

His Mind Account For

HIS GREAT CAPACITY FOR DOING.

Memories of His Poetic and Intellectual Life at Brook Farm.

CRAWFORD'S PEN PICTURE OF THE MAN

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

One of the most notable figures in American journalism is that of Mr. Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York Sun. He has had over 50 years' experience as a manager, writer, correspondent and editor. Although he is to-day in his 73d year, he is as active in the pursuit of his profession as if he had just entered it. He has the vigor and energy of a man in the earliest prime of life. Those who are fond of talking of the strain and overwork found in active journalism should take a good look at Mr. Dana as I found him several mornings ago at his desk.

The caricaturists, who have made his face halfway familiar to the public, nearly always represent Mr. Dana with a short and rotund figure and nearly always give his shoulders a round turn. Mr. Dana is very tall, very straight, and while his figure is well rounded, it is spare for his height. He s fully 6 feet, and is as straight, notwithstanding his daily hours of desk work for 50 years, as an officer in the regular army. Indeed there are few veteran officers in the regular service who carry themselves as well. And he does not look a day over 50.

Pen Picture of the Great Editor.

His hair, which is slightly thin on top, cut short, is only now iron gray; his fore head is high and full; his eyes are dark and gleam with a light of mingled shrewdness and kindness through heavy gold-bowed spectacles. His nose is large and straight; the lower part of his face is hidden by a sweeping gray mustache and short beard. His hands are long and muscular. He works with a quickness and an energy difficult to describe. As he talked with me during my first visit he read proofs almost as if by magic; the long strips of paper would run across the top of his desk as he talked with an even rapidity as if they were drawn from him by some invisible piece of machinery. Mr. Dana was willing to talk upon almost any subject I cared to select if I would avail myself of his occasional intervals of repose, as he was en-gaged in the active transaction of his duties as editor. Few men who have arrived at the financial success which he has made would care to devote from five to six hours a day to their business. He is the only one rsf the prominent editors of the New York newspapers who gives his daily personal attention to the newspaper controlled by

"is much to be learned by a study of ter and career. His period by a study of oter and career. His period health, irong paysique and undimmed vitality the end, of fify years' prolonged labor rely should interest every one. Twenty ears ago 4ir. Dana bought a country place. here he spends all of his time with the vention of his midday work at the office Europe. I regard it as very important to get entirely out of the rut; to go where no-body can reach you with any questions, telegrams; avoid the necessity of writing letters of recommendations—anything. That xception of his midday work at the office I am sure that if, instead of going to his country home every day, he should instead gone nearly every day to some uptown , he would not now be at his post of

"You have the reputation of being a great "That is done around the shops and when raveling "You are said to be a great cultivator of roses?" "No, I am not. I have a small place "No, I am not. I have a small place down on Long Island called 'West Island,' down on Long Island called 'West Island,' and there I cultivate every tree and plant of the temperate zone, and there is a very extensive collection of plants, but all that is attended to on Sundays and afternoons after I get home. "Then you travel 60 miles every day?" "Just about." "Do you consider that a waste of time?" "Oh, no." "How can you utilize the time?"

Thirty miles is about an hour's ride; takes about an hour and three-quarters from the office to the house, and there I see a good many people. In the morning I read the papers, and after that sleep and take a nap.

"It was the idea of the Puritans that it Was. "The Puritan's idea was that there should

not be any pleasure in the world." "Don't you think that your habit of let-ting your work go and devoting yourself to congenial things, as much as anything, has given you your strength and ability to

work? "It is a vacation-it is a vacation." "Your work is your vacation?" "No, the other is the vacation. I bought this country place 20 years ago, and spend a great deal of time there, including all the

Sundays, and I think it is so much gain, apart from the pleasure.' Be Works Five or Six Hours.

at 10:30, rather later than usual, and I shall go away at 3:45. That is about four, five or six hours, but generally. I should say, taking the year through, five or six hours." "What class of work do you do on the wspaper?

ographer." "I take an excursion every year of one, wo or three months; generally go to

ness. Moreover, there is a certain respon-sibility enforced upon a newspaper. If it shocks the moral sentiment of the commu-nity it is punished for it, by losing business." "What was the Brook Farm experi-The Brook Farm Experiment

"The Brook Farm experiment was that of a general munifestation that took place all over this country along about 1840. Every intellectual man in the United States, by some spontaneous operation, seemed to have a general tendency to the study of co-operative social organization, and it was every-where. In Massachusetts George Ripley, where. In Massachusetts George Ripley, who was a superior Unitarian elergyman and a remarkable scholar, and his wife took the lead. They had held meetings of their friends for a long time and concluded that they would try the experiment of democ-racy in society life, so they went out and established the community at Brook Farm. The business was to be agriculture and edu-cation. They were all learned meonle and

No, time is not wasted when you are not doing anything."

until March, 1846." "Were you there all through?" "Not through the whole of it. I was there until its failure was substantially brought about by the burning of a large building in which they had invested all their money. Then I left and went to the *Chronotype* in Boston."

"Do you think the idea was good?"

"How much of the time do you actually

devote to the detail work of the paper?" "Here, to day, for instance. I came here

"It was a benevolent association. All were equal. Each man was paid at the same rate for his work. The shoemaker was paid as much as the President of the establishnent Their Ideas Were Not Practicable, "How do you think that would do ap-plied to real life?" "I don't think it would work at all. It

takes away the premium on superior in-telligence. During the time I was there

"Pretty nearly every class. I do not wfite a great deal, but I always have a sten-

there were some students in the Newton there were some students in the rewton Theological seminary and some young ladies in a school near by. The young men at Newton wanted a teacher of German, and the young ladies wanted a teacher of Span-ish. I went over and taught the men Ger-man and the ladles Spanish and received the same rates they would have paid any

ME. DANA AT WORK.

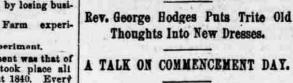
taugua?"

at dinner.

"And you enjoyed it?"

THE BOTTLE IMP HOAT.

nobleman in the year of 1749.



The Hour is Worth Just What Is Put Into It by Each Individual.

DOLLAR TIME PUT INTO PENNY JOBS

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

It was the privilege of the parson, not ong ago, to address a company of young men upon the occasion of the graduation of the ousness was to be agriculture and edu-cation. They were all learned people and familiar with the cause of education, and thought they could create a school there and carry on the farm. They bought a farm of 200 acres of land eight miles from Boston. The enterprise lasted from 1841 until March, 1846." a dozen of them from one of the best schools in the United States of America. At the request of some of their fathers and mothers the words then spoken are here written out, as well as memory permits, for the sake of any other boys who cars to read them.

These young men, the parson said, are richer than many of us, because they have more time than we have-a great deal more time, I hope, in the future; and certainly more time now. And time is one of the most precious of all human possessions.

It is not likely that you realize how rich you are. You think, perhaps, that when you get out of school, and time, as you say, s your "own," that you will have more leisure. But that is a great mistake. You will find as you grow older that the years grow shorter. And if you succeed in life, as we hope you will succeed, you will very often find yourselves saying, O, that there were 48 hours in every day and no night at all.

Modern Savings Banks for Tim .

The latter half of this century has been remarkable for the invention of appliances for saving time. The railroad, the telegraph, the telephone, the typewriter, the savings banks for time. And yet it somehow comes about that the more time we save the less we have. No generation that has lived upon the planet since the day when the morning stars sang together at the creation of the world, has ever known such a famine of spare time. I have not looked in the century dictionary to see if the word "leisure" is

still a part of the English language. Per-haps they have marked it "obsolete." Certain is is that the fact of leisure has well nigh ceased out of modern life. We live be caught enjoying ourselves. We feel as if we were stealing -stealing time. Or, rather, as if we were spendthrifts-squanderthan you will probably ever have again. Accordingly, the word which I want to speak to you is about time.

The Real Value of an Hour.

You have learned, no doubt, long since that an hour is 60 minutes long, and that a yard is 36 inches long. It is evident, how-ever, that these words, "an hour" and a "yard," are terms not of value but only of measurement. The value of a yard depends upon the material which is measured by it. It may be a yard of cotton cloth; it may be a yard of ground along the chief street of a great city. So the value of an hour de-pends upon what is put into it. And that depends partly upon the place and time in which the hour is spent, and partly upon the person who spends it.

Think of this present hour as the sun measures it out across the globe. There are 60 minutes in it everywhere, 60 minutes on this beautiful hill, in the midst of these scholastic surroundings, in the heart of the trees; 60 minutes in the hot tenements of treess; 60 minutes in the hot tenements of the great city, where men and women with unclean hands and faces, and hearts not eursing and fighting; 60 minutes in that devastated country through which I rode the other night, where that awful river, half of secthing water, half of hissing fire, came tearing down the pleasant valley, drowning and during and the section water is the section of the s

The years of the time coming are being de-termined by the way in which you young men are spending the time present. It is a matter of congratulation that in this school you have been learning come-thing better than mathematics and geogra-phy; you have been learning character. By precept and by example you have been learning character. The man for the times must first of all be a man of character. It is true, after all, that the great thing that a A HOLE FULL OF CATS. THE VALUE OF TIME.

must first of all be a man of character. It is true, after all, that the great thing that a man can do for his generation is to be a good man. What we want is not more men, but more man. But the value of time depends not only on the place and the age in which it is spent, but upon the person who spends it. Some of you have seen that queer old clock at Berne, where, when the clock strikes, there comes out a procession of lit-tle bears and they march around the dial. But these little wooden bears are not an es-sential part of the clock. They might be takea away and the clock would go on just as well. There are people who have little more vital connection with the times in which they live than the bears of Berne. A Good Many People Bon't Count.

A Good Many People Don't Count. In this busy day, with its great thoughts

In this busy day, with its great inoughts and its great problems and its great needs, there are people who live frivolous lives, and isolish lives, and useless lives; people who might as well he living in the age of old Methusaleh. Human life is like the water of the river-lit must be kept in the water of the river-it must be kept in the current, it must stay in the great stream of the life of humanity. If it is taken out of touch with that rushing river, as one might dip up a cupful of water, speedily it loses its value, as the water loses its sparkle and

becomes stagnant. Keep in contact with the great world if you want to make the most of life. Read men more than books. Make it your business to know what is going on. Keep your-self in sympathy with all the great movements of the day. And then see that you get something that

is worth while into every hour. No man ever won success in life who habitually wasted time. Look at the men who stand about the streets with their hands in their

pockets, or who sit in tilted chairs staring out of the windows of hotels. They are like the little children in South Africa who were playing with the pretty pebbles, which graph, the telephone, the typewriter, the phonograph—not to mention the great ma-chines which save time in the mills—are valuable in proportion as they serve as

Sidney Dillon's Start in Life.

I read the other day about a man who lied a week or two ago who knew as much about railroads as any man in this country. He owned the largest part of half a dozer of them. That man began his railroad enterprises when he was 10 years of age, by carrying water for the men who were dig-ging the bed for the road between Schenec-tady and Albany. He did that faithfully and was paid \$1 a week for it. But it did Certain is is that the fact of leisure has well nigh ceased out of modern life. We live in a perpetual hurry. We must be all the time doing something. We are ashamed to things. Thus grew up a great supply busi-ness. And to that he added now one interest and then another. And at last when the time came to drive the silver nail which marked the completion of one of the most notable railroads in the world-the Union Pacific, Sidney Dillon was one of the men chosen to strike it with the hammer, as one

of the great builders and owners of the road. Prof. Langley says that the man who knows most about double stars, who has contributed most to the world's stock of knowledge about them, is not a professional astronomer, but a bank clerk in Chicago, who has studied the sky after banking hours. Think of all the things he might have done with his time! He might have spent his evenings at theaters, or in billiard rooms; might have wasted money as well as time. Instead of that he filled up every hour with that which was worth doing.

Dollar Time in Cent Jobs.

Never spend any \$5 time in 50-cent jobs. Always be doing something, and let that something be worth doing. Time is a trust. It all belongs to God. He makes us His stewards in the use of it. It is to be used for His honor and glory and

The Fun Two Boys of Pennsylvania's Wilds Had in the Woods.

TIRED OF PLANTING POTATOES.

They Thought They Could Make More Killing Mountain Screamers.

HOW THEY WERE WRECKED IN A RUT

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE. ROULETTE, PA., July 1. HEN I was fishing down on Barley run,

NEN

Doc Barnes came i one day and said he in a row. had just been up to farmer Ben Pome roy's and Jim Crane's, taking some stitches in Ben's boy Sam and Jim's boy Joe. The circumstances that led to his call up in that n eighborhood, as near as I could gather it from au-

substantially as follows: Fourteen-year-old

field on his father's farm, that forenoon when 13-year-old Joe Crane came along. "Plantin' 'taters? said Joe.

Sam said he was. "What do you git fer doin' it?" asked

"Don't git nothin' fer doin' it," replied Sam. "Fer not doin' it I git licked." Then there was a silence for a moment on so. By and by Joe said: "It's too ,wet to plant 'taters. They'll rot.

"Don't seem to strike my pap that way," said Sam, and he planted along. Silence for a spell. Then Joe said: "Tha's a wild cat up here a piece, Sam."

A Temptation Worse Than Adam's.

"Go 'way!" exclaimed Sam, straightening up and leaning on his hoe, "where 'bouts?" "Jist beyond the laurel patch, nigh the edge of the Devil's Rut," replied Joe. Sam pondered in silence for a minute with his chin on his hoe, and then, sighing deep-ly, resumed his planting.' Joe broke the

silence again. "Can't you sneak your pap's gun?" said

he. "I've snuck my pap's." "Yes, I kin sneak it easy enough," said Sam, leaning on his hoe with one hand and scratching his head with the other. "But

pap'll lick me like tarnation fer knockin' off plantin'." "Tha's two dollars bounty jist fer the

"Tha's two dollars bounty jist fer the wild cat's ears," insinuated Joa. "An' the hide's wuth \$2 more." "That's so!" said Sam shaking his head dolefully. "Durn the 'taters!" "There's a circus over to town next week," said Joe, "an' tain't fur yit till the Fourth of July. I s'pose your pap'll give yon \$2, o' course, to take 'em in." "Not by a jugfull, he won't!" exclaimed Sam, dropping his hoe. "Where'll I meet you, Joe?" "By the rock spring," replied Joa. "I got pap's gun hid up there." And Joe went back to the woods, while Sam took a circuitous route for home as his

Sam took a circuitous route for home as his father was plowing on the direct route. In less than a quarter of an hour he and Joe loaded their guns at the rock spring, and marched for the place where the wild cat was alleged to be lurking.

it. As they sat there, wiping the blood with such bits of shirt and things as still It Wasn't a Wild Goose Chase, hung to them, Joe was the first to break That there was a wild cat in the vicinity, the silence. and a big one, was well known. Some said there were two. One had been seen several times, at any rate and a number of lambs

in succession, cutting the vine loose from the branch vines and tendrils that held it, and at last had it free; a long, strong nat-ural rope fully 50 feet in length. The two boys tested its strength by both putting their weight on it at once, and hanging from it. It held staunch and safe to its native tree. Joe lowered the vine to the bottom of the Devil's Rut, and went down upon it into the ravine, hand over hand. His intentions were to fasten the wild-cat's carcass to the vine and have Sam hau it me but while Sam was waiting for the it up, but while Sam was waiting for the signal to pull away he heard Joe shouting

something else. "Hello, Sam," Joe's voice came up from the Rut. "Drop down here with the game! Tha's a hole full o' more wildcats!"

Sam couldn't drop down with the guns, so he tied them to a long grapevine and low-ered them to the bottom. Then he dropped himself down Joe's grapevine and joined Joe in the Rat. "Look in yender!" said Joe, pointing to a big hole in the rocks.

Sam looked and saw four balls of fire, all Counting Chicks Before the Hatching,

"Each pair o' them balls o' fire," said Joe, is "two dollars fer bounty and two dol-lars fer hide. That's tootems four is eight, and this feller layin' over here is tootems and this feller layin' over here is tootems two is four, makin' twelve, 'cordin' to Daboll. You take the two balls on the nigh side, Sam, an' I'll take the two on the off side. When I say three, let her bim!" It seemed a good while to Sam before Joe said three, but when the word came he "let her bim," according to directions. Both guns went off at once, and the four balls of fire disappeared. But something else came in sight. Two wildcats bounded out of the hole over the bodies of the two Joe and Sam had shot, and while the report of the guns was still bowling along the nar-row passage in booning echoes, and before the boys had time to be surprised, they found themselves mixed up on the rocky bot-tom of the Devil's Rut with wildcats, grapevines, guns and atones in such a way that the impress of it on their minds will be

thentic sources, was

Sam Pomeroy was industriously planting potatoes in a back

> that the impress of it on their minds will be fresh and vivid long after the impressions made on their bodies have healed up and

disappeared. Neither Joe nor Sam can recall just how they managed to bring the end about, but the appearance of the wildcats' heads con-vers the impression that it was accomplished principally by the use of the butts of guns. At any rate, when the rush and whirl and yelling was all over, the boys found themselves sitting on the bottom of the Rut, without much elothing on to speak of, and scarcely a spot four inches square from their shoulders down that didn't have

per second, and the insect on the lower side answered as soon as the other had finished. The insect is a tiny beetle, barely a quarter of an inch long. It is generally during the night that it produces the ticking sounds, and in order to do so draws in the antennæ and intermediate legs, and, resting principally upon the median legs, strikes its head, against its support by a sort of rocking motion. It is through this noise that the male calls the female. The larva of the insect lives in woodwork (frame-

work, old furniture, etc.), which it gnaws in the interior without anything outside betraying its presence. A new weeks after it has been transformed to the chrysalis state the perfect insect comes forth, and makes its exit from the wood by boring a per-fectly cylindrical hole in it, which there-after shows that the wood has been attacked, and it is often mutilated to such a degree that it is virtually destroyed. A smaller that it is virtually destroyed. A smaller species of the same genus works equal have not only with wood, but books, herbaria, naturel history collections, cork, dry bread, orackers, etc. The death watch beetle has the invariable habit of feigning death when seized or disturbed. The simulation is so

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A WARNING OF DEATH

Scientific Explanation of the Tick-

ing of the Death Watch.

IT'S THE ANTIC OF A BEETLE.

Fixing the Fyes on Distant Objects Is a

Cure for Seasickness.

TOWING BARGES ACROSS THE OCEAN

There is a more or less clearly defined

thread of superstition running through the

minds of most people, and not a few who

have at various times been involuntary lis-

teners to the sound of unfamiliar tickings,

especially during the hours of darkness,

have been unable to prevent their imaging

tion leading them back to the stories told them in childhood of the dreaded omen of

the tick of the death watch, which precedes

a death in the family. It is now well known that the ticking is

produced by an insect, and a Parisian

chemist has not only taken the trouble to

investigate the subject thoroughly, but has

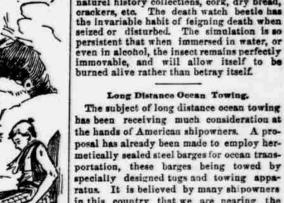
sent to a Paris paper two insects actually

caught in the act of producing the sounds

alluded to. They were on the same sheet

of packing paper (strong tarred paper), but on the opposite sides and at a distance of about four inches apart. One struck forel-

bly with its head at the rate of six blows



ratus. It is believed by many shipowners in this country that we are nearing the time when the towing steamship will be largely employed to drag treight barges across the Atlantic. The possibilities in this direction have been suggestively indicated by some noteworthy feats of towing done recently by the United Cate States tug steamer Saturn, which is about 2,200 tons, and is fitted with very powerful engines. The chief difficulty in ocean towing is the tailure of the tow rope or steel hawser or its fastenings. Neither manilla rope nor steel wire rope can with-stand the sudden strains caused by the motion of the towboat and her concort in a heavy seaway, the great want being clas-ticity. To overcome this difficulty the

Saturn has been fitted with a towin "; paratus invented by an American engineer. "The hole." he said, "was a leetle fuller It is a balancing cable drum, which is so wild cat than I calkilated on. But them geared up that the normal pressure of the engine cylinders, situated on either side of the drum, will balance the normal strain on the cable or hawser; but if the strain on the hawser is increased the drum revolves att, and the hawser pays out, running in again when the strain is relieved

duty. His rule of dropping his business cures when he leaves his office, and his ving in the country, account for a part of is freshness.

His Ability to Control His Mind.

His philosophical temperament must also contribute a factor, but I am sure that one of the most important elements is his ability and capacity to turn his mind into other fields than that of the actual newpaper busi ness. It is very evident from his methods work, his habits of study and the genera conduct of his life, that he is not much of believer in the possibilities of overwork, as overwork is popularly understood. It is evident that he finds that there is plenty o time for many kinds of study, as well as for doing nothing at all, which he does not by

nny means consider a waste of time. in my first conversation with Mr. Dana I went over a number of general subjects for

the purpose of finding what would be please him in the way of topics for discus-sion, but I seen found that nearly all were ite the same to him. He had none of the litician's dread of expressing an opinion t on any of the so-called delicate topics of the day. There was only one question which I asked him which he declined to answer, and that was whether he would support Mr. Cleveland in the event of his being nomi-naved at Chicago. To this he replied that it would be time enough to meet that sifua-tion when it was before him. The talk at first was about newspapers, naturally. I submitted for his consideration an idea of W.T. Stead, who is one of the most original journalists in Europe, concerning the future ewspaper. Mr. Stead in a recent article sold that he believed that the time would come when rich people would leave large noms to particular newspapers for the purpase of having certain reforms carried out. or certain scientific investigations conducted and exploited. Mr. Dans did not think that the idea was a practical one. He said that there would be no way of protecting a bequest like that; there was nothing perma-nent enough about the character of the management of the newspaper. A newspaper committed to certain views might suddenly change hands, and so on.

His Ferocity Only Literary.

The outside public, who know him as citic, think of him as an austere, coldlooded, uncertain tempered man. The reverse of this is the truth. His temper is hindly; his manners those of a philosoph ical man of the world, whom nothing ordinary annoys or roffles. His ferocity is purely literary. He has a keen harred of sharps and of humbug. He has seen too much, traveled too much and lived too uch to concern himself greatly about まではれたち、

"Mr. Dana, will you kindly outline your mental habits and the day's routine?" J asked.

"Mental habits? I don't know as I have . I suppose I must have, for every man them. I never worked at home either at night or motning; never study at home. It is all doue here and in the railroad trains. I get down here, take the year through, shout 10 or 11 o'clock. The first thing I do to read my letters; then read the news papers; cut out anything I want; then I read the proofs, read them all every day of the antire paper-pot all with attention, but go through them all. I don't bother about ork after I get away in the afternoon. I stop usually from 4 to 5:30 and after that I not bother myself with it, unless they

send to me. "You have done a great deal of outside "You have uone a great deal of outside work. Was that done at your office?" "Never. I always had a separate office for that. When I was a young fellow I made a very laborious collection of poetry; that I made in my home, and when we made the

American Encyclopedia there was a large office for that. That was a large enterprise and a large staff, but the ordinary things we call work and study are done here."

Home Is No Place to Work. "And then at home?"

"At home? Nothing but get my dinner.

re vacation "Do you observe any special rules to

keen yourself in good physical condition?" "No, except not to eat too much." "I never saw anyone of your age who loss so much work in such fine condition. "The only rule is, not to eat too much." "How about sleeping?" "If you don't sleep you can't work. I deep at least eight hours."

"Do you use any wines?" Takes a Little Whisky and Water

"I drink a little whisky and water. When I was a young fellow I drank wine, but now the doctors say I must let it alone r I will have the gout." "Do vou smoke?

"Never. But I am very fond of it. When I was about 13 I smoked a cigar that was too much for me; I have never smoked since. Yet I am very fond of the odor and

"Don't you think that much of your fine physical condition comes from your tran-guility of mind. You are not easily wor-

"My nerves are good, and I don't easily get excited. One inherits these things."

"Do you take exercise?" "I take a great deal of exercise. A man who travels 20 miles a day on the railroad,

and by carriage — drives himself—then walks around his place half an hour or so; gets up at 6:30 or 7 o'clock in the morning, takes a great deal of exercise. I don't take any regular exercise." "Do you follow what is called an Amer-ican diet? Do you take a heavy break-

"When I live in France I follow the French system. Here I have to take it as I

can get it." "When you write do you dictate or write

with your own hand?" "Almost always dietate." "I once heard Mr. Blaine say he did not think the highest classical work could be arrived at by a writer who dictated." "I don't believe that. It is a mere ques-

tion of thought. If you have the thing in your mind you can express it yourself or dictate it to anyone. I don't think it makes much difference. If your articles have the ideas and thoughts, the principal thing their there is a state of the principal thing, they will produce their own effect. Whether they are signed John Smith or Horace Greeley, what difference does it

make, except a man may be attached to Horace Greeley and think whatever he says is of importance; but generally speak-ing, the effect is in the ideas."

The Newspapers Must Pay. "What is the prime object, from your standpoint, in the publication of a newspa-

"That is a complicated question. The great object, of course, is business. A news-paper is published for the sake of profit, like any other business; then after that comes the intellectual motive, the success of a cause, the supremacy of one party over an-other, all those things which intellectual men contend about, but no newspaper could be published unless it paid, and when you take a modern newspaper, with the capital that is required to carry it on, where, for instance, it has to have a half-dozen presses that cost \$150,000 each, it is plain there must be a considerable profit or the enter-prise would not live." "What is the great expense of producing

"I never calculated. I should say, take the whole thing, all around, month by month, about \$4,000 a day. On eareful

month, about 64,000 a day. On careful scrutiny it may be more or less, but it would not vary much, I think." "Then you don't think the question of morality, or improving the public, enters any more into the conduct of a newspaper than any other business?"

"Yes, a little more, because the intel-

lectual character of a newspaper requires it to discuss political moral questions, and this fact makes it a matter of more consequence-makes morality and public wellbeing of more consequence to it than any other busi"If there's anything I want, I go for it. The last few years I have been studying Ibaan." "What do you think of Ibsen?" . "Then is a man of great genins, but he is an irregular man, and his sincerity he leaves you to douby about. He is a man of great drowning and burning as it came: 60 minutes where men are becalmed on the great

ocean, or beset by dangerous storms; 60 minutes in the horrible dungeous of St. Petersburg, and on that weary road where men are trudging through dust and ice ncelt, interesting but unsatisfact ocneent, interesting but unsatisfactory, al-most always." "What do you think was the effect of that Brook Farm life on your future career?" "Well, it was a rood wholesome life: a life out of doors, and left the man free; after he got through with it, he could turn to any-thing, study law, become a teacher, a laborer on a railroad, or anything. A man came out of it pretty free." across Siberia; 60 minutes where people are watching in anxious sick rooms, where the conds are measured by the labored breathing of the patient. It makes a deal of diference when and where an hour is measured.

Precious by Reason of Its Possibilities.

Dana as a Head Walter. God has made all time valuable and in-"Was it something on the idea of a Chauteresting by the gradualness of his revela-tion of truth. He might have told all the "No, it was more a sort of a social pienie. secrets of the universe at once. He might have gathered the race into his class, and The Chautauque is a regular organization, a regular machine. Here there was almost no taken Mt. Sinai for a teacher's desk, and the sky for a blackboard, and given lessons in all knowledge. He might have sent machinery. Each one did what he wanted to do. For instance, I was a head waiter, chief of a regular corps of waiters, fine young fellows, who waited on the tables every day Noah to discover America. He might have set up a printing press in Ur of the Chaldees. He might have fitted out the old armies of the living God with repeating rifles. He might have conveyed the "Very much! very much, immensely!" "And you had fun poked at you by the "And you had fun powed at you by the newspapers?" "They don't understand it. But there was very little of this fun that we cared for. We were reformers and were going to revolu-tionize the world. We cared nothing for hildren of Israel across the wilderness in he successive sections of a limited express. But how much interest that would have aken out of life! Alas for man if ever.even ""Was everything in harmony? Was there a good deal of quarreling about the way the world should be stoered?" in Heaven, he comes to know all that can be known. For life is made interesting by the And time is valuable because it is full of opportunity. This hour is dignified, en-riched, made significant, made sacred, by the fact that it has behind it the illumitable mekground of the future. It is precious

a good deal of quarreling about the way the world should be scorred?" "There was always more or less friction, as, of course, there would be in such a con-cern, where some worked harder than others. Some thought their judgment was not suf-ficiently regarded in the management of the business. There were natural differences, such as would arise in any place. It was a partnership, but nobody had a cent to pay; there were no assessments." "And no contributions?" "No, none, except as outside friends who were interested in the scheme lent money to the enterprise. In the final settlement some of this was lost, of course, but it was very little considering the extent and duration of the concern. It proved one thing-that peoby reason of its possibilities. God has made all time precious by His gradual revelation of truth. Every year since the beginning men have looked out into the undnown to-morrow and wondered what would happen. And they have been taught that to-morrow depends upon to-day, and that God has put the shaping of to-day into the hands of the men of to-day. the concern. It proved one thing-that peo-ple can live together in comfort at a very cheap rate." T. C. CRAWFORD.

Every Year Something Has Happened, One year all the geographies had to be written over and made big enough to take in this great new continent. Another year in this great new continent. Another year printing was invented, and then powder. And printing and powder turned the whole world upside down, took away power from the possession of the few and put it into the hands of the many. Then came the Refor-This Brazen Imposition Was the Result a Wager Between Two Noblemen. The bottle imp hosr was one of the most brazen impostures ever practiced on the credulous English public of the last mation and set men to thinking new thoughts about theology. And then those two great revolutions, the French and the century, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It was the result of a wager American, and set men thinking new thoughts about politics. Every year somebetween the Duke of Montague and another thing has happened. Every year has been worth living in. Time has always been of In discussing the amazing gullibility of

the English, Montague declared that if an value. But to-day, time is of pre-eminent value impostor were to advertise that he would jump into a quart bottle all London would go to see him do it. A wager was made and an advertisement inserted in all the papers promising that this feat would be This is the best year to live in that the world has ever known. This is the best land to live in of all the countries of the earth. The world was never so interesting. earth. The world was hever so interesting, opportunity never so great, time never so precious. In the Church and in the State, what great problems clamor for solution! What great changes begin to loom up in the foreground! Alike in theology and in inperformed on a certain date at the Hay-market Theater. On the appointed day the theater was packed from pit to gallery, and thousands of persons were turned from the thousands of persons were turned from the doors. The supposed magician appeared on the stage, made the startling announcement that if the audience would pay double price he would enter a pint bottle instead of the quart fissk on the stage table, and then hurriedly escaped by the stage door. The performance ended in a riot, in which the theater was almost wrecked and the Dura and his companies here to have the lower dustry the old orthodoxy seems to be giving way before a new and truer orthodoxy. Two great forces, skepticism and socialism are bearing down, for good or ill, upon us. All things are now possible. And you, young men, are fitting yourselves to take part in the settlement of these unspeakably mportant questions.

the Duke and his companion had to leave town until the affair was forgotten. The Burden Bearers of the Fature. I look into the faces of the young men of this class, and a deep sense of responsibility Wanted Mr. B aine's Place. Wanted Mr. B sinc's Piscs. A day or two after Mr. Blaine's resigna-tion a letter reached the White House from an ambitious young man in Iowa, in which the writer asked for information about the dutics required of the Secretary of State and "how much the wages were." The correspondent added that if the salary was satisfactory and the labors not too arduous he would like to make application for the job.

alchemists attempted, who tried to turn lead into gold; it is to translate fleeting time into life eternal.

GEORGE HODGES. THE PRINCE OF TURNIPS.

Story From Grimm's Fairy Tales Illus trating a Good Moral,

There were two brothers who were both soldiers; the one was rich, the other poor. The poor man thought he would try to better himself; so, pulling off his red coat, he became a gardener, and dug his ground well, and sowed turnips.

When the seed came up there was on plant bigger than all the rest; and it kept getting larger, and seemed as if it would never cease growing: so that it might have been called the prince of turnips, for there was never such a one seen before, and never was never such a one seen before, and never will be again. At last it was so big that it filled a cart, and two oxen could hardly draw it; and the gardener knew not what in the world to do with it, nor whether it would be a blessing or a curse to him. One day he said to himself, "What shall the set of the day of the set of the set of the set of the set of the day of the set of the set of the set of the set of the day of the set of the set of the set of the set of the day of the set of the set of the set of the set of the day of the set of the set of the set of the set of the day of the set of the day of the set of the day of the set of the s

I do with it? If I sell it, it will bring no more than another; and for eating the little turnips are better than this. The best thing, perhaps, is to carry it and give it to the king as a mark of respect." Then he yoked his oxen, and drew the

turnip to the court, and gave it to the king. "What a wonderful thing!" said the king; "What a wonderful thing, and, but such "I have seen many strange things, but such a monster as this I never saw. Where did you get the seed? or is it only your good luck? If so, you are a true child of fort-

une." "Oh, no!" answered the gardener, "I am no child of fortune. I am a poor soldier who never could get enough to live upon; so I laid aside my red coat, and set to work, till-ing the ground. I have a brother who is rich, and Your Majesty knows him well, and all the world knows him; but because I

am poor, everybody forgets me." The King then took pity on him, and said: "You shall be poor no longer. I will give you so much that you shall be even richer than your brother." Then he gave him gold and land and flocks, and made him so rich that his

brother's fortune could not at all be com brother's fortune could not at all be com-pared with his. When the brother heard of all this, and how a turnip had made the gardener rich, he envied him sorely, and bethought him-selt how he could contrive to get the same good fortune for himself. However, he de-termined to manage more cleverly than his brother, and got together a rich present of gold and fine horses for the King, and thought he must have a much larger rilt in

thought he must have a much larger gift in return; for if his brother had received so much for only a turnip, what must his present be worth.

and said he knew not what to give in re-turn more valuable and wonderful than the great turnip; so the soldier was forced to put it into a cart and drag it home with

had been carried off, and poultry vards had been thinned out in a way that denoted the methods of the wild cat. So there was no

and the

Can't You Sneak Your Pop's Gunf

doubt that one of these destructive prowl ers, at least, was operating in the neighbor-hood. Men had hunted for it and trapped

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o' wild cat than I calkilated on. But them last ones makes tootems four is eight more, Sam said "he knowed it," but made the

Joe Was First to Break the Silence.

the marks of a wildcat's claw imprinted on

Missad It on the Calculation.

apt suggestion that they had better be dig-ging out of there and making for home to get patched up. So they agreed that they had done their share, and concluded to go home and send their paps back after the guns and wildcats. They hauled themselves out of the Rut by the

grapevine and limped homeward. It happened that not long after Sam Pomeroy had abandoned operations in the potato field and joined Joe Crane in the wildeat hunt, his father strolled over to the field to see how he was getting along. Finding the hose there alone, Farmer Pomeroy hurried home to see what had become of Sam. Not finding Sam, but noticing that the gun was gone, he started for the woods. the gun was gone, he started for the woods. In the course of his reconnoitering he at last came upon Sam and Joe as they were mak-ing the best time they could homeward, tattered and disabled. "Jist what I ben a 'spectin!"" exclaimed Farmer Pomeroy. "That gun has gone and busted on you at last! Serves ye right, an' I'll give ver hide a good tannin' when I git

ye home!" "Don't know about that pap!" said Sam. "You won't find much hide left on me to tan, I'm thinkin'!"

Then the boys told the wildcat story, and Farmer Pomercy helped them home on the double quick, turned them over to their mothers, sent for the doctor, and he and loe's father went to the Devil's Rut and brought in the wild cats and the guns. Potato plasting will all be over, Doe Barnes says, when Sam and Joe get around

for it, but it had thus far eluded hunter and trapper. The day Joe Crane appeared to Sam Pomeroy in the potato field, he had been looking for a hawk's nest that he beagain. "But then'll come the grass and the rvel lieved was somewhere among the old pine stubs around the Devil's Rut, when he ran says Sam Pomeroy. "I wisht me an' Joe could find another hole full o' wildcats. That'd help over hayin' and harvest, tool'

THE DURATION OF LIFE.

Certain Causes Which Tend to Abridge That of the Average Being. Philadelphia Times.]

The duration of life depends neither on

climate nor food nor race nor any external condition, but on the natural constitution and intrinsic vigor of our organs. One hundred years is the natural life of man. The manner of living which impair the organs and produce premature decay. From the time of Noah to the days of Joshua and the ability to obtain it at all hours at slight time of Noah to the days of Joshua and Moses the record is one of successive and gradual decrease in longevity. Joshua waxed old and stricken in years some time

before his death at 110. The whole of life teems with incidents deep and a quarter of a mile long. Joe and Sam looked down into the Devil's Rut, and which must need effect, more or less, its duration. In a manufacturing and commercould see the wildcat lying there dead. To cial country particularly, where population is more crowded, and where art and labor climb down the side of the opening was an impossibility, and it looked as if the hunt in their every branch are strained to the utmost reach of human exertion, life bewas to be a fruitiess one, after all. "We're dished!" said Sam, "and I'm a heap worse off than pothin', fer all I'll git

comes subject to influences which act powerfully upon it, and tend to shorten its

now 'll be pap's lickin!" But Sam was too much of a pessimist. Joe duration. Some particular occupations abridge life by bodily confinement and the privation of good air. When there is a free current of was optimistic and resourceful. If he hadn't have been he would have lost the wildcat's bounty and its skin, but both he and Sam would have returned home with pure air the functions of the body and mind are kept in healthy action by moderate more skin of their own than they did, to say nothing of clothes. exercise, not by strained tension, and th . It is a great place for wild grapes around and about the Devil's Rut. The vines expursuits in life are of a moral tendency and pursuits in life are of a moral tendency and effect, life may be prolonged to advanced years. But when we indulge in vicious habits, which create pain and trouble, life ebbs away often imperceptibly, and we do not notice its decline until the fatal regress: "As brooks make rivers, rivers run to and about the Devil's Rik. The vines ex-tend from tree to tree, some of them in a continuous stretch for 50 feet or more. It took Joe Crane no longer than two minutes to think out a plan for securing the wildcat

scaa.

He traced out a vine that had thrown it-self through the trees for 15 or 20 yards from its parent cane. He climbed the trees ROACHES, bedbugs, etc., grow fat on insect powders, pastes, etc., but they never get away from Bugine. 25 cents.

Loss of Lite at Sea.

An English paper gives some suggestive figures tn support of its statement, that bewond the noble service done by legislation or the protection of sailors from the practices resorted to in the past by rapacious ship owners, the decrease in the an nual loss of life at sea is, in a great measure, due to improvement in the design of sailing ships, which are now better able to withstand great storms, and the adoption of steel, which minimizes the danger of stranding. The proportion of lives lost to the total ton nage entering and clearing English ports has decreased from 4.17 per 100,000 tons in 1881 to 2.06 in 1890. This represents a decrease according to tounage of about one-half. In the case of steamers the increase of traffic was equal to 43.6 per cent, and yet there was a decrease in the number of lives lost of 28 per cent.

Preventing Seasickness.

Dr. Graily Hewitt has concluded that the ensation of sickness on board a vessel can be lessened, if not prevented, by looking at objects away from the vessel, and therefore comparatively fixed, like clouds, the hori-zon, the shore, or a passing vessel. The benefit to be derived from this method is but little benefit of the second sec but little known, though for moderately susceptible cases it is an almost sure cure. Another and still more radical mode of preventing seasickness is the complete abolish-ment of vision for the time being by the ED MOTT. bandaging of the eyes. The bandage should be applied before starting on the

voyage. The patient should also lie down and get the benefit of the horizontal posi-

tion, which is an old remedy, although it has been found in many cases that bandaging the eyes without lying down has had the required effect.

Ice Cream Delivering Machine, An American company has struck the popular taste in London by the organization of a system of automatic machines on curtailment below this normal term is the the penny-in-the-slot principle for the deresult of those errors and excesses in the livery of ice cream. This toothsome elecost constitutes nothing short of a luxury to many classes of Londoners. The novelty of the machine lies in the combination of

of the machine lies in the combination of the automatic delivery with an ice refriger-ator, which is so effective that when the machine is full the supply of ices will, each ice being contained in a separate cardboard box, keep good for a whole week; that is to say, will not melt during that period.

Letter Weighing Made Easy.

A novelty which is likely to be widely appreciated is a "postal" pen, i. e., a penholder fitted with a scale which gives the accurate weight and amount of postage of letters and small parsels. The pen nib is arranged at one end and the weigher at the other. The weigher consists of a carefully adjusted spring. The letter to be weighed is placed in a clip, and the penholder is held in a vertical position. The indicator then marks the weight and postage of the letter.

Typewriter Register

An invention just put on the market embodies a simple device, adapted for attachment to any form of typewriter, which, by the movement of the keys and space bars, will count and register the exact number of words printed by the machine.

The King took the gift very graciously, Her Rival. New York Tribune.]

ew York Tribune.) Oh, she tried full hard to love him, Yes, this little woman did; And not one took rank above him In her mind or heart; she hid All his faults from busy-bodies, For she knew no harm he meant. He might smoke or take his toddies If he only kept the scent Of his breath; he might go flirting With the girls, too, if inclined, So he thought not of deserting— These did not disturb her mind. But as to and fro, one morning Unobserved, sue saw him pass, While he was himsel; adorin., He kept flirting with the girls; Then her rival, she saw clearly, Was not woman, wine. nor pelf, But a stronger, for most dearly, Hogelessiy, he loved himself.

across a big wild cat, which ran np a tree, crouched in the fork, and glared back at him. He had thereupon hurried home, "snuck" his father's gun, and with rare diplomacy induced Sam to "sneak" his father's gun, and join in a campaign sgainst the wild cat's pelt and ears. Joe, as arbiter of the hunt, sent Sam through the laurel patch when they got there, where he shrewdly suspected the catamount had his refuge, while he himself went around the patch to be ready for the

and all that it implied.

A Rope Frepared by Nature.

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wily game if Sam routed it out. Sam started the big cat and got a shot at it. The Game Dead but Out of Reach. He broke one of his hind legs, but the wildcat bounded out of the laurels on three legs. It came ont near Joe, and he gave it a charge from his pap's gun, and tumbled in heels over head. It fell, kicking and yell

ing, right on the edge of the Devil's Rut, and its dving kicks carried it over the edge and it fell headlong to the bottom of the rut. The Devil's Rut, so called, is a canon on a small scale. It is a seam in the rocks, not over 10 feet wide at its widest part, 30 teet