

An unbridled tongue goes with an unburdened brain.

A principle hung up on the wall may be worse than none at all.

If Arizona aspires to statehood it ought to raise less cactus and more citizens.

It is not sympathy the sons of rich men need so much as it is a reduction of allowance.

Columbia has reduced its army from 11,000 to 5,000. Probably the privates were all discharged.

Kissing is a custom unknown in Japan, and yet there are people who say that Japan is the next thing to a Christian nation.

Wooloomooloo Bay, Australia, is the scene of a recent athletic triumph. Paraphrasing an historic saying, what a name for to yell!

The preachers urge us not to put our trust in riches, and the Supreme Court supplements that by advising us not to put our riches in trusts.

President Roosevelt has given the Indians to understand that they must work for a living. If this is the case what's the use being an Indian, anyway?

Bunnu-Varilla says the building of the canal will take seven years; but Uncle Sam and Jean Crapaud are somewhat different when it comes to doing business.

In Grajevo, Russia, the whole Jewish community crowded the synagogue on a recent Saturday to pray for the success of Russia in the war with Japan. Surely that was "heaping coals of fire."

The 10-year-old boy of a Harvard professor has made such progress in science that he is ready to enter college. But think of the boyhood he has missed and which he can never have now!

A correspondent wants to know the origin of the saying, "Cheer up; the worst is yet to come." We are not certain, but believe it was first used as a motto by the editors of the comic supplements of the Sunday papers.

Taking an inventory of ourselves once in a while is a great aid to advancement. Stop and add yourself up at the close of the day and see if you have anything to carry over. If you have nothing but ciphers to carry over something is wrong somewhere.

The State chemist of Nebraska became suddenly and surprisingly curious about the quality of the strawberry jam that was being sold in that State. In fact, the scoundrel analyzed it. He says that he found it was made chiefly of pumpkin, colored with coal-tar dyes, preserved with benzoin and "seeded" with grass seed.

Much had temper arises like that which the humorist of the Chicago Journal makes a man describe to a friend who commented on his wife's ill humor. "In the first place," said the husband, "she got angry at the servant-girl, then she got angry at me because I didn't get angry at the servant-girl, and now she is angry at herself because I got angry at her because she got angry at the servant-girl."

It cost France over \$2,000,000 a day to keep an army of 600,000 men in the field against the Germans. The Austrian economist, Shaffle, eight years ago declared that a war involving the continental powers of Europe would cost France over \$5,000,000 a day; Russia, \$5,000,000; Germany, \$5,000,000; and Austria, \$6,000,000. The figures would probably be larger to-day, and if made to include Great Britain, the United States and China the expenditure for waste, destruction and death would aggregate nearly \$40,000,000 every twenty-four hours, or more than a million and a half an hour.

The efforts of the managers of the glorified New York boarding-houses, otherwise known as apartment hotels, to make their establishments seem like home are pathetic, because they show that the home instinct survives even in adverse circumstances. One of these men has lately announced that he will mark with their initials or monogram the silver, glassware and other dishes used by all those who engage quarters for a month or more, so that they may not only have their own dishes, but that it may seem as if they were dining at their own table. But for all that, a dinner of herbs in one's own home is better than stilled ex in any boarding-house, however gorgeously adorned.

"Certain sure" knowledge is hard to come by in this world. Even the exact science of mathematics loses its positive character as it enters the higher regions, and acknowledges some of its results as but approximate. But women are still reluctant to say, "I don't know," or even "I don't know positively." They outgrow slowly the child's feeling that confessed ignorance is confessed failure—instead of a passport into a larger region of knowledge. The timid intuition which is woman's most valuable endowment, and

which is far above ordinary reasoning processes in the realm of personal and spiritual conditions, plays queer tricks when it is applied to practical affairs of every-day life. "Where is your husband, Mrs. Johnson?" asked a friend. "If the ice is as thick as he thinks it is, he is skating; if it is as thin as I know it is, he is swimming," replied the logical lady. The coming woman must learn the limited value of the verb "to know," and must appreciate that its worth is often enhanced by the useful negative. Knowledge, positive and accurate, is desirable; but "the honorable points of ignorance" are also not to be despised, and wise men, from Shakespeare to Josh Billings, have told us, each in his own way, that it is "better not to know so many things than to know so many things that ain't so!"

Martha Washington could not have asked her husband to stop at the store on his way home and get six spools of sewing cotton for her, as there was no sewing cotton made in the days of the Revolution. It was another and later war that brought about the revolution in the manufacture of thread. How it happened was recently described at a political meeting in Paisley, Scotland, by Mr. Clark, former provost of the town. He said that when Napoleon occupied north Germany in 1803, the supply of silk from Hamburg, which was used in making heddies, or the loom harness in Paisley, was cut off. Unless some substitute could be found, Paisley's weaving industry would be ruined. Peter Clark experimented with cotton warp yarn, and succeeded in making thread like the six-cord sewing thread used to-day. It took the place of silk in the heddies, and the weaving business went on, uninterrupted by the war. Then it occurred to another man to use the cotton thread in place of linen for sewing, and he recommended it to the women of the town. It was so much smoother than the linen that the women liked it. The thread was sold in hanks and wound by the purchaser into little balls, but the merchant soon decided to wind the hank on a bobbin or spool for his customers as an added inducement to purchase it instead of the linen. From this beginning the cotton-thread trade has grown, and now silk and linen are used only for special work.

In a recent discussion of public schools in the United States and their relation to religion, a clergyman said, "We are bringing up all over this land a lusty set of young pagans, who, sooner or later, they or their children, will make havoc of our institutions." It is a broad statement. If it is true the fact is of the greatest importance, for the public schools surely fail to justify themselves if they do not build character as well as impart knowledge. The charge was made as an argument in favor of the introduction of distinctly religious instruction in the public schools. But is it true? The Outlook of New York City has attempted to answer the question, not arbitrarily, but by asking the opinion of nineteen college presidents, the heads of institutions of learning in the North and in the South, the East and the West. Their replies are based upon a study of the students in their own colleges, part graduates of public schools, part graduates of private or sectarian schools where religion is taught. Not one of the nineteen college presidents finds that the moral influence of the public school is inferior to that of the best private schools. All say, on the contrary, that the public school pupils enter life with a high moral conception and as much religion as their companions from the private schools; but several of the presidents do notice a decided difference between the product of different public schools and different private schools—a difference which is always traceable to the character and personal influence of the teacher. The result of the interesting inquiry is a splendid tribute to the public schools. The popular faith in them is not without justification. But two other conclusions should not be overlooked; the tremendous influence of good teachers, that is, teachers of strong and beautiful personal character, and the influence, in morals and religion, of the home. If there are no religious influences in the home, nothing which the schools can teach will supply the lack; and if there is religion there, the pupils in the public schools will do very well without special religious instruction.

As He Sees It. "The paper bag, the kind the grocer uses, you know, is the best barometer for registering the rise and fall of general prosperity," said the city sales man the other morning. "I have been selling paper bags for twenty-six years, and I can refer to my old order books and tell you just about how much money there was in general circulation at any time since I have been totting that old paper case about the city. "In twenty-six years I have closely watched the sales, and I want to say that I am selling bigger paper bags to grocers now than ever before. Along about 1864, and for three or four years afterward, one pound and two pound sizes were the most used. I now sell ten times as many eight-pound bags as I did even six or seven years ago. "You see, it stands to reason that when people have little money they will buy their groceries in small amounts. When there is plenty of money people buy more at a time. Of course, when the larger paper bags are sold it means that I won't sell so many of them, for people don't trot to the groceries so often. "A man is never satisfied until he at tends his own funeral.



Some one once made the bright remark, very often quoted: "Let me make the songs of a people and I care not who makes their laws."

That man, whoever he was, must have been a very presumptuous person, if he fancied that he could make the songs of a people—of any people. Because national airs, popular patriotic songs, are never made to order. They grow out of the stress of great public enthusiasm, out of stirring events and large crises. They are born of inspiration; they must have not only the genius of the poet and the musical composer behind them, but there must be excitement and enthusiasm "in the air" to stimulate their efforts.

The occasion that prompted the composition of both the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Hail Columbia" are proof of this assertion. The former fitted to a new air, and the latter to an old one, were both born in exciting days of the republic; one, while the author was actually prisoner on a British frigate bombarding Fort Mifflin during the war of 1812; the other some years before, when this then small country was largely stirred up over the question as to whether she could proffer her allegiance to France in her gathering European war.

In a musical way, these were the airs that made the stock in trade of the Union at the beginning of the war. I must utterly cast out of the account the frivolous and empty "Yankee Doodle." It was often played by military bands during the conflict, but there was never any enthusiasm in it; it never excited anything but mirth. It was and is now merely respectable from age; there is certainly nothing in it to recommend it to any people.

But the splendid measures and cadences of the air, as well as the lofty patriotism of the words of the "Star Spangled Banner" seized firm hold of the Union people in the spring of 1861, and have never lost their grip to this day. Before the firing on Fort Sumter this air was not well known to the American people. It had rarely been played and sung in public; thousands of grown people at the North had never heard it before the national uprising. Then it was heard everywhere. It was sung and played at all war meetings, and upon the departure of all Union regiments for the front. It speedily came to be, as it is now, the American national air. Some others were resurrected at that time and obtained a certain popularity, which they still keep, as "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and the solemn and dirge-like "America," but the hold of the "Star Spangled Banner" upon the people who love the Union has never yielded to any other air.

Later in the conflict came the stirring "Rally Round the Flag," which became an instant and general favorite, both in the army and at home. Altogether, probably, no national air was more played and sung wherever the Union cause was dominant than this.

I am speaking now of the music of patriotism, not that of sentiment. The list of the former kind is not large; many attempts were made in this direction, but few succeeded. It is, in fact, so hard to make a patriotic air, with words to match! There was, however, one other notable success in this line, which still holds its place in the hearts of the people, and is likely to do so. I have read some printed controversies as to who wrote the words and the music of the glorious martial hymn, "John Brown's Body," and I cannot, as nobody else can, tell to-day who wrote them. I am inclined to think, like Topsy, they "grewed." Mrs. Julia Ward Howe wrote a re-sounding poem to the air, which was never sung at all—certainly not by the soldiers; but the trivial words of the original song, beginning: "John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave," with its endless repetitions, were caught up and sung by those at home and those in the field alike; and the stanzas were so added to and amplified, to suit every incident of camp life, that the original was quite lost. The air was grand, was inspiring, and when played in correct time by a full band it was calculated to stir the soul of the dullest soldier of the Union. But the way the soldiers parodied the words was shocking, while it was laughable.

Turning to the Confederate side, I wish to make some corrections as to present popular notions about their war tunes which will be corroborated by thousands of veterans of the gray still living. It is supposed by people who are now reading up on the war that the words and tune of "Dixie" were offshoots of the war spirit, and were never heard before the day of Fort Sumter and Major Anderson. On the contrary, the precise air and words, as they are sung and played now, had been known for several years prior to 1861. I cannot undertake to say how many. But I well remember bearing them sung by a minstrel

troupe, and also by a lady at a piano in the summer of 1858; and I recall the curious discussions arising over the word "Dixie"—what it could possibly mean.

When the war came this song was ardently seized upon by the Southern people. Like the words of "John Brown's Body," the words of this were mere doggerel, containing hardly an idea, but there was a "taking" quality in the air, and it was heard all over the South, as well as in some places not in the South.

The "Bonnie Blue Flag" may have been known below Mason and Dixon's line before the outbreak of hostilities; it was never heard of at the North until after hostilities were well begun. Its wild, exciting strains made it a popular favorite all over the South, though there was little in the words to excite enthusiasm. I remember hearing it sung by girls at the piano in the summer of 1863 so far up as the Atchafalaya country in Louisiana that it took three weeks to get news from the Army of the Potomac to us.

The tune of "Maryland, My Maryland," is an adaptation of an old college air; slow, stately, yet made very impressive to Southern people during the first year of the war. The words of this song, though intensely bitter, had a real poetical quality about them; both words and music appealed strongly to undecided Marylanders, and I have no doubt influenced many of them to join the Confederacy.

It is beyond doubt that the music I have named had a large influence on the opinions and acts of the combatants. Why should it not? That influence is part of the story of the war, very little told. It is true, but a decided one for all that. And now that the conflict is over, and all its bitterness is, or ought to be, past with it, what more agreeable to the veterans of both sides than to hear these airs played by all sections? The Union is paramount and supreme; but who would like to destroy or suppress any of the music growing out of the war? —American Tribune.

Stampeded Union Horses.

Old Fort Gibson, just across the Arkansas river from Muskogee, was a frontier post during the war, and around it cluster many quaint romances of Indian legend, romance and war, says the Ardmore (T. T.) Ardmore. While the fort was known as the charnel house of the frontier, because of the epidemics of cholera, smallpox and other diseases, it was also the scene of many deeds of daring. Of one of the latter, Rhoda Rees, a full-blood Cherokee, was the hero. Rees came of a family of fighters. His father was a soldier under General Jackson and fought with him at the battle of Horseshoe Bend, where the power of the Creeks was broken, and an uncle of the famous Stan Wailie, the leader of the Southern Cherokees in the war of the rebellion, which harassed the Union forces more than any other band.

He tells the following story of a daring exploit when the Federal troops were stationed at Fort Gibson. Old Fort Gibson, located on Garrison hill, overlooking Grand river, was always well guarded with men and guns, so that the Confederates never ventured an attack, although they fought and skirmished all around it. One fine day in the summer of 1863 the horses and mules belonging to the garrison, to the number of about 350, were quietly grazing in the valley about half a mile east of the fort, being attended by two or three herdsmen, who were reclining near by. It was after parade duty, and all was at rest at the garrison on the hill, when Stan Wailie and about 1,100 troops on horseback sneaked up the valley, coming in below, where new Fort Gibson is now located, and, with whoops, yells and warlike antics, surrounded the herd of animals, which they soon stampeded and started down the valley. Fire from the herders aroused the garrison, which fired the artillery to no purpose, for the horses were soon out of range and sight behind the hills and depressions, and all crossed the Arkansas river, near the bluff at the foot of Greenleaf mountain.

The horses were taken to Camp Jeff Davis, then located near where Bacon's College is now located, almost in plain sight of the fort on Garrison hill, and scarcely five miles distant, but there were no guns in those days that would shoot that far.

He Forgot Himself.

A veteran in a G. A. R. uniform was entertaining a crowd by relating his war experiences, says the Washington Post, but refrained from explaining how he got the bullet scar which marked his cheek. At last his hearers grew curious.

"Where did you receive the wound in your face?" asked one, at last.

"At Bull Run," said the veteran. The questioner grinned. "Bull Run?" he exclaimed. "How could you have been hit in the face at Bull Run?" "Well, sir," said the veteran, apologetically, "after I had run a mile and a half or two miles, I got careless, and looked back."

The beaver's dam is constructed in exact accordance with the best principles of engineering, and is always in width, both at top and bottom, exactly proportioned to the weight of water it is intended to support.

The Greeks were demons of fear. They were greatly revered by Greek women, for it was generally believed that they did not like to see a woman too beautiful and sometimes changed a beauty into a fright.

The infinitely little have a pride infinitely great.—Voltaire.

RAILROAD TO THE ARCTIC.

Land of the Midnight Sun Is Penned by Swedish Enterprise.

Americans can no longer claim the distinction of being the pioneers of railway enterprises that penetrate the trackless wastes of the world. A Swedish company has surpassed the rail way builders of all the rest of the world by constructing a line that reaches farther north than the whistle of the locomotive has ever been heard before. Some writers who speak of the White Pass and Yukon road, which runs from Skagway, Alaska, to White Horse, generally refer to it as the most northern railroad in the world. The Wild Goose road, which maintains a precarious existence throughout its entire five miles, inland from Cape Nome, being quite devoid of ballast or grading, frozen solid during the long winter months and thawed to death in the summer, is also referred to as the northernmost bit of track in existence. But there is a regular rail road in regular operation, quite well ordered in construction and equipment which lands passengers, freight and mail many miles nearer the north pole than do either the White Pass and Yukon or the Wild Goose lines, both of which terminate well south of the arctic circle.

At the head of the Gulf of Bothnia in northern Sweden, is the port of Lulea, a town of almost 5,000 inhabitants, distinguished as the southern terminus of a railroad which runs to a point fifty-two miles inside of the arctic circle. None is almost 200 miles south of this; White Horse over 450 miles. This Swedish railroad is a well kept, well-built line of the standard Swedish gauge, which is the same as our own, and it carried iron ore to the gulf from the mines at Malmberget i, Swedish Lapland.

From Lulea to Malmberget the distance by rail is about 160 miles, the line running slightly west of north through a country very sparsely inhabited, with almost continuous woods of light green, stunted evergreen trees, with their limbs slanting down instead of upward because of the long burden of snow they bear. Malmberget is far enough north so that it has the mid night sun in June, and even in August the sun just barely dips under the hills at 11 p. m., and then the crimson sunset travels through a short ellipse and becomes sunrise in the east at 5 in the morning, without losing a trace of its beauty in between.

There are two through trains daily in each direction between Lulea and the northern terminus at Gellivare and Malmberget and the running time is but far from seven hours, including stops. The trains are made up of second and third class cars, the second class being quite clean and comfortable and very exclusive, since travel as luxurious as this is seldom indulged in in Swedish Lapland. Besides the through traffic, there is some little local business between Lulea and the farming towns along the line, thirty or forty miles north. The country all along is pretty and green, and it is hard to realize in the summer time that the same parallel in which Malmberget is located, continued east and west, leaves Iceland and the Klondike to the southward and cuts across the White Sea 135 miles north of Archangel.

DIVORCE MILL IN CANADA.

Publicity of the Proceedings Is a Guarantee Against Any Fraud.

The divorce mill does not grind its grist so rapidly or so easily in Canada as it does in the United States. There are no star chamber proceedings wherein the details may be smothered, on the contrary, from the first to the last there is absolute publicity of all the matters which lead to the application for divorce. The notice of the applicant must be published for six months in two newspapers in the territory wherein the defendant resides, which notice must give the name of the applicant and the defendant and the ground upon which the application is based, and a like notice must be printed in the Canadian official newspaper.

The matter does not then go to a court, for no Canadian court has the power to annul a marriage tie. It goes to the Dominion Parliament. The Parliament has a committee known as the divorce committee, and to this committee the matter is referred, and before its nine members all the facts in relation to the case are brought. This committee has no set rules and the matter of precedent does not control its actions. It may admit such evidence as it sees fit, and may exclude such as, in its judgment, ought not to be admitted.

Before the matter is referred to this committee, however, it must undergo a first reading in the Senate, where the salient facts in the case are set forth. Then it goes to the committee and from the committee it is returned to the Senate. The Senate reviews the action of the committee, and that body passes on it in committee of the whole. If the action of the committee be confirmed by the Senate, the bill is then referred to the lower house of Parliament, which reviews both action of the Senate and the divorce committee. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Coincidence.

"What are you reading, Charley, dear?" asked young Mrs. Torkins.

"Why—er—I was looking up the racing news so as to see how a new betting system would work. What were you reading?"

"An article on how to live comfortably on a small income."—Washington Star.

Nothing makes a quarrelsome man so mad as the refusal of his wife to talk back.

NOT INSURED

Mrs. De Style—"Marie! Is the dog chained?" Servant—"Yes'm" "And the cat put out?" "Yes'm" "And the children tied to the bed-post in the nursery?" "Yes'm" "Very well Then you may light the piano lamp"

All Right Again.

Opal, Wyo., May 16.—After suffering terribly for four or five years, Mr. A. J. Kohner of this place has been completely restored to good health. His case and its cure is another proof of the wonderful work Dodd's Kidney Pills can do. Mr. Kohner says:

"For four or five years I have been a sufferer with kidney trouble and a pain over my kidneys. I thought I would give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial and I am glad I did so, for they have done me good work and I feel all right again."

Many cases are being reported every week in which Dodd's Kidney Pills have effected cures of the most serious cases.

These strong testimonials from earnest men and women are splendid tributes to the curative properties of Dodd's Kidney Pills and judging by these letters, there is no case of kidney trouble or backache that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure promptly and permanently.

A World-Wide Reputation.

Wherever men are there will be illness, and wherever people are ill, Dodd's Kidney Pills will be found a blessing. Soberly on their merits have they pushed their way into almost every part of the civilized world. Their reputation as an honest medicine that can always be relied on has been built up by the grateful praise of those who have been cured. The two following letters indicate just how the reputation of this remedy knows no geographical bounds. The sick and suffering all over the world are asking for Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dear Sirs—I have been suffering for some months from a kidney complaint. The doctor who attended me has recommended me to take your pills, "Dodd's Kidney Pills." After two boxes I got some relief. But unfortunately I have not been able to go on with the treatment, being unable to find any pills in Cairo.

The chemist who sold me the two boxes has informed me that he had sent an order for some, and has been keeping me waiting for more than one month. This is the reason why I am writing to you to request you to have the goodness to send me by return of post six boxes for which I will pay as soon as I receive them from the post. Kindly let me know at the same time where your branch agency in Egypt can be found.

Thanking you in anticipation,
MOHAMED RACHED,
"Immeubles Libres de l'Etat,"
Office of the Minister of Finance
CAIRO, EGYPT.

Dear Sirs—I want to purchase six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, but I don't know exactly where to apply, at Buffalo or London. I suppose they can be sent by express or registered mail from either place. Please advise me of how to proceed in order to get the pills without delay.

Yours truly,
J. P. SIMONSON,
Viborg, V. Mark,
DENMARK.

The Empire State Express is a feature of the New York Central and Hudson railroad exhibit in the Transportation Palace at the world's fair. The train consists of four cars, combination baggage and smoker, two day coaches and an observation car. It is the same train that made the record run from New York to Buffalo.

I am akrost lots ov humble and resigned partys in this world, only let them hay their way in all things

Could You Use Any Kind of a Sewing Machine at Any Price?

If there is any price so low, any offer so liberal that you would think of accepting on trial a new high grade, drop cabinet or upright Minnesota, Singer, Wheeler & Wilson, Standard, White or New Home Sewing Machine, cut out and return this notice, and you will receive by return mail, postpaid, free of cost, the handsome sewing machine catalogue ever published. It will name you prices on the Minnesota, Singer, Wheeler & Wilson, White, Standard and New Home sewing machines that will surprise you; we will make you a new and attractive proposition, a sewing machine offer that will astonish you.

If you can make any use of any sewing machine at any price. If any kind of an offer would interest you, don't fail to write us at once (be sure to cut out and return this special notice) and get our latest book, our latest offers, our new and most surprising proposition. Address SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago.



THE ORIGINAL WATERPROOF TOWER COOLED CLOTHING. Made in black or yellow for all kinds of wet work. On sale everywhere. Look for the Sign of the Fish and the name TOWER on the buttons. Price \$1.00 per dozen, \$2.00 per dozen, \$3.00 per dozen.