TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Throw physic to the neighbor's dogs.

Starched goods don't always command a stiff price.

Character writes its name on a man's face in indelible ink.

No man can succeed unless he has faith in his own ability.

A successful revolution is sometimes but a turn for the worse.

Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it alive is apt to be short lived.

It's earlier to get the best of an argument than it is to prove that you are right.

Can you fancy a debate on the Irish land bill developing into a "veritable love least?"

It is easier to be a little man in a big town that it is to be a big man in a little town.

Should Miss Stone get $70,000 out of Turkey she ought to start a bad debt collection bureau.

If the pulpit is not more careful it will soon be supplanted by the press as a moral teacher.

A scientist has discovered that hens lay eggs in the daytime because at night they are roosters.

The new King of Servia smokes cigarettes constantly. Still he isn't likely to be killed by cigarettes.

This is a world in which the Christian has only to examine himself inwardly, as his friends are ready to do the rest.

It may appear to you that all the good jobs are taken, but by the time you are capable of filling one it will be vacant.

Never stop to explain your actions. People prefer to form their own opinions, and besides they wouldn't believe you, anyway.

A feud battle in North Carolina was suspended to allow a picnic party to pass. Merely one picnic paying its respects to another.

If there's anything in these vacuum caps advertised to make hair grow, some people's skulls must be very hairy on the inside.

It is one of the compensations of obscurity and poverty that a man does not have to dodge kodak fiends nor perjure himself in swearing off his taxes.

Thomas A. Edison has gone into politics, and the people of the Oranges are excited. They fear he will invent a new political machine which will baffle the oldest experts. Oh, let it be soon!

Satisticians figure that it costs $1.17 to stop a train going at full speed. And one of the worst ways to attempt to make the train hesitate is to grab the rear rail on the last coach and hold back. Then the expenses are much heavier.

Small American towns and cities ought to be interested in a report made by the United States consul at Hamilton, Ontario, on the paving in that city. He says that tar-macadam roadways have been built in the business part of the town for sixty-eight cents a square yard, and that they are almost as good at the end of four years as when first made. Either asphalt or brick costs two or three times as much, and is not so durable.

In bygone times it was the practice of the Newfoundland coast folk to appropriate everything they secured from shipwrecks, but this lawlessness had to be sternly repressed. Now the unwritten rule is that they get "half their hand," or 50 per cent, as salvage. In portable and valuable articles, such as silverware, there is still a strong temptation to keep the whole, but the punishment is severe. Champagne, liquors, cabin stores and the like have also a trick of disappearaing, and in the poorest fisher's cottage you will come upon rare china, dainty napery, silverware of price and wines to tempt an epicure.

Physicians are calling attention to the alarming increase of pneumonia. Figures compiled by the health commissioner of Chicago show that in 1900 the disease stood side by side with consumption, as regards the number of deaths throughout the whole country, and that since then the mortality rate in the one has increased and in the other has fallen. Pneumonia, therefore, may now be said to have displaced the "great white plague" as the most terrible human scourge. Good evidence of the highly communicable character of pneumonia comes from Chicago, where thirty-eight cases occurred among the three hundred employes of the county treasurer's office, and eight resulted fatally. The evidence of contagiousness is in one respect encouraging, for it will lead to the establishment of the same safeguards as those which have checked consumption.

They do some things better in Russia. The Standard Oil Company undertook to corner petroleum at Baku. A Rockefeller agent got control of all the rolling stock and sent the price up. All the visible supply was kept under perfect control until the railway authorities telegraphed to the imperial capital for instructions. An immediate reply was returned that if delivery were not ordered, within twenty-four hours the tanks ready for haulage should be emptied on the railroad tracks and returned for fresh filling at Baku, subject to open market control. The corner in petroleum was convincingly broken and a repetition of the business so familiar in this part of the world was not attempted. Had the Sherman law been promptly and faithfully enforced from the time of its enactment the history of corners in the United States would be briefer. We cannot afford to substitute despotism for democracy, but it is a humiliating comment on democracy that it has failed to prevent the erection of a despotism in commerce as absolute as that of the imperial government in Russia.

It is a fact that no witch was ever burned or put to death by fire in Salem or any other part of Massachusetts. How the impression that Cotton Mather and his associates had perpetrated that horror gained currency is inexplicable, but it has been floating around for generations, and in all probability will "go on forever." Salem was the scene of the trial, conviction and execution by hanging of persons accused of witchcraft, says the Washington Star. Gallows hill, the eminence on which the hangings occurred, is perhaps the most interesting show place in New England. It may be doubted if more sincere or conscientious men ever lived than Cotton Mather and his brethren. They went to the Bible for their authority, to the Mosaic law, omitting the Christian dispensation. That law told them, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Firmly believing in witchcraft and having no doubt that they had witches to deal with, what were they to do but to kill them? From their point of view they exercised great humanity in employing the gallows rather than the fagot.

It is not generally known that John W. Guiteau, brother of Charles J. Guiteau, who shot Garfield, is in many respects the greatest statistician in the world. Guiteau is a veritable crank on figures, but his crankiness is very profitable. Just now the government is under contract to pay him $25,000 for certain tabulations. The big insurance companies are his profitable clients. Guiteau is the only man who has succeeded in getting inside the books of Dun's and Bradstreet's commercial agencies. It was he who gave out the startling statement that the books of these companies contained but 3 per cent of the names that were there twenty years ago! What a pathetic story of the premature deaths and business failures of twenty years. But here is more of the same sort! Guiteau says that of the men of this country who live to be 60 years of age 80 out of every 100 are absolutely dependent upon others for a living. That is an appalling revelation. Of every 1,000 human barques that with precious argosies set buoyant sail 800 are wrecked on the coasts of business failure. Failure! Eight of every ten who fight in the business arena bite the sawdust. For men do fight to-day as they fought in the arena at Rome and Antioch. And 80 of the 100 are carried out dead or defeated. Why? Because of competition. Because of extravagance, bad habits and many other tings. But largely, because of speculation. Read the list of the victims of the get-rich-quick swindles at New Orleans and St. Louis. Men, women and children—all were trying to get something for nothing. And there is gambling on the board of trade where the maelstrom swallows men alive. The wheat pit is only thirty feet across. But it has swallowed whole fleets of business cargoes. It is only a few feet deep, but it has let thousands of souls down to Hades! The man who is doing well becomes dissatisfied. He reasons: "I work like a slave and save a few dollars. So and so makes dollars where I make cents. He runs the risk. Why should I not venture?" And before he knows it he is in deep water and unable to swim. We are a nation of speculators. The craving for wealth becomes a disease. Men are money drunk. This is not rhetoric. It is fact. Government and insurance companies pay men like Guiteau large sums of money for disclosing this real history. He who runs may read it.

TWO SUITS FOR CHILDREN.

No. 1 displays a chic plaid linen Russian blouse suit for a little boy from four to seven years of age. No. 2 shows a white duck sailor suit, trimmed with turkey red stitchery and braid. The tie is of red silk. The suit is suitable for a boy from seven to ten years of age.

Lithographic Stone in Greece.

One of the rarities of the earth is the fine-grained limestones used for making lithographic plates. The quarries at Solenhofen, Germany, are celebrated not only for the excellence of their lithographic stone, but also because remarkable specimens of the extinct flying reptile called the archaeopterix have been found embedded in the stone. News now comes from Athens that large deposits of this stone have been discovered in Thessaly, not far from Pharsalia, where Pompey the Great was defeated by Julius Caesar. Some experts say this Greek stone is superior to the best heretofore known in Europe.

A man's avoirdupois has nothing to do with his greatness or smallness.

Good resolutions and squalling babies are all right if carried out.

DESCRIBED BY PEN AND CAMERA

BOOK THAT TELLS OF THE RESOURCES OF OREGON WASHINGTON AND IDAHO

Not a Lot of Dry Rot Rubbish and Figures That Repel But an Attractive Story About This Land We Love Written by a Railroad Man Who Gave His Work Originality and Strong Narrative Interest, With Illustrations That Catch the Eye and Help to Impress the Truth.

"Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Their Resources," this year issued jointly by the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company and the Southern Pacific Company (lines in Oregon) is just off the press. The book was compiled by Rinaldo M. Hall. It is the best work on immigration ever issued in the interest of the Pacific Northwest, and clearly demonstrates that those railroad companies are doing good work in helping to build up the three Northwestern gems in the union of states. It contains 88 pages, 27 of which are fine half-tone pictures. Every industry in the Pacific Northwest is given attention and the story of each industry is so told that it is convincing. The first chapter is devoted to "The Pacific Northwest" in general, the opening paragraph following:

Land of Promise and Opportunity.

"Every year is a memorable one in the Pacific Northwest—Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Nowhere in the entire world is there such a land of promise and opportunity. Prosperity, plenty, happiness and contentment are seen on every hand throughout the great section, where millions of acres of government land are yet untaken ,and where several acres of as good, improved land can be bought for the price of one in Illinois, Wisconsin, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa and other states. It is the mecca of the homeseeker and investor, and so great has been the influx of new comers the past few years that the industrial conditions have been completely changed and the outlook entirely revolutionized."

Plenty of Good Land for New Settlers.

The second chapter is devoted to "Homes for Millions." In this the number of acres of government land untaken at the close of the fiscal year, June 30, 1902, are given. Those unacquainted with the government land question in Oregon will be surprised to know that during the year there were more public lands entered and disposed of in Oregon than in any state west of the Rocky mountains. In spite of all this there yet remained at the close of the fiscal year 31,872,671 acres—homes for millions, to be had for the mere nothing, the new settlers having for neighbors active and thrifty people, who came originally from those parts of the United States where systematic industry, on productive lines, has long been established and actively developed. The untaken tracts lie in every part of the state and include lands of all kinds and classes, adapted to all purposes. This chapter in the book will be of incalculable value to those who receive inquiries concerning government land and how to obtain it, as especial pains have been taken to point out to the inquirer how all these lands are secured.

Children May Enjoy Best School Advantages.

The third chapter is devoted to Oregon, Washington and Idaho in general. "School Advantages," is the fourth, and one of the new chapters in the book. A long felt want was supplied when this chapter was introduced in the publication, for if there is one thing that interests a newcomer above all others it is whether or not the chances for educating his children are good. In Oregon the state constitution makes generous provision for a complete educational system, from the kindergartens through the university, and those unacquainted with the educational record in Oregon will be surprised and interested to know that so thorough has the school work been carried on in the state that it is a statistical fact that Oregon stands third from the top in freedom from illiteracy, with a percentage of 99.58 of a possible 100, only being surpassed by Nebraska with a percentage of 99.66, and Iowa, with 99.63. Washington and Idaho also stand near the top. The citizens of these states, according to the above, point with pride to these figures, and justly so, for no more fitting monument could stand as evidence of the fact that the early pioneers who came here first and settled in the country were progressive and energetic in building right foundations for the continued intelligent growth and progress of the future great states.

Not So Much Rain After All.

Oregon's delightful climate is well told in the next chapter, interesting tables for the months of June and July being given; also another table which shows that the annual precipitation for Portland, Or., for the past 31 years was 38.52, while that of Boston was 41.28, New York 43.01, and other eastern cities surprisingly as high. "Soil" and "Grain Growing" are each given separate chapters, the following paragraph from the chapter on "Grain Growing" being of especial interest:

Cost of Wheat Production.

"The cost of wheat production in the Inland Empire is relatively so much less and the yield so far ahead of many much advertising and boasted sections of the United States, that actual returns from harvest fields are often discredited by those who have not visited the region. Under date of November 8, 1902, Mr. John Carpenter, of Forest River, N. D., writes that the yield in the Red River Valley for the year 1902 was from 5 to 35 bushels per acre; that the cost of raising a 35-bushel bumper crop was $7.50 per acre, and that wheat at that day was worth 60 cents per bushel, which means that the net profit from an acre of wheat land in the Red River Valley that yielded 35 bushels in 1902 was $13.50. In the great Inland Empire the cost of raising an acre of wheat ready for market is between $5 and $7 Assuming that it is $7.50 per acre, which according to Richard Mc Gahey, of Walla Walla, authority on the subject, never exceeds that amount, in the case of Samuel Drumheller, who, in 1902, from the uplands of Eastern Washington, raised 10,560 bushels from 160 acres, an average of 66 bushels per acre, at the market price, 65 cents per bushel, means a net profit of $5664, or $35.40 per acre, nearly three times the profit of that from an acre in the Red River Valley. To Bruce Ferrell in the same county, who threshed 23,250 bushels from 420 acres, an average of 56 bushels per acre, it means a net profit of $11,962.50, or $28.25 per acre."

Chapter on Irrigation.

There is an interesting chapter on "Grasses and Forage Plants," "Dairying," "Stockraising," "Fruit Culture," "Vegetable Products," "Hopraising," "Lumber Industry," "Mining," "Fish and Fishing," and "Irrigation." This chapter on irrigation will be of especial interest to the people of Eastern Oregon. The figures in this chapter bring out some surprising facts.

One chapter is devoted to Portland, and as is the custom of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, this city is given special prominence. Spokane is also given a special chapter in above. Another new chapter is that on "Markets," the wonderful demand and Oriental field being pointed out. Chapter 21 is devoted to "Railroads." In the back of the book, under "Condensed Information," a short paragraph is devoted to each town along the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, and the Southern Pacific lines in Oregon. A splendid map of Oregon, Washington and Idaho is also in the back of the book.

Copies of this splendid publication can be secured by sending four cents in stamps to A. L. Craig, General Passenger Agent, Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, or W. E. Coman, G. F. & P. A., Southern Pacific, Portland, Oregon. Get the book and read it. Send it to some Eastern or Southern friend. Then do so again and again, in the cases of other Eastern and Southern friends.

Fortunes in Needed Inventions.

Have you an inventive mind? If so, you have a fortune in your head—if you only knew how to get it out. Here's your chance. Here are thirteen things the world needs, for either one of which it will pay you a fortune:

A wall-papering machine.

A quick-acting monkey-wrench.

A rail joint without nuts and bolts.

A scrubbing machine.

A cuspidor that will not spill when upset.

A trolley that will not come off the wire.

An oil can that will not explode.

A quick fire-hose coupling without screw threads.

Combination ironing-board and stepladder.

A music leaf turner.

A window lock and burglar alarm.

An envelope that cannot be opened without detection.

A simple nut lock.—Atlanta Journal.

At the Kindergarten.

"Would you be sorry if your mamma was to die?" asked the smallest girl on the bench as she painstakingly threaded her needle and fell to work on her hemming.

"Oh, what a silly question!" replied the plump girl with a blue pinafore who sat next to her. "Of course I should." And she gave a vicious tug at her thread to shake the knot out of it.

"Well, I shouldn't be sorry if my father were to die," put in a thin little woman of 8.

The others looked shocked and asked why.

"Oh, he's too fresh," replied the thin girl, in accents of deepest disgust.

Every young man is looking for a position of trust in the employ of a rich man who has an only daughter.

A Man of Business.

The angry father kicks the young man from the front steps.

"Sir," says the young man, picking himself up, "I would like to call your attention to the goods handled by my house. We make the best line of soft-rubber soles and heels that you can find anywhere."

Father goes back into the house, rubbing his chin and wondering whether bing his chin and wondering whether, after all, he has not made a mistake in refusing to welcome so great a business genius into his family.—Judge.

Expert Rat Catcher.

A really expert rat catcher does a thriving business, as may be gathered from the fact that he can always count upon a regular "round" of warehouses, hotels, etc., where the catch is paid for at the rate of 1½ pence per head, while there is a steady demand for live rats by terrier keepers, who will pay 3 pence each for them. As a night's work is often rewarded by 200 or 300 of the creatures being secured the profit is large. Glove-makers pay half a crown a dozen for the skins, which are sent in great quantities from the metropolis.

Wisdom in Crimson Gulch.

"Do you think it polite," said the foolish stranger in Crimson Gulch, "for a man to sit in his shirt sleeves and play cards all day?"

"Yes, sir," answered Three Finger Sam; "and maybe it will be for your own good to remind you that the fewer sleeves a man has on when he plays cards around here the less liable he is to fall under suspicion."

In these days of paternal indulgence of children, girls are as self-willed in their choice of a man as they were in picking out a doll their parents couldn't afford.

HABITS OF THE SEAL

AN INTERESTING CREATURE OF COMMERCE.

For the Fur and Oil Thousands of Men Every Year Imperil Their Lives —The Romance of an Unfortunate Seal.

Not the least interesting sight witnessed by the visitor to San Francisco are the rocks covered with seals, which lie not far out in the bay and are easily discernible from the Cliff House. At times the piles of stone and earth projecting above the water are so filled with the smooth-furred creatures that none of the rock is visible. The bay itself swarms with the animals, which assemble on these Seal Rocks, as they are called, to bask in the sunshine. Should the visitor attempt to study the animals at close range he would find them extremely interesting. Of American animals there is none more valuable or sought after than the fur-seal and no creature of the numerous American animal family is more interesting or intelligent. They live in the sea, but always in the neighborhood of the coasts, where they wage an incessant warfare on the fishes, which constitute their principal food. They enjoy climbing upon rocks and beaches along the shore. When out of the water they are exceedingly watchful, and appear to have sentinels to give notice of the approach of an enemy, plunging into the water the moment any danger approaches them. On land they are very awkward. Their movements are performed by the actions of the strong muscles of the back. The creatures take hold by their forepaws, while they curve the back strongly and thus draw forward the hind feet. The latter then form the point of support and the head and forepaws are pushed on by the straightening of the body. The mode of progression is plainly laborious, and the seals never travel any great distance on land.

In only one genus is an external ear present and that genus inhabits the southern ocean. Yet the northern seals hear well when under water and are easily attracted to the surface by a noise. They generally travel in shoals and are often seen in such numbers in the northern seas as to appear like a continuous mass. For the sake of respiration they appear now and then on the surface, springing up with their whole bodies out of water. Fishes, crabs and aquatic birds disappear when the seal gets hungry. Before a gale of wind the seals are full of frolic, jumping and tumbling about, sometimes throwing themselves entirely out of water and performing many awkward gambols. At last they retire to their wonted rocks or caverns and there remain till the storm is over. They are extremely curious; if people are passing in boats they often come up very close, stare at them and follow them a considerable time. When the harbor to the open sea; and as the united crews of a sealing fleet sometimes number 2,000 men, it may properly be supposed that the broad, icy plain displays a scene of no ordinary animation and excitement. Once the vessels are in the open sea, a day's run will bring them to the edge of an ice field, where myriads of seals are discovered with their new-born young. The young produce an oil that is both valuable and abundant and, as it takes but a slight blow with a bat to kill them, they are easily made captive. The gun is used to shoot the old seals. As soon as a seal is killed—and sometimes even before—a circular cut is made with a sharp knife around the neck and a longitudinal one down the belly to the tail. The skin with the surface fat is "scalped" off, forming altogether a "pelt." This alone is taken and the carcass is left on the ice. Barring accident a vessel in a locality where seals are thick will have its hold filled in ten days. The adventure is full of hazard.

In the excitement of the pursuit after the seal, leaps of terrific risk are taken from field to field, across yawning chasms, whose terrors are scarcely noticed and sometimes night draws on, with the hunter then first realizing that he is many miles from his vessel, and there is no clue to guide him across interminable icefields. With the setting sun, the temperature has gone down and the bewildered voyager has to pass the night on unsheltered ice, in an atmosphere at zero. Frozen limbs are frequently the result of these exposures and individuals, in their attempts to return, often drop through holes and are seen no more. But this is not all. Sometimes a sudden change of wind will separate fields of ice on which the men are sealing and ere they are aware they are driving far out to sea, helpless and hopeless.

The seal possesses much intelligence, combined with its docility, gentleness and affection. It may be taught to perform various tricks.

SEALS SUNNING THEMSELVES IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

COMMON SEALS.

a church bell rings for divine service at some point on the coast, all the seals within hearing swim directly for the shore and remain while the bells continue ringing, look about wonderingly, but never alarmed.

In appearance the seal is unique. Its skin is clothed with thick, downy wool. But as this would impede swift motion, it is covered with an outer coat of close, strong, shining hair. The nostrils are closed at will. The orifice of the ear can also be closed and the eye is furnished with a third eyelid, which can be drawn across it as a defense. The limbs are short and almost enclosed within the body, little more than the feet projecting.

A Creature of Commerce.

Though little known to science, the seals have been long known to commerce and the pursuit of the animals for their oils and skins forms no inconsiderable source of national wealth. Fleets of vessels of various sizes, manned by expert and hardy seamen, annually leave the shores of Europe and America, bound either for the Arctic regions, the coast of Newfoundland, or the desolate shores of extreme South America, whence they return, after long voyages attended with incredible hardships, loaded with the valuable products of the seal. The sealing craft generally start out about the first of March. From 16 to 35 hands usually compose a crew, many of whom are provided with large guns, and the rest with stout clubs or bats. Each man has also a pole or gaff, provided with a hook at the end, to assist him in leaping from piece to piece when among loose ice. Often it is necessary to cut, with ice saws, a broad channel through the midst of

SPLENDID EXERCISE.

Is That Obtained by Baseball Fans While Watching a Game.

"Baseball is a good thing for the liver," said the enthusiastic fan, "and I ought to know what I am talking about, for I have tried it. It beats all the patent medicine under the sun if you can work up enough enthusiasm to make the cure go. Don't you ever get it into your head that there's nothing in it. I know there is, and, besides, the thing will reason out scientifically. Isn't exercise a good thing for the liver? Baseball is exercise. And I mean it is exercise from the viewpoint of the fan, the rooter, if you please. Why, sometimes when I return from a closely contested game I feel like a man who has been plowing or mauling rails all day. It's exercise, all right—exercise in large, lusty quantities. A man will wave his arms in the air. He will wrench his hands. He will throw his head around and pull the muscles of his neck taut. He will rear back and give his spine a healthy and invigorating twist. He will dance around on his feet, exercise his toes, twist and turn the muscles and points of his legs, move his ears this way, and now that; pull his scalp down in knitting his brow, move his eyes rapidly, blink the lashes, sniff his nose, work his tongue—exercise! It is the greatest exercise in the world and all these other physical culture schemes look like 30 cents in stage money when compared with the exercise through which the baseball fan passes in one afternoon, and I tell you from my own experience it is a good thing for the liver. It is good for anything that exercise is good for, and will cure anything that exercise will cure. Besides, the excitement is a good mental tonic. We get away from the grim cares of age and become boys again. Try baseball if you feel out of whack, and, mark the prediction, you will feel like a new man, and the world will look as rosy as of yore."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

When the Count Proposed.

"I don't see how the count could propose to you when he can't talk any English and you don't speak French."

"Oh, it was very easy. We were sitting in the parlor. Pointing up at an oil painting of papa, the count took out a piece of paper and a pencil. Then he set down a dollar mark, and after it placed a figure 1. Looking at me out of his big, deep, eloquent, lovely eyes, he began making ciphers after the dollar mark and the figure 1. When he had made four ciphers, which with the other figures meant $10,000, he stopped. I nodded my head for him to go on. Then he made another cipher. That meant $100,000. I nodded my head again. He made another, which raised it to $1,000,000. I nodded for him to go ahead. He put down another cipher, making it $10,000,000.

"Then I smiled and took the pencil from him, and he caught me in his arms and—and ah, it was so lovely! It almost seems like a dream to think that in three weeks I shall be a real countess."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Negro Voters About.

There are 30,000 negro voters in New York, 21,000 in New Jersey, 3,000 in Rhode Island, 8,000 in Delaware, 60,000 in Maryland, 15,000 in West Virginia, 18,000 in Indiana and 14,000 in Kansas.

The difference between a cook and a chef is but a matter of salary.

PLEA FOR THE BRIDEGROOM.

He as Well as the Bride Is Deserving of Consideration.

Rhapsodies on the bride are bountiful. The dear creature, of course, is worthy of all the good things said about her. She is the loveliest, sweetest, most charming and altogether most delightful thing that ever came down the pike or the central aisle of the church. Her very presence is a benediction and a suggestion of the spiced isles, and her dresses—ah, they are dreams! If you don't believe it just get into the company of any of her girl friends; you won't have the trouble of asking about it. The bride is "it." She is always "top of column next to reading matter," which being interpreted means that she gets choice position, where she and her beauty and her gown would positively demand attention if it were not given freely, gladly and voluntarily. She deserves, and has, the admiration of all creation.

And yet we make bold to put in a little plea on behalf of the bridegroom, that he is not forgotten. Ordinarily he cuts mighty little figure in the proceedings. He is regarded rather in the light of a piece of the stage settings, or a foil to show off the radiant beauty of the bride-elect. That he is a very necessary adjunct to the function which brings the bride all ablush into the public eye will be admitted. But who notices how he is dressed? Not even the bride herself. She and the others have a hazy picture of a man with something black on his body and something white on his hands, and some of the spectators may observe a scared look on his face. But that is about all. Nobody says, "Wasn't he handsome!" "How perfectly his costume sets off his splendid figure!" "Wasn't he just too sweet for anything!" Comments and compliments of this kind are reserved for the bride. The bridegroom doesn't get them. And, to tell the truth, he is glad of it. He is well content for "her" to be the recipient of all the attentions while he stands meekly in the background. It's less embarrassing and less bothersome.

It is after the wedding and in the home life that the bridegroom shows up big, if he is of the right sort, and most of them are. It is when the honeymoon has waned that he proves to the bride the wisdom of her choice. It is when he takes off his coat and hustles hard at work all day and is tender, loving and true under the evening lamp that he demonstrates he is not the clothing dummy that he appeared to be during the wedding ceremony. It may be that the world will not notice it. No mention of the fact will be found in the society columns and the neighborhood gossips will have nothing to say about it. But when he has made her a happy home the bride will understand and appreciate the fact, if she is of the right sort, and most of them are, and will bless the day that brought to her her own bridegroom. They are both good people; may they live long and prosper. —Chicago Chronicle.

QUEER STORIES

Further experience of the recent storms of dust is told by the African mail steamship Borneo, which, before reaching Teneriffe, ran through a terrific sandstorm for thirty hours.

The record of voracity belongs of right to a stoat recently caught at Pennyhill, Pa. During the night the bloodthirsty little creature had killed eleven turkeys, thirty ducks and twenty chickens.

"Most people are aware," says the Scientific American, "of the power of egg-shells to resist external pressure on the ends, but not many would credit the results of tests recently made. Eight different hen's eggs were submitted to pressure applied externally all over the surface of the shell, and the breaking pressures varied between 400 pounds and 675 pounds per square inch. With the stresses applied internally to twelve eggs, these gave way at pressures varying being thirty-two and sixty-five pounds per square inch. The pressure required to crush the eggs varied between forty pounds and seventy-five pounds. The average thickness of the shells was thirteen-one thousandth inch."

The idea that alcohol or any other stimulant can ever impart strength must be abandoned, says a writer in The Hospital. A stimulant has a certain effect on the circulation, and this may enable the person who takes it to exert more strength temporarily; but the energy that he uses comes not from the stimulant, but from his own blood and tissue. A similar mistake is made in the administration of a stimulant to relieve a feeling of depression or sinking. An injurious reaction always follows. Alcohol is harmful also in diseases of the kidneys or of the liver, but it seems to be good for disease of the lungs, and its effect on appetite and digestion may be good when properly employed. When "stimulants" put one to sleep and quiet agitation, they are doing good; when, on the contrary, they raise the pulse-rate, and cause excitement and wakefulness, they are doing harm.

Gladstone's Statue.

A statue to Gladstone has recently been placed in Westminster Abbey on the spot marked for it years ago by Dean Stanley. It occupies the last vacant space for a standing figure in the north transept. The London Times describes the statue.

It was made by Mr. Brook of the Royal Academy, and is a marble figure on a marble pedestal, which at present contains no inscription. On one side is the statue of Sir Robert Peel, on the other, that of Lord Beaconsfield. The aisle is called the "Statesmen's Aisle," and is near the pulpit.

Gladstone stands in the robes of a doctor of civil law of Oxford, with his face turned slightly to the left. The likeness is good.

There is no ceremony of unveiling monuments which, like this, are erected by the authority of Parliament. No display is necessary to call attention to the honor which the nation pays its great men.