

His Breadth of View is Really the Provincialism He Deplores. Among traveled persons we find in snatches of extreme "narrow-mindedness." Such people come home having, as they say, "knocked about," generally not for very long. The less civilized the place of their sojourn, the more certain they are that such sojourn stretches the mind, says the Spectator. The sight of a few black savages has assured many a man that he has succeeded in finding the philosopher's stone. When he comes home he finds everything "provincial." His friends may live in the social-center of the most civilized city (whichever that is) in the world, but because they have lived at home they have become "provincial" in his sight.

Why to stay a short while in a bit of a wilderness should teach a man so much that he could never learn in a villa in a suburb it is not easy to say offhand. On the face of it, the latter would appear the better center for acquiring knowledge. If one of his former friends should ask him for details about the character or inhabitants of the far country wherein he has acquired so much experience, he will probably have less information than might be found in any cheap book the inquirer could pick up. Very often one might as well look at a pedometer when one wants to know the time as try to find out anything worth knowing about a place from the man who has been there.

What he has learned is not about foreign parts, but about his own country and its affairs. In his wilderness he has become enlightened upon the subject of home politics, and he knows them to consist of a mass of parochial details easily disposed of by a wide-minded (traveled) man; and he knows a great deal about European politics, though he has been living out of Europe. If men would but accept the key of statecraft which he would give them, all would be well. If they would cease from the consideration of political principles and think of present expediency, if they would forget the past and not look to the future, they could, he is certain, solve all difficulties without so much talk. They have all, he argues, got into a groove. They think that where they are is the hub of the universe. They are so obstinate they will not believe that the real hub is outside their little tracks altogether.

It lies around the hat where he lived with a few other select persons, illuminated by exile and the company and example of an inferior race whose language they could not understand.

The Ideal Family Laxative. Is one that can be used by the entire family, young and old, weak and strong, without any danger of harmful effects. It should have properties which insure the same dose always having the same effect, otherwise the quantity will have to be increased and finally lose its effect altogether. These properties can be found in that old family remedy, Brandreth's Pills, because its ingredients are of the purest herbal extracts, and every pill is kept for three years before being sold, which allows them to mellow. We do not believe there is a laxative on the market that is so carefully made. Brandreth's Pills are the same fine laxative tonic pill your grandparents used. They have been in use for over a century and are sold in every drug store and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

The Inquisitive Barber. No doubt many readers have heard of the austere disposition of America's greatest living actor, Richard Mansfield. Perhaps the following conversation, which took place in one of Boston's leading hotels, better illustrates the satirical nature of the player. Entering the barber's shop one morning, he was immediately recognized as Richard Mansfield by the barber.

"Good morning," said the barber affably. A grunt was the only reply. "Well, how was things over at the house last night?" "What house?" answered the actor ironically. "The Hollis," said the barber. "What do you mean, sir?" "Why, are you not Richard Mansfield?" the barber asked.

"Oh, no, indeed," replied Mr. Mansfield. "I just got out of jail this morning."

"What! You're not Richard Mansfield; and you just got out of jail this morning! What for, pray?" "For assaulting inquisitive barbers," was the response.

This Will Interest Mothers. Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cure Constipation, Febrile States, Teething Disorders, Stomach Troubles and Destroy Worms; 30,000 testimonials of cures. All druggists. 25c. Sample Free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Lionel. As Napoleon was one day passing in review some of his troops he came in front of an old and faithful officer, who perhaps for want of brilliancy on the man's part had never been advanced beyond the grade of captain, though he was well enough known to the emperor. The emperor was passing at a slow trot. As he came directly in front of the old captain the officer saluted and said loudly, but without any apparent movement of the muscles of his face:

"Fifteen campaigns, private, captain!" And the emperor, without turning his head or slackening his pace said: "Colonel, brigadier, baron!" Then he was gone. There had, in deed, been no time for a word more than had been passed, but these had sufficed for the captain to communicate a long story and a reproachful complaint and the emperor to set matters right with a military and social promotion.

His Reply. If you fear a sleepless night undress in the dark. Light stimulates and arouses the arteries. Darkness is supposed to produce drowsiness.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

TO MAKE SAFE THE MONEY IN BANKS.

Do you ever worry about the safety of the money you have deposited in the bank? Do you realize that such a small sum as 43 cents per annum would insure against loss \$1,000 deposited in a national bank? We approach so closely to making absolutely safe money deposited in banks and there is so much to be gained at such a comparatively small cost it seems reasonable to suppose that at no distant day the final steps will be taken and the safety of deposits made certain.

The moral effect of a bank failure, which reaches far beyond the financial sufferer, is to be dreaded more than the actual financial loss. The commercial disasters, which usually follow in its wake, are caused more by delay in the depositors receiving what is due them than by ultimate loss, which, as a matter of fact, is extremely small. In order to counteract the moral effect of a bank failure it sometimes becomes advisable for the clearing house association of a city to go to the assistance of a crippled bank or take over the assets and pay depositors of a failing one. In view of the facts would it not be good business to extend the above principle and the American Bankers' Association include all its members? This association now has a membership of over 8,000, including the largest financial institutions in the country, all banks and trust companies in the United States being eligible to membership.

The American Bankers' Association should act for its members and by assessment create a guaranty fund with which to meet losses through failures. Certain requirements and restrictions unquestionably would be necessary for members. The association should have its own corps of examiners, etc. Ways and means could be devised readily for the organization of a guaranty department, which would be upon the mutual plan.

DO YOUR CHRISTIAN DUTY.

I put in a good deal of time pitying people who go to church seeking the consolation of religion, and do not find it. They can't go to the fine churches, the elegance of it all scares them away; besides they are imbued with the American idea (fallacious indeed) that there is in some way an equality between man and man, so they flock to some poorer sanctuary, where, a pitiful company of God's great family, they indulge in invective against the rich and proud, and seek to ease their sore hearts in ungodly prayer.

Every now and then one runs up against a person who has religion, and it is just fine when one does. I went, one day, to the home of an old woman to ask her to take care of a poor erring girl who was sick in my care. She didn't want to do it very much, but finally she said, with a look of genuine religious fervor on her old face: "Well, I will do it, for somebody must, and we live in a Christian land."

How often I have wished that everybody realized as she did his responsibility as a citizen of a "Christian land." But the trouble is, we mistake the duty that responsibility. The most important ones are so small that we overlook them. We continually forget that our duty to God is through his children. Remember "Abou Ben Adhem," who had never thought about loving

MOBBED BY BEES.

Bees abound in certain parts of Abyssinia, and, as the land is almost waterless in the dry season, the insects suffer much from thirst. In "The Source of the Blue Nile" is an interesting account of the manner in which, on his journey, the author was mobbed by bees, which were after his drinking water.

Every drinking vessel was crowded with them. Our boys drank from calabashes, and when they were put upon the ground, bees clustered on the edges and crawled toward the liquor. Impatient successors thronged upon the first comers and pushed them into the water, so that in a few minutes the surface was a mass of "struggle-for-it-ers." In spite of the heat we had to keep moving; for when we settled, so did the bees—all over us.

We halted for luncheon in a small ravine, and the bees did not find us till we had nearly finished the meal. We smoked them with cigarettes, cigars, and a bonfire, to no purpose. Then we shifted our quarters, but they followed. All of us were stung, and we were not quit of them till we mounted our camels and outdistanced the swarm.

They got their honey from the flowers of the mimosa-tree. We camped that night among the mimosas, thinking that we had been delivered from the plague of insects, but we were mistaken. A host of the honey-seekers thronged and crawled on one's candle, one's book, one's face and one's hands, adding insult to injury by stinging us. It was more than twenty-four hours before we were free from them.

MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Death of the Wife of the Confederate President. In the plot in beautiful Hollywood cemetery, Richmond, Va., long since set aside as her last resting place, the remains of Mrs. Jefferson Davis have been laid beside those of her distinguished husband. When the South, as a final tribute to the leader of its lost cause, prepared a burial place for him at Richmond, in 1863, it did not forget the wife who had been his loyal and inspiring helpmate through many years of vicissitudes as she had been the proud companion of his years of achievement. Space was also set aside for the children and beside them the woman who had the affection of the Southland in quite as marked degree as her famous husband now reposes.

Varina Howell was born in Natchez, Miss., May 7, 1826, daughter of a soldier of the war of 1812 and granddaughter of Gov. Richard Howell of New Jersey. She was educated by private teachers and at Philadelphia, and Feb. 25, 1845, married Jefferson Davis, then a widower, whose first wife was a daughter of Gen. Zachary Taylor. Soon thereafter Davis began his congressional career and from that time his wife was a notable figure in official society at the national capital. Her husband was successively Representative,

ATHLETICS IN HIGH SCHOOL LIFE.

The tendency on the part of the high schools to ape college life is to be discouraged always, for the reason that most frequently the least desirable phases are copied. Secret societies have no place in the high school and should not be tolerated. Class yell and class colors and excessive class spirit are very frequently breeders of rowdiness. It is not the intention at all to convey the impression that there is to be no fun or joy in the high school. On the contrary, every day should be full of joy and cheer that come with doing good work and living for something that is worth while. Class "scraps," hazing and rowdiness are neither humorous nor conducive to real manhood and womanhood. Athletic work has assumed a place in the school world that is simply out of all proportion to its merits. It has taken possession of our colleges and universities to such an extent that in the student world an institution is judged by its athletics. But there is a tendency just at present on the part of some colleges and universities to throw off the yoke. This intense athletic spirit has taken hold of some of our high schools and in some instances seems to be the dominant force.

However, every high school should be equipped with a good gymnasium and the boys and girls should have constant systematic training in physical culture. This training should be supplemented with play. Interclass games can be made healthful and helpful sport and can be kept secondary to the real purpose of school life.

CURSE OF TOADYING TO WEALTH.

There is a natural tendency among men of great wealth to ossify. They regard themselves as apart from the people, as great and afar off, and hold themselves as immune not only from their fellows, but from the operations of the laws that have been formulated for the protection of all. That is the result with all men who toady to money or who belong to the aristocracy that depends not upon birth, culture or attainment, but upon the possession of vast sums of money. One of the greatest curses with which we have to contend arises from the adulation of any particular class that leads us to forget equality.

The true American would as soon read the history of a goodly washerwoman as that of the greatest society leader that ever lived. Franklin never asserted equality. He took it as his own natural life and said nothing about it. It was the average man from whom Franklin came. He couldn't rise, for he never had fallen, and he couldn't sink because that quality wasn't in him.

A TYPICAL CALCUTTA BEGGAR.

One of the most picturesque characters in Calcutta is the typical city beggar when he is pursuing his daily vocation. He narrowly escapes being a "beggan on horseback," and doubtless would be one in reality were it not for the fact that his low, primitive cart drawn by a steer is much more comfortable than the back of a horse. Since 1773, when Calcutta became the seat of British government for the whole of India, the city has been favored with an almost unbroken record of progress and prosperity in which the numerous beggars of the place have shared.

Senator, Secretary of State and Senator.

Of her four children only one to survive is Mrs. J. Addison Hayes of Colorado Springs, Colo. The other daughter, Winnie Davis, died a few years ago.

Minerva of the Kettles. A happy solution of the servant girl question may evolve itself from the manual training school connected with the New York Juvenile Asylum, the majority of whose charges are the children of immigrants. In the dining room some of the older girls wait on the table, and young hands do the work in the kitchen below. A description of the institution in the Metropolitan Magazine contains the following illustration of the wisdom of the young pupils:

Each pupil is put through an exact training in preparing the food and serving it. Lists of food classified according to diet value are memorized from neat copy books in which have been entered receipt receipts. The little maids are greatly in demand, and are often more proficient in culinary science than their older mistresses.

One girl who was sent into the home of a family in the country was requested to prepare a certain dish for tea. "I am afraid it would not be appropriate," the youthful Minerva of the pots and kettles ventured. "It is more proper for breakfast, it requires such awfully long digestion."

Was a Vegetable Anyhow. An irate mother went to one of the public schools several days ago and asked to see the principal. "See here," said the parent, "what kind of questions does the teacher of music ask. My little girl told me that the music teacher asked the class yesterday how many turkeys there are in a peck. Why, no one could answer a question like that."

The principal of the school summoned the teacher. "This lady says you asked her girl how many turkeys there are in a peck." The teacher seemed puzzled. Then a light burst upon her and she smiled. "I remember now," she said, "I asked them how many beads there are in a measure."

Every man is a poacher.

THE TELEPHONE IN CACTUS CENTER.

There's a telephone in Cactus—it's a new, long-talk machine. And the girl who operates it is a regular fairy queen: The company sent her in here for to run the thing in style. And she's got the cowboys located clear from here to Forty Mile.

She wears a jangling bracelet and a rollin' mass of hair. And when good looks was passed she was handed out her share; She sets there in her glory, in her awe-inspirin' togs, And she knows that she's the ruler in this land of prairie dogs.

The boys they come a-ridin' from the corners of the range, And they moon around in Cactus, and they're actin' mighty strange: They have out cut eyards and drinkin', and they make a plum mean fuss. If a puncher who's forgetful rips a loud, resoundin' cuss.

They flock up to the office, and they spend their hard-earned dough, A phonin' off to cities where there ain't no folks they know; It's money for the company, but it breaks the boys like sin. For, unlike their gamblin' pastimes, there is nary chance to win.

So, unless the girl fits eastward, there'll be trouble here this fall, For the roundup season's comin' and we can't git help at all; It's a bad one, ain't it, pardner, when one woman, in her pride, Gits a county full of cowboys roped and throwed, and then hog tied? —Denver Republican.

The Pony Rider

ONE of the distinctive characters of Western life a few years back was the "pony-rider," or mail carrier, who was the only means of public communication between one settlement and another. Their routes were over sections of country where stage roads had not been opened, sometimes extending for many miles, and sometimes serving only as connecting links between lines already established.

Some of these riders were young men for such a responsible duty, you might think, but they had been brought up in the country, had taken part in its adventures, dangers and trials, and at eighteen or twenty years of age were as manly, courageous and sagacious on the trail as you would expect men of forty to be.

The lives of these mail carriers were full of adventure. The country through which they rode was wild and unsettled, and encounters with Indians, wild

only of his triumph over his would-be murderers, he whipped out his knife and took the scalp of the Indian he had just killed. Then mounting his pony he dashed off toward San Juan. —Chicago News.

KLONDIKE GOLD DREDGING

New Era Dredging on Worked-Over Pioneer Region. It is reported by Consul Ravndal of Dawson that an era of gold dredging is dawning on the Klondike, says the Washington Star.

The rich, early-discovered creeks have already, by crude and wasteful methods, been worked over. They are now being subjected to another more scientific treatment. A prominent feature of the new system is gold dredging. It has proved eminently successful in the Klondike, in spite of such drawbacks as difficulties of transportation, high cost of installation and operation, frozen gravels and short seasons. Gold dredging in the north has passed the experimental stage and become an established and promising industry. Extensive areas of low-grade ground which have been lying idle because under the former manner of mining the cost of extraction would equal, if not exceed, the returns, are being made productive through the use of dredges handling 3,000 or more cubic yards of dirt every twenty-four hours.

There are now in the Klondike, either in operation or in course of installation, nearly a dozen gold dredges. Next season will witness the arrival of several additions to the northern mining fleet, some of which will be put to work in the Forty-Mile and Birch creek districts of Alaska. All of these "gold ships" are of American make. Occasionally it is said that dredges from other countries may enter into competition with American patterns. Such reports are probably idle and merely the result of impatience because American manufacturers cannot at present fill all orders promptly.

Calls for gold dredges come from California, Montana, Idaho and Colorado. Gold dredging is to be tried in Siberia and in the valleys of the Yalu, the Amur, the Hoangho and the Yangtze. The present inability of American dredge manufacturers to supply the demand is perhaps chiefly due to Panama canal requirements.

It is expected that the introduction of dredges will greatly increase the output of gold in the Klondike. In 1905 this was reduced to about \$7,500,000, as against \$10,350,000 in 1904, \$18,000,000 in 1901 and \$22,275,000 in 1900.

Speculations are already rife as to whether this enlarged supply from the Yukon, coupled with Alaska's growing yield of new gold, will not perceptibly affect the general economic conditions in America as a whole. During 1906 Alaska will probably furnish some \$20,000,000 of gold, as against \$14,500,000 for 1905, \$9,000,000 in 1904 and \$6,350,000 for 1903. It is pointed out that seasons of exceptional prosperity have followed each of the great gold finds of recent times—those of Australia, of California, of South Africa and of the Klondike. So far most of the capital invested in dredging operations in the Klondike is owned by citizens of the United States and most of the gold cleaned up is sold in Seattle.

WHY ARTISTS LOVE BRITANNY.

Country Has Long Been a Great Source of Inspiration. Brittany has been so great a source of inspiration to painters during the last forty years that men of all nationalities have been attracted to this land of mysterious charm, says the Craftsman. Art colonies have sprung up here and there, the most famous being the cosmopolitan colonies at Pont-Aven and Concarneau in southern Brittany.

The painter finds in Brittany an inexhaustible wealth of subjects. The landscape is varied in character and appeals to men of varied temperaments and varying moods. In some parts there are richly wooded valleys, fertilized by running streams; in other parts the country is bleak and mountainous, or made up of tracts of wild moorland and forests. All round the coast from St. Malo to St. Nazaire the scenery is marvellously picturesque and dotted with poor fishing hamlets and prosperous seaside resorts. The fisher people are a hardy race, essentially pictorial in their picturesque surroundings, and varied in type, the somber Dowrenex folk being quite unlike the more pleasure-loving expansive people of Camaret. Inland one finds the religious and toil-worn peasants, who live a meager and monotonous life in their peaceful villages, content to think and act and dress as their forefathers have done for centuries.

There is scarcely a town or village in Brittany but has some interesting feature, hence one finds artists at work here and there throughout the country. Trogluer, Perros Guirec, St. Jean du Dolget and other lovely nooks along the coast are all artists' haunts, though the peasants are less interesting at these places than at many others where the costume is more picturesque and more generally worn. The inland villages and towns of Brittany are not less delightful than those by the sea. Dinant is eternally charming in spite of its being overrun by visitors, and Huelgoat, Chateaulin, Le Faouet—to name a few out of the many places off the beaten track—attract both figure and landscape painters who need solitude for their work. Huelgoat is a mountain village in a beautiful district, and is absolutely delightful with its wild moorland and forests.

Not All Etiquette.

Willy Wislywashy—What are the proper calling cards, old chap? Jack Potts—It depends entirely on the cards that are out against you, old chump.—Puck.

The Autoeater.

First Tenant—Hear the good news? Second Tenant—No; what? First Tenant—The janitor is going to grant us a constitution.—Puck.

Indulge in as little fool talk as possible; people are quick to pick up your foolish sayings, and repeat them behind your back.



DROPPING FROM HIS HORSE HE OPENED FIRE ON THE INDIANS.

beasts and desperado highwaymen were frequent.

One of the pluckiest riders was little Sam Dudley. He was only eighteen years old, and his build was almost as slight as a woman's, but the strongest man couldn't stand fatigue any better than Sam. He seemed to be made up of steel and steam.

Sam had a route that was particularly dangerous, as it lay in a region where bands of Shoshone Indians were always prowling about. War-path or no war-path, they robbed and butchered white men whenever they found them at a disadvantage, and when pursued by parties sent out to avenge the outrage they hid themselves among the rocks and lay quiet until it was safe to come out again.

This was down in Nevada, near the Toiyah mountains. Sam rode from Austin to San Juan, a distance of fifty miles, his course running most of the way along the Reese river.

Sam was due in San Juan one afternoon about 3 o'clock, but that hour had passed, and then 4 o'clock, and he had not arrived. The mail agent seemed to be a trifle uneasy as he talked about the delay.

He said Sam Dudley, the rider, was as brave a fellow as ever straddled a pouch, but there were bands of Indians all along his route and he thought it only a question of time when they would wing him.

He had already had adventures with them, in which his escapes had been little less than marvelous, and it was while he was telling me about one of them that we heard shouts outside his cabin, followed by the sound of a horse's feet at a rapid gallop.

Every one hurried out and saw a sight that was by no means uncommon in such a country. A young fellow, apparently a mere boy in years, was riding toward the station on a dark bay mustang.

His buckskin clothes were soiled and bloody and his left arm hung limp and useless at his side. His right hand grasped the long black hair of an Indian's scalp, which he swung round and round above his head. The reins lay upon the pony's neck, but the beast knew his stopping place and needed no guiding. In a minute more he had halted and all anxiously approached the rider.

It was Sam Dudley, the young mail carrier, pale and weak from wounds and loss of blood. He was helped off the pony's back, but fainted before he got into the agent's cabin. The mail pouch was safe, however.

Sam was not long coming to himself again. His left arm was broken above the elbow by a rifle ball and another ball had entered his chest near the left shoulder. Neither wound was dangerous.

About five miles from San Juan, as he was jogging along in an easy pace over a stretch of tableland, he saw three mounted Indians some distance ahead of him. They were coming from an easterly direction and their course would intersect almost at right an-