

There is a wide difference between what a man wants and what he really needs.

Well directed hatred bears as important part in the affairs of this life as does love.

One would think the mobs might sometimes get out of breath and want to rest a while.

A woman's way of being generous is to give away a dress so as to need to buy another.

When a fellow is known as a bad egg it doesn't make him any more savory to be broke.

Explorer Ziegler writes of "making the pole." Why has that never occurred to an explorer before this?

Greek is no longer a necessary study at Yale, but there has been no change in the rowing and football requirements.

A man with a black eye would better tell the truth about it at once for every one believes the worst concerning it anyhow.

The chewing gum trust has a surplus, after paying dividends, of \$776,000. The news has set a great many jaws wagging.

The sooner a man takes life as it really is and lets go theorizing and all that the sooner he begins to succeed and finds happiness.

A thrifty Jap has been beating the insurance companies by taking the medical examinations for his feeble friends. No wonder they call the Japs the Yankee of the East!

Could vulgarity go much further than it did at a recent dinner at Asbury Park, where the menu was printed on the back of \$20 gold certificates, each of the guests receiving one?

This is such a prosperous era that it is possible for a man to have millions of dollars and never be suspected. Still, they generally consider such a case worth mentioning after the man dies.

"I just ran in," said a fond parent to a teacher, "to ask you not to mark Catherine's examples wrong, because, you see, she is such an awfully sensitive child, and it does hurt her feelings so." The request illustrated the rubber-tire plan of education—smoothness and swiftness, and "that pleasant look."

Statistics go to show that 75 per cent. of the women sent to insane asylums come from farm-houses. Many are easily frightened, many grow morbid by reason of their treadmill life and lack of wholesome recreation and many lack proper medical attention when it is necessary and by reason of ignorance and poverty fail to seek relief until the mind suffers with the body.

An old-time political economist has been figuring up to find out who it is that the public pay best, and the following is the sum total: First—We pay best those who destroy us: Generals. Second—Those who cheat us: Politicians and quacks. Third—Those who merely amuse us: Singers, actors and musicians. Last, and least of all—Those who instruct us: Authors, schoolmasters and editors.

An automobile speedway forty feet wide, enclosed by hedges and wire fences, is planned to run the whole length of Long Island, New York—from Blackwell's Island Bridge to Montauk Point, one hundred and twelve miles. The road will cost fifteen thousand dollars a mile or nearly seventeen hundred thousand dollars in the aggregate. But automobilists can afford it, and probably if they run short of funds other citizens will gladly help carry out an enterprise that promises to keep racing-machines off the public highways.

Few men went to college a generation or two ago unless they intended to enter one of the learned professions, and the proportion of intending lawyers, teachers, physicians and ministers was pretty uniform in each class. But this is all changed. In the graduating class of Harvard this year about a hundred and ninety of the total of more than six hundred intend to go into business. Law and teaching, together, attract about the same number, and only forty-six intend to be physicians, and six will preach. The significant fact to be noted in these figures is that, in spite of the lure of the almighty dollar, so many young men who intend to engage in commercial pursuits have thought it worth while to seek the higher education.

A trust company which does business in one of the New York hotels purposes to give a new meaning to the term, "banking hours," by keeping open until midnight. Here is a suggestive reminder of the extent to which a city turns night into day. Shops and offices of many kinds make the electric light their sun, so that in the metropolis at any hour one can consult a lawyer, employ a dentist, or

purchase almost any necessity or luxury without disturbing any one's rest. It has been estimated that half a million New Yorkers are awake and either at work or seeking diversion between midnight and five in the morning, and every one, whether toiler or idler, "makes business" for somebody else. But theirs is a mad manner of life, and the "sleepless city" some of them vaunt is, far as it really exists, a subject for pity, not pride.

By courtesy of the authorities a certain club of women recently questioned the six hundred children in a city grammar-school about the money earned by them or given to them, and the uses they make of it. The children were of both sexes, represented both native and immigrant parentage ranged in age from nine to fifteen years, and belonged to the class to which the average citizen belongs that of the "comfortably poor." All of these children but one boy—who may have been a humorist—admitted that they frequently had money to spend or to save. Fewer than one third received an allowance. Five sixths earned more or less money. Two-thirds said that they generally got money in haphazard fashion. "Whenever I ask for it." Easy come, easy go. The money thus carelessly given was as carelessly spent, most of it for candy. Not half the children were advised by their parents what to do with their nickels and dimes. In this respect American parents made the worst showing of all. Theirs will be the blame if, twenty years hence, their children are living from hand to mouth when children of the immigrants are buying real estate. To give a son or daughter a regular allowance is a wise measure, but that is only the beginning of wisdom. He or she should be taught to get the worth of money spent, and exhorted, too, not to spend all. Most Americans dislike to seem parsimonious, and therefore neglect to talk over financial matters with their children. Their German and Italian neighbors are not so afraid of inculcating thrift and forethought. Would that the native could grasp the truth they act upon, that a spendthrift is as foolish a creature as a miser!

Attorney General B. R. Wise, of New South Wales, has become the author of a new law similar to the compulsory arbitration act of New Zealand, and the people there are confident that the long struggle between labor and capital is at an end, and that there will be no more expensive strikes and lockouts to call for the sacrifice of thousands of dollars and scores of lives. The act provides that if a dispute arises it must be referred to the State court of arbitration for settlement, and that anyone who strikes, locks out, or has anything to do with inciting trouble shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be punished by a fine and imprisonment. The general result, Mr. Wise says, will be that a greater stability will be given to industry. Employers need no longer be afraid that their calculations will be upset by a sudden cessation of work because, even though disputes should arise, the act provides that work must go on while the difficulty is being referred to and settled by the court of arbitration. On the other hand the workman is in a position of greater security than he has ever before enjoyed, both because he can not be locked out and because the court can take notice of any abuse or injustice, or wrong in the condition of his employment, and, by the exercise of its power to declare a common rule, level up the conditions in the best conducted and regulated establishments. In other words, sweat shops will be driven out of business at once, and all men must receive living wages. Trades union will also be relieved of the danger of having their funds eaten up by sympathy strikes, and all that sort of thing, and in no more instances will the wealthy unions have to support the weaker ones. New South Wales has had wisdom enough to see the light and follow the good example set by New Zealand, and it is strange that Americans do not take a similar step. Strikes and lockouts are behind the times.

Nature Sculpture. One of the most remarkable pieces of nature sculpture in California is the George Washington rock, about thirty-five miles northwest of Los Angeles, in the Santa Susana Mountains, says the Sunset Magazine. Near this rock a two-mile tunnel is being bored through the Santa Susana Mountains just outside Chatsworth Park. A chiseled monument could hardly bear truer likeness to George Washington than this chance picture in the rugged contour of a huge boulder. Viewed from one point and only one, it stands out sharp and distinct against the sky. From all other points the rock is a shapeless mass. The image measures full 25 feet from chin to brow and is close to the top of the hill. In the vicinity have been found Indian writings, arrow heads, mortars and many traces of a settlement of aborigines.

Cost of Handling Freight. The cost of freight hauling per ton per mile on the London Northern Railway, England's most important line, expressed in cents, is 1.49; on the Pennsylvania Railway the cost is .404 of a cent, and on the New York Central .416 of a cent.

It makes a mother mighty mad when she meets a childless woman out driving with a dog sitting in the buggy beside her.

GOOD Short Stories

In attacking Mr. Chamberlain in a speech before the Primitive Methodist Conference the other day at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, the Rev. A. T. Guttery, of Newcastle, defined the present policy of the British government as a "reign of blood, beer and Birmingham."

It is related that once when Punch printed a cartoon representing an imaginary conversation between James McNeil Whistler and Oscar Wilde, Wilde wired Whistler: "Ridiculous; when you and I are together we never talk about anything except ourselves." "You forget," replied Whistler in a return telegram, "when you and I are together we never talk about anything except me."

Henry Labouchere says that the speeches of Lord Rosebery always remind him of the description given by Prince Bismarck of a certain Prussian statesman: "At the first he would have an opinion, then he weakened it by self-contradiction, then again an objection to the contradiction occurred to him, until at last nothing remained. He was a clever speaker, but not inclined to action; indeed, he resembled an India-rubber ball, which hops, and hops, and hops, but more feebly every time, until it at last comes to a full stop."

The Pullman Company has made a demand on F. P. Woolston, a prominent Christian Endeavorer of Denver, for \$200 damages to the sleeper in which he recently made his bridal trip. It seems that the car was captured by Woolston's friends and decorated in a unique manner. Men's and women's shoes and old horseshoes and banners and things were nailed to the windows of the Pullman sleeper, inside and out. Nails were driven into the car with as much abandon as if it had been a picket fence. When the sleeper got back to Denver from Ogden it is said that it looked as if it had been the target for a Gatling gun. It was taken out of service and put in the shops, and now the Pullman Company is trying to make Woolston pay for the repairs.

While in Canada Lord and Lady Lansdowne pleased the Canadian people by their friendly and unassuming manners, which were in marked contrast to those of former Governors General and their wives. It is related that at a garrison ball at Halifax the colonel of the regiment that was giving the dance came up to Lady Lansdowne and said: "Lady Lansdowne, won't you give me a dance, please? I'm tired of dancing with these silly little colonial girls. They have no style. I believe I'm engaged to one of them for the next dance, but you might be kind enough to rescue me." Lady Lansdowne replied, in tones loud enough for everybody to hear, that the colonel was unfit to associate with any decent people, colonial or otherwise, and concluded: "If this is the way you treat your guests, I will relieve you of the presence of one of them at once!" Then she ordered her carriage and left the ball.

MUCH VIRTUE IN AN ONION.

Efficacy of the Pungent Vegetable Manifested in Various Ways.

The idea of an onion cure may not strike the fancy of the esthetic; however, the experience of those who have tried it is that it works wonders in restoring an old-racked system to its normal state again. There are three kinds of doses in the onion cure, or three onion cures, as you may choose to put it. One is a diet on onions. The other is onion plasters. And the third is onion syrup.

It is claimed by those who believe in the onion cure that a bad cold can be broken up if the patient will stay indoors and feed on a liberal diet of onions. It need not be an exclusive diet, but a liberal one. For instance, an onion cure breakfast includes a poached egg on toast, three table-spoonfuls of friend onions and a cup of coffee. Luncheon of sandwiches, made of Boston brown bread, buttered and filled with finely chopped raw onions, seasoned with salt and pepper, makes the second meal on the schedule. For supper the onions may be fried as for breakfast and eaten with a chop and a baked potato. The strange efficacy of onions is well known to the singers of Italy and Spain, who eat them every day to improve the quality of their voices and keep them smooth. Onion plasters are prescribed to break up hard coughs. They are made of fried onions placed between two pieces of old muslin. The plaster is kept quite hot until the patient is snugly in bed, when it is placed on the chest, to stay over night. Onion syrup is a dose that can be bought of any druggist, and is claimed by some to be unequalled as a cure for a cold in the chest.

All this is probably quite true. For to be done up with onions, both inside and out, would be enough certainly to chase out any self-respecting cold.—Table Talk.

LAST OF THE BUCCANEERS.

Tragic Fate of a Piratical Crew That Put an End to Piracy.

As late as the year 1825 the waters adjacent to Porto Rico were infested by a bloodthirsty band of pirates led by a Spaniard named Confreinas. It was the proud boast of the buccaneer chief that he neither gave nor asked quarter. In March of the year men-

tioned Captain John Drake Sloat, who twenty-one years later raised the American flag over California, was placed in command of the sloop of war Grampus, with orders to proceed to the West Indies and wipe the pirates off the ocean. The Grampus cruised for some weeks without catching sight of any pirate vessel. One morning while the sloop was lying at anchor in the harbor of San Juan a man who had swum ashore from a merchant vessel captured by Confreinas reported that the pirate brig was anchored in the Boca de Inferno (Mouth of Hell), an obscure harbor some miles up the coast, waiting to attack a heavily laden schooner which was to sail from San Juan that very day.

Confreinas knew the Grampus well, so to make sure of his prey Captain Sloat placed a heavily armed crew and cannon loaded with grape on board the schooner and sallied forth. The pirates, unsuspecting any resistance, bore down on the disguised vessel with the black flag and skull and cross-bones at the brig's masthead. Not a move was made by Sloat and his crew until the vessels were almost alongside, when the marines arose from the deck and poured a deadly fire into the brig. Confreinas rallied his men and for some time kept up a running fight, showing great skill in manipulating his crippled vessel. He was finally forced to run his brig ashore. Forty of the crew with the buccaneer chief were captured by waiting soldiers. They were taken to San Juan, court-martialed the next day and shot. Confreinas was the last to die. When they attempted to bind his eyes he threw the men aside, ridiculed the priest and exclaimed in a loud voice: "I have slain hundreds with my own hands and I know how to die. Fire!" He fell pierced by many bullets, the last and most bloodthirsty of the buccaneers of that region.—Harper's Weekly.

THEY DWELL IN CAVERNS.

Residents of Normandy Dig Their Houses in the Cliffs.

We have often heard of the cliff dwellers and are accustomed to think of them as a prehistoric race, the remains of whose few scattered dwellings are a matter of curiosity to tourists and a prize to antiquarians. Few people know that at the present day there are whole communities in France whose only habitations are hollowed in the rocky hillsides and whose entire business life is carried on in caves.

We had seen in Normandy isolated instances of people living in habitations half house and half cave. But they were in faraway towns and villages and only the very poorest class of people lived in them. Our first real cave city came as a great surprise, for we had just left Tours, one of the most highly civilized cities in France. We were riding on the road to Vouvray when suddenly, at the turn near Rochebonin, this first town of cliff dwellers burst upon us.

High above us towered a huge mass of overhanging rock, strata upon strata, bearing upon its summit a most peculiar tower, supposed to have been a watch tower in ages gone by. Its foundations hung over the rock upon which they were built and it seemed as though it would crash down at any moment upon the village beneath.

Scattered over the face of the cliff, door and windows, narrow stairways and little belvederes could be seen, habitation upon habitation, in most picturesque disorder. Walls along the high road hid the immediate foreground and we looked in vain for an opening by which we could have a nearer view of this strange community.

At last we found an open gate and, peeping through, were greeted by a dear little old woman, whose wrinkled, smiling face was surmounted by a snowy white cap. Her doorway was a bowler of flowers, hollyhocks, asters, nasturtiums and deep June roses. By its side was an old well and a little outhouse for her weed and gardening tools. Her cheery "bon jour" was an invitation to enter and we gladly accepted her cordiality. We followed her across the little yard and were soon seated in her one and only room.—Scribner's Magazine.

Riley's Confession.

James Whitcomb Riley is thus quoted in the Lamp: "I have been catching the next train for so many years that I have had but little time to devote to the social side of life, and am, in consequence, a confirmed novice in all the gentler graces. Only a few evenings since, somewhere, I pronounced 'don't you' with the 'ch' sound to it, and—well, you must imagine, for I can't describe, the overwhelming, suffocating sense of my humiliation when my attention was drawn to it. And horror on horror's head! the same evening I was detected in the act of pronouncing program just as the word is spelled!"

Making a Ball.

In making a league baseball a rubber marble an inch in diameter is covered with coarse yarn. Then a winding machine gives it a layer of finely blue yarn, after which it is soaked in cement solution and dried. This process is repeated until the exact size is gained, the last two layers being finer yarn. The horsehide cover is sewed on by hand and the ball is then ironed. It must weigh just five ounces and measure exactly nine inches in circumference.

Soda water is probably so-called because there isn't a bit of soda in it.

OLD FAVORITES

My Country, 'Tis of Thee. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing: Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of liberty, To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With Freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet; O, the last ray of feeling and life must depart. Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart!

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene Her purest of crystal and brightest of green; 'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet on hill— O, no! it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near, Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear, And who felt how the best charms of nature improve When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best; Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease, And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

SEES HIS DEATH IN DREAM. Montana Ranchman Murdered by a Tramp He Had Offended.

Students of the occult are finding much food for thought in the murder of Fred Teasdale, a rancher of Bridger, Mont., by a tramp who refuses to give his name, but who says that he knew the dead man long ago, and that Teasdale did him a deadly wrong.

"I had a queer dream last night, only it was not really a dream," said Teasdale, when he went into the field in the morning, addressing several men. "I thought that I was living long, long ago and did a fearful wrong to a man who was once my friend. We parted and met years later, when we engaged in a quarrel. During this quarrel he shot me. The funny part of it all was that at the time I seemed to be living firearms had not been invented."

As the men were working about noon, a tramp appeared in the field and asked to be put to work. He was given employment. When his eyes fell on Teasdale he turned pale and staggered as if hit a heavy blow. Soon Teasdale began to joke about his poor workmanship. This angered the tramp, and hot words followed. Suddenly Teasdale leaped forward and struck the tramp in the face.

"Curse you, that's twice you have wronged me in this world," shouted the tramp, "but it will be the last." Then he drew a revolver and fired the ball penetrating the heart of the rancher, who fell dead. The tramp was seized and taken to jail. He refuses to give his name, saying only that Teasdale knew him, and that he merely took revenge for an injury done him many years before. The tramp showed indications of having at one time filled a high position in the world and is evidently a man of education.

Animal Longevity. Some curious statistics have just been published upon what an insurance company would describe as the "expectation of life" in animals. Among the larger species of cattle there is some approach to uniformity. Thus, for the horse and the ass the extreme limit is about thirty-five years and for horned cattle about thirty. For the dog it is given as twenty-five while sheep, goats, pigs and cats are grouped at fifteen. But there are stranger disparities among birds. While a goose may live thirty years a sparrow twenty-five and a crow as many as one hundred, ducks, poultry and turkeys die of old age at twelve years. The palm for longevity is divided between elephant and parrot. Both pass the century.

Who Pass the Examination. Seventy-seven per cent of the women and but 62 per cent of the men taking the civil service examination are able to pass it.

A cantaloupe is like a kiss: when it's good, it's mighty good, and very bad when it's bad.

Some rich men seem to be suffering from fatty degeneration of the peck-st book.

A woman isn't necessarily behind the times just because she is shy a few birthdays.

It is possible to work yourself up in the world by treading on other people's toes.

Philadelphia now leads the world in the number of Christian Endeavor mission study classes. It has fifty-six, twenty of which have been organized in the past year.

"I Found It So." McCormick, Ill., Sept. 28.—Miss Ethel Bradshaw of this place has written a letter, which is remarkable for the character of the statements it contains. As her letter will be read with interest, and probably with profit by many women, it has been thought advisable to publish it in part. Among other things Miss Bradshaw says: "I had Kidney Trouble with the various unpleasant symptoms which always come with that disease, and I have found a cure. I would strongly advise all who may be suffering with any form of Kidney Complaint to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, a remedy which I have found to be entirely satisfactory."

"This remedy is within the reach of all and is all that it is recommended to be. I found it so, and I therefore feel it my duty to tell others about it." Dr. Dunaway of Benton, Ill., uses Dodd's Kidney Pills in his regular practice, and says they are the best medicine for Kidney Troubles. He claims they will cure Diabetes in the last stages.

At an industrial school in Liverpool, where twenty children were bathed in the same water, several cases of pneumonia have been set up.

There are said to be more specimens of the cedar of Lebanon in the gardens round London than on Mount Lebanon itself.

Hits and Misses. Wiggles—Does your wife miss you when you are away from home? Misses—No; but she frequently misses me when I'm at home. Wiggles—Why, how's that? Misses—Her aim isn't accurate.

Some women's complexions are not 'skin deep.'

It is a flat courtship that has no "pop" to it.

Silence is an excellent remedy for gossip.

\$100 Reward, \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 7c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A noble heart may beat beneath a ragged coat, says an esteemed contemporary. It is just as possible that one may beat under a coat that has been neatly patched.

Advertisement for "Old Reliance" waterproof oiled clothing. Features a fisherman logo and text: "Waterproof Oiled Clothing BLACK OR YELLOW".

Advertisement for W. L. Douglas shoes. Text: "W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.50 & \$3 SHOES UNION MADE". Includes a portrait of W. L. Douglas.

Advertisement for "A GREAT OPPORTUNITY" in mining. Text: "If you have a little spare money, there is no better investment than can be made in stock of the Quaker Mining and Milling Company".

Advertisement for "FITS" medicine. Text: "FITS Permanently Cured. No matter how long you have had it, Dr. King's Great Peppermint Cure will cure you. Price 25 cents. Sold by all druggists."