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A few reverses do not discourage the girl who is learning to walk.

Some officeholders seem to forget the time when they were office-seekers.

With the exception of the reason itself, a woman has a reason for everything.

Some people who give skim milk to the poor expect the Lord to credit it as cream.

Unless his wife's relations are rich and distinguished, the average man is never interested in them.

The man who saves up something for a rainy day is the one who knows enough to go in when it rains.

Buffalo Bill is looking to quit after two years more of it. Russell Sage must pity him for his lack of enterprise.

In this mechanical age the mechanical man may not reach the highest honors, but he is generally able to pay rent.

High noon is the proper hour for a wedding in high life. When it comes to a divorce any old hour is good enough.

Possibly General Corbin's advice to young army officers not to marry was put forth in the interest of the future pension roll.

That anarchist who shot at King Leopold three times without hitting him must have graduated from some detective force.

The election was a failure in one thing—nobody had to wheel a fat man two miles to pay foot tax. Perhaps we are getting more civilized.

Some earnest souls get excited because a platform doesn't suit them, but the astute politician waits until after election, and then he doesn't do a thing to it.

Dr. Harper may be right in declaring that the church is "alienating the rich," but he has the satisfaction of knowing that he is entirely innocent of such folly himself.

Dancing is said to be going out of fashion. This is due to the fact that so many society people after playing bridge wish have no money to pay the fiddler.

No sane person will defend Anarchist Rubio's attempt to kill Leopold, King of the Belgians. Leopold is not of the type of man that needs killing. A sound kicking is about his size.

Mr. Morgan has given one cent to a charitable organization. Let us hope the gentleman will not be compelled now to go without things that would have a tendency to increase his comfort.

Gompers fears a war of the unions. Gompers knows human nature. Combination leads to power, and power leads to disintegration, owing to the desire of many people to use the power for many diverse purposes.

American school teachers in the Philippines do not need to teach the young idea how to shoot. The young idea already knows how and practices on the teacher when there is no American garbison in the immediate neighborhood.

A whole year has passed without a single case of yellow fever originating in Havana. This is the result of American occupation of Cuba. The United States has a vital interest in the continuance of this satisfactory sanitary condition, as well as in the establishment of wholesome political conditions in the island.

The love letters produced in evidence in a suit which attracted considerable attention recently demonstrate once more the awful results following the conjunction of an ink bottle, a quill pen and an amorous young man. Every time one of these affairs becomes public it emphasizes the folly of teaching male children to write.

People on this side of the line may talk of annexation sentiment in Canada, but no such talk is heard in Canada. The truth is that the Canadian brother hates us and all our works, his only leniency being shown to American embezzlers who take shelter in a bottle of Margate tablets or half a dozen Hiverrag tablets. So long as the drugs are properly dispensed the invention will be welcome. It would be unpleasant to ask for Bournemouth pastilles and to receive instead the Cologne (not the eau de Cologne) variety. The latter form has seventy-nine distinct smells.

The reading clubs that are studying the life of Sir Philip Sidney, who was born just three hundred and forty-eight years ago, have a fine opportunity to weigh the comparative value to civilization of the chivalrous deed that attracts attention and the every-day usefulness that does not get into books. Sidney can never be too common; yet it is true that the world's advance is won not so much by the exceptional hero or genius as by "the quiet men who speak the truth, pay their debts, do their work thoroughly, and are satisfied with their just rewards."

Some of the bravest, best-hearted men of the world are addicted to the habit of profane swearing on occasion. They do not use anything in particular. They employ the language for mere emphasis. At the same time, any clean-minded person who uses profane words will apologize for the habit. Why persist in doing something for which one is obliged to apologize? Look about you. Listen to a swearing boy. He has caught the lowest oaths that come from the lowest and vilest surroundings. Then, as if by accident, you realize the indecent words you realize the boy must have profane and vile words. Suppose it were you? You are his

swear. Does it not go through one like an electric shock? The ideal of womanhood is dragged down. Humanity is debased by it. One grows sick at heart. You feel the brute side of humanity. The distance between womanhood and a thing seems all the distance between heaven and hell. "It sounds so differently from a woman." There's your double standard of morality. You demand that the man wrought incredible mischief. But again: Does the swearer realize what it means to bandy sacred words? Has he not lost appreciation of delicacy? The name of God ought never to be used in vain. The reverence, spoken when the heart is tender and a prayer is in the soul. There are those about one who hold the name in awe and who love and trust the Great Beneficent. How shall they feel when a name, which to them above every name, is dragged into the mire of careless speech? As you would not couple the name of your mother or wife or daughter in coarse ribaldry so you should not take in vain the name of the noble Nazarene. There are worse habits than swearing—man's worst faultness, are those who have never sworn an oath who are liars, thieves, hypocrites, murderers. That is true. Nevertheless the man who does not swear has the better chance to be a decent, courteous, self-respecting gentleman.

Roland R. Mollieux, who was adjudged guilty of murder nearly four years ago, has been acquitted by a jury of his peers. The second trial presented marked differences from the first. Judge Lambert, a country judge, who presided at the first trial, was fair, good judgment, and patience, in sharp contrast to Recorder Goff, whose attitude toward the defense in the first trial was the subject of criticism, sharp, if not harsh. Evidence damaging to Mollieux, chiefly in the form of letters which the Recorder admitted, was declared by the Court of Appeals to have been improperly admitted. In the first trial the prosecuting attorney had everything his own way. All the testimony was offered to introduce was let in. The State is often at a disadvantage in a second trial. Some of its witnesses cannot be found, as was the case in the second trial of Mollieux. His long imprisonment and suffering must have influenced the jury a little. All of these influences, of course, operated to secure an acquittal for him. The court found it necessary to reprove Mr. O'Connell, prosecuting attorney, whose eagerness to secure a conviction exceeded all reasonable bounds. It is possible for a State's Attorney to show too much zeal in his efforts to send a man to the gallows. The trial was conducted with an orderliness and dispatch which were creditable to the country judge who was taken to New York to preside over this important trial. The court's summing up of the evidence was admirable. No one can review the whole case with satisfaction. It has been a far more interesting and a tragedy. Murder was done, and in spite of great efforts on the part of the State, the murderer is still at large. Mollieux has been acquitted, but only after four years in prison and after his family had been nearly bankrupt. If he had been a poor man he would have been hanged. His acquittal is the result of the unwavering courage of his father, who throughout the struggle retained the best counsel in New York. There is much room for improvement when costs a father his fortune to establish his son's innocence, or when a prosecuting attorney suggests that a rich man cannot be convicted of murder.

PLUCKY AMERICAN WOMEN. Aided Her Husband in a Fight with an African Panther. No woman except a brave daughter of the stars and stripes would have the pluck and energy to go through the fearful ordeal that latterly fell to the lot of the Countess Von Goetzen, the Lady Curzon of German Africa. Her husband is the viceroy of the Kaiser's African possessions and he rules over a territory of 1,470,413 square miles, with a population of 6,550,000 blacks. The Countess originally was Miss May Lowmyer, of Baltimore, Md. After the death of her first husband, William Matthew Lay, of Washington, she married Count Von Goetzen and thus became a German African lady. Her husband, another American, is to British India—the first lady in the land. Recently while the Count and Countess, absolutely unattended, were driving out on a plantation in the interior to the capital, Dar-es-Salaam, a dark figure sprang from the jungle turned tail and suddenly confronting the open phaneton, caused them to rear and plunge. The Count and Countess at once realized that they were held up by a lion, or panther, and being unarmed their situation was a perilous one. Hastily dismounting and leaving his wife to deal with the terrified and plunging horses, the Count seized a lantern in one hand and a huge rhinoceros whip, weighing fifteen pounds, in the other and advanced toward the figure in the road. The animal was a panther. Its tail was lashing the air in fury and its blood eyes flashed forth the defiance of its savage nature. Cautiously advancing the Count dealt a furious blow with the whip on the panther's face, following the first attack with another and still another. To the Count's surprise and relief the huge beast of the jungle turned tail and fled, uttering as it bounded into the thicket a cry of rage. Regarding his seat in the carriage the Count took the reins from his wife's hands and continued his journey, in safety, to the capital. In writing of the incident to the Kaiser the Countess warmly eulogized his wife. "Who but a nerve American woman," she asked, "could have managed those plunging horses at the crucial moment? Ninety-nine out of a hundred women would have fainted, the hundredth would have jumped out to seek salvation in flight, or would have run me over to get away. Not so her excellency. She held the horses in a firm grip, and at the same time coaxed and encouraged them with the best German at her command. Then, as we drove home, I standing upright in the carriage to keep the frenzied animals under control, the Countess leaned forward waving her lantern as a protection against other wild beasts that might follow us."

THE RUINED CAMPANILE. Strange Spectacle of the Celebrated Square of Venice. The crumbling of St. Mark's campanile, Venice, some months ago was extraordinary in that no one was killed or injured of the hundreds who were gathered to see the fall of the old ducal palace forty feet distant from its base and tore its way through that musty pile which has been defying the ages for centuries. The lofty tower started to totter when after giving full warning and came down as gently as if some great giant had purposely held it back to save those near by from destruction.

THE WRECKED CAMPANILE IN VENICE. Not even great noise proclaimed its undoing, but a huge cloud of dust arose and settled for a time over the big square of which for centuries it was the crowning glory. In descending it leaned over enough to tear out part of the front wall of the ducal palace, otherwise no damage was done. The immensity of the campanile could not be comprehended when it stood the lofty sentinel overlooking Venice and the Adriatic 332 feet in the air. Now that it was turned into debris, filling a space 300 feet long by 100 wide and 70 feet high, its colossal proportions could be understood. Even the Venetians who were born within its shadow, and lived beneath it to old age, did not realize its mighty dimensions until it was turned into a crumbling mass.

RECOVERING THE FIGURES AND DESIGNS OF various kind used to embellish the lofty pinnacles the great mass was fenced in, the public excluded and laborers set to work to sort over the debris before consigning it to the barges which carried it out to sea. Singularly enough all the iron and brass used to beautify the tower was recovered and found to be practically unimpaired. For a time a good-sized lump from the debris brought 25 cents. But the supply soon outran the demand and soon after the catastrophe came to be had for the asking. To-day the foundation is laid bare and sweep-day of everything tending to remind one of the catastrophe. Money to build another campanile has been freely subscribed and already more than half the amount that will be required to restore it is pledged. It is expected the balance will be raised before the new campanile is completed.

A Strange Story. The Engineer tells this story of an electrical plant in Montana being run all night by a corpse, the engineer having been killed. "The machinery continued to run with only the dead electrician in charge until the day came to work the next morning. The body had evidently been dead since before midnight. That this plant should have continued to run all night by itself without the slightest mishap is another evidence of the almost human-like state of perfection that is reached by modern machinery."

Snake Virus Used on Weapons. Seri Indians Poison Their Missiles with Rattlesnake Venom. "I scarcely can think they are cannibals, but one day we killed a deer, and tossing the Indians a hind quarter, they proceeded to devour it raw. The live

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

REFORMING INEBRIATE WOMEN IN ENGLAND.

The homes for friendless girls in London are well established, and the homes for inebriate women, so sadly neglected, are well started, and are already a success. We use nothing but kind words to reclaim the unfortunate women with whom we come in contact, and that has proved to be the best way. Locking up a woman in prison is not the way to reform her. When a woman enters our home, she is given light work to do, and everything around her is arranged so that nothing of her old life will be present in her habits.

Another factor contributing to the advance made in the cause of temperance in England is the conviction on the part of the general public that there is too much drinking throughout Great Britain. The people themselves—the working class, the tradesfolk and the better middle class—are all beginning to see that drunkenness is one of the curses of civilization and that temperance is its only cure. As to the upper classes, the nobility, the cause has never been so popular there, but I really think that there are a better understanding and a beginning of sympathy among the upper classes. But in England we have centuries and centuries of custom back of us, and it is hard to break through and see that there is light on the other side.

DISREGARD OF SUNDAY DEPLORED.

A close observer cannot fail to note the dangerous inroads that have been made on the Lord's day in this country during the last thirty years. Look at the railroad lines in this country; not only are the passengers carried on Sundays, which I believe is unavoidable, but freight trains are in full operation. This traffic involves the employment of thousands of conductors, firemen, and engineers, as well as freight handlers, on the Lord's day. Then observe our system of electric cars. These lines are in full blast on Sundays, and the conductors and motormen have to serve the same number of hours on that day as on week days. On Sunday mornings the business man is delarded from going to his place of business, but seizes the morning paper and devours its contents of twenty or thirty pages, his news of stocks and bonds, or pleasures and amusements, of crime and scandal, until his whole being is saturated with this unhealthy diet. The animals gorged with food, he spends the morning in a comatose condition.

MONSTER EVIL OF OUR DAY.

Existing conditions challenge the attention of all thoughtful men. These conditions are confined to no particular section, but exist throughout the length and breadth of our country. Notwithstanding our boasted prosperity and the individual fortunes that have suddenly been acquired, the sad fact remains that to the mass of the people the oft repeated boast of prosperity is but a mockery. Within a brief time articles of daily consumption—the foods essential to human health and comfort—have enormously increased in cost. Meat at many tables is indeed an article of luxury. The much vaunted prosperity is that of the favored few. To the mass of the people conditions have seldom been more exciting, rarely less hopeful, than at this moment. It were worse than idle to close our eyes to the discontent, the feeling of unrest so general in this land. It is the part of wisdom to ascertain the cause and, if possible, to apply the remedy.

MORE MONEY IS NEEDED.

There are no signs of diminution in the general prosperity. Our foreign debt is smaller than at any period of our history, and our resources are immeasurably greater. The industrial and railroad outlook of the country is thoroughly satisfactory. The greatest menace is our financial straits. Money is being expended and is expanding and there is a growing demand for funds, the United States treasury withdraws money from circulation. The financial stringency which we have passed through has not been due to lack of prosperity; it has been the result of the heavy taxation levied on the growing business of the country.

FRENCH DIPLOMAT HONORED.

Urbain de Selves, French Ambassador to Retiring, Ambassador M. Jules Cambon. Seldom in the history of the United States has a representative of a foreign power paid a more flattering tribute than that which has been paid to M. Jules Cambon, the retiring ambassador of France to Washington. The French republic has long been a friend of the United States, and the friendly relations existing between France and the United States. It was during the war with Spain that M. Cambon won the lasting friendship of this nation. He was one of the two representatives of foreign powers chosen by Senator Polo, the last Spanish minister at Washington before the outbreak of hostilities, to look after Spain's affairs here, and as such bore an important part in the conflict that ensued. He was one of the most distinguished diplomats in the service of the French republic. He has had long years of experience in foreign courts and his career has been most honorable. At Washington he gave evidence of unflinching courage in treating with affairs of state, and the interests of his government never suffered from his connection with them. He has been an elaborate entertainer, and during his stay in Washington the French embassy has been the scene of numerous receptions at which the wealth and fashion of the capital were largely represented.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN SPIRIT. Sooner or later the young American is bound to issue his own declaration of independence, but usually the young gentleman—or lady, as the case may be—waits until he has passed the kindergarten stage before he expresses his determination to go and live his own life, unrestrained by parental rules. Not so with a slender, blue-eyed young gentleman, aged 4, who has just been initiated into the delights of kindergarten life. A day or two after his first experience in the wide, wide world his nearest and dearest feminine relative having offended him in some slight matter, the young man declared his intention of leaving her and going off and living by himself. "People don't get along very well who live by themselves," she remarked in answer; "something's likely to happen."

Merely an Impression. "They say coal is going to be cheap pretty soon," said the man who loves to lope on the dark side, "it's not going to be cheap. It will merely seem cheap by comparison."—Washington Star.

Three "Ages" of Man. Most men spend one-third of their lives trying to make the world different, another third in learning to live in it as it is, and the remainder in explaining how much better it used to be.—Washington Times.

A Self-Evident Lesson. Teacher—Now, Johnny, what do we learn from the parable of the prodigal son? Johnny—Why—er—I s'pose it teaches us to be a calf.—New York Sun.

the small dealer has been driven from the field. He cannot compete with the trust. His occupation is gone. The field being clear, competition destroyed, the managers of various trusts fix prices to the consumer at their own pleasure. It is possible that the people are indifferent to this growing evil. It is virtually doomsday competition, "the life of trade." In no small degree it usurps the functions of government. By intelligent machination, exclusively to its own gain, the trust has greatly increased to the consumer the cost of articles of daily necessity. The shadow of the trust has fallen upon every hearthstone in this land, and the end is not yet. The trust is the monster evil of our day, a constant menace to our welfare as a people.

VALUE OF GOOD LOOKS TO BUSINESS WOMEN.

It may be set down as a rule that good looks go a great way toward making a woman successful in business. But in saying this, I am not forgetting the fact that plain-looking and even homely women have been known to distance the others in the race. Take two women of the same average ability and common sense, and the prettier of the two will make the more rapid headway in the matter of promotion, and therefore will earn more money. I have heard it said, or rather I have seen it stated in the papers, that good looks are a handicap to a girl in search of a position; that many employers will have pretty girls in their offices, because they receive too much attention from the clerks.

Perhaps this is true in some cases—for instance, in an office in which the employer has a jealous wife; but generally it is not true. In most instances the young woman of pleasing appearance who seeks a place will secure an audience with the head of a firm when her plain-looking sister would be turned away. There is no use moralizing over the situation and saying that merit ought to discount good looks in such cases. We must take the world as we find it.

Now, I want to say word about the treatment that young women in offices receive from the employers. If you were to believe all you see in the sensational newspapers you would have the opinion that a majority of the typewriters and stenographers accompanied their employers to lunch, to the theater and other places of amusement and were presented by them with boxes of bonbons and bouquets of American Beauty roses. The truth is that the number of girls of this class is small indeed in comparison with the thousands of young women who earn their living in offices. Business men, as a rule, respect them and treat them in a gentlemanly manner. They have too much work to attend to during business hours to devote any of their time to paying compliments to their typewriters. Moreover, most men are proud and have too much regard for their reputations to pay marked attention to young women in their own offices. Girls who have been brought up properly, who are sensible and have will power need have no fear that they will not be treated with respect wherever they may be.

WASHES OF FUN.

Hills—Whew! Why do you have your office as hot as an oven? Willis—'Tis there I make my wild bread.—Town and Country.

Grandma—So that is your parrot, my dear! Ethel—Yes, grandma; but papa says we'd better sell him now that you've come to live with us.

"Why, I'm sorry! I'm surprised! You should wait—What a blessing is acknowledged." "I did ask me." "You said: 'Yes; and God said 'Go ahead!'"—Life.

Class in history: Teacher—Jamie, can you tell me why Lincoln is called the martyr president? Jamie—Cause he had to stand for all the Lincoln stories.—Er.

"So you are going to get an automobile?" "Yes," answered the man who is always thinking of his health; "the doctor says I must walk more."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Fortwood—A man is as old as he feels, but a woman is as old as she looks. Mr. Ouburn—Really, madam, that doesn't apply to your case, my dear.—Chicago Daily News.

The Browning club of Boston: "Do you still read Browning in Boston?" "Oh, dear, no. We've learned him by heart long ago. We merely discuss him now."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Dorothy—Say, auntie, is religion something to wear? Aunt Julia—My dear, why do you ask such foolish questions? Dorothy—Cause papa said you used your religion for a cloak.—Judge.

Fred—There's one thing about Flanders that I like. He never has anything to say about his aches and pains. Daddy—No; but he's all the time bragging about his splendid health.—Boston Transcript.

Miss Ascum—Wasn't that Mr. Bonds I saw you talking with last evening? Miss Coy—Yes, Miss Ascum—He's a landed freeholder of the county, isn't he? Miss Coy (blushing)—Well, er he isn't quite landed yet.—Philadelphia Press.

She was a teacher in one of the lower classes, and she was trying to remind the young scholar of the letter r. "Now, Tommy, what comes at the end of dinner?" "Oh, yes, ping-pong," shouted Tommy, joyfully.—Yonkers Statesman.

Tourist—Do these racing automobiles give you farmers much trouble? Native—No, not at all. It's got so now that when we see a dark, funny-shaped cloud approaching we don't know whether to run for a gun or a cyclone cellar.—Puck.

Forgot himself. Mrs. Hrespeck—We've been married twenty years to-day, Hiram. Hiram (with a sigh)—Yes, but you've been a wife for twenty years. Mrs. Hrespeck (scowling)—What? You old wretch! Hiram (quickly)—Life's battles together, Mirandy.—Judge.

No call for leisure: "What you back to work, Pete? When I saw you fall off the building yesterday, I never expected to see you back again." "I thought dat, too, boss. But mah wife done let mah accident insurance expire last week.—Indianapolis News.

First Comedian—Did you score a hit with your new specialty? Second Comedian—Did I? Why the audience grazed in open-mouthed wonder before I was half through. First Comedian—Wonderful! It is seldom that an entire audience yawns at once.—Chicago Daily News.

"Are you the defendant?" asked a man in a negro suit, and American in one of the negroes. "No, boss," was the reply. "I ain't done nothing to be called names like that. I got a lawyer here who does the defending." "Then who are you?" "I'm the gentleman what stole the chicken."—"Education"—begins at home. "That's where you're off," said the calm spectator; "it begins in the kindergarten, foot-ball field, Paris, London, and Wall Street, and ends in either Sing Sing or New York."—Life.

Cholly (grouchy)—By Jove! I'm quite a professor of swimming, don't you know. I taught Mabel Galey how to swim in two lessons. Jack—Gad! That was a quick throw-down. Cholly (indignantly)—What do you mean? Jack—Why, she let me give her ten lessons before she learned.—Brooklyn Life.

"The new railroad has been a great blessing to us," says a rural exchange; "in less than six weeks we got enough damages out of it to build a town hall and grade the cemetery. A few more enterprises of this kind, and our town will rise to heights undreamed of in the history of new settlements."—Atlanta Constitution.

Easily Explained: Nurse (of insane asylum)—I can't find out what all that new parrot is for. She keeps screaming. "Mondays in January, first and third Thursdays, Sunday afternoons, second and fourth Wednesdays, Tuesday evenings in February," and things like that. House Doctor.—That's easy. She's a society woman trying to keep track of her friends' reception days.—Judge.

Science: "Wasn't it a terrifying experience," asked his friend, "when you lost your foothold and went sliding down the mountain side?" "It was exciting but not extremely interesting," said the college professor; "I could not help noticing all the way down what absolute accuracy I was following along the line of least resistance."—Chicago Tribune.

Not a Good Likeness. The little daughter of the house watched the minister, who was making a visit, very closely, and finally sat down beside him and began to draw on her slate. "What are you doing?" asked the clergyman. "I'm making your picture," said the child.

The minister sat very still, and the child worked away very earnestly. Then she stopped and compared her work with the original, and shook her head.

"I don't like it much," she said. "I'm a great deal like you. I guess I'll put a tail to it and call it a dog."—Duluth Tribune.

Would Take Him Back. Maud—Why did you break your engagement with Tom Hotchkiss? Edith—Hush! Don't tell anyone—but she was growing so horribly fat when grief has pulled him down a bit I shall take him on again.—New York News.

Gold in Rhodesia. Southern Rhodesia's gold output in May was the highest recorded, being over 19,000 ounces.

VETERANS OF SENATE

FIVE MEN WHO ARE SERVING THEIR SIXTH TERM.

Allison, the Most Adroit, Hoar, the Most Learned, Morgan, the Best Fighter—Jones, of Nevada, and Cockrell, of Missouri.

There are five men in the Senate of the United States who have had more or less connection with all important legislation from reconstruction days down to the present. Their years, experience, wisdom, combativeness, all have combined to keep Allison of Iowa, Hoar of Massachusetts, Morgan of Alabama, Jones of Nevada, and Cockrell of Missouri among the senatorial leaders. Each name, from its own peculiar cause, inspires respect. Allison is the "Father of the Senate." His first term began in 1873, and March 4 next he will have completed thirty years of service in the upper house. Jones of Nevada, erstwhile high priest of the free silver cause, now back in the Republican fold, will complete his sixth term at the same time. The other three are now serving their sixth terms.

No other living man has served so long in the legislative halls of his country as Senator Allison. His eight

years in the House, added to his thirty years in the Senate, give him a record of continuous service of thirty-eight years. Yet to-day he is hale and hearty and his face is rosy and plump as any girl's. While he has been a hard worker and a fairly good liver, he has not been an even one, and he has not allowed the chase for the dollar nor the ambitions of politics to contract and distort his soul. Always well dressed, he makes you think of a New York clubman or banker rather than of the average American statesman. His black clothes are well cut, and the linen of his shirt and his broad, expansive collar, which exceeds even that of William M. Everts in size, is of the finest material and as white as the driven snow. His hair has whitened and it is fast becoming iron gray. His eye, however, is bright, and the rosy corpuscles that shine through his fair skin show that his blood is full of iron. Allison is probably the best politician in the Senate.

The learning of George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, is almost revered by his fellow Senators. He is regarded as the ablest lawyer and the most profound scholar in the upper house. He is perfectly inflexible in the matter of principle. People who are moved to temporize, to compromise or abate in the interest of courtesy are sometimes impatient of the man who says: "This is right; I will advocate, maintain and enforce it." Such a man is Hoar.

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Before William Jennings Bryan had attracted national attention by his advocacy of free silver, the voice of John P. Jones, of Nevada, was often heard proclaiming the imagined advantages of a white metal currency and demanding the enactment of laws favorable to it. He had studied the money question deeply, had taken part in monetary conferences, and as owner of silver mines in the West, he could see but one side of the argument as to the relative merits of the white and yellow metals. Jones is one of the luckiest and richest men in the Senate. He is a native of Wales, but was only a year old when his parents settled in Ohio, where he grew up. The California gold fever of 1849 caught him, and he went to the Pacific slope. When the silver strikes were made in Nevada, he went over into the Midget State and got his share of its vast wealth. He had been sheriff, legislator and candidate for lieutenant governor, and when he felt that his fortune was secure he took kindly to the suggestion that he become a Senator. He has since 1878, been a member of the upper house.

Cockrell of Missouri, though a veteran, has not been conspicuously identified with any legislation of importance, but has always been recognized as one of the ablest men on his side of the Senate. He is a lawyer of ability and was a colonel in the Confederate army. When Carl Schurz left the Senate in 1875 Cockrell was elected to succeed him, and has been there ever since.

Buried on Horseback.

Lord Dacre, who died fighting for the Lancastrians at Towton, England, in 1461, directed that if he were killed in the battle his favorite war horse should be buried in the same grave with him. According to his wishes, when his interment took place in Sax-

Asylum in Memory of Victoria.

Melbourne decided to found an eye hospital and an asylum for the blind in honor of the late Queen Victoria, as Coyle's memorial to the late Queen Victoria.

Women, like poker players, raise the blind to see what their neighbors have got.

United States Patents. The volume of patents issued by the United States Patent Office is more than 650,000, of which 45,000 were for foreigners. The number of live patents is about 375,000.

The industries and appliances upon which the largest number of patents have been issued are, approximately, stoves and furnaces, 29,000; steam engines, 14,000; railroads, tracks, and harvesters, each, 12,000; electric lights, 6,000; bicycles, 6,000; pumps, 5,000; refrigerating, 4,500; telephone, 4,000; electrical railways, 2,600.

It has been estimated that the four-million feed for sewing machine patents earned \$32,000,000 for its owners, a larger amount probably than any other patent issued prior to the Bell telephone patent.

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Grandma—So that is your parrot, my dear! Ethel—Yes, grandma; but papa says we'd better sell him now that you've come to live with us.

"Why, I'm sorry! I'm surprised! You should wait—What a blessing is acknowledged." "I did ask me." "You said: 'Yes; and God said 'Go ahead!'"—Life.

Class in history: Teacher—Jamie, can you tell me why Lincoln is called the martyr president? Jamie—Cause he had to stand for all the Lincoln stories.—Er.

"So you are going to get an automobile?" "Yes," answered the man who is always thinking of his health; "the doctor says I must walk more."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Fortwood—A man is as old as he feels, but a woman is as old as she looks. Mr. Ouburn—Really, madam, that doesn't apply to your case, my dear.—Chicago Daily News.

The Browning club of Boston: "Do you still read Browning in Boston?" "Oh, dear, no. We've learned him by heart long ago. We merely discuss him now."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Dorothy—Say, auntie, is religion something to wear? Aunt Julia—My dear, why do you ask such foolish questions? Dorothy—Cause papa said you used your religion for a cloak.—Judge.

Fred—There's one thing about Flanders that I like. He never has anything to say about his aches and pains. Daddy—No; but he's all the time bragging about his splendid health.—Boston Transcript.

Miss Ascum—Wasn't that Mr. Bonds I saw you talking with last evening? Miss Coy—Yes, Miss Ascum—He's a landed freeholder of the county, isn't he? Miss Coy (blushing)—Well, er he isn't quite landed yet.—Philadelphia Press.

She was a teacher in one of the lower classes, and she was trying to remind the young scholar of the letter r. "Now, Tommy, what comes at the end of dinner?" "Oh, yes, ping-pong," shouted Tommy, joyfully.—Yonkers Statesman.

Tourist—Do these racing automobiles give you farmers much trouble? Native—No, not at all. It's got so now that when we see a dark, funny-shaped cloud approaching we don't know whether to run for a gun or a cyclone cellar.—Puck.

Forgot himself. Mrs. Hrespeck—We've been married twenty years to-day, Hiram. Hiram (with a sigh)—Yes, but you've been a wife for twenty years. Mrs. Hrespeck (scowling)—What? You old wretch! Hiram (quickly)—Life's battles together, Mirandy.—Judge.

No call for leisure: "What you back to work, Pete? When I saw you fall off the building yesterday, I never expected to see you back again." "I thought dat, too, boss. But mah wife done let mah accident insurance expire last week.—Indianapolis News.

First Comedian—Did you score a hit with your new specialty? Second Comedian—Did I? Why the audience grazed in open-mouthed wonder before I was half through. First Comedian—Wonderful! It is seldom that an entire audience yawns at once.—Chicago Daily News.

"Are you the defendant?" asked a man