

He is the best poet who constructs the finest castle in the air.

Glue may be obtained from pigs' feet and sugar from hogs-head.

It's always the man with the short end of it who advocates equality.

Trust fighting will be harmless as long as it is made a political club.

The average man spends a lot of time searching for what he hopes he won't find.

A little authority or a few dried apples will puff a small man up astonishingly.

If marriage makes one of two it must be a continuation of single blessedness.

The catch-as-catch-can playwrights will now turn their attention to Mr. Jim Jeffries.

Proof readers have an abomination of long sentences. Not so great, however, as the criminal.

Love may be blind, but it dictates a lot of fool letters that sooner or later get the writers into trouble.

A Boer war would give Alfred Austin a chance to change his pace and break into some unique dialect verse.

There are a few self-sacrificing men in politics, but they don't even succeed in getting their names in the newspapers.

It begins to look as if the peace conference at The Hague will be an elaborate performance of "Much Ado About Nothing."

Widow Jack declines to marry her husband's brother. Perhaps she expects to do a little better than Jacks the next hand.

If the march of improvement keeps up its lick they'll soon be changing the name of a sister southern city to Auto-Mobile, Ala.

A physician has supplied a West Virginia man with a set of calves' brains. This sort of thing may have the effect of bolstering up the Populist cause in spots.

The city of New York tried the experiment of vacation schools last summer with such gratifying results that much larger provisions have been made for the present season. Thirty of the great school buildings with their recreation grounds will be open for eight weeks, from 8 a. m. till 6 p. m., for the accommodation of a succession of classes, so that the aggregate attendance of children may reach a hundred thousand. No text-books will be used; the exercises will be chiefly industrial or manual; and there will be plenty of play. A law permitting vacation schools has been adopted in Illinois.

"Jubilacion" is the convenient euphuism for a Spanish custom which has had a protracted existence in Cuba. It signifies the receipt of a salary for services which should be performed, but are not—the recipient hiring a substitute to do the work for which he himself is paid. A professor of the Havana University, whose salary was six thousand dollars a year, has been living in Spain for the past seventeen years, while his duties in Cuba were performed by another for pitifully small pay. It is said that nearly all the professors of Havana University thus "farm out" their chairs. A recent decree of the United States authorities, however, has abolished this dishonest practice, and henceforth salaries will be paid only to those who earn them.

About forty years ago a rich and handsome young woman, moved by a spirit of bravado, answered a "personal" advertisement in a city newspaper, and entered into a correspondence with a clever adventurer. She was soon duped into marrying him and mortgaging her property. Securing the money, the man deserted his wife and obtained a divorce. The woman, broken-hearted and enfeebled in mind, lived for years on the charity of friends, and was recently taken to a Connecticut poorhouse to end her days. Happily, innocent indiscretion does not invariably terminate in such a tragedy. A girl escapes, perhaps, with only a flush upon her cheek and a scar upon her soul. She has learned by bitter experience, however, that no true gentleman seeks a woman's friendship through an advertisement, and that to enter into such an arrangement is to invite moral disaster.

They have had a fist fight in the Belgian chamber of deputies and several members were badly hurt. The Belgian deputies should learn a lesson from their brethren in France. Let them settle their disputes by fighting duels and thus avoid the danger of being injured.

Notwithstanding the assertion of Parson Jeffries, the Lord did not look after the financial part of the Coney island fight. Bob walked off with the big end of the gate receipts.

INTERESTING WAR PICTURES FROM SAMOA.

C. Marrast Perkins, captain in the marine corps, was the only surviving American officer with the exception of Dr. Lung, after the fight on the German plantation near Apla. He was the ranking officer of the Anglo-American forces at the fight after the death of Lansdale and Freeman, and brought the troops off the field. Capt. Perkins is forbidden by the regulations from telling, without special permission of the war department, the story of the fight. He has, however, written an account of the coronation of King Malletoa which will be found of interest. The photographs which accompany the story were forwarded from Samoa and have never before been published. These pictures give a clear idea of the region where the desperate fight took place.

One especially interesting picture is the graveyard where the British and American dead lie side by side.

The picture of Malletoa Tanu in uniform shows the young king in a new guise. The only white man present at the crowning of the rebel King Mataafa gives this account of the ceremony: "The foreign officials and others were invited to come, but were informed that the ceremony would take

place by a Roman Catholic teacher. The High Chief Sautele came over and told the latter to cut it short. He did. A chair decked with a piano cover served as a throne. The five men who were to give the names stood in line

or two into it; then with great dignity returned it to the tanoa, repeating this each time, pouring a larger amount into the cup, which when full was presented, kneeling, to the king. "Then came the festivities. Six

official France it is winter, no matter what the weather may say, and no matter what unofficial France may think.

HIS IMAGE.

She Tore from Her Heart, But It Left a Scar.

Kansas City Independent: "It's all a mistake to think that us girls at the quick lunch counter don't have our romances same's folks in the higher walks of life, for while we may look frozen faced it ain't nothin' but a bluff an' down in our hearts we are every bit as susceptible to the tender passion as any of the high born dames. Yes, you're right; I, too, have known what love was, and felt it tell me that there were other things in life than 'Brown the wheats' and 'Draw one!' but as Miss Libb has so beautifully said in 'Fair, but False'—'the cup was not for my lips.' He came in one day and ordered a pan roast at 25 cents a throw. Now, only the real things eat pan roasts, and I took notice of him right away. He came in regular ev'ry noon, and I kinder got to watchin' for him. After he'd been comin' for some time we struck up conversation, an' he asked me how I liked 'Lost in London,' and I told him I didn't like sensational plays, an' that real dramas like 'East Lynne' was more my style, and he said I was a girl of considerable mind. I knew he loved me, for once I only put four oysters in his pan roast 'sted of six an' he never even noticed it. As for me, I own up to savin' the fattest oysters for him an' takin' special pains with the roast. Things went on that way for two months—I was in a dream—then came the cruel awakenin'. Beezie O'Brien came here to take direction of the pies—quite a promotion for Beezie, for she'd been workin' down at Jones', an awful cheap joint. That's Beezie!



THE KING AND THE VICE KING AFTER THE CORONATION.

in front of Mataafa (Lemana, Toelupe and three others). After addressing Mataafa for some time, one advanced and anointed him from a small bottle of coconut oil. Then the five advanced, and laying their hands upon his head, gave him the names Tui Atua, Tui Aana, Tamasoailli, Natatoailli feel hurt. I know I wouldv-zay,ke

young men of Falefa, wearing tuigas, executed a skillful knife dance, whirling their head knives like a negro minstrel drum major. They were followed by three Samoan sivas, led by noted taupos selected for beauty and grace; also a Tafta stick dance by the men of Mataafa's own town, Amalloa. "The dancing and marching of shouting, drumming armed men continued until darkness; then the 3,500 men retired to their huts to feast and sleep."

When the Seasons Change.

The Emperor of China has some strange duties. One of these is the ordering of the seasons. It is summer in America when the sun warms the earth, and not till then, but in China it is summer when the Emperor says it is summer. As soon as the emperor declares that summer has come, everybody in China puts off winter clothing, and arrays himself in summer garb, no matter what his feelings, say on the subject. All domestic arrangements are made to suit the season, as proclaimed by the emperor, although they may not suit the individual at all. The nearest approach to the Chinese



THE YOUNG KING MALLETOA TANU MAIEITI.

over there with the red hair and freckles, but don't mention freckles, 'cause she's mortal sensitive. Well, me an' Beezie was chinnin' when I walked me pan roast friend. The minute he set eyes on Beezie he turned pale as death an' shot out of the door. Ah, I can see his face yet—despair and agony was written on it. Then the truth came out. Beezie gave it away that he was a steady customer at Jones' mornin' an' evenin', where he took nothin' but coffee and sinkers at five cents a throw, an' that the pan roast deal wasn't nothin' but a bluff he checked to try an' win me affections. Yes, I've torn his image out of me heart, but the scar's still there. Ah, me!" wearily sighed the quick lunch girl as she made out my check, "it's mighty hard to find a real gent nowadays."

Coughed Up a Tooth.

Joseph Hatfield, proprietor of the Tremont hotel, Marion, Ind., had a remarkable experience recently. For nearly twenty years he has been a sufferer from pain in the right lung and physicians have given him up as a hopeless consumptive. Recently he had had a number of hemorrhages. Today he had another attack and felt something dislodge from the spot in his lung that had given him so much pain. The foreign substance was torn loose and coughed up. On examination it was found to be a tooth that had been lodged in the lung for nearly 20 years. Mr. Hatfield says that about 20 years ago he had a number of teeth extracted and that gas was administered to relieve the pain and that the tooth must have passed down his throat while he was unconscious.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Sick People Are Sensitive.

Sick people don't like to be stared at. They are morbidly sensitive. To look surprised at the change sickness has wrought is annoying, and, worse than that, it is disheartening, and makes invalids imagine their case to be worse than it is. Therefore, don't stare at a sick person, and don't stand at the back of the bed to make him turn his eyes round to see you. Always sit by the bedside, for the patient feels more at rest than if you stand up tall before him. And don't whisper; don't talk in a low voice; don't follow the doctor or a caller out into the next room. The invalid will be absolutely certain that you are discussing him. Don't wear garments that rustle or are made of rough clothing, to come into contact with hands made tender by sickness, and don't wear creaking boots or thick-soled shoes.

An Awful Moment.

In the darkness of night the new man clutched the counterpane wildly. "Caroline," he gasped, "there's a woman in the house."



OUR NEW-CAUGHT SULLEN PEOPLES, HALF DEVIL AND HALF CHILD.

ANOTHER INTERESTING PICTURE.

place whether they came or not.

"We drove to Mulinuu and passed the houses full of people preparing for the ceremony. They glistened in the sun from fresh coats of perfumed coconut oil, their bronze skins shining like a copper kettle; their freshly oiled hair covered with the pollen of purple and golden flowers, with wreaths of ferns and flaming hibiscus stuck over each ear; necklaces of flowers and ancient ivory and anklets of slashed banana leaves; lavas of tapa and fine mata, or scarlet leaves varnished with the all-pervading oil; topping all the taupo and manala (young chiefs) wearing the towering tuigas (headdresses) of bleached hair and scarlet feathers.

"When we arrived Mataafa and his chiefs were in his flower-bedecked house; but as it soon became crowded with sightseers, Mataafa sat on some mats placed in front of the house, surrounded by a bodyguard of thirty trusted men. One man, armed with a Lee-Metford carbine, stood immediately behind ready to shoot at any alarm. The Mataafa warriors paraded past, each district striving to outdo the others in display—drums beating and war songs on every side.

"The ceremony was opened by a venerable pastor of the London Mission society with prayer, followed with

and Malletoa. Mataafa was king. He arose and spoke, guaranteeing good government and religious liberty to all. His words often were drowned by the marching throng of shouting men. After a salute with ball cartridges he received the congratulations of those in the house.

"Now the king's kava was made. The Taupo of Laullii presided over the



AN ANGLO-AMERICAN BROTHERHOOD IN DEATH. THE CEMETERY IN MULINA.

"TAKE UP THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN SEND FORTH THE BEST YE BREED, GO TEACH YOUR SOUS TO REFILE TO SERVE YOUR CAPTAINS NEED, EMANCIPATE THE SAVAGE BY THE BEST BLOOD YE SHED, GO MAKE THEM WITH YOUR LIVING AND MARK THEM WITH YOUR DEAD!"

A VERY INTERESTING PICTURE.

custom of ordering the seasons is the practice observed in France in all public buildings. There it is winter on and after October 1st. Fires are then lighted in all government offices, and the servants exchange their white summer waistcoats for the thicker and darker ones of winter. At that date the public libraries are closed at 4, and in the streets the sellers of roasted chestnuts make their appearance. In

about twenty-six miles, will run through country hitherto quite untouched by any railway, and will afford a rapid and direct means of communication between Aldershot and the southern ports and defenses of Portsmouth, Southampton and Gosport.

LEFT IN MARCH OF PROGRESS.

The Quiet and Secluded Little Villages in England.

There are few quieter, more secluded villages in England than Meons, east and west, lying among the Hampshire downs. Old Winchester hill, presiding over the scene, seems to tell of some old British city thereabouts, the forerunner of the more famous city of the plains, says Household Words. And the Romans were busy about the hills with camps and summer settlements

lang syne. But nothing much has happened there since. Sturdy Cobbett passed that way in his "Rural Rides" and marveled at the huge church of East Meon in its mighty solitude. Built to hold thousands, and now, in Cobbett's time, a few shepherds and graziers, sparsely scattered, form the whole population of the parish. And still the process of depopulation goes on, as census tables tell. But the Meons are to have a railway at last, and we read that the Meon Valley railway, from Alton to Fareham, a distance of

SOME GOOD JOKES ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Variety of Jokes, Glibes and Ironies Original and Selected—Flotsam and Jetsam from the Tide of Humor—Witty Sayings.

Gentle Mildred. Fair Mildred has a tender heart; It makes her sad to see Bad boys spy the birdie's nest And tear it from the tree; Yet, while she sorrows for the bird The solemn truth is that She always has a wing or two Affixed unto her hat. Fair Mildred has a tender heart; She says the butcher who Would slay a little calf must Be cruel through and through; Yet while she chides the butcher and Abhors his cruel steel, Sweet Mildred, tender past compare, Is very fond of veal. —Chicago News.



Not gwine ter meetin' dis-mornin', Brer Henderson? "Cyarn do it, parson. Got ter hoe over some corn, jist planted." "But cyarn't de corn wait?" "Not so well as de Lord can."

One Who Escaped. "Your father, I think, was a literary man," remarked the passenger sitting on the end of the car seat. "I knew him pretty well, being somewhat in the same line of work myself." "Possibly, sir," stily replied the passenger who was occupying two seats. "Literature with him, however, was merely an avocation and not a vocation. He didn't have to follow it, as some people do. When he got tired of it he laid down the pen." "Laid down the pen, did he?" rejoined the other. "I notice he seems to have let one of the hogs out." —Chicago Tribune.

Apropos of Summer. Husband—My dear, I want to ask one favor before you go off on that long visit. Wife—A thousand, my love. What is it? "Don't try to put the house in order before you leave." "It isn't hard work." "Perhaps not, but think of the expense of telegraphing to you every time I want to find anything." —Pearson's Weekly.

One of Those Questions. They had been talking about the insurance on the church, when the little one suddenly broke into the conversation. "The church is God's house, isn't it?" she asked. "Yes, dear," replied the mother. "And does he get the insurance if it burns down?" was the next question. —Chicago Post.

Had to Stick to the Figures. "Why are Brown's gas bills so much lighter than his neighbors' bills?" asked the manager of the company. "Does he burn so much less gas?" "No," replied the meter inspector, "but the suspicious scoundrel always goes to the meter with me and jots down the figures himself." —Chicago Post.



A Certainty. "Well, old fellow, are you going to the organ recital in the saloon tonight?" "No, thank you; I am having all the organ recitals I need."

Source of the Trouble. "Why must you and your wife separate, Pat? Can't the trouble be patched up?" "No, sir. That's jooest it. She won't patch up me pants." —Philadelphia North American.

He Should. "Bobbler's wedding was the culmination of a romance. He met his wife on a train." "He did? Why doesn't he sue the company?" —Indianapolis Journal.