

MY PHILOSOPHY.

I allus argy that a man Who does about the best he can Is plenty good enough to suit This lower mundane institute.

It's nuchural en ough, I guess, When some gets more and some gets less, Fer them that's on the slimmest side To claim it ain't a fair divide.

The signs is had when folks commence A findin fault with Providence And balkin 'cause the world don't shake At ev'ry prancin step they take.

My doctrin 's to lay aside Contentions and be satisfied; Just do your best, and praise or blame That follers that count jest the same.

A SUCCESSFUL OPERATION.

The Story of a Great Decision and What Came of It.

SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

As he heard his father talking with the two physicians outside his bedroom door, he waited and wondered. He waited to hear the decision of the consulting physician, while he wondered what this decision would be.

He suddenly found himself holding to life with a wonderful determination. It meant so much to him. Indeed, it meant everything to him. With strength and health he had every hope of realizing the high ambition which had helped him through so many of his early trials.

The choice of these two evils would rest entirely with him. The surgeons might recommend, the members of the family advise, but he knew that the final decision, a decision from which there was no appeal, rested entirely with him.

He might have applied to that Higher Power to which he had been referred so often, but he resented it as he did the advice of his sister to give way to his feelings for once and have a good cry.

The door opened he looked up expecting to see the serious face of the doctor or the white uniform of the trained nurse of which he had grown so tired. But when he looked up from his bitter reverie the new disappointment which changed the set look on his face to a sad smile was a happy one.

The door closed again and they were alone, he and a young girl, to him the impersonation of all the good in the world and the reward he wished for, providing his efforts in a business way should be as successful as he hoped and was determined that they should be.

He knew that the girl he had loved with his whole heart and devotion, in which any self-sacrifice was not to be considered, reciprocated his affection. It was not, however, until she had put her arms around his neck and told once again how she loved him that he really knew how much he had learned to rely on her in a time of trial just when it seemed to mean life and strength, and if he was willing to die for her, he was also willing to live for her, no matter what the sacrifice of living might entail.

And when quietly she told him that the decision reached by the consulting physician coincided perfectly with that of the attending surgeon the sufferer offered no remonstrance of any kind. He simply pressed the hands he held in his little tighter and smiled.

She did not refer to the possibility of his death. She simply told him how she had prayed for him, how she would pray for him and how she wanted him to pray for his recovery and to trust and be confident that all would come out right.

It did not take him long to decide, and when he was alone again he held in his hand a bunch of violets, his favorite flowers, as a token of her love to help and strengthen him.

It was not until the young man was on the operating table that the supposed cancer was found to be only a tumor, and that an amputation was unnecessary. The operation was successful, but the young man was unable to recover from the large amount of ether administered.

A little bunch of violets, withered by the hot air of the operating room, was still tightly clasped in one of the cold hands, and the morning on which he was laid away to rest for the last time, the undertaker found another bunch of violets, so fresh and sweet that the dew on them sparkled even more brightly than the slender ring on the third finger of the hand that held them.

ALAN S. ROGERS.

Kicking on the Umpire. The Colloquy That Should and the One That Does Take Place.

Among the musty rules for the government of base ball is one which provides that a player addressing the umpire must preface his remarks by a respectful "Mr. Umpire." Those patrons of the national game who fondly imagine that the rules are enforced have doubtless often seen a captain stride in the direction of the autocrat of the diamond with a gleaming eye, compressed lips and clinched hands.

"Mr. Umpire, your decision was intolerably unjust. Did Mr. Muleahy possess as many arms as an octopus, and each one as long as the Brooklyn bridge, he could not have touched Mr. Rattigan, who slid like an eel in a tub of butter. That decision deprives us of a run and may eventually result in our defeat. Mr. Umpire, I am loath to believe that you are prejudiced against the Boomtararas, but the trend of your decisions forces me to that conclusion. I assure you that unless you occasionally acknowledge our presence in the field and in the game a protest will be lodged against you."

"Then the game goes on, and the spectators breathe easy, but they are ignorant of what really passed between the player and umpire. As a matter of fact, Captain Gilhooly spoke as follows: "Sa-a-y! You sap headed clown from Czazyville, what ye tryin to giv 'us ennyhow? Take us fer green goods guys? Sa-a-y! I got a mind to bif ye in the chops! Why, dat man wasn't out by three feet. Ye give me a pain, ye do. Sa-a-y! Know what I'll do to ye? I'll put ye out of de business. Yes, I will. What chance we got for the pennant wid your rank decisions? Sa-a-y! You broke into base ball wid a jimmy, didn't ye? Now, look here, ye lunk headed lulu, ye put the kibosh on us again and ye'll git run out of the grounds. For 2 cents I'd soak yer!"

"Go on now! Git over to the bench, you knocker! You can't bulldoze me, and you won't git nothin that don't belong to you, see? Now, go and squat, or I'll put \$10 on you!" Captain Gilhooly thereupon slowly returns to the bench, and the spectators say, "That's right, cap, call him down."—Syracuse Standard.

A furor is prevailing in many states for military drill in the public schools. The average American comes to the fighting age quick enough without any stimulus of this character. The pretense is made that giving a semi-military character to the schools will have the effect of cultivating patriotic sentiment. Prof. Felix Adler, of New York, not only dissents from this idea, but he contends that "the introduction of military exercises is likely to heighten the false drama which attaches to the idea of war in children's minds, and which so dazzles them that they do not see the horrors, cruelties and inhumanities which real war brings in its train." The reasonableness of this position will be self-evident to all. Prof. Adler's statement constitutes a moral argument against the drill business not to be counterbalanced by theoretical gains in other directions.

Dr. Rothrock, the State Forestry Commissioner, says there is in Pennsylvania a solid area of almost 1,000 miles square once luxuriant with vegetation which is now so barren that it is almost depopulated.

The Flower of Death.

It Belongs to the Cactus Family and Even Its Perfume Is Deadly.

In the mountains of Mexico, high up in the most inaccessible passes or buried within the deepest gorges, there grows a strange flower which the natives call "The Flower of Death." From their description of it, the plant must belong to the great cactus family whose name is more than legion in that part of the world, yet it is, however, devoid of thorns, and the heavy succulent leaves exude a viscid fluid which will burn into solid rock like a strong acid. In shape the flower some what resembles two calla lilies placed face to face. Instead of the gracefully tapered point of the lily, however, the two petals of the flower of death are quite short and thick, presenting the awful appearance of parted livid lips, through which the red pistil protrudes like a horrid bleeding tongue.

It is said that this flower gives out an odor so penetrating and so intensely disagreeable that buzzards are frequently attracted by it mistaking it for their rightful spoil. This of itself is horrible to contemplate, and yet the half has not been told, for so noxious is the poison of the flower that no man can smell it and live. In Mexico one hears stories of many an unwary traveler who has come to an untimely death by inhaling the poisonous breath of this curious flower, and the mountain bandits, no doubt, know very well how to have it held accountable for the death of many of their own victims.

Another curious but less harmful plant is the milkweed, which abounds in the arid regions of both Texas and Mexico. It is quite a handsome bush with its parti-colored green and white leaves, the two colors being very delicately and gracefully traced the one upon the other, and it is beginning to find its way as an ornamental plant in some of our Eastern gardens and greenhouses. Upon its native heath it grows to quite considerable size, reaching frequently to the height of six or seven feet, and of course shows to the best advantage then.

When the stem of this plant is broken there flows from it an abundant stream of milk, which is sufficiently strong to burn into the cuticle if it is allowed to touch the flesh, creating an unpleasant smarting sensation. This quality makes the plant pretty much in demand for marking cattle, as the hair is removed wherever the milk is applied and no further harm is done to the animal. In this way it is quite a boon to cattlestealers, as an application can be made with it much easier than with the branding iron and the same purpose is served. It would be impossible to form an estimate of how many cows change hands every year through the mediation of this plant, yet the number is by no means inconsiderable.

Thirst Torture.

A Man Who Was Lost on a Desert Tells of His Sufferings.

"No one can conceive the tortures of a man who suffers from real thirst," said S. R. Jacoby, of Ouray, Col., to a reporter. "I underwent the awful experience once, but can hardly convey a hint of what I suffered, although it is vividly impressed on my mind. There are no words in English or Spanish to tell the story and I know no other languages. It was in Wyoming in 1883. With two companions I was doing a little prospecting and we had had luck. One morning I made up my mind to try a range of hills about thirty miles away, across what seemed to be a well-wooded valley, and my chums refusing to go farther on what had proved a wild goose chase, said good-bye and started back for Cheyenne. I started off, and hadn't gone more than five miles when I came to desert land. There was not a stock of vegetation, in sight. The ground was covered with lava and scoria that had rotted under the suns of a thousand centuries. I never imagined that the desert was more than a few miles across, and as there was a haze hanging over it I went straight ahead. I only had a small canteen, which held brandy instead of water. It was before noon when I began my journey over that waste. Before night my horse had fallen, and I was suffering pangs of agony. I had no brandy left, and everywhere was desolation as dry as chalk. I killed my horse and drank some of his blood. Then I threw myself down and slept. No opium-eater craving for his drug ever had such horrible dreams.

They awoke me, and I got up and staggered on in the darkness. All the demons of pain in the universe seemed to have settled themselves right between my shoulder blades and were holding a carnival. Ten thousand million red-hot needles, with rusted sides, were playing in and out through my tongue, and the top of my head felt as if some giant had hold of it and was trying to pull it off. I couldn't cry out, because my tongue was numb and useless from the pain. When morning came I just beheld the outlines of a wagon in the distance. With a superhuman effort I gave a shriek, and then I knew no more. When I regained consciousness I was in a bunch of hay near a fire, and two or three men were looking at me. I learned later on that my scream had been heard by a party of prospectors who were skirting the desert in order to make a short cut to the Montana cattle trail, and that at first they thought it was some wild animal, but one of the party insisted on a search, as he had heard a man make just such a noise before he died of thirst in the Mojave desert. It was months before I recovered completely, and I haven't been more than a mile away from water, and plenty of it, since."

An Honest Tailor Found the Money.

John Natre, a tailor yesterday gave to Police Superintendent Henry Muth, of Allegheny, the \$1,465 lost on Monday by Mrs. Pauline Lehman, of Millvale. Muth returned it to the woman who gave Natre \$100. He found the money in front of a Diamond street saloon and learned of the owner through a German newspaper.

Politics in the Pulpit.

Bishop Andrews, of the Methodist Episcopal church, in addressing the Baltimore conference a few days ago enunciated sound doctrine on the discussion of political and economic policies from the pulpit. He thought that Dr. Parkhurst "has been laboring under a special call," and that such calls are no frequent occurrence. This is correct, and even Dr. Parkhurst, with the immense amount of good work he has done, at times has gone to extremes in his enthusiasm that have caused a distinct reaction. The trouble, Bishop Andrews says, is that "there will be a great many weaklings over the country endeavoring to imitate him." This is already in evidence. And nothing could be more disastrous to the legitimate influence of the clergy in their high calling. Suppose the Parkhurst plan of operations from start to finish, including the detective business, should become a rule of ministerial conduct, the churches would soon degenerate into political clubs, antagonizing each other in noisy and fruitless debate on the concerns of the every-day world.

When ministers undertake the discussion of political and economic questions, the Methodist bishop says, they "ought to be very modest and conservative." But the reverse is generally the case, for they are apt to speak on such questions in the same "by authority" way they very properly discuss matters of morals and faith. That is the bent of their minds. Within the last year we have read sermons delivered on the tariff, strikes, the relations of capital and labor, as well as the diplomacy of the government, that were absurdly deficient in common sense and correct knowledge. If the privilege of free debate had been allowed they would have been riddled in a way that would probably have put an end to the intrusion of such topics in the pulpit. But that was not permissible, and the crude declarations went forth with the sanction of pulpit authority. Some ill-informed people were deceived, but the better informed would naturally leave the house of worship with a very contemptible opinion of the whole proceeding, and of the capacity or honesty of the clerical campaigners.

There are lines where the moralities and purity of society are involved in local administration, and then there is propriety in the pulpit taking part in advocacy of reform and expiring official evil-doers, but this is very different from making the pulpit a rostrum to discuss principles of government, and national or state policies, on which the best of men always have differed and always will differ. But even as to local abuses great caution must be exercised, for ministers of a class are more easily misled as to essential facts than any other of the learned professions. As Bishop Andrews puts it, their mission is "to build up Christian men" who can be trusted to settle the questions of politics and government.

The Wheat Surplus.

According to the market report the surplus of wheat in this country to-day is 79,000,000 bushels. It would be a nice question for those who study social problems how long the surplus would last if the government would seize and operate the lines of transportation so that it could be laid down at the doors of those who are now practically prohibited from consuming it. Upon the basis of miller's exchange each bushel of this wheat can be exchanged for 36 1/2 pounds of flour and each pound of flour will produce one and one fourth pounds of bread. The calculation will show that it would produce 4,425,625,000 loaves of bread. If it were all consumed in the form of bread alone each man would consume an average of two loaves of baker's size per day. Taking out of our population of 60,000,000 one-fourth for children under seven years, there would be left a population of 45,000,000 to consume this bread at the rate of two loaves per day, each, or 90,000,000 loaves per day for the whole. In fifty days or less than two months a good feed on white bread would consume it all. In view of this calculation, what folly it is to contend that this surplus should demoralize all prices, destroy all values and paralyze all energies!

A journal devoted to men's fashions today tells all about the styles to come with the springtime. For semi-formal attire the cutaway coat will displace the frock, which is still the formal thing, however. In collars the poke, very high in front and protruding to the very point of the chin, will be the proper caper. There will be room with a lightly-tied four-button. Plaid trousers will go with a vicuna cutaway or a plain black frock. The new spring topper is called the "Covert," and will be rather loose in front and a trifle longer than last season. Colored shirts with cuffs attached and a white collar, will have up-and-down stripes to be in style. Narrow four-in-hand ties are just right for the above students of style. While all the above foolishness mainly interests the makers of the garments and the dressy fellows who have the price, such changes in cut and cloth also mean that the weaver and the stitcher will not be thrown out of work so long as fashion has a cinch on its wealthy slaves.

Old Glory.

General Miles at a dinner party in this city surprised the guests by reminding them—a fact little popularly known by the way—that the flag of the Union is older than that of any other now used by any other nation. The French tricolor is antedated by the stars and stripes a few years, and the British union jack as now flown came a little later. All other national flags have been modified to their present unfurling even after that period. Then what bird is older of creation and fuller of longevity than the eagle? It there be any let him scream.—New York Mercury.

He who trusts to luck will soon find his own credit gone

Coldest Place on Earth.

The Air is so Frosty That it Hurts to Breathe.

The word "Arctic" has been very much in evidence during the cold weather of the last few weeks, and perhaps there are those who imagine that it could hardly be colder at the North Pole than it has been in England lately. To them the following facts and figures may be interesting. The coldest inhabited spot on earth is the little town of Verchojansk, in Siberia, which is situated 67 degrees 34 minutes N. latitude, 133 degrees 51 minutes E. longitude. The lowest temperature observed there is—90.4 degrees F. The average temperature for January is—63.4 degrees F.; February—50.8 degrees F.; March—18.4 degrees F.; April—3.2 degrees F.; May, 32 degrees F.; June, 50 degrees F.; July, 57.2 degrees F.; August, 42.8 degrees F.; September, 28.4 degrees F.; October—4 degrees F.; November—40 degrees F.; December, —58 degrees F.

The terrible cold which prevails in Eastern Siberia is, fortunately, not accompanied by wind, for otherwise no human being could exist there. The minimum temperature at Jakutsk is—79.6 degrees F.; and at Ustjansk—63.2 degrees F., and during the whole month of January the thermometer never reaches the height of 1.4 degrees F. The Winters are extraordinary dry in this region. The lowness of temperature is due to the fact that Eastern Siberia is not influenced by oceanic depressions, and a very high atmospheric pressure, with calm, clear weather and a dry atmosphere, prevails. In this way the warm air currents are aided in their escape, while the high mountain ranges in the south and east tend to imprison the masses of cold air.

Hedstrom and Wrangell have published very remarkable reports on the effect of the cold upon the living organism in Siberia. If the temperature sinks to—40 degrees F., every breath that is drawn causes pain in the chest and lungs. Old tree-trunks burst with the frost; rocks are shattered with a noise like thunder; and deep chasms form in the ground, from which streams of water rush steaming, only to be turned into ice the next moment.

Tuberculosis Bulletin.

Fears of the Public in Regard to the Milk Supply are Allayed.

The agricultural experiment station of The Pennsylvania State College is issuing a bulletin on "Tuberculosis" by Dr. Leonard Pearson. The bulletin says the view held by some theorists that tuberculosis can be caused by tuberculin is entirely disproved, because all cattle tested have remained healthy. The bulletin shows that the tuberculin test is the most accurate method of diagnosing tuberculosis of cattle, and discusses some of the objections that have been made to it. One of these is in relation to the likelihood of its causing tuberculosis in healthy animals. This has been shown to be impossible. The effect of tuberculin on the quantity of milk is found to be insignificant, and there is no perceptible diminution except where the animal is diseased. The likelihood of spreading tuberculosis in an animal already diseased at the time of the test is declared to be so very slight that in practice it may be ignored. The tendency of tuberculin is rather to heal the disease, although it rarely cures it, than to make it more severe. The bulletin does much to allay the fears of the public in regard to the milk supply, because it is stated that tuberculous cattle are by no means so numerous as has been frequently represented.

Death of a Famous Dressmaker.

Worth, the famous dressmaker of Paris, is dead.

Charles Frederick Worth, the most celebrated of all Parisian dressmakers, was, singularly enough, a native of England, but the only queen in all Europe who never ordered a toilette from him is the one of whom he was born a subject. He was born at Bourne, in Lincolnshire, in 1825. His father was a solicitor with a good private fortune, which he lost in speculation. At the age of 13 young Worth went to the great dry goods house of Swan & Edgar, in London, and remained there for seven years, during which time he did all the work of an ordinary apprentice. In this large establishment he developed and perfected his appreciation of the productions of the French milliners and dressmakers. After Worth went to Paris he was employed for twelve years in a silk house, after which he started business for himself and his artistic taste soon made him the autocrat of dress in the world of fashion.

Pennsylvania Railroad's Second Tour to "The Golden Gate."

The large number of people who have leisure, and the growing desire of Americans to see the wonders of their native land, are the principal agencies in advancing a healthy sentiment in favor of travel.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company's personally-conducted tours to California will be conducted in all respects as those of preceding years, with some added advantages, which cannot fail to attract the attention and enlist the interest of the tourist.

In addition to the high grade accommodations and entertainment in transit, the Pennsylvania tourists are treated with the same liberality wherever the journey is broken. The choicest rooms in the leading hotels are always reserved for their use, for which regular rates are paid, so that the guests, although members of a large party, enjoy all the privileges of individuals who may have made their own selections.

The second tour in the 1895 series to the Golden Gate, will leave New York and Philadelphia May 16, 1895. Detailed itinerary will be sent on application to Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York or Room 411, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Don't wear a hat too young unless you wish to look old. A sailor hat can be confidently recommended as calculated to make any mature woman look like a grandmother.

Don't wear a bang bigger than the moment's fashion justifies if you don't wish to look hopelessly vulgar. It is a general rule that you can always do a simpler thing than the fashion with safety, but to be fustier than the fashion is to be lost to good taste and dead in vulgarity and commonness.

Don't wear your clothes tight if you are too fat.

Don't cut yourself in two near the knees with a coat that strikes you about there if you are a short woman. Nothing detracts more from an appearance of height.

Don't forget in strapping your headgear that the effect of the modern variations of the Alastian bow depends altogether in fine shades in placing it. You can have horns growing horizontally out of your temples and feel fashionable, but you will look crazy and ugly.

For and About Women.

The establishment of full woman suffrage in South Australia is in some respects the greatest triumph ever gained for the cause. It establishes woman's freedom over 916,000 square miles of territory—a region larger than all the United States east of the Mississippi river. It is a country destined to become densely populated by the Anglo-Saxon race, and to dominate the Southern hemisphere, the Australia correspondent of the "Congressionalist" writes concerning the extension of suffrage to women in that country: "When South Australia falls into line with New Zealand population of nearly 4,000,000 about a fourth will be under 'adult suffrage,' it needs no great gift of prophecy to foretell the speedy establishment of the same order of things in the other three-fourths.

Trimming, as a rule, is put on up and down and not round and round. Some skirts have a narrow band of some kind of trimming at or near the bottom, but the preferable way is to have a strip running down the side. A very pretty black dress which had but little trimming was enlivened by a strip of black satin ribbon spangled with blue sequins which reached from the waist down one side of the front, ending in two flat loops at the bottom. There is a great deal of this style of trimming displayed now. White satin ribbon spangled with blue and green is the favorite for light dresses. A tan crepon was ornamented in this way with white ribbon and blue sequins. A pearl trimming fashioned in wimble-like pieces would make a pretty finish for a bodice.

Even parasols are spangled. A white silk one with a two-inch band of gold-colored sequins inserted near the edge will make a brilliant showing in the summer sun. Strips of lace are cheaper and perhaps more appropriate for summer wear than the heavier let trimmings. The heavier lace is being used now for the early spring dresses. One shown is of a suede cloth, with trimming of cream lace. The insertion is put on in varying lengths at the bottom of the skirt. The bodice has a shirt front bordered with lace.

A summer wardrobe will not be complete without a Marie Antoinette fichu. They are made of white muslin with fine close polka dots of pale pink or blue, and have deep double ruffles of muslin and three-inch yellow lace. They are worn on wool or cotton gowns, passed about the shoulders in soft folds, low down, making a yoke effect in the back, brought straight over the shoulders, and held on each side of the bust by knots of butter-colored ribbon. From these bows the fichu is carried to the waist line and tied in a loose knot, with ends falling way down in the front of the gown.

Blouse bodices prevail even on ball-dresses. There is a general approval of puffings, or of what, for a better name, may be styled pouches, falling over the waist-band. Box-plaits in the Norfolk jacket style, have the effect of giving apparent slenderness to the waist, enclosed by a belt of satin or velvet, whether worn plain or as a draped cincture, which probably accounts for their popularity. As to the length of the waist opinions are divided. With a naturally short waist it is best to choose a style that seems to lengthen it, such as a corselet coming below the waist, points, or trimmings set length-ways. Pointed bodices are flattering to the figure and improve the appearance of persons with large hips. With a long waist, on the contrary, it is best to wear a bodice that slips inside the skirt, which is topped by a belt with a large knot to one side. Embroidery in silk on materials of the same color, as we noted long ago, has been revived in Paris, yet meets so far with but partial success, though it is predicted that this form of ornamentation will be much used during the summer, when fringes and frayed-out ribbons and ruchings of all sorts are expected to have a considerable vogue. The long-haired Mongolian fur, so much worn during the cold season, gave an impetus to these frayed edges, and indicated the lines on which the fashion might be expected to advance.

At the funeral services of Mrs. Davis, of California, the wife of a well known railroad man, the unusual spectacle was presented of a woman conducting the services. Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, founder of the San Francisco kindergartens, delivered an address and read the burial services, according to the last request of the dead. Mrs. Cooper paid an eloquent tribute to the woman who had aided for years in her charitable work.

There is a tendency to revive the basque in street costumes, in which case the long coat will be out of a mission with its wasp waist and flaring collar and sleeves. The new basque is a modification of the old style. It has five seams in the back, and is sprung over the hips in curving seams. In front it is buttoned diagonally and can have either one or two rows of buttons. The high curate's collar is close fitting. The sleeves are large and are shaped by the inside seam, with full pleats from the shoulder, where they are gathered in, fitting the forearm and waist closely. This is a jaunty coat-basque, which does away with the necessity of a wrap. Its length over the edge of the waist is only a few inches.

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