

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Don't shoot the Holsteins. They are doing the best they can.

The Macedonian life insurance companies must feel like a fried egg.

Perhaps we may have to dig the canal first and ask permission of Colombia afterward.

We don't need an elastic currency as much as one with a little glue on each side of every dollar.

The pension rolls have passed the great divide. It will be a gradual descent from now on to the end.

At the exact moment the proposal is made a young man actually believes that he isn't worthy of the girl.

Live shells were fired at a French warship without any apparent effect upon it. However, Dewey's men were not behind the guns.

A branch of Yale University in China would at least determine to what extent the pigtail can be taught to handle the pigskin.

When Charlie Schwab gets his tailoring trust in operation he should make a specialty of boiler-plate vests for kings and emperors.

The servant problem is a simple matter, according to Mrs. Russell Sage. Just do without any servants and you will never have any trouble.

Now the farmers want a trust. The best trust is in elbow grease. It is the man who works his muscles and not his politics who gets ahead in this country.

We presume that the women persist in wearing high-heeled shoes for some such reason as the men persist in wearing those bob-tailed coats and circus tent trousers.

Poulney Bigelow declares that there are several millions of Americans who would like to see this country annexed to Canada. Poulney evidently makes the mistake of believing himself to be several millions of Americans.

Eupatorium Rebandium is the name of the new plant that is to supersede sugar cane and the sugar beet, being twenty or thirty times as sweet as either. When used in connection with tabloid coffee and condensed milk it ought to be a great thing for picnics.

Cheap funerals are the fashion in England just now. Lord Salisbury's having cost only \$70. This will cause a large mortality among impecunious noblemen, it being a well-known fact that many of them have been keeping alive through family pride because they didn't have enough for a decent burial.

An insolvent woman has applied for relief from her debts in one of the United States courts. Her appeal, so unusual as to excite general comment, speaks well for the fair sex and its keen understanding of financial obligations. As a rule in insolvency proceedings woman is generally the cause of man's predicament, but is kept discreetly in the background.

The weird rumors which the Eskimo have repeatedly published about the existence of strange men and beasts, which walk abroad only during the sunless days in the hyperborean regions, may after all be founded upon truth. However, until positive proof is furnished, Professor Frazzle's statement about the live mammoth must be taken as a traveler's highly colored tale.

A study of newspapers east and west, north and south, may possibly indicate a growing sentiment that, while this republic holds out hands of welcome to every useful and valuable element among immigrants, it may be compelled in self-defense at some time in the future to consider soberly whether it will be helped or hurt by the tremendous influx of unskilled laborers who have no intention of taking out naturalization papers and becoming American citizens at any time.

One consideration that is making our people impatient of hard work is the example of riches quickly made through the semi-gambling activities. Men whose fathers would have died rather than live on bread they had not earned find themselves willing to be taken care of, by the government perhaps, or by "the party," or by their more fortunate or industrious relatives. Such drones know nothing of the satisfaction of him who "scorns delights and lives laborious days," who can hold his head high and say, "he has earned his right to live, and whose death is thus not a debt paid to nature, for he owes her nothing."

Robert H. Peary is about to make another dash for the pole. During the last twelve years Commodore Peary has made six voyages to the frozen north. It is a life of hustle the minute the far north is reached. There is no time, nor is it safe to sit down and think of the work that lies beyond. These men, like the "Wandering Jew," must keep going on and on, because rest means danger from the apathy engendered by the awful cold. In this land of ice and snow and desolation, there is another element, almost appalling, and this is the intensity of the fearsome silence, which seems like some gruesome specter phantom, white and ghostly, which hovers over the vast expanse of lifeless, colorless surroundings. A trip to the north pole is an outing that takes a man of absolute nerve and freedom from fear to contemplate. He who ventures into this dangerous country takes his life in his hands. And yet men have forgotten all trials, have put aside every human attachment, and, leaving the land of comfort and pleasure, have

sailed away to a region that is fraught with danger and death. And all this that science may benefit from their dreadful experience and at the expense of illness, cold, hunger and loneliness. Science and scientists are, of course, duly grateful, and they have, without a question, been immeasurably benefited from these arctic explorations, but once in a while some one is bold enough to say: "Is it worth while?" And is it?

A complete explanation of the outrages in Macedonia is not easy to frame, because there are so many reasons for the conditions in European Turkey. In the first place, it should be noted that the district is inhabited by hostile and jealous races. Turks, Albanians, Servians, Bulgarians, Greeks, and a few others live side by side, each with peculiar customs, and each dissatisfied with the rule of the Sultan. Then they have not the same religion. The Mohammedans look down on the Christian and the Jew; the Greek Christian cannot tolerate the Protestant, and the Catholic regards the Armenian as a heretic. The task of governing a population of hostile races, with differing religions, all within a comparatively narrow area, is difficult at best. But Turkish government is bad. The administration of justice is so uncertain that the foreign powers have insisted that their citizens accused of crime shall be tried in consular courts. But the Turkish subject must submit to the judicial imperfections of the native courts. Consequently justice, as the American understands it, is unknown to the average subject of the Sultan. Along with the corrupt and procrastinating courts the people have to endure the extortion of the tax-gatherers, who levy what taxes they choose without interference from any superior so long as the required sum is sent to Constantinople. Out of the uncertainties of the financial administration have developed the complications arising from an unpaid and dissatisfied army, to say nothing of unpaid officials in all other departments. Then, to cap the pyramid of folly, the Sultan attempts to look after all the details of administration, a task beyond the physical power of any man. Important matters are delayed, and the impatient people take things into their own hands. On this fertile field of discontent the political agitator sows his seed of insurrection. It was the Macedonian revolutionary committee which held Miss Stone, the missionary, for a ransom, that it might get money to carry on its work. The patriots on occasion pose as brigands, and brigands, when it serves their purpose, call themselves patriots. In the hope of bettering matters, Austria and Russia prepared a plan last winter for improving the financial, judicial and civil administration of the district, and the Sultan accepted it. So far as the plan was applied it failed to pacify the discontented, and serious insurrection began in August. What the outcome will be is useless to prophesy. We know only that trouble will continue until the district is governed by a strong man who does justly and loves mercy.

Money is a very important factor in the world, and the possession of great wealth is what gives the employer class its influence, but labor does not seem to realize that it possesses a capital which is quite as important as money. The capital of labor is skill in the trades which make the industries of the country. But the strength of this capital has been scattered, through improper organization.—Brooklyn Times.

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BEING RAISED TO TOP OF HILL 150 FEET HIGH

Foot by foot the old Brown homestead, for many years a landmark on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Brown Station, Pa., is being raised to the top of a bluff, a distance of 150 feet. The lot on which the house stood



OLD BROWN HOMESTEAD.

was recently purchased by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from Samuel Brown. To preserve this home of three generations Mr. Brown had this gigantic task started, which is considered one of the most remarkable engineering feats ever undertaken by local contractors. The amount of money and labor involved in raising the structure would build two modern houses.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

He Detested a Cannibal.
A fat man walked into the restaurant and, after knocking down a few hats while hanging up his own, sat as much of himself down as the only vacant seat in the room would hold. He grabbed a piece of the bread that had come with his right-hand neighbor's order and began to munch on it. Then he looked for the bill of fare. The ministerial-looking man on his left was reading it. The fat man leaned over on him and began to read it too. "How's them pork chops and apple sauce?" he mumbled between mouthfuls of bread.

The ministerial-looking man said nothing and edged his chair a little farther away.

Just then the waiter appeared with a bowl of bean soup for a patron on the other side of the table.

"Hey, waiter," bawled the fat man, "bring me one of them soups and hurry up about it, will yer?"

The ministerial-looking man heaved a sigh of relief.

"Thank goodness, sir!" he said, turning to the fat man. "I was so afraid you were going to order pork. I detest a cannibal!"—New York Sun.

The Worm Turns.
"You're forever trying to give the impression that you're a martyr," snapped Mrs. Henpeck. "I suppose you want everybody to think that you suffer in silence."

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS.

A Practical Good Roads Move.

A PRACTICAL good roads movement has been inaugurated in Venango County, Pennsylvania. Judge Criswell called the attention of the constables to the poor condition of the roads and instructed them to return the road commissioners if they did not comply with the law in regard to keeping them in repair. This instruction did not fall upon deaf ears, and as a result the road commissioners of four townships were returned as negligent in their duty. Following these returns indictments have been prepared against these township road commissioners. At the same time the district attorney has prepared an indictment against the county commissioners for negligence in making repairs upon a county road.

Here is an excellent precedent which can well be followed generally in other counties. It is a practical good roads movement which is sure to produce excellent results. The township road commissioners or supervisors and the county commissioners are charged with the duty of seeing that the roads are in good condition. They are liable to punishment if they fail in their duty. When a number of them have felt the hand of the law because of their neglect of duty, their fellows everywhere are likely to make haste to avoid a similar fate. The importance of good roads cannot be over-estimated. Those who voluntarily assume the office of securing them and then fail to properly fulfill their duties are entitled to no consideration. They are guilty of an injury to the public of no light character, and their malfeasance richly deserves punishment.—Pittsburgh Press.

Labor and Capital.

IT goes without saying that neither capital nor labor can be turned to any practical or lasting good unless there is co-operation. One cannot be successful without the help of the other, but labor has regarded itself as "ground down" for so many years that many workmen have been educated to the belief that the employer is the arch enemy of the laboring man. This belief is due largely to the fact that capital has been wise, while labor has been ignorant. Capital has grasped opportunities and strengthened its position, while labor, through poor advice and narrow-minded antipathy, has spent its best efforts in glorifying a martyrdom which is mostly of its own making.

Capital is stronger to-day than it has been for some time, because it has combined its strength, and worked toward a common end. Labor has combined and has worked at cross purposes with its own best interests. An evidence of this is the silly, expensive and disastrous sympathetic strike system. If labor has profited in a small way through this system, it has lost in a large way by it, because the principle which denies one man the right to earn a living because another man thinks he has a grievance, is utterly wrong.

Money is a very important factor in the world, and the possession of great wealth is what gives the employer class its influence, but labor does not seem to realize that it possesses a capital which is quite as important as money. The capital of labor is skill in the trades which make the industries of the country. But the strength of this capital has been scattered, through improper organization.—Brooklyn Times.

Common Sense in the Ministry.

BISHOP ISAAC JOYCE said to the Methodist conference at South Bend, Ind.: "I do not wish to be put down as against the theological schools, but I do wish those schools would introduce a new chair and call it the chair of common sense. It is needed in the training of young men for the ministry."

Standing alone, this seems harsh. But Bishop Joyce went on to explain that something more than a theological education was needed to make a good preacher. He contended that in a good many cases too much book learning eliminated the traits of character that made the old-fashioned preachers of the Methodist Church strong in the pulpit and a power outside.

He urged that there be a cultivation of the spirit that would make the preacher in fact the shepherd of his

WANTED TO SELL HIS CROWN.

King of Hawaiian Islands Was Tired of Being a Sovereign.

Half a century ago the sovereignty of the Hawaiian Islands came near being disposed of to the highest bidder among the powers of the world, his majesty, Kamehameha III., having set his heart on getting rid of a crown which, to him, was one of thorns, and to give the islands into the bargain, says the Honolulu Commercial Advertiser.

This interesting statement was made at the annual meeting of the Hawaiian Historical Society, when Prof. W. D. Alexander read a hitherto unpublished portion of the diary of Mrs. Laura Fish Judd, wife of the late Dr. Judd and grandmother of Albert F. Judd. The matter read by Prof. Alexander was clearly within the intimate knowledge of the writer and was to have been published in her book, printed in the '80s, but for some reason was withheld from its pages at the last moment.

Prof. Alexander read directly from the manuscript of Mrs. Judd, about as follows:

"Kamehameha III. set his heart on disposing of the islands. 'He wanted to sell his crown to the highest bidder in the world, no matter who offered. When he sent his commission to France he furnished Dr. Judd with power to make the best bargain possible for the disposal of the group. She saw with her own eyes the documents which the king had drawn up and she felt that the strongest proof of the king's trust in Dr. Judd was in this strange proceeding. Mrs. Judd says that she was very glad Dr. Judd had no occasion to make use of the documents in the manner intended. She added that under the administration of President Pierce the Hawaiian kingdom was looked upon with favor and the road to Washington was very short."

The following were his majesty's reasons for selling the islands: First, His subjects were decreasing in numbers. Second, The superior civilization was bringing in foreigners who would soon displace the natives. Third, he did not desire a reputation of such treatment as he received from Lord George Paulet. Queen Pomare, having lost her possessions to a world power, the king felt that he would meet the same fate, and that he escaped such a fate was only through the good offices of the United States. Fourth, the foreign element was increasing and became more difficult to control, and the government would eventually be controlled by foreigners.

The king expected liberal terms at his auction sale, and the monetary reimbursement expected was to be suf-

ficient to recompense the young princes and other members of the royal families for their loss of titles, enabling them, however, to travel and obtain educations abroad and to place them beyond want. The king became so importunate that he wanted Dr. Judd to charter a certain schooner and go to Panama and thus across to Washington as soon as possible, to commence bargaining the islands. Mrs. Judd remarks that it was not strange that the young prince, heir apparent to the throne, was opposed to the measure. The document needed the signature of the young princes. His majesty was determined upon obtaining their signatures, when he suddenly became ill and died soon after. At the request of his successor, Kamehameha IV., the document held by Dr. Judd was nullified, and reciprocity negotiations were entered into in 1855, which, however, did not materialize until about twenty-two years later.

There is force in this. Certainly the preacher should have common sense, sympathy, and power to console as well as to convince. The old-fashioned preachers were not given to much tenderness in the treatment of transgressions, but they understood human nature, and they preached the gospel in a way to be effective.

Their experience in life enabled them to take a common sense view of conditions on the frontier. They were preachers not always because of their educational equipment, but because of their fitness for their work and their zeal in it. Education makes the preacher only in furnishing a better equipment to reach the hearts of men.

The old preachers were at a disadvantage through lack of training. The preachers of the later day have what was denied to the pioneer preachers, but they must have also those traits of character and that seal and common sense that made the pioneer pulpit a power.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Longevity is Increasing.

ACTUARIES, men who make a study of statistics relating to life and death, say that man's years are gradually growing longer.

These actuaries of great insurance companies should certainly know what they are talking about. They are not accustomed to deal in generalizations. When they say a thing it has all the certainty that figures can give it, and figures, according to the proverb, don't lie. Emory McClintock and others of these statisticians declare that a person now living may reasonably expect to have a longer period of life than those of even a decade ago.

Better hygiene, more thorough knowledge of self-care, purer water, more thorough drainage, less drinking of liquor—all these things and many others have combined to make the twentieth century man a finer physical product than existed a generation ago. The American people are becoming more temperate and more intelligent. It is no longer the fact for our women and girls to be puny and delicate. Short skirts, wheeling, riding, golfing, walking, swimming, fencing, even boxing, have contributed to make the coming mothers of the race fit to bear strong sons and daughters. Physical culture is now a part of our public school system and a part of the daily life of most men and women of Europe and America.

Hence, we are gradually beginning to live longer. We may do even better, if we will.—New York Daily News.

Teach the Girls to Cook.

THE average woman a practical knowledge of the art of cooking will be worth a dozen "ologies." Such an accomplishment will make her the unquestioned mistress of her own household, instead of the helpless servant of incompetent servants, as many women are nowadays. While it is true that mothers should teach their daughters the mysteries of the culinary art as well as how to perform other household duties, it is unfortunately quite as true that many mothers cannot do this because they do not themselves know how to cook, while others do not from motives of false pride.

While in the interest of the better physical development of the girls in the public schools, fewer rather than more studies should be required, the study of cooking is of so practical a nature and its acquirement so necessary to their own welfare and that of their future households, that it deserves attention.

No other land under the sun is so bountifully provided with the necessities of good living as the United States, yet it is probable that in no other country there is so much waste as among ourselves; while bad cookery is responsible for the existence of a host of dyspepsies. Good cooking should mean not only a marked decrease in the expenditure of multitudes of homes, but an equally marked improvement in the health and comfort of their inhabitants.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

them any latitude, however. Whenever one of these big birds is seen soaring about the poultry yard, or, in fact, anywhere on the farm, it's "Johnnie get your gun," because it not infrequently happens that good-sized chickens, young lambs or little pigs are carried away by them, so they're very unwelcome visitors. I know a gentleman whose little son, a boy about 6 years of age, was attacked by an eagle, and but for the promptness of some of the farm hands in coming to his rescue the child would have been carried away beyond a doubt.—Washington Evening Star.

Sugar as an Article of Diet.
As there is always a peculiar satisfaction in the consciousness that duty agrees with inclination, and that the action which is pleasurable is at the same time advantageous, people with a sweet tooth will be glad to learn of the high rank in respect of its food value which the modern physiologist accords to sugar. For many years the idea prevailed that sugar was a luxury, serving no other purpose than to please the palate, not supplying any substantial nourishment to the body, and more likely to impair than to promote the health. Experiment and observation have demonstrated the unsoundness of these opinions, and scientific physiology now teaches that sugar is a substance whose nutritive qualities are incomparable, and that it is an indispensable aid to manual labor and one of the best agents for maintaining the body in health and vigor which a bountiful nature has provided.

HOW EAGLES FIGHT.

A Farmer Describes a Furious Scrap He Saw in Virginia.

On a recent evening a small party of gentlemen, most all of whom had tinges of sporting proclivities in their blood, were discussing the subject of chicken fighting and generally regretting its decadence as a bright feature in the realm of sport. An old farmer from Rappahannock County, Virginia, broke into the conversation.

"Gentlemen," said he, "in my time I have seen some bang-up chicken fights, some be-yu-ti-ful ones, but the greatest fight I ever saw between birds in all my born days was a contest between a bald eagle and a gray eagle near my place in Rappahannock."

"This fight took place on the bank of the river. I couldn't forget it if I lived to be as old as Methuselah. I was the only spectator, and saw the struggle from start to finish. The bald eagle had caught a muskrat and was about to eat it for breakfast. When the gray eagle soared down and attempted to rob the other one of its prey. Then commenced the combat, and, Lord, how the feathers flew! They fought with wings, beaks and talons, and I could hear the talons crack when they struck and tore each other. The sounds made by their wings as they buffeted one another were like explosions of musketry, while their screams and yells sounded demoniacal. The battle lasted fully fifteen minutes and wound up with a victory for old baldy, who drove the gray eagle away and then resumed his interrupted breakfast."

"Oh, yes, there are a great many eagles up in my part of the State," said the old agriculturist, in reply to a question. "There are plenty of high rocks and lofty trees whereon they build their nests. We farmers do not give

OLD FAVORITES

Silver Threads Among the Gold.

Darling, I am growing old—
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow to-day—
Life is fading fast away;
But, my darling, you will be
Always young and fair to me!

CHORUS.

Darling, I am growing old—
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow to-day—
Life is fading fast away.

When your hair is silver white
And your cheeks no longer bright
With the roses of the May
I will kiss your lips, and say:
Oh! my darling, mine alone,
You have never older grown.

Love can never more grow old;
Locks may lose their brown and gold,
Cheeks may fade and hollow grow,
But the hearts that love will know
Never winter's frost and chill;
Summer warmth is in them still—
You have never older grown.

Love is always young and fair,
What to us is silver hair,
Faded cheeks or steps grown slow,
To the heart that beats below?
Since I kissed you, mine alone,
You have never older grown.
—Eden E. Rexford.

The Star.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveler in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.
—Jane Taylor.

LIFE IN ENGLISH VILLAGES.

It Is Not the Idyllic Form that Poets Sing About.

"I know a village where there are no fewer than thirty cottages with but one bedroom apiece, and in each of these single bedrooms six, seven and more people are sleeping," says A. Montefiore-Bruce, writing in the London Mail about life in the average English village. "In one of them, father, mother and eight children huddled together. In another, father, mother and six children—three of whom are grown up—were sleeping. In these cottages there is one living room downstairs and no sanitary arrangement of any kind. At the back of the cottages runs an open ditch. It is also an open sewer."

"Here, in the very heart of the country, I expect to find abundance of pure water, abundance of sweet air. Too often I find neither about the cottages. Hundreds of villages have no water supply, though a comparatively small expenditure could provide it. I know a village—it is typical of hundreds—where the cottagers have to go half a mile to get water. A foul ditch furnishes another village with the whole of its water supply. Offensive refuse heaps lie piled round the crumbling walls of the cottages. The wooden floors without are rotten with sewage."

"Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex contain many such villages, and other counties—such as Bedford, Cambridgeshire, Wiltshire, Dorset, Somerset—easily vie with them. I could write of lonely cottages far across the fields, with no water within a mile, whence the children morning after morning walk two miles to school, and drag their tired limbs that distance back again at night—and this whatever the weather; where the postal service comes but once a week; where the men and boys walk daily five or six miles to and from work; where of drainage there is none; where of the simplest sanitation there is none; where the medical officer of health comes not, and where the inspector of nuisances is unknown."

GLOVES MADE OF RAT SKIN.

Hide of Rodents Too Small for Even the Child's Shoe.

A report comes from Copenhagen that a great rat hunt has been organized there and that the skins of many thousands of the victims are to be used in making gloves. If the rat hunters in the Danish capital cherish any such hopes they are doomed to disappointment, says the Pall Mall Gazette. Rat skins cannot be made into gloves fit for commerce. The belief that a valuable raw material is being neglected here survives only in the minds of the inexperienced. The glove-maker knows much better. A Norwegian merchant once came to England and informed a well-known glove-maker that he had collected over 100,000 rat skins and was prepared to receive orders for them. He was fully convinced that the skins were suitable for glove-making. But the manufacturer found that the largest skin was only some six inches long and he held up a kid skin for the smallest size of glove, a child's, which was eight inches long, and asked how he was to cut such a glove out of rat skin.

"Then he took up the smallest kid skin for a lady's glove, eleven inches long, and when he asked how that was to be cut out of a rat skin the Norwegian merchant laughed at the idea and went away disappointed. The best offer he got for those skins, which he had collected with so much care, was 5 shillings a hundredweight from a man who was willing to boil them down for glue."

A famous glove-making firm has a collection of curiosities relating to the trade, and one of them is the largest pair of gloves ever made out of a rat skin. The belief that such skins

could be made into gloves was laid before the managers so confidentially that they resolved to put it to the trial, and they ordered a number of the skins of the largest rats which could be found in Grimsby. But the rat is a fighting animal, and bears the marks of many battles on his body, and it was found that the skins were so scarred and torn that it was with the utmost difficulty that perfect pieces large enough for the purpose could be obtained. In the end, after ten skins had been used, a pair of gloves was cut and made, and they are retained in the collection to this day. But they are so small that they would fit only the smallest of small boys. Thus it was shown that however cheaply rat skins might be obtained they would offer no advantages to the glove-maker.

WIT BUBBLES IN TOASTS.

Some Humorous Sentiments Pithily Expressed at Banquets.

A publisher once gave the following: "Woman, the fairest work in all creation. The edition is large and no man should be without a copy."

This is fairly seconded by a youth who, giving his distant sweetheart, said: "Delectable dear, so sweet that honey would blush in her presence and treacle stand appalled."

Further, in regard to the fair sex, we have: "Woman, she needs no eulogy; she speaks for herself." "Woman, the bitter half of man."

In regard to matrimony some bachelor once gave: "Marriage, the gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted ground and returns to earth."

At the marriage of a deaf and dumb couple some wit wished them "unspeakable bliss."

At a supper given to a writer of comedies a wag said: "The writer's very good health. May he live to be as old as his jokes."

From a law critic: "The bench and the bar. If it were not for the bar there would be little use for the bench."

A celebrated statesman, while dining with a duchess on her eightieth birthday, in proposing her health, said: "May you live, my lady duchess, until you begin to grow ugly."

"I thank you, sir," she said, "and may you long continue your taste for antiques."—London Tit Bits.

A Triple Tragedy.

An Indian from the Flambeau reservation in northern Wisconsin recently came into the fishing resort of Squaw Lake with a curiosity in the way of deer horns he wished to sell. Failing to make a sale, he took the horns back to the reservation. The Montreal Witness describes his treasure as three sets of antlers inextricably interlocked. Two sets of antlers so locked are rare, but not unknown. It is believed that the Flambeau Chippewa has the only set of three-locked antlers in the world.

The accident could have happened only in one way. Two bucks of equal strength were fighting in the forest and became locked. Then, while they were still struggling, a third buck appeared and charged them both, probably repeatedly, until his own horns became fastened.

The Indian says he found the horns north of Flambeau Lake, about a mile from the water. They were lying on the side of a hill, and there were no bones near them. The condition of the horns proved that the fight occurred not more than two years ago. The antlers were all of full-grown bucks, showing eight and ten points each.

The third pair had been driven into the others just above where they were joined, and the branches of them were about equally locked with the branches of the others.

They were not broken or chipped in any way, which seems to indicate that when the third buck had made his last charge he was fastened so firmly that there was no room for any one of his points to play in the forks of the others. Indeed, all the horns were so stoutly joined that they could not be moved at all. They are as rigid as if molded in that fashion from steel.

Roman Bricks.

The rebuilding of the campanile in Venice has begun. It is expected that the structure will be finished by 1906. Although the fall of the tower was a deplorable loss, some good attended it in the opportunity it gave archeologists to examine the bricks.

It was found that the bricks had been used in arches, fortifications, the tops of walls and in other ways before they were built into the campanile, and that they are not Venetian but Roman bricks.

The ancient bricks were made in slices, for in many the layers could be seen undisturbed. It is said that bricks made this way can bear a greater weight than modern bricks. The bricks examined were of the first century. One of them bore the imprint of a horseshoe, which may prove that the Romans used a horseshoe like ours, although it is generally believed that their horseshoes were strapped on, not nailed.

The Art of Listening.

There is a grace of kind listening as well as a grace of kind speaking. Since men listen with an abstracted air which shows that their thoughts are elsewhere, or they seem to listen, but by wide answers and irrelevant questions show that they have been occupied with their own thoughts as being more interesting, at least in their own estimation, than what you have been saying. Some interrupt and will not hear you to the end. Some hear you to the end, and forthwith begin to talk to you about a similar experience which has befallen themselves, making your case only an illustration of their own. Some, meaning to be kind, listen with such a determined, lively, violent attention, that you are at once made uncomfortable and the charm of conversation is at an end. Many persons whose manners will stand the test of speaking break down under the trial of listening.

It will ruin any man to be henpecked. We never knew such a man, to amount to anything.