

John S. Rosen, - Publisher

There are two sides to every question. Your side and the wrong side.

Numerous financial rubbernecks are making anxious inquiries as to this proposed elastic currency.

It is extremely doubtful whether Count Boni would prove a success as a head waiter if the job calls for any head work.

The London writers have started a movement to put a stop to the practice of tipping. The fear of dying rich must be spreading rapidly.

Spain is building a new navy. As Spain has no more colonies on her hands the chances are that the new navy will prove a durable one.

Mr. Eckels has hit the nail fairly on the head. What we all need is a "responsive currency," one that will come when we whistle or call it by name.

A Connecticut Judge has decided that a turtle is not an animal. The Treasury Department would probably rule for purposes of duty, that it is canned salmon.

The scramble among Oklahoma towns to become county seats promises to equal the mad rush for claims when the territory was thrown open to settlement.

A woman's magazine asks: "What implement can equal a hairpin in the deft hands of woman?" Well, in some cases a hatpin in the deft hands of another woman.

"There are some things," notes the Richmond Times-Democrat, "that you can't say even to a Pittsburgher." For instance, you can't ask him to be proud of his idle millionaires.

An English astronomer, after years of careful work, ventures the opinion that there are 64,184,757 stars. Some people are sure they saw more than that the first time they put on roller skates.

Andrew Carnegie wishes to have it understood that Skidoo, the name of his place in Scotland, is pronounced Skeebo. If Andrew doesn't watch out now irreverent people may get to calling it Skidoo.

At Dresden, Germany, a public bathing house for dogs has been opened. If Dresden is one of the places where dogs are utilized in the sausage business, it is no more than right that they should be kept as clean as possible.

The number of women who kill men unfortunate enough to have incurred their displeasure and then invoke the unwritten law is getting uncomfortably large. Perhaps there may yet be necessity for going to the extreme of seeing if the other kind of law doesn't fit.

In view of the trouble in Europe the people of this country may well congratulate themselves that the fathers settled the relations of church and state at the very beginning of our existence as a nation, and settled it for all time, for no one wishes to interfere with the conclusion reached.

Happily the horse has a faculty for upsetting the gloomy predictions that he is fitted to be put out of business by the automobile. The horse business has kept right on developing in spite of the fact that the automobile industry has been engaged in a similar undertaking. The demand for horses is still great. The supply of some classes is inadequate. The prices are high. The automobile may scare the horse into the ditch, but it isn't likely to crowd him to the wall. There will always be a field for the horse, as there will always be a field for the automobile.

Reports from places which used voting machines in the recent State elections show the superiority of the machine over the lead-pencil-and-ballot method. In no place where the machines were used were returns later than one-half hour after the closing of the polls. In most places where the old-fashioned way of voting prevailed there was seldom a complete and accurate return within twenty-four hours. Machines are now in use in more than 600 cities, towns and villages in the United States. Buffalo, Syracuse, San Francisco, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Cleveland and Omaha are among the larger cities where they have been adopted.

It is not sufficiently recognized that agriculture is a scientific pursuit and that in order to get the very best returns out of it a man could do to advantage utilize a special scientific education as truly as does the doctor or lawyer or the engineer. It is not merely because of the increased material return that such education for the farmer is of value. The intellectual and moral dividends would be means of such training be equally increased. It is a great loss in human power and happiness that thousands of men engaged in one of the most scientific of pursuits should go about it without getting the same moral and intellectual satisfaction that comes to men in other callings in which the professional element has been more consciously recognized.

Herculeanum, the rich and splendid city that was buried, along with Pompeii and Stabiae, by the eruption of Vesuvius in A. D. 79, is to be dug from the mass of tufa which covered it, and its buildings are to be disclosed to view. Professor Waldstein of Cambridge University has induced the Italian government to consent to the work, on condition that it be officially directed

ed by Italians, and that the assistance of foreigners, financially and otherwise, shall be unofficial. Should the enterprise be carried out, we shall soon have much light thrown on the manner of life of the Romans of the first century. Herculeanum, far more than Pompeii, was the residence of wealthy and cultivated citizens. Their houses were filled with artistic objects and their libraries contained the best literature of the period. In a partial excavation nearly two thousand manuscripts were found in one house. Pompeii was covered with small stones and soft ashes from the volcano. Herculeanum was buried beneath a torrent of mud to the depth of from thirty to a hundred and twenty feet. On top of it two large modern villages have been built. General excavation has not been undertaken, lest the stability of the villages should be threatened. Plans now making provide for tearing down these villages, so far as necessary, to get at the city beneath. In the comparatively near future we may expect to hear reports of the uncovering of fine bronze and marble statuary, of beautiful mansions, of libraries filled with ancient books, some of them for centuries known by tradition only. In short, it will be as if we were taken back more than eighteen hundred years, and were able to look upon the city as its inhabitants suddenly left it when Vesuvius poured forth the flood of mud, molten rock and scalding water upon the towers of its seaward slope.

The present period is distinguished for two things—prosperity and discontent. Despite many glaring inequalities or inequities in the distribution of its results, great prosperity has prevailed in the United States for eight or nine years, and there are no visible signs of its interruption. Yet it is a matter of common remark that only in a few trying times of great industrial depression, when millions of working people were deprived of opportunities to earn a living, has there been so much discontent as is seen and heard and felt in these times of amazing prosperity. Never before were attacks on the great trusts made with such determination and effect. Never before were the people so united and so zealous in warfare upon political graft in all sections. The discontent of the period is not mere grumbling. It is enlightened desire for better conditions. Such discontent is the parent of all progress. If the American people were more content with a full stomach they would be less energetic and progressive. To an individual, a tribe, or a people who are contented, who have all they desire, progress is impossible. But for those whose ideals are higher than any present attainment, the longing for better things, who have shown up here and there in all the ages and who have become more numerous and more insistent as one after another their aims and longings have been gratified, the progress of the human family would never have advanced beyond naked barbarism. We are a discontented people—there's no denying it, and no reason for trying to deny it. Because we are discontented we hustle and "get there." The discontent is not at all due to the prosperity, but the prosperity is very largely due to the discontent. We have not reached perfection yet, and the fact that we know it and kick about it is the best possible assurance that affairs will steadily grow better.

Is Switzerland to lose its glaciers? The subject bears a close resemblance to that as to the exhaustion of the British coal beds. It will scarcely become acute in our time; but nonetheless scientific observations of the movement of the glaciers during 1905 shows, as similar observations in previous years have shown, a shrinkage in the surface. Some of the glaciers have shrunk as much as 200 yards since 1900. In no instance has growth been reported.

According to the results of recent experiments the flame of acetylene is perhaps the hottest known except that of the electric arc. The following figures have been given by Mr. Maffi: Bunsen burner, 1,871 degrees; acetylene flame, 2,548 degrees; alcohol flame, 1,705 degrees; Denayrouze burner—half alcohol, half petroleum—2,033 degrees; hydrogen flame, in air, 1,900 degrees; gas jet flame, with oxygen, 2,200 degrees; oxygen flame, 2,420 degrees. These are all Centigrade degrees. One degree Centigrade equals one degree and eight-tenths Fahrenheit.

The lowest temperature yet recorded, says a medical journal, is that reached recently by K. Olszewski in an attempt to liquefy helium. By the aid of solid hydrogen he cooled the gas to minus 250 degrees S. Under 180 atmospheres' pressure; then, suddenly releasing the pressure to that of the atmosphere, a degree of cold was created which, by calculation from Laplace and Boisson's formula, amounted to minus 271.3 degrees C. Helium, however, did not liquefy, and he accordingly assumes that its boiling point must be below minus 271, and that there is but little prospect of reducing it to a liquid.

A French scientific writer points out that a mere gain in weight should not in itself be taken as an indication of improved bodily condition. It is, according to him, rather a question of the density than the quantity of tissue which covers the bones. When increased weight results from increased density, then the health is really improved. In order that this principle may be practically applied, he suggests the use of baths containing a known quantity of water and supplied with appliances for measurement whereby the density of the immersed body may be ascertained. In the manner in which Archimedes ascertained the density of King Hiero's crown of adulterated gold.

A Natural Explanation. "There is always so much gossip about the flirtations which go on in Mrs. Nurich's conservatory."

"Possibly because it contains so many rubber plants." — Baltimore American.

Teaching the Young Idea. Pop took him to the roller rink—

Alas! for poor old pop!

He's lying, fuming some, in bed!

Pop has a busted prop.

—Houston Post.

Sermons of the Week

Charity—Charity is the true coin of today; hatred and contention, the disgusting counterfeit.—Rev. B. McAvonia, Catholic, Frenchville, Pa.

Thought.—The Christian needs to learn how to think of others, how to think of himself, and what to think of his work.—Rev. E. A. Ott, Independent, Chicago.

Loyal Americans.—America, the land of the free, should be ruled only by loyal Americans, whether native born or adopted by naturalization.—Rev. C. H. Tomlin, Methodist, New York City.

Creed.—It is better to have a good human creed than to have no creed, but, better still, to have a divine creed which is a personal faith in a personal Christ.—Rev. M. E. Harlan, Disciple, Brooklyn.

Government.—No evolution could produce man. He is a creation, but through the use of evolved material, God is the creator; he breathed into us the breath of life.—Rev. Robt. MacDonald, Baptist, Brooklyn.

Government.—We want a government for the benefit of the people; a government which, to use Mr. Gladstone's words, "will make vice difficult and virtue easy."—Rev. Lyman Abbott, Congregationalist, Brooklyn.

Honesty and Purity.—Quietly and steadily sound for honesty and purity in public and in private, and you shall show your generation more than by steamships or railroads or all material wealth.—Rev. W. H. Faunce, Presbyterian, Providence, R. I.

Bigamy.—There are Congregationalists and Presbyterians and Methodists with equal bigotry. But the Christian should be no bigot, and no species of bigotry is more offensive than that of the denominational bigot.—C. A. Barbour, Baptist, Rochester, N. Y.

Kingly Christians.—The love of God has gone into the palaces of kings and queens and made them act kindly toward their subjects. Queen Victoria was a high example of the love of God ruling in the heart of a monarch.—Rev. C. H. Garfield, Baptist, Albany, N. Y.

Environment.—Man finds himself in the midst of a double environment of good and evil, and subjected to limitations. Yet who can say how far he can go beyond apparent limits? The ideal we have to-day is not the ideal of yesterday.—Rev. S. Kirk, Independent, Des Moines, Iowa.

Modern Marriages.—What part has God in the great majority of modern marriages? It is a lie on God to say that He joined in holy matrimony those that know Him not. Countless thousands of miserable marriages are the result of not being joined together by God.—Rev. John Thresher, Baptist, Pittsburg.

Higher Consecration.—If society is ever led to the purer and loftier heights it will be when the Christians of our land live up to the standard and march forward with it. It may require a little higher consecration, but it will not be any higher than the Bible requires.—Rev. L. P. Ludden, Disciple, Lincoln, Neb.

Ideals.—It is true that we may not be able to carry out our plans fully nor to reach our ideals. It is said that Raphael turned away from his Sistine Madonna, disappointed, that Beethoven heard grander symphonies in his soul than he was able to write on paper.—Rev. J. B. Mackward, Lutheran, Wilkesburg, Pa.

Final Words.—If a man ever utters his true convictions at any time it is when he speaks his last words. Final words are the ones that usually live and wield the posthumous influence. The deathbed message has furnished a text for many a sermon and many a song.—Rev. W. A. Frye, Methodist, Lansing, Mich.

Social Life.—Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst for righteousness in social life. What the social life needs is a strong infusion of righteousness, so that there shall be consideration, charity, modesty, temperance, health, amusement, and intelligence.—Rev. S. H. Harris, Methodist, Amherst, Mass.

A Higher Life.—We must build a higher intellectual and spiritual life. A sound mind and body are necessary before we can proceed, and we must have a spirit of love and forget anger by embodying the spirit inculcated by God by persistent faith in God and rejecting all wrongs.—Rev. D. G. Sears, Episcopalian, Meriden, Mass.

Work in the Church.—There is a way to relate yourself to your faith by your works. Some people seem to have a terrible fear of working too much, especially for their church. Every member of a church should select a specific thing to do. Each one set himself, for instance, to securing one new member each year.—Rev. W. H. McGlamlin, Universalist, Atlanta.

Dangers of Maturity.—Maturity is headstrong and dominant. It is quick, tempered and brooks no restraint. It has the willfulness of conscious strength. It presents opportunities that no other age presents and so temptations from within are abetted by circumstances from without, and there is but one result that can come to the unguarded.—Rev. C. L. Goodell, Methodist, Brooklyn.

One Too Many. "Really," said Dr. Youngman, "I have more patients than I know what to do with."

"You don't tell me," replied Dr. Elder. "How many have you?"

"One." "The trouble is I can't tell what's the matter with him."—Philadelphia Press.

FUN IN THE CITY. Good folks, that's fun in livin' in the country, all around. When the frost is in the furrow an' the green is turnin' brown, When the days are cool an' crisp, an' the nights have brighter stars, An' you hear the tinkle of the bells across the pastor' bars. That's lots of fun in livin' when the woods are full of haze An' you hear the fiddle surgin' whar the cabin floor blaze! When the gals are caddy pullin', an' they've robbed the honey bees, An' you're dancin' when you want to, an' you're sprakin' when you please!

O, the whirrin' of the partridge an' the boundin' of the buck! The treelin' of the possum, and the rabbit's foot for luck! The barkin' of the squirrels on the oak an' hick'ry trees— An' you find 'em when you want to, an' you shoot 'em when you please!

That's the time that gits me! for the world is good to see When the fiddle is a-singin' an' my sweetheart smiles on me! An' if it is a quadrille—I'm not takin' any chance, But I'll bet you that the prettiest gal is goin' to have a dance —Atlanta Constitution.

A Guardian Wraith

JACK EVERETT, the "third trick" dispatcher, with steady nerve and sound digestion, woke that evening with his mother's voice ringing in his ears. "Be careful, Jack," it said softly, but warningly. This was the second time he had heard it. Once before—forty-eight hours before—and the same words. His mother was miles eastward, away over the mountains, but the voice spoke to him so plainly that he caught himself forming a surprised reply. To be sure, she was coming to him as fast as the fast schedule of the Pacific Express would permit, but that she would be in his arms to-morrow was no explanation of her voice to-day. Had he been dreaming? No, the echo of the voice was in the room, and besides he slept the dreamless sleep of a healthy boy whose troubles have not begun. Railway superstition that makes much of "warnings" began to oppress him. Blindly anxious to do something, anything to shake off the uneasy feeling, he hurried down to the telegraph office. The Pacific Express was



IS THIS THE WAY YOU WATCH OVER LIVES?

marked up on the blackboard as four hours late. He could catch it at Toston, on the Montana division, with a word to his mother. He scribbled and tore up a scribble and tore up again, until, consulting his watch, he handed this message to the operator.

"Missoula, Mont., June 3. To Mrs. Fanny Everett—On No. 1, Toston: I am on duty at midnight and will watch over your safety, mother dear, from the time you leave Helena. Don't worry, sleep sound, and dream of JACK."

"You've got twenty minutes to get 'em in, Jimmy, and now I'll see if I can eat some dinner!" was his comment, as he strolled off to Draco's restaurant and ordered a meal, still groping for a solution of the mystery. For years he had wandered, but the weekly letters between his mother and himself knew no break. Now as he thought of them, there sounded an eerie note through the letters to him in key with the warnings. He had never noticed it before. How many times she had insisted that she was watching over him; insisted that she could and would be near him in time of need. Why, in her last letter—he had received it only that morning, the last one to come before she would be with him—she had said:

"Jack, dear, I love you so, my boy, that if danger should threaten you, at that moment you will find your old mother at your side to stand between you and his shadow."

He had looked on the letters as epistolary lullabies that crooned of the days when they would be together; when his boyhood would be lived again. She seemed to be singing happily of her child coming to her with his troubles, looking to her for ready consolation. That, with boyish condescension, was the way he had interpreted them.

The warning words struck another key. The theme was full of minors that set his nerves quivering. "Be careful!" What was he but careful? How could he answer for the safety of those in his care, for the lives, except by being careful. Where a single oversight would pile up engines and cars in horrid chaos re-sounding with the dying prayers and curses of those his mistake had murdered.

He had seen a man once who had forgotten, pacing the floor in white-lipped suspense, waiting for news of the crash of two trains he had sent racing into each other. Wasn't the memory of that man's oversight and the agony which followed enough without these words spoken out of the mystery of the night?

Mechanically he paid his check, leaving his meal untasted, and walked out into the quiet street to reason with himself.

For miles he tramped. He must quiet his nerves, must get himself in control before he went on duty.

The battle was won at last, and he

reached the office just before midnight—hot, dusty, foot weary, but with brain cool and alert. And while he walked the little mother or lay in her berth in the sleeper "Oneta" on No. 1, the telegram folded in one hand, unable to sleep, and thinking so busily of him. Of Baby Jack, with his cunning ways; of Schoolboy Jack, with his boyish pranks; of Jack, the youth who left home to seek his fortune, and left her heart almost breaking.

Up Placer Hill, down past the barren sides of Clason, and through Prickly Pear Canyon, Bill Dalrymple drove the 417. The sleepers swayed and rocked, and the berth curtains swung with the curves they rounded, but it was not until the train slowed down in Helena yard that her weary eyes closed.

Every man on the Rocky Mountain division knew that Jack Everett's mother was coming out on No. 1, and as Jack was the apple of the eye of every man on the division, from superintendent to section boss, there was a general feeling that No. 1 must take her over the division in style. Though "Black" Swayze, of the 423, and Dan McLane, of the 479, had an intimate acquaintance with every bolt and bearing of their big machines, that acquaintance was personally renewed, and prolonged visits paid with torch, wrench, soft hammer and oil can before they would allow the engines to be taken out of Helena roundhouse. They spoke words of wisdom to their firmen, too. Words of railway wisdom that told volumes of what the furnace stuffers might expect if they failed to furnish steam in plenty for the run, which the engineers suggested would in all probability keep them busy.

So it was that everything was ready for a record-breaker, when, as Jack's mother fell asleep in the "Oneta," the engines backed down on the train; Swayze's silver tools they picked up; and with echoing tools they picked up their load with Jack's orders to run three hours late from Helena to Missoula—the Montana division had made up nothing of the four hours.

"Let's see," said Jack to himself as he received the report of their departure at his office where the Rattlesnake and Hell Gate join their waters, and, tipping back at the open window, blinked at the familiar face of the clock. "Four hours—that will give Swayze a chance to pick up ten minutes on the hill and fifty minutes from Blossburg to Missoula, and still keep on the safe side of that order. He surely can't do better than that even if I do want to get 'Marnie' here as quick as I can."

The situation looked good to him, and he began to give way No. 1's time to freight trains with a lavish hand. He believed in the maxim that freight trains pay passenger crews' wages.

But "Black" Swayze hadn't taken orders from Jack for two years for nothing and, knowing the young dispatcher's habit of helping those who helped themselves, chuckled as he hooked the 423 up and opened her out to tear off the miles.

"If you keep the old beast hot," he yelled across the cab to "Shorty" McCone, his fireman, "we'll have Everett cancelling a lot of those orders he is passing out to freight trains, and then he'll give us a show," and "Shorty" grinned, for the escaping steam was singing over the roar of the exhaust even then as he steadied himself to round the curve at Birdseye, and spouted at the cloud of black smoke pouring out of the big McQueen's stack.

Digging along behind in desperate effort to keep the pace, the "hog" coughed frantically, with Dan McLane leaning half way out of the cab window keeping watch on a pin that was a bit tender. It made Jack's eyes sparkle with delight when the operator at Butte reported the double-header by without having stopped for water. That meant ten minutes saved.

Other duties called his attention. Two freights just in from the west end were ready for orders, waiting to pull out of Heron; a stock train was calling for orders at Horse Plains; Trout Creek wanted help for a delayed wagon freight up White Pine Hill against No. 3; and a helper at Arlee must come over the mountain to have his boiler washed out. By the time he had silenced the clamor of the night hawks west of Missoula the operator at Blossburg reported No. 1 rolling out of the tunnel.

They had made up twenty-five minutes coming up the hill. A record run sure enough. It meant that they would crowd the order to run three hours late before Swayze whistled for the Garrison yardstop. They must be given a chance, and, telling Blossburg to copy for No. 1, Jack quickly picked up the freights to which he had given away the time, and sent an order canceling the favors against No. 1, and giving that train an order to run three hours late to Elliston and two hours late from there to Missoula.

When station reported the order back, the train crews signed it and were released, and Swayze, now freed from McLane's lumbering giant, dropped out of Blossburg so precipitately that Sawhill had to forget his dignity and catch the first coach he might or get left behind.

Jack tipped back in his chair again, loosened his vest, and filled his lungs with the cool night breeze of June that blew from the foothills. Then with deliberation stuffed tobacco into his pipe and aided its purpose with a match. The moonlight tipped the distant snow caps with silver. It shone over the little town which was all asleep but for the chugging activity of chubb, important switch engines that kicked and pushed and pulled cars here and there in obedience to waving lamps, spitefully banging those they cast off against their fellows stumbling on the side tracks. The clang of iron on iron echoed through the still air and brought a long-drawn "yap yap yap" of defiance from a lone coyote on his haunches in the Indian burying ground on the nearest terrace of foothills. The roar of the Hell Gate over its rock-strewn channel reached the office in a murmur that was music to the young dispatcher's ears, until the sharp chatter of the sander broke in to tell him that his charges in the west were again after him to straighten out their tangle.

He had just told Naxon for the third time that if Cameron's special would not help itself he could not reach out and pull it along, and begged its crew to remember that a little time honestly stolen is a lot of help in getting over the road, when the pages of his order-book shimmered with a sudden draft. There seemed something strange around him.

He could not understand the sensation. He was all alone, but there was the compelling feeling of eyes that demand response. From sheer perverseness he resisted the influence as long as he could, perhaps for a minute, calling himself a fool for his nervousness. It was of no use. He looked up from the train sheet.

Standing between the door and his desk was a little woman gray garbed, no covering on her gray hair that was drawn smoothly back from her face, her eyes like Jack's own.

His mother, his darling mother—but how did she get there? By any process of reasoning she could be nowhere except in her berth on No. 1, still miles out on the division; yet here she was. He could not mistake form or feature, or the indulgent smile, which had so often tempered her reproof of his boyish misdeeds.

His lips moved in a meaningless attempt, but he could not utter a sound. She came slowly toward his desk as though groping her way, her eyes fixed on the train sheet. She pointed to its margin, and said in mild reproach: "You told me to sleep soundly for you would guard me safely. Is this the way you watch over the lives in your charge, Jack?"

Dumb with fear, his eyes went back to the record of the trains once more, realizing some awful sight awaited him; something which had brought his mother to him to keep her promise; some explanation of the warnings he had so little understood.

Under the extended finger and at the extreme edge of the sheet were the figures showing Magill's special east had passed Garrison just after midnight when Jack had given them the three hours' time on No. 1. They had gone on to Lester's siding for the crew to load five cars of ties. They had been bottled up there with no telegraph office when he changed the order to No. 1. The figures on the sheet were so small he had overlooked them, and knowing nothing of the change of program the train was even then hurrying on to make Ainslee for the express, which Swayze, in the belief that he had a clear track, would surely get there first.

The horror of it roused the boy. The thought of the crash of engines, the toppling over the coaches down the fill, went through him like an electric shock.

"Os-os No. 1 by, three hours late." Elliston was reporting Swayze paring his time order close. The 423 had struck her gait and would make up fifteen minutes more to Ainslee.

Railway training asserted itself. How his warning came, how his mother was at his elbow was not a question to be dealt with then. One of those trains must be stopped.

If he might get Avon! That station had no night operator, but the agent slept in a little room off the telegraph office, and if he had not cut out his instrument the office call might wake him.

"AV-AV-AV" rang out sharply as Jack grasped his only chance. "AV-AV-AV" the brass sander seemed to change its metallic clatter to a human cry for help.

"AV—" once more; then "I—I—AV—" ticked back, steeply, and Jack was on his feet with excitement.

"Drop your signal and stop Magill, special east," he snapped.

"O. K. Magill here; what do you want with him?" rattled back the operator in a way which spelled indignation at broken slumber.

"Get him on the siding quick and take this order," answered Jack, his breath coming thick as he sent a copy of the order given to No. 1 at Blossburg, and which meant so many lives, was repeated, the signatures of Magill and his engineer were added, and before the ink was dry on the order book, Avon reported No. 1 passing into the tail of a comet.

The special started east. The thread snapped.

Mike Schenck, the yardmaster, threw ice water over Jack half an hour after, doused him unsparingly, and revived him pale and bedraggled. No one knew why he collapsed and let trains run themselves for thirty minutes! no one—in authority, at least—knew of the narrow escape of No. 1; and Jack's mother could not understand why the dispatcher's office seemed so familiar to her when she met him there as No.

I arrived in Missoula, although she never before had seen it.

And while no one in authority received any report of the mysterious visitation which had prevented a fearful catastrophe, there would not be found many railroaders who will deny the reality of such occurrences; few will ascribe them to the imagination of the person who receives the strange warning, "but the puzzling question which remains, and defies solution, is this: How did Jack's mother get away from herself? and traverse the space that separated her from her son?—Pennsylvania Grit.

DIAMONDS THAT ARE LOST.

Many Valuable Stones Which Disappear Never to Be Recovered. At what figure can we estimate the diamonds that got lost? One can only reply approximately. Although it seems enormous, it appears that one can place at 15 per cent the diamonds that no longer belong to anybody.

First of all, what do we mean by lost diamonds? When a stone goes astray it generally occurs that, if the owner does not find it again, it has fallen into other hands. It is not lost to commerce. It is not thus, however, when a diamond, badly set, for example, falls to the ground. At least unless it be of size sufficiently important to attract attention one must see there is little chance of it being saved.

In the city it goes directly into the gutter and thence to the sewer. In the country, on the main road, it becomes covered up by the pebbles and earth that are stirred up by vehicles and pedestrians. One can feel sure in this case the gems are lost to the world and will never return to usefulness.

But, one will say, we are still far from the 15 per cent given as the actual loss of diamonds. There are, after all, not such a great number that get lost and are never found again. That is true, but it is necessary to take into account numerous other sources of loss, such as those occurring in fires, shipwreck, etc. Again, there are persons who express in their wills the formal desire to be decorated with their jewels when dead. This is customary in some countries.

All these causes explain easily how nearly a sixth of the diamonds can completely disappear.

The Bank of France every year has a big balance coming from bills that are never presented for payment. It is therefore not at all surprising that the same should happen with precious stones.

In this reckoning are not computed the losses arising from recutting. The splintered fragments and pieces are serviceable still in some way or other. We do not admit, however, black diamonds and diamonds used in the industries, but refer only to gem qualities.

One might mention the 25 per cent indicated by the loss on rose cut stones. Of all stones these roses show the greatest loss.—Le Diamant.

WOMEN TO THEIR RESCUE.

Australian Politics Reformed by the Work of the State Sex.

A Queensland man told me that he doubted if in his part of the country they could have achieved much if it had not been for the women. Every avenue of employment was absolutely in the hands of the intrenched governing classes and every man that agitated for election reform was not only discharged but blacklisted and boycotted. He found it impossible then to obtain employment anywhere; no man dared to hire him.

George Ryland was blacklisted for five years. They would not let him plow nor chop wood nor drive horses. It looked like a hopeless fight against a power so great and so arbitrary.

Often the men were discouraged, but the women, never, they had more pluck than the men. The women resolutely stirred their utmost husbands; one and all they urged their husbands to keep on and never to yield. In many cases wives assumed the burden of supporting the family. Some turned dress-makers and some cooks.

One family that I know lived four years on a weekly income of between \$3 and \$4 earned with her needle by the wife and mother. The husband tramped Queensland looking in vain for work. With such a spirit among the women the situation could not long continue. A body of voters grew up not of the labor element but painfully convinced that existing conditions were wrong. These united with the few labor men that had the franchise, the "better" element was outvoted and overturned, the suffrage was reformed, the labor party swept into possession of the Queensland state government and holds the government today.—Everybody's Magazine.

Left in the Cloak Room.

There was a sophomore who was hard up in the early fall, and pawned all his good clothes.

A little before Thanksgiving he got a check from home, and accordingly, like a wise sophomore, redeemed his wardrobe.

When he got home for the holidays his mother said she would unpack his trunk for him. The first thing his mother took out of the trunk was an overcoat, and on it was pinned, he saw to his horror, the pawnbroker's ticket that he had forgotten to remove.

Hastily grabbing the ticket, he said: "Hello! They must have forgotten to take this off at the Smith dance, when I left it in the cloak room."

A moment later his mother took out his evening trousers. They also had a ticket on them.

"Why, Frank," she said, "surely you didn't leave these in the cloak room, too, did you?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Great Consideration.

"You consider him the foremost of our arctic explorers?"

"I do," answered the publisher. "I know of no one else whose Heraty style approaches his."—Washington Star.