TOILERS OF THE COLUMBIA

By Paul De Laney

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CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

The island was soon reached and the man taken ashore. The morning was crisp and cold and a fire of drift wood was kindled for the comfort of the wounded man and his companions.

As the day lagged away the man grew worse. Dan was his most attentive nurse. In the afternoon he persuaded his companions that it would be better to take the wounded man to his home. They agreed upon this but they did not know what to do with their prisoner. On the southside they could not hold him, and if they left him on the island he might be compelled to remain for several days without assistance. They wanted him to accompany them to thier homes, but Dan had matters of more importance demanding his attention on the north side. He told them to leave him on the island and he would take his chances on reaching shore.

The fishermen pulled out with their wounded companion, reluctantly leaving Dan behind.

Throughout the day Lapham walked up and down the island viewing his friends and enemies as they lay on their oars in threatening attitudes. He managed, however, to keep concealed behind the driftwood from his enemies, while he was too far away to be distinguished by his friends.

He had searched the island from one end to the other for a boat, but the southsiders had intended making this a sort of prison had they carried out their original plans and had removed every semblance of craft from the place.

Besides the island had always been a sort of neutral ground and since the quarrel had begun, neither side attempted to occupy it and all fishing apparatus and supplies had been taken away by the respective owners.

As night came on, Dan became more anxious to reach the north shore. He wondered how many of his friends had fallen under the fire of the southsiders, and wondered more how Sankala was faring.

Old Seadog was too much absorbed in the trouble at hand to carry out his plan of taking Sankala and Ringwold to the county poor farm, but he knew the girl was worrying her young life away over the outlook for the future and possibly by this time, so far as he knew, she was grieving by the bedside of the deceased Ringwold.

The impatient young fisherman could remain an exile no longer. He constructed a raft from planks and timbers which had lodged on the shores of the island and with pieces of planks used as oars and paddles he started for the main shore.

Before his work had been completed, however, night had long since fallen over the waters and a storm was brewing.

The same sound from the clash of the wave and current on the bar greeted his ears at that moment that made the frail Sankala tremble with fear as she left the north shore to search for him that she might give him the food she had prepared for him and of which she thought he must by this time be in such dire need.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Where Is Sankala?"

"Hello, lookout!"

"Hello, captain!"

"How does it look to the southwest?"

"Black and foreboding, captain."

"I feared so. Watch close the river and bay. They are covered with those fool fishermen tonight. The light of morning will find plenty of work for us to do."

Thus spoke the captain of the life saving station to the man on the lookout.

Night had already closed in and the captain of the life saving station knew a storm was coming. He was at the station below the rocks and could not see out on the ocean but had called to the man stationed on the hill to verify the evidence of the storm. The instruments at the station indicated a storm, but the rising, surging, slashing, cracking breakers on the rocks gave a more formidable warning to the experienced life saver.

It is the same old story at the mouth of the Columbia. From fall until spring, throughout the long winter months, the storms rage with unceasing fury. Three days of storm and one of dim sunshine is a liberal statement in favor of the king of day. At this point Neptune rules unchallenged through the winter, but when summer comes he is superseded by old Sol, who wields his scepter with a more charitable hand and makes this little stretch of coast the most attractive spot in the great Pacific Northwest. Thousands of pleasure seekers visit this coast each summer to view the grandeurs and beauties of nature, but flee before advancing winter, when gloom and darkness settle over the place like the pall of death.

Men inured to hardships and disasters learn to scorn them. It is this class that suffers most from them. They become emboldened to stand in the teeth of death, yea, even to enter its jaws, while the more timid fly for safety, and escape its fangs. Day after day life courageous go down, while the cowards live to tell of the chivalrous deeds of the brave.

A terrific storm was rising to sweep the river and bay. The black horizon to the southwest told this. The roaring clash of waters on the bar spoke it in so many sounds. The moaning winds in the boughs of the tall trees on the hills sung it in dismal notes. The angry surges on the beach hissed out like the warning of an adder. The gloomy mist which surrounded old Cape Disappointment lighthouse hung like a pall over the river and bay.

Yet the water was dotted with the boats of the heedless fishermen. They had seen the signs a thousand times and had never known them to fail. They knew that no frail craft could be reasonably expected to survive such a storm as was indicated tonight. It was the night after the battle between the fishermen. It was the night upon which Sankala had started out to sea to find Dan Lapham. It was the night upon which Dan Lapham left Sand island upon a raft of driftwood for the north shore.

This was a typical night storm at the mouth of the Columbia. The people of the village had been on the alert, kindling beacon fires and walking the beach to render aid to their friends on the bay.

The morning broke forth with many stories of hardships, disaster and death. The fishermen on either side had been slow to yield their position, in spite of the fact that they were warned in many ways of the approaching storm, they stood in the teeth of danger from force of habit. The southsiders were determined to destroy the objectionable traps and the northsiders were firm in standing by the defense of their property.

But all had eventually been compelled to yield to the elements. The northsiders had been driven one by one to the north shore, while the southsiders had been compelled to take refuge on the island. They had not the time to make it to the south shore.

Fishermen on both sides, it is true, had remained too long. They had been caught in the angry sea and dragged like captives toward the bar. The dawn had found the life savers active. It was the same old story. They succeeded in rescuing some of the men from a watery grave. A few had gone over the bar never to return. Some of these had been swept away long before the life savers could see their way to go to the rescue.

The wind did not lull until well up in the day. The southsiders nestled along the shores of Sand island, like so many water bound animals. The northsiders rushed up and down the bank looking for missing ones and preparing to return to the defense of their traps so soon as the waves should subside.

Women were wringing their hands over the loss of their dear ones and children were crying for fathers they would never see again. The loss of life was so common among the fishermen that only those actually bereaved bore sad hearts on such occasions. The sudden making of widows and orphans had been going on for years, for every storm claimed its victims. A heavy wave, a swamped boat, a lost fisherman, told a common story. It was expected. Those who battled with death knew that they must eventually lose.

"Where is Sankala?" was asked of the fishermen as they arrived ashore throughout the night.

"Where is Sankala?" asked Dan Lapham when he had visited her cabin and found it vacant.

"Where is Sankala?" was the question passed from lip to lip throughout the day.

Dan Lapham had steered his crude raft straight for the north shore. He had been buffeted by the waves, it is true, and had been carried far to the south, but fortune favored him and he had butted into the boats of his friends who had taken him ashore. But not one of all the men returning had seen Sankala. They were indignant that she should have been permitted to leave the village.

"We have no time for grieving over the lost," said old Seadog, walking up and down the beach like an angry lion. "See, the men on the island are in action and will soon be upon our traps. To your boats, men, to your boats! We must protect those traps with our lives!"

It was late in the afternoon. The storm had again subsided. The men on the island decided to take advantage of the northsiders while they were ashore and destroy their traps.

The northsiders were quick to see this and hustling their arms and ammunition aboard they leaped into the boats along the beach and rowed with all their might to the defense of their cause.

The southsiders also started out briskly to meet them to the traps. The latter had a slight advantage in distance but their opponents were refreshed by a warm meal and many of them had secured a few hours sleep.

The small fleet on either side was divided into squadrons as if by common arrangement, and while one squad made for the defense of a group of traps along the line which stretched up and down the river channel on the bay side, a squad from the other side started for the same point to destroy them.

In the meantime reinforcements were gathering on the south shore, for the southsiders outnumbered the men on the north, and war to a finish was now more imminent than ever.

"Will those soldiers never arrive?" was the question old Seadog asked himself as he directed his men to battle for the traps.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sankala Listens to the Plotters.

Sankala had a hard battle with the surf but she reached the traps formerly tended by Dan Lapham before the storm was at its heighth. Dan, of course, was not near the place. The wind was already raging and the whitecaps were multiplying at a rapid rate and leaping higher and higher.

At her back the sea was boiling like a caldron while to the south it was not so much disturbed. Her home lay across the raging sea while Sand Island lay to the south. It was this great upheavel of sand and the driftwood upon its surface that broke the storm to some extent and yet left a means of escape for Sankala.

But she would not have returned to her home at this time had the sea been as calm as an inland lake. She had started out on a mission and this would she complete with a woman's determination. She was looking for Dan Lapham. Her strong and handsome young friend had aided her in fishing the traps when her aged companion was unable to assist. He had also, on that very morning, left her money with which to buy necessary supplies; he had promised her that Ringwold should not go to the poor house; and above all there was an undefined feeling in her heart for the young man which only comes to a woman once in a lifetime.

Sankala did not understand this and would have blushed had it been explained. It was the same old story which has caused the joys, sorrows, disappointments and happiness since the days of Adam and Eve.

While clinging to the piling which held the netting of Lapham's fishtrap, to steady her boat, Sankala could see that the water was rapidly rising and that each flood dashed higher above the mark made by the former wave. The billows grew darker and more sullen while the whitecaps looked like great animals leaping at random in the direction of the bar.

Before it was too late she turned her boat toward the island, where she landed without accident. But she was just in time, for old Neptune's work farther out at sea was telling and great waves from the mighty deep came rolling over the bay, converting it into a mad, seething thing of destruction.

The rain began to fall in torrents. The wind blew with such force as to send the cold drops like heavy shots in a slanting course through the air. These struck the thinly clad girl with a force that made her shiver with pain and cold.

When cast upon her own resources in time of danger, woman is said to be superior to man in courage and endurance. Before she resigns herself to fate, she employs every means in her power to thwart its disasters. If she cannot turn its course, she goes with it as a companion. Death is thus made less bitter and an example is given to the world.

Sankala dragged her boat as far as she could and then tied the long line attached to its prow to a limb of a tree which had been cast far upon the sands. She began to look about her for a shelter. She remembered an old fisherman's camp farther up the island, and taking the provisions which she had prepared for Dan, she made her way to the shack.

(To be continued)

GEORGE WANTED TRITICUM.

It Pleased His Father, but Several Other Guessers Said Nothing.

"What we ought to have," said the sarcastic and precocious George, an 8-year-old resident of Germantown, while at luncheon the other day, "is bread made from pure triticum flour. I'm tired of these everlasting experiments," and he surveyed the pile of corn muffins on the table with displeasure and scorn, says the Philadelphia Record.

George's mother, knowing the capabilities of her young hopeful for causing embarrassment, did not ask what triticum flour was or take occasion at that time to point out George's failure in good manners in so loudly declaring his dissatisfaction at the food he found on the table. In the evening, however, while on the porch with visitors, and after George had retired, she said to her husband: "George is asking for bread made of triticum flour. What is that?"

The husband hadn't the slightest idea, and frankly said so. A lawyer in the party, when appealed to, hummed and hawed a little, and said it was probably some new-fangled idea George had gathered at school, perhaps the name of a new breakfast food. Another visitor suggested that George might be a josher, and upon this the party spelt the word backward, rearranged the syllables and did other things known to puzzle solvers.

"I'm going to look it up," said George's eldest sister. She went into the house and returned half an hour with dust from the encyclopedia and dictionary over her hands, but she was triumphant.

"Why, it's wheat," she said. "It's simply the botanical name for wheat."

George's father was inclined to be proud of his boy, but the visitors at once started a discussion of the Russian-Japanese war.

Effect of Army Routine.

Visitors to army headquarters on Governor's Island often notice that officers have a habit of referring to the written or printed record for the most trifling questions of fact. They never rely upon memory for even unimportant matters of routine which civilians would no more think of forgetting than a hardened commuter would think of forgetting the time of his morning train to the city. Ask an officer in the adjutant general's or quartermaster's department, for instance, where the First Battalion of the Sixteenth Infantry is and he will consult his records before answering, even when a letter to the commanding officer of the battalion is lying addressed on his desk.

The other day a visitor to the island asked an officer high in command what time the parade of troops took place next morning. The man in khaki looked at his printed copy of the general orders before answering: "Ten o'clock." Yet the parade had been going on every day for months right under his office windows.

"It is a habit that grows upon us with the routine of garrison work," he said. "If I tried to remember where one company in the department of the east is quartered I might as well try to remember them all. If I carried in my memory the time for parade I might as well try to learn the general orders by heart. Experience teaches army men never to burden their memories with facts and figures that they know they can find on the instant by turning to the record."—New York Press.

Black Snakes.

It is true that the rattlesnake and the black snake are mortal enemies, and the black snake is the victor in their battles, breaking the neck of his adversary before the rattler has time to strike. The black snakes of this country are as harmless as frogs. On many of the large plantations in the South they are tamed and kept as a protection from their enemy, as the warm climate prevents keeping the houses closed so as to keep them out.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Save Some Money.

A WRITER in one of the current magazines seems to think the people of this country are saving too much money. The bugbear of "living beyond your means" has kept many a man from knowledge of the latent qualities which might have made him great, says this publication. It has deprived families of all but the bare necessities of life and caused their members to experience hardship and want. All this because "the head of the house" has placed a low limit on the domestic expenditures and has also unconsciously restricted his earning capacity to a corresponding minimum.

Young men are warned by this magazine not to be too economical, lest they grow mean and low-spirited, presumably.

Is extravagance really so rare among us that it needs to be encouraged?

Which of two young men is the more likely to succeed—the fool who spends his entire weekly or monthly salary before he gets it or the young man who saves one-fourth of it and is able sooner or later to use his savings to take advantage of some first-class business opportunity?

Debt is bad enough when it has to be resorted to in order to utilize some chance or other in business, but to get into it for mere enjoyment of luxurious living is the sublimity of folly. It destroys peace of mind, and instead of goading its victim on to heroic endeavors it often drives him into acts of shady morality.

After intemperance, extravagance is the greatest curse menacing the people of this country. The young are called upon to struggle against no greater foe.—Pittsburg Press.

Victims and Combatants.

WHEN the battle of the Sha-ho has passed with Waterloo and Leipsic, with Plevna and Sedan, it is safe to assume that its tale will be one to "stagger humanity." It is not only by the enormous extent of the casualties that we are horrified. These desperately gallant fellows who are watering Manchuria with their blood, and exhibiting to the admiring but shuddering eyes of the world the splendors and horrors of that last argument of kings and peasants, that reversion to nature stripped of the trimmings of progress and civilization which is war—these poor fellows have at least the satisfaction of dying for a country and a cause and of doing a man's duty in a man's way. But there are others whose sufferings are nearly as great who have no sentiment to buoy them up, and no satisfaction for being involved in the general ruin.

With our eyes fixed on the heroic combatants in a Titanic struggle, we lose sight of the deeply unfortunate people over whose country the armies have been marching and countermarching. Victims in the beginning of the aggressive greed of Russia, they are now forced to pay for the helplessness of a government and nation which knew not how to oppose the illegitimate absorption of its land. Their crops are destroyed, their country is laid waste, their homes have been wiped out of existence, and they themselves, when they have not by a happier fate fallen victims to the shot or shell intended for an enemy, are left to perish of hunger and cold. No one has any time to spare for their affliction. They should not get in the way. But when history is written it must be that this picture of the desolated country, which has been made the theater of war, will stand out with a dramatic touch of horror from all the slaughter and the suffering that have caused the nations of the world to gasp.—St. James' Budget.

Penalties for Financial Crimes.

ONE of the commonest ways of giving fictitious value to stock, and of selling large quantities of worthless certificates, is by paying large dividends not out of the actual earnings of the company, but out of the money paid by stockholders for their stock. Stockholders and others, believing from these dividends that the company is actually prosperous and earning money, either increase their holdings or buy stock at high prices, only to find later that it is worthless. The penal code provides that the directors of a corporation who perpetrates this swindle are guilty simply of a misdemeanor. Equally serious is the action of directors in knowingly making and publishing false statements or reports as to the financial condition of the company of which they are trustees. Whittaker Wright (the great company promoter, who committed suicide after being sentenced to hard labor for issuing false balance sheets of the wrecked London and Globe finance corporation) was convicted in England under a statute substantially similar to this section of the penal code. He was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. Under this New York law the maximum penalty which he could have received would have been one year's imprisonment or a fine of $500.

In dealing with offenses by criminals of previous good social standing we rarely look beyond the offender himself to consider the welfare of the community. If, for example, a man steals, and, after his indictment for the crime, his friends or relatives repay the amount of the theft, in America that is the end of the matter, and the offense committed against criminal law devised as a protection for the public is entirely negligible. The greatest bank wrecker in American criminal history now lives undisturbed in New York. He never served a day in gaol for a defalcation of $6,000,000. The indictments against him were all dismissed a few years ago. He even seems to have returned to some sort of social position, and the society columns of the New York Times, commenting some time ago upon a reception at his New York home, alluded with becoming gravity to certain Canadian guests as friends whom their host and his family had made "during their long stay in Quebec."—Atlantic Monthly.

WAR'S APPALLING HORRORS

EVIDENCE OF THE HIDEOUS CARNAGE ON SOU-SHAN HILL.

One of the most desperately contested positions in the fighting before Liao-Yang was Sou-shan hill, and there many brave Japanese paid with their lives the penalty of their daring and courage. Writing of the horrors he there witnessed, Bennet Burleigh, the noted London correspondent, says: "On the south front rose a conical hill, the whole south front of which was a steep green slope. It was thickly strewn with Japanese dead. In one cluster lay over 300 bodies. The trench upon the summit was filled with dead soldiers and in a small space there were strewn the bodies of a thousand men."

Describing the manner in which the Japanese dispose of their dead, Mr. Burleigh writes: "The dead were placed side by side in wide shallow pits. Wood and grain stalks were put under the bodies and a layer of mould was placed over all. Then fire was set to the stalks and the heat, acting as a brick kiln, incinerated the remains. Such are the Japanese funeral pyres which, like camp fires, light up the sky by night and send thick clouds of smoke up by day." The illustration, which so faithfully embodies Mr. Burleigh's description, is taken from the Illustrated London News.

TACTICS OF "LITTLE JAPS."

Russian View of the Enemy's Art of War.

Yes, we were greatly mistaken when we called them "little Japs." We have never before had to deal with such skillful opponents. They have included in their tactics all modern methods, strictly adapting them to their own national peculiarities. For instance, knowing the weakness of their cavalry, they never allow it to go out unsupported. There is always infantry behind it, and our cavalry often runs against it, not expecting its presence.

The Japanese reconnoissance is effected thus: A compact force of riflemen marches, sustained by screens, and patrols move about five versts ahead. At a distance of three versts the scouts are preceded by a number of Chinese. These last come to the Russian lines, examine the camp and make signals to the Japanese concerning the whereabouts of the cavalry patrols. As the country is mountainous, they advance at the rate of seven versts a day, intrenching and fortifying every step they take. Their path is an uninterrupted row of fortifications. Knowing the excitable, impressionable temper of their soldiers, they never pursue the enemy before settling down in good order upon the position occupied, because during a pursuit troops often become disarranged. Judging by their operations one could imagine they are the most phlegmatic and methodical people in the world—so strong is their military education and their knowledge of the art of war. They very reasonably avoid the bayonet. Their leading ranks run away to the right and left, opening the front for the fire of the succeeding lines. Running round these to the rear, they again form their ranks, thus taking the place of reserves.

If the troops uncovered are unable to stop our attack by fire they repeat the maneuver. What self-control, what discipline are required in order to do this, and what a consciousness of strength! When they are on the march it is all but impossible for them to meet with any surprises. In addition to the men detached for guard they surround their columns by chains of scouts, who advance along the crests of the elevations. Movement under such conditions may be slow, but it is sure.—Russkoye Slovo.

BAD MANNERS IN SOCIETY.

According to an Authority, Things Were Better in Earlier Days.

A woman of social prominence, who has in her day been a leader, and who is so no longer because of her age, recently, in an intimate and informal conversation, made severe strictures on some of the manners of society at the present time. "In my day," she said, "it used to be understood that the arranging of one's toilet in the presence of others was an offense against good taste. Such a thing, too, as putting one's elbows on the table, while eating, was also considered vulgar. I know that many of these rules were insisted upon so strongly that there was something of a reaction, and it came to be considered a sign that you were sure of yourself and of your position if you occasionally broke them.

"But the reaction has gone much too far and has set an example which has been followed too closely by that large class of people who, in the matter of social behavior, form their conduct and manners by observing what other persons do. I dined in a public restaurant the other night, and the way the women I saw there lolled on the table, both while they were eating and while they were not, was a surprise. Another thing I saw there and I see it now in many other places, was a constant readjustment and rearranging of the toilet, especially the hair.

"The need of the incessant attention to the latter that one now sees everywhere, the pulling and pushing and shaking is explained, I know, by reference to the present method of wearing the hair en pompadour, but I do not admit that argument. If all that hair-dressing really needs to go on in public the style, pretty, as it is, should be changed. You sometimes see women at the theater now, who, after taking off their hats, practically 'do' their hair all over again. They could just as well attend to this in the place provided in the lobby before they take their seats, but that would not help, for they keep on working with the hair all the evening."

The Ideal Hamlet.

Esthetic criticism has no weight with a cockney mentioned in the London Outlook. He liked the late Wilson Barrett in Shakspeare, and he knows why he liked him.

"I don't want anybody to tell me wot's wot," he recently observed to a critic. "I've seen dozens of 'em in my work round the theater, but of all the hactors wot play Hamlet give me Barrett. 'E was always done ten minutes afore any of the others."

A cheap show always has cheap printing. We should think the manager of a cheap show would try to fool people by ordering good printing, but he never thinks of it.

RUSSIA AND THE CHOLERA.

Close Guard on Plague Part of Minister Plenipotentiary's Duties.

A peculiar duty during my last stay in St. Petersburg was to watch the approach of cholera, especially on the Persian frontier. Admirable precautions had been taken for securing telegraphic information, and every day I received notices from the Foreign Office as to the result, which I communicated to Washington. For ages Russia had relied on fetishisms of various kinds to preserve her from epidemics, but at last her leading officials had come to realize the necessity of applying modern science to the problem, and they did this well. In the city "sanitary columns" were established, made up of small squads of officials representing the medical and engineering professions and the police. These visited every nook and corner of the city, and, having extraordinary powers for the emergency, compelled even the most dirty of the population to keep their premises clean. Excellent hospitals and laboratories were established, and of these I learned much from a former Cornell student who held an important position in one of them. Coming to town three or four times a week from my summer cottage in Finland, I was struck by the precautions on the Finnish and other railways; notices of what was to be done to prevent cholera and to meet it in case it appeared were posted everywhere in six different languages; disinfectants were made accessible everywhere; the seats and hangings in the railway cars were covered with leather cloth frequently washed with disinfectants; and to the main trains a hospital car was attached, while a temporary hospital, well equipped, was established at each main station. In spite of this the number in the cholera hospitals at St. Petersburg in the middle of July rose to a very high figure, and the number of deaths each day from cholera was about one hundred.

Of these victims the most eminent was Tschaikovsky, the composer, a man of genius and a most charming character. On evening, at a dinner party, he poured out a goblet of water from a decanter on the table, drank it down, and the next day he was dead. But with this exception the patients were, so far as I learned, almost entirely from the peasant class. Although boiled water was supplied for drinking purposes, and some public-spirited individuals went so far as to set out samovars and the means of supplying hot tea to peasant workmen, the answer of one of the muzhiks when told that he ought to drink boiled water indicated the peasant view: "If God had wished us to drink hot water he would have heated the Neva."—Century.

ITALIANS IN UNITED STATES.

More than Half of the Newcomers Stay Here.

That the United States is the only country where more than half the Italian immigrants stay is the rather surprising fact brought out in the recent report of the Italian Commissioner of Emigration, says the New York World.

Ninety-five per cent of northern Italians—Piedmontese, Lombards, etc.—went to South America. Ninety-five per cent of Sicilians and Calabrians came to the United States. Their paths crossed in midocean. The northern emigrants were bigger, stronger, better educated. Now that they are going back from South America perhaps some of them will come here.

Even now there are more Italians in Brazil than in the United States, which is surprising. The Commissioner estimates that there were 1,032,392 Italians living abroad in 1881, 1,983,206 in 1891 and 2,439,014 in 1901.

Of the latter number 654,000 were scattered over Europe; 168,000 were in Africa (Tunis, 83,000; Algeria, 39,000; Egypt, 88,000); 745,000 were in North America (720,000 in the United States and 11,000 in Canada), and 1,852,000 were in South America (618,000 in Argentina and 1,100,000 in Brazil).

The United States must in the past three years have just about caught up with Brazil, however.

In his report the Italian Commissioner of Emigration states that emigration is a necessity for Italy, and if it were not for this safety-valve grave disorders would occur against the public peace, for the reason that existing territory and capital in Italy are not sufficient to give occupation to the mass of the people.

Emigration, then, assumes an economic usefulness in different ways, direct and indirect; above all, through the savings that emigrants send home or bring back with them for the relief of their families, for acquiring land and bettering it, and for building houses, all of which increase the well-being of the villages which send forth emigrants.

"Egg Boiler" in the Commons.

In the British House of Commons, as soon as the question to be decided is put from the chair, a clerk at the table sets in motion a huge sand glass, familiarly known to members as the "egg boiler," probably because it takes three minutes to run out. As the last sand runs through the glass the sergeant-at-arms instantly locks the massive oak doors of the chamber, and only those members who have succeeded in getting through the doorway can vote.

Eligible.

Mr. Sharpe—Isn't Mrs. Wurldlie interested in your church festival?

Mrs. Sharpe—She? No, indeed! She isn't the sort of woman we want in our church.

Mr. Sharpe—No? I understood she liked scandalous gossip just as much as any of the rest of you.—Philadelphia Press.

Wanted His Assistance.

Young Man—I have called, sir, to request your daughter's hand in marriage.

Stern Parent—Huh! Has my daughter consented to marry you?

Young Man—Of course not. If she had I wouldn't be wasting any time on you.

Native laborers in India receive 4 cents a day for sixteen hours' work.

No, Cordelia, the little dears are not seen at stag parties.