

A little taffy now and then is relieved by the wisest men.

No man can win success by doing something that has been done before.

If a trust would corner ping-pong balls the net would cover a multitude of bad breaks.

When a man disgraces himself his first thought is not one of regret for his own shame, but of what the world will think.

A citizen is dead as the result of drinking horse liniment. Decayed is supposed to have taken the store in the hope of relieving hoarseness.

Any irritation caused by the announcement of the information of a witch-hazel trial will only be aggravated by the application of witch-hazel.

An editor says that "kissing is a pretty bad thing, when you come to think about it." Don't think about it. She who hesitates is lost—she who hesitates is a chump.

The gratifying spread of the crusade against child labor shows once more that such terrible conditions need not be stated in order to arouse the American conscience.

The latest fad in trusts is a combination of manufacturers of candy with a capital of \$9,000,000. This is a case of sweetness long drawn out sure enough. But will it stick?

The Chinese Boxers continue to cause trouble. The only good Boxers seem to be the kind that the foreigners found lying around in the streets of Peking when the invasion was effected.

Active volcanoes is the latest addition to the delights of life in the Philippines. This, however, is only another indication that we can produce anything that any other people whatever, ancient or modern, have ever produced.

During his recent tour of the provinces the King of Spain admired the triumphal arch erected at Leon, and stopped the procession for ten minutes while he took photographs of it. Who wouldn't be a boy and a king if he could do as he pleased in this fashion?

Appendicitis is not a new disease. A history of the malady, prepared by a French specialist, records the testimony of a mummy to the antiquity of the affliction. The indication is that the death, thousands of years ago, was due to peritonitis that had its origin in a diseased appendix.

In 1890 the railways of the country carried eighty billion tons of freight one mile, and in 1900, according to the census report, they carried one hundred and forty billion tons. They charged a fraction more than nine-tenths of a cent for carrying each ton a mile in 1890, and only seven and a half cents in 1900. They will charge still less in 1910 and carry much more, for the ingenuity of inventors and financiers is continually employed in reducing the cost of railway transportation.

We are not in favor of coddling convicts. In some prisons that policy has been carried too far. Prisoners should not be made to feel that they are martyrs. On the other hand, whatever of manhood they may possess—and many of them have much of it—should be encouraged and strengthened. It is probable that a large proportion of habitual criminals are little to blame for being so. But society is compelled to protect itself against evildoers regardless of all those considerations. It should do that as thoroughly as possible, avoiding the extremes of sentimentalism and brutality.

What is despised is not necessarily despicable. The upper peninsula of Michigan was long tossed between that State and Wisconsin, wanted by neither and refused as a separate Territory by the United States. During the last quarter-century it has become, through its copper, iron and forests, a tract of enormous value. Alaska repeats the story. It was purchased from Russia for seven million dollars for political reasons, and was supposed to be worthless commercially, save for its seal fishery. Yet it now produces twenty million dollars a year in gold; its seal mon fisheries promise in a few years to be worth many millions; its primeval forests are practically priceless in lumber and wood pulp for the manufacture of paper. The feet of the United States, as its West India islands have been termed, may be of clay, but its Alaskan head is almost literally fine gold.

Prince Henry of Germany made a tour of this country and never forgot that he was a gentleman. The Grand Duke Boris of Russia came and neglected no opportunity to advertise himself as a rake. Three incidents will be remembered of the latter which, put together, give a composite picture of this degenerate scion of royalty. In Chicago he found congenial company among the ballet girls. At Newport he left a banquet because the buffet first served the hostess. Also at Newport, while dining at a private residence, the band struck up the Russian quickstep, whereat his Royal Highness threw aside his napkin, sprang to his feet, and executed a muscovite jig. In consequence of these and other exhibitions, Boris was politely ignored by Mrs. Roosevelt and snubbed by good society. He can go back to Russia where it is less majestic to print the brazen doings of the aristocracy and tell his boon companions that gentlemen in this country do not flaunt prodigality, that all American women are queens and are invariably first served at table, and that it is slightly irregular in good company to dance a jig, even though it be not on the top

of the table. He can report the fact that in America the newspapers expose indecency, that the pure white light of publicity beats upon high and low. Boris has learned some things about this country. But he has learned them too late. And there are others. And they live here. The press needs to turn the line light on some of the skeletons in the closets of "respectability" as well as upon the dark corners and cesspools of vice. The greatest safeguard of society is a truth telling press.

Of all the forms of human weakness self-pity is one of the most dangerous. Be careful not to be sorry for yourself. The cultivation of such a habit argues intense selfishness. It means that you have not duly compared your sorrows and troubles with those of others. It means that you are elevating your little disasters and trials unduly. Egoists! There are others. And in comparison with the woes of hundreds of thousands yours are inconsequential. The best cure for self-repining is a fair comparison with the troubles of humanity. The other day a poor cripple was being rolled about the room of a sanitarium in an invalid's chair. The bones of his legs had been eaten up, all but the spine, by rheumatism. Four times he had fallen and broken his legs, the last time one of them splintered into four pieces. Afterwards one of these legs had been twice amputated. His hands were twisted like bird's claws. He could not raise his fingers to his face. Yet this poor fellow was full of infinite pity. When some one expressed pity his eyes twinkled and he said: "Oh, I'm worth a dozen dead men." You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Your self commiseration over comparative trifles in the light of such suffering is almost criminal. And if you persist in your self pity you will grow chronic and it will take all your manhood or womanhood from you. You will lose all power of discrimination and the twinkling of every slight desire will breed despair. Hold up your chin. All must suffer and regret. Save your pity for others.

When we get puffed up with pride and prosperity and point to the Morgans and Rockefellers and the other kinds of finance and trade; when we change the cry of "millions" to "billions" and feel that we are really powerful, Mother Nature steps in and takes the conceit out of humanity. John Henry, of Carnegie, Pa., was struck by a train and mangled. He was rich. Just before the accident he was one of the big men of the town. After it he was a dying man, poorer than the laborer who helped carry his body to an ambulance. "I'll pay \$100,000 to anyone who can save my life," he said. And then he died, for when the time comes a million and a penny are the same. You can't bribe nature. John D. Rockefeller gave his heart to his baby grandson for a plaything. He didn't smile when his Standard Oil dividends reached \$20,000,000 in a single year. He laughed joyously when baby arms were clasped about his neck and he realized what a glorious thing the love of a child really is. The baby died. The old man was ready to fling millions into the hands of science; offer a king's ransom to destroy just to keep the light burning in a pair of blue eyes. The baby died. Charles Rouse, of New York, offered \$1,000,000 for the return of sight to his blind eyes. He died in the darkness, rich in the things he cared little for and destitute in the one thing he wanted. As Dooley has said in his article on "Progress," we put up skyscraping buildings, but we do not build skyscraping men. The power of wealth and man's achievements are only a gleam when viewed apart from the power that rules the world. The possession of money is only a temporary and limited privilege.

STORING COAL UNDER WATER.

The leading dock authorities of South Wales are urging the government to make experiments in storing steam coal under water as the best means of preserving its calorific power. Rear Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, in arguing that the efficiency and power of immediate action of a British fleet depend upon an adequate coal supply at a naval base, declares that his experience has been that a vessel will have to consume more than twice the normal amount of coal per indicated horse power if the coal has been kept too long in store.

The dock managers, in writing their experience, say that when the docks are periodically dredged lumps of coal found which had fallen during the process of loading were covered with mud and coal dust, and had been from three to six months under water. This, when dried, burned well. A further test was made of immersing a quantity of coal for two months. Afterward its calorific power was compared with a quantity from the same block of typical Monmouthshire steam coal. The loss in the immersed coal was less than 1 per cent.

Dock authorities advise the construction of concrete tanks capable of holding 5,000 tons or more, which could be run off into sea water. When wanted for use exposure to the suboptimal heat of Malta or Gibraltar would soon dry it.—London correspondence to New York Sun.

IRA IN THE CITY.

I wonder what they're doing these delightful days out there. Where the good old Irish feeling comes a-stealing through the air; I can almost taste the elder that is poured in from the mill. Seems as though I hear the rustle in the corn shocks on the hill. I can seem to see the punkins gleaming yellow on the hill. And the blossoms of the brook-wheat with the bees a-buzzin' round.

I wonder if the apples of the old tree by the gate Have been gathered yet? They always used to ripen rather late; And, see what, how good they tasted, and what whiffs of juice they had. And the smell that there was to 'em—that alone 'ud make you glad. Oh, I'd like to be out yonder, where the colts kick up and play, And the folks keep on believin' that the Lord ain't far away.

I wonder if the thorn tree is still standing in the lane. Where the old gray used to rub it, tear in hair out of 'er mane? And I wonder if the corn crib still is tippling to the West. As it done when I was out there thinkin' city life the best? And the creek beyond the meadow—s'pose it's there and goin' still Down between the rows of willows, past the old red woolen mill.

I wonder if they ever, as they're workin' Get to thinkin' of where I am—wonder if they ever care? Oh, I s'pose the old spring bubbles just as cool and just as clear As it use to be I ever dreamt of comin' in way up here. And the cow's milk from the kitchen, s'pose it's the same to-day, And were down as smooth and bare as though I'd never come away.

I wonder if they ever notice my initials where, Long ago, I cut 'em into all the stable I'd been away. And I wonder when they see 'em if they ever think of me. And would like to see me back there where the wind's a-blowin' free, Where the hick'ry nuts come tumblin' with a rattlin' from the limb, And the Lord's still near the people and they still believe in Him?

I s'pose the sun's crimson and the maple's turnin' red. Just as though I'd never left there with my big notions in my head. And the cow's milk'll be go wadin' to the middle of the stream, And stand there, kind of solemn, and look far away and dream. Not a thing has stopped out yonder just because I left one day. And if I'd go back the city'd never know I'd been away.

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record Herald.

AN UNHAPPY QUEEN.

Marie Henriette of Belgium Had Few Joys in Her Life.

Queen Marie Henriette, of Belgium, who died recently, led a most unhappy life for many years. She was the daughter of Archduke Joseph of Austria and was married at the age of 17 to Prince Leopold, the heir to the Belgian throne. One of the most acute of her domestic afflictions was the death of her son, the Duke of Brabant. Then succeeded the unhappy marriages of her daughters, Louise and Stephanie. The former became the wife of Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and the union turned out unhappily. Stephanie married Rudolph, the son of the



Emperor of Austria, who committed suicide in 1889. Recently she married Count Longwy, and for this her father, King Leopold, never forgave her. The King himself had a dissipated life, thereby adding to the sufferings of the Queen. As if this was not enough, the Queen had been an invalid for thirty years.

Notwithstanding her afflictions the Queen took a deep interest in religion, philanthropy and art. She was a devoted Catholic and bore her misfortunes with Christian fortitude.

On account of her great piety the Pope sent her the golden rose of virtue, a consecrated gift and the highest token of papal esteem to the children of the church.

Why Women Are Single.

What are the best reasons that keep a woman from marrying? A newspaper offered a prize for the best answer to the above question, and as might be expected a cynical bachelor won the prize, although it seems a bit strange that a cynical bachelor should be able to win anything. These are the seasons submitted: Her inability to make up her mind. The horror of being "given away." The unhappy results of most marriages. The fascination of continuous flirtation. The uncertainty quality of a husband's temper.

The glory of having never accepted a proposal. The scarcity of desirable, or even tolerable, men. Her satisfaction in saying "no" when she means "yes." The saving in human life through the absence of bad cookery. The objectionable clause in the marriage service relating to obedience. Her natural selfishness places the happiness of the man she loves before her own, and she remains single.

Three of a Kind.

Fat Party—What! Forty-five cents for a shave? Barber—Yes, sir; 15 cents a chin.—Yale Record.

The light comedian nearly always weighs more than the heavy tragedian.

A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART II—Chapter V—Continued.

In his eagerness he had wandered far past the ravine which were known to him, and it was no easy matter to pick out the path which he had taken.

The valley in which he found himself divided and subdivided into many gorges, which were so like one another that it was impossible to distinguish one from the other.

He followed one for a mile or more until he came to a mountain torrent which he was sure that he had never seen before.

Night was coming on rapidly, and it was almost dark before he at last found himself in a defile which was familiar to him.

Even then it was no easy matter to keep to the right track, for the moon had not yet risen, and the high cliffs on either side made the obscurity more profound.

Weighted down with his burden, and weary from his exertions, he stumbled along, keeping up his heart by the reflection that every step brought him nearer to Lucy, and that he carried with him enough to insure them food for the remainder of their journey.

He had now come to the mouth of the very defile in which he had left them. Even in the darkness he could recognize the outlines of the cliffs which bounded it.

They must, he reflected, be awaiting him anxiously, for he had been absent nearly five hours.

In the gladness of his heart he put his hands to his mouth and made the glen re-echo to a loud halloo as a signal that he was coming.

He paused and listened for an answer, none came, and he saw that his clatter on the dreary, silent ravines, and was borne back to his ears in countless repetitions.

Again he shouted, even louder than before, and again no whisper came back from the friends whom he had left such a short time ago.

A vague, nameless dread came over him, and he hurried onward frantically, dropping the precious food in his agitation.

When he turned the corner, he came full in sight of the spot where the fire had been kindled. There, still a glowing pile of wood ashes there, but it had evidently not been tended since his departure.

The same dead silence still reigned all round. With his fears all changed to convictions, he hurried on, and in a few minutes he was near the remains of the fire; animals, man, maiden, all were gone.

Bewildered and stunned by this blow, Jefferson Hope felt his head spin round and had to lean upon his rifle to save himself from falling.

He was essentially a man of action, however, and speedily recovered from his temporary impotence.

Seizing a half consumed piece of wood from the smoldering fire, he blew it into a flame, and proceeded with its help to examine the little camp.

The ground was all stamped down by the feet of horses, showing that a large party of mounted men had overtaken the fugitives and the direction of their tracks proved that they had afterward turned back to Salt Lake City.

Had they carried both of his companions with them? Jefferson Hope had almost persuaded himself that they must have done so, when his eye fell upon an object which made every nerve in his body tingle within him.

A little way on one side of the camp was a low-lying heap of reddish soil, which had assuredly not been there before.

There was no mistaking it for anything but a newly dug grave. As the young hunter approached it, he perceived that a stick had been planted on it, with a sheet of paper stuck in the cleft fork of it.

The inscription upon the paper was brief, but to the point. JOHN FERRIER. FORMERLY OF SALT LAKE CITY. Died August 4, 1890.

The sturdy old man, whom he had left so short a time before, was gone, then, and this was all his epitaph.

Jefferson Hope looked wildly round to see if there was a second grave, but there was no sign of one.

Lucy had been carried back by their terrible pursuers to fulfill her original destiny by becoming one of the harem of the elder's son.

As he stood by the desolate fire he felt that the only one thing which could assuage his grief would be thorough and complete retribution brought by his own hand upon his enemies.

His strong will and untiring energy should, he determined, be devoted to that one end. With a grim white face he retraced his steps to where he had dropped the food, and having stirred up the smoldering fire, he cooked enough to last him for a few days.

For five days he toiled, footsore and weary, through the defiles which he had already traversed on horseback. At night he flung himself down among the rocks and snatched a few hours of sleep; but before daybreak he was on his way.

On the sixth day he reached the Eagle Ravine, from which they had commenced their ill-fated flight. Thence he could look down upon the home of the Saints.

Worn and exhausted, he leaned upon his rifle and shook his gaunt head fiercely at the silent, widespread city beneath him.

As he looked at it he observed that there were flags in some of the principal streets and other signs of festivity.

He was still speculating as to what this might mean, when he heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs, and saw a mounted man riding toward him.

As he approached, he recognized him as a Mormon named Cowper, to whom he had rendered services at different times. He therefore accented him when he got up to him, with the object of finding out what Lucy Ferrier's fate had been.

"I am Jefferson Hope," he said. "You remember me?"

The Mormon looked at him with undisguised astonishment—indeed, it was difficult to recognize in this tattered, unkempt wanderer, with ghastly white face and fierce, wild eyes, the spruce young hunter of former days.

Having, however, at last satisfied himself as to his identity, the man's surprise changed to consternation.

"You are mad to come here," he cried. "It is as much as my own life is worth to be seen talking with you. There is a warrant against you from the Holy Four for assisting the Ferriers away."

"I don't fear them or their warrant," Hope said, earnestly. "You must know something of this matter, Cowper. I conjure you by everything you hold dear to answer a few questions. We have always been friends. For God's sake, don't refuse to answer me."

"What is it?" the Mormon asked, uneasily. "Be quick. The very rocks have ears and the trees eyes."

"What has become of Lucy Ferrier?"

"She was married yesterday to young Drebber. Hold up, man, hold up, you have no life left in you."

"Don't mind me," said Hope, faintly. He was ght to the very lips, and had sunk down on the stone against which he had been leaning.

"Married, you say?"

"Married, yesterday—that's what those flags are for on the Endowment House. There was some words between young Drebber and young Stangerson as to which was to have her. They'd been in the party that followed them, and Stangerson had shot her father, which seemed to give him the best claim; but when they argued it out in council, Drebber's party was the stronger, so the prophet gave her over to him. No one would have her very long, though, for I saw death in her face yesterday. She is more like a ghost than a woman. Are you off, then?"

"Yes, I'm off," said Jefferson Hope, who had risen from his seat.

His face might have been chiseled out of marble, so hard and so set was it, while his eyes glowed with a baleful light.

"Where are you going?"

"Never mind," he answered; and, slinging his weapon over his shoulder, he strode off down the gorge and so away into the heart of the mountains to the haunts of the wild beasts.

The prediction of the Mormon was only too well fulfilled. Whether it was the terrible death of her father or the effects of the hateful marriage into which she had been forced, poor Lucy never held up her head again, but pined away and died within a month.

Her scottish husband, who had married her principally for the sake of John Ferrier's property, did not affect any great grief at his bereavement; but his other wives mourned over her, and sat up with her the night before the burial, as is the Mormon custom.

They were grouped round the bier in the early hours of the morning, to their grief and to the astonishment of the door was flung open, and a savage looking, drunken man in tattered garments strode into the room.

Without a glance or a word to the cowering women, he walked up to the white, silent figure which had once contained the pure soul of Lucy Ferrier.

Stooping over her, he pressed his lips reverently to her cold forehead, and then, snatching up her hand, he took the wedding ring from her finger.

"She shall not be buried in that," he cried, with a fierce snarl, and before an alarm could be raised sprang down the stairs and was gone.

So strange and so brief was the episode that the watchers might have found it hard to believe it themselves, or persuaded other people of it, had it not been for the undeniable fact that the casket of gold which marked her as having been a bride had disappeared.

For some months Jefferson Hope lingered on the mountains, looking a strange, wild life, and nursing in his heart the fierce desire for vengeance which possessed him.

Tales were told in the city of the weird figure which was seen prowling about the suburbs, and which haunted the lonely mountain gorges. Once a bullet whistled through Stangerson's window and flattened itself upon the wall within a foot of him.

On another occasion, as Drebber passed under a cliff, a great boulder crashed down on him, and he only escaped a terrible death by throwing himself upon his face.

The two young Mormons were not long in discovering the reason of these attempts upon their lives, and they repeated expeditions into the mountains in the hope of capturing or killing their enemy, but always without success.

Then they adopted the precaution of never going out alone or after night-fall, and of having their houses guarded.

After a time they were able to relax these measures, for nothing was feared or seen of their opponent, and they hoped that time had cooled his vindictiveness.

Far from doing so, it had, if anything, augmented it. The hunter's mind was of a hard, unyielding nature, and the predominant idea of revenge had taken such complete possession of it that there was no room for any other emotion.

He was, however, above all things practical. He soon realized that even his own iron constitution could not stand the incessant strain which he was putting upon it. Exposure and want of wholesome food were wearing him out.

If he died like a dog among the mountains, what was to become of his revenge then? And yet such a death was sure to overtake him if he persisted.

He felt that that was to play his enemy a game, so he reluctantly returned to the old Nevada mines, there to recruit his health and to amass money enough to allow him to pursue his object without privation.

His intention had been to be absent a year at the most, but a combination of unforeseen circumstances prevented his leaving the mines for nearly five years.

At the end of that time, however, his memory of his wrongs and his cravings for revenge were quite as keen as on that memorable night when he had stood by John Ferrier's grave.

Disguised, and under an assumed name, he returned to Salt Lake City, careless what became of his own life, as long as he obtained what he knew to be justice.

There he found evil tidings awaiting him. There had been a schism among the "Chosen People" a few months before, and some of the

younger members of the church having rebelled against the authority of the elders, and the regulars had been the secession of a certain number of the malcontents, who had left Utah and become Gentiles.

Among these had been Drebber and Stangerson, and no one knew whither they had gone.

Rumor reported that Drebber had managed to convert a large part of his property into money, and that he had departed a wealthy man, while his companion, Stangerson, was comparatively poor. There was no clue at all, however, as to their whereabouts.

Many a man, however vindictive would have abandoned all thought of revenge in the face of such a difficulty, but Jefferson Hope never faltered for a moment.

With the small competence he possessed, eked out by such employment as he could pick up, he traveled from town to town through the United States in quest of his enemies.

Year passed into year, his black hair turned grizzled, but still he wandered on a human bloodhound, with his mind wholly set upon the one object upon which he had devoted his life.

At last his perseverance was rewarded. It was but a glance of a face in a window, but that glance told him that Cleveland, in Ohio, possessed the men in whom he was in pursuit of.

He returned to the miserable lodgings with his plan of revenge all arranged. It chanced, however, that Drebber, looking from his window, had recognized the vagrant in the street, and had read murder in his eyes.

He hurried before a Justice of the Peace accompanied by Stangerson, who had become his private secretary, and represented to him that they were in danger of their lives from the jealousy and hatred of an old rival.

That evening Jefferson Hope was taken into custody and, not being able to find sureties, was detained for some weeks.

When at last he was liberated, it was only to find that Drebber's house was deserted and that he and his secretary had departed for Europe.

Again the avenger had been foiled, and again his concentrated hatred urged him to continue the pursuit.

Funds were wanting, however, and for some time he had to return to work saving every dollar for his approaching journey.

At last, having collected enough to keep life in him, he departed for Europe, and tracked his enemies from city to city, working his way in any mental capacity, but never overtaking the fugitives.

When he reached St. Petersburg they had departed for Paris; and when he followed them there he learned that they had just set off for Copenhagen.

At the Danish capital he was again a few days too late, for they had journeyed on to London, where he at last succeeded in running them to earth.

As to what occurred there, we can not do better than quote the old hunter's own account, as duly recorded in Dr. Watson's Journal, to which we are already under such obligations.

(To be continued.)

Mrs. Campbell was angry. Ex-Congressman Tim Campbell says Mrs. Campbell spoke to him the other day about the advertisement of a buttonless shirt.

"What kind of shirt is that?" she inquired.

"Just like mine," answered the ex-congressman, who, in telling the story, said Mrs. Campbell didn't speak to him for a week.—New York Times.

Why He Rejoiced.

"I understand you are soon to receive a legacy of \$10,000," remarked the victim in the chair.

"Yes," replied the barber, "and I'm glad, if it's only for one thing."

"What's that?" queried the victim.

"When I get it I can retire from business and eat onions for breakfast whenever I feel like it," rejoined the knight of the razor.—Chicago News.

Up Against It.

Tired Tatters—Here's a piece in his paper wot's an insult to de profesh.

Wearly Walker—Wot's it say?

Tired Tatters—It says dat a feller ortn't ter eat nuthin' when he's tired.

Wearly Walker—Well, wot's de matter wid dat?

Tired Tatters—Wot's de matter wid it? Say, do yose want er feller ter strave to death?—Chicago News.

How Necessary.

"How did that light opera of yours turn out?" asked the young composer