

The wedding in the dome of the Capitol at Washington, 375 feet above the ground, may be classed with propriety as a happening in high life.

The Brooklyn Eagle says that within a radius of ten blocks of his office there are twelve abandoned churches. The population in the same area is greater than it has been at any time in the history of the city.

President Wheeler of the University of California, says that football is becoming more and more restricted to the specialist, that it tends to exclude even the average healthy man, and that it, on the whole, encourages "rooting" rather than physical development.

The sale of recent translations in Japan indicates that foreign authors rank as follows in the estimation of the Japanese: Zola, Doyle, Gosse, Lang, Bret Harte, Stevenson, George Meredith, John Morley, Pater, Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Ian Maclaren, Ruskin, Steven Phillips, Tennyson and Mark Twain.

Minneapolis Times remarks that medical expert testimony in suits at law has fallen in such disfavor that judges, lawyers and physicians alike are casting about for a way to restore it to respectability. Expert testimony should be candid, impartial and scientifically true. In practice the reverse is too often the case.

London's latest fad is said to be a system of somersaults for cure for fat people. There is no question that the turning of handsprings has a tendency to reduce obesity, but it is a heroic cure and the average man or woman who weighs over 250 pounds would be in great danger of breaking the neck to indulge in such gymnastics.

The recent appointment of a commission to consider the whole question of Russian agriculture and the condition of the peasantry marks a new departure in the internal policy of Russia. The powers accorded to the commission are of the widest possible, and, in fact, amount to a charge to complete the work begun a generation ago with the freeing of the serfs. Thus the entire manner of life with the Russian mujik will form one of the principal matters of consideration for the commission, which is empowered to present its proposals for the bettering financially, educationally, economically and in general culture of agricultural labor in all its phases.

The Cooperative union at Milan has established the first Rowton house in Italy, a huge building with 530 bedrooms, with everything of the most faultless make and perfect pattern. Cooperative pharmacies are much appreciated by the working classes. There are seventeen general stores in connection with the Turin Cooperative alliance, and excepting with regard to bread, the Turin alliance has adopted the old Rochdale principle. Bread is sold under current rates. The stores are open to all the world, and all who deal receive the same amount of dividends, but provident benefits, free medical treatment, and education at the popular university are reserved for members only. The productive societies are for the most part humble. The societies of bricklayers and stonemasons undertake contracts for executing buildings, and give general satisfaction. Italian cooperatives do little as yet in respect of providing laborers' dwellings; but, on the other hand, the agricultural banking movement has spread far and wide throughout Italy, states the Economic Review.

It is notorious that the confirmed practical joker is the least tolerant of jokes at his own expense. He is never able to see any fun in being duped. This adds much to the enjoyment of those who manage to trick him. On one of the big days at the Buffalo Exposition the hotels were forced to make new arrivals double up. A drummer who was an inveterate practical joker proposed to have a room and a bed to himself. He suggested to his friend the clerk that should any applicant for half his bed prove persistent, he should be told that the drummer was just convalescent from smallpox. The drummer was aroused from his first deep sleep by a man getting into his bed. "Hold on there!" he cried; "didn't the clerk tell you I have the smallpox?" "Yes," replied the newcomer, drawing up the covers, "but that's all right—I've got it myself!" With a yell the drummer leaped from the bed, seized his clothes, dressed in the hall and spent the night in a chair, longing for the morning so he could get himself disinfected. In the morning he discovered that the man was a joker himself. The drummer was infuriated by such shabby treatment.

AT THE SIGN OF THE APPLE.

I halted at a pleasant inn—
As I my way was leading—
A rosy apple was the sign,
From knot; bough depending.

Mine host—it was an apple tree—
So smilingly received me,
And spread his choice and sweetest face
To strengthen and refresh me.

Full many a grayly-feathered guest
Came thro' the branches springing;
They lightly flew from bough to bough,
Their merry carols singing.

Beneath the shade I laid me down
And slumber sweet possessed me;
The south wind sighing through the leaves
With touches soft caressed me;

And when I rose and would have paid
My host so open-hearted,
He only shook his lofty head—
I thanked him and departed.

—Helen Walters Avery.

DAVENPORT'S STORY

By L. M. Montgomery.

It was a rainy afternoon, and we had been passing the time by telling ghost stories. That is a very good sort of thing for a rainy afternoon; and it is a much better time than after dark. If you tell ghost stories after dark they are apt to make you nervous, whether you own up to it or not, and you sneak home and dodge up-stairs in mortal terror, and undress with your back to the wall, so that you can't fancy there is anything behind you.

We had each told a story, and had had the usual assortment of mysterious noises and death warnings and sheeted spectres and so on, down through the whole catalogue of horrors—enough to satisfy any reasonable ghost taster. But Jack, as usual, was dissatisfied. He said our stories were all second-hand stuff. There wasn't a man in the crowd who had ever seen or heard a ghost; all our so-called authentic stories had been told us by persons who had the story from other persons who saw the ghosts.

"One doesn't get any information from that," said Jack. "I never expect to get so far along as to see a real ghost myself, but I would like to see and talk to one who had."

Some persons appear to have the knack of getting their wishes granted. Jack is one of that ilk. Just as he made the remark Davenport sauntered in, and finding out what was going on, volunteered to tell a ghost story himself—something that had happened to his grandmother—or maybe it was his great aunt; I forget which. It was a very good ghost story as ghost stories go, and Davenport told it well. Even Jack admitted that, but he said: "It's only second-hand, too. Did you ever have a ghostly experience yourself, old man?"

Davenport put his finger tips critically together.

"Would you believe me if I said I had?" he asked.

"No," said Jack, unblushingly.

"Then there would be no use in my saying it."

"But you don't mean that you ever really had, of course?"

"I don't know. Something queer happened once. I've never been able to explain it—from a practical point of view, that is. Want to hear about it?"

"Of course we did. This was exciting. Nobody would ever have suspected Davenport of seeing ghosts."

"It's conventional enough," he began. "Ghosts don't seem to have much originality. But it's first-hand, Jack, if that's what you want. I don't suppose any of you have ever heard me speak of my brother, Charles. He was my senior by two years, and was a quiet, reserved sort of fellow—not at all demonstrative, but with very strong and deep affections."

"When he left college he became engaged to Dorothy Chester. She was very beautiful and my brother idolized her. She died a short time before the date set for their marriage, and Charles never recovered from the blow."

"I married Dorothy's sister, Virginia. Virginia did not in the least resemble her sister, but our eldest daughter was strikingly like her dead aunt. We called her Dorothy and Charles was devoted to her. Dolly, as we called her, was always 'Uncle Charley's girl.'"

"When Dolly was twelve years old Charles went to New Orleans on business, and while there took yellow fever and died. He was buried there, and Dolly half broke her childish heart over his death."

"One day five years later, when Dolly was seventeen, I was writing letters in my library. That very morning my wife and Dolly had gone to New York en route for Europe. Dolly was going to school in Paris for a year. Business prevented my accompanying them even as far as New York, but Gilbert Chester, my wife's brother, was going with them. They were to sail on the Aragon the next morning."

"I had written steadily for about an hour. At last, growing tired, I threw down my pen, and leaning back in my chair, was on the point of lighting a cigar when an unaccountable impulse made me turn round. I dropped my cigar and sprang to my feet in amazement. There was only one door in the room and I had all along been facing it. I could have sworn nobody had entered, yet there, standing between me and the bookcase, was a man—and that man was my brother Charles!

On the morning of his departure for New Orleans. He had no hat on, but wore spectacles, and was standing in his old favorite attitude, with his hands behind him.

"I want you to understand that at this precise moment, although I was surprised beyond measure, I was not in the least frightened, because I did not for a moment suppose that what I saw was—well, a ghost or apparition of any sort. The thought that flashed across my bewildered brain was simply that there had been some absurd mistake somewhere, and that my brother had never died at all, but was here alive and well. I took a hasty step toward him.

"'Good heavens, old fellow!' I exclaimed. 'Where on earth have you come from? Why, we all thought you were dead!'"

"I was quite close to him when I stopped abruptly. Somehow I couldn't move another step. He made no motion, but his eyes looked straight into mine.

"Do not let Dolly sail on the Aragon to-morrow," he said in slow, clear tones that I heard distinctly.

"And then he went—yes, Jack, I know it is a very conventional way of ending up a ghost story but I have to tell you just what occurred, or at least what I thought occurred. One moment he was there and the next moment he wasn't. He did not pass me or go out of the door."

"For a few moments I felt dazed. I was wide awake and in my right and proper senses so far as I could judge, and yet the whole thing seemed incredible. Scared? No, I wasn't conscious of being scared. I was simply bewildered."

"In my mental confusion one thought stood out sharply—Dolly was in danger of some kind, and if the warning was really from a supernatural source it must not be disregarded. I rushed to the station, and having first wired to my wife not to sail on the Aragon, I found that I could connect with the five-fifteen train for New York. I took it with the comfortable consciousness that my friends would certainly think I had gone out of my mind."

"I arrived in New York at 8 o'clock the next morning, and at once drove to the hotel where my wife, daughter and brother-in-law were staying. I found them greatly mystified by my telegram. I suppose my explanation was a very lame one. I know I felt decidedly like a fool. Gilbert laughed at me and said I had dreamed the whole thing. Virginia was perplexed, but Dolly accepted the warning unhesitatingly."

"Of course it was Uncle Charley," she said confidently. "We will not sail on the Aragon now."

"Gilbert had to give in to this decision with a very bad grace, and the Aragon sailed that day minus of three of her intended passengers."

"Well, you've all heard of the historic collision between the Aragon and the Astarte in a fog, and the fearful loss of life it involved. Gilbert didn't laugh when the news came, I assure you. Virginia and Dolly sailed a month later on the Marselles, and reached the other side in safety. That's all the story, boys—the only experience of the kind I ever had," concluded Davenport.

We had many questions to ask and several theories to advance. Jack said Davenport had dreamed it and that the collision of the Aragon and the Astarte was simply a striking coincidence. But Davenport merely smiled at all our suggestions; and as it cleared up just about 3, we told no more ghost stories.—Waverley Magazine.

The Evolution of the Soda Fountain.

The rapid increase in the trade enjoyed by the proprietors of soda fountains in the leading cities of the United States has led to the installation of many very elaborate and costly outfits. Most of the finer ones are made of Mexican onyx and cost in some instances as high as \$15,000 or \$20,000. A \$15,000 soda fountain would be made of the finest material and would be of great size. It might have thirty draft tubes and 100 syrup cans. Very beautiful onyx fountains of the dimensions more commonly used, say with ten syrups and three draft tubes, can be bought for from \$850 to \$1200. In fact, a handsome onyx fountain can be bought for \$600. But not everybody wants an onyx fountain. There are yet purchasers who prefer one of marble. A marble fountain with onyx trimmings could be had at, say, \$450. An old-style marble fountain might be had for \$150.

Fifty years ago or thereabouts soda water was drawn from a silver tube rising out of the counter. Then came the first visible soda fountains, small marble boxes, placed on the counter. From these developed the elaborate and often costly fountains of marble that preceded the onyx fountain of the present. Beautiful and costly marble was brought from all parts of the earth to be used in the construction of soda fountains, but now the fashion is onyx, with a canopy or superstructure of wood. Along with its great development in beauty has come a corresponding improvement in the soda fountain's working parts. The modern fountain is far more convenient and efficient in operation than its old-time predecessors.—American Exporter.

Scotland's Sabbath Up-to-Date.

Even Scotland does not stand now quite where she did, at least as regards certain of the more rigid observances of her Calvinism. Says the Dundee paper: "In the seventies we were observing public fast day, and careless laddies were rebuked for whistling on the street on the Fast Thursday. To-day ministers advocate the running of Sunday cars. Fast days are forgotten. The old-time spring and autumn fasts are becoming holidays, and city and town folk enjoy long-distance excursions at cheap rates."—London Daily News.

TRAITS OF CECIL RHODES

ONE OF THE MOST BRILLIANT FIGURES OF HIS TIME.

Power of Mental Concentration—Where His Greatness Lay—His Talents For Leadership—Exercised a Fascination Over His Associates.

Cecil Rhodes was the son of a clergyman of the Church of England, rector of Bishop's Stortford, a small town half way between London and Cambridge. He was educated at the grammar school of the town. His lungs were so weak that at the age of nineteen he was sent to live with a brother in Natal, whence he presently drifted to the recently discovered diamond mines at Kimberly, and spent a number of years there, acquiring "claims," and laying the foundations of his immense fortune, while returning from time to time to England to keep his terms and pass his examinations at Oxford. Ultimately he effected a consolidation of all the numerous interests at the diamond mines into one huge company, of which he became the ruling spirit, and turned to politics. His career thereafter is known to all the world.

The characteristic note of his intellect was its power of concentration. He had no very wide range of tastes and interests, nor did his mind play freely upon different subjects. It was absorbed by a few ideas, was accustomed to brood upon them, and was not easily drawn off, even in general society, to other topics. Literature and art seemed to have no great attraction for him. The only department of history that he cared for was the history of the Roman Empire, apparently because it touched his imagination, and suggested to him analogies with the history of the British Empire as it has grown during the last two centuries. Indeed, he was so fond of it as to have special translations made for his own use of the works of those more obscure historians of the later imperial period who had not been turned into English; for though he had taken his degrees at Oxford, he had no special turn for languages, and had allowed his Latin and Greek to grow rusty. But though he did not shine in general conversation, those who talked with him were always impressed by the force with which he spoke on any practical question. He had always formed his views for himself; he held them with tenacity; he stated them with an air of almost passionate conviction, reiterating them again and again in almost the same words, and seldom seeming to recognize the worth of any objections that might be brought against them. He could, when it was necessary, attend carefully to details and be patient in working them out. No such success as he achieved in business and (for a time) in politics would have been possible without a mastery of details. But he liked better to deal with large conceptions, and to dwell upon a few dominant facts or forces, as if these were the only things that needed to be regarded.

Though he sat for many years in the Cape Parliament and led it as Prime Minister, he lacked the ordinary accomplishments of the practical politician. He was a powerful rather than a persuasive speaker, and by no means skillful in debate; sometimes offending people whom he ought to have conciliated, and often blurring out opinions which it would have been prudent to conceal. His colleagues in the Ministry were always nervous when he rose, though his talent for going straight to the vital issues, and the force of his personality, made him effective. He might in this respect be compared to Bismarck (although the latter was a much greater master of expression), and while not an orator in the recognized sense of the word, he often struck out phrases of extraordinary strength and point.

Although Cecil Rhodes was a sociable man, hospitable and always surrounded by friends, his intellectual life was solitary and isolated. He did not seem to profit much by the counsel of others, nor indeed to feel the need of consulting others. He thought things out for himself, brooding upon them in a half-dreamy way, which seemed in contrast to the steady direction of his thoughts to practical aims. This habit constituted part of his strength. It gave his views consistency and solidity. He had reflected so deeply that he felt sure of himself, and was not easily turned from his purpose. But it had also a weak side; it gave him an undue confidence in his own star, a confidence fostered by the deference which he received from all those who surrounded him, among whom he found no equal. And by putting him out of sympathy with the persons he had to deal with, it affected his judgment. He was so self-absorbed as not always to foresee how his action would strike other people. There can be little doubt that the anger which the colonial Dutch showed against him after the raid of December, 1895, was not foreseen by him, and that, even as late as 1897, he expected to win over enough of their votes to recover his political position in the colony. Men far inferior to himself perceived that this was not to be hoped for.

This mistake—the capital mistake of his life—which brought his political career to a close, was largely due to a singular feature of his character. He had a clear view and a firm grasp of all material forces. He knew how to use money and how to appeal to men's interests, but he did not equally appreciate the influence of sentiment. He had carried the bulk of the colonial Dutch with him in his struggle against President Kruger, because the colonial farmers resented the tariff which the Transvaal Government had placed on

their produce, and thus he had come to look upon the whole question as one of economic interests. When the racial feeling of the Dutch burst into a strong flame on heading of the attack upon the republic of their kinsfolk, and when this feeling continued to burn strong against himself, effacing from their minds the recollection of their old grudges against the Kruger Government, he was taken by surprise. A force was at work of which his philosophy had made but slight account.

It was said of him by one of his South African colleagues that, proud as they were of his abilities, and much as they found to like in his character, he had done something to lower the tone of their political life by his constant appeal to material considerations. Yet, highly as he valued money for the political uses to which it could be put, he had a soul above money, and never thought of turning aside from his larger aims in order to accumulate wealth. He had no taste for vulgar luxury, and spent little upon his own enjoyment. He was generous in his gifts and lavish in carrying out any purpose which appealed to his imagination. Neither was there anything petty or malignant about his nature. He roused strong antagonisms as well as inspired strong attachments, but he did not seem to be moved by personal resentments, and would often speak in a genial and liberal way of those who had attacked or opposed him most bitterly. The love of fame and the love of power did no doubt largely influence his course, but they were not separated in his mind from the desire to extend the dominion and consolidate the power of England.

One of the most incontestable proofs that he had a kind of greatness is to be found in the sort of fascination which he exerted over most of those with whom he came in contact. He found it natural to lead and influence men because he had initiative. He made the impression of knowing exactly what he wanted, of knowing how he meant to attain it, of being quite determined to attain it by one means or another. His frankness and directness, which had something Bismarckian about them, heightened this impression. Nothing so much disposes men to follow as the self-confidence of a leader with a record of success. Cecil Rhodes did not boast, but it was easy to see that he had faith in himself.

He belonged to a type of man less common in modern times and civilized countries, because the conditions are less favorable to their development than they were in the Middle Ages or have been in Asia—the type which may be called in no unfavorable sense that of the Adventurer, the man whose imagination is fired by ambition, and whose power of seeing and grasping facts becomes effective by being united to boldness in execution. This type most usually appeared in war, and carried to greatness men whose talent lay in military leadership. Now it has other engines of power available. Mr. Rhodes is the first person who has consciously known how to use finance and financial combinations on a large scale as a means of attaining political aims. He is a new form of the type, a form suited to the conditions of a still undeveloped country like South Africa. Even those who censure some of his acts cannot but admit that his aims were not solely personal, that he was cast in a large mold, and that an unkind fate denied him the chance which he desired of retrieving the chief error of his life. He will certainly be remembered as one of the most striking and brilliant figures of his time.—New York Post.

She Forthwith Obeys.

A story is going the rounds wherein figure two well-known Columbus ladies and a parrot. Mrs. A paid a special call at the home of Mrs. B the other day and was ushered into the living room by the maid of all work to await the appearance of Mrs. B.

Mrs. B had come into the possession of a parrot only a short time before and had been keeping the bird in the living room. "Polly has a very good command of English, and appears to know when to use it. Mrs. A sat down with her back to the bird without noticing it, and as Polly made no sound she remained in ignorance of its presence."

Observing a beautiful vase on the mantel, Mrs. A arose from her seat and, crossing the floor, took down the dainty piece of bric-a-brac to examine it. She gazed on it rapturously, completely absorbed by its elegant decorations, when suddenly from just behind her came the shrill and stern command:

"Drop it! Drop it!"

Mrs. A obeyed and turned with a scream to face the imperturbable gaze of Polly, who sat in her cage with her green head slyly perked to one side. On the floor lay the beautiful vase, smashed to bits. At this most embarrassing moment Mrs. B entered the room. Before Mrs. A could explain the situation Polly shook it out its feathers and remarked:

"You're it! You're it! You're it!"—Ohio State Journal.

A Zoological Stamp Album.

The latest novelty in postage stamps, says Golden Penny, is made to look something like a menagerie, each page being covered with bars. The only stamps admitted are those which bear a design of an animal—and there are more of these than one would imagine at first sight. From the United States come a pony and a buffalo, from Labrador a stag and a crocodile, Liberia has a hippopotamus and an elephant, Newfoundland has a dog, a codfish and a seal, and West Australia rejoices in a swan. The book is made doubly interesting if it is illustrated with pictures of the trees and foliage belonging to each place.



A Boom.

GOOD roads work is making its greatest headway, from all accounts, in New York State, New Jersey having previously taken the lead in this reform. Road work is going on in New York, and plans are under discussion which give promise of results on a large scale. For one thing, the State Engineer and Surveyor proposes a State bond issue of \$10,000,000 for road improvement, this sum being payable in seventeen years, and involving an annual State levy of \$760,000—not a great sum for as wealthy a commonwealth as New York. With this fund it is estimated that upwards of 1250 miles of good macadam road can be constructed, which would connect all the counties in the eastern, central and southern parts of the State, and extend to some other counties where road improvement is an urgent need. The work, it is figured, could be finished in four years. This proposed system of highways contemplates trunk roads connecting with the principal towns of the State.

A State convention of road improvers, the third annual convention of the kind, was recently held at Albany, the Legislature being in session and its members interested observers, in which the enthusiasm rose so high that it was resolved to double the estimate of the State Engineer and make the debt \$20,000,000, to honeycomb the State east and west with thoroughly modern highways. This proposition is not being pressed by the road improvers, but is put forth for discussion by the people. Meantime an appropriation of \$1,000,000 is asked for the current year and will probably be granted.

It is reported that in the South road improvement is being prosecuted with a zeal never before displayed in a similar undertaking. The greatest single stimulus to this movement in the Southern States came from the cooperation of the Federal Government and the Southern railroads in their object lesson of last fall, when a good roads train was run through several Southern States, stopping at important points, where, before large gatherings of townspeople and farmers, road work was scientifically performed.

Some such object lesson would do good in Kansas, where good roads would bring in large profits to the farmers in enabling them to get to town with their crops and truck at seasons of the year when these products are highest in the market. That it costs more to transport farm productions to railway stations than to transport them to their destinations by the railroads is a fact realized by few producers, but demonstrated by the statistics compiled by the Government.

A State convention of road improvers ought to be held this spring in Kansas, and the cooperation of our railroads asked for a good roads excursion train some time during the early season. Experience proves that the first cost of good roads is speedily paid back in the better accessibility to market and the saving in wear and tear on horses and wagons.—Topeka (Kan.) Capital.

Gould Joins Crusade.

"Good roads" crusaders have won an important convert in George Jay Gould, Automobilist, owners of good horses and New Jersey farmers will call him blessed when his proposed philanthropy bears solid fruit in macadam and gravel on the drives in the country around Lakewood.

Mr. Gould has written State Engineer Budd, of New Jersey, that he will pay one-third of the expense of making first class roads within driving distance of his country place (Georgian Court) if his wealthy neighbors and the public funds will assist him in extending the system already improved.

The National Good Roads Association and the Automobile Club of America have made rival claims for the credit of inspiring Mr. Gould to enlist under their banner. An estimate of the mileage and cost of the road improvements suggested by Mr. Gould will be prepared by State Engineer Budd.

Wide Tires.

It is worse than useless to create expensive and valuable highways to have them only cut to pieces by the use of narrow tires as now used for the hauling of heavy loads in New York State. When you have got a good thing it costs money and you must take care of it, and change your methods to help maintain it. Wide tires are of the greatest value in preserving ordinary dirt roads. A State wide tire law should be passed, simple in its requirements, positive in its enforcement and going into operation two years from this date in order to permit every wagon user to have ample time to adapt his wagon tires to the new law in the interest of road maintenance.

What is Depending.

New York's commercial supremacy depends upon her ability to maintain within her borders the cheapest freight rate across the continent. The 12,000,000 tons of farm produce raised from the 22,000,000 acres of farm land in New York State should be taken to market on a system of improved highways, costing not in excess of the canal improvements.

Silver is naturally an antiseptic, and is therefore less liable than paper money to convey infection.