

FRIENDS.

We who have lived so many days and have
So many uneventful days to live,
The pity of it, that we dare not give,
Out of them all, just one, when I and you
Might meet as comrades meet with clasp
of hand—

And much to tell and to remember, and
Much to be glad and sorry for—we two.
Shall we choose summer for our day to
dawn—

A day of sun and little winds that fleet
Through woodland ways like touch of
dryad's feet?

Shall we go wandering the paths we knew,
Amless as truant children, with the gay
Glad talk that suits a stolen holiday,
Idlest of happy vagabonds—we two?
Or shall our day come when the winter
snow

Slips at the pane and blurs the land from
sight,
And all the hearth is glorious with light
That dances on old prints and tankards
blue,
And all the books we cherish over-well
Shall lie beside us while we sit and tell
Old rhymes, old tales, and plan and dream
—we two?

We who must live so many empty days,
Let us have one that we can claim our
own—
A day that shall be made for us alone,
Nay, friend, it is our very friendship's due,
Our right divine to feel anew the free
Exquisite joy of camaraderie

That binds the very hearts of us—we two,
—Theodosia Garrison, in Harper's Bazar.

A Woman's Wisdom

L ANDOR was at his desk,
which was near the open
window. The window
looked down on the ponderous,
overwhelming traffic of South
Water street. The grinding of huge
wheels, the crashing of machinery,
the clatter of hoof beats, the rattle of
harness, the jarring of merchandise,
the hoarse voices of porters and drivers,
all rose in one mighty, mingled roar—a
veritable bellow of commercial
prosperity.

Landor did not notice the turmoil.
He had become accustomed to it many
months ago. He was absorbed—but
not in his work. The minute hand had
crawled quite around the dial of the
big clock in the corner since he had
formed a figure on the ledger lying
open before him. But he had been
writing. His gaze dropped to the page
upon his desk. As he scanned the
verse he had written, his eyes took
on the mingled dreaminess and sparkle
one sees only in the orbs of a poet.

He drew from his desk a little glove,
pearl covered and perfumed. There
was inspiration in the sight, the scent,
the touch of it! He laid it gently
back, seized his pen, and began on
another stanza.

A brown hand reached over his
shoulder. A couple of letters fell on
the open ledger. One—the one in the
firm, characteristic feminine hand he
had come to know—he tore open with
fingers that were clumsy through
haste. Two—four closely written
pages! Her notes to him heretofore
had been of almost telegraphic brevity.
He plunged into the first page—
had all but read it through, indeed,
before he paused—jerked back his
head as though he had received a shock.

The letter had not been intended for
him! But it was of him. There was
his name—his name in the writing of
the woman he loved—to whom he had
not dared to speak unless in sweet,
wild verses which she never beheld.
He had read so far unwittingly; he
must now read the rest. After what
he had ignorantly learned he must
now learn more. It meant life and
all that life held for him—the words
which were traced on the next page
—life and love, or bitter and enduring
disappointment!

"My Dear Friend—When you asked
me lately if Landor Aldrich should
do me the honor to ask me to be his
wife—would I marry him—I gave you
no reply. I will tell you now. I fear
your opinion should be lightly formed.
I dread lest you think me guilty of a
vulgar caprice—I will be quite frank.
I think he does care for me. And
I—"

There the page ended.
The dreaminess was gone from his
eyes now. There was a red light in
them. He dug his nails into his palms
until the fierce pressure pained.

He turned the page. He read on.
—well; I've never worn my heart
on my sleeve, Eloise. I can't do it
now. But you may draw from my
silence what inference you will."

"Mr. Aldrich!" He looked up. He
was trembling like a leaf. "About
that special shipment to the Philip-
pines, sir—"

"Yes—no! I don't know. Ask the ele-
vator boy!" he muttered, not compre-
hending, and again bent over the fa-
tful page. The man shrugged his shoulders,
walked away. Landor read on:
"You spoke of his charming personality
—his rare gifts of mind and spirit.
Who should appreciate these more
than I, who have known him so well?
That one of such social standing, ap-
pearance and hereditary wealth should
have singled me out from among many
girls who admire him, has flattered
me, indeed. But should he say the
words every woman wants to hear
once from a man, I must answer—
No."

There was a muffled cry. The let-
ter was crumpled in fierce fingers.
Then he lifted his bowed head,
smoothed out the page and read on:
"This, my friend, is why. He is not
proving himself. He is an idler—a
dreamer. With every avenue of suc-
cess stretching broad and fair before
him, he is content to pass hours oc-
cupying a purely nominal position in
his father's office. He leads the cot-
tillion well—none better. In all mat-
ters of dilettantism his taste is cul-
tured and fine. And he writes the

most musical verses one can imagine.
One must admire as well as love the
man one marries. How can one ad-
mire the individual who saunters
through life as though a charity fair?
His degrees entitle him to a univer-
sity professorship. His father's vari-
ous interests in many places call for
his personal supervision. There is so
much to do before he may confidently
ask a woman to give to him herself—
life, body and soul. But I wish—oh,
how I wish—"

Aldrich put the letter in his pocket.
He groped for his hat and gloves, and
coat—went out into the fresh spring
afternoon. Then he remembered the
unfinished poem. He returned—made
it with the glove and other little treas-
ures into a packet, which he put in his
breast pocket. Half an hour later he
stood in the luxuriously appointed
room of a great city bank. A meet-
ing of the directors had just ended.
His father was leaving.

"What's up, Landor? You look
queer."
"I'm all right, sir. I want a word
with you, though. Now will do as
well as any time. Whom were you
thinking of sending down to establish
the branch of our house at Manila?"
"I did think of Peterson, but I'm
afraid he has signed with the other
people?"

"Will you trust me to go, father?"
"You?" The elder man's haggard
face lighted up—then fell. "You're
not capable of the task, my boy. It's
a tremendous one."

Landor smiled with pale lips—but
the smile was winning. "You should
have more confidence in my father's
son," he protested, gently.
The words warmed the old man's
heart like wine. His eyes blinked up
at his boy. "By George!" he cried,
"I believe you've got it in you! I've
had doubts of you. Let that pass. You
shall go, with full and absolute au-
thority."

And there was a new elasticity in
the gait of the commercial magnate
as he took his son's arm and went
down to his carriage.

The following day a note came to
Landor—a formal, demure little note:
"Dear Mr. Aldrich—I find I failed
to send you yesterday my line of
thanks for those violets. Will you
take the belated gratitude now? There
was a mistake somewhere. Always
sincerely yours,
"Katherine Clermont."

But the news that he was to as-
sume control of his father's business
in the Philippines had been made pub-
lic in the newspapers before he saw
her again. Then it was to say good-
by. The hand she gave him was cold
as ice—but she looked up at him with
steady, unflinching hazel eyes.

"You are really going, then? It
was no newspaper canard? How will
you miss me?"

"I hope you will. May I write to
you, Katherine?" He had never called
her Katherine till now.

"Yes, indeed. But I'm a laggard
correspondent. Good-by."
There has not been since the open-
ing up of the islands an affair which
so interested the business men of Chi-
cago and other cities as did the suc-
cess of the great branch house of the
Aldrichs in Manila.

"A boy of twenty-seven at the head!"
the wise ones commented. It seems
impossible that he should have shown
such acumen—such ability. By the
time he returned for a brief vacation,
more than a year later, the business
was booming. But the man who came
back was not the boy who had gone
away. He showed the strain of con-
centration, deprivation, hard, conscien-
tious work. Katherine Clermont
met him for the first time after his
return at a great social function. She
was all in a rippling gown that whirled
his black waves about her feet with
popples garlanding her beautiful
shoulders. The room went round
when she caught sight of him. How
changed, but—

"Katherine! Come away! How
good you were to write—though so sel-
dom!"
"Do you know you are almost a
hero?" she cried, quizzically. "All the
old men are talking about the way
you worked—and the results. I am
proud I know you!"

He had been ill and lonely, and
often depressed! Now the gates of
heaven stood open.
"You know why I have come back?"
he whispered. "To think that if it
were not for a letter I chanced to
read, I might be mooning over verses
in an office still—a letter it was not
intended I should read—"

Her white lips lifted. "How do you
know it was not intended for you to
read?" Then she laughed softly and
long. He wondered why.—Buffalo En-
quirer.

Proposed Celebration.

A national celebration of the 200th
anniversary of the starting of a news-
paper in America will take place in
1904, owing to the suggestion of Mayor
Nichols in an address before the State
Editorial Association at Wilkesbarre,
Penn. The association appointed a
committee to confer with the associa-
tions of other States, and if
possible bring it about. In the course
of his address Mayor Nichols said:
John Campbell is the real founder
of journalism in the United States.
"The Boston News Letter" was born
April 24, 1704, and existed until 1776.
During the first sixteen years of this
period it was the only newspaper
printed in the colonies. Fourteen
years prior to Campbell's venture Ben-
jamin Harris issued one copy of "Pub-
lic Occurrences," which was immedi-
ately suppressed by members of the
King's official family because of a
distasteful paragraph. The beginning
of American journalism is truly an
event that ought to be commemorated
and its author deserves a conspicuous
place in American history.

A Scotchman succeeds the gifted
Irishman, Sir Charles Russell, as Lord
Chief Justice of England.

The effort to save the redwood forests
of the Santa Cruz Mountains, Califor-
nia, is worthy of praise and en-
couragement.

Two cargoes of Pennsylvania soft
coal have been shipped from Philadel-
phia to Russia within a few weeks.
Not long ago any one who would have
predicted such a possibility would
have been regarded as exceedingly
visionary.

Until a few years ago Minnesota
accorded the right of suffrage to civil-
ized Indians certified by district courts
to be fit for the exercise of the suf-
frage. In Florida a requirement of
suffrage was enrollment in the local
militia. Tennessee provided that per-
sons of color who were competent wit-
nesses in a court of justice against a
white man might vote in that State.

It is related of the late C. P. Hun-
tington that a young man once called
on him to sell some much needed rails
at \$75 a ton. Mr. Huntington said
he had rails to sell himself, amused
the caller by a half-hour's chat and
got him to sell at \$66 a ton, with a
six months' note for pay. Then be-
fore the man left Mr. Huntington dis-
counted the note for six per cent, and
paid the cash.

As an experiment the University
of Missouri this year organized a sum-
mer course in agriculture, mainly for
the benefit of persons who were am-
bitious to become instructors at ag-
ricultural experiment stations or to
take charge of large ranches in the
West. The attendance has exceeded
expectations, showing the desire of
the young men of that section of the
country to master the science of farm-
ing. As agriculture has been added
to the course of study in many of the
public schools in the West, there is a
demand for competent teachers who
are practical farmers with a scientific
training.

The art of advertising has a few
fixed rules. People read "ads" not
for amusement, but to secure informa-
tion; and the man who has a house,
a medicine or any kind of merchan-
dise to sell or services to offer to the
public does the most essential thing
when he says so simply, directly and
persistently. Still, there is always
room for originality, and if he have
a new idea as to how to display and
arrange his announcements so as to
arrest people's attention and make an
enduring impression he is bound to
profit thereby. New ideas in advertis-
ing will be in demand so long as they
shall not violate the rules of simplic-
ity and lucidity.

The industrial rehabilitation of Cuba
is strikingly illustrated by the fact
that the exhibits made by her people
at the Paris Exposition have won
no fewer than 147 prizes, states the
New York Mail and Express. In view
of the chaotic conditions which have
prevailed in Cuba since the close of
the war and the extreme difficulty
of preparing anything like a represen-
tative display of the island's products,
this record is altogether remarkable.
The moral effect of an undertaking
so thoroughly creditable will be emi-
nently wholesome to Cuba trade and
industry. It means that Cuba's trying
days are ended; that her material re-
sources are responding to the touch
of enterprise, and that she has en-
tered upon a new era of civil and com-
mercial progress.

The London Court Journal: Not for
nearly eighty years has there been
such a small line force in the United
Kingdom as at present. There are
now at home only four cavalry regiments—
the First Dragoon Guards, Second
Dragoon Guards, Seventh Hus-
sars and the Twenty-first Lancers, ex-
clusive of the Household Cavalry and
its present strength of about eight
hundred men; and eleven battalions
of infantry. On paper there is a fairly
strong force of artillery, but as many
of the batteries at home are recently
formed, three dating only from last
Saturday, we are not so well off in
this as numerically we appear. The
British garrison in India is also lower
than it has been for many years. The
normal white garrison of India was
fixed at a certain strength by politi-
cians of both sides, but it is now some-
ten or twelve thousand below what
has always been considered a safe
margin. Owing to the necessities of
South Africa, there is at present less
British cavalry in India than has been
known since the time of the East In-
dia Company, only five regiments be-
ing now in India, and the artillery is
also very much below the hitherto
accepted standard.

SNAILS' TEETH.

They Eat About 30,000 to the Snail,
But 4000 or So Are Used at One Time.

"It is a fortunate thing for man and
the rest of the animal kingdom," said
the naturalist, "that no large wild
animal has a mouth constructed with
the devouring apparatus built on the
plan of the insignificant-looking snail's
mouth, for that animal could out-
devour anything that lives. The snail
itself is such an entirely unpleasant,
not to say loathsome, creature to handle
that few amateur naturalists care to
bother with it, but by neglecting the
small they miss studying one of the
most interesting objects that come
under their observation.

"Any one who has noticed a snail
feeding on a leaf must have wondered
how such a soft, flabby, slimy animal
can make such a sharp and clean-cut
incision in the leaf, leaving an edge
as smooth and straight as if it had
been cut with a knife. That is due to
the peculiar and formidable mouth he
has. The small eats with his tongue
and the roof of his mouth. The tongue
is a ribbon which the snail keeps in
a coil in his mouth. This tongue is
in reality a band saw, with the teeth
on the surface instead of on the edge.
The teeth are so small that as many
as 30,000 of them have been found on
one snail's tongue. They are exceed-
ingly sharp and only a few of them
are used at a time—not exactly only
a few of them, but a few of them
comparatively, for the snail will prob-
ably have 4000 or 5000 of them in
use at once. He does this by means
of his coiled tongue. He can uncoil
as much as he chooses, and the un-
coiled part he brings into service. The
roof of his mouth is as hard as bone.
He grasps the leaf between his tongue
and that hard substance, and, rasping
away with his tongue, saws through
the toughest leaf with ease, always
leaving the edge smooth and straight.

"By use the teeth wear off or be-
come dulled. When the snail finds
that this tool is becoming blunted he
uncoils another section and works that
out until he has come to the end of the
coil. Then he coils the tongue up
again and is ready to start in new,
for while he has been using the latter
portions of the ribbon the teeth
have grown in again in the idle por-
tions—the saw has been filed and re-
set, so to speak—and while he is using
them the teeth in the back part of the
coil are renewed. So I think I am
right in saying that if any large beast
of prey was fitted up with such a de-
vouring apparatus as the snail has it
would go hard with the rest of the
animal kingdom."—Chicago Tribune.

Dogs on English Highways.

Many dog owners seem to be un-
aware that they are responsible for the
proper behavior of their pets in public
places. It is of the commonest occur-
rence for some cur to dash into the
roadway, to bark and snap at a pass-
ing tramp or cyclist, without any at-
tempt being made by the animal's
owner to call it to order. Only in very
rare instances, either, does it receive
punishment, even of the slightest kind
when it returns from the foray. The
natural result is, of course, that it feels
encouraged to repeat its misconduct,
and the evil habit becomes so in-
grained as to be incurable. It is only
charitable to assume that the compla-
cency with which the owners re-
gard these performances is the prod-
uct of ignorance. In their eyes, the
outbreak is nothing worse than a liv-
ely demonstration of harmless playfulness.
Ladies are especially apt to take
that view; they cannot believe that the
frolicsomeness of their canine compan-
ions may imperil human life. That is
the case, nevertheless; only a few
days ago a farmer was killed near
Bedford through the horse he was
driving taking fright at an aggressive
dog and upsetting the trap. Even pe-
destrians are sometimes assailed by
objectionable curs; while many a cy-
clist has come to grief in his endeavor
to keep clear of a bounding, snapping
dog. It is the owner who is mostly
to blame; the propensity can easily be
eradicated by swift and sharp chastise-
ment at every repetition of the of-
fense.—London Globe.

Some of the Advantages.

In speaking about the advantages
of good roads a prominent official of
the League of American Wheelmen
says:
"If there is a method of accomplish-
ing twice as much as heretofore with
a given amount of effort, it is to the
farmer's interest to discover and
adopt it. Economy of labor means ad-
ditional acres which he can find time
to make productive. The only way to
compute the value of labor is to in-
quire what it would cost if it had to
be purchased. It has been found that
if the farmers of the United States
had to pay someone else for marketing
their crops it would cost them on an
average twenty-five cents every time
a ton was hauled a mile nearer to mar-
ket. In other words, it costs twenty-
five cents a ton a mile. I say on an
average, for its costs considerably less
in many localities. Yet it costs suffi-
ciently more in many others to make
it average as large as stated. Taking
an average of the number of miles
traveled it costs on an average \$3.02
a ton from the farm to the railroad
station. It costs only \$1.87 in the
Northern and Eastern States, but in
the Pacific coast and mountain States
it runs up as high as \$5.12. This, of
course, is for the value of the farmer's
time and that of his team and wagon,
or what he would have to pay someone
else, at a fair price, to do his hauling
for him. How was all this found out?
It is the result of careful inquiries
made by the United States Depart-
ment of Agriculture and of estimates
received from farmers throughout the
United States in reply to 10,000 re-
quests for such information. These in-
quiries were made for the simple pur-
pose of getting at the facts so that
farmers might know what could be
saved by the building of good roads,
and might better be able to determine
how much they could afford to spend
in building them."

Steamers to Run on the Dead Sea.

"The Dead Sea, which for thousands
of years has been a forsaken solitude
in the midst of a desert, on whose
waves no rudder has been seen for
centuries," says United States Consul
Winter, at Annaberg, in a letter to the
State Department, "is to have a line
of motor boats in the future. Owing
to the continued increase in traffic and
the influx of tourists, a shorter route
is to be found between Jerusalem and
Kerek, the ancient capital of the Land
of Moab. The first steamer, built at
one of the Hamburg docks, is about
100 feet long, and already has begun
the voyage to Palestine. An order
has been given for the building of a
second steamer. The one already
built and on the way is named the
Prodromos (that is, forerunner), and
will carry thirty-four persons, togeth-
er with freight of all kinds. The pro-
moters of this new enterprise are the
inmates of a Greek cloister in Jerusa-
lem. The management of the line is
entirely in German hands. The trade
of Kerek with the desert is to-day of
considerable importance. It is the
main town of any commercial stand-
ing east of the Jordan and the Dead
Sea. Its population consists of about
1800 Christians and 6000 Moslems.
The merchants of Hebron are among
the chief frequenters of the markets
of Kerek."

The Vainest People.

A French explorer has discovered on
the west coast of Africa what he re-
gards as the vainest people on earth.
They are the Pahomins, a warlike
tribe, whose main employment is the
adornment of their persons, chiefly by
means of tattooing. Great ingenuity
is also exhibited in dressing their hair.

Good Roads Notes

Roads in Florida.
R. M. O. ELDRIDGE, acting
director of the office of
public road inquiries of the
Agricultural Department,
went South to attend and address a
good-road convention recently held at
Orlando, Fla., and to examine the
tropical conditions under which good
roads are now being built in various
parts of that State.

In an interview with a Washington
Star reporter Mr. Eldridge says: "In
spite of the great freeze of 1895, which
almost paralyzed the orange industry
of Florida, the people of that State
have built, under these trying condi-
tions, hundreds of miles of good roads.
These highways are as durable and
perfect as the stone and gravel roads
of some of the Northern States, and
on account of the luxuriant tropical
growth which borders them on every
hand they are as beautiful as any
highways I have ever seen, not except-
ing the masterpieces of the road build-
er's art which traverse the rocky slopes
of the Alps. The most remarkable
thing about these roads is the cost,
which is only about one-sixth as much
as the stone and gravel roads of the
Northern States.

Roads fifteen feet wide are being
constructed in Orange County in the
vicinity of Orlando and Winter Park
for \$500 per mile, and where convict
labor can be had (which fortunately is
very scarce in Florida) good roads
have been built for \$250 per mile. This
remarkably low cost is due to the fact
that these roads were built by simply
mixing the sand, of which the original
roads were composed, with clay, which
has been discovered at various points
in the State. A large deposit of this
clay was discovered near Bartow, and
many of the streets and roads in Or-
ange County have been built by mix-
ing Bartow clay with sand, which
when placed upon the prepared sand
foundation and rolled so consolidates
and cements together as to form a
compact and smooth surface. After
these roads are once built they are not
worn and cut to pieces like the high-
ways of the North, due to the fact that
no deep freezes occur to disrupt their
surfaces and foundations in winter,
and that the water flows rapidly to
the sides of the road during continued
rains and sinks into the sandy soil
alongside. Another reason why these
roads do not wear rapidly is that
many of the vehicles in Florida, even
the buggies and light spring wagons,
have been provided with wide tires,
and have thus become roadmakers.
As a result of wide tires and good
drainage some of the streets of Or-
lando, Fla., which were built over ten
years ago of sand and clay, are as
good, if not better to-day than they
were when they were built."

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in building them."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

When you have faults do not fear
to abandon them.

It is a beautiful necessity of our na-
ture to love something.

Benevolence is to love all men—
knowledge is to know all men.

Learning without thought is labor
lost; thought without learning is peril-
ous.

If a man take no thought about
what is distant he will find sorrow in
store.

He who speaks without modesty
will find it difficult to make his words
good.

Remember this—that there is a
proper dignity and proportion to be
observed in the performance of every
act of life.

Practice complete relaxation of
brain, nerves and body. Use one-half
the will force in this as in other things
and you will succeed.

The moral courage that will face ob-
loquy in a good cause is much a rarer
gift than the bodily valor that will
confront death in a bad one.

Education does not mean teaching
people to know what they do not
know. It means teaching them to be-
have as they do not behave. It is pain-
ful, continual and difficult work, to be
done by kindness, by watching, by
warning, by precept, and by praise,
but above all, by example.

Where vindictiveness is shown we
may be sure that there is a lack of
moral sense. It is somewhat curious
to observe also that the vindictive
have seldom any real wrong to re-
venge. They very often imagine the
injury they seek to return in kind or
distort the circumstances which gave
rise to the injury, real or supposed.

How Caviar is Made.

The making of caviar is a simple
process. It can be prepared in any
household convenient to a sturgeon
fishery. In fact, under these condi-
tions only is it had in absolute perfec-
tion, for the longer it is kept either
sealed in glass or tin the more rapid
its deterioration. It is for this reason
that the caviar eaten in Russia,
where it is served from the original
packages, is so far superior to that
procured elsewhere. In the caviar
of commerce the roe as soon as it is
taken from the fish is placed in tanks,
when it is carefully washed. Then it
is rubbed through screens until the
eggs are separated. The last process,
or rather next to the last is the pack-
ing in salt in kegs, and the keeping of
it cool in ice or cold storage until
it reaches the canners, who seal it in
tins or in bottles for export. This is
all the manipulation that it undergoes.
When prepared for household use the
cleansing, separation of the eggs and
packing in the salt are all that is nec-
essary. There is but one way of serv-
ing it and that is on toast or brown
bread and butter or as canapes with
lemon juice and a little olive oil. It
is the only aliment that admits of but
a single method of culinary treatment.

The Fagot Party.

A popular summer house amuse-
ment is called a fagot party. Every
guest is required to contribute to the
evening's entertainment. A song, a
recitation, an anecdote or a story may
be the part chosen, and at the close a
vote is taken on the best and a prize
awarded.

Rice Throwing.

The custom of throwing rice at wed-
dings originated in China.

CONDUCTOR HAD NO SENTIMENT.

Never Saw Incidents of Human Interest
on His Car.

"P-r-r-r-ump," went the car, as, slip-
ping foot by foot, it came to a grud-
ging stop.

The young man waited until the stop
was absolute. Then when, with deli-
cate, feeling footstep, he had put him-
self upon the rear platform of the
Broadway cable car, it started with a
jerk of sulky defiance.

Up his sleeve a pencil was held like
a dagger of intelligence. In the palm
of his other hand a bit of paper fold-
ed to an inch surface deftly hid itself.
The hour was late and few passengers
saw it.

Solemnly and long he looked at the
conductor. Then, while pencil itched
palm, he spoke:
"Conductor?"

"Well."
"I suppose you see a great many in-
teresting things on your car?"

"Hadn't noticed it."
The pencil, which had slipped furti-
vely in to the palm, jumped back
repeated. Its owner went on:
"In the early morning hour don't
some pathetic scenes occur?"

"None."
"Aren't there interesting characters
that take your car at a certain corner
every night?"

"None."
"I suppose there are some strange
character contrasts on board the early
morning cars, rich and poor?"

"None."
"I mean a rich man sits opposite a
poor man? The good with the bad?"

"Ain't seen it."
"C-r-r-r-ik" came from up the young
man's sleeve. The heart of the pencil
was broken.

"Then there's really nothing interest-
ing ever takes place on a Broadway
car?"

"None."
The dusty breeze following in the
wake of the car swept the unresisting
bit of paper into its vortex. The ques-
tioner stepped off into the street, half
way across which the car, with a
chuckle of grip, wheels, and brake,
lunged him.

A fat passenger spoke:
"One of those blame human interest
fends."

"Yep," said the conductor.
"P-r-r-r-ump-r-r-r-um" went the car.
—New York Times.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

When you have faults do not fear
to abandon them.

It is a beautiful necessity of our na-
ture to love something.

Benevolence is to love all men—
knowledge is to know all