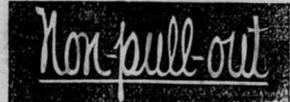


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AT EVENING.

Upon the hills the wind is sharp and cold,
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,
And we, O Lord, have wandered from thy fold,
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stambled, and the rocks
Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox
Watches the straggler from the scattered
rocks,
But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
Their pitiful complaints—oh, rest is sweet
When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts.
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
Search for thy coming—when the light departs
At evening bring us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star
Rises to guide us. We have wandered far.
Without thy lamp we know not where we are.
At evening bring us home.

The clouds are round us, and the snowdrifts
thicken.
O thou, dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken
In the waste night; our tarry footsteps quicken.
At evening bring us home.

—Exchange.

A DUEL IN THE DARK.

Up to the time when occurred the incident which I am about to relate I had been what is called an unlucky fellow, having an unfortunate propensity for stroking the wrong way and unwittingly bringing down upon myself the ill will of the people with whom I came in contact. A friend once tried to explain this misfortune of mine on the theory that the electric fluid with which I was charged was of the antagonistic order, and that I was in no way responsible for the enemies that I made.

At this time I was in Paris, having been sent there by my friends, who were then making an effort to procure for me a position of some importance. In view of my fatal incapacity for doing or saying the right thing at the right time, they deemed it indispensable to my success that I should be at a safe distance until the matter was decided.

That I should choose Paris for my place of retirement was but natural, since a young lady in whom I felt a somewhat absorbing interest was at the time stopping in that city.

I had become acquainted with her in my college days and was sure that she at least felt no antipathy to me. Her father, who was a retired army officer, took a very decided dislike to me at sight and gave as a reason that I had "no fight" in me. The arrogant manner in which he treated me in those days left no room for doubt that he considered me a coward.

Shortly after my arrival I met the young lady by an appointment which was clandestine only so far as that I was aware of her father's absence from the city on that day. It was evening when, somewhat fatigued by our sight-seeing, we entered a cafe on one of the boulevards for lunch.

As we passed through the broad entrance we encountered two men who were lounging against one of the pillars. The larger and much the stronger of the two was carelessly brushing the floor with his cane. Just as we reached him he, if not intentionally, yet with an indifference to the rights of others that was inexcusable, switched the stick against us in such a way as to tear a part of the lady's lace dress. I was indignant, and a glance at her flushed face made me feel that I must do something to show my resentment.

This feeling was strengthened when I observed the indifference which the fellow displayed in regard to the affair. He made no attempt to apologize, and when I remarked, "You were very careless, sir!" he gave me an insolent stare that angered me beyond control, and forgetting for the moment everything else I spoke to him sharply. He made no reply, but extending his cane entangled it in the lady's dress so that the delicate fabric was again torn for a yard or more.

The man with him, a much younger person, started as if to check him, but the movement was not decided enough to make it quite clear what his intentions were.

I was frantic with passion, and with one blow struck the fellow to the floor, then hurried my companion away from the scene. The expression of surprise upon the faces of the bystanders did not escape me, and I realized intuitively that I had dared to assail a man of more than ordinary importance.

We were hardly seated when the younger man came to me, and bowing said, "I beg monsieur's pardon, but my friend whom monsieur felt called upon to rebuke wishes to exchange cards."

He held toward me an ordinary visiting card, which I took without glancing at it and handed him one of my own. Courteously thanking me for the favor and again begging my pardon, he withdrew.

"Oh, how thankful I am that you knocked that brute down!" exclaimed my companion. "How I wish that papa could have seen you! I will tell him of it, and he will never—no, never—again call you a"

She suddenly checked herself and did not finish the sentence, but I knew well enough that she would have added—her father would never again call me a coward.

to comprehend what he was driving at, but supposing that this was only another exhibition of his whimsical character.

"Did you know who he was when you struck him?" he continued.

"Know whom?" I queried.

"Why, the man you struck last night, of course."

"I do not know, nor do I care," I replied indifferently, but wondering how Wilson had heard of the affair.

"Well, it was no less a personage than M. le Baron, the noted duelist."

"What! not the man who, it is said, has killed his dozen?" I questioned, no longer indifferent.

"The same. The morning papers are full of the affair."

I explained the circumstances.

"Le Baron had evidently been drinking too much," pondered Wilson.

"What will be the result?" I anxiously inquired.

"Duel," was the laconic answer.

I could not suppress a feeling of faintness when it flashed upon me what would be the result. A duel with M. le Baron meant almost certain death.

A refusal to accept a challenge would ostracize me from society, and more than all else would lose me forever the love of the one being above all others whose affection I most wished to obtain. I knew the young lady and her father too well to suppose that they would look upon me again if I in any way showed the white feather. The matter was taking on a decidedly unpleasant aspect. I looked at Wilson. He was busy stabbing a fly which was crawling along the floor minus a wing.

"Do you think he will challenge me?" I inquired nervously.

"Challenge you!" he repeated contemptuously. "Challenge you! Why, it is proverbial that Le Baron would rather fight a duel than eat. Challenge you! Why, of course he will, and I came here this morning expressly to offer myself as your second. Of course your position as principal in this business is more glorious, but then it is more dangerous. Shall I meet the messenger when he comes and make the necessary arrangements?"

"Certainly," said I, "and thank you, but I trust the matter is not so serious as you make it appear."

"Oh, it will come out all right if you will follow my directions implicitly, but you may be very sure the challenge will be sent this morning. Remember you are to leave the whole thing to me."

We were still talking over the affair when a card was brought me, upon which I read the name of Adolphe Boscher, captain Thirty-third cuirassiers.

"He is Le Baron's second," declared Wilson as I read the name. "Let him come up."

The captain on presenting himself expressed much regret at being called upon to perform "an unpleasant duty," but was interrupted by Wilson, who explained to him that his visit was not unexpected, and that he himself had been requested to act for me. He suggested that they immediately depart to make the customary arrangements, to which Captain Boscher assented with more apologies.

Left to myself, I began pacing up and down the room, anxiously reviewing the situation. To refuse to fight this man was out of the question. Life, I felt sure, would not be worth living without the woman I loved, and if I declined the challenge I should never be allowed to look upon her face again. On the other hand, to meet Le Baron was, in all probability, to meet my death. A cold shudder crept over me at the thought. That was the only thing to do, however—to meet the fellow and let him kill me. I should then at least have the satisfaction of knowing that my beloved one would honor my memory.

The hours passed as only the hours can pass to a man who believes that he has but a short time to live. About noon I received a note from Colonel Russell, the father of my dear girl, in which in his brusque way he informed me of his knowledge of what had occurred and expressed the hope that I would meet the scoundrel and kill him. If I did, he would like to see me afterward.

In the afternoon Wilson returned with the announcement that all the arrangements had been made.

"It is to occur tonight," he said.

"Tonight," I repeated. Why such haste?

"Oh, to get it off your mind. And we have selected swords."

"Swords!" I echoed. "I know no more about handling a sword than a child! You must have known that Le Baron is credited with being the most expert swordsman on the continent. I should think you might at least have chosen pistols. That would have given him advantage enough, heaven knows, but swords—"

"I don't know the first rudiments of swordsmanship. It is murder, cold blooded murder, and you are an accessory!"

"Pooh! it is all right if you don't so entirely lose your head as to be unable to follow my instructions."

"Where is this assassination to take place?" I inquired, paying no heed to his remark.

"In the cellar of a deserted building just outside the city, and we must get ready at once, for it is booked for 10 o'clock, and we have some distance to ride. You make your preparations, while I run over to my lodgings and get some articles which we shall need."

name, Wilson, what is your purpose? Why, I will not go! I will not!"

"Oh, stop!" he put in. "Show a little manhood. Pull yourself up and hear me through. The duel, as I was saying, is to be conducted in a dark room. They objected to this when I first proposed it, but on my naming swords as the weapons they consented. You and Le Baron are to be locked up in a room without any light and remain there until one or the other is killed or disabled or begs for quarter. And now for my directions to you: Just before you go in I will hand you a glass of wine which you must drink and, without stopping an instant, enter the room selected for the combat. Don't delay one moment after drinking the wine, or it will be bad for you. Do as I say, and you will be the victor. Ask no questions, but do as I direct."

I did not half comprehend him, but caught at the assurance that he understood what he was doing, and I felt a slight hope that he could and would find some way out of the difficulty.

Some miles from the city we turned into a private way which led to a deserted chateau.

M. le Baron, Captain Boscher and the surgeon were already on the spot. With the slightest recognition of one another we descended to the basement, carrying but one lantern to illumine the way.

The room in which the duel was to take place was about 10 feet square, without windows and with but one door. It was very high and the walls were built of split stones. I looked eagerly about, but could see no chance for outside aid to reach me. I should have been mortally nervous had not the lofty and supercilious air of Le Baron aroused my anger.

The final arrangements were quickly made, and we each took a corner, sword in hand. The conditions were briefly restated, that there might be no misunderstanding—we were to remain each in his corner until the door was shut, when, after waiting one minute, the signal would be given, and we should be at liberty to slash each other as much as we could, the fight to continue until one or the other was unable to carry it further.

My corner was farthest from the entrance and opposite it.

After the seconds had left the room, taking the light with them, Wilson on some pretext or other returned and handed me a small flask. Then turning me about so that my back was toward the open door, through which the light was streaming, he whispered:

"Drink this, but do not turn until I go out and shut the door, and after the duel is ended, before the door is opened, close your eyes tightly and keep them closed until I come to you and bandage them. Say that they are hurt. Your life depends upon following my directions."

Before I could reply or question, he left me, and the door was shut. The liquor I had swallowed seemed to course through my veins like lightning. My head felt strange and my eyeballs began to prickle. I turned and was surprised to see what an immense volume of light poured through the small keyhole. As I looked it increased until the room was so light that I could distinctly see every part of it. I glanced at my antagonist and beheld him so plainly as almost to be able to distinguish his features. He was adjusting something inside his shirt front. I was about to call attention to the breach of the condition that the room should be in total darkness when the signal was given to make ready.

Le Baron grasped his sword and leaned forward as if he were endeavoring in the dim light to make out something in front of him. At the second signal he stepped heavily forward, but surprised me by quickly springing to one side and then moving stealthily toward the center of the room. I could not understand his tactics and did not move. He swung his sword fiercely with a downward sweep, then to the right and left and all around him, acting like a blind man sticking at an invisible enemy.

Again he moved in my direction, going through the same performance, and this he repeated several times until he came so near me that for safety I moved to one side.

"Where are you?" he grumbled, swinging his blade around.

"Here," I replied, and as he moved in my direction, brandishing the sword, I stepped aside again, but he kept on in the direction of my voice. For a moment he stood still, swaying the weapon like one who depends solely upon his sense of touch. I was so near him and the opportunity was so tempting I gave a lunge at him. He made no attempt to touch the attack, and my sword wounded him. Then he turned quickly, slashing the air in a circle, but making no motion toward me.

It dawned upon me then that he could not see as I could, and I was not long in taking advantage of this. I could easily keep out of his reach, while he was completely at my mercy. I compromised with myself on the advantage I apparently had over him and did not attempt to kill him, but I most cruelly disfigured his face, cutting it until I feared he might die from loss of blood.

It could not have been half an hour when I saw that he was growing weak, and I ended the farce by knocking him senseless to the floor. Then, closing my eyes and holding my hands over them, I called for help. Wilson, the captain and the surgeon came running in.

My friend hastened to me, saying: "Your eyes are hurt! Here, let me put this handkerchief over them while monsieur the surgeon attends to Le Baron."

He deftly placed a thick bandage over my eyes, and refusing the proffered aid of the physician he led me up stairs and to the carriage which was to convey me back to the city and my hotel. Le Baron, I afterward learned, was badly "cut up," both physically and mentally, but none of his wounds was dangerous.

On the way home, when I asked for an explanation, Wilson said:

"Well, you know I have made chemistry an absorbing study. Once, while compounding digitalis with some chemicals, I tried its effect upon a dog and discovered that he could see in the darkest room, running with perfect ease

while I had to grope my way along. On bringing him to the light too suddenly afterward, I sacrificed his eyesight to my curiosity, for he was thenceforth almost totally blind. Only after several trials did I sufficiently understand the workings of this compound not to injure the animal experimented on.

"Except myself I have never tried it on any human being until tonight. It is a secret that I am not ready to give to the world. You must remain in your room tonight, and tomorrow you can have but little light. I will be with you."

The morning papers gave a full account of the defeat of the great duelist Le Baron and highly praised the courage and skill of his American opponent.

During the day Colonel Russell called, but learning that I could not see him left congratulations and told Wilson that he hoped I would call on him as soon as I was able to be out, as both his daughter and himself were very anxious to see me. I called that evening and learned that I had won the admiration of the father as I had the love of the daughter.

In a short time I received a cablegram from my friends at home telling me that the country had heard of my fight, and every one was wild over my valor. My position was sure.

I returned to my home with a lovely wife and a most flattering reputation for courage, all obtained by vanquishing a bully with the aid of an "eye opener."—Charles E. Hoag in Romance.

Mr. McQuade's Crest.
"Dinnis," said Mr. Hurlily to Mr. McQuade, "since the grocery business has prospered so fine wid yu, an you're puttin on the bit av shyle, you'd ougter be after havin a crest an a monygrum, man, along wid evrything else." "A crest an a monygrum," repeated Mr. McQuade dubiously, "an shure, where would Oi be after findin em?"

"A monygrum's aisy made in a minute av a tasty man," said Mr. Hurlily, with condescension. "Oi'd twine yez a D, an an M, an a Q if Oi once put me mind to it, but a crest ain't quite so simple. It's got t' be an amilue or a figger av some sort that'll have a refernce to the fayther an gran'fayther av yez, an sometimes there's a couple av wuruds goe wid it."

"Phwat kind av wuruds?" inquired Mr. McQuade.

"A motter, man, settin out the principles av yure family an ancistors," replied Mr. Hurlily, with a comprehensive wave of his hands.

"No made for yez to say anny more," cried Mr. McQuade, with an expression of great relief. "Oim thinkin Dinnis McQuade'll have a crest wid the best av em if that's phwat's wanted."

"An what'll it be?" inquired Mr. Hurlily.

"A hin," said Mr. McQuade, with decision, drawing an imaginary biped in the air with a sturdy forefinger; "a hin wid a bright eye on her, her round head bint forrad an her ligs jist a-goin, an round the head av her the wuruds that gran'fayther spoke to me fayther many's the toime when wurruk was slow comin an fayther was loike to fale discouraged. 'Kape scratchin!' the ould man'd say, an good advice it was, Oim thinkin there aint manny c'd have a betterer crest than the McQuade's!"—Youth's Companion.

Why We Do Not Take Scapls.
If war is unhappily still prevalent, it is at least a war in which every clan is fighting with its neighbors, and where conquest means slavery or extirpation. Millions of men are at peace within the limits of a modern state and can go about their business without cutting each other's throats. When they fight with other nations, they do not enslave nor massacre their prisoners.

Taking the purely selfish ground, a Hobbes can prove conclusively that everybody has benefited by the social compact which substituted peace and order for the original state of war. It is, then, a reversal of the old state of things—a combating of a "cosmic process." I should rather say that it is a development of the tacit alliances and a modification so far of the direct or internecine conflict. Both were equally implied in the older conditions, and both still exist. Some races form alliances, while others are crowded out of existence. Of course I cease to do some things which I should have done before.

I don't attack the first man I meet in the street and take his scalp. The reason is that I don't expect that he will take mine, for if I did fear that, even as a civilized being, I should try to anticipate his intentions. This merely means that we have both come to see that we have a common interest in keeping the peace. And this, again, merely means that the alliance which was always an absolutely necessary condition of the survival of the species has now been extended through a wider area.—Contemporary Review.

Two Views of Scripture Reading.
At the American chapel at Luzerne a Protestant Episcopal minister from this country (low church) read the lessons with such naturalness of manner and propriety of emphasis as to elicit the admiration of a visitor, who afterward remarked, "How delightful to hear the Scriptures read with such sense and feeling!" She was surprised to hear the sister of a high church rector, American also, exclaim: "I can't agree with you. I think it almost blasphemous for a man by such stress and emphasis to impose his own interpretation on the word of God. The Scriptures should be read in monotone."—Christian Advocate.

Altogether Too Easy.
George is a plain, matter of fact boy, outspoken and honest, who does not permit anything to ruffle him. At his examinations some of his answers were much like the boy. When he was asked what was the difference between decimal and common fractions, he replied promptly and with the air of that question being almost too easy:

"Oh, a decimal fraction has a point, and the other hasn't."—New York Times.

A View of the Common Herd.

The society journal Vogue has one of its correspondents an alleged member of the "Four Hundred," who writes as follows: "What is the attraction yearly at the horse show, which is always jammed to the doors? The horses? No. Society in the boxes, and the people cheerfully pay their money to be able to gaze at the beings so far removed from them, constituting an inner circle. It was this feeling which caused Broadway to be choked with a howling mob on the day of the wedding of Miss Bradley-Martin to the Earl of Craven, and it is this same impulse which prompts the crowds in the upper tiers at the opera and in the orchestra stalls to spend the time of the intermissions in gazing around the house at the fashionables as if they were waxwork: from Mme. Tussaud's or the Eden Musee and following them up by aid of the little printed list on the bill, whereby each box owner is conveniently numbered and catalogued.

"We stand as royalty does abroad, and we are prepared for this homage. Those who cannot see us read of us, but unfortunately frequently through the medium of writers who commence their observations in the style of one who a few years ago started his paragraph in this way, 'I dropped in at Mrs. Astor's last night,' and evoked, consequently, the pungent reflection of Mr. Joseph Howard, Jr., a writer of the people, who evidently knew his man:

"Dropped in at Mrs. Astor's! Good heavens! for what—the ash barrel?"

Washington's Cabin.
There are few buildings that attract the admirers of Washington that have more of interest in them than a decaying cabin which stands alone in an old pasture field a half mile from Berryville, in the beautiful Shenandoah valley of Virginia.

The old cabin was the home of Washington when he was a surveyor. He came here direct from the maternal roof to begin the arduous and at the time dangerous work of surveying the lands of Thomas, Lord Fairfax, who owned all the northern part of Virginia under the king's patent. The work was arduous because of the physical aspect of the country, then a dense wilderness, and dangerous because of the character of the inhabitants, who were principally Indians or secretly less wild trappers or squatters upon his lordship's domain.

Washington had been selected by the nobleman because of his belief in the youth's ability to cope with these elements early in 1748, just after the completion of his sixteenth year, his only companion being George William Fairfax, nephew of old Lord Thomas.

Whether these boys erected the building or found it already in place history does not state, but well authenticated tradition says that they built it themselves. That they used it for an office, kept their instruments there and slept in the upper room there is ample proof.—Washington Post.

Centering the Russian Empire.
The czar of Russia shows undoubted sagacity in adopting the best physical means to hold together his vast empire. He has pushed the transsiberian railway southward until it has almost reached the frontiers of British India and China, the two powers most likely to dispute with him the acquisition of further dominion in Central Asia. Having thus assured the safety of the Russian position in the southeast, he has undertaken a more stupendous work in beginning the construction of an unbroken line of railway to connect European Russia with a port on the Pacific ocean. The whole length of the Asiatic or main Siberian line is 4,800 miles.

The estimated cost is \$200,000,000. The work, which is now progressing from both ends toward the center, is to be completed in about 10 years. There will then be a stretch of railway, all located upon Russian territory, about 6,000 miles in length, holding European Russia and Asiatic Russia firmly together with a continuous band of steel. Until the proposed railway running north and south to connect the two Americas shall have been built there will be nothing on earth to rival this great stretch of eastern and western railway across the Russian empire.—Omaha Bee.

Folly of Hoarding.
It is really remarkable that so many people in this country, who have funds from which they might earn a good rate of interest, persist in locking up notes in safe deposit vaults or pack them away in old stockings. Money will earn today large returns, with the best of real estate security as first class collateral to protect the lender, and yet a great many individuals, waiting for they know not what, decline to take advantage of what is an unusual opportunity for making money. The currency of a country is intended to circulate as evidence of credit. If it does not, it becomes absolutely useless to everybody. In a famine a community would be no better off if it locked up millions of barrels of flour than if it had none at all. The same is precisely true of money.—Washington News.

Browning to Coleridge.
Browning loaned Lord Coleridge one of his works to read, and afterward, meeting the poet, the lord chief justice said to him: "What I could understand I heartily admired, and parts ought to be immortal. But as to much of it I really could not tell whether I admired it or not, because for the life of me I could not understand it." Browning replied, "If a reader of your caliber understands 10 per cent of what I write, I think I ought to be content."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Hard Conundrum.
Of the 1,300,000,000 or 1,400,000,000 of people populating the earth, how many may be said to dominate it? Is the direction of all affairs subinary in the hands of more or less than 10,000 men and women? Do not mean as elected or hereditary rulers of nations merely, but persons in the capacity of rulers, financiers, priests, soldiers, writers, statesmen, etc.—Cor. New York Sun.