ANTITHESIS.

easur a from mind their character derive, ad-marshalled are they, and mind-made; with a mind corrupt due speak or sot, im doth pain follow, the wheel the beast of burden's foot.

tures from mind their character derive i-marshalled are they, and mind-made th pure mind one speak or act, doth happiness follow, as a shidow that declineth not.

on as rain a Historiched house doth penetrate. o penaltrivella provide. on as rain doth penetrate not reli-thatched house. —From the East of Asia Magazine, t inted from the Pali by A. J. Edmunds.

THE YOUNG REPORTER'S DILEMMA.

"Sheridan," remarked the city editor, with his accustomed colorless brevity, without glancing up from his desk, "I want this story in by 3 o'clock." He pushed a slip of paper across his desk imost instinctively in the direction of the young reporter and promptly submerged his identity in the ever-present em of news values.

Sheridan rose from his seat at the recked up the bit of paper. It was an sy assignment, being merely an interview with a charming young society can concerning her alleged engageent to an English duke, but the athletic young reporter suddenly turned white and leaned heavily sgainst the rial deak for support.

The city editor, dimly conscious that ing was wrong, came to the surace and realized that instead of ging of a door, followed by the abce of Sheridan, the said Sheridan ed leaning heavily against the

"I can't take this assignment," he red at length. "Why not?" asked his chief in aston-

cause I used to know Miss Winection." he answered with difficulty. Then so much the better for the Ar-

gus," said the city editor smiling, "you m to be just the man for us." She was once a very dear friend of ie," went on Sheridan in a low tone, and you must see how impossible it

ld be for me to go to her on such errand. I can't do it, that's all." city editor sighed deeply, and rged from his flood of items. He ed the young man squarely in the a hang if your father was the czar of all the Russias, You've got to sink your by when you enter this office, Try get that once you were your father's son, and remember with all your I that you're only a reporter on the

DALLY ASTOLIA This useful advice was followed eithby an emphatic slam of the door as ng reporter began to sink his young reporter began to sink na-city in that of the Argus, or by an its resignation couched with old civility. But this time, glancing ip at the handsome, refined face rehim with such frank distress lexity, the city editor said te gently for him who was wont growl as the bear: "You know, Mr. in, we news-reporters are oblig-

d to belong to the neuter gender." ad thoroughly proud of the fact, the akin to compassion for young whom an unexpected flurry Wall street had robbed of his princetance. It occurred to him that ibly the struggle of an impoverishaire might offer difficulties wen more overwhelming than those of a accustomed to hardships from

Suddenly, without a word, Sheridan ed and left the room. As the door ped behind him, the city editor sank n again in his items with a sigh of or had not given in his resignation.

The footman smled broadly as he answered the bell, for Sheridan had been at favorite with the Winterton ts, but the young man's face was ily grave as he said, briefly:

"Please tell Miss Winterton that a from the Daily Argus wishes

The footman's smile widened into an ed to this message. He recalled the day, so very distant, when the young re had driven up in state to the door, and, pressing a gold piece in his hand, had bidden him tell his es that a detective would have ch with her at once upon importiness Later, when he was servthe coffee in the drawing room, he overheard Miss Marion telling her about an exquisite diamond ring ich an unknown detective had found at Timany's, and recognized as here by n of its surpassing beauty; where-Mr. Winterton had been much mysed until the young girl laughingly had explained, and showed him the orilliant bauble sparkling on her fin-

Sheridan is a clever detective just bemy's belongs to you," tensed her father, and the young girl had blushed and smiled as she confessed that Tom | that exalted duty of citizenship. His had done fome very clever work, in- opportunity came in a big trial the him. "But don't you think that was jount of his age.

nainfully evident?" said the heartless

How familiar it all seemed. Outside he caught a glimpse of steadily falling snow between the heavy folds of the Venetian curtains, but within all was summer-like and soothing. A fire of driftwood sent a delicious warmth through the apartment. A giant bowl of ancient delft brimming over with the delicate La France roses she loved offered him their incense generously There was her violin in a corner. The night he had learned he had nothing and had given her back her freedom she had played to him in the firelight It was burned into his memory ineffaceably. He saw again her tall. slight figure in its clinging, white draperies, her charming face bent softly above her violin as she played "Du Rist Wie Bine Blume" and sang the

words almost whisperingly, It was a moment he would never forget because it was the moment before he had lost her forever, and men remember such things. How dear and familiar it all was. It

back time for a little month to that that same place, eager, happy, unconscious, walting for the sight of her, for the wonderful sound of her voice. The warmth, the fragrance, the delightful, artistic comfort of the room made a harmonious prejude to the blue of her arrival. When she entered it was like a fisch of lovely sunlight after dark-

He heard her light footsteps coming ripping by down the oak staircase. In a moment he would see her again, charming, riant face, so dear, so different from all other face, the one face of his dreams, of his prayers.

He took a step toward the door, and then his eyes fell upon a copy of the Dally Argue lying on a table before him. He turned aside brusquely and walked quickly to the window, where the snow was falling steadily beyond the Venetian curtains. But of the weather he was quite unconscious. He saw suddenly the busy, mask-like face of the city editor, the hard, white glare of the green-shaded electric lamp circling down upon his bent head and beneath the pulsing thunder of his brain he heard the city editor's voice saying: You know, Mr. Sheridan, we news reporters are obliged to belong to the neuter gender."

He must never forget those words again.

"Oh, Tom, dearest," said the voice which was so wonderful and so different from all other voices in the world, "I really began to think you never were coming to see me again."

There was a curious mixture of joy yes. It was a crisis for which he was and pain and bubbling, irrepressible ad sooner or later in the case of laughter in her tone. Sheridan turned away from the dreary reality of brownstone houses frowning grimly in the falling snow, back to the enchanting but forbidden delight of the room so summer-soft and soothing. He dared not lift his eyes to hers, but he said quite firmly in view of the mad beating of his heart:

"I have been sent up by the Daily Argus to interview you about your en- that it had a rose.

gagement, Miss Winterton. "Oh, indeed," said the girl, smiling happily, "you may tell them it's quite

"Oh, Mariet!" burst forth poor Sheridan, helplessly in spite of his fixed determination to merge his identity in that of his paper. "It isn't, it can't be true ""

"Yes, it is, dearest," she said, going straight up to him and putting her hands on his broad shoulders, "You ought to know it's been true for nearly three months, Tom."

"But I gave you back your freedom, you know," gasped the young man in bewilderment.

"I know you tried to," she whispered to his coat; "but, you foolish Tom, didn't you notice that I didn't take it?

The editorial rooms of the Daily Argus were unenriched by the presence of young Sheridan on the day of his unsuccessful attempt to merge his identity in that of the paper. The city editor was in a very bad humor on account set that his most promising report- of this extraordinary fact, as all the office boys could hear testimony. An entire column had been reserved confidently for Sheridan's story, and as a result of his default a column of elderly tid-bits had disgraced the evening edition.

> The temperature was far below zero on the following morning when the young reporter came in "Sheridan," began the city editor

sternly, "where is your story?" "Well," confessed the young man, flushing with the consciousness of guilt, "she admitted she's engaged, but it's not to be announced yet. And it is

not the English duke, after all." "Who is it, then? Did you get his name?" asked the editor, professionally on the alert.

"I got his name and address," said Sheridan, still smiling guiltily, "but she asked me, as a special favor, not to give it to the press just yet. However,

she promises the Argus exclusive news "Umph!" growled the city editor.

In 1873 John Boyle of Detroit was rejected as a juror in a murder trial because he knew too much about the case. Since that time he has read only the headlines of murder "stories" se he thinks the finest diamond at in the daily newspapers, in order to be qualified for jury service when he should next be called upon to perform id, in discovering her feeling toward | other day, and he was rejected on ac-



The Old-Fashianed Boy. He has dimpler, -inughter-wells; And his eace are pretty shells!

He will very rarely err; Amiles are shining in his eye! He is just as full of fun

On his head a ribboned curl

What a blessing and a joy Is my fat, old-fashioned boy! —Chicago Register.

Lion. Lion is a big black dog, whose maser sends him to the postoffice for his letters. When the clerk sees the shagwould be so easy, so very easy, to turn sy head at the window he puts the letters and paper in Lion's mouth, and moment when he had stood there in away he trots, never losing a bit of it. One day, when coming home from the office, he saw a piece of cake on the sidewalk. Now Lion is very fond of cake, and he was hungry; but, if he put the letters down some one might run off with them, for it was on a busy street. The shaggy head was still for a minute, as if thinking, when, dropping the letters carefully on the sidewalk, he placed one big black paw on them, and then are the cake as if he enjoyed it.-Light of Truth.

"Diogenes the Wise."

With all his faults the old philosopher of Athens was often called "Diogenes the Wise," Whether his wisdom was really so great as to deserve that title may be doubted. But his worst faults seem to have been good qualities carried to excess. In opposing too much luxury, he cut himself off from the comforts of life! in his eagerness to make life simple, he lost sight of its gentilities; he was saving at the expense of neatness, truthful at the cost of courtesy, and plain spoken even to rudeness. One would say that he was coarse grained by nature, but he showed signs of tenderness and even refinement, which proved that the grain was not entirely coarse, and which made us wonder at an age that could produce two men so wise and yet so different as Diogenes the rude, 'walking philosopher" of his time, and Plato, the polished and aristocratic gentleman -St. Nicholas.

Which Are You? Two boys went to gather grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy be-

cause the grapes had seeds in them. Two men, being convalencent, were asked how they were. One said, "I am better today." The other said, "I was worse yesterday."

When it rains one man says, "This will make mud;" another, "This will leads to it. lay the dust."

served that it had a thorn; the other ored glasses, one said, "The world is | ured quarter of a mile from shore, and blue;" and the other said. "It is the cat got in first.

bright." Two boys having a bee, one got honey, the other got stung. The first | was one of those rare cats that go in | graduation in and the practice of tropcalled it a honey bee, the other a sting-

"I am glad that I live," says one man. "I am sorry I must die," says his master who stood on the land. another "I am glad ," says one, "that it is no

"that it is no better." One says, "Our good is mixed with evil," Another says, "Our evil is ugly black cat, and as she had been mixed with good."--Christian Register.

What is the difference between Joan of Arc and Noah's ark? One was made of gopher wood and the other Maid of What is the difference between a

chicken with one wing and one with two? A difference of (a) o-pinion. What is the greatest thing to take before singing? Breath.

Why is Cupid a poor marksman? He is always making Mrs. (misses). Why do most girls like ribbons?

They think the beaux becoming. Why is a blacksmith's apron like an | little blackfish. unpopular girl? It keeps the sparks

Why are girls good postoffice clerks? What animals are admitted to the

opera? White kids. When is a girl like a mirror? he is a good looking (g) lass. When is a schoolmaster like a man

mancy for a pupil In what key should a declaration of thief from getting any of their catch. love be made? Be mine ah! (B minor). Why is a sheet of postage stamps often were anchored 200 feet out from like distant relatives? Because they shore. One day I saw something move are only slightly connected.

Why can the world never come to an end? Because it is round.

First Impressions.

"Hurry up, mother! They close the the little lad could scarcely await the | made worse by the fact that, asthough moment for departure. His constant she would stand in the water patientchatter showed his fear of being late. ly for hours waiting for a fish, she re-But at last the hour arrived, and he fused absolutely to catch the white was shown into a large room where rats with which the creek was infestthere were many children. His eves ed. opened wider and wider, but he did So there was no grief among us not have a word to say; his time was when a stranger seeing the cat swim all taken up with just looking. Pres- across the creek one day imagined that ently he found that his mother was she was some curious sea creature and kissing him, and telling him to be a shot her dead .-- San Francisco Chrongood bey. Then a strange young lady | icle.

standing near took him in charge. Where was mother going? What was this strange woman going to do with him? His eyes, as he looked at his mother, were an expression at once scared and pleading

But he remembered that father had told him to be his solid little man and not let all the children think he was a baby. So he bravely swallowed that funny lump in his throat, which somehow made his voice sound so odd and queer as he said to his mother, "Good by, mother! Be sure and come for me at noon. Thus began his first school day. He

was placed on a hard little seat behind a tiny desk, and for a time he felt that if he moved a finger something awful would happen; but soon he saw that things were taking place around him, and he raised his head. He looked at the other boys, front. back and all around, and presently he saw one boy stand up and say, "C-a-t." Then another boy stood up and said, "B-o-y." Was that all they learned at school? Why, he know how to spell those words long ago! He thought he was going to learn something new, His heart swelled with all the importance of his seven years, and he could scarcely sit still until he was given a chance to show them how easily he could spell and count all that they were spelling and counting.

Then when 12 o'clock came and be marched with the others like little soldiers to the street, this little lad looked easerly for a face that he was sure would be waiting. With one little scream he fairly flew to her, and clasping his arms round her neck, said:

"Mother, this is such a funny school They didn't teach us anything new at all. The teacher just told the boys how to spell cat and rig and hen. But showed her I could do much better than that.

"Well, what did my little boy say when the teacher asked him to spell?" "Why, she wanted me to spell cow out I just got up and said, M-i-s-s-i-ss-i-p-p-i. "-- Youth's Companion.

Animala That Swim. There is hardly an animal known that cannot swim. Most animals are perfectly ready to swim when necessary, and will cross deep water by swimming rather than to go around it. Some animals swim only when the greatest necessity drives them to it. Birds, on the other hand, cannot swim unlarg they are water fowl. Every one knows how miserably chickens perish in water. Song birds are equally helpless. Even the waders drown in deep water.

It is a common belief that pigs cannot swim, or, rather, that, although they cannot swim, they will "cut their Meanwhile, while we lack, and will throats" with their front boofs in the etruggle.

take to the water only in the most serious emergency. But the wild boar swims readily, and takes to the water dining room or through an open gateinvariably if hunted in a direction that | way.

The domestic cat is a very good and to water. In an experiment made by the writer, a cat beat a water spaniel Two children looking through col- Both were thrown overboard a meas-

The cat's superior speed was not

worse." "I am sorry," says another, marsh island in the middle of one of ment for the undertaking. the big salt water oays on the south born on the marsh, she was accus-When she was still a tlny kitten, she need to amuse us and our visitors by

swift dabs with her claws at the little minnows that flashed past. Finally, one day, we were surprised to find her standing in the water. She had waded out so far that only her shoulders and head were above the

From that day on it became unnecssary to feed the cat. She nunted for her own food regularly and for sev-Because they understand managing the eral years she are absolutely nothing but fish, except in winter.

She became so greedy for fish that she would leap into boats as soon as they came alongside and steal the first fish that she could seize. Finally it became customary for the fishermen with one eye? When he has a va- to anchor their boats in front of the camp and wade ashore to prevent the As the beach was shelving, the boats in one of the boats and then I saw our black cat climb furtively out of the how with a fish in her mouth. She slipped gently into the water and swam ashore with her spoil.

After that she made a regular pracdoors when it is 9 o'clock, you know." tice of swimming out to boats until It was his first day at school, and she became a nuisance. Her sins were

PHILIPPINE FARMING. PROBLEM TO MAKE TROPCAL

AGRICULTURE PROFITABLE. The American Who Without Special Training Attempts to Farm in Our Island Archipelago Is Taking Desperate Chances-Where to Study.

The farming community in the older eastern and southern portions of the United States constitutes, if I may be pardoned the use of a seeming paradox, a conservative-progressive alement of our people, whose conserva-tism finds expression in clinging to the old farm and its associations, and whose progressiveness takes form in adopting with alacrity every scientific or practical device that facilitates farm operations.

He has, and perhaps truly, been

charged as of laggard intuitions, and of slow, even dense, perceptions; but none gainsay that he is very sure and apt to arrive at very correct conclusions whether his mental processes be of the hare or tortolse order. and sound sense and very good judgment are emphasized by the fact that he, better than any one else, knows his own limitations in his own craft. He knows that the underlying principles in agriculture are governed by the same laws on the equator as at the poles. Having mastered those principles, he also knows that in a fair field, and without fear or favor, his prospects of success in a new and untried field of tropical agriculture would be far brighter than those of any layman

however industrious and energetic. But this American farmer has not yet arrived in the Philippines, and, worse luck for us, there is little danger that he will be conspicuous here for many years to come—except by his

No: he is not here, nor will he be here in our generation, and the simple explanation may be found in that earllier tribute to his average good sense and that profound knowledge of this own limitations; to the knowledge that tells him that notwithstanding the advantages that his training and experience would give him, the successful practice of tropical agriculture would impose upon him the acquisition of a new and almost distinct profession. In time and as he learns upon credible sources of information of the prosecution of large and successful farming enterprises in these parts, he will cautiously send out his sons, not as farmers, but as apprentices or laborers, upon these estates where they may round out and perfect the initial training they have had in agricultural schools or upon the old homestead. continue to lack, the American farmer we have a very considerable number As a matter of fact the domestic pig of Americans, who propose "to enter" souciant unconcern and easy aplomb with which they would saunter into a

These same people ar shockedsometimes distinctly offended—if Two boys examined a bush. One ob- swift swimmer, despite her objection saked why they do not "enter" the ministry, or, equally untrained, do not "enter" as special counsel in litigation involving millions, or into a hospital to perform an operation in

tomy or obstetrics. Inquiry develops the fact that a few, due to her fear of the water, for she a very few of these candidates for voluntarily. The dog was fully as anx- ical agriculture have been born upon ious to reach shore as the cat, for he a farm, and perhaps done farm chores was frantic with eagerness to get to till 12 or 15 years of age. For these few there is a fighting chance of success, The cat in question belonged to me as they realize that they are coping when I opened a fishing camp on a with a man's task and a child's equip

But what can be said of the chances shore of Long Island. She was a great, of the large remainder? of the 90 percent, made up of discharged soldiers, disappointed miners, adventurers, tomed to the water from the beginning. | whatnots, or anybody except farmers who could with equal hope of success undertake the construction of a twinlying close to the water and making screw battleship as the equally complex problems of tropical agriculture?

The truly pitiable feature of this phase of the case is that many of this class are not only sincerely in earnest but by frugality and industry have accumulated a few hundred or a few surface and there she stood fishing. thousand dollars that they now seek For a long time she did not move a to invest in tropical agriculture, and muscle. Then suddenly she made a seek either information or advice as quick motion with her left fore claws to the best cultivations to undertage and backed out of the water with a which, between the lines should be read to say, the easiest channels in which to lose their hard-earned sav-

Where advice alone is asked, and the adviser knows his business, and is conscientious, he can have but one un-

deviating reply to make: States, or Ceylon, and hire out as an ing. apprentice or farm hand for two or three years on some of the very many large and well-managed farm estates, supplement your day labor with very night study, and then you may return fairly well equipped to undertake tropical farming in the Philippines without incurring the almost certain disaster that must otherwise overtake you."

Nothing will suit the victim but that | all creation. he plunge in medias res and flounder at once in the complexities of abaca, copra, cacao, coffee, indigo, or vanilla. Inflamed with the tales of untold wealth that sometimes are broadly exposed in newspaper columns, but not unfrequently well entrenched and concealed from view upon the farm; he oid horns are found in large numbers hastens to do the little he hears and in the forests, and are used for varireads, and this is all sufficient to win our commercial purposes.

He needs only to drop a cocoanut in the sand or dibble in an abaca sucker and Mother Nature will do the rest. It must be conceded that at the present moment, stimulated by enormous demand and abnormal prices, Mother Nature, so far as these two products and sing "-Tit-Bita.

are concerned, is traveling well up. But when the normal is restored as it unidoubtedly will be (for markets are like pendulums), then Mother Nature will halk and can only be conved out of her contine pace by the application of such stratagem and artifice as may only be commanded by him whose tritining, experience, and profound knowledge of the special cultivation in hand assures his mastery of the

With the varied scientific knowledge and comprehensive grasp of the application of scientific principles with this fact so generally known to laymen, it seems little short of marvelous to find there are still people upon the earth who have not outlived the old-time reproach "When a man hear't brains enough to make a living, make a farmer of him." That the reproach is not all undeserved is demonstrated by the many untrained recruits in the Philippines standing ready to tump into the realities of a calling whose technical demands are far more exacting than those in the highest lines of industrial art, and in some respect more than in

the so-called learned professions. This man is sui-generis, and for purposes of identification must bereafter be classed as the "American Farmer in the Philippines."-W. S. Lyon, Philinpine Bureau of Agriculture, in Manila Times.

WONDERFUL THING IS STARCH.

Read What the Learned Grocer Has to Say About It. "A package of starch?" asked the

intelligent and learned grocer; and as he wrapped the package up he talked. "Starch originated," he said, "in Planders. It was introduced into England, with the big ruff, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. It was like our starch of today, except that it was

made in colors-red, yellow, green,

blue. The effect of this was to that deli-

cately the white linen to which the starch might be applied. "Before Queen Elizabeth's time ruffies and ruffs were made of fine Holland, which required no stiffening, Then the ruffs of cambric came and these of necessity be starched."

The grocer, consulting his memorandum book, resumed; "It is recorded that 'when the Queen had ruffs made of lawn and cambric for her own princely wearing there was nose in England could tell how to starch them; but the Queen made special means for some women that could starch, and Mrs. Guilham, wife of the royal coachman, was the first starch-

"In 1564 a Flanders woman. Fran Van der Plasse, came to London and established there a school for the tenching of starching. This school succreded. The Flanders frau got rice. She charged £5 a lesson, and an extra ings for a recipe for of starch out of wheat flour, bran and

"Yellow was the most fishionable color among the nobility. The fast, racing set went in for green. The Puritans used blue starch though at first they had been against the stuff altogether, dubbing it: "A certaine kinde liquide matter which they call starch, wherein the devill hath willed them to wash and dive their ru which when they be dry, will then

"Starch is made from wheat, corn and potatoes, and starving men have often subsisted on it, finding it nourishing, though not tasty."-Philadelphia Record.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The biggest wheat field in the world is in the Argentine. It belongs to an Italian named Guazone and covers just over 100 square miles.

In Lynn, Mass., 24,000,000 pairs of shoes were made last year; in Brockton, 17,000,000 pairs and in Haverhill 12,000,000 pairs. These three cities, therefore, turned out enough shoes to supply one pair for two-thirds of the population of the country.

The most widely separated points between which a telegram can be sent are British Columbia and New Zealand. A telegram sent from one to the other would make nearly a circuit of the globe and would traverse over 20,000 miles in doing so. Joseph Powell, a 13-year-old box

who lives in New Albany, Ind., has literally outgrown his skin. During a six months' illness his height increased 12 inches and his skin became as tight as a drumhead, finally bursting in sev-"Go to Java, the Federated Malay eral places. The breaks are now heal-

By a law recently enacted in Russia, any university or high school student who creates or causes disorder shall be drafted into the army for a period of from one to three years. Inis is to curb the rashness and fondness for mischief of college students, who imagine they have the privilege to annow

A fence nearly 200 feet long at Livingston, Mont., is made entirely of horns of the elk-more properly caused wapiti. These animals, like the others of the deer family, shed their horns once a year and grow new ones. The

"The house is on fire!" cried the tenor. "The audience must be dismissed as quickly as possible." "All right," replied the manager,

"Say nothing about the fire. Go out