There will always be plenty to do

In the uplift line. A combination of dyeing concerns is miked of. Can't they, when independent, make a living dyeing?

After long study Mrs. Russell Sage has hit upon a sage way in which to expend a \$10,000,000 charity fund.

A scientist declares that in a few more centuries the red-headed girl will disappear. What will become of the white horses?

There's one good thing about eggshell cars. Passengers who are not pinned down can generally find plenty of holes to crawl through.

possible for an honest man to get rich. Still, it is to be feared that the short cut will continue popular.

Professor Jenks of Cornell says it is

Brander Matthews has been bonored by France, besides having a Carnegie hero medal coming to him for starting the new peekaboo style of spelling.

A man gave hunger as an excuse for stealing forty loaves of bread. Naturally the court did not understand how a man could be as hungry as that. The man who was jilted by a woman

who spent \$20,000 a year on her dresses fortune by marrying her dressmaker. In a recent raid on a gambling den a man named Pizymuvazallaskivitch man-

aged to escape. It is supposed he hung his name out of the window and slid A French colonel declares that "sulelde is desertion." The two acts are

can't bear to live with his wife any A statistician asserts that the average woman carries from forty to sixty miles of hair on her head. But that tm't a circumstance to the notions she

certainly equally effective when a man

The Czar is advocating an income tax for Russia, although, as far as can be learned, the only people with innes in Russia are the bomb manufacturers and undertakers.

carries in her head.

The Rev. Merbert R. Bigelow says that men who deny women the right to yote are bastarians. We have heard hat they are even worse than that, being nothing short of nasty, mean things.

In New Mexico an alleged gold mine has turned out to be nothing more than natural case, with no gold in it. till, that's some better than the gold mine that exists only on stock certifi-

The King of Italy and John D. Ro the latter collects all he can get his

It is said "the most talkative womperhaps you have in mind some woman ship and two-thirds of the gate receipts.

Mr. Reckefeller considers himself "a trustee to God for all his great wealth." Let's see, it is Baer who represents Providence in the coal fields, and Harry Thaw claims to have had a divine ion to kill Stanford White. Most of us should be thankful if our mission is simply to be good.

A woman in a typewriting contest in four hours. A man wrote seventeen thousand words, but he made so many mistakes that he was ruled out. An American woman has surpassed the Frenchwoman's record, for in the ordinary course of business she once wrote tobacco that to-day it is one of the ten thousand five hundred words in two and a half hours, and made three orient. It is capitalized at £3,000,000, copies as she went along.

Whenever you are tempted to growl sgainst fate or complain of your lot just look around and find out what others are bearing. You will find many men with more brains and better education worse off than you are. Then compare your lot with that of such men and if you don't quit complaining and ty philologist the other day. "Noon, go in for rejoicing there's something radically wrong with your mental balance. When an obstacle gets in your way don't waste time and energy in complaining about it. If you can't push reckoned time from the time of eating er of vision, particularly where only a or around it any way you can-and the beginning of their day. The monks choroid of the buman eye, on the conleave the obstacle behind you. The d obstacle will not appear half as big if you get past the first.

The problem of poverty has been pretty thoroughly studied in this gen- and by some of them cut the time a eration. Without pretending to inti- little short-prayed a little earlier. As mate that all is known that can be time went on they elipped off enough known or that wisdom will die with us, time to bring the eating hour in its yet it appears pretty clear that one of proper place, at midday, and 'nones' bethe worst possible means of attacking came 12 o'clock instad of 3, ever the poverty problem is to give great though it meant the ninth hour." sums of money to the poor. The right sim of society is justice and not charity. Charity is always to be regarded as a palliative, as an attempt to render some measure of equity where the ordinary processes—that is to say, the system of society at that time in vogue have falled. The Socialists and dreamers imagine valuely that the only factor in the failure to distribute the pelits of society is the thing called a frame of government or the collective thing called the fabric of society, wheras the greatest factor contributing to the failure is buman nature and the inrent defects of individuals,

On the so-called "race suicide" quescion there is a good deal of loose talk | clas Detroit Free Press.

zation and the birth rate in a recent issue of a sociological periodical is one

of the many illustrations of how not to treat the question. It is apparently based on a few facts and cavaller disregard of all facts that are adverse to the theory held by the author. It is easy, on the one hand, to say that the restriction of the size of the family is due to selfishness, love of pleasure, shirking of the duties and responsibilities of life, lack of moral courage. It is equally easy, on the other hand, to argue that restriction is both a symptom of progress, material and physical, and a cause of it. Professor Ross cheerfully assumes that all those who hate famine, vice, ignorance, pauperism and disease hall the decline of the birth rate, while those who deplore it he consigns to such categories as "mystics, cieries, sentimentalists, militarists, capitalists." Now any man of average experience and intelligence is aware that the restriction of the size of the family is neither necessarily a blessing nor necessarily a curse to society. He knows of instances where the restriction is undoubtedly the result of unworthy motives, and he also knows of cases where there is too little rather than too much thought of restriction. In England two attempts have been made to get at the facts-all the facts-of the birth rate in a really scientific manner. A report on the subject was issued some time ago by the mathematical department of the London University. That report showed that the restruction was practiced "at the wrong end." The rate is low for the superior, the thrifty, the educated and prosperous; it is not low for the morally and socially inferior bould swallow his grief and make his classes. The evidence showed, according to the report, that "the birth rate of the more capable stocks was decreasing relatively to the mentally and physically feebler stocks." The families were largest where the conditions of life were least favorable, and smallest where the opportunities for healthy

TOBACCO THE CHIEF CROP.

as a rule.

growth were ample. The London Fa-

bian Society made a careful inquiry

into the same subject and reported

that, while the rich boroughs of Lon-

don showed for a given year 2,004

births per 10,000 of population, the in-

termediate boroughs showed rates be-

tween 2,362 and 2,490, while the poorest

boroughs had a rate of 3,078, or 50 per

cent more than in the rich quarters.

Professor Ross puts the cart before the

borse when he assumes that restric-

tion will give us healthier and better

offspring, and that economic pressure

is responsible for it. He forgets to

ask where the restriction is practiced

Great Profits Yielded by the Indus-

try in the Philippines. Tobacco has played a most important part in the history of the Philippines. No other industry has done so much to support them in the past, and at the present time no industry contributes nore to the support of the insular government in internal revenues than

The Cagayan valley has produced tor are said to be the world's great. | tories of Spain and Austria for more coin collectors. But the former is than 140 years. For 101 years of this ing only the rarest kind, while time (from 1781 to 1882), when the tobacco industry was a monopoly of She knows about the school, and what I the Spanish government, the taxes or revenues from the production of tobacco in the Cagayan valley paid half an in the world lives in Chicago." But of the entire expenses of the insular government. During the time of the could give her a close race for the Spanish monopoly it was the intention She's glad that I'm a boy, and growing of the government to force the natives to raise not only more tobacco but a better quality. In this they succeeded. What can be done in this line by private companies is well emphasized by the success of several companies organized after the abolishment of the Spanish monopoly and some of them even since the Spanish war. The largest of these companies is known as Compania General de Tabacos de Filipinas, or, as known in English, the General Tobacco Company. The stockhold-Paris recently won a victory by writing ers of this corporation reside mostly in sixteen thousand five hundred words in | Spain, although there are a few in the Philippines. One of the largest stockholders is the marquis de Camillas, one of the wealthlest men of Spain. This company grew so rapidly and made so

> in the corporation.-Leslie's Weekly. Noon Really Ninth Hour.

much money out of the cultivation of

largest commercial enterprises in the

on which it is paying heavy dividends.

Many of its employes are stockholders

"Not many people know that what is celebrated as noon was originally at 3 p. m. The reason for the change is interesting," said a Columbia universior 'nones,' as it was then known, was the hour at which the mouks said their as a concave reflector, causing the rays 'nones,' which were prayers at the of light to traverse the retina a second ninth hour, or 3 o'clock. The monks time. This probably increases the powbreakfast at 6 o'clock a. m. That was feeble light is admitted to the eye. The were not permitted to eat their dinner trary, is lined with a dark brown or until after they had said their 'nones.' black pigment, which does not reflect This was a long time for men who had light. This peculiar construction of aniwere all very hungry at 3 o'clock. By scheme of nature.

Drowning the Music.

"Miss Chatterton says it's her proud boast that she has never heard au opera in her life."

"Oh, you must be mistakeu. She's a society girl and she frequently attends Rising early, Mrs. Burley in her garden the opera during the season-

"Oh, yes, but she never coes except as one of a box party."-Philadelphia Press.

The Kind They Febl.

Re-Some girls are awfully concelt-

She -- Why? He-"hey'll brag about making a fool of a man that was never saything



America's Dark Hour. Late in 1778 Sir Henry Clinton sent British expedition of 2,000 men to inrade Georgia, and on Dec. 23 it arrived at the mouth of the Savannah River, where the soldiers disembarked. General Robert Howe, with about 600 Continentals and a few hundred militia. endeavored to hold Savannah against the enemy, but the Americans were overpowered and put to rout, the town, fort, munitions and supplies falling into the hands of the British.

In August, 1779, Count d'Estaing ap seared off the southern coast with twenty-two French ships of the line. General Lincoln, then in command of at Charleston when a frigate came there to announce the arrival of the fleet, and at his request the French commander agreed to assist in the reduction of Savannah. Lincoln and his small army reached the Savannah River on Sept. 12 and on the same day the French troops landed and marched up to within three miles of the town, which had been strongly fortified by the British. Surrender of the post was demanded, but General Prevost, the British commander, requested a truce, which was unwisely granted, for dur-

then gave a deflant refusal to the demand for surrender. A siege was begun on Sept. 23, last ing until Oct. 8, with varying success. Just before dawn on Oct. 9 an assault was made by the allies, and after five hours of flerce conflict there was a truce for the purpose of burying the dead. While the British had lost but 120 men, the Americans and French had lost 1,000 in killed and wounded. Among the latter was Count dEstaing. who was carried to his camp. Count Pulaski, while fighting at the head of his legion, was mortally wounded by a grapeshot. During the truce D'Estaing and Lincoln held a conference. The former, having lost uzany men, wished to abandon the siege, while Lincoln. confident of ultimate success, desired to continue it. The French commander refused to further participate, and on the evening of Oct. 18 the French withdrew to their ships and the Americans to the Savannah River. Thence Lincoln retreated to Charleston, and at the beginning of November the fleet sailed for France, thus closing the Revolutionary campaign of 1779.

His Mother.

We sit in one big chair, for mother's And rock and talk, all in the firelight's She pats my hand, perhaps you think it's

It's somehow easier to visit so She loves to read the very books that

That tell of Launcelot, and all the She thinks that Charlemagne was such a But maybe Bayard, bravest knight, was

She likes the boys, remembers nick-

I tell her everything that I am doing-Why, bedtime comes before we're near

She isn't sorry that my hair does curl. My mother is not like a grown-up lady; I'm sure she always seems just like a

-Youth's Companion.

Lincoln's Much-Quoted Words. Perhaps the most famous address ever made by President Lincoln is the one that he delivered at the dedication of the soldiers' monument on the battlefield of Gettysburg, and the words most quoted from it are "the government of the people, by the people and for the people." This phrase was, no doubt, an unconscious quotation, for the same words were used by Theodore Parker in an address to the Anti-Slav-

ery Society, May 13, 1854. Nor was phrase original with Parker. Daniel Webster, in 1830, used the words, "the people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people." And even before Webster, Chief Justice Marshall had expressed the same idea in similar

Shining Byes. Why do the eyes of some animals, notably of the dog, the cat and the horse, shine in the dark? Naturalists say that it is because their eyes secrete a pigment of a brilliant metallic luster at the bottom of the eyeball, which acts so much time to think of eating. They mais' eyes is part of the protective

Topsy-Turvy. hang the clothes to dry.



meets the eye; -The Century Co.

Alexander Hamilton. Every now and then, a boy or a girl who is studying United States history, wants to know why Alexander Hamilton, who was born on the island of Nevis, West Indies, was spoken of for the Presidency of the United States after the adoption of the Constitution. That the superlative is pawnbroker .- Wisconstitution, with the framing of which consin Sphinx,

he had more to do than any other man. perbaps, says, "No person except a natural born citizen, or a citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of this constitution, shall be eligible to the office of President." Hamilton was eligible because he was a citizen at the time the constitution was adopted. No foreign-born citizen is now eligible, of course.

HEN COMES INTO HER OWN.

She Has a Pedigree Now and I Carefully Reared by Farmer. It is not many years since a hen was just a hen and nothing more. She had no pedigree, no aristocratic traditions, no exclusiveness, no distinguishing family traits or features. The black hen of one season might be the progenitor of the black and white speckled pullet of next year and her granddaughter of the year after be of yellow or red coloring. It was all very uncertain. They were just simply barnyard fowls and not very much was expected of them. Most of them had to scratch for a living and the American army in the South, was to find roosting places where best they

> All this has been changed. The hen is now a cherished part of the farmer's live stock and the comfort and well being of herself and family are well looked after. Special accommodations are provided for her and much interest is taken in her various forms of development. She is no longer a scrub; she has a lineage to which her owners point with pride and which is registered in books of authority.

She must live up to a standard, too, if she expects ever to be rewarded by being brought to a show, If she is a ing the interval he was reinforced and Plymouth Rock the markings of her gray feathers must follow an established model; if she is a Cochin the feathers on her legs must extend only to a certain measure over her toes; if she is a black Spanish or a Leghorn her comb must have so many notches and no more, and so on throughout the list of Wyandottes, Brahmas, games, etc.

A display of these aristocratic fowls is an impressive spectacle. Their vocalization, too, it may be remarked, is a thing to be remembered. Fed and cared for with an especial view to their visit to the city, they are gorgeous to behold and once having seen them the observer can no longer think lightly of the egg he consumes at breakfast or of the fried chicken whose toothsomeness belps to mitigate life's asperities. It is right that the hen should come to town now and then to be looked at. It is her due that the public for which she does so much should come and admire her. She and her tribe add vastly to the wealth and prosperity of the State and it is only fair that the debt to her should be recognized. When her week at the show is over she will go home and settle down to the steady business of producing more eggs and more prosperity, for in these modern days she has nothing else to do.-Indianapolis Star.

Marriage No Joke in Kansas.

Brides must not laugh while a marriage is being performed in Kansas. Because a young woman laughed while the ceremony was being performed Judge McCabe of Topeka stopped in tinue until she ceased, says the Philadelphia North American.

The bride was Mina Brown of New York, who was being married to Walter Jones.

"Marriage is not a laughing matter," said Judge McCabe when he stopped the ceremony. "I will not perform a marriage ceremony which is regarded as a laughing affair. When you can stop laughing and seem to realize just a little more that this is not a side show perhaps we will resume the ceremony."

Then the judge walked out of the clerk's office, where the ceremony was being performed. The couple were just half married. Jones had sworn to love, cherish and support Miss Brown, but Miss Brown owed bin no allegiance of any kind. Miss Brown seemed to enjoy the situation of being single herself and still having Jones married to her.

Jones expostulated with her for some time, and at length informed the judge that the "lady isu't laughing now." The judge went back to his performance of the ceremony which made a Jones of a Brown.

Carlyle.

Thomas Carlyle, "the sage of Chelsea," died without winning much personal popularity, a fact, however, which is forgotten in admiration of his genius. Carlyle exerted a greater influence on British literature during the middle of the nineteenth century and on the religious and political beliefs of his time than possibly any other British writer. He never wrote a line that he did not believe, and in regard to style he certainly had no superior. From the position of schoolmaster in an obscure village this great Scotsman rose to be a leader in the world of letters.-London Standard.

Breaking the News Gently, Foreman (at the door) - Did yer husband hov a new suit av clo'es on this mor-rnin', Mrs. O'Malley? Mrs. O'Malley-He did.

Foreman-They're roofned entirely. Mrs. O'Malley-How did ut happen? Foreman-He was blowed up be a charge av dinnymite.-Cleveland Lead-

Needs Smoke Consumer. "Frank, if you didn't smoke, I be lieve I'd marry you." "But, my dear, how can you expect a man who is burning up with love to keep from smoking Y"-Denver Post.

The Only Way. "I just put on a good face about the matter," remarked Miss Oldgirl. "Indeed!" said Smarticus, "What surgeon did you go to?"-Baltimore

American. Tragic. "For the consideration of the editors," prescribed the heeler, but he found same short on said commodity, be thinks .- Yale Record.

Orthography. The comparative of broke is broker; THE SPRING'S CLEANING-UP TIME



BROKEN TIES.

No use to weep for broken ties; Better son: onward toward the skies, As the silken thread that's broken Is just a sample token Of a finer, stronger tie in silken gloss.

If you've won that silken strand, Know 'twas broke before the brand Of your heart's own mold of true desire; Then be happy that 'twas done,

Helped you nearer to the one Your ardent love stamped deep in fire.



Obeying a sharp, premonitory click from the direction of the curtained alcove where but a moment before all had been quiet save for the steady, sonorous breathing of a human being behind the heavy drapery, Mr. Bill Garlin dropped his black bag of booty to the floor and held his hands high above his head. Experience had taught Mr. Garlin a number of things, and one was that the etiquette of "the drop" is not always recognized by a peaceable householder awakened in the dead hour of the night by a prowling burglar. Therefore it was discretion rather than cowardice that prompted him, in the present instance, to assume the formal position of surrender without waiting for the verbal command.

A glance toward the alcove convinced Mr. Garlin that he had indeed acted wisely. The shining weapon peeping from the parted curtains was held with disconcerting steadiness, and above and beyond were two unwavering points of optic light which contained a deadly purpose not to lose the advantage held. The marauder reassuringly spread his fingers widely apart, realizing that the very appearance of evil was here menace to his physical wholeness, and stood before his captor in the obscure light more like the shadow of an elongaeed statue than Bill Garlin, alias "Crackey," alias "Bill the Brick."

"A pretty fellow!" came in a rasping voice from the curtains-"a pretty fellow to rob a lone woman; and what I'm going to do with you, that's the question!"

"A leddy, by hookey," was Mr. Garpoidon, leddy, I've bloindered inty the wrong room," he continued aloud. myself off."

"You villain, don't you dare to move!" said the voice. "Do you think that kind of a subterfuge would deceive anyone? As if you didn't know bag! Oh, this isn't the first attempt that's been made to rob me in my travels; but no brute of a man ever encovered with this revolver while you heempty your pockets of everything in them. Then you'll step into that wardthe people of the house."

"Your poldon again, loldy," said Mr. Miss Gertrude Mayhew that lectured in the town hall here last night?" "Yes," came the brisk answer. "Now

you lay your coat on that chair-and

hurry !" "Then you'll remember me, Miss

Maybew," pursued the burglar, losing no time in complying with the sharp command; "you'll remember little Willie Garlin, surely-why, you loined me to read, you did, in Sceneryville, Ohio, years and years ago." A queer sound came from ehe lips

of Miss Gertrude Mayhew, temperance advocate and ex-schoolma'am, and the revolver in her hand described a nervous semi-circle that arought to Mr. Garlin a polgnant fear of its accidental discharge. Then the curtains were separated to permit the protrusion of a head and a band; in the latter held a small night lamp, and the burgiar saw dimly the face of his boyhood's in structor-a face he would even yet have recognized anywhere, though the girlish features he remembered were shadowed by the hard lines of a selfdependent woman of the world, whose fifty years were marked by straight. fron-gray hair, which in youth had been of inky blackness.

"A Garliu-and a burglar!" be heard her murmur as if to herself. She replaced the lamp behind the curtains, not forgetting her control of the weapon. "I'd know a Garlin anywhere," she continued raptly. The harsh tone came back to her voice suddenly, and she went out "Yes, you are Will Garlin, but you are a dangerous criminal. Now, I want you to take from each hip pocket a revolver, muzzie down-and mind, one little move the wrong way and I'll shoot."

"Honest, there's only one," he pro-

Disarmed, he made a step toward her with a plea for mercy on his lips. "This means a good long trip for me,

Miss Mayhew, for there are two or

ting you there if they knew." "My family!" he exclaimed. "Why. gone. For the sake of them and the days when you knew me an innocent boy in Sceneryville, won't you let me go? There was Art, my older brother -you'll let me go for the sake of Art. won't you-Arthur, with his blue eyes and his gentle ways, that was so different from the rest of the Garlins? Why--

Unconsciously he lowered his hands and placed one of them to his forehend as if his memory troubled him. Strange to say, no admonition came from the curtains as he thus passed the line of the woman's stern decree. Indeed, the revolver held in Miss Mayhew's hand rested there in a meaning-



I'M NOT AS BAD AS MANY OF 'EM.

less way, as if she had forgotten the eed of defending herself.

"Someway," continued Garlin after a brief pause, "I'd forgot about Art-and you, so many things have happened lin's inward comment, "Beggin your since I landed in that cursed New York. After Art died, you know, we moved to the city, and that's where I got into "Hopin' you'll excuse me, I'll just take the company that's brought me to what I am to-night."

Miss Mayhew's voice, high and strained, came to him with a question. "When did Arthur-that is, what year did you move away from Sceneryville? that I have the entire proceeds of last I-I have never heard a word from night's lecture here in my traveling there since I read of Arthur's marringe."

Garlin took another unheeded step toward her, "You're mistaken, Miss tered my room before. Mighty lucky Mayhew," he said in an anxious tone I go armed and know how to protect of explanation. "Art never married. myself. Now, I'm going eo keep you Didn't you know, Miss Mayhew,

"William Garlia," interrupted the woman, and her voice still contained robe there and be locked in while I call its note of some strange emotion, "don't you lie to me! Why do you say Arthur never married? I saw the notice of Garlin in a peculiar tone; "are you his marriage to Kate Lenox in the anticipated.

tested, and the weapon was laid on the | Sceneryville paper the week after I left the town.'

"Must have been another Arthur Garlin, Miss Mayhew," averred the man. "That part of the country's full of Garlins, you know. He never forgot three other things will come up against you, Miss Mayhew; I'll swear to that, me when I'm taken. I want you to Why, he waited and waited for a letter think a minute before you do what from you, and some wastin' disease can't be undid. I'm not as bad as many | took hold of him at last, and the doctor of 'en. I never robbed a woman and told him he couldn't get well if he didn't I always picks on the high-toned ones." go to some new country. But he never "Oh, I think you're bad enough, Will had but one reply when they wanted Garlin-bad enough to be put behind him to go away. 'When she writes to the bars for a term, and I doubt not me, he'd say, then I'll go-not before.' your family would thank me for put- And he never give up that he'd hear from you some time. None of us ever knowed what trouble had come between they're all gone, Miss Mayhew-all you and him. He told us the day you left that you'd be back in a month as his wife, and that was all. But we knowed it wasn't his fault you had never come, for in the last days of his life he thought you was there, and when he died he held the little locket

> hand so we couldn't take it away." The curtains rustled violently, and Mr. Garito, who had talked with downcast eyes before the woman's stern gaze, looked in their direction, suddenly realizing that he had been talking rather feelingly of that which was mere retrospect when the precious moments should have been used to his own advantage. He stared, scarcely able to believe his eyes when he found the spot that had so recently held his life and freedom in subjection. The menacing revolver and the purposeful eyes no longer confronted him; the draperles met in a heavy fold. Mr. Garlin tiptoed to his coat, to his weapon, and softly made his way to the open window. Still no sound, threatening or

with your picture inside tight in his

otherwise. And yet-Did the sharp ears of the burgiar play him a trick as he lowered himself from the sill, or did there come to taim, from the room he had just left, faint and smothered, like the cry of an imprisoned thing at the door of its cell, a ound that was like a woman's sob?-

Waverley Magazine.

Dreyfus' Heroic Wife. Oh, that poor dream of the wife who should meet him with outstretched arms. She was there, indeed, in that somber old city, Rennes; but as he suffered, she, too, was to suffer. If, among all the personages of this tragic drama, one was worthy of all respect, that one was Lucie Dreyfus. During five years she had borne her suffering with noble dignity; her faith had never wavered; she had hidden from her children all knowledge of the awful tragedy; you had thought there could go out to her only pity and admiration. Ah. you do not know how fierce a hatred barned in France, in those days. Madame Dreyfus was turned away from every hotel in Rennes. Not one would take this poor wife in-her name was Dreyfus. The old woman who finally gave her house-room was stoned and hooted in the streets. And all this night of the "traitor's' return a mob hung round her doors or drank in a tavern over the way, shouting the while a song of "Death to the Jews!"-Suc-

cess Magazine. The boy who plays truant from school never has as much fun as be

POEMS WE ALL REMEMBER.



"CURFEW SHALL NOT RING TO-NIGHT." Emily's white lips never faltered, for she tore the air to shreds, Though around her was a circle of such sadly aching heads, And she tangled up the hearth-rug, as she wildly would recite To our awful admiration, "Curfew shall not ving to-night!"