

# WITH THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

## VALUE OF A SUNNY SOUL.

The world is too full of sadness and sorrow, misery and sickness; it needs more sunshine; it needs cheerful lives which radiate gladness; it needs encouragers who will lift and not bear down, who will encourage, not discourage.

Who can estimate the value of a sunny soul who scatters gladness and good cheer wherever he goes, instead of gloom and sadness? Everybody is attracted to these cheerful faces and sunny lives, and repelled by the gloomy, the morose and the sad. We envy people who radiate cheer wherever they go and fling out gladness from every pore. Money, houses and lands look contemptible beside such a disposition. The ability to radiate sunshine is a greater power than beauty, or than mere mental accomplishments.—Success.

## DESTINY IN WAISTCOAT.

The easy-going Harvard undergraduate, left to himself on questions of dress, will not understand the misery of his counterpart at Oxford. When the exam. period approached a week or so ago, those in power issued an edict prescribing the dress to be worn in the examination-room to include a black coat and a black waistcoat, in addition to the white tie and the gown. The British public itself was appalled at such puritan severity. It was the black waistcoat, a thing that all civilization is allowed to doff in summer, that incited rebellion. Why, a man's chances in life might be impaired because the warmth of a waistcoat, gratuitously imposed upon him, prevented him from doing full justice to his views on the synthetic unity of appreciation! It might ruin a state.—Boston Transcript.

## CHARACTER TO THE FRONT.

The keynote of all the addresses that have been made lately at college commencements and at meetings of business men's associations has been the development of character. It is remarkable how this word "character" runs through all the recent speeches and papers. It is as if, by common impulse, our intellectual leaders had stopped talking about this or that economic problem, this or that political issue, and this or that means of attaining success in life, and had returned to the development of character as the one solution of all national problems.—Wall Street Journal.

## LEARNED ITALIAN ORPHANS.

There are in Rome nine orphan asylums which accommodate about 1,800 children, ranging from three to six years. Those of three or four years must learn the alphabet and to read the simplest books, they must know Arabic numbers and to count up to 100, besides which they must learn poetry and prose by heart, and imbibe religious precepts. Those from four to five years must read and write well, count unlimited thousands and do sums, besides knowing their catechism and Bible, the division of time, the parts of the body, the senses, some geography and astronomy, to say nothing of many other details too numerous to mention. Then come those between five and six—if they arrive at that age. They must read and write fluently, and learn by heart the greater part of the New and Old Testaments, write dictation and have some idea of geometry and Roman history. At six years of age! The brain reels at the idea. What must the poor mites grow to be?—Rome Correspondent Pall Mall Gazette.

## LET NOISE BE ABOLISHED.

The next advance in comfortable livelihood which science has in store for humanity is the abolishment of noise. We expect to see in the near future the ingenuity and skill of man displayed in an attempt to still the roar and crash of city life.

What a beneficence it would be if noise could be dispelled, or even mitigated, in city and town! The rumble of wagons of every description, the grind and jostle of street cars, the screech and toot of horn and whistle, all this din that makes it necessary for vendors of all sorts to shriek in order to attract attention.

The noise of the city is driving thousands of people mad and shortening the lives of a multitude of others. It is the noise of the city that gives the country its chief attraction. The stillness of the country, what a benediction it is after months of city experience! To sleep in a country house where all is still, where silence is unbroken save by the baying of a dog or the cry of some night bird! Stillness is a marvelous luxury to the denizens of the city. There must be some way to put a quietus to this intolerable pandemonium.—Medical Talk.

## THE "THIRTEEN" SUPERSTITION.

Col. John McElroy, an adept in war statistics, contributes figures to show that the "silly superstition" attaching to the number thirteen finds no justification in the records of the civil war. "It is in evidence just now in the tiresome clatter about the republican convention being the thirteenth in the history of the organization." The war records show, according to Col. McElroy's curious deductions, that the total loss of the thirty-one regiments and batteries bearing the designation thirteen was 5,504, that of the same number of regiments and batteries numbered twelve was 6,775, while that of those numbered fourteen was 7,075. Not a regiment or battery bearing the number thirteen had any special ill luck, while most of them escaped with small loss.—Philadelphia Ledger.

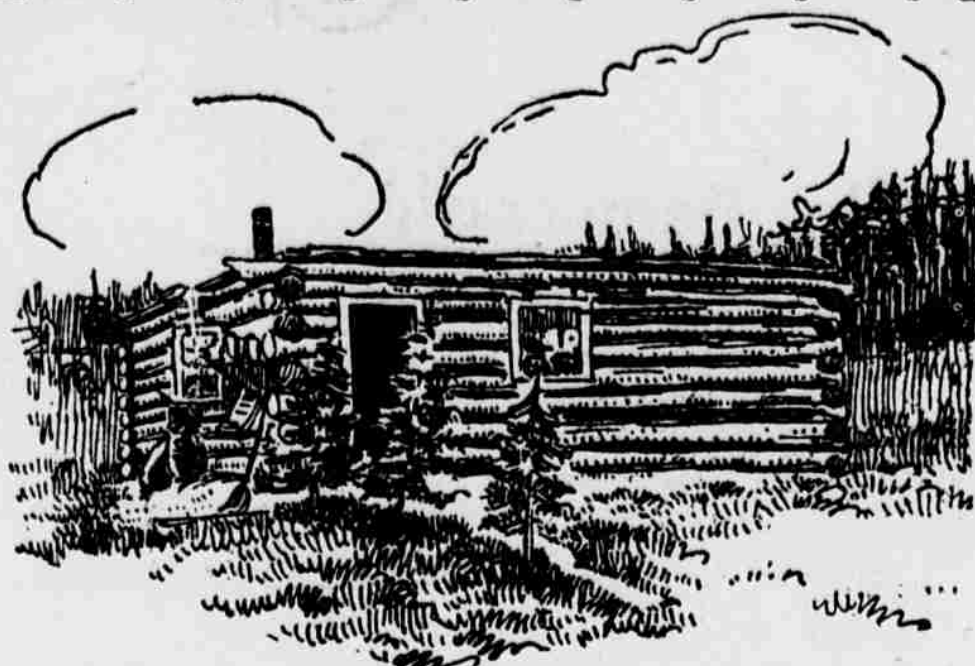
## GIVE VEGETARIANISM A TRIAL.

If you were in a cannibal country, how would you like to be the cannibalee? To be fed and fatted and slain and spitted to decorate the interior of your big brother? Well, Mr. Edwin Markham has told us in a poem that he reads to everybody and everybody reads, that man is Brother to the Ox. Shall we carve our brother? No, not by the ox-eyes or cow-eyes of Juno! As for the sheep, how can anybody see one without thinking of a lord chancellor? Now, we shouldn't care to eat a lord chancellor, especially a particularly tough one like Eldon or Brougham.

The pig hath a devil. The pig is unclean. He is too bad to eat. Yet there are pigs that do great service and are too good to eat; those sagacious, epicurean noses that hunt the truffles. Of course, nobody but a Prodigal Son eats veal.

Is there anything in the vegetarian philosophy? Let's find out. Is it meat that makes you snap and bite at the breakfast table? Is it meat that makes you an affliction unto the wife of your bosom? Feed upon salads, like Nebuchadnezzar. Eat berries with the birds. If worst comes to worst, buckle your belt tighter. Fortunately, everybody has a belt to buckle these days. Let us be mild-eyed, but not melancholy, Lotus-eaters, and no longer ferocious carnivores.—New York Sun.

## LOG COTTAGE COSTING \$17

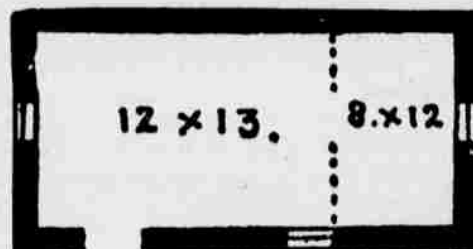


Front View of Cottage.

The accompanying illustration represents the external view and ground floor plan of one of the most ordinary settlers' houses in New Ontario. It is owned by Isaac Oliver, and is located in White Fish Valley, thirty miles out from Port Arthur on the Duluth branch of the Canadian Northern railway.

The cottage is 12 by 21 feet. Its inside partition consists merely of a curtain separating the two rooms. In building his cottage, Mr. Oliver spent \$16 for lumber, \$1 for windows and twenty-five cents for nails.

The following description of how



Ground Floor Plan of Cottage.

this was built was prepared by Mr. R. A. Burris, Port Arthur, Ontario.

The first thing to do in order to prepare for the construction of the house, is to select a building site. The land was comparatively level but a slight elevation was found near where the colonization road was to be made. A place large enough for the house was cleared. The first thing procured was three cedar sills. One of these was placed on each side of

the house, and one in the middle, this constituted the foundation. Trees were cut down not far from the building site, and cut into proper lengths, and with a horse skidded into the proper place. When sufficient logs had been procured, several neighbors were called in, they had what is usually called a "house raising." To put up a house the size of Mr. Oliver's would require ten men for half a day. A house with shed roof is more easily constructed than with a hip roof. When the logs have been built up to the proper height two or three strong beams were placed in the center the full length of the house upon which the roof boards are put. When this was done the boards were nailed down with sufficient slant to make a good covering then tar paper and a second covering of boards made an entirely water proof roof. The next thing in order to make the house presentable and more comfortable, was to fill in the cracks. Expert builders of log houses can almost make the logs touch from one end to the other leaving very small cracks to be filled in. Whenever there is an opening large enough they are filled in with small pieces of timber neatly fitted and nailed or wedged in, then mortar is made of lime and sand and the cracks are filled in both inside and outside. This process was adopted by Mr. Oliver, and I presume no warmer house can be constructed.—Montreal Herald.

## Interview Wasn't Printed.

A young man from Florida came to Washington to represent a newspaper in his state. A few days after he arrived Senator Hoar introduced a bill referring to a lottery in Florida. The young reporter hastened to see the Senator, with visions of a column interview with him concerning the bill and its effect and all that. The servant said the Senator would see him.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Hoar when the young man had been shown in.

"I want to ask you about the bill you introduced to-day."

"What do you want to ask me about it?"

"Why, I am from Florida and represent a Florida paper, and I thought you might give me an explanation."

"Have you read the bill?" asked Mr. Hoar.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you understand it?"

"I think so, sir."

"Well, if you do not, no explanation I could make would help you to. Good evening."

And that was another of those interviews never printed.—Boston Post.

## Duke's Silver at Auction.

The late Duke of Cambridge's silver, recently sold at auction in London, weighed more than a ton. That does not include articles made partly of silver, such as 600 silver-handled knives.

## Offered King Edward Her Pipe.

It is said that King Edward tells with great glee that when in the west of Ireland last year he one day went into a cabin whose only occupant was an old woman who sat by the turf fire smoking an old clay pipe. The old lady welcomed the king, and asking him to sit down wiped a three-legged stool with her apron. The king did so, and said:

"Do you know who I am ma'am?"

"Begorra! I don't," was the reply.

"Well, I am the King of England."

"D'ye tell me so!" said the old lady in a tone of surprise, and then, remembering the rights of hospitality, she took the pipe out of her mouth, wiped the shank with her hand, and passing it to the king, said: "Will yer honor shmoke?"—Philadelphia Record.

## New Kind of a Drinker.

Giffle—Yes, Sniffkins is what I call a Japanese drinker.

Spinks—A Japanese drinker? What do you mean by that?

Giffle—Oh, he takes something most every day.

## Plans Trip to Jerusalem.

The Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, the evangelist, has announced that he will accompany a party of Presbyterians and their friends to the Holy Land next season.