

Contentment comes to those only who want but little and are satisfied with less.

Don't think because a man is an expert mathematician that he always counts with the fair sex.

A girl has it in her power to make any number of men happy for life—by declining to marry them.

The railroad statisticians now have another opportunity to show us how much safer it is to travel in America than in Europe.

It must be remembered that it is only natural for army officers to predict war as inevitable. If they asserted their confidence in the permanence of peace they would be proclaiming the uselessness of their own calling.

That Texas Judge who sentenced a negro to 1,000 years in prison did not give him the usual admonition to so conduct himself that his time would be shortened, and express the hope that when released he would try to lead a better life.

A scientist, after much thought and calculation, notes that a man, if he could use his legs proportionately as fast as an ant, would travel somewhere about 800 miles an hour. As we recall it, this was about the gait we struck as a boy when we left the vicinity of that sweet apple tree in the orchard near the big dog's house.

Do women really want to vote? With andness we are compelled to state our belief that no appreciable percentage of them do care much about it. With andness, we say, because we also believe that if the majority of them did care to do so, and would take the trouble to inform themselves thoroughly, the results of their balloting would be very beneficial.

In the United States the rate of mortality to railway employes during a year is 1 for every 300 employed. In Germany it is 1 for every 750 and in Austria 1 for every 1,007. Human life is held twice as cheap here by the railways as in Germany and three times as cheap as in Austria. In injuries not fatal the comparison is still more humiliating to this country. In the United States 1 in 33 is injured, in Germany 1 in 109 and in Austria 1 in 292.

There is no dearth of opportunities in this country for young men. They are more plentiful and more easily availed of than at any time in the history of this country. The place for their development has simply shifted to new fields. While it is no longer possible to trade a pair of boots for the side of the city of Chicago nor buy up square miles of mineral and timber lands in the North for a song, a few generations hence stories of fabulous wealth, based upon modest investments in the great undeveloped South, will sound as apocryphal as many of those relating to the amazing development of other sections in years past, which are nevertheless true.

According to a number of marines and bluejackets aboard the United States battleship Texas that ship has the worst record in the American navy, as far as desertions are concerned. No fewer than 200 have taken hasty leave within the last year. It is said, in addition to the reputation of the Texas as being a "hoodoo" ship, the marines claim that they are granted very few privileges. An infraction of the rules is punished by a solitary confinement to the brig. If the men in the case desert on account of the fare which they get, which is said to be bread and water, they claim that they are in many instances ordered to be placed in double irons for five or ten days.

Members of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union did a most sensible thing in deciding, at a recent meeting, to discontinue what has been known as the "Chauteau salute," or the simultaneous waving of handkerchiefs. The action was taken on purely sanitary grounds. It is now pretty generally agreed among physicians that "colds" of certain kinds are contagious diseases, due to the dissemination of special germs. No plan of disseminating these germs could be more effective than the shaking of handkerchiefs which have been used by persons suffering from colds or from nasal catarrh. A handkerchief is at best an unpleasant necessity, and when it is not in use the place for it is in the pocket.

New York people have complained of inadequate transportation facilities for many years, and although immense sums of money have been spent, and tracks extended and bridges built and rolling stock multiplied, the congestion continues and even increases. Great hopes have been placed in the new subway. When that is completed, people have thought, there will be room for all. A careful analysis of the situation leads to an opposite conclusion. The increase in population is more rapid than the increase in the means of transportation, so that by the year 1915, the Sun estimates, the proportionate number of men and women who will be unable to ride will be as great as it is to-day. In view of the seriousness of this problem, a special commission is suggested which shall consider the whole matter of transportation in Greater New York.

We notice every few days reports of bankruptcies which have applied to the court of insolvency for relief from their indebtedness, where it is said there are "no assets." Plenty of debts, but nothing to pay them with, hence the application to unload. The debts are supposed to represent value received—still, "no assets," not a dollar in sight. How is it that a man can go on piling up debts until his assets all disappear? It is not so with the man who promptly pays his debts. Such a

man cannot long owe for anything; the creditor calls for his pay with great punctuality and takes offense if he does not receive the cash at once. Yet the same creditor will trust a worthless bum and wait for his pay month after month, finally to discover that there are "no assets." The bankruptcy court doubtless is a good institution, as it affords the honest debtor the opportunity to divide what he has with his creditors before it is all gone, but it also affords many a rascal and spendthrift the opportunity to plunder the public.

In no other country has the local postoffice filled so large a place in the life of the small community as in this. The hour of the arriving mail is often the signal for a neighborhood gathering, while within a small enclosure the letters and papers are slipping into the different boxes with a rapidity that suggests the distribution of the fruit of a Christmas tree. In Europe, where population is more dense and labor cheaper, house-to-house delivery of the mail has long been general. Americans, besides "going to the postoffice," have been large users of its privileges. It has been the national policy not to look upon the service as a source of revenue, but rather, by low postal rates, to encourage correspondence and the widest diffusion of current publications. The Fourth Assistant Postmaster General suggests in his annual report that the small postoffice may cease to be the neighborhood center. Some signs point in that direction. The number of postoffices rose steadily, barring the interruption of the Civil War, from 75 under Washington's administration, to nearly 77,000 two years ago. It has now fallen to 74,000, although the larger, or presidential, offices are still increasing at the customary rate. Coincident with the decline in the number of country postoffices has come an increase in the carrier service, both urban and rural. At present the department needs as much money for this branch of its work as for the whole postal establishment 20 years ago. Yet city free delivery is only 40 years old. Although millions of Americans no longer go to the postoffice for their mail, the country is so large that "home delivery" will be years in completing its conquest. Nor can the postoffice as a business headquarters be displaced.

In this free land of ours it is the blessed privilege of every one to talk nonsense publicly whenever he can find people to listen to him. A great many of our citizens, says the Chicago Chronicle, avail themselves of this privilege and a surprising number of them succeed in getting their utterances into print. Some of these purveyors of conventional balderdash have even gained a reputation for sapience because of the impressive manner in which they deliver themselves of time-worn humbug. One of these gentlemen, who makes a specialty of depreciating the worth of wealth, though he himself is one of the world's wealthiest men, has lately reiterated the old, stale and utterly untrue nonsense that a child is lucky to be born into poverty instead of into wealth. That the speaker does not believe any such thing is manifest in the fact that he has allowed his own children to be born into the enjoyment of riches, though he easily could have averted that misfortune by giving away all his possessions. He attempts to show how happy the poor child is and how miserable the children of wealth are, but he is careful to guard his own offspring from the blessings of poverty. Of course this constitutes an obvious inconsistency, but it is an inconsistency no more apparent than that which is manifest when a man continually talks of the disgrace of dying rich, yet obviously means to incur that odious fate. It is the inconsistency of a man who talks from the lips outward, not believing what he is saying—the conventional cant of a rich man who affects to despise that which he is in truth most highly prized. It is absurdly false to say that poverty is a blessing or that riches are a curse in themselves. Wealth rightly used is one of the greatest aids to human happiness; poverty is a boon to nobody save people who would misuse riches. The uses of adversity are sweet only when sustained by somebody else. That pessimistic philosopher Schopenhauer was accustomed to assure his disciples that there was nothing in the world worth living for and that it was the duty of every man upon attaining the age of discretion to go out and hang himself. Yet Schopenhauer himself, so far from acting upon his own advice, took precious good care to prolong his life as long as possible. He lived to be more than 70 years old and he quit the world at last with great reluctance. And so it is with the rich men who go about disparaging riches. They really mean that riches are bad for other people, but not for themselves. In truth, riches are good and not evil to any one who uses them right.

Helped His Father's Cause. A small son of a well-known insurance man was given a \$5 bill to buy Christmas presents for his parents and little friends, relates the Philadelphia Ledger. Among the articles he purchased was a very handsome cup and saucer for his father. The little boy had never been known to keep a secret, and when he arrived home his mother cautioned him whatever he did not tell father about the present which had been purchased for him. All went well until the father came home to dinner. "Well, Ned," was his greeting, "did you buy all your presents?" "Yes, father, and I bought one for you."

Thank you," exclaimed the father, and pray, what is it?" His mother shook her head. After ten minutes of very far fetched guessing, the child felt that he could stand no longer; so, putting his elbows on the table, and looking at his father, he said, in the most pleading tones: "Father, why don't you guess a cup and saucer?"

Fortunately for his neighbors the man who borrows trouble never pays it back.

If a girl's apple of a young man's eyes he thinks she is a peach.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

The Marrying Mood.

It is safe to say that if there were no love to urge men and women into marriage there would be very few weddings and mankind would finally become as extinct as the dodo. If marriages should be made after mature deliberation and careful reasoning one might expect those contracted by persons of advanced age to be the happiest. And yet that is not the common experience. The common experience is that the happiest marriages are those which take place early in life, and that when an elderly man or woman gets married—we are not speaking of widows and widowers—they more frequently make a mess of it. The reason for this is not hard to find. It is absolutely essential to the happiness of wedded life that there should be common conceptions. Two minds cannot always think alike; two people cannot always desire the same thing. One of them must, therefore, give way. Young people can learn to do this more readily than older ones. As to the wisdom of getting married and marrying young, there should not be two opinions. Home life is the most wholesome and the very best estate, and every woman should be a homemaker. There are many things, as society is now organized, which militate against marriages except among the rich and the very poor. Among the very poorest classes of the population poverty is not considered a bar to marriage. But there is a great class in every community which is ambitious to "keep up appearances," and which thinks it cannot afford to marry. The young woman has been used to living with a certain amount of luxury, and there is a disinclination to fall lower in the social scale by living in a cheaper neighborhood and with fewer of the comforts and conveniences of life. Each one wishes to begin where the parents left off. Plain living and high thinking are no longer the aspirations of the many.—Haltmore Sun.

Unrest and Work.

HE remedy for unrest is to earn one's rest. This implies not merely duty to one's calling, but to one's self. The man who tries to get somewhere and feels at the end of the year that he is farther on the road than he was at the beginning of it, is not pessimistic and downcast, even though he is still distant from the realization of his hopes. We cannot restore the old conditions of labor. We must endeavor forward working with our heads and leaving the work that used to be done with hands to senseless machinery. Many of us, too, are afflicted with a fool notion that it is beneath one's dignity to work with the hands; that it is better to be a spruce clerk on ten dollars a week than a greasy mechanic at twenty. But it isn't.

If many of those who suffer from this unrest will take up an occupation or a task that calls for the use of the muscles, we shall hear more whistling and less sighing. Our hands are made to use, and we grow just as discontented when we are forbidden to use them as if we were ordered not to use our feet, or our stomachs. We have outgrown the occasion for the appendix vermiformis, but it will not do to neglect our hands till they wither and fringes that cannot crush mosquitoes. The man who has no more to do with his hands than to fold them, or to rest them on the top of a bar, is a man whose unrest may become dangerous. Members of unions who used to work grow so restless after a year of suppression by wholly senseless strikes that they go forth and destroy. Men who used to be kept busy teaching school or practicing law grow so restless under long vacations and perennial postponements that they get up sociological theories and travel around worrying everybody with them.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Rowdism in Colleges.

THE year's news reports from various college centers have been enlivened by some startling accounts of student activity in the way of "cane rushes," "solar rushes" and similar diversions. In some cases the girl students took a hand in the rough and tumble of physical encounter. Now come the details as to the late case of being at a Baltimore college, where a student was "initiated" into a Greek letter fraternity. After having been undressed, blindfolded and laid on a cake of ice the student was taken upstairs and thrown from a balcony, falling upon a blanket bed by his fellow students twenty five feet below. He was tossed in the blanket until un-

CRACK SHOT OF REVOLUTION.

Exploits of Timothy Murphy, One of Morgan's Sharpshooters. The battle of Saratoga, fought in October 1777, has its place in history as one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world from Marathon to Waterloo, so wrote the English historian, Creasy, and thus far nearly half a century has elapsed, and his word has never been questioned.

Let us look at two characters who shared in this battle, Col. Daniel Morgan, afterward general, ever the staunch friend of Washington, and at the date of which we write, the leader of 700 sharpshooters; and Timothy Murphy, the crack shot of Morgan's corps. Morgan was a far-sighted and clear-headed soldier; he had observed in the action of October 7, a noble looking British officer, who, mounted on a magnificent charger, dashed from one end of the line to the other. While this officer lived, Morgan considered the issue of the contest a doubtful one; he therefore selected twelve of his best marksmen, among whom was Timothy Murphy, and, leading them to a suitable position, he pointed out to them the doomed officer, who was dressed in full uniform, and said to them: "That gallant officer yonder is Gen. Fraser. I admire and respect him, but it is necessary for our good that he should die. Take your stations and do your duty."

Within a few minutes a rifle ball cut the crupper of Fraser's horse, a second passed through his horse's mane. Calling his attention to this, his aide said to him: "It is evident you are marked out for particular aim; would it not be prudent for you to retire from this place?" Fraser replied: "My duty forbids me to fly from danger." The third shot was from the rifle of Murphy, and Fraser fell, mortally wounded.

His death so disheartened the British that the moment he fell the tide of battle turned against Burgoyne. He had 1,400 of his officers who had the slightest influence with him. At the close of the Revolution Murphy married and settled in Schoharie as a farmer, but his old habits still clung to him.

To-day's day he maintained the reputation he had won as a sharpshooter in Morgan's corps. It was a custom in those days for riflemen to shoot for a prize. On one occasion a large oak tree had been blazed near the ground and in the circle a small piece of white paper was fastened by a brass nail. The distance to be fired was over 100 yards. Several close shots had been made, and

conscious and covered with bruises. This was the "first degree." A few days later the "second degree" was administered. The next morning, not unnaturally, the student was dead. His chin, who had experienced a similar initiation ceremony, was dangerously ill.

Doubtless this was an exceptional and extraordinary case, but it was not so much unlike some other recent college festivities in character as not to give grounds for speculation regarding the standards of conduct. Much has been said and should be said in favor of athletics and robust physical development, but the recent "rushes" and the common charge of slugging in football matches indicate that physical development is leading not to the health, strength and endurance of the athlete but to mere rowdism.

By dint of vigorous and prolonged effort most of the college faculties of the country managed to suppress hating a few years ago. But the "initiations," the "rushes" and the football slugging show a resort to practices quite as repugnant. Has the striving after the strenuous life led to a confusion between manly courage and the strong arm work of the back-lot bully?—Chicago Daily News.

Graft a National Vice.

GRAFTING is by no means confined to the petty and wholesale robbing of the community by public officials. There is the grafter who is false to the interests of his employer, the grafter who uses his position with corporation or company to a dishonest end. In every branch and ramification of the business, financial and industrial world is found the grafter, among of face, discreet of tongue—a snake warmed in the bosom of the one he systematically plunders. This spoliation has become the besetting and shameful sin of the American people.

There is hardly an occupation or profession which does not afford opportunity for graft. The time has come when graft is a recognized and conventional factor in determining the incomes of those who profit thereby. If the Benedict Arnolds of a city like New York or Chicago were to march in solid rank past the respective city halls, it would take them long to pass, and it is to be feared that they would be greeted and applauded by throngs of envious and admiring followers.

We may accept it as a self-evident proposition that the man who buys his way into office intends to steal his way out of it. These are the professional grafters; they make no pretenses of a fine-spun morality. But equally dangerous and far more despicable are the grafters who pose as respectable members of society. The grafter of the slums has his counterpart in the genteel, educated character in broadcloth, who prates of patriotism and asks the blessings of Providence upon his peculations.

This is the only nation in the world where the building of a public office raises a suspicion as to the character of the incumbent. We have not enough civic pride to outweigh the energy and the influence of the grafter. Since this astounding and deplorable state of affairs obtains in no other nation, the inference is clear that we have reached a low moral plane. The grafter is an effect, not a cause. He is the retainer of dishonest business interests, the benchmark of those carried away by the lust of greed that they do not hesitate to plunder their fellow citizens through the bribed cooperation of those who are elected to protect their interests.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Wife and the Criminal Law.

HE law lags behind the advance of women, as we are reminded by a case which was tried at Marylande the other day, in which a young woman and her husband were charged with stealing and receiving. It is not for us to apportion the blame of a sin to which the husband has pleaded guilty. But the magistrate fell back at once on the old legal maxim that when husband and wife act in concert the wife is not responsible, being under her husband's control. Surely the whole world of modern womanhood will rise to revolt against such an assumption. Even the magistrate hinted that it ought to be "reviewed." Under the present law the man was remanded and the wife was discharged, to protest, as she surely must, against the last remaining feminine wrong. No woman can sit down calmly at home and consent to escape restraint on the ground that she was under control of her husband.—London Chronicle.

RUSE OF THE REJECTED ONE.

How a Girl Who Had Promised to Be a Sister Was Brought to Terms. "I understood you to say that you reject me," he said.

"Your understanding is correct," she replied, "although somewhat blunt, I feel that I cannot marry you."

She took a step forward and gently touched his arm. A tear was in her eye. "I'm so sorry," she said.

Something in her voice made him straighten up. He had not asked for sympathy. He resented it so suddenly that it was as if some outside power had taken possession of him. He felt mad right through.

"You needn't be," he replied. "Why should you be? If you entertain the slightest notion that I'm going to jump off the dock or ruin my life I dismiss it at once. There are, I can assure you, worse things than being a bachelor, and the first place, there are no enormous bills to pay. Then, a man can go and come as he pleases, without let or hindrance. Instead of being bound down to one woman, subject to her whims, her fits of fancy, he is free for all. He can pursue his cherished ambitions without interruption. When he is sick he can secure proper care without being nursed by an amateur. He doesn't have to attend dance parties, or do any other kind of time is his own. He can smoke or luteely free to pursue his own ideals. There are worse things than being single. I was willing to run the risk with you, but don't sympathize with me. I shall get along all right, thank you."

She turned toward him with a sudden movement of determination, and held out her hands, pleadingly.

"Now you must marry me!" she said.—Smart Set.

Rusk as a Gardener.

Fond as Rusk was of flowers, especially wild ones, he had his own ideas as to what a garden ought to be, and in his practical gardening was quite a landscape. He liked making paths and contriving pretty nooks. When he first came to Brantwood he would have his copies cut no more. It spidred up to great tall steps, slender and sinuous, promising no timber, and past the age for all commercial use or time honored wood. Neighbors shook their heads, but they did not know the pictures of Botticelli, and Rusk had made his copies into an early Italian altar piece. Then he had his copiers of apples and a little gooseberry patch and a few standard fruit trees and some strawberries mixed with flowers. In one corner there were beehives in the old-fashioned pent house trussed over with creepers. Here and there were little hammocks, each with its especial interest of fern or flower.

"Cloves for Nautilus." "Cloves," said a physician, "make an excellent and handy remedy for nausea, for the headache due to train rides and for slight attacks of sea sickness. I went abroad last year and on the boat the first day out I began to feel the approaches of seasickness. I took a clove every hour all the rest of the day and by midnight attack had left me and it did not return again. My wife is much given to indigestion, particularly when she eats pastry but experience has taught her that she may now eat pastry with impunity, provided that she swallows a clove now and then for several hours after the meal."

Bullet or Rope Always. Stranger in Frozen Dog—Is there an opening here for a physician? Bronco Bill—Can't say that there is. Yer see, it don't require no specialist in this community to tell what folks died of.—Puck.

Britain's Population Varying. Fifty years ago the population of England and Wales was divided equally between city and country; now 77 per cent of it is urban.

Some men are constantly trying to lower the record for meanness.

It is excellent to appreciate those who excel.



Science and Invention

The cinematograph is being put to novel use by Paris surgeons in teaching students how to perform various surgical operations.

To show the shadows cast by some of the brightest stars, M. E. Touchet places some object in a long box blackened inside, and closed by ground glass. The shadow cast by Sirius on the glass has been photographed.

In his hand and his wonderful intelligence give the monkey advantage over all other lower animals. It cannot well endure cold and temperate climates, and this fact, it is suggested, has prevented the close association with man that would have made the monkey the most useful of domestic animals.

In the experiments of Prof. John Trounstein a powerful electric current is passed between terminals of wood and cotton wool saturated with distilled water, and a gap of four inches is bridged by a forest of bright sparks, with a deafening noise. This is thought to prove that thunder is largely due to explosions of hydrogen and oxygen from dissociated water vapor.

In his scientific pearl farming, Professor Finola has transplanted a culture of pearl oysters from the coast of Tunis to a point near Toulon. Of these oysters, one in 1,200 yielded a pearl. Acting on the theory that the pearl disease of the shell is due to the secretion of mother of pearl under the action of a parasite, the experimenter has tried to transmit the disease to other oysters, and has succeeded in producing one or more pearls from every ten oysters.

An ancient Chinese tomb of the Han Dynasty, B. C. 220, was recently opened and was found to contain a bronze mirror decorated with round animal figures. These figures, which were of an astrological character, represented the twenty-eight mansions of constellations of the moon, and although the signs were nearly defaced the serpent coiled around the tortoise was distinctly visible. In addition to the mirror, some small red glass bowls were found of considerable beauty and finish and bearing a glaze of great smoothness and uniformity of coloring.

The farmers of Germany are noted for their adoption of scientific methods, particularly in the cultivation of potatoes, which is their great specialty. To avoid the effects of late frosts, the scientific farmer rarely plants seed potatoes from his own fields. He either gets new varieties from the experimental station or exchanges with his neighbors whose farms possess soil differing from that of his own farm.

An interesting fact is that potatoes grown on high hill slopes produce heat when planted in valleys, and that potatoes from the heavy wet land make the best seed for use in light, dry soils.

Curious Effect of Tomatoes.—One of two remarkable examples of the effect of the sudden expansion of air inside the lungs when the partial vacuum produced by a tornado passes over them was noticed in the storm that devastated Gainesville, Georgia, last June. The walls of a mill were blown outward, and the roof was lifted into the air and suspended there for several seconds. A staved pipe 40 feet in diameter and 50 feet high, placed 50 feet above the ground, lost its sheet-iron cover, which weighed several tons. It was lifted bodily off, carried high into the air, and dropped 100 feet away. In its fall it killed several persons.

Prof. Hans Molesch, of Prague, has reported to the Vienna Academy of Sciences the discovery of a lamp lighted by means of bacteria, which he claims will give a powerful light, and be free from danger, thus being valuable for work in mines and powder magazines. The lamp consists of a glass jar, in which a lining of saltpeter and gelatine, inoculated with bacteria, is placed. Two days after inoculation the jar becomes illuminated with wonderful bluish-green light caused by the innumerable bacteria which have developed in the time. The light will burn brilliantly for from two to three weeks afterwards, diminishing in brightness. It renders faces recognizable at a distance of two yards and large type is easily legible by it. Professor Molesch asserts that the lamp yields a cold light which is entirely safe.

KAISER'S FAMOUS DEATH DICE.

Curious Old Story of the Seventeenth Century Times. The German emperor has made a most interesting historical presentation to the Hohenloher Museum. It consists of the famous "death dice," by the help of which one of Kaiser Wilhelm's ancestors decided a difficult case about the middle of the seventeenth century. A beautiful young girl had been murdered and suspicion fell on two soldiers, Ralph and Alfred, who were rival suitors for her hand. As both prisoners denied their guilt, and when torture failed to extract a confession from either, Prince Frederick William, the German king with the dice box. The two soldiers should throw for their lives, the loser to be executed as the murderer. The event was celebrated with great pomp and solemnity, and the prince himself assisted at this appeal to divine intervention, as it was considered by everybody, including the accused themselves.

Ralph was given the first throw, and he drew sixes, the highest possible number, and no doubt felt jubilant. The dice box was then given to Alfred, who fell on his knees and prayed aloud: "Almighty God, Thou knowest I am innocent. Protect me, I beseech Thee." Rising to his feet he threw the dice with such force that one of them broke in two. The unbroken one showed six, the broken also showed six on the larger portion, and the bit that had been split off showed one, giving a total of thirteen, or one more than the throw of Ralph. The whole audience thrilled with astonishment, while the prince exclaimed, "God has spoken!" Ralph regarding the miracle as a sign from heaven, confessed his guilt, and

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was sentenced to death. It is probable that Alfred ever after did not humiliate himself among the those who look upon thirteen as an unlucky number.—New York Sun.

MEXICO AS A RESORT.

Changes that Time and Railroad Make in a Republic.

Those of us who remember the city of Mexico as it was twenty years ago when neither the Central nor the National was completed, can bear witness to something different that was felt in the very air of the Mexico of that time. It seemed to be imbued with a deeper restfulness, and the writer, as he recalls this capital in the spring of 1888, thinks of it as a place cut off from the busy modern world, a sort of haven of refuge where the stern exigencies of competition had no part spoiled the joys of life. The Alameda, in particular, though only regarded as a promenade with its present aspect, was syncretical of the Mexico of that time. People spent the days on the benches under the trees without any discomforting self-reproach of groups though penniless, law students, happily to study, but rarely to chat for hours on end or to ogle the beauties. Even the big yellow letter files seemed to wing the air in the fresh, delicious mornings, or through the long, sunny afternoons, more lazily than now.

The difference between the Mexico of to-day and the Mexico of that time lies not so much in the material transformation of the city that has been accomplished, but in its mental atmosphere. Mexico was not then the busy cosmopolitan place that it is to-day. Life flowed in a placid stream as it still flows in such interior cities as Morelia and Zamora, which, though touched by the railways, have never metamorphosed by them.

Yet all this is perceptible only to the persons who have long resided in Mexico. To strangers from the States this city is just as capable of affording the rest cure as it was twenty years ago. The fast pace, the pace that kills of northern cities is unknown here. The southern charm and the arts that give grace and elegance to life are still prominent, and though a large amount of business is now done here as well as the political center of the republic, no one is so absorbed in the pursuit of wealth as to be insensible to the amenities of existence. The honest man has time to shake hands and exchange greetings with his friends. It is probably this social gentility, making the people of this city seem like one big family and causing each individual of the community to feel that he occupies a distinct place in the esteem and consideration of others, that constitutes one of the charms of life in Mexico.—Washington Star.

GROWTH OF INSANITY.

In Cities It is Increasing and Experts Demand a Remedy.

What change can be made in city life to stop its enormous production of insanity, yearly increasing? Here is a question which is yet to be solved. The medical fraternity is at a loss for a general remedy; puzzled to find means of overcoming the beneficial effects of a city's acute activity on its general mental condition.

London produces seventy lunatics a week and New York is almost as bad, and its increase is greater proportionately. For the fact that nature steps in and generally refuses to grant children after the fourth or fifth generation, conditions would be far worse than they are.

The outlook of the future is not bright, according to medical opinion, unless the minds of the city people are better able within the next few generations to adjust themselves to their progressively complicated environment, unless balancing interests and mental habits are developed to overcome the unnatural nervous tension of city life.

So complicated is the environment of those who live in great towns, so many and so varied are the calls upon their self-control and upon their effort-making powers, that their mental machinery is apt to become more complex, and parts require more construction, and adjustment and the whole machine is more apt to get out of gear and to suffer derangement than in the more primitive and less emotional life of even half a century ago. It is not overwork that is the determining cause of the disturbance of mental equilibrium, but caring care, worry and anxiety.—New York World.

Freak Coins Have Gone.

Recent mention of the disappearance of the \$2.50 gold piece from circulation and the premium this coin commands as a curio have set many to rummaging in old pocketbooks and the bottoms of cash boxes and drawers in search of odd or out-of-date coins. Some have found a \$2 piece, but not many. The \$3 piece, quite common, but always a sort of curiosity, is often found, and many have specimens of the little gold coins representing 25 and 50 cents, which were not minted by the general government and probably have not so much gold in them as they represent. They used to pass as coins, but were never in general circulation, being so easily lost that they soon became scarce.

One of the handsomest coin relics seen is a \$10 gold piece bearing the mint stamp of 1793. It is larger than the present \$10 gold piece. The obverse has it hung in a band and wears it as a charm on his watch chain. The owner says he refused an offer of \$150 for this relic. The old octagonal \$50 pieces were quite common in California in early days, when gold dust was largely used as a circulating medium. They were made of pure gold, and while they had not the elegant finish of the gold coins minted by the government in those days, many still resemble them as the handsomest coins they ever saw. Many people now would consider them handsome on account of the \$50 in them.—Portland Oregonian.

Costly Job for Russia.

The Russian government has expended over \$500,000,000 in Manchuria.

A spritzer should never wear boots that are warranted not to run.