

There has been little of late in royal and imperial annals to inspire common people with envy of the exalted personages born to the purple, and certainly the later life of the Empress Frederick will cause nobody to long for a crown.

Last year Americans consumed 2,219,847 tons of sugar, just 141,723 tons more than the year before. Giving to each individual his pro rata share, this shows that every inhabitant of this country gets away with fully sixty-six and one-half pounds of sweets every year.

The conclusion that consumption is curable, reached by the Tuberculosis Congress, is of great importance. But it would be more satisfactory if there had been greater attention given to the methods. Prevention of infection is important, but if there be a cure for consumption beyond the first stages, the world is ignorant of it.

Kaiser William declares that "the noblest weapon is the sword." Lord Roberts says that the "sword is obsolete," and orders that sword drills shall be discontinued in the British army. Possibly his lordship does not class the cavalry sabre with the sword. It's difficult to understand how a regiment of horse could dispense with the sabre.

The cornerstone of the Indian school which the United States Government proposes to build at Riverside, Cal., was laid the other day with appropriate ceremonies on the site purchased for the school, on Magnolia avenue, one of the famous driveways of the town. The school will be known as Sherman Institute, in honor of J. E. Sherman, of New York, chairman of the Congressional Committee on Indian Affairs.

A queer will case has just been decided by the courts in Minnesota. The witnesses to the instrument had stepped through a doorway into a room adjoining that in which the testator lay at the time of the signing of the will, and had affixed their signatures at a table about ten feet from the testator, but just out of his sight. It was testified, however, that he was sitting on the side of his bed at the time, and could have seen the witnesses by stepping forward two or three feet. The attestation and subscription of the will under these circumstances were sustained.

Now that rural free delivery is no longer regarded as an experiment, but has been established as a permanent enterprise, it is time for the Postoffice Department to take up the question of increased compensation for the carriers. The pay of this class of employees is now \$500 a year, for which the carrier must provide a horse and wagon. The daily service (except Sundays) is a twenty-mile drive, which occupies an average of six consecutive hours. Whatever may be the decision as to the amount of the pay, there is no reason why the monthly check should not be sent promptly. It has become the custom of the Government to remain a full month in arrears.

Senator Daniel, of Virginia, lives in a very modest style in Washington. He cannot afford to spend much money, because everything he gets goes toward the payment of his father's debts. Daniel has spent thirty years paying off these debts, and it will probably be a life work. His father was Judge William Daniel, of Lynchburg. He was considered well-to-do, but when he died it was found that his fortune had been swept away in the panic of 1873, and that his liabilities were more than \$100,000 in excess of the assets. Although Senator Daniel could have repudiated these debts, he chose to assume them. That was nearly thirty years ago, and all that time Senator Daniel has been paying off the debts with interest.

Justice Goodrich, of the New York Supreme Court, has drawn attention to the fact that the time is approaching when it will be necessary to cut loose, in a great measure, from precedent and decide law cases upon their merits after analysis. The Justice says that there are now rendered in this country more than 20,000 decisions in each year by appellate tribunals, and that there were published in 1900 420 volumes of reports, seventy-seven volumes of digests, ninety-five volumes of statutes and 150 volumes of treatises. No lawyer can do anything with such a mass of legal matter, even if he has the money to buy it; and, since no lawyer can now hope to keep up with the law as expounded, courts must necessarily fall back on application of recognized first principles to the case immediately in hand.

LITTLE RAGTAG.

Say there, Little Ragtag,
Whose sweet child are you?
Teeth as white as ivory, eyes the sky's
own blue,
Lips like dainty rosebuds dipt in the
morning dew,
A face that's even finer than a face of
Grecian mold,
Hair all matted, tangled, like tangled
threads of gold,
A voice that's even softer than the song
of an angel sings,
Softer than the melodies that slumber in
the strings
Of harps and mandolins, softer than the
croon
Of meadowlarks and Orioles, sung in the
summer noon,
Say there, Little Ragtag, tell me little
shrew,
Whose sweet child, I wonder,
Whose dear child are you?

Tell me, Little Ragtag,
Whose sweet child are you?
Impudent, the sunbeams that kiss these
little rags!
Naughty, scented breezes, when they
touch these little tags,
These little strings and tatters that grace
a form, I ween,
That would arouse the envy of an Oriental
queen,
Are you a bit of daylight in the darkness
of life?
A soubrette in the fastnesses? A triumph
in the strife?
Are you cheering some poor fellow as
adorn the way he plods?
Are you mamma's child, or papa's, hu-
manity's, or God's?
Tell me, Little Ragtag, out here in the
street,
Smiling, winking playfully, at every soul
you meet—
God bless the little urchin! God save the
little shrew!
Say there, Little Ragtag,
Whose sweet child are you?
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

JIM'S DARLING.

It is possible to be in love with two girls at the same time? That was the problem which had been tormenting Jim Harrison for the last six months or more. It was the question he asked himself nervously whenever he happened to see May and Lucy Thompson together.

May and Lucy were cousins, orphans, who shared a home, an aged aunt who performed the duties of a chambermaid and a dress allowance of \$250 per annum.

May was young and pretty. Now, youth and beauty being two of the sweetest of Cupid's darts, May's youth and good looks would surely have settled Jim, only, unfortunately, Lucy was young and pretty, too.

May was tall and dark, with a Greek profile, and masses of smooth, blue-black hair, arranged in simple coils, regardless of fashion's decrees.

Lucy, on the other hand, was a small, fair girl, with an aureole of fluffy hair and the sweetest nose re-
trousse in the world.

Jim admired tall, dark women, and the contemplation of a Greek profile was to him a source of unceasing joy.

This would, no doubt, have led him to give the preference to May, had it not been for the fact that an equally amiable weakness for Lucy's type of loveliness drew him in the opposite direction.

Jim's friends spoke of May as one of the most accomplished and amiable creatures they had ever met.

They referred to Lucy in precisely similar terms.

May looked magnificent in white satin, and when Jim saw her in a ball-room he wondered how he could ever have given a thought to Lucy.

But, then, Lucy was altogether bewitching in blue linen, and no sooner did Harrison behold her thus attired in a punt on the river than the vision of May's charms faded into insignificance. To make a long story short Jim's adoration of May was only equalled by his devotion to Lucy, and difficulties were in no wise lessened by the fact that both parties reciprocated his affection.

The chances are that Jim would have ended by remaining a bachelor to his dying day but for the advent of a fourth party upon the scene of action. The fates selected as their instrument one Bertie Thompson, brother to May, home from school for the summer holidays.

Bertie, aetat fourteen, was a smart lad, with somewhat decided views upon the respective merits and demerits of his cousin and sister. He took in the situation at a glance, and having no particular objection to Jim as a brother-in-law, decided, for reasons to be hereinafter set forth, that May was the girl for Jim.

He pondered the subject at meal times and other odd times not occupied by weightier matters. After the lapse of seven days his youthful reflections might have been crystallized into some such colloquy as this:

"Both the girls are dead nuts on Harrison, and Harrison is dead nuts on both the girls. But, then, Harrison's only seen 'em in their best bibs and tuckers, stuck all over with company manners. Suppose he caught sight of them mouching around the house—say, at 9.30 in the morning—would he go on being spoons on them both? I'd back May a hundred to one against Loo, any day. Praps he'd chuck them both, though. But it's worth risking, anyway."

Thereupon Bertie hatched a diabolical plot.

As the nearest relative of the objects of Jim's affections Bertie was a privileged visitor at Harrison's room. Jim evinced no astonishment, therefore, when Bertie burst into his den late one Saturday night and announced his intention of accompanying him on a long-projected bicycle trip on the following morning.

"You'll have to pass our show, in any case," said the astute Bertie, "so you might as well pick me up on the way. Besides, the girls want to see

you about a picnic they're getting up next week."

This latter argument, an inspiration of the moment, not altogether founded upon the fact, proved irresistible, and so it fell out that, punctually at 9.30 on the following day Jim's rat-a-tat sounded upon the Thompson's front door.

Now May and Lucy were quite accustomed to the sound of double knocks on a Sunday morning. It was the sound with which certain chums of Bertie's, the boys from next door but one, were wont to present themselves at the Thompson doorstep every Sabbath with unfailing regularity.

Thus it was that, when Harrison, admitted by the nimble Bertie, entered the Thompsonian domicile neither May nor Lucy was prepared for his arrival.

The two girls, as Bertie had taken care to ascertain, were engaged, each in her own way, in killing the time between breakfast and dressing for church.

Lucy, who invariably indulged in tea and toast in her bedroom, had just emerged from that sanctum in semi-civilized attire, and when Harrison, at Bertie's instigation, entered the drawing room, an unexpected vision met his gaze.

Lucy was seated at the piano, hanging the keys with one hand, and with the other maintaining a steady communication between her mouth and a box of chocolates, placed within convenient reach. She was garbed in an old satin skirt no longer in his prime, and a much-befrilled dressing jacket, that must have been coquetish in its youth, but was now slightly soiled. A pair of pink satin shoes, no longer irreproachable, completed the costume. Her pretty fluffy hair, with its distracting little puffs and curls, that Jim considered the most adorable part of Lucy, had suffered total eclipse under a mass of hair-curlers.

Jim, having no sisters of his own, was unaccustomed to this last phenomenon. Who that has ever experienced it will readily forget the shock produced upon a delicate nervous organization at the first glimpse of a young and beautiful woman under the influence of hair-curlers?

In ten second Jim Harrison suffered all the tortures of a terrible disillusionment. Lucy, the child of his dreams, winsome, delicate Lucy, with her feathery, golden curls and her Dresden china daintiness, faded from his vision, and there remained a very ordinary young person in a soiled satin skirt and questionable shoes—a young person with a tip-tilted nose, who devoured her chocolates wholesale, and owed her chief attraction to extraneous causes commonly called curling-pins.

Without a word and before Lucy had had time to become conscious of his presence, Harrison turned and fled from the room.

"Come and see May," whispered Bertie.

"No, for heaven's sake!" cried the miserable Jim. "I can't stand any more of this!"

Nevertheless, a sort of fearful fascination, a wild desire to know the worst, led him to follow the relentless Bertie down the stairs into the regions devoted to culinary pursuits.

They found May in the kitchen, making a Yorkshire pudding. Attired in a pink cotton overall, the long sleeves of which were rolled back well above the dimpled elbow, she vigorously stirred the batter, pausing every now and then to brush away certain rebellious tears that threatened to mingle with the pudding. Her heavy black hair was coiled, as he had always seen it, in neat braids around the shapely head. Jim remembered that he had sometimes considered the style a trifle severe, and had even compared the simple coils unfavorably with Lucy's picturesque locks. At this moment he could not understand how he had ever made such a mistake. The thought of the curling-pins dispelled the charm of the curls.

May, making a batter pudding and in tears! The combination was irresistible. To Harrison the girl had never seemed so beautiful as now. He glanced round the kitchen. Bertie, bright youth! had disappeared. Jim was alone with May and her pudding and her tears.

"Tell me, darling," asked Jim, ten minutes later, "why you were crying when I came in just now?"

"I—I was thinking you were in love with Lucy, and and—"

The rest of the sentence was whispered to the second button of Jim's waistcoat.

"Why, you dear little goose, what on earth could have put such an idea into your head?"

At this juncture Jim, the shameless, would most certainly have placed his arm around the dear little goose's waist, only it already happened to occupy that position.

And Bertie, at the keyhole, chuckled softly to himself.—Woman's Life.

Why Some Children Are Timid.

How many children have been terrified by stories of the "Boog Man," of "the wolf that will come and eat them," of "the policeman who will put them in the lockup," till their fear of the dark amounts to positive agony. Bedtime should be an hour inseparably associated with the prayer at the mother's knee, followed by a quiet talk, after which the little one settles down to a restful sleep. But instead how often does it happen that the child is tucked in bed with the admonition, "Now go right to sleep, like a good boy, for if you don't there's a big dog over there in the corner that'll come and bite you!" Go to sleep! Sheer nervous terror keeps the child awake. How can he be expected to grow up anything but timid?—Arthur W. Yale, M. D., in the Woman's Home Companion.

WHERE TARPON SWARM.

So Thick in Galveston Waters That They Have Become a Nuisance.

Tarpon are becoming so thick in Galveston waters that the fish is a nuisance for those who desire to engage in the sport of capturing fish. Not that the tarpon is not an edible fish, for it is; but it is not considered when there are mackerel and trout and redfish and sheepshead and a few others.

The trouble is that the tarpon in its eagerness to get a square meal, gets after these edible fish, steals bait and often runs away with the hooks and lines of the fishermen. But for real, genuine, hard-work sport the tarpon will furnish enough for an able-bodied fisherman for a couple of hours. He is a game fish, if ever there was one. He takes hold of the hook with a swoop, lunges, jumps, spurs for wind, ducks for time and makes the water churn to a foam in his endeavors to get away. A good, stout look and line, with real, are the implements necessary to effect his capture, but even with these in the hands of an amateur he is apt to break the line and get away. Tarpon has to be worn out before he can be landed, unless by a deft bit of assistance he may be landed on a rock during one of his famous leaps and plunges.

In fishing for tarpon most people prefer a boat, so that they can follow the fish in his runs and lunges without endangering the line. He is not such a monster fish, but he is a lively one. Few tarpon will touch the beam at 100 pounds, and the biggest known here was six feet ten inches in length. In appearance as they come from the water they are like great inozts of silver, the tips of their scales being of that hue. But they put up a lively fight, and in no place are there so many as at Galveston. Galveston fishermen say that they will get forty-five strikes here where they get one in Florida waters. The waters at times seem alive with them. Their chief diet is mullet.

These little fish come along in schools covering acres. When the water is quiet out along the jetties the mullets will come up, play in the surface and keep the water agitated with little ripples. They move along with the jetties slowly, when suddenly they will stop, act bewildered, dart this way for a few rods and then turn and run in the opposite direction. Soon on all sides the tarpon will begin to plunge above the surface of the water in diving for mullets. It appears that the tarpon is quite a general and surrounds his prey before attacking. Tarpon is also fond of menhaden, but these do not appear in such numbers as the mullets.

But the tarpon is an enemy to anything that swims which is small enough to be contained in his stomach, and for that reason he is a nuisance. After the jetties were completed and the workmen with their noise and disturbance were disbanded fish found the rocks a good place for breeding. As a consequence the jetties have become the finest place for fishing to be found in American waters anywhere. They furnish the finest place because of the many different game fish that abound, as well as the great variety and the enormous quantity. The fact that small fish find the jetties such comfortable places for the establishment of homes has attracted the tarpon and the shark and the porpoise, the Junefish and the rayfish. These all feed on the smaller fish and each preys upon the other. It is a pure case of the survival of the fittest, and were it not for the fact that millions of small fish exist to where there is one big fish the race of small fishes would soon become extinct and the big fish would go hungry or have to go on health food for a time.—Galveston News.

Wholesale Perjury in Court.

At the recent meeting of the Iowa Bar Association President McCarthy made some very startling charges as to the prevalence of false testimony in courts of the present day. He said: "Where is there a lawyer who has not seen a guilty criminal pass out of the court room acquitted and free because of perjured testimony? What one of us has not seen rights of persons and of property sacrificed and trampled under foot, presumably under due forms of law, but really and truly by the use of corrupt, false and sometimes purchased testimony? These are the things that begot distrust and disrespect for the courts and for verdicts and for our boasted forms of laws. These are the things that produce anarchy, lynching, and invite a just contempt for, as well as a lack of confidence in, the tribunals called courts of justice."

One remedy, he thought, was to make oaths more impressive. Oaths should be administered solemnly by the judge, he said; and the judge should take frequent occasions to impress on witnesses the severity of punishment for perjury. He thought oaths of officials to do their duty should be abolished, and that in no case should they be allowed to be taken lightly.

Need of a Third Eye.

Montaigne once said: "If I had the power of creating and endowing myself I should make myself three-eyed."

"Why a third eye?" some one inquired. He answered: "To enable me to see the cheerful side of everything." Some men have that extra vision. But it is not a separate organ, nor concrete faculty, but merely a mental attitude, a habit of seeing things from the best possible point of view.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

It has been discovered that the average Parisian is the richest citizen in the world.



New York City.—Tasteful, comfortable breakfast or morning jackets are essential to every woman of taste. The novel May Manton design illus-



BREAKFAST JACKET.

trated combines all the essential features, is loose enough for comfort, yet graceful and becoming. The original is made of India silk showing blue figures on a white ground; but washable materials and soft, simple woolen fabrics are equally appropriate. The full fronts and back are simply gathered and joined to a square yoke of lining or to the fitted lining that extends to the waist. The deep yoke shaped in effective scallops is included with the box pleat that closes the fronts, but the lower edges may be finished free with bolero effect or stitched over the gathers if so preferred. The fulness is gathered at the waist line in back and a ribbon

passing around the waist confines the fulness in front.

The sleeves are in bishop shape, but finished with turn-over flare cuffs. At the neck is a turn over collar that is high enough for style yet soft and eminently satisfactory to the wearer. To cut this jacket for a woman of medium size four yards of material twenty-two inches wide, two and three-quarter yards thirty-two inches wide or two and one-eight yards forty-four inches wide will be required.

A Charming Costume.

Combinations of tucked with plain material, of cream lace and white fabrics, are in the height of style and appear to gain favor week by week. The very charming May Manton design illustrated in the large drawing shows line haliste with cream Cluny lace, the insertion run with narrow black velvet ribbon; but the design is equally well suited to various other materials.

The foundation is snug fitting and closes at the centre front. When a diaphanous effect is desired it is well to make it of the material or of mousseline. The yoke front and sleeves are of tucked material. The back yoke is faced onto the lining, but the front is separate and closes at the left shoulder and beneath the fronts proper. The blouse is plain at the upper portion with scant fulness in back and gathers at the waist line in front. The fronts part slightly at the centre and turn back to form pointed revers. The sleeves can be in elbow or full length as preferred. The neck is finished with a stock that should be lined only with the material and stiffened with wire to be in the latest style. It closes with the yoke fastened at the left shoulder.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size, one and seven-eighth yards of material twenty-two inches wide, or one yard thirty-two or forty-four inches wide, with one and three-quarter yards of tucking for yoke, front and sleeves, three and five-eighth yards of insertion and one yard of edging to trim as illustrated. To make with sleeves of plain material, three and a quarter yards twenty-two inches wide, one and three-quarter yards thirty-two inches wide, or one and a half yards forty-four inches wide, with three-quarter yards of

and in combination with creamy lace and a touch of black velvet it is exceedingly effective.

Favorite Color Combinations.

Black and pale blue is a combination that this season has divided favor with the ever popular black and white.

Woman's Walking Skirt.

The smart, well cut walking skirt that comfortably clears the ground has become a necessity and makes part of every wardrobe. This graceful, becoming model is the very latest May Manton that has appeared and includes many desirable features. The back is cut with the new ripple that falls in graceful folds from a few inches below the belt, and the flounce means both flare and freedom. The original is made of homespun in mixed shades of brown and tan, but all checks, chevrons and skirting materials are appropriate.

The skirt is cut in five goes the side goes being narrow and is without fulness at the belt. The flounce is graduated in width and is seamed to the lower edge. At the right side is placed a patch pocket with a turn-over flap.

To cut this skirt for a woman of medium size six and one-eight yards

of material twenty-seven inches wide, three and seven-eighth yards forty-four inches wide or three and three-eighth yards fifty inches wide will be required.

Walking Skirt.

LABOR WORLD.

Nearly all lines of labor are actively employed.

The number of unemployed is less than for several years.

In the building trades the nine-hour workday is generally observed.

Six hundred coal miners have gone on strike at Huntington, Ark., in order to enforce a semi-monthly pay day.

More than 2000 men are at work on the Swiss side of the Simplon tunnel, and nearly 1800 on the Italian side.

The cotton-mill property in South Carolina is valued at \$20,318,520; number of bales annually consumed, 514,236.

Plans for the enactment of labor laws during the approaching legislative session in the various States are being formulated.

The Sultan's cooks went on strike because they had not been paid. The Sultan ordered the payment of wages, but had several cooks imprisoned.

The steel strike continues, but it is authoritatively stated that the end is merely a question of time. Neither side is willing to grant concessions.

The agitation against the employment of child labor in the mines and factories of the country is having its effect. There is a noticeable decrease in the number of children at work in the industrial centres.

Wherever women street-car conductors have been tried they have not shown their fitness to serve in such a capacity. In several towns the women have been discharged and men hired to take their places.

About forty per cent of the men employed in the Minnesota mines are Finlanders, another forty per cent Hungarians, about eight per cent Italians, and the rest are divided among Americans, Germans, French Scotch and Welsh. The majority of the mines are the Cornishmen.

NO ROOM FOR COVARDS.

Vice President's Tribute to the Western Pioneers.

At the quarto-centennial celebration in Denver August 2, Vice President Roosevelt paid a magnificent tribute to the pioneers of the west. He said:

"There was scant room for the coward and the weakling in the ranks of the adventurous frontiersmen; the near settlers who first broke up wild prairie soil, who first beat their way into the primeval forests who gullied their white-topped spurs across the endless leagues of Indian-hunted desolation, and explored every remote mountain chain in the restless quest for metal wealth. Behind them came the men who completed the work they had roughly begun, who drove the great railroad systems over plain and desert and mountain pass; who stocked the teeming ranches and under irrigation saw the bright green of the alfalfa and the yellow of the golden stubble supplant the gray of the sage brush desert; who have built great, populous cities, cities in which every art and science of civilization are carried to their highest points on tracks which when the 19th century had passed its meridian were still known only to the grim trappers and hunters and the red lords of the wilderness with whom they waged eternal war."

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