

# Thomas Davidson's Twenty Maxims

Summing Up the Results of a Kindly Philosopher's Own Experiences in the Life We Live.

By William James.

- R**emember your own energies and do not wait for or depend on other people.
- Strive with all your might to your own highest ideals and do not be satisfied with vulgar aims as wealth, position, or popularity.
- Be sure you are in what you are and not in what you hope to be.
- Never let envy or jealousy make you unkind to those who are your competitors.
- Fortunate people, but do not waste the opportunities you have. Employ profitably every moment.
- Associate with the noblest people you can find, read the best books, live with the mighty, but learn to be happy alone.
- Do not believe that the past is the past. Learn to discover princes, prophets, heroes, and saints among the people about you. Be assured they are there.
- Be on earth what good people hope to be in heaven.
- Cultivate ideal friendships and gather into an intimate circle all your acquaintances who are hungering for truth and right. Remember that heaven itself can be nothing but the intimacy of pure and noble souls.
- If the world despise you because you do not follow its ways pay no heed to it. But be sure your way is right.
- Do not shrink from any useful or kindly act, however hard or repellent it may be. The worth of acts is measured by the spirit in which they are performed.
- If a thousand plans fail be not disheartened. As long as your purposes are right you have not failed.
- Examine yourself every night and see whether you have progressed in knowledge, sympathy and helpfulness during the day. Count every day a loss in which no progress has been made.
- Seek employment in energy, not in idleness. Our worth is measured solely by what we do.
- Let not your goodness be professional; let it be the simple, natural outcome of your character. Therefore, cultivate character.
- If you do wrong, say so, and make what atonement you can. That is true nobleness. Have no moral debts.
- When in doubt how to act ask yourself: What does nobility command? Be on good terms with yourself.
- Look for no reward for goodness but goodness itself. Remember heaven and hell are utterly immoral institutions if they are meant as reward and punishment.
- Give whatever confidence and help you can to every movement and institution that is working for good. Be not sectarian.
- Wear no placards, within or without. Be human fully.
- Never be satisfied until you have understood the meaning of the world and the purpose of our own life, and have reduced your world to a rational cosmos. —McClure's Magazine.

# How To Train the Memory

By T. P. O'Connor, M. P.

- M**emory training, like the acquisition of foreign tongues, seems to be a topic of interest just now.
- Now, in the first place, it is necessary to consider what are the various purposes of training the memory. These, I think, can be divided into three classes or sorts:
  1. The purpose of acquiring and retaining facts in any branch of knowledge.
  2. The purpose of remembering, for a period more or less brief, and by a conscious effort, certain facts or impressions, or groups of facts or impressions, as they happen.
  3. The purpose of being possessed of what is known as "a good memory."It is the first of these three classes, and the first section of that class, which is loudest in its outcry for an invigorator of memories, and to which most systems primarily appeal.
- Every system of memory training that is not purely arbitrary must, I apprehend, be based upon the well known and ancient principle entitled "the association of ideas." A certain person has no difficulty in remembering certain extrinsic facts. Thus you may hear a man say: "I always know the exact date of the battle of Waterloo because I was born on June 18." One thing suggests another, and the great object of the memory trainer is, when one thing does not suggest another, artificially to induce it, to suggest another.
- Thus (in the matter of those Balkan capitals), Roumania does not suggest Bucharest, but if you think of a munitiae and of arresting him, you will never in future forget that Bucharest is the capital of Roumania, because the two names will henceforth be associated by an idea. I give this merely as a random and clumsy illustration of the principle, a principle which is certainly capable of marvelous elaboration and wide application. It can be utilized to memorize a list for shopping just as successfully as the heads of an argument or the good tales heard at the club.
- The treatment of numbers is, and must be, more arbitrary and much more artificial. Numerals are not connected with ideas, and cannot therefore, as numerals, be connected one with another. But if one begins by laying down that the first nine letters of the alphabet shall stand respectively for the nine numerals, and O for naught, all the other letters remaining meaningless, one instantly has a basis upon which to construct associations.
- A first class system of memory training will neither be random nor clumsy. It will be carefully planned and worked out so as to gain the greatest possible end by the smallest means. It will be full of minor inequities. It will be adaptable, elastic and comprehensive.

# The Russian "Third Section"

By Varce Thompson.

**R**USSIA is pre-eminently the land of spies. Democratic and socialistic France has raised the spy system to a state function, but in Russia it is the very soul of the state. In Moscow, in the streets, agents of the police are stationed every five hundred yards; in addition, secret agents watch the houses day and night—one being allotted to every four houses; and in every house is another spy, the porter. Go where you will, you are never out of the watchful eye of the police. You brush against spies in your hotel, as in the theatres; in a restaurant, as in the drawing room of a friend. It is ridiculously easy to recognize those you meet in the fashionable resorts. They have evidently been instructed to disguise themselves as gentlemen, and for one of them the livery of a gentleman is a frock coat, a silk hat, and, always—by rain or sunlight—an umbrella. The famous third police? A stranger might fancy that, in an open cab—talking French or English to his friend—he would at least be safe from surveillance; but his friend will touch him significantly and speak of the weather. The fat caddy on the box, somnolent, with white hair and good paternal eyes, may be a spy, more skilled in the languages than the traveling stranger; and, if the cabman has been found loitering near the great clubs, the hotels, or the embassies, the chances are strong that he is. A subtler police than that of the third section—the *akhrana*, which has its ramifications in every capital in Europe and America—completes this great system of espionage. Its mesh is over every man in Russia; no one goes unwatched—save only old Count Tolstoloi.—Success.

# Circumstantial Evidence

By LIEUT. MURRAY.

Frank Osgood and Harry Cummings were two young fellows who had been friends from earliest childhood, and schoolmates together up to the age of fourteen, in Bristol, England. Their fathers were merchants, and the families were very well off as regards this world's goods. The two young men, having secured a good common school education as was possible, both entered the counting rooms of their respective parents, and were still being companions until they chanced to make the acquaintance of Miss Mary Marr, a girl in their own sphere of society, and about the same age as the young men.

In the meantime every effort was made to discover a solution of the mystery, but all to no purpose.

Harry Cummings found the coast clear, so to speak, and in a few days he ventured to tell Miss Marr how tenderly he loved her, and how long he had done so. To his great delight he found that his affection was reciprocated.

The excitement at the sudden disappearance of Frank Osgood is no way abated.

Suddenly it was remembered how bitter an enemy had lately sprung up between him and young Cummings. The officers of the law even referred to the proposed duel which had been prevented by the interference of the authorities, and it was more than hinted that possibly Harry Cummings might throw some light upon the matter.

In his absence from home one day, a detective called at his house with a search warrant, much to the consternation of the family. This officer had with him a measure representing the footprints under the missing man's windows, and he found that Harry's shoes just fitted the impression, which seemed to him to be such conclusive evidence of his having been present beneath the window that he sought the office of the district attorney at once.

Strange whispers were heard about the neighborhood. Harry Cummings was kept under close surveillance by the local police. All his incomings and outgoings were carefully observed, but nothing suspicious could be found against him except the fatal accuracy with which his shoes fitted those marks under the missing man's window, and also the fact that he was so bitter an enemy of Frank Osgood.

The sentiment of jealousy supplied a motive, and altogether a rather suspicious case began to grow up against young Cummings.

Though on examination it appeared that Frank had left no money in his room, it was also remembered that he usually carried a pocketbook with him containing the most, if not all, of his available cash. He was in the receipt of a regular salary from his father, and, as his habits were economical, he must have had a considerable sum in his pocketbook. But still there was no reason to suspect that a robbery had taken place. The missing man must have been induced to leave his room voluntarily, but was plain, though why or wherefore was a profound mystery.

In their researches, the detectives learned another fact which, as a link in the chain, looked very important to them, and very suspicious. There was no latchkey to the door of the Cummings house and anyone desiring entrance after a certain hour, when the front door was always locked, would be compelled to ring and summon one of the servants. It was remembered by the maid, whose duty it was to answer the doorbell that on Tuesday night when Frank Osgood had disappeared, her young master, Harry, had come home very late, long after she had retired, and she was obliged to get up and put on a wrapper to open the door for him. She was very sleepy she said, and just remembered the fact, but nothing more. She could not even tell the time, but thought it was after midnight. She did not notice her young master's appearance on the occasion, as she was half asleep at the time. Such was the girl's simple evidence.

Harry Cummings was now arrested and thrown into prison. Evidence sufficient was thought to exist to implicate him, and the cry once raised, public opinion gradually set against him. The proposed duel, the known bitterness existing between him and the missing man, the footprints exactly fitting those of his own shoes, his absence from home on that special night at an unusual hour, all seemed to point to complicity in his former friend's disappearance, nearly as strongly as circumstantial evidence could do.

Of course, the accused procured the best possible legal assistance, and found no difficulty in convincing his counsel of his innocence of the charge brought against him, but at the same time the legal gentleman was compelled to admit that there was considerable ground for a case against his client. Harry explained to his lawyer that he had taken a long walk that evening into the country, and in an absorbed frame of mind had gone further than he knew of, and that when he turned to come home, he was himself surprised at the distance he had walked. This was the cause of his not getting home that Tuesday night until just after midnight.

"What were you thinking about to absorb you so?" asked his lawyer.

"Miss Marr," said Harry, frankly. "I was making up my mind to propose to her, and was weighing the proper course to pursue in case I found her indifferent, or if there should be any obstacle raised. It may seem a slight matter to you," he continued to his legal adviser, "but it was all absorbing to me, and I neither saw nor heard what was going on about me."

"You did not meet anyone?"

"No; it was quite dark, and besides, if I had, I should not have noticed them."

"That's a pity."

"Why?"

"Because, if we could prove you to

have been elsewhere on that evening or night, we are all right."

"Oh, an alibi?"

"Exactly."

The bitterness of feeling between Frank Osgood and himself he freely admitted, though he said:

"It is all gone now, since Miss Marr and myself understand each other."

The matter of the footprints, Harry thought a simple absurdity. It was quite possible that the shoes of both were of the same size, and possibly the same make.

"Young Osgood was a great favorite," said his counsel, "and had not an enemy in the world, as far as known, except yourself. And as there is no evidence of robbery, what possible motive could lead anyone to put him out of the way? That is what the other side will argue," he said to his client. "You were the one enemy."

Over three months had elapsed since the disappearance of young Osgood, and the trial of Harry Cummings was about to take place, but close confinement in prison and depressed spirits had together so worked upon his health that he was seriously ill of slow fever, too ill, as the doctors testified, to be brought up for trial. This was unfortunate in one respect. It gave those who believed in his guilt a fresh item of gossip, and they declared that his illness was assumed in order to stave off the conviction which would follow his trial.

At last, after a considerable delay the trial came on. The principle evidence relied upon by the prosecution was that which has already been mentioned, and through the ingenious manipulation of the district attorney, a very strong case, based upon circumstantial evidence, was clearly made out against Harry Cummings.

Now it was that all the womanly tenderness of Mary Marr, all the sincerity of her affection, and all her confidence in her lover, shone out in beautiful relief as compared to the severe ordeal through which he was called to pass. She was by his side in court, she visited him in prison, she ministered at his sick bed, and she loved Harry all the better because he was the victim of such misfortune.

The case had been nearly closed. It was the morning upon which Harry's counsel was to make his closing argument. The courthouse was crowded to suffocation. There was little doubt in the minds of the public that Harry Cummings would be brought in guilty. Some trifling matters, which we need not now refer to, had been brought to light which were thought to still further implicate the prisoner. The court was opened with more than usual solemnity.

The counsel for the defense rose and delivered a very strong argument against the weakness of circumstantial evidence. It was a philippic that commanded profound attention, and even the judges listened to it with earnestness and surprise. It was so well expressed, and so indisputable in its deductions, "And now, may it please the court and gentlemen of the jury in reply to all the evidence introduced against my client, in reply to the fallacy generally of circumstantial evidence, I shall give you but one proof." He walked quietly to a side door, and opened it.

Frank Osgood walked into the court, well and hearty, bowing low to the judge and jury.

The surprise of all can hardly be described.

It was impossible for the officers to preserve a proper state of decorum under such exciting circumstances, and cheers arose in the room from the crowd, so genuine, so spontaneous, as to defy all attempt to control them, while some of the women fainted, partly from intensity of feeling, and partly from excitement, caused by the noise, which was for some moments perfectly deafening. Frank Osgood was very generally known to those present, and was, of course, instantly recognized.

Walking up to the prisoner, Harry Cummings, the long-missing man, gave him his hand cordially, which created another burst of applause, and it was absolutely necessary to clear the court room before further legal proceedings could take place, owing to the reigning excitement among the spectators.

All was soon explained. The night before his disappearance, Frank had made an avowal of his love of Mary Marr, and had been finally but delicately refused. This so mortified and embittered him at first that he became almost crazed. He did not go to bed that night at all, but jumping out of the low window, wandered he knew not whither. Finally, getting to the shore, he saw a ship just letting go her moorings to drop down to sea with the morning tide. She was bound for South America.

Hardly knowing what he did, Frank went on board and sailed on her. Sea life soon restored him to his normal condition. At once he was also of his unrequited love, and he sought the earliest means of returning to England. It was before the cable had been laid, and so he brought the news of his own safety in person, arriving the very morning when he appeared in court.

Frank Osgood and Harry Cummings became once more the best of friends, both with happy families about their domestic hearths.—New York Weekly.

Like a Grizzly.

"So you have been married five years?" interrogated the old friend. "Well, you look so happy your husband must not act very badly."

"He acts like a bear when he comes home," replied the Michigan avenue lady.

"Like a bear? Gracious! In what way?"

"He—he hugs me."—Detroit Tribune.

# LIGHTNING SAVES MOTHER'S LIFE.

Church Members Say Miracle and Physician Declares It Strange.

A thunderbolt directed by divine Agency is believed by members of the Second Presbyterian church of Evanston, Ill., to be responsible for the recovery of Mrs. Warren S. Williams, a young society matron who was suffering from typhoid fever complicated with blood poisoning.

It was on March 20 that a baby girl came to the Williams family. The mother, who is scarcely 20 years old, was left in a precarious condition, typhoid fever attacking her a fortnight later and blood poisoning then setting in, making the case one that worried three of the best physicians in the country.

Hovering, thus, almost on the brink of the grave, it chanced that on the night of May 11 a violent thunderstorm began. In the little house at No. 1315 Main street lay the young wife, terrified and ill. Lightning struck the chimney and traveled to the room in which the young mother lay. In a moment the room was afire, but Mr. Williams ran in, snatched his wife from the bed and hurried with her to a neighbor's, a nurse carrying the baby.

"There is no doubt in my mind," said the physician, Dr. G. W. Kaufman, "that the electric fluid worked the change that sent Mrs. Williams on the high road to recovery."

"Under ordinary circumstances," said Dr. Kaufman, "the young woman would have suffered a relapse from the fright and shock, but from that very moment she began to improve, and will probably be well in a week or so."

"The mysterious properties of the X-ray and the new metal radium, so efficacious in some cases, leave no doubt in my mind that the flash of lightning which filled the room had some strange effect."—New York Herald.

Wagers on the War.

Some extraordinary bets have been made on the Japanese-Russian war. A number of Japanese officers have bet that they would be killed in battle. The money was to go to their widows. One officer, on starting for the front, made the following wager: If he were killed within a month his heirs were to receive \$500. After that date he was to pay his opponent 10 yoi (\$5) a day until he had survived 100 days, after which the bet was to cease. He undertook to expose himself to danger only when military conditions demanded it; in other words, he was not willfully to let himself be killed.

In a moment of excitement Lomakin, a Moscow merchant, undertook to "bet his boots" if Japan were not forced to sue for peace by July 1 last. Against this the opponent "bet 500 rubles. Lomakin ate the boots. But as no time limit was imposed, he cut off and swallowed only a tiny strip each day, completing the achievement on Nov. 20. His opponent absolved him from eating the nails.

A captive Japanese officer imprisoned at Omsk, in Siberia, bet the Russian officer in charge of the prisoners a kopeck for every minute that Port Arthur held out after June 1. He owed the jailer on Oct. 1, nearly \$1000. The Russian asked for a payment on account and offered to terminate the bet. The Japanese said nothing, retired to his room and shot himself dead with a revolver.—Chicago News.

"Peerless" Beau Brummel.

An English paper prints a number of stories of Beau Brummel, some of which, perhaps, are not generally known. At the pavilion at Brighton he ordered the footman to empty his snuffbox into the fire because a bishop had taken a pinch unasked. A man whom he had met at dinner offered him a lift in his carriage to Lady Jersey's ball. "Thank you, exceedingly," said the Beau, "but how are you to go? You would not like to get up behind, and I cannot be seen in the same carriage with you." He made no secret of his humble birth, and when asked about his parents declared that "the poor creatures both cut their throats years ago, eating peas with a knife." Once, at a ball, Brummel met his match. He was playing hazard at Brooks', when a well known alderman, a brewer, was one of the party. "Come, Marvhub," said Brummel, who was the caster, "what's your set?" "Twenty-five guineas," was the reply. "Well, then, have at the mayor's pony," said Brummel, who proceeded to cast, and by a run of luck won the stake 12 times in succession. Pocketing the money, he thanked the brewer, and promised that in future he would drink no one's porter but his. "I wish, sir," replied the brewer, "that every other blackguard in London would tell me the same."—New York Times.

A Bug in a Dish.

It is queer that trivial things will amuse people sometimes. In the window of a crockery store recently was a soup tureen and in the dish was a bug. The bug was trying to crawl up the slippery sides of the dish to get out. His struggles kept all the way from three to 20 people in front of the window all morning.

"He's at it again." "He's losing ground now." "There he goes back again," and other such expressions came from the spectators every time the bug tried to crawl out. About noon he took a rest of perhaps two minutes and then made another attempt to escape. This time he was successful, and as he disappeared behind some dishes the crowd seemed to give a concerted murmur of pleasure. It was plain the spectators were "for" the bug.—Kansas City Times.