

Steadily and surely London's local traffic is likely to come under American control, and it will undoubtedly be changed for the better under American management.

A Russian court recently gave a woman a \$50,000 verdict for the loss of five teeth in a Trans-Siberian railway accident. The court had evidently never heard of our \$8 sets of rose pearl so popular in America.

The only church in America which has the distinction of having been dedicated by the man who became a President of the United States is the Disciple Church, at Wellington, Ohio, which was dedicated by Garfield before the Civil War, and the pulpit of which he more than once occupied as a preacher.

Census Bureau reports say that in 1900 there were 5,739,657 farms in the United States, valued at \$16,674,694,247. Farm implements and machinery were estimated at worth \$761,261,550, and live stock at \$3,078,050,041. The total valuation of farm property in the republic was therefore rated at more than \$20,000,000,000.

Three days by modern ocean steamers from Seattle lands the traveler at Skagway, Alaska; twelve hours by rail over the mountains carries him to the head waters of the Yukon, from whence well-equipped river steamers carry him to the gold fields of Central Alaska or down the Yukon, which is navigable for over 2000 miles.

Where does the superabundant electric energy of a thunderstorm come from? In the annual report of the United States Weather Bureau, condensation is credited with a large share in its production. When small, feebly charged particles of mist are welded together, as it were, into raindrops, since the potential increases as the square of the mass, a high tension may easily be developed. Ten drops, each charged to one thousand volts will thus produce one drop charged to one hundred thousand volts. As soon as drops begin to form at the beginning of a storm, the relatively small tension of the atmospheric charges soon becomes enormously multiplied, and disruptive lightning discharges are the result.

A writer in the Contemporary Review discusses the growth of fraud. He maintains that of late years breaches of trust have been very numerous in England. "The newspapers have reported case after case of fraud by trusted professional agents and by other persons, some of these rogues being distinguished among men, and notable for the assured effrontery of their suave utterances of the highest principles of professional conduct." This proposition is supposed to be demonstrated by official records. The average yearly number of crimes, or indictable offences, reported to the police in England and Wales during the period 1885-89 was 86,963, those classed as frauds numbering 1879. During the period 1890-94 the figures were 83,831 and 2068. From 1895-99 they were 79,459 and 2599. Thus it would seem that, while crime in general was materially decreasing, frauds were rapidly multiplying. Other crimes fell off ten per cent. in number in fifteen years, while frauds increased more than thirty-eight per cent.

It is undoubtedly true that employers are constantly looking for ability, but what operates against the man of ability is the frequent failure of employers to recognize him. It is a most difficult thing to discern ability in others, observes Profitable Advertising. Being a quality that is brought to light only by test, we do not see it at a glance or during a conversation, and for this reason hundreds of men of ability have not yet been recognized. This rarity of discernment is an unfortunate condition. It clogs the wheels of progress, hinders industrial development and ruins great enterprises. The man at the head of some extensive industry may lack the power to recognize ability, and the eventual result is that his business fails. Yet he never thinks of blaming himself for it, nor does he reflect that among the applicants for positions he has turned away may have been the man who could have saved the day. Therefore, while the demand for ability is great, the need for men capable of discerning ability and estimating it is greater. Perhaps some time in the distant future a way will be found for training such men. They will probably be afforded exceptional facilities for studying human nature, and of thus learning to judge men quickly and accurately. Then there will be fewer failures, while industrial progress will be still more rapid than it is to-day.

THE GREATEST IN THE WORLD.

All my youthful days I fancied
I saw plainly truth and right,
Dreamed, to me, life's wondrous meaning
Stood revealed in clearest light.
Now I know I see but dimly
Half the glory of the truth;
Put aside are childish fancies,
Vanished far the dreams of youth.

Now beyond my holdest vision
Signs of what shall be I trace,
When no more by weakness hindered
I shall see as face to face.
I have gained a higher wisdom,
Time has brought a faith profound,
Steadfast now my hope abideth,
Since by love my life is crowned.

What avails the words of angels?
What avails the tongues of men?
What the gift of prophesying?
What our learning's farthest ken?
What the faith that moveth mountains?
What can charity secure?
What though we may die as martyrs?
Without love our souls are poor.

Love endureth, hopeth all things;
Love seeks not its own to gain,
Turns with all the more compassion
Unto those who give us pain.
'Mid the doubts that mock our knowledge,
'Mid the clamor of our creeds,
There abides our surest safety,
In the love of kindly deeds.
—Victor E. Southworth, in Denver News.



OWEN CONKLING was in that unenviable frame of mind in which idle young men begin to fancy that they are already wise. During the three years that had elapsed since he left college he had done nothing more laborious than travel. He had an old-fashioned reverence for women, but he began to be conscious of an involuntary heresy that included the whole sex except his mother. Equipped by nature and training to shine in society, he had begun by running the whole gamut of its possibilities and ended by believing that there was "nothing in it." His healthy imagination and romantic spirit were dominated by his disciplined mind, and, though he didn't admit it even to himself, he was coming to the belief that the only satisfactory occupation for a wise man of vigor and ambition is work. He was coming to regard himself so seriously that it became quite impossible for him to think of women without a smile of deprecation. One by one he had put a hundred to the test—his test—and his well considered verdict in each case had been "There's nothing in her."

He had now spent a whole summer in Clare, a quasi-fashionable resort in the fruit region, and had catalogued and "double-crossed" every woman he had met there. Then, just as he was about to leave for the city he saw a young woman who set him thinking. She was brune and beautiful without

kerchief into a ball between her hands. He got out first, aware of an absorbing desire to be of service to Miss Pauline. She had alighted and said good-bye to her friend before he had collected his wits sufficiently to help her out of the bus. He was awed by this fascinating woman, because he now knew that she had a better excuse for living than lawn parties and cotillions. He knew her name was Pauline, that she was "in trade" and in trouble. As he stood there watching her she suddenly gasped "My valise!" and ran to the end of the platform. He was quickly beside her, his hat in his hand.

"I left my valise in the bus," she said. "Would you, could you—"

He was gone like a lackey, and in two minutes she was taking the little traveling bag from his hand. "Thank you very much, Mr. —"

"Conkling," he said.

"My money was in it. I don't know how to thank you. Goodness, here comes our train. Are you going?"

"Is this yours, too? I found it in the bus." And he held out a little red apple. But she laughed a little sadly and said: "You may keep it, Mr. Conkling. Are you going on this train?" She raised her voice and spoke close to his ear so that he might hear above the hissing engine.

"No," he said, putting the apple in his pocket and helping her up the steps as the train groaned away. She bowed again, and he held his hat in his hand



SHE DID NOT HAVE THE \$50.

the aid of any tricks of fashion. Her personality so dominated both milliner and modiste that Owen, connoisseur that he was, didn't know how she was attained. He saw her walking along the street with a speed that was swift without haste, and as he watched her face he felt something of the old adoration of his salad days coming into his eyes. At the corner she stopped to talk to a brown-faced country woman, perhaps a farmer's wife, and as Owen passed then he heard her say: "I'm going to-night, Mrs. Krauss. Will you see me off? Oh, thank you. It's the 11 o'clock. I'm so disappointed—" That was all he heard. The voice was as gentle and penetrating as the luminous eyes. He moped all afternoon, but took the bus for the 11 o'clock train.

She was in it, with Mrs. Krauss when it called at the hotel. Conkling sat in the far corner and tried to see her face in the half-light. She was talking. "I just hate to leave without those apples," she was saying. "They're out at Shafer's place—seven miles—the best, the only good crop I've seen this trip. But the hateful old thing wouldn't sell them or even give me an option unless I planked down \$50. No; Monday will be too late. I saw Peale & Seed's buyer up at the hotel to-day. He's scouring Michigan for apples, and he'll have Shafer's before I could get back."

"Don't worry, Miss Pauline," said the other woman. "I'd loan you the money if I had it. Perhaps if you hurry back—"

"Oh, no! I know how quick that other buyer is—I could just cry."

And as they neared the depot Conkling saw her crushing her little hand-

til she was out of sight. Then he went to the hotel, counted his money and got the night clerk to cash a draft. In fifteen minutes he was sitting in a hired buggy driving through the night to Shafer's farmhouse, seven miles away. He got there at midnight and roused the Dutchman, who came to the door with a light in one hand and a shotgun in the other. Conkling explained that he had to leave town in the morning and had come to buy apples. The Dutchman chuckled. The price was \$3.50 per barrel for the whole lot, 500 barrels. The fashionable young man haggled, argued, simulated for the first time in his life. He began to realize that there was a chance for eloquence, wit and mental activity even in apple buying. He "beat down" the farmer till the price was agreed at \$2.90, and congratulated himself on having probably done better than Miss Pauline or any woman could have done.

"Was there a lady here this afternoon?" he asked as the farmer scribbled a bill of sale.

"Yah. A lady dere was vich mein epyles all would yon tree dollar forty, aber she didn't hef dose feefty tollars cash monny."

"Did you get her name?"

"Ach nein, I did not got it. She was von Sheenago by de eppel pizzaess."

Conkling was disappointed. He had hoped to get Miss Pauline's name. But he paid \$250 as an earnest, and told the Dutchman to ship the apples to his Chicago address with a bill-lading and draft to follow.

He had almost reached the Union Station next day before he could figure out a feasible plan to get his apples to

Miss Pauline. But he was inspired with an unwonted enthusiasm, and when he got into his cab he told the driver to take him to a newspaper office. There he wrote out this advertisement: "For sale: 500 barrels of perfect winesaps from Shafer's farm, near Clare, Mich. Quick bargain. K 80."

He got fifty or more answers the next day and threw all but one in the waste basket. It read: "K 80. Dear sir. If you call with sample at my office, 814 Futurity Building, I will make an offer. Pauline Davis, agent."

She was sitting at her desk, more radiant than ever, when he walked in with the little red apple in his extended hand. He saw her blush furiously as she stood up, but she said: "Why, Mr. Conkling! You didn't buy those—"

"Yes, Miss Davis, I bought them. You see I wanted—"

"But you're not in the apple business?"

"Oh, no. I just happened to overhear your conversation in the bus that night and I wanted to help you out."

"But I know you must have been awfully rich. Did you pay more than twenty? Honest, now, Mr. Conkling?"

She smiled innocently, then laughed with delight as he lied:

"No, miss. Only two-forty. Will you take them off my hands at once?"

"Take them off your hands? Why, I'll share the profits with you."

"If you are pleased, I have already collected my profits," he said, and she blushed as her bright eyes smiled again.

Owen Conkling didn't leave till he had fixed up his first business deal to the eminent satisfaction of Miss Davis, but he went like a somnambulist back to the depot and took a train for Clare. There he repeated his journey to Shafer's, and when he came away he had an invoice made out to Miss Pauline Davis, in which the apples were billed at \$240.

"I'm out just two hundred and fifty," he smiled to himself as he drove back to town, "but she'll never know it. I'd give a million rather than lose her."

And when he came back to her with that apple bill and she had complimented him on his "first buy," she added:

"Why, Mr. Conkling, you ought to go into the business."

"I will, Miss Pauline," he answered, quite seriously, "if you'll take me into partnership."

And she looked surprised, but not displeased as he whispered: "Life partnership, Pauline."—John H. Rafferty, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

A Slight Misunderstanding.
A young man, whose gallantry was largely in excess of his pecuniary means, sought to remedy this defect and to save the money required for the purchase of expensive flowers by arranging with a gardener to let him have a bouquet from time to time in return for his cast-off clothes. So it happened that one day he received a bunch of the most beautiful roses, which he at once dispatched to his lady love. In sure anticipation of a friendly welcome, he called at the house of the young woman the same evening, and was not a little surprised at a frosty reception.

After a pause the young woman remarked in the most frigid tones: "You sent me a note to-day."

"A note—?"

"Certainly, along with the flowers."

"To be sure, I sent you flowers; but—"

"And this note was with the bouquet. Do you mean to deny it?"

And the young man read: "Don't forget the old trousers you promised me the other day."—New York Tribune.

Appetite and Hunger.
"Most persons do not discriminate between hunger and appetite," said a doctor of long experience. "Appetite is what makes a man drink or smoke, and what makes most men and women eat. Many go through life never knowing what hunger really is. I often fast sixty hours and never feel the worst for it. A friend of mine, a physician in Brooklyn, goes without food sixteen days at a stretch, and keeps up his work meanwhile. There isn't an organ that can contract any disease from lack of food. Most of them do become diseased through the effort to take care of too much food. They are all in better tone after a fast. Another thing: hunger is felt only in the mouth and throat. That gone feeling that many complain of is not hunger; that is a form of disease. If persons would eat only when they were hungry and only as much as hunger, not appetite, called for—well, we doctors would have to fast."—New York Press.

The Men and the Notes.
Two men went into the world to seek their fortunes. While one was singing with his eyes upturned the other was looking on the ground for what he might find, and was fortunate enough to discover a ten dollar bill. His first delight was turned to disappointment when he thought that it might as well have been a hundred dollars. Then, actuated by avarice, he dexterously changed the figures, pasted a "C" over the "X" and raised the note tenfold.

His companion continued to sing, and endeavored to raise his high note to a C, and, after persistent effort, succeeded. Both men were discovered, and while the former is behind bars without a note the other is in front of bars cashing his notes as fast as he can utter them.

Moral—It makes a difference what sort of notes are raised.—New York Herald.

Poor Truth!
Truth never runs a race with fiction without getting tripped up and beaten.—New York Press.



An Exciting Incident.

THE upheaval of the ice that binds the Yukon is always fascinating and exciting, but no greater and more spectacular scene in connection with the breaking has been chronicled than that at Five Fingers rapids several days ago. The high, rocky pillars that stand as barriers at the rapids choked with ice, and for days sustained a weight of hundreds of thousands of tons of ice and blockaded water, which, when it broke, tore through the gorge with terrific force and a speed of thirty miles an hour in wildest tumult.

All the rocky barriers that form the channel and the "Fingers" were sustaining an untold weight of ice and water, gathered there as the result of the flow of days from the upper Yukon. The water spread far up the stream, and threatened to overflow the banks, and there is no telling what might have been the result had not the Government blasted the keystone of ice from the lower portion and opened the gorge.

Capt. Jack Williams, of the White Pass Company, fired the charge which opened the jam. He was standing in front of the "Fingers," and yet on a piece of ice when the telling shot was fired. With unexpected suddenness the great mass of blocked matter forced the situation, and Williams was sent swirling down the stream before the cracking, maddening tumult of escaping waters and chaotic ice floes. Fortunately, he was swept to the base of one of the cliffs, and there found a narrow niche in which to cling. He seized the projecting wall and sprang to the bluff and facing the wild procession of the elements, he stood in fear and trembling. One solid hour he stood on that rock, and the grinding, crunching and plunging ice went past him in merciless roar.

Williams' fellows had gone to the lower end of the rapids, expecting to see him on some ice floe far down the stream, or, perhaps, most likely, not to see him at all. Walter Wensky, German Consul at Dawson, happened along at that time, and, with a strong field glass, scanned the canyon. Wensky went up stream instead of down, and soon located him in the niche.

The roaring of the rushing ice and water through the rocky gorge made it impossible to hear any one speak in the vicinity of where Williams stood and he heard. It was all men could do to hear one another when they stood together. The tremendous force of miles of ice and water above the "Fingers" was driving the water through the gorge at the hurricane speed of thirty miles an hour. It was one wild, plunging race, of which Consul Wensky says:

"Never in my life had I seen such a spectacle of grandeur, such a magnificent demonstration of nature's physical forces exerting their awful power. If ever there was a scene awe-inspiring in its effect on man, this was one."

"There being no time to lose in an effort to save Williams, we rushed up the river, and after traveling some distance came to where we could shout across to a wood camp. A man named Eho was there, and he heard us. We told him of the predicament and he took a rope and went to the rescue. The line was made fast and dropped the fifty feet over the bluff. It fell within the reach of Williams and he seized it. A few moments later he was dangling from the line and swinging in mid-air as he desperately fought and climbed for life. The struggle did not last long. Muscular and active that he was, Williams soon scaled the cliff and was safe."

"The intensity of that grand escaping flood and jam thrills me yet. The ice was four hours passing through the gorge. It was swollen to fifteen feet above the normal level of the river as it made its escape, and went on plunging and grinding with the fury of a monster. Far below the rapids the river traveled at great speed, cutting away in the distance around bends of the stream with the white-mailed turbulent crest as far as the eye could reach, running until finally worn out and exhausted miles away."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Story of Heroic Self-Sacrifice.
The logs heaped upon themselves, wedged and ground into one another in what seemed to be an inextricable mass. A few individual logs were drawn out with the rope and horses, but the other logs only seemed to groan, make a little move and pack the closer. One, two, three, four days they all worked and failed. The water had risen considerably because of the jam and was forcing other logs back against the banks above the falls.

Most distracted with his perplexity, Mr. George was carefully examining this backward action, when the logs under him made a move, dropping him into the water, and pinning him at the thigh between the logs and the rocky shore. It looked as if his legs would be crushed—such was the backward force of the water and logs. Alarm was sounded. Men tried to force the logs back and get the young master out, but in vain. A rope was tied around his waist, and they tried to draw him out, but that also was in vain.

The foreman, who had been making

a new and careful survey of the jam, came up to report to Mr. George that he had found the key log, and that there was no other way in which to break the jam than by getting that log out, or by having some one go out over the falls, in front of that mighty mass of timber and accumulated water, and cut that log. But he found his young master pinned by the logs and unconscious with pain.

He called some of his men for consultation. They all agreed that the only way to break the jam and free their master was to get that key log started or broken. To this log the rope was fastened, and with horses and men another effort was made to extricate it; but it would not move. The foreman seized an ax and started for the log.

"Boys," said he, "look after Mr. George. When the logs move, drag him out quickly at all hazards. If I am killed, give him my respects."

And the noble, stalwart man, nimble as a cat, ran over the logs and began chopping the key log in two. There were men on the bank ready to help him if he could be helped. Swiftly the big chips flew. Suddenly, with a growl, a crash, a thundering roar, the jam broke, and ere the brave man could reach the shore it carried him among the tumbling logs and seething waters to an untimely end. At the first movement of the jam the logs that pinned the master were loosened and he was dragged up and laid on the bank, bruised, but with no bones broken. It was not, however, till after four days' search that the body of the brave foreman was found, and then it was an almost unrecognizable mass of pounded flesh and broken bones.—Christian Endeavor World.

Captured by Moonshiners.
William H. Smith, a traveling salesman for a wholesale house in Chicago, which does a large business in the mountain district of Eastern Kentucky, was in the city recently and told the following story of an experience several years ago, when the Government officials were using their most strenuous efforts to break up illicit distilling in the section referred to.

One of the stores on Mr. Smith's visiting list was about six or eight miles from the nearest railroad station, and it was necessary for him to make the remainder of the trip on horseback. As he reached a bridge which spanned a little mountain stream about a mile from his destination he passed a solitary individual leaning listlessly against the rail of the bridge. Salutations were exchanged, and Mr. Smith passed on, but he noticed that the stranger, who was armed with a rifle, eyed him rather curiously. He had gone but a short distance when a shrill whistle rang out behind him, which was almost immediately answered by a similar note from somewhere in front of him.

The road curved at this point, and when Mr. Smith reached it he was flanked by two men, also armed, who ordered him to throw up his hands and go with them. Considerably surprised and very much alarmed at the sudden interruption, he permitted his horse to be turned off the road into a small path, one of the men leading the animal while the other kept him covered with his rifle.

Mr. Smith began to question his captors, but the only reply he got was, "Shut up; you'll find out soon enough." The captors and captured proceeded in this manner for about fifteen minutes, when they came to a log hut in a small clearing, about which several men were gathered. Still keeping him covered, the men marched their prisoner up to the group with the remark, "We got one of them revenooers, but didn't see 't'other one." The men gazed at him with lowering glances that boded ill for his future welfare, and forgot ten tales which he had heard of the fate that was meted out to revenue officers by the moonshiners filled his mind.

While he was looking around with the idea of making a dash for liberty the man who had hitherto been in the but came out, and, as he approached, Mr. Smith saw a surprised look cross his face. "Well, hello, Mr. Smith, since when have you been in the Government service?" Then, turning to the astonished men, the newcomer said: "Boys, you've got the wrong man. This is Mr. Smith, who sells goods up to the store yonder."

Explanations and apologies were in order, and he learned that a couple of officers were in the neighborhood and that the moonshiners had resolved to capture them. The man who recognized him had often seen him in the store and had remembered him. Thanks to the recognition, Mr. Smith was released.—Baltimore Sun.

Buried Twenty-three Hours.
Isaac Pitwood, of Needmore, Brown County, Indiana, came near losing his life a few days ago, and he believes nothing but a miracle saved him. He was cleaning out a well on the Townsend farm, between Mahalsville and Martinsville, when the walls caved in, burying him alive. The well was seventy-two feet deep, and Pitwood was twelve feet from the bottom when the accident occurred. A derrick was secured, and a large force of men went to work to take out the stone in order to secure the body. The work lasted all night and the following morning. When they got within four feet of Pitwood they could hear him calling for help. The excitement was intense and the men worked like mad to release Pitwood before it was too late. Pitwood was taken from the well more dead than alive, after having been buried twenty-three hours. He was not seriously injured.

There are now 300,000 Mormons in the United States, their number having doubled between the last two decades.