



EMIGRANTS DEPARTING FROM LIVERPOOL.

The rate-cutting inaugurated on the western passage across the Atlantic affects only the first and to a lesser extent the second-class passenger. This picture deals with the third-class passenger, who is not affected, and whose fare varies from \$27.50 to \$33.75. It shows a typical motley assortment of emigrants from all parts of Northern Europe who make the passage through the great British port. They are about to board a White Star liner at the great landing stage at Liverpool.

THE PARADOX.

There grows a weed, so gossips tell, To wound the hand that lightly plucks; But bind it with a proper spell, And poison from the vein it sucks. 'Twas Cupid's self that threw the dart, Gave me the simple for my smart.

When storms are high, so seamen tell, And billows crumple all the main, But dive beneath the angry swell, And thou wilt find it calm again. Since, Love, thou art a troubled sea, My only refuge is in thee.

A charlatan, Holy Writ doth tell, Found treasure in the earth concealed; But all he had he needs must sell, Ere he might have the precious field. Since thou has cost me all I own, O Love, what riches have I known! —Century.

What Sam Did

The men in the store watched the young farmer assist his wife into the respectable-looking buggy outside, arrange the packages, spread the laprobe generously and carefully over the young woman's knees and then, himself uncovered, drive away.

"Clayton's going to take good care of that there wife o' his," commented the storekeeper.

"Foodish o' him," declared Washington Hancock.

"He'll get tired o' washin' up that buggy o' his'n after a while 'n conclude the ole waggin's good enough to come to town to trade in," said Sol Baker, sagely.

"Course he will," agreed Hancock. "He'll have her out to the wood pile splittin' stove wood, like as not. I've knowed that to happen, too."

Baker had the grace to look embarrassed when the storekeeper sneezed. "There's wuss things than splittin' a leetle mite o' wood now an' then for a woman," he said. "Anyway, Clayton's wife'll take all the care he kin give her an' then need more. If he ain't washin' the dishes for her afore long I miss my guess. She don't like no kind o' work none too well. She didn't as a gal."

"Ain't a great hand to cook, they tell me," said the storekeeper. "Most any one o' the other gals could beat her out when it come to fixin' up a meal. Seems like Clayton 'ud have took Lisbeth or Birdie if he was set an' bound to marry to the family. This un's mighty slack-mouthed, by all accounts. I could 'a' told him suthin' on that score if he'd cum to me an' ast me."

"Why didn't you tell him, anyway?" asked Marvin Parsons.

"It's a pity she's slack-mouthed," observed Hancock. "It's them kind o' wimmen that gits to talkin' about their neighbors after a while. An' it's a funny thing that it's allus the wimmen that does that. You might set in this store when Rufe an' Sol here was shootin' off their mouths year in an' year out an' you'd never hear them say a word agin' anybody—not if you was stone deaf. But when a man sees a feller in danger o' blightin' his life by takin' up with a gal that's ornery an' no-account he ain't doin' no more than what's his dooty to give him the right kind o' warnin'. If a feller's got good sense he'll ephestrate a word in season o' that sort an' won't git mad about it. Anybody's apt to be a mite keener an' unthinkin' in the matter o' choosin' a gal when he's young. I bet there ain't a married man here but what'll say that's so."

The storekeeper nodded involuntarily and Hancock grinned.

"S fur's takin' a word o' good advice kindly's concerned, I reckon there's the many a man would tell you that if somebody'd come to him in time an' let him know what he had a right to expect from the gal he was thinkin' o' marryin' he'd never have married the gal he did," resumed Hancock.

"There's some what does git warnin' in time. I rickerleck right well when a constable o' mine, Sam Hancock, thought o' hitchin' up with a gal he'd met up with when he was a young buck. He

OLD COINS NEW TO HER.

Cashier Refused to Take 2-Cent Piece and Three "Eagle" Cents.

How little is known by the general public of the United States coins which are not now current was shown the other day in an uptown restaurant, says the New York Times, when a coin collector in a spirit of fun handed to the cashier in place of a nickel one old-fashioned bronze two-cent piece and three small copper-nickel "flying eagle" cents.

The cashier, a young woman of about 20, looked disdainfully at the unfamiliar coins, and then refused to accept them, saying she had never seen any such money as that before; that she didn't believe they were "good," and didn't propose to accept them.

The patron protested that the coins were genuine, and pointed to the inscription "United States of America," as a verification. But the young woman remained unconvinced, and summoned the manager. He, too, was dubious about the authenticity of the pieces, looked them over carefully, and said he had never seen anything like them before. He finally told the cashier to take them anyhow, and he would relieve her of all responsibility in case they turned out to be spurious.

The last two-cent piece was issued by the United States mint in 1875, while the flying eagle cents were struck only in 1856, 1857 and 1858. Nearly 25,000,000 eagle cents and more than 44,000,000 two-cent pieces were coined.

To collectors it is odd that in a period of fifty years this vast number of coins should have disappeared to such an extent that the present generation never heard of them.

A Spurgeon Ruse.

Spurgeon, the famous English divine, once passed a stone mason who, after each stroke of his hammer, cursed and swore. Mr. Spurgeon laid his hand on his shoulder and, looking kindly at him, said: "You are an adept at swearing. Can you also pray?"

With another oath he replied, "Not very likely."

Holding up 5 shillings, Mr. Spurgeon said if he would promise never to pray he would give him that.

"That is easily earned," said the man, with a fresh oath, and put it in his pocket. When Spurgeon left the man began to feel a little queer. When he went home his wife asked him what ailed him, and he told her, "It is Judas's money," said the man, and on a sudden impulse he threw it into the fire. The wife found it and took it out and discovered who had given it to him. The man took it back to Spurgeon, who conversed long with him, warning him, and at length was the means of saving him. He became an attached member of his flock.

Retaliation.

A man who was a guest at one of the summer resorts in West Virginia tells of a wedding ceremony he witnessed in the town near by.

The minister was young and easily embarrassed. It was the first wedding he had ever undertaken. The prospective bride and groom were both younger and still more easily embarrassed than he.

When the minister had finished the service and muttered a few kindly but halting words to the young couple he had just united, the bride looked at him, blushing, but confident.

"Thank yer," she said clearly. "It's shore kind o' yer to congratulate us, an' as long as you haven't ever been married jay maybe we'll have a chance some day to retaliate."—Harper's Weekly.

Her Note Was Final.

The proprietor of a large drug store recently received this curt and hangnity note, written in an angular feminine hand: "I do not want vasoline, but glisserine. Is that plain enough? I persoon you can spell."

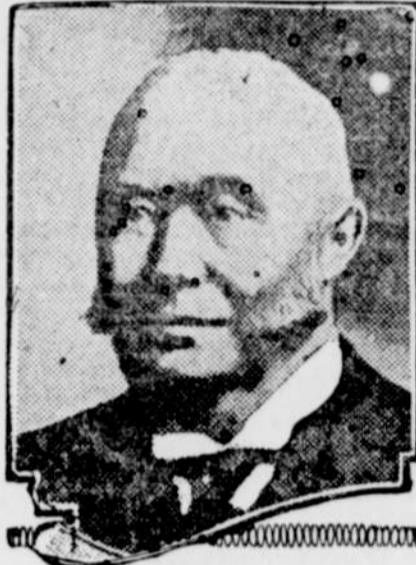
There is nothing a woman enjoys getting so much as a letter from some married woman that is stained with tears.

Business is often jollity gone to seed.

SERMON IN ESPERANTO.

Unusual Scene at Congress Held in Cambridge, England. The esperanto congress held in Cambridge, England, recently, which brought together 1,300 representatives of more than twenty nations, was the occasion of a sight which the world had never witnessed before. This was the preaching of a sermon and the conducting of the entire Church of England service in esperanto, the universal language. These devotional exercises were held at Great St. Mary's, the university church.

The preacher was Rev. J. Cyprian Rust, who had translated into esperanto all the hymns that were used. The scene was truly impressive. Here was an Englishman talking in a lan-



REV. J. CYPRIAN RUST.

guage which men of more than a score of different nationalities could understand with perfect ease, though many of them understood no other language save the tongue to which they were born.

When the congregation joined the Cambridge choir in singing the hymn: "Now thank we all our God, With hearts and hands and voices"—the effect was inspiring. The esperanto version of the hymn commences thus:

"Nun estu Di' laudata. Per manoj, vojoj, koroj." Pope Plus X sent his special blessing to the Catholics in the congress, and at the Catholic church the Abbe Richard of Brussels, Belgium, addressed his congregation in esperanto after the usual Latin mass.

At the same time Rev. W. Selbie preached a sermon in esperanto at the Congregational church.

"Mi estas carmita viu renkonti!" is one of the phrases most frequently used by esperantists. It means "Delighted to meet you."

Historic Oak in Texas.

When Gen. Zachary Taylor came to Texas on his way to Mexico during the Mexican war he landed at Rockport on a point adjacent to the Bayview Hotel, says the San Antonio Express. He then marched his forces up to where Fulton now stands and halted there before going on to Corpus Christi.

When Taylor's army halted Gen. Taylor camped beneath the shady boughs of an oak that is still standing sentinel there. This oak is over eight feet in diameter and is probably the largest oak in Texas. It is gnarled and battered. Vandals have built fires against it that have almost eaten its heart out, but still the leaves are green upon its branches and its friendly shade is sought by the hundreds who frequent the locality. It is king of a grove of large and stately oaks. One peculiarity about these and other trees in this locality is that the prevailing wind has bent their branches so that they lean toward the northwest.

While I was there I found children scaling the old oak and perched upon its long and waving limbs. They made a playground of the locality and their merry laughter was mingled with the music wafted through the trees from the old Hall house, where women were playing on a violin and piano the old-time southern melodies so in harmony with the scene.

A Needed Official.

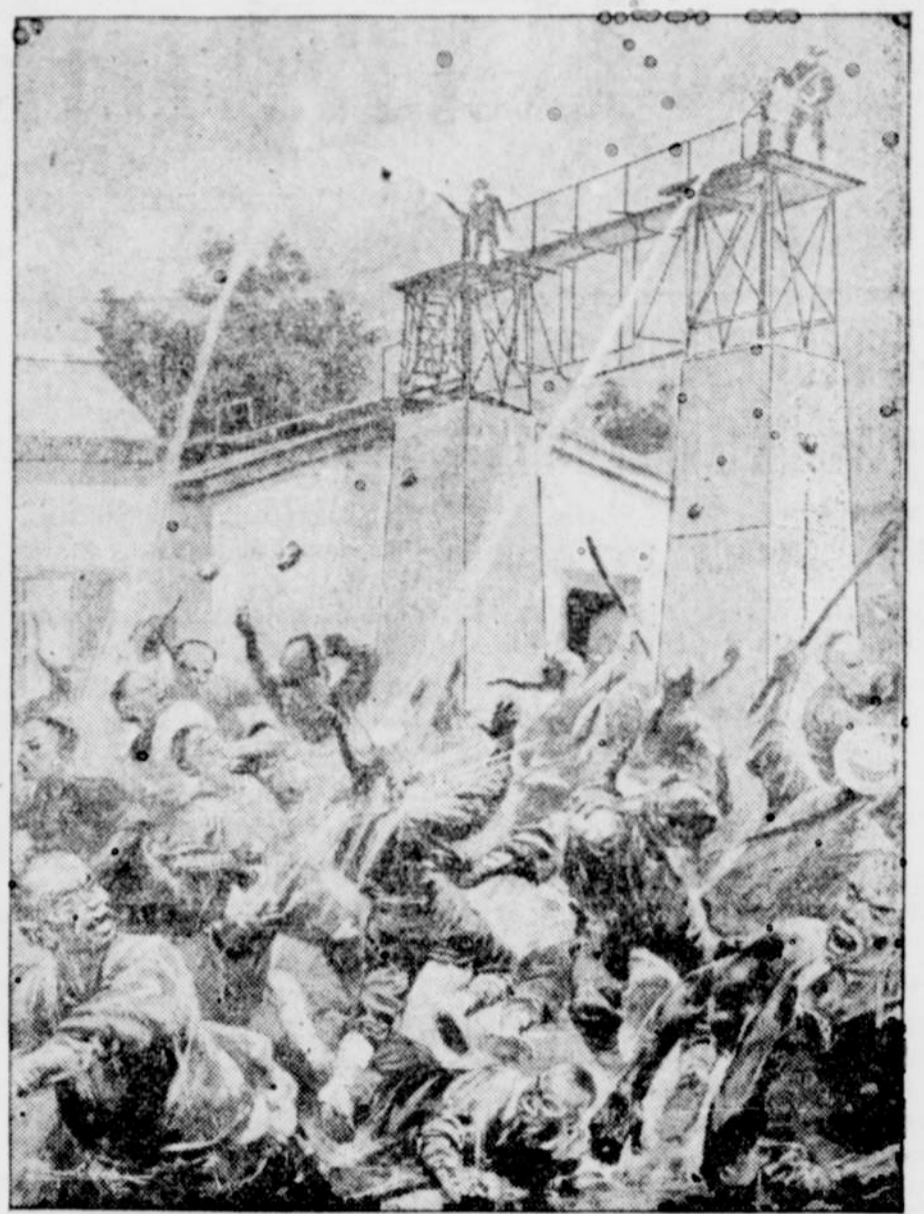
In an interesting paper M. Moura and M. Bouyer relate the extraordinary care which Emperor Nero took of his voice. At night Nero lay on his back with a thin plate of lead on his stomach. He abstained from fruit and all dishes which could hurt his voice. In order not to damage the purity of its sound he ceased haranguing the soldiers and the senate. He attached to his service an officer specially deputed to take care of his voice. He talked only in the presence of this singular official, who warned him when he spoke too loudly or forced his voice, and, if the emperor, carried away by some sudden fit of passion, did not listen to his remonstrance, it was his duty to stop his mouth with a napkin.—Modern Medicine.

A Blunder and Some Advice.

Billy Bunker: "We are sorry that your able technical article on 'How to Serve a Golf Ball' should have appeared in print as 'How to Curve a Moth Ball,' but your handwriting is certainly atrocious. It is true that the curving of a moth ball may sound ridiculous, but it can't be expected that the moth-ball agitator would hang around continuously in order to have little puzzles of this sort referred to him. Why not take advantage of the lull before the game opens and secure a few valuable lessons on the art of serving a typewriter?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Clouds come high, but we must have them.

HOW RIOTOUS CHINAMEN ARE SUBDUED IN SOUTH AFRICA.



By means of a water-gun, which is a gigantic fire-nozzle traveling on a high platform, obstreperous coolies in the mining compounds are speedily brought to submission. The water, while free from danger, is as effective as bullets. By the new policy now instituted in the Rand all of the Chinamen at present there are to be deported when their present contract periods expire and no more will be permitted to land. At the end of the present year 16,000 will be deported.

FAMOUS LIFE ROMANCE.

Divorce Ends the Hasty Marriage of Mrs. Yerkes-Mizner.

Mrs. Yerkes-Mizner is again Mrs. Yerkes, having secured a decree of divorce from her second husband, Wilson Mizner. Her sudden marriage to the latter and her speedy divorce have added a sensational denouement to a famous life romance. Mrs. Yerkes was Mary Adelaide Moore, the daughter of a chemist. She was the second wife of Charles T. Yerkes, the multi-millionaire, banker and traction magnate. At the time of her marriage Yerkes was a broker in Philadelphia. When his firm failed it was found that he was in debt to the city for bonds sold on account. Neglecting to make the city a preferred creditor, he was sent to jail, but subsequently released and the sentence declared illegal.

He made a fortune out of Jay Cooke's failure and went to Chicago. There he exploited street railways, bought newspapers and manipulated the municipal government to a degree that the town became unhealthy as a residence for himself and his wife.

Mrs. Yerkes went to New York, built a palace on 5th avenue and tried to break into society; Mr. Yerkes went to London and captured franchises for underground tubes, constructed electric railways and heaped up more millions and more scandal. He estranged his wife, who remained in New York and surrounded herself with a circle of friends, none of whom was able to open the charmed door of social recognition. Her house became the Mecca of artists and writers, politicians and railway officials, and her entertainments were lavish. Suddenly her truant husband returned to America to die. A beautiful ward watched over his last moments and shared his dying hour with the rightful spouse. Yerkes left his ward a palace in New York and a huge fortune; his wife, a life interest in many millions.

It was just after Christmas day, 1903, that Yerkes died at a New York hotel. In a little over a month the tongues were set a-wagging by the announcement of the rich widow's sudden marriage to the young California mine prospector and gentleman of fortune, Wilson Mizner. The ceremony was secret, and was not revealed until two days after it occurred.

The papers hummed with the affair, but within a week were obliged to print the news that the "cooling" Mizner had already begun to ask sanely for money. Rumors wafted out of the portals of the art palace that Wilson demanded a cool million—that's all. Separation followed and the six-foot bridegroom went back to the mines. Mrs. Yerkes-Mizner, too, disappeared, but the directions taken by the estranged couple were not the same. It



MRS. MARY ADELAIDE YERKES.

was said that Mizner tried to effect a reconciliation, that he again and again bombarded his wife's abode in Chicago, but her love had cooled. She sued for divorce, but the papers suddenly disappeared. Vague hints of the return of the dove of peace wafted around the public prints, only to vanish in thin air. The divorce went on—Mizner went to Europe and to his whitom wife was restored her erstwhile name.—Utica Globe.

Some Vacation Yarns.

Man Steals Fish from Mink—Fight in Dark with Big Trout.

The vacation weather has brought out record breakers in nature freaks, says the Port Jervis (N. Y.) correspondent of the New York World. A boarder at A. D. Barnhart's house, Beaver Kill, Sullivan County, had been whipping the stream without success and while standing idle on the bank he saw a mink crawl out of the water with an eleven-inch trout in its mouth. He at once grasped the situation and a moment later the trout. The mink was so startled that it dropped its prey and fled back into the water. This is the only trout the man caught that day.

John Dullet, of New York, and John E. Hoag, expert anglers, went fishing the other day at Lew Beach, Sullivan County, and caught the largest trout landed so far this year. It was twenty-two inches long and weighed four pounds and two ounces. It was hooked in its throat with a common snell hook baited with a minnow and it took nearly half an hour to land the monster, as the fishermen had only a five-ounce rod and very light tackle. At first they thought it was an eel, but when they lighted a lantern, which they dropped into the river, and then jumped after the trout, they succeeded in getting it on shore in the dark.

Isaac Brasington, of Bridgeville, Sullivan County, yesterday morning heard a rumpus in his poultry yard and he found a weasel there. Without any thought other than to save his chickens he caught the weasel in his right hand and was badly bitten. He didn't let up, though, until he had choked the life out of the little fellow.

Robert E. Duhler, of Pike County, has a dog that is great on killing snakes. While he was working in the fields yesterday the dog came upon a blacksnake, which he promptly shook to pieces. Soon the dog began to bark around a rock. Mr. Duhler lifted the stone and found three more snakes. The dog dispatched them all.

While the children of a family named Dovetsky at Pocomo were playing near the house they came upon a bear cub not much bigger than a groundhog. The cub followed the children to the house. It is presumed that the baby wandered away and met the fate that follows disobedience of parents.

Rural Delights.

Out in the country under a tree— I feel a dern skeeter, or is it a flea? See all the ants and the spider, gee! Here comes the lod ball—back to town for me. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Exculpated.

The regular patron was indignant as the waiter spilled the soup. "You're tipsy!" he exclaimed. "Couldn't be on your tips. See?" responded the waiter; at least not as he elaborated as to impede his service, says the Philadelphia Ledger.