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PASSING REMARKS. Logically and Briefly Dished Up.

It can no longer be said that a woman cannot keep a secret, whether her own or another's. The Philadelphia doctor, Mrs. Isabelle Mitchel, who perfected a formula for the preservation of meats and vegetables without the use of ice, is dead and her methods died with her. The method made to induce her to impart the secret to one who knew her, failed, as she was in a delicious condition when the attempt was made, from which she did not recover.

When one wishes to express a high opinion upon an important action or indorse some noble sentiment, we say: "It surpasseth even the love of woman," and count it the greatest praise we can bestow. We hear little of the love of men, as though such a sentiment did not exist; or if existing, but for a little season and then vanishing away as did Napoleon's love for Josephine before his ambition for an heir to his throne. But he, or she, is mistaken who thinks that cold stern, calculating manhood has not within it a shrine so sacred that the interests and the exigencies of business life dare not profane.

Here is what one man has said of it: "Men talk of love as they talk of money; write of love as they write of travels, of pleasures of pains; even laugh at love at times. But such men, in their inmost hearts, abhor and curse themselves for the words they utter, and lie in lonesome places, among the beautiful things of existence and perish of thirst on the banks of the purest fountain that flows into the river of life."

Men can love. When they do not, it is to them the bitterest curse that can fall to moral lot on this fair, smiling earth. Sometimes it is cherished in secret, but not often or long. For awhile man may act upon the Confucian theory that "he who possesses a treasure conceals it with care lest it be taken from him;" but the hour comes when the heart can conceal the treasure no longer, and it slips through open lips to reach the resting place in another's heart.

Of slow growth; often; but thereby all the safer since the happiness of others is concerned. Patient has its appointed work to do. Haste makes waste as of more material things. But how generous the century plant that has taken so long to perfect its blossom? It is the crowning glory of the flower kingdom. So is the love of man when once its petals open, to blossom in a woman's heart.

Thanksgiving day must needs have its tragedies to mark with a crimson stain, its coming and going in the land. And one observation is the one that occurred in the town of Idlewood, in Pennsylvania, where a father, out hunting for rabbits on Thanksgiving morning, accidentally shot his son, almost in sight of mother and sisters.

The story of these tragic scene is thus told by the Pittsburg Post: "After shooting once and missing, again the father raised his gun to fire after the fleeting bunny. He took good aim. While doing so he did not hear the rustling of the brush just in front of him. He pulled the trigger just as his son burst into full view not five yards away from the muzzle of his gun. Had he been a fraction of a second later his life would have been spared. As it was, his father saw him receive the full contents of the gun in the left side of his chest, right under his arm."

Think for a moment, you who read these lines who are parents, and picture, if you can, the home-coming of the slain to the mother who had seen him go out in all the strength of young manhood and the hopefulness of a happy heart. "We will be home early with plenty of game," he had said to her in going. Coming back there was only the solemnity of silence, stilled heart, sealed lips, staring eyes.

tent, yet guilty—by accident—of what he would have given his own life to prevent.

The preacher drones from his pulpit the Scripture saying that not one sparrow falls to the ground without the Father's knowledge. What can he say in the face of such a tragedy, permitted, by this same loving Father, to happen to one of his followers? A tragedy, involving a remorse that can end only when life ends; dropping down upon an erstwhile happy home a shadow so black that no longer life-rays can do more than illumine its edges; lifting to the lips of loved ones the bitter waters of a grief no words can depict, no friend can fathom, no Bible text can change to the sweetness of a sacred sorrow.

One of the counties in New Jersey is being confronted with a problem that has come upon its officials like bombshells, creating consternation and doubts how to solve it. There are 2,000 negro voters in it and they demand recognition in the jury box. The color line must be wiped out, or the dominant party may have trouble in future elections, for instance, if in no other way. The dusky representatives present the sheriff with resolutions, calling upon him to select the names of competent colored persons to serve on the jury, "and thus wipe out the obnoxious stigma, the result of a human slavery." Will the sheriff comply? In all probability he will. And then? Will the white man object.

Corporal punishment, whether imposed upon children in our public schools or on convicts in the state institutions, is a mode of punishment that belongs more to past ages when the lash and the stocks and the whipping post were in common use. And yet, the question as to what shall take the place of such infliction is an unsolved problem, where moral suasion fails to effect reform. The solitude of the cell and short rations touch the soul and the stomach; the spanking gives but momentary pain while it engenders passionate feelings of revenge.

The end does not always justify the means and the "daring woman journalist" who managed to get on board of a transport for Manila did not find it so. Dressed in a man's clothes she secured a position as cabin boy. Four days out from San Francisco she revealed her sex to the captain.

Why? Here is a paragraph from an article in the Manila Tribune, which devotes a column to her exploit: "Miss Bean intended to maintain her disguise throughout the voyage, but at the end of four days she announced her sex, for the simple reason that no lady, no matter how daring and adventurous she might be, could listen to the vile conversation carried on in the fore-cabin every night without arising in her wrath and denouncing her companions."

While the man is discredit to the men, it is less so to the woman who laid aside her modesty with her gown and paraded as a biped of the male persuasion. The loss of employment and professions are to be should be, open to women; but when they unsex themselves; and when this one brought disgrace alike upon her sex and upon journalism by the method she pursued.

She declared in an interview, that she had found men deceitful, and that it would be her duty to expose them. But she herself presented the embodiment of deception. If by telling pitch, she was defiled thereby, whose was the blame? All true women will be shame upon the unwomanly act.

Is there not here the answer to the assertion recently made by the New York Press that "there is no answer to the riddle why so many men are bachelors? Nor is there to the question why we are here, anyway. We live in a universe of inscrutable mysteries. It might be added that we are on our way to one still more mysterious. A riddle—well, the "new woman" has helped to make it no longer one by going back to the sweet, womanly way of a maids of long ago.

The world is as we see it. It is not as we would have it. If we are not and we are not, the world will never be as we would have it.

And if we seek the dark side,
Where everything goes wrong,
And see mole hills as mountains,
Our lives will seem too long.
But if we seek life's sunshine,
Sweet joy to others give,
And gaily climb life's mountains,
As though we're glad to live;
To overcome disaster,
And sunshine 'round us shower,
To make our dear friends happy,
When joy will be our dower.
The world is but a mirror,
Reflecting each man's mind;
If we look at it crossly,
To us 'twill not look kind;
But if we smile upon it,
It will be joyous, too,
No matter how we see it,
'Twill give us our own view.
So, when the world seems dreary,
And life seems bitter, too,
Just ask yourself the question,
If it can better do:
And if it turns to sunshine,
The world will look so bright
That you will be forgetting
How dark has been the night.

The trouble is that the human mind is so constituted that it cannot always look upon the bright side of things. We borrow too much trouble and we carry about with us a load of worry when we should only bear the burden of the sunshine and the odor of the roses of existence.

Home vs. Foreign Farms.
Strong protest is made in some of the Eastern papers against the recommendations of the secretary of agriculture as to our tropical possessions; and indeed the report is a great disappointment to all who prefer to see the farming interest of our own home people prosper in preference to those of the dusky colored tribes in the tropical isle near our shores or those near the China seas, far away.

Nothing but loss, says the New York Press, can come to the American farmer from increased commercial facilities with Porto Rico and the Philippines. There is and always will be an enormous adverse balance of trade with these peoples, whose wants are and are certain to remain of the simplest character. The so-called "tropical productions" will compete with some of his most important crops. The American farmer now raises and sell all these "tropical production,"—sugar, tobacco, fruit and hemp. He has heretofore been carefully protected from tropical competition by Republican tariff laws. A duty sufficient to stimulate the best industry has been placed not only on Europe's bounty products, but on Porto Rican and Philippine cane. Italian oranges and Sumatran cigar wrappers have been shut out for the benefit of Florida and California and Connecticut and Pennsylvania farmers. The Kentucky farmers have a duty on hemp in order to enable them to compete with these tropical Philippines on whom the happy secretary sees his countrymen pouring such golden streams. If this protection is to be withdrawn the secretary will not be able to comfort his constituency with glowing tales of the hundreds of millions flowing into the pockets of their fellow Americans and fellow farmers of the Caribbean and China seas.

While visiting the West not long ago, Secretary Wilson was very enthusiastic over beet-sugar factories. What would become of those now operating or preparing to do so next year here and elsewhere all over our Northern country if sugar from Porto Rico, Hawaii and our other tropical possessions should be allowed to come in free competition with the new industry of the North and the already lagging cane industry of the South? There would soon be smoke stacks without smoke, machinery without motion to tell the tale of ruined American industries.

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