

Charles A. Towne.

Speech delivered by Mr. Bryan at banquet tendered ex-Senator Charles A. Towne on the eve of his removal from Duluth to New York.

Buckley says that civilization is measured by the mastery of the human mind over the forces of nature. In elaborating this proposition he declares that the moral element in civilization is insignificant as compared with the intellectual element.

A careful study of the causes that have led to the decline of nations and to the decay of races will, I think, convince an impartial student that the moral element is not only important, but paramount in a nation's life.

The nation is but a collection of individuals and reflects the character of the people. As the moral element is essential to a nation so it is to an individual.

Plutarch has said that men entertain three sentiments concerning the gods; that they fear them because of their strength, admire them for their wisdom, and love them for their justice.

CAT AT CHURCH.

Takes a Front Seat and Listens to Pastor's Discourse.

In the family of Dr. Augustus C. Hamlin of Bangor is a handsome black cat of unusual size. His big eyes gleam as yellow as the topaz in his master's mineral cabinet.

Quaint Customs in England.

A weird spectacle was witnessed in Warwickshire recently. Before sunrise a group of persons from all quarters gathered around the ancient mound at Knightlow Hill, near Dunchurch.

cite fear and genius may arouse admiration, but we only love the heart that loves. Justice—the fruit of love, is the element which gives strength and permanence to organized government.

Of the qualities of the heart, moral courage is one of the most essential; it is the shield that protects the other virtues; it is the fortress that guards integrity.

It is sometimes difficult to select a subject for an after-dinner speech, but when I received an invitation to participate in the farewell banquet tendered by the people of Duluth to their distinguished townsman and my friend, the sentiment, "Moral Courage," at once occurred to me.

We need this moral courage for the protection and preservation of our government today. We need it among public officials, that they may prize above pecuniary rewards and above the flattering whisperings of ambition, the honor that comes from faithful service and a clean record.

Moral courage is needed among our private citizens, that they may be as bold to punish unfaithful officials as they are ready to commend the faithful.

WOMEN IN MEDICINE.

One of Them, Practicing in London, Earns \$20,000 a Year.

Striking as has been the advance of women in the medical profession in England, it has been even more so in the United States, says the Young Woman.

Old Inn to Be Demolished.

One of the very few now remaining of the old galleried coaching inns—that fine example, the Bull, at Dartford—is about to be demolished.

Man with Green Hair.

Eight men with green hair have been discovered by a Berlin professor among 300 laborers who constantly handle copper.

WORLD-FAMOUS BON MARCHE.

Great Emporium the Life-Work of Mme. Boucicault.

As many people are aware, the Bon Marche, one of the greatest emporiums in Paris, was the life work of a woman, the justly famous Mme. Boucicault.

The Most Familiar Surnames.

In a recent appendix to the last census report of the British registrar-general, a comparison with the commonest names in Great Britain and Ireland shows the following result:

Japanese Bride.

The Japanese bride, dressed in a long white silk kimono and white veil, sits upon the floor facing her future husband.

TYPHOID GERMS.

They Are Killed by Interbreeding, Says a Physician.

Now, when there is so much talk of typhoid fever, all theories in regard to the dreaded disease are of interest.

Dangerous and Harmless Mosquitoes.

Prof. C. W. Stiles, of the agricultural department, says that only the mosquito of the genus Anopheles carries the malaria germs.

Destitute Because Miserly.

Patrick McCabe, an old man, was taken to a New York hospital in what appeared to be a destitute condition.

WHEN OTHERS FAIL CONSULT DOCTORS SEARLES & SEARLES

Advertisement for Searles & Searles, Main Office Lincoln, Neb. Specialists in Nervous, Chronic and Private Diseases. Weak Men Sexually. Electricity. Stricture & Gleet.

STRANGE DISEASES.

Humanity Has a Variety of Things with Eccentric Names.

"I have been looking over one of the blanks for the regular monthly mortality report of the board of health," said a citizen who admits that he likes to pry and prawl, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

UMBRELLAS FOR SAVAGES.

London Is Supplying Ashantee Chiefs with Sunshades.

Nearly twenty Englishmen are now at work on seven umbrellas for an Ashantee chief and his faithful staff. There is nothing under the sun a chief can wear, not even excepting a coat of silk hat or a red-lined cavalry coat.

Saloonkeeper Chases Flies.

Big John Gross, who is one of the characters of Ghibberon, N. J., is cursed with extreme obesity, says the Philadelphia Record.

Grammar of English Dialects.

Professor Joseph Wright is collecting phonographic specimens of English dialects, partly to enable him to check the material for a comprehensive comparative grammar of all the English dialects in the United Kingdom.

President of Historical Society.

Professor Samuel Hart of the Berkeley Divinity School, Middletown, Conn., has been elected president of the Connecticut Historical society, succeeding the late Dr. Charles J. Hoody.

A Professional Visit.

BY FRANK H. SWEET. (Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

It was bitterly cold, and the two figures threading their way down the mountain side bent to avoid the slanting particles of ice that stung their faces.

"Hurry! hurry! Doctor! for mercy's sake, hurry!" implored one of the figures, shouting in order to be heard above the wind, and the other figure, strong and athletic though it was, threw itself forward still more fiercely in vain endeavor to overtake the old man.

Only a few hours before, just as the storm was bursting, the old man had appeared at the door of a small isolated hotel in the mountains and demanded a doctor, and when assured there was not one within twenty miles he had thrown up his hands with a despairing, "An' she may be dyin'! She may be dyin'!"

Hardly a word had been spoken since then, except the intermittent "Hurry! hurry!" Down slopes they had plunged, dodging trees and bowlders, slipping and stumbling, and up slopes they had climbed and scrambled, clinging by sheer force of fingers where they would often have fallen back, their one thought to cover distance as rapidly as possible.

But suddenly as they hurried on the old man's foot caught in some projection and he was thrown violently forward. Almost instantly, however, he was upon his feet again and plunging on. But only for a few steps; then he tottered and fell.

"Hurry! hurry!" he called. "I've broke my ankle, and can't keep up. Foiler the ridge till ye come to a gully with pine trees on one side. Keep through it, and then turn to the right. My cabin is in the oak scrub beyond."

"No, no, no!" screamed the old man harshly. "Go on, I tell ye. There's no time for me. I'm all right 'n' know every foot o' these mountains. If my ankle is broke, I can hobble along, an' will get there 'most as soon as you. Go on, I tell ye! Hurry! hurry! for mercy's sake, hurry! She may be dyin'!"

The young man sprang away obediently. Along the ridge and down the gully he hurried, dodging the trees and rocks when he could see them, and bruising himself against them when he could not, the storm still beating in his face, but the bitter cold unnoticed in his haste.

There was no time to look for a ford now, and without hesitation the young man flung himself into the icy water. He was a strong swimmer, but when



"Hurry! hurry!" he called. He drew himself laboriously up the opposite bank he was breathing heavily. Another ten feet of the whirling icy current he felt would have been more than he could have overcome.

For a moment he lay panting and trembling; then rose stiffly to his feet. In his wet garments he would soon freeze unless he kept moving. Far up the slope he could see the scrub oaks, and among them was doubtless the cabin. It was still miles away, and would require hard climbing to reach it.

even more slowly and painfully. It required several hours to hobble to the scrub, and several more to reach the cabin. When he pushed open the door with an improvised crutch, he saw a girl lying on a couch, her face pale and frightened, but her eyes clear and bright.

"He fell there after he saved me," the girl said, hurriedly, "but first he took some of his own medicine. He said he would try to get to the fire. I could only lie here and wait and watch. It's been awful, for maybe—Henry is dying. You must hurry for a doctor, uncle."

"Yes, yes; I'll hurry for one right off," said the old man thankfully; "he's earned that. But first I'll get him on the bed an' give him something hot to drink. I reckon maybe he's got chilled and used up."

But as he bent over him, the young



"He fell there after he saw me," man opened his eyes; at first blankly, then with growing intelligence in them. "It's more exhaustion than anything else," he whispered, "that and the cold. I'll be all right in a day or two. Don't go for a doctor; you're not able. You might hand me my box of medicine. It fell on the floor. And—"

The old man bent lower. "Is—is—Elsie doing well? You might—give her another spoonful—from the glass."

The old man nodded, a surprised look coming to his face. But the young man had fallen back unconscious.

Three days later the two were outside the cabin together. The old man was sitting on a bench, his ankle bandaged.

"Your niece is all right now," the young man was saying. "If she has another attack, give her the medicine as I have directed. And you must be very careful of your ankle for a week or two—though for that matter I shall be back again—soon. I—yes—see—I used to know your niece. We attended schools in the same town. Then she disappeared, and I could not obtain her address."

"Yes," said the old man, "an' you've found her here?"

"I've found her here," simply, "and—she says I may call again. But good-by."

The old man reached into his pocket. "I wish I could give you something like what you've done for me's worth, Doctor," he said, wistfully, "but I can't. Elsie's paw was rich, but he died, an' Elsie came to live with me. I git my livin' huntin'. This is all the money I've got, but you must take it," and he held out a silver dollar.

The young man glanced at it smilingly, with refusal on his lips. But something in the old man's eyes made him change his mind. He took the dollar and slipped it into his pocket. "Thank you," he said. "Now I must be going."

When he came to the crossing to which the old man had directed him, a tree fallen across the river, he paused and took some letters from his pocket. One of them he opened and read thoughtfully.

"Dear Jack: Allow me to congratulate you in advance upon your success in the suit. All that was needed was the evidence which you write you have secured. The money is unquestionably yours, and even the other side tacitly admits this, while counting for success upon quibble of the law. But you must be careful to have your evidence in court on the 20th, or the case will go by default. Five thousand dollars is not much, but it may be of great use to a young fellow like you, who is just starting out in life. Yours as ever,

The young man tore the letter into strips and dropped them into the swirling current of river. "It is now the twenty-second," he said contentedly, "and the case has already gone by default. But what of it? I have found Elsie."

Briquettes from Waste. Municipal authorities of all countries have been seeking to solve is how to best dispose of the city's garbage. A process has been discovered in France, says the Consul Warner, by which garbage is converted into briquettes. It consists of minding the refuse straw, paper and the like and adding tar and naphthalene. The whole mass is then mixed in a kneading apparatus, dried and pressed into briquettes. The director of the Paris municipal laboratory says that these briquettes have a slight odor of gas, burn brightly and engender heat slowly. With a more highly perfected method of manufacture they will engender less ash, and the heat-producing qualities will be about the same as those of common coal.