There's a song for the man who is lucky and bold.

For the man who has fate on his side;
There are cheers for the folk that are jingling the gold.

And are drifting along with the tide. But the man who is striving to get to the land.

And facing the hungry wave's crest, we quite overlook, for we don't understand.

The fellow that's doing his best.

But he has his rewards when the story

Though we smile as he plods on his

way.

For his own self-etteem is the prize he has won,
As obscurely he's stood in the fray.
And he knows the affection of home and of friends
And the pleasures of honest-earned rest;
There are peace and good will, as the twilight descends,
For the fellow that's doing his best,
—Washington Star.

## 244-444-444 A Change of Heart.

By Lurana W. Sheldon.

The stage coach—a weekly eventwas approaching. Bert Donaldson of No. — Fifth avenue, New York, rose from the mat upon which he had been lying just under the ramada of the ranchhouse, and gave it his undivided attention. The man who had been seated before the coachero, half climbed and half fell to the ground As he began rubbing his cramped limbs vigorously, Donaldson tapped him on

"Well, of all things!" Al Van Alden made the remark with a tangible in-flection of incredulity, then he added: "You here!" and held out his hand cordially.

"Been here a week," Donaldson explained as he led the way into the ranchhouse, stopping just inside the patio to introduce him to "Sierra Jim,"

Then the two went on to the enclosure between four adobe walls, where a criada sour visaged, but attentive, supplied them with refreshment.

"I supposed you knew my where-abouts;" Donaldson said frankly. "Ev-eryone else in New York did. I gave Doc Turkington a 'ten spot' for sug-gesting it before the boys one night at the club. He did it well, too! i 'hacked' a little occasionally, and Doc eyed me with that serious look of his. 'Better take my advice, Donaldson,' he said solemnly. Of course, the whole 'push' became interested at once and demanded explanations. 'It's nothing.' I said, 'only Doc here thinks I am a sensitive plant, you know.' Doc interrupted, and he did it beautifully! There rupted, and he did it beautifully! There wasn't a tremor as he said with emphasis: 'Such things should not be neglected. A month in the Sierras would remove all danger. That settled it. I was pestered to death, the boys all warning me to think it over before I quitted the ranks voluntarily. That's why I thought you knew. They all advised me to 'come, and I am receiving letters daily—" ing letters daily-

"But what was it all about?" Van Alden got the question in edgewise.
"Were you really ill?"
"Not a bit of it!"

"Had you been ill?"
"Worse! You're my friend, Van. I

"Worse: Four had been jilied."
"Shake!" Van Alden held out his "Shake!" Van Alden held out his hand with even more cordiality. "I am is for the same trouble, old man; only nobody knows it. "You see" (he sipped his wine before he continued). "I thought perhaps if I disappeared mysteriously she might think I was dead and feel remorseful. Then, again, she might learn through the uncertainty of my whereabouts that she really did love me, and send me to come back. My letters will be forwarded from the club. Williams will not betray me—"

Williams will not betray m "I thought of that, too, her sending for me to come back, I mean," Donald-son made the admission with a curious expression in his eyes, "but meanwhile; old man, I am enjoying it here. There are two beautiful girls on the place, sisters, they tell me. Dusky skins—pomegranate lips—eyes like sloes—"
"Hold on—you are drawing on modern fetices—"

ern fiction-

"But I can prove it. These girls are ere—sloe eyes, dusk and all!"
"Are they—ahem—mulattoes?" Don-

aldson reared. "Not a bit of it! Spanish—and as

"Not a bit of it! Spanish—and as pure as you please. They sing divinely and strum guitars under the ramada."
"Then I can forgive myself for risking my life and beauty in that obstreperous old stage!" Van Alden contemplated his uncreased trousers with more complacency than hitherto. "You never saw such a vehicle, I am sufre, old man. It seemed determined to fall over every precluing we nessed but over every precipice we passed, but when it came to a level a cyclone couldn't budge ot. I never pitied any-thing so much in my life as I did our The noble brute walked back

'leader.' The noble brute walked back-wards half of the way or else stood still through sheer consternation at that old go-cart's antics."

"It is strange we should be fellow sufferers," Donaldson speke musingly.
"I always thought you were so suc-cessful with women. When Miss— when my adored one informed me that she admired me exceedingly, but loved she admired me exceedingly, but loved another better, I was not much sur-

"And when the angel of my dreams assured me that she did not know her own heart and begged to be released in order to come to an understanding with spoke, "I was never more surprised in my life. I'd like to meet the other chap—for, of course, there was one women never 'let go of one rope. adage, 'without taving hold

"Or others," Donaldson made a grim-ce as he spoke, then he added, "but fiss—— I mean my ex-sweetheart was honest, she acknowledged another attachment.'

"Are these—these Spanish ladies 'heart whole and fancy free?' "Van Al-den asked the question with his glance upon two vaquerous who had just en apon two vaquerous who had just en-tered the enclosure. "I've forgotten how to shoct," he added, more soft-ly, 'and the gentlemanly pastime of boxing is not popular here, I fancy." Donaldson glanced at the vicious looking revolver in one of the punch er's belts and answered, laughingly will break Lurline's heart, while

"Yes; Diane Stuyvesant; hadn't you

"No." Van Alden bit his lips as Donaldson began fumbling in his pock-et. "So it was Diane?" He waited breathlessly until the

other produced a letter.

"She has found it dull, I fancy; wants to reopen the game, possibly with a new player or two. Read that—no, hold cu—I'll read it to you!"

"Don't bother."

"I like this place, don't you, old man? I think I shall build a haclenda and—practise shooting with you, if you will let me."—New York Globe.

## POLO AT MANILA.

The Game Popular Among the Army Officers.

A great many unpleasant things may truthfully be said about the Manila climate, but from the middle o November until the rains set in again the following June or July the sunse hour is usually an agreeable one for exercise. Early in December, 1902, a little group of army officers selzed upon this fragment of cool daylight, and also upon a portion of the old Camp Wallace site, next the Luneta, and began playing role. By the widthe of gan playing polo. By the middle of January the field was in such condition that it could be played upon with a degree of pleasure. From six to eight men usually turned out for the game every afternoon.

Filipino ponies offered the most available mounts. During the war many officers rode them in the field nd practically everybody stationed in Manila keeps from one to four as har ness horses. On the polo field they are inferior both to the Australian pony and to China ponies of a good class, but they are much cheaper than these, and they are hardy, intelligent

and capable of providing good sport.

The Filipino horse is probably a cousin of the mustang, both being descendants of the Barb stock brought to Mexico and the Philippines by the to Mexico and the Philippines by the Spaniards. Like the mustang, he has excellent legs and feet, great endurance at slow work (without other food than grass), and a somewhat uncertain disposition. Twelve hands is perhaps the average height, with thirteen as the miximum. Thirteen-hand ponies are rare. Nearly all horses used for saddle or harness purposes are stallions. are stallions.

As to the play, it promised in January to be very creditable, considering the fact that nearly all the players were beginners. General Allen, for merly Captain Allen of the Second cavalry post at Angeles. At Manila and well mounted ought to be a five or six goal man. He has been the father of the game in the islands, and the beginning which has been made is largely due to his energy and sports-manship. Captain Hains is the only other player who had played at home.

As conditions in the island become more settled, it is probable that polo more settled, it is probable that polo will become widespread. Already the marine officers across the bay at Cavite have begun to play, and there is the nucleus of another club at the cavalry post at Nngeles. At Manila the game seems bound to flourish. the game seems bound to flourish. There is a long rainless season, a tolerable field beautifully situated next prable field beautifully situated next the Luneta overlooking the bay, an abundance of ponies and for as long a time as any man can foresee the assured presence of a large force of troops whose officers must find sport and exercise.—David Gray in Outing.

Had to Marry.
It is usually considered that the difficult problem in getting married is in finding some one to have you, but in Farmington, Me., it is different. There, if both are willin' and so signify to the town clerk, it does not settle the matter, as proved in two different intances recently. In one case the electmen of the town interfered; in the second instance, where the woulde bride had been a widow just 14 ays, a written notice was filed with the town clearly eventual electrons. he town clerk, worded as follows:
To Louis Voter, town clerk, we here
y file the following caution with you
to issue a certificate to — and
—, for this reason that Mrs. —, mother feels very much grieved in having the marriage take place at present." Signed by six names.—Kennebec Journal.

How Britons Do It.

A gentleman traveling under the seat on the Great Eastern Railway had the bad luck to be in the same carriage as a ticket collector. Nor did his bad luck end there. He ould not resist giving vent to a nighty sneeze, and, coming from no ne knew where, his fellow travelers ere almost frightened out of their wits. Result—case before the beak. This reminds us of a journey we once took from Doncaster. As the train was moving out of the station a man sprang into the carriage. Taking a hasty look around, he said: "Gentled men, I rely upon your honor," and forthwith dived under the seat.—
Sporting Times. CANAL A GIGANTIC TASK

SURVEY OF WORK TO BE DONE IN PANAMA.

Views of Dr. C. A. Stephens, Who Has Recently Made a Trip of Observation to the Isthmus.-The Culebra Cut the Biggest Work of the Kind Ever Undertaken.

Dr. C. A. Stephens, who has been well known for a generation as writer of stories of adventure for boys has recently visited Panama, where he has had excellent opportunities for observing the great project the nation has undertaken there, writes the nas undertaken there, writes the Washington correspondent of the Nev York Post.

Americans speak glibly of the possibility of a tide-level canal at Panama Of this Dr. Stephens says: "It is no an easy matter to estimate the exact amount of earth which would have to be removed to get a clear channel across the Isthmus, 35 feet below tide at Colon and at La Boca on the Bay of Panama. But computing it at the va bother." Van Alden spoke
Then he warmed up a little
led:

culebra, through this vast cut and be
beyond, deducing what the French ap pear to have done, we obtain 446,000 o00 cubic yards, as a very conserva-tive estimate of what remains to be removed in order to have an open ditch from ocean to ocean, 150 feet wide at the bottom, with 35 feet of standing water in it. As to the length of time required, we have to guide us only what the new French company have done. It is agreed on all hands, however, that they have worked with a fair degree of intelligence and with

"During their most successful year 1897, the new company employed 3600 men and removed, mainly in the Cule bra cut, 960,000 cubic metres, chiefly earth. This was by far the best ever done by the French. Adding 40 percent to this 960,000 metres, for better American methods and better chines, and assuming that the United States will employ 20,000 laborers in place of 3600, we find that to remove the 341,600,000 cubic metres forty-six years and nine days will be required, or until 1951. By employing 30,000 laborers the work might be done in about thirty-one years. More than 30,000 men could not be advantageous-

ly worked there. At best, therefore, allowing nothing for contingencies or accidents, a tide-water canal at Panama could not be completed before 1936—so that few of the present gen eration would see i

Immense Cost of Tidewater Canal.

'As to the cost of a tidewater canal at Panama, reckoning laborers' wage at only a dollar a day, and the salaries of engineers, foremen, etc., at equally reasonable rates; adding present cost figures for machinery, tools, explo-sives, transportation, hospital equip ment and maintenance, with the thou sand other minor expenses, and to this the interest on the money as used for thirty years, at 3 percent: I am un able to find the amount called for to construct a tidewater canal at less than \$570,000,000, or, adding the price of the canal from the French company,

\$610,000,000. Magnitude of the Project.

Dr. Stephens in other ways makes nore distinct than do the formal reports the size of the project in which we are already committed. The Culebra cut he describes as the greatest thing of its kind ever undertaken by man. When complete it will be threeman. When complete it will be three-fifths of a mile wide at the top, falling off to a width of 150 feet at the bottom, into which the great lake made by the dam at Bohio will flow back, filling it to a depth of 35 feet. From the top of the Culebra on the north side of the cut the depth will be nearly or quite 400 feet.

These figures, he says, convey little idea of the tremendous quantity of earth and rock which must be removed. It is not until one descends into this vast trench and marks how tiny the locomotives and great steam

tiny the locomotives and great steam excavators look when seen in the pro-digious depth and breadth of the ex-cavation that a conception of the her-culean labor dawns on the mind. It is like Niagara, and must be conter might be thought that a thousand men operating 90 or 100 of these steam ex-cavators, would dig it out in a year; but by the time the visitor has walked and climbed about the cut for an hour or two, he can readily believe that the task may occupy 5000 men, with machines, for ten years.

The temperature in the cut he describes as intense. The lofty, bare sides of the excavation accumulate heat like the walls of an oven. The seething steam boilers add to the cal

orific glow. It makes the eyeballs ache and the lungs feel dry and hot.
"It is no place," says Dr. Stephens,
"for a white man's unprotected head. A cork hemlet, or a green umbrella, or both, are necessary to his safety. It makes me shudder to think of the human suffering implied by ten years of labor here on the part of 5000 men. But only at the price of all this toil can stately vessels steam through the

The French Canal company has removed much earth here, but vastly more remains to be taken out. With arc lights strung along the cutting the men of the night shift would have by far the easier day's work; for then the terrible sun rays would be absent, and the cooler night wind would be blowing through the trench. Indeed, if but one shift of men were employed, he thinks it would be better, after the light plant was installed, to work the only by night and have them sleep in day time

The Sanitary Problem. Mis account of the sanitary problem

exercised little or no sanitary control over their canal laborers. They built little villages of wood and galvanized iron for the men to live in, but in most

is even more impressive: "The French

cases provided neither water nor drains. If they fell ill in camp and did not die at once, they were transported after a day or two to the hospitals at Colon or Panama. That about as far as the French medical care or control extended from 1880 on ard. As a result they lost a grumber of employees—some say 00. The construction gangs were ten crippled and ineffective. Excavafors, locomotives and other machines
stood idle for weeks, because the men
or the foremen were ill or dead. The
losses of time, and money from this
cause were enormous. Work was
stopped from time to time, and often
did not begin again for a month, pay
being drawn all the while for the entire gang. The direct loss from this
cause alone is believed to have exceeded seventy million francs. The ten crippled and ineffective. Excava

ceeded seventy million francs. indirect loss from delay and demization can never be determined. "The French Canal company is now paying its laborers \$1.08 a day, Colombian silver, worth about 44 cents in United States currency."

Dr. Stephens says that it is an error

to speak of any locality as in itself "unhealthful." If disease is present it has been brought there by men or ani-mals which have become infected elsewhere. No locality breeds new diseas He wants the government to establish a School of Tropical Diseases at Co-lon. The greatest variety of clinical material would be abundant. Canal laborers arriving from various points in the tropics will afford excellent mate rial for study, with the added advan tages of observing the course of the diseases in a tropical climate.

Dr. Stephens also favors a camp of detention and observation for incoming laborers. In no other way can disease be prevented from gaining access to the labor camps along the line of the canal. Nor when forwarded from the camp of observation to the labor camps should the executive guardian-ship over the laborer cease or be relaxed for a moment. A single hole in one's mosquito net lets in the mosquito that will inoculate him with yellow fever or malaria; so with a system of health protection for 20,000 laborers. At a single weak point of the system an epidemic may enter; the system must be precise, efficient at all points and constantly operative. In the best economic results are to be ob-tained, the labor camps must be en-closed, policed and regulated as if under military discipline. He thinks it would be found expedient to have a canteen at every camp

## THE MUSIC CURE.

Papa Had No Headache After Plenty of "Bedelia."

An interesting experiment was re-cently conducted in an uptown apart-ment house by a young woman with a taste for scientific research. She had heard of the so-called "music cure," as tried in Boston, and she de-termined to investigate it. A few afternoons ago her father, an exemplary citizen in every way, came home with a violent headache. The young woman persuaded him to recline in an easy chair and placed his mind in a quiescent state. Then she around into the next suite of apart-ments and persuaded her dearest friend, a young woman with some knowledge of the piano, to play that instrument close to the partition that divided the two suites. The young woman said she'd play until her friend rapped on the wall and asked her to stop. Whereupon she commenced with "Bedelia," while the other young woman with watch in hand stood clos to the sitting room door and watched the result. Not only did she watch it, but she took notes of it as follows:

"Four twenty-five. Papa is softly groaning in his chair. His head must Laura playing 'Bedelia,' Papa hears it, too. He is looking around. "Four twenty-eight. Papa has lift-

ed his head a little. goes on. Papa is frowning and biting his lips. There, he is staring at the wall behind which Laura is busy. I ink he begins to feel the influence Yes, it is contracting his muscles. He shaking his fist. His lips move. He

shaking his ass. saying things. "Four thirty-two. Papa has slipped om his chair. His eyes are gleam-lonched. 'Bedelia' ing, his fists are clenched. 'Bedelia

"Four thirty-five. Papa is saying things at the wall. I'm afraid Laura will hear some of them. She is play ing much louder. It is still 'Bedelia.

ing much louder. It is still 'Bedella.' Papa is getting red in the face. He is tearing his hair. I wish he wouldn't do that. He hasn't any to spare. "Four thirty-seven. Papa has tipped over the chair and is hopping around like a demented Pawnee. And, oh, the language he uses is something awful! Bang! I think Laura has just fallen off the music stool. Anyway, 'Bedelia' has ceased. "When I rushed, a moment later.

rushed, a moment later papa had fallen back on the couch and was gasping feebly. 'Papa,' I cried 'how's the headache?' He made an unrepeatable remark about the headache that at once assured me he was

a it was the music that cured —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The First Essential

Betty—So Maud is engaged? Well, m sorry for the man. She doesn't now the first thing about keeping

Bessie-Oh, yes, she does Betty—I'd like to know what? Bessie—The first thing is to get a nan to keep house for.—Harper's BaPEARLS OF THOUGHT.

There is a miracle wherever the

The Bible is not such a bad-looking battle wreck, after all. Your business will never interest others until it absorbs you

Temptation wastes no time with the man who has ceased to pray A religious flying machine is

much different from any other If God is no more than a hypothesis He cannot be much help to us

A man's spirit does not always grov holier as his salary grows heavier. It is easy for a man who hasn't an introduction to religion to sneer

You cannot expect better manners from your children than you give

After all, it is the man at the lit tle end of the horn who makes the Love is the prize most worth gaining, most easily gained and most oft-

TROUBLES OF THE HERMIT CRAB. Having No Shell of Its Own, It Must

Hunt Around and Fight for One. The most disconsolate fellow that valks the beach is the hermit-crab, whose shell has become too snug for comfort, says Country Life in America. If it were his own, as the clam's is, it would grow with his growth, and always be a perfect fit; but to the hermit there comes often a "moving hermit there comes often a "moving day," when a new house must be sought. Discouraging work it is, too. Most of the doors at which he knocks are slammed in his face. A tweak from a larger pincer than his own will often satisfy him that the shell he considers "distinctly possible," and hopefully ventures to explore, is already occupied by a near but coldly unsympathetic relative.

Finding no empty shell of suitable

Finding no empty shell of suitable Finding no empty shell of suitable size, the hermit may be driven to ask a brother hermit to vacate in his favor. The proposition is spurned indignantly, and a fight ensues. The battle is to the stronger. Often the attacking party has considerable trouble in cleaning out the shell, having to pick his adversary out in bits. A perlymble or a whelk ray he at A periwinkle or a whelk may be at tacked in a like manner by a hermit who is hard pressed and has taken a fancy to that particular shell. If the householder be feeble, the conquest is

asy. If lusty, he holds the fort. At last the search is over.

shell is cleaned and ready.

"Yes, this will do! But how my back does ache! I mustn't delay a minute! Is anybody looking? Here oes, then; and may I never have to

nove again!"

In the twinkling of an eye, the caudal hooks let go their hold deep in the spiral of the old shell, and have safe-ly anchored the weak and flaccid body to the inner convolutions of the

ew one. It is all over; an empty shell lies on the sand, and a larger one is near it with a sleepy-looking hermiterab in it. Poke him, and he leans languidly out over his pearly balcony, as if to say, "If this deadly monotony is not broken soon, I shall die!"

But, behind this "society mask," the cramped muscles are stretching out and adjusting themselves in absolute contentment to the roomy spaces of dered them.

The Coffee Inebriate.

America has developed a class of men and women that physicians group ander the name of "coffee inebri-ates." A coffee inebriate is, speaking broadly, one who consumes a pound or

more of coffee a week.

A pound makes about seven quarts of coffee;; seven quarts make 28 cups, and 28 cups a week make four cups a any. They, therefore, who drink four upps of coffee daily had better look out, for if they have developed as yet ac symptoms of coffee inebriety, it is likely that they will develop them belore long.

One of the symptoms of this disorder is an inability to do without coffee. If, some morning, you should forego the beverage at breakfast, and in consequence be attacked with

n consequence be attacked with headache, you are a coffee inebriate Other symptoms are a sallow color cold hands, a heart that beats irregu-larly, and melancholy. The cold hands, the irregular heart and the ner ous melancholia or depression off when a strong cup of coffee is taken, but in an hour or two they return.

Americans are the most excessive coffee drinkers in the world. Cver a illion pounds of coffee is imported nto the United States each year. America is the only country where coffee inebriety is recognized as a dis-ass. This disease, taken in time ields readily to treatment. But the rouble with it is that, being selded aken in time, it is apt to lead to also taken in time, it is apt to lead to aclism or morphinism.—New Evening Telegram.

Ingenious Postscript.

This may be an old one, but Rep sentative Charles N. Fowler of New Jersey, who seldom jokes, told it the other night and caused a lot of laugh ter. He said that one of his contituents, a farmer, sat down recent ty and wrote a letter asking for several different kinds of garden seeds. Before the letter was posted the farmer was called to the barn, and in turning over an old chest full of books ing over an old chest full of books and parcels came across several packages of seeds from last year, which had not been used. He returned to the house and, taking the unsigned letter added this postscript: "P. S.—Never mind sending the seeds, I find I have enough."

After which the letter was mailed. LA SOUFRIERE'S RUIN.

Processes of Nature Reassert Themselves on St. Vincent's Isle.

How far the ordinary processes of ature have begun to reassert themselves since the conclusion of the vol-canic disturbances was the subject of investigation on a tour of St. Vin-cent's. The first thing that one no-dices is the remarkable luxuriance of the green growth of vegetation of all kinds, says the London Times. It is true that a vast quantity of unassimi-lated glassy ash is visible everywhere, painful to the eye and burning to the feet—very different from the cool, restful, dull blackness of the soil that I remember two or three years ago. But wherever the ash has mixed well to the soil it seems to have had some ertilizing effect, notwithstanding the assertions of the analysis.

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But the havoc which has been wrought among the smaller life of insects and birds is deplorable. I saw no lizards in the grasses, only the scantiest show of firefiles at dusk, far fewer butterflies and far fewer hum-ming birds. All the high ridges of the mountains are denuded of the tall forest trees and palms which used to clothe their summits. This is, of course, due to the hurricane of 1896; previously one rarely saw the bare utline of an escarpment silhouetted against the brilliant sky; wrinkled waves of foliage alone marked the waves of foliage alone marked the configuration; but now the presence of a large tree is the exception, and even then it shows signs of ruthless storm tear. It was pleasanter to ride through the new settlements provided for the Caribs and other refugees, suf-ferers alike from the hurricane and from the volcanic eruptions. lom of the executive in removing the dwellers in the extreme north of the sland and finding them homes out-side what was then a dangerous localty was fully justified by after events. although a considerable amount of sore feeling and dissatisfaction was created at the time. But, like many of the sufferers from the storm in Barbadoes, the deported families are now better housed than ever before in their lives. The new villages with their neat cabins and plots of land, decorate the fertile slopes and add undoubted picturesqueness to the ward side of the island.

But what of La Soufriere herself? Her last utterance was in March, 1903, and there is every sign that she is composing herself for another long slumber—how long or how short no man can say. Still, the lake in the bosom of the crater is once again filling and the lake in the content of the crater is once again filling and the lake in the content of the crater is once again filling and the lake in the content of the crater is once again filling and the lake in the content of the crater is once again filling and the lake in the content of the crater is once again filling and the lake in the content of the crater is once again filling and the crater is once again filling ing, and this is considered to be a token and promise of good behavior. The ascent of La Soufriere can no longer be made by the old route from Chateau Belair; one is obliged to go further north, to Wallibou, and thence begin the long climb of nearly 4000 feet. The scene from the summit reminds one, in its gloom and desolation of the Cities of the Plain. Not a bird, not an insect, not a tree—save a few charred stumps—can be seen. A black wall of pitchlike looking cliff confronts one where all used to be verdure and thick scrub, and through the broken rocks a glimpse of the smaller and unused crater now ap-pears, the old knife edge partition which formerly divided the two craters having been partially destroyed in the violent paroxysm of the last eruptions. On the slopes lower down chimneys, cattle pens, boiling houses and negro cabins can be discerned sticking an odd stone or rater trash roof through the mud where it has been scoured away by the torren-

tal rains.

And yet, amid all this destruction and desolation there are the beginnings of a fresh era to be welcomed. Already on the lowest sands there is a profusion of silver ferns (no gold ones, as I had hoped and not unreasonably expected), guinea grass, sweet postates and casears are expirative. potatoes and cassava are springing, self-sown, on the ridges up to 1000 feet. Given five years of undisturbed natural processes, I see no reason why the north of the island should not the north of the island should not once again be as cultivatable, fertile and habitable as it was in the half century preceding the eruptions of 1902-3.

Pawnee county claims to be the residence of the only living man who sued a president of the United States. His name is G. S. Van Eman and he lives at Jennings. Van used to run a sheep ranch up in Lyon county, Kansas, and was getting along all right until Grover Cleveland was elected president, and the edict went forth that wool was to be put on the free list. Van had about consummated a sale, but claims the fear of tariff changes forced the price of sheep down saveral points. Furthermore, his regard for his sheep and country was so high that he was ashamed to look a sheep in the face under the conditions that Cleve-land forced upon them, so during the reign of Grover he made a practice of beginning at the rear end of a sheep to shear it. This greatly humiliated him and caused him to lose prestige with his hired hands and merinos. Feeling intensely aggreived and ma-

reeing incensely aggreved and ma-terially damaged, he sued Grover Cleveland, president of the United States, getting service by publication, and obtained a judgment for \$400. Of course, it was never collected, for Grover never got in reach of an execution. But Van claims he felt better though the debt though the debt remains unpaid. Kansas City Journal.

Reason of the Advice.

"A successful man," said Uncle Eben," ginerally advises young men to no one kin show as much smahtness as he did in gittin' over difficulties But he's wrong."—Washington Star.

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