

The newspaper appears to be doing considerable business, too.

A man doesn't enjoy being told to mind his own business, yet it is always good advice.

Hipena, Mont., is the storm center just now. It has started a wild, desperate crusade against the billboard business.

Prince de Sagun doubtless thinks that being the husband of an heiress will prove as easy a way of making a living as any.

Things are not as bad as they might be. King Peter of Serbia is behaving so well that his people are able to go about their business without making much noise.

Representative Hobson says the time is coming when it will be necessary to turn this country into an armed camp. Mr. Hobson is one of our most consistent pessimists.

A musician who rewrote a song for a woman brought suit and the jury returned a verdict of \$5. If the song was of the "popular" variety this appears too small a fine.

Henry James has written a three-act comedy, and we can only hope that the intermissions between the acts will be long enough to give somebody time to see through the jokes.

"Dying is a delicious sensation," one prominent physician is reported to have said, but the general run of humanity will continue being satisfied with the delicious sensation of living.

Grand Trunk Pacific officials have just selected names for 114 new towns. As they are all easy to pronounce it is evident that the man who names the sleeping cars was not on the job.

"The vermiform appendix is the only thing in nature, so far as is known, that is absolutely useless," says the Lancet. Absolutely useless! And it has helped many a surgeon out of financial difficulties.

A lecturer is telling the women that if they think beautiful thoughts they will become beautiful. We would like to know how thinking beautiful thoughts is going to transform an ugly nose or remove a mole.

In advising young men to "use their tongues" Mr. Bryan probably means the unmarried young men. After they are married they won't have much opportunity, of course—unless, like Mr. Bryan, they spend most of their time away from home.

According to the figures published by a commercial agency, the cost of living is less now than at any time in the previous three years. But whatever the cost, life is worth while, in spite of the walls of the few who are shouting on the housetops that the times are out of joint.

Four hundred thousand dollars have been appropriated by Congress as indemnity to the Roman Catholic Church in the Philippines for damage to church property occupied by American soldiers during the Filipino insurrection. In old times all institutions took their chances in time of war, and none was reimbursed by the victorious combatants. We have a better idea nowadays of those rights of property which survive all wars and changes of government.

An American actor once spoke of Shakespeare as the man who had left to posterity "the richest legacy of all the countless dead." Although he did not refer to a legacy of dollars and cents, yet if the figures given in a Washington paper are correct, the statement might be nearly true in that sense also. A popular novel that sells half a million copies in a few years is regarded as a wonder, yet of Shakespeare's works approximately three million copies are still sold every year. A royalty of one dollar a set on his works—and that would be small compared with the royalties of a modern author—would produce an income of three million dollars a year. And yet they say there is no money in literature.

As the second government of occupation in Cuba draws toward the close it is gratifying to know that leading Cubans are practically of one mind concerning the value of the service which has been rendered by Governor Mason. Already one of the leading parties under which political sentiment is organized in the island has placed a presidential candidate in nomination. The impending change in the government of the island is regarded very differently from the similar change which took place in 1902. Cuban engineers for home rule is not nearly so evident as it was six years ago, but thoughtful observers regard the prospects for successful autonomous government as being much more hopeful now than they were immediately preceding the organization of the first home government of the island.

This country could hardly be expected to Germanize its legal procedure, or, for that matter, make it conform to that of any other country. But it could embody with beneficial results the principles of the German system in dealing with petty disputes. It is perfectly proper that cases involving large amounts or important questions should be gone into with care and due expense. But the exorbitant rate which Americans pay for justice in small things is proverbial. The Germans deal with these things in a perfectly sensible way. An American tourist who inquired why there were only four lawyers in a town of 14,000 people in Germany, was told that the civil cases had been reduced to a minimum because every such case had to be tried by

three conciliators appointed by the Mayor of the city before it found its way into the courts. If the judgment of the conciliators is not accepted the case then goes into court, but the loser has to pay all the costs, including attorneys' fees, so that the judgment of the conciliators is usually accepted. The conciliators receive no salary, but they consider their appointment a high honor. Only in slander cases are they permitted to impose a fine, which is payable to the district insane asylum. The guilty party is required to sign a declaration of regret and publish it in the official organ of the district. It would be manifestly impossible to translate the details of this procedure to this country, but the adoption of the principle in some form adaptable to our way of doing would accomplish great good. Americans are a "lawing" people and are usually willing to pay for such justice as they may derive from rushing into court on the slightest provocation. But it happens in many thousands of cases that the ends of justice are defeated by the costliness of securing it according to American jurisprudence. The intricate system of court costs has done much to spread the pessimistic idea that justice is only for those who can afford it. Anything which will tend to disprove this idea is to be commended, provided it does not go contrary to the spirit of our institutions.



Grass widows are never as green as they pretend to be.

A woman seldom laughs at a man's jokes unless she has an ax to grind.

A woman cares not who listens so long as she is permitted to do the talking.

The reason widows are so successful with men is they know the things not to know about them.

The chief reason a girl wants to get married is to prove to anybody who doubts it that she can.

You can buy off your wife from taking her \$50 allowance by giving her a 50-cent bunch of flowers.

What a woman can't understand is how a man refuses to be happy over his ship coming in some day.

When a man is labeled a cynic it is a sign that he has managed to elude some woman who tried to marry him.

There's nothing makes a man feel queerer than to have his wife describe a play to him all wrong when he can't correct her because he told her he didn't go to it the night he worked late at the office.—New York Press.

It is not every one who proves the ineffectiveness of insomnia cures at 7 years of age; that is why a youngster's experience, as the Louisville Courier-Journal records it, seems remarkable enough to quote.

The father of the lad, who was about 7 years old, was a physician, and when the child found difficulty in getting to sleep, was ready with advice.

"I'll tell you something that will soon put you to sleep," he said. "You begin and count slowly up to one hundred, and then another hundred, and so on, and before you know it you'll be sleeping." Try it to-night when you go to bed.

Everything remained quiet that night until the father went to retire. As he passed the boy's bed a little voice piped:

"Papa!"

"Yes, my boy."

"What comes after trillions?"

But the wakeful youngster's query was not answered; his father had vanished into his own bedroom.

A farmer, hunter and guide of Moose River plantation, in northern Maine, has a wonderful pair of mittens. He says that there are no others like them in the world. More than that, he has not been able to find any one who could guess from what they were made.

Last spring some wild animal made havoc with Mr. Sand's sheep. He set a trap and caught a yearling bear, whose fur was just starting out after being shed, and had reached a fuzzy state, almost like wool.

The pelt was worthless as fur. The mother of the hunter, now past 70, but a remarkably smart old lady, remembered that when she was a slip of a girl her mother once made a pair of mittens from bear's fur. It had been many years since she had cared to shave the bear's pelt while she got out her old-fashioned hand cards. She had no trouble in combing the fine fur into "rolls." Then out came the spinning-wheel, idle for years. A new hand and some tallow put it in running order, and the children for miles around came to see the old lady take the soft rolls of fuzzy fur and spin it into yarn.

The old lady thought that a little wool would be needed to give the yarn body, but such was not the case. The bear's spring coat made excellent yarn. From this the old lady knit some shapely and good-looking mittens, of which her son is justly proud. They are warm and soft, shed water, and bid fair to wear longer than wool.

A lumberman offered the owner of the mittens ten dollars for them, but he refused to take it.

When any one feels good, it is not because he has good luck, or takes much here, old girl. I can't waste time. I want you to do me a favor.

"Fire away, my boy."

"Well, it's this way, Nelly; you're a sharp girl."

Sermons of the Week

That which is born of God overcometh the world.—Rev. C. D. Case, Baptist, Brooklyn.

Married Life. Married life is what married people make it.—Rev. Dr. Page, Congregationalist, Boston.

God's Purpose. God wants us to be busy and in the world but not of the world.—Rev. Henry Hojburn, Presbyterian, Aurora.

Forever Saved. There is no truth more secure than that when we are saved forever.—Rev. Rowley Green, Baptist, Providence.

Will. The exercise of will lies at the threshold of every important achievement.—Rev. Charles W. Blodgett, Methodist, Pittsburgh.

The Smile of Fortune. If wealth is the gift of fortune then the smile of fortune often makes a man unfortunate.—Rev. William E. Bissel, Evangelist, North Camden.

Poverty and Wealth. There is a seeming wealth beneath which lies great poverty, and there is a seeming poverty beneath which lies real wealth.—Rev. J. L. Blanchard, Congregationalist, Denver.

Eternal Life. Eternal life is not only the life that has no ending, it is more. It has no dimension, no measurement. It is as broad as it is long.—Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, Evangelist at Atlanta.

The Labor Question. After all, the whole labor question is to give every one the square deal. And to do that it seems to me that it is necessary to get at the other fellow's viewpoint.—Rev. Charles Steitz, Presbyterian, New York City.

Freedom. The human spirit must have room to expand. It must work with freedom, if it would work with power. The right to liberty of utterance and action is of urgent and vital importance.—Rev. William H. Babcock, Reformed Church, Bayonne, N. J.

A Debiting Plan. No great building can be successfully completed without the definite plan adhered to every step of the way. The vast social structure must follow the plans and purposes of the great Architect, or there will be disaster.—Rev. C. C. Pierce, Baptist, Los Angeles.

A Primary Necessity. Health is a primary necessity. All departure from health is in a sense sin. Chastened by pain, the soul learns life's deeper meaning, but when health is lost something is gone out of life that is necessary to it. Health brings peace.—Rev. E. W. Hunt, Unitarian, Boston.

Power. Things are visible, power is invisible; things perish, power is imperishable; things change, but power never changes. The gospel is the power of the Deity—it is the power of His heart and the supreme power in man's power of man's heart.—Bishop H. C. Morrison, Methodist, Birmingham.

The Power that Endures. There is only one kind of power that lasts, and that is the power of God. Though a man have the knowledge of an Aristotle, the wealth of a Caesar, in God's awful balance his soul would outweigh them all.—Rev. S. B. Dexter, Episcopalian, Aurora, Ill.

Letters of Introduction. Every Christian is like a letter of introduction introducing the sinless Christ to the unbelieving world. But letters of introduction vary in their value. Some such letters are not worth the paper they are written on. Other letters of introduction are as good as a gold bond.—Rev. Warren G. Partridge, Baptist, Pittsburg.

Sacredness of Marriage. Marriage is not an alliance between a male and a female, but between a man and a woman; therefore a holy alliance ordained of God for the preservation of mankind and the proper fulfillment of God's divine plan for the salvation of His children.—Rev. Cornelius E. Thomas, Roman Catholic, Baltimore.

Human Weakness. It is time for us to wake up to the fact that we are no better than our God, but we are poor, imperfect creatures of the dust, fallen by nature, and that it is time for us to stop misconstruing the divine character and plan against His creatures, and to harken to the Lord's own word.—Rev. C. F. Russell, Congregationalist, Chelmsford.

Co-Workers. All are called into the Lord's vineyard, to be workers together with Him. This does not mean that all are called to be preachers. As the soldier serves his country best by faithfully discharging the duties of a soldier, the Christian best serves God and becomes a co-worker with Him by faithfully doing the work pertaining to his sphere of life.—Rev. J. P. Roberts, Baptist, Providence.

Middle Age. Middle age is the era of peril, because it is the era of avarice. The soul crosses the line that separates youth from age the day that the man begins to grieve about for treasure with which to supply his exhausted resources and take care of his age. In that hour contentment is born. It is the middle aged man who converts health, for a while, into a wisdom, the Sundays, everything, into money. By way of precaution, middle age is the era of "all through the eye."—Rev. D. N. Hills, Congregationalist, Brocklyn.

THE SONG OF THE WIND.

The wind that sings in the chimney flue, What does it say to me and you? Rich is its haunting minor key— Mooning for things that can never be, Or things that are lost to the day and sun, Back in some black oblivion. It moves on wings from the misty past, Over its gloom are shadows cast. It whistles a dirge for ancient days— Solemnly sad are the tunes it plays. Its volume rises and falls. It fills The heart with tremors and doubts and thrills. It roams the breadth of the sea and earth, But it never harbors a note of mirth. O, gray old harper, in wondrous ways, Your requiem tells of the yesterdays— But who that lives can the tale translate, Or quote the passage of Life and Fate? But sing away, in the chimney flue, Of things that are old and things that are new— Till sorrow and suffering seem sublime— To the very ends of the sands of Time! —Joel Benton, in Success Magazine.



"And when am I going to see my stepson?" "My dear Sarah," answered Mr. Brown, "it has always been my pride and boast that I am imbued with a considerable amount of personal courage, having once chased a burglar over three garden fences in my night attire on a frosty night; but I must confess that when I think about informing Jim of the fact that I have married for a second time I quake. I positively quake." "Well, James Brown, we've been married a week, and I haven't seen your son yet, but if you don't bring him home to dinner to-night you'll discover another kind of quake, and you'll think it's an earthquake." "Very well, my dear; I'll call at his rooms on my way to business. By the way, my brother Tom is in town, he's staying at the Pandora; I would like you to look him up this morning. He leaves New York to-day at twelve o'clock on his way to South America. I will try to meet you there at eleven, but if I am late you can send your card up and say I'm coming." "I will go, James; your brother is very rich, isn't he?" "Getting on for a millionaire, I believe, and goodness knows what might happen if you make an impression on him. Tom is a good sort."

Mrs. James Brown was a large, fair woman, fifty years of age and of considerable avoirdupois, and as she stood beside the short rotundity of her newly acquired husband she illustrated the contrast of the mountain and the molehill. When Mr. Brown walked towards his son's rooms he was very much perturbed in spirit. He felt that he had done a mean action in giving Jim a stepmother without informing him of his intention, and even when he knocked at his son's door he had not made up his mind how to break the news.

"Halloo, dad! I haven't seen you for an age." "How are you, Jim, my boy; hard at work, eh?" "Yes, dad; I've got a watching brief in a case coming on at eleven o'clock."

"That's good; we—er—that is, I want you to come round to dinner to-night, Jim, I've—er—got a little surprise for you; you'll come, eh?" "Yes, dad, of course I will."

"All right, seven o'clock; I must be off now." And, much to Jim's astonishment, his father backed out and made a hurried exit.

"Poor old dad? Got a surprise for me, eh? Well, he doesn't know what a surprise I've got for him. Halloo! who's this, another visitor?"

He went to the door in response to another summons, and found a messenger on the mat.

"Letter from Mr. Thomas Brown, Pandora Hotel, No answer."

"By George! Uncle Tom answered at last. I wonder what he says?" He tore the missive open and perused it.

"You Young Dog—How dare you get married without your father's knowledge? Be a man and tell him yourself; I'm not going to interfere. I am leaving here to-day at twelve o'clock for South Africa. If you can bring your wife along at about eleven, and provided I like the looks of her, I'll give her a check for \$5,000 as a wedding present—Your loving uncle, Tom Brown."

"Confound it! what an I do do! Here's Kate come at Irving with her mother, and I'm due in court at eleven o'clock. If I wired to Kate she couldn't get here in time; it's 10:30 now. Oh, what a mess! A cool five thousand thrown clean away! Uncle Tom is such a touchy old fossil he'll accept no excuse, and never forgive me if I don't go. Oh, it's maddening!"

He strode up and down the room for a few minutes thinking hard; then he made a dash for his hat and coat.

"By George! Nelly Sharp, she's the one to get me out of this. I shall just have time to go round to her."

He rushed out, jumped into a hansom, and was driven rapidly to a block of flats and hurried up the stairs. His knock was answered by Nelly Sharp herself.

"Why, if it ain't Jim Brown!" "Yes, Nelly, my very own self; put look here, old girl, I can't waste time. I want you to do me a favor."

"Fire away, my boy."

"Well, it's this way, Nelly; you're a sharp girl."

"Bless me, most extraordinary. My dear, would you mind stepping into this room for a minute? I won't keep you long. That's right; thank you. This is very curious, Barker, another Mrs. James Brown. What is she like?" "Large, stout party, sir; fair hair, red face."

"Show her in, Barker." Barker immediately acquiesced, and returned with Jim's unknown stepmother. "Ah, Mr. Brown, I must introduce myself. I was so afraid I would miss you, but it seems I am just in time." "Just in time, madam; and—and am I to understand that you are—the party Jim has married?" "Of course I am, only he had a silly idea in his head to keep our marriage a secret."

"Um—ah—yes; I can quite understand that. And—and when were you married?" "Last Saturday, the 15th."

"Bless me, how extraordinary—same day, same day! And may I inquire your Christian name, madam?" "My name is Sarah."

"And where is Jim now?" "He had an appointment at eleven o'clock, but he is coming on later to see you before you go; he hopes to arrive just in time."

"Just in time—um; seems to be a catch-word in this family. What's the matter now, Barker? What's this, what's this? Oh, this is preposterous. Excuse me for a minute, madam, but would you mind stepping into this room. This way; thank you."

Thomas Brown conducted his visitor to the room where Nelly Sharp was already waiting, and then turned to Barker.

"Barker, am I in my right senses or not?" "Oh, sir, yes sir, certainly."

"And yet you tell me that there is a third lady calling herself Mrs. James Brown asking to see me. What on earth has the boy been doing? Two wives is bad enough; but three—he's a regular Mormon! But show her in, show her in; she's just in time."

The bewildered Barker ushered in a dainty young girl, with a bewitching face and a charming manner.

"Oh, and you are Jim's uncle. I have had such a race to get here before you left. I am so glad I am just in time."

"Just in time—um; she's evidently one of the family. And so you are Jim's wife, eh?" "Yes, uncle; I hope you didn't think it very wrong of us to keep our marriage a secret?"

"Oh, not at all, not at all. I can quite understand Jim's motive. And when were you married?" "Last Saturday, the 15th."

"Bless me, what a busy day! I wonder how the young dog managed it? And what is your Christian name?" "Kate."

"No, I'm not; my wife is down at Irving, and I can't get her up in time, and it all depends on you whether I get the money or not."

"On me! What have I to do with it?" "Take my wife's place for an hour, and go and see Uncle Tom."

"My word, Jim Brown; but you aren't half a caution."

"Go on, Nelly, just to oblige me; it's a quarter to eleven now—you'll be just in time."

"And a diamond ring for your trouble if it comes off. I must be in court in a few minutes; here's one of my wife's cards, and tell him that I will come on later; that's all right. Good-bye, and many thanks."

"Pardon me one moment. You have acknowledged one wife; I will bring in another. Kate!"

Kate came into the room at his call. "Now, sir, is this your wife?" "Yes, sir, it is; but—"

"Then how dare you have two wives, and how dare you stand there and brazen it out before them both?"

"What is the matter, Jim? I don't understand all this," said Kate. "The matter, my dear, is that this young scoundrel has married three wives."

"Oh, Jim, Jim! say that it isn't true. Can this be the reason why you wished to keep our marriage a secret?"

"Excuse me; I will now bring in wife number three. Sarah!"

Mrs. Brown, senior, came into the room in a very indignant manner. "Do you acknowledge this lady as your wife?"

"No; I do not."

"I should think not, indeed," snorted Sarah Brown. "A woman at my time of life to get married to a boy! This gentleman is my husband."

"What! My brother James?" "Yes, Tom; we were married secretly a week ago, because I didn't like to tell Jim that I contemplated giving him a stepmother."

"Well, that subtracts one from the number; but you've still got two, Jim."

"Uncle, allow me to confess, and I will explain all. When I got your note this morning saying that you would like to see my wife, and if you liked her you would give her \$5,000, Kate was away at Irving. I had no time to telegraph to her, and I did not wish to lose your generous present, so I persuaded my good friend, Nelly Sharp, to pretend that she was my wife."

"Oh, Jim, then she's not your wife?" "No, dear; and I must ask her pardon for placing her in such an unpleasant position. I am sorry, Nelly; I did not know my wife was in town."

"I missed you so dreadfully. I couldn't stay away, Jim."

"Well, it appears to me that we are clearing things up all round," said Tom Brown, "and it's only been a misunderstanding after all. I forgive you your little deception, Jim, and will let you have that check, but it seems a stupid epidemic to strike a family, this secret marriage business. Give it up, give it up, and don't do it again. By George, it's late; I must go. Ten minutes to get to the wharf. All of you jump in cabs, and come and see me off."

"Can we do it?" "Yes, we'll be just in time."—Detroit News Tribune.

OUR TRADE WITH THE ORIENT. Market There for American Goods—Japan as a Buyer.

The total Oriental market for merchandise of a class which may be readily produced in the United States is more than \$1,000,000,000 annually, and of this we now supply about \$125,000,000. Of this annual market of \$1,000,000,000 about \$250,000,000 is cotton goods, for which the United States supplies most of the raw material; another \$100,000,000, iron and steel, of which the United States is the world's largest producer; \$40,000,000, provisions of various forms, in the production of which the United States also exceeds any other country; about \$40,000,000 mineral oil; \$25,000,000, medicines, drugs and dyes; \$20,000,000, flour, and \$20,000,000, coal, in addition to a large number of other articles of miscellaneous character, almost exclusively, however, manufactures.

While the United States supplies about 20 per cent of the imports of China, Japan and the Philippines, and is steadily increasing its total, it supplies but practically 1 per cent of the imports of the tropical and subtropical Orient and is making little, if any, increase.

Japan occupies first place among the Oriental countries in the percentage of its trade conducted with this country, and our exports to Japan are greater than to any other Oriental country except China.

Iron and steel manufactures, including machinery, are probably the most important group of articles found in our exports to Japan, and their importance seems likely to increase more rapidly than that of any other article or group of articles. The principal articles forming exports from the United States to Japan are iron and steel manufactures, raw cotton, kerosene oil and flour.

While cotton has in many recent years shown a larger total than iron and steel, and while Japan will always continue to be a large importer of raw cotton, it is scarcely probable that the growth in our exports of cotton to that country will be as rapid as that of iron and steel manufactures.—Pacific Era.

These Theorists. Booker T. Washington, at the International Congress of Religious Liberty in Boston, said somewhat impatiently of a new theory for the solution of the race question:

"But it is work we want, not theories. There are enough theorists, in all conscience, but of workers, on the other hand, there is always a dearth." The eloquent colored man paused and frowned.

"When a hear of a new theory," he said, "I am reminded of the two geologists. At a new Hampshire autumn resort, one brilliant afternoon, the younger geologist from his bedroom window, saw the older man rolling a great rock down the side of a mountain. He watches the work for nearly three hours. The old geologist, thin and little and white-whiskered, had a hard time of it to guide that rock almost as big as himself. But he persevered. He got the rock down where he wanted it just as the dinner-bell rang. The younger man said to him wonderingly at dinner:

"What were you doing with that rock this afternoon, professor?" "Why, the professor answered, "the fact is, the darned thing was 600 feet too high to suit my theory."

The Judge's Advantage. "There is one advantage which a judge always has in his profession."

"What is that?" "Whether he succeeds in a given case or not, he can always try it."—Kansas City Independent.