

Why is it we never hear anybody speak of a woman as being self-made?

The late Mr. Havemeyer evidently possessed a strong aversion to giving any of it back to the public.

Bishop Fallows recommends everyone to sing, "Christian psychology" doesn't pretend to be painless in its methods.

A Missouri poet writes of a friend who "has gone to a bright eternity." That vivid description might fit either one.

A Michigan judge has decided that "sausage is sausage." Which seems more sensible than declaring that it is ham and eggs.

Count Boni apparently is unalterably determined to prevent any other man from standing under his former wife's window and doing the troubadour act.

A New York physician recommends that members of society fly kites for their health. He was smart enough to suggest something that looks like play.

Newport society, it appears, is in debt to the shopkeepers. And probably those common persons do not appreciate the distinction thus conferred upon them.

One New York landlord reduces the rent for tennis every time they are visited by the stork. After a while, at that rate, he may be paying some of the tenants for staying in his flats.

One of New York's biggest fireproof buildings has been totally destroyed by fire. This should convince the architects that fireproof buildings ought to be built of materials that will not burn.

There is in Berlin an artist who is going to marry a widow with \$5,000,000. This is excellent. Now let some delightful heiress add to the gazety by bestowing her hand and fortune upon some struggling poet.

A Connecticut preacher claims to have provided support for eighty-two persons for the last two years by faith and prayer. That looks like an easy way to make a living, but it's hard for those who never learned the trade.

A Cornell professor just back from Russia charges the Grand Dukes with appropriating money subscribed for famine sufferers. Why not? The system they exist upon is a huge fraud. Why should they hesitate at petty stealing if they need the money?

A Toledo judge has decided that a wife is not bound either legally or morally to kiss her husband when his breath is tainted with liquor. Generally the husband is pretty anxious to keep her from doing so, if her smelling powders are in working order.

No people need wider knowledge than Americans of the people of foreign lands, for many nations send their citizens to us. It is therefore a wise and patriotic work which the Young Men's Christian Association and the Congregational Education Society are doing to send young men and women abroad to study the customs, environment, language and ideals of those who emigrate to America. This work will make it easier to understand the newcomer better and help him sooner to become an American.

Men are more self-conscious than women in public. A man would be much more disconcerted to find his stocking curling over his boot when he is endeavoring to be agreeable in a particular than a woman would be if some such trivial accident befell her. Man's modesty is often synonymous with self-consciousness or vanity. The oriental woman veiled her face and was not disturbed if other parts of her body were revealed. What normal man would be brave enough to attend a dinner party with bare shoulders and a low-necked shirt? Modesty, in the conventional meaning of the word, is governed by custom, time and country.

That art is long is again illustrated by the delay in the completion of the equestrian statue of Lafayette in Paris, for which sixty thousand dollars was subscribed, chiefly by American school children, nine or ten years ago. A bronze model of the statue was unveiled with elaborate ceremonies during the last Paris exposition in 1900. The sculptor, Paul Wayland Bartlett, was not satisfied with this model, and he has been at work on the figure ever since. The latest reports from him indicate that he has finally produced a statue which commends itself to his judgment, and he will soon be ready to have it cast in bronze. In the meantime the model that was unveiled in 1900 has fallen to pieces, and its ruins have been removed from the pedestal.

Investigation of the ills of old age, it is reported, will be made a specialty by the Russell Sage Institute of Pathology of New York City. Laboratories will be maintained for the purpose of research. The ills of old age, in certain cases, may be numerous and hard to bear, but they do not belong to old age, and cannot be relieved by treating aged people. Whatever the ills of old age may be, they are ills that had their origin when the victims were young, or, it may be, even earlier than that, and if they are to be remedied at all, which they certainly ought to be, and certainly can be, they should be remedied before they reach the aged, not afterward. However, it is not particularly difficult to show that most aged people

are and have been pretty well. Russell Sage himself used to make it a proud boast that he was never sick in all his life. That is to say, he suffered none of the ills of youth, and consequently was able not only to attain to a ripe old age, but to feel good the greater part of the time after he had become advanced in years. It goes without saying that, if we can manage somehow to keep the young free from those ills which prevent them from attaining old age, we shall be accomplishing much more than by merely doctoring the people who have health and vitality enough to grow old. Most of our old people are healthy enough, and all of them realize that they would be still healthier had they paid more attention to the laws of health when they were young, or less attention to them, as the case may be; for, next to the young person who leads a reckless life, the young person who is forever doctoring the ills of old age are, it is a remarkable fact that the people who grow old and who have the fewest ills when they become old are the people who paid least attention to their little pains and aches when they were young, who doctored themselves the least, who were the least wrapped up in themselves, who worried the least about themselves, who kept their thoughts away from themselves by giving their mind all it could do in other directions. Russell Sage used to visit his office every day, rain or shine, long after he had reached the scriptural limit. He did not pander to his small ills. He was too busy figuring out interest on emergency loans to give thought to himself. His life was not an ideal one, but if he had been as rational in all other respects as he was about the matter of "taking care of himself" his life might have been made as nearly ideal as human life can be made, because he possessed the temperament as well as the means wherewith to make himself and others happy. People would not get old unless they were fairly well most of the time; it is, therefore, with the young people who spend most of the time complaining and grunting and doctoring that the Russell Sage Institute of Pathology should deal. As a sort of preliminary step to better things, these young people might be taught first of all how to live so as to be able to suffer some of the ills of old age.

A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION

The simple demonstration recorded in the Philadelphia Public Ledger probably did more toward the enlightenment of the Missouri judge than hours of discourse in the courtroom. The magistrate, traveling on circuit, had before him, in a small country town, a case in which a tavern keeper was held for the payment on a land transaction of a large amount of money which he had not agreed definitely to pay.

After judgment had been rendered, the court adjourned for dinner, and the judge found that the only eating house in the place was the inn kept by the defendant in the case he had just decided. He also found that the defendant personally superintended the preparation of the meals, and that the food was charged for on the European plan. The judge called for two boiled eggs, which, with the other food he ordered, were brought to him done to a turn. At the end of the meal the bill was presented to him. He was astonished to read in it the following items:

Two boiled eggs, fifteen cents; two chickens at seventy-five cents, one dollar and a half. Calling the proprietor, he asked: "How's this? I've had no chickens. Why do you charge me for them?" "Those are constructive chickens, your honor," answered the innkeeper. "What?" "Why, they are implied in the eggs, you know."

A Congenial Occupation.

"It isn't everybody that gets a place in life that's just suited to him," said Mr. Hobart, thoughtfully, "but I declare it seems as if Jed Loring had landed in the very spot he'd choose above every other."

"I didn't suppose anything would ever suit Jed," remarked Mrs. Hobart. "A man that always thought everybody was better off than he, and never appeared to enjoy anything except other folk's misfortunes. Where in the world is he?" "While I was visiting Henry's folks," said Mr. Hobart, "they took me across the ferry to the island one day. I thought the face of the man that worked the gates looked kind of familiar, and he gazed at me real searching as Henry and I stood there."

"Aren't you Jim Hobart, that used to live in Bushby?" he asked me at last. "I am, and still do," says I, "and it's just come to me who you are. You're Jed Loring."

The Firm of Girdlestone

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

CHAPTER I.

The approach to the office of Girdlestone & Co. was not a very dignified one. A narrow doorway opened into a long white-washed passage. On one side of this is a brass plate with the inscription "Girdlestone & Co., African Merchants," and above it a curious hieroglyphic supposed to represent a human hand in the act of pointing. Following the guidance of this emblem, the wayfarer finds himself in a small square yard surrounded by doors upon one of which the name of the firm reappears in large white letters, with the word "push" printed beneath it. If he follows this laconic invitation he will make his way into a low apartment, which is the counting house of the African traders.

On the afternoon, which we speak of, things were quiet in the office. Misty London light shone dimly through the glazed windows and cast dark shadows in the corners. On a high perch in the background a weary-faced, elderly man, with muttering lips and tapping fingers, cast up endless lines of figures. Beneath him, from two long shining mahogany desks, half a score of young men appeared to be riding furiously, neck and neck, in the race of life. Any habitue of a London office might have deduced from their restless energy and incorruptible diligence that they were under the eyes of some member of the firm.

The member in question leaned against the marble mantelpiece, turning over the pages of an almanac, and taking from time to time a stealthy peep over the top of it at the tollers around him. Command was imprinted in every line of his stout, square-set face and erect, powerful frame. There was something classical in the regular olive-tinted features and black, crisp, curling hair fitting tightly to the well-rounded head. Yet, though classical, there was an absence of spirituality. It was rather the profile of one of those Roman emperors, splendid in its animal strength, but lacking those softnesses of eye and mouth which speak of an inner life. Such was Ezra, the only child of John Girdlestone, and the heir to the whole of his vast business.

The junior partner was silent, and the clerks were working unseeingly. Their faces were terminated by the sharp sound of a table-gong and the appearance of a boy with the announcement that Mr. Girdlestone would like a moment's conversation with Mr. Ezra.

The sanctum of Mr. John Girdlestone was approached by two doors, one of oak with ground-glass panels, the other covered with green baize. The room itself was small, but lofty, and the walls were ornamented by numerous sections of ships' stock upon long flat boards, very much as the remains of fossil fish are exhibited in museums. There were also several photographs of the various vessels belonging to the firm, together with maps, charts and lists of sailings innumerable. Above the fireplace was a large watercolor painting of the harbor of Bahia, as it appeared when on a reef to the north of Cape Palmas. An inscription beneath this work of art announced that it had been painted by the second officer and presented by him to the head of the firm.

It was generally rumored that the merchant had lost heavily on this disaster, and there were some who were quoted as an instance of Girdlestone's habitual strength of mind that he should decorate his wall with so melancholy a souvenir. John Girdlestone, as he sat at a square office table waiting for his son, was undeniably a remarkable looking man. For good or for evil, as was his character lay beneath that hard angular face, with the strongly marked features and deep-set eyes.

He was known to be a fanatic in religion, a purist in morals, and a man of the strictest commercial integrity. Yet there were some few who looked askance at him, and none, save one, who could apply the word friend to him. He rose and stood with his back to the fire as his son entered. He was so tall that he towered above the younger man, but the latter's square and compact frame made him, apart from the difference of age, the stronger man.

"There's news of the Black Eagle," he said. "She is reported from Madeira." "Ah!" cried the junior partner eagerly. "What luck?" "She is full, or nearly so, according to Captain Hamilton Miggs' report."

"I wonder Miggs was able to send a report at all, and I wonder still more that you should put any faith in it," his son said impatiently. "The fellow is never sober."

"Miggs is a good seaman, and popular on the coast. He may indulge at times but we all have our failings. Here is the list touched for by our agent. Six hundred barrels of palm oil."

"It is down to-day," the other interrupted. "It will rise before the Black Eagle arrives," the merchant rejoined confidently. "Then he has palm nuts in bulk, gum ebony, skins, cochineal, and ivory. Ivory is at a fancy figure. We are sorely in need of a few good voyages, for things have been very slack of late. It is upon this matter that I wanted to speak to you," Girdlestone continued. "It has, however, always been my practice to prefer matters of business to private affairs, however pressing. John Harston is said to be dying, and he has sent a message to me saying that he wishes to see me. It is inconvenient for me to leave the office just now, but I feel that it is my Christian duty to obey such a summons. I wish you, therefore, to look after things until I return."

"I can hardly believe that the news is true," Ezra said, in astonishment. "There must be some mistake. Why, I spoke to him on 'Change last Monday."

"It is very sudden," his father answered, taking his bread-bummed hat from a peg. "There is no doubt about the fact, however. The doctor says that there is very little hope that he will survive until evening. It is a case of malignant typhoid fever."

"How will the money go if the doctor is right?" Ezra asked anxiously. "Every penny to the girl," the merchant answered. "She will be an heiress. There are no other relatives that I know of, except the Dimsdales, and they have a fair fortune of their own. But I must go."

The African merchant hailed a hansom and drove out to his friend's house at Fulham. He and Harston had been charity school boys together, had roughed it together, risen together, and prospered together. Harston, by incessant attention to business and extreme parsimony, had succeeded in founding an immense trading concern. In this he had followed the example of his friend. There was no fear of their interests ever coming into collision, as his operations were confined to the Mediterranean. The firm grew and prospered, until Harston began to be looked upon as a warm man in the city circles. His only child was Kate, a girl of sixteen. There were no other near relations, save the Dimsdales, a prosperous West End physician.

Girdlestone pushed open the iron gate and strode down the gravel walk which led to his friend's house. A bright sun shined out of a cloudless heaven bathed the green lawn and the many-colored flowers in its golden light. The air, the leaves, the birds, all spoke of life. It was hard to think that death was closing its grip upon him who owned them. A plump little gentleman in black was just descending the steps.

"Well, doctor," the merchant asked, "how is your patient?" "You've not come with the intention of seeing him, have you?" the doctor asked, glancing up with some curiosity at the grey face and overhanging eyebrows of the merchant. "It is a most virulent case of typhoid. He may die in an hour or he may live until midnight, but nothing can save him. He will hardly recognize me if I fear, and you do his no good. It is most infectious, and you are incurring a needless danger. I should strongly recommend you not to go."

"Why, you've only just come down from him yourself, doctor," John Girdlestone remarked. "So am I," said the visitor decisively, and passing up the stone steps of the entrance strode into the hall. There was a large sitting room upon the ground floor, through the open door of which the visitor saw a slight figure sitting in a chair. A young girl was sitting in a recess near the window, her little, supple figure bent forward, and her hands clasped at the back of her head, while the elbows rested upon a small table in front of her. Her superb brown hair fell in a thick wave on either side over her white arms. The doctor had just broken his own tidings to her, and she was still in the first paroxysm of her grief—a grief too acute, as was evident even to the unemotional mind of the merchant, to allow of any attempt at consolation. The merchant paused irresolutely for a moment, and then ascending the broad stairs he opened the door of Harston's room and entered.

The blinds were drawn down and the chamber was very dark. A pungent whiff of disinfectants issued from it, mingled with the dank, heavy smell of disease. The bed was in a far corner. Without a face, a labored breathing of the invalid, a trimly dressed nurse who had been sitting by the bedside rose, and, recognizing the visitor, whispered a few words to him and left the room. He pulled the cord of a gasolier, and admitted a flood of daylight. The great chamber looked dreary and bare, as carpets and hangings had been removed to lessen the chance of future infection. John Girdlestone stepped softly across to the bedside, and sat down by his dying friend. The latter turned his restless head round, and a gleam of recognition and gratitude came into his eyes.

"I knew you would come," he said. "Yes, I came the moment I got your message."

"I am glad that you are here," the sufferer continued with a sigh of relief. "I wish to speak to you. I am very weak. I have been making my will, John. Stoop your head and you will hear me better. I have less than fifty thousand. I should have done better had I retired years ago."

"I told you so," the other broke in gruffly. "You did—you did. But I leted for the best. Forty thousand I have to my daughter Kate."

A look of interest came over Girdlestone's face. "How about the balance?" he asked. "I have had to be equally divided among the three, and I have institutions for educating the poor. Were it not for poor boys ourselves, John, and we know the value of such schools."

Girdlestone looked perhaps a trifle disappointed. The sick man went on very slowly and painfully: "My daughter will have forty thousand pounds. But you will find that she can neither touch it here—she can enable anyone else to do so until she is of age. She has no friends, John, but no relations, save only my cousin, Dr. George Dimsdale. Never was a girl left more lonely and unprotected. Take her, I beg of you, and bring her up under your own eye. Treat her as though she were your child. Guard her about all from those who would wreck her young life in order to share her fortune. Do this, old friend, and make me happy in my death-bed."

The merchant made no answer. His heavy eyebrows were drawn down, and his forehead all puckered with thought. "You are the one man," continued the sufferer, "whom I know to be best and upright. Give me the water, for my mouth is dry. Should my dear girl perish before she marries, then, old friend, her fortune reverts to you, for there is none who will use it so well. These are the terms of the will. But you will guard her and care for her, as I would myself. She is a tender plant, John, too weak to grow alone. Promise me that you will do right by her—promise it!"

"I do promise it," John Girdlestone answered in a deep voice. He was standing up now, and leaning over to watch the words of the dying man. The sick man's head fell back exhausted upon his pillow. "Thank heaven," he muttered, "now I can die in peace."

"Turn your mind away from the vanities and dross of this world," John Girdlestone said sternly, "and see that which is eternal, and can never die." "Are you going?" the invalid asked sadly, for he had taken up his bed and said, "Yes, I must go! I have an appointment in the city at six, which I must not miss. I shall send up the nurse as I go down," Girdlestone said.

"Good-by," Heaven bless you, John. The firm, strong hand of the big man enclosed for a moment the feeble burning stone plodded heavily down the stairs, and these friends of forty years' standing had said their last adieu.

The African merchant kept his appointment in the city, but long before he reached it John Harston had gone stark to keep that last terrible appointment of which the messenger is dumb.

CHAPTER II.

"Come in," said Mr. Girdlestone. "Why, captain, I am glad to see you back safe and well."

"Glad to see you, sir—glad to see you. The voice was thick and husky, and there was an indecision about his gait as though he had been drinking heavily. "I came in sort of cautious," the owner continued, "because I didn't know who might be about. When you and me speak together we like to speak alone, you bet."

The merchant raised his bushy eyebrows a little, as though he did not roll the idea of mutual confidences suggested by his companion's remark. "Haha! you better take a seat!" he said. "I must congratulate you on your cargo, and wish you the same luck for your next voyage," the merchant continued.

"Ivory, an' gold dust, an' skins, an' resin, an' cochineal, an' gams, an' ebony, an' rice, an' tobacco, an' fruits, an' nuts in bulk. If there's a better cargo about I'd like to see it," the sailor said defiantly. "Say, now, weren't you surprised to see us come back—eh? Straight now, between man and man?"

"The old ship hangs together well, and has lots of work in her yet," the merchant answered. "Lots of work! I thought she was gone in the bay! We'd a dirty night with a gale from the west-south-west, an' she been goin' by her reckoning for three days, so we weren't over and above sure o' ourselves. She wasn't much of a seagoing craft when we left England, but the sun had fried all the pitch out o' her seams, and you might ha' put your finger through some of them. Two days an' a night we were at the pumps, for she leaked like a sieve. We lost the fore top-sail, blown clean out o' the rigging. I never thought to see Lunnon again."

"If she could weather a gale like that she could make another voyage," the sailor gloomily, "but as like as not she'd never see the end o' it."

"You've not come with the intention of seeing him, have you?" the doctor asked, glancing up with some curiosity at the grey face and overhanging eyebrows of the merchant. "It is a most virulent case of typhoid. He may die in an hour or he may live until midnight, but nothing can save him. He will hardly recognize me if I fear, and you do his no good. It is most infectious, and you are incurring a needless danger. I should strongly recommend you not to go."

"Why, you've only just come down from him yourself, doctor," John Girdlestone remarked. "So am I," said the visitor decisively, and passing up the stone steps of the entrance strode into the hall. There was a large sitting room upon the ground floor, through the open door of which the visitor saw a slight figure sitting in a chair. A young girl was sitting in a recess near the window, her little, supple figure bent forward, and her hands clasped at the back of her head, while the elbows rested upon a small table in front of her. Her superb brown hair fell in a thick wave on either side over her white arms. The doctor had just broken his own tidings to her, and she was still in the first paroxysm of her grief—a grief too acute, as was evident even to the unemotional mind of the merchant, to allow of any attempt at consolation. The merchant paused irresolutely for a moment, and then ascending the broad stairs he opened the door of Harston's room and entered.

The blinds were drawn down and the chamber was very dark. A pungent whiff of disinfectants issued from it, mingled with the dank, heavy smell of disease. The bed was in a far corner. Without a face, a labored breathing of the invalid, a trimly dressed nurse who had been sitting by the bedside rose, and, recognizing the visitor, whispered a few words to him and left the room. He pulled the cord of a gasolier, and admitted a flood of daylight. The great chamber looked dreary and bare, as carpets and hangings had been removed to lessen the chance of future infection. John Girdlestone stepped softly across to the bedside, and sat down by his dying friend. The latter turned his restless head round, and a gleam of recognition and gratitude came into his eyes.

"I knew you would come," he said. "Yes, I came the moment I got your message."

"I am glad that you are here," the sufferer continued with a sigh of relief. "I wish to speak to you. I am very weak. I have been making my will, John. Stoop your head and you will hear me better. I have less than fifty thousand. I should have done better had I retired years ago."

"I told you so," the other broke in gruffly. "You did—you did. But I leted for the best. Forty thousand I have to my daughter Kate."

A look of interest came over Girdlestone's face. "How about the balance?" he asked. "I have had to be equally divided among the three, and I have institutions for educating the poor. Were it not for poor boys ourselves, John, and we know the value of such schools."

Girdlestone looked perhaps a trifle disappointed. The sick man went on very slowly and painfully: "My daughter will have forty thousand pounds. But you will find that she can neither touch it here—she can enable anyone else to do so until she is of age. She has no friends, John, but no relations, save only my cousin, Dr. George Dimsdale. Never was a girl left more lonely and unprotected. Take her, I beg of you, and bring her up under your own eye. Treat her as though she were your child. Guard her about all from those who would wreck her young life in order to share her fortune. Do this, old friend, and make me happy in my death-bed."

The merchant made no answer. His heavy eyebrows were drawn down, and his forehead all puckered with thought. "You are the one man," continued the sufferer, "whom I know to be best and upright. Give me the water, for my mouth is dry. Should my dear girl perish before she marries, then, old friend, her fortune reverts to you, for there is none who will use it so well. These are the terms of the will. But you will guard her and care for her, as I would myself. She is a tender plant, John, too weak to grow alone. Promise me that you will do right by her—promise it!"

"I do promise it," John Girdlestone answered in a deep voice. He was standing up now, and leaning over to watch the words of the dying man. The sick man's head fell back exhausted upon his pillow. "Thank heaven," he muttered, "now I can die in peace."

"Turn your mind away from the vanities and dross of this world," John Girdlestone said sternly, "and see that which is eternal, and can never die." "Are you going?" the invalid asked sadly, for he had taken up his bed and said, "Yes, I must go! I have an appointment in the city at six, which I must not miss. I shall send up the nurse as I go down," Girdlestone said.

Legal Information

The New York Supreme Court, in *Fouquet vs. New York Central & Hudson River Ry. Co.*, 103 New York Supplement, 1105, held that a draftsman in the employ of the engineering department of the New York Central Railroad was a fellow servant with a man running the elevator in the Grand Central depot in New York, in which the draftsman worked.

In case the husband dies without leaving a will, his property goes one-third to his wife, and two-thirds to his children equally. One child is not entitled to any more than the other children because of having stayed at home and having done work there after coming of age. It is presumed that services performed in the family are performed gratuitously, and one can not recover pay for such services unless there was an express agreement to pay the same. If heirs die before the estate is settled, leaving no children, their share goes to their natural heirs, wife, or brothers and sisters. The administrator is usually chosen by the heirs, and appointed in probate court, at which time anyone having an objection should appear and present it, or subsequently, should his acts as administrator not be satisfactory.

South Carolina has a law providing that any laborer working for a share of the crop or for wages in money or other valuable consideration under a contract for labor on farm land who shall receive advances either in money or supplies, and thereafter willfully and without just cause fail to perform the reasonable service required of him by the terms of the contract, shall be liable to prosecution for misdemeanor and punishment by imprisonment. This law was enacted principally to constitute a weapon to compel especially negro farm laborers to perform the service required by their contracts of employment on pain of being sent to jail or being made members of the chain gang. The United States District Court for the District of South Carolina, in *Ex parte Drayton*, 153 Federal Reporter, 98, holds this law unconstitutional, as violating the thirteenth and fourteenth amendments of the federal constitution, and as not being a valid exercise of the police power of the State.

Oregon, like many other States, has a statute removing all disabilities upon a wife which are not imposed or recognized as existing as to the husband. Under this statute the Supreme Court of that State, in *Keen vs. Keen*, 90 Pacific Reporter, 147, holds that a wife may maintain an action for an alienation of her husband's affections. As supporting authorities the court cites *Postlewaite vs. Postlewaite*, 1 Ind. App. 473, 28 Northeastern Reporter, 90; *Bech vs. Brown*, 20 Wash. 296, 55 Pacific Reporter, 46, 43 L. R. A. 114, 72 Am. St. Rep. 98. As to the State authorities on this proposition, the court says: "In a few of the States it has been ruled by the courts of last resort that such an action cannot be maintained; but where modern legislation recognizes the doctrine that the wife has rights which the court should respect, reason and a great weight of authority uphold the principle that for the loss of consortium, which includes the husband's society, love and assistance, the law now affords her an adequate remedy."

"Where do you reckon I find most of the old mahogany?" asked one of these dealers, pausing in the work of preparing a Queen Anne bedstead for the polish. "In the negro cabins. Not the shanties in or near Savannah, nor those on the main traveled roads. All that furniture was picked up long ago. Now we have to take to the swamps to find it. I frequently leave my wife in charge of the shop while I go off on a collecting trip for several days. I walk across the woods and fields, and I find a little old shanty somewhere off in a pine clearing where the children may have only one garment apiece and sleep over night in a mahogany bed."

"Once I happened at such a cabin just in time to keep a clawfoot bedstead from destruction. It was a chilly evening in spring, there was no firewood at hand, and the man of the house was just taking one of the posts of a splendid old bed, which was in the work of a shed to the chopping block. A moment later it would have been on top of the crackling fire, pine kindlings in the smoky fireplace."

"The dealers know nothing of the value of mahogany. It came to them from their friends or the plantation owners who put it away for never before of fashion and so into the attic or the quarters, though the servants came into possession of most of it when the old homes were broken up after the war."

"Any of this generation of negroes would rather have an up-to-date dresser of pine wood brightly varnished or a white iron bedstead. I have sometimes exchanged new furniture with them for the old pieces which collectors prize. That is always very satisfactory to the dealer, although a dollar or two of ready money will buy anything in his house."

"That is why the negro can obtain the real stuff down here better than a white man. He understands the manners of the cabin and can live with the people. Even if a white man succeeds in finding them in the marshes the darkies would be distrustful and not likely to show him hospitality."

"It amuses me to see collectors from the north come down here, hire a carriage or a machine and dash out on the country roads after old furniture and other curios. All that territory has been covered long ago."

"Indeed, although Savannah is full of old mahogany, silver and porcelain, there is very little of it for sale, and what there is the owners know how to value. I can't, however, that I make about 700 per cent on the pieces that I pick up in the negro cabins in the interior."

"Holds Nothing." "A spendthrift," remarked the home grown philosopher, "is a good deal like a tub with the bottom knocked out."

"What's the answer?" queried the very young man. "He takes all that comes, but is able to hold nothing," explained the philosophy dispenser.

"He Took the Blame." Muggins—Behold in me a self-made man. Digging—I congratulate you because of your charityableness. Muggins—I beg pardon? Digging—you are certainly charitable in taking the blame on yourself.

"Not in Stock." Customer (in book store)—Have you the Century Magazine? New Clerk—No, sir; we have nothing but mostly magazines.

"Dejected Traveler—I say, Pat, did you ever make an idiot of yourself about a woman? Pat—An idiot, is it? Sure, I've made myself an entire asylum.—Funch.

It is a compliment to any of our friends that he is a great reader of books, which he doesn't appreciate when he learns you have said it to a book agent, giving, at the same time, his name and address.

TO IMPROVE THE MISSOURI.

Navigation Congress Would Make It Equal to 600 Railroads. An appropriation of \$40,000,000 for the establishment of a twelve-foot channel in the Missouri river from St. Louis to Sioux City will be asked of Congress as a result of the first annual convention of the Missouri River Navigation Congress, which met in Sioux City.

Governors and Congressmen from seven States bordering on the Missouri River were in attendance at the convention. It was the voice of the convention that the Missouri River as well as the Mississippi should be made navigable as soon as Congress can see its way clear to spend that much money. It was the sentiment of the convention that the deepening of the Missouri River channel would be

the greatest stroke toward the settlement of railroad rate troubles in the great Middle West. Engineers reported that the Missouri River, if improved according to the plans of this convention, would have the carrying capacity of 600 railroads—fifty times the capacity of all the roads running between the Mississippi River and twenty-five times the capacity of all the railroads running from the Mississippi to the Missouri at all points. These engineers reported that making the Missouri River navigable from Sioux City to St. Louis would cost less than paralleling any single railroad between these two points.

The navigable length of the Missouri River is greater than the distance by rail from St. Louis to San Francisco. It has a navigable length three times as great as the entire length of the Ohio River.

If Congress does not want this appropriation, the boosters of the Middle West may ask for legislation assessing a tax against land lying within 100 miles of the Missouri River. It has been figured out that the entire \$40,000,000 could be raised by an assessment of 50 cents per acre against the land bordering upon the stream for 100 miles back. This territory produces crops and live stock annually worth over \$200,000,000.

Couldn't we express the grip somewhere else, instead of carrying it around with us? The advance in the price of ducks will further tend to discourage the leap-year business. A theatrical man reports a scarcity of stage violins. Yet there are a lot of very bad ones. Next to opera singing the most highly paid industry is that of expert witnessing in big trials.

Money is again getting so plentiful that a man can carry a piece around in his pocket for luck. The United States Supreme Court calls attention to the fact that the States are still on the map. Cuba has enough kickers already without sending that shipload of Missouri males down there. A little mistake of \$100,000,000 in the original estimates doesn't bother the Panama canal people. The new \$20 gold pieces are mighty ugly. Still, a great many have decided not to refuse them.

Fashion's latest innovation is the hipless walk. It must be another of fashion's senseless fads. The mother-in-law joke reaches the climax in the case of the Delaware man who has just married his. Dead men sell no tales, but in the Drace case the unearthing of a corpse completely reversed the adage. The Chicago Federation of Labor is urging the formation of a Vegetable Growers' Union. This beats all!

The London Times used to be "The Thunderer," but it is now being Americanized so it will be more like lightning. Mr. Cortelyou insists that we have \$120,000,000 more money than we had a year ago, and you can't feel of our own pocket and find it. New York has a new sect of sun worshippers. Yet most of its people will still find their greatest enjoyment under the same old electric lights.

Statisticians say that birds, by eating insects, save the farmers \$800,000,000 a year. Glad to hear that the early bird is still catching the worm. Because a train was late a lot of Frenchmen tore down a depot near Paris. There wouldn't be half enough depots to go around in this country. Twenty-six pianolas accompany the fleet. Evidently the big guns are not the only instruments aboard calculated to strike terror to an enemy.

The Massachusetts woman who tied her husband to the kitchen door while she did the housework has the right idea of how to dispose of polygamists. Now Japan is having trouble with Canada over