

The "dummy" director is the true promoter's tool.

The cause of lynching has been given a great boost in South Carolina.

The barber who committed suicide with bay rum certainly stuck to his last.

The cork leg trust is going to raise prices, and the man who neglected to get his cork leg is up a stump.

We insist that the girl who falls in love with a dentist who is filling her teeth isn't mentally responsible.

In China everything goes by opposite. Hence, when "evacuation" is mentioned over there it means occupation.

Ruskin College now has a "professor of dressmaking," and the innovation has caused quite a bustle in certain educational circles.

Football is too rough a game for pugilist Fitzsimmons, but perfectly proper for the educational development of our college youth.

If some one will start a magazine called "Failure" he can obtain a number of noted contributors who used to write on "How to Succeed."

King Peter of Servia has promoted the assassin who placed him on the throne, but it isn't clear whether he was grateful or merely afraid.

Bankers who are tempted to speculate should make it a point to begin with speculating on how they would like to spend a few years in the penitentiary.

It certainly is hard luck for a man when his leg is cut off by accident or design, but the hard luck becomes cumulative when the price of cork legs is increased 20 per cent without warning.

It appears that we are to lose two islands by the Alaskan boundary settlement. A few years ago the loss of two islands might have come as a hardship, but what does an island or two more or less amount to now?

Germany is said to be still sending rifles and cartridges to Turkey. Hush! Don't let us say a word. Look at the motives and ways we sent to South Africa for the use of Great Britain in choking the life out of two republics down that way.

One of the best features of the modern political machinery is the operation of party polls in getting out a full vote. Whatever the result may be, a full vote is always desirable, and the voluntary polls of both party contribute distinctly to this.

Scars from fear of rabies has induced a philanthropic dog fancier to volunteer the information: "When you see a vicious dog approaching place the thumb of the left hand in the palm of the same hand and the canine will pass you by." We will paste this in our hat and now seek some cabalistic formula to escape the highbinder, spellbinder and rabid political candidate.

An English musician accused of plagiarism affirms that it is "almost impossible to compose a piece of music having no resemblance to any other," but his critics have retorted that the seven tones and their semitones, twelve notes in all, are susceptible of nearly half a billion combinations. Of course it does not follow that it is perfectly easy to be original, but such statistics give the comforting assurance that a youth who contemplates a work of genius need never fall because of poverty of material.

An interesting illustration of rule by a majority is reported from a London hospital. The surgeon in charge was making his morning rounds, accompanied by half a dozen students, to whom he was giving clinical instruction. They came to a doubtful case. "Now, gentlemen," said the surgeon, "do you think this is or is not a case for operation?" Without exception the students opposed the proposition to operate. "You are all wrong," exclaimed the surgeon, "and I shall operate to-morrow!" "No, you won't!" exclaimed the patient. "Six to one is a great majority. Gimme my clothes!"

There are many ways besides reading and traveling in which the retired professional or business man may get enjoyment for himself and make himself useful to others. He may advise and aid his sons and daughters and other young people, who are starting along the thorny paths which he has trod with honor and success. He may also exert an influence for decency and progress in politics. What a boon it would be to a nation if it should become the practice for its successful professional and business men to retire as soon as they acquired a competency and devote their remaining energy and ability and their extensive experience to promoting the public welfare.

The preachers of the Methodist church who have finished their years of active work and reached the age of merited rest are known in the de-

nomination as superannuates. Their support is provided for by the church, not as a benevolence, but as a duty. The superannuates are regarded as pastors emeritus to all the churches of the annual conference to which they belong, and each conference is expected to collect the funds that are necessary for its own superannuates "salaries." There is a movement now being pressed in the church to make a more permanent provision for the superannuates by raising a great endowment fund of \$5,000,000 or \$10,000,000, the income of which will be used in lieu of or in addition to the conference collections. The quadrennial general conference of the church to be held next spring at Los Angeles will doubtless be urgently asked to take favorable action, and already many of the supporters of the movement are suggesting Bishop McCabe as the right man to intrust with the work of raising the proposed endowment.

Does the higher education tend to discourage matrimony? Are the chances of marriage for both the young man and the young woman lessened by a university or college education? These are old and much discussed questions, but interest in them has been revived of late by disclosures concerning the graduates of Yale and Harvard. The records revealed the fact that the percentage of graduates who embraced matrimony was surprisingly small, much smaller than was popularly believed. Whereupon a discussion arose as to the causes for the reluctance or slowness of college men to enter the married estate. It now appears that this backwardness about getting married is not peculiar to graduates of institutions for men. According to the record contained in the first "general register" compiled for the Alumni Association of the University of Chicago, 81 per cent. of the young women who have received bachelors' degrees at the university during its first ten years are still unmarried. Of the 563 women graduates from the undergraduate colleges listed in the register only 107 have married. In the case of the graduate from Yale or Harvard it is not so difficult to account for his disinclination to seek the joys and responsibilities of the conjugal estate. The young schoolmate of his boyhood days who did not go to college, but remained at home, became a producer. While he was digging around for Greek roots the schoolmate at home was learning a business or a trade, and at the end of four or five years he was earning enough to get married. The college graduate has lost all this time. He must defer all notions of matrimony until he has mastered a business or profession that will yield support for a family. Often this comes so late in life that the college man finally abandons all matrimonial ambition and settles down to confirmed bachelorhood. In the case of the girl graduate her "bachelorhood" is not so easy to explain. No one will deny that she is fitted by her education for fulfilling the higher ideals of wifehood, but it is doubtless true that she is also equipped for a larger independence and individuality, and hence matrimony does not appeal to her so strongly as it does to the girl whose education has been largely received in the home.

Identified. There is a time in a small boy's life when his unexcited holds one glodious central star around which paler stars faintly revolve. It is at that time that a New York Tribune writer tells. One of the financial magnates of the country is so immersed in business that he cannot make the rounds of his show-places with any regularity. One day, however, he had an hour of idleness, and strolled through the great stables of one of his country estates. In a corner he came upon a little boy—the head coachman's son—at play with a fox terrier. They admired the terrier for a while together, and then the financier said, casually: "Do you know who I am?" "Yes, sir," said the child, "of course I do."

"Well, who am I?" "Why, you're the man that rides in my father's carriages."

Wanted to Get At It. "Now, my dear mother and daughter, I will tell you why I have so long concealed the fact of my marriage. You, mother, can surely blame me, when you remember the set and stern disposition my father ever possessed. His will was law, his rule a rod of iron, and a child daring to disobey him was sure to be punished with the utmost severity."

"When I was only a stripling of nineteen years I had accompanied my father to a fox hunt, and after the chase was over, on our return ride he commenced talking about my being heir to his title and wealth, and about the intense desire he had that when I married I should select a wife from a certain number of ladies belonging to the nobility."

"Father," I replied, "I have always expected to love some sweet young girl, and on that account solely to marry her."

"Then your expectations will meet a sudden and grievous disappointment," was his stern reply. "Wheeling his horse so that he faced me in the road, he extended his right hand towards heaven, and then and there took this solemn oath: 'Once for all, Edward, hear me and mark what I say; I solemnly call on heaven to witness that never will I consent to your wedding any person not in your own rank in life! Never, boy; remember that. Never!'"

"From that hour matrimony and ladies lost all charms for me. I, as you know, mingled little in society, and found my chief amusements in study, hunting and traveling. When about twenty-six years old I went to America, and while in New York I accidentally met Gertrude Nevegray, who was the daughter of Sir Geoffrey Glendenning, our neighbor at the hall. She, in making what they considered a plebeian marriage, had been cast off and disowned by her proud father and all her friends and relatives."

"With her husband and his young orphan sister, Florence Nevegray, they had left England; and Nevegray soon became a talented lawyer, respected, and received into the best society in New York City. 'It was then, at their house, I first met and passionately loved my beautiful Florence. Infatuated to the wildest degree with this young lady, I could not leave the place, and before many weeks passed discovered that she reciprocated my warm devotion. 'When she did confess her feelings, I saw at once that asking for the consent of my father would be useless, so I urged a private marriage. To this she consented, if I could gain the approbation of her brother and his wife. 'In remembrance of their own happy life, brought about by a marriage solely for love, their consent was soon given, and in their presence we were united. I

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON
Author of "ROY RUSSELL'S RULE,"
"GLENROY," "THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)
Holding her away from him at length for another look at her beautiful face, he said:

"My child, you are the perfect image of your mother, and to my partial eyes she was the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

These words were spoken in so low a tone that the ladies present had not caught their meaning, and murmuring in return that she must introduce him to the waiting duchess, he allowed her to lead him forward while she presented him as "my father."

Drawing close to her grace, on being thus introduced, he turned a half cynical look full upon her, which caused her to spring up instantly as she met it, exclaiming:

"Edward! Can this be my son Edward?"

"My own, dear mother! then you do know me after all these years?" was the answer as he held forth his arms to embrace her.

Amazed at this unlooked for revelation, Ethel and Lady Claire clasped hands in mutual sympathy, and looked on in silent wonder. After this fond greeting, the duke turned and saluted his sister's child, whom he had never seen, after which he took Ethel's hand and leading her to his mother, said:

"Now, dearest mother, let me ask for a share of your love to be given to my daughter, Lady Ethel Worthington, for in her you see your own granddaughter."

"Edward, this is a surprise, indeed," returned her grace, as she pressed the sweet girl to her bosom and kissed her bright young brow. "Ethel has already won our affections during her brief residence here, without knowing that she could lawfully claim them. But now, please, tell your mother who you married, and why you kept your marriage so long a secret?"

"Before answering your question, my dear mother, we will proceed to open the package left in Ethel's charge. You see papers and letters from his daughter's hand, the duke cut the strings and drew forth the contents. The first thing to meet the eye was a marriage certificate, setting forth that on Oct. 18, 18—, just twenty-two years before, in New York City, Edward Worthington, only son of Charles, tenth Duke of Westmoreland, was united in marriage to Florence Nevegray, daughter of the late John Nevegray of London, by Rev. Henry Morris, D. D.

Next came to view a magnificent circle diamond ring which he had given to her at the time of their engagement, and a plain gold band, containing their joint initials and the date of their marriage. The last was his wife's wedding ring!

Then appeared a small locket, set with diamonds, containing the likenesses of both; and as he threw the gold chain, to which it was attached, over Ethel's neck, he bade her wear it hereafter, "for the sake of her parents."

As the duchess and Lady Claire looked at the beautiful face of Ethel's poor, young mother, they were each struck with the likeness she bore to the picture, and thought she might almost have been his original.

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lived with her the happiest year of my life, under the simple name of Edward Worthington. 'But, alas! our joy was but for a brief period, for when our little girl was only three weeks old, she left me for a brighter world—a never-fading heritage on high. 'After her death I was inconsolable. Life for me was aimless; so I cared not what became of me. Then Mrs. Nevegray came with her sisterly advice and consolations, and in her pious efforts I again regained my outward composure. 'Mrs. Nevegray, with the consent of her good husband, then offered to take charge of my infant child, saying that perhaps at present I might not desire to announce my marriage, or her existence, to my proud and stern father. 'After giving the matter consideration I consented to their plan, and made up this package at that time, to be kept until this birthday. I charged them to keep my secret secretly, and to give my little one their own name and bring her up in every respect as they would had she been actually their own. 'I informed them that on this birthday she might be told this story, but until I reclaimed her I desired her to remain with them. If at this date my father still lived, I should settle upon her a suitable allowance, and perhaps visit her occasionally in New York without his knowledge. 'One year ago he died; and I at once wrote to Mrs. Nevegray the fact, and told her that I had now inherited the dukedom, and should consider myself free to recall my child. 'She instantly answered to the address I had given her, communicating the fact that she was a widow, very near her end, and begged me to leave Ethel with her until she should pass away, or until, at any rate, the fifth of October. She told me she should sail for England very soon, taking Ethel with her, and said that I could hear of her at the residence of her cousin, Mr. Rogers, at any time. I called there last week, as directed, only to hear of my kind friend's death, and the astounding news that my sweet daughter was even then an inmate of Castle Cairn. 'Gladly I repaired hither to meet at once daughter, mother and niece. May we never more be parted! 'Ames, say I to that!" ejaculated the happy duchess. "I have been lonely, indeed, without my son. Now I am old and need a son's care and attention."

"Which care, rest assured, shall always be yours," again repeated the duke, as he scooped and pressed a warm kiss upon her still handsome cheeks. When in the morning Dr. Glendenning called and was told the news that the poor governess was no other than Lady Ethel Worthington, acknowledged daughter of the Duke of Westmoreland, his heart sank within him, and he could only whisper in trembling tones:

"Will this noble relationship cause you to regret our engagement? Oh, Ethel, Ethel, will this part us?"

"Never!" was the glad reply. "My father knows too well the value of a true love, and he surely will not refuse his consent to our union. If he does, I am of age, and have promised that nothing shall stand in the way of our marriage."

Nothing did separate them. The duke was much pleased with Dr. Glendenning's manly demeanor, and when he timidly asked for his daughter's hand he peeped over the blouse front of her shirt waist. Yes, it was quite true. She had forgotten her belt! Limp in every muscle, she sank on a stool, terrifying her companion by the suddenness of her collapse.

"Hush! I've forgotten my belt," she said in a quick whisper, while the young man behind the counter went to get change. "For heaven's sake go to the ribbon counter and get me a yard of black ribbon!"

"You seem to be ill," the young man clerk interposed. "Can't I get you something—a stimulant?"

"No, thank you," the girl murmured weakly. "It's nothing. I'll be all right in a moment." Fortunately others came to claim his attention and the ribbon was twisted neatly into a belt without attracting any one's attention. The out-of-door air revived the haughty young woman's crushed spirit somewhat, but not again that day did her head reach quite so erect a pose as it bore earlier in the morning.—Washington Post.

The Deacon's Schedule. Here is a unique schedule of prices for services rendered—or to be rendered—by a good old Georgia deacon: "Marryin' a couple, \$1. 'Reduced rates to three couples, 10 bunch. 'Prayin' for rain, \$2 an hour; to guarantee rain, \$2.50 for same length of time. 'Predictin' end o' the world, \$3—hit or miss. 'Forecastin' chills, fever and the rheumatism, 50 cents per day. 'Warnin' you of approach of hurri cane or earthquake, \$4—in advance."—Atlanta Constitution.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Galt*

Keeping Just Inside the Law. Wigg-Skinnum says he is the archt leag of his own fortune. Wagg—How did he succeed in dodg ing the building inspectors?—Philadel phia Press.

CHERRY SISTER DEAD.

Demise of the Girl Recalls the Sensational Career of Young Women. A recent telegram tells of the death of Jessie Cherry, the youngest member of the famous quartette of Cherry sisters.

About a dozen or fifteen years ago the Cherry sisters, who were living near Cedar Rapids, became suddenly famous because of the nature of concert entertainments they began giving about the country. Without education and without any special talent the four sisters, who were left in poor circumstances by the death of their parents, determined to raise funds to save their homestead from being taken for debt. They had appeared in country school entertainments and boldly conceived the plan of giving to the world the value of their talents.

Their programs were so utterly unconventional and so entirely without artistic sentiment that they soon became a rage and the sisters were called to New York by a prominent vaudeville manager. There their fame grew and they followed up their financial success by a tour of the whole country. They had many exciting experiences, and it became necessary for them to add to their stage accessories a large wire screen to stop the flood of bad vegetables which were nightly hurled toward the stage when they were singing. Early in their career the young women resented this influx of garden growths and at one time Ethel, the oldest of the bunch, is said to have carried a shotgun with which she used to intimidate her audiences. The police were many times called in for protection of the sisters, but later in their career, after the discovery of the wire screen, they viewed the animosity or frivolousness of their audiences with impunity, and seeing the attention thus given them they welcomed it.

Jessie was the youngest of the sisters and was really a pretty little girl. Her greatest hit was appearing as the barefoot maiden in one of her songs, and many a newspaper ode has been written to her toes. She appeared also as the innocent "gentle lady" in Effie's star song, "The Gypsy's Warning."

There was always a controversy as to whether the sisters were as awkward and inartistic as they appeared, and many have believed they were "smart enough to recognize the gullibility of the public and to play upon that weakness to its fullest extent. While they professed always in the most solemn manner that the action of the public toward them was only because of its utter lack of appreciation of the truly beautiful, it is evident this was but another method they had of seeking advertisement.

CAUSED HER TO GROW FAINT. Stunning Girl Discovered Suddenly that Her Belt Was Missing. Amusing, isn't it, how one's mental state affects one's conduct. The girl who walked along F street the other day with a proud step and her head carried high was feeling particularly good. She was conscious that her fresh shirt waist was immaculately white and that her skirt was a perfect fit. At that particular moment she could have overcome any obstacle or faced any danger so great was her self-confidence. Ten minutes later, standing in front of a counter in one of the stores waiting for a girl friend to make some purchases, she drew her hand to her waist. A cold shudder went driving through her veins as she peeped over the blouse front of her shirt waist. Yes, it was quite true. She had forgotten her belt! Limp in every muscle, she sank on a stool, terrifying her companion by the suddenness of her collapse.

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Blind Men Swim Straight. It is a standing puzzle that all blind swimmers are able to hold an almost perfectly straight course for very considerable distances, though no more guidance is given to them than some species of call or whistle coming from the winning goal. A blind man, in fact, desiring to go in a straight line possesses the curious power of being able to do so almost exactly.

Exports of England and America. In eleven years British manufactured exports have decreased by 3.5 per cent. American manufactured exports have increased by 174 per cent and German manufactured exports have increased by 35.5 per cent.

FARMING IN ALASKA.

Although much has been written in ridicule and condemnation of the government seed distribution, one portion of the country believes in it emphatically. During the past year the government has given seeds of hardy vegetables, early grains, clover, grass and flower seeds to seven hundred and fifty settlers in different parts of Alaska. So difficult is it to obtain seeds in the far north that without such provision few would attempt gardening. Miners and prospectors on the rivers and creeks far in the interior report that their home produce not only greatly reduces the cost of living, but in a "and of earned goods is an important factor in good health.

An Indian farmer reports that he is "raising a world of cabbage;" another that he lived all last summer on vegetables from government seed; a third that his strawberries from government runners were five and a half inches in circumference. A white miner at Skagway declares his hardy flowers "the finest grown anywhere;" another, that a pumpkin vine grew twenty-four inches in twenty-four hours. In Valdez, where in twelve weeks they had only six fine days, gardens were still a source of pleasure and profit, and a delight to summer tourists. At Coldfoot, one hundred miles north of the arctic circle, the United States commissioner had good success with turkeys, lettuce and radishes, at a time when potatoes were 45 cents a pound at the grocery. At Point Barrow, in the extreme north, twenty-seven days after seeding, the harvesting of lettuce and radishes began. Their condition was perfect, the large amount of atmospheric electricity and the stimulating force of the summer sun causing marvelous rapidity of growth.

The Finlanders who, under Russian persecution, are leaving their native land in large numbers, desire to settle in Alaska, where the climate is similar to their own. A site for their settlement has been selected on the Kenai peninsula, lands have been surveyed, some houses put up and crops started from government seed. If Alaska succeeds in securing a large immigration of the sturdy and industrious Finns, her development will be vastly augmented.

Meanwhile emigrants from the States are alive to opportunities in our northern territory. Five thousand passengers have already been carried to Nome alone this summer, the influx seeming to justify President Roosevelt's prediction that Alaska will one day be as populous as the Scandinavian peninsula.

LEAVING THE HOME. Desolation That Reigns After the Children Have Gone Out Into Life. Once we heard a man who was well advanced in life, the father of a large family of children, descendant, with moistened eyes and quivering lips, upon the loneliness which broods over a home when the children have all gone out from it. We couldn't understand what this perturbed father meant. We reckon this is one of those heart truths—one of those verities of life which can not be fully imagined nor adequately described, but to be realized must be personally experienced. We have lately lifted the veil and taken a peep, just a peep into this sombre realm of experience, and a faint idea begins to dawn dimly upon us as to what that father meant. To feel the thrill of parentage, to listen to the sweetest music that ever charmed human ears—the cooing and the prattle of innocent childhood—to share in the later glory of the romp, to watch with increasing hope and pride the budding and blossoming of these flowers of the family, to have the tendrils of the heart entwined and intertwined about these objects and affection like ivy, creeping into every crevice of a wall, and then be compelled to turn from the contemplation of these pretty pictures to that pathetic creation, "Breaking Home Ties," which hangs on the walls of so many memories, to have these idols of the home go out, one by one, until every "Light in the window" is gone, and the halls of the old home are deserted, and the music of many voices is hushed and the breeze is no longer gladdened by the dear, familiar faces, and the home coming gets no more the coveted greeting; and the places at the table are vacant, and the cradle and the high chair and the school books and the souvenirs are all put away, and father and mother read in each others eyes the mutual story, and two full hearts find themselves in empty rooms, at a time when the frail barque, tossing upon a restless sea, most needs strong oarsmen, and dim eyes most need the supplement of clearer vision, and the tottering limbs most need support—ah, this is part, just a small part of what the old man meant!—Marion (Kan.) Record.