Newspapers are suppressed in Japan not merely for political reasons, but for publishing scandalous articles on the private life and family affairs of individuals.

A Boston jury recently decided that 'Yankee Doodle" was not a fit tune for a Sunday concert, and now objection is being made by the New England Sabbath Protection League to Sunday performance of Rossini's oratorio, "Moses in Egypt."

The salt industry of Utah is grow ing rapidly. Five years ago not over twenty carloads of refined, or, as commonly called, commercial were sold annually to outside points Utah men, says the San Francisco Examiner. Now the business is about 1500 cars of refined salt annually.

The Hartford (Conn.) Courant tells a story of Yale in the old days. The boys used to bribe the printers' 'devils" to get proofs of the examina tion papers for them. When the col-lege authorities put a stop to this practice a bright idea seized one fellow practice a bright idea serzed one fellow and he saved the whole suffering party. He hired one of the printers (it was summer) to wear a pair of white trousers to the office, and at noon to sit down on the "form" in which were locked the precious questions. The inky seat of that pair of trousers sold for a deal more than the clothes were worth in their original spotlessness, and relief was assured.

Cambridge, Mass., is indignant, justly it would seem to Harper's Weekly, because the Postoffice Department declines to recognize its existence officially except as "Station F, Boston." The city ordered the other day of the Government some thou-sands of stimped envelopes on which was to be printed the notice to return, if not delivered to City Hall, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Word came back that the printing would not be done as ordered, but the letters would be made returnable to Station F, Boston. Of course Cambridge was indignant. It got its envelopes and had them printed privately to its own taste, and now its Citizens' Trade Associa tion is on the war path, and its Con-gressman has been notified to make trouble. Harvard University, as local ted by the Postoffice printer, is at "Station F, Boston."

It is true the settlement of the West and Northwest has been largely by immigrants from foreign countries, but these immigrants have been of the best kind. The class of immigrants who find it to their taste to drift into the slums of the large cities have never come west of Chicago in large numbers, says the Sioux City (Iowa) Jour nal. The Germans, French, Dutch, English, Scotch, Scandinavians and Irish, who have gone upon farms of the West to make homes for themselves, or have built up the small

laid. As to the possibilities of an augmented cable traffic at the antipodes and with China and Japan, it appeared that an increase of \$250,000 in the last half-year had sprung almost entirely from the activity in "Westralian" gold mining. As regards the stability of the English submarine cable enterprises, it may be noted that the Eastern Extention property is valued at a premium of \$10,000,000 on its capital value, and the allied stern Telegraphs at about \$20,000,-000 more over the capital value.

WHEN THE WINTER SUN IS LOW

When the winter sun is low And the wind through waving trees,
Flinging frost doth hurrying go.
Moaning like the moaning sea;
Through the fields bereft of cheer
Sad I walk and dream of thee—
All were sweet if thou wert here;
Love, why com'st thou not to me?

When the winter moon is high. And the blast across the wold Bloweth from the northern sky Where the stars are glistening cold, O'er the sighing fells alone Sad I walk and dream of thee-Sorrow never maketh moan, O, my love, when thou'rt with me.

When the stars wax faint and white,
And gray dawn begins to shake
Through the skies her dappled light,
From my restless couch I wake;
Then my soul files out to thee,
Swift to thee, her own sweet choice!
Ahi why com'st thou not to me,
With the healing of thy voice?



with a kind of puzzled twinkle in his eye.

Wilson was put to duty the next day, and caught commanding officer's orderly the first time he went on guard. All of uswho occupied bunks in the old-timers' squad room had to confess that Wilson was as fine a soldier as we had ever seen.

None of us ever asked him what outlift he had been in before he came to our layout as a recruit. Wilson was a very quiet man, well educated—we used to see him reading queer-looking books in foreign languages, as he lay on his bunk on rainy afternoons—and we didn't care to bother him with questions. It was none of our business, anyhow. A young whelp of a rookie was watching Wilson daddyack his centridge belt one day, and, like the pup that he was, he said so that the other fellows in the room could hear him:

"Ohe, but hasn't Wilson done that a lot o' times before, I'd just like to know!"

One of us reached over, caught the cub by the scruff of the neck and dropped him over the bannisters of the double-decker quarters. Wilson said nothing, although there was an odd sort of gleam in his black eyes. There were no allusions to his pat after that, you can bet.

Fort Canby is a beautiful, gloomy Fort Canby is a beautiful fully fort fort for the fort fort fort fort fort for

Then my recleas couch! I wake.

Then my set like out the way.

Self to thee, her own sweet choice?

All a sly some throe nate ton.

With the heading of thy voice?

One of us reached over, caught the count will all of times before, I'd just like to the count will be the self the time of the bount. Will count all the count will be the bount will be the bound will be the b

she West to make homes for themselves, or have built up the small towns and flourishing young cities of the West, have been intelligent and well educated, and they have come to the United States with fixed purposes and sensible plans. The fact that the undesirable immigrants are filling up the cities of the East and driving Americans westward is smiffcent cause for alarm—in the East. It is this fact that gives to the movement for greater restrictions on immigration so much force. It is not desirable that we should receive fewer immigrants, but it is desirable that those immigrants should be of a better class.

The reasons for the interest with which the plans for a Pacific cable are which they plans for a Pacific cable are withouth of the company, one of the greatest of the meeting of the "Eastern Extension" Company, one of the greatest of the company one of the greatest of the company, one of the greatest of the company of the greatest of the company of the greatest of the company, one

terrile catter, and the interest ant's eyes snapped.

"Gawk!" he muttered, while Wilson, red and nervous, reached out and picked up the gun.

"Attention!" shouted the drill sergeant. Wilson alone of the batch was like a ramrod before the echoes of the command died away in the day room.

"Kight shoulder—hums!" Wilson's une ane to his shoulder with a snap, the three movements perfect, while the other fellows of the squad were driven to the commanding officer's quarters. We had scarcely sat down and between the tother fellows of the squad were driven to the commanding officer's quarters. We had scarcely sat down and between the other fellows of the squad were driven to the commanding officer's quarters. We had scarcely sat down and between the driven to the floor before we heard a loud shot from the floor above. We made a rush for the stairs down. We made a rush for the stairs of find out what the matter was. As we sorambled up the ambulance carry, if the launch from his mission, drew give the commanding officer's quarters. We had scarcely sat down and between the floor before we heard a loud shot from the floor above. We made a rush for the stairs of the launch from his mission, drew or the commanding officer's quarters. We had scarcely sat down and between the floor before we heard a loud shot from the floor above. We made a rush for the stairs of the launch from his mission, drew of the stairs of the drew of the floor before we heard a loud shot from the floor above. We made a rush for the stairs of the launch from his mission, drew of the stairs of the stairs of the stairs of the stairs of the floor before we heard a loud shot from the floor above. We made a rush for the stairs of the drew of the stairs of the floor before we heard a loud shot from the floor above. We made a rush for the stairs of the launch from his mission, drew of the floor before we heard a loud shot from the floor above. We made a rush for the stairs of the floor before we heard a loud shot from the floor above. We made a rush for the sta

Sweeping With Air.

One of the greatest aids to the modern housekeeper is the pneumatic sweeper. This surprising new invention, which nobody seems to claim the honor of having discovered, and which is, therefore, open to all manufacturers, relegates the broom to the garret and takes the place of the mechanical carpet sweeper, which a few years ago was thought to be perfection.

All that is necessary to fit the pneumatic sweeper to any hotel or private house is a pipe connection for compressed air. When pneumatic sweepers have completely won their way pneumatic tubes may be carried into every house from a main in the street, as is now done with gas and water.

With such a connection the whole house could be cleaned from cellar to garret in a few hours and the labor of several servants could be dispensed with. The pneumatic sweeper can be applied to dusting the furniture.

The new sweeper consists simply of a long nozzle attached to the end of a rubbor hose. The nozzle is about the same size as a broom handle.

One end of this pipe is inserted into the rubber house, and the other carries a brass arrangement about a floot in width across the face. Here there is a narrow slit running from side to side, and not more than 1-32 of an inch in width.

Through this narrow sperture the compressed air is forced at the rate of seventy-five cubic feet a minute. The household using the pneumatic sweepee passes it back and forth over the surface of the carpet.—New York Herald.

A Thought-Weighing Machine.

The cerebrum is the organ of the will and it is known that in the exercise of its function there is an increased supply of blood to that part. Professor Mosso, an Italian physiologist, has invented a thought-weighing machine, consisting of delicate balances so contrived that they weigh the varying amount of blood in the brain. The activity of the brain is in direct proportion to the amount of blood therein. According to a local newspaper. in. According to a local newspaper report, the machine is so delicately constructed that it readily detects the difference in the exertion required to read Greek above that necessary to read Latin. Every youngster is read

The Czar's Horses and Carriages

The Czar's Horses and Carriages.

The Czar of Russia has four soparate "services" of horses and carriages; namely, the Russian, French, English and gala sets. Each set comprises at least fifty horses. The Russian set accompanies the Emperor wherever he goes, and at Gatchina it is used, to gether with the English set.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Rough-Curiosities Attached to Num ber Nine—Bear Stops a Schoolm Mumble-the-Peg, a New Game.



DEAR little girl
with eyes of blue,
And yellow curls
and a dimple, too;
And we loved to And we loved to tease her, as some folks do, And ask her the sil-

"Oh what is Poppy say, little Ann?" "Poppy? Poppy? Why, Poppy's a man," She smiled at us brightly as onward

we ran
With the silliest, silliest questions. 'And what is Sissy?" The blue eyes

gleam.
"Sissy's a gu-url," she says with scream Of laughter as light as a rippling

stream, At this silliest, silliest question.

"And Botty? Botty is surely a toy Of golden metal with no alloy?" "Botty? Botty? Why, Botty's a boy. The silliest, silliest question.

Then, what is Mommy?" The blue eyes shed
A faint love glance, low dropped the head,
"Why, Mommy is Mommy," little Annsald
To this silliest, silliest question.

Oh, dear little girl with eyes of blue,

On, dear little girl with eyes of blue,
And yellow curls and a dimple, too,
Yes, Mommy is Mommy the whole
world through;
So good-bye to the silliest questions
—Philadelphia American.

A Rough Diamond.

Walking down the street we saw two very ragged boys with bare toes, red and shining, and tattered clothes upon which the soil of long wear lay thick and dingy. They were "few and far between"—only jacket and trousers—and these solitary garments were very unneighborly, and objected to a union, however strongly the autumn wind hinted at the comfort of such an arrangement. One of the boys was perfectly jubilant over a half-withered bunch of flowers some person had cast away. "I say, Billy, warn't somebody real good to drop these 'ere posies jest where I could find 'em, and these so pooty and nice? Look sharp, Billy, and may be you'll find some bimeby—O, jolly! Billy, if dere ain't most half a peach, and tain't much dirty neither. 'Cause you ain't got no peach, you may bit first. Bite bigger, Billy, may be we'll find another 'fore long."

That boy was not cold, nor poor, and never will be; his heart will keep him warm, and if men and women forsake him the very angels will feed him and fold their wings about him. "Bite bigger, Billy, may be we'll find another 'fore long."

What a hopeful little sou!! If he finds his unselfishness illy repaid, he will not turn misanthrope, for God made him to be a man, one to bear his own burdens uncomplainingly, aid help his fellows besides.

Curiosities Attached to Number Nine.

own burdens uncomplainingly, and help his fellows besides.

Curlosities Attached to Number Nine. It is by nines that eastern presents are given when made on a scale of great magnificence. "To the nines," expresses a state of perfection, as "dressed up to the nines." Chaucer, Heywood and Shakespeare speak of a nine-days' wonder; a cat has nine lives; a tailor is the ninth part of a man; Shakespeare makes Hotspur cavil on the ninth part of a hair; it was a number of magical power dear to witches, as we read in Macbeth; Shakespeare gain has the "Nine Sibyls of old Rome;" we have the games of nine men's morris and nine-pins; the butcher bird is called the nine-killer, from its habit of impaling nine of the animals on which it feeds before it begins its meal; the nine of Diamonds is called the curse of Scotland; there were nine muses; nine planets; nine order of angels—angels, archangels, virtues, powers, principalities, dominions, thrones, cherubim, eraphim; the Etruscans had nine gods who alone had the power of hurling thunderbolts; the Novensiles were the nine Sabine gods; the Novendial ashes were the ashes of the dead burled on the ninth day; the nine worthies of London, whose chronicles were Written by R. Johnson in the six teenth century. Every ninth wave, as Tennyson sings, is said to be the largest; and last, not least, possession is nine points of the law. Pythagoris made three the perfect number; nine was consecrated by Buddhism, and is revered by the Moguls and Chinese. The peculiar property of number nine from a mathematical point of view is, that when it is multiplied by another number the digits composing the product, when added together, give nine. duct, when added together, give nine

Hear Stops Schoolma'am.

Some days ago Lucretia Ritter, teacher of a school in the Elk Lake district, Sullivan county, had a thrilling experience with a black bear, says the New York Press. Her school is in a sparsely settled part of the county, and the road from her boarding place runs through a mile of dense woods. When walking along through the woods she saw what she thought was a yearling calf in the path. She shook her lunch basket at the beast to see it scamper. It didn't scamper. She found that it was not a calf but a full-grown black bear. The bear shemilian sheet, with mouth Bear Stops Schoolm

open. Miss Ritter ran to a crooked tree and managed to climb to a fork in the tree, twelve feet above the ground. The bear stopped to eat the contents of her lunch basket, while she screamed lustily for help. In her efforts to get higher Miss Ritter's clothing became fast in a broken limb. The bear made no effort to climb the tree, but kept the school teacher in the tree nearly three hours, when a farmer, Mr. Shurk, came along. The bear fied and the farmer climbed up into the tree and helped her down. Once on the ground Miss Ritter fainted and Mr. Shurk carried her to the nearest farmhouse, a mile away.

Grant's Game of Mumble-the-Peg.

"A favorite game with the boys of John D. White's subscription school, at Georgetown, was mumble-the-peg. Grant couldn't play the game very skillfully, and the peg always got a few clandestine licks every time he was to pull it," says McClure's Magazine. "On one occasion it was driven in so deep that the boys thought Lys could never get it out. He set to work with his forehead down in the dirt, the sun beating bot upon him, and the crowd of boys and girls shutting out every breath of fresh air. The peg would not move. The red-faced, shock-headed, thickset boy, with his face now all over mud, had forgotten his comrades, and saw only one thing in the world—that was this stubborn peg. The bell rang, but the boy did not hear it. A minute later, after a final efforth e staggered to his feet with the peg in his mouth. The old schoolmaster was in the door of the schoolhouse, with his long beech switch—the only person to be seen. There was glee inside at this new development—here was fun the boys had not counted on. Imagine their surprise when, as the boy came closer, and the stern old schoolmaster saw his face, he set down the switch inside the door and came outside. One boy slipped to the window and reported to the rest. The old man was pouring water on Lys Grant's hands and having him wash his face. He gave him his red bandanna to wipe it dry. What the school saw a minute later was the schoolmaster coming in, patting this very red and embarrassed boy on the head."

"Horses with Wheels."

"It was in the early days of railroading in the south," remarked the gentleman with the stock of reminiscences the other day. "I was located in Florida about the time when the government had made vassals of the Seminole Indians of that state, and in order to impress the redoubtable Billy Bowlegs, the Tecumseh of the Seminoles, it had invited that 'heap big chieftain' to make a trip to the seat of the national government. Billy was a bit dubious about accepting the invitation, fearing possibily that the Great Father at Washington might have designs upon his life or happiness, but he was prevalled upon to make the trip and he embarked on board of the train with a great show of courage. The trains of that period were not the fiyers of to-day; in fact, on many of the short lines engineers were compelled to get out of their cabs and walk to lighten the train and permit it to proceed at an even rate of speed. When Billy Bowlegs returned from his visit he had overcome his trepidation and looked with scorn upon the locomotive. I visited Billy a day or two after his return and asked him how he liked traveling on the iron horse.
"Huh," he said, with an upward

him how he liked traveling on the iron-horse,
"Huh," he said, with an upward twist of his prominent proboscis, horse wid wheels no good. Big heap no good. Me on horse better than two; run 'way all time. White man heap smart; In-jun heap better. Huh!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Another Palace of May.

Another Palace of May.

Toronto, Ont., will have to step back with its palace of hay. One of our boys who lives in Sollitt, Ill., read the paragraph published last week about Toronto's scheme for such a building at the coming exposition, and he sait right down and wrote that the plan wasn't new at all. Here's part of his letter:

"About five years ago such a palace was built, and stood as erected for two years within fifty miles of Chicago, at the town of Momence, where it was visited by large crowds daily, the baled hay being taken from the Kankakee swamps. It was handsomely decorated with grains and ornamental grasses of all kinds.—John S. Elliott."

Hurrah for Momence—our boys and girls will stand up for her and her palace of hay.

The Star Bables. Over the trees and the blossoms, Over the fresh green lawn, The diamond sparkle of dewdrops Greeted the sunny dawn.

The baby looked from the window With bright and wondering eyes, And then he sought for an answer In the mysteries of the skies.

"Why, mamma," he softly whispered, Seeing dewdrops far and near, "See the stars' little babies; They have come to visit us here." —Marion Guthrie, in the Child Garden.

Starving Out Education.

In the province of Guadalajara there are something over 250 schoolmasters whose individual salaries do not reach 500 pesetas per annum. The school of Canamares receives an annual grant of 46 pesetas (48, roughly). In spite of this scale of payment, the department of education owes the schools and teachers of this single province 193,000 pesetas. And the schoolmasters of Velez-Malaga, literally at the point of starvation, have addressed a piteous circular, imploring aid, to the sovereigns and heads of other states, including the president of the French republic.—North American Review.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

RIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

ot Particular-A Cutting Remark Making Preparations - No Place for Her-A Tabooed Topic, Etc.

The men who always light upon
Their feet, no matter what they do,
Are men who are not worried if
They light on someone else's too.
—Truth.

A OUTTING REMARK.

"I hear they've laid off a number of hands down at the sawmill?" "Yes; so the surgeon was telling me."—Detroit News.

NO PLACE FOR HER, "I'll wager that woman submarine diver doesn't stay under the water more than ten minutes at a time." "Why?"
"Nobody down there to talk to."—Chicago Record.

Poots (meditatively)—"After all, there are as good fish in the sea as were ever caught."

Grimshaw—"Yes, and very much botter. The biggest ones always get away, you know."—Judge.

MAKING PREPARATIONS. Emma—"And, Charlie, dear, would you have really shot yourself if I had refused you?"
"Indeed I would! I had already sent to four houses for price lists of revolvers."—Pliegonde Blaetter.

A TABOORD TOPIC.

She—"Would you love me just the same, deerest, if I were poor instead of worth a million?"
He—"I have registered a solemn yow never to discuss the financial question again."—Detroit Free Press.

THE MODERN HERO. Mand-"Who is that deformed young

Maud—"Who is that deformed young fellow talking to May Sa.iley?" Ethel—"Why, that's Mr. Dawkins, the famous fullback. He had his shoulder twisted in the last big match." Maud—"What a lovely deformity! Introduce me, dear."—Cleveland Plain

A NEW BRED.

"That's a nice looking dog," remarked the kindly old gentleman, who takes an interest in overything.

"Yes, sub. He looks all right," replied the colored man who was leading him with a piece of rope.

"He looks like a pointer."

"Yes, sub. Da's what he look like, But dat ain' what he is. He's a disappointer."—Washington Star.

THE WBONG TRAIN.

THE WIGHS TRAIN.

First Train Robber (out West)—

"Hullo, Bill, how'd yer git along wid
that job ter-day!";

Second Train Robber (sadly)—

"Didn't git along noway. Got the
wrong train."

"Eh? Didn't yer git the express?"

"Naw; we made a mistakean' struck
an excursion of real estate agents, an'
they took every cent we had."—New
Kork Weekly.

STUCK.

"The female sex," said Monsiens Calino, lately, "is the most illogical in the world."
"What new proof have you of the want of devotion of women to the canons of logic?" he was asked.
"Wby, take my wife," answered Calino. "I had all the trouble in the world to get her to enter her thirties, and now, a dozen years later, I can't get her out of them."—The Wave.

PORGOT HE WAS IN IT.

The palm for absent mindedness is probably taken by a learned German, whom a Berlin comic paper calls Professor Duesl, of Bonn. One day the Professor noticed his wife placing a large bouquet on his deek. "What does that mean?" he asked.
"Why!" she exclaimed, "don't you know that this is the auniversary of your marriage?"

your martings is the antiressey of your martings in the professor, politely. "Kindly let me know when yours comes around, and I will reciprocate the favor."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

AN EXPLANATION

Benevolent Gentleman (indignantly)
—"You're a fraud. You told me the
other day you wouldn't be begging
but for your wife and two children,
and I learn from the police that your
wife has been dead a long time, and
that your two children are grown up
and in good circumstances."
Beggar—"Indeed, I told you nothing but the truth, sir. I wouldn't be
begging, as I said, but for my wife
and two children. My wife supported me till she died, and my two
children might support me, but they
won't. I wouldn't want to be begging
with a lie on my tongue."—Truth.

A SKELETON EXPOSEI

The new woman orator waxed elo

The new woman orator waxed eloquent.

"And what," she demanded, as she come to the climar, "is to be the result of our emancipation?"

She looked around with the calm assurance of one who had asked a poser, and this was too much for the little man who was waiting for his wife in a far corner of the hall.

"I know," he shouted.

"Ah," returned the new woman on the platform, scornfully, "the little man with the bald head thinks he has solved the problem that we came here to discuss this afternoon. We will gladly give our attention while he tells us what is to be the result."

"Cold dinners and ragged children," roared the little man.—Chicago Post.