

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

If some men were worms they would be too lazy to turn.

Wise is the man who profits by the costly experience of others.

The Servian reignmakers may be useless in a drought district.

The best capital to begin life on is a capital wife—so a woman says.

Be sure of the effect before wasting your time in searching for the cause.

A man who will not listen to reason soon becomes a crank that cannot be turned.

All men may be born equal, but it doesn't take the majority of them long to live it down.

If all the world's a stage it's up to each of us to contribute something toward the elevation of it.

Florida has started the breeding of pelicans. Now let Louisiana breed storks—the States need them.

A woman dislikes to hear a man talk shop almost as much as a man dislikes to hear a woman talk shopping.

Some men talk most of the first dollar they ever earned, but they think oftentimes of the first dollar they ever spent.

When after acquiring sudden wealth a man ceases to recognize his friends they escape the tiresome stories of his early struggles.

The decisions of a Brooklyn magistrate that for one woman to call another an old maid is a serious case of disorderly conduct increases the swelling ranks of our Dogberrys by one shining member.

"It is a rule of manners to avoid exaggeration," said Emerson. The Concord philosopher might be inclined to make the remark with fresh emphasis were he here to comment on some recent characterizations of him.

Over in Paris some of the fashionable people put goggles on their dogs and take them automobileing. It is said that the fashionable people can generally be distinguished from the dogs because the latter as a rule are smaller.

Are the times accused? One can scarcely pick up a newspaper without seeing an account of some terrible tragedy. Railroad wrecks, floods, cloudbursts, forest fires, mine explosions, elevator accidents, murders and lynchings have followed each other in rapid and terrible procession, until it would seem that some evil influence were at work to make 1903 memorable for its bloody record.

That there are business men who have faith in colleges is evident from the liberal gifts of money to those institutions which are made by the business men. That a college education is not a sine qua non to success in business is evident from the number of men rich enough to confer such benefactions who never saw the inside of a college until they visited colleges in the role of munificent dispensers of money.

The progressive action of Trinity College, Dublin, is commended to the advocates of segregation in this land of "equal opportunity." This famous seat of learning, "famous forever for Greek and Latin," has about decided to abolish the compulsory study of Greek and open its doors to women. Thus Trinity steps into the twentieth century with a polite bow to certain more modern institutions of learning that are going the other way.

President Nash, of Lombard College, in Illinois, told some home truths in a recent address. He contended that the universal distrust of law as shown by lynching was a serious menace to civilization. He referred to recent lynchings and could see no justification in the plea that for such crimes no punishment was too severe, adding: "If you should lynch one man for that crime in this community every woman's life here would be less safe."

It is intimated that the medal bestowed by King Edward upon Architect McKim for his alterations in the White House is meant as a delicate atonement for the incident in 1814, when the British invaders ate Mrs. Madison's dinner and then burned the house. Really we had almost forgotten that little episode, and never laid it up against Edward anyway. Besides, we got even for it some time ago in the invasion and permanent occupation of England by William Waldorf Astor.

Canada's business men, politicians and citizens generally are greatly excited over the projects for another transcontinental railroad. There have been no less than four well-thought-out schemes under agitation, but just at present interest centers on the Grand Trunk Pacific proposals, which are on the verge of parliamentary discussion. The wheat fields of the Northwest are rich territory for a new line. The popular demand is great for an all-rail, all-Canadian route from Pacific to Atlantic. The Grand Trunk Pacific proposes to get the prize and meet the demand at the same time, but it insists on a huge amount of government aid. Its proposal, to which the Laurier ministry is understood to have given its approval, is that the government shall build a line from Moncton, N. B., in the East to Quebec, and thence straight through the unsettled forests far north of Montreal and Toronto to Winnipeg. This line the company offers to lease for fifty years, paying practically nothing the first ten years and 3 per cent on its cost for the next forty years. West of Winnipeg the company proposes to build its own line

to Port Simpson, on the Pacific, but it asks a government guarantee of bonds to cover 75 per cent of the cost of construction up to \$13,000 a mile on the prairie section and \$30,000 a mile on the mountain section. Of a total estimated cost of construction for the whole route, of \$100,000,000 the government is asked to provide or guarantee \$75,000,000. As to the ultimate profits of the western half of the road there can be no question. The eastern end, from Quebec to Moncton, would, however, come into competition with the Intercolonial Road, which the Dominion government owns, and which, owing to limited traffic, has always been run at a loss. The project has some ardent friends, but to judge from the Canadian press its critics are in the majority. The contest before action is taken by the government is sure to be warm.

It is not so long ago that the horse was said to be losing prestige as a tamed or a wild and untamed spirit of the road, since the bicycle had been found to equal him in being a good family steed. While the automobile was able to kick, balk or run away just as viciously or disastrously as a good many people prophesied that the day of the horse's value, except for utility, was over. Man has a liking for combat and danger, and the conquest of a mettled horse was once an unfailing prescription for liver complaint. That was before the days of machine-made horses, however, and when horse thieves stole horses instead of bicycles. Horse stealing went out of fashion a good many years ago, and seems likely never to resume its old vogue, although a man in South Dakota was reported not long ago to have ridden away with 105 horses at one swipe. It must be a comfort to automobile owners that a wholesale steal of these to the extent of 105 is not likely. In this respect the machine is ahead of the horse. Yet the horse is to be with us as a friend and a joy, after all the doubt about him. Poetry was not symbolized as a winged steed for nothing. Those old ancients were all right when they put the Centaur into mythology and the Gemini into the Zodiac. Man and the horse were meant to be comrades true and no temporary unfaithfulness on the part of man can long out the horse from his established rights of primo-geniture in the open road and the curve of the race track. Horses were here before man and his man-made machines. Everything that a machine can do a horse can do, and make much less fuss about. As for the things a machine can't do that a horse can are they not bound up with the history of the world's circuit of the globe?

That fashion again insists on keeping the horse up to the old mark, as the final arbiter of the dignified and correct in the usage of locomotion, is a return to nature that pleases everybody. Even in his ugliest temper the horse is a tract on the ethics of horse education. You can shape and train horse nature so that it is reliable for something definite. The horse intelligence will step in to piece out the failing powers of the man. Can any other motor machine do that?

THEY MARRY ANYHOW.

People of the Caucasus Would Just as Lief Die as Not.

In the northern Caucasus nearly half the death-rate of the inhabitants is caused by vendetta, and at least three-fourths of the vendetta cases are the result of a curious marriage custom which is now declining the population. The native of those parts who wishes to take unto himself a wife cannot arrange the matter in the simple off-hand manner in vogue in western Europe by "popping the question."

He must go home, and sell his belongings, and buy her fairly and squarely of her parents, the price ranging from \$175 to \$1,000. This is a costly custom in many ways, for it is not every young man who can afford to invest such a large sum in a wife, however accomplished. What generally happens in such cases is that the indigent candidate for the order of Benediction induces a few stalwart comrades to seize the maiden and carry her off. What too often follows then may be gathered from a case in point which has just taken place in Sossiambek. Bokayeff is the bridegroom's name, and Neshkho that of the girl of sweet sixteen who had the misfortune to find favor in his eyes. His pockets being empty he persuaded three comrades to kidnap the maid, whom he then took off to another village as his wife.

But her father, on discovering her whereabouts, had her sent back by the police, and then demanded \$150 for loss of her services, as we should say. Bokayeff, to whom the demand was made, would not or could not pay. The girl's father thereupon claimed that sum from the bridegroom's companions, who are equally liable. They admitted the justice of his claim and called upon Bokayeff to hand over the sum to them. On his refusal they shot him dead, that being the custom of the country, although daggers are also allowed to take the place of bullets.

English Household Troops.

The privileges of the household troops, which are now being called into question, date from the establishment of the regiments from Charles II., according to the London Chronicle. A fortnight before his coming from Holland he selected eighty cavalier gentlemen and formed them into a corps of life guards under Lord Gerard. Increased to 900 men, they formed the king's bodyguard and escorted him into his own again. Parliament disbanded the Ironside army, but an outbreak of fifth monarchy fanatics in January, 1661, afforded Charles a pretext for maintaining troops for his personal protection. Out of Monk's disbanded army the king raised a regiment of foot guards, transformed the Coldstream regiment into a second corps of foot guards and converted troops of Cromwellian cavalry into royal horse guards. The third regiment of foot guards was established in 1713, in honor of the union with Scotland. The earl of Linlithgow's fusiliers were brought to London and converted into "Scott's guards." These five regiments formed the nucleus of the British army.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Farms and Good Roads.

FIGURES taken from the last two United States censuses illustrate strikingly the value of good roads to the country through which they are built. The first roads constructed in New York State under the Armstrong-Higley law were begun in 1853, when the State appropriated \$50,000 as its half of the cost. Since that time about 355 miles have been constructed. The census reports show that farm lands in New York State decreased \$79,993,000 in value from 1880 to 1900. Highway improvement on a broad and liberal scale was begun in New Jersey in 1892, and since that time farm values in that State have increased \$27,000,000. That increase is unquestionably due to a great extent to good roads.

That the construction of good roads on a systematic plan throughout New York State will contribute much toward restoring farm values there is no doubt. Transportation of farm produce over bad roads is a difficult, tedious and expensive operation. On the basis of the present condition of unimproved roads it costs \$1.25 to move a ton of freight five miles by wagon. If the country roads were properly improved it would not cost half as much to move a ton of freight as under present conditions, and with good roads the products of farms lying some distances from markets would be brought into direct competition with produce grown on lands near the market centers, which would result in benefit to the distant producers in the country and to the consumer.

Good roads will aid in solving the school question in the country districts by making possible the consolidation of school districts through easier communication, thus giving opportunity for larger and better schools in place of the smaller country schools.

The extension of free mail delivery in the country will be promoted by good roads. Rural mail delivery brings the farmer into closer touch with the great world from which he is removed by force of circumstances. This boon will be enjoyed by farmers in sections remote from postoffices when good roads make it easier to drive to distant points.

These are but a few of the considerations that ought to induce the farmer, who will reap the greatest benefit, and who is asked under the law to contribute the smallest proportion of cost, to favor energetic action toward securing improved highways throughout the country.—Syracuse Herald.

The German Menace of Cuba.

THE intimation of the German Government to the Cuban representative at Berlin that it will soon be time to take up the German claims against Cuba naturally arouses intense interest in Havana. The Cubans did not know that any such claims were in existence, and they do not know yet on what they rest. But they are undoubtedly well aware of the danger of the destruction or injury of German property during the insurrection against Spain.

Cuba would be much less able to cope with any foreign government than Venezuela, and without the support of the United States it would be powerless. If Germany presents war claims France and other nations may be expected to do the same thing. There is no ground for them; but the course Cuba has pursued so far has not been of the kind to make the United States unduly active in its behalf. The Monroe Doctrine would be enforced, but that did not prevent war against Venezuela. Cuba should bestir herself if she desires the cordial support of the United States.—Philadelphia Press.

Worry That Killed.

IT is said of the young bank vice president who killed himself that "he was a worrying man." He had come up from the lowest place in a bank's service to one of the highest and had just stepped from one position of trust to the most enviable post of honor with another financial institution of high character. At 41 he was a man to be admired for what he had accomplished and congratulated on his future. But in a moment of rash depression he ended it all instantly with a revolver.

It takes a good deal of worry to get along in the world. Don't worry! Worry few bank presidents or busi-

FORTUNE IN THIS BRICK.

Largest and Most Perfect Ever Shown at Deadwood Assay Office.

The largest and most perfect good brick to be received at the United States assay office has been deposited at Deadwood, S. D., by the Spearhead Gold Mining and Reduction company, from the cyanide mill in the limestone belt. It weighs 1,175 ounces and is over 100 fine, being worth approximately \$22,000. It is seldom that gold of such fineness is brought to the Deadwood office from plants in the hills, and while the office has received bars weighing about as much, they have not possessed the same value or anywhere near it. The gold is usually associated with silver and copper. The last bar from the Spearhead weighs over ninety pounds, troy weight, is well formed, and the gold is of a particularly bright yellow color.

This brick was the result of a fourteen days' run at the 200-ton cyanide plant of the Spearhead company on ore that assays from \$5 to \$7 a ton. At this rate the company is able to clean up over \$40,000 a month. The increase in the amount of the clean-up is attributable to greater richness of the ore than formerly, and to the fact that the company is able with experience to get a greater efficiency in the milling facilities.

A good brick that in fineness is equal to that deposited by the Spearhead company has just been brought down by the Deadwood-Standard Gold Mining company. It is worth between \$4,000 and \$5,000, but in its perfect proportions and the luster of the metal it is the Spearhead bar reproduced on a small scale. It represents a two weeks' run at the 125-ton plant, on ore identical in character with the Spearhead ore, the two properties being adjoining.—Minneapolis Journal.

PEDIGREES FOR BOGUS CURIOS.

Collectors Bewildered by Shady Dealer With Help of Needy Lord.

Never has there been more heard about bogus art antiques, false and fabricated old masters and the like than lately, but still a great many rich purchasers lay the flattering unction to their souls that at least, have not been gulled, inasmuch as they have a pedigree of an authentic kind attached to every curio they have ever bought, says London Tit-Bits.

But just as much artfulness and pains have been employed in the fabrication of "authentic" histories to old masters as have been expended on these latter works themselves. Here is an actual case—absolutely known at first hand to the writer, who learned the whole of the details of shams, each

ness men of large caliber in their membership. When the clerk in question was rising from runner to clerk, from clerk to teller, he was worrying, and his worry was making him all the more valuable an employee. But when the habit grew to the point where it meant Sunday trips to the bank to see that everything was right it became a disease. Then came dyspepsia, and in its train melancholia, which was the preliminary to the insane impulse of self-destruction.

Fortunate is the man who strikes an even balance between carelessness and indifference and the extreme over-carefulness. Worry is a good servant, but a bad master.—New York Evening World.

Money and Marriage.

WHEN our fathers were at the courting stage of life it was customary for people to marry on very little or nothing certain a year. A girl was expected and usually was willing to take a man for better, for worse, when the chances of its being for worse were at least equal to those of its being for better. The doctrine that two could live as cheaply as one was then an article of faith seldom disputed. Perhaps, fifty years ago, it might have been possible for two to live as cheaply as one, if the wife made her own clothes and hats and did all the housework, including the washing, and took in boarders. Many a man, whose daughter could not exist with less than \$75 a month pin money, married the daughter's mother when his total income was less than \$50 a month, and there was no clear prospect of more. Young married people thirty years ago were willing to commence modestly. They did not pretend to entertain. The wife dressed cheaply, and made no attempt to vie with her rich acquaintances, if she were so fortunate, or unfortunate, as to have any.

Those were the times, however, when the country was still regarded as new, and we Americans had the only homely and provincial ways. . . . Living was plainer, simpler and cheaper. It was deemed not respectable for a family to live beyond its means, and had form to make a display that it could not reasonably afford.

Girls demand more of a suitor in this sophisticated period. He must have some money saved up, and must have an income that will be sufficient to pay the rent of a flat in a fashionable part of town and the wages of a woman to do the housework. There is no sentimental nonsense in the modern girl about two living as cheaply as one. . . . The usual American girl is not in a hurry to marry because she is pretty well off single. Consequently she is deliberate and waits for a man to appear who is in every way eligible. If such a man does not appear, she can comfort herself with reflections on the troubles of the married women about her. There are things for an old maid to do nowadays besides petting a cat and talking to a parrot; and young women know it.—San Francisco Bulletin.

The Collegian in Business.

A PROSPEROUS business man sends his son to college and finds a place for him in his counting room when the son graduates, and the road to success is open to such a one. But in the case of the graduate whose father has no place to offer him and who has no capital to embark in trade there are serious difficulties. When he applies for employment he generally finds as his rival the boy who was never educated beyond the grammar school, who went into the counting room at the age of 12 or 15 years at a few dollars a week. This boy has been learning the business while the college man is at his books, and when the latter has graduated he finds that the boy of his age has completed his apprenticeship and is in the possession of a good position. The college man who is over 21 years of age is not ordinarily willing to begin with the duties and wages of the 12-year-old lad, and this is often the only place open to him. If he should enter the race he might have every chance of overtaking and passing the uneducated boy. It certainly cannot be any disadvantage to a man to have his mind, his reasoning faculties and his judgment trained any more than such training can injure a professional man. Knowledge is power, and the lack of knowledge is a serious handicap on a man who wishes to succeed in life.—Baltimore Sun.

one with a written pedigree, put off upon collectors. About town in London was a certain degenerate and titled member of the aristocracy. The only sign or shadow of property left to him was a beautiful ancient manor house that was mortgaged up to the very hilt.

The house stood in a remote spot and had scarcely a stick of furniture left in it. A shady dealer in curios of all kinds sought out the titled nee-do-well and made certain proposals to him. As a consequence the mortgages on the ancient manor were paid off and transferred to the dealer in antiquities. Directly afterward van loads of paintings, of black oak furniture, of armor and armor, of worn-out tapestry and of every conceivable art object began to arrive at the almost empty manor house. Then, in a few weeks, announcements began to appear to the effect that "the ancestral home of the last of an ancient race (name given) was about to be denuded of the treasures of art that had been acquired during the lives of ancestors for 1,000 years."

And this sale positively lasted over several weeks—as though the very cellars had been packed with art treasures. Collectors everywhere, even usually suspicious ones, pointed to this or that dearly acquired object and said, proudly: "That came from Blank manor house, the wonderful depository that Lord Nemo dispersed." Even after that Lord Nemo disposed of a few things still left in his town house.

THE GAME OF GOSSIP.

Examples of the way in which stories grow by repetition until the real fact in the case is lost in vague and uncertain statements are illustrated by this story from the Washington Post, told by a woman who had been spending some time in a winter resort.

"Of course I made many acquaintances at the hotel," she said, "and one day Mrs. Jones was rather rude. I didn't care particularly for Mrs. Jones, but I was curious to know why she had acted as she did, for she had been especially cordial to me; so I asked Mrs. Smith.

"Mrs. Smith said that Mrs. Jones said she had been told that I had spoken of her as a 'smart Aleck.' Mrs. Smith further stated that it was all over the place that I had used the expression. She said Mrs. Brown had told Mrs. Jones.

"I went to Mrs. Brown and asked her about it. She said that Mrs. Green had told her I said it. I went to Mrs.

The Laziest Man.

ALL grasses on the bank waved gently; a blustering bumblebee tumbled upon the broad face of a burdock leaf, too overlaid with pollen to fly; interlocked branches traced a lacework pattern on the ground, and the September sunlight shimmering upon the bank and water was like a benediction.

Ringold lay at length beside the footpath, that upon his back, one leg over the other, thus thrusting a very trim and well shod foot into the air, and with his hands clasped behind his head pillowed on a hammock.

He watched a spider busily spinning a thread so fine that it was carried further and further out over the water on the bosom of the breeze. He end was finally lost to sight. Such a busy little creature as that spider was, too! It positively made Ringold feel a desire to be doing something himself, just to see the spinner at work. So he lit another cigarette and puffed stolidly. A man can always find something to do when he's in the country on a vacation.

By and by the spider, evidently having his aerial ship, or kite, or whatever he was making, of sufficient strength, cut himself loose and went flying away at the end of his thread. Up and up the spider soared, and the ascension Ringold was able to follow the track of the cunning insect at the end of his floating thread for some yards.

"That's a fine way to cross a river," he said to himself. "Wish I could do it as easily."

Simon Sholes, the storekeeper, came trotting along the path. "Hi, Bobby! What are you doing there?" he asked, casting a rather suspicious glance at the recumbent figure.

"Sawing wood, Mr. S. & S.," responded the lazy one.

Sholes chuckled rather doubtfully, and went on. Ringold knew he would go down to his store and report that Bob was just as lazy as ever. Three years in the city hadn't changed him a mite!

Dr. Newell hove in sight a moment later. Really, the river path seemed a favorite way to the village today! "That you Ringold? Taking it easy?" "Oh, no, sir! I'm plowing for oats."

"I reckon you would plow for oats this time of year, Ringold. It would be just like you," said the old physician dryly, as he went on, his coat tails flapping over his laced hands.

"Makes these folks jealous to see a man resting," declared Ringold to himself.

"Humph! Working just about as you use to, hey?" was old Peleg Marney's sharp remark as he passed a minute later. And he scowled down at the man of ease. He remembered when Ringold had stolen his golden ruse.

"Harder," was the reply. "I'm making hay while the sun shines. I'll sell you a ton at a discount, Peleg," said Ringold. He knew the old man's failing.

By and by there was another step on the path. Ringold had been waiting for it, but he did not raise his head. "I thought I would find you here," said a voice scornfully. "You are, Robert, the very laziest man in the world!"

"Think so?"

"I know so!" The girl tapped the patent leather toe of her shoe with the tip of her parasol. "And you mean to say that they pay you \$3,000 a year in New York."

"That's the figure."

"What for?"

"For thinking."

"And I suppose you have been thinking all this livelong afternoon that you have lain here?"

"No; I've been doing better."

"What, pray?"

"Watching spiders!" exclaimed Ringold, laughing and getting lazily upon his feet. Then he walked along by the girl's side. But she kept her face turned loftily from him, and that evening she went to the church social with young Sholes, the storekeeper's son.

"I like a man who does things," she told Ringold when he complained.

The last week of his month's vacation coincided with Ringold's hopes. To say the least, the weather was uncertain. Most of the time it rained. The river rose enormously. The water had not been so high (these be the words of the oldest inhabitant) since the great storm in '59. The meadows were flooded. Where Ringold had lain and dreamed away the sunny afternoon the water was two feet deep. If he had not made up his mind to abandon a part of his ill-gotten gains the bumblebee must have been drowned, and the spider had shown his good sense in changing his quarters.

Thursday night the foot and carriage bridge went. The next morning the dam burst, and the onrush of the great flood which swept the valley carried the timbers of the railroad trestle with it, leaving only the twisted ironwork hanging to the pillars on either bank. At the village station a long, vestibuled train had been held just in season to escape destruction. The wire told them that retreat was cut off by the loss of the bridge over the ravine two miles up the road. Perforce the passengers were obliged to submit to a considerable stay at this one-horse town.

"If it looks as mean and small to them as it does to me, they won't like it," thought Ringold. He strolled down to the station. "For the privilege of seeing a well dressed woman and a silk tie once more," he said. Everybody seemed so glad to have escaped the wreck of the bridge that they were not troubling over the delay. All but one man. He was squat, ruddy faced, white haired, quick motioned. Ringold's eyes opened wider. He knew him. And Wall street knew him. Ringold had not quite lost run of financial affairs. A New York paper was wafted into town on occasion.

"He was going home in a hurry—and I don't blame him, considering the way O. and P. is dropping," muttered the

lazy man. "And I'd bet that he won't gain anything for being held up here."

The ruddy faced man thought so, too. He went down to the edge of the river which had now become a lake. "Is there any way of crossing?" he asked. The natives stared at him. "I reckon not. A boat wouldn't live a minute in that current. And it's like to rain again 'fore night."

"I've got to get across now; I can't wait," said the ruddy faced man. "Where's the boat?"

"There ain't none nearer than the sea-shore—fifteen mile away. What we had was lost in the first flood."

"But I've got to get over, declared the man, insistently.

The buccle citizens left him. They made up their minds that he wasn't exactly "right," Ringold went over. "What's it worth?" he asked calmly. "Put me across the river—I can get a special to meet me there, I find—and I'll give you—"

He looked Ringold over, and finished, "A hundred dollars."

"These aren't my clothes," Ringold said softly. "You see, I got my own wet. I am connected with Page & Jessop. They call me their confidential clerk."

"You misunderstood me," said the ruddy faced man, quickly. "I said a thousand!"

"And expenses?"

"And expenses," with a sigh. "All right. You wire for your train. You'll need it about 1 o'clock."

He strolled away as calmly as ever, but there must have been something in his eye that impressed the Wall street man more than it did Ringold's old neighbors and friends. At any rate he telegraphed for the special.

Ringold did a little wiring himself. Luckily there was a roundabout way of telegraphing to the other side of the river, and Al Cusick lived there. He could depend upon Al to do just what he was told—no more, no less.

Then Ringold made some purchases at Sholes's store. Young Sholes told the girl when she happened in a little later that he guessed Bob Ringold must be getting into his second childhood, buying children's toys!

"And pa and ma thought them let over balloons we had for the picnic was a dead loss," said the storekeeper's son. His grammar was one thing that made the girl wish Ringold was not so lazy!

Of course, she could not keep away from the edge of the overflooded meadows. Half the population and most of the delayed passengers were there. At one side was Ringold and two men busy at work. On the other shore a wagon had driven down to the edge of the water, and she heard somebody say that it was Al Cusick's team. By and by other people noticed Ringold's actions.

They exclaimed in wonder and laughed not a little when a bunch of toy balloons, fastened to a strong silk thread, rose in the air and was wafted over the water. The wind blew directly across the stream, which was yellow and angry in its central channel. But the balloons floated the silken strand high above it. By and by the pressure of the air causing the balloons to leak, they dropped down. But it was on the further bank, and Al Cusick caught the thread.

In a moment Ringold signaled him to pull away. A cord followed the silken thread over the river. Then a small, strong rope followed the cord. Several men had joined Cusick on the further shore. Ringold attached a new cable to the rope, and under the last "heave-ho!" of the group on the other side the yellow manila splashed through the flood. With it went another cord, which was used to pull a block and tackle, buoy which Ringold had made from a sail.

There was a banner of smoke against the overcast sky from the other side of the river. "Your special's just in, sir," Ringold said to the ruddy faced man. "It's a quarter to 1. I guarantee you'll get across without so much as wetting your boots!"

The ruddy faced man shook hands. "You call at my office when you come to town," he said. "I think you ought to be something better than confidential clerk to Page & Jessop—if you want to change."

The girl heard him, and she squeezed Ringold's arm in delight.

"Oh, oh," she whispered. "Did you hear that, Robert? Isn't that splendid? Why, we can—"

"That extra thousand will furnish a pretty decent flat—in Harlem," finished the laziest man—Philadelphia Ledger.

Eye-strain.

The interesting conclusion has been reached by Dr. George M. Gould, in his "Biographic Clinics," that Browning De Quincey and Carlyle all owed their mental affliction to the one cause of eye-strain. From an examination of De Quincey's portrait, the author believes that he had a disease known among oculists as exophoria. It is not squinting, but is rather a divergence of the eye leading to a great muscular strain.

The use of opium would narrow the pupils to the smallest diameter. This would greatly aid in shutting out confusing rays, and would, in a way, make the vision better. So the great author's use of the drug may not have resulted wholly from weakness of will, but because he found that it fitted him temporarily for his work.

Carlyle's sufferings find an ample explanation in eye-strain. After each completed work, indeed, after each busy day, he had to rest, and the exhaustion that overtook him seemed of despair. Yet intellectual labor is not tire him, but the physical labor involved in reading and writing.

Robert Browning lived a temperate life under the best conditions. Still, after every attempt at reading and writing, he found himself afflicted by headaches and vertigo. Darwin and Huxley also suffered in the same way.

When a boy gets candy on his sere, he knows how to get it off.