

BENEVOLENT DESPOT.

PORFIRIO DIAZ, THE GRAND OLD MAN OF MEXICO.

Ruler Who Exercises Vast Powers with Benefit to the Country and Justice to the Individual—An Autocrat for Twenty-eight Years.

When Warren Hastings was charged with using his despotic power in India for private gain, he cynically replied: "When I think of my chances I am surprised at my moderation."

There is a despot of to-day who has had far better chances of "graft" than even Warren Hastings, but never used them. That man is Porfirio Diaz, for twenty-eight years the autocrat of Mexico.

Diaz is the hero of the Mexican army. When he was a young soldier, the "Hero of Puebla" was the most admired and popular officer in the patriot army that fought the French invaders.

Through his career Diaz has paid great attention to the welfare of the Mexican army.



PRESIDENT DIAZ.

and well treated, and whether the officers are doing their duty and looking after their men properly.

Thus it is that the Mexican army is the best in Latin America, not even excepting the Prussianized troops of Chile.

Foreign officers say they are second to no other troops as marchers and fighters, and in frugality and contentment they are far ahead of most of the world's soldiers.

Sometimes his officials in Mexico City require his presence urgently to decide a knotty point or sign some important papers.

The answer is always, much the same. He has heard of an old woman, 100 miles away, whose husband was killed fighting for the independence of Mexico.

When he became President, away back in 1875, before his principles became known, his relatives and friends used to go to him for easy jobs under the government.

Although Diaz has been an autocrat for twenty-eight years, wielding absolute sway over all the affairs of his country, he is unspooled by power.

His mind is broad and his views liberal. He is not above taking advice or admitting that he has made a mistake.

REVIVE ART OF BEADWORK.

Indian Women Make Considerable Money by the Industry.

Women and girls of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indian tribes are maintaining a successful industry at Colony, O. T., through the assistance of the Rev. Walter C. Roe, a missionary of the Dutch Reformed church, aided by Mrs. Roe, a cultured Boston woman.

The depth from which our words are spoken is the measure of the depth at which they will be heard.—Julian Hawthorne.

The only true knowledge of our fellow man is that which enables us to feel with him.—George Elliot.—Kansas World.

For the Smoke Trouble. Erich's Engineering Company, London, have got possession of an automatic stoker as a specialty, and as it is certain to come largely into use it will effect that great improvement in smoke consumption and fuel economy which has been so long desired.

Standing Posture Preferred. Eddie—I drove a nail in the teacher's chair this mornin'. Gee, you ought to see him jump!

Tommy—I bet he won't set down for a spell.

Eddie—No, an I won't, neither—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

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

Most writers who drop into poetry manage to drop clear through.

Eventually Professor Langley may bring the art of diving to a high state of perfection.

Herbert Spencer was one of the wisest men that ever lived, and he never married.

When we get to raising seals in Lake Superior fur coats will likely be cheaper. It looks like a fish story, however.

It beats the Dutch how many rumors there are constantly floating about concerning possible war with Germany.

Ladrones who recently looted the municipal treasury at Bosobos, Luzon, left the place in a "Woody Woody" condition.

Sir Thomas Lipton is accused of failing to live up to his financial obligations. Still, that's a common failing for Jocko fellow fells.

Mr. Rockefeller has aided one of his boyhood friends. It is altogether likely that he will now hear from the rest of the people who used to go swimming with him.

The Historical and Genealogical Society says that many expensive American family trees are impostures. We have noticed that a man with an elaborate family tree usually smokes a cigarette.

The statisticians tell us that 30,000,000 people are living in prohibition territory in the United States now. This sounds very encouraging, until you see the statistics of the sale of liquor for the last year.

Four-year-old John Nicholas Brown, of Rhode Island, with \$7,000,000 of his own, ranks as the richest youngster in the country. He wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth—it was a complete gold table service.

The truth about Waterloo has seemed to the impartial student about this: If Blucher had not arrived Wellington would have been licked, and if Wellington hadn't been there Blucher would have been licked.

A noted American reached London when the English newspapers were charging American women with vulgarity because a large crowd of dressmakers and their assistants filled the streets about the church where an English duke recently married an American girl.

It is not often that a monument is erected in honor of the tactfulness of a hostess in a trying situation.

Big headlines in the newspapers told of the killing of eight persons and the injury of more than a score of others in a recent wreck.

Every act we do is full of the power of reproduction; we are tracked and hunted by our own deeds, and after we have lost them from view and from memory they reappear and claim as a right the mastery over our fate.

Each day comes as a fresh gift. Meet with a brave heart all that is in the day's portion, but shrink not from phantoms lions or from shadows that seem to blot the sun.

We should imitate the things we admire in other that our own nature may be blessed by that which we admire.

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Second Cousin Sarah

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANNE JUDD, SPINSTER," "LITTLE BATE HARRY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

He was looking at the leader clouds which were deepening overhead, when Sarah Eastbell stole to his side and switched his arm.

"You need not trouble yourself to think of anything for me," she said, ungraciously; "you wouldn't have done so, I dare say; but it's as well to tell you I don't want any help from you, and as for leaving her before she dies—well, I'd rather have a sudden passion exhibiting itself."

"You are attached to her?" said Reuben Calwick, quickly.

"She's the only friend I ever had," he said, gravely. "I was the girl's answer, as she related into her old moodiness of manner."

"Well, you tell me one thing before I go," said Sarah Eastbell, in an interested tone.

"You will not go back and tell her, and make her miserable, then?" she said, as though by way of compromise.

"I will not," he said, emphatically. "I shall, half-accidentally, half-lightly, tell her."

"You are the girl who helped me with my trunk last night?" she asked, looking at him with a smile.

"Yes," he said, "I was the girl who helped you with your trunk last night?" she asked, looking at him with a smile.

"Why were you so anxious to earn money and in an strange a fashion?" she asked, looking at him with a smile.

"No," he said, "I didn't want his money, mottled the old woman; 'I'm not so poor but what I can pay my way. He's a very silly fellow—he always was.'"

"Indeed?" she asked, looking at him with a smile.

"I'm doing something or other that was foolish. How much is it, Sally?" she asked, looking at him with a smile.

"Put it in the teapot, girl," said the old woman; "it will come in handy presently. I can have a comfortable funeral now."

Sally Eastbell made a clattering noise with the lid of an old china teapot, which, with its spout off, formed the central ornament of a high mantelpiece, but she did not deposit the note therein.

CHAPTER V.

Reuben Calwick occupied the first floor of Hope Lodge, and the gentleman who owned Hope Lodge and to whom Reuben paid the modest sum of three shillings and sixpence weekly, had not hidden his light under a bushel, and had extinguished it in a corner, but he had advertised over his house front the name of "Jennings," in large white letters on a crimson ground, and another board, with a "Jennings" of somewhat more moderate proportions, had been placed in the window of the first and second floors, while "Jennings" (the name of the house) was painted in blue and yellow, by way of a dingy shop front.

Mr. Jennings was always waiting for November, although he drove a little business in coal and iron, and was at all times of the year. On the night of Reuben Calwick's return to London, he was standing at his door, after his general rule, but on that particular evening he was not waiting for November so intently as for his lodger, Reuben Calwick, who had said that he should be back that evening.

"I wish you wouldn't, Lucy," Mr. Jennings said, reproachfully.

"Wish I would not what, John?" asked the newcomer on the scene.

"Take a person off his guard like that, and scare him."

"What will never come again?" repeated her brother, in dismay. "Do you mean that Mr. Calwick will not come back, being thinking of that?"

ing her arms to their fullest extent. "Digger." "Me go to bed," said Toto with a little "but," she added, "no more carry."

"Of course I will, good-night, Uncle Jennings," good-night, aunt—she was off, he was out of the room and sitting up time for Toto to change her mind in any way.

Brother and sister did not attempt to follow him; the brother sat and listened until the tramping feet in the room above announced that Reuben had departed on his own apartment; the thin woman with the worn face turned toward the fire, fast dying out, and passed a hand across her eyes, as if by stealth.

"How fond he is of children!" said John Jennings, "I think him very sweet and nice. There was Topping—"

"I don't bother me about Topping," said Lucy.

"Ahem!" he said, with his big little cough preceding his remarks again, "not if you wish it, certainly. Still, I don't."

"What is odd?" he asked, looking at her with a smile.

"I'm sorry Reuben has seen you in his uniform, because I have often feared that he would see you in his uniform, and he would get a like each other. He is a man who wants something to love—look at him and the child, for instance—and you've got a great deal too old, and he's not good, and you're—"

"John, you're a fool," she said, "you are the worst of fools to talk like that, to talk like that. I'm sorry you think of me. I tell you I love you to the bottom of my heart."

"John Jennings gasped for breath. "My dear, I'm sorry if I have any of your feelings. If you don't mind, I'm in bed."

She did not answer, and John Jennings, after passing his hand over his forehead in a bewildered manner, went to bed accordingly.

"When she was sure that he was gone, the woman sank of a heap on the shabby four-poster bed, and buried her face in her arms, which she leaned upon the bed. It was a bitter grief, in which strange words escaped her.

"Why has he come back? Why couldn't he stay away for good?" she asked, with a sob.

A BALLOON FARM.

A Unique Business Carried on in Western New York.

There is at present a general interest in airships, for which the late experiments of Santos Dumont are large, responsible, and in view of this many will read with more than ordinary interest the clever description of the great balloon farm of Carl E. Myers, written by Chauncey McGovern for Pearson's.

"You would be inclined to think you were dreaming," says Mr. McGovern, "were you to walk through the farm of Carl E. Myers, nine miles from the city of Utica, State of New York. Here can be seen, on constant view, in summer time, a large variety of aerial craft—airships that actually fly, just as they do in the story books, doing strange things that you had supposed could never happen in reality."

"Besides the array of new kinds of air craft, it is a fact little known to the every American made hydrogen balloon in use in the United States—whether by the government or by private individuals—is a product of this one farm."

"Most striking among the things to be seen at the balloon farm is a fine machine that really flies, not merely 'working model' of an airship, but a 'flier' a few feet along a track on the ground, but a fully completed flying machine that soars into the actual skies as high as any bird—a machine that ascends, that turns and dives readily as an eagle does."

"Many other curious aerial vessels have been turned out from the Myers balloon farm, and some greater wonders are in course of construction. It is not only his own inventions that Mr. Myers constructs on his balloon farm. He makes all sorts of aerial contrivances—scientific kites, freak balloons, air vessels—for other inventors."

"The greatest number of the balloon farm products, however, are big hydrogen balloons."

MACARONI CROP IN AMERICA.

Imported Product Will Be Driven Out by Dakota Wheat.

"Italian macaroni for the American market will in a few years be a thing of the past," said the Secretary of Agriculture to a correspondent of the New York Post. "Last year the American crop of macaroni wheat amounted to 200,000 bushels; this year it will amount to 2,000,000, and next year I expect a yield of 20,000,000 bushels. In fact, the acreage is growing so rapidly that the farmers have seed, so to speak, for their yield for next year. The factories have not until this year had material enough with which to produce macaroni. My recent trip through Dakota convinced me that macaroni wheat has passed the experimental stage. I saw forty-acre fields, yielding thirty-five bushels to the acre, of wheat growing from the seeds brought from the headwaters of the Volga. Experiments show that this wheat grows wherever there is ten inches of rainfall, and in South Dakota average to receive sixteen inches there will be no trouble in raising it there. "We have been spending \$8,000,000 a year for imported macaroni. Many of our people who have seen the process of manufacture in Italy have been cured of their appetite for it, but the appetite may be expected to reappear with the cleaner and better macaroni of the American factories. The fact of the American macaroni wheat is especially good, having a nutty flavor which I miss in the European product."