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There are twenty-six monarchies in the civilized world. For a world in which there is nothing new under the sun Truth thinks there are a lot of discoverers.

President Sharpless, of Haverford College, thinks there is room in the United States for a first-rate small college.

Dr. Jameson, the leader of the Transvaal raid, says the undertaking was a great mistake, for the simple reason that it failed. That appears to be the essence of British public opinion on the whole enterprise.

There were regrets in Emporia, Kan., that school-children had not been differently arranged, relates the New York Sun, when an advertisement of a railroad excursion to Port Arthur appeared in the paper, setting forth that "there will be no charge for births for the trip, provided twenty-five persons desire to avail themselves of this accommodation."

In a recent lecture on the cultivation of the memory, Professor A. P. Lyon declared that after trying all the mnemonic systems he had at last come to the conclusion that the only secret of being able to remember things was attention, association and repetition.

An announcement in the English papers causes a flutter of eager anticipation. It is stated that there has been found in Egypt a manuscript text of the Logia, perhaps that of Papias. Now of all the lost works of the Apostolic Church Fathers, the one which is most wanted is the Logia of Papias, as to which so much doubt has been raised whether it ever existed.

The usury laws must need reforming in Canada. The Montreal Gazette says: "A judge of the Superior Court has held that there is nothing in Quebec's law limiting the rate of interest that may be charged, and has given a decision upholding the legality of a claim of five per cent. a day on an overdue note."

Probably never before was the subject of good country roads more thoroughly discussed than in the recent past. Not alone is hand to hand work being done by granges and other farmers' organizations, but County, State and even National officials are working toward improvement in this great question.

WORTH WHILE. 'Tis easy enough to be pleasant, When life flows along like a song; But the man worth while is the one who will smile

MY FIRST PATIENT. HAD been a week in my new apartment. A week—a short time—and yet it seemed in the retrospect like an endless succession of days.

It really did not surprise me at all that my office was empty for a few days, because, as I told myself, conscientiously, the neighborhood must be come familiar with the fact that it had good medical advice right here in its midst.

I was in love with my little golden-haired cousin. As a boy I had shown her all those little knightly attentions which are possible from the stronger playmate in the house and on the playground.

In the following days I had opportunity to talk with Mary about all the air castles which a young physician in his empty office has abundant time to build; but I did not venture yet to discuss my dream of the future doctor's wife.

I sat in my consulting room buried in such thoughts as these on the afternoon of this dull November day. I had barely heard the timid ring with which some one begged admittance.

"No one sends me," replied the woman, softly and rapidly. "Oh, Doctor, do come! Ever since morning I've been carrying coal from the wagon to the next house. My child has opposite in the court. My child has been sick since yesterday, and I found her so much worse when I hurried home for a minute just now."

"I hesitated somewhat, the disappointment was so great. The woman wiped with her grimy hand a face that already showed the traces of tears. She sobbed painfully.

"I supposed I ought to call in the charity doctor; but your servant is a son of the cobbler in an hour, and he has told all the neighbors that you were so kind-hearted. Oh, help my little girl!"

"Well, of course, the woman must be helped. I was human, and surely knew what was due to humanity. So I went with her, after first taking out, with an importance that surprised and half-shamed me, most of the necessary instruments of a physician.

Across the street to a great court lying behind a long row of houses, up five flights, each darker and steeper than the last, through an ill-fitting door into a little chamber with a sloping ceiling and one tiny window, and there on a poor but neat bed, with feverish limbs, and wandering, unconscious eyes, lay a child about fourteen months old. The woman knelt down by the bed.

"She doesn't know me any more," she moaned. The child coughed hoarsely. That was a crop of the worst kind. I tore a leaf from my blank-book and wrote my first real prescription.

complained of my lack of spirits. I pleaded a headache, and so escaped going to see a popular play at the theater. Tired and exhausted, I went at last alone to my room.

"I laid the beautiful white blossom in the stiff little hand and fastened a bunch of violets on the breast of the silent sleeper; then I looked at the open book. 'I joy to depart'—the old hymn that I had learned at school and half forgotten.

"I retired early. I was weary, and all my rest had gone. As if called forth by a power higher than my own, the words of an earnest prayer came to my lips, of the prayer that God would bless me in my hard profession, and would change my haughty self-confidence into a humble trust in His protection, wherever my small knowledge and my faithful efforts would not avail, when I must stand, as on the day before, helpless to aid.

"That evening I went to see my relatives. I did not find the parents at home. Only Cousin Mary was there to receive me. We sat by the window where the moonlight fell on us, and then I told her of my first patient, and what I had learned from it.

"I brought up the chair and sat down near the little sick girl. She was evidently well nourished; her little limbs were plump and shapely, the golden hair soft and curly. She breathed painfully, but she was not unconscious; and her blue eyes stared straight before her, as if she were looking into a distant, unknown country.

"An hour of torture passed. The medicine did no good; little Mary could not swallow it. Neither did it avail when, with trembling hands on a steady hand, I used the knife on the slender, helpless throat. The little golden-haired girl died—died before my eyes on the lap of her stricken mother.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Brighter Lights—Her Standard of Beauty—Not Recreant—Wise Advice—A Good Reason, Etc.

WIENNER AWAKE. New Boarder—"What is the land-lady scolding about?" Old Boarder—"About two-thirds of the time."

A GOOD REASON. Smyth—"What makes you think Drogzlet is a good bookkeeper?" Browne—"He never returned the ones I loaned him."—Twinkles.

AMATORY. Loola—"Don't you think they are two seals with but a single thought?" Hazel—"Well, I shouldn't wonder. They are both making fools of themselves."—Truth.

A DEFINITION. Schoolmaster—"A poet is called a word painter; now, Tommie, can you name me a great poet?" Tommie—"Dad! He paints signs."—New York Herald.

NOT RECOGNIZED. Mrs. Newrooks—"I like our new butler very much." Mr. Newrooks—"So do I; but, somehow, I'm afraid he has a poor opinion of us."—Puck.

A NATURAL QUESTION. "My little girl's eyes are the color of the sea," said Margie's Papa holding the small miss in his arms. "An' is zat why ze tears tas' so salty?" she asked.—Puck.

THIS IS GRATEFUL. "You are doing right well to-day," said the match. "Oh, yes," answered the natural gas. "It is a cold day when I get turned down at headquarters."—Indianapolis Journal.

IN THE JURY ROOM. First Jurymen—"That lawyer was very complimentary to us in summing up." Second Jurymen—"He was, indeed! He flattered us so eloquently that I forgot he was wasting our time."—Puck.

AN OPINION INDOSORED. "Dis here piece," remarked Flooding Pete, "sounds an impressive note o' warnin'. It says us Americans orter take longer for our meals." "So we ought," replied Meandering Mike. "We orter take more time, an' not waste a minute of it, neither."—Washington Star.

HER STANDARD OF BEAUTY. "She said she thought I was looking well," remarked the young man who was looking pensive. "Um—yes. But you'll notice that the next minute she asked me if I didn't think her pet building was the handsomest animal in the city."—Washington Star.

WHERE REFORM BEGINS. "Josephine has an interesting measure to put before the mothers' congress." "What is it?" "She wants a law compelling every woman who has a son to remember that he will probably be some other woman's husband."—Chicago Record.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL. Lennenhook and Humboldt both say that a single pound of the finest spider webs would reach around the world.

Some English reporters now take notes at night by the light of a tiny incandescent lamp attached to the waistcoat.

Some interesting investigations have been made on the green color for which some Italian cheeses are so remarkable. This color is not, as has sometimes been supposed, due to the action of bacteria, but is a consequence of the presence of copper in the cheese.

The world contains at least four mountains composed of almost solid iron ore. One is the iron mountain of Missouri, another in Mexico, another in India, and a fourth in that region of Africa explored by Stanley, and there have been reports of such a mountain existing in Siberia.

Insect life in the Arctic regions is very limited, and to insure their attraction one of the genus genus (a roseaceous plant) from Alaska has a row of large petals. This plant, also the genus novale, is utterly unable to fertilize itself, and demands insect help, as in the stink cabbage. All Arctic flowers are very large in comparison with the plants bearing them.

Unbreakable mirrors are now being made by putting a coat of quicksilver on the back of a thin sheet of celluloid, instead of on glass. By laying a second sheet over the coating a double mirror may be obtained. Common celluloid is highly inflammable, one of its ingredients being gun cotton. But it is alleged that a way has been found to overcome this objection by introducing a small proportion of some other substance into the composition.

The late Alvin Clark, of Cambridgeport, Mass., discovered in 1862 the star Sirius had a far less brilliant companion. Continued observation for nearly thirty years proved that this second body revolved around the first one in an elliptical orbit, at a distance nearly as great as the planet Neptune from the sun. But in 1890 the companion disappeared from view, having reached a point in its track so nearly in line with Sirius that its faint light was overwhelmed by the dazzling effulgence of the dog star. During the last six years it has traveled far enough to become visible once more.

Some Tricks the Eyes Play. It is an old and wise saying that "seeing is believing," yet everybody knows that very often what we see, and therefore believe, proves to be not really true at all. As we grow older, finding that our eyes have so frequently deceived us, we are often not satisfied with the evidence they give us until we have verified it by touch or smell or hearing or taste, or by looking at some doubtful thing from different points of view, or under a different lighting.

We are not willing to believe that a conjurer actually draws rabbits from a man's ear or coins from the tip of his nose just because our eyes tell us such tales. Sometimes our deceptions are so lasting that things must be made wrong in order to look right, which seems rather contradictory. If we look at the letter S or the figure 8 as carefully as we can, the upper and lower halves seem almost exactly the same size. If we turn them upside down, thus, S, 8, the difference in the size of the loops is quite astonishing, and we wonder how we could have been so mistaken; yet perhaps the truth is that the loops are neither so different nor so much alike as they seem to be, as we see when we look at them turned upon their sides, thus, S, 8.—St. Nicholas.

The Greatest Travelers. The number of Americans who spend much money in traveling for pleasure only, writes Lewis Kiddings in Scribner's, is well measured, as has already been suggested, by the number of Americans who visit Paris yearly. I offer the following figures, which were obtained through the courtesy of the chief of police of Paris, as a pertinent contribution to the discussion. Exact statistics of visitors in Paris have been kept by the police, under the present detailed system, only from 1893. Since then all arrivals in that city have been carefully reported at the Prefecture by the proprietors of hotels and pensions, under pain of a fine for neglect, and they may be in part tabulated as follows:

Our First Republican Government. Between 1790 and 1795, 240,000 people came to the Carolina shores from Ulster County, Ireland. They were pure Scotch people—all Protestants.

The first Republican Government in America was inaugurated by these early settlers. It was called the "Watauga Association," taking its name from the Watauga River in North Carolina. Its date is between 1769 and 1772. "Like all the governments formed by Anglo-Saxons, it had no theories, no abstractions, but was adapted to the actual needs of the people. Its legislature consisted of thirteen, the chairman, clerk and district attorney, with stated sessions. Among the committee were to be found the names of Brown, Carter, Robertson, Sevier, Smith and Jones."—New York Observer.

The Reading of a Good Book. A pump may be connected with a very deep well of very good water, and yet need a pitcher of water to be brought from another source to be poured in at the top before it can work. So with the mind, sometimes. The reading of a good book helps it into running order.

SWEET ISLE OF DREAMS. Sweet Isle of Dreams! my heart would fail Best there, forgetting all its pain; The wild waves all their clamor cease And melt upon its sands in peace.

Upon its shores we find sweet rest, The perfume of the garlands blest, The holy stillness and the calm, To weary hearts is healthy balm.

Sweet Isle of Dreams! no discord jars The air attended; no harsh sound mars The music floating on the air, The song of seraphs, pure and fair.

But all is peace and joy and love, Like that of heaven far above, Where angels, clad in garments white, Chant hymns of praise in realms of light.

Sweet Isle of Dreams! Fair Land of sleep, O'er us the angels spirits keep; Perchance our spirits with them roam, And that they tell us of their home.

Or it may be they come in dreams, To wander with us by glad streams In gardens fair, and what we see, Waking, we hold in memory.

—Henry Coyle, in Doan's.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Cora—"Love is a strange thing." Clara—"Oh, I don't think so. I've been engaged seven times."

"Faith," said the little boy after a week's study, "faith is believing something that you know can't be true."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Say, boy, what did you kick that dog for?" "He's mad." "No, he isn't mad, either." "Well, if any one should kick me I'd be mad."—Truth.

Mrs. Panache—"I can't see why a great big fellow like you should be." Hungry Hank—"Well, mum, I's p'ose me size helps to gimme an' appetite."—Truth.

"I notice that some people claim that a doctor's whiskers may carry disease germs." "Why don't the doctors boil their whiskers?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Jimmy—"Would you like to go with them fellows that look lookin' for the North Pole?" Tommy—"Wouldn't I, though? You bet I'd bring my skates!"—Puck.

Dr. Powder—"Ah! how are you today, Mr. Glimp?" Glimp—"Do you ask an inquiring friend or as my family physician?"—Philadelphia North American.

Bacon—"None of the women will speak to Penman since he wrote his last book." Egbert—"Why is that?" "Why, didn't you hear the name of it? 'Women of All Ages.'"—Puck.

"The marriage of the star and the leading lady has been declared off, I hear." "Yes; they couldn't agree as to whose name should be first on the wedding invitations."—Puck.

His Escape.—"Did you know that our minister once had a narrow escape from the Fiji Islanders?" She—"How?" He—"He was on the point of going out among them as a missionary, when he received a call from a congregation in Boston."—Puck.

"Truly," mused the Sultan, "943 queens would make a full house." "I wonder what his game is now?" muttered the Grand Vizier. But at that moment the postman came with a number of ultimatums from the great Christian Powers, and the conversation naturally sought other channels.—Detroit Journal.

"The writer's name must accompany every communication," said the editor to the man who had handed in a little piece signed "Constant Reader." "I see," replied the man. "You don't want to get the world involved in controversy about the authorship of a second series of Junius letters."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"You women," said he, in the peculiarly exasperating way a man has of saying those two words, "you women buy bargain things because they are cheap." "We do not," said she. "We buy cheap things because they are bargains." The distinction was almost too subtle for the blundering masculine intellect, but it was there.—Indianapolis Journal.

Making Fancy Buttons. The handsome buttons one sees on ladies' costumes are, as a rule, imported from Germany and France. The making of these fancy buttons is really an art these days, such quaint and beautiful designs are shown and such exquisite workmanship is displayed. Metal buttons showing a special device or initial on the face require a die, and have to be made very carefully by machinery. Some of the finest workmanship is shown on bone buttons, where the carving is done by hand and is very delicate and artistic.—New York Tribune.

Pictured History. The lively optical instrument with many names, but known in England as the cinematograph, is to be used to preserve for posterity living pictures of Princess Maud's wedding, the Derby won by the Prince of Wales, the coming jubilee of the Queen, and several types of London street scenes. The celluloid films bearing the views will be enclosed in several tubes, and ought to be good for many reproductions a thousand years from now.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Peculiar Complaint. Duke George, of Saxe-Meinungen, who a year ago met with a serious accident in Italy, has in consequence become the victim of a peculiar complaint. His hearing has been partially destroyed in such a manner that he hears some notes higher, others lower, than they really are. Music of every kind, therefore, has become torture to him, as it seems to him horribly discordant. The physicians say that this can never be cured.—Chicago Record.