

What we are is much more to us than what we do.—George Herbert.

Be a whole man at everything; whole man at study, in work, in play.—Joseph Gurney.

I have always been a quarter of an hour before my time and it has made a man of me.—Nelson.

Economy is half the battle of life; it is not so hard to earn money as to spend it well.—Spurgeon.

It is as easy to call back a stone thrown from the hand as to call back the word that is spoken.—Emerson.

A closed heaven represents the blackest misery that humanity is capable of suffering.—Rev. W. S. Cassmore.

It is the vain endeavor to make ourselves what we are not that has strewn history with so many broken purposes and lives left in the rough.—Lowell.

Beware of stumbling over a propensity which easily besets you from not having your time fully employed. Do instantly whatever is to be done and take the hours of recreation after business, never before it.—Sir Walter Scott.

The law of nature is that a certain quantity of work is necessary to produce a certain quantity of good of any kind whatever. If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it.—Ruskin.

If a man has no regard for time of other men, why should he have their money? What is the difference between taking a man's hour and taking his \$5? There are many men to whom each hour of the business day is worth more than \$5.—Horace Greeley.

A Use For Insects.

In several cases industry is indebted to the insect world for unique substances. For many years the cochineal or cactus scale plant was used as a basis of an important red dye until practically superseded by the introduction of aniline dyes. A single species of the lac insect produces practically all the shellac stick and button lac of commerce. In Southwestern Asia the cressote bushes are the breeding ground of enormous quantities of a lac insect, the commercial possibilities of which have not yet been developed. A species of scale insect in China yields a pure white wax of great value and rarity. The Chinese wax is said to have ten times the illuminating power of other waxes. It is a beautiful substance, resembling beeswax more than vegetable wax in its chemical composition, and is clear white in color. Now a discovery which promises to be of great economic value comes from Mesa Grande, California.

The vegetation in this district is infested with an insect which, on being removed from the twigs of oak on which it thrives and compressed in quantities by the hand, becomes a more or less pliable lump, somewhat resembling rubber, but not possessing the same elasticity. Part of it has been proved by chemical analysis to be a true wax and part resembles rubber in its physical properties. The product is equally interesting from a chemical and industrial point of view, and the supply well nigh inexhaustible.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Effect of Cold on Meats.

For some time careful study has been made in Australia and other British colonies to determine the question as to the merits and demerits of frozen meats in their food relations, this study being carried on in view of the charge sometimes made that frozen meat is sometimes diseased. The fact, however, appears to be that less frozen meat is condemned as unfit for food than freshly killed carcasses. Dr. Brown, an expert connected with the Victorian Agricultural Department, after making a series of experiments, reports that the carcass of a recently slaughtered animal, placed under suitable conditions, in a cold chamber, can be kept there indefinitely without decomposition, so long as sufficiently low temperature is constantly maintained. Although producing no chemical alteration, cold induces a physical change in the meat. After freezing and then thawing, the tissues soften. But cold renders it tender and capable of easy digestion and absorption. As to wholesomeness the expert pronounces it to be not less than meat not thus treated. The chemical constitution of such meat is not different from that of the fresh article; it may contain less water, but the water derived from ingested meat has no greater food value than water taken as such.—New York Tribune.

An Iron Mine on Long Island.

One of the queerest iron mines in the world is a long stretch of the beach on the southern side of Long Island, and it is now visited by students from the various women's colleges of the Greater New York. The snow-white sand which has been made from the crushing of rock is mixed with a black ore. Where the black sand comes to the surface it sometimes rusts a little, so that after a very high tide the beach is snow white, mottled with curious water marks in black and red. At one point opposite West Hampton there is an old mill, in which magnets are set on wooden rollers, over which the sand is shoveled directly from the ground. The magnets pull out little pieces of ore, which are taken off and put in the barrels and sent far away.—New York Mail and Express.

A Staggering Bulletin For Staggerers.

A charitable society, recently organized at Basle, Switzerland, announces one of its objects as follows: "We escort home the inebriates who are in conflict with the perpendicular."



Spiced Baths.

The Arabian women take spice and incense baths in the same manner that the American girl takes a vapor bath. The spice is put under the chair and the vapor opens and cleanses the pores while the spice and perfume enter them and give her flesh the fragrance of a flower.

To Cyclists.

Ardent cyclists may be pleased to know that, when they return stiff and tired from a long country ride, they will derive great benefit and relief from taking a warm bath into which has been poured a good teaspoonful of white vinegar. Ammonia used liberally in the same way also has excellent results. But it is only common precaution to allow the body to cool before taking this or any bath.

New Hosiery.

Among the latest things displayed in the hosiery line are small checks about the size of very large dice. They come in blue, red, green, purple and pink checked, with either black or white.

There is a tan, combined with white, for low shoes, though the sales-people say the alternating checks should correspond with the shirt waist instead of the shoe. And why not? The summer girl has been a slave to the tan hose long enough.

To Have a White Skin.

Eat no meat at all. Become a vegetarian; they always have beautiful skins. Once in six weeks or so eat a meal of fresh meat. Drink as much water as you can; eat little grease and touch no tea or coffee. Your breakfast may be oatmeal and oranges; your dinner fruit, nuts, fruit tea—preferably cauliflower, croquettes, marmalade, and dishes of stewed vegetables. The diet is not so bad when you become accustomed to it.

Hats For Bridesmaids.

For a souvenir to each one of your bridesmaids give the black net hat trimmed with tips that they are to wear at your wedding. Your milliner, having to make so many, would, of course, make a special reduction for you. Indeed, if you went to a little trouble, you might get a milliner to come to the house who would work by the day, and make your picture hats at much less expense than it would cost to give the order to a millinery establishment.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Home Millinery.

With the variety of shapes and colors of untrimmed hats on the counter, and the remarkably cheap flowers at a neighboring counter, there is nothing to prevent every woman from having a hat that will do her credit, if she has any idea at all of trimming. The rough straws in brown look well with sprigs of wild, red roses, bunches of tulle or veiling. Heliotrope and purple ones are attractive when bedded in violets. Grey ones are pretty with wreaths of pansies. The average rough straw turns up in the back and tilts over the eyes. For the dress hats there is no regulation shape, anything is worn that is most becoming.

Vests and Ties.

Jackets are worn with a fancy vest of colored silk or lawn, finely tucked and striped with lace insertion or shirt waists; but it is the neckwear which stamps the costume as modish, quite as much as the coat. Stocks with four-in-hand ties or sailor knots made of the same material as the waist are especially good style, while other fashionable stocks are of white pique with a colored silk four-in-hand or narrow tie, which forms a small bow. There are black, white and colored silk ties with knotted fringe on the ends, and soft ties of net chiffon and liberty gauze will be very much worn with the cotton and linen gowns. Added to the long list of strictly feminine neckwear which seems sufficient for all needs is the entire assortment of men's neckwear, so irresistibly fascinating to women that they are good customers in this department.

The Rose is Queen.

In Vienna the rose has been declared the flower of the year and will appear not only on the hats and bonnets, or dinner tables, but also worn in the hair, tucked into the bodice, and even carried in the hand. In fact, the queen of flowers is to have it all her own way—it might be said as usual, for, except in spring, when the violet proves a formidable rival in public favor, the rose yearly holds undisputed sway in the Viennese world of fashion. This is due in great measure, to Kaiserin Elizabeth of Austria's passion for roses, which is so great that her apartments are filled with them at all seasons. In the grounds of the Achilleion-Schloss in Corfu a magnificent rose park was laid out for her special command, while at Schloss Lainz, the telegraph and electric light poles are rendered things of beauty by trains of climbing roses. The paths are bordered with roses, marble vases are filled with them, and out of the velvety green turf spring roses, not tortured into stiff designs, but trained in exquisite festoons and groups of color.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A BALLADE OF FIGHTING MEN.

Hopkins, Bainbridge, and John Paul Jones, Here to the kings of the sea! Confusion to cowards and death to traitors! But a health to the bold and free; A cheer for the men of our own country Who fought for the flag or day or night; Captains courageous whoever they be— They were the men who lived to fight.—John Northern Hilliard, in Collier's Weekly.

THE RED FLAG.

By STEWART MITCHELL.



LAST spring there were two things that almost everybody in New York City was talking of. One was the great strike of the Brotherhood of Cloth-workers—three thousand of them; and the other, the sudden appearance in the city of a little band of dangerous anarchists.

The cloth-workers—for the most part they were Russians and Poles—were peaceable and industrious workers, at ordinary times. Even now, in the excitement of the strike, with no work and no wages, and nothing to do but congregate in the streets and discuss their grievances, they had created no public disturbance, but they were complaining bitterly and loudly of their employers, and some of them were beginning to make threats of violence.

The anarchists—at least, they were believed to be such by the police—were, as it happened, also Russians. They were evidently bent on some mischief and were consulting with some of the strikers, and though the authorities had, as yet, no ground for arresting them, they were kept under close watch.

Every day the papers had accounts of the troubles of the cloth-workers, their mass meetings, the conferences of committees, and the fiery speeches of the leaders. Some papers devoted whole pages to descriptions of the people themselves; their life before they came to the Western world; their journeyings across a continent and an ocean to find freedom; their homes here, such as they were, in dark, crowded tenements on the East Side; the daily and nightly gatherings on the streets of their men and women.

Every day, too, the same papers had much to say of the mysterious anarchists and gave portraits which represented them as particularly ugly and vicious fellows.

Somewhat, for no particular reason at first, and then because everybody suggested it to everybody else, the public came to think of the two things together, and all sorts of rumors gained currency. It was said that the cloth-workers had brought the anarchists here to intimidate their employers; that the cloth-workers themselves were half anarchists, and finally, that there was a plot to set the city on fire.

The public mind was much disturbed, and the papers began to hint at dynamite stored in the tenements, and of the hateful red flag of anarchy, hidden away as yet, to be unfurled at any moment as the signal for fire and death.

Beneath all there was also an uneasy fear that some of these strikers had, perhaps, much to complain of—beggary wages, excessive hours of labor, wretched homes; and that they were smarting under a sense of injustice, and were very ignorant, and might be led away, in a moment of excitement, by the conspirators, who hated all forms of government and all authority, and preached the doctrine that ruin would give opportunity to re-create a better social order.

At last, in the second week of the strike, the cloth-workers determined to make a public demonstration—a perfectly peaceable one, they said—and applied for leave to parade the streets on a Friday evening.

The officials hesitated. To grant the permit might lead to a serious disturbance. To refuse it would certainly increase ill will and make the strikers feel themselves to be martyrs. But after some delay, it was decided to grant the request.

A large force of police was detailed to precede and follow the procession, and to guard the line of march. The men were to gather at various points and join forces at the corner of Centre and Grand streets, at half-past six, and were to march through Broome street, the Bowery, Rivington street, and other east side thoroughfares, and finally to pass through to Chatham Square and there disband and go at once to their homes.

This determination served only to increase the general uneasiness in the city. To bring so large a body of the disaffected foreigners together, and to enable them to display their grievances in public and excite sympathy among tens of thousands of the lookers-on, seemed to many the height of folly. The talk of dynamite and the red flag was renewed, and to add to the confusion, an evening paper announced that it had discovered the existence of an extraordinary plot.

It had been found that there were certain women among the strikers, so the account ran, who were thorough-going anarchists and exceedingly vindictive and daring; and it had been determined that while the procession was on its march, and many of the police were withdrawn from their usual beats, these women should carry

out their plan of shattering with dynamite the building of one of the most unpopular employers. This method, it was thought, would divert suspicion from the men, while no one would dream of connecting a woman with such a deed. Even this wild rumor received serious attention, and the guards about all the buildings where the strikers had worked were increased.

By Friday the excitement had reached fever heat. Along the streets through which the procession was to pass, all the shopkeepers put up their shutters and closed their doors early in the afternoon. By three o'clock crowds had begun to gather, and the police passed up and down, forcing the people to move on.

At about this time two Russians—a man of middle age, with a long, rough beard, and a girl of perhaps sixteen—turned the corner of the street where one part of the procession was to form. "This is the street, Helena, my child," the man said, and they stopped to inquire for a house the number of which was written on a card the girl held in her hand.

They carried large bundles in their arms, wrapped in cloth, and were evidently strangers and not known to any of their own countrymen crowding by them. They were noticed by the police as they passed on and entered the dark doorway of No. 37, one of the tall tenements which frowned down on the narrow way.

The afternoon wore on, and by five o'clock the sidewalks were packed with a solid mass of people. A little later even the roadway was filled, save for a passage kept open for the procession. By six the strikers were assembling and ranging themselves in order between the restless masses on either side. To show their good faith and peaceable intentions, or as some said, to cover their real designs, those who were to go on before carried an American flag. A few of their number, who made up a rude band, with a drum or two and some wheezy wind instruments, gathered about the flag. The police escort took its place.

There was a strange feeling of excitement and expectancy in the poor throng. Hunger revealed itself in their faces; anger at real or fancied wrong; dread of evils to come; hope, too, that this gathering of awkward and meanly clad men, as it marched on, marched on, as if to a final battle with its evil fortunes, might somehow bring victory to their cause.

A woman in the crowd held up her child to see its father standing in the front rank, and the child gave a cry of delight. Then one of the musicians sounded a hoarse signal, the men straightened themselves in their places, and silence fell on the throng in the darkening street.

All at once one man was seen to raise his hand and point upward. All eyes followed its direction. Leaning far out from a high window they saw a girl waving a red flag, lighted up by the rays of the setting sun. An instant the silence lasted; then a dull roar like the sound of waves rose from the crowd below.

Half a dozen policemen made a rush for the doorway of No. 37 and passed in. Other officers here and there pounced suddenly on men and boys and dragged them away. Others got the procession under way and hurried it on with all possible speed. The people on the sidewalks were crowded and pushed and driven along in the same direction, and a few moments later a new throng of people, who had seen nothing of the incident, were marching steadily through the street.

After all had passed, and the street was quite deserted and darkness had come on, the officers came quietly out from the doorway of No. 37, bringing with them the girl, Helena. For a moment their footsteps echoed in the silent street as she was led away. Then they turned a corner and all was still. Saturday and Sunday passed, and it was Monday morning before there was a formal hearing for the prisoner in court. It was Monday morning, too, before her father, with few acquaintances and no knowledge of the city, found to defend her a lawyer who satisfied him.

In the meantime the assistant district attorney in charge of the case was so well satisfied with his evidence that he did not talk with the prisoner, and no one else was allowed to see her.

This did not prevent some of the papers from giving long stories about her. She had, so they said, made a full confession, and had told how she had been trained from infancy to hate tyrants, and to believe that all Government was tyranny; and had been brought to New York by the group of conspirators already there, to do this very act and set the poor cloth-workers on fire with a spirit of revenge.

That morning, when she was brought over to the court house, a great crowd had again collected to see this strange creature, this human monster. Between rows of officers on either side to guard her, she passed slowly from the street into the court.

As she moved on there was a cry of surprise. Tall, straight, with erect

head and clear, honest eyes, she was the last person to be suspected as a vicious enemy of society. She passed in and the doors were closed.

After some delay over other matters, her case was called. The judge spoke with her through the court interpreter to ask if she had counsel to represent her. A lawyer sitting by her addressed the court.

"Your honor," he said, "I represent this prisoner. I learned the facts only this morning and have not had opportunity to speak with the district attorney, but I think I can satisfy him—"

"I insist," said the prosecuting attorney, "that this hearing proceed in the regular way. We have conclusive evidence that this prisoner has committed a most heinous crime against society, and should be held for trial."

"Very well," said the prisoner's counsel. "We are ready. Proceed with your evidence."

Very remarkable evidence it was that was then heard. Breathlessly those in attendance heard the officers tell the story, to the point where, rushing into the bare and dingy room where the child was, they found her, frightened by the sight of thousands of upturned faces and the hoarse roar from the street, crouching in a corner, but still clasping the red flag in her arms.

Here the flag itself was produced—a long, red scarf—and the attorney waved it about and denounced it, and being of a fiery disposition, finally threw it on the floor and danced up and down on it in rage.

When he had finished with his witness, the prisoner took the stand and kissed the little Bible the clerk handed her before she was sworn. Then, speaking through the court interpreter, who translated her words, sentence by sentence, she said:

"I lived in Russia. I had heard people tell of this free country. We had a hard time there. We were poor. My father and I worked hard, but I had scarcely any books and could not learn as much as I wanted to. I persuaded him that we should be better off here. So we worked harder than ever, till we saved a little money to come to America. We never had very good food, but we even saved a little from that, to get this money. Whenever I could, I found out all about America.

"An agent of the steamships, who came to our village to get us to buy steerage tickets, gave me a picture of your flag, and told me what the stars and the stripes stood for, and how it is the flag of people who are free and happy. So I loved the flag. And while we were coming over in the steamer, I had some pieces of cloth of different colors, and I made an American flag, because I loved it.

"When we came here, and I looked out of our window and saw all the people in the street, and saw a flag waving there, I wanted to wave mine, too, but it was in our box, that had not come yet, so I only had my scarf, and I waved that. I never thought about any red flag, or making any trouble. I am sorry I have made trouble."

"All nonsense," said the fiery attorney, who nevertheless, had been somewhat stirred by this recital. "Where's that flag you made? Let's see that."

The child took from her father, who handed it to her, a poor, pitiful tattered remnant of our Stars and Stripes. The shades of the color were very strange, and the stars were a little crooked, and there were not enough of them for all the States, but much love for the flag and all it stands for had been sewed into it by the little traveler to a land of freedom.

As she spread it out, the spring breeze from the open window sent a ripple over its surface. The crowd in the court-room could not be restrained, and applauded with deep enthusiasm.

"A great deal of dust flies in through these windows," said the prosecuting attorney, blowing his nose and wiping his eyes. "And, your honor, I am inclined to think that the public interests do not demand any further proceedings in this matter."

He picked up the vicious red flag, and looked at it ruefully. "Tell her," he said to her counsel, "tell her I'll see she has a better one, and a real flag, too."

"Prisoner discharged," said the judge.

And a day or two later, Helena, the suspected anarchist, the little Russian, the true American, had the Stars and Stripes flying from her high window at No. 37, to celebrate the success of the strike, in which her neighbors were rejoicing.—Youth's Companion.

A Cat's Pathetic Suicide.

While Superintendent Daubney, of the Western New York and Pennsylvania Railway, was on his tour of inspection of the road in his private car, near Nunda, N. Y., he heard screams above the roaring of the train. The superintendent signalled the train to stop and made an investigation.

On one side of the track lay one half of a little black dog, and on the other side of the track lay the other half. Sitting on the bank near by, and making the most pitiful wailing was a large male cat. The cat gave every sign of genuine grief, and showed an inclination to fight when any one disturbed the remains of the dog, so the cat was left alone to its grief, and the train departed.

Following the superintendent's special was regular train No. 212, and but ten minutes apart. The two trains passed at a siding along the line and on the pilot of the engine, resting on the level portion of it was what was the cat headless. The train was stopped at the next station, where the engineer reported that a few miles back the cat deliberately walked on the track in front of the train and threw itself at the engine. The cat and dog were playmates, and belonged to a nearby farmhouse.—New York World.

Whether the Philippines will be governed by civil service rules or not, it is safe to assume that the Merritt system will prevail generally.

According to Harper's Weekly, the immense increase in the population of Egypt has obliged the British Government to look ahead as to extension of land under cultivation, necessary to provide for an expanding community, which will shortly be checked unless new resources are provided.

Life in camp at this stage of the proceedings has other good and important results besides hardening the men and perfecting them in the matter of drill. It enables them to get well acquainted with one another; to take one another's measure; to shake down together in good comradeship before the shock of battle puts them all upon their mettle.

There must be something about American made locomotives that is superior to those built elsewhere, otherwise such large orders for them would not be received from time to time. The latest order is for thirty eight from two railroads in Japan which formerly purchased their locomotives from England. All of which speaks well for American mechanical skill and labor.

No glory will be taken from Lieutenant Hobson if due appreciation be given to that one of his seven companions who was fortunate enough to evolve just before starting on the desperate voyage a phrase that deserves to live and will. It was Osborn Deignan, of Iowa, a boy of twenty-one, who managed to immortalize himself without any help from Spanish cannon. When asked if he expected to get back alive, he answered, carelessly, "Oh, I guess we stand a fair chance of getting out," and then, with emphasis, "but they can't stop us going in!" That's they way they all felt, and they acted on the feeling. Deignan put it into words within the hearing of appreciative ears.

As a mere party leader, Mr. Gladstone was inferior to both Palmerston and Beaconsfield, reflects the New York Observer. From his entrance into political life his crowning desire was to benefit not England alone, but mankind at large. Indeed, there were times when he believed that England should be disciplined, and when he seemed to regard himself as the chosen instrument of her chastisement, not until convinced that a policy was good for humanity would he give it hearty support. Mr. Gladstone's political career was, moreover, marked by an impulsiveness which rendered his political action always more or less incalculable. His changes of conviction took him through the whole gamut of political creeds, from intense conservatism to an equally intense faith in democracy. And it was often a difficult matter for his supporters to understand the reasons which induced these changes—why, for example, instead of cleaving to the moderate liberalism in English politics of Palmerston, he suddenly abandoned conservatism, and rivalled Disraeli in advocacy of democracy. No doubt, however, his conservatism was always that of taste rather than of conviction. But such impulsiveness inevitably made him a bad party manager.

And now it appears that Charles H. Cramp gave out only a small part of his budget of good news when he came back from Russia last month. The Cramps—that is, an American firm of ship-builders—have borne away over all competitors, British, French and German, not only the Russian order for two battleships, but also the Russian order for ten fast gunboats of a new type that will combine the best qualities of the gunboat, the torpedo-boat and the torpedo-catcher—in all an order of the value of \$15,000,000. And there is talk of Russia engaging the Cramps to locate a branch of their ship-yards in Russia, probably at Port Arthur, as Russia's European and Siberian coasts are ice-locked a great part of the year. This is a good business for the Cramps, comments the New York World. But more, far more, it is an evidence of a fact of American progress in which every American will rejoice. A few years ago—the youngest of our grown people can remember it—Europe knew nothing and cared less about us. To-day, as with the stroke of an enchanter's wand, we have topped the tallest of the old nations. Our merchants, our manufacturers are teaching the world. Our ship-builders are leading in that most wonderful of all the scientific arts, pushing to the rear even the master builders of the Clyde. And all the nations of the world are discussing eagerly and anxiously our political policies.