

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A man reasons to a conclusion. A woman concludes.

Polonium may be worth \$2,000,000 a pound, but not to us.

The greatest trouble about the servant trouble is that people insist on talking of it.

If a man finds out that the women consider him a good catch it is apt to make him too fly.

Nature is always generous with materials for the man who tries to make an ass of himself.

So long as a woman retains her good looks she will be only mildly interested in rational dress.

Japan and Russia are both professing a determination to be good, but each is diligently preparing to be bad.

A New York man told the courts that he could not live on less than \$12,000 a year. We can't either, but we do.

It is odd that dress reform should have made such a bustle in the world, when that was one thing it deprecated.

Praying for rain in Kansas is obsolete. The lack of a trustworthy prayer book makes the practice too hazardous.

Emperor William says only Americans meet his wants. It must be true that he intends to come over to the St. Louis show.

King Leopold talks of coming to this country incognito. But how can he, with those whiskers and the odor of scandal that clings to him?

"Let a man marry just as soon as he can support a wife," says Senator Dewey; or as soon as he can get one to support him, he might have added.

The Delaware somnambulist who fired a shot into his brain while on a sleep-walking tour is believed to have been permanently cured of the habit.

The botanist who has discovered a new kind of rubber makes his announcement in the nick of time. The old kind is about played out, even as a joke.

Chinese bandits have kidnaped an American and want \$9,000 ransom. It must be discouraging to a good, brick American to be marked down to that figure after what those Bulgarians wanted for Miss Stone.

Lombroso says to be a millionaire one should have quick perception. That's right. The rapidity of the perception of the fact by the coal man when we got \$30 to the good this spring made our head swim.

A dear little kindergarten pupil not teacher, made a distinct impression by her answer to the question, "Who was George Washington?" She said he was "first in war, second in peace, and third in the hearts of his countrymen."

According to Dr. Barton, the college man often resembles a gold brick. He represents a considerable cash investment, and when it comes to a show-down he fails to make good. The good doctor is rather severe on the biceps, bulldog-pipey, Greek-letter-fratty, rah-rah-rah boy.

It is related of a Missouri engineer at Atchison that he does not hesitate to drive his machine at full speed through the blackest storm at night with wash-outs all around him, but that he is afraid to go home alone in the dark. If someone is not at the roundhouse to go home with him he sits there till daylight. It is the old story of every man having his own peculiar fears. There is in Topeka a doctor who will cut a man to pieces and smile the while. He is an old soldier and often faced the cannon's mouth. But he will betray the most abject terror if one of the harmless little elm tree worms happens to drop on his person.

The duty of keeping the country clean, safe within and without, the abode of well-ordered peace, a light to the nations, is laid upon the Americans of these times. The call to the young men especially—not so thrilling and blood-stirring as the summons to the battlefield—is no whit less imperative. The present dangers are capable of becoming as deadly dangerous as disruption itself if they are not averted betimes, and the averting of them will need diligent and vigilant devotion. "The Union has been saved," yes, but what is the Union for? To establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and to our posterity. The enemies we have to dread now and to overcome if we may are busy in our stock exchanges, labor halls, at our hearthstones, in our own homes. It will be no easy war; we have our work cut out for us.

A new contribution has been made to the age-old discussion as to what is the stronger force—heredity or environment. The United States Bureau of Education has issued a pamphlet by Arthur McDonald, specialist on "The Criminal, Pauper and Defective Classes." Mr. McDonald minimizes the power of heredity. He is optimistic in the belief that inherited tendencies may be overcome by proper surroundings. Crime, in his view, is mostly due to association. The chief causes of crime are outlined: Criminal parentage. Neglect by parents. Poverty. Evil associations. The saloon. Criminal parentage does not necessarily produce criminal offspring. It is the early impressions of the criminal family that start the wrong tendencies. These tendencies are confirmed by evil associations, accentuated by poverty and fortified by the saloon. If this is true criminology there is hope for society.

Change the surroundings of the child and you change its nature. Better environment, contact with better people, education—these are the forces that will raise the submerged. And this is no platitudinous theory. It is true. It has been demonstrated. There are some persons so low no earthly force can raise them. There is no child born so low but that it may be raised.

The General Synod of the Reformed Church in America has eliminated from the bride's response, in its marriage service, the word "obey." As the Reformed Church is one of the religious bodies which believe in making their forms correspond with their communions' belief, it probably feels that by this action it has merely ratified the previous decision of the American wife, who has eliminated obedience from her rule of conduct. That the contractual theory of marriage has taken deep hold of the people is evidenced by such acts as this on the part of religious bodies. The sacramental idea in marriage necessitates obedience—nominally on the part of the wife; but as a matter of practice it is found, in such unions, that if the wife does not obey the husband, he has to obey her. The corollary of the contractual notion is divorce. And it is the duty of the Reformed Church in America, together with that of all other religious bodies that have abandoned the idea of authority in marriage, to tell how they are going to espouse the theory that marriage is a contract, with no command or duty to obey anywhere, and also maintain the thesis that divorce is a great evil. Undoubtedly American society is just now in the position of choosing between the old and the new, in this as in many other things. And those who see no security for the marriage institution, no sure foundation for the family, outside of an adherence to and veneration of the solemn words, "love, honor and obey, till death do us part," at least have consistency on their side.

At commencement time the college graduate is handed glittering strings of sterile platitudes by the man who has never run a factory, managed a railroad, or built a bridge. As the college was not organized to teach young men how to do these things, it cannot be expected that the learned gentlemen who deliver baccalaureate addresses are going to discuss the best ways of doing them. The most that can be expected of them are the usual exhortations to utilize the training received in the attainment of the highest ideals of citizenship. The question that confronts the graduate, however, as soon as the joyous glamor of commencement has faded away is, How is he going to fit into the great industrial struggle—a struggle that grows more strenuous as the years go by? How is he going to compete with the young man who has been learning a business while he has been learning Greek or the sciences for four years at college? Here is where advice will come in handy. Strikingly original and refreshingly practical is the address of Dr. Draper, a man who lays great stress upon the importance of relieving the minds of young men of the notion that college training is a substitute for work. In his baccalaureate address to the graduates from a State university he declared that the reason for the present tendency of certain successful men to deprecate college education may be found "in the conceits of too many young college men and women; in their unteachableness and their unwillingness to adapt themselves to the present conditions and the details of the labor which alone can build up success." On the question of work Dr. Draper said: "Work, the steady, persistent doing of things upon a workable plan, is the foundation of all ordinary accomplishments. If one gets the idea that the things which he has studied in the books are sufficient to enable him to get on without persistent doing of things his case is hopeless." In other words, the college graduate must be willing to start "at the bottom," trusting to his college training to increase his value and efficiency as he grows into a business or vocation. If he is not willing to do this he is in great danger of becoming an "educated loafer."

**GOLD FEVER IN VERMONT.**  
Inhabitants in Some Sections See Visions of Great Wealth.  
The residents of several of the southern towns in Bennington and Windham counties, Vermont, have for several months been experiencing a severe attack of gold fever. Many of them have become convinced that they are living in a new California, and that untold wealth in mineral production can be found in the rocky hills.

Many persons who have bought claims have sent samples of their rock to Prof. Mason of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute of Troy, says the Boston Herald. In every case his replies have been unfavorable, and he has done his best to discourage confidence in any profit from gold mining in Vermont.

In returning some of these samples to a party with a decidedly unfavorable report, the professor says: "There is no gold in paying quantities to be found in the New England States; and very little east of the Mississippi river. There are traces of gold in sufficient quantity to reward the worker everywhere, even in the backyards of Bennington, but there is no 'pay dirt' or gold in this part of the country. When I have warned some of your Vermont people who have brought specimens to me, that it would be better for them not to invest money in the hope of reward in gold mining, I have discovered by the long faces of some that the warning was too late and that the property had been purchased with the idea that it would prove a bonanza."

In the towns of Readsboro, Wilmington and others near by, thousands of dollars have been thrown away in the last eighteen months in wildcat mining enterprises.

**Malaria Not So Plebeian.**  
Citizen—I suppose your town is getting a bit more fashionable now?  
Suburb—Yes, indeed; we used to complain of our "chills and fever," but now everybody refers to it as "malaria."—Philadelphia Ledger.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Luxury and Degeneration.

STUDENTS of sociology have dwelt on the Anglo-Saxon habit of luxury as if it were an Anglo-Saxon habit, and not an implant from the Latin. They do not call it luxury, they name it comfort, and between the one and the other no line can be drawn, for what was extravagance in the last century is the common property of all classes in this. In housing, food, drink, clothing, transportation, ornament, domestic properties, the accessories of travel and hotel life, the every day citizen expects and obtains more than did the nobleman and merchant three centuries ago. The effect of comfort, or luxury, is to draw men to the cities where it is most easily bought; to add to the congestion already existing there; by that congestion to induce insanitary modes of life; through luxury to induce, also, a softness, a weakness, that make us the reader prey of disease, ennui, melancholy and eventual degeneration—physical, mental, moral.

Such, at least, is the theory, but an instinct, not merely of self-preservation, but of race preservation, begets in us a longing to return to the soil, to live in the country, or on the shore, for some weeks or months in the year, to travel, to go abroad in ships, and yachts, to climb, hunt, fish, play golf, to take walking, horseback, bicycling or automobile tours, to fill the eye with light and pleasing images and the lungs with unbreathed air, to regain the sense of beauty, to live more simply, and so to bring back the vitality that is sapped by artificial living in the cities.

Hard conditions make hardy men, if they are not too hard, and in the brief lapses from those conditions—the natural rest and asprings—there is greater happiness than in acquiring new luxuries, or the forgetting of one pleasure in a newer. The barefoot boy, fishing with a pin and whistling in his freedom, is not only healthier, stronger, and of a sturdier moral fiber, but is really happier than the pale, over-dressed city boy who has a hundred wants unknown to the rustic. Still, the country people are anxious for their share in the distribution of luxuries, and rightly so, for in their environment they are less injuriously affected by them, if affected at all.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Protection Against Fire.

THE town of Salem, N. C., offers a useful object lesson in the system of protection from the dangers of fire. The town is 137 years old, and in all that time not only has had no conflagration but no disastrous fire. It has never in all its history had a fire where the loss was over \$750. There was only one dwelling burned in 100 years, dating from 1776, and there never was but one fire which got beyond the building in which it originated. On that occasion two buildings were burned, each worth \$250. During the first 127 years of the town's history the total loss of property by fire was less than \$2,000. And Salem is a town of between 4,000 and 5,000 people.

The explanation of this remarkable immunity from fire is Salem's fire ordinance, which provides for inspection of all buildings in order to remove dangerous heating appliances. The inspectors hunt out all defective stoves, unsafe stoves and furnaces, insecure stovepipes and chimneys, and unsafe receptacles for ashes. They also give special attention to the construction of buildings. No property owner is allowed to put up an insecure building. What is even more to the purpose, the people themselves co-operate cheerfully with the inspectors, and from long experience have become themselves well acquainted with all the methods of protection against fire. Thus they have minimized the danger with the results already stated.

It is the old story, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Fires cannot be absolutely stopped, but they can be largely prevented by thorough inspection. The causes of danger being removed or provided against, there is little chance of fire.—Chicago Tribune.

Grain Trade on the Lakes.

THE development of the grain trade in the Northwest will be wonderfully advanced when the plans of the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence Transportation Company are fully realized. This concern, which has its headquarters in Duluth, has launched the first of a fleet of ten steamers designed to carry grain from that city and other lake ports down through the Canadian canals and the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec, where cargoes will be transferred to larger vessels for transportation across the Atlantic. This is the nearest we are likely to get in

HIS LAST PRACTICAL JOKE.

C. M. Harger tells in a Western paper the story of the way in which a lawyer came to abandon practical joking. The senior lawyer of the bar in a certain county was a courteous gentleman of the old school, of whom his juniors were fond. This old lawyer was very near-sighted, but had a habit, when addressing a jury, of taking off his glasses.

One day when he was thus speaking, and his spectacles were lying on the table, his back was turned to the other members of the bar. The lawyer to whom allusion has been made noticed on the table a piece of tissue-paper, and saw in this a chance to play a joke on the older man.

With a penknife he cut out pieces of the tissue-paper just large enough to cover the lenses of the spectacles, and with a little muckage fastened them to the glasses. The paper was scarcely noticeable, but it was enough to prevent vision through the glasses.

Presently the old lawyer had occasion to read some paper in the course of his address. He came back to the table, put on the glasses, and attempted to read. He strained his eyes, readjusted the glasses, and tried again. Then a deadly pallor overspread his face, which was not in the least amusing to see. He staggered to a chair. The young lawyers gathered around him.

"My God, gentlemen," he said, "I am blind! I have feared it for years!" Then he dropped his face in his hands. The court-room was hushed. Before any one could speak, however, he had lifted his head and perceived that he could see again. He examined his glasses, and as he rubbed the tissue-paper, he flushed with indignation. Not a person in the room found in the incident anything to smile at—not even the one who had perpetrated the "joke," and this man on the spot swore practical joking forever.—Youth's Companion.

**Not a Bit Surprised.**  
"Say, boys," he broke in, "poor Jimmy Turner's dead."  
Jimmy Turner was a jockey and trainer well known on Western tracks, and each member of the party heaved a preliminary sigh of regret at his taking off. Not at all. Quite to the contrary. Every one of them had foreseen and predicted it time after time.

"Well, I'm not a bit surprised," said the first man. "The last time I saw

Vanity Fair.

THE "smart set" is early at its refined diversions, which annually grow more novel in conceit and exquisite in humor. The genius whose original and happy doings are the particular delight of society, recollecting the glory he won last year by dining a monkey among other guests at his table, the other day, on the deck of the Newport-Wickford ferryboat, brought joy to one and all by barking like a dog and jumping about on all fours while he picked up the ladies' handkerchiefs with his teeth. The diverting idea of the host who recently dined a party on horseback in Sherry's ballroom, from little tables fastened on the pommels of thirty-two saddles, won too splendid a triumph to go long unrevived. M. Santos-Dumont has given his friends the exhilarating experience of a dinner in mid-air from stilted tables and chairs, with miniature airships circling round their heads; while, for another candidate for social glory, Sherry's ballroom was transformed from a stable into a barnyard, where live chickens, geese and pigs furnished a delightful sense of reality, and in the middle of which a colossal egg inclosed a table, at which an elaborate luncheon was served by waiters clad as farm hands.

The ingenuity displayed in these enterprises, the inventive power, the taste and thought exercised in bringing details to perfection, the lavish disregard for the cost of outer settings, and the spirit of vaunting idleness and insouciance—how refreshing a contrast all this affords to the plain and unimaginative labors of those whose lesser talents are absorbed in earning daily bread, carrying on the world's work, teaching their children, healing the sick, striving to solve the problems of science, alleviating human misery, ministering to elementary human needs and spreading modest tables of hospitality for simple-hearted friends.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

On Wasting Time.

TIME flies. This is a trite saying. We do not always realize its truth. A young man starts out in life with high hopes and strong ambition. The years ahead of him look long years to him. The day of his achievement seems in a far distant future. But the years pass, each succeeding one more swiftly than its predecessor. Soon he finds the time becoming short in which he may accomplish his plans. In work or pleasure changes come, and the time has flown so fast that account of it cannot be taken. When one comes to middle life a year is scarce before it is gone. It is now that one begins to be impressed with the truth, time flies. The old world, the sun and moon and stars go on evenly in their courses; their pace is not changed. Yet how different to the one who, instead of seeing a summit to attain, looks down rather than up, and sees in the near distance the brink of a dark river to which he is rapidly nearing.

Youth cannot too highly value the years, the months, the days—even the hours—as they pass. Each day is a step toward age. Do not waste time. Do not fritter your days away in folly that is worse than purposeless. One cannot be working or engaged upon serious matters all the time. Recreation and amusements have their place. With many people there are hours each day just frittered away; going for neither work, study nor amusement. It is an idle nooning between doing things; a drawing out the processes of work. Instead of doing things heartily, whether it be study, work or play, they idle along. The old adage of school day fame is good long after school days are past.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

AN OREGON RABBIT DRIVE.

In the typical Oregon rabbit drive herewith pictured nearly a thousand persons took part and more than 3,500 rabbits were slain. The modus operandi was that adopted in all battues of the sort, consisting in driving the animals from the outskirts of a V shaped line three miles long into a corral inclosed by netting, which was a literal deathtrap. As the converging army of rabbits entered the corral they made frantic efforts to escape, and many did succumb in leaping the eight foot fence, but the most of them perished, victims to the cruel but necessary measures taken by the farmers to preserve their crops.



Jimmy he looked mighty bad to me. Kind of peaked about the eyes—  
"Yes," said the second man, breaking in, "and he's had that hectic flush on his cheeks for the last two months."  
"I was telling my wife yesterday," went on the third member of the wise men's association, "that poor Jimmy wasn't long for this world. How long was he sick?"  
"About a minute," said the new-comer. "He was run over and killed by a passenger train."—Chicago Tribune.

AN OWL'S FLIGHT FOR LIFE.

Bird Carried Far to Sea on an Iceberg Reaches Ship.  
While the whaleback steamer Forest Castle, from Liverpool, was off the Newfoundland banks an owl as white as snow fell exhausted on deck. The owl made a desperate fight from an iceberg to the ship. It was "dead beat" when it foundered aboard, and without a great deal of trouble was made a prisoner, says the Philadelphia Press.

The sailors were astonished at the arrival of the passenger. Someone saw the peculiar object coming laboriously through the air, making a line for the whaleback. Away off on the horizon line was a great iceberg, which had worked its way farther south than these terrors of the northern sea were wont to do.

When the "berg" parted company with the icefield of the far north it probably carried with it the owl, which

clung to its raft of crystal until flight was useless, a stretch of sea did not dare attempt flight. Like a sensible owl, it held to the refuge in sight, hoping for a better one by and by.

When the Britisher Forest Castle appeared on the horizon the bird made its one last dash for life. It was probably half starved and ill prepared for such a long chase—a stern chase, too—for the vessel, well to the south, was also plying steadily in that direction. However, the race was won by the owl.

Science AND INVENTION

Coffee berries are understood to contain about one per cent of caffeine, to which the stimulating properties are due. In a late analysis of nine kinds from the Pasteur Institute, M. Bertrand has found that Coffea Canephora contains as much as 1.97 per cent of caffeine, but that two species—C. Humboldtiana and C. Mauritiana—are practically free from the stimulating alkaloid, not more than 0.07 per cent appearing in either.

It is known that radio-active substances, like radium, impart radio-activity to other substances, and R. Geiger has attempted to show whether the absorption of energy is accompanied by any increase in weight. He was unable to detect any such effect. With a much more sensitive apparatus Carl Forche has repeated the work, making numerous weighings of fifty-six grams of lead, and has found that a large mass of active material half an inch below the lead increased the weight of the latter about one part in twenty-five million.

On account of the frequent repairs required by the pneumatic tires of heavy automobiles and their great cost, the experiment of substituting solid tires on the rear wheels has recently been made, and one of the results shown is an increase of tractive power in climbing hills. It is said that hills which could not be climbed by a vehicle having a complete set of pneumatic tires were surmounted by the same machine after solid tires had been put on the rear wheels. At the same time the vibration was not increased to an uncomfortable degree.

Prof. J. C. Bose recently presented to the Linnæan Society in London the results of experiments which show that the peculiar movements of the leaflets of the so-called "telegraph plant" are due to an electric disturbance traveling as a "current of action" in the plant. Each leaf consists of a large terminal leaflet and two smaller lateral ones. The lateral leaflets spontaneously rise and fall like the arms of a semaphore, the period of a complete movement being about three and a half minutes. Hence the name of the plant, which is a species of desmodium, or tick-trefoil, native to the East Indies, but easily cultivable in conservatories.

The problem of piercing a glacier by means of boring has at last been solved with results of real scientific interest in experiments made last August on a glacier near Vent, in the Tyrol. At a distance of about one and one-quarter miles from the tip of the glacier, where its breadth is 2,180 feet, and the height of its surface above sea level 8,330 feet, a boring in the middle reached rock at a depth of five hundred feet. Taken along with measurements of rate of movement, surface melting and temperature the experiment enabled the following conclusions to be drawn: First, the temperature of the ice is at the melting point throughout the whole mass on the tongue of the glacier; second, the bed of the glacier is trough-shaped; third, the ice moves more slowly at the bottom than at the surface. The bore holes were filled up with pieces of wood, which will serve for many years to come as indexes of the rate of movement and of surface melting.

INJUSTICE TO ANIMALS.

Undesired Criticisms Involved in Popular Adages.  
"As stupid as a donkey." When one boy tells another not to make "an ass" of himself, or says that the other is as stupid as "a donkey" or as obstinate as "a mule," he does not mean the remark for a compliment, and the other boy never accepts it for one. But is the donkey really a stupid animal, is the ass anything like so great a fool as the human being who is supposed to behave like an ass, and is the mule only obstinate or has he a "firm character"? Ask any one who associates with the donkey beast. He will tell you at once that the little animal is as intelligent a creature of its class as you can find. There are donkeys that seem to show a contempt for the human understanding but not always caring to do what a human being asks of them, but make a donkey love you and you will find him doleful enough.

There are stupid donkeys and intelligent donkeys, as there are stupid and intelligent horses, dogs, and—persons. An ass has never been known to do anything so absolutely silly as to make it excusable to give the poor creature the bad name he has borne for ages. He is patient. He is long-suffering. Much abuse makes him appear indifferent to the treatment he receives. It is, however, a little too unjust to suppose that he is originally stupid because his inhuman master is cruel.

"As silly as a goose." What is there particularly silly about a goose? Does it follow its animal instincts in caring for itself and its young? Before you accept the adage about a goose's silliness watch it for yourself. The common barnyard geese need not be ashamed to be studied with the ducks and the chickens of the poultry house; they bear the comparison very well indeed. The wild geese, however, which never associate with human beings in or about a barnyard are remarkably intelligent birds. No one is called "as silly as a wild goose," while to lead one "a wild-geese chase" is to lead him one knows not where, so cunning is the bird in its strong, untrapped flight.

"As wise as an owl." If ever the appearance of wisdom was mistaken for the quality it is in the extraordinary intelligence attributed to the owl. Why is it, do you suppose, that the owl looks so much wiser than other birds, not to particularize some other animals? Science can tell you the reason. In the frontal bones over the brain of the owl is an immense number of air cells. They give the forehead that imposing appearance which has commanded the respect of human beings from the days of the worship of Minerva down to the more prosaic present. To look wise when one makes as little fuss and noise as the owl is no mean accomplishment. Looking wise and

being generally silent is one way to make yourself respected, it may be said; you rather tire some in general, but some you are if too noisy. The owl is an example some boys might do well to imitate. It has a wisdom quite its own. We have not a word to say against it.—Our Animal Friends.

SAVE THE HARDWOOD TREES.

Thousands of Axes Causing Great Destruction Throughout Country.  
Memphis is the largest hardwood lumber market in the world, but Memphis and the entire hardwood producing section of the country have cause for alarm over the rapid and indiscriminate slaughter of hardwood trees that is going on, says the Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

The waste is something startling. Giant trees are cut down and their trunks hauled to convenient sawmills to be cut up into boards or planks or scantling or beams; or the logs are loaded on cars and shipped to the far north and east; or they are rafted in the streams and floated to tide water and shipped to foreign countries. It is the mere matter of staves and sawing getting thousands of axes are kept going constantly and the destruction is great. Much good lumber in the tops and branches that could be utilized is left to rot on the ground. Millions of feet of it are being sent annually that are needed at home, which will be needed at home as well.

This should be discouraged as much as possible. The south is unbuilt, and houses and homes of men must be built in town and country, on hill and valley, in its cuddled coves and among the swamps of its vast prairie, and much lumber will be required for this. This one item alone would strip some thousand acres annually.

Then the question of railroad lumber must be considered. There are in the south or soon will be about 30,000 miles of railroad, including side tracks and switches and on these are used about 3,000 ties to the mile. The average life of a tie is about six years, which means that an average of 50,000 ties of railroad must be replaced every year, which will require in the next 900,000,000 new ties must be provided a sufficient amount to provide a forest of enormous proportions. This number of railroad cross ties at 50 cents each would aggregate the vast sum of \$450,000,000, which is considered merely as one item, is worth looking after.

HOLDS DOWN HIS JOB.

Patriots Go to Maracibo to See Plummer, but Always Return.  
Eugene H. Plummer, of Tennessee, has been consul agent at Maracibo since 1878 and consul since 1883. His patriots who desired to serve the country for the \$2,000 salary Consul Plummer enjoys have gone to Maracibo, but none has remained. Plummer attends to that, according to the "Saturday Evening Post."

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MEETEST MAN OF ALL.

McJigger—Chicken-hearted? Well, should say; he's the limit.  
Thingumbob—is that so?  
McJigger—Nothing can make me fight. Why, I've seen him let a cat cheat him out of his turn in the barrel shop and he never said a word.—Philadelphia Press.

**Some Reputations.**  
"Do you subscribe to the theory that people's characters are made by what they eat?"  
"No," answered the scientist, "judging from the advertisements, I should say that in many cases the reputations are made by the medicine they take."—Washington Star.

**Petticoat Rule in Prospect.**  
He—My darling, when will you get mine?  
She—Never! But I'll marry you.—Illustrated Bism.