It is easy to die. Men have died From bravado or passion or pride. Was it hard for him? But to live, every day to live out
All the truth that he dreamt,
While his friends met his conduct with And the world with contempt-

Was it thus that he plodded ahead, Never turning saide? Then we'll talk of the life that he led— Never mind how he died. -Ernest Crosby, in "Swords and Plowshares."

******************* Gideon Marshall's Hens.

By HELENA DIVON

It was a chilly morning, and Gideon | steeds to see the old horse exert his Marshall buttoned his overcoat about his lean form and drew on a pair of warm, home-made mittens, preparate ry to taking a 20-mile ride to his own domicile, which could scarcely be called a home, since it sheltered nothing human save himself and an old domestic who had nursed him in infancy, and still persisted in calling him "her though he was on the shady side of 40. But if Gideon lived without the society of his fellow mortals he made up for it by surrounding himself with an innumerable number

He kept guinea hens and guinea pigs, rabbits and canaries by the score, and pigeons and geese, turkeys and hens beyond count. Then he had squirrels in revolving cases, and crows whose tongues he had split that they might learn to talk. There was a woodchuck, too, that would follow bim about like a dog and drink milk from a cup, sitting up like a monkey, with cup held firmly in his paws. He bad tame mice besides, which cut all sorts of antics, and had their nest in an old coat sleeve which hung at the foot of Gideon's bed, over which they scampered every morning until he got up, and then they ran before him to the kitchen for their breakfast.

On the morning of which we write Gideon was rejoicing in the acquisttion of half a dozen choice dorking hens, already cooped and in his wagon ready to be taken home.

"Take my advice, brother, and let your pets go to grass. Get a sensible little wife to make your home pleas ant in place of your mice and wood chucks, and my word for it, you will nover be sorry. Such a pet as this and Gideon's brother picked up a little curly-headed 2-year-old as h spoke; "such a jolly pet as this is worth all of yours a thousand times

"You and I can never think alike on that subject, brother," replied Gideon, rather contemptuously, as he took up the reins, and gave his horse a cut with a whip, which put the ancient beant in a lazy trot. The hens cackled their adieus, and the wagon was soon out of sight of the group assembled in the porch to witness the departure of their eccentric relative.

"He will never marry-nothing surer than that, and all, I suppose, because Linda Pratt filted him so shabbily years ago. Well, she made a miserable match for herself, I've been told though what has become of her I'm sure I don't know. Linda wasn't so much to blame, though, after all. Some busybody stirred up a breeze between them, the girl slighted Gid, and he went off in a huff, and the engagement was broken."

Thus murmured Gideon's brother, as with little curly head still in his arms. he retreated into the house.

Gideon drove away, forgetful of the subject his brother had broached, his thoughts of the pets which had been held up to ridicule. Never before had he left them so long to the care of another, and he wondered anxiously whether the old housekeeper had not gratified her dislike for his guinea pigs, mice, etc., by keeping them on short rations. Occasionally, as his horse jogged along in his steady-go-easy gait, his master would turn to look after the safety of the coop in the back part of the wagon, peering in now and then to see how the fowls were deporting themselves.

Only once did his brother's words awake anything like a wish in his bachelor's heart, and that was when he turned to take a parting view of the happy home circle he was leaving -the father standing in the midst of his children, with the little one laughing and crowing in his arms, and the mother bright and smiling by his side Then he, too, thought of Linda Pratt. and of the long ago days when she was his promised bride. Then, with a halfsuppressed sigh for the memory of that might have been, and with a hasty dash of the hand across the moistened eye, he dismissed the sub-

Gideon had got over half his home ward journey, when a couple of gay young men, driving a pair of fast horses, approached him from behind. The worthy bachelor was unconscious of their proximity, so absorbed was he in his own thoughts, until forcibly apprised of it by a concussion in the rear, occasioned by the tongue of the young men's wagon coming in connet with the box of his.

"Well, you'd better run over a body and be done with it," said Gideon,

'Didn't see you in time to stop, uncle, 'pon honor," answered the driver, with comic gravity, then, with a wink at his companion, he turned out of the road in order to pass the slow-going chicle of Gideon; but the old horse ng not to relish the implied rericked up his ears, stretched is giraffe-like neck, and was off like

The young men shouted, and the m-loving driver kept back his flery

feeble powers to gain the victory. Gideon smiled proudly at the noble efforts of his beast and slackened his reins, giving every now and then ar encouraging word to the plucky ani

Thus the race continued for about a mile, when the young men darted ahead like wildfire, shouting out to Gideon:

"Better look after your hens, uncle: they need it by this time."

Gideon turned about anxiously to follow this piece of advice, and looked into the coop. But, alas for poor Gid-eon; his hens were gone. A large hole in the end of the coop revealed the manner of their egress.

"The mean, low-lived scoundrels! They smashed the coop, and then beguiled me into a race on purpose to let my hens escape; but they're somewhere aback, and I won't go home without them if it takes me a week to catch them. How I should like to horsewhip them fellows!"

Thus muttering Gideon put his horse about and retraced his steps.

"Let's see, 'Twas somewhere near the red mill that them rascals did the damage, and let my hens out. 'Twould serve me right if I never see a feather of them again. To go racing horses like a boy, and leave six of the finest dorking hens that ever cackled to shift for themselves."

Never starving hunter locked with more eager eyes for the game by which he hoped to appease his hunger than did Gideon Marshall for his missing hens. When he reached the little valley where stood the red mill, his eyes wandered from side to side in anxious search.

He passed the mill and drew near a pretty white cottage, surrounded by fruit trees and flowering shrubs, waich were just beginning to put forth their leaves. A lady, comely and darkhaired, though past the rosy bloom of early womanhood, was standing before the door, admiring a row of beautiful white hens which had mysteriously made their appearance on the premises, and were quietly pluming them-

selves on the front fence. Gideon saw neither the lady nor the dimple-cheeked child which played near her on the young grass. He had found his hens, and now his mind was wonderfully perplexed to contrive some way to catch them; for, to use his own words, they were as "wild as hawks," and quite at fond of their liberty, too.

He took an ear of corn from his pocket, and shelling it on the ground, called to them in every conceivable way to come and eat; but the hens were either too stupid to understand or too wise to heed, and so kept their

At length Gideon became convinced that there was no way but to run them down one at a time-no very easy feat to accomplish, considering that would have all the time a locomotive power in reserve, and could fly or run as their need or fancy prompted. Acting on this conviction, he crept cautiously forward and made a lunge at the nearest, sufficiently enough to secure a handful of feathers while the hens fluttered in concert from the fence and struck out in different directions.

Gideon was over the fence in a trice, and in lively pursuit of the refractory fowls.

Around the house he followed the hindmost, and into a neat, newly-made garden, over the smooth, even beds of which he trampled without compunction. Round and round he ran, and leaped and jumped until the hen, as if desirous of a wider field of action, flew over the fence into a freshlyplowed field. This Gideon found less adapted for a race than the garden, for with every step he sank ankle deep in the mellow loam. After make ing the circuit of the field, the hen flew into the top of a peach tree, in which her fellows were already congregated. Her safe arrival was the occasion of a prolonged and triumumphant erow from the rooster, tantalizing enough to Gideon, who came up wiping the perspiration from his heated face. As he passed the garden he saw with some surprise the full extent of the mischief he had wrought, and wondered why some one had not come out to remonstrate against his

devastating flourishes over the beds. Gideon was in sore preplexity. There was no such thing for him as catching the hens in a race. He stood under the peach tree in a brown study, scratching his head vigorously to coax therefrom some plan by which his dorkings might be secured. He did not see the dark eyes which watched him so curiously from a back window, nor the mischievous smile that lurked around the lady's mouth as she witnessed his discomfiture.

"I'm dashed if I can think of any way to circumvent the torments. They're too knowing," murmured Gideon. "Maybe the woman can contrive a way to do it. I've heard say women have sharper wits than we."

"Madam," said Gideon, as he ap-proached the cottage and made his most polite bow. "I crave your assistance, or, rather, your advice, catching those hens in the tree you

The lady thought he would have to wait till night, when they were gone to roost, and when Gideon demurred on account of the lonely way he had to go, she told him he would be welcom to stay over night.

Gideon looked more perplexed than ever. What was there in the lady's voice and eyes that puzzled him so? And the child. How its dimpled cheeks and rosy mouth sent his thoughts far back in the past. He led his horse, which all this while had been standing like a tin peddler's in the middle of the road, to the stable, then came back to watch his dorkings till night should restore them to his keeping.

The child's mother was busy in an other part of the house, and the little fellow was soon on familiar terms with Gideon, who, strangely enough, felt his bachelor heart warm toward him. The little fellow imparted to his new friend all his little stock of knowledge-told him of the brother and sister who were at school, and of the father who was at rest in the faraway churchyard.

Gideon retired early to his room meaning to start for home by the break of day. He pulled off his coat and boots, and then took from his wallet a bank note, which was to be left as a compensation to his hostess for her hospitality, as well as the injury he had done in her garden.

But where had he best deposit the money? Several books were lying on a shelf. He took one down, intending to place the bill therein in the form of a bookmark, and leave it on the table. Something written on the flyleaf caused him to start, and flush, and pale alternately.

He shut the book, fancying himself the victim of an illusion. But again he opened it, and again read his own name and that of Linda Pratt traced in his own handwriting. How well he remembered giving such a book to his betrothed. This must be the very fine; but how did it come into the widow's possession? Gideon resolved to know, so, again investing himself in coat and boots, he went down into the kitchen where the little widow was still at work.

Does the reader wish to follow him thither, or will it suffice to say that when he again sought his room it was past midnight, and that he was once youth, the pretty widow, Linda Pratt | taste, Holmes?

Gideon did not think of his hens or any of his many pets again that night, though he lay awake till the sun began to streak the east with lines of light. Mortal never had a lighter heart than Gideon carried to his home next day. The old housekeeper wondered much when the mice and guines pigs, the woodchucks and crows disappeared, and her wonder increased when Gideon brought his wife and her children home. To use her own words, "she was thunderstruck, but proper glad on't to think her boy was took with a sensible streak once in his life."

Then the brother, with his family, came down to offer congratulations. and the old house was made merry by the ring of childish voices, and in time there came another, with eyes and hair the counterpart of Gideon's, whose happiness the little stranger's event rendered complete.-New York Week-

SIR WALTER ON GHOSTS.

'I Do Not Believe My Own Experience Would Convert Me."

One of the letters written by Sir Walter Scott to his valued friend, Mrs. Hughes, published in the Century, says, among some personal chat:

Dear Mrs. Hughes— . . . Your recollection is very vivid, & I doubt not sufficiently correct; still it falls short of legal testimony; the recollection of our childhood on such a topic as that of ghosts & goblins is apt to be strangely mixed with exaggerations, a sort of embroidery which your fancy is so apt to lend such strong coloring as misleads even its owners. Our law has wisely I think introduced a pre scription of crimes, from the idea that human testimony becomes unsettled by the lapse of time & would be directed more by the imagination than the absolute recollection. I therefore my dearest lady, paying the utmest credit to your testimony, yet the oc currence of so old a date must no alter my doubts: it winns believe for It would be very properly certified, but on my word I cannot believe it ever to have had an existence; the story is never told the same way though there is a kind of general resemblance. . . . I do not believe my own experience would convert me; though I might tremble I would re verse the part played by the devils and certainly not believe. I wish you would write down Mrs. Ricketts story as well as you remember it. Every such story on respectable foundation is a chapter in the history of the human mind. Still I think the balance of evidence preponderates so heavily upon the side of imputing all such ap pearances to natural causes that the mysterious stories "winna believe for me." I am sorry for it; I liked the thrill that attended the influence of these tales, & I wish I wereable to wander back through the mazes of Mrs Radeliff's romances. But alas! I have been so long both a reader and a writer of such goodly matters that

Dourness familiar to my slaughterous Cannot e'en startle me."

SOME FACTS ABOUT TEA. GREEN, BLACK AND ALL KINDS

FROM THE SAME BUSH. Scientific Method of Making-The Differences Are in the Time Taken for Curing-Tree Not a Native of China.

Many years ago it was believed that there were two kinds of tea shrubs one producing green tea and the other black, and this idea was handed down in cyclopedias and articles on tea writers, none of whom probably ever saw a tea tree or knew anything of the manufacture of tea.

The fact is, there is only one genus of plant, Camelia Theifers, from which the tea of commerce is produced, though there are many species produced by difference in soil, climate, hybridization and cultivation. All the different kinds of tea-green black, golden tips, Pekoe, Oolong, Soochong, Bohea, etc.-are made from the same bush. Pure green tea is made by quickly drying the leaves after they are plucked, and black ten is produced from the same kind of eaves by drying them after they have been withered and allowed to ferment or ripen for a short time in a heated

Pure green tea can be made by rolling the leaves on a board in the sun or in a bowl or pan over a fire until they are thoroughly dried and their color would be that of fresh mown dried grass as cut by a lawn mower. Green tea is not such because of its color, but on account of its unring. ness, as it has all the astringent, bit ter qualities that unripe dried fruit would have

In making black ten a longer time is required. The leaf is first wilted or vithered, and then left for a time in warm room to ferment. This could be done by throwing the leaves in a pile, but this process would be un equal, as the inner part would be fermented too much and the outer layers none at all, and there would be no aniformity.

The modern scientific method is to wilt the leaves in a machine by means of a slow fire, then to piace the wilted eaves in shallow bamboo trays, placed in a room where the heat is rom 110 degrees to 130 degrees. By placing the leaves in trays all are equally affected by the heat. During his stage the greatest watchfulness has to be given lest the leaves being under are overfermented, as on this depends the value of black tea, in the same degree as fruit might not be more engaged to the sweetheart of his ripe enough or too ripe to suit the

As a good illustration of the difference between pure green and black tea, take clover grass. Any one who has tasted green clover as it is growing in the field knows that it has a bitter, astringent taste, not at all pleasant. Dry this grass quickly, so that its color remains green, and it will have the same unpleasant flavor. Take some of the grass after it has fermented and turned black and dried as hav, and it will have a sweet, agreeable flavor, and one is not surprised that cattle enjoy it. Any farmer will say that to make good clover hay it must sweat in the cock or winrow before it is gathered in. All he may know about it is that his grandfather or father said so. In the sweating or fermentation a chemical change takes place, the starch becomes sugar, and

the hay is nutritious and pallatable. For a long time it was supposed that the tea tree was a native of China, when so little was known in the western world about tea and its ufacture. There is much rance still about it, as I have been asked if we sow the plant every year, if we mow it with a scythe, or could we harvest it with a reaper. The Thea Camellia is a tree sometimes 40 feet high, and a foot in diameter, as it is found in the forests of Assam, in India. It is now conceded that here has been its native home, whence the seed or plants were taken to China across the mountains and thence to Japan. In the forest it grows to wood, with few laurel-like, large, tough leaves. For a plantation only young, tender leaves are desired.

The seeds, in appearance like hazelnuts, are sown in a nursery. While they are growing the acreage is prepared by frequent digging and terracing, as the best plantations are on the hillsides. Holes are dug four or five feet apart each way, ready for the little trees. When these are about one foot high they are transplanted from the nursery. They are carefully pro-tected and shielded from the sun. They are pruned with a knife or shears, and not allowed to grow more than two and one-half to three feet high. They remained dwarfed trees the top one mass of small trenches and the stem at the age of 30 years not more than three inches in dlameter. During the first two years no leaves are plucked.

In the third year perhaps 50 pounds of tea may be gathered from an acre. When the plantation has arrived at maturity from 500 to 800 pounds of tea may be gathered from an acre.

The season commences in March, and lasts till November. During this time there are from ten to fifteen sproutings or "flushes," as the growth of the young twigs is called. From these the young leaves are picked, as cording to the kind of tea desired. If the finest, the little tips at the top of the twig, only a few hours old, making tea costing from \$20 to \$100 a pound: then the next leaf below for flowing Pekoe; still further down Pekoe, Oolong, Soochong and down to the long, harder leaf, Bohea. The old leaves are not plucked, as they are withered, and to pluck them would injure the tree. The flowers are never used, though beautiful enough to adorn a

bride's hair. When seed is not de sired the flowers are plucked from the tree and thrown away.

Since the tea industry has be sumed by Europeans during the last 20 years in India and Ceylon, inventors have been at work, and various ma chines have been constructed for every process except that of plucking the eaves. It would be as difficult to pick ten leaves as it would be to gather raspberries with a machine.

This is cleanly done. Each picker has a little basket and plucks each lenf with thumb and forefinger. The lifferent machines are for withering. rolling, drying, sifting and packing. With them there is scarcely any hand work on the leaves. The European tea houses are models of cleanliness Bread in the best furnished bakeries could not be more cleanly than the tea produced on these plantations.

The tea industry in India and Cey ion is almost entirely in the hands of Europeans most of them well educated and all experienced in their business. They have made as much or more advancement in the making of tea as there has been improvement in the dairy industry in the United States.

In mentioning green tea I used the adjective pure, for there can be pure green ten, though as unfit for drink ing as bitter green fruit when dried would be for eating. There is scarce ly any pure green tea in the market. One reason for this is that among the Chinese each family has its own tea plat and makes up the product which is sold to dealers, who find it necessary to use coloring matter to give the various batches a uniform color, and make it fit for a foreign market.

Another reason is that the Chinese being a frugal people, wasting nothing after steeping leaves for their own use dry and color the grounds for the American market, for no colored green teas are admitted in the European market, and but little pure green tea is used there. The Chinese themselves never use colored teas, and it is stated by the best authority that seven-eighths of all the tea exported from China is colored and made in Japan, for if there is no colored Japan ea, why the frequent use of the word uncolored by dealers and users when speaking of Japan tea? No one ever heard of uncolored Indian or Cevion tea.-Chicago Tribune.

NO POWER IN THE TIDE.

Wave Motors Have Met with Degree of Success.

Regardless of the fact that up to the present time no commercial application has been made of the various wave and tide motors devised by various inventors there still seems to be a fascination about the subject which leads men to devote their time and energy to a solution of the problem, as the patent records testify, says the Western Electrician.

It is now generally conceded that power cannot be developed to advantage from the tides. Indeed, the total power represented by the rise and fall of the water due to tides is far less than is generally supposed, and when one stops to consider the added los in the necessary machinery the idea of using the tides for any useful nur pose seems impracticable. Some inventors have advocated the scheme of constructing vast basins or reser voirs, to be filled and emptied by the rise and fall of the tide, which will drive turbines or water wheels. But this scheme does not seem feasible, for as a recent writer has pointed out 75 cubic feet of water falling 10 feet would be needed per minute to get a single horsepower. For 1000 horse power not less than 75,000 cubic fee per minute, or 5,400,000 cubic feet per tide, must be provided. A reservoir 500 feet long, 500 feet wide and 20 feet deep is an object of some magnitude It must not be forgotten, however, that inasmuch as the whole fall of 20 feet would not be continuously available, a much larger volume of water would be recuired.

Somewhat more productive of re sults, however, is the utilization of the energy of the waves, and many inventions have been patented for machines to accomplish this purpose. Though none of these has ever been put to any considerable use, still there is a possibility that some day they may be perfected to such an extent that they will be used for purposes where an inter mittent source of power will serve.

There have been numerous and varied devices proposed. Many work upon the principle of a float geared through proper mechanical means to a shaft or some other driving apparatus. As the float rises and falls with the waves, a reciprocating motion is imparted to the machinery. It will be seen that, in order to obtain any considerable power by this means, floats of large displacement must be provid-

Another common device is an ar rangement of cylinders and pistons so placed in the water that a rising wave will force water into the lower end of the cylinder and drive the piston upward; then as the water recedes, a vacuum will be formed and the piston forced down by air pressure. This machine possesses commendable features and would likely be more efficient than another, built upon altogether different plans, which consists of a boat carrying in its centre a sliding weigh which rushes back and forth as the boat is inclined one way or the other by the waves and impacts upon buffers situated in the ends. which in turn are connected to the pistons of air-compressor cylinders.

A serious drawback to all tidal or wave machines is the fact that the power is developed intermittently, which would make it unsatisfactory for

A BROKEN REVERIE.

A sky that is mooniess and star-lit,
A tree that the breeze rustles through;
a porch that is bross and secluded
And a porch-chair intended for two.
A man whom the gods have been kind to,
Whose heart leaps for joy in his breast;
a sylph-like and heavenly creature
In gausy materials dressed;
The love songs of thousands of insects—
A burn in the ears of the chap,
A bite on the ravishing malden,
And the sounds of a sigh and a slap,
—Chicago Record-Herald.

HUMOROUS.

First Old Maid-Do you think that ove is blind, dear Angelina? Second Old Maid-Alas! dear Abagail, I know

Dawson-I hear that Rawlins is a reat hunter. Davids-Don't you believe it; he can't even shoot the chutes.

Jack-And if I stole a kiss, darling, would you protest? Ernie-Well, you may be sure I wouldn't say "Stop, thief! Nell-Maude is quite up to date in

her conversation, isn't she? Belle-Yes; she's a master of the English Rollingstone Nomoss-If you had nillion dollars wot would you do? Tat-

terdon Torn-Wish I had another million, I s'pose. Ostend-Paw, why is it they put most gas metres in the cellar? Paw-Because, my son, few gas metres are

on the level. Sillicus-I never like to hear unleasant things about my friends, Cyncus-No; you generally realize that they are true.

"There is no such thing as an effect without a cause," remarked the Wise Guy, "How about when a woman changes her mind?" inquired the Simple Mug.

Mrs. Muggins-Yes, my husband lets me do exactly as I please. Mrs. Buggins-How nice. But what about him? Mrs. Muggins-Oh, he does exactly as I please, too.

De Smythe-I have just seen those two souls with but a single thought. De Jaynes-What! that's nothing: the other day I saw a whole flock of dudes who didn't have that many.

"Young man," remarked the selfmade person. "I began life without a cent to my name." "That's nothing," replied the flippant youth, "I didn't even have a name when I was born.

Weary Willie-What made poor ole Walker fall in a fit while he was talkin' on dat telephone? Dusty Rhondes -Central hooked him onto a bathhouse by mistake, an' he heard people washin. First Life Guard-How much did he

rive you for saving his wife? Second Ditto-Fifty dollars. First-He must have been fond of her. Second-Oh, I don't know. She had a lot of diamond rings on. "I wonder if there is any room in

the literary field?" said the youth who thought he was cut out to write nov-"If thar ain't," snapped the hustling old farmer, "there's room in the cornfield. Here's a hoe!" They were sitting on the beach. "Let us make love," he whispered, "so that

we may have something by which to remember the seashore when we ere far away." "Ah," she said softly, "I suppose you'd call this a souvenir spoon.

Gritty George-Yer look pretty well used up, pard. Timothy Ties-Yes; I went up to see dat lady in de wayside cottage. Somebody told me she was keeping "open house." Gritty George -Was de information correct? Timoopen doghouse.

Two Mosquito Yarns.

Mosquitoes stopped a 700-horse power engine in the plant of the Pitts burg Reduction company at Alta Sita a suburb of East St. Louis. For several days the engine had not run smoothly, but Engineer Robinso could not locate the trouble. Raising steam to an unusual pressure had no apparent effect, and finally the big drive wheel stopped dead. Renewed examination showed that mosquitoes attracted possibly by the oil on the engine, had been mashed to death on the crossheads and along the piston runs until they formed a gummy mass that even steam pressure could not over come. The factory now has screens.

One of the worst plagues of mosquitoes ever suffered by ranches in the Fraser River valley now infests that district. This summer the river flooded the lowlands, leaving pools from which were bred millions of big, flerce mosquitoes that have attacked and killed hens. At Mount Lehman, a large district protected by a dike, the plague of mosquitoes is so bad that life is a burden to those compelled to labor in the open air.-Chicago Record-Herald.

Nicknames Gone Mad. Much has been said of the habit most families have of abbreviating the names of the children. But what should be done with a mother who took weeks to decide what to call her baby, finally settling upon Antoinette, and who then called the child Tony for short? In the same family is a fem inine Billy (Wilhelmina), an unfor tunate who is known as Fet (chris tened Featherstone Herbert Frederick) and a girl who was baptized Hope for two reasons, first because it was a name that seemed impossible to abbreviate and secondly because her sis ter's name was Charity. As Hope grew out of babyhood the incorrigibly ingenious family set its wits to work and evolved the euphonious name of Hoppy for her. (They at least didn't abbreviate it.) Charity has been known as Cherry all her life.-Boston

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Former Senator Jones, of Nevada,

The Crown Prince of Germany is a "fancy skater" of the first order.

M. Rostand, the author, figures among the numerous Humbert victims, Ian Maclaren, the author, has come out against what he calls "over-education."

Jay Cooke, the venerable financier, always wears a felt hat of a pale fawn

The eminent German playwright, Gerhardt Hauptmann, is only forty-one years old.

Lord Milner, the Governor-General of South Africa, has an almost infinite capacity for work.

Ambassador Porter has been elected an honorary member of the Society of the Ciucinnati at Paris.

The wife of President Loubet of France is leading the fight against tuberculosis in her country. Alfred Russell Wallace, who shares with Darwin the honor of establishing the theory of evolution, is over eighty

years old Emperor William is ambitious to create a monumental structure in his cap-ital city which shall match West-minster Abbey in London.

Sir Frederick Treves, King Edward's physician, says he was always lazy in his student days, and never even took the trouble to try for a prize.

It is said that a memorial hospital to honor the memory of the late Rev. Richard S. Storrs, the eminent Brooklyn preacher, and to bear his name, will be erected in Foochow, China.

As a result of the first year's opera-tion of the Carnegie Relief Fund es-tablished at the Carnegie Works, near Pittsburg, by Andrew Carnegie, \$48, 000 in benefits and pensions for em-ployes were distributed from the fund ployes were distributed from the fund of \$4,000,000 set aside by Mr. Carnegle for the purpose.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

The new crater of Vesuvius is 425 feet across.

Hazing has been renewed at the Naval Academy in Annapolis, Md.

Labor men in England already have thirteen representatives in Parliament, Columbus, Ohio, will soon be the centre of the glass industry of the United

France has requistioned a number of steamers for the dispatch of a large force to China. The University of Kansas, at Law-

rence, Kan., will have a chair of jour-nalism this fall. Foreign agents of the Steel Trust have been instructed to seek foreign business as soon as possible.

Continued strikes at Barcelona, Spain, have led numerous employers to suspend all work for the present. A plan is contemplated for the fed-

eration of all the commercial travelers associations of the British Empire. Experiments of telephoning along the railway metals in place of wires have proved successful near New York City, The 265-foot chimney at the Armour

packing plant in Kansas City, Mo., has been split by lightning for 100 fee down. A new labor socialist party will be formed in Porto Rico to act independ-

ently of the American Federation of

Oklahoma cotton growers will try Mexican labor in the fields, as the prejudice against negro laborers is

very great. There are 27,153 negro voters in Greater New York, as follows: New York County, 11,335; Kings, 4809; Queens, 638, and Richmond, 281.

German army officials are taking steps to stop the brutality of subal-terns, of whose torture of privates many reports continue to be printed in the German press.

Toy Pistol's Work.

The mortality from the toy pistol is appailing and the death from it, which is by lock-jaw, is horrible. In Chica-go in one July those dying from this In New York City three consecutive Fourths of July yielded 98 such deaths. That the tetanus bacilius which causes lock-jaw is not present in the powder or wad of the toy piz-tol cartridge has been shown by Wells of Chicago, who examined 200 of them; the Boston health officers who examined 350, and army officers, who tested 675. Therefore the microbes of the disease are on the skin, and are driven into the wound made by the pistol. That they are on the hands of the jolkfying boy is not surprising for their spores abound in many soils, and especially about stables. This but multiplies and rapidly produces its virulent poison when warmth and moisture where air is excluded. On this account all accidents infected by a doctor and should not be wrapped up.

All political prisoners in Cape Colony are to be released as soon as arrangements can be made for their return to their homes.

M. Batelli of Geneva, by combining massage with electrization, has reviv-ed dead dogs and kept them alive for as much as 24 hours.

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