## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

In spite of higher criticism there are men who believe there is a great profit in whales.

The annexation of Cuba proceeds apace. A nice American girl has annexed President Palma's son.

If John P. Morgan finds those "undigested securities" troublesome he might absorb a pepsin plant or two.

It is now said that a liberal use of roast bef is good for consumption. Cattlemen have long known that it is good for production.

Herr Most is out of prison again. This would be an excellent time for him to reform and go to work for a living.

Materialistic people claim that it is just as easy for a poor man to love a wealthy girl—but they neglect to tell him how to make her love him.

The wreck of the Maine will be raised by Cuba. Eternity is hardly long enough to justify an attempt to resurrect the Spanish navy.

Two barons and a count figured in the New York courts the other day on account of unpaid debts. The poor fellows were all married before they reached this country.

To the great statesman that fails to secure the honor of having a 5-cent cigar named for him there is always open the distinction of being cured of his physical ailments by some nerve medicine.

Indications are growing that China is to become the world's storm center. The old struggle between a dying-out, stubborn past and a strenuous, untruthful present is on in the celestial empire, and can have but one ending.

Naturalists tell us it is only the female rabbit that believes in large families. The male parent tries to kill the young rabbits. In some parts of the world the regret is deep and sincere that he has such poor success.

H. H. Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate, who is worth $40,000,000 or $50,000,000, has been suffering fearful agonies because his digestive apparatus refused to go. The Standard Oil fortune seems to be its own punishment.

The efforts of certain European bankers to lend Venezuela the money to pay the claims of the powers are a little peculiar in view of the bad reputation as a debtor which the powers have given Venezuela. Are they trying to secure ground for another demonstration some time in the future?

What is the difference between having four wives and being an outright polygamist and having had four divorces and taken a new wife each time? The one practice is called polygamy and the other "marriage infelicity," or what you will. How much difference is there in principle?

A Missouri preacher has declared that hereafter he will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth in delivering funeral sermons. It is suspected that this clergyman does not care very much about officiating at funeral services anyway. At least his calls after this declaration are likely to be few and not close together.

Many guilty persons escape justice by the sharp practice of criminal lawyers. Indeed, with a skillful attorney and plenty of money on the side of the defense the life penalty for any crime is the exception. Under complex laws and involved practice the benefit of the doubt may be easily stretched to shield the guilty, and this occurs so often that there is reason to despair of exact and full justice by the process of the courts.

In Kansas City recently the brewers agreed among themselves that they would not sell beer to a certain saloonkeeper until he had paid a bill he owed to one of them. The matter was taken into court and the court held that the combination was in restraint of trade and therefore unlawful. In Milwaukee the beef dealers made a black list on which was the name of a retailer to whom they refused to sell meat until he paid certain bills. This matter also went into court, but the court held that the black list was a privileged communication and was therefore perfectly legal.

It is said by experts that the finest antique, colonial furniture in this country comes from the South. Much of it has been discovered in the cabins of aged negroes who were formerly slaves. When these rare, carved old pieces of mahogany were discovered by their masters they were often given to the negroes, not understanding the valuation of them that would come later. A richly carved mahogany sideboard was found recently in a chicken roost in one of the Southern States. The chickens roosted on it every night and it was worn and battered. This was bought by a dealer for a small sum, and after it was restored sold to a customer for $250.

The gun crews on our warships are doing some extraordinary accurate shooting of late. On the Illinois, firing at a stationary target while the vessel was moving, a score of twelve hits out of thirteen shots was made with her thirteen-inch guns at a distance of five miles. The gunners of the Iowa, steaming at twelve knots past a stationary target, made thirty hits out of thirty shots with six-pounder rapid fire guns. This feat was accomplished by three gun crews, each having ten shots. It beats all records. At San Francisco the submarine torpedo boat Grampus discharged a torpedo at a range of 350 yards and struck a stationary target squarely in the center. Anything like this accuracy of fire during a naval engagement—when as a rule one shot in twenty makes a hit—would make the American battleships the terror of the seas.

Young Mr. Hopkins, aged 32, with $275,000 in his inside pocket in the shape of letters of credit, left the other day for a journey of 25,000 miles. Mr. Hopkins represents a Western jobbing house. Although he takes his wife along with him, he is not traveling entirely for pleasure. He is going over to China and Japan to buy tea. This man has learned about all there is to be known concerning tea. The head of his jobbing house knows more about the finances of the firm, the credit man more about the retail trade and the head bookkeeper more about the books, but Mr. Hopkins knows more about tea than all of them put together. The firm wanted to buy heavily of tea. The best way to buy it was to send an expert to the places where it is grown. Hopkins was the expert. There is a lesson in this incident for young men, because it is typical of the modern business trend. Business, like the professions, is coming more and more to be specialized. The man who knows how to do one thing better than anyone else in his firm is the man who is selected to do that thing. And the pay is adequate because there is little or no competition. However—this fact must not be lost sight of: No man can be a successful specialist who is not well informed on other things. Hopkins must know tea better than the others. But he must also know other things connected with the jobbing business. To know a part one must know the whole in relation to its parts, and the part in relation to the whole. Therefore the necessity for an all-round education to begin with. But in the end it is Hopkins, the specialist, who goes abroad intrusted with $275,000. The specialist wins success in the old way by deserving it.

Since the Spanish-American war much thought has been given by those directly interested to the training of our citizens in the militia. This awakening of interest on the part of the public as well as of the military authorities has probably been greater on account of the war in South Africa, which demonstrated clearly that citizen troops, with the right sort of training, and on the defensive, could hold their own against a vastly superior attacking force for a long time. It proved also that the war of the future is likely to bear a much stronger resemblance to guerrilla or frontier conflict than to the great wars of the past. True, nobody can tell what the erratic course of history may be, but this much seems certain, that if the United States should at any future time become involved in war, the training of the militia will be an important factor in the outcome. The cowboys, ranchmen and scouts of the West could without much trouble be mobilized into an effective fighting force, though their discipline from a miltary point of view might be defective. But the conditions which produced this race of fighting men are already of the past, and in another generation there will be only heredity to count on in making up Western troops. These will no longer consist of veterans in frontier warfare, men who are accustomed to find their lives depending on their skill with the rifle. The Westerners of the future will be only the sons and grandsons of such men. It follows, therefore, that to be effective the militia of the future must be taught to shoot. They must, so far as possible, be sharpshooters, active, practical, resourceful. Drill and discipline come second. The spirit of discipline is essential, but not its form. If the men are the right sort, and are trained to shoot, our citizen soldiery ought to stand against a drilled and disciplined army.

### It Ran in the Family.

"That boy will be the death of me some day," declared the head of the family. "I'm sure I don't know where he gets all his impudence and self-assurance; surely not from me.

"He returned home from college the other day to spend the holidays, as I supposed, and, entering my office he threw his hat on the floor, selected an easy chair, put his feet on my desk, lit a cigarette, inhaled a few puffs, and then, turning languidly to me, he drawled:

"'I say, dad, do you remember the time when you were sent home from college?'

"I did. There was no use denying it, for one day, in a burst of confidence, I had told him some of my escapades as a boy, and lived to regret that I had been so indiscreet.

"'Well,' said he, 'history has repeated itself.'

"'What do you mean, you young scalawag?' I roared.

"'O,' said he, easily, 'I've been sent home, too. Astonishing, isn't it, dad, how such things will run in a family?'"—Stray Stories.

### Merely a Suggestion.

Miss Gusch—"I'm sure something has happened to Clarence—my fiance, you know. He started for Boston two days ago and I haven't heard from him since."

Miss Brutle—"Why not advertise?"

Miss Gusch—"Advertise?"

Mr. Brutle — "Yes; say, 'Lost — A fiance; wore high collar; answers to name of Clarence,' or something like that."—Philadelphia Press.

### The Inspired Idiot.

"Every cloud may have a silver lining," said the Inspired Idiot, "but when a man is caught in a heavy shower he can't help thinking they are lined with the poorest quality of zinc or tin."—Baltimore Herald.

### Exploring Thebes

Mr. Davis, the American who has expended considerable sums in exploring works near Thebes, Egypt, has found a splendid chariot in the tomb of King Thothmes.

"Here is a nickel for you," a man said to a boy to-day, "and you needn't say thank you." A boy is as tired of hearing "say thank you" as a parrot is of hearing "Polly wants a cracker."

Whenever we see a man on a step-ladder, we begin to calculate which way he will go when he falls.

# EDITORIALS

## OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

### Every One Should Improve His Mind.

EDUCATION should end only with death. The man or woman who thinks that one is completely educated in schools and colleges is mistaken, for the most that scholastic training can do is start one well, show one the right road of learning and wisdom, and despatch the student forward with a godspeed.

The human mind is susceptible of almost limitless development and expansion, and there is no age at which the improvement of it must stop. And it ought to be every man's ambition to make his mind as nearly full and perfect as it can be made; to approach, step by step, that unattainable ideal of intellectual power and completeness, the almighty, all-knowing Godhead, which all cultivated men, all intellectual nations have worshipped under divers names, "Jehovah, Jove or Lord," as the self-existing source of thought and being. . . .

Perhaps the majority of high school and of college graduates cease studying when they quit the academic halls. They have their sheepskins framed and hung upon a wall, and whenever they feel the need of an intellectual stimulus they glance at the pompous Latin inscription, which they translate but awkwardly, and thereby remind themselves that they have complete educations. But a college education is a machine which will rust and rot unless it is polished and kept in use. . . .

Do not attempt too much. This is a busy age, and the man who has his living to earn must give the cream of his energy and most of his time to the work by which he gets bread and butter. But nearly every man has some leisure for reading.

Every man and woman ought to read, especially, the English masters of prose and poetry; the ancients as well as the moderns. And it is an excellent thing to have at least a reading knowledge of some modern language, preferably French or German, for those tongues have the greatest literatures. It is said that one is as many times a man as the number of languages he knows. Certain it is that the possession of another than one's mother tongue broadens the intellect and gives the mind new standards of comparison and a cosmopolitan point of view.—San Francisco Bulletin.

### Extirpate Hydrophobia.

LAST year fourteen persons in Chicago died of hydrophobia. The horror of these deaths need not be dilated upon. Hydrophobia is no tender mode of death. No Chinaman impaled on a stake, no African tied to an ant hill, no American Indian staring at the sun with eyes from which the lids had been removed ever suffered greater torments than in our own day and in our own city fall to the lot of the victims of a disease which is communicable and preventable. Being communicable and preventable, its continuance is a reflection on our humanity and on our intelligence. In England, Scotland and Wales hydrophobia is almost unknown. Humanity and intelligence have done their work there. It is time for them to do their work here.

Let all citizens, whether on the police force or not, remember that they are proving false to their social and civic duties if they allow the lives of their neighbors to be endangered by unmuzzled or unchained dogs. Diligent work for a few weeks will put all such dogs in the pound. It would be a tardy but welcome relief if Chicagoans could feel during this summer for the first time in the history of the city that when they walked their streets they did not have to reckon hydrophobia among the possibilities of their excursion.

One more point, however, is to be noted. Rabies is not simply a summer canine complaint. It happens in winter as well as in summer. The notion that mad dogs are to be feared only during the summer is exploded. If the dog catchers will catch and destroy every dog that is without a tag, and if they will, in this way, rid the town of its present horde of disease breeding and disease conveying curs, a great deal will have been done to reduce the hydrophobia death rate. Get rid of all unlicensed, untagged canine vagabonds; muzzle all respectable canine pets from the 1st of April to the 1st of November; the deaths we die will be pleasanter.—Chicago Tribune

### Reform in Russia.

CZAR NICHOLAS II. takes matters into his own hands with something of the autocratic spirit of his great-grandsire and namesake. There shall, he says, be reforms. There shall be freedom of creed and worship—not only, we assume, for Catholic and Protestant, as well as for Orthodox, but also for Jew, as well as for Christian. There shall be no more slavery under the name of "forced labor." There shall be reform in church and state, and especially in the village communes, which are the foundation of the empire. These things the ministers and other officers are peremptorily commanded to execute. It is a great decree. If it is sincere, as we are bound to assume, and if it is inflexibly enforced, as we are bound to hope and to expect, it will effect the first stage in that beneficent evolution of Russia, which seems to be the only alternative to revolution.

For a change must come. It would be simply impossible for Russia to go on for ever, or much longer, in her old repressive, reactionary, barbaric style.

"The people will come to their own at last,—

God is not mocked for ever."

It was an amazing anachronism that Russia got through the nineteenth century and into the twentieth with a political, social and industrial system belonging to the Middle Ages. That system cannot much longer endure. Reform must come, or revolution; and the Czar seems wisely and bravely to have chosen that it shall be reform. In his efforts for the welfare of his people he will have the hearty sympathy of the world, and if he is successful in them he will have a place in history not second to any in all the line of Rurik.—New York Tribune.

### Spread of the Bible.

WHATEVER view we may take of higher criticism, the spread of the Bible will go on. It will be read as a story even by those who do not regard it as a sacred book. The tales of the Patriarchs and of the great men of Israel will not easily fade out of the human early world. They will not easily fade out of the human mind. They bring to us the poetry of the early world. They have the primitive glow. It was not merely as a missionary that George Borrow carried the Bible throughout the length and breadth of Spain. It is not solely as a religious book that 180,000,000 Bibles have been accepted from the British Bible Society, and that a steady flow of 16,000 a day pours forth from their depots. It is partly as the most human of all the documents handed down by the human race. There is very little pure dogma in the Bible. Most of the dogmas of the Churches were evolved in the succeeding centuries, struck out like sparks by the application of the precise Greek mind to an Oriental theme. We listen to the story of human life in all its variety and pathos, and from it there grow, like flowers from some rich soil, the great utterances on life and conduct which still acts as pillars of fire to lead us on. From the rooms of the Bible Society this flood of books goes forth like water to irrigate the world. It spreads out gradually, carried by missionaries and colporteurs, translated into every tongue, carried across deserts and seas—and with it the light spreads too. A Bible is left on some island, and there for the first time the islanders have a literature. It is placed in a prison, and there the weary captive, reading it in some listless hour, finds light and hope. We talk about the "trade following the flag." The trade we speak of is not always of the best. But here is a trade which will not shame any flag—a trade in something more precious than rubies and brighter than diamonds.—London Daily News.

## WANTED HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

### Would Not Hire Cab Unless He Could Do the Driving.

It was evident that he was not a city man, for he looked at the cab long and doubtfully before deciding to hire it.

"Funny lookin' thing," he muttered, "with the driver's seat out over the tail of it; but I got to play all the games there is, so here goes."

He moved up to the waiting cabby.

"I want to hire the go-cart fer a while," he announced.

"All right, sir," said the cabby. "Where do you want to go?"

"Say!" was the indignant response, "seems to me you're gittin' pretty gay. What is it to you where I want to go, s'long as I pay the price? Think I'm goin' to run away with the two-wheeled box?"

"No, sir, certainly not," returned the cabby. "Pleasure ride, I suppose; want to see the sights. Get right in, and—"

"Git in!" exclaimed the stranger. "Well, I guess not. Think I want to ride in that caboose? No, sir. I'll git on top."

"But that's my place," protested the cabby. "How can I drive—"

"Drive! Who's askin' you to drive? D'you think I'm hirin' this hearse so's I kin play the part of the late lamented? Not any. I'm a live man, I am. I'm payin' fer a live man's fun. Git in yourself."

"But I can't do that, sir."

"Why not? You're smaller'n I am."

"I mean I must drive."

"Then what's the fun fer me? I was lookin' fer a little joy dodgin' things, an' I sure ain't goin' to pay you fer indulgin' in the sport. If you got to drive, why, take your ol' upright piano box an' drive to thunder. I ain't never played I was merchandise yet, an' I ain't goin' to begin now,"—Brooklyn Eagle.

## MILLIONS WHO DINE OUT.

### New York Restaurants Do Not Supply the Demand.

Within the past six months the restaurant business of New York, particularly above 23d street, has undergone a remarkable expansion. Not only has the business of the more fashionable dining resorts grown to an extraordinary extent, but the prevailing prosperity has been equally shared in by the less pretentious restaurants. The proprietor of one of the medium-priced restaurants on Broadway, who was asked about the increased patronage of his place last night, explained it thus:

"In the first place Broadways is growing as a popular dining resort; secondly, more people are in this locality than ever before, and with the Pennsylvania tunnel looming up ahead I have not hesitated to renew my lease for a much longer period than would otherwise have been the case. As soon as the noonday rush is over we begin to make preparations for the crowds that flock here for the night dinner. Hardly a person you see in this room to-night is in this part of the town at midday; they are all down town, while the patrons lunching here between 11 and 2 o'clock have by this time reached their suburban homes.

"The business in my place has grown perceptibly from week to week, and other proprietors' experience has, I am told, been similar. In order to accommodate a few more people I have sacrificed some of my office space."

At the Victoria Hotel dining rooms the story is much the same, it being impossible to seat all those desiring tables between 6 and 7 o'clock.

The congestion at the Waldorf-Astoria has been notorious for a long time, while tables are at a premium at the Holland House and elsewhere.

A prominent hotel man who was asked whether the new hotels under construction are likely to afford a measure of relief when completed gave it as his opinion that the prospective restaurants would scarcely make themselves felt in any diminution of the existing trade. "There is enough for all, including all the new-comers," he said. "You can't seem to build too many good hotels in this town."—New York Commercial.

### Duty on Imported Cigars.

"No, this war between the dealers of imported cigars does not bother me at all," said the cigar store man, "for I do not think that I will ever sell any. I do not want to keep them. We get tobacco in bulk that is just as good as any that comes here made up, and we can make better cigars from it than they do in Cuba. You may not know it, but the customs law compels the payment of duty according to weight, and, naturally, the manufacturers who send their goods here must make their cigars as light as possible. The result is that the cigars are not firm, and when you draw the smoke through the weed a draft is caused that sets the tobacco burning. Any smoker who loves good tobacco knows that this destroys the delicate flavor, and the smoke thus obtained is hot, harsh, and dries the tongue. I do not believe that I will ever sell any imported cigars until they take the duty off."—New York Times.

## QUEER COMMUNICATIONS THAT COME THROUGH THE MAIL TO THE WHITE HOUSE

THE President gets a large number of "fake" or "queer" letters every day from insane people all over the United States and Europe. The executive receives a great quantity of mail, but few people have an idea of the amount of this "fake" mail that it falls to the lot of the President's secretary to open.

The mail for the President is handled in the official mail room at the city post office in Washington and is delivered at the White House by a special carrier detailed from the force of employes at the executive mansion. There are six letter cases in this room, and each case contains one box for the mail of the President and his family. The number of letters for the President alone runs from 300 to 400 a day, and from ten to fifteen of these are the "fake" letters.

There is one man in California who has been writing to the various Presidents for a number of years. He numbers each letter, and the last received was No. 360. In the upper left-hand corner is written the rather startling information, "From Jesus Christ." One of these missives was opened some time ago by permission of the President's secretary and found to contain only a number of unintelligible hieroglyphics something like shorthand. Of course they find their way ultimately into the waste paper basket at the White House, but they are not destroyed at the post office.

Another "freak" who has also been writing to the Presidents for years scorns envelopes and stamps and uses postal cards altogether. If he does not finish what he has to say in one he takes another, numbering them consecutively. Sometimes he uses as many as five or six. He signs himself "Michael, King of Heaven," and his communications are usually in the form of commands to the President on the way in which the United States should be run. During the period of the Spanish war he wrote almost every day and gave orders as to the movements of the fleets in Asiatic waters.

Not very long ago a letter was received addressed to "George Washington, President of the United States." Letters come addressed to the President in all sorts of ways. His real title is "The President," but he gets them all from "His Majesty" and "His Excellency" down to "Teddy Roosevelt."—Chicago Record-Herald.

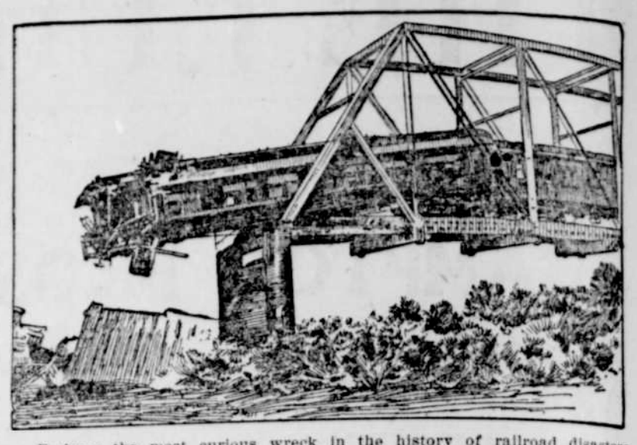
### Variety in Industry.

The first effort of the new Department of Commerce and Labor is to send an expert to Japan to study the culture of terrapin. This promises a variety in industry. When the labor of the country is fully engaged in turning out diamond-back terrapin it can force capital to behave itself by threatening to shut off the supply of that food product.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

'Our Fish Are Unequaled—Nothing in This Market Comes Near Them.' People say that's 'cause they smell so bad!"—Baltimore Herald.

Is it possible for one woman to be too good-looking for other women to consider her respectable?

## SAVED BY A MIRACLE IN A RAILROAD WRECK.



Perhaps the most curious wreck in the history of railroad disasters occurred some time ago in Arizona. The Maricopa and Phoenix train was rushing across the Tempe Bridge, eight miles from Phoenix, when a span of the bridge gave way, hurling the engine and three cars to the dry, sandy bed below. It was a mixed train, the first three cars being freight cars and the rest passenger carriages. The fourth car, filled with passengers, hung poised over the edge, teetering apparently in a shiver of doubt. Had it fallen it must have dragged the next car with it, and the occupants of both would have been crushed in the debris. It hung, however, half on and half off the bridge, as ready to jump into space, tipped down at quite an angle toward the ground. The passengers all got out safely. The only fatality in this accident was that of a Pima Indian who was stealing a ride and got caught in the debris.

## FREAKS OF FORTUNE.

### Curious Turns of Her Wheel in Russia, Italy and Germany.

Fortune's wheel has lately played a few interesting pranks in the destiny of mere men in Russia and Italy which remind one of the wonders of Aladdin's lamp, says the London Telegraph. Thus a poor fellow named Shalyapin, who a few years ago labored long and hard for his daily bread in various Russian cities, standing on the lowest rung of the ladder, is now the prince of Russian singers, and what is more, a splendid actor over and above. Whenever he appears before the footlights the theater is crowded to the ceiling and the manager has to "turn money away."

In Italy a sudden revolution of the fateful wheel had produced a similar result, and Sig. Giorgioni, who was only a fishmonger some eight months ago, is a theatrical star of the very first magnitude to-day. He was noted until last year for the loud, silvery voice with which he was wont to cry out and praise his finny wares in the market-place, drawing a considerable crowd of buyers away from his competitors. One day a lover of music chancing to pass that way heard the voice and declared that there were money and music in it. Giorgioni thereupon changed the fish market for a music school and has now made his first appearance before the public at Naples with a triumph which breaks all records. The walls of the San Carlo theater quaked with the thunder of the applause which greeted the ex-fishmonger, and musical critics are squandering upon his performance the superlatives of all the adjectives of praise in their vocabulary. He is credibly asserted to be the prince of Italian tenors and a likely candidate for the championship of the world.

Prizes in life's lottery are restricted to no one profession or calling. They may be fewer in this career and more numerous in that, but they are the monopoly of none. This universality of lucky chance was curiously exemplified a short time ago in the German capital by a woman whose occupation—she was correspondent in a dress-making establishment—shut her out from the everyday world and left her little opportunity of bettering her position. But the psychological moment arrived when an importer out in Montevideo wrote to a Berlin firm saying that he refused to accept a large consignment of goods sent him and gave various grounds for his attitude.

The woman correspondent replied to his letter with great ingenuity and equal energy, and the correspondence, carried on for a considerable time with remarkably great emphasis, ended in the triumph of the lady. The goods were finally accepted and paid for. At present the importer in question, who is traveling on business, paid a visit to Berlin, called on the firm and spoke of the dispute in which he had been worsted. The wealthy creole was not a little astonished to learn that all the arguments had been formulated and the letters written by a young lady. He asked to see her, fell in love with her on the spot, proposed and was accepted then and there, and thus his business trip had developed into a delightful wedding tour. The dress-making firm is now besieged with applications for a post which offers such attractive possibilities.

## "ASTRAL BELLS."

### Instances of Hearing the Spirit-Rung Chimes of India.

The "astral bell" of India is one of the best known and most famous of supposed occult or spiritual phenomena. It is probable that it could always be explained as readily as in the following instances, described by Edmund Russell in Everybody's Magazine:

The most spiritual phenomena I witnessed were the daily life of the Indian people. The astral bell I thought I heard twice. The first time was in the beautiful guest house of the young Maharaja of Bhavanagar, who is following his noble father in every good deed.

I was awakened one morning by the sound of a bell that in the scent-laden air seemed sweeter than any I had ever heard. It floated apparently just outside my second-story veranda, for I knew there are no locks nor bolts nor bells in an Indian house. At night servants sleep across the portals of every door, and throng the entrance by day, always ready to announce a visitor. It must be rung by unseen hands.

I went out on the veranda, and, of course, being in India, was not surprised to see an antique bell held by a great black serpent which had parted the jessamine flowers. Perhaps it was simply the palace cobra calling to breakfast.

It was the trunk of an elephant grasping a little bell, which he was ringing furiously to ask me to take a ride on him. His beady eye twinkled with pleasure, and he ceased when he saw me, then made his salaam, kneeling one knee nearly to the ground, followed by throwing up his trunk and trumpeting.

The second occult experience was when the deserted Hatheesing Palace at Ahmadabab was placed at my disposal as a residence. I lay one sultry afternoon, when the punkas seemed only to shed waves of furnace heat, listening to the continuous tomtoming and tomashaing of the neighboring temple. The strange decorative repetition that stupefies the mind brings the voluptuous fatigue of the East, and I was ready for marvels and visions.

There came the sound of a most exquisite silver bell, this time surely rung by a seraph.

It filled the air like the farthest chime from a distant sphere. At last! For a long time I could not locate it, then followed to the great marble audience hall, in a room next to which my mattress had been thrown.

The furniture of crimson and gold was falling to pieces, the draperies hung in rags, dust lay thick on the mosaic pavement. From the ceiling hung a forest of those crystal chandeliers which are a passion in India.

The bell was indeed rung by no human hands. A bright bird was flashing in and out of the crystal pendants, as if drunk with the melody it aroused.

This was my second astral bell, and it had probably as good a foundation as most of the legends which we have heard.

## A BIG LOT OF MONEY.

### How a Debt of Forty Millions May Be Paid.

Not the least interesting phase of the Panaman canal settlement is the problem of remitting the purchase money. Forty million dollars is a substantial sum to draw in a brief space of time from a given money market. It is true that the treasury has a surplus fund which it reports at $223,800,000. But of this sum $150,800,000 is on deposit with the banks, and therefore employed in the money market; while the balance of $73,000,000 held in the treasury's own vaults, exceeds by only 20 or 25 millions the sum which the government habitually keeps for its cash exchanges. If, therefore, the purchase money were to be paid to the French owners of the property in cash, a heavy draft on bank reserves would be necessary. Such large international payments, however, are not primarily made in exported coin, but in sterling bills, by use of which the recipient draws on London. As a rule such bills are on three or six months' time. When, however, they mature they must be met by the American market. Payment may then be adjusted in one of three ways, by borrowing abroad again, renewing the bills as they mature, by selling to Europe enough of merchandise or securities to offset its claim, or by sending gold. It is impossible to say, at the moment, which of the three expedients will in the present instance be adopted. That is a question largely dependent on the state of the money market and the promise of this season's harvests. The question is interesting chiefly because of the present strain on New York's market, and the low figure at which bank reserves stand.—New York Evening Post.

### The Kaiser in Mufti.

Few Germans have seen the Kaiser in plain clothes. Yet he does wear them sometimes, but only when it is absolutely necessary, for he prefers uniform, even at home.

The time he is in mufti in Berlin is when he goes to his tennis court. He then wears a white flannel suit, but out of doors covers it with a military cloak.

When he is in England, however, mufti is the rule. This is also the only time that anybody has ever seen the Kaiser in a dinner jacket or a black dress coat.

Formerly the Kaiser ordered all his plain clothes from England, browns and light grays being his favorite colors; but now he orders everything in Berlin and Potsdam, mostly in the latter place.—London Daily Express.

### A Good Thing.

"I hear you're trying to invent a new style of cornet."

"Yes; I'm at work on one with a reflex action.

"What's the idea?"

"If I can get it working right it will blow the head off anybody who tries to use it."—Philadelphia Press.

If a grumbler lives at a boarding house, the advice is, "Well, why don't you change?" If the grumbler lives at home, he is always told that he will have to stand it.