

John H. Ream, - - - Publisher

Several other things besides college football need reforming.

It begins to look as though before long Dr. Cook can't belong to anything except church.

"Cost of living" may be borne patiently. It is what it costs merely to exist that hurts.

Halley's comet has thus far been overlooked as a cause of high prices. Why this oversight?

The digits of 1910 add up 11. This indicates that the price of ice will advance next spring.

When times change men and women should change with them. Living in the past is a lonesome life.

A century hence it may be possible to pick up a newspaper without finding therein some reference to Rockefeller.

Perhaps that mathematical boy-wonder can help some by reducing 999,999,999 causes for high prices to 57 understandable varieties.

Dr. Cook's own Arctic club has bounced him. It appears to be a repetition of the old story of the serpent's tooth and the thankless child.

New York playwright became crazy after finishing a vaudeville sketch. His case was remarkable chiefly because the insanity developed after.

One of the New York managers says there are too many theaters in this country, but the one-night-stand player will stick to the theory that the theaters are too far apart.

But before Congress can do much about the cost of living most of the Congressmen will have to deliver some impassioned addresses to be read by the folks back home.

Mr. Morse says he is the victim of "the most brutal sentence ever pronounced against a citizen of a civilized country." Mr. Morse, therefore, is a martyr. Kindly heave a sigh for him.

France is far from being the childless country that some writers picture it. The recent census shows no fewer than thirty-five thousand families in that country which rejoice in ten or more children each, and over one and one-fourth million families having at least five children each.

Both Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Fargo will have new gowns at once. The stock shares of the Wells-Fargo company recently rose from 519 to 560 in the market, following the distribution of a dividend which showed a profit of 300 per cent on \$15,000,000 of capital—some of which is actually invested.

The composite character of the American people today could hardly be shown in a more striking way than by the fact that a leaflet in ten different languages has just been authorized by a clothing-makers' union, in order to inform its members of present conditions in the trade and the advantages of organization.

Not even the strenuous attainments of "advanced" and "emancipated" womanhood can smother the blessed instincts of sympathy and pity in the feminine heart. When an athletic Chicago girl caught a burglar in her home the other night, she first overpowered him single-handed, and then, listening to his pitiful plea that he was driven to crime by hunger, gave him a square meal and set him free.

Cleveland school children bid fair to become the champion spellers of the country. They are required to learn only two new words a day, or ten words a week. At the end of every eight weeks they are tested in a spelling bee, and almost every child spells all the words correctly. This system is based on the truth enunciated in the chorus of the song, "Every little bit added to what you've got makes a little bit more."

If Swinburne used a rhyming dictionary and thereby became a great poet, as has been recently alleged, it is a pity that many of the embryo poets of the present day could not be supplied with the same brand of rhyming dictionary. For, whatever the reason may be, there is at the present day a dearth of genuine poetry. There is much rhyming, much bright doggerel, and occasionally ambitious attempts at blank verse, but the results of the latter are usually dreary. Few modern poets, but Walt Whitman, appear to have possessed strength enough to make unrhymed metrical lines a vehicle of expression. The age needs a great poet. In the past 50 years the leading nations have developed virtually a new civilization, a new morality, new standards, a new sociology. What a great field lies before a poet with genius enough to be to this age what Homer was to the ancient world, what Virgil was to the Latins, what Dante was to the medieval thought, what Shakespeare was to the Elizabethans, and what Tennyson was to the Victorian age. The poets of the past, with their wonderful psychic powers, anticipated modern development along many lines; but there are ideas evolved from modern inventions and discoveries, from economic and political development, and from sociological changes, that they never could have thought of, and that are growing to be delivered in adequate poetic expression. There is also a morality higher and finer than anything conceived of in the past, inasmuch as it embraces the whole human brotherhood. There were beautiful theories of liberty in ancient and medieval times, but the body politic rested upon a system of slavery that gave easily the favored few leisure for intellectual development. The universality of human rights is a conception whose full poetic meaning could be embodied in immortal verse only by a man of the age that has seen it actually wrought into human institutions.

Leopold II, who died recently at the age of 74 years, was the second king of the Belgians. Belgium became independent in 1831, when it separated itself from the Netherlands and elected the prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Leopold's father, as its first king. Since that time the kingdom has grown and prospered. With one-quarter the area of the state of New York, it contains about the same population. There is an average of one person for every inhabitable acre in the whole country. The growing density of population early attracted the attention of Leopold, and he began to look abroad for an opportunity for colonial expansion. After Stanley had failed to interest Gladstone, and through him England, in the development of the Congo basin, Leopold sent for the great explorer and gave him \$250,000 toward the expenses of his expedition to the Congo region. The Congo Free State was formed as a result of the report which Stanley made, and Leopold became its protector and practical owner. In 1898 he turned over to Belgium his rights in the state, and it is hereafter to be governed by the Belgian parliament. Great abuses marked Leopold's administration of the Congo State, and his reign will be notorious for them; but the fact remains that he was the only European monarch willing to assume responsibility for the attempt to civilize that part of Africa. At home the king was a constitutional ruler in the most democratic kingdom in Europe. He was active, in co-operation with Belgian capitalists, in developing the foreign and domestic trade of the country, and was long regarded as a type of the modern man of affairs in public life. In his private life the dead king seemed to be devoid of moral sense, and outraged all the decencies. He is succeeded by his nephew, Albert, who is loved by the Belgians because he possesses those moral qualities which his uncle lacked.

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DRIVING AN ELEPHANT.

"The dog is man's companion; the elephant is his slave," writes Sir Samuel W. Baker in "Wild Beasts and Their Ways." The dog shares with his master the delight of hunting, and defends him from an enemy's attack; but an enemy might kill an elephant's mahout, and the huge beast would not interfere to save him. To never volunteers his services, although he can be trained to do certain acts, for he has a wonderful capacity for learning. But he will not do them unless he is ordered to by his mahout, to whose guidance he submits, because he knows that disobedience will bring punishment.

The mahout, sitting on the elephant's neck, governs the animal by an iron hook and spike, which resembles a book-hook, and weighs from four to six pounds. The mahout drives the elephant by digging the point of the spike into its head, and pulls him back by inserting the hook in the tender base of the ears. Without the hook the elephant is like the donkey without the stick. He obeys not from affection, but because he knows that he will be punished if he disobeys. An elephant whose mahout rules him responds to the secret signs of his driver. The gentle pressure of the mahout's toe, the compression of his knee, the delicate touch of his heel, or the slightest swaying of his body to one side, guides the mighty beast as a ship is guided by an almost imperceptible movement of the rudder. But the mahout must himself be cool and free from all nervousness if he expects the elephant to obey him. Illustrating the fact that a poor driver makes a disobedient elephant, Sir Samuel says that a man may sit a horse gracefully, but if he has not the gift of a "good hand" there will be little comfort for the animal and no ease for the rider. A rider with a "bad hand" makes that fact known to the horse almost as soon as he seats himself in the saddle. The result is that the horse becomes nervous, and does not perceive what his master wishes him to do.

The elephant is not bitted, and therefore is not disturbed by a "bad hand." But if the mahout is nervous, or hesitates, or vacillates, he will be sure to have a "bad knee" or a "bad toe." His mood will influence his muscles, and the elephant feels that the mahout does not exactly know what he is about. Instead of obeying instantly the pressure of knee or toe, the animal vacillates, swings his head, becomes unsteady, and if engaged in hunting or scenting a tiger, turns round and runs away—made a coward by his mahout's nervousness.

Cooking Your Goose.

The phrase, "I'll cook your goose for you," originated in this manner: Eric, king of Sweden, coming to a certain town, besieged it, but, having few soldiers, was obliged to desist. The inhabitants in derision hung out from the walls a goose on a pole. Later Eric returned with reinforcements and in reply to the challenge of the heralds observed that he had come "to cook their goose for them" and proceeded to storm the town and make it hot for the inhabitants.

Appropriate Tendency.

"How does Jobbins expect to do this year?" "His business outlook is a grave one." "Why? Is he in trouble?" "No; he's an undertaker."—Baltimore American.

Literary Perils.

"A great deal that you see in print nowadays is dangerous and misleading," said the conservative citizen. "Yes," answered the dyspeptic, "especially in cook books."—Washington Star.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



THOMAS AND NANCY LINCOLN.
"Fit us for humblest service," prayed
This kindly, reverent man,
Content to hold a lowly place
In God's eternal plan;
Content, by prairie, wood and stream,
The common lot to share,
Or help a neighbor in his need
Some grievous weight to bear—
Then truthfully resigned the life
That had fulfilled his prayer.

And she in Indiana's grave
This many a year who lies—
Mother and wife whose yearning soul
Looked sadly from her eyes—
Who, dying, called her children close
As the last shadow fell,
And bade them ever worship God
And love each other well—
Then to her forest grave was borne,
The wind her funeral knell!

So dear—so lone—who could have dreamed
The boy her bed beside,
Forth from that cabin door would walk
Among earth's glorified?
But, lo! his name from sea to sea
Given patriotisms wings:
Upon his brow a crown is set
Greater than any king's;
And to these nameless graves his fame
Tender remembrance brings.

Ah! still the humble God doth choose
The mighty to confound;
Still them that fear and follow him
His angel campeth round;
And while by Indiana's woods
Ohio, murmuring, flows,
And Illinois' green levels shine
In sunset's parting glows—
While Lincoln's name is dear, our hearts
Will hallow their repose.
—Edna Dean Proctor in the Independent.

A Floral Valentine

The life of Ninette Harding was not to be envied. That of the maiden aunt making her home with her sister, and that sister having a family of growing children, seldom is.

Ninette Harding's mother, left a widow while her daughters were mere girls, became consumed with the idea that the one way to provide for the future of her fatherless children was to "marry them off." And of course Nora, being the older, must be disposed of first.

Therefore it was that Jack Hilton had every opportunity to see and know Nora well, while of Ninette he knew little. Nevertheless it was to Ninette's knowledge of Jack Hilton, more than to any other factor, that Mrs. Harding could have charged her utter failure in disposing of her second daughter according to her fancy.

After Jack went west Nora took the next man who came and was "happy ever after." That is, as happy as she deserved to be. Not so Ninette.

Now, when Silas Harding died he left money enough to provide well for his children without the process of "marrying off" instituted by his widow. But said widow was a "good manager"—that is, she managed to dispose of all the extra funds—and when she departed this earth, soon after her elder daughter's marriage, she left nothing but the beautiful residence where Mr. and Mrs. Jones had already taken up their abode, much to her chagrin and disapproval.

She did not believe in children remaining at home, she said; but that made little difference to Ned and Nora. Ned Jones was poor; he believed he was marrying an heiress. If that beautiful stone house was all she was heir to, at least they would have that. They completely ignored Ninette's share in the house, and appropriated everything to themselves. Ninette had a home there on sufferance, lest she should attempt to claim her own. Income she had none. Therefore she took a position in one of the city's "dry goods emporiums," and, as might have been expected under the circumstances, most of her wages went to help tide over family expenses, soon her salary was nearly as large as the incompetent Ned's.

So matters stood when Jack Hilton came home from the West, and, passing the Harding house, recalled Nora's blue eyes. Turning to a little shaver standing on the sidewalk, he asked: "Does Miss Harding live here still?" Now, there had been but one Miss Harding within the memory of this small man, therefore he answered truthfully: "Yeth, thir."

Jack Hilton had arrived at the time of life when a man discovers that it is not good to be alone, and as he was perfectly plain with himself about the matter, why should not we be with the reader? He had come home to seek a wife.

Not that there were no women in the West. It had only chanced that he had not found the right one in that longitude.

Now he remembered the flowers he used to send to Nora Harding—how tenderly she cared for them; the potted plant never lacked water, the palm was never dusty, the Easter lily bloom-

ed the second Easter, the bouquet was always exquisitely rearranged. He wondered why he had not married Nora then, they both loved flowers so. He remembered how she used to laugh when he complimented her upon her garden or potted plants, and how she would pretend not to know one flower from another, and how it angered him then. Well, she would have outlived such pranks by now.

So thinking, he turned into a florist's, and then he remembered it was St. Valentine's Day.

"White roses and hyacinths bordered with heliotrope," he said to the florist. To himself he muttered: "Roses and hyacinths—they're for love; heliotrope, that's devotion. Strange how a fellow will remember those things!"

On the reverse side of his card, which he gave to the florist to send with the flowers, he wrote: "Read my floral message, O my Valentine!" Then, feeling that he was making a fool of himself, he gave the address, "Miss N. Harding."

Of course he would have to follow his valentine and pay a call to this old-time divinity of his, and as he walked on he grew quite nervous over the coming event. Nothing gives a man a better opinion of himself than immaculate gloves. He would indulge in a new pair. He entered a store to make the purchase, and there behind the glove counter he found his divinity.

Not she of the blue eyes for whom he had purchased the flowers, but his ideal, whom he had been looking for through long years. How did he recognize her? Well, he did not know, but certain it was that she recognized him, too.

Yes, O blind man, she recognized you as Jack Hilton, her ideal, whom she had loved since early girlhood, and waited for through long, silent years, with only faith in God to bid her hope. And you—you took that radiant look of joy that roused your heart's blood and made you cry out: "Here is my ideal, my twin soul!" for a gleam from a fancy as idle as your own.

Jack Hilton felt no more nervousness about the call which he resolved to pay that afternoon. He would laugh over the valentine business in some way, and close that chapter quickly.

When Ninette Harding reached home at noon her little niece ran to meet her with a beautiful though somewhat disarranged bouquet in her hand, crying: "Oh, Aunt Nettie! Aunt Nettie! See what some one sent you!"

And Nora called from the dining room, where she already was at lunch: "Oh, Ninette, would you believe it? Jack Hilton is home, and he sent you a most lovely bouquet, to announce himself, I suppose. Used to send them to me by the score; you remember, for you always took care of them. The silly goose! The child is just wild over them; I couldn't keep them away from her."

Ninette set her teeth hard, but took the flowers and said nothing, according to her custom. As she straightened up the rumpled ones her eyes noted the message which her middle-some sister had not spied.

She took the bouquet to her own room, and that afternoon she wore, pinned to her coat, a bunch of flowers—a rosebud, a Roman hyacinth and a sprig of heliotrope.

In the meantime Jack Hilton had learned from relatives (the Hardings' near neighbors) the whole "lay of the land" at the Harding home, and in the course of these inquiries it dawned upon him who his divinity of the glove counter was, and when he met her on the way to the store that afternoon she shook hands as old friends who were not sure at their first recognition but doubly glad at second meeting, he received her gracious thanks for the bouquet that, after all, had not gone astray, with a thankful heart.

Suffice it to say that Mrs. Ned Jones knoweth not to this present day that Jack Hilton's bouquet was meant for her, and that Mrs. Jack Hilton is ignorant at this present writing that her valentine was sent before Jack Hilton saw his fate across a glove counter, and lost his heart (which he was prepared to lose) at the first glance.—Cynthia Doering.

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Lost His Apple.
During a public reception at the White House a farmer from one of the border counties of Virginia told the President that the Union soldiers in passing his farm had helped themselves not only to hay but his horse, and he hoped the President would urge the proper officer to consider his claim immediately.

Mr. Lincoln said that this reminded him of an old acquaintance of his, Jack Chase, who used to be a lumberman on the Illinois, a steady, sober man and the best rafterman on the river. It was quite a trick to take the logs over the rapids, but Jack was skillful with the raft and always kept it straight in the channel.

Finally a steamer was put on and Jack was made captain of the boat. He always used to take the wheel himself in going through the rapids. One day when the boat was plunging and wallowing in the boiling current and Jack's utmost skill was being employed to keep the steamer in the narrow channel a boy pulled his coat tail and yelled out to him:

"Say, mister Captain, stop your boat a minute; I've lost my apple overboard."

Strongest Man in His Town.
"In the meantime," says the "Every Day Life of Abraham Lincoln," "Abe had become not only the longest but the strongest man in the settlement.

Some of his feats almost surpass belief, and those who beheld them with their own eyes stood literally amazed. Richardson, a neighbor, declares that he could carry a load to which the strength of three ordinary men would scarcely be equal. He saw him quietly pick up and walk away with a chicken house, made of poles pinned together, and covered, that weighed 600, if not much more. At another time the Richardsons were building a corncrib; Abe was there, and seeing three or four men preparing "sticks" upon which to carry some huge posts, he shouldered them all further trouble and walking away with them to the place where they were wanted. "He could strike with a maul," says old Mr. Wood, "a heavier blow than any other man. He could sink an ax deeper into the wood than any man I ever saw."

Position of the Dog.
Lincoln could not sympathize with those Union generals who were prone to indulge in big promises, but who never accomplished anything. In speaking of a general of this type one day he said:

"These fellows remind me of a man who owned a dog which, so he said, just hungered and thirsted to eat up wolves. It was a difficult matter, so the owner declared, to keep that dog from devoting the entire twenty-four hours of each day to the destruction of wolves.

"One day a party of this man's friends decided to have a wolf hunt, and as this particular dog was so ferocious, they said they wouldn't take any other dog. The man who owned the dog didn't seem overanxious to go on the hunt, but he finally consented, and the party, accompanied by the ferocious wolf-dog, started out.

"At last they sighted some wolves and tried to 'sic' the dog on them. He whined and whimpered, but they finally kicked some enthusiasm into him and started him after the wolves. Wolves and dog soon disappeared in the timber.

"The hunting party got no trace of the chase until after a few miles they came to a farmhouse, where they saw a man hanging over the fence.

"Have you seen anything of a wolf-dog and a pack of wolves around here?" asked the hunters.

"Yep," was the short answer. "How were they going?" "Pretty fast."

"What was their position when you saw them?" "Well," replied the farmer, "the dog was a leetle ahead."

"Now, gentlemen," concluded the President, "that's the position in which you find most of these bragging generals when they get into a fight with the enemy. That's why I don't like military orators."

For Valentine's Day.
What though the skies be cold and gray
And winds be wild and shrill,
Love's messenger shall find his way
Across the vale and hill;
For sunlight he shall have your face,
For stars—two eyes that shine
Where my heart has its dwelling place—
Your own, dear Valentine!

He turns to neither left nor right,
But straight ahead he goes;
His guide is Hope, whose footstep light
The surest pathway knows;
He bears my message in his scrip,
A song whose every line
Shall turn to music on your lip,
My own dear Valentine!

Oh, when you hear his eager knock
Upon the door begin,
Make haste to lift the heavy lock
And bid young Cupid in.
Glad then shall gleam the skies above,
And glad this heart of mine
To be at last with her I love—
With you, dear Valentine!

—Ladies' Home Journal.

Not Taking Chances.
One day at a meeting of the Cabinet, it being at the time when it seemed as if war with England and France could not be avoided, Secretary of State Seward and Secretary of War Stanton warmly advocated that the United States maintain an attitude the result of which would have been a declaration of hostilities by the powers mentioned.

"But why run the greater risk when we can take the smaller one?" asked the President. "The less risk we run the better for us. That reminds me of a story I heard a day or two ago, the hero of which was on the firing line during a recent battle, where the bullets were flying thick. Finally his courage gave way entirely, and, throwing down his gun, he ran for dear life.

FACTS IN TABLOID FORM.

Two bushels of olives give three gallons of oil.
Roast veal is the least digestible of butcher's meat. It takes five and a half hours to digest. Roast goose takes two and a half hours.

A piano stool that will accommodate but one person under ordinary circumstances, but which contains leaves which can be spread to hold two to play duets, has been invented by a Chicagoan.

At nine Paganini was composing sonatas, while Malte, the great Irish composer, it is claimed, wrote "Lover's Mistake," a song which was sung by the prima donna, Mme. Vestris, in the drama "Paul Piry."

Chung Ling, a priest of Buddha, well versed in all the mysterious knowledge that is secreted in those mystic temples of the plains of China, is a student in the Franklin school night class for foreigners, Washington.

Gertrude E. Curtis, of Bradford, Pa., is the first colored woman dentist. She passed the final examination in the College of Dental Surgery, in Philadelphia, with high honors, and intends to begin active practice without delay. She believes dentistry is one of the best professions for women, and has encouraged several colored girls to take up the study.

The coal market of the Argentine Republic, heretofore supplied almost exclusively from Great Britain, is to be invaded by American coal mined in West Virginia and exported from Norfolk. The first cargo is being loaded in the British tramp steamer London Bridge, bound for Puerto la Plata. West Virginia coal, it is asserted, can be put in Argentine 25 cents cheaper than British coal.

Writing from Calcutta, Consul Perry says that it has been found that the skin of the rat is well adapted to a variety of purposes such as the binding of books, the making of purses, gloves and other articles for use and adornment. It is stated that already the traffic in this commodity amounts to about \$250,000 a year in Great Britain, and advertisements have appeared for supplies of skins of the brown rat in lots of 100 to 10,000.

Most members of the upper house possess more than one title, and not a few have a large number. The duke of Abercorn is holder of four Scotch, four Irish and two British peerages. The marquis of Lansdowne has one Scotch, five Irish and two British titles. Other peers who are well equipped in this respect are the duke of Norfolk (seven), the marquis of Breadalbane (eight), the duke of Portland (five), the duke of Devonshire (five) and the duke of Northumberland (six).—Westminster Gazette.

The German diamond fields in southwest Africa are still yielding a goodly supply of extremely small diamonds, but some reports indicate that the industry will be short-lived. Dr. Kutz-Bueckberg, after spending eighteen months in the neighborhood, explained the situation to the Cologne branch of the Deutsche Kolonial Gesellschaft. He said that the diamonds were superior in their form and brilliancy to those of the British South African mines, but that so far no stone had been found weighing more than a single karat.

Readers literary work was, Sir Robert Anderson remarks, a rare combination of genius and plodding. A brass scuttle which stood by the fireplace held the illustrated and other papers which reached him week by week. From these he culled anything that took his fancy, and the cuttings were thrown into a companion scuttle, to be afterward inserted in scrap books and duly indexed. Materials for his novels and plays were thus supplied or suggested. The accuracy of his descriptions of events and places was phenomenal.—Blackwood's Magazine.

At nineteen Charles XII, king of Sweden, with 10,000 troops, routed 50,000 Russians under Peter the Great at Narva; George Washington was a major; "Carro del Cielo" came from the Spanish pen of Calderon; Wilkie, the English painter, painted his "Pitiless Fair," containing 140 figures, regarded as one of the most complete canvases of the period; Tennyson was the chancellor's medal at Cambridge University for his poem, "Timbuctoo," and Klopstock conceived and composed a good part of his "Messiah," the great work which gave such impulse and impetus to German literature and fired the genius of the Fatherland.

Massachusetts, New York, Virginia and Kentucky were the foremost founder states. New York and Massachusetts have been strongly nourished by Europe's money, culture and immigration and plenty of good, hard sense to boot. Virginia lost out through pride and war, with her many bloody sacrifices. Malaria has most ruined Kentucky. Kentucky was our oldest, longest maintained frontier, settled up by first and second generations of English farmers and a few Irish and Scotch and old revolutionary soldiers. Kentucky had more and harder injun fighting than any other state, besides largely indulging in the 1812-1815 and the Mexican and other wars.—New York Press.

At the present time and for the future as well, there is lying at the Bank of France, in Paris, a reserve gold store of £160,000,000, which is, in fact, writes one correspondent, "locked upon as a war fund, beside which the twenty millions of Germany look very small." But the German "Kriegsschatz," or emergency war chest fund, only amounts to six millions sterling, and it is lying not in the Reichsbank, at Berlin, but in the vaults of the Julius tower, in the fortress of Spandau, near the capital, against the coming of Germany's next evil day. It has been lying there as a dead fund ever since Germany received from France her war indemnity of £250,000,000, from which it was taken.—London Chronicle.

VALENTINE MEMORY

BY MARIE F. SWIFT

It is only a Rose I send you,
A Rose—too frail to last,
But a breath of the Summer goes with it,
And a dream of the happy past.

Does it carry a rose-bued memory,
Or a sigh for the "Long Ago?"
Does a Chanson sweet come floating back,
Tenderly sweet and low?

A kiss I press on the rose-leaves,
With a tear for the "might have been";
The cold winds sigh and the snow-flakes fly,
But the love-light of June steals in.