

Graft is a nonpartisan game.

Train robbers are never lucky in the long run and the short run is not worth while.

Los Angeles man claims to have two spare ribs. Mighty handy while pork is so high.

An old Civil War veteran of Waterbury, Conn., claims to have a pain in his wooden leg. No wonder he's kicking.

A disease of the appendix has been discovered. This ought to reconcile those who have already sacrificed theirs on the altar of surgery.

Philadelphia scientists say that the missing link has been discovered in the cultured chimpanzee. As an alternative we suggest the giver of monkey diners.

"In Cromwell's time," says Dr. Hills, "everybody was drunk once a week." Everybody isn't now, but there are still a few people who bent the old average.

The best preparation for a woman who contemplates marrying a man to reform him is to take in washing for a year. If she likes that sort of thing she can then set the day.

Andrew Carnegie confesses that he has made forty-two millionaires. The forty-two millionaires are probably convinced that they succeeded not because of Andrew but in spite of him.

Dr. Cook keeps right on not saying so in his own defense. Perhaps he has adopted Alfred Austin's method of positively refusing to read or listen to a word that his critics have to say about him.

Just as people were learning to live on fruit and vegetables alone came the frost, killing the fruit and destroying the vegetables. There's no hope for the consumer. He is sure to get caught either coming or going.

A punishment to fit the crime was that inflicted on a grocer in a Pennsylvania town who was compelled to eat eggs alleged by a customer to be bad. It is safe to say that in future eggs in that town will be sold only in a state of pristine and unimpeachable purity.

Secretary Ballinger has withdrawn from entry 13,500,000 acres of coal lands in Montana, pending an examination as to their value. This will be much more satisfactory to the public than an investigation after the lands had been given away would have been.

Any land is the land of opportunity for the boy who has the real stuff in him. In the new Parliament elected by conservative Great Britain there are more than forty members who had their start in humble homes where the question of daily bread was an ever-present problem.

A Baltimore man wants a divorce because his wife loves him so much that her caresses and words of endearment bore him. It is hoped that women will not generally regard this as a solemn warning. Our opinion of the man is that he doesn't bulk very large as a lord of creation.

Not only improper picture cards, but also those which are simply silly, or which may be offensive to any person or race, are extremely unlikely to reach their destination when sent through the mail. The postal authorities are justified in seizing them. It is announced that hundreds of thousands were destroyed by postmasters last year.

Hazing at West Point dies slowly. The Secretary of War has lately issued some new regulations for the punishment of offenders. Under the old rules the hazing had to be discontinued. Under the new rules a lighter form of punishment is provided for the mild forms of hazing in which there is no intention to injure or to humiliate the cadet. A wholesome provision in the new regulations is that the cadet officers who neglect to report hazing incidents shall be punished as if they were the principals.

Humanitarianism has discovered a new field for its activities, and a society is likely to be formed for the prevention of cruelty to sponges. Most men who know the sponge use an unsightly mass of damp substance which abounds in barber shops and are aware that the sponge is, or was, an animal that once disported itself in the slimy ooze of the sea bottom. The word "disport" must be used in a restricted sense, for the sponge is rooted like a plant and has no record as a base runner. That is where the cruelty comes in. Horrified observers assure us that the sponge gathers literally tear up the sponges by the roots and leave them in the sun to die. Untold agonies, they declare, are suffered by the poor sponges as they lie under the torrid sun before they are mercifully released by death and give up the ghost—assuming that a sponge has a ghost to give up. Now it is proposed to step in and stop this barbarous practice. Just what measures are to be taken has not been revealed, but very likely it is intended to chloroform the sponges before tearing them up by the roots. Some may go even further and demand that the suffering sponges be not squeezed too hard at any later period of their existence, nor plunged into water that is likely to scald them or to freeze their toes. Be sure of it, there will be no letting up in the agitation until man's inhumanity to sponges has been completely curbed.

Mrs. Twain heard the light sweet and he was a learner of light to others. He brought a gospel of sunshine to the world, a message of good cheer, but it would be a grave error to assume that he was merely the careless

Jester, says the Chicago Record-Herald. Though he lived many years and rejoiced in them all, he had his full share of the days of darkness, and his autobiography shows how deeply he felt them. It gives an glimpse of his heart and soul, of the strength of his affections. The world tried him as it tries others, and yet to the world he always turned a radiant face while he kept his hours of deep dejection to himself, away from even his most intimate friends. So it was that he became the personal friend and helper of millions who responded to him in his own spirit and welcomed him with joy and laughter. While he was thus performing his mission as a writer through the long term of half a century there were books of woe in plenty, books to intensify sorrow and discontent and sickness of heart, outpourings of feebleness and pessimism. The literature of joy and hope was opposed by the literature of despondency. But though the literature of darkness is sometimes supposed to be much more profound than it is, the healing and strengthening work of Mark Twain had not only a quicker reception but a more enduring influence with readers of all classes. Turning from the thought of books to the thought of personal intercourse, this man who gave so freely of his sunshine teaches us a most useful and inspiring lesson, a lesson that may be brought home to the humblest of human beings. The luxury of woe is the costliest of all luxuries, and one who is continually prating of his troubles and pouring forth his sour opinions of the world simply does all that is in him to make the burdens of others harder to bear. But the giver of sunshine bestows blessings wherever he goes. He is always the welcome guest, and we feel the stronger, the braver, the more hopeful for his coming. He may be poor in purse, in position, in fame and still a true benefactor.

MORE TROUBLE AHEAD.

Advent of the Balalalka in England a Menace to Our Peace. The balalalka impends, a new and most unpleasant rival to the mandolin, the concertina and the banjo. It comes from Russia and it has already taken London by storm. Before long, unless Congress comes quickly to the rescue with drastic legislation, the Baltimore Sun asserts, it will invade our fair republic, filling the air of freedom with its discords and driving all honest music lovers to alcohol and amphetamines.

The balalalka, it should be explained, is a sort of triangular guitar with three strings. One of those strings is tuned to the A of the treble staff, while both of the others are tuned to E. The thing is operated by plucking the strings with the right hand, the notes being produced by sliding the thumb of the left hand up and down the two E strings. The A string is seldom touched by the left hand. Its deep note drones along through thick and thin with brutal and maddening persistency. It is said to be particularly effective when the melody that is being torn out of the E strings is in the key of A flat.

Fashionable London has taken the balalalka to its heart. Clubs devoted to its study have been formed in Mayfair; Prince Tschagadeff of St. Petersburg has come over to explain its mysteries; there are even balalalka orchestras, with prima, secunda, alt, bass and contrabass balalalkas. Prof. Clifford Essex, for many years the Græco-Roman and catch-as-catch-can banjo champion of England, has abandoned the banjo and now devotes his talents to the newcomer.

Life, indeed, grows more terrible every day. The balalalka, there is good reason to believe, will arrive in our midst simultaneously with the tail of Halley's comet. Let us prepare to face that double assault with the fortitude of martyrs.

A STORY OF BLUCHER.

The Old General Gave His Son a Lesson in Gambling. Speaking of military men who were gamblers, Ralph Nevill in "Light Come, Light Go," after noting that Napoleon only played in an amateur way and never seriously and that the Duke of Wellington, while a member of Crookford's famous gambling club, was not particularly fond of play, goes on to relate the following about Blucher:

Another great soldier, on the other hand, reportedly lost large sums at play. This was Blucher, who was inordinately fond of gambling. Much to his disgust, this passion was inherited by his son, who had often to be rebuked by his father for his visits to the gaming table and was given many a wholesome lecture upon his youth and inexperience and the consequent certainty of loss by coming in contact with older and more practiced gamblers.

One morning, however, young Blucher presented himself before his father and exclaimed, with an air of joy, "Sir, you said I knew nothing of play, but here is proof that you have undervalued my talents, pulling out at the same time a bag of rubles which he had won the preceding night." "And I said the truth," was the reply. "Sit down here and I'll convince you."

The dice were called for, and in a few minutes old Blucher won all his son's money, whereupon, after pocketing the cash, he rose from the table, observing, "Now you see that I was right when I told you that you would never win."

Too Late. Mrs. Dobbs was trying to find out the likes and dislikes of her new boarder, and all she learned increased her satisfaction.

"Do you want pie for breakfast?" she asked.

"No, thank you," said the new boarder, with a smile. "Pie for breakfast seems a little too much."

"That's just the way I look at it," said Mrs. Dobbs, heartily. "I say pie for dinner is a necessity, and pie for supper gives a kind of finishing touch to the day; but pie for breakfast is what I call putting on airs."

LEGAL INFORMATION

An act was passed in Alabama which prohibited sale of certain nonintoxicating liquors at any place where the sale of spirituous, vinous, or malt liquors was forbidden by law. In Elder vs. State, 50 Southern Reporter, 370, it was urged that the legislature had no power to prohibit the sale of articles not injurious to either the health or the morals of the people, and that such a statute was an unwarranted invasion of the rights of the citizen. On the other hand, it was asserted that in order more thoroughly to prohibit the sale of malt liquor, known to be an intoxicant, and to safeguard against evasions of such law, the state had power to prohibit the sale of any beverages containing the ingredient of malt liquors. The Alabama Supreme court held the act unconstitutional, concluding that these drastic prohibitory laws are doubtless intended for the moral benefit and elevation of mankind; but results must not be considered to save them, when they invade the sanctity of the constitutional rights of our citizens.

An insurer contracted to indemnify a manufacturing corporation for any amount under \$5,000, which it should be compelled to pay as damages for personal injuries to its employees. An employee of the insured was injured while carrying a pitcher alleged to be defective, containing acid. To the insurer the necessary facts were promptly communicated, and the pitcher was intrusted to its custody. By the insurer the action of the employee was contested, but so negligently that it failed to offer the strongest evidence for the manufacturer, the pitcher. Recovery was had for more than \$17,000. In Atleboro Mfg. Co. vs. Frankfort M. Acc. and P. G. Ins. Co., 171 Federal Reporter, 495, plaintiff sought to recover the difference between the stipulated indemnity and the amount it was forced to pay through defendant's negligence in conducting the suit. The Federal Circuit court concluded that an undertaking by one not an attorney to carry on the lawsuit of another being ordinarily an undertaking to carry it on with due care, it is the basis of an action for tort where negligence has been substituted for due care knepidly undertaken and agreed upon. The demurrer to the declaration was overruled.

The Supreme court of South Carolina was called upon to determine the validity of a statute of that state providing taxation of insurance companies. In New York Life Insurance Co. vs. Bralley, 65 Southeastern Reporter, 433. By section 1808 of the South Carolina Code of 1902, insurance companies are required (1) to pay a license fee of \$100; (2) to make quarterly return of their gross premiums; (3) to pay quarterly an additional graduate license fee to the state treasurer of one-half of 1 per cent on gross premiums. By section 1809 the comptroller general is required to transmit to the county auditor in each of the various counties a statement of the amount of premiums or receipts collected therein during the preceding year from the different insurance companies, and such statement is directed to be placed on the tax duplicate, together with other items of taxable property owned by the companies. Proceeding under this last provision, a tax amounting to \$171.35 was paid under protest by the New York Life Insurance Company to the treasurer of Abbeville county, and proceedings were there instituted for its recovery. It was contended that the tax was simply imposed as a condition to the right of plaintiff, a foreign insurance company, to do business in the state. The court held, however, that it was a property tax, and as it was restricted to property or money of the insurance company within the state at the time of assessment, but covered its gross receipts for the entire year, it was invalid as constituting a taking of property without due process of law.

Better Than Golden Eggs.

Recently a hen was exhibited at Wilkesbarre, Pa., and took all the prizes as the best of her kind. So important did she grow in the estimation of the holders that her owner was offered \$10,000 for her, but refused it. At about this time the hen laid an egg and, that it might be as well as a show bird, her owner allowed the product of her labor to remain in the pen with her. This was a tactical blunder, for the egg was purloined shortly and has not been seen since.

Now there is a well known story to the effect that a goose of the dim and distant past once laid a golden egg. Taking it that the historian was sure of his facts, this goose of fame has no such claim upon renown as has the Wilkesbarre hen. Here is a bag of gold containing \$10,000 in the treasury at Washington which visitors are allowed to lift to get an idea of just how heavy that much money is. It weighs something like thirty pounds. Now, if the egg of this hen, with the prospect of being hatched into a creature as valuable as the parent, is estimated as being worth one-tenth as much as she is, the stolen egg would be worth \$1,000—which amount of money would weigh three pounds or as much as two dozen eggs. So the egg of the Pennsylvania hen is worth 24 times as much as the greatly-touted goose egg and deserves fame in accordance.

ADVICE FOR NERVOUS MAN.

Seek Relief in Work, Says One Who Has Found It a Cure. The famous Harvard geologist, Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, who died about four years ago, was a man of singularly wide range and vivacity of conversation. In a single hour, says a correspondent of the New York Nation, he would discuss topics as diverse as national politics, the seeds of the fossiliferous, and the question whether there might not be some ethnological considerations bearing on mathematical studies.

Perhaps the most striking thing about him, after his unexcelled warmth of heart and capacity for making

people free of his time and thought and interest, was his surprising industry. On one of the earliest occasions when I was thrown into contact with him, and obliged to ask for considerable portions of his time, I remember having asked if he were not overbusy.

"No," he replied. "I have a good many things to do, and a score of years ago I had nervous prostration. I went to Germany and tried all kinds of cures for it, but they did no good; so I came home, and ever since I've been trying to work it off."

Asking advice from Shaler was a very different thing from seeking it from ordinary sources. On one occasion—apropos of something now quite forgotten—he told the story of his being asked by a graduate of the Harvard Divinity School how he might best fit himself for the work of his chosen calling. The freshly graduated theological student did not feel sure that he knew as much about men as he did about divinity.

After a moment's thought, the professor said, in substance: "Go to Colorado, get down into a drift, and dig for two years with the miners. Possibly you'll know more about men than you do now." The young man did so, with the result that he came back at the end of the period to thank his adviser for the good he had derived from his most unconventional Wanderjahre.

SIAMESE REJOICINGS.

The annual celebration in Siam of the King's accession to the throne was observed on the last occasion with even more than usual splendor. The monarch's reign has lasted forty years, a longer time than that of any of his predecessors. The year in Siam is a succession of shows and festivities, and the King's day is the greatest of all. J. G. D. Campbell speaks of these in "Siam in the Twentieth Century."

All Bangkok takes a holiday, and turns out to see the illuminations, which I have seldom seen surpassed. Flags, Chinese lanterns, inscriptions line every thoroughfare, and there is a constant succession of fireworks.

The King of Siam is a man of remarkable personality, characterized by a spirit of liberality and enlightenment which places him in the small band of progressive rulers the East has produced. He dresses simply, in the European style, without the jewels and ornaments so affected by Eastern monarchs. No one would suspect that under that quiet, modest, yet dignified exterior lies the forces that wield an authority greater than that of the Czar of all the Russias.

In the past Siam's throne was filled by two monarchs—the first and second king. The second king was a sort of royal commander-in-chief, and his position was a painful one, as it was a source of constant jealousy to the first king. From 1865-85 the place of second king was filled by a brother of the first king, who was named George Washington, having been called after his father's favorite hero. It is pleasant to know that he was not unworthy of the name, and that his memory is still cherished by the Europeans who knew him.

With his death the second kingship ceased to exist, and the present monarch, who had ascended the throne in 1868, became the supreme ruler.

Quite Different. "Maria," said Mr. Rawlins, laying aside his hat and overcoat and rubbing his hands gleefully together. "You know that for years we have been wanting to buy a building-lot in Kennedy's subdivision, but couldn't afford to do it on account of the high prices they ask for land out there. Well, I've just learned that Quinlan, who owns one of the best lots in that entire neighborhood, will sell it for half what it cost him, if he can get the cash. He needs the money, and can't get it any other way. I have a great mind to buy it to-morrow morning. It comes easily within our means."

"I don't think you ought to do it, Joshua," said Mr. Rawlins.

"You don't think I ought to buy it? Why not?"

"It would be taking advantage of his necessities."

"But, Maria, I have just learned of a splendid opportunity to buy some furniture that we need. Grigson & Mullins are advertising parlor sets at one third less than cost because they are overstocked and can't afford to carry them through the season. I'd like to buy about two hundred dollars' worth of parlor furniture. We'll never have as good a chance again."

Being a man of excellent self-control, Mr. Rawlins merely smiled.

Polar Humor. Ever since the reported discoveries of the north pole, professional jesters have been engaged in turning out witticisms on the subject. Some time ago, before the discovery, a writer of humorous verse made the interesting point that since the north pole is, after all, an imaginary spot, why should it not be discovered by the imagination, thus saving much time and trouble? Le Figaro of Paris recalls a somewhat similar solution of the difficulty.

"The great difficulty of the enterprise," said Alphonse Allais, the author of "Paraphrase de l'escouade," "is that they say that there is a glacial temperature at the north pole. Now in another part of the globe there is a place famous for its torrid heat, the equator. Nobody denies—the geographers agree on the matter—that the equator is an imaginary line.

"Why, this being the case, not have the equator pass through the north pole? Thus the task of the explorer would become easy, and one of the great problems which concern the scientists so much would be solved."

Her Preference. Miss Plumpleigh—According to reports dress goods will be much higher this season than they were last.

Miss De Thynne—Well, I'm glad of it. I never did approve of those décolleté costumes.—Lippincott's.

It is all right to admire women, but not to the exclusion of everything else.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

CONQUERING WASTE LAND.

EUROPE is conquering the waste land problem by planting trees. Every year thousands of acres of land are being reclaimed in this way by the leading countries and put in a condition preparatory to a profitable timber harvest in the years to come. Not only many previously forested areas which have been cut over have been planted, but a number of the countries are also devoting their energies to establishing a forest cover on dunes and other waste lands, and, in fact, on all land which is more valuable for producing timber than for other purposes.

France has been one of the foremost European countries in reforestation, especially in the mountains, where planting has been a powerful factor in controlling torrents and regulating stream flow. The State each year buys uncultivated lands, in the mountain regions, and up to January, 1907, it had acquired 503,000 acres in this way. Communes, associations and private individuals are also assisted in reforestation work by grants of money and by supplies of plants and seeds. Altogether 249,000 acres have been planted through this public assistance. Complete exemption from taxation for a long period of years is granted in the case of plantations made on the tops and slopes of mountains. A reduction of three-fourths for all land planted or sown, whatever its situation, is also made.—New York Evening Post.

SIRENS AND SONS.

IT is the commonly accepted belief that the sons of great men rarely equal their sires in point of ability, and especially in the line of ability which distinguished the sires. There are some notable exceptions, as for instance the younger Pitt, and John Quincy Adams. But as a rule we shall find, both as a matter of history and personal observation that the common opinion is correct.

A writer in a current magazine attempts to account for this fact by assuming that the son usually inherits his intellectual traits from his mother, although in physique he is apt to take after his father. The writer cites a lot of instances to show that in the line of royalty it is quite common to see the qualities of a great king handed down to his successors for many generations.

This is because that in royal marriages the bride of the heir apparent is carefully selected from among the great families, royal or other. Hence the high strain of blood is maintained in the descent. But among the mass of the people, from which the world usually gets its great geniuses, literary, financial, scientific or professional, marriages are made hap-hazard.

A great man is often attracted by a woman far inferior to him intellectually. In the vast majority of

ONE GIRL AND ANOTHER.

BEAUTIFUL New York society girl, burned by flaming gasoline when her automobile was run down by a street car, has been awarded \$20,000 damages by a New York court because her neck is scarred so that she cannot wear low-necked gowns at social functions. A few days ago a Jersey Judge, receiving a verdict of \$5,500, awarded by a jury to a little girl whose leg had been cut off by a car, said the amount was too large taking into consideration the great improvements in cork legs.

One girl is rich; the other poor. One is a belle of society; the other a workman's baby. One girl is surrounded by luxury, and lives an idle existence; the other is in a humble home, and must help with housework, and earn her support. Yet the rich girl, whose soft hands will never make a bed or wash the dishes, is given \$20,000 for a few scars on her shapely neck, while the poor girl crippled for life, hampered in the struggle for existence, is told by a judge that \$5,500 is more than she should receive for losing a leg.

Queer laws, and queer courts, aren't they for a land where freedom and equality are established by the constitution?—Chicago Journal.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE TELEGRAPH.

WE have just passed the sixty-fifth anniversary of the inauguration of the commercial telegraph in the United States. The system had a very modest beginning; now it stretches over almost the entire world. A girde of wire has been placed around the earth; there is speedy and reliable communication between all civilized countries on the globe. The wireless system of telegraphy has proved a wonderful agency in enlarging the field for electric communication. It has proved of practical value to a certain extent for commercial uses. It has also demonstrated its efficiency as a life-saver. Altogether, the development of the telegraph, from the days of Professor Morse and his primitive instruments to the present day, has been marvelous and even magical.

—Baltimore Sun.

TURTLE'S EGGS FOR AGASSIZ

When Prof. Louis Agassiz was writing a book on the turtles of the United States, it became necessary for him to have some fresh turtle eggs. He engaged Mr. Jenks, of Middleboro, about forty miles from Cambridge, to get them for him. Mr. Jenks promised that the eggs should be in Agassiz's hands before they were three hours old. Mr. Jenks, who lately told the tale to a writer in the Atlantic Monthly, had to wait by a certain pond for the turtles to come out and lay their eggs in the sand. Finally, after weeks of waiting, one morning about 4 o'clock a turtle crawled up the beach, partly buried herself in the soft sand, and laid her eggs.

As she did so the distant clock struck 4. There was no train all after 5, and the eggs must be in Cambridge in three hours.

I laid the eggs on a bed of sand in the bottom of my pail; filled in between them with more sand; so with another layer to the rim; and covering all over smoothly with more sand, I ran back by my horse. He knew, as well as I, that the turtle had laid, and that he was to get those eggs to Agassiz.

I let him out. I shouted to him, holding to the dasher with one hand, the pail of eggs with the other, not daring to get off my knees, although the bang on them, as we pounded down the wood road, was terrific. We had nearly covered the distance to the pike when ahead of me I heard the sharp whistle of a locomotive.

With a pull that lifted the horse from his feet, I swung him into a field and sent him straight as an arrow for the track.

By some stroke of luck I got on the track and backed off it before the train hit my carriage. But the maneuver was successful, for the engineer stopped and I swung aboard the cab—hatless, dew-soaked, smeared with yellow mud, and holding, as it were, a baby or a bomb, a little tin pail of sand.

"Throw her wide open," I commanded, "wide open! These are fresh turtle eggs for Professor Agassiz of Cambridge. He must have them before breakfast."

The engineer and the fireman no doubt thought that I was crazy; but they let me alone, and the fast freight rolled swiftly into Boston.

But misfortune was ahead. We slowed down in the yards and came to a stop. We were put on a siding, to wait no one knew how long. In the empty square stood a cab.

The cabman saw me coming. I waved a dollar at him and then another, dodged into the cab, slammed the door, and called out "Cambridge; Harvard College; Professor Agassiz; who ever was and hideous divots from houses! I've got eggs for Agassiz!" and I pushed another dollar up at him through the hole.

"Let him go!" I ordered. "Here's another dollar for you if you make Agassiz's house in twenty minutes!"

We flew to Cambridge. There was a sudden lurch, and I dived forward, rammed my head into the front of the cab, and came up with a rebound that landed me across the small of my back on the seat, and sent half of my pail of eggs helter-skelter over the floor.

But we were at Agassiz's house. I tumbled out and pounded on the door. "Agassiz!" I gasped when the maid came. "I want Professor Agassiz, quick!"

Hazards Are Often Chinese Graves

or Steny Cabbage Patches. The chief hazards on the links of Tientsin are of a somewhat gruesome character since they consist of the graves of deceased Chinamen. The modern golfing architect is in favor of mounds as hazards and he might glean some ideas from the graves at Tientsin. "So and So's grave" has been, time out of mind, a favorite name for some bunker of particularly infamous reputation in this country, but it has never borne so literal a meaning as it might in China, says a writer in Fry's Magazine.

GOLF LINKS OF THE FAR EAST.

As to the Chinese caddie, the Chinaman, we are told, does not understand golf at all. Perhaps he sees a game in its proper light, two middle-aged persons becoming absurdly heated over a trumpery little ball. At any rate, his one aim is to get done with the round and receive his fee, and he patiently inquires of his employer at intervals how long he proposes to follow the little white ball.

The golf course at Pekin is also on a flat plane and, as Tientsin, the plain is muddy. It lies close to the Antung gate and to get there from the European quarter necessitates a long and dusty journey by pony or rickshaw. As at Tientsin, hazards have a disconcerting way of springing up like mushrooms in the night. They are, however, of a less horrible character, although possibly more difficult to play out since they consist, not of graves, but of cabbage gardens, which the Chinaman plants at his own sweet will in the same rapid and light-hearted way.

Thus the character of the course changes from day to day in a way calculated to dispel monotony and a golfer who has carefully placed his tee shot in such a way as to get a clear run up to the hole finds himself confronted instead with a most difficult pitch over cabbages.

The difficulties of the situation are enhanced at Pekin by the fact that the roller is only allowed to play on condition that he does not disturb the cabbage patches. "Golf is not agricultural," so it has been written of those who fear vast and hideous divots from shrinking turf. It is held to be true at Pekin and the native agriculturalist will have the law on you if you interfere with the fruits of his industry. Cabbage patches are strictly out of bounds.

Other hazards of a less transitory character are camel roads, which traverse the links from the mountains. Along these roads there come, in addition to camels, great droves of ponies, which the Mongolians bring down to sell in Pekin. Yet another possible incident of Pekinese golf is the dust storm, which is a terrible infliction.

When the dust storm arises, which it does with abominable suddenness, the game stops and the players make for ditches and trenches, or cower behind mud walls. The stern rule which disqualifies those who shelter during

GETTING AN ANSWER.

It is not wies to base final conclusions upon outward appearance. Stephen Powers made this mistake once while traveling in the South. He tells of the result in "Afoot and Alone." It is "piny woods" of North Carolina. It is hard to get a direct answer, yes or no, from the natives. Mr. Powers made up his mind that he would force a decisive reply, and one day, meeting an old clay-eater astride a donkey, hauling a load of wood, he thought his opportunity had arrived.

"The man's legs were so long that he could have doubled them round the animal he rode. On one of his callous heels he wore a mighty spur.

"Is there any tavern on the road to Fayetteville?" I asked.

"Reckon you must find one if you look in the right place," was the response.

"This is the direct road to Fayetteville, I suppose?"

"You'd be pretty apt to get there if you keep a-going straight ahead."

"Do you sell much wood in Fayetteville?"

"I reckon this 'ere Jack thinks he has to haul a right smart chunk."

"Does wood bring a good price now?"

"It's jest according. Some fetches more, and some agin not so much."

"Oak fetches more than pine, I suppose?"

"It mout, and then agin it moutn't."

"I believe you Southerners burn green wood mostly?"

"That's particular. Every fellow to his liking."

"Well, now, my friend," I said, determined to get something out of the man before I gave up. "I'm writing a book on the subject of wood, and I want to get all the information I can. If you were called upon in court of law to give your personal and unbiased opinion, you would declare on oath, would you not, that one hundred pounds of green oak would weigh more than one hundred pounds of dry pine?"

"The man gave me one quick glance, then looked steadfastly at his donkey's ears.

"Well, now, stranger," he drawled.

"You can jest set down in your book when you get to that place that all the people of North Carolina were such fools you had to weigh it yourself."

One Cold Saved.

Logic is logic, whether it touches the affairs of nations or a cold in the head. The conviction, says London Tit-Bits, was forced upon a Liverpool woman whose coachman, although he had been ill for several days, appeared one morning with his hair closely cropped.

"Why, Dennis," said the mistress, "whatever possessed you to have your hair cut while you had such a bad cold?"

"Well, mum," replied the unabashed Dennis, "I do be takin' notice this long while that whiniver I have me hair cut I take a bad cold, so I thought to meself that now, while I had the cold on to me, it would be the time of all others to go and get me hair cuttin' done, for by that course I would save meself just one cold. Do you see the power of me reasonin', mum?"

His Way of Popping.

Miss de Style—Am I the first girl you ever loved?

Mr. Gunbusta—No; but I hope you'll be the last.—Judge.