

MAKING BETTER.

THEODOSIA BURR.

Simply to Make Good is Not Doing All That One Should.

There is one thing better than to make good, and that is to make better. The world is a constantly improving world; it has not simply remained good. We can see this if we recall how naturally we say, "This is the finest sunset or cloud I ever saw." Of course this is not altogether true, but there is a greater truth underneath—namely, that in nature there is something so determined to make good that she seems to be doing better than before. To make good is not enough. The same thing is seen in other places. No president ever went to Washington but that he honestly believed he could in some respects do better than the president before him, not merely keep what had been done. And each president is right in thinking this, for in this business of making better each of us has something to contribute that no one else possesses. For ordinary people it is a great encouragement to remember that, no matter how many great ones precede us, there is still a way for us first to make good and then to make better. The way is just to give ourselves to the thing we are doing. Our self is a brand new thing. No one else ever had it before. A boy who learns his lessons because of a sense of duty only may indeed make good, so far as his parents are concerned, but the secret of education comes only to the one who studies because he has learned to thoroughly enjoy it. The first makes good; the second makes better. And the second alone gets the best out of the game of securing knowledge.—George Lawrence Parkman St. Nicholas.

Sagacity.

One would have it that a collie is the most sagacious of dogs, while the other stood up for the setter. "I once owned a setter," declared the latter, "which was very intelligent. I had him on the street one day, and he acted so queerly about a certain man we met that I asked the man his name, and"— "Oh, that's an old story!" the collie's advocate broke in sneeringly. "The man's name was Partridge, of course, and because of that the dog came to a set. Ho, ho! Come again!" "You're mistaken," rejoined the setter suavely. "The dog didn't come quite to a set, though almost a matter of fact, the man's name was Quayle, and the dog hesitated to account of the spelling."—Lippincott's.

Ancestral Worship in Korea.

"A sight on this day's journey which impressed us was the groups of people here and there by the graves of relatives going through forms of ancestral worship," reports a traveler in Korea. "This is looked upon as being more an evidence of filial piety than of spirit worship. In front of the grave a mat is laid, and upon the little Korean table is spread a variety of food of which the ancestral spirit may partake. Then the friends, with hands clasped, bow again and again their faces to the ground. How long the ceremony is continued we could not tell, as we were passing; but, looking back until we had turned and they were lost to view, there appeared no sign of its ceasing."

Following a Precedent.

Writes a friend from Cannes: "I heard a story the other night at a dinner given here which is, I believe, a true one, and as it might amuse your readers I pass it on. A little boy wished to give a Bible to his mother on her birthday, and before writing her name on the flyleaf he took down a book from her shelf to see the proper way of setting about the matter. Literally copying the first inscription that he found, he wrote, 'With the kind regards of the author.'—London Gentlewoman.

Albino Animals in Japan.

It is noteworthy that albino animals are regarded by the Japanese in a superstitious light. The appearance of one is considered a good omen for the reigning mikado and occasionally signalizes a reign. For example, one reign is called "hakuchi nenkan," or period of the white pheasant; another the "haku hoo nenkan," or period of the white phoenix.—London Globe.

Not Serious, but Curious.

"And I can't lie on either side," wailed a legal patient, continuing symptoms of illness. "Great heavens!" exclaimed the doctor. "Is it very serious, doctor?" asked the legal patient anxiously. "Oh, no, not very, but it is the first time I ever met a lawyer who could not lie on either side."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Her Fate One of the Mysteries That Will Never Be Solved.

One of the greatest mysteries that can be chronicled in this country was the disappearance of Theodosia Burr, the beautiful and devoted daughter of Aaron Burr. For a number of years before she fell in love and married a rich southerner Theodosia was the undisputed belle of old New York. Her father's position in public life would have assured her great recognition, but her devotion to him, even after he had become disgraced in the public eye, brought to her favorable comment and admiration for her dignified loyalty. After Aaron Burr had drifted to Europe to escape the scorn which he met with on all sides from his former friends and his daughter had gone to live in Charleston, where she was destined to become the first lady of that state as the wife of its governor, Joseph Alston, for a time little was heard of her. When her father, after spending a miserable existence abroad, decided to return to this country Theodosia planned to visit him. Her only son, Aaron Burr Alston, had just died. The blow had almost broken her heart, and she expected to find consolation by this visit to her father. But the law of South Carolina at that time prohibited the governor from leaving the state, so Theodosia was compelled to make the trip north alone.

On Dec. 31, 1812, she set out, with a few servants and a picked crew, in a sailing ship, the Patriot. It was but a short time before the vessel had cleared the Charleston bar and was out of sight. Nothing was ever heard of the vessel or any of its passengers or crew thereafter. Not even a bit of wreckage of the Patriot was ever found to bear evidence of what had happened. Whether a storm sent the craft to the bottom with all on board or whether it was looted or sunk by an enemy or fell a prey to pirates who may have killed Theodosia or sold her as a slave in the orient no one was ever able to say.

For a number of years thereafter there was an unconfirmed rumor that Theodosia had been captured by pirates, but as she was rich and could have paid a heavy ransom for her release this does not seem likely. Particularly is this true when the money loving character of piracy is understood. If the vessel was wrecked it is odd that not one trace was left to bear evidence of that result. Therefore the mystery of Theodosia Burr is still unsolved.

Waking the Duke in Church.

The great Duke of Wellington was among those upon whom sermons have a soporific effect. A strange clergyman who was preaching at the church at Strathfieldsaye, where the duke was a regular attendant, was surprised by the action of the verger, who at the conclusion of the sermon came up the pulpit stairs, opened the door, slammed it violently and then reopened it for the preacher to pass out. In the vestry he inquired the meaning of this procedure. "Oh," replied the man, "we always do that to wake the duke."—London Chronicle.

Willing to Admit It.

"That milk looks as if it were half water," protested the woman at the kitchen door.

"It is much more than that, ma'am," replied the milkman, a college graduate in reduced circumstances. "I guarantee it to be 86 per cent water, 4 per cent butter, 3 1-2 per cent casein and 6 1-2 per cent sugar and various salts, the combination resulting in the liquid commonly known as milk. Chemical analysis of the same cheerfully furnished whenever desired. Good morning, ma'am."

A Fuller Insight.

A young man who had just married suggested to his wife that they should argue some question fully and frankly every morning. This, he thought, would help them to gain a fuller insight into each other's nature, thus making for increased happiness. The first question happened to be, "Can a woman dress on \$75 a year?" He took the affirmative, and when last seen he had climbed into the hayloft and was pulling the ladder up after him.—Chicago Record Herald.

Old Time Beer Test.

In the sixteenth century testers were appointed in England whose duty it was "to test and assize the beer to see if it be fit for a man's body." One of the methods of testing ale was in spilling some of it on a wooden seat when the tester, attired in leathern breeches, sat down thereon. If he adhered to his seat the beer was adulterated with saccharine substances; if he could rise without inconvenience it was not adulterated.—London Mail.

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investor who has real estate "gumption"—or an ad through which that nearly-satisfactory hired help is at last found! Would not ads of these sorts be of really greater importance to you than to those who wrote them and paid for having them published in this paper?

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