

THE GENTLE SPRING.

POET ROUSED TO FRENZY BY THE GLAD SEASON.

Humorist of the Baltimore American Strives to Celebrate the Advent of the Crocus Beds and Other Things.

Behold the robin singeth from early dawn till night; and they that sell the garden seeds do work with main and might to cultivate the custom of the poor suburbanite.

Yea, verily, the bluebird atop the garden fence, to chirp his merry melody doth eagerly commence—but stoppeth for the insect that tempts his hungry sense.

The peach crop in New Jersey is frosted as of yore—'til told in daily telegrams and messages galore—and thus we know that gentle spring is in our midst once more.

The gentle poet seeketh for "mouth" to find a rhyme, and writeth gladsome ditties about the joyous time; and frisketh all his pockets to find a wayward dime.

The lively iris tincteth the breast of burnished dove in ballads penned as parodies and winding up with love—the which to the waste basket got the same insistent shove.

The fancy of the youthful to tender channels turns; and for some giddy damsel every soulful swain now yearns; while on the wayside alley the winter garbage burns.

The wily haberdasher displayeth "latest stock"; the crafty man who maketh hats announceth newer blocks, and in the shirts the ribald tint some other color mocks.

The pink and crimson blossom lends luster to the trees, where sigh the soothing cadences of drowsing honey bees—and pessimistic weathermen give warning of a freeze.

The ladies flutter wildly from home to shop and store; they purchase lace and silks and things of shape and hue galore, until the cruel husband says he can't pay any more.

The milliner triumphant concocteth Paris hats—in pyramids and up-and-downs—in panaches, rounds and flats—and fondly of the elevated price she calmly chats.

The proud and bloated coal man, with countenance benign, declareth that the weather is wonderfully fine, and hath the legend "Ice" installed where "Coal" was on his sign.

At Crown Point Indiana, they have a rain of frogs; the skeeters in New Jersey tune up in all the bogs; and up in Pennsylvania are snakes as big as logs.

The Custerville Palladium asserteth that Bill White is painting up his barn again with all his main and might, and that the gutters should be cleaned, as they're an awful sight.

The politicians cunning their wily ways resume, and lend an air of joyfulness to erstwhile winter gloom by harping on the merits of the presidential boom.

The man who writeth jokes takes up his trusty fountain pen and babbieth of house-cleaning woes that pester all the men and ringeth in "tired feeling" for the thousandth time again.

The landlord getteth busy—and asketh every day if there be any more repairs that ought to come his way, for well he knoweth folks will move about the first of May.

Aye, verily 'tis true, indeed, as true as anything, that this, my child, is now the time whereof the poets sing—by all these signs and symptoms it is now the gentle spring.

—Josh Wink in Baltimore American.

Lecturing to Women's Clubs.

A remarkable phase of this era of "woman's clubs" is the profit such organizations are to a certain type of men. Sometimes the enterprise takes the form of running the club; all expenditures, investments and other question of a commercial nature are referred to the man; he it is, in fact, who has charge of the business side of the organization, being paid a salary to relieve the women of such drudgery. A second way by which mere man profits by the woman's club is by lecturing to it. Given a man of pleasing or eccentric address and a well chosen necktie, and it really does not matter what the subject matter of his discourse is, so long as it is sufficiently esoteric. A revelation of the amount earned yearly by men lecturers in this way would stagger a good many persons unfamiliar with the situation. Able-bodied clergymen, college professors and instructors, artists, editors and authors, have all found it far more profitable to give up their professions and take to telling the women's clubs about it from the platform.

Drugs of Great Value.

The price of many drugs used in medicine is astonishing to those who are not acquainted with the subject, remarked a druggist. "There are several that are worth their weight in gold (about \$20 an ounce) while \$2, \$3 and \$5 an ounce are quite common prices in pharmacy. But there is one drug that I recall which is worth more than its weight in gold. That is pseudo-phosphatine. I don't think that it has a popular name. It is too rich for that. In the pharmacists' list it is quoted at \$1 a grain, \$437 an ounce. The seed from which the drug is made grows in India and Brazil, as well as in parts of South Africa. This seed, tradition says, was once used by native chiefs as an ordeal. The ordeal generally resulted in the death of the man upon whom it was tried, and so was considered as a great truth finder. The prepared drug is sometimes used now in prescriptions for the treatment of heart disease."

"History is the true poetry."—Carlyle.

OLD-TIME STATESMAN FORGOTTEN

Yet Oliver Ellsworth Rendered Valuable Services to the Nation.

Why is it that Oliver Ellsworth has received so little attention from biographers and historians? asks Frank Gaylord Cook in the April Atlantic. He was not born in Massachusetts or Virginia. In Connecticut, like Pennsylvania, the historic field has been meagerly tilled. Moreover, the dramatic and opportune quality of his work has been perceived only through the perspective of subsequent years. To negotiate an unpopular convention for a party just retiring from office in defeat and ignominy is not conducive to immediate fame. Nevertheless he has not been wholly overlooked by subsequent statesmen. Webster said of him: "For strength of wisdom, for sagacity, wisdom and sound good sense in the conduct of affairs, for moderation of temper, and general ability, it may be doubted if New England has yet produced his superior." What he said, as chief justice of the United States, to the grand jury at Savannah, in 1796, was the aim of his life: "So let us rear an empire sacred to the rights of men; and commend a government of reason to the nations of the earth."

PROFESSOR LEARNED HER NAME

But the Answer Was Not Exactly What He Expected.

An instructor in English in the Sheffield Scientific school tells the following story at the expense of a professor at Yale. The incident happened at a faculty tea, where Prof. Blank was adorning the occasion in his usual irresistible way. The professor, it is claimed, does not realize just how effective his charming talk and romantic eyes are. In the course of the afternoon he was introduced to an especially attractive young woman, whose name, being mumbled in the presentation, he did not catch. The two repaired to a sofa, where Prof. Blank was so thoroughly pleased with his new acquaintance that he determined to find out to whom he was talking.

"You must forgive me," he began, tactfully, "but I am going to ask you a personal question. Please do tell me what your name is."

The young woman looked at him with large, timid eyes a moment, and then whispered sweetly, "Ethel."

Rich and Industrious Woman.

Mrs. Emma E. Forsythe, whose father was an American citizen and whose mother was the daughter of a Samoan chief, is believed to be the richest woman of all living in the South Pacific islands. Her father was American consul in Samoa many years ago, and she was born there. At the age of 18, having been well educated, she married an Englishman, who soon died, leaving her a small estate. This was thirty years ago. Mrs. Forsythe began trading in different parts of the south seas and made money fast. She now lives on the island of Neu Pommern, one of the Bismarck archipelago owned by Germany, where she has a plantation of 120,000 acres, with fifty European employees and hundreds of natives. Other lands on the islands are also owned by Mrs. Forsythe, who is a very rich woman thoroughly contented to live in her beautiful island home.

His Opinion of Dr. Hale.

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who recently celebrated his eightieth birthday, has a fund of humor on which he draws during his few moments of ease. A little while ago, while riding in a railroad train to a point distant from Boston, he was approached by the train news agent, who laid several books and magazines in the seat beside him. The old gentleman paid no attention to them, and the agent, probably assuming that he wanted something better, presented to him one of his own works. Dr. Hale, assuming a gruffness he did not feel, said: "I don't want it; it's trash."

The news agent looked at him for a moment disgustedly and blurted out: "I guess you are a little too ignorant to appreciate a good book."—New York Times.

Loyal to America.

It is interesting to find how anxious the children of foreign parentage are to become true Americans and resent any inference to the contrary. This was practically illustrated not long ago in the Hancock school at the North End in Boston, where almost 93 per cent of the children are of foreign birth or parentage.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore was once a pupil of the Hancock school in the North End. After the annual alumni banquet the old pupils visit the school and addresses are made. As Mrs. Livermore rose to speak, not long ago, she addressed the girls as "my little foreign sisters," when a small Italian girl sprang to her feet and said, "O lady, we ain't foreigners now, we are Americans." Mrs. Livermore was intensely pleased with the answer.

The Scepter.

The scepter was the emblem of power. As the silver wand, so familiar in cathedrals, was once hollow, containing the "virge," or rod with which chastisement was inflicted upon the choristers and younger members of the foundation, so the royal scepter represented the right to inflict punishment. Hence the expression "to sway the scepter" implied the holding of regal dignity. The scepter with the dove possessed the additional significance of the Holy Ghost, as controlling the actions of the sovereign. The same idea was conveyed at Rheims by the beautiful ceremony of letting loose a number of doves at the coronation of the French kings.

Pet Words in Literature.

There are pet words in literature—words which become the fashion for a time and then take rank again in obscurity. Thus in the eighteenth century we find such words as "vastly," "hugely," "the quality," "genteel," etc. "Elegant" still lingers conspicuously in America, and in England at the present time especial favor seems to be shown to "convincing," "weird" and "strenuous."—Notes and Queries.

Some Examination Answers.

Examination answers: "Puritans were a class of people that came into existence and wanted the church's sweeping done more rapidly." "The Puritans were a religious sect that did not believe in the doctrine of the Church of England." "The only means of communication the colonists had was by horseback, and in this way it took a long time for a letter to go to Europe."—Literary Digest.

To One Disabled Ship.

South Shields, England. Intends turning to a novel use the ship that was driven ashore during the gale of a few weeks ago by converting her interior into a refreshment saloon for the summer months, while the deck will be utilized as a platform for outdoor entertainments. The ship is water-tight and stands on an even keel, but her relaunching is pronounced to be impracticable.

Many Fugus "Corot" Pictures.

"Corot," said a Philadelphia artist, "is known to have painted 8,000 pictures, but there are 25,000 Corots in existence, for this man was very widely counterfeited after his death. There was, you know, a French painter of a really exquisite talent who got five years in jail for counterfeiting him, and the dealers who sold the fake Corots got ten years."

Wit of Charles Lamb.

In olden days strong language was not considered impolite, even in the presence of ladies. It was a lady who bored Charles Lamb with her extravagant praise of a friend. "I know him, bless him!" the lady could not forbear exclaiming, and Lamb could not resist the temptation to reply, "Well, I don't, but d—n him at a hazard!"

Great Britain's National Debt.

The national debt of Great Britain was reduced during the reign of Queen Victoria by about \$750,000,000. The cost of fighting the Boers has so far been about \$800,000,000, so that Great Britain has expended in less than three years more than was saved during the entire sixty-three years of the Victorian period.

A National Monument.

At a recent meeting the French population of Chicago completed arrangements for the erection of a national monument in the form of a \$100,000 building. The building will consist of a theater, lodge hall, club house, and gymnasium, and will be erected in the center of the French colony.

Czar Dislikes Maxim Gorki.

It is stated in well-informed quarters that the czar has refused to sanction the recent election as honorary member of the Belles Lettres section of the Imperial Academy of Science of the well-known popular writer Alexis Peschko, better known by his pseudonym of Maxim Gorki.

The Force of Example.

It is well known that yawning is in a way contagious, and occasionally a practical joker will make use of the fact in a street car. By yawning once or twice he is sure to set his fellow-passengers agape, much to his own amusement and their embarrassment.

Bad Sendoff.

Since his appointment as Commissioner of Pensions Mr. Ware of Kansas has begun to pay some of the terrible penalties of greatness. Some of his earliest and worst poetry is being printed by the newspapers.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Jews in India.

According to a census taken there are 17,150 Jews in India. Scarcely one-third of them are European Jews. The rest are descendants of those who claim to have emigrated to India during the reign of Solomon.

Matter of Measurement.

It may be observed in passing that the clothing-store clerk who was elected mayor of Hartford by a vote of 6,648 against his opponent's 6,134 took the other man's measure in good shape.—Buffalo Express.

Ransom Money at Work.

From the fact that a Macedonian revolt is stepping jauntily down toward the footlights, it may be inferred that while the ransom money was not all that could be desired it was made to do.

French Journalist in America.

Bunau Varilla, president of La Matin, Paris, has arrived in New York the object of his visit being to render him editorial work and make an extended tour of the country.

Memorial to Queen Victoria.

In memory of their royal mother, 600 servants of the late Queen Victoria's household have endowed a hospital in Clewer Convalescent Hospital.

Importation of Opium.

Ginseng to the value of about \$2,000,000 is exported to Hong Kong each year from this country. It is used as a medicine and stimulant.

HEIGHT OF THE WAVES.

Thirty-Eight Feet Is About the Limit and Is Seldom Reached.

You often hear people who go down to the sea in ships talk about "waves mountain high," but such waves exist in the imagination only, or are hyperbolic, for the purpose of adorning a tale. If on the land you see an elevation thirty-eight feet high you wouldn't call it much of a mountain, yet it is very seldom that an ocean wave reaches that height.

A scientist of an inquiring turn of mind has recently been measuring waves, and has given an interesting report on their proportions.

He didn't measure with his imagination or his sensations when being violently rocked in the cradle of the deep, while on a wave washed deck, but he used imaginative, unimpressive, matter-of-fact instruments that recorded impressions only in meters and hundredths of meters.

In the Southern Indian ocean, between the Cape of Good Hope and the island of St. Paul, he measured thirty waves, during a violent northwest gale, and they averaged 29.53 feet in height.

The largest of them was 37.53 feet high. Of these latter six followed each other with remarkable regularity.

In the open ocean a quite strong wind caused waves 16.4 feet high.

East of the Cape of Good Hope, during strong west winds, which blew with great regularity for four days, the height of the waves only increased from 19.69 to 22.97 feet.

Such waves as these latter are very rare on the usual transatlantic route, and persons who tell tales about the great seas should be moderate in their estimate of height.

FAST RAILWAY TRAVELING.

English Suburban Lines Do Better Work Than Our Own.

Fancy running up by train to Peekskill in thirty minutes. That is about as far from this city as Brighton is from London. Many wealthy men who do business in the vicinity of the Bank of England, but live in the pretty seaside resort, now have to spend an hour in making the journey, but are soon to be enabled to do it in thirty minutes. That is the running time for the proposed electric railway. The distance from London is forty-seven miles so that the speed is something to marvel at. With a train each way every twenty minutes a London business man will be able to go from his office to Brighton more comfortably and in less time than it now takes to reach the suburbs of the metropolis by "bus or cab. New Yorkers at one time expected to see electric traction installed at least on their hideous elevated roads during the life of the present generation, but they have abandoned the hope.—New York Herald.

The President's Salary.

By the act of congress of September 24, 1793, and again on February 18, 1795, the salary of the president of the United States was fixed at \$25,000, and that of the vice president at \$5,000. That of the president continued the same until March 3, 1873, when it was raised to \$50,000, at which time U. S. Grant was president. The salary of the vice president was raised to \$8,000 in 1853, to \$10,000 March 3, 1873, and January 20, 1874, it was again reduced to \$8,000. The constitution of the United States says: "The president shall, at stated times, receive for their services a compensation which shall neither be increased nor diminished during the period for which he shall have been elected."

Mrs. McKinley in Good Health.

John B. K. Connelly of Columbus, O., who has known the McKineys for many years recently said: "Mrs. McKinley I have seen very recently, and she is as well as she has been for a great many years. Though she visits her husband's grave nearly every day, and though her grief has marked her face a little more, she looks and acts the same sweet woman she has always been. I have a souvenir of the dead president that I would not part with for love nor money. It is a key to the side door of his house in Canton. I have had it covered with gold leaf and marked with the dates of his birth and assassination, and I keep it hung over my dressing case, a remembrance of the greatest and the best man I ever knew."

An Historic Town Obliterated.

Remarkable evidence of the need for a Jamestown tercentenary anniversary is furnished by the ignorance of most Americans with regard to the status of Jamestown itself. This cradle of the nation, as all Virginians know, is no longer inhabited by any person except those who keep guard over the ruins there. Jamestown is nothing but a name and a remnant. If it were not for the care with which the society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities preserves the old walls and other relics, not a race of the famous town, we dare say, would be left.—Norfolk Landmark.

Food Preservatives.

A Belgian doctor claims to have discovered a wonderful method of preserving the body of dead persons against the natural law of decay. Briefly stated, the process consists in placing the body in a closed receptacle, where it is exposed to air heavily charged with formaline. Formaline, which is used so extensively nowadays in food products, is doubtless a good thing to preserve bodies from decay, but it is a very bad thing to take into the stomach.

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