The Philadelphia Times says that Japan is evidently making a somewhat critical experiment in trade development, and bases her expectation of brilliant success upon her imitation of British methods.

A bass singer at Columbus, Ohio, who has been unable to sing well for several years, recently coughed up a tooth, and since then his voice has been excellent. There are several professional singers who ought to go out and cough up a tooth.

The plan of the Indiana merchant who caught his thieving clerk by setting a camera in front of his money drawer will ease the anxiety of many suspicious employers. All that will be necessary for them hereafter will be to push the button and the police will do the rest.

A treasury department statistician says that the consumption of flour in the United States is about one barrel per year to every man, woman and child in the country. Minnesota has 307 mills, and can turn out about 120,000 barrels a day. The big mills of the city of Minneapolis produce over one-sixth of the flour consumed by our entire population.

By the recently issued pilot chart of the navy department it seems that the shortest route from the Pacific to the Orient is from Seattle. The distance from Seattle to Yokohama via Dutch Harbor is 4240 miles. From San Francisco the distance to Yokohama by the "circle route" is 4536 miles, and by the Honolulu route 5500 miles. This gives Seattle a clear advantage in mileage.

Sir Philip Burne-Jones, the English artist, says every city has its own distinctive odor. The smell of London is particularly pungent and rather unpleasant, due possibly to the smoke. The odor of Paris is entirely different, rather pleasant. The atmosphere of Venice has a peculiar flavor of the sea. The artist's sensitive olfactories found the odor of New York not at all unpleasant. He says it approximates a perfume.

Public opinion in our own country, remarks the New York Commercial Advertiser, is so many-tongued, has reached such greatness in volume and liberty in scope that it is certainly a unique phenomenon. Not only do more people have their say in our country than in any other, but more people have their say about more things. "Brother Jonathan" has been in danger of losing his character in the largeness of his speech.

Jailer John L. Whitman of Chicago said the other day in a lecture before a woman's club on "The Cook County Jail as a Moral Hospital," that, in his opinion, if the family history of a bank defaulter were examined, it is probable that some one of his ancestors would be found to have been a short-weight grocer or a petty criminal against society. "Crime," he added, "is a disease, and its only cure is kind treatment—not punishment, which has the appearance of revenge."

According to a report just issued by the census bureau there were 33,035 sawmills gnawing the vitals out of the American forests in the year 1900. An aggregate capital of $611,611,524 is invested in these establishments. The latter are owned by 43,322 persons. Employment is given by them to 283,260 wage-earners, drawing $104,640,591 in wages, and to 12,530 officials, clerks, etc., drawing salaries amounting to $11,260,608. Miscellaneous expenses amount to $17,731,519 and materials cost $317,923,548. The total value of the products is placed at $566,832,984. But the loss to this and future generations through the denudation of the forest lands is beyond computation.

Thirty-five million dollars is a large amount of money to be invested in horses by one country during a period of only six years; but, according to recent English statistics, that sum represents the value of the horses exported by the United States to Great Britain from 1895 to 1901. And this has no reference to our shipments of mules to the United Kingdom, which, from September, 1899, to December, 1901, aggregated in value over $6,000,000. During the single year ending with June, 1901, England received from America the record-breaking total of 75,000 horses, and our entire exports of horses for that year amounted to nearly $9,000,000. These figures ... all the more remarkable considering that about ten years ago, ... the exports of horses from the U... States amounted to less than $1...

BROTHER ABNER'S AWFUL CAT.

Abner Ragner, a settler in a wild, desolate region of southern Wyoming, 50 miles from the railroad, captured a little fat, furry, downy ball of pale yellow and white, not unlike a lion's whelp. Its eyes were just open; it was too young to lap from a saucer at first, but after a few weeks it learned to lap milk, on which diet it grew up to be a docile and obedient cat, much beloved by all who knew it.

Tom, as he was called, was of about the height of an English setter, but with a shorter, thicker body, covered with silky fur of bright amber on the back and sides; underneath and on his paws his coat was pure white, decorated with rings of black. He had an intelligent pretty cat face, lighted by big amber eyes, whose pupils, mere slits of black down the center, would widen and narrow according to his emotions, just like those of any other cat.

Abner never taught Tom any "tricks" except that of jumping over a broom handle, but the cat was very imitative, and tried to do many things that he saw his master do. Thus he often tried to drink from a dipper. He would sit up, take the dipper in his fore paws, and carry it toward his mouth, but he never succeeded in drinking the water, always spilling it on his front, whereupon he would fling dipper and all over his head.

He slept like a Christian, for he would get into bed with Abner, put his head on the pillow, straighten out, and pull the covers up to his chin. But he purred so loud with satisfaction all the time he was awake in bed that Abner could not go to sleep until Tom's purring ceased in slumber.

At the first streak of daylight he would throw off the covers, spring into the air nearly to the ceiling and come down on Abner, if the man did not move out of the way or else get up.

A great practical joker was Tom. All the dogs in the neighborhood were afraid of him, with good reason, and he knew it. How to get them to attack him was his problem. Sometimes he succeeded by pretending to be crippled, and limped along to catch the dogs' attention. Thinking their time for revenge had come, they would rush at him. Then he would suddenly sit up and knock them down with a single blow of his paw as fast as they came at him, even if there were eight or 10 of them.

Tom sat at the table with Abner during meal times, and ate from a plate, catching up bits of food and conveying them to his mouth on one claw in a manner considered very conventional. Abner had lived alone so many years that he had become somewhat free in his table manners, and was accustomed to sop his bread in the gravy dish. Tom, the mimic, followed his master's example in this particular, and was very expert in it, sinking his claws in a biscuit or a piece of bread, sopping it soberly in the dish, returning it to his plate.

Abner was of New England stock. He had come west from a small town in Connecticut, where his two sisters Elizabeth and Olive, or "Ollie," had remained for many years after he had migrated.

When Miss Elizabeth was 35 and Olive about 25 he began to insist that they should pay him a visit. He hoped they would like Wyoming and stay with him.

The 12 years since they had seen Abner seemed much larger to them, because he was such an indifferent letter writer. There was plenty to write about, but he thought the little happenings of his life would not interest his correspondents, and so he had never mentioned Tom.

"What would they care about a wild cat?" he reasoned. But now and then he made his letter more interesting by enclosing a money order or a check, with the request that they buy some little presents for themselves to remember him by; for Abner had a big, generous heart, and he had prospered exceedingly in cattle.

One day it occured to him to go over and spend the night with Silas Hope, a ranchman who lived five miles away. Accordingly he saddled Mike, his favorite horse, opened a window in the cabin so that Tom could come and go at his pleasure, and put things to right a little, in case some wayfarer should come in while he was gone.

It never occured to him to lock the door. If any man in that locality had locked his door, it would have been considered an insult to all the other inhabitants of the place. Indeed, there was not a lock bar or bolt on any door in all the settlement.

Abner Ragner supposed that his cabin would be tenantless that night, but two unexpected visitors had for some days been on their way to make him a visit. After many talks, consultations and hesitations his two sisters in Connecticut had made up their minds to accept his invitation. Olive had proposed writing to Abner and telling him when they would arrive at Medicine Bow, but Elizabeth interposed:

"No, we'll arrive unexpectedly. I want to see just how he lives!"

They knew the mail was carried out to Abner's settlement from the Bow on Tuesday of each week, and so timed their trip as to be able to ride out with the postman.

On a Monday evening they arrived at the Bow, and the next Morning they left the hotel and made their way, under the guidance of a small boy, to the postoffice where, the boy assured them, they could find Klondike, the mail-... ...

... out in the crisp air and brilliant ...shine, the sisters looked about ... ...tlement as ... streetless, yardless, fenceless, shadeless, grassless, treeless frontier town which clung close to the railroad.

When they reached the store they found Klondike busily engaged, helping the merchant pack some boxes of provisions to take out to the settlement.

He told them very cordially that they were more than welcome to ride out to Abner's ranch with him, and he directed them to sit down on a case of overshoes until he was ready to start, which would be in a few minutes.

The two women obeyed, watching the packing of the boxes with wonder. Surely a curious collection of things to be taken to a farming district, as they termed the settlement—such quantities of fruit and vegetables! When Klondike had finished putting up a large box of condensed milk and cream, Olive's curiosity overcame her diffidence.

"Are there no cows in Little Medicine?" she asked.

"Yes'm," answered Klondike, respectfully, as he fitted a lid on the box, "there's slobs and gobs of cows, but we ain't much struck on roundin' 'em up nights."

The sisters, not understanding Klondike's phraseology, looked at each other in silent perplexity and in some dismay. But when they were once out on the vast praries their spirits rose. Looking back they fancied the crest of white on Elk mountain resembled a stately marble palace, with turrets, towers and corinthian pillars.

They saw herds of antelopes feeding, and then, whisk! puff! the creatures vanished in the open like a whiff of smoke. At intervals they came upon bleached skulls, the only reminders of the vast herds of buffalo that once fed on the table-lands; or the desiccated carcases of sheep, which had perished miserably in the storms of winter.

Looking backward, Klondike, with his whip, pointed out some of the surrounding towns, marked by puffs of bluish vapor hovering in the clear, dazzling atmosphere. The column of black at the right was Carbon, that next to it was Hanna, while far down at the left the tiny ring of smoke, like that from a man's pipe was Larimie.

Before them the wonderful prospective held still greater surprises. A small white sunbonnet outlined against the blue became gradually transformed into a sheep wagon; in the remote distance they descried a wasp and two black ants, which on nearer acquaintance proved to be a man on horseback and two dogs.

"Well," sighed Elizabeth, at last, with a tone of one who admits a damaging truth, "there's more sky in Wyoming than there is in Connecticut."

"And more land," added Olive. "I believe we shall always go on like this and never get anywhere. It is an unchanging earth and an unchanging sky," she continued, in an awed voice, "and I feel like a little worthless atom sandwiched between the two."

"There is certainly something in this country calculated to take the conceit out of one," said her sister.

Olive, overcome with drowsiness incidental to the high altitude, finally crept into the back of the wagon, where she slept with her head on a sack of dried apples. When she awoke, she was sure they had stopped all the time to rest the horses, for nothing was at all changed. The mountains, the plains, the sage, everything remained the same, while the gray broncos pushed forward tirelessly on their quick, round trot.

It was between six and seven o'clock in the evening when the two women arrived before the door of Abner's two roomed log cabin. Elizabeth knocked. As there was no reply, she ventured to lift the latch.

"Ab can't be very far off, for the door's unlocked," said Olive, as Klondike drove away.

"He's probably working in the—in the fields," remarked Elizabeth, doubtfully, glancing vaguely over the expanse of sage brush. "There doesn't seem to be any garden," she added gravely, "nor a sign of anything planted. I hope Abner isn't getting shiftless."

"We'll have supper ready, anyway," said Olive, "I'm simply famished."

Soon they built a fire, and set the table with fried bacon, tea, and a baked dish known in New England vernacular as "johnny-cake." Not knowing when their brother would arrive, they decided to sit down at once, and were about to do so when they were frightened almost to fainting. Tom leaped through the open window.

They had seen wildcats in cages and in pictures. This one bore in his horrid mouth a struggling mountain-rat.

Elizabeth screamed, but Olive scrambled up a short ladder leading to the loft, where Abner kept his shotguns, amunition and fishing-tackel. She was speedily folowed by her sister, and together they drew up the ladder.

Tom, meanwhile, sat down and watched the erratic movements of his visitors without apparent emotion. He had probably planned to carry the rat for a while on the cabin floor before killing it; but on scenting the fried bacon and seeing that a feast was already spread, he abandoned his intention, and by a dextrious shake broke the neck of his little victim.

Of what followed, the Ragner sisters caught their speech afterwards with bated breath. The animal acted like one of the bewitched creatures of the old story-books that tell of men turned into cats by enchantment. Tom seated himself at the table, helped himself to bacon, sopped his bread in the gravy and ate it, piece by piece from the end of a claw.

Gradually a sensible idea stole into Olive's mind. "He acts like a performing animal at a show," she whispered.

"Hush!" quavered Elizabeth, trembling.

Tom, having finished his supper, went back to his dead rat. Taking it up in his teeth, he approached a loose board in the floor, clawed it up and deposited his quarry underneath, with the evident intention of serving it at some future repast. Next, he sat down in the middle of the floor and washed his face with painstaking care. Then he regarded the excited women in the loft with a wide yawn that disclosed two rows of horribly suggestive white sharp teeth.

He seemed to be buried in thought for a few minutes; then he approached the bed in the corner, turned down the blankets, got in, put his head on the pillow, drew up the covers under his chin, and begin to purr in loud harsh gutterals. One paw lay outside the cover, and the watchers could see the long claws alternately tighten and relax with the rhythm of his song; his mouth seemed stretched in a soporific smile as he sang himself to sleep. He had dined, he had washed, he was comfortably disposed in bed; what more could a reasonable cat wish? He was in a state of beatific somnolence.

"Elizabeth," said Olive, "we are making fools of ourselves! That animal is tame."

"He may be tame," said Elizabeth, doggedly, "and we may be fools, but I shall not expose my life to the caprices of any wild beast."

So saying she doubled her feet in like a Turk, and leaned wearily against a rafter.

"It reminds me of little Red Riding Hood," went on Olive. "'What sharp teeth you have grandmother!'"

You ought to be ashamed of yourself for joking when our lives are in danger!" snapped Elizabeth.

The loft was narrow and incommodious and their positions were cramped and painful.

"I'm going to rise a descent, anyway," said Olive, at last. I'm suffering here, and I don't believe the creature will hurt me."

She softly but resolutely put down the ladder and descended. Seeing her sister was not devoured, Elizabeth finally followed. But they sat very quiet, bolt upright on the hard wooded chairs all night, starting convulsively ever and anon as Tom fitfully growled and snarled, pursuing imaginary game in his sleep.

The sisters holding hands and half-dead with fatigue, hailed with joy the first beams of dawn; but then they had a new scare, for Tom kicked off the covers, sprang to the very ceiling, and falling back on the bed, stood and glared at them. He seemed to hear something coming. Soon the sisters heard it, too—the hoofs of a horse. The horse stopped at the house, and a brown bearded man entered. What was the horror of the women when the awful wild beast sprang up, put his fore-paws on the man's shoulders, and licked his face from brow to chin.

"Down, Tom!" said Abner, good-naturedly.

Then his eyes fell on his visitors, his astonishment becoming delighted recognition. He took them both in his arms at once, while veritable tears of joy rolled down his cheeks. He was so glad, so glad! But how did they get there? Were they not tired and hungry?

"I see you have made the acquaintance of my pet wildcat," he added. "I'm right glad Tom was here, for though there isn't the slightest danger of your being disturbed by anyone hereabouts, still the cat is so much company!"

"We're very, very hungry, Ab," said Olive, who was half-laughing, half-crying with excitement and fatigue. "The cat ate up the supper, and we haven't had anything since yesterday noon's luncheon."

"Yes, brother, and we're about tuckered out, too," added Elizabeth. "We sat up all night. The cat occupied the bed."

"Thunder!" ejaculated Abner aghast. "What did you let him do that for? Why didn't you pull him out?"

The two women looked at each other shamefaced, embarrassed. Then Elizabeth straightened up and replied with dignity:

"Why, brother, it being your cat, we thought we'd just humor him and let him do as he pleased!"—Youth's Companion.

In the Antarctic Circle.

The traveler who attempts to penetrate inland in the antarctic circle must needs depend on the provisions which he hauls with him, and owing to the nature of the land, the elevation and the many gales which blow, he must take nearly double as much food with him to go a given distance as would be the case in the far north.

We, who were the first men to live for a year on the antarctic continent, found these gales blowing over forty miles an hour on more than 26 percent of the days, and our exact anemometer-registers showed some gales which were blowing over 100 miles an hour.

Under these latter conditions it was not only difficult to move, but difficult to exist. During our sledge journeys these gales often compelled us to lie under a snow covering, while the food continued to be used.—Professor Borchgrevink, in the Independent.

The Mule a Pet Lamb.

Bucking bronchos from the Montana ranges are now being bought for the use of the British in South Africa. Tommy Atkins will think the Missouri mule is a pet lamb after he has met the western cow pony on a few interesting occasions.—Chicago News.

SONG OF THE CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY

When I was a lad I managed to squirm
In an office boy for a brokerage firm;
I gleaned the rug and the cuspidor,
And at last bought and sold things on the floor—
I gripped along so successfullee
That now I am a captain of industree.

I watched the ticker and I took a chance,
Now and then, on a slump or a sharp advance;
Things happened somehow to turn my way,
And I bought out the brokerage firm one day—
Then I was the firm and the firm was me,
I'd become a captain of industree.

I watched my chance and I gobbled blocks
Of what I knew to be gilt-edged stocks—
I gobbled stocks wherever I could
And wrecked roads where it would do me good;
The money came rolling into me,
And so I'm captain of industree.

I've a marble shack on the avenue,
And a brownstone cottage at Newport, too;
I've a splendid yacht and a private car,
And my fame's wherever the railroads are—
I have pulled the strings so successfullee
That now I'm a captain of industree.

I have dined where a prince sat down to dine,
And few have wads that are bigger than mine;
I possess two hundred million plunks,
When I travel I take along eighty trunks—
Oh I tell you what, it is great to be
A glorious captain of industree.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

HUMOROUS.

Scribbler—My poems are filled with thoughts that burn. Scrawler—Better not send them to a powder magazine.

Blobbs—How's your mother-in-law? Slobbs—Well, she's improving, but very slowly. Blobbs—I'm glad to hear that.

Nell—I expect my new cloak at any minute now. Belle—Hark! I thought I heard a wrap at the door then.

Wigg—Why is it that millionaires are generally men of few words? Wagg—I suppose they like to talk in money-syllables.

Mr. Impecune—What would you say if I should ask you to marry me? Miss Millyuns—I should say that you had a colossal nerve.

Sillicus—The secret of happiness is to marry one's opposite. Cynicus—Then a man must be a fool to marry a brainy woman.

Sue—The idea of him proposing to me! Why, he's only an apology for a man! Belle—Don't you think you had better accept the apology, dear?

Rimer—And who is your favorite pet, Mr. Kostique? Kostique—Chatterton. "Huh! What do you find to admire in him?" "He committed suicide."

"I got up with an awful thirst on me this morning," remarked the infant with the nursing bottle. "I feel rather rocky myself," replied the one in the cradle.

"'Trans' means 'cross,'" said the teacher. "Can anybody illustrate its use?" "Yes'm," answered the pupil in the last row, "'Transparent,' a cross father."

"Are you looking for scrap," demanded the hired man, suddenly appearing. "Yes," responded the hobo, changing his tone; "that's it—scraps. Hunks o' meat. Any old thing."

"Yes," said Longbeau, "I expect soon to be quite a prominent figure in the legal fraternity." "Yes?" queried Sharp. "You don't seem to believe it." "Well, I've always understood that figures never lie."

"Yes, indeed," asserted Mrs. Henpeck; "before I married you more than one man said it was cruel in me to refuse them." "That's where they were mistaken," retorted Henpeck, while on a dead run for the door.

"My, what a lot of books," exclaimed Miss Gossype. "Does your husband read much?" "No," answered Mrs. Gad. "He buys expensive books, and he's so busy working to pay for them that he doesn't have time to read."

"You'd make a pretty good clerk," said the employer sarcastically, "if you only had a little more common sense." "Indeed!" replied the clerk; "did it never occur to you that if I had a little more common sense I wouldn't be a clerk at all?"

A Good Word for the "Pot-Boiler."

The old slur upon the "pot-boiler," except when it is aimed at obviously insincere and conscienceless work, is without pertinence or point. Some of the greatest work in the world has been done by men under the necessity of having three meals a day, or at least two. Certainly the impulse of the money consideration cannot make an artist; but on the other hand, it is a poor artist that it can spoil, while it is often the means of discovering many a one to himself. Unless we are to give up everything that the world would unwillingly let die,—much of Goldsmith, Scott, Hawthorne, Dickens and Thackeray, and many another,—we must acknowledge the legitimacy of the motive, and acknowledge that a man may write for money without impairing the artistic quality of his work; indeed, even with a result of the sort that comes from fulfilling a fundamental duty to himself and others.

But to acknowledge the legitimacy of such a motive is not to acknowledge its supremacy. And we should not dogmatize about how the ... work is done,—the butterfly of ... ories,—a reader takes special s... ...ce of the meshes of the fine... ...e natural, unforced product of an author's mind. The surgeons say of a wound that closes without artificial aid that it heals "by first intention." We perhaps do not wrench the simile too much in trying to phrase to convey a quality in some literature which gives it a sort of charm and ...ance. Indeed an inevit... ...s of its own.—The Century.

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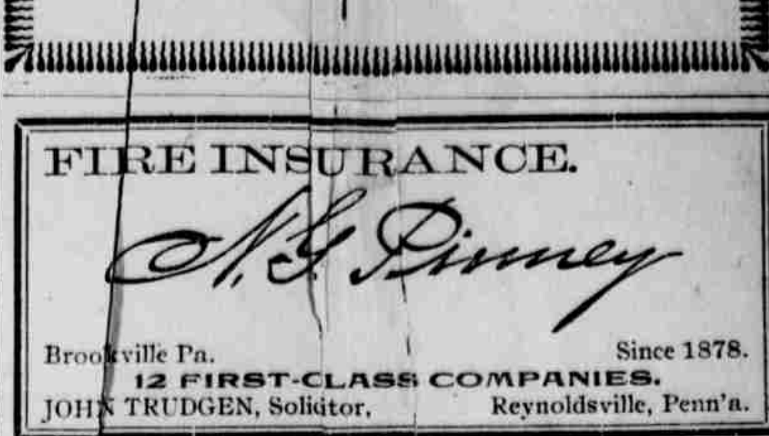

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SAYS FRENCHMEN ARE NOT LATINS

In Origin They Are Much Like Americans, Declares M. Le Roux.

M. Hughes Le Roux, the celebrated French author, journalist, dramatist and orator, lectured on a recent afternoon in the Auditorium of Houston Hall before the Cercle Francais of the University of Pennsylvania. His subject was "Les fils de France, que font ils?"

"The people of France, said M. Le Roux, "are not a Latinized people as some have declared. In traveling through Normandy, Brittany and various other provinces of France I find no strict distinguishing characteristics or customs which would indicate Latin origin, with the possible exception of Avergine, where the women wear the same kind of jewels as the Romans did. France is similar to America or any other nation in its origin. Just as in chemistry various elements are mixed and heated together in a crucible until a residue of a shining golden amalgamation is precipitated, so France and other nations are amalgamated from various foreign elements and peoples.

"Along with its similarities to America in origin there is also a striking difference in the character of the two peoples. Americans have more strength of will. Frenchmen have more sensibility and refinement.

To illustrate this he gave as an example a race at the last Olympian games in Athens, where he said: "A Frenchman outran ... by his heart ... German and an American both run... ...ing their legs."

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