

Italy and Russia would do well to hang out a "Boy Wanted" sign.

Many a man with a good scheme lacks the required nerve to push it through.

In the meantime it may be confidently said that the Isthmian canal will be dug—when it is digged.

Lord Wolsey is now writing a Life of Napoleon. Sooner or later everybody seems to come to it.

Emperor William is making the mistake of his life if he thinks the socialists can be scolded out of business.

After reaching a ripe old age some men have nothing to do but sit around and nurse their frost-bitten aspirations.

Probably Cuba's uppishness is due to the belief that Uncle Sam has not the authority to administer a spanking.

If the czar is really under the spell of a hypnotist his condition is serious. Russian spells are fearful things—a glance at some of their names will show that.

A University of Michigan professor has discovered seven new poisons. This should put additional life into the growing infant industry of distributing candy by mail.

The City of Memphis is inclined to boast of its intelligence and good management. The football field is only fifty feet from the hospital and very convenient to the medical college.

A Russian duke, officer in a German regiment, has lost his place under the kaiser because he married a divorced woman. It would keep more than an emperor busy to try to adjust such matters here.

A New York insanity expert is now an inmate of an insane asylum. It would be interesting to know how long he has been deciding on the sanity of others while himself in a mentally abnormal condition.

It has been held by a Maine court that a husband cannot steal from his wife, or vice versa, because through marriage they become one—that is, a man cannot steal from himself. What would we do without the law?

More than eighteen million dollars' worth of gold was mined in Alaska last summer; yet when Alaska was bought for seven million dollars many good people said that it was worthless pile of ice. This is not the first time that ice has been turned into gold, as householders know when they receive the iceman's bill.

The name of Decatur is to reappear on the rolls of the United States navy, for the Annapolis examinations have recently been taken by a grandson of the old Commodore whose uncompromising patriotism made him propose the toast: "Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong!"

You need not go to Africa to find unexplored territory. There is a lot of it on this continent. An attaché of the Canadian Geological Survey discovered last summer a new river, three hundred miles long, emptying into Hudson Bay. He discovered several new lakes, also. Enough unexplored territory remains to make its exploration worth while for those ambitious seekers after new things who do not want to hazard a trip to the North pole.

There is no cure for conditions of depression in either organized labor or organized capital. Both depend on the markets and neither the one nor the other can command them. The real remedy for hard times, the enforced remedy for redundant labor, is in a reversal of the downward tide of population. As a last resort men must dig to live, and they must go back to the land to dig. The reviving movement for the occupation of the public lands in the West is a healthy one even where it takes the form of migration to the cheaper arable lands in Canada.

"O Frank, what a pity!" exclaimed Hawthorne to Pierce, on hearing of the election of his friend to the Presidency of the United States. Heartier congratulations have been accorded to Dr. Francisco Rodrigues Alves, who on November 15th, the birthday of the republic, was inaugurated President of the United States of Brazil. President Alves was born and educated in Brazil, served as president of his state under Dom Pedro II, and since the proclamation of the republic has filled offices of high responsibility. The republic of Brazil has been in existence only since 1889, but its government is the most stable in South America. Representatives of the other so-called republics to the south of us should visit Brazil, if only to see what thirteen years of peace and good order will do for a nation.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs says that from the founding of the government down to 1890 \$845,000,000 was spent in subsidizing and controlling the Indians and \$240,000,000 for the education and care of their children.

This is a large bill, though it is not to be compared with that for the Civil War. The Commissioner's figures do not give the full cost of the subjugation of the Indians. So that while men might occupy this continent in peace Indian wars began soon after colonies were founded in Virginia and New England, and were carried on at intervals during a century and a half of colonial existence. To find out what it really cost to get rid of the Indians it will be necessary to add to the expenditures of the national government those of the colonies and also those of the British government prior to the declaration of independence. Allowance must be made also for the fact that the purchasing power of money was greater two and a half centuries ago than it is now, and that an expenditure of \$1,000 in King Phillip's war meant much more than an expenditure of \$1,000 in a modern Indian war. From first to last the Indians have cost the whites a sum out of all proportion to their numbers. It has been no simple matter to make this country an abode for civilized men.

The surprising announcement is made that out of 500 graduates from Scotch colleges for women in recent years, only 9 per cent have married. This is claimed to be further evidence that education unfits women for marriage. It is contended that higher education is a dull process that for the most part produces dull women. This reasoning is bad, for two very manifest reasons. The woman who continues in a college until graduation generally does it because she is determined to make her own way in the world. The unmarried woman is not as a rule, the dull woman. The uneducated woman has no choice. She must marry or be without occupation that is congenial and supporting. Single, she is hopelessly at a disadvantage. But the woman with education is independent. Brain is sexless, and in the intellectual arena all have equal standing and opportunity. Many of the best living scientists, historians, literatures, physicians, teachers and leaders in social and moral reforms are women, and their sex is not counted against them. Unlike her less fortunate sister, who is without education, she is not forced to marry to secure support and maintain standing. She is free to marry or not, just as she chooses. If she remains single, it is not that she has no suitors, but from choice. Being in a position to choose, her opportunities for suitable marriage are infinitely greater than those of the uneducated woman, who has no alternative but to be chosen. And yet her field of choice is greatly narrowed down. The same spirit that has led her to higher education has given her the leaven of pride and ambition, and she could never be content to accept as husband a man who is merely rich or merely "good," or both. The man for her must be a man, indeed. One of the strongest woman instincts is that which requires her to look up to the man she loves. She must be able to recognize him as superior to herself, not morally, perhaps, but certainly physically and intellectually. This natural yearning is not weakened by education, but strengthened by it.

**FRAIL BUT PUGNACIOUS.**  
Ew Gen. Sigel Cowed a Big Fellow in New York City.  
A New York newspaper writer, who was an intimate friend of Gen. Franz Sigel, lately deceased, tells an anecdote which illustrates that little warrior's pugnacity and daring, says the Washington Post.  
"Broadway knew Sigel very well," says this scribe, "and Park Row knew him better.  
"The martial spirit was in Sigel to the very last, I fancy. It was there three years ago certainly. I had met the General walking slowly up Broadway about dinner time, and suggested dining at a certain well-known German restaurant on Forty-second street, near Broadway. He was agreeable. During the meal he told a few—just a few—war reminiscences, in that delightful dialect which lent to them a keen zest because you must need hear every word to understand the narrative. I chanced to recall that a revival of "Shenandoah" was being given at the American Theater, two blocks away.  
"Why not go?" I asked.  
"Yes," he explained, with enthusiasm, "we will go."  
"Had Brounson Howard been present to have seen the laughter, the tears, the anger, the joy of that little German soldier as the story of love and war was unfolded it might have inspired him to another drama equally worthy."  
"As we were leaving the theater, the little General, bubbling over with enthusiasm, a big, raw-boned man, half intoxicated, said:  
"All that rot about Phil Sheridan! He was a poltroon! A coward!"  
"Sigel heard him, and sprang immediately forward. Shaking his fists in the big man's face, he shouted:  
"Dumkopf! Schaafskopf! Komme heraus. Ich schlag dir den Kopf ab!"  
"But the big man did not accept the invitation! The fighting terrier of 74 years had cowed the St. Bernard!"  
"I rather guess that was Franz Sigel all through life!"

**Growth of Co-operation.**  
The turnover of 2,000 co-operative societies in Europe last year was \$400,000,000. In 1893 it amounted to only \$250,000,000. Co-operative stores are in successful operation in thirty-eight cities in California.  
Nothing seems to please a small boy more than an opportunity to run across the street in front of a trolley car.  
An elevator is at best a sort of hand-me-down affair.

**OLD FAVORITES**

The Old Sexton,  
Nigh to a grave that was newly made  
Learnt a sexton old on his earth worn  
spade.  
His work was done, and he paused to  
wait  
The funeral train at the open gate.  
A roll of hyacinth days was he,  
And his locks were gray as the foamy  
sea,  
And these words came from his lips so  
true  
"I gather them in, I gather them in,  
Gather, gather, I gather them in."  
"I gather them in, for man and boy,  
Year after year of grief and joy,  
I've builded the houses that lie around  
in every nook of this burial ground.  
Mother and daughter, father and son,  
Come to my solitude, one by one,  
But come they stranger or come they  
kin,  
I gather them in, I gather them in."  
"Many are with me, yet I'm alone:  
I'm king of the dead, and I make my  
throne  
On a monument slab of marble cold;  
My scepter of rule is the spade I hold.  
Come they from cottage or come they  
from hall,  
Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all!  
May they loiter in pleasure or toilsome  
spin,  
I gather them in, I gather them in."  
"I gather them in, and their final rest  
Is here, down here, in the earth's dark  
breast!"  
And the sexton ceased as the funeral  
train  
Wound nutely over that solemn plain,  
And I said to myself: "When time is  
old,  
A mightier voice than that sexton's old  
I'll be heard of—the last trump's dread-  
ful din—  
I gather them in, I gather them in,  
Gather, gather, gather them in."  
—Park Benjamin.

**Then You'll Remember Me.**  
When other lips and other hearts,  
Their tales of love shall tell,  
In language whose excess imparts  
The power they feel so well,  
There may perhaps in such a scene,  
Some recollection be,  
Of days that have as happy been,  
Then you'll remember me.  
When coldness or deceit shall slight,  
The beauty now they prize,  
And deem it but a faded light,  
That beams within your eyes,  
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,  
I'll break your own to see,  
In such a moment I but ask,  
That you'll remember me.

**OZONE MAKES WATER PURE.**  
Nature Has Provided a Means for Neutralizing Stagnant Pools.  
The German Imperial Health department has been making experiments recently with a view of determining the value of ozone as a purifying agent for stagnant water. The water tested was taken from the River Spree. The tank in which it was treated was 16.4 feet high by 10.764 square feet in section. A grating fixed a little above the floor of the tank was covered with a layer of pebbles about the size of hen's eggs. The water was sprayed through a rose on to this bed of pebbles, while below the grating on which the latter rested ozonized air was forced in under pressure. The down-flowing water thus came into very intimate contact with the upflowing current of air.  
On reaching the top of the bed this air was collected and sent back again to the ozonizer, passing through the coils of a refrigerator in which any moisture picked up on its passage through the pebbles was condensed and collected. The air was ozonized by spark discharges at 10,000 to 15,000 volts. From 1,412 to 1,765 cubic feet of air could be treated hourly, which were used to sterilize from 1,101 to 2,202 gallons of water. In general it was found that the treatment was more effective than sand filtration in destroying bacteria.  
Practically none of the ozone remains dissolved in the water as ozone, as it very quickly reverts to ordinary oxygen. Chemical tests showed that the process diminishes the oxygen absorption, and increases the amount of free oxygen present in the water; the color is improved, and there is no bad effect on the taste of the water. The cost of the process with a plant capable of treating 26,424 gallons per hour, inclusive of pumping and amortization, is reckoned at about 5 cents per 1,000 gallons, one-third of which represents the actual cost of the ozonizing.

**Rained Rats in Algiers.**  
News comes from Algiers of an extraordinary phenomenon which recently took place in the suburbs of Bougie, reports the Detroit News-Tribune. Soon after a cyclone passed over the town thousands of huge rats fell in a shower to the ground, to the horror of the Kabyles, who at sight of them fled in all directions, since they were convinced that the animals had come down from heaven. Many of the rats, in falling, became impaled on the large pointed stakes which act as pallsades in various parts of the town, but the majority reached the ground uninjured and lost no time in scurrying to the open country.

**Point of View.**  
Matilda—Isn't it too bad that flowers fade?  
Lovell—And Poor Youth—Yes, but it's a good thing for the florists.—New York Times.  
Many a man is considered a hopeless fool on account of his hopefulness, and a lot of unimportant happenings are postponed on account of the weather

**SHE DELIGHTED IN CRUELTY.**

Wise Lover Discovered Objectionable Trait in His Sweetheart.  
This incident occurred in Washington not very long ago:  
A young man was calling upon the girl to whom he was engaged. The couple were sitting on the front steps of the girl's home, an hour or so before the fall of darkness, when they noticed the cat attached to the household of the girl's family going down the steps leading to the basement area with a tiny field mouse in its mouth. That cat had caught the mouse in the vacant lot alongside the house.  
Dropping the tiny mouse over in a corner of the area the cat proceeded to torture the little animal after the accepted feline fashion.

She would permit the mouse to run away about a yard or so, pretending that she didn't know that there was a mouse within miles, and then she would jump out, nail the mouse with her foot and toss it back to the corner. Then she would pick the mouse up in both of her paws, throw it into the air, and when it came down and started to run, nail it again. The tiny mouse would squeeze itself into a corner and sit up and look at the cat pitifully, and then the cat would swipe it out of the corner with her paw and step on it, her eyes blazing ecstatically and her tail swishing. Some natural historians say that there is no animal so atrociously and gleefully cruel as the ordinary, purring, domesticated cat.  
"That mouse," said the young fellow to the girl to whom he was engaged, "is only a youngster yet. Strikes me he ought to have a chance for his white alley."  
"Oh, I don't know," said the girl, who, with her chin in her hands, was gazing and fascinatingly regarding the spectacle of the mouse being tortured by the cat.  
"Don't you think it horrible to see the poor little beggar getting the worst of it that way?" he asked the girl, with a slight note of surprise in his tone.  
She made no reply, but, still with her chin resting in her hands, gazed calmly at the cat tossing the diminutive mouse into the air and stepping on it and dabbing at it with her paws and picking it up in her mouth and throwing it down again.  
"Mice get into the house," said the girl, after awhile.  
"But that kind don't," said the young man, a bit earnestly. "That's a field mouse, and field mice don't bother anybody."  
The mouse was sitting up in the area corner, with its tiny forepaws folded in front in a very pleading attitude, while the cat gazed with expanding eyes at it before beginning to dab at it again.

"I'm going to give that mouse a run for its jaw marble," said the young man, getting up from the steps and starting down the area steps.  
"Let the cat alone," said the girl, quietly, but never removing her gaze from the sight of the tortured mouse.  
The young man stopped suddenly and looked up at the girl.  
"I want to give the mouse a chance to get away," he said. "Surely you don't find enjoyment in watching a poor little beast getting handled that way?"  
"You don't have to look at it if you don't want to," said the girl, with a certain hardness in her tone. "Let the cat alone."  
The young fellow gazed steadily at her for half a minute, but she didn't appear to notice this. She was too intent upon the deviltry of the cat.  
After twenty minutes of torturing its prey, in the course of which it broke the mouse's legs so that the tiny rodent could only hobble in its efforts to run away, the cat ate the mouse. The girl never took her eyes from the cat until the cat had finished its prey. Then she gave a sort of satisfied sigh as she emerged from her fascinated trance.  
"Well, the cat has had her supper," she said in a matter-of-fact tone to her fiancé.  
"Good-night," he said to her, and he tipped his hat to her and walked down the street without looking back.  
This happened two months ago, says the Washington Star. The young fellow hasn't called upon her since. There is going to be no marriage.

**Fin De Sizzle.**  
A fleshy young man, wearing a loud-checked suit and a pair of yellow patent leather shoes, stood outside a fashionable West End restaurant one evening recently, and talked volubly to two friends.  
"I think," he said, "that she's one of the prettiest young girls I ever saw. And she's so smart, and all that. There isn't a thing that girl don't know and can't do. She swims and rides and plays billiards and dances beautifully, and can do anything about the house that any other girl can do. I tell you, she's fin de sizzle."  
"What's that?" asked one of the friends.  
The fleshy young man hesitated for a moment.  
"She's fin de sizzle, I said."  
"You mean fin de sozzle, don't you?" asked one of the friends.  
"Yes," said the fleshy young man, evidently much relieved. "Fin de sozzle, that's it. I thought fin de sizzle didn't sound right all the time."

**America-Made Macaroni.**  
If all reports are true there does not seem to be any good reason for our not making our own macaroni and eating it, too. We are beginning to have the macaroni wheat in large quantities, and if the proprietors of macaroni manufacturing want Italian laborers to give their plant an Italian color, and their products an Italian flavor, they can easily secure them among those

settled here. Most of our cooks need to take a course in cooking macaroni, however, before we can have the perfect results of macaroni growing in this country demonstrated on our tables, and when this necessity is provided for we surely ought to be very proud of our new accomplishment. We can furnish a pretty fair cheese to go along with it, too.

**HOW DUMB BRUTES FIGHT.**

**Each Species Has Its Distinctive Methods of Defense Against Foes.**  
No living creature has been left in a defenseless condition by nature, yet few people in the world with the exception of those who make a study of animal life know exactly what they are. In the herbivorous animal the defense gift, as it might be called, is more prominent than in the flesh-eating species, because the latter are the relentless enemy of the former.

The giraffe, one of the most peculiarly built of the herbivorous animals, and one that is rapidly becoming extinct, will probably attract more attention than any other animal in the menagerie. This animal is a native of Sannaland, in Africa, and being thin-skinned, is supplied by nature with remarkably sharp hoofs, which he uses with great destructive force when attacked by lions or tigers. A giraffe has been known to virtually tear a lion into shreds.

The zebra also uses his hoofs, but in a different manner. Instead of striking he kicks. Zebras when pursued by carnivorous animals will gallop for a time. Suddenly they will stop, form a circle with their heads turned toward the center and kick viciously and in unison at their enemy. In the formation of the circle the weakest animals are placed in the center, and in consequence are afforded an additional protection.

The greatest kicker of the herbivorous class is the cassowary. Although he has but two legs and greatly resembles the Thanksgiving turkey, his legs easily do the work of four when put into active service. They are so thickly muscled and the bird uses them with such dexterity that he can break a tiger's back with one blow.

The eland, which is the largest of the antelope family, is furnished with a pair of spiral-like horns, the points of which are as sharp as freshly ground swords. With these horns the eland, while running in the country south of the Sahara desert, impales his many adversaries of the cat tribe and dashes them to death on the sun-baked ground.

The Russian white deer is devoid of horns and depends on razor-edged hoofs to protect his family and himself. Although very timid by nature, he becomes a perfect demon when aroused and fights as long as life remains. The llama also uses his hoofs in the event of an attack.

The oanger or gorka, known as the wild mule of India, fights like the zebra and protects the young and weak of his kind in the same manner. He is more timid than the zebra and does not possess near the pluck. The yak, from the highlands of the Thibet, butts and tramples on his enemy. He is a great fighter and usually hunts trouble with lions and tigers instead of endeavoring to avoid them. His coat of extra long coarse hair affords him considerable protection from their fangs and claws.

The hippopotamus is not a fighter, except among his own kind. He is a born sluggard and is a great glutton and is continually getting into trouble with his mates over the food supplies. If he fails to reach the water when pursued and his enemy should leap upon his back the hippopotamus trusts to his thick hide to prevent possible injury and endeavors to crush his adversary by rolling over on him. As a hippopotamus weighs from two tons up, one roll is usually sufficient to end the life of a lion, tiger or other animal of the species.

That great beast, the elephant, is supplied with an extraordinary thick skin for protection. That he will fight has been amply demonstrated in the jungles of Africa and India. His common enemy, the tiger, always leaps on him from the rear. It is then the elephant turns to fight and often he has been known to wrap his trunk about the body of a tiger and dash the cat to death against a tree.

**"Variety Is Charming."**  
A well-known literary gentleman whose wife and family had gone for a lengthy stay on the Continent, closed his house and returned to bachelor life at his club—a residential one. Every morning he got down to breakfast at 9 o'clock, and day after day, week after week, the menu compelled him to ham and eggs. He always occupied the same seat, and therefore was always served by the same waiter. The waiter had become accustomed to the order, and began to feel that there was no necessity of formally asking for instructions. One morning the waiter placed the carafe and glasses, handed over the usual newspaper, and confidently observed:  
"Ham and eggs, sir, I suppose?"  
"No," came the surprising answer. "Do you suppose a man can't find anything to eat except ham and eggs every day of his life? Hand me the card, and I'll see if I can't have a change."

Then for four or five minutes he scanned the bill of fare intently, his face shrouded in frowning gloom. When he looked up, it was to glare at the waiter and say:  
"Bring me a ham omelette!"  
There may be method in a lazy man's madness. He doesn't want to take chances of injuring his health by working between meals.

**Actor's Remarkable Pillowcase.**  
Louis James, the Shakespearean actor, received a telegram not long ago from a big hotel asking him to return two pillows. His reply was that the request was an insult, and now he has sued the hotel management for \$20,000, says the Portland Oregonian. This looks like a remarkable pillowcase.

**Novelty in Butterflies.**  
New kinds of living butterflies can be produced from existing forms by greatly increasing or decreasing the temperature of the place where the butterflies are kept. A difference in coloring and even in form has thus been obtained by Professor Fischer in recent experiment.

**Few Old Men Can Say This.**  
Lakefield, Minn., Feb. 2.—Wm. B. Gentry of this place makes the following statement:  
"For over forty years I suffered with misery in my back and at times I could not pass water without great pain and a burning sensation. I have had to make water as often as sixteen times during one night—just a little at a time. I tried many kinds of kidney medicines, but all without any good result till at last I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills and my pains are all gone. I took six boxes and I am cured completely. I am 77 years of age and I feel better now than I have for over fifty years and I attribute it all to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills have made some remarkable cures in this part of the State, and many old men and women are praising them highly as a cure for lame back, kidney and bladder troubles.

**Prisoners Drink Much Wine.**  
Prisoners in Paris seem to fare well in some respects. The estimates of wine wanted for four gaols next year amount to the modest total of 125,000 gallons.

**How Shipping is Registered.**  
In "Lloyd's Register of Shipping" each ship is marked with a letter and a number. The letter denotes the character of her hull, the number that of her anchors, cables and general furniture.

Mrs. Austin's famous Pancake Flour, made from the three great shafts of life—wheat, corn and rice.  
The most valuable feathers are those of the Irasol, a bird of Attentia. They are worth about \$1,100 a pound.  
To have most delicious, lovely, brown cakes for breakfast use only cold water with Mrs. Austin's famous-pancake flour.

Copenhagen has the largest enclosed deer park in the world. Its area is 4,200 acres.  
The wit of Father Healey, of Dublin, was displayed at the expense of Arthur Balfour, when the latter was secretary for Ireland. Mr. Balfour The water power available on the Pacific slope for producing electric energy of 300,000,000 tons of coal a year.

Official inquiries show that 5,000 medals, 525 engravings and 117 designs and paintings have been stolen from the museum at Bassano, near Venice.

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If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're ill or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take  
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