



GLANCING OVER THE LIST.

of people who have had satisfactory photographs taken here is like looking over a society directory. If any better photographs were to be had anywhere these people

Would Go There For Their Photographs.

The fact that they come here themselves, and send their friends, indicates that our claim that we make the best photographs to be had is justified. Come and judge for yourself.

Retains Health by Fasting.

To prove that complete abstinence from food for indefinite periods is not only conducive to good health but also to perennial youth, Miss Claire de Serval, niece of the famous "fasting" Dr. Tanner, is submitting herself to a remarkable series of experiments at the Royal Charity hospital in Berlin. Miss Serval ended at noon the other day in perfect health a fast of ten days, without nourishment of any kind, either liquid or solid. During that time she lived in a glass cage, into which fresh air was pumped by a motor. She was then removed from the cage and placed in the ordinary ward, but she intends to abstain from food for another 20 days, living in the meantime on mineral water. Her weight has decreased from 114 pounds to 101 pounds, but her condition otherwise is perfectly normal. She stated, at the end of the tenth day, that she never once felt ill from lack of food and drink, and was entirely free from fever or headache. The young lady says that she was induced to become "faster" in order to cure herself of chronic headaches and lack of appetite, and also because she finds she emerges rejuvenated after a period of self-imposed starvation.

Beri-Beri and Hari-Kari.

The busy man, who only has time to read the headlines of a newspaper, hustled up to a bunch of his friends the other day with the remark: "Remarkable case, that. Very seldom you ever hear of a Chinaman committing suicide." "I should say it is," said one of the friends, "Did a Chinaman commit suicide?" "Yes, indeed; fellow committed beri-beri down at Point Breeze. He was a sailor." "Indeed? I was always under the impression that beri-beri was a disease, and not a method of self-destruction." "Not on your life," said the busy one; "beri-beri is one of the most horrible forms of suicide known. At this juncture another in the group remarked: "Don't get beri-beri confused with hari-kari. Hari-kari is a way to commit suicide, but beri-beri is a tropical disease." "Now, there's just where you're wrong," said the wise one; "hari-kari is the Japanese word for suicide, but beri-beri is the Chinese name." It was several hours before they finally convinced him of his mistake.

Dramatic Protest in Church.

In a Northumberland (Eng.) coast village chapel recently the preacher referred to Christ's fishermen disciples as "rough, ignorant, uncouth types of men." "Hey, stop that, mister," dramatically interrupted a fisherman worshiper. "Don't talk that way about fishermen," continued the interrupter, who went on to loudly declare that they were as good as those in any other walk of life. Congregation and preacher were alike so surprised at the incident that the man delivered his protest unheeded. The pastor afterwards resumed his sermon.

Something That Survived.

"It is my ambition," said the earnest young man, "to write something that will be handed down to posterity." "Well," answered Farmer Corantos, "all I have to say is be careful how you go about it. My grandfather wrote his name to a mortgage on his farm and it looks as if my grandchild here will have to go ahead struggling with it."

India Victims of Tigers.

The ferocity of the tiger can be seen from the fact that according to a recent writer he is made responsible for 37 per cent. of the human beings killed by the wild animals of Hindustan. The writer adds that once a tiger has tasted human flesh he is satisfied with nothing else, and that in southern India one of these man-eating tigers has devoured 200 human beings.

Guarding Against Earthquakes.

All great crises have stimulated the creative faculty of mankind, and earthquakes have, of course, earned a full share of attention. The most original notion in this connection was put forth by a genius who quite satisfied himself that if houses were provided with wheels or rollers they would move about backwards and forwards during an earthquake and escape disaster.

Mr. Chamberlain as the Butler.

The foreign office staff of the king's house service messengers has just lost one of its members, to whose nickname, "Sir Joseph," a story belongs. It occurred when Mr. Chamberlain was at the colonial office. One night, or rather very early in the morning, the messenger was sent to Prince's Gardens with an important "cabinet circulation." Mr. Chamberlain was working late and had sent all his servants to bed, and the messenger had to wait a long time before getting an answer to his knock. At last he gave a thundering rat-tat and presently had the satisfaction of seeing some one whom he supposed to be the butler appear in answer to his call, wearing a plain smoking jacket and smoking a clay pipe. "Oh," said the messenger, "you have come at last have you? There's no hurry. It's only a message from the prime minister." The "butler" smiled serenely, and the messenger, then recognizing his man, stammered out: "I beg your pardon Sir Joseph, I have a dispatch box for you."

Redeemed Life by Death.

An honorable burial, the reward for an honorable death, was accorded S. J. Frooman, a convict, who died in the San Quentin prison, California, recently from injuries received while bravely fighting the fire in the penitentiary. Frooman displayed a reckless gallantry during that exciting period when the call came for volunteers, he was among the first to step out. It was his one opportunity to retrieve his dishonored name, to clear himself of the taint of a criminal being, to take his place as a man among men. He lived in dishonor, but died a man, and for his manner of death was buried as a man in San Rafael cemetery, not as a criminal in a convict grave. This will be the only satisfaction to his wife and daughter, who are in Europe and unaware of his crimes and his death. He was convicted for forgery and would have been released in 1911. The expenses of his funeral were paid by the guards of the prison.

Hard to Understand.

"What's Johnny been doing?" asked the patient father. "He had an altercation with the neighbors' children, was warned by the police, broke the cellar window tried to put a cartridge in the furnace and that's all I can think of just now." "It's absolutely marvelous, isn't it?" "What is?" "That anybody should have the nerve to kidnap a small boy!"

Vivisection.

"In the agony of death a dog has been known to caress his master, and every one has heard of the dog suffering under vivisection, who licks the hand of the operator; this man unless the operation was fully justified by an increase of our knowledge or unless he had a heart of stone must have felt remorse to the last hour of his life."—Descent of Man, Appleton's, 1906 edition, page 70.

Every Town in County "Dry."

Little Yates has the distinction of being the only county in the state that is absolutely "dry." Every town in the county has voted no license. The village of Penn Yan, the county capital, will use "cold tea" as a regular beverage for the first time in 30 years. Yates is the smallest county in the state, and the tourist can cross it in either direction before he gets very thirsty without exceeding the speed limit.—Utica (N. Y.) Press.

A Glimmer of the Truth.

Asked to write a report of a lecture on "Phases of Human Life—Youth, Manhood and Old Age," a young English girl produced: "In youth we look forward to the wicked things we will do when we grow up—this is the state of innocence. In manhood we do the wicked things of which we thought in our youth—this is the prime of life. In old age we are sorry for the wicked things we did in manhood—this is the time of our dotage."

And How Few Do!

Man's chief wisdom consists in knowing his follies.—Rochefoucauld.

And the Proper One.

The road leading to justice is the safest.—Hesiod.

JOLLYING A JOKER

YOUNG WOMAN GOT EVEN WITH MERRY JESTER.

Had to Sit Up Late to Do It, but the Trick Was Accomplished—Victim's Rather Lame Excuse for Call.

To start with—Robert L. Beck is the most diligent practical joker in Cleveland and environs, with the one possible exception of Johnny Brennan.

Among the regular victims of Beck's jokes and jests are a crowd of young women, friends of his wife. A pair of these young women "lived one evening that they would get square with Beck. The joke they planned required them to sit up far beyond their bedtime, but they didn't let that prey on their minds.

At about 1:30 a. m. Beck was aroused from a sound sleep by the ringing of the telephone. He crawled out of bed, yawning, took down the receiver, and learned that a woman relative—cousin or something of that sort—was lying critically ill at her home in the other end of town.

Beck, then fully awake, inserted himself quickly into his trousers and other things, and hustled out to wait for an owl car. He had some difficulty getting in at the home of his relative. Everybody seemed to be sleeping just as soundly as he had been up to the time that his telephone rang. It began to dawn on him that perhaps he didn't have a monopoly on the practical joke game in this community. At last a servant came to the door. It was then just 2:30 o'clock.

Beck inquired how everybody was. The servant, wondering, replied that everybody had retired in the best of health. But why? Was any one there supposed to be ill?

Beck was on, when he heard that He was indeed the victim of a joke. But a man does not like to admit that he is a joker's victim. And in this instance he didn't think it was wise to have his relative shocked by the news; that her state of health was a matter of telephone discussion in the middle of the night.

"O, no, I didn't think anybody was sick," Beck told the servant. "Just tell the family that I was walking by, and thought I'd drop in and inquire how they were. No, no, didn't want any thing special. Just took a notion to drop in, don't you know. Well, I must be off. Beautiful night, isn't it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HAS A PERSISTENT HOODOO.

Mr. Oliver J. Goslington Gives a Faint Outline of the Troubles That Pursue Him.

"I don't know why it is," said Mr. Goslington, "but when I travel I always seem to get the worst of it in some way; if there's anything going that isn't pleasant it comes to me. Yesterday I made a little trip to a place about fifty miles from the city. I went to the station early to get a seat by a window. I managed that all right; I got a window seat and just where I wanted, not at the end of the car, but about two-thirds back from the front, where I would ride easy and at the same time have something to look at ahead, and of course that all pleased me very much.

"At the first station out there got aboard the car at the forward end seven men, a very assorted lot of men, some tall, some short, some thick, some thin, and among them one of phenomenal proportions, a giant of a man, with legs sticking out beneath and a head protruding up on top, and then I watched with fearful interest the procession as it started down the car, for I was seized with a mortal terror that the big man would want to sit with me. Really he ought not to, for I sat two-thirds of the way down the car and there were plenty of vacant seats ahead; but you never can tell about a thing till it's settled.

"I watched that procession coming with a great and fearful interest, the big man bringing up the rear, and then with increasing hopefulness I saw it dwindle as one member after another of it dropped out to take the first seat he came to, until all were seated except the giant, who was left alone still four rows in front of me and with three vacant seats in those four rows to choose from, and then my hope ran high, but he kept coming and passed them all until he came to mine, where he halted.

"Is this seat taken?" he said to me, and what could I say but: "No, sir," and then he sat down, sitting partly on that vacant place in the seat and partly on Oliver J. Goslington.

"So I drew the fat man after all; but things like that happen to me whenever I travel."

Mortgage on a Cat.

A mortgage on a cat is not often heard of. However, the other day there was filed in the recorder's office a chattel mortgage the consideration of which was \$30. The property on which the money was secured was described as a "cat called John."—Columbus Dispatch.

Precautions Against Rats.

The owners of grain godowns and warehouses in Calcutta are compelled by municipal regulation to pave with concrete to prevent the ingress of rats, which, it is believed, will aid materially in the extermination of this active distributor of the plague germ.

No Price Limit.

If a young man develops a first-class business ability he needn't bother about a fortune. His professional talents will find employment at rates which will make the possession of a fortune superfluous.—Saturday Evening Post.

Revision.

"Now," said the distinguished representative, "we have arranged the tariff precisely as it should be and all you have to do is say 'Amen.'"

"No," answered the distinguished senator, "not 'amen,' 'amend.'"

HOT WATER HEATING

For the Farm Home

All the comforts of town life can now be had on the farm. Heat the house with hot water, and get the maximum amount of comfort at a minimum cost. The day of the base burner in the country home is rapidly passing.

WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST

The time to install a heating plant is from now on. Once installed, they last a lifetime. Come in and let us tell you about it, or drop us a card stating what you want.

A. DUSSELL & SON
Plumbing and Hot Water Heating
COLUMBUS, NEB.

SCREENS

Now is the season for screens. Leave your order with us. We make any size you want. If you are going to build, get our figures.

GEO. F. KOHLER
Contractor and Builder
124 1/2 W. 13th St. Adams

FRITZ W. A. PAUL

Professor of Music
Violin and Piano, all Brass and Reed Instruments.
At home for intending students Tuesdays and Fridays, 2 to 4 p. m., at No. 1018 Washington Avenue.
Telephone, Bell Black 278. P. O. Box 541

Improvements on Old Sayings.

"Never do things by halves," unless you open oysters. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Let your motto be "Excelsior!" Single out some specialty for which you have genius, then devote yourself to it thoroughly, and you won't have to look for a job, the job will be looking for you. The most brilliant men are often lamentable failures. Be thorough! Stick like the postage stamp—till you get there. Dogged does it.

Hollanders Heavily Taxed.

All told, a Hollander pays about 12 per cent. of his yearly income for taxes. He is taxed for his business income, for the interest he collects on his house rent, his furniture, on six fireplaces and all the stoves in the house he rents or owns, on his horse, bicycle and servants. On an income of \$2,400 a year he pays \$298.

Fewer Distilleries in Sweden.

Fifty years ago there were 23,000 distilleries in Sweden, but that number has now been reduced to 132.

Musical.

The rattle of pans and dishes in the kitchen sounds better than classical music to a hungry man.

Use for Electric Heating Devices.

Electric heating devices are successfully employed for branding cigar boxes.

By-Product of Coal.

Pigments of more than 400 different colors are secured from coal.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. It cures the tumors, allays itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared for Piles and itching of the private parts. Sold by druggists, mail 50c and \$1.00. Williams' Mfg. Co., Prop., Cleveland, O.

WHY NOT TRY

THE PACIFIC HOTEL

COLUMBUS, NEB.

The big brick hotel one and one-half blocks south of west depot crossing. 25 rooms at 25c; 20 rooms at 30c; meals, 35c.

HARRY MUSSELMAN, Proprietor

COLUMBUS

MEAT MARKET

We invite all who desire choice steaks, and the very best cuts of all other meats to call at our market on Eleventh street. We also handle poultry and fish and oysters in season.

S. E. MARTY & CO.
Telephone No. 1. - Columbus, Neb.

ECZEMA

Itching or Pruritus (see Blanchard's Eczema) London
Prof. J. Blanchard, Skin Specialist, 2811 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, will diagnose your skin disease FREE, also give advice and state how the disease will act and disappear under use of his lotion.

How many are there that can do this? Write for symptom blank. His Lotion is sold at I. H. Levy's, Columbus, Neb.

WANTED

The right party can secure an excellent position, salary or commission for Columbus and vicinity. State age, former occupation and give reference. Address LOCK BOX 428, Lincoln, Neb.

IRISH BLOOD IN DIAZ LAND.

Many Mexicans Found with Red Hair and Real Hibernian Brogue and Names.

"The Mexicans are a dark-skinned race, but in the crowds of idlers who watch the passing train at every railroad station you will be sure to see one or more faces of truly Irish cast, surrounded by shocks of tousled just-retained from a long trip through Diaz's republic. "The reason for this isn't far to seek. When the Mexican railroads were built, twenty or thirty years ago, it was an army of Irish laborers who dug the dirt, laid the ties and spiked down the steel. They mixed with the native population, naturally, and the red-headed hybrid with a pug nose and perpetual grin is the result.

"I remember one place in particular where I saw one of these carrot-topped Irish-Mexicans who had such a Hibernian face that I felt sure at once he must be an exile from Erin who had gone broke in the land of the Montezumas. It was at a station called Apizaco, on the Mexican railway—the line that leads from the capital to Vera Cruz, a road that was built by an Irishman who grew rich and became a Mexican citizen. This man was selling gaudily painted and carved canes, for which this station is famous all over the country. He was dressed in the usual two-piece suit—loose blouse and trousers of white cotton ragged and dirty. His red head was covered by a tattered straw sombrero, and his feet were bare—like all the other peons. When he came up to me with his canes I spoke to him in English. He grinned at me and replied in Spanish that he did not understand. So I went back at him in Mexican:

"Aren't you Irish? What is your name?" I asked.

"Si, senor," he replied in the formal Spanish phrases that even the Indians there use, my name is Innocente Jesus O'Rourke." And he said it, with a brogue that, aside from his looks was his sole ancestral inheritance."

COURTESY ALONE WILL NOT DO

Old Negroes of the South Are Extremely Polite, But Weefully Incompetent.

When the southern woman opened the door in answer to the bell the old colored man bowed and smiled, and said softly in the courteous southern brogue: "I've come for the cloes Bertha done sent me."

The southern woman sighed as she looked at him. "Tell Bertha I'm sorry," said she, "but I've given my clothes to a white woman. Bertha is so nice. She has washed for me for four years, but she kept the clothes so long and she got them so blue I had to change. I'm sorry."

The old colored man, how worn his clothes were; bowed again. "That's all right," he said; "that's all right. I'll tell Bertha. She'll be sorry, too, Bertha will. She's been washing for you so long. Bertha'll be vey sorry."

The southern woman shut the door and came into the room, standing still awhile, thinking.

"So courteous," she said. "The only genuine courtesy in the world, I think is among those old negroes, but so in competent. They are bound to be weeded out. And still you can't help being sorry. And I suppose nobody will believe that the people who are sorriest to see them supplanted by the bricker white servants are the south erners."—Washington Star.

Man and His Dog.

He lies in front of me curled up before the fire, as so many dogs must have lain before so many fires. I sit on one side of that hearth as so many men must have sat by so many hearths. Somehow this creature has completed my manhood; somehow, I cannot explain why, a man ought to have a dog. A man ought to have six legs; those other four legs are part of him. Our alliance is older than any of the passing and priggish explanations that are offered of either of us; before evolution was, we were you can find it written in a book that I am a mere survival of a squabble of anthropoid apes, and perhaps I am. My dog knows I am a man, and you will not find the meaning of that word written in any book as clearly as it is written in his soul.—G. K. Chesterton in London News.

Teaching Nothing.

Dr. Howe, president of Case school, Cleveland, never fails to express his vexation when he has a student call the zero of mathematics nothing. One of the students, Morgenthaler by name would almost invariably read an equation like this, x plus y equals 0, as follows: "X plus y equals nothing." One day Dr. Howe lost his long-enduring patience. "See here, Morgenthaler, let me show you the difference between zero and nothing."

With this Dr. Howe wrote a big 0 on the blackboard. "This," he said, "is zero." Then erasing the 0, he added: "And this is nothing."—Lippincott's.

Circumstances and Cases.

"I want you," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "to show that this law is unconstitutional. Do you think you can manage it?"

"Easily," answered the attorney. "Well, go ahead and get familiar with the case."

"I'm already at home in it. I know my ground perfectly. It's the same law you had me prove was constitutional two years ago."

Husbands Take Second Place Now.

In the day when women sat at home and did needlework they possibly have had time to be interested in their husbands' careers. To-day their own careers monopolize their attention.—London Ladies' Field.

The Only Alternative.

Mother (to her daughter)—What is your father making such a row about in the other room? Either the doctor has forbidden him to smoke or he is now asking him for your hand.—File-gende Blattner.

The Great American Ball-Bearing Lawn Mower

This Machine is the most limited, and the best all-around mower of its class in the world. It was the first successful ball-bearing machine on the market, it has the largest sale of any, and its quality has never been approached by any other manufacturer. The five cylinder blades are made of steel, oil tempered and hardened, crucible steel dead knife, with self-sharpening raised edge feature, perfectly fitting caps and cones, insuring an easy running mower, and every detail of construction has been carefully carried out. Finished in aluminum and gold, handsomely decorated, and graceful in appearance.

JOHANNES & KRUMLAND

GREAT VOLCANO IN SAMOA.

In Eruption Nearly Four Years and Has Emitted Enormous Mass of Molten Lava.

Letters recently received in this city from people who, journeying across the Pacific, made a stop at Samoa, give some idea of the stupendous volcanic outburst that is going on in the island of Savaii, German Samoa. This volcano broke out three and a half years ago, but it is so far away from the usual lines of travel across the Pacific that little has been learned of its activity. It has been in constant eruption the whole of that time and must have thrown out a far more enormous mass of molten matter than has any other volcano within historic times. The fiery river that flows from a great rent in the side of the mountain is eight miles wide and has buried under its lava about sixty square miles of country. The activity of the volcano and the amount of the flow are increasing. Hills 600 feet high have been submerged and valleys as deep have been filled to their rims with the molten rock. The outflow of the volcano has been estimated to be at least 300,000 tons a minute. By the side of such a mass as that, kept up steadily for more than three years, the disgorgings of Vesuvius would be no more than a spoonful.

As the island of Savaii is very sparsely inhabited, even by the natives, while its white population consists of a few missionaries and traders, there has been but little damage to life or property in the neighborhood of the volcano. To the seismologist, however, this island offers a fruitful subject for study, although its remote situation has as yet kept it out of the reach of science.

HIS TALK VERY EDIFYING.

Minister's Parrot Guides an Old Lady's Perverse Bird into More Decent Speech.

Rev. Philip C. Fletcher, the most eloquent and popular of St. Louis' younger clergymen, was discussing the other day the sermon wherein he said he saw no harm in cosmetics. "What I meant in that sermon," said Mr. Fletcher, smiling, "was that a woman owed it to herself to make the most of her looks. According to some people, I advised every woman to lay on powder and paint with a towel. I would never think of giving such advice, of course. Such advice, coming from the pulpit, would have a strange sound—as strange a sound as the talk of the minister's parrot. "A certain minister," you know, called on an old lady, and found a new parrot in her parlor. This parrot kept saying every little while: "I wish the old girl would die!" "The minister turned his head to conceal a smile.

"But I think I can set this matter right for you, dear madam," he said "I, too, have a parrot, as you know. It is a very honest bird. Its talk is very edifying. I'll send it here; and it will soon guide your own parrot into decent speech."

"He sent on his parrot that evening. The grateful old lady put the birds side by side. Then, with a pleased smile, she prepared to listen to their conversation.

"I wish the old girl would die," said the parrot host.

"And the guest rolled his eyes and exclaimed solemnly: "We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord!"

He Had Reason to Flee.

This affidavit was filed in court of common pleas in Dublin in 1822: "And this deponent further saith, that on arriving at the home of the said defendant for the purpose of personally serving him with the said writ, he, the said deponent, knocked three several times at the outer, commonly called the hall door, but could not obtain admittance; whereupon this deponent was proceeding to knock a fourth time, when a man, to this deponent unknown, holding in his hands a musket or blunderbuss, loaded with balls or slugs, as this deponent has since heard and verily believes, appeared at one of the upper windows of the said house, and presenting said musket or blunderbuss at this deponent, threatened that if said deponent did not instantly retire, he would send him (the deponent's) soul to hell, which this deponent verily believes he would have done, had not this deponent precipitately escaped."

Take a Cab.

A friend the other day came in be-walling the ruin done to her pretty shoes, frock, hat, etc., by a heavy shower, through having to wait for an omnibus. "You ought to have taken a cab," I told her. The idea of such extravagance quite appalled her; yet more than the amount spent would have been saved to her wearing apparel. This fallacy of judgment is very common among women, I have observed.

His Efforts Wasted.

Lecturer on Art—"Before I sit down I shall be happy to answer any questions that of any of you may wish to ask." Gentleman (in audience)—"I have enjoyed the lecture much, sir, and have understood it all except a few technical terms. Will you please tell me what you mean by the words perspective, fresco, and mickle-analogy?" (Lecturer sits down discouraged.)—Chicago Tribune.

ECONOMY IN A LONDON INN.

"Doubtful" Fish Served to These Guests Who Have Cold in the Head.

Mr. Craig Wadsworth, one of the secretaries to the embassy at London, tells how an American, who was journeying through the midland counties of England, encountered in a certain town a rather pretentious inn, at which he ordered turbot—a favorite dish in those parts.

The American had had a few days of dense fog, and his appearance and manner perhaps showed that he had become a little wheezy in consequence of the climate. He was, indeed, forced to have frequent recourse to his handkerchief.

When the turbot was brought the guest fancied, even before it reached his plate, that it was no longer fresh; and an attempt to eat it confirmed that impression. He called the proprietor, who at once sent a waiter for fresh turbot and removed the objectionable dish.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the inn-keeper, "but we got the idea, sir, as you came in, that you 'ad a bad cold in your 'ead, sir."

"And suppose I had? What would that have to do with my being served spoiled fish?" demanded the indignant traveler.

"Heverthink, sir. We 'as this rule in this 'ouse: Fish as is a little doubtful, like that 'ere, sir—them which 'as lost the flavor of youth, as I may say—them we serve to parties as appears to 'ave colds in their 'eads, sir; and we find 'at 'em, 'eins' as such parties can't smell nothing, they like the fish just as well, sir, and 'often they prefer 'em!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

American Respect for Education.

There is something in America besides money and politics. America realizes the importance of education and the respect due to those who are entrusted with the great work of preparing men for their part in life. When Dr. Eliot resigned the presidency of Harvard university the whole country treated it as an event of the first importance and realized the responsibility resting upon the overseers in the selection of his successor. When it comes to the selection of a governor, a senator, an ambassador, a president even, Americans are care less, for while their politicians may do harm it is seldom lasting, but it is different with the president of Harvard. Only the man fitted by learning and character and temperament is deemed worthy of being considered, so great is the respect in which the office is held.—Nation Review.

Seton's Opinion of the Wolf.

Ernest Thompson Seton is