THE SONG OF THE WORLD.

Action, unceasing endeavor — whether with brain or with brawn; Singing of hummer on anvil, thrust of the plow throught an anvil, thrust of Thou the plow throught in the night-time, axe-stroke in silence of dawn, Solving the secrets of science—secrets that guerdon our toil.

Action, strong effort forever—this is the afe of our time; This is the heart-throb of manhood, the pulsing of purpose sublime.

pulsing of purpose sublime.

Flickered the glaive long in battles, carving the future of kings,
Cutting the fetters of bondmen, doing
God's will in His way— not seen the scalbard't is sleeping, here on
Dust on its hilt and time sharp teeth
eating its edge, day by day.
Hauberk nor casque brought it harming,
yet all of its temper is gone—
Vanished its puissant prowess—to-day labor rolls the world on.

bor rolls the world on.

Tides of the amorous ocean strive for the kiss of the moon, Rivers, full-bosomed and brimming, bring their broad blessings to men; Health from their restlessness rises; but, in the stagnant lagoon.

Born is the pectilent vapor—born in the death-breeding fen.

Water, life's limitless solvent, its blessings will freely disburse.

When

r, life's limitiess souvent, as one will freely disburse;
a it is stagmant and pulseless, lo, it is
turned to a curse,
tion, untiring and constant—this is
the law of our breath;
e, then! O brothers who labor; labor that ceases is—death.

—Robert Mackay, in Success.

NEVEN'S TEMPTATION.

ES, there are great opportunities in an 'oil town' like this." James Neven, the young lawyer, spoke quietly, as his habit was, but his face flushed and his keen eyes glittered. "A few hundred dollars will buy an interest in a company formed to drill a well, and if the well proves a 'gusher' a man's share may yield him fifty thousand or more a year. If you want to the rich, Jerris, better let me invest the money you've made on that Dakota ranch of yours."

The sturdy Westerner, Neven's class-cante at college, laughed and shook his head. "Guess not, thank you, Jim," he answered. "'Slow and sure' is my motto. I never expect to get rich at a stroke."
"As you please," said Neven, dryly.

a stroke."

"As you please," said Neven, dryly,
"Your cousins, the Larrabees, have
more faith in my judgment. Mrs. Larrabee gave me a thousand dollars to
invest for her—as an agent, of course.
She paid me twenty dollars for placing
tr."

She paid me twenty dollars for placing it."

"I should think if success is so certain you would prefer to be paid by a percentage on the profits."

"N-no-well," said Neven, uncomfortably, "Mrs. Larrabee would not consent to that. 'If the well proves a dry one,' she said, 'it won't be your fault; you'll do your best for me, I know.' So she gave me twenty dollars down."

Hugh Jerris had risen and was pacing restlessly about the dingy little effice. "Bother investments, anyway, Jim!" he cried. "The only reason why I came to Pennsylvania was to try to get Jennie Larrabee to go back to South Datota as my wife. That's the only subject that interests me just now."

now."

Neven rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"You know the Larrabees haven't any
money." he suggested. "That thousand dollars represented all their sayings. You ought to look for a girl who
could put some capital into that ranch
of recurs."

yours."
"Jennie Larrabee without a cent will
a fortune to me—If I can win her!
a fortune to me—If I can win her!
a and her mother are well, you say?
think I'll go out to the farm and
be them this morning, Good-by,

se them this morning. Good-by, im;"
"What a fool;" mutiered the young wyer, as he watched the burly felwest with the watched the burly felwest with the watched the burly felmoney. Then he turned to his work gain, which at this time consisted tainly in figuring his possible income own the Karns well.

Neven had invested his own savings, ix hundred dollars, in the Karns well, thich was now being drilled about wo miles from town. He had put firs, Larrabee's thousand dollars into he Warren well, not so promising a roperty, he thought, which was only few hundred yards from the other.

The drill in each well had already assed through layers of solid rock and

He turned back into his office. Bushby sat down on the steps outside and lighted a cigar.

"Neven," he called, presently, "telegraph boy after you!" He lounged into the office as Neven opened a second cipher dispatch.

"Warren weil struck oil," it told him.
"Promises to be a gusher."

The strip of paper shook in Neven's hand. This luck had come to the Larrabees! He was ruined! Oh, if he had only put his money into the Warren weil and theirs into the Karns! But Neven was outwardly calm as he drew a blank message toward him and told the boy to wait.

Bushby, leaning on the table, glanced familiarly over his shoulder at the direction of the message.

"Mrs. Sarah Larrabee," he repeated. "Why, sure enough! It was in the Karns well you invested her money? And she's lost it? What a pity!"

Neven started. Why should it not he so? The well drillers had not incorporated yet. No stock certificates had been issued. The receipts for the two sums of money mentioned his name alone, "James Neven, Attorney," No human being but himself knew positively whether it was the Larrabees' money or his own that he had put into that dry hole.

He held the pen suspended for a moment, facing the temptation of his life. Then he dipped the pen in the ink. Bushby still looked on.

"Invested six hundred in Karns well," he wrote. "Dry, Heartily sorry. Hope to do better with remaining four hundred."

"So it was the Larrabees' money that you put into the Karns?" asked Bushbay avening him keenly.

well," he wrote. "Dry. Heartily sorry. Hope to do better with remaining four hundred."

"So it was the Larrabees' money that you put into the Karns?" asked Bushby, eyeing him keenly.

"Yes."

"You bought a quarter share in the Warren well, too?"

"Yes. Cost me a thousand. That was a little venture of my own. Well, too?"

"You don't say so!" Bushby selzed his hat and rushed to tell the news. In the very same moment Neven began to prepare for a trip to New York. He did not care for the congratulations of his townsmen. He did not want to hear them express their sympathy for Mrs. Larrabee. Besides, he wished to look up safe investments for the large sums of money he would soon begin to receive.

It was late one rainy evening when Neven arrived again at home and entered the little parlor of the hotel in which he boarded. He had heard nothing from the place since he left—Jahez Wright had unaccountably failed to reply to a request for information—but here he had now begun to think of his theft as merely a bit of "sharp practice."

He looked around with disgust at the tawdry finery of the room. Well, it would not be his home long. He was going to New York to live. With his lineone—
"Hello, old fellow!" cried a hearty valee helpid him winder held follow!" cried a hearty valee helpid him here.

"Hello, old fellow!" cried a hearty

'Hello, old fellow!' cried a hearty ice behind him.

'Why. Jerris, is this you?' Neven id, as he turned to meet the rancher. low did you prosper in your errand?'

tere was a lofty condescension in his ne, but the other did not perceive it. 'With Jennie? She's up stains. She's is, Hugh Jerris, Haven't wasted you have have I?'

Neven gave his hand with a feeble ort at cordality. "I am sure I wish ut well, Jerris," he said. "You are let to support a wife, and needn't re whether she has anything of her or not."

'Anything of her own! Why, my ar boy, what more could she want? er mother has given her half of her terest in the Karns well, and—"'Karns!" gasped Neven. "It was a y hole."

'In the nuner sand, yes. But they

"In the upper sand, yes. But they bored deeper since you left and struck oil. The well is yielding fifteen hun-dred barrels a day. Why, Jennie is an

heiress."
Fifteen hundred barrels a day!
Neven stood staring at the ruddy, good
hunored face, which suddenly took
on a look of pity. "What a brute I
am." the rancher cried. "I forgot that
while investing their money so wisely
you made such a terrible mistake
about you may."

your own."
mistake? My own? What do
nean?" shouted Neven fiercely.
the Warren well — surely you've
? It was only a pocket. It ran
a week."

"The Warren well — surely you've heard? It was only a pocket. It ran out in a week."

Neven tried to speak, but he could only mumble unintelligible words. Then he clapped his hat on his head and rushed from the house. The first man ha net confirmed the story.

"Folks thought it queer you were so sharp for the widow and so stupid for yourself. Neven," his townsman said. 'But Jalez Wright says you bought the Karns for yourself and the Warren, for the widow, and then shifted things for your own advantage when the first news came, and as long as that's so, everybody's glad that you fooled yourself. Well, if things had come out just as you thought they would, I don't know as you'd have had much comfort and of your ill-gotten gains, 'Fraid you won't ever get many more clients in this town."

Neven left town that night. So, as it claneed, did Mr. and Mrs. Ifugh Jeriss. But Mr. and Mrs. Jeris were respected and happy.—Youth's Companlon.

SCIENTIFIC TINDUSTRIA

One company in Central Africa has over 3600 acres of land under cultivation, producing sugar cane exclusively and this territory will soon take a reminent position among sugar-shipping countries.

A novel irrigation plant is being operated in California orchards. The water is pumped by a centrifugal pump driven by a threshing machine, and is conveyed about orchards as large as 160 acres, through a fourteen-inch can-vas hose. The hose is in sections, which are moved by a horse. By this plan the water can be conveyed without rouble over rises, and a large area irrigated with little moving of the hose line.

Mr. Whymper thus describes the commencement of an eruption of the volcano Cotopaxi: "A puff of steam was emitted, and then a brief pause. Five minutes later a column of inky blackness began to issue, and rose up straight in the air with such prodigious velocity that in less than three minutes it was 20,000 feet above the rim of the crater. The top of the column was about 40,000 feet above the level of the sea."

The council of the Institute of Mining and Metallurgy, an English society of mining engineers, has undertaken to define the exact meaning of the term 'ore in sight.' In many engineering reports on mining properties the worde 'ore in sight' are used in rather ambiguous senses, meaning, on the one hand, ore which is blocked out or exposed on three sides, so that there can be no doubt of its existence, and, on the other, ore which may rensonably be supposed to exist. The labors of the council, if fruitful, will be of great value to the prospective investor in mining properties.

mining properties.

Instead of blowing down coal in mines by means of dynamite, an Englishman intends to make use of a hydraulic cartridge, which is said to obviate the wasteful shattering of the coal. The cartridge is twenty inches in length. Orifices along its sides admit of the application of a pressure of some three tons per square inch. The total pressure is about sixty tons. When inserted in a hole the cartridge is coupled up with a small hand pump. It is said that in a few minutes after the apparatus has been at work, the coal breaks up and falls in great blocks. About one and one-half pints of water are used in the operation. One colliery proprietor who has adopted the invention for use in three mines computes that each cartridge saves \$75 per week.

Invention, of London, has the fel-

Invention, of London, has the following: The possibility of melting carbon and maintaining it in liquid condition has been demonstrated by Dr. A. Ludwig. The heating was effected under great pressure in the electric furnace, and a curious phenomenon noticed at 1500 atmospheres was a very brief failure of the electric arc, the current refusing to pass, even when the voltage was much increased. It is supposed that as the carbon passed into the liquid and transparent state it assumed a rare allotropic form, becoming a non-conductor, The experiment was too brief for a study of this condition, but was made to include a sudden cooling of the molten carbon by a flooding with water of the interior of the pressure vessel. Though minute diamonds were recognized in the gray powder thus obtained, they were too small to be of commercial value.

powder thus obtained, they were too small to be of commercial value.

Just What They Were.

Writing of the early days of California's prosperity, Mr. H. A. Vachell says, "The outward and visible sign of this amazing prosperity was most manifest in the houses (they were always spoken of as residences), which, like Aladdin's palace, seemed to be built and furnished in a single night. "On one occasion I was in a Pullman car, and we were passing through a valley dotted with most unsightly houses—ramshackle buildings, for the most part, each an amalgam of half a dozen styles of architecture, and each obviously built for show.

"What are they? asked an oid Scotchman, who was of the party.

"They're private residences, replied an American, proudly. 'Yes, sir, we're passing through Paradise Park. Six months ago, sir, this tract was a howling desert of cactus and sage-brush.'

"Eh, eh-h-h? Ye surprise me. Private residences, ye say?"

"Yes, sir. What did you take them for?"

for?
 "The old Scotchman answered soberly: 'I was of the opeculon that they
must be lunatic asylums.'
 "A big fellow, evidently a cattleman
from Arizona, burst into loud laughter.
 "You've hit it? he exclaimed, "That's
just exactly what they air.'"

Threatening England's Sea Power.
The security of England's conquests and amexations depends in no small measure on the closure of the Dardanelles to the passage of this country's Biack Sea fleet. When those straits are opened to the egrees of the powerful Enxine squadron there will be an annalagamation of maritime strength formal by France, Russia, Italy and later on, by Spain also, which must of necessity put an end to the dominion of the great middand sea by England.—Odessa-Bourse Gazette.

there would be enough for all to burn.

New York World.

A Good Enough Argument.

Plenty of noise makes a good enough argument for most people.—New York

The plow in that country has wheels at the argument for most people.—New York

The plow in the plow in the plow in the country has wheels at the argument for most people.—New York

The plow in the plo

Side of Life:

"Nay, dear, it is not always so,"
Replied the gallant swain,
"For it was through an accident
We met upon the train."
—New York Herald.

—New York Herald.

Hope.

Fair Client—"But, after all, the leters seem unimportant."

Lawyer—"Well, I'll go over them again, ma'am. Sometimes it takes a smart man to write an unimportant etter."—Puck.

She—"How did he co.... ils ideal?" He—"He thought she had money,"—

An Advantage. on Duckling—"I was hatched by

an incubator." I was hatched by an incubator." Pythias Duckling—"I think they're better than hens. They don't kick when you want to go swimming."—Puck.

"Johnson writes that he's just killed the hero in his new novel."
"Well, he needn't worry over that—any jury will acquit him!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Unkindly Communicative.
Mr. Cash—"Clara holds her age

well."
Mrs. Cash—"Tes; but she tells everybody else's."—Detroit Free Press.

The Influence of Clothes.

Jerry—"How do good clothes make a man a gentleman?"

Joe—"They make him feel as if he was expected to act like one."—Detroit Free Press.

An Off-Hand Answer.

"Who can tell me the meaning of leisure?" asked the teacher.

"It's a place where married people repent," replied the boy at the foot of the class.—Philadelphia Record.



Mrs. Richmond—"What is your geircle going to take up this

ter?"
Mrs. Bronxborough—"We're going read the letters our husbands used write us before we were married."
New York Journal.

Politics.
Smarticus—"Why is politics like a

Smarticus—"Why is politics like screen door?"
Spartacus—"Can't imagine."
Smarticus—"Because the 'push' at the 'pull' are so often on opposi sides."—Los Angeles Herald.

"Yes; just now he was saying that nothing was certain in this world but the uncertainty of things, and you couldn't bank on that."—Detroit Free Press,

osopher.

"It does," replied the Wise Guy,
"when my bank account is overdrawn."—Cincinnati Commercial Tri-

"I ran into town to-day to do some hopping, dear," said Mrs. Subbubs, ntering her husband's office, "and

"Ran out?"
"Yes, of money." — Philadelphia
Press.

An Unfortunate.

"You say you don't believe in finding fault with the ways of the world."

"Yes."

"Then you are an optimist?"

"Not at all. I am convinced that the world is so hopelessly bad that there isn't the slightest use of trying to say or do anything about it."—Washington Star.

A Calloused Conscience.

"I suppose you have heard it intimated that you made a hundred thousand dollars last year in various quiet ways?"

"Yes," said Senator Sorghum.
"Aren't you going to try to stop the story?"

"No. Of course it will cause unpleasant gossip, but it will help my financial credit,"—Washington Star,

The Funny This a Day of Great Opposiunities

By G. W. Perkins, J. P. Morgan's Right Bower.



AM interested in Young America, and I like to see our boys push ahead and come to the front. These are days full of opportunities. All that a young man who has brains and health need to do is to take advantage of the chances ofered. Nor are the opportunities limited to any one line or occupation. They are found in every direction. It is more and more true, however, that a boy must fit himself for some specialty. Therefore, he must find out as soon as he can what he is specially adapted for and pitch into it.

Too many young men in this country don't want to work hard. They prefer to take things easy—stay up late at night and lie abed too long in the morning. They never can get ahead in that way. Times and conditions may change, but the old rule remains that there is no success without everlastingly keeping at it,

0

Women Five Times Better Than Men

By Professor Mantegazza.

AN beers felse witness 100 times to a woman's seventeen.

Man for forgery and counterfeit coining was convicted 100 times to a woman's eleven.

In France women are summoned before the tribunals four times less often than men.

In France in 1880 women delinquents were fourteen to 100 men.

In Italy in the same

In Italy in the same year they were only nine per cent.
In Algeria we have ninety-six male delinquents and only four female.
In England and Wales between 1834 and 1842 there were twenty-two men to 100 men charged with the more serious offenses.
In 1871 Dr. Nicholson found in the prisons of England 8213 men and 1217

vomen.

In Bavaria from 1862 to 1866, in a population consisting of peasants, the romen who were condemned were in proportion twenty-nine to 100 men.

In the prisons of Turin from 1871 to 1884 the women in respect to men were percented by a figure of 13.67 per cent.

Taking the whole of Europe women are five times less guilty than men.

The Spellbinder In Modern Politics

By Col. Curtis Guild. Jr.

By Col. Curtis Guild, Jr.

HE "spellbinder" made his appearance coincidently with the "dude," in the early eighties. At least the names arose at about that time. The two types of men have existed since the first spellbinder persuaded his brother troglodytes to form the first tribal government and the first dude distinguished himself from his fellows by scraping the sea-mud from his hairy limbs before gulping down the mollusks whose high-heaped shels were to be the kitchen middens of the archaeologist.

The young Republicans who went forth converted to Democracy in the Blaine campaign, and with the zeal of new converts held their audiences "spellbound" as they wove chaplets of rhetorical flowers about the head of the Democratic candidate, were the first spellbinders. I think, to wear the title. It was swiftly adopted, however, indiscriminately for all political speakers.

The spellbinders of 1894, rightly or wrongly, at least left their party or conscience's sake and gave their services to their cause. Even to-day a majority of political speakers are absolutely unpaid. Of course, one hears stories of fees of \$10,000 paid to a noted Democrat for campaign services against Mr. Bryan in 1896, and of fees of \$300 a night paid to a noted Independent who opposed Mr. Harrison. In addition, however, to Congressmen and Senators, and State and local office-holders who give their services, there are hundreds of speakers of various political faiths, who neither hold nor expect to hold public office, who would regard the offer of payment for a political speech as an insult. Nevertheless, the spellbinder must get what comfort he can from the riumph of his cause, for the world will not credit him with disinterestedness, and his best friends (out of politics) think him hired.

The orator of an earlier generation has had his day. The modern spell-binder, like the man of business, the soldier, the Salvation Army evangelist, concerns himself more with results than conventional metheds, with matter rather rana form.—Scribner's.

0 Emphasize Children's Virtues, Not Their Faults

By Margaret Stowe.

HE more parents learn to understand their children the greater is their power of self-control and the ability to mould their characters.

If a mother has wisdom enough, patience enough, and love enough she can perform miracles.

She can keep down in her child tendencies that have the strength of lions and encourage germs of virtue almost too feeble to come to the light.

They seem to be wholly forgerful of their own sensitiveness to public censure. A child that is constantly found fault with loses courage and wonders if there is any use in trying to be good, then soon returns to utter indifference. He might as well have a good time in his own way since he is considered thoughtless and selfish, anyhow.

On the other hand, let a mother try to remember the good things he has done or said during the day, even though it may be only one, and when he comes to her at night for a little talk or his prayers, tell him how pleased you were to notice them, how happy they have made you, and you can feel sure that he will always remember to go on doing what is right, first because it is right and then because it pleases you and makes you very proud of him.

Watch his face glow with pleasure at your praise and his eyes reflect the determination to try harder than ever to win your approbation.

I have seen a child's whole nature change and develop for the better under this treatment.

It stands to reason that if you dwell upon the faults of children you will only impress them all the deeper upon their consciousness, making it harder for them to conquer them.

A fault can be put out of the mind easier and more successfully not by

only impress them all the deeper upon their consciousness, making it harder for them to conquer them.

A fault can be put out of the mind easier and more successfully not by dwelling upon it, but by attempting to put it out indirectly by filling the mind with encouraging thought.

Children need encouragement as far as reforming goes. Look only for the good, and when you find it emphasize it so that they may have an incentive for trying all the harder. A child is easily wounded with a sense of its fall-ures, and mothers should make the effort to inspire and cheer them.

Always send your children to bed in a happy frame of mind. Even in their sleep that impression is retained, and they awake in the morning ready and eager to do their best.

Not long ago I read of a beautiful idea. Parents would do well to put it into practice.

into practice The tho

Not long ago 1 reads of standard with the format beneficial and the formation practice.

The thought was this: Singing, which is one of the most beneficial and exhibitanting pastimes for children, is not sufficiently indulged in.

It is singularly difficult to induce children in Sunday-school to sing out freely, and when there are strangers present the little ones are almost sure to be selzed with a shyness that makes them dumb.

Much of this shyness would be overcome if in the family there was a practice of singing together in the evening.

Planos are everywhere, and almost all mothers can play enough to manage a few simple melodies. A "good-night song" before separating would be found to soothe away some of the cares and vexations of the day, and the children would be more ready to go peacefully to bed, their minds having been calmed and their nerves quieted by the music,—New York Journal.

