

SEPARATOR FOR ASHES.

It is a well-known fact that Amer- ican ash separators are not practiced where it very easily and advantage- ously could be. This is true not only of the rich, but of all classes, and a good illustration is the waste that is apparent everywhere, in the burning of coal. Look at the ash boxes on ash lay, and notice how few people sift their ashes. Not one out of every ten. A glance will suffice to show that nearly one-half of what are called ashes really contain a considerable amount of good coal. If the ash after shown in the illustration were used, there would not be this waste. The device is in the shape of a barrel, open at its lower end and adapted to sit tightly down on the floor. A band



SEPARATES COAL FROM CINDERS.

supporting a plate is secured inside, the plate being of metal and provided with perforations. Arranged above the plate is the crusher bar, which projects downward from the cover and is a number of fingers, which sift the ashes when they are put upon the screen, causing all but the larger pieces to fall through. The bigger pieces of coal can then be readily removed, and after allowing the contents to fall to the crusher the apparatus is again put in operation. The crusher bar breaks up the cinders into small pieces, which fall through the perforations in the plate, while the good coal, being harder, is not disturbed, but can be collected and used again. It is obvious that this device could also be used to advantage for separating other materials, particularly if it was desirable to separate gritty from smooth substances.

James Jackson of Chicago, Illinois, is the patentee.

Making Money.

'Why don't you make money?' my friends say to me, And I tell them I do not know how. Then they give me the laugh and the gentle 'Come off' And the slang 'What's eating you now?'

They say I could do it as easy as not If I worked like the fellows who do; That I've got as much sense as many they know Who have gathered a million or two.

They say it is easy enough to get rich If a fellow will only work hard, No matter whatever the field of his toil— In railways, finances or land.

They say I have brains and a good gift of gab And success in the making of friends; That I ought to make money and fame, for a man Is known by the money he spends.

They tell me these things with a confident air, And I'm sure they believe what they say, For they jeer when I tell them I cannot because The Lord didn't build me that way.

But it's true, just the same, and these friends wouldn't laugh, If I said that I couldn't write verse, Or do other stunts in the vocabulary of art, Where wealth isn't measured by purse.

The poet, the painter, the sculptor is He can't make himself otherwise, No matter how hard he may work nor how long He may struggle to win the fair prize.

And so with the genius who piles up his pile Unless he has millions to spare, Unless he is born with the spoon in his mouth, You can bet he will never get there. —Collier's Weekly.

Overcoming the Fight.

A Chinese woman of distinction, now in this country, was recently asked by a New York Tribune reporter to tell him what appeared to her to be the dominant American trait.

"Hopefulness" was the quick reply; "a cheerful perseverance, an industrious optimism."

"This trait certainly governed a young man whom I met the other night at a dinner party," the lady continued. "He was a medical student, and some one said to him:

"Don't you despair of ever building up a practice in medicine?"

"Indeed, no," he answered.

"But you will admit that the profession is already overcrowded?"

"Oh, perhaps it is," said the young man. And then, with a laugh, he added, "But I propose to graduate in medicine, just the same, and those who are already in the profession will have to take their chances."

It Shows Indication.

Towne—Some mean rascal passed a bad dollar bill on me today. Anybody who would do that is the lowest kind of a crook.

Brown—Yes, you're out a dollar, eh?

Towne—O, I guess not. I think I'll be able to pass it off on somebody else.—Philadelphia Press.

OLD FAVORITES

The Beautiful Snow. The snow, the beautiful snow! Filling the sky and earth below; Over the housetops, over the street, Over the heads of the people you meet. Dancing, flirting, skipping along, Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong; Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek, Lingering to lips in frolicsome freak. Beautiful snow from the heavens above Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

O, the snow, the beautiful snow! How the flakes gather and laugh as they go Whirling about in their maddening fun, It plays in its glee with every one— Chasing, laughing, hurrying by It lights on the face, and it sparkles the eye.

And playful dogs with a bark and a bound, Snap at the crystals that eddy around; The town is alive, and its heart in a glow To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How wildly the crowd goes swaying along, Hailing each other with humor and song; How the gay sleds like meteors flash by, Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye!

Ringed, swinging, dashing they go Over the crust of the beautiful snow— Snow so pure, when it falls from the sky, As to make one regret to see it lie. To be trampled and tracked by the thousand feet, Epi-it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell— Fell like the snowflakes from heaven to hell; Fell to be trampled as filth in the street; Fell to be soiled, to be spit on the beat; Fleeting, cursing, dreading to die; Selling my soul to whoever would buy; Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread; Hating the living and fearing the dead— Merciful God! Have I fallen so low? And yet I was once like the beautiful snow!

Once I was loved for my innocent grace, Flattered and sought for the charms of the face. Father, mother, sister, all, God and myself I have lost by my fall; The vilest wretch that goes shivering by Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too high; For all that is on or above me I know There's nothing as pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go! How strange it should be when night comes again, If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain! Fainting, freezing, dying alone, Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan To be heard in the streets of the crazy town, Some mad in the joy of the snow coming down; To be sent to die in my terrible woe, With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow; Sinner, despair not! Christ stooped low To rescue the soul that is lost in us sin, And raise it to life and enjoyment again; Groaning, bleeding, dying for thee, The Crucified hung on the accursed tree; His accents of mercy fell soft on thine ear; Is there mercy for me? Will he heed my prayer? O God, in the stream that for sinners did flow, Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

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Diaz was one of two in Oaxaca who dared openly to register a vote against the dictator. He paid the penalty of banishment, escaping narrowly with his life. He now tasted warfare in a guerrilla organization operating against Santa Ana, and within eight years had risen from a captaincy to commander-in-chief of the Mexican armies and to a place in the government second in importance only to President Juarez.

During that time he won many sensational victories and made a series of hairbreadth escapes. At the same time he evinced a remarkable talent for civil administration. In the midst of the stress and rigor of war he paused to establish girls' schools in Oaxaca, which are now the models for similar institutions all over the republic. At practically the same time he gave Mexico one of her national holidays by winning on the Cinco de Maya the battle of Puebla with raw Mexican levies pitted against armies trained in France.

In April, 1877, he was elected President and except for the Interregnum of Gonzalez from 1880 to 1884 he has been at the head of Mexico ever since. The chaotic country experienced its first peace in seventy years.

Corruption in public service was reformed, taxes were reduced and public improvements begun and prosecuted upon an elaborate scale. The country was cleared of bandits. Laws favorable to investments were passed and industrial development invited by the liberal spirit of granting concessions. Factories, libraries, telegraphs and scientific commissions were all fostered and have been brought to a high standard. The valley of Mexico has been drained. Education has been made free and equal to all.

Change in Mexico has progressed at such leaps and bounds as to be almost incredible and all has been wrought by the "Orphan of Oaxaca, the savior, unifier and father of the United States of Mexico."

TACTICS OF "LITTLE JAPS."

Russian View of the Enemy's Art of War. Yes, we were greatly mistaken when we called them "Little Japs." We have never before had to deal with such skillful opponents. They have included in their tactics all modern methods, strictly adapting them to their own national peculiarities. For instance, knowing the weakness of their cavalry, they never allow it to go out unsupported. There is always infantry behind it, and our cavalry often runs against it, not expecting its presence.

The Japanese reconnaissance is effected thus: A compact force of riflemen marches, sustained by screens, and patrols move about five versts ahead. At a distance of three versts the scouts are preceded by a number of Chinese. These last come to the Russian lines, examine the camp and make signals to the Japanese concerning the whereabouts of the cavalry patrols. As the country is mountainous, they advance at the rate of seven versts a day, intrenching and fortifying every step they take. Their path is an uninterrupted row of fortifications. Knowing the excitable, impressionable temper of their soldiers, they never pursue the enemy before settling down in good order upon the position occupied, because during a pursuit troops often become disarranged. Judging by their operations one could imagine they are the most phlegmatic and methodical people in the world—so strong is their military education and their knowledge of the art of war. They very reasonably avoid the bayonet. Their leading ranks run away to the right and left, opening the front for the fire of the succeeding lines. Running round these to the rear, they again form their ranks, thus taking the place of reserves.

If the troops uncovered are unable to stop our attack by fire they repeat the maneuver. What self-control, what discipline are required in order to do this, and what a consciousness of strength! When they are on the march it is all but impossible for them to meet with any surprises. In addition to the men detached for guard-duty around their positions by chains of scouts, who advance along the crests of the elevations. Movement under such conditions may be slow, but it is sure.—Ruskogre Slovo.

Story Told by Ezra Kendall. "I have had pleurisy," admitted Ezra Kendall the other day. "Once, just once, years ago, I was arrested. It was in a little Pennsylvania town which we sought to elevate. But it refused to be elevated. We rented the hall for \$20, and there was just \$12-30 gross in the house. The manager, or janitor, or sexton—I forget which—was a kindly looking old gentleman, and we had it all framed up to ask him to help us out of town. He came around after the show.

"Boys," he said, "you're shy on the rent. What are you going to do about it?"

"We explained the situation, and he seemed deeply touched. 'Well, boys, it's too bad,' he said. 'You just wait here 'bout twenty minutes.' About three-quarters of an hour later he came back.

"It's all right, boys," he exclaimed, "I've fixed it. You see I ain't got all the 'sax, and so I had to consult the trustees; it's all right. They'll trust you for the 60 cents."

If we should marry a thin sort of woman, and she should steadily increase in weight, we would leave her as soon as she reached two hundred and fifty pounds. That would be the limit.

A girl who looks good isn't necessarily good-looking.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Save Some Money.

A WRITER in one of the current magazines seems to think the people of this country are saving too much money. The bugbear of "living beyond your means" has kept many a man from knowledge of the latent qualities which might have made him great, says this publication. It has deprived families of all but the bare necessities of life and caused their members to experience hardship and want. All this because "the head of the house" has placed a low limit on the domestic expenditures and has also unconsciously restricted his earning capacity to a corresponding minimum.

Young men are warned by this magazine not to be too economical, lest they grow mean and low-spirited, presumably.

Is extravagance really so rare among us that it needs to be encouraged?

Which of two young men is the more likely to succeed—the fool who spends his entire weekly or monthly salary before he gets it or the young man who saves one-fourth of it and is able sooner or later to use his savings to take advantage of some first-class business opportunity?

Debt is bad enough when it has to be resorted to in order to utilize some chance or other in business, but to get into it for mere enjoyment of luxurious living is the ultimatum of folly. It destroys peace of mind, and instead of godding its victim on to heroic endeavors it often drives him into acts of shady morality.

After intemperance, extravagance is the greatest curse befalling the people of this country. The young are called upon to struggle against no greater foe.—Pittsburg Press.

Victims and Combatants.

WHEN the battle of the Sun-ho has passed with Waterloo and Leipzig, with Plevna and Sedan, it is safe to assume that its tale will be one of "stagger humanity." It is not only by the enormous extent of the casualties that we are horrified. These desperately gallant fellows who are watering Manchuria with their blood, and exhibiting to the admiring but shuddering eyes of the world the splendors and horrors of that vast argument of kings and peasants, that reversion to nature stripped of the trimmings of progress and civilization which is war—these poor fellows have at least the satisfaction of dying for a country and a cause and of doing a man's duty in a man's way. But there are others whose offerings are nearly as great who have no sentiment to buoy them up, and no satisfaction for being involved in the general ruin.

With our eyes fixed on the heroic combatants in a Titanic struggle, we lose sight of the deeply unfortunate people over whose country the armies have been marching and counter-marching. Victims in the beginning of the aggressive greed of Russia, they are now forced to pay for the



EVIDENCE OF THE HIDEOUS CARNAGE ON SOU-SHAN HILL.

One of the most desperately contended positions in the fighting before Liao-Yang was Sou-shan hill, and there many brave Japanese paid with their lives the penalty of their daring and courage. Writing of the horrors he witnessed, Bennett Burleigh, the noted London correspondent, says: "On the south front rose a conical hill, the whole south front of which was a steep green slope. It was thickly strewn with Japanese dead. In one cluster lay over 200 bodies. The trench upon the summit was filled with dead soldiers and in a small space there were strewn the bodies of a thousand men."

Describing the manner in which the Japanese dispose of their dead, Mr. Burleigh writes: "The dead were placed side by side in wide shallow pits. Wood and grain stalks were put under the bodies and a layer of mould was placed over all. Then fire was set to the stalks and the heat, acting as a brick kiln, incinerated the remains. Such are the Japanese funeral pyres which, like camp fires, light up the sky by night and send thick clouds of smoke up by day." The illustration, which so faithfully embodies Mr. Burleigh's description, is taken from the Illustrated London News.

KNELL OF THE YELL.

Vociferous Rooting of Collegians Believed to Be Doomed.

Although Harvard came in for much stinging ridicule when it protested against Princeton's vociferous "rooting," that protest has nevertheless been heeded, says the Kansas Independent. The college yell is about done for in American athletics; at least it will never again be the feature of every game that it was. A good thing at the outset, as a source of inspiration and cheer, it came to be an unmitigated nuisance, both to players and spectators.

England played a large part in bringing about this reform. The British are notably quiet at games, a "Well played!" or "Well done!" being the limit of their enthusiasm. When Yale and Harvard competed about last year their college yells fell quite flat and last week, when the American colleges won over Cambridge and Oxford, the yell was noticeably absent.

Speaking of the British lack of maudlin shrieks when witnessing any athletic sport, Tommy Ryan, middle-weight champion of the world, had a tale to tell when he returned to Kan-

helplessness of a government and nation which knew not how to oppose the illegitimate absorption of its land. Their crops are destroyed, their country is laid waste, their homes have been wiped out of existence, and they themselves, when they have not by a happier fate fallen victims to the shot or shell intended for an enemy, are left to perish of hunger and cold. No one has any time to spare for their affliction. They should not get in the way. But when history is written it must be that this picture of the desolated country, which has been made the theater of war, will stand out with a dramatic touch of horror from all the slaughter and the suffering that have caused the nations of the world to gasp.—St. James' Budget.

Penalties for Financial Crimes.

ONE of the commonest ways of giving fictitious value to stock, and of selling large quantities of worthless certificates, is by paying large dividends not out of the actual earnings of the company, but out of the money paid by stockholders for their stock. Stockholders and others, believing from these dividends that the company is actually prosperous and earning money, either increase their holdings or buy stock at high prices, only to find later that it is worthless. The penal code provides that the directors of a corporation who perpetrates this swindle are guilty simply of a misdemeanor. Equally serious is the action of directors in knowingly making and publishing false statements or reports as to the financial condition of the company of which they are trustees. Whitaker Wright (the great company promoter, who committed suicide after being sentenced to hard labor for issuing false balance sheets of the wrecked London and Globe finance corporation) was convicted in England under a statute substantially similar to this section of the penal code. He was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. Under this New York law the maximum penalty which he could have received would have been one year's imprisonment or a fine of \$500.

In dealing with offenses by criminals of previous good social standing we rarely look beyond the offender himself to consider the welfare of the community. If, for example, a man steals, and, after his indictment for the crime, his friends or relatives repay the amount of the theft, in America that is the end of the matter, and the offense committed against criminal law devolves as a protection for the public is entirely negligible. The greatest bank wrecker in American criminal history now lives undisturbed in New York. He never served a day in jail for a defalcation of \$6,000,000. The indictments against him were all dismissed a few years ago. He even seems to have returned to some sort of social position, and the society columns of the New York Times, commenting some time ago upon a reception at his New York home, alluded with becoming gravity to certain Canadian guests as friends whom their host and his family had made "during their long stay in Quebec."—Atlantic Monthly.

WAR'S APPALLING HORRORS.



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Our New England Foremothers made

not only pillows of cat-tails, but beds. They are soft and warm, and cost nothing but a few hours of labor. Yet many a country housewife, living neat as a lake or stream which is bordered by these stately reeds, sleeps on a hard, cold straw or husk mattress and uses pillows of hen's feathers.

Ideal pillows can be made of the silky down of milkweed. The gathering of this involves some labor, but children enjoy such work, and a pair of pillows fit for a king—light and airy as swansdown—may grace your guestroom.

Hope may also be used to fill pillows. They often prove beneficial in cases of insomnia. Poppy leaves tend to induce somnolence. Their odor must not be agreeable to some, but rose leaves could be mixed with them.—National Magazine.

If you lose your patience three times a day, waiting for your meals, cut one of them out. Two meals will do the average man, and he will feel better. The first time a bridegroom eats at a restaurant he has an "I-would-like-to-explain" look.