

Harrison Journal.

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HARRISON, FEB.

With rudeness suffered to reign at home, impoliteness must necessarily be the rule abroad.

Sixty ballet girls in a New York production have struck for higher wages. They are the greatest kickers in the world, anyway.

A New York paper's headline, "Society at Large," again calls public attention to the inefficiency and worthlessness of Gotham's police force.

The Dallas News inquires why "blondes, whom the poets love, are vain, fickle and deceitful." Perhaps the peroxide of hydrogen does it.

John L. Sullivan's fitness for a position as umpire of a league contest on the diamond seems to consist of a long course of training with inshoots and high balls.

The New York papers are exploiting a cornet-player who can hold a note 125 seconds. That's nothing startling; Chicago banks often hold them much longer.

A New York paper says that a prominent lawyer of that city has been fined \$50 and costs for "kicking a client in his flat." That punishment clearly was inadequate.

"During this weather," says the Memphis Commercial-Appeal, "it is not considered etiquette for ladies and gentlemen to go out in their bare feet." Memphis is becoming too particular.

The decision of Harvard to lay more stress in the future on the writing of good English is wise and timely. Similar action ought to be taken by every institution of learning, great and small, in the country.

The Atchison Globe sadly says: "There is absolutely nothing in love in the summer time." Pshaw! You never can convince the managing editor of a soda fountain of the truth of that statement.

Over in Pennsylvania an old maid has had an entire fishing party of seventeen boys arrested because two of their number kissed her. Now see what trouble those fifteen fellows have got the others into!

The millionaire business has its depressions like any other, as the recent suicides of Barney Barnato and Mr. Creede, of Colorado, indicate. Together they owned some \$200,000,000, and the whole colossal sum wasn't worth living for.

Apropos of the big cut in bicycles, an Eastern paper says that "typewriters should take a tumble next; they are too expensive. That may be spoken from the depths of a bitter experience. A Nebraska man recently paid \$10,000 for a typewriter whom he had known only six weeks.

A Cincinnati jury some time ago found a prisoner charged with stealing \$35,000 from an express company "not guilty." He died the other day and while on his deathbed made a full confession of his guilt. But of course the jury will now insist that he was mistaken.

A New York paper has established a regular department called "News that Was Not News," in which the fakes of its contemporaries for the preceding day are exposed. If the yellow journals can be induced to turn State's evidence right along the Gotham reader may eventually get his due.

A special dispatch from St. Louis says that a young woman of that place hypnotizes herself several times daily and when in a trance condition turns somersaults and performs other acrobatic feats of contortion which no other living performer ever has been able to accomplish. It is evident that this prodigy is destined to take high rank in the dime museum business.

Lewiston Journal: Poor old Santa Claus! He needn't squeeze himself down tall chimneys or dash over thirty-seven-story Chicago buildings in his reindeer sleigh hereafter, for they have decided at the recent Sunday school convention in that city that the children's saint is a relic of the dark ages and an absurd myth. None the less many little children will listen for the patter of the reindeer's hoofs next Christmas—even in advanced Chicago.

The selfish man may have many valuable traits, but he can never have real heroism, because he never can forget himself; he never can throw himself into any cause or any work with an individual heart. Life to him is only valuable for what it brings to him. He is happy on unhappy according to what he gets or does not get; while the heroic man prizes life for what he can bring to it, and is happy or the reverse according to what he does or does not do.

We must be continually sacrificing our own will, as opportunity serves, to the will of others; bearing without justice rights and demands that annoy us; smiling about this or that task, when we have no other way of doing something worth doing; persevering in it, often when we are thoroughly tired of it; and being happy for duty's sake, when we are not.

toward accidents of life; bodily pain and weakness long continued, and perplexing us often when it does not amount to illness; losing what we value, missing what we desire; disappointment in other persons, willfulness, unkindness, ingratitude, folly, in cases where we least expect it.

The British consul at Panama says that of late years leprosy has become a scourge in the isthmus and that it has been allowed to spread until it is impossible to estimate the number of lepers in the department. The arrangements for caring for these miserable creatures are of the most primitive character and cannot, from their very nature, prevent completely the spread of this terrible disease. The government seems to be unable to cope with this state of affairs and there is imminent danger of contamination to the great traffic across the isthmus.

Some decisive action should be taken to prevent the indiscriminate freezing of Chicago bar-keepers by cold-blooded thugs. It seems to have become a fad among these rapacious robbers to lay away the dispenser of liquors in the ice box before relieving the establishment of its visible assets. At this time of year particularly it must be extremely disagreeable to be subjected to this protracted chill and to be forced to listen to the ribald glee of the gang as it empties the till. Moreover, it is left too much for chance to determine whether the ice "barkeep" will be discovered in time to take any subsequent joy in life. If this practice spreads to any greater extent it will be necessary to heat the ice box by steam or some other agency in order to make these holdup and cold-storage experiences even tolerable.

The recent death of Alexander Thayer, for many years United States Consul at Trieste, has been scarcely noticed in dispatches from abroad or in papers of this country, and yet Mr. Thayer was the one American who has given to the world one of the most masterly and complete biographical works ever printed. The deceased was born at Natick, Mass., in 1817, and was graduated from Harvard in 1843. Having special literary attainments he spent some time in the college library after his graduation. In 1849 he went to Europe, and for two years was in Bonn, Berlin, Prague, and Vienna perfecting himself in the German language and gathering material for a biography of Beethoven, which he made the work of his life. In 1852 he was connected with the New York Tribune, but his health did not allow of newspaper work. Two years later he returned to Germany, still intent upon his great task, and worked for a year in the Berlin library. Ill health and lack of means forced him home again, but with the assistance of friends he was able to return to Europe in 1859. From that year until 1890 his life was devoted to the biography. He visited during these thirty years Berlin, London, Paris, Vienna, Graz, Linz, Salzburg, Frankfurt, Bonn, and Wetmar, worked in all the museums and libraries, and had intimate intercourse with Wegeler, Schindler, Huttenbrenner, Chorley, Neate, Potter, Hogarth, and other friends of Beethoven. In 1862 he was connected with the United States Legation at Vienna, which post he exchanged for a Consularship at Trieste, a position he held for many years. During these thirty years he labored continuously upon the biography, and the result was a masterpiece worthy to stand by the side of Spitta's "Bach" for accuracy, completeness, and scholarly research. It presents a vast mass of new material, corrects innumerable mistakes which had been made by previous biographers. It is a veritable mine of information and has become the standard reference work over the world for students of Beethoven's life and music. It is an instance of his scholarship that he wrote the biography in German. It is to be regretted that a cheap and easily accessible English edition of this great work is not in the market. No musical book is more needed. It reflects the highest credit upon American scholarship.

New England Fort's Stolen Cannon. A long time ago Fort Fairfield felt the need of a cannon in its business. So a determined band went up to Fort Kent and the wicked notion of stealing a cannon from the warlike dwellers in that frontier town. The Fort Kent folks were waiting for 'em with guns cocked and primed, but in some remarkably slick way the Fort Fairfield crowd slipped in and got away with the cannon. On the way down to St. John the boat containing the cannon was overturned and the ordnance was dumped into the river. But, not a whit dismayed, the loyal little band groped around, hooked into the piece and finally lugged it in triumph into Fort Fairfield. Then a Fort Kent company went to Fort Fairfield to retake the cannon, but they couldn't find the piece and marched back again. Since then the cannon has been kept carefully secreted. On festive occasions it is brought out to bark, and then is again hurried away into retirement.

Compressed Air as a Cocktail. For three years hundreds of workmen have been living in compressed air during the construction of the Blackwell tunnel, each carrying a hundredweight of air in every square inch of the body, while the people on the surface bear but fifteen pounds to the square inch. A feeling of exhilaration, amounting almost to intoxication, is produced at times. A cigar in this atmosphere burns out with the rapidity of a cigarette.—Kansas City Journal.

If a person who has a little trouble is not very careful, he is in danger of becoming a professional snort.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

Now all will be well if only Venezuela can be kept from trying to annex the United States.

A war with Japan would have one advantage—the Chinese would probably run away at the first shot.

That Chicago man who in his will left \$1,700 to a favorite dog could not have befriended a more constant and unselfish friend.

That Paris physician who claims that he "can prove love is a disease" may base his conclusion on the fact that court-plaster is used so often in hospitals.

At length the Langtry has been granted a divorce. Let us hope that this is not preliminary to a new appearance in public life on the part of this woman.

Kansas City has decided that female prisoners henceforth "shall break stone the same as men." Probably they could break men much more easily, however.

A character which combines the love of enjoyment with the love of duty and the ability to perform it is the one whose unfoldings give the greatest promise of perfection.

A California cook in a boarding-house mixed a little arsenic with his dough and the boarders kicked. If he had used more probably they never would have done so again.

A former resident of Philadelphia has revisited that town after a continuous absence of forty-four years. Some of the boys he used to know may be a trifle older, but he will notice few other changes.

Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day is only ours. We are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to the morrow.

After all it isn't so very remarkable that a Chicago man who recently failed for \$1,000,000 should have "kept all his accounts in his head." His creditors are now seeing dividends "in their minds."

A society has been formed in New York which wants "every person of un-sound mind" electrocuted by the State. There is some satisfaction in the thought that under such a dispensation that society would have to go first.

The Dallas News says: "Chicago will not permit women to wear masculine attire within the city limits. An anxious public would like to know just where Chicago draws the line." The line is drawn at the city limits, of course.

The Buffalo Courier says that only one-sixth of the people of Chicago ride bicycles, and adds: "The legs of the other five-sixths are so crooked that they couldn't ride a jinkishia. That isn't Chicago's understanding of the situation at all."

A correspondent writes to the London Mail to suggest that England should rectify her frontier line so as to include Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire and part of New York in Canada. If England ever attempts that Uncle Sam will "rectify" that northern boundary by removing it north of Hudson's Bay.

It is to the interest of every man to better himself or his condition when he can do so honestly. This is what to a certain extent we are all aiming to accomplish; but we shall not be able to reach this if, instead of earnest faithful work, we devote our energies to seeking out and obtaining easy positions.

No one can be too loving, or sympathetic, or tender, or generous. All these gracious impulses are to be rejoiced in and cherished. They constitute the grace and beauty of character, and are the very well-springs of human happiness. It is only when they lack the guiding hand of reason to direct them into safe channels that their natural and good results are changed into harmful ones.

Not content with trying to put a stop to the use of base-half English in the daily press, the New York Times now wishes to prohibit by law the publishing of "east side dialect stories." But why the distinction? Why not prohibit west side dialect stories, for the west side has a dialect as well as the east? Then there is a Brooklyn dialect, and a Harlem dialect, and the patois of Westchester County, and the counter of New Jersey speaks a gibberish unintelligible to the rest of the civilized world. Why discriminate against the east side alone?

It is estimated that 5,400,000 members of secret societies in the United States spend for regalia, plumes, banners and unnecessary traveling expenses not less than \$250,000,000 annually. Reversing the order of the lower creation, in which the male peacock, the male lion, the male barnyard fowl and the male generally is most gorgeously adorned, we see men walking in dull black or gray, while women strut alongside in all the colors of the rainbow, arrayed as not even Solomon

of old was arrayed. Only in the lodge-room can man gratify his natural love of finery. Only there can he manifest the atavism which is in him, a latent memory of prehistoric days when the males of the race still wore the fine feathers, while the females were but beasts of burden.

Pittsburg Dispatch: A man who drives a horse at full gallop into a street crowded with bicycles or other vehicles is a fool and a hoodlum in possession of one means of exhibiting himself. A man who screeches a bicycle through a street equally crowded, or over crossings thronged with pedestrians, is exactly the same kind of fool and hoodlum, mounted on another kind of vehicle. Both should be sternly suppressed by exemplary punishment. It happens to be the misfortune of the new vehicle that the bicycling idiot is most numerous at present, and owing, perhaps, to his greater facilities for getting away has not been suppressed.

General Philippe Regis de Trobriand, retired general of the United States army, whose death occurred at Bayport, L. I., was a native of France, where he was born eighty-one years ago, coming to America in his youth. He became prominent early in our civil war, entering the service as colonel of the Fifty-fifth New York Infantry in December, 1862, later being transferred to the Thirty-eighth, Jan. 5, 1864, he was made Brigadier General of Volunteers, and on April 9, 1865, Brevet Major General for meritorious services during the campaign ending with the surrender of General R. E. Lee. In July of 1866 he was appointed colonel in the regular army and was assigned to the Thirty-first Infantry. On March 2, 1867, he received the rank of Brevet Brigadier General for gallant services during the war, and the next year was transferred to the Thirteenth Infantry. He retired from the service in 1873.

As we ought to be more frugal of our time than our money, one being infinitely more valuable than the other, so ought we to be particularly watchful of opportunities. There are times and seasons proper for every purpose of life; and a very material part of prudence it is to judge rightly of them. If you have, for example, a favor to ask of a phlegmatic, gloomy man, take him if you can over his bottle. If you want to deal with a covetous man by no means propose your business after he has been paying away money, but rather after he has been receiving. If you know a person for whose interest you have occasion, who is unhappy in his family, put yourself in his way abroad, rather than wait on him at his own house. A statesman will not be likely to give you a favorable audience immediately after meeting with a disappointment in any of his schemes. There are even many people who are always sour and ill-humored from their rising till they have dined. As in persons, so in things, opportunity is of the utmost consequence.

Dispatches from London bring the sad intelligence of the death of Jean Ingelow the poet. She was born in Ipswich in 1830. Though her poems now have become old-fashioned she made an instant and widespread reputation when they first appeared, and for a long time she was classed with Tennyson and Longfellow and even compared with Mrs. Browning, who, however, occupies a much higher plane of thought and feeling. Nearly all her work took the romance or ballad form, and as her poems were exquisitely musical she achieved great popularity both in England and in this country, although the world now has mostly forgotten her. Still, in such poems as "Songs of Seven," with its fascinating rhythm, the "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," "O Fair Dove, O Fond Dove," there are an elevation, high sentimentality, and charm of metre with many. Her success in poetry was all the more remarkable considering that her first book of poems did not appear until after she was 33 years of age. At a later period she attempted novel writing and produced among others "Off the Skelligs," "Fated to Be Free," "Don John," and "Sarah de Berninger," which had but a short-lived popularity, however. They are now almost entirely forgotten. Miss Ingelow never married, but lived an ideal life with a bachelor brother among trees, birds, and flowers at Kensington, of which she was passionately fond.

HERONS.

Hérons lay three or four bluish-green eggs, on which they sit for about twenty-eight days. The male bird takes part in incubation. He may sometimes be seen winging his way homeward, and taking up his position on a bough near the nest. Then the sitting bird will rise slowly, and, spreading her wings, speed away to the feeding ground, while her mate takes her place and keeps the eggs warm till she returns. Both parents take part in feeding the young birds. This is no light task, for the nestlings have an appetite that is not easily satisfied. There are often amusing struggles among them for the possession of a prize—a fish frequently passing from bill to bill, till one bird stronger, or perhaps only luckier, than his fellows succeeds in swallowing it before it can be snatched away.

WASTED POWDER.

"I wonder," said the man of a statistical turn, "I wonder how much powder is destroyed daily in useless salutes?"

"There must be a lot," said the frivolous girl. "But I suppose women will go on kissing one another just the same."

At this season of the year, we always make a resolution to be braver in facing the cold weather next winter.

"LEAVE TO PRINT."

Speeches in the Congressional Record Which Were Never Delivered.

The greater part of the contents of the Congressional Record these days, says the New York Sun, is composed of belated revisions of remarks made in the House while the Dingley tariff bill was under discussion, or post-mortem observations on the general subject of the bill, which are printed by authority of the House contained in the special order adopted for regulating the consideration of the measure in the House. It provided that for twenty days subsequent to the final vote on the passage of the bill members might print in the Record extensions of remarks made in the debate, or, if they so desired, speeches, no part of which had been delivered. This practice of granting "leave to print" has come down to the present from the mists of antiquity, as it were, and no one knows its origin. It is and has been grossly abused, and at times has been the occasion of animated discussions in the House as to the right of a member to insert remarks he never made in the House.

Representative Wheeler of Alabama holds the record for expansion, under "leave to print." Getting the floor for a single minute on one occasion, members were astonished to see in the Record the next morning that in that minute he had delivered himself of about four pages of the Record, a space which ordinarily covers an hour to an hour and a half of the proceedings. Dr. Hunter, a member from Illinois, whose speech on the tariff bill appeared recently, seems likely to give the general Alabamian a close brush for first place. His post-mortem effort covers twenty-five pages of the Record, and is believed to be an unequalled performance in its line.

The withholding of speeches for revision, a practice also sanctioned by hoary-headed precedent, is subject to criticism. There is apparently no rule regulating the matter, and the consequence is that the Record occasionally falls to fully record the proceedings. A member on one occasion made a speech, the newspaper report of which formed the basis of an attack by his opponent in the next campaign. The Congressman denied having uttered the remarks attributed to him, and appealed to the Record to sustain him. The challenge was eagerly accepted by his rival, who, not being up to all the tricks of Congressmen, was covered with confusion at his failure to find the alleged speech. The member had simply "withheld his remarks for revision," and then calmly pocketed them.

In the old days of the Congressional Globe the reporters of debates were the victims of this practice. Among the traditions at the Capitol is one in which the late Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks, at one time Speaker, was the chief actor. The story goes that at one stage of his career Mr. Banks was a pupil of a teacher of elocution in Washington, and he sought every opportunity on the floor of the House to practice the art. Many of these speeches, evidently, he did not care to enshrine for posterity in the enduring record of the House proceedings. After having concluded he would ask the reporter to withhold the manuscript from the printer and give it to him for revision. These speeches, it is related, he never returned, and subsequently a chestful or two were found in his room. In those days the Globe reporters were paid \$4 a column for their work as it appeared in print, and it cost them about \$1 of this to transcribe their notes. So it may easily be imagined that that part of the tradition is true which avers that whenever Mr. Banks rose to speak a groan traversed the reporters' bench.

DUAL SOUTHERN CITY.

"My residence in Texarkana is on the Arkansas side of the town," said B. M. Foreman, recently appointed postmaster of that city, in conversation the other day. "The line that separates Texas from Arkansas runs through the middle of the town, and the total population, approximately 15,000, is about evenly divided by the boundary mark. There are two mayors, of course, and two distinct city governments, but the dual situation works without the least hitch or friction. If a man on the Texas side breaks a State law and crosses over on Arkansas soil, he is arrested by the officers there and held until a requisition can be had from the State authorities, and vice versa. In the great majority of cases the man arrested will go back without troubling the officers to get a requisition. Our city is in a thriving condition and does an immense lumber business. In Texarkana and its neighborhood are some of the largest sawmills in the country. The construction of the Port Arthur road—the line from Kansas City to the gulf—has been of immense benefit to us."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE LION GETS LOOSE.

In the early part of this century Kaid Maimon, a governor of Tangier, was taking a journey thither, carrying a large lion in a cage borne by four mules as a present from the Sultan to the King of Portugal. One evening, after the tents had been pitched and Kaid Maimon was resting on a divan in his pavilion, he heard a neighing of horses, and then a trampling and stampede of the animals tethered outside. He clapped his hands to summon the attendants, but for a few moments no one came. Then appeared his prisoner, the lion, glaring fiercely as he approached.

Kaid Maimon was a very courageous man, and while the lion was advancing there was time to think of many things. It was of no use to draw his sword; and moreover, if he should succeed in killing the lion, the Sultan would probably cut off his own head in return. So he sat perfectly still, and addressed the creature by the name which had been given him.

He Escaped.

A bishop of the Methodist Church was preaching a sermon on the vanity of dress, and incidentally alluded to people who wore velvet and gold ornaments.

After the sermon a distinguished member of his congregation approached him and said: "Now, bishop, I know you were striking at me, for I have a velvet vest and a heavy watch chain."

The bishop smiled, passed his hand over the vest, touched the chain, and then said, with a merry twinkle in his eye: "No, really, Brother B., for the way you wear is only a cotton velvet, and I can half persuade that your watch chain is brass."—Atlanta Constitution.

Responsible for It.

Cook cracks our chins, chips our glass, And I will bet a dime She is the proudest who made The fazzous sick of Tenn.—Fack.

"You are a brave fellow, Maimon," said he, "to leave your cage and take a walk this fine evening. O judicious and well-behaved lion, you do well to enjoy yourself! For the creature, pleased with the Kaid's voice, had begun to roll upon the carpet. 'O bravest and most trustworthy!'"

And now the lion had risen, rubbed himself catlike against his host, and lain down with his head upon the Kaid's knee.

Brave though he was, the Kaid shuddered, and the perspiration of fear broke out upon him. Not a sound was to be heard in the camp, save the terrified neigh of a horse which had not been able to escape with the others, and which still scented the lion.

Maimon woke, stretched himself, and put out his long, terrible claws. He stalked toward the door, lashing his tail. At its first movement the Kaid's turban was knocked off, and in replacing it he muttered to himself:

"I hope this visit is coming to an end! May it be the last of the kind I shall ever receive!"

The horse, meantime, had succeeded in galloping away, and the lion broke at once into pursuit. He overtook his victim in two bounds, and laid him low with lacerated sides and bleeding throat. While he was thus engaged, the Kaid escaped from the back of his tent and managed to summon his men, who, half a mile away, were huddled together with the horses and mules.

"The first man who runs away again," said he, "I will bastinado till the breath is out of his body!"

And no one attempted to run. For though remaining might mean death, the bastinado was a horrible certainty. So they waited until the lion had gorged himself into sleepiness, and then cautiously recaptured him.



Mrs. Berghot Ibsen, daughter of Bjornson, and daughter-in-law of Henrik Ibsen, made her public debut as a vocalist at Christiania.

Harper & Bros. will henceforth have a London branch. It has been established by absorbing the business of the London firm of Osgood, McVilaine & Co.

The Lippincott Company has secured the American rights of Dr. Conan Doyle's new story now running in the Strand magazine entitled "The Tragedy of the Korwako."

James Lane Allen's "The Choir Invisible" has been published in England. It is everywhere received with favor. The London Bookman supplements its review of the book with a sketch and portrait of the author.

H. G. Wells is engaged on a scientific romance which he hopes to finish by the end of the year. The theme of the book is, of course, at present a secret, but we are promised something that will eclipse his previous achievements in the world of wonders.

Dr. Moncreu D. Conway has left England to reside permanently in New York with his family. Probably no man is better known in literary circles on both sides of the Atlantic than Dr. Conway, who has numbered among his friends such men as Carlyle, Rossetti, Emerson, Whitman, and Tennyson.

Frank A. Munsey, the proprietor and editor of Munsey's Magazine, has been arranging for some new serials in England, and has secured a novel from Max Pemberton for next year. The London Bookman devotes a page to Mr. Munsey and his enterprises, stating that he is a bachelor of 42, and that his business is more profitable than that of many of the great limited liability companies of England. Munsey's Magazine claims a circulation of 700,000 copies, which is much the largest in the United States or anywhere else. Mr. Munsey also publishes the Puritan, a paper for feminine readers, and the Argo, both of which have a wide vogue. One of the objects of his English visit is to establish a London edition of Munsey's.

The first authentic and complete edition of Sheridan's plays is preparing for publication by Fraser Rae, who has the advantage, which he enjoyed while writing Sheridan's "Biography," of examining and making unrestricted use of the manuscripts preserved at Frampton Court. Not a single play in the current editions of them is in Sheridan's own words; some of the best sayings of Mrs. Malaprop and Mr. Lucius O'Trigger have been mutilated or suppressed; the songs in "The Duenna"—of which Coleridge and Halliwell admired the sweetness—have been altered for the worse; while that English classic "The School for Scandal," as Sheridan wrote it, will be accessible for the first time in this edition.

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