HEMIA NUGGET PUBLISHING COMPANY. 58

Topics of the Times

There is a time to pray—and there is a time to fight.

Americans favored the Boers, but they got licked just the same.

After marrying the man who courted her a girl is apt to find that he's another man.

Sometimes a married man talks in his sleep and sometimes he can't sleep because his wife talks.

The general use of fish among the Japanese tends to confirm the theory that it is excellent brain food.

A girl can safely marry a young man whose love survives the test of viewing her picture taken in a family group.

"Go ahead with your fighting, gentlemen, but don't forget that no matter which whips, the door is to remain open in China."—Uncle Sam.

Professor Totten finds that the world is due to come to an end in 1919. Fifteen years more of jolly good living! Let's make the most of them.

The chief trouble in adopting the decalogue as a solution of the labor problem would be that every man would want to place his own interpretation on it.

France, being the largest holder of Russian bonds, sympathizes with the czar to the extent of several hundred millions without any reference to treaty considerations.

The casket people have formed a trust. The best way to fool them, fellows is to keep right on living, and we intend to try to do so from this time on. Down with the trusts!

In case he is banished, as some of his countrymen wish him to be, Yi Yung Ik, the favorite of the Emperor of Korea, might be willing to rent his name for the first line of a college yell.

A London man swallowed a nail and the wise doctor made him swallow a magnet—with a string attached. The magnet got the nail, the doctor got both and the patient got relief, and the bill. Everybody pleased!

Eight years ago Nebraska was plastered all over with New England mortgages. Now the surplus in the permanent school fund is being invested in Massachusetts 3½ per cent state bonds, and the farmers' surplus on deposit in Nebraska banks is being loaned to New York and New England banks.

Last year, when the plague threatened Lucknow, India, an American paid the expense of piping pure water to all the buildings of the Isabella Thoburn College for Girls. He hoped to lessen the danger of contagion, and was successful. Although the plague caused more than a hundred deaths a day in Lucknow, not a case occurred in the college. This incident should bear an important suggestion as to epidemics of typhoid fever nearer home.

If prospective brides only knew who contemplated making presents to them, they might follow the fashion recently set by Princess Alice of Albany, a niece of King Edward. A few weeks before her wedding she sent to her friends a list of the presents she had already received, and suggested that they avoid duplicating them. Consequently, she will not have a dozen pickle-forks, six plate lamps or innumerable bonbon dishes to exchange at the department store for things she likes better.

The Russian police make practical use of the X-ray. At Kief, recently, a drunken prisoner was robbed of about $300 by cell-mates. They denied the crime, but two-thirds of the money was found in their clothing, and the X-ray revealed the other hundred dollars, which was in gold, safely stowed away in their respective intestines. They had swallowed it. Against detectives provided with the X-ray, the radium ray, and other marvels yet to come, the criminal of the future will need to be armor-plated like a battleship.

The tender, poetic heart which often throbs beneath the stolid exterior of the Indian was shown at the funeral, a few weeks ago, of Mrs. Harriet Converse, who for many years had devoted her life to work among the Indians of the New York reservations. She had been adopted by the Iroquois as their "great White Mother," the first white chief of the confederacy. One by one the Indian chiefs of the various tribes rose in that New York chapel whither they had travelled, and gave their tributes of gratitude and affection. "My heart is 'ver' sad," said Cornplanter, chief of the Senecas. "Best frien'. She lef' me here in this worl'. She done g'eat many thin's. I'm sorry. I can't help it. Ex-cuse me." Cornplanter's were not the only eyes suddenly suffused with tears. "She-who-watches-us" was the speaking name the Indians had given Mrs. Converse; and there, in her flower-draped coffin, she, "being dead, yet speaketh."

Fresh air is a monster of so frightful mien as to be hated needs but to be breathed, according to some authorities, and it is because of this antipathy, says a health bulletin, that disease is so prevalent. It is also stated that overheated living rooms are responsible for physical degeneration as well, and it is intimated that a proper study is the ventilation of apartments. It is generally admitted that during the break the ice in the pitcher era, when bedrooms were heatless and halls refrigerators, constitutions were more hardy and pneumonia less frequent. Now, there is much difference of opinion in regard to admitting fresh air into bedrooms at night, some sleepers acquiring wide open windows, while a mere crack is the cause of others' undoing, and maid servants are famous for refusing the admission of a vestige of fresh air into their sleeping apartments. Even on the question of suitable clothing for protection against the elements there is no unanimity of opinion, some authorities saying that wool is the proper material to keep out the cold, while others contend that the cold must not be kept out, and that cotton admits just the correct amount of fresh air. Ernest Thompson Seton has settled the fresh air question for his new born daughter in a way that compels one to believe that an acquaintance with wild animals ought to be one of the requirements for child rearing. According to report, Mr. Seton is to bring up his child after the Indian fashion, in the open air, and is to teach her all the outdoor pursuits that lead to hardiness. The Indian ideal, judged from a physical standpoint, is a good one, and if strong bodies are to be obtained at the price of a little civilization, who that has suffered from the modern vice of coddling would not pay what is asked?

Little more than three years have elapsed since Galveston was almost wiped out by the terrible storm and tidal wave of Sept. 8, 1900, which destroyed between five thousand and seven thousand lives, and property worth twenty-five million dollars. The disaster was something which could not have been foreseen, and even if foreseen, could not have been averted, except so far as the loss of life is concerned. The trouble lay in the situation—the slight elevation of the city above the sea level and the absence of protection from gulf storms. Immediately after the catastrophe persons who knew little of history predicted that the city would never be rebuilt; that the survivors would seek a place on the neighboring mainland and there found a new Galveston. Instead of that, they have been doing what people in similar circumstances always do. They are restoring the old city and making it safe. The plan includes the construction of a great sea wall seventeen feet high, to shut out the waters of the gulf even in the worst storms, and the raising of the main part of the city—an area of two square miles—above the level of the destroying wave of 1900. While other cities are organizing golf and tennis and whist clubs, Galveston is organizing "house-raising clubs." What this Texas city is doing is only a new example of man's tenacity of purpose in fighting nature when he finds her hostile. Venice and much of Holland have been reclaimed from the sea. A large part of Boston is "made land." London has wrested large tracts from the domination of the Thames; New Orleans has reclaimed many acres from the encroachments of the Mississippi and Lake Pontchartrain. There is indeed, hardly a city in the world where man has not had to fight some force of nature in order to preserve the advantages of geographical position. Such a fight is a character builder and a developer.

A Tin Wedding.

There are so many things about the celebration of a tin wedding that can be made amusing that it is rather a mistake to take it too seriously. The best plan is to bring in as many droll features as the imagination will suggest, without making the provocation to amusement too much of an effort.

It is not feasible to have the invitations sent out on sheets of tin, but to the cards on which the invitations are written may be attached little strips or tags of tin. The wording of the invitation may be as simple as one chooses.

There cannot be very much done in the line of tin decoration, although I have heard of taking the sheets of tin from which tinsmiths have stamped patterns and utensils, and pasting these up as a background for flowers. The many bright, irregular points of the tin caught the light, and in the openings were thrust bunches of flowers, ferns and greenery of different descriptions. The effect was odd, but pleasing.

All the flowers that are put about the room should be in tin receptacles instead of in vases of glass or china. The bouquet carried by the bride should be placed in a tin funnel, to serve as a bouquet-holder. If this is decorated with ribbons it will be very pretty. The brightness of new tin will contribute to the gay effect and be of value wherever it is used.—Woman's Home Companion.

Henry's Disappointment.

"I have devoted the best years of my life," said Henry Irving to the writer, "to the endeavor to have English spoken carefully and correctly on the London stage.

"None the less there has grown up during the last fifteen years among the smart set and the best known social circles of London a habit of saying 'bustin,' 'ripplin,' 'goin,' and of pronouncing all words ending in this way in the same manner, which nobody seems able to account for.

"The West End of London now drops its terminal 'g's' as universally as the East End drops its 'h's.' I should say, however, that it is almost entirely confined to the men. The ladies, God bless them! still respect their mother tongue."

His Undoing.

Neighbor Beenaway—What was it that drove Lyman Broadhead insane?

Neighbor Staidhome—Well, his daughter Mary graduated from the academy over at Allegash, and came home with her name changed, and—

Neighbor Beenaway—I s'pose she called it "Mae," didn't she?

Neighbor Staidhome—No; worse than that—she made it "Maiae." And in a little while her poor old father began to pick things out of the atmosphere; and then he got to hollering most of the time, and they had to take him to the asylum.—Woman's Home Companion.

Beet Sugar in Italy.

The production of beet sugar is now greater than the consumption in Italy, and a national trust has been formed by the sugar manufacturers.

Bitter medicine, like bitter experience, is usually the best.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Fear of the Surgeon's Knife.

THE millionaire who killed himself rather than suffer a surgical operation for appendicitis is a type of many individuals who prefer death to the thought of going under the scalpel. It is by a strange mental process that they come to such a choice. Often, as in this latest case, the pain to be endured is vastly exaggerated by imagination, while "the sense of death is most in apprehension," for the removal of the vermiform appendix, save in cases of acute development, is rarely deadly nowadays.

Perhaps this wretched man had such a case of "nerves" when he was ordered to the surgeon that his system was strung to the snapping point and only awaited the suggestion of the knife to indulge recourse to the revolver. Again, his may have been somewhat like the experience of the brave and gallant doctor of whom De Maupassant has given us such an intense study—the man of certain mark, mentality who pondered all night over the art of killing his man on the morrow until from certainty his mind drifted to doubt, from doubt to fear, from fear to panic and insanity, until the plan that was to kill his adversary he turned on his own brain.

It was long contemplation of the operation, no doubt, that made death welcome to the man with the appendix. It was Shakespeare's Brutus who truly said, "Cowards die many times before their deaths." This individual was afraid of pain, but of death he was unafraid. It is a curious process of the mind that makes mere physical fear dominate the moral courage it takes to blow out one's brains. It is a part of the dark, impenetrable mystery of Life.—New York Press.

Importance of Thibet.

WHILE the proposed expedition into Thibet has appealed to the general imagination chiefly in point of its possible of throwing in general knowledge an unknown land and a hidden city, it has, in fact, great actual importance as England's first effort to check Russian influence in possibly the most vital point which it is to-day essaying to conquer.

Thibet is and to itself a desirable land—but it lies adjacent to India. Likewise, for all its secrecy, it is known to be comparatively an unguarded town—but it is the seat of the Dalai Lama, Pope of the Buddhist world, the incarnation of the All Merciful God for five hundred millions of human beings. These form a large part of the population of India, and they dominate China. It is by virtue of the influence that has gone forth from the sacred hill on which Dalai Lama dwells that the present Manchu dynasty has been maintained in power in the Middle Kingdom and throughout the vast tributary realms which up to now have constituted the Chinese empire. What the Buddhist pontiff has done for Manchus he can do again for Muscovites. It was from Mukden that the Manchu lords exhorted their sway over the kingdoms to the south of Manchuria; Russia is in that sacred capital now, and if the Russians would wrest it from their predecessors they would find it the greatest possible aid to have a friend in the Grand Lama, before whom Asia bows as Europe never bowed before a Pope of Rome.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Japan's Industries.

WHEN we take into consideration the fact that a single generation ago trade in any shape or form was regarded by the Japanese as one of the most degrading pursuits, and that all those who followed commercial avocations were classed in the lowest section of the social scale, we cannot fail to appreciate the splendid national qualities which in thirty years have transformed a primitive agricultural country into an industrial nation. The silk trade continues to rank as the leading staple industry and year after year the area of land planted with mulberry trees increases. In 1902 the value of Japan's exports of raw silk reached eight millions sterling. Of late the manufacture of cotton yarns has undergone material expansion, and well-equipped mills have sprung up in various parts of the country. The manufacture of matches is now a thriving industry, and it is worth noting that the sale of Japanese matches in India, Australia and China is rapidly increasing, while their way as far as British India is concerned, but coal and copper mining are as yet not fully developed, but in the opinion of local British experts that, with better methods of working the mines, the export trade in coal could be brought up to between forty and fifty million tons per annum.—London Graphic.

Longer Life for Mankind.

MODERN sanitation and the improvement in the practice of medicine are showing intense results in the prevention and cure of diseases and in prolonging human life. The Chicago Health Department, for instance, finds that since 1872 the average length of life has doubled in Chicago. In 1901 the average age at death was 45 per cent greater than in 1882, and the age at death was 45 per cent greater than in 1872. The cause of this 111 per cent greater than in 1872. The cause of this increase in vitality, according to the bulletin, is due to the introduction of vaccination and the antitoxin, the discovery of antiseptics and methods of anaesthesia, and, most important of all, "the recognition of the importance of cleanliness, personal and circumferential."

Statistics recently made public in Massachusetts show that the number of deaths from consumption in that State has been reduced about one-half in a little over ten years. The death rate from this disease has been greatly decreased in New York in the past decade by the use of sanitary methods and the fresh air cure. The gratifying results from intelligent treatment and the enlightenment of the people regarding the prevention and treatment of tuberculosis lead to the hope that the doctors will in course of time conquer even this great scourge of the human race.—Baltimore Sun.

Science and Invention

Settlement of the tropics by Europeans is pronounced impracticable by J. Hunter, an eminent authority, who finds that only the strongest become acclimatized, and they soon degenerate.

Electric incandescent lamps have been supposed to be perfectly safe in surgical operations, but a recent explosion of ether vapor was traced to ignition of the vapor by the sparking made at contact in turning on the light.

The report of Mr. Urquhart, of the Geological Survey, shows a remarkable approach to equality in the petroleum production of the United States and Russia for the year 1902. The United States was very slightly in the lead, with 35,696,000 barrels, against 30,000,000 barrels for Russia. All the rest of the globe produced only 15,292,360 barrels.

A reddish ring including a whitish glare was seen around the sun after the Krakatoa eruption of 1883, and has been named Bishop's ring. Keen observers have noted a similar appearance in recent months. This ring had a diameter of 70 degrees in August, 1902, but had diminished to 20 degrees in December, 1902, although settlement of coarser dust was expected to make it larger.

Artificial phosphate, claimed to be superior as a fertilizer to the natural, is now made at Magdeburg, Germany. The process, that of Herr Wolters, consists in melting in a reverberatory furnace a mixture of six parts of coarsely crushed phosphorite, seventy parts of acid sulphate of soda, twenty parts of carbonate of lime, twenty-two parts of sand and six parts of charcoal. The melted mass is poured into water, dried and crushed to fineness.

Mr. Guy E. Mitchell tells of a strange use for milk. He and others have used it for painting barns and outbuildings. Into a gallon of milk are stirred three pounds of Portland cement and enough pigment to give the proper color. This mixture, spread on the wood, makes a coating that after six hours becomes as good and lasting as oil paint. It makes the best possible paint for trees where large limbs have been pruned or sawed off, says Mr. Mitchell.

The N rays of Blondlot are not only emitted by the nerves and muscles of man and animals, but it appears that they increase with activity in the body. Continuing his experiments, Augustin Charpentier has found that the whole spinal cord increases the phosphorescence of the test object. Contraction of muscles is indicated, and the "motor-centers" of the cerebrum are manifested when called into activity, even the center of speech showing its location by extra N rays when the person is speaking.

Among the productions of the Philippine islands are two delicious fruits entirely unknown in the civilized world. One of these is the durian, whose remarkable qualities were descanted upon by Alfred Russel Wallace during his explorations in the Malay Archipelago. It grows on a lofty tree somewhat resembling an elm, is about as large as a cocoanut, has a tiny shell, and contains a creamy pulp which combines some of the flavors of a delicious custard with those of a fine cheese. "To eat durians," said Mr. Wallace, "is a new sensation worth a voyage to the East to experience." American soldiers in Jolo call the durian "the vegetable Limburger cheese." The other rare fruit spoken of is the mangosteen, said to be the only fruit that Queen Victoria never tasted. The exquisitely flavored liquid it contains cannot be preserved for shipping abroad.

CROSSING LAKE BAIKAL, ON THE TRANSSIBERIAN RAILWAY

The Transsiberian railway is not the complete piece of equipment which it is popularly supposed to be. It is not even actually continuous, for at Lake Baikal passengers and goods must be transshipped across the lake. In winter this, of course, has to be done on the ice. The illustration shows two officials being hurried across Lake Baikal on the way to the East. As soon as it became evident that war was inevitable the Russians put an enormous force of men at work laying tracks across the lake. The thousands of men have labored night and day, and it is now officially announced that this line will be ready for service in a very short time. If this should prove to be true, it will greatly facilitate the transportation of men, horses and supplies from Russia to the scene of conflict.

FIRST TORPEDO BOAT.

FIRST TORPEDO BOAT.

A Newsdealer of Toronto Tells How He Built It.

"I built the first torpedo boat that ever worked," said James C. Cousins, newsdealer, at the corner of Queen street and Spadina avenue, Toronto, to the Globe, in discussing the use of torpedoes in the Russo-Japanese war. "I was a ship carpenter at Charleston, S. C., when the Civil War began, and as there were a lot of Yankee vessels about there General Beauregard asked me one day to see what I could do in the way of a torpedo boat. I took some one-inch boards and built a cigar-shaped boat thirty feet long. At the bow we rigged a copper kettle, holding about seventy-five pounds of powder. The kettle was fastened to a pole, so that we could lift it out of the water when the boat was going and then sink it about eight feet under water when we got to close quarters. The pole was at an angle of 45 degrees, so that the kettle would strike the hull of the enemy below the water line. The kettle had some percussion caps on the top, and the force of the collision would make them explode like this," said Mr. Cousins, and, pulling out a pencil, he drew this sketch.

"We rigged the boat in Cayfalo James Eastman's yard, and called it the Little David. That was in 1863. When it was finished we saw the big Yankee war vessel Ironsides just outside of Charleston harbor, and sent the Little David after her. The boat was in charge of Mr. Mills, who kept the Mills House, and the crew were Lieutenant Lasselle, Charles Hance, who acted as pilot, and a big Irishman; I forget his name. The Little David went straight for the Ironsides, the torpedo was lowered and exploded against the hull. The water washed over the Little David, and some of it went down the smokestack and put out the fire. Lasselle and the Irishman jumped overboard, but Hance and Mills managed to get the Little David back into the harbor, and she often did good work after that. The Ironsides did not sink, but was so badly damaged that she had to be towed away by two other vessels."

Mr. Cousins, who was born in Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, has had a long and varied career by sea and by land. After a trip through the Baltic he sailed for many years in the Mediterranean, and in addition to the seaports has visited Jerusalem and other cities of the East, and also Rome. He was unfortunate enough to be shipwrecked five times. He worked in a shipyard at Quebec about fifty years ago, but, becoming tired of the job, traveled through the States and on to Cuba. But yellow fever at Mantanzas stopped his journeying for a while. After some years in Europe he came out to Charleston, S. C., at the opening of the war, and joined the Charleston Light Infantry under Captain T. G. Simmons. He spent four months in garrison at Fort Sumter after the surrender of Major Anderson and afterwards took part in fourteen engagements.

VERY FEW WOMEN STAMMER.

Why They Are So Seldom Afflicted with This Disease.

How many women have you ever known who stammered? A few of us, if this question were put, could remember one or possibly two, but the great majority would have difficulty in recalling a single case.

And how many men?

Most persons at even a moment's notice can recall cases ranging in number from one to five.

This divergence is due not to any trick of a defective memory, but to one of the most curious of actual facts.

The truth is that the proportion of those afflicted with stammering or stuttering is ten men to 1 woman. It is one of the most remarkable things in the science of pathology. Even the specialists in nervous diseases seem utterly at a loss to account for it.

An eminent medical authority is quoted as saying that in all his experience he had known of only one woman that stammered. When asked how he accounted for the immunity of the fairer sex from this affliction he replied:

"Stammering is an epileptic affection of the organs of speech, and the victim is usually a person of a high strung, excitable temperament. At the last analysis the cause lies in the mind; that is, the stammerer stammers because he fears he will stammer and thus make himself ridiculous.

"Stammering is due to self-consciousness, and it has been my experience that women seldom suffer from self-consciousness. Social success is more necessary to their happiness than it is to men's, and if as girls they have a tendency to shyness or timidity they set about overcoming it at an early age, and concentrate their attention upon doing so until they succeed.

"I do not mean to say that all women are totally void of self-consciousness. It is curious, however, that if they have a tendency to shyness or timidity that is so deeply rooted as to make it difficult to overcome, their confusion most often manifests itself in blushing rather than stammering. I have known girls who were victims of the blushing habit, and I discovered that they blushed for the same reason that I stammered—fear of doing so.—Denver Post.

They say there are all kinds of men in the world, but we never yet saw the kind that is proud of the prizes his wife wins at card clubs.

Trouble in Texas.

A lady postmaster with a brace of large revolvers has caused consternation in a Texas town, says the New York Sun, by requiring all gentlemen who call for mail to doff their hats or dodge her bullets. No incident is else on politeness that the sheriff has felt called upon to protest to the department at Washington.

"This lady postmaster," he wrote, "has found out somehow—we ain't decided how—that the Mayor and me and some other leading citizens was some vexed and annoyed with her and since then the postoffice ain't done any business to speak of. If it was a man dealing out stamps we wouldn't have to bother you; but we ain't making war on women, even on this one which can handle her armament so casual and flippant.

"This town respectfully protests against the way this lady postmaster is urging her views on politeness; this town respectfully protests that it ain't got time to leave its hat outside the door when getting its mail; this town respectfully protests that its duly elected Mayor is some important in the eyes of the citizens, and there ain't any call for him to act humble when he's getting his mail.

"The Mayor ain't felt right since he skipped out of the postoffice last week some codgerified and frisky, owing to the fact that he forgot to take off his hat and bow, and he is going to resign if they ain't something done. We are getting snippish and fretful in our tempers, and are liable to do something we might regret. Tell the inspector he had better come to me first. She's heard he's coming, and they ain't no use of his being rash and careless."

The Fool and His Money.

Towne—Our friend Lenders must be the proverbial fool.

Browne—Oh, come now; that's rather hard.

Towne—Well, I heard Borroughs remark that he was a "perfect gentleman."—Philadelphia Press.

When a woman has children of the croupy age, she looks like geese grease from November till May.

HOW HANNA WON HIS WIFE.

When a Young Grocer He Wooed Only Daughter of Daniel Rhodes.

Nearly thirty-eight years ago Mark Hanna was just starting on his business career as a grocer in Cleveland. He was poor, plodding, and to the casual observer a very every-day sort of young man. Daniel Rhodes was one of the rich coal owners of the State. He had one daughter, Gussie, the very idol of his soul. Around this lovely girl the brusque old father had wreathed all the sentiment, all the hopes of his future existence. Mrs. Rhodes, her fond mother, was a joint idolator at the daughter's shrine, and the doting parents had dreams of a rich, influential suitor, a splendid marriage and a brilliant social career for Gussie, when, as usual, the unexpected happened. Gussie Rhodes met and loved the obscure, poor young man, Mark Hanna. Mr. Rhodes was astounded when the daring young grocer called upon him and asked for the hand of his daughter. He refused absolutely to grant the young suitor even time enough to beg. He said "no" curtly and sharply, and when he saw his daughter he tried to scold her, but instead he took her in his honest arms and begged her not to think of "this unknown man, Hanna." He said he never, never could consent to such a choice for his child.

Gussie Rhodes told her father, with many a reassuring embrace, that she would never marry without his consent, and she added: "But, papa dear, I shall never marry any man but Mark Hanna."

Then she promised her father not to see her lover or write to him for a year at least. She kept her promise, and in the course of a few weeks, although she never audibly murmured, and was sweetly gentle and loving to all about her, she grew pale and wan. She neither ate nor slept. The old father was at his wits' end. Some one proposed a foreign tour for that change of scene which is supposed to work wonders in heart affections, and, presto! a few hours' notice, father, mother and daughter were on board an Atlantic liner.

For nearly a year the "change of scene" prescription was faithfully pursued, and the patient, always cheerfully submissive, gentle and charming, obviously grew frailer day by day. Almost in despair the old man brought his child home again, and one morning he gathered the courage to ask her if she still cared for Mark Hanna.

"Why, father," she replied, "I always love Mark. I told you that, you know, a year ago."

Poor old Uncle Dan Rhodes was a bitter day for him, but he equal to the occasion. Sending for obscure young man he said to him:

"Mr. Hanna, Gussie loves you, is my only reason for accepting her future husband. You can fix it so Gussie can live as she's been accustomed to, and I suppose must see you marry her."

Now the coming young man, ever so slight a shadow of his greatness on the opportunity presented.

"Mr. Rhodes," said he, "I thoroughly accept the gift of your daughter's love. To marry her is for me to become a paradise for me, but I will not make her my wife unless she can be content to live as my means will enable me. I can neither ask nor permit my wife to accept help from any one."

So Mark Hanna and Gussie were married and the bride went to her father's big house to live. The little cottage, where, with the hard work she was as happy as a queen, some years.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

Is the Object Sought Really Worth the Time, Expense and Trouble?

Mr. Peary is going in search for the North Pole. The latter is sometimes apt to recur and ask itself whether, after all, the hunt for Arctic exploration is worth while. The history of such exploration is a story of long effort.

As long ago as 1595 Sir Hugh Willoughby, with several other officers, led the way into the frozen seas in the eastern hemisphere. It is probable that they reached seventy degrees north latitude. In the following century after century went into the north, either in the eastern or western hemisphere. Henry Hudson, Barents, Henry Hudson, Davis, Frobisher and Willoughby are written on the world's map for their explorations were, without question of specific benefit to commerce or scientific world. Master even may be said to have begun with Parry, who in 1827 reached 82 degrees 45 minutes north. The most remarkable addition of the nineteenth century was that of Sir John Franklin, who sailed for the north with two ships and 138 men. His expedition was in the next twelve years or so followed by twenty-one expeditions from England or America, were organized in search for Franklin and make explorations toward the pole. After that, explorations lapsed for a time, until 1875 it was renewed with the Nares. During the century England, Germany, Austria, America, Scandinavia, even Italy have sent explorers and achievements of Kane, Hayes, Greeley, Wellman, De Long, Nansen and Peary are too well known to need specific mention. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent, lives lost, men have suffered untold hardships, even being driven to cannibalism. And for what are these efforts. Merely that they may reach an imaginary point on the top of the world—a point which, if found, is of benefit to nobody except the explorer himself and the lecture hours which no one has yet reached it. Peary has made the nearest approach to it. He was Captain Cagni of the Duke of the Abruzzi's expedition, reaching 86 degrees 33 minutes north.

The doubter who is content simply to observe the actions of explorers may take comfort in the thought that he is at least observing with honest endeavor, that any addition to our knowledge of the world is not altogether worthless.—Woman's Home Companion.

The "Stovepipe Verdict."

It was a characteristic of the Tennessee counsel that when his oratory had begun to flow before the jury nothing could stop it till the subject was exhausted. On one occasion he had just finished tearing his opponent's argument to tatters when the courtroom stovepipe fell with a crash.

"There," cried the voluble one, as clouds of soot arose, "there is the verdict furnished by nature herself! When the stovepipe has come rushing to the ground, fallen useless to the ground, the adversary's argument has fallen with as loud a crash. One is not more worthless than the other, nor more in need of polish.

"And, gentlemen of the jury, do those clouds of soot and smoke resemble—those black masses, as they light upon—what do they resemble more than the malicious and the black scandals, which my adversary has poured into your ears with which he has endeavored to blacken the character of my client?"

His case had seemed hopeless when he had finished the speech, but comparison the jury was out only and returned what became known as the Western Tennessee as the "stovepipe verdict" in favor of the client.

Jailbird Was an Artist.

A young man named Will [illegible] showed an ingenuity to escape the clutches of the law in Jo[illegible] other day that might profitably been applied in a better cause. [illegible]liam is not noted as a worker, but mildly surprised his guards when being put to cleaning the [illegible] began to labor with marked [illegible] When his zeal and vigor had [illegible] him to get out of hearing distance the guards he commenced to [illegible] passers-by in conversation.

Nothing in particular was thought this until the guards noticed that had a new man on the job who hard working William was not. When they investigated they found that William had represented [illegible]ling countryman that he was [illegible] on the job and needed another. The countryman wanted work, William hired him and handed him industrial implement. Then he [illegible] and noiselessly stole away. He not been seen since.—Kansas Journal.

The only time a man seems free to tell his wife how he is financially is when he is in money.