

A store of unpracticed plety in the heart, warns the Chicago Tribune, soon paralyzes it.

The man who never tries to do things seldom feels the hammer of the "knocker," observes the Commoner.

No matter how intellectual she may be, sneers the Philadelphia Record, after a woman reaches a certain age she feels that almost any man is a match for her.

One of the first ways in which an opportunity to earn money was open to women came in the days before the sewing machine, relates the Christian Register, when hundreds of thousands of linen bosoms were sent throughout the country to be stitched by hand for the shirtmakers of New York City.

In a speech in the senate on Hawaiian affairs, Senator Dewey of New York told this story: When Queen Liliuokalani was in England during the queen's jubilee, she was received at Buckingham palace. In the course of the remarks that passed between the two queens, the one from the Sandwich Islands said that she had English blood in her veins. "How so?" inquired Victoria. "My ancestors ate Cook."

Notes the New York Evening Globe: China in her ruling classes is now committed to progressiveness. Civilization has won its victory. What will it do with it? If not in a military way certainly in an economic way China must in the near future be reckoned with. The Chinese are industrious and intelligent, and the unloosing of the latent force of its millions will have effects now seen only by men of imagination.

An ambitious barber, having improved his idle moments by studying medicine and surgery, and having graduated in that profession, opened an office and waited for patients, relates the Argonaut. The first one had appendicitis. Deftly the surgeon performed the operation, then, after the patient had recovered from the effect of the anaesthetic, inquired, "Won't you have your leg cut off today, sir? Looks as if it need it."

Coffee was to Balzac an "indispensable prerequisite to literary creation." Three or four years before he came to Passy he thus described the effects of the stimulating brown berry: Everything is thrown into a state of agitation; ideas move like the battalions of a great army on the battlefield, and a battle occurs. Memories arrive on the double quick with banners flying; the light cavalry of comparisons breaks into a magnificent gallop; the artillery of logic arrives with its ammunition train; witticisms rush forward as skirmishers; figures of speech stand ready to charge, the paper is quickly covered with ink, for the night vigil begins and ends with torrents of black water, as the battle with black powder. Yet it is only fair to state that 10 years later Balzac solemnly confessed that he was "slowly succumbing to the weight of some 14,000 cups of black coffee."

A "school of matrimony," having for its object the inculcation of "the prime essentials of wedded happiness" has been instituted in Boston, reports the New York World. To teach a Boston girl how to be a happy wife seems like attempting to paint the lily, and there is reason to suspect that the academy in question is a form of the educational philanthropy for which the Hub is noted. A school for wives is no doubt a perfectly logical extension of the widened scope of modern education. In what school the Roman Cornelias, the resolute matrons who embarked on the Mayflower and the millions of happy American wives of today learned the art it might be invidious to ask. But it is assumed that the school is established in response to a demand, and that being the case it is eminently proper that it should be opened at the country's leading educational centre. It is true that the proportion of wives, happy or unhappy, is smaller in Massachusetts than in any other American state and the proportion of unmarried women larger. But this may be due merely to an insistence on higher matrimonial ideals. If theory and practice do not agree in Boston, that is not necessarily the fault of the theory.

In Pittsburg a man tickled a mule's hind leg with a straw to see if it would kick. It did, but he has not been able to tell the doctors yet whether he saw it or not.

FIRST LOVE.

"Why do you look from the window so, Little Felicia, daughter of mine? There still is the long white seam to sew And the white lambs' wool to spin." "Oh, mother, below here in the snow Stands a little lad with a mouth like wine— A little lad with a carven bow And he makes as though he would enter in Mother of mine."

"Nay—there is no one there at all, Little Felicia, my idle one; Naught I see but the white snow's fall And thy task is still the same." "Oh, mother, harken, I hear him call, 'Pray, sweetheart, is the door undone? Let me in who am weak and small.' May I bid him enter in Pity's name, Mother of mine?"

"Nothing I hear and naught I see, Little Felicia, who works so ill; And there's much to do ere darkness be— Come daughter, thy task begin." But little Felicia blushing, Turned away from the window-sill; "Oh, mother, I spake no word," quoth she, "But I fear I fear he hath entered in, Mother of mine." —Theodosia Garrison.

White Lilacs.

By GENEVIEVE M. BOICE.

The last stroke of midnight solemnly boomed over the sleeping city as Edward Brewster laid aside his pen with infinite weariness. All the world was at rest but him, he thought, bitterly; and yet, he, too, might have been at peace in his old home to-night in Lindenlea had the wanderlust never seized him. He stirred uneasily; around his desk seemed to cling the faint haunting fragrance of the lilac bush, although no spray of the blossom could be found in the room. It was a forbidden flower in the Brewster mansion.

Twenty years it was since he had touched a spray of white lilac, and that was the night he had bidden Evelyn Leicester and Lindenlea a long, last farewell. It was spring time now in Lindenlea, he mused dreamily, and the lilac bush by the fountain had donned her bridal robe of misty, shimmering white, and the dew was lying on the gently waving branches like fairy jewels.

Evelyn had come to him that night down the shadow haunted path that led to the fountain, her regret at his going plainly visible in the sweet, dark eyes. Of all his friends, she alone, believed in him; the others called him a dreamer. The wide, wide world was not for such as him, they said, he who had never known labor. But Evelyn Leicester was not one of these. "I will believe in you always, Ned, come what may," she had told him, her beautiful head tilted back, and a light in her eyes that rivalled the starshine in the heavens above.

"Because I love you, Evelyn," he had answered, "and desire your happiness above everything else in the world, always during your life remember that somewhere I am near, waiting to do something to prove my love for you, and that a spray of this flower, however small, sent to me at any time or any place, will grant whatever wish you may make, that it may be in my power to grant, even at the cost of unhappiness to myself. Years and oceans may divide us, but the white lilac will always be to us the emblem of our unity."

Bird-wing and bird-song were silent as they parted; the wind sighed softly through the weeping willows, and the great, white moon shone full upon the lilac bush. He would return, he told her, when he had become rich and famous; they would be married in the little stone church on the hill half buried in ivy, and together they would roam through the broad, beautiful world like children on a holiday.

He had fought his way in the city step by step until he had secured a foothold; the way was hard and paved with many difficulties, and left him little time for the sweeter things of life. His letters to Evelyn were short, and as he now remembered, must have been unsatisfactory, and yet she was ever in his thoughts, queen of his castles in Spain, the bright particular star of his lonely life.

The blow that had shattered his every dream came with terrific suddenness. In a paper from his home town he read the notice of her marriage to John Brinslee, the rich man of the village. He had uttered no sound as he read it, the wound was too deep. For Evelyn he had no blame, but in his heart he registered a vow of vengeance against the man who had taken her from him. Fate had early taken a hand in the game, for Edward Brewster had risen to the office of president of an immense corporation in which John Brinslee held a high and trusted position.

The two men never made any pretense of friendship; each one was wary of the other. Warily the great financier rose from his desk, at the same time opening an important looking envelope that had escaped his attention. As he read its contents the shadows dropped from his face as by magic, and a light of almost insane triumph dawned in his eyes. The moment for which he had longed, prayed and hoped for twenty years had come at last.

During his absence abroad John Brinslee's enemies had been busy weaving a web around him from which he had found it impossible to extricate himself, and they had compelled him to resign his position. His friends, claiming him innocent of the charges brought against him, had for-

warded his reinstatement to the president with the request that he sign it and place John Brinslee back in his old position.

Would he sign it? Yes, when John Brinslee could give him back the vanished years of his life with the fulfillment of his youthful dreams; when he could repay him even in part for the loneliness and misery of twenty years. Then and not till then would he sign it.

He threw the paper on his desk, and a little white box hitherto unnoticed brushed his hand. Mechanically he opened it and shook from its satin bed a spray of white lilac. He fell heavily into a chair and his head sank forward on his outstretched hands. He remembered his promise and she had remembered it, too, but surely no human beating heart that had suffered as he had for twenty years could be expected to relinquish this cherished dream of revenge for a buried romance. And still the little spray of fragrance pleaded silently for its own and finally won. With trembling hands and eyes that saw not, Edward Brewster signed his name to John Brinslee's reinstatement.

The shadows of twilight quietly fell in John Brinslee's office; the room was deserted save for the bowed figure sitting silently at his desk. It was not the attitude of a triumphant man, rather of one who had failed. And yet, in his hand he held his reinstatement, besides the knowledge that he had bested Edward Brewster in a battle of wits.

When Brinslee had felt the web of his enemies drawing closer around him a wild plan had flashed into his whirling brain. He knew the romance of the white lilac, and one day a message had gone from his office to his old home in Lindenlea: "Send me a spray of lilac from the white bush by the fountain."

The flower had arrived and been sent on its silent mission to Edward Brewster, and the reinstatement signed by the great financier had come back almost immediately, and yet John Brinslee felt himself crushed and humiliated by the deception he had practiced.

As if acting on a sudden impulse he arose from his desk and tearing the paper before him into pieces threw it on the glowing flames. Then he squared his shoulders as one who accepts a heavy burden, and passed out into the night and its shadows.—Boston Post.

HISTORIC TEXAS POST.

Where the Experiment Was Made With Camels For Crossing Desert.

The destruction by fire of Camp Verde on the morning of March 26 removed from Southwestern Texas a landmark of more than passing interest to many people, not only in this section, but in various parts of the United States.

The old house, located on Verde Creek, eight miles from Centre Point and thirteen from Kerrville, was the last remaining building of Camp Verde military post. It was built in 1857 and was originally the officers' quarters of the garrison. Constructed of concrete, with walls two feet thick, and all the finishing lumber freighted by ox wagon from Indianola, the nearest shipping port at that time, the building cost the Government \$14,000.

Camp Verde post was established as a station from which experiments could be made in using camels to cross the desert to California. In 1857 a consignment of forty camels was brought from Asia Minor and Egypt on the United States steamer Supply to the Texas coast and eventually to Camp Verde. Twelve American camel drivers accompanied them and a caravan master. To the latter the Government had guaranteed a salary of \$100 a month for the remainder of his life, and he was still drawing it up to a few years ago and may be even now.

A large caravansary was built for the accommodation of the camels and a well dug and fitted up with a sweep for drawing water after the ancient Egyptian fashion. Traces of both the corral and well are still in evidence. The experiment, however, proved impractical, and while the camels were kept there eleven years, no use was made of them, and in 1868 they were sold and sent to Mexico and California.

Many United States prisoners of war were kept at Camp Verde by the Confederates until their exchange could be effected. During its occupation by Federal troops many distinguished visitors had been entertained there, General Robert E. Lee and Jos. E. Johnston as a Lieutenant-Colonel, being among these. Following the war the post was again occupied by United States troops until 1870, when it was formally evacuated. Later a company of State Rangers were stationed there, but eventually it was abandoned altogether and became a stopping place for any wayfarer who cared to seek shelter in passing by. The hospital, barracks, stables and other buildings, by pillages and fire, were gradually destroyed and obliterated.

In 1875 Camp Verde became the property of Judge John A. Bonnell, of Ohio, in the possession of whose family it has since remained.

The walls withstood the fierce onslaught of flame and rise above the ruins, but old Camp Verde is no more.—San Antonio Express.

At 10 a. m. every day the entire Great Western railway system of England receives the exact Greenwich time.

Baseball Graduates Attain High Places

Pitcher John Tener Named For Governor of Pennsylvania— Many Other Ex-Players Have Risen to Prominence in Professional and Business Life.

John K. Tener, of Charleroi, Pa., who was graduated from the pitcher's box to a banker's desk and afterward was elected to Congress to represent his home district, was nominated for Governor of Pennsylvania by the Republican State Convention. The State of Pennsylvania has, however, other men who attained prominence through baseball. Harold M. McClure, who caught John Montgomery Ward back in the seventies, was elevated to the bench and is now the presiding judge of a district court. Addison Gumbert, who was a member of the Chicago team at the same time with John Tener, was elected Sheriff of Allegheny County, and is slated for a higher position. Tener was a pitcher on the Chicago Club in 1888-89. In 1890 he joined the Brotherhood and played with the Pittsburg Club, retiring that year to follow the banking business.

Many ex-baseball players and men who were identified with the game have been, and are now, prominent in professional and business life. The late Senator Puc Gorman was a member of the Olympics, of Washington, in 1867. Senator Morgan G. Bulkeley, of Connecticut, was the first president of the National League in 1876. Justice Moody, of the Supreme Court, was formerly president of the New England League.

Albert G. Spalding and Al Reach, both professional baseball players of note in the seventies, have become immensely wealthy as dealers in sporting goods. Spalding pitched for the Boston Club in 1872, 1873, 1874 and 1875. In 1875 he pitched sixty-three games with a winning average of .899 per cent. Reach played second base for the Eckfords, of Brooklyn, and afterward for the Athletics, of Philadelphia.

Now A. G. Spalding is a prominent candidate for the United States Senate from California, where he has resided of late years. The candidate against him is Governor Gillett, whose popularity in California was not increased through his action in forbidding the Johnson-Jeffries fight in San Francisco.

Ward, a Prominent Lawyer.

Many baseball players, who were favored with large salaries during recent years, spent the better part of their money in getting themselves for professional careers after their usefulness as players had ended. Of these John Montgomery Ward is an example. Ward was for many years one of the stars of the New York Giants. He retired from baseball in 1895 with years of profitable service ahead of him. He took up the practice of law and has been very successful. Of late years Ward has been prominent as a golfer.

The late Michael J. Sullivan, at one time a pitcher for the Giants and other National League teams, retired to become a member of the Boston bar. He was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature, and later to a judgeship shortly before his death.

Judge Harry M. Taylor played first base for the Louisville and Baltimore clubs while studying law at Cornell University. When he was graduated from college he also was graduated from baseball and took up the practice of law in Buffalo. Two years ago he was appointed District Judge on the Western Circuit of this State. He is also a trustee of Cornell University.

Orator James O'Rourke, while he has only recently retired from active baseball, has been a practicing attorney in Bridgeport for many years. Captain Adrian C. Anson, of the Chicago Club, was elected City Clerk of the Windy City through his connection with baseball. Dick Cogan, who pitched for Chicago and other clubs, was an Alderman in Paterson and afterward was elected City Clerk of the Jersey town.

Fultz, Too, a Lawyer.

David Fultz, who played good ball for the Baltimore, Philadelphia Athletics and New York Americans, is doing well at the practice of law in this city. Fultz also shines as a leader of prayer meetings and is a very popular speaker. He never fails to say a good word for the national game. In a recent lecture Fultz said: "Baseball is usually undervalued by

those who know the least of the merits of the great game. It teaches a man among other things to be fair. He acquires the habit of self-control and the virtue of perseverance. He must not lose his temper; if he does he cannot be a good ball player. He must learn to repress the temptation which often confronts him of doing injury to his opponent; he must accept the discipline dealt out by umpire and manager, and he must keep in mind the rules. If he fails in these requirements he becomes mean and unmanly. Religion is an aid to good ball playing and good ball playing helps religion. The majority of those who play ball are good, clean men and gentlemen."

William Goeckle, who played first base for the Philadelphia Club, is now a prosperous attorney in Wilkes-barre.

Hughey Jennings, the popular manager of the Detroit Tigers, has his shingle out in Scranton, where he practices law. Hughey says he can't afford to retire altogether from baseball while he is making the money his job as manager of the Tigers pays him.

Billy Sunday an Evangelist.

Rev. William A. Sunday, known for many years as Billy Sunday, one of the stars of the Chicago team, has made a remarkable record as an evangelist. That revival work pays much better than baseball is demonstrated by the fact that the Rev. Mr. Sunday recently received in the way of contributions \$3622.84 for one month's preaching.

Edward M. Lewis, for years well known as a pitcher of the Boston National League team, is a graduate of a divinity school in Massachusetts and is a regularly ordained clergyman. He gave up the diamond to accept a professorship in Columbia University.

Norwood R. Gibson, a graduate of Notre Dame University, and for eight years a pitcher for the Kansas City, Washington and Boston clubs, is an instructor in general and analytical chemistry in Wabash College.

Danny Richardson, of the Giants, the late Mike Griffin, of the Brooklyn Club, are two ball players who retired in their prime to become successful business men. Richardson is in the dry goods business in Elmira and Griffin was the proprietor of a brewery in Utica when he died.

Some of the players who used their baseball salaries to pursue the study of medicine or dentistry are the late Doc Bushong, of the St. Louis and Brooklyn teams; Jimmy Casey, of Chicago and Brooklyn; G. Harris White, of the Chicago White Sox; Harry Gessler, of Washington; Mark Baldwin, of Chicago and New York; Eustace Newton, of Toronto; the late Maurice Powers, of the Philadelphia Athletics; and Billy Scanlon, of the Brooklyn Club.

Children of professional ball players have also become prominent helped by the money their fathers made in the game. Sid Farrar, first baseman of the Philadelphia Club in the eighties, spent all of his salary he possibly could spare on the early musical education of his gifted daughter, Geraldine Farrar, the soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company. The learned Justice Frederick Crane, of Brooklyn, is the son of Fred Crane, who played second base for the champion Atlantics, of Brooklyn, in the sixties.—New York World.

The King's Right Hand Man.

Lord Knollys, who, after serving the late King for forty years, has been appointed private secretary to King George, comes of a singularly long-lived race. His father served as controller of the Prince of Wales' household until his eightieth year, and lived for six years after his retirement, and his grandfather likewise attained a great age. His ancestor, William Knollys, who also served in the household of two monarchs, Elizabeth and James I., died at the age of eighty-five, and, according to Dugdale, "rode a hawk and hunting within half a year of his death." Sir Francis Knollys, who founded the family fortune, was eighty-two at the time of his death.—London Chronicle.

CONFINED TO BED.

Ridgway, Pa., Woman Endures Terrible Suffering.

Mrs. Jacob Farr, 406 Broad street, Ridgway, Pa., says: "I suffered the worst kind of pain through my back, the kidneys were weak and I had dizzy spells. For a long time I was unable to attend to my work and was confined to bed for weeks. I doctored constantly to no avail. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me right away, and soon I was cured. I am better and stronger than in years." Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



Some people need only a little help of observation to take in all the important scandals of the age.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Life is two-thirds bluff, law is three-fourths tyranny, piety is nine-tenths pretense. Be genuine and poor if you would die respected.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe.

She Knew the Worst. Mistress (hiring servant)—I hope you know your place? Servant—Oh, yes, mum! The last three girls you had told me all about it.

Playing the Market. "Curbroke never pays for his meat until a month afterward." "So I hear. Prices in the meantime go up, and he feels as though he'd made something."—Puck.

The Motive Power. "A western editor says nobody was ever hurt while taking a 'joy ride' on the handles of a plow." "That's where he's mistaken. Many a good man has been kicked by a mule."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Nurse's Opinion. A nurse had been called as a witness to prove the correctness of the bill of a physician.

"Let us get at the facts in the case," said the lawyer, who was doing a cross-examination stunt. "Didn't the doctor make several visits after the patient was out of danger?" "No, sir," answered the nurse. "I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits."

What They Did With Them. An American who spends much of his time in England tells of a cockney who went to a dealer in dogs and thus described what he wanted. "Hi want a kind of dog about so 'igh an' so long. Hit's a kind of gr'y'ound, an' yet it ain't a gr'y'ound, because 'is t'yle is shorter nor any o' those 'ere gr'y'ounds, an' 'is nose is shorter, an' 'e ain't so slim round the body. But still 'e's a kind o' gr'y'ound. Do you keep such dogs?" "We do not," said the dog man. "We drown 'em."

Seeking Comfort. "I've got a long way to go and I'm not used to travel," said the applicant at the railway ticket office. "I want to be just as comfortable as I can, regardless of expense." "Parlor car?" "No, I don't care for parlor fix-ins." "Sleeper?" "No, I want to stay awake an' watch the scenery." "Then what do you want?" "Well, if it wouldn't be too much trouble, I wish you'd put me up in one of these refrigerator cars I've read so much about."

A COOL PROPOSITION And a Sure One. The Body Does Not Feel Heat Unpleasantly if it has Proper Food— Grape-Nuts

People can live in a temperature which feels from ten to twenty degrees cooler than their neighbors enjoy, by regulating the diet.

The plan is to avoid meat entirely for breakfast; use a goodly allowance of fruit, either fresh or cooked. Then follow with a saucer containing about four heaping teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts, treated with a little rich cream. Add to this about two slices of crisp toast with a meager amount of butter, and one cup of well-made Postum.

By this selection of food the bodily energy is preserved, while the hot, carbonaceous foods have been left out. The result is a very marked difference in the temperature of the body, and to this comfortable condition is added the certainty of ease and perfect digestion, for the food being partially pre-digested is quickly assimilated by the digestive machinery.

Experience and experiment in food, and its application to the human body has brought out these facts. They can be made use of and add materially to the comfort of the user.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

CITY HORSES FROM MISSOURI.

Mounted Squad Has 300 Matched Bays Mostly From That State.

Breeders of the State of Missouri seem, according to Bit and Spur, to have a monopoly in the matter of furnishing the type of horse demanded for use by the mounted squad of the New York police force.

There is nothing so exacting about these horses that makes one section of the country superior to any for their production, and the fact that up to this time this State has furnished them is more of a tribute to the enterprise of Missouri breeders than it is to any special advantage possessed by that State for the production of satisfactory horses for this service.

These horses, which have acquired an almost worldwide reputation, are required to be bays, with black manes and tails, and to be about six feet high. The 300 now in the

city's service are practically all of the same height, weight and color. They are a higher class horse than the ones used in the cavalry service, and yet such horses may be found in all the horse breeding States. Intelligence and good looks are more essential for the mounted police horse than speed or high education as saddle horses.

When it is considered that the famous mounted police squadron of New York has been in existence less than ten years and that its efficiency is recognized as being one of the greatest of modern municipal developments it is not difficult to see that in the near future the demand for the proper type of horse for this service will be such as to claim the attention of the breeders of every State in the Union.