TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

Another odd thing is that by not working at all a man may work a graft.

It is denied that King Peter of Servia is a prisoner under his own horsehair sofa.

Cheer up, Langley; your flying machine may yet be commissioned as a submarine boat.

It is seldom that the Sick Man of Europe feels too "poorly" to sit up and smile at the powers.

The aeronauts who balooned from Paris to England will have many admirers but few imitators.

However, we do not believe Mr. Rockefeller will ever succeed in getting any of Uncle Russell Sage's.

"How long shall I wear my dresses?" asks a girl correspondent. Until you can touch papa for the price of new ones.

It having been demonstrated that Pullman cars can be made fire-proof, the next thing in line is to provide tip-proof porters.

George Vanderbilt has found it necessary to take refuge where the people are used to baronial outfits and don't mind them.

Trychophytosis is causing trouble among the school children in Delaware. The teachers may be compelling the children to spell it.

Professor Langley asked the public some time ago not to expect too much from his flying machine. Evidently the professor knew his machine.

Tumut has been chosen as the new capital of the Australian federation. By the insertion of an "I" this may be changed at any time to meet possible contingencies.

General Miles is reported to be rapidly getting rich through his investments in Texas oil lands. It would be a terrible blow to Corbin if Miles should wind up as a multimillionaire.

The Supreme Court of Nebraska holds that dogs are competent witnesses, even though they cannot be sworn. And some human beings are incompetent, no matter how many oaths they take.

It has become evident that the mob spirit is one of the menacing tendencies of the times, and it appears to be increasing in intensity from day to day. There is now a very general recognition of the fact that prompt and vigorous measures must be taken to quell this rising of the mob spirit if the majesty and justice of the law are to be maintained.

The New York Mail and Express wants to change the nickname of New York to "Buckwheat State." Michigan will step into line with the demand to be known as the "Health Food State," while Kentucky's choice will be "The Eye Opener State." But New York is just as much entitled to be known as the home of the buckwheat as Vermont is to the reputation of being a maple sirup center.

"Idle" is not the word to describe Prince Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria. He is a general in the German army. By profession he is a surgeon. During the past summer he has been playing first violin in the orchestra of the Munich Opera House. He attended his clinic before going to rehearsals for the Wagner performances. There are more princes usefully occupied than cynics may be willing to admit.

The Paris police have prepared a picture-book for the use of travelers who lose things which, because of unfamiliarity with the language, they cannot describe. It contains representations of all kinds of articles, from keys to purses, and the inquirer, after missing valuables, has only to turn the leaves and point at the picture that most resembles his property. But the system has its limitations. Unfortunately it cannot picture a temper, which is the article now most frequently lost by visitors to a foreign city who do not know the language of the country.

The college youths who haze are behind the times. Hazing does not give way before advancing civilization, for the reason, perhaps, that the hazers are always youths who have not yet "caught up with the procession." At Yale there was use of red pepper by the hazers, it is stated, and a mock lynching, with other violent proceedings, which endangered life and health. "Academic hoodluma" is the term a contemporary applies to the Yale sophomores, and it is not far wrong, since the doings at Yale, if correctly reported, were not such as gentlemen of sound mind would engage in. College becomes a terror to parents if feather-brained sophomores may do what they please to freshmen. At other institutions, rough and unmannerly persecutions were in evidence. Hazing is forbidden at most institutions, but the trouble is that the prohibitions are too often understood to be Pickwickian.

President Roosevelt set a good example to parents by placing his boys in the public school at Washington. He could pay the "little red schoolhouse" no higher compliment. He demonstrates his faith in our public school system. And his indorsement comes at a time when the free school system is under the fire of severe criticism. Its critics say the public school teaches too many fads—that its education does not educate, etc. Our school system is not what it ought to be. It is not what it will be some day. But with all its faults it is the best educational system of its kind the world has had, and it is especially adapted to our institutions. Book learning is not all of education. Contact of personalities is an essential feature of practical teaching. The boy who rubs against other boys in school and on playground learns some important lessons. He learns there are others. He gets his rough corners rubbed off. He is in a miniature world. He learns not books only, but human nature. He gets what we call experience. And he learns to bear himself as a self-respecting but law-observing citizen of the school republic. The boy who is sent to private school or to a tutor lacks these things. The public school is also a great teacher of democracy. President Roosevelt's boy sits side by side with the hod-carrier's boy. That's as good for Roosevelt's boy as for the hod-carrier's—and especially good for the government of the people.

The late Max O'Rell, in speaking of our schools and school children, said that they were the most ill bred in the world, and wondered whether the fault in training, or the lack of it, lay in the home or in the school. Hopkinson Smith quite agrees with the sentiment of the French writer, and John Brisbane Walker insists "that the schools and colleges should impart a pleasing voice and address, the art of conversation, charm of manner and expertness in the care of the person and in the command of it as to dress, posture and carriage." That Max O'Rell's statement is to some extent true, must be admitted, but only to a degree, but the eminent John Brisbane Walker expects entirely too much when he thinks the school work of a teacher should include regular lessons in polite deportment. The school population of the United States is made up of the most cosmopolitan mixture in the world. Every nation on the face of the globe is represented, either by a newly landed child or the descendant of an earlier comer. The little girl, looking like a freshly plucked rose, so sweet and dainty is she in her pretty lawn frock, and wide ribbons, coming from a home where refinement and intelligence are the hall marks of the family, sits beside with the dark-eyed, dark-skinned, unkempt little foreigner whose home is a room wherein every department of household affairs is conducted, from eating to sleeping, and whose clothes—heaven save the name—are sewn on her to save the trouble of dressing and undressing. The natty boy, with his spotless shirt waist and carefully tied tie, bob-nobs with the street urchin, whose one idea in life is to know just enough to embark in some business by which he can make money in the quickest possible manner. The first boy sits at the dinner table, his every move made under the watchful eye of a careful mother who knows just what her training will mean to that boy, when society claims him for its own. The second lad eats as he can, whatever he can grab. And yet a teacher is expected to take these two girls, these two boys, diametrically opposite to each other in every thing, and impart to them "charm of manner and expertness in the care of the person." It would be a task simply herculean in its scope. Every school child, no matter from where he comes, is insensibly subject to the restraining influence of school life. A teacher who is firm, quiet and gentle exerts a "charm of manner" over her most unruly pupil, not because it is in her line of duty, but because her own soothing personality makes itself felt, without the slightest intention on her part. But for a teacher to be expected to do what is either carelessly or negligently omitted at home is expecting more, much more, than she can or should be called upon to do, in the limited time given her for the expansion of the immature minds committed—sometimes wholly—to her care.

A Turkish Gentleman.

Among the Turkish men, as every one knows, the transformation of the exclusive oriental into the accomplished European is already become the universal pattern of a Turkish gentleman. Whatever his party, whether he belong to the old or the young Turkey party, the Turk of any pretension to style or to social state clothes himself in certain of the European modes of thought, as he does, sartorially, in European dress.

Whatever the laws governing the standard of manners in Turkish life may be their results prove them to be beyond criticism. The Turk has not only perfect manners, but he also has this peculiarity among other eastern nations: however lowly his birth, once he has "arrived," he is transformed into an aristocrat of deeply inrooted conservative tendencies, who yet presents, outwardly, a most engaging, sympathetic plasticity. Those whose lineage has ancestral distinction reveal a most engaging social equipment. "Whenever I want to talk to a man who understands everything, I turn to B—— Bey,' said a beautiful woman recently to me in Rome. "He is as clever as a Frenchman, as versatile as our American men, and he has the sympathetic quality of a woman."—Century.

Poor Mother!

The scientific housewife, says Mary Moulton Smith, will see that the members of her family receive the various elements of food in their proper proportion.

"Before breakfast has been prepared," she concludes, "or after it has been served and eaten, the housewife should add up the different amounts of proteid, fat and carbohydrate found in the foods. In the evening you can find out whether you have taken too much of one kind of food, or not enough of another."

The Chicago Tribune comments on this advice by dropping into poetry:

Mother's slow at figures, but she always has to count
The proteids, to see that we secure the right amount.
She keeps a pad of paper and a pencil near the sink,
And estimates our victuals, all the things we eat or drink.
She lists our carbohydrates and scribbles down the fat,
And our specific gravity—she always watches that.

Suckers never get to be bass. You find the same people on every delayed excursion.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

TRANSFORMATION OF THE GREAT WEST.

By General Nelson A. Miles.

GENERAL MILES.

It was my good fortune to witness the transformation of the mighty West. I have viewed much of it on horseback and have traversed the zones now occupied by the Canadian, the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific, the Rio Grande and Oregon Short Line, the Union and Central Pacific, the Santa Fe route and the Southern Pacific. I have seen the pioneer and the home builder supplant the savage and the lawless. In my recent journeys across the continent I was more than ever impressed with the underlying wisdom and tranquil virility of the people. They do not want war; they want peace. I have traveled far in foreign lands and observed the people of many countries. I have had excellent opportunities to know the people of my own country and am gratified to say that a more intelligent, thoughtful, patriotic people cannot be found on the face of the globe than the people of our Western States and Territories. There you find the true American independence and enterprise. An American citizen with eighty or 160 acres of land is loyal to democratic government, and he is a very independent sovereign. The rough, wild, tough element has been replaced by the mine and mill owner, the herdsman and the agriculturist.

While in thirty years the transformation of the great West has been marvelous, there is yet ample room for millions who may be seeking homes. There are nearly as many people crowded into the Philippine Islands, an area not as large as one of our Western territories as the number that are now living in nearly one-half of the western portion of the United States, while the State of Texas alone, richly stored with the products that have made this country great and prosperous, could accommodate all the people of the United States and ten millions more without being so much crowded as some of the Eastern States are now.

DISEASES OF THE STOMACH.

By Dr. E. C. Sweet, of Chicago.

DR. E. C. SWEET.

The importance of a thorough knowledge of diseases of the stomach cannot be overestimated. Innumerable aches and pains, formications, tingling and numb sensations are caused by imperfect gastric digestion. The theory that the stomach is only a receptacle for the gesta, and is not, strictly speaking, a digestive organ, has not been sustained by clinical and laboratory experience; while clinical experience testifies and laboratory experiments and observation demonstrate that many digestive disturbances originate in the stomach and produce symptoms which frequently have been attributed to derangements of the nervous system. Many cases of headache, impaired memory and inaptitude for thought and work occurring in merchants and other business men, are not due to overwork and brain exhaustion, as is frequently supposed, but are caused by imperfect digestion, resulting from eating when the stomach is tired. When one is engaged in hard physical or mental labor the blood flow to the stomach is decreased, and a proper amount of gastric juice is not elaborated, and the functions of motility and absorption are diminished. Under such circumstances digestion must be changed. Such patients may be benefited by taking only soup, beef tea or milk for the noon meal. Sometimes biscuit or bread and butter may be allowed in addition. The large meal, or dinner, should not be taken until the day's work is done. Thus severer forms of disease, as functional dyspepsia and chronic gastritis, may be prevented.

WHAT THE RICH MAN CANNOT BUY.

By President Eliot of Harvard University.

PRESIDENT ELIOT.

We want more happiness, more real satisfaction, more joy, more enjoyment. It is said that we Americans are always trying to get more money—more pay, higher wages, higher salaries, more profit in our trade—and there is truth in that description of the American aim. Now, is that the ultimate end of life? Is that the way to win greater happiness, truer enjoyment, deeper satisfactions?

I think the first source, the greatest source in this world, is family life, the joys of father and mother and children and grandchildren and grandfather and grandmother and grandchildren, they last. In the natural course of life they last fifty, even sixty, years, and they grow as time passes by. They are always increasing; they are not diminishing satisfactions.

Does the rich man have any more of these true and high satisfactions than the poor man? Not one whit more! He cannot buy them. They are the result of natural affection and of disciplined character. They are absolutely unpurchasable in this world.

THE ART OF MANAGING A MAN.

By Helen Oldfield.

A woman's privileges are more valuable than her rights; the best way in which to increase those privileges is to take them with great show of gratitude to the man who confers them. "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity," and no man ever lived who was not accessible to flattery in some form or other. To conquer, a woman must sometimes stoop. Gentle persuasion goes a mile often where aggressiveness cannot stir a foot. There are not many things in the world outside of matters of conscience, pure and simple, which are worth contention upon a woman's part, against the man whom she loves and who loves her; and for these few things the reward, gained through martyrdom, comes usually in the hereafter. Standing up for one's rights against one's husband is wearisome work; it is more comfortable to relinquish them; still they may be had, except in rare instances, by asking for them as a favor to be granted for love's sake. Deference to a husband is the drop of oil which keeps the wheels of the domestic machine running smoothly. There is much in mental suggestion. Take it for granted that a man will do a certain thing because it is the proper course, and in nine times out of ten he does it. The tactful person drops suggestions and leaves them to take root, just as the husbandman sows his seed upon fertile ground.

"There is a time to keep silence and a time to speak," and even though "a soft answer turneth away wrath," there are seasons when no answer is better, when the only fitting coin of conversation is the gold of silence. To argue with an angry man is worse than folly. When a man is hungry and tired, perhaps worried, and so inclined to be cross, is not a favorable time for any request, however reasonable. The wise woman who is versed in the ways of man will bide her time, will see that he has a well cooked dinner, and good coffee, and when he has been soothed into good humor with himself and all the world will broach the subject upon which she desires his approval. Smiles are more effective than tears to open a man's heart; gentle persuasion avails more than reproaches. It is the sunshine and dew which bring forth the foliage on the trees, the soft south breeze which unlocks the ice upon the streams.

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE HAS A RIVAL IN INDIA

Mirza, Ghulam Ahmad, of Qudiah, Punjab, India, insists that John Alexander Dowie, of Zion, Ill., U. S. A., is not up to date.

MIRZA AHMAD.

Allah is good and Mahomet is prophet truly, but Mirza Ghulam Ahmad is the Messiah! So claims Mirza Ghulam that each should pray that the other perish, and Mirzah is lost in wonderment that the overseer of Zion has not toed the scratch. He expresses his amazement in an article just published in the Review of Religions, which is printed on occasions at Gurdaspur, India.

That the tempestuous Dr. Dowie shall know that Mirza Ghulam Ahmad is no common man, is not a frail human forsooth, the new Messiah writes:

"Dr. Dowie should further bear in mind that this challenge does not proceed from an ordinary Mohammedan. I am the very Messiah, the promised one, for whom he is so anxiously waiting. Between Dr. Dowie's position and mine the difference is this, that Dowie fixes the appearance of the Messiah within the next twenty-five years, while I gave him the glad tidings that the Messiah has already appeared. I am that Messiah, and Almighty God has shown numerous signs from earth as well as from heaven in my support. My following, which already claims a hundred thousand souls, is making a rapid progress. The proof that Dr. Dowie furnishes in support of his extravagant claims is the very height of absurdity. He claims to have healed hundreds of sick men. But why did his healing power fail in the case of his own beloved daughter, where it should have been exercised in the highest degree?"

ROMANCE OF THE PAPACY.

Secrets of Vatican That Have Reached Public Knowledge.

As a rule the secrets of the vatican are well kept and most of the stories that are told apropos of the new Pope must be taken with a grain of salt. Now and again, however, something of the romance of the papacy really leaks out, though not through the Cardinals. There was, for example, the strange case of Pope Piux IX, pretty well known a generation ago, but now almost forgotten. In his younger days, when he was Count Mastai Ferrati and a lawyman, he met and fell in love with Miss Foster, daughter of the Irish Protestant Bishop of Kilmore, who was living in Italy with her sister, Mme. De Salis. Miss Foster favored the young count, but Mme. De Salis drove the lover away. Afterward she relented, the count returned and the wedding day was fixed. On the appointed day the bride and her friends were at the church, but no bridegroom appeared, and Count Mastai Ferrati was never seen again. Years afterward Miss Foster went to see Pope Piux IX and was astonished to recognize in the pontiff her old flame, the count.

The most sensational novelist could not have invented a plot more fascinating than the real story of Pope Leo's predecessor. Mme. De Salis had made an unhappy marriage with an Italian, and her parents, fearing a similar fate for the younger daughter, made her promise to guard Miss Foster against a union with a foreigner, hence her interference to separate the lovers; it was only when her sister pined away that Mme. De Salis relented. The disappearance of the count has quite a flavor of Dumas about it. Unknown to his fiancee he was bound to the Jesuits, and his superiors in the order peremptorily sent him away on a mission to prevent his marriage with an English woman and a Protestant. Letters were intercepted and he was led to believe that she had married another, so he took orders and rapidly rose to be Bishop, then Cardinal and eventually Pope. Then in the height of his grandeur he was brought for a moment face to face with the woman he had loved and lost. Nothing more dramatic has ever been staged.

Duties of Tolstoy.

Count Tolsoy is obliged to devote half his time to answering letters and receiving visitors.

HOW ANTI-ALCOHOL LECTURES ARE DELIVERED TO PRISONERS IN A FRENCH PENITENTIARY

A strange sight is presented when the periodical anti-alcohol lecture is delivered to the prisoners of the new French penitentiary at Fresnes, near Paris. The lectures are given in an immense hall, on one side of which, reaching almost to the roof, are what look like steps, but on closer inspection prove to be rows of boxes with openings about four inches high, through which can be seen the heads of the audience. In this strange manner the prisoners are enabled to see the lecturer, but prevented from holding any communication with one another. Mutual recognition on release is thus also rendered impossible. These lectures against drunkenness are believed to have had some influence on the diminution of crime, which has lately been marked in France, and in future they are to be given more frequently and in a larger number of prisons.

GOOD Short Stories

James Cobb tells a curious story of a lady, a sister of Owen Tudor, who, like Henry VIII., was greatly given to marrying, and did not die until she had been led seven times to the altar. When she was following her fourth husband to the grave, the gentleman behind whom she rode on horseback ventured to urge his suit. "Unhappily," said the dame, "thou art too late, seeing that I am plighted already; yet do not lose heart, for, should it fall out that I have again to perform this melancholy office, I will bear thee in mind."

The story is told of a kindly Massachusetts man who chanced in a restaurant in one of the frontier towns, where he met a waiter armed with a sorrowful towel tied about his waist, a dented tin tray, and a couple of guns. The Easterner looked him over in a gentle way, and asked him if he had any breakfast food. "I guess yes," responded the cowboy waiter; "we got ham and eggs, fried sausage, chuck steak, spare ribs, mutton chops, corned beef hash, hog and hominy, light bread, heavy bread, toast bread, apple butter, peach butter, cow butter, coffee, tea, buttermilk, and beer. Breakfast food? Well, that's our winner. Name your grub."

Frederick III. of Prussia, who delighted in his reputation as the most laconic man in Europe, once met a Hungarian nobleman, taking the waters at Carlsbad, who had also acquired fame for abruptness of speech. This tempted the Prussian monarch to meet him and try him in the arts of brevity. The magnate was pointed out to Frederick as he stood in the hall of his hotel. The king went up to him, and the following conversation was the result: Frederick—Bathing? Hungarian—Drinking. Frederick—Officer? Hungarian—Magnate. Frederick—So! Hungarian (taking the initiative)—Detective? Frederick—King! Hungarian—Congratulate!

Like many Frenchmen, especially those hailing from the south of France, President Loubet is very fond of those national dishes in which garlic forms an important ingredient. Once, in his lawyer days, when he was pleading in court after having partaken of some such dish, his democratic tastes in this respect placed him in a somewhat embarrassing position. The presiding judge happened to be a man of aristocratic origin and breeding, to whom the odor of garlic was absolutely intolerable. M. Loubet rose and began his argument. He had not proceeded very far when the judge was observed to sniff rather uncomfortably and to take out a perfumed handkerchief, reenforcing it a few moments later with a smelling-bottle. These measures, however, proved of no avail as a protection from the pungent and penetrating effluvium which emanated from the future president of the republic. At last, his olfactory sense rising in open rebellion, the indignant judge shouted: "Usher, open the windows; open the doors. For heaven's sake let out this abominable smell." Since then M. Loubet, it is said, though he still preserves his simplicity of life, has eliminated garlic from his articles of diet.

KING PETER I.

Still Simple and Democratic—His Daily Routine.

The private life of Peter I. has hardly undergone any change since his accession to the throne. The king lives to-day as simple and democratic a life as did the exiled Karageorgevitch at Geneva. He observes court etiquette so long as it does not conflict with his democratic convictions.

He rises every morning at 5 o'clock, and takes a drive round the neighborhood of Belgrade, accompanied only by one aide-de-camp. At 7 he returns and is shaved; as 8 he begins his daily work. First of all he receives his private secretary, who has to submit to the king his letters and other mail matter. Next the police prefect of Belgrade makes his report to his majesty. That official has to inform the king of all occurrences of importance or interest within the limits of the city of Belgrade. Next the first aide-de-camp, who at present also acts as court marshal, and finally the chief of the royal household, are received. The latter has to submit a daily account of all the money expended on account of the civil list. The king checks every item most minutely. At his suggestion bookkeeping by double entry has been introduced in the royal household.

At 10 o'clock the king is generally visited by his life-long friend, Colonel the Marquis de Rose, with whom he discusses private affairs. The marquis, who is at present the king's guest, was his schoolmate and his comrade in war. Since the colonel retired from the French service six years ago he has been almost constantly with Peter Karageorgevitch.

After this visit the king receives his ministers and other persons who have requested an audience, or he reads the newspapers—nearly all those published in the Servian language and some German and French journals.

At 12:30 lunch is served for the king, a meal in which the Marquis de Rose and two of the officers of the household participate. This meal is a most simple affair, and consists mainly of Servian and French dishes. The king drinks nothing but mineral water on account of an old internal malady, which, however, is now gradually disappearing. At 1 o'clock the king retires to his private rooms, where he remains until 3, when he again receives his private secretary and disposes of his correspondence.

Before dinner his majesty sometimes takes another drive round the city. Dinner is served at 7, and seldom occupies more than one hour. After that the king is usually occupied with literature. He reads mostly books on military or financial subjects. In industrial matters, too, he shows a lively interest, and does his best to induce foreign capitalists to invest money in Servia. He has no particular leaning toward any sport except shooting, in which he is quite an expert.

Peter I. is generally regarded as a good-natured and energetic man of strong ruling capacity and admirable tenacity. It will readily be seen that he combines all the essential qualities of a good monarch; but his people are not what he could wish them to be, and they will yet provide him with many a difficult problem to solve.—London Leader.

A Young Commander.

The story of a boy of 12 years acting as commander of a ship seems rather wonderful, yet Farragut was but 12 years and 4 days old when he was put in command of the Barclay, a prize ship taken by Captain Porter. In consideration of his tender years, says the author of "Twenty-six Historic Ships," the former English master of the vessel was sent in her for the possible benefit the young prize-master might find in his advice. Farragut tells the story of the queer division of authority in his journal as follows:

"I considered that the day of trial had arrived, for I was a little afraid of the old fellow, as every one else was. But the time had come for me at least to play the man; so I mustered up courage and informed the captain that I desired the maintopsail filled away in order that we might close up with the Essex Junior. He replied that he would shoot any man who dared to touch a rope without his orders. He would go his own course, and had no idea of trusting himself with a 'blasted nutshell,' and then he went below for his pistols.

"I called my right-hand man of the crew and told him of my situation; I also informed him that I wanted the maintopsail filled. He answered with a clear 'Aye, aye, sir.' In a manner that was not to be misunderstood, and my confidence was perfectly restored.

"From that moment I became master of the vessel, and immediately gave all necessary orders for making sail, notifying the captain not to come on with his pistols unless he wished to go overboard; for I really would have had very little trouble in having such an order obeyed."

Cheated the Youngsters.

In certain parts of New Guinea wallaby, a species of kangaroo, are very plentiful, and the traveler in search of sport finds the pursuit of them an exciting occupation. Wallaby steak is a refreshing change from canned meats, and the natives are only too glad to have the remnants of the carcass. A writer in the Badminton tells an amusing incident connected with the animal.

He had been ashore in one of the sparsely populated regions of the coast, and secured four wallaby, an ample supply for the whole party, native guides and servants included. But he found that although wallaby is regarded as such a delicacy that no trouble is considered too great to obtain it, none of the native boys in the party would touch it.

This was a mystery until one of them explained that they had been trained in childhood in the belief that if they ate wallaby before reaching a certain age, it would stop their growth.

These boys all belonged to the part of the country where wallaby are few, and one can imagine the crafty old folks seated round the festive pot and winking at one another as the young people declined the succulent dainty.

Those who see an unwarrantable deception in the fostering of such a belief on the part of the young people must ask themselves if they have never told a child that "two pieces of pie will make little folks sick."

Every-Day Heroes.

When the cloudburst wiped the town of Heppner, Ore., off the map, man seemed powerless before nature. Yet the news of the next day contained two stories which show that brave men did what they could.

The people of two neighboring towns, Lexington and Ione, escaped without loss of life. They owe their safety to the heroism of two men. When the flood swept the town, Kernan, the station agent at Heppner, stuck to his post long enough to telegraph warning to Lexington. Then he tried to escape with his wife and two children and a friend. The friend succeeded in reaching safety with the children, but Kernan and his wife were swept to death.

Another hero was Leslie Matlock, who, like Paul Revere, jumped on his horse and spread the alarm. He reached Lexington in time to confirm Kernan's warning, and the people fled to the hills. Over a hundred people in Lexington would have lost their lives but for these two men.

Matlock continued down the valley, carrying the alarm to every farm house. His horse gave out soon after he left Lexington, but he got another, and galloped through the darkness and the rain to Ione. Here he telegraphed down the valley to the ranchers, who passed the word on. His long journey had been a race with the flood, which poured after him almost at his horse's heels.

Gen. Clay's Courage.

General Cassius M. Clay fought many duels in his day, usually with his long-bladed knife, meeting pistol or rifle equally with that trusty weapon. His physical strength was gigantic. He was accustomed to the use of weapons, and he was always cool and never lost his judgment. For example, when an adversary shot him, and he supposed he was done for, he inflated his lungs to the full, conscious that he would live as long as he could hold his breath. Then he drew his knife and did his bloody work. That was when he killed Turner. After all, speaking musingly, reviewing his life, he confessed to a reporter, when he was about 84, that he was opposed on principle to the duel, thinking it a savage way to settle a difficulty, "but there are some cases for which it seems to be the only remedy."—New York Tribune.

Improvement in Boilers.

Such has been the improvement in engine boilers and fire boxes that the power derived from a pound of coal to-day is nearly three times as great as it was fifty years ago.