks died of.—Puck.

Britian's Population Varying.

Fifty years ago the population of England and Wales was divided equally between city and country; now 77 per cent of it is urban.

Some men are constantly trying to lower the record for meanness.

It is excellent to appreciate those who excel.

TO ST. VALENTINE.

Valentine! Saint Valentine!
A pilgrim to thy holy shrine,
Behold I come!
Footsore, and very heavy-laden
Because of love for one small maiden,
My lips are dumb.

O Valentine! Saint Valentine!
Thou know'st this little maid of mine,
This dainty sweet,
So pure and fair that when she passes
Our gray old world grows green with grasses
Beneath her feet;

That everywhere her dear face shows
The west wind takes it for a rose
Just newly born.
O grant, sweet Saint, that to her knowing
But fragrance soft and bloom be showing,
Give me the thorn!

Oh, Phyllis fair! Oh, Phyllis young!
I would mine were a poet's tongue
That I might sue;
That I might sing in golden numbers—
To wake your heart from out its slumbers—
My love for you.

Yet—no, dear heart! The years will bring
A sweeter song than I could sing;
So slumber on.
You will awaken to discover—
When he shall come—that happy lover,
And I am gone.
—New York Independent.

Aunt Madeline's Valentine.

AND the girl clings to this silly notion? It's preposterous! If you don't make her give up that poor fellow and accept Rufus Clark, I'll have no more to do with any of you. I go to-night unless the girl gives in. She's your daughter; make her obey!" And Aunt Madeline walked out of the room, leaving her niece—gentle, helpless Mrs. Price—in despair, for well she knew that her persuasions were powerless with loyal Kitty Price.

Kitty, the eldest of the widow's four children, had been Aunt Madeline's protege for years. Ever since her father's death the child had been clothed and educated by this aunt of Mr. Price's, a childless widow, who, to be near her darling Kitty, had for the last three years boarded with Mrs. Price, her liberal payment and well-chosen gifts helping out the widow's straitened income in a way all of them appreciated. That Aunt Madeline "should go" meant that Jack must leave school and go to business, that the little ones could have no new suits that winter, that only bare necessities could be bought, perhaps not even these. Yet Mrs. Price felt afraid to interfere further with Kitty's choice of a husband. It was true that the rich Rufus Clark seemed to others fully as good a man, kind, steady and devoted, as Herbert Huntley, who had a small salary and no bright prospects. But Kitty unfortunately loved Herbert before Rufus appeared on the field, and she did not believe her aunt Madeline, who assured her that Herbert would "take to drink," or let her support herself and her family after a few years.

Aunt Madeline had made a love match herself, and it had not turned out well. She, too, had been loved by a rich man, and by one who, if not poor, was not blessed with much of this world's goods. She persisted in marrying her choice, reverses had come, and he, a weak character, could not bear trials, resorted to stimulants to cheer him up, and at last was for years dependent upon his wife for his home and support. The rich lover never married, and just when Mrs. Joyce (Aunt Madeline) was preparing to go to work to earn her own support, he died, leaving his one love his large fortune. Judging by her own experience Aunt Madeline had some excuse for advocating marrying for money instead of for love; but "all lovers don't turn out so," Kitty argued, and was sure that manly Herbert, who had supported his sister for years and was thoroughly tried by repeated disappointments and reverses, was very different from weak, vacillating Henry Joyce.

"I won't give him up. I ought not to. I can't," the girl was just repeating, when her gentle mother knocked at her door. Mrs. Price was one of those women who never entered a child's room without knocking. She respected each one's privacy, and perhaps it was for that reason that her children confided so fully in her, taking her as their one confidant.

"Come in, Motherdy. I can see Aunt Madeline has been tormenting you again. Why doesn't she come to me instead of worrying you? I think it mean, and I've a good mind to tell her so."

"You won't have a chance, my dear; your aunt is going to leave to-night."

"Leave for good? O mother! and I have done this when you need the help she gives so much! I wish——" and Kitty's voice sounded so hesitatingly that Mrs. Price ventured one last appeal.

"Kitty, dear, it is a sacrifice, and one I cannot ask of you, but if you make it of your own free will you are doing a great and unselfish thing. Rufus Clark would take Jim into his employ, your aunt would see Jack through college, Minnie would have a luxurious home with you, moving in the best society, if anything happens to me—and Rufus is as good as Herbert—I cannot but think your liking would soon grow as warm for him as for your early love."

The girl's face was white and fixed. She loved her brothers and little sister devotedly, and then, too, had not her dying father begged her to be a true elder sister to them? He might have foreseen some trial like this, for only a day or two before he died he said to Kitty, when she sat alone with him.

"My girl, you have a hard lot before you—the eldest daughter of a poor widow—you may have to sacrifice a bright future for the sake of your orphan brothers and sister; but do it cheerfully, bravely, and unselfishly and God will make such sacrifice work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

These words seemed ringing in the poor girl's ears. She must not drive Aunt Madeline from her mother. She must not deprive her brothers of Rufus' aid, or Minnie of the safe refuge she could command for her if she gave up Herbert. With pale lips, the girl said: "Wait a moment, mother; I'll speak to Aunt Madeline; only let me sit alone a while."

The mother, frightened at the girl's looks, yet knowing how good and true a man Rufus Clark was, left the room, though longing to uphold her girl in her first decision, and Kitty sat alone, not wavering now, only waiting until it should grow dusk that her face might not betray her.

Meanwhile Mrs. Joyce was packing her trunks and boxes, for she was a determined woman, and meant to keep her word. A friend had repeatedly urged her to come and keep "old maids' hall" with her, and sometimes when the boys were particularly quarrelsome and noisy Aunt Madeline had felt inclined to accept, and had hinted as much to Miss Mills, who often said she would expect her "at any time." So now she telegraphed to Boston that she was to come by the night train, and went to work at her packing to keep down the feelings of regret and compunction that threatened to overwhelm her. She decided she would not pack all, but send or come for the rest, and thought with relief that she need not sort over her old mementoes of former days; but there was one paper she must get at and take with her. So she turned over a box full of papers and came across a pink envelope, worn and faded, but one that in its day was evidently chosen for its beauty to hold some dainty message.

"Harry's valentine; poor fellow, poor fellow! My own loving Harry!" and she opened the faded envelope with fast-falling tears. It was not Henry Joyce, the drunkard, of whom she thought; it was her bonnie lover of those long years back. She seemed to be standing again, a loving, trusting girl of eighteen, and to see his blue eyes so full of love, so beaming upon her, as he said:

"I wrote it myself, Pet, and I want you to keep it always—from your Valentine."

"Always—forever!" she had answered, with a blush. Ah, there is always one that gives, and one that takes, in love affairs. If she had been the giver, pouring out her very life in devotion and sacrifice for him, had she not found a wonderful secret happiness, even in her pain? Would she even now have her past life different? She pressed the faded valentine to her lips.

"Aunt Madeline, I have come to say you need not pack your things. I'll give up—I'll marry Rufus Clark. Herbert will understand, poor fellow. Do stay, Aunt Madeline!"

"Stay! who talked of going? What nonsense! Just because I choose to look over my things on a rainy afternoon" (it was perfectly dry outside, but the old lady was hard put to it), "to take it for granted I am going! And as for Rufus Clark, let him go, my child, let him go! I suppose you want Herbert, for better, for worse, and if it's for worse, dear," and the old lady's voice grew tender and solemn, "God will help you, as he has helped many another. The happiest marriages are not always the truest—some one must bear with and sustain the feeble ones. Keep your Herbert, as you love him, and God bless you."

The girl longed to say, "But Herbert is not feeble, and there won't be any 'worse,' but all 'better,' in our marriage," but she was wise, and let the old lady have the floor.

"There, this old valentine conquered me—mere doggerel, I suppose, the lines seem to you;" and Aunt Madeline read the verses to Kitty, which were doggerel, and probably only slightly altered from some old book, to suit the lover's purpose. "Mere doggerel; but keep your valentines, dear, when they come from your true love; they may keep you from being a heartless, meddlesome old wretch, and separating two true hearts, as I came near doing."

Kitty's mother went down to the tea-table with bread. It would be almost as bad to learn that Aunt Madeline was to stay and dear Kitty sacrificed, as to bid good-by to their one well-to-do relation. To her surprise, Kitty and Aunty entered the dining room together, the young girl beaming and blushing, the old lady with a tender light in her eyes, and a delicate flush on her withered cheek.

"It's all right, Motherdy," said Kitty, joyously. "Aunty isn't going away, and I needn't marry Rufus. He'll have to wait for Minnie!"

"But—I—" began Mrs. Price, wonderingly.

"Mother, St. Valentine shall be my patron saint hereafter!"

At which speech Aunty's flush deepened, though she tried to come down gracefully from her former attitude.

"I still think Kitty is foolish, but time will teach her her folly!" and no one argued to the contrary.

The wedding came off on St. Valentine's day, Kitty declaring that the saint would bring them luck. Minnie wore her first "long dress," and Mr. Clark seemed so much struck with her wonderful resemblance to the bride that Aunty may still have one of her nieces "married well." Herbert in spite of Aunt Madeline's fears, seems altogether "for better" and not "for worse." He may never be rich, but he is loving and honorable, and on each wedding anniversary he gives his wife a valentine, which is carefully treasured. But Kitty begs in vain for the faded pink envelope and its enclosure. "I'll leave it to you, dear," said Aunty, on the third anniversary of Kitty's marriage, "but as long as I live I'll keep my one valentine. May yours have only sweet memories enshrined in them! Mine, though precious, tells a mixed tale of sorrow, hope, almost despair. But, through it all, hope triumphs."

And Kitty, remembering the dying bed, where the poor weak man had repented of his wasted life, felt that even Aunt Madeline's choice had not been so utterly a mistake as some would insist.—The Housewife.

The Great Northern Railroad has substituted Italian workmen for the Japanese. The Japanese work cheaper, but they also work much more slowly. The Italians are getting sixteen cents an hour.

"Government of the People, by the People, and For the People Shall Not Perish from the Earth."

Born in Hardin County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809.
Died at Washington, D. C., April 15, 1865.

LINCOLN'S LAW PARTNER.

Hiram W. Beckwith, from 1856 to 1861 a partner of Abraham Lincoln, died recently at St. Luke's hospital in Chicago, aged 72. Mr. Beckwith's father was one of the pioneers of Illinois, having helped to found the town of Danville in 1819. Young Beckwith studied law under Ward H. Lamon, who was marshal of the District of Columbia during Lincoln's administration. He was a close friend of Lincoln and later became his resident partner at Danville, while Lincoln was a circuit lawyer.

H. W. BECKWITH.

From 1897 to 1902 Mr. Beckwith was president of the State Historical Society. He was compelled to resign in the latter year on account of illness. He left a widow and two sons.

STORIES OF LINCOLN.

Anecdote Giving a Pen Picture of the Great President.

In Fairfield, Iowa, lives Mrs. William Prewitt, who is a sister to Ann Rutledge, the early love of Abraham Lincoln. In speaking recently of the youth of the great President, Mrs. Prewitt said: "I was only a little girl when Ann died, but I remember seeing her and Mr. Lincoln together much of the time. She and Abe had a grammar in common and took turns in studying it. After Ann's death he returned the book to our family and we still have it. Her death was caused by brain fever and I remember the last time Mr. Lincoln saw her. She had been delirious, but toward the end became rational and asked to see her lover. He talked with her for a long time alone and when he came out of the room I remember that he looked broken hearted. At that time we never thought of Abraham Lincoln as a lawyer, though he may have been studying in secret. He was a great story teller, even then, and was a universal favorite."

When, at the Hampton Roads conference, Feb. 2, 1865, Mr. Hunter, the Confederate Secretary of State, referred to the correspondence between Charles I. and Parliament as a precedent for a negotiation between a constitutional ruler and rebels, Lincoln replied:

"Upon matters of history I must refer you to Mr. Seward, for he is posted in such things, and I don't profess to be; but my only distinct recollection of the matter is that Charles lost his head."

A clergyman of some prominence was one day presented to Lincoln, who gave the visitor a chair and said, with an air of patient waiting:

"I am now ready to hear what you have to say."

"Oh, bless you, sir," replied the clergyman, "I have nothing special to say. I merely called to pay my respects."

"My dear sir," said the President, rising promptly, his face showing instant relief, and with both hands grasping that of his visitor, "I am very glad to see you, indeed. It is a relief to find a clergyman, or any other man, for that matter, who has nothing to say. I thought you had come to preach to me."

On one fierce winter night during the war Mr. Lincoln emerged from the front door of the White House, his lank figure bent over as he drew tightly about his shoulders the shawl which he employed for such protection, for he was on his way to the War Department as the west corner of the grounds, where in times of battle he was wont to get the midnight dispatches from the field. As the blast struck him he thought of the numbness of the pacing sentry and, turning to him, said:

"Young man, you've got a cold job to-night; step inside and stand guard here."

"My orders keep me out here," the soldier replied.

"Yes," said the President, in his argumentative tone, "but your duty can be performed just as well inside as out here and you'll oblige me by going in."

"I have been stationed outside," the soldier answered, and resumed his beat.

"Hold on there!" said Mr. Lincoln, as he turned back again, "it occurs to me that I am commander-in-chief of the army, and I order you to go inside."

Unnoticed.

"You say you saw my sister at a recent wedding?"

"Yes. It wasn't very long ago."

"But I don't remember that she mentioned seeing you."

"Very likely. I was only the groom."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One Advantage.

"There's one good thing about being sick," remarked the philosopher.

"What's that?" asked the cynic.

"A fellow feels so much better when he gets over it," replied the philosophical party.

QUEER STORIES

A New York lady has just recovered from the United States government a sum of money that was claimed by her ancestors 105 years ago.

Of the 276 members of the Massachusetts Legislature only seventy-six are college men, twenty-nine of them from Boston University and twenty-five from Harvard.

The sum of $7,600 was paid at auction in London recently for a small jug of Fulham ware, strapped with silver bands. The jug, which is 9½ incnes high, five inches in diameter and of the date of 1581, was discovered in a cupboard of a church at West Malling, Kent, a few years ago.

A German doctor, who has been collecting information about the habits of long-lived persons, finds that the majority of those who attained old age indulged in late hours. Eight out of ten persons over eighty never went to bed till well into the small hours, and did not get up again till late in the day.

At Cherson, Russia, lovers have been forbidden to kiss in public. A kiss given in the street incurs a fine, and a lover who takes his sweetheart by the waist is fined, while the mere putting of a cross to signify a kiss on a post card is also against the law. At Milan a kiss in public is punished by a fine.

What is claimed to be one of the largest clocks in the world has been placed in a new tower at Elizabeth, N. J. It is thirty-eight feet in diameter, with eighteen fot hands. The towter, which is 330 feet high, was built expressly for the clock which will be illuminated at night, and will be visible for many miles around.

Perhaps the most remarkable bridges in the world are the kettle bridges in Russia and Siberia, of which Cossack soldiers are expert builders. They are built up of the soldiers' lances and cooking kettles. Seven or eight lances are placed under the handles of a number of kettles and fastened by means of ropes to form a raft. Each of these rafts will bear the weight of half a ton.

According to Secretary Moody's report, eight-nine per cent of the bluejackets of our navy are citizens of the United States and seventy-six per cent are native born. A few years ago the majority of them were foreigners—principally Scandinavians. At the outbreak of the war with Spain many continental newspapers prophesied that the aliens would desert, leaving the ships dangerously short-handed, but they proved loyal to a man.

Eastern railroads do not know, or need, the rotary snow-plow, whose spectacular operations are best witnessed in the Rocky Mountain region. This invention, as a writer in the Scientific American shows, is an effective substitute for the old plan of charging immense snow-drifts with a huge plow driven at a speed of sixty or seventy miles an hour by half a dozen pushing locomotives. By that plan it was sometimes the plow and the locomotives which suffered the most damage. But the rotary plow, acting on the snow-banks like an auger, with a swiftly revolving steel wheel, twelve feet in diameter, having blades resembling those of a ship's propeller, cuts a passage through solid drifts at the rate of from two to twelve miles an hour. The snow is shot from a spout attached to the plow to a distance of fifty or one hundred feet.

Romance of An Explorer.

When the will of Paul B. Du Chaillu, African explorer, was filed the interesting fact was revealed that it was a dissapointment in love that led the wealthy and brilliant writer to turn explorer.

From the day that his sweetheart became the bride of another, Du Chaillu threw himself into the work of African exploration with his whole soul, never sparing his health nor his wealth in the exacting cause of science.

His most notable performances were the discovery of the gorilla and the pigmy races in the heart of darkest Africa. When he made the announcements of these discoveries in his books they were received with derision, and it was not until specimens of both gorillas and dwarfs were exhibited in Europe that his detractors were silenced.

Du Chaillu died in St. Petersburg. His body was shipped to this country by the St. Petersburg Geographical society. Henry R. Hoyt, a warm personal friend of the decedent, was named as executor.

Although Du Chaillu spent a great fortune in his explorations, his will bequeaths only $500 of personal property. This is accounted for by the fact that he gave away all of his valuable specimens. His books, "The Land of the Midnight Sun," "The country of the Dwarfs," "Lost in the Jungle," "My Apingi Country," "Stories of the Gorilla World" and "Wild Life Under the Equator," had a great circulation and Du Chaillu might have been a very wealthy man, but he preferred to devote himself entirely to scientific work.—New York World.

Malayan Tree Dwellers.

The sakais, or tree dwellers, of the Malay Peninsula build their houses in forked trees a dozen feet above ground, and reach them by means of bamboo ladders, which they draw up when safely housed out of harm's way. The house itself is a rude kind of shack, made of bamboo, and the flooring is lashed together piece by piece and bound securely to the tree limbs by rattan. These curious people are rather small and lighter in complexion than the Malays though much uglier. They have no form of religion at all—not even idols—no written language and speak a corrupt form of Malay.

Japanese Nets for Alaska.

Orders have recently been executed in Japan for a supply of fishing nets for Alaska valued at $30,000.

Qualities that make a man feel superior are usually the ones that cause his acquaintances to rate him as inferior.