TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

When Russia let's go in Manchuria it is only to get a better hold.

George Ade has bought an automobile. It is up to Mr. Dooley to purchase a flying machine.

We can never find out what the future has in store for us until we have paid the storage charges.

About the time a man discovers that eyeglasses make him look intellectual he develops optical affections.

Samson and Absalom must have had some interesting discussions as to the merit and lack of merit in having the hair cut.

Some people puzzle so much over how to be grammatical that they forget what they were going to say—which is often just as well.

The German Minister of War has resigned because he was criticised by outsiders. It is evident that he didn't have the true officeholding spirit.

A young New York millionaire takes a detective to Bible class with him every Sunday. He seems to have but little faith in the ways of the Lord.

President Olyphant, of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad, thinks he will quit because he is 86 years old. Well, all things considered, it is no more than right that he should give a boy of 65 or 70 a chance.

Over in Paris they call it "motor intoxication" when an automobilist wants to go so fast that people will have no chance to get out of the way. "Intoxication" seems to be a pretty mild term for this form of disorder.

People who commit suicide are generally lacking in any wholesome religious faith. If a man believes in a future existence and retribution for wrongdoing in this life he will hesitate to force his passage into the great hereafter.

An Indianapolis pastor advocates the Saturday half holiday in order to insure a proper keeping of the Sabbath. He probably argues that when Sunday comes the person who had his fun the day before will be too tired to do anything but go to church.

It is success in any laudable undertaking that counts—not the measure of that success in dollars and cents—and the time will come in this republic when merit and not money will be the standard of success. When that day arrives the cultured, educated man will take his rightful position. In the meantime he is satisfied to wait.

And now there are intimations that if Russia insists on retaining Manchuria it will not be possible to dislodge her. What difference? We might as well be worrying about dislodging Great Britain in East Africa. European nations are going on with their schemes of conquest and expansion, and our sensible course is to remain friendly with all of them, but keep them out of this continent.

Religious people in the United States spend annually between $35,000,000 and $40,000,000 for new church buildings, and for every day in the year there are built and dedicated somewhere between twelve and fifteen new churches. The Church Economist makes the computation, which seems a pretty good antidote for pessimism. It is hard to argue that "the world is waxing evil" in the face of such an expenditure for the worship of God and the service of man.

While Russia is as steadily and as stealthily pushing her expansion along several lines, she naturally prefers that of least resistance, which at present appears to be that of Manchuria. But even there she may go slow now for a time, walking softly, but still carrying a club. When she is checked in one direction she turns to another, even if the check be but diplomatic, and we shall not be surprised if in the Balkan question her energies now find their most publicly active play. Russia may find an outlet for domestic discontent in "a spirited foreign policy." The situation at least favors the supposition. Things are going badly for Russia now. There is great discontent and not a little suffering. In some of its aspects the situation suggests that of France just before 1789. Much, if not everything, depends upon the army. If the Russian army is actively employed it cannot let the throne slip off its bayonets, whereas if it continues quartered among a distressed people the kin of men in the ranks, sympathy with the people may lead it to imitate the conduct of the French soldiery and "decline to act." The expediency of employing the army, in which disaffection was palpably growing among both officers and men, was one of the inciting causes of Russia's attack on Turkey in 1877.

Mending stockings might well be thought a prosaic occupation, if not a dull one. The woman who sits down every week before twenty pairs, worn by active feet, big and little, often finds the pile discouraging, although she would not have it smaller by a single pair. But there is a curious, half-mysterious charm in the work. It is as if it typified all wifely and motherly duty. Even the maiden aunt, with a darning-needle in her hand, has the air of the matron. The coziest corner in the house is most fit for the stocking basket and its presiding genius. An incontestable verdict against a gorgeous palace recently built by a rich man was pronounced by a woman, herself both refined and rich: "There isn't a spot in the whole house where I could darn a stocking!" It is amusing or pathetic but true, that the modern stocking should have taken the place held by the medieval shield. To bide at home and polish the shield was then the sign of wifely devotion. The worn stocking may not lend itself so easily to the demands of poetry, but it is none the less a beautiful and appropriate symbol. There was a time within twenty years when it seemed as if stocking-mending were doomed. The needle was temporarily discarded. A clever writer, speaking of the fact, said it was the natural reaction from an age which worked wool parrots with beaded eyes to an age which hires outsiders to darn its stockings. But to-day the pendulum has swung back, and my lady presides again over the stocking basket—whether it is filled with dainty Parisian hose of silk, or with stout woolen socks, fit for tussle with thorn and wind and weather.

Some authorities are making the strange assertion that the field of science has now been pretty well explored, that the greater part of all possible research work has been performed, and that it remains for physicians only to clear up the litter left by various careless scientists. This would be a comfortable conclusion. But no doubt the same conclusion has been accepted by every age that has preceded our own. The people of 100 years from now will laugh at this conclusion, just as we laugh at the same conclusion made 100 years ago. Anniston, Ala., claims a man who saw the first locomotive and cars ever constructed. And, when we come to think of it, no unreasonable length of life is required of a man to have witnessed Stephenson's first engine drawing cars. The grandfathers of the present generation knew nothing of railroads, and never dreamed of their possibility. To them the relay stage coach represented the perfection of transportation. Nothing better was deemed necessary. In the comparatively short span of three-quarters of a century the railroad has become so absolutely essential to the world that if it were suddenly withdrawn commercial chaos would result. It has become the arteries and veins of industry, just as the telegraph has become its nervous system. Human possibility is measured in the ordinary mind only by past achievement. We are apt to forget that the race is constantly progressing, and that new fields of vision are ever opening before expanding brains. There are lots of things that we don't understand. The half-dozen new gases discovered in air, the X-rays and such radio-active bodies as radium have put everything we thought we knew into question again. The various new finds open up vast fields for the experimentalist. What are their limits no one can say.

E. Coste, president of the Canadian Mining Institute, recently read a paper before that body attacking the theory generally held by geologists that petroleum results from the decomposition of animal and vegetable organic remains. One point made by Mr. Coste is that this process of forming petroleum has nowhere been found in action. He thinks that if this were actually the mode of production or generation it would pretty certainly be found going on somewhere at the present time on some scale, great or small. He further argues that the decomposition of organic remains, especially animal, is so rapid and complete that there is no opportunity for the preservation of such a residuum in rocks. He points out, too, that the oil deposits are found mostly in formations which existed before the carboniferous deposits and when there was but very little vegetable life on the earth. Finally he reasons that if petroleum were were due to the destructive distillation of coal there would now be no coal beds, as the coal would long ago have been transformed into petroleum and a cokelike residuum. Mr. Coste's conclusion that petroleum does not come from organic remains may be correct, but if so it does not contribute anything to our stock of affirmative knowledge. It may serve in a negative way to assist in the discovery of petroleum by teaching that it may be found where no considerable organic remains are present. It does not assist at all in forming a conjecture as to the extent of the deposits or their probable exhaustion. The theory of organic origin raises a presumption in favor of continuous deposition so long as organisms are generated, die and are decomposed. But also if it is of other origin there may be continuous deposition, for changes are continually occurring in inorganic as well as in organic matter. In fact, there would be no organic matter were there no antecedent changes in inorganic matter. While Mr. Coste's conclusion adds nothing, if it is true, to our stock of affirmative knowledge, it may serve a useful purpose in stimulating efforts to ascertain the real nature and source of a substance which has come to fill so important a place in the supply of various human needs.

What Education Teaches.

The great thing in all education, says a noted professor in the Beacon, is to make our nervous system our ally instead of our enemy. It is to fund and capitalize our acquisitions and live at ease upon the interest of the fund. For this we must make automatic and habitual, as early as possible, as many useful actions as we can, and guard against the growing into the ways that are likely to be disadvantageous to us, as we should guard against the plague. The more of the details of our daily life we can hand over to the effortless custody of automatonism, the more the higher powers of mind will be set free for their own proper work. There is no more miserable human being than one in whom nothing is habitual but indecision, and for whom the drinking of every cup, the time of rising and going to bed every day, and the beginning of every bit of work, are subjects of express volitional deliberation. Full half the time of such a man goes to the deciding, or regretting, of matters which ought to be so ingrained in him as practically not to exist for his consciousness at all. If there be such daily duties yet not ingrained in any one of my readers, let him begin this very hour to set the matter right.

A ten-cent argument often ends in a $10 quarrel.

A woman is never 30 until she is 40 or married.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

The Isthmian Canal.

A REMARKABLE change of opinion has taken place in regard to the best route for the Isthmian Canal. Fourteen months ago, when the House passed the Nicaraguan bill, the Panama route had few advocates; only one newspaper in New York championed it, and the state of feeling at the time is further illustrated by the fact that this champion was actuated by a desire to thwart the building of any canal. Now, however, there is hardly a voice raised to mourn for abandoned Nicaragua, and we have engaged to spend millions, hundreds of millions, on Panama. We have agreed to pay the Panama Canal Company $40,000,000 for its rights, unfinished work, and other property; we have agreed to pay Colombia $10,000,000 and an annuity of $250,000, and in addition to this outlay there is the cost of construction, which is estimated at $250,000,000, but may, and probably will, be much more. As much as this has already been sunk in the fourteen miles of ditch already completed by the old Panama company, and thirty-three miles of more difficult work remains to be done. Fourteen years and $250,000,000 are plainly very scant estimates of the time and money which will have to be expended before the Isthmus is crossed by a navigable waterway. But the rewards will equal the expenditure.—Public Opinion.

Interesting Wheat Experiments.

EXPERIMENTS in Colorado and Wyoming point to the development of a species of hard wheat that will yield bountifully in the arid regions. In 1896 a Coloradoan, Mr. Robert Gauss, planted some improved Fife wheat and left it to take care of itself. The harvest gave barely enough wheat for seed the next year. The crop from this seed was much better, and each year since the grain has gained in productiveness. In 1902 Fred Bond, State engineer of Wyoming, planted half a pint of this acclimatized seed near Cheyenne at an altitude of 6,050 feet, and another half-pint at Buffalo, altitude 4,700 feet. The first lot threshed 9½ pints and the second 21¼ pints. No water was artificially given to either plantation, and the rainfall at Cheyenne was only 6.38, and at Buffalo 4.90 inches. If experiments on a larger scale are equally successful, Mr. Gauss, as the Geographic Magazine says, has reclaimed nearly 400,000 square miles of land. The whole arid and semi-arid West will eagerly await further experiments.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Minimum Wage.

INDIANA has a minimum wage law, enacted in 1901. It provides that no one employed on work done by or for counties, cities or towns shall be paid less than twenty cents an hour. The act was passed at the demand of organized labor, and the purpose, of course, was to establish a standard minimum rate of living wages. While it was not believed that the State could enact any law making a minimum wage in private business, it was imagined that municipal corporations could be required to pay a minimum wage or more for work done which would become a common standard. The Supreme Court of the State has pronounced the law unconstitutional, as being an improper interference with the liberty of contract. If the Legislature has the right to prescribe and enforce a minimum rate of wages, it also has power to prescribe a maximum rate, and need not confine itself to wages, but proceed to fix the prices of corn and potatoes. The court concludes that counties, cities and towns stand upon the same footing as private or quasi-public corporations, and cannot be compelled to pay more than its market value for any property or labor.—Boston Herald.

The Cause of Good Roads.

ONE of the most striking evidences of the civilization reached by Rome are the remains of her great highways. It is said that 50,000 miles of roadways were built by the Romans, structures which in their decay are the envy of the modern road builders. It is a reflection on the American name that in the older States, which have been organized communities for more than two centuries, there are thousands of miles of roads that are practically in no better condition now then they were in the early days. In Pennsylvania there are thousands of miles of roadway maintained in no better fashion than they were at the beginning of the last century. The value, convenience and pleasure of good roads are admitted. They improve social conditions in the countryside and invite residence there. The condition of the roadways in any neighborhood is an unfailing sign of its progress. The organization of good roads associations, local, State, national and international, is doing excellent work in spreading information, exciting interest and securing needful legislation respecting the movement.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Alien Invasion.

ISN'T it a little foolish for us to talk of "the American race" and "the American character" as if they were established and recognizable facts, in the face of a movement which is vastly altering the population of our land? Within the last forty years 16,000,000 of aliens have come to our shores. There never was a race movement like that before. The Norman Conquest of England was microscopic; the invasion of England by the Jutes, Saxons and Angles was insignificant; the descent of the barbarians upon the Roman Empire was a small affair, compared with the invasion of the United States now going on. In the retrospect, all the great movements of population recorded in history are seen to have profoundly altered the characters and affected the careers of the countries to which they moved, and we may be certain that the national character and the national destiny will be no less materially affected in our own case now. In the nature of things, the effect will not appear at once; the newcomers are poor and of slight consideration; does any one expect that they will remain so for many generations? Doesn't every one who will take the trouble to think about it know that in the worlds of business, politics, and even "society," the sons and daughters of those who fought for American independence already in many cases have to give way to the descendants of those who were coming ashore, with their packs on their backs, out of the steerage, a generation or two ago?—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

New England Thrift.

THE proportion of men and women who retire on small competencies is doubtless greater in Massachusetts than in any other State in the Union, unless it be Pennsylvania, which is the other State of Dr. Benjamin Franklin's residence. But a man who has even the most robust respect for the thrift of the people of Massachusetts must be surprised to learn from the report of the State's Bureau of Labor Statistics that there are more than 45,000 such persons—28,000 men and 17,000 women. Two-thirds of them are native born, too.

These persons who have retired on competencies are apparently not, as a rule, the owners of large fortunes. Indeed, most men of large fortunes, it is safe to say, do not retire till physical infirmities compel them. In the list are an amazing number who are farmers—more than 3,500—whereas less than 3,300 were merchants. Even the retired blacksmiths number 359, and there are 1,076 "laborers" on this list—World's Work.

Save the Big Trees.

THE giant sequoias of California form a natural wonder and beautiful scenic feature absolutely unique. How far the rumor that their existence is in danger may be true is not quite apparent, but it seems certain that the Calaveras Grove at least is threatened with extinction. It must be remembered that there are at least five hundred trees in California which are really entitled to be called giant trees, and that these are found in many rather widely separated groups. The Mariposa Grove, near the Yosemite Valley, is owned and cared for by the State of California, while the United States holds at National parks two tracts of land on which big trees stand. The Calaveras group, the first to be discovered, contains about a hundred very fine giant trees, and has been well maintained and preserved. It is private property, and, of late years at least, has not yielded a reasonable profit on the price paid by the present owner, $100,000. There is, therefore, great danger that the trees may be cut down and sold—it is said that a single sequoia might yield 50,000 feet of lumber. It seems evident that California should have purchased the Calaveras Grove at the very moderate price named above, but the State authorities have hoped that the United States would buy the tract as a National park; Congress, however, has seemed averse to this, and has refused an appropriation for the purpose. It is now suggested that a public subscription should be made, or that an individual benefactor should present the famous grove to the nation. In one way or another the destruction threatened should be averted.—New York Outlook.

HAS MUNICIPAL ICE FACTORY

City of Wolverhampton in England Successfully Conducts One.

The first municipality in England to establish a municipal ice factory under the approval of the local government board is Wolverhampton, says the Municipal Journal and Engineer. The board has authorized the council to make ice and sell it to its customers and will allow any surplus to be purchased by other traders. Despite the many objections that were raised against this undertaking, on the ground that it was too doubtful for any municipality to assume, the officials went ahead with their plans.

The council fortunately decided to incorporate with the ice factory cold stores and this union of interests yields better results than if the cold stores were undertaken alone. In fact the men interested in the work felt that to cut out the manufacture of ice from the scheme would absolutely ruin it from a financial standpoint.

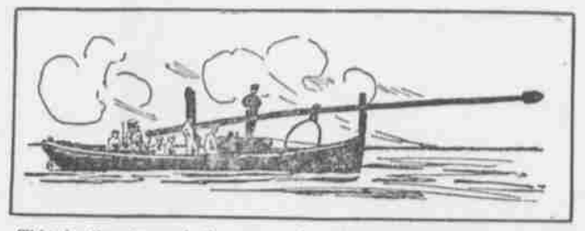
The estimated demand for ice in Wolverhampton is about 1,500 tons a year and a manufactory producing seven tons a day could meet this consumption; but to provide for any possible increase in the city, a plant of ten tons output per day was installed and arrangements were made so that this could be increased to twenty tons if necessary. The cost of the buildings and insulating was estimated at $28,500 and for this necessary machinery and appliances $18,750, making a total of $47,250. It is estimated that the running expenses will be $10,995, which includes 2½ per cent allowance for depreciation and sinking fund and interest on the loan. The cold stores have a capacity of 22,500 cubic feet, which if let at 20 cents per foot will produce $4,500, and calculating on four months, 1,300 tons of ice at $6.25 per ton, would bring in $8,125, a total of $12,625 and a profit of $1,630.

The borough engineer, after considering the different methods of commercially producing cold, such as cold air, liquefaction, vacuum, absorption and compression systems decided on the one in use. This was the one in which the cold is produced by an ammonia compression machine. The three principal methods of transmitting the cold were the direct expansion system, in which ammonia is directly expanded into a series of tubes hung from the ceiling; the brine circulation system; and the cold air current system, in which the tubes, whether dry or wet, are placed in a chamber and air is caused to flow over them. Mr. Bradley chose the last as the most preferable system.

The cold is produced by the evaporation of anhydrous ammonia in a series of wrought-iron coils submerged in a rectangular tank containing brine. In the brine are the molds in which the ice is formed. The cold brine congeals the water in the tanks and the clear ice is produced by the use of hydraulic agitation gear, by means of which the small quantity of air in the water is extracted. After the ammonia has been evaporated in the ice tank coils the vapors are drawn back into the compressor and delivered into an ammonia condenser on the roof of the engine house, where they are liquefied.

The work of cooling in the cold rooms is produced in a similar manner, but instead of the evaporator coils being submerged in a tank they are built up in the form of a battery. This is placed in a duct which is so arranged that air is drawn in at one end by means of an electrically driven fan, and being cooled by the coils, is distributed from the other end to the various storerooms. The advantage of this system is the entire absence of moisture on account of the cold, dry air used, and a further advantage is the fact that the whole power of the plant may be concentrated in any one place if it is desired to cool such room rapidly.

THE NEW BRITISH SUBMARINE DESTROYER.



This is the type of the new submarine boat destroyer which has been approved by the British navy. In addition to carrying the regular torpedo tube and projectile in the bow, the strange craft is equipped with an "outrigger" torpedo, charged with thirty-five pounds of gun cotton, which is pushed against the submarine or other ship to be destroyed.

Electricity in the Slot.

In England the Sunderland town council has decided to supply electricity for the lighting of the workmen's dwellings owned by the municipality on the penny-in-the-slot principle, one penny to pay for an eight candle power light lasting five and one-fifth hours.

Museum Is 2,500 Years Old.

A museum of the sixth century, B. C., has come into the possession of the University of Pennsylvania. The museum is not big, being contained in a large earthen jar, but the contents are very valuable from a historical point of view.

Whether the specimens were excavated or purchased is not known, but they undoubtedly represent a collection which must have been made during the time of Belshazzar, since it was found in one of the upper strata at Nippur.

The best specimen in the jar is an inscription containing the titles of Sargon I., who liver about 3800 B. C. There is a black stone tablet of Ur-Gur, 2700 B. C., which tells that this king built the great wall around the city of Nippur.

Then there is the terra cotta brick stamp of Bur-Sin, which is the first yet found of that king. Another tablet states that the large hall of the temple was called Emakh, and that there were twenty-four other shrines to gods in the temple besides the ones that have been found of Bel and his consort, Beltis.

Oranges.

Some exceedingly fine oranges come up out of Mexico—the orange maggot is aware of that—but they quickly go to pith. Floridas and Californias almost alone have staying qualities and that deep, satisfactory bouquet which a touch of frost imparts.

Magistrate—What is your occupation?

Witness—I'm a lawyer, your honor.

Magistrate—Well, try to forget it while giving your testimony.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

"Didn't you tell me yesterday that you had a wife and three small children?" asked the benevolent looking man.

"Mister," responded Meandering Mike, "if I had a wife an' three children don't you spose I'd put 'em to work instead o' goin' out dis way myself?"—Washington Star.

A Matter of Language.

Old Lady—How is the 7 o'clock train, Mr. Schwartzmeister?

Schwartzmeister (who loves to revert to his German)—Alles recht.

Old Lady (excitedly)—My heavens! And my girl Mandy was on that train.—Baltimore American.

At Last.

"Why does subbubs always carry that load of machinery in and out each day?"

"Why, that's his patent contrivance for raising car windows."

The Welcome Crow.

I heard him to-day with his "caw! caw! caw!"
And it sounded mighty good,
After paying twenty dollars a ton for coal
And twelve per cord for wood.
—Norway (Me.) Advertiser.

Different.

Younghub—There's nothing like matrimony for teaching a young man the value of money.

Oldwed—That's right. A dollar a man gives to his wife looks twice as big as the dollar he blew in on her during courtship.

Just the Same.

Stern Father—What an unearthly hour that young fellow stops till every night, Dora. What does your mother say about it?

Daughter—She says men haven't altered a bit since she was young.

Retaliation.

"What do you think of my wife selecting my ties and shirts?"

"Terrible!"

"How can I get even?"

"Why, go out and select her spring hat."

Better than a Telephone.

Duffy—What I say to my wife goes.

Meeker—Is it possible!

Duffy—Yes. As soon as I leave the house she goes over and repeats it to her mother.

A Chance for Sister.

Ethel—I see you have discarded all finery of late.

Millicent—Yes, you see I found that ribbons and laces were dragging me down to perdition, so I gave them to my sister.

Great Show.

Ernie—Mabel was engaged four times down at the beach last summer. She said it was a regular circus.

Edith—Sort of a four-ring affair, I suppose?

Bright Scheme.

Parson—Brother, how can we prevent every one from donating coppers?

Deacon—Oh, I have a good scheme. We'll take up the collection with a cash register.

Between Friends.

Mayme—I hear you are going to be married again.

Edyth—Again? Why, I've never been tied up as yet.

Mayme—No; but I can't recall the number of times you were "going to be."

Where She Found It.

Grace—Why, Ethel! How could you tell all the news in Mary's letter so soon? You haven't even read it.

Ethel—Well, you see, dear, I read the postscript first.—Yonkers Statesman.

Greek Meeting Greek.

Towne—Met Gabble and Perkins at a smoker last night, and introduced them to each other.

Browne—Oh, say, it's a shame to introduce a bore like Gabble to anybody.

Towne—It's evident you don't know Perkins, or you'd see the humor of it.—Philadelphia Press.

A Cab-Driver's Advice.

Advice of an old cab driver to his successor:

"Always know the exact hour of the train your passenger wishes to take. Reach the station at the very last moment, so that he cannot dispute with you, whatever price you ask."—Pearson's Weekly.

Trouble in Store for Tommy.

Indignant Neighbor—This is the tin pan your boy Tommy tied to our dog's tail a little while ago!

Tommy's Mother (becoming equally indignant)—I shall certainly have his father whip him! That was my best pan!—Chicago Tribune.

Disappointment.

"What did she ever see in him that made her want to marry him?"

"Nothing. She married him because she wanted a home."

"Poor girl! And he took her to a flat!"—Chicago Tribune.

Setting Him Right.

Mr. Wabash—I hear your family went South for the winter.

Miss Backbay (precise Bostonese)—Not at all. They went South for the absence of winter peculiar to that locality.—Philadelphia Press.

Like a Picture.

Mr. Goodword—Yes, indeed, she made quite an impression upon me. She reminds me of an old-fashioned picture.

Miss Speltz—Ah! you noticed, then? Mr. Goodword—What?

Miss Speltz—That she's painted.—Philadelphia Press.

His Future.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "I'm surprised at you. Do you know what will happen to you if you continue to tell stories?"

"Sure," replied Tommy. "I'll get asked when I grow up to make after dinner speeches."

Personal Experience.

Crittick—Is this the poem you submitted to the editor?

Poet—Yes.

Crittick—Why, it's feet are all wrong.

Poet—Perhaps so, but the editor's weren't. I got one of them all right.

This Is Awful.

"John," said the mother of a squalling infant, "what do you suppose is the matter with baby?

"Yell-o fever, more'n likely," replied the heartless father.

Waste of Time.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a profitless enterprise?

Pa—Telling hair-raising stories to a baldheaded man, my son.

He Earned the Money.

"Please help the blind."

"But you don't look like you're blind."

"I ain't, sir, but the 'blind man' has gone out to see the baseball game, and I'm taking his place till he gets back, sir."

Even at That.

Gus—The idea of his saying I had more money than brains. Quite ridiculous.

Jack—That so?

Gus—Of course. Why, I haven't got a cent.

Jack—Well?

Wasn't in the Almanac.

"Say, Silas," queried old Mrs. Medergras, "what be that air Monroe doctrin th' papers hev so mutch tew say about?"

"I dunno exacktly," replied Silas, "but I reckon ez heow it's sum newfangled cure fer sumthin' or nuther."

Proper Caper.

Mrs. Waggs (reading)—A well-known physician says that one should never go into the water after a hearty meal.

Waggs—That's right. It's better to go into a first-class restaurant after it if one happens to have the price.

At Drowseville.

"We used to miss that accommodation train every morning."

"What do you do now that they have taken it off?"

"Why, we miss it more than ever."

One Man's Wisdom.

Ping—There goes a man worth $3,000,000 and he made every dollar of it in trade.

Pong—Well, all I've got to say is that I don't want to trade with a man like that.

Her Comment.

Softleigh—Yaas, I always cahwy an umbrella, doncher know.

Miss Cutting—I always suspected that you didn't know enough to go in when it rains.

Worrying a Bad Habit.

Worrying is a habit that grows very rapidly. The more it is indulged the stronger it becomes. When you discover that you are its victim, just stop and consider: Are you gaining anything from it? If so, what is the gain? Are you losing anything from it—health, strength, cheerfulness, the power of helping others and the opportunity of doing the next best thing at hand? Whatever you do, don't say, "But I can't help it!"

Colossal Counter Claim.

It is hard to get ahead of some girls. One who was presented with a bill for £49 for money spent on her by a rejected suitor nearly frightened him to death by only threatening to put in a bill for one shilling apiece for all the kisses he had taken during the courtship.—Spare Moments.

Mighty rivers rise in quiet places, but like some men the farther away from home they get the more noise they make.

A moment's anger may result in years of sorrow.