TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

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

The wings of riches make flying machines look like thirty cents.

If a minister's trousers bag at the knees no apology is necessary.

Fish make excellent brain food and those that get away make monumental liars.

Though the truth will out, it usually comes out too late—especially in a horse trade.

The mothers' congress covered the ground so thoroughly that there is no apparent need for a fathers' congress.

Prof. Starr thinks the time is not far distant when the white race will be washing the yellow race's shirts.

Japanese have very short legs, but an improvement may be noted after the war contractors are through pulling them.

Truth is stranger than fiction. This is proved by the fact that in truth the villain generally gets both the girl and the money.

J. P. Morgan recently defined a genuine monopolist as a man that minded his own business. There are but few of us.

A 16-year-old lady has secured a divorce in Chicago. With such an early start it is to be hoped that she may succeed in living it down.

A calf kicked a man and broke his arm. The arm is getting along all right, "but," the local paper adds, "the man's language continues feverish."

Mr. Rockefeller is reported to be harboring an ambition to become a platform orator. Perhaps he thinks some of it can never be got in any way save by lecturing.

A copy of "Poor Richard's Almanac" has just sold for $505. Any one who will pay that sum for weather 150 years old must be somewhat dissatisfied with the present output.

A woman who wished to play with the tiger in one of the Chicago parks is thought to be demented. Yet how many men have the same strong inclination without having their sanity questioned.

Emperor William has ordered that every deserving child in the schools of Germany shall be presented with his photograph as a reward of merit. What further inducement is needed to make the German school children good?

Miami, Florida, was for a long time the southern terminus of the southernmost railroad in the United States. It no longer enjoys that distinction, for the railroad has been extended fifteen miles farther south, to Perine, a town consisting of a single store; and the right of way has been graded for a railroad round the southeastern end of the State to Cape Sable.

Five hundred women are employed in the provision stores in New York cutting meat and waiting on customers. They are as skillful as men, and their employers say that they attract custom because of their neat appearance. They wear black gowns and long white aprons. The most difficult thing they have to learn is not to wipe their hands on their aprons after cutting a slice of meat. One woman, after cleaning her hands on a towel behind her block, remarked to a customer, "It took me two weeks to remember that."

The average young man or woman who has to work for a living would rather live in the turmoil and glitter of the city than to enjoy the far more healthful, if less exciting, less "stylish" perhaps, life of the country. We do not know by what means the surplus unemployed labor of the cities can be restored to the farming communities. It is certain, however, that an adjustment of the existing false and abnormal conditions—scarcity on the farm and oversupply in the towns—would operate to their mutual advantage and benefit. There seems to be need of a campaign of education and enlightenment.

Of all the weaknesses that man is heir to none is more universal than the deficit habit, and few are as capable of adding to the discomforts of life. Not only is the deficit a problem in the life of the workingman, but men in high positions—government employes who have generous salaries—are forever living with a deficit staring them in the face. They do not spend more than they make, but they simply spend it before they receive it. Man seems naturally to fall into the habit of living a week—if he is paid by the week—or a month—if he is paid by the month—ahead of his means. He is very unnecessarily always pinched for cash, and whether it be his grocer or baker or the various men with whom he deals, he must endeavor to get accommodations until pay day.

Only a few years have elapsed since one of the railroads of the Mississippi Valley began a campaign to increase the freight produced along its lines by teaching the farmers of Mississippi and Louisiana to raise "garden truck." At first it was hard work to induce them to plant anything but cotton—an uncertain crop which furnished heavy freight for a short time and little the rest of the year. Truck-gardening for Northern markets, fostered by cheap freights and aided by crop and soil experts hired by the road, soon proved enormously profitable. The State of Mississippi, interested in the new source of prosperity for its citizens, recently bought a tract of "pine-slashing" land at from $2.50 to $5 an acre, cleared the slashings, planted a winter crop of string beans for the Chicago market, followed it by a summer crop of sweet potatoes for New Orleans sale, and made $165 per acre the first year, of which $9 an acre was put back in fertilizers. This was by way of experiment to show how supposedly worthless pine barrens became valuable when properly fertilized.

There was a boy born into the home of a New York millionaire. From the day he drew the first breath of life he had everything that child could wish. He knew no self-denial and nothing about suffering. In his life people got things by ordering them. They had things done by telling a servant to do them. Disease came to him. An operation was necessary. The lad selected a certain time for that operation, and in explanation said that his mother would be in Europe, and would be spared worry by reason of her ignorance of the operation. It is good to know that his idea was followed; the mother was spared the worry, and the boy is recovering. Little Riner Saeger, a bundle boy in a Cincinnati store, grieved because his chum was very ill. Each day he went without a portion of his noonday lunch, and the 5 cents saved was invested in carnations, which he laid on the pillow of the sick boy. The doctor said that the flowers assisted in effecting a cure. Some one has said that children are merely little animals. They may be in their sports, in their love of outdoor life, in their almost perpetual desire for food. But right there the resemblance ends. Deeply implanted in the breast of every child there is a bit of pure gold called human love. It is there at birth. Heme training, caresses and kindness develop it, and it grows and buds and blossoms like a beautiful flower if it is given half a chance. It makes him drop his toys and run into the house at the most unexpected periods for no other reason than that he wants to give his mother a great bear hug. It makes him desire to fight when he hears his father, brother or sister spoken of slightingly. He doesn't know why he feels as he does; he couldn't tell you why cruelty makes his heart quiver with anguish; why a frown drives the sunshine from his face; why harshness makes the tears come. But he loves because of the thing in his breast; the thing that made the son of the millionaire want to spare his mother; that has made the bundle boy deny himself for his chum. It is human love, and the power that rules the world put it there.

TOLD THEM WHAT IT WAS.

Mysterious Ball that Puzzled Washington Scientists for a Time.

The mystery surrounding the peculiar egg-shaped object in Miss Seidmore's loan collection of objects of oriental art in the National museum at Washington has reminded many of the older curators of a similar instance of the inability of men of science to determine the nature of curious and little-known objects, which occurred some twelve or fifteen years ago. At that time there reached the museum from a person who was in ignorance of the nature of the object he sent a singular ball, the true character of which none of the curators could tell. Some thought it was simply a ball of ivory, says the Washington Post, others that it was a very hard and dense wood; one or two advanced the opinion that it was of metal; some were positive that it was an egg, while others conjectured that it was a piece of fossil resin or fossilized wood, a seed of some plant, and so on.

Finally, after all had passed on the object, and failed to come anywhere near guessing its true nature, William Palmer, the venerable chief of the government studio and workshop, a man who has been over the world, seen everything and talked to everybody, was called in and the mysterious object that had baffled the skill and knowledge of every man of science in the city was placed in his hand. He drew forth his spectacles, adjusted them very carefully and, taking the object in his hands, he looked at it all over and when he finished his scrutiny, said:

"Why, don't you know what that is?"

"No," said the men of science in chorus, breathlessly awaiting the old man's decision.

Then the old man told them that cows, in licking themselves, got a certain amount of hair on their tongue, which rolls up in little balls, which they swallow. The hair eventually reaches the animal's stomach, where it lies for years, during the whole period of the animal's existence, in fact, and, collecting in the shape of a round ball, in time becomes as hard and compact as ivory and somewhat resembles rhinoceros horn, of which it is an allied substance.

Body Is Often Renewed.

Of course everyone knows that the human body is wholly changed every seven years—the school physiologies teach that much—but it will surprise some to learn that certain portions of the anatomy undergo more frequent changes. It takes but four weeks to completely renew the human epidermis. You have new eyelashes every five months, you shed your finger nails in about the same time and the nails of your toes are renewed annually. The white of the eye, known as the cornea, is in a continual state of renewal, being kept clear and clean by the soft friction of the eyelids. These are a few manifestations of the restorative powers retained by man, who is less fortunate than the lower animals.

Crabs can grow fresh limbs; the snail can renew even a large portion of its head; with eyes and feelers lizards do not worry about the loss of a tail, and if you make a cut in the caudal appendage of some of these last mentioned creatures they will grow another tail straightway and rejoice in the possession of two.

But man still possesses the wonderful restorative little cells which scientific men call leucocytes. They are always coursing through the body to renew and to defend the body from its enemies, the harmful bacteria of various maladies. These cells generate antitoxins to kill our enemies. They do battle for us in hundreds of ways, and yet the majority of us know nothing of these great services rendered by our tiny friends inside.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

The Practical Joker.

THE practical joker, the person who laughs at the discomfiture of others, who gets fun out of his neighbor's predicaments, who lays awake night planning some piece of devilry that will cause sorrow or at least chagrin, always has been with us, is now and probably always will be.

Last week a girl in a Scranton squib factory threw a squib into a stove, just to scare her companions. Result, six dead, as many more seriously hurt, and factory wrecked. It was in Pennsylvania also that a small boy lighted the escaping gas from the exhaust pipe of a natural gas line, to furnish light for a wedding serenade. Result, one life lost and valuable property destroyed.

These are only two of many cases taken at random from the news columns. Neither of the young people intended harm. The girl wanted to see her companions jump when the squib exploded. The boy purposed to surprise the serenaders by furnishing an impromptu bonfire. They were simply heedless. If everyone who is about to play a practical joke would stop to think about it, to study out the possible consequences, there would be fewer jokes of this sort perpetrated. It is ludicrous to see a man who is comfortably seated in a chair suddenly find himself sprawling on the floor, through the dexterity of the practical joker, but the odds are that the victim's spine has been injured and that the effects of his fall will cling to him through life. Play the same trick on the practical joker, and he would be furious. Strange as it may seem, the practical joker is the most ill-natured target on earth. He doesn't like his own medicine.

The fault lies largely with parents. They don't teach their children to respect age, to respect others' rights, to be thoughtful and considerate. There is innocent fun that hurts no one and causes no damage, but it is not strenuous enough to suit some people. They want to break a leg or burn buildings. Such as these are criminal in instinct and should be placed under restraint. The practical joker ought not to be tolerated in any community.—Toledo Blade.

Eating Into the Western Forests.

THE reports of the lumber cut in the West show that the paper-making concerns of the country are turning their attention to Wisconsin and Minnesota as a source of supply of spruce timber. There are hundreds of thousands of acres tributary to Duluth, not reached by railway lines, which are covered by spruce timber suitable for pulp. Unquestionably there is enough spruce in this country, notwithstanding the enormous quantity used by the paper mills, to maintain a pulp supply indefinitely, provided proper re-forestation is carried on. Here, however, is the rub. The customary method of the pulp-mill owner who is seeking a supply of spruce is to buy the stumpage and cut off the timber indiscriminately, allowing the denuded land to grow up with any species of wood that happens to be left. Hard woods commonly succeed soft woods on deforested areas, and vice versa, and, therefore, a spruce forest once cut down is not naturally renewed for many years. The experience of the Eastern paper mills, which have cut over most of the available area of spruce forest, is likely to be that of the Central West. The systematic attempt at reforestation has been insignificant compared with the tremendous slaughter of the forests.

The West should take time by the forelock and insist, by legislation if necessary, upon proper methods of cutting and reforestation. The State has an interest in the preservation of its forests which is paramount to the right of the private landholder. Here in the East what is being done is largely in the way of locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen. With the great forest areas in Minnesota and Wisconsin yet untouched these States should adopt a forest policy before it is too late to make it of any value. Denudation should be made impossible without some reforestation. The greatest benefit, however, will be derived from a control of the cutting in such a manner as to make denudation impossible, and the State can do this now better than later.—Boston Transcript.

Asia for the Asiatics.

WE look upon it as a war between Japan and Russia—not as the Chinese, the Burmese, the Persians or the Siamese. To them this is a conflict between white and yellow, between the forces of the West against those of the East, between Europe and Asia. A Japanese victory would send a mighty wave of independence and pride throughout the populations of Asia, a wave of self-confidence, of contempt for their European rulers, which would bear fruits of which no one can foretell the exact consequences.

Furthermore, Japan would receive a great prestige, her influence over the Chinese Empire would become supreme, and no obstacle would lie in the way of the realization of her racial aspirations.

To any person who has even slightly followed the course of Japanese feeling and policy, there can be no doubt that these ambitions can be summed up in the phrase: "Asia for the Asiatics, under Japanese hegemony." For several years past Japan has been flooding with her agents the remotest parts of Asia, to rouse the sleeping patriotism of the people and prepare the way for liberation. Asiatic princes and statesmen have been flocking to Tokio; among them we might name besides several Chinese and Korean dignitaries, a deputation from Lhasa, the Siamese Prime Minister, the Persian grand vizier, a high priest from Afghanistan, and several Indian maharajas under British rule.

These men have had long conferences with the Ministers of the Mikado, and the object of those visits, in spite of all official denials, is well known to and in full sympathy with public opinion in Japan.—Westminster Review.

The Black Man's Burden.

THERE has been a good deal said and written about the "white man's burden," and not a little of it has been pure cant. But there is another side to the picture, and this reveals that the dark man also has a burden, and a most grievous one.

In the Congo Free State he has been robbed, mutilated and murdered in a wholesale way that has shocked civilization. In German Southwest Africa his property has been seized, he has been flogged, imprisoned and shot, his wife has been made a beast of burden and his children have been tortured.

In China he has been robbed of his territory until his integrity as a nation is threatened. In America he has been enslaved, whipped, burned at the stake and lynched. In the Philippines he has been introduced to the "water cure" and other "civilized" inventions.

Look where you will on the native heath of the man of dark skin, or in foreign countries where he has sought asylum, and you will find the black man and the brown man carrying a burden compared with which the "white man's burden" is a featherweight. If the dark man has been the white man's burden, the white man has been and is the dark man's curse.

And if the dark man finds his burden greater than he can bear, and attempts to turn on his barbarous taskmaster, it is called a "native uprising," and soldiers are sent to show him his proper place in the white man's scheme of civilization and progress.

The white man's burden is largely a myth; but the dark man's burden is terribly real, oppressively heavy, grossly cruel and unjust. In a word, it is the white man's selfishness and avarice.—Chicago Post.

TRADE IN THE WAR ZONE.

American Commerce Now Amounts to Large Part of the Trade.

In his article in the World's Work on "Our Trade in the War Zone," O. P. Austin, chief of the bureau of statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor, presents some striking facts and figures. He says: Japan's total commerce now amounts, in round terms, to $250,000,000 a year, about equally divided between imports and exports, and that of China to a little over $300,000,000 a year, of which imports considerably exceed exports. Korean commerce amounts to $15,000,000 a year.

From 1883 to 1903 our imports from the countries named doubled, while our exports from China, Japan and Hongkong amounted to $37,000,000; in 1903, to $72,000,000. The amount from Korea and Asiatic Russia was a mere trifle. In 1883 our exports to these countries, including Korea and Asiatic Russia, amounted to $50,000,000.

This makes clear that our trade interest in these quarters is very great. We buy a very large proportion of the unmanufactured silk and practically all of the tea exported by Japan and we also buy large quantities of raw silk and tea from China, as well as many other articles, such as opium, matting, rice, wool and manufactured silks. Of the exports of $50,000,000 value in 1903, $21,000,000 went to Japan, $10,000,000 to China, nearly $9,000,000 to Hongkong, and $1,500,000 to Asiatic Russia. As regards our trade with the two countries now at war our exports to Japan in 1873 were $8,000,000, in 1903 $21,000,000; to Russia, our exports in 1873 were $12,000,000, in 1903 $15,000,000. Thus in thirty years our exports to Russia increased 25 per cent and to Japan 150 per cent.

Commerce of the United States with Japan, Korea, China, Hongkong and Asiatic Russia, 1843-1903, was as follows: Imports into the United States from the countries named: In 1843, $4,385,000; 1853, $10,573,000; 1863, $11,054,000; 1873, $30,445,000; 1883, $37,159,000; 1893, $49,349,000; 1903, $72,294,000.

Exports from the United States to the countries named: In 1843, $2,419,000; 1853, $3,730,000; 1863, $6,355,000; 1873, $17,776,000; 1883, $1[illegible],000; 1893, $11,464,000; 1903, $49,964,000.

Next to the United States comes Great Britain, yet its commerce with the territory in question has only grown from $50,000,000 in 1853 to $100,000,000 in 1903—that is, doubled.

JUST WORN OUT.

Story that Wanted a Rest After a Very Hard Worked Life.

The worn-out story collapsed at the feet of the Father of Fictions.

"What's wanted" inquired his Satanic majesty with his usual warmth.

"Oblivion, please," gasped the wretched creature. "I never pretended to be a good story, but that doesn't justify the way I've been treated on earth. You will remember me if you happened to see a copy of last Sunday's Behind-The-Times. I was among the Gossip of the Stage, dressed this way:

"'Blanche Walsh has a country home on Long Island and is occasionally bothered by tramps. One day a small, thin specimen of hobo honored her with a call. He told a hard luck story that would have brought tears to the eyes of a Japanese idol.

"'"And do you call yourself a man?" demanded Miss Walsh.

"'"No, ma'am, not entirely. Just now I'm only an outline. All I need is a little fillin' in.'

"'And he got it, too, after that admission of his incompleteness.'

"When you turned to the Literary Chat, there I was again:

"'Irving Bacheller, the author, has a country home at Sound Beach, and is occasionally bothered by tramps. One day a small, thin specimen of hobo honored the novelist with a call. He told a hard luck story that would have brought tears to the eyes of a Japanese idol.'

"'"And do you call yourself a man?" demanded the writer.

"'"No, sir, not entirely. Just now I'm only an outline. All I need is a little fillin' in."

"'And he got it, too, after that admission of his incompleteness.'

The Woman's Page had me served in this style:

"'Mrs. Roosevelt, when spending the summer at their simple country home at Oyster Bay, is occasionally bothered by tramps, etc.'

"I also posed among Anecdotes of the War:

"'Owing to the scarcity of provisions at Port Arthur, begging is discouraged; but, having eluded the vigilance of the guards, a small, thin specimen of hobo the other day accosted Viceroy Alexieff, etc.'

"One page further on, the Tokio correspondent had his little say:

"'Notwithstanding the splendid discipline of the Japanese navy, a small, thin specimen of stowaway was lately discovered aboard the flagship, and brought before Admiral Togo, etc.'

"'But the climax came, your majesty, when I found myself in the clutch of the Babbler of the Boulevard, who said: 'At the dinner given to Carnegie on the eve of his departure, a story told by Chaunce——'

There was silence. The Father of Fibs summoned a minion, and, indicating the miserable wreck, said in pitying tones: "Put him in the hottest fire you have. Nothing can hurt him now."—New York Sun.

Aqua Pura.

The medical world of to-day has gone over "hook, bob and sinker" to water, cold and hot. It stands with the profession almost as a panacea. It is a good sign; for it is indeed very doubtful if there is any disease in which the patient should not have cold water. Oh, how babies often suffer for cold water! A nursing baby is given, no matter how thirsty, nothing but milk, a virtually solid food. The little lips are dry and cracked, and the little tongue so parched it can scarcely nurse, and yet it has nothing but milk to assuage its craving thirst. Try it yourself, mother, when you have a fever, and we are sure that ever after, when your darling is almost dying with thirst, the teaspoon and tumbler of cold water will be in constant use. Deny it milk and give it plenty of cold water, and it has a chance of speedy recovery in many infantile affections.

OLD LADY WAS DISGUSTED.

Her Visit to Betsy Ross' House Was Disappointing.

They were a very old man and a very old woman. They were doing Philadelphia sights and wandered into the historic landmark on Arch street known as the home of Betsy Ross. There was not much that escaped their observant eyes. They examined every tile in the old fireplace; they investigated the floors and ceilings; they asked as many questions as the small boy who is told to write a composition on it, and they made the guide, who quite flatters himself that he is a compendium of universal knowledge, feel like twenty-five cents with five more cents added to it. At length the eye of the old lady was attracted by a baby coach that was standing in the hall.

"Horace, Horace, come here!" she cried, and her husband obediently hurried to follow his more observant spouse into the unexplored regions. The baby coach was a spick-and-span modern affair, such as one sees many mothers wheeling in the parks.

"Do you suppose this belonged to Betsy?" she asked in an awed whisper.

"Shouldn't be surprised," he replied in a whisper equally awed. "They keep most of the relics of them great people."

"Miss, come here," the old woman called to the girl who is in charge of the correspondence connected with the Betsy Ross association.

"Does this baby coach belong to Betsy Ross?"

"No," answered the young woman, "that coach belongs to the lady who takes care of the house."

"Humph!" exclaimed the old woman, "just like folks that ain't got a conscience to keep things here to deceive people. Ain't you any relation to Betsy Ross?" There was a gleam of indignation in the sightseer's eye.

"No," meekly answered the young attendant, "I am no relation to Betsy Ross. I am employed to take care of the books here."

The old woman and old man exchanged glances. Another deception had been practiced. There was a moment's painful silence, and then the old lady said: "Come on, Horace; I guess we've had enough of this humbug. I've had all of the Betsy Rosses I want."—Philadelphia Record.

We all have our trials—and the lawyer is glad of it.

THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

When the Northern Pacific Railway was selecting coal lands in the densely forested regions of Washington, says the Booklovers' Magazine, the geologist in charge, having measured and calculated the dip of the strata, said to his assistant, "Jim, take your drill crew over to section 13 and see if you don't find coal about the middle of the section."

Jim, who knew that the geologist had never visited section 13, went off on what he considered a wild goose chase. When he arrived on the ground the deep cover of undergrowth and soil prevented examination of the rocks. But he went to work, and in a short time sent his drill into a good bed of coal, great quantities of which have since been used to haul trains across the mountains. Jim would drill into a cloud now if the geologist told him there was coal in it.

Although it is not always possible thus accurately to predict the discovery of minerals, it can be done with sufficient frequency and certainty to render valuable the mapping of soil and rock strata which is being carried out all over the country by the National Geological Survey. This work, first systematized in 1879, has progressed so far that a third of the area of the United States, or about a million square miles, has been plotted, examined and mapped. The maps describe the contour or changes in elevation of the surface, the rainfall and drainage, and the geological formation, as well as the railways, roads, rivers and political divisions.

There is no better trained or disciplined scientific corps in the world than that which has this task in charge. It is divided for field work into three chief divisions. The first to cover the ground is the topographical, which, after laying out the country into quadrangles of a square degree each, surveys minutely everything within those boundaries, measuring the height of every hill and mountain, the depth of every valley, and the course, direction and exact location of every watercourse or other feature. This provides the now familiar "contour" map in which points of equal elevation above sea-level are connected by a line. The presence or absence of many lines in a small area indicates a steep slope or a gentle descent or a level plain.

Following the topographical workers come the geologists, who examine soil and rocks, sink drills, examine borings, measure the dip of strata and study the geological formation of the whole region. On the topographical map they plot the colors which by international agreement represent the various minerals.

Last of all come the hydrographers, who study the rainfall, the capacity of watercourses, the current and volume of rivers at all stages, the capacity of lakes and ponds—all that pertains to drainage.

An engineer having these facts provided for him is able almost at a glance to select a route for a railway or a canal, or to locate the best site for a storage reservoir. It is on this account, and because of the excellence of the corps, that Congress has entrusted the Geological Survey with the carrying out of the new reclamation law, by which arid lands are to be made fertile through irrigation. Although the law is very young, the engineers have already been able to begin six dams for reservoirs, and to project a six-mile tunnel to divert a river in Colorado.

Adventure of Father Hennepin.

"Happy the man that once in four and twenty hours could get so much as a Sup of Broath," wrote Father Hennepin in describing his explorations along the river "Ouisconsin" in 1678. Father Hennepin and one attendant named Picard left the larger party in "a little sorry Canou" to meet a re-enforcement which was to bring powder, lead and provisions, that were so greatly needed. He thus describes their progress:

When we embarked in the Morning, we knew not whether we shou'd have anything to eat at Night. 'Twas not every Day we met with any Game, nor when we did were we sure to kill it. This put us upon Hunting the Tortoise; but 'twas with much difficulty that we could take any; for being very quick of hearing, they would throw themselves into the Water upon the least noise. However, we took one at last, which was much larger than any we had seen; His Shell was thin, and the Flesh very fat. Whilst I was contriving to cut off his Head, he had like to have been before-hand with me, by snapping of my Finger with his Teeth, which are very sharp.

Whilst we were managing this Affair, we had hailed our Canou ashore; but it seems a sudden and violent Blast of Wind had carry'd her off again to the middle of the River. Picard was gone to the Meadows, to see if he could kill a wild Bull; so that I was left alone with the Canou. This obliged me to throw my Habit as fast as I could over the Tortoise, which I had turned, for fear he should get away. When I had done I fell a swimming after our Canou, which went very fast down the River, being carry'd by a very quick Stream. After I had recover'd it, with a great deal of difficulty, I durst not get into it, for fear of being overset, for fear of wetting the Woollen Coverlet and the rest of our little Equipage. For which reason I was forced to push it sometimes before me, and sometimes tug it after me, till little by little I gained the Shoar. Picard in the meantime had killed a Buffalo.

'Twas now almost eight and forty hours since we eat last; so that we fell a kindling a Fire as fast as we could; and as fast as Picard skinn'd it, I put the pieces of Flesh into our little earthen Pot to boil. We eat it with that greediness that both of us were sick; so that we were obliged to hide our selves in an Island, where we rested for two Days for the recovery of our Health.

The trouble with many a young man is that he spends his fortune before he makes it.

"HEAR MOTHER!"

When we speak of the world's "loving a lover" our first thought is of youth with his bright face uplifted to the future. But surely the world has room in its great heart, too, for those other and rarer lovers who have kept the promise and the faith of springtime, and are still holding hands now that the snow has come. Where is the one among us who has grown so cynical that he will not pause with a tender smile to listen to a little love passage like the following?

A silver-haired lover was sitting by the bedside of his lifelong sweetheart, who had fallen and hurt herself so seriously that her head was low upon the pillow. He had been telling her that she was improving at a rate that was a marvel, considering her seventy-five years. The doctor had said it that morning, and now they were having a little time of thankfulness together.

Presently the door opened, and Hetty came quietly in and began to busy herself about her grandmother's room, scarcely noticing the gentle murmur of the lovers until suddenly she heard:

"You weren't any bigger than Hetty, there."

"I was taller, father," protested the weak voice from the pillow.

"Well, you didn't weigh any more, I know that; and you had a nice, trim little black alpaca dress, anyhow, didn't you? I remember it plain as day."

"Why, grandmother!" put in Hetty, surprised. "You weren't married in black, were you?"

"No, indeed!" The weak voice sounded stronger. "I was married in white. But I had this black dress, too."

"And a black alpaca dress was a pretty fine thing in those days, I tell you, Hetty!" added the loyal lover. "Must have cost as much as a dollar a yard, didn't it, mother?"

"A dollar and a half," corrected the sweetheart. "Hetty," she waited for Hetty to come close to the bed, where she could get the full force of the fact that was about to be imparted; "Hetty, it was silk and wool."

"Oh, it was a slick little dress!" testified the lover, stoutly.

"And I had," continued the sweetheart, while a pleased smile played over her dear old face, "I had a black silk pelisse, made with a velvet yoke and long pleats that hung to the bottom of my skirt. I got the pattern and made it myself. And I had a black velvet bonnet to go with it."

"A black bonnet!" echoed Hetty, on a doubtful note again. "Wasn't that rather elderly for a 19-year-old bride?"

"It was a gipsy bonnet," came the answer, in a tone of calm superiority, "and was trimmed with gold-colored satin ribbon—about so wide—and fringed on both edges. I had long ties of it. And Cordelia said"—Hetty recognized the reason for the emphasis on this name, for she knew her father's sister Cordelia had always been the oracle of the family—"Cordelia said, when she took my things, 'I admire your taste!'"

"Hear that, will you?" chuckled the lover, whose blue eyes twinkled lil-concealed admiration. "Ruling passion, you see. Doesn't matter how sick a woman may be, you may begin to talk about something she wore fifty-six years ago, and watch her liven up! Now I'll warrant, Hetty, that she couldn't tell you a thing about what kind of a necktie I wore to the wedding!"

"Well, I guess I can!" came from the bed like a flash. "Not remember that lavender satin necktie with the pattern like lace running all over it? Why, father! Didn't I make the baby's cap of it?"

The only answer father could make to that was the answer he always makes when his sweetheart gets the better of him: "Well, well! Hear mother!"

Sunday at the Farm.

On Sunday morndn's years ago, when
but a little lad,
I used to come to salt the sheep in this
same field with dad.
The little clouds that floated 'round I
thought were bits of wool;
The sky was blue as 'tis to-day, and
calm and beautiful.

Now dad is gone, and mother, too; they
lie up on the hill,
Just by that clump of popple-trees beyond the old red mill;
For Time has kept a-creepin' on, and you
and I are men,
And little Robbie thinks the thoughts
that I was thinkin' then.

There's a brown thrasher in the tree that
stands there on the knoll;
Just hear the little tyke a-spillin' his
immortal soul!
Our preacher says that man alone has
got a soul, but yet
What pretty critters God has made, and
loves 'em, too, I'll bet!

I know the city pretty well; I lived there
once a while,
But I was the homesickest boy you'd
meet in many a mile.
The very horses on the street looked sad,
it seemed to me,
There wa'n't no colts a-friskin' 'round,
nor lambs, as I could see.

So when in June the breezes blew across
the prairied West,
I packed my grip and told 'em I had got
enough, I guessed!
Of course, there's city folks who keep
their faith in God and man,
Though if they stayed there all the while
I don't see how they can!

We've had our troubles, wife and I, we
buried little Dot;
Upon that slope we made her grave—a
green and sunny spot;
And Death will never more to me seem
terrible and grim,
Since I have seen my little girl a-smilin'
up at him.

And often now I come out here and set
me down a spell,
Where rustlin' leaves and wavin' grain
seem whisp'rin' "All is well."
I wish that all who'd like to feel their
dead are safe from harm
Could come out here and spend with me
a Sunday at the farm.

—Chicago Herald.

If a woman has no servant she works overtime; if she has she worries overtime.