went to sea.

Grantier.

forencon.

house on foot.

seeing him.

ing, madame."

"A duel?"

the captain's face.

the captain.

half asserted.

husband."

inswer was sufficient.

wronged a human being."

"Raoul Maltravers."

lected.

accident."

gaged?

the nursery is lonely, and the garden's Over re's nobody at all who wants to hink if I should only run with all

leave this dreary country of To-For It can't be far to cross it, since I game myself last night.

When I went to sleep they brought me 'i' the way.

morrow's very near, they say it's most in our sight,

r there my hoat is sailing, all alone upon the pond— must harry back before she blows

And astray; And arbutus flowers are trailing in the pleasant fields beyond, With the other little, lovely flowers of

Nay,
nd the trees are white with blossoms, and
the nir is bright with song
And the children all are happy there and
"He gay, want to go to find them now, and Oh, I

-Caroline McCormick, in Harper's.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

By Francis A. Durivage.

his worst passions, and he swore to

It must be borne in mind that this

project of vengeance was a secret

in action, not in words. Therefore,

the ensign returned from his cruise.

the incident did not create any alarm

One morning when she woke up she

this caused her no surprise, for he was

ride on horseback. But he always re-

unctually at eleven o'clock in the

his appearance, she was naturally un-

thought. But on inquiry, it appeared

that the animal was in his stall, and

that Monsieur de Grantier had left the

Madame de Grantier ordered the

reakfast things removed, after mak-

ng a slight repast, and then took up

a book to while away the time until

her husband's return. At one o'clock

y visitor was announced-Capt, Paul

Beauregard, an officer in the French

guards. He was an intimate friend of

De Grantier, as well as of the lady,

and scarcely a day passed without their

thing of him?" she asked.

'My husband! Have you seen any-

"I have been with him all the morn

"Where is he? Why did he not re-

turn with you? How has he been en-

Capt. Beauregard replied to the last

"Yes: and he has been wounded. I

"He is dead!" shricked the unhappy

Beauregard rang the bell and left her

in charge of her maid, while he went

into another room. It was agony bit-

pale, frightened, with swollen eyes, for

she, too, had been weeping bitterly,

came to say that Madame de Grantier

was colmer, and desired to speak with

marble, but strangely quiet and col-

The officer found the lady white as

"Hector is dead?" she half asked,

Her friend drooped his eyes, The

"Now tell how this happened," said

"That did not prevent his having an

enemy-a mortal foe-who last night

publicly insulted him, even struck him,

"Ay, honor compelled Hector to draw

The man whose hand I re-

the sword. But the name of that vil-

jected! Oh! My poor, dear murdered

Hector! Why did we ever meet? Fatal

was the hour in which you saw and

would give you death as well as love."

more than pity; I can and will avenge

Hector. Raoul Maltravers dies by my

"Hold!" cried the widow, with sud-

forth will know me as a tigress thirst-

ing for human blood. But no word of

"I implore you, madame," said the

the lady. "Hector was kind, and gentle,

and courteous. He had no enemy-

thought it best to prepare you for the

lady, as she fell back in convulsions

for she had read the terrible truth in

"In an affair of honor, madame."

When I was last in Paris, I had a | Although his rejection was couched letter of introduction to the Countess in the most respectful terms, it roused de Clairmont, who lived in a venerable mansion in the Fanbourg St. Germain, wreak a deadly vengeance on the rival near the ancient abbey church. I found who prospered where he had failed. her to be an aged lady of a very old | The hand he could not win himself family, a very devout churchgoer, and should never be clasped in wedlock by a bigoted legitimist, believing in another's. In this temper of mind he divine right" and the Count de Chambord, and fully expecting that he and his white flag would rule the destinies of France, when Orleanists, Bonapart- locked in his own heart, to be divulged ists and Republicans would be forgotten. Apart from dogma and politics when, some months after the marriage, she was, however, a very charming and interesting person. She had evidently deen very handsome in her youth, and in the breast of Madame Victorine de even in her old age retained a little coquetry and much spirit. At the recital of some deed of daring and heroism her black eyes would flash and sparkle, and her lips tremble with emotion. It was like going back to a past century to sit in her dim drawing room, with its quaint old furniture, rich and religiously preserved, hung with portraits of her ancestors, and hear her talk of warriors, priests and nobles, whose bones were long since dust, whose miters and swords had decayed, and whose moldy and motheaten banners, waving in church and chapel, are but tattered rags, with the

blazonry illegible. One day I was looking at the portrait of a lady so lovely, with a sweet and melancholy beauty, that even the disfiguring costume of the previous centary, especially the abominable high head-dress, could not mar its effect, for you looked only on the face and forgot the accessories. It was from the pencil of Madame Lebrun, the favorite artist of Marie Antoinette, who has left the such touching souvenirs of the unhappy

"That lady, I am sure, had a story, I said. "I need not ask if the original was a relative of yours, madame, for

I see a family likeness in the head." "You are right," she said. "That por trait might pass for my own likeness as I looked fifty years ago. I have a miniature taken at the same age, which looks like a reduced copy of Madame Lebrun's charming picture."

"And the lady was-

"Pardon me," said the old countess "I will tell you her story at full length It is an old family history, but it is thought to have some of the elements of romance. Perhaps it may be of future use to you as a story-teller in your own country. So arm yourself with patience, cousin, and bear with an old woman's garrulity."

The old lady called me "cousin," because at some far-away period there ter as the pangs of death to listen to was a matrimonial aniance between her wails, and sobs, and shricks; but our families, long and long before my in an hour, Florette, the waiting maid, grandfather emigrated to America.

I will not attempt to relate the narrative in the language of my hostess. but condense it and tell it in my own

The original of Madame Lebrun's picture, then, was Victorine de Grantier, wife of Hector de Grantier, a gentleman of wealth and family. The marriage was an exception to the general rule of French marriages, being a love match. The parents of the lady had permitted her to choose a husband for herself; and though among her many sultors were some more eligible in point of fortune and opportunities how could be have, for he never rising in the world than Hector, she gave him her hand because she could bestow her heart with it.

- Be Grantier was handsome, gentle and warm-hearted. He had no vices, and thus forced a challenge from your and but little ambition. He was a poet and a painter, though not a professional one, and he was in easy circumstances, although not reckoned a man lain-the murderer?"

Never was there a happier couple, and when the bride's father and mother, who died within a few days pf each other, left the world almost nd in hand, the certainty of leaving loved me! Often have your lips told their daughter the partner of a man de- me that I had made you the happiest oted to her, heart and soul, soothed of men. Little did you dream that I

their last moments. There was a shade of melancholy in Victorine's nature, and she often captain, "not to view this tragedy, in thought to herself that her married that light. An unforeseen calamity has life was too happy-that it was like a fallen on you, and my heart bleeds at bright summer day, so perfect, so full sight of your distress. But I can do of sunshine, so heavenly, that weatherneers pronounce it too lovely to last, and regard it with shaking heads, as hand!" ecursor of a devastating storm.

And the storm that wrecked the hap-lness of Victorine was near at hand. you to espouse this quarrel. I have piness of Victorine was near at hand. Among her rejected suitors was a wild, my own purpose of vengeance, and no bold man, named Raoul Maltravers, an man, not even you, shall be permitted sign in the royal navy, of a very dis- to stand between me and my predestinguished family high in power at tined victim. He has robbed me of court, who might well look forward to more than life, but I will punish him. the prospect of seeing the broad pen- I was a fond, weak, gentle, loving, ant of an admiral float over his own happy girl. They who know me hencearter-deck. But, with all the qualof a noble race, he was stained nany vices. He was a gamester, this to others. Be my friend in this old, cruel with his award, false in and logal friend to the last moment, I

you may come along, if you'll show me, please, the road to

"Hector de Grantler," she said, addressing the cold clay, "if my Creator spares my life, your son, whom your eyes were never to behold, shall be your avenger. I will rear him strong valiant, skilful, and teach him to look for no happiness, no rest, no employment, until he has slain the man who has robbed you of life, me of a hus band, and himself of a father."

speak these words without convul-

When Victorine was alone with her

derd, she had a wild outburst of pas-

sionate grief, but it rapidly gave way

to a calmness so stern that it would

have appailed an observer had there

witnesses in the chamber of

sions."

Two months after the funeral the friends of the family were apprised that the widowed lady was the mother of a-daughter! Shortly after this event, she retired with her infant child to an estate in Brittany.

Sixteen years passed away, and then Victorine de Granthier, still wearing a widow's weeds, again resumed her residence in Paris. She lived in a fashlonable quarter, but in great privacy, receiving only relatives, making no ac-Her daughter, named Claudine, had grown up a beautiful girl, the picture of health-a bright flower to bloom in the almost conventional gloom of her mother's house,

The only frequent visitor was the oung Chevalier de Hauteville, a cousin of Claudine, and, strange to say, a ner fect image of the girl-the same height features and complexion. The gossips of the neighborhood said they were born for each other, and predicted a marriage between the parties. But the servants of the family asserted that the old lady would never, for some reason of her ows, probably that of nearness nissed her husband from her side, but of blood, permit the alliance, and that the young people rarely if ever met. in the habit of rising without disturb-It was observed that whenever Clauding her, dressing and then taking a ine had gone to church, the chevalier was sure to make his appearance, and turned to breakfast, which was served when he was in the drawing room she was always absent. Whether this was When, therefore, it came to arranged by the mother, or whether be nearly noon, and he did not make tois young woman and this young man, so strangely alike, cherished an antipeasy. His horse was very spirited, and athy equally strange, was a myster; might possibly have thrown him, she like almost everything else in that

mysterious household. Had the widow, foiled in her plan of vengeance by the sex of her offspring, forgotten or forgiven Raoul Maltravers? No one knew, but no one ever heard her pronounce his name.

Meanwhile Raoul Maltravers had left the sea, not being particularly fond of the music of heavy guns, for, though brave enough on the duel ground, because he was the best blade in France, and always sure of victory, he was really a poltroon. He had married a very beautiful heiress, and fived in great spleador. He had more than one affair of hozor after his marriage with, in each case, a fatal result to his antagonist.

One day the Chevalier de Hauteville made a morning call on Madame de Grantier. He found her in her boudoir, which was draped with black, and lighted with wax tapers.

"You know this is a sad anniver sary," she said. Then she added, with a sharp look of inquiry: "Raoul Mal-

travers? "Dead," was the reply.

"Come to my heart!" cried Victorine. claudine, you have avenged your

father!" "Claudine!" I exclaimed, in utter asionishment, when the old countess

had come to this point of her narrative. "Yes," she replied; "the Chevalier de Hauteville and Claudine de Grantier were one and the same person, Madame de Grantier had reared her daughter like a man, and trained her to arms in the solitude of her old provincial manor house, where a wondrously skilled professor of the sword, an Ital ian, gave her lessons daily. You must not think too harshly of the memory of Victorine de Grantier. I am now positively certain that the death of her husband turned her brain, and that during all her years of widowhood she was a monomaniac. That she inspired her daughter with her fanatical idea of vengeance is natural-the mother lived

for no other purpose." "But what became of Claudine?" "She is still living at an advanced

age, a widow," replied the countess. "Doubtless harrowed by remorse for

having shed human blood?" "It caused her great suffering for years, but the clergy whom she consulted told her that the circumstances absolved her from all moral guilt. She was an irresponsible agent of her mother-her judgment deliberately per verted by one, who herself had lost the power of reason. Yet were many hours of bitter sorrow and penitence passed by that unhappy woman. And

now let me show you a sad relic." The old lady rose, walked to an ebony cabinet, and unlocking it, took out a long, old-fashioned rapier and bade me draw it. I examined the blade and remarked that it was covered with

"These darker stains are the life blood of a man," said the old lady with a heavy sigh-"for that was the sword with which I killed Raoul Maltravers.

"You!" I cried. "Yes; for, before I became Countess de Clairmont, I was Claudine de Grantier."-New York Weekly.

English "Half-Sheeters."

Phrases are more influential in British politics than in American. The latest to come into general use is "half-sheeter." It describes those who accept the prime minister's fiscal policy, which he said was so simple that he could write it on a halfsheet of note paper. This phrase has not been in use long, but it is likely to appear frequently in the London dis-patches for the next few months. rou to conduct the funeral ries. Youth's Companion.

You see how calm I am when I can | GRAGA-Why John D. Rockefeller is Not a Successful Man

By the Editor of Life.



HE Congregational ministers who petitioned the American board of commissioners for foreign missions not to accept from Uncle John D. Rockefeller a gift of one hundred thousand dollars to promote the dissemination of the gospel in foreign parts, raised an interesting issue. Their petition recited that Uncle John "stands before the public under repeated and recent formidable indictments in specific terms for methods which are morally iniquitous and socially destructive," and that "the acceptance of such a gift involves the constituents of the board in a relation implying honor toward the denor, and subjects the board to the charge of ignoring the moral

issues involved."

There is no question about the wide prevalence of a conviction that there is something vitally wrong about Uncle John and his pile. His methods are believed to have been culpable. We presume they were. But it is the formidable, the awful, effectiveness of them that has made most of the trouble. Worse men than he have made much money by worse means, and we haven't bothered, but his methods have been applied with such consummate shrewdness and ability as to make him stand out as the arch-type of effectual avarice. Nobody, except his business rivals, is afraid of Uncle John, but people generally are very much afraid of what he stands for. They think his example has been extremely pernicious, and though some of them realize that the rapid development of a rich country and its amazing opportunities are what have made possible the phenomena he illustrates, they don't want him to be held up a model to pattern after.

The accumulation of such enormous fortunes as we have today, by such means as have been used to gather some of them, is not popular. It is unpopular because it fosters a ridiculously inequitable distribution of the country's available wealth, and because it imperils the stability of democratic govern ment. To play the game well is commendable. To stack the cards isn't, Mr. Rockefeller has played the commercial game to admiration. We respect his skill. But we all suspect, that, not content with being surpassingly skilful, he has stacked the cards at times when it seecmed expedient, and he thought it could be done with impunity. Thinking thus about him we cannot consider him, because he has done more than any other American to make Socialistic lump of money that he has no real use for, at a cost to reputation which he could not afford. He is not beloved, not respected, not even hated, but is re garded by most of the community with half-humorous derision. For an able man to come in his old age to that, is pretty tragic. The Socialists rejoice in him, because he has done more than any other American to make Socialistic doctrines seem reasonable. For the same reason he greatly bothers conservative politicians and voters of all parties, who feel the need of providing against the multiplication of such phenomena as he, and are much perplexed to do it without restricting personal initiative too much. Altogether, we are sorry for Uncle John and would help him if we could,

Let the Woman Alone

By the Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.



HE newspapers are full of woman's argument about herself. The woman of today is intensely, persistently, I may say morbidly introspective,

Through summer's heat and winter's cold, in club, and convention, and conference and congress, the women are devoting themselves with a tremendous ardor and enthusiasm to the task of self-inspection; analyzing themselves, making close and "scientific" diagnoses of their physical, mental and moral condition.

As a result of the business we have the "New Woman," the "Ideal Woman," the "Coming Woman," the "Emancipated Woman," the "Physical Culturs Woman," the "Kangaroo Woman," and last, but not least, the 'S' Shaped

Woman," with the returns still coming in! In the meantime the creature that God made to work along with Adam, and called "Good," is gasping like a fish out of the water. She is being analyzed, diagnosed, criticised and discussed to death, and if the business goes on much longer there will be nothing left of her.

The thing to do is to let woman alone. She may be sick, but she is not so sick but that she may recover, provided she is left in peace and quietness for a time.

Before this everlasting self-inspection set in, with the innumerable pro visoes going along with it, for the "promotion of individuality," and the "realization of the ideal," woman was all right. If there was anything in particuular, the matter with her she didn't knew it. It is to be noted, in passing, that this untroubled woman was the mother of such sons and daughters as do ot seem to be coming into the world these days.

She gave to the world the Shakespeares, Newtons, Goethes, Humboldts, Darwins, Washingtons, Franklins, Jeffersons, Websters, Lincolns, Emersons, She was simply a woman, and yet she was the mother of these giants these great creative men, whose gentus has made the world what it is,

The Greek women, the mothers of the handsomest, brainlest, manliest nen that planet has ever known, the immortal poets, orators, artists, states men, whose glory will abide forever, were simply women who lost no sleep in dreaming of the "promotion of their individuality" and the "realization of The mothers of the magnificent men who builded the "grandeur which

was Rome," had no "pink tea" theories about the "emancipation of the sex" and the "reduction of the diaphragm to the line of beauty."

They strove to be healthy, to be sensible, to be faithful to their duties

as wives and mothers, and that, they felt, was enough.-New York American.

The : Great : Riddle

Materialism Offers No Rational Explanation of the Universe's Existence. By C. M. Depew, Jr.



N THE philosophical discussion which has been running in The Sun I have noticed several times the assertion that the supernatural is no longer accepted. This is absolutely untrue. The overwhelming majority of the population of the world accepts it and has always done so. It is true that in every generation for several thousands of years there have been a few individuals who have denied it, but in proportion to the mass of the population their number has been small.

The basis of objection to the supernatural is that it is not sufficiently es tablished. But what facts have we concerning natural phenomena which are well established? What is the operating force of the physical universe? What is ether? What is matter? What is mind? What is life? We do no know the facts concerning these which are most elementary.

The only investigations along this line have been due to physical science efforts which have received far too little popular support. But when we inquire of what the knowledges acquired consists, we find that it consists chiefly of theories which change from one generation to another, so that on the ground of knowledge the natural can hardly be accorded a superiority to the

The records of supernormal occurrences which have been accumulating from the earliest times are too numerous and too well established to be disregarded. Of course, a good deal has been recorded which was false. But is not a large proportion of the evidence reported in regard to various branches of normal phenomena found to be false? This is no reason for rejecting everything connected with it. It must also be remembered that the spiritual offers the only hope for a rational explanation of the universe, and that upon it our civilization and morality have been built. Without this we would have general anarchy, as was shown in the last days of the Roman Empire and in the period of the French revolution.

Fortunately, however, there is no indication that materialism is making any more progress at the present time than it has made in the past

HER TRANSFORMATION.

She drank quantities of water, atc a lot of starchy foods. of starchy foods.

Abstained from exercising every day:
he assimilated lactle and a case of maited

But it seemed her fate to have to fade way. mourned attenuation, with a visage the so mourned attenuation, with a visage like an owl's. That a smile upon her face was never

While below her mouth were wrinkles, and above her eyes were scowls, And her nose was like a hatchet in be tween.

But one day she fell to laughing in a strange, hysteric way, ridiculous it Just in thinking how ridiculous it proved: And it mellowed to a cackle that was sane enough, they say. Till at last she giggled every time she moved.

Why, she chickled out her wrinkles, and she shickered off her frowns.

And then took to all the things she shouldn't do:

Now she's grown as fat as butter, and has outgrown all her gowns.

But she laughs away at that disaster, too.

Walker, in the Woman's Home

FOR FUN



"Yes, indeed, my husband tells me verything." "He does? I'm glad you told me. I'll warn my busband."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Van Brush says he is wedded to his art." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "But they don't get on very well together."-Washington Star.

George-So you love that fellow from the bottom of your heart? Where do I come in then? Hilda-There's always room at the top, you know,-

First Passenger-Are they a happy family. Second Passenger-I'm afraid The old man is seasick, but his wife and the girls have mal-de-mer .-Harper's Bazar. The Senior-I'm due to turn in a

can't decide on one." Her Sophomore Sister-How would the Molecular Energy of Fudge do?"-Puck. "Mrs. aWtts Trumps didn't attend the last session of the whist club, did she?" "No; she can't talk very

thesis subject this week, and I simply

well yet with her new set of false teeth."-Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Are you used to looking after horses and other animals?" Been use to 'orses all my life." "What steps would you take if a lion got loose?

'Good long uns, mister!"-Punch. "Is he rich?" asked the sceker after truth, "Rich!" exclaimed Mr. Conn. "I should say so. Why, he so rich he can eat with a knife in a first-class ho tel dining room."-Portland Telegram.

The Vicar-How is it that some members of the choir sing so much more than the others? The Choirmaster-I'm sure I don't know. They all have the same chants.-Washing-

"Honesty," said the man who is earnest, but not original, "is the best policy." "It may be the best policy," answered Senator Sorghum, "but you can't convince me that it's the best politics."-Washington Star.

First Village Dame-Did I bring you back that basket you lent me last week? Second Dame (emphatically) No, indeed, you did not. First Dame-That's a pity, for I just came round to borrow it again.-New York

"I understand that Russia is on the verge of a revolution," said one South American, "It must be something worse than that," answered the other. "They wouldn't have all this difficulty over a mere revolution."-Washington

Mrs. Subbubs (just home from shopaing)-I saw the loveliest pink lawn today. Mr. Subbubs (who has been mowing the grass)-Great Scott! If I talked about seeing pink lawns you'd eccuse me of being crazy!-Philadel phia Record.

The City Man-I wonder why stores urban Man-I guess they know that any suburbanite can carry easily \$5 worth of stuff .- Harrisburg Telegraph, Young Man-I have called, sir, to

request the hand of your daughter in marriage. Old Grumleigh-Has she accepted you? Young Man-Yes, sir. Old Grumleigh-Then what do you want to come around and bother me your troubles for?-Chicago with Daily News.

Landlord-You paid no rent last month, sir; I suppose you're aware of that? Tenant-No. Well, I suppos you'll hold me to the agreement, Landlord-Agreement! What agreement! Tenant-Well, when I rented the flat you said I must pay in advance or not at all .- Judy. "All the room in a sleeping car ap-

wears to be used for the passengers, said the inquisitive old gentleman to the Pullman porter. "Where are your quarters?" "Well, suh," was the answer, "Ah totes 'em in a suit case till | we come to de end ob de trip, an, den, Ah invests 'em in real estate.-Cleve land Leader.

"I should think," remarked the kind lady, who had just staked the husky bobo to a hand-out, "that a strong, healthy looking man like you would be at work." "An' I would be but for one t'ing, lady," replied the weary traveler. "It keeps me so busy lookinfor sumthin' t' eat dat I ain't got no time fer work."-Chicago Daily News.

A party of Franciscan monks will work in the hop fields of Kent, England, during the picking this symmer,

G. M. MeDONALD.

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Pigs. common to good

ood to choice Common to fair. Calves. Veal, extra Veni, good to choice ... Veni, common heavy ...

Work the Supreme Need The advice of the President to parents to bring their children up to work in the city won't deliver an order of is sound. What this country imperagoods free in the suburbs unless it tively needs is a system by which men amounts to more than \$5? The Sub- can get money only by earning it. The other ways are bringing all our institutions perilously near destruction.-Baltimore American.

According to the federal census there were about 43,000 engineers and surveyors in the United States in 1900, states the New York Tribune. Our contemporary estimates that not more than 40,000 persons were entitled to be regarded as such Still, without making any discount whatever, it appears that only a year or two later fully one-third as many young men were studying with the intention of engaging in the same pursuits. The actual addition to the various branches of the engineering profession is to be computed, of course, from the number of graduates, and it is not an extravagunt estimate which puts the average for the last three or four years at 4,000 or 5,000, or from eight to ten per cent of the total number of those who are actively employed as engineers and surveyors.

A modern man o' war is a formidable looking piece of mechanism, but the danger it presents to an enemy in war is altogether dependent on the sighting ability of the man be hind the gun, avers the Atlanta Constitution. Russia had some up-to-date warships, but their gunners were as children playing with toys.

The lighthouse at Corunna, Spain, is believed to be the oldest one now in use. It was erected during the reign of Trajan and rebuilt in 1634.