

"Men should try men and women should try women," says Minister Wu. As it is many men try women and many women try men.

The so-called diamonds discovered in Ferguson county, Mont., turn out to be white sapphires; so a diamondiferous field on the North American continent still remains undiscovered.

It is authoritatively stated that the United States is fast adopting systems of agriculture that will enhance the value of the land by constantly making it become richer, thus increasing its productive capacity.

Building activity in the last year in all parts of the United States, as shown by the statistics gathered, exceeded all precedent. There was in the representative municipalities in different sections an increase of from 15 to 200 percent over the preceding year in the amount of money invested in all kinds of building.

A Boston swimmer issues a challenge to the raising of the bird. As they are backed by large capital and the climate of the Riviera is all that could be desired, their success is regarded as assured. The farm is being stocked with ostriches from California, so it seems that even for its ostriches Europe has to come to the United States.

The Western railway of France is about to try a device by which passengers may retain their seats in a railway carriage without resort to the expedient of placing luggage on the place claimed. Over each place in a compartment is placed a disk, and as each is occupied a number is placed on the disk and a counterfoil is handed to the passenger by the guard. By a recent judicial decision no passenger can claim a seat by placing objects upon it.

It has been discovered that 23 bank cashiers were taken in and lured for by a brokerage firm in New York City, which advertised methods for "getting rich quick." That the men and women who know nothing of financial affairs, and who hear of great fortunes which result from the investment of a few dollars, should risk their savings under such a promise is not surprising; but bank cashiers who do not know that only the brokers "get rich quick" under a scheme which promises 500 percent profit a month should go out of the banking business. Such credulity is fatal to their success as bankers, thinks the Philadelphia Record.

Next year Japan will hold its fifth national industrial exhibition at Osaka, in which, it is represented, some novel and interesting features never witnessed on similar occasions in the past will be presented. A special building will be erected on the grounds for the display of samples of foreign manufactures, for purposes of comparison with similar manufactures of native production and for reference for the improvement of Japanese industries. The Imperial government has issued an invitation to all the nations to send exhibits under regulations which are notably liberal and afford perfect protection to exhibitors. The exhibition opens March 1 and closes July 31, 1903.

At a meeting of the Federation of Labor in Chicago the other day, many delegates complained that a man more than 45 had no chance to get into. One delegate said that the Illinois Central will not hire a mechanic who has exceeded that not enormous age. Another delegate declared that work at the Chicago and Northwestern car shops had been refused to 25 first-class mechanics simply and solely because they were more than 45. "A man should be dragged out and shot when he has reached the age of 45 years," said one delegate bitterly. So Absalom still has the call, as is natural; but are the men just in the prime of life so much shut out as the Chicago speakers think? The old race of mechanics used to work, still clear of eye and strong of limb, in their sixties and seventies. In judgment, in skill, in experience, in actual usefulness to his employer, the man of 45 ought to be superior to the man of 25. The employer learns and becomes more valuable to himself as he grows older. Does the employer wear him self out, get into a rut or what? Why should 45 be a dead line, if it is a dead line? Why should a man be at his worst in a manufactory at an age when he would be at his best in most trades and professions, asks the New York Sun.

**COMPENSATIONS.**  
He found success most sweet Who, having tried and failed, The lesson of defeat, Upon his standard nailed, Then straightway bade his soul Take up the task begun, And in her outstretched hands Of his desire was won.  
For joy the keenest seems Where grief has been before; After night's troubled dreams, There, at the open door, Three glorious she stands— Dawn, with her roses gay, And in her outstretched hands The shining gifts of Day.  
—Youth's Companion.

### AT THE POINT OF THE UMBRELLA.

By Helen M. Palmer.

This was the second stop the train had made since leaving Trieste and no one had got into the carriage; Beatrix congratulated herself that Uncle George's fee to the guard had worked so well, and opened another roll of shawls and rugs in pursuit of a missing novel.  
Suddenly an uproar of tongues arose on the platform; the door was jerked open and a stout woman stumbled through it, followed by another lugging a big basket; behind came a drove of children, all screaming, pushing and snarled, as to mouth and fingers, with some sticky black compound which they were devouring greedily.  
Beatrix gave one glance of horror and began to gather up her scattered belongings.  
"You must find me a place," she said to the guard. "You were paid for this carriage."  
"I cannot help it," he muttered; "it is a carriage for ladies alone; behold, these are ladies alone—the train is going, there is no time."  
For answer Beatrix cast her rug and bags upon him, and snatching up her umbrella, books and dressing case, made her way through the scrambling children, who were fighting for places at the windows, and dashed out upon the platform. The whistle was sounding; evidently there was no time to lose; the guard opened the nearest door, threw in the bags, and gave Beatrix an impulse that propelled her the entire length of the carriage. Another jolt and the train was off.  
Beatrix was aware that she was being stowed upon her feet by a strong arm, the arm of the man whom she had caught a glimpse of sitting at the further window, and upon whom she and her traps had descended after the manner of a whirlwind. Stammering "Mille pardons, monsieur!" she sank upon the opposite seat and endeavored to regain her composure, her natural color and the dignity which befit a young lady traveling alone. There were three other persons in the carriage; two sleepy-looking women, past whom she had shot without apparently doing them any damage; and the gentleman opposite, who was now reading, holding a large book quite close to his face.  
This gave her a chance to examine him. He was tall, not too young—Beatrix was nineteen—and distinctly "nice" looking, she decided. His gray tweed clothes looked English; the scarlet fez he wore by way of a cap suggested the East. His luggage? Yes, there was the bag of golf sticks and the folding bath-tub—he must be English.

Beatrix had just reached this conclusion when the book was dropped and the stranger said in a very agreeable voice—  
"I beg your pardon, it is—er—very warm here, don't you think? Perhaps you would like to have your window raised."  
Beatrix assented with thanks, thinking she would like to ask him how he knew that English was her native tongue. She stole a glance at his face; it was a delightful face, with a grave, kind smile that showed very white teeth, and a nose that might have been supercilious but for a little irregular pimple in the middle of it. But what a pity that one of his eyes was injured! It was closed and the eyelid drooped. She wondered if he were in the army and had lost an eye—perhaps under "Bos."  
Presently she began to collect her belongings, scattered by her violent entrance; and again her vis-a-vis came to her aid so naturally and simply that it would have been impossible for the greatest stickler for the proprieties to take offense. Before her various parcels were recaptured and reduced to order, they had laughed heartily over her misadventure.  
"Here's your umbrella," he said, fishing it up from the floor, where it had fallen. "It's not a bad weapon for a charge."  
"Did I charge?" said she. "I'm so sorry!"  
"Oh, well, you Americans are so impetuous, don't you know? One expects little things like that."  
"You Americans! How did you know that I am an American? I thought I spoke beautiful English."  
"Why, so you do, I assure you, but—there is something—I can't exactly tell what, but you have a quick little way with you, and you look different from most English girls I know—and—and—you must be tired of hearing about your boots and your gowns."  
"I don't know that we are ever exactly tired," admitted Beatrix, slowly. "I know what you mean; we have a great many faults—oh, I know it!" she sighed. "But we do not let our skirts hitch up in front or on the sides, and we always make connections in the back. How frivolous that sounds!" she thought. "He will think I am one of those dreadful free and easy Americans he has heard of who have no manners and will take up with any one."

"But I might have put your eye out!" she gasped.  
"You might have done many things with that deadly umbrella. But you didn't—please don't think of it again," he pleaded.  
"How good of you!" she murmured, gazing at him with admiration.  
"May I ask," he resumed after a moment, "whether you were at Shepherd's some weeks ago with the Van Duzers?"  
"Yes," she said. "Mr. Van Duzer is my uncle; I went up the Nile with him and my aunt, Wero in Cairo."  
"Unfortunately I reached there just as your party was leaving. I met Mr. Van Duzer, whom I have often seen at home, in—er—England, but I only had a glimpse of the rest of his party. I was sure, though, that I remembered you. I am—er—Sir Hugh Chester," he added after a pause. "I don't suppose Mr. Van Duzer will have mentioned me."  
"But of course he did!" she cried. "He talked a lot about you, and was so sorry that we missed you, and we did. Isn't it odd that I should happen on you in this way?"  
"It's uncommonly pleasant—for me."  
"But supposing I had put your eye out with that wretched umbrella? Uncle George would never have forgiven me."  
"Uncle George?" he queried with a quizzical expression, and they joined in a light-hearted burst of laughter.  
"You see he thinks so much of you," she explained.  
"Well, then you ought to feel that I am properly presented, and you'll let me take you out to get some luncheon. Here's where we stop for food—such as it is."  
"And you won't think I'm one of those dreadful American girls who keep 'mommie' and 'poppie' in the background and just stam around having a good time regardless? There are a few specimens left, but not nearly so many as your novelists would lead you to suppose."  
"I won't tell you what I think," he declared, "but I shouldn't mind telling Uncle George."  
The long hours flew by in discussions of books and people—for they found some acquaintances in common—and the exchange of what Beatrix called "views of life." Together they laughed over the queer dishes of their makeshift dinner, and when Sir Hugh returned from a smoke at the next stop, he found Beatrix peacefully watching the rising moon.  
"Please, when you next discuss Americans," said she—"you do discuss us now, you know; the time has gone by when you confounded us with the outer barbarians—do not say that the American girl on her travels is in the habit of talking a dozen hours on a stretch with the companions. Heaven sends her. They are not all so spoiled as I am; I confess I am apt to do what I like."  
"I don't think I shall judge the American girl by you," said Sir Hugh. Then, after watching her a moment. "Since you are speaking of yourself, don't you think you are rather a perverse little person? Even your dimple is in a place where no one else has dimples."  
"Is it?" said Beatrix. "Do tell me more about that delightful Political Reform club; I am so interested in it!"  
It was amazing how much they found to talk about; one stout old lady got out and another got in, but as no tourists appeared to interrupt their tete-a-tete, and as the night fell and the train climbed the heights of the Semmering Pass they were left alone. The full moon was flooding the deep blue spaces of the sky and filling the valleys with a mystery of silvery light and deathlike shadow. Sir Hugh drew the green silk curtains over the impertinence of the glimmering lamp, and lighted only by the soft radiance they gazed into the shadowy depths that unrolled below them.

At one station they seemed to pause high up in air, and from the platform beneath bouquets of wild flowers were lifted on poles to the level of the carriage windows, accompanied by a shrill announcement of the price. The biggest and sweetest of these, a great mass of white and purple rhododendrons, was selected by Sir Hugh, and together he and Beatrix detached the flowers from the spectral pole and followed the tinkling sound of the silver coin as it went dropping into space until it struck the rocks below.  
"It seems like a dream," said Beatrix, with a sigh, rousing herself from the charmed silence in which they had hung over the beauty of the sleeping land, "and I shall feel like an opera singer on voyage when I arrive in Vienna with this." And she buried her face in the great disk of dewy petals, framed in a stiff rim of pierced and scalloped paper.  
"Vienna? Of course; we shall soon be there, and your people will be meeting you and taking you away, and this journey will be a forgotten episode—you Americans run about so much," he added, as if to strike a less personal note.  
"But I never run about alone—at least over here. This is a great adventure, I assure you. And—I think I'm not likely to forget that umbrella, however good you may be about forgetting it. You're sure it doesn't pain you now?" And she lifted her brown eyes anxiously to his gray eyes.  
"Oh, well, of course there is the bunch of flowers, too," she rejoined, dropping her eyes to the rhododendrons, which she still held.  
He stole a glance at her, and his voice was staid a little consciously when he next spoke.  
"One never knows exactly how to take you—you are quicker than we are and you may be laughing at me—but I want to say I'm more glad than I can tell that I have met you, and I'm sorry the journey is over; but I am not going to lose you now, if it is over. May I come to see you in Vienna?"  
"Yes," said Beatrix, softly.  
"May I come tomorrow?" he urged.  
"Certainly," she said, recovering the self-possession which his earnestness had shaken. "I shall be delighted, and so will mamma, I am sure."  
It was midnight when they drew into the big, bustling station; they looked at each other and found it hard to leave the memories of the day crowned by the poetic charm of the moonlight night.  
"They will be here in a moment," Beatrix thought, "the boys and Uncle Archie, and I shall be going home, and yet, in a way, it seems as if I belonged here, too."

As for Sir Hugh, he turned away when the door opened, and her people seized upon her with kisses and jocose greetings. But there was an instant when he caught her hand and pressed it, whispering, "Tomorrow," and they both knew that tomorrow meant "Forever and a day."—Waverley Magazine.

**QUAINT AND CURIOUS.**  
Wamps may often be observed detaching from fences, boards or any old wood the fibres which they afterwards manufacture into paper mache.  
Matwetchin, on the borders of Russia, is the only city in the world peopled by men only. The Chinese women are not only forbidden to live in this territory, but even to pass the great wall of Kalkan and enter into Mongolia. All the Chinese of this border city are exclusively traders.  
The Hawaiian islands must be a damp place. It is reported that one Monday night at Pakafoa it began to rain and the next morning at 7 o'clock the gauge showed 13 inches. In five hours at Sanpahoeno the gauge measured 10 inches. At Papaaloo, in 24 hours, the gauge showed 40 inches.

In the city of St. Louis, Mo., there is a certain hairdressing saloon the ceiling of which is entirely covered by the photographs of stage and music hall celebrities. Every likeness bears the autograph of its original, and a step ladder is invariably kept in the shop in order that any patron may inspect the curious ceiling at close quarters if he so desires.  
A street in Paris, France, that has been opened to the public is paved with glass. It was thought that the surface would be slippery, but on the contrary it has proved to afford an excellent foothold for horses, and will not become dusty or absorb filth. All kinds of glass debris was utilized in the manufacture of the pavement, and the inventor of the process is sanguine of its adoption on a large scale.  
The Indians of America were generally Polytheists, or believed in a plurality of gods. Some were considered as local deities, yet they believed that there was one supreme God, or Great Spirit, the creator of the rest and all creatures and things. Him the natives of New England called Kichtan. They believed that good men, at death, ascended to Kichtan, above the heavens, where they enjoyed departed friends and all good things; that bad men also went and knuckled at the gate of glory, but Kichtan bade them depart, for there was no place for such, whence they wandered in restless poverty. This Supreme Being they held to be good, and prayed to him when they desired any favor, and paid a sort of acknowledgment to him for plenty, victories, etc.  
A slip on the ice may fracture a leg, but a slip of the tongue may fracture a reputation.

**SQUAWS UNDER THE HAMMER.**  
Features of the Annual Sale of Brides by the Comanche Indians.  
The annual distribution of Comanche Indian brides has just occurred at the Saddle Mountain mission, in southern Oklahoma. Fifty of the prettiest women of the tribe were sold at public auction as the wives of tribesmen who bid them in. This barbaric custom was to have been discontinued by the Comanches last year, but it went on more hotly than ever this season, being conducted under the very eyes of the white settlers.  
The festival of the Comanche "pony smoke," as this ceremony is called, is of more than passing interest. Seldom are so many young squaws auctioned off as was done this year, but the surplus was great and needed thinning out, according to the head men of the tribe. Their parents, refusing to keep them any longer, the girls naturally needed homes somewhere, and it was deemed best by the medicine men to auction them off as wives, the highest bidders to take their choice. Big Bow, a monstrous fat and ugly redskin, acted as the auctioneer. He was assisted by a number of medicine men, who performed the marriage ceremonies after the sales had been made.  
Five hundred Indians gathered at the Saddle Mountain mission last week. This mission is located 30 miles directly south of Mountain View, and on the range of the Wichita mountains. The girls who were sold had been confined in a lodge for three weeks prior to this meeting, and were well fed and extremely well groomed. They were all clad in gay colors, and their hair arranged in perfect Indian fashion. It was plain to see that their parents had prepared them to bring fancy prices.  
The girls were in various moods; some hysterical, others calm, and not a few delighted with the experience.  
Among others was a daughter of the famous Quashnah Parker, the noted Comanche Indian chief. This daughter, whose name is Amy, had displeased him by attempting to run away and marry a white man, and a cowboy at that, so Parker decided that the best to do would be to sell her at auction. This is the first time Parker, who is counted by his white neighbors a highly cultivated red man, has ever allowed any of his relatives to be sacrificed at the auction block. But the wrath of an Indian parent knows no bounds.  
Sad and silent, Amy Parker was led to the block for sale. The first bid was 11 ponies. Jack Wild Horse, a well-known scout of the tribe, was the bidder. He was immediately raised by a rival, likewise a scout. This latter claimant bid 15. Others then cut in, and Miss Parker was run up to 50 ponies. Her face grew pale when she saw that Wild Horse was determined to get her, as he is known as the most desperate savage on the reservation when drunk and angered. It is said that he has killed three wives when drunk. Wild Horse, however, won the young squaw for 63 ponies. The stock was turned over to Parker, and a medicine man married Wild Horse and the squaw according to the Comanche rites. The couple then went to El Reno, where a regular marriage license was issued to them and the ceremony performed by a palafax minister. Although the marriage took place only three days ago, a dispatch from Lawton says that she attempted to commit suicide after falling in an attempt to kill her new husband.  
Other young women objected quite as strongly as Miss Parker did to being auctioned off, but it did them no good whatever. Big Bow went ahead with the sale until every one of them was sold. The lowest bid made for one was 20 ponies. This was the price paid for a half-breed woman who had been married to a white man, but the latter having died, she reverted back to her parents again.  
In all, over 1500 ponies changed hands in the three days of the big bridal auction. Not for many years have the squaws commanded such spirited bidding and big prices as in this latest event of its kind among the Comanches.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**THE SAVING SENSE OF HUMOR.**  
To have a keen sense of the ludicrous is not necessarily to be shallow. Some of the world's greatest humorists unite with that sprightly gift a deep tenderness and broad sympathy. Their lips smile at a spectacle of the absurd at the same instant that their eyes overflow in recognizing the pathos that is its so frequent accompaniment. It is this quick perception of a situation as a whole, this power to see all its aspects at once, that gives us just judgments tempered by mercy; severity lined with leniency, that acts as a saving grace to cuplrits.  
The world would be better and happier if every one in it who is invested with authority over his fellows had this peculiar sympathy with wit, which makes it impossible for one to be a bigot and a tyrant. Humor and cruelty do not go together, although there is a kind of counterfeit humor, sometimes mistaken for the real thing, which is essentially oppressive, because it finds enjoyment in looking upon that which is at the same time grotesque and horrible. But this is far removed from the gentle humor which mellow their judgments and humanizes actions.—Florence Hull Winterburn, in the Woman's Home Companion.

**NO PREJUDICES.**  
"You say your government shows partiality in its appointments?"  
"Absolutely none!" said the official proudly. "Look at our poet laureate. We didn't allow the fact that he can't write poetry stand in the way of his appointment."—Washington Star


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**NEWSY GLEANINGS.**  
London has an army of 15,800 policemen.  
Sugar duties have been abolished in San Domingo.  
A street railway strike at Rome, Italy, has been averted.  
The Indiana Democratic State convention has been called for June 3.  
A new salmon combine of forty-five firms is contemplated in British Columbia.  
Several German steamship companies have reported a large decrease in dividends.  
General satisfaction has been expressed in Austria over the intention to send an Ambassador to Washington.  
A Swedish Count will put 300 acres of land in Michigan into peat beds, an entirely new industry for the United States.  
The Swiss Federal Council will contribute to Harvard's Germanic Museum plaster casts of representative Swiss sculptures.  
A Referendum League has been formed in Chicago to further that feature of municipal rule all over the United States.  
Harvard University will probably send an expedition to explore Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria and Palestine for Semitic relics.  
Nearly \$10,000,000 was expended by Belgium last year in establishing new Government railroads and increasing traffic and transportation conveniences.  
The proposed gigantic coal combine of Indiana and Illinois miners has gone up in smoke. The operators of the latter State demanded too high a price for holdings.  
The San Jose scale has wrought great havoc in the orchards of Ohio, and it has been necessary to dig up and burn thousands of infected trees. Next season's fruit crop will be short as a consequence.

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### WHY EGGS ARE SCARCE.

**Mid Winter Causes the Hens to Postpone Moulting.**  
Since the beginning of winter there has been more or less lamentation among boarding house keepers over the high price of eggs and the general indisposition of hens to perform their usual functions. Some have entertained the suspicion that the hens were suffering from an epidemic of the pip, but in this they are in error. An intelligent dealer explains the egg deficiency as follows: "We have had," he said, "an unusually mild winter, causing the hens to delay moulting all throughout this section, and, of course, as long as the moulting season lasts the hens will remain very indifferent layers. However, the season is now about closed, and I venture to say that now that such is the case the hens will resume operations, with the result that in a few weeks' time eggs will be cheaper."

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