

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Throw physic to the neighbor's dogs.

Blarneyed goods don't always command a stiff price.

Character writes its name on a man's face in indelible ink.

No man can succeed unless he has faith in his own ability.

A successful revolution is sometimes but a turn for the worse.

Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it alive is apt to be short lived.

It's easier to get the best of an argument than it is to prove that you are right.

Can you fancy a debate on the Irish land bill developing into a "veritable love feast?"

It is easier to be a little man in a big town than it is to be a big man in a little town.

Should Miss Stone get \$70,000 out of Turkey she ought to start a bad debt collection bureau.

If the pupil is not more careful it will soon be supplanted by the press as a moral teacher.

A scientist has discovered that hens lay eggs in the daytime because at night they are roosters.

The new King of Serbia smokes cigarettes constantly. Still he isn't likely to be killed by cigarettes.

This is a world in which the Christian has only to examine himself inwardly, as his friends are ready to do the rest.

It may appear to you that all the good jobs are taken, but by the time you are capable of filling one it will be vacant.

Never stop to explain your actions. People prefer to form their own opinions, and besides they wouldn't believe you anyway.

A feud battle in North Carolina was suspended to allow a picnic party to pass. Merely one picnic party respects to another.

If there's anything in these vacuum caps advertised to make hair grow, some people's skulls must be very hairy on the inside.

It is one of the compensations of obscurity and poverty that a man does not have to dodge kodak flashes nor perfume himself in swearing off his taxes.

Thomas A. Edison has gone into politics, and the people of the Oranges are excited. They fear he will invent a new political machine which will battle the oldest experts. Oh, let it be soon!

Satisfactions figure that it costs \$1.17 to stop a train going at full speed. And one of the worst ways to attempt to make the train hesitate is to grab the rear rail on the last coach and hold back. Then the expenses are much heavier.

Small American towns and cities ought to be interested in a report made by the United States consul at Hamilton, Ontario, on the paving in that city. He says that tar-macadam roadways have been built in the business part of the town for sixty-eight cents a square yard, and that they are almost as good at the end of four years as when first made. Either asphalt or brick costs two or three times as much, and is not so durable.

In bygone times it was the practice of the Newfoundland coast folk to appropriate everything they secured from shipwrecks, but this lawlessness had to be sternly repressed. Now the unwritten rule is that they get "half their haul," or 50 per cent, as salvage. In portable and valuable articles, such as silverware, there is still a strong temptation to keep the whole, but the punishment is severe. Champagne, cigars, cabin stores and the like have also a trick of disappearing, and in the poorest fisher's cottage you will come upon rare china, dainty napery, silverware of price and wares to tempt an epicure.

Physicians are calling attention to the alarming increase of pneumonia. Figures compiled by the health commissioner of Chicago show that in 1900 the disease stood side by side with consumption, as regards the number of deaths throughout the whole country, and that since then the mortality rate in the one has increased and in the other has fallen. Pneumonia, therefore, may now be said to have displaced the "great white plague" as the most terrible human scourge. Good evidence of the highly communicable character of pneumonia comes from Chicago, where thirty-eight cases occurred among the three hundred employees of the county treasurer's office, and eight resulted fatally. The evidence of contagiousness is in one respect encouraging, for it will lead to the establishment of the same safeguards as those which have checked consumption.

They do some things better in Russia. The Standard Oil Company undertook to corner petroleum at Baku. A Rockefeller agent got control of all the rolling stock and sent the price up. All the visible supply was kept under perfect control until the railway authorities telegraphed to the imperial capital for instructions. An immediate reply was returned that if delivery were not ordered within twenty-four hours the tanks ready for haulage should be emptied on the railroad tracks and returned for fresh filling at Baku, subject to open market control. The corner in petroleum was convincingly broken and a repetition of the business so familiar in this part

of the world was not attempted. Had the Sherman law been promptly and faithfully enforced from the time of its enactment the history of corners in the United States would be brief. We cannot afford to substitute despotism for democracy, but it is a humiliating comment on democracy that it has failed to prevent the erection of a despotism in commerce as absolute as that of the imperial government in Russia.

It is a fact that no witch was ever burned or put to death by fire in England or any other part of Massachusetts. How the impression that Cotton Mather and his associates had perpetrated that horror gained currency is inexplicable, but it has been floating around for generations, and in all probability will "go on forever." Salem was the scene of the trial, conviction and execution by hanging of persons accused of witchcraft, says the Washington Star. Gallows hill, the eminence on which the hangings occurred, is perhaps the most interesting spot in New England. It may be doubted if more desecrated or conscientious men ever lived than Cotton Mather and his brethren. They went to the Bible for their authority, to the Mosaic law, omitting the Christian dispensation. That law told them, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Firmly believing in witchcraft and having no doubt that they had witches to deal with, what were they to do but to kill them? From their point of view they exercised great humanity in employing the gallows rather than the fagot.

It is not generally known that John W. Gulteau, brother of Charles J. Gulteau, who shot Garfield, is in many respects the greatest statistician in the world. Gulteau is a veritable crank on figures, but his crankiness is very profitable. Just now the government is under contract to pay him \$25,000 for certain tabulations. The big insurance companies are his profitable clients. Gulteau is the only man who has succeeded in getting inside the books of Dun's and Bradstreet's commercial agencies. It was he who gave out the startling statement that the books of these companies contained but 3 per cent of the names that were there twenty years ago! What a pathetic story of the premature deaths and business failures of twenty years ago! But here is more of the same sort! Gulteau says that of the men of this country who live to be 60 years of age 80 out of every 100 are absolutely dependent upon others for a living. That is an appalling revelation. Of every 1,000 human beings that with precious argosies set buoyant sail 800 are wrecked on the coasts of business failure. Failure! Eight of every ten who fight in the business arena bite the sawdust. For men do fight to-day as they fought in the arena at Rome and Antioch. And 80 of the 100 are carried out dead or defeated. Why? Because of competition. Because of extravagance, bad habits and many other things. But largely because of speculation. Read the list of the victims of the get-rich-quick swindles at New Orleans and St. Louis. Men, women and children—all were trying to get something for nothing. And there is gambling on the board of trade where the maestro swallows men alive. The wheat pit is only thirty feet across. But it has swallowed whole fleets of business cargoes. It is only a few feet deep, but it has let thousands of souls down to Hades! The man who is doing well becomes dissatisfied. He reasons: "I work like a slave and save a few dollars. So and so makes dollars where I make cents. He runs the risk. Why should I not venture?" And before he knows it he is in deep water and unable to swim. We are a nation of speculators. The craving for wealth becomes a disease. Men are money drunk. This is not rhetoric. It is fact. Government and insurance companies pay men like Gulteau large sums of money for disclosing this real history. He who runs may read it.

What the devotees of advice on success are really seeking is something they can never find—how to succeed without work. At bottom all the envy of the well-to-do in the bosoms of the not-well-to-do is based upon hatred of work. The rich man is not envious for his cares, for his responsibilities; the facts that he has to work and to worry without ceasing, that he never has a thought free from responsibility of some sort, are absolutely ignored. All the envy thinks is, "That fellow doesn't have to work." And it is impossible to convince him that he is mistaken just as it is impossible to convince the average human being that he would not, and could not, endure it to change places with the King of England and Emperor of India unless he had been bred from childhood to the dull life of royalty. It is easy to reason men into a belief in the multiplication table and the law of gravitation. The impossible begins when one seeks to demonstrate the propositions about life that are "plain as the nose on your face." There isn't room for doubt that the only escape from wretchedness in this

world is through work, plenty of hard work, and that to induce any man to work there must be compulsion—compulsion of responsibility or compulsion of necessity. Yet who believes it in the bottom of their hearts? Not many.—Collier's Weekly.

Man-Made Floods and Desolation.

BEFORE 1882 there was a good boating stage of water through the open season in the Western rivers. This ranged in the Ohio and Mississippi from twelve to fifteen feet. Now, in nearly all the rivers, there are periods when the water is very high, and other periods when it is very low. Forty years ago the smaller rivers and streams in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York—many of them fed by springs—had a regular flow the year around, and were full to the banks. The man who returns to his old home in these States now finds these creeks and rivers almost dry in the summer and raging torrents in the spring. Many of the springs famous forty years ago are no longer in existence. Streams that then gave a regular supply of water to hundreds of farms are now in the summer time simply a series of pools. Even in our largest rivers in the dry season there is scarcely water enough for navigation, while in the spring come great floods like that recently raging in the Missouri and its tributaries. There is a reason for this change. Fifty years ago the native forests in Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York were in their wild state. The trees had not been cut, and the underbrush had not been cleared away. Now these forests have all been cut. Where there were square miles of forest there are now square miles as bare of trees as the prairie in Illinois. Had the forests on the mountains and foothills not been cut or destroyed by great forest fires, the snow would not have melted quickly and the heavy rainfall would, in part, have been retained in forest lands. Under present conditions, however, the thousands of mountain streams run with overflowing banks to the rivers, and the great river became a terrific agent of destruction.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Warning to Strikers.

WE all know from past experience that it is quite possible for the members of a great community, in all except their food supply, to subsist upon the outputs of mills and factories as reduced to less than half of the amount which it is possible for them to produce. But such a shutting-down means that the great mass of the wage-earners are no longer in receipt of earnings which rise in any degree above what is necessary to merely maintain existence. Under such conditions the operatives in American factories are made to realize by painful personal experience that there are other qualifications besides the better rate of wages and the minimum hours of daily work in determining whether their condition is or is not a satisfactory one. The man who can find work only for one-third to one-half of his time is ordinarily hard pressed to support his family, and hence we would suggest to the labor organizations that, while their demands in many instances may be just ones and worthy of determined maintenance, such demands should be made with discrimination, and that sympathetic disarrangement of trade, should be deprecated, and not advocated. We say this because it is really possible, by an extension of the trouble we are now having, to so paralyze industry as to bring what is known as business prosperity to a prompt and for some years to come, an effective ending.—Boston Herald.

Advice on How to Succeed.

THERE are some faint signs of a warning in the epidemic of advice on how to succeed. It is futile enough, as a rule, for one man to give advice to another in a particular case when his advice has been sought and when he knows all the main facts. But what an utter waste of time for one man to advise an infinitely large and wholly unknown audience of all ages, conditions and aptitudes. And upon such a subject as success! What is "success"? Does anybody know? Can anybody tell? Is it to earn \$10,000,000 and lose friends, family life and health? Is it to become President or Senator and lose many self-respect by trucking to bosses, lying about one's real views on every important question and making one's self a mere voting machine to register the will of an interest or a combination of interests in control of the campaign committee and therefore of the party? Is it to write a book to catch the crowd—a book one must apologize for to all one's acquaintances? Or is it merely to keep one's self-respect, to work conscientiously at the task in hand and to care not a rap for consequences? When Shakespeare made Wolsey say, "Fling away ambition," he was expressing something more than the bitterness of a soured and stricken statesman. Whenever a man entertains an ambition beyond the development of his own intellect and character, doesn't he mount himself upon a steed that has never yet been broken to bridle?

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TAKING "A DAY OFF."

A party of friends, men whose professions leave them little time for rest or amusement, went into the country for a twenty-four hours' holiday, resolutely determined to free their minds for that length of time from all ideas connected with their work. "There's to be no talking shop," said the lawyer, "no penalty of exclusion from the company," and every one agreed with him. The morning was spent in a long tramp along country roads; then came a hearty dinner at noon, followed by another tramp, which was brought to a close by a heavy shower. The company returned to the inn where they were to pass the night, and found a bright fire awaiting them. "Now let's have an evening of quiet enjoyment with these books," said the doctor. "I see there are a number here of which I've heard, and that I haven't read. What do you say?" Again every one agreed, and presumably there was no sound in the room save the crackling of the fire, the rustle of the pages of book or magazine, and an occasional contented sigh. "Look here!" said the lawyer, suddenly. "What's that the doctor's got inside his book?" "Eh?" said the doctor, hurriedly thrusting a small red book and a pencil into his pocket. "I—my mind had just wandered to a case of—well, never mind!" "Come, now, all of us own up what we're really doing," said the lawyer, and it thereupon appeared that the schoolmaster had discovered an educational report among the magazines and was reading it, and the banker had been studying the stock exchange reports, and the clergyman had a slip of paper on which he was making notes for a sermon. "How about you," said the doctor, turning to the legal member of the party. "Have you really been reading that magazine?" "I have," said the lawyer, handing him the book. "Shake it and see if I've consulted any papers." "No, you haven't," admitted the doctor; "but the magazine seems to open naturally to this article, my friend," and he solemnly passed the magazine to the clergyman, who read aloud: "Some Curious Cases of Clerical Evidence in Criminal Trials."—Youth's Companion.

A SUPERSTITIOUS PEOPLE.

Characteristics of Inhabitants of the Cumberland Mountains. In his article on "Our Appalachian People" in Harper's Magazine, Julian Ralph tells of the curious shyness of these people of the Cumberland moun-

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

A Combination of Farmers.

AN organization called the American Society of Equity, consisting of farmers and having its headquarters at Indianapolis, has issued a bulletin to the farmers of the West advising them that, by means of co-operation, it is easily possible to make \$1 per bushel the minimum price of wheat during the coming season. * * * The executive authorities of the American Society of Equity believe that it is easily possible, if the farmers will but exercise a small degree of self-restraint, to have the price of wheat in Chicago range from \$1 upward, though the advice is given not to insist upon more than \$1, for the reason that to hold for higher prices would lead to a great accumulation of the wheat supply in this country, which would have a disastrous effect when the time came to market the next harvest. An obvious difficulty in carrying out a plan of this kind is the impossibility of securing concerted action among hundreds of thousands of individuals widely separated from each other and having little or no immediate inter-communication. It also has to be borne in mind that the command we have of the markets of Europe for the disposal of our wheat is a conditional one. If these were a failure of the crops in the great grain-growing countries of the world, of course, our wheat growers, if they had been fortunate, would be in a position to ask almost any price in reason which they saw fit to demand, but when the wheat crops of the great grain-growing countries are satisfactory in quantity our sales are predicated on a willingness to take the same price that others are asking for equivalent supplies.—Boston Herald.

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THE FARMER IS A TYRANT WHO COULD NOT WELL BE SPARED

NINE times out of ten when you scratch a farmer you scratch a tyrant," said a suburban man who always has a new theory in his vest pocket. "It's a fact; I'm a farmer's grandson, a farmer's son, and a farmer myself, and I know what I'm talking about. To own land and have sole control of everything his eye falls on is what makes a man a tyrant. The man who bosses farm hands all day, and who bosses horses, cows and pigs from morning till night, naturally gets to bossing his wife and his sons and daughters. He is czar of his small rural Russia, and it takes a firm hand to hold him down. That's why so many farmers have feuds with other farmers in their neighborhood—so many cases naturally come in conflict, and fall out. "More than any other man in the world," continued the amateur preacher, "the man who lives in the country needs a good, firm-handed, high-tempered wife to hold him in, and make him behave himself. Every farmer who will tell the truth will tell you this. The farmer's wife must be a good fighter—for she has, in most cases, lots of fights to fight. She has to fight for her chickens—the tyrant-farmer always tries to meddle with his wife's chickens; she has to fight for college educations for her sons and daughters—she has to fight for all their privileges and pleasures. The average farmer never can understand why the children don't love farm life as well as he does. The farmer's wife has to keep peace between him and his neighbors—who has no one often to contend to get a horse to go to town with on little pleasure jaunts of her own. Oh, these things are all true, in too many farmers' families. "The farmer is a fine fellow, and the world couldn't spare him, but he does love to boss to beat the band. Two of my daughters have married farmers, and I put mischief into their heads in good season and taught them how to hold their own. A man respects a woman who won't let him have his own way too much. My wife has regulated me until I'm pretty respectable—and that's why I see all these things. Most farmers are big tyrants—yes, sir."—Detroit Free Press.

Incidents illustrative of some of these traits are the following," he says: "A man living on Hell-for-sartan creek, refused to allow his sick baby to be taken to a hospital at Brees college, because," he argued, "if she's a-going to live, she'll get well anyhow, I reckon, and I don't guess if she's a-going to die, nothin' we kin do won't save her." Again, a man on Bullskin creek, in explaining why his child died said that "no one couldn't make her take no medicine. She just wouldn't take it. She was a Baker through and through, and you never could make a Baker do nothin' he didn't want to do." A mountaineer in Tennessee heard his wife complain that, no matter how hard she churned, and no matter what she did, she could not make butter come that day. "That's her Nance Clay's doin's," said the husband. "I'll soon fix her." He proceeded to draw the figure of a woman on a sheet of paper, and when it was finished he marked with an oval the place where her heart would be. He pinned the paper on the wall of his log cabin, melted a silver coin into the form of a bullet, took down his rifle aimed at the drawing and shot the bullet through the oval. He believed that a neighbor named Nancy Clay—presumably an aged spinster of shrewdish temper of meddling disposi-

tion—had bewitched the milk, and that by shooting her through the heart in the drawing he could cause her to be sickened and die. This is a very ancient notion, found in one form or another among the red Indians, the negroes, the Asiatics, and many other old races.

Spelling a Phrase.

In her "Letters from the Holy Land" Lady Butler protested vigorously, although vainly, against the introduction of railways into Palestine. Every yard of that small and beautiful country is precious in her eyes, and that its echoes should be awakened by a snorting locomotive is, she believes, abhorrent to reverent persons. She scores a point with her statement that an express train could run in two hours "from Dan to Beersheba," which cuts down the significance of the familiar association of the two places so that there seems to be nothing left.

The Way to Court.

"Well," said the young lawyer, "I pleaded my first suit yesterday and won it." "You don't say?" "Yes, congratulate me, old man, I'm engaged to Miss Love."—Philadelphia Press. The national bad habit is not stealing, drinking, gambling or loafing, but plain, every-day exaggeration.

TOPIC OF THE TIMES

Yarmouth, England, exported over 272,000 barrels of cured herrings to the continent during the past year.

Wearing monocles, the latest fashion for ladies, a craze recently started in Paris by ladies of the Servian colony, is extending to London.

Many thousand dollars' worth of railroad tickets were under water in the Union depot. Bull your transportation.—Kansas City Star.

Gen. Joubert's chair, made of ebony, book horns and hides, and captured from his laager at Limbong, near Lydenburg, is now treasured by Lieut. Col. Urnston, at Glenmore, south of Mool.

The Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths has presented to the University of London the whole of the valuable library of economic literature which it purchased some ten years ago from Prof. Foxwell.

The South McAlester (Indian Territory) News relates that a negro criminal in the Choctaw nation was so badly scared by being arrested that he turned an ashen gray, and has never recovered his proper color.

King Edward's proficiency as a linguist was strikingly illustrated during his recent visit to Paris. At a private dinner given by M. Loubet, the French President read a very formal speech. The King of England got up immediately after and delivered without a note an admirable speech in French.

German newspapers mention among the signs of the time a recent announcement regarding Hugo Zu Hohenlohe-Oehringen, first German prince who has turned merchant. With a merchant named Schode he has formed a company, with a capital of \$75,000, for using oil to lay the dust in roads.

M. Fremont, the French sculptor, has received a commission for a monument to be erected in Paris, in memory of the pigeons which carried messages during the siege. At its commencement the institution of the pigeon post was of marked service, and thousands of letters and dispatches were sent out from Paris by this means.

The Rock Island Railway keeps one of the largest supply houses in the United States, in Trenton, Mo. The shipments from this "store" are said to exceed the combined sales of all other business houses in Trenton. It furnishes supplies to every point on the line between Muscatine, Iowa, and Missouri river points.—Kansas City Journal.

Secretary Shaw, of the Treasury Department, has distanced all endeavor in beautiful covers for reports to Congress. His annual statement was topped by an exquisite creation in Morocco, with gilt filigree work, as fine as the bookbinders of the government could supply. The daintily prepared pages, detailing Treasury transactions and policies for a twelvemonth, were tied up in equally beautiful red ribbon, with the loveliest kind of bow-knots.—Washington letter.

David N. Selig, who has just died at Northport, Mass., though blind since childhood, made a fortune as a business man and inventor. In 1851 he began in a small way the manufacture of mattresses. The business growing, he began to make furniture. He invented new styles of chairs and furniture and went so far as to design and carry out machinery for their manufacture. His sense of touch was so wonderful that he could detect the slightest flaws in articles made in his factory.

The railway across the Andes, between Chill and the Argentine republic, which was projected twenty years ago, is at last to be completed, the Chilean congress having recently passed a bill for the purpose. The loftiest part of the pass, which lies not far south of the great Andean giant, Aconcagua, and which has an elevation of 15,000 feet, is to be penetrated by a tunnel, which will serve both to avoid snow-drifts and to decrease the maximum elevation of the road. The terminals of the railway on each side of the pass are now within one day's travel by mule caravan from one another. This will be the first rail line to cross the South American continent.

HER WEIGHT IN GOLD.

An Ordinary Woman Isn't Worth So Very Much After All.

"The weight of money is very deceptive," says an employee of the sub-treasury. "For instance: A young man came in here one day with a young woman. I was showing them through the department, and happened to ask jokingly if he thought the girl was worth her weight in gold. He assured me that he certainly did think so, and after learning that her weight was 100 pounds we figured that she would be worth in gold coin \$28,647. The young man was fond enough of her to think that was rather cheap. "Another thing that deceives many people," he continued, "is the weight of paper money. Now, how many one-dollar bills do you think it would take to weigh as much as a five-dollar gold piece?"

On a guess the writer said fifty, reports the New York Mail and Express, and the clerk laughed.

"I have heard guesses on that," he said, "all the way from fifty to 500, and from men who have handled money for years. The fact of the matter is that with a five-dollar gold piece on one scale you would have to put only six and one-half bills in the other to balance it." The question afterwards was put to several friends of the writer and elicited answers ranging all the way from twenty to 1,000, the majority guessing from 200 to 500.

Taking the weights of gold coins and bills given at the sub-treasury, it was figured that a \$5 gold piece weighs 290 of an ounce avoirdupois. The employee at the treasury who handled the paper money said that 100 bills weigh four and one-half ounces. That would make one bill weigh .045 of an ounce, and between six and seven bills would balance the gold piece. On the proposition of how much money one can lift, figures were ob-

tained at the sub-treasury, where certain numbers of coins were placed in bags and weighed as standards. For example, the standard amount for gold coin is \$5,000, which weighs 844 pounds. Five hundred silver dollars weigh 254 pounds, while \$250 in halves, or 400 coins, weigh 11 pounds. Two hundred pounds of coin money of various kinds is made up as follows: Silver dollars, \$2,017; half dollars, \$5,030; quarter dollars, \$5,067; dimes, \$3,015.80; nickels, \$917; pennies, \$206.61. In \$1 bills the same weight would amount to \$71,111.

AUNT PATTY'S WHEEL.

Relie Hunter Makes an Unsuccessful Bid for It. A Northern lady who went South with a pocketful of money, in the hope of picking up precious antiquities, visited the old Hampton estate. There, among the New York Herald, she found, among other mahogany furniture, mirrors from France and Italy, and priceless bits of cut glass. But none of these treasures was for sale. Their present owners cling to them, not in the least for their value, but as links which bind them to the past.

Even Aunt Patty, an old negress who lives in a little cabin among the ruins of former outhouses, has her own loyalty to her small belongings. She had served the Hamptons, all her life. On the day of the Northern lady's visit Patty was busy at a quilted old spinning wheel. "Won't you sell me that wheel, Aunt Patty?" pleaded the visitor. "No'm," mumbled the old woman, shaking her head. "I spins de yarn dat makes my woolsen stockings fo' de winter, on dat wheel." "But I will give you all the nice warm stockings you want." "An' I spins de yarn fo' my grandchilren. I makes my livin' spinnin' de yarn on dat wheel." To every inducement she shook her head. "My ma'n an' my gran'ma befo', dey use dis wheel. No'm, I can't sell it." Later, the visitor heard from a neighboring colored woman the state of Aunt Patty's finances. "Oh, she don't get no' nothin'!" was the woman's comment. "Why, sometimes she gets as much as a dollar a week!"

Dan's Wife.

Up in early morning light, Sweeping, dusting, setting right, Oiling all the household springs, Sewing buttons, tying strings, Telling Bridget what to do, Mending rips in Johnnie's shoe, Running up and down the stairs, Dishing out her husband's share, Cutting out an appealing bread, Lying baby out to sleep per head, Eating as she can, by chance, Giving husband kindly glances, Telling, busy woman, Smart wifdom, Dan's wife.

Dan comes home at fall of night, Home so cheerful, neat and bright, Children meet him at the door, Pull at him and look him o'er, Wish him how his day has gone, "Busy time with us at home," Supper done, Dan reads with ease—Happy Dan, but one to please: Children must be put to bed, All the little prayers are said, "Little shoes are placed in rows, Bedchamber tucked up 'er little toes, Busy, weary wife— Tired woman, Dan's wife.

Dan reads on and falls asleep— See the woman softly creep; Baby rests at last; poor dear, Not a word her heart to cheer, Mending basket full to top, Stockings, shirt and little frock; Tired eyes and weary brain, Slide with darning and pain; "Never mind, 'will pass away," She must work but never play, Closed plans, unused books, Done the walks to pleasant nooks, Brightness faded out of life— Battered woman, Dan's wife.

Upstairs, toiling and to fro, Fever holds the woman low; Children wander, free to play, When and where they will to-day; Bridget loiters—dinner's cold, Dan looks anxious, cross and old; Household screws all out of place, Lacking one dear, patient face, Steady hands so tried and true, Fatten that just what she has to do, Never seeking rest nor play, Folded low and laid away, Work of six in one short life— Murdered woman, Dan's wife. —Kate Tannatt Woods.

Saffron in the Kitchen.

Saffron is a cooking ingredient that the average cook knows little about. It is used chiefly in this country for coloring confectionery, with the exception of Spanish restaurants, where nearly every dish is tinged with saffron and flavored with it. It is to be found at the shops where different imported delicacies are to be had and costs what seems a fabulous amount, 70 cents an ounce. It is light, feathery stuff, and looks like a delicate grass of a dark red or burnt orange color. It is made of the stigma of the flowers of the saffron plant. It takes 4,000 blossoms to make an ounce, and there is reason for its being expensive. It requires but a very small pinch to season a dish. The Spanish use it with rice.—New York Times.

To the Bitter End.

Whether there is any foundation for the prejudice of women laborers in England against the female labor inspector is immaterial. The prejudice exists, says the Queen, and is sometimes displayed in strictly feminine fashion. In England, where legislation is concerned with laundries, a female inspector, after much argument, persuaded the head of a small establishment to show her over the premises. The superintendent threw open the door of a steaming kitchen in which there were some half dozen washerwomen bending over tubs. "Ladies," she said, in a dramatic voice, "a woman from the government to see you!"

Reduces Weight of Gun. In the manufacture of cannon, the tendency is toward reduced weight of gun and projectile and increased muzzle velocity. This gives added range and penetration.