Victory Sure, Though its Coming May Be Delayed and Its Pathway Long Dark.

Await the issue. In all battles, it you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. He right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might and In exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies, indeed; but his work lives, very truly lives. A heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, cannot hinder that his Scot hand become, one day, a part of Enghand; but he does hinder that it be come, on tyrannous unfair terms, a part of it; commands still, as with a god's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the Brave, that there be a just, real union, as of brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant one as of slave and master. It the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse. Scotland is not Ire land; no. because brave men rose there and said:

"Behold, ye must not tread us down like slaves; and ye shall not, and cannot!"

Fight on, thou grave, true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no further, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be aboldshed, as it ought to be; but the truth of it is part of Nature's own laws, cooperates with the world's eternal tendencies, and cannot be conquered .-Thomas Carlyle.

DROPPING THE ENGLISH "H."

Cockney Pronunciation Left the Trav eler Puzzled Until He inter-Naviewed the Captain.

In the days when packet ships ran between New York and London a youthful passenger asked the English mate of the Christiana what there was in the leather tubing around the gunwales of the lifeboats. "Hair, sir," be answered.

"Is there anything peculiarly buoyant about hair?" asked the American youth.

"If you don't know that, you don't know much," replied the mate, with a look of contempt, as he moved to another part of the ship.

The youth was humiliated, and a few days later asked the captain why hair was so buoyant in water. That authority replied that he didn't know that it was, and inquired why the Fronth thought it was so.

"Why sir, your mate told me that there was hair in the tubes of the "lifeboats to make them float when

"Ah!" answered the captain, laugh ing "He's a Cockney; he means air."

Why the Football Squad Laughed. Those who were there when this incident happened some twelve years ago never tire of telling the following yarn on I. I. Cammack, assistant su-

perintendent of schools: Professor Cammack was vice principal of the Central high school in 1900 or thereabouts and the athletic movement had led to the formation of a football squad. The ambitious were led to one of the study halls on a Friday afternoon, where Professor Cammack addressed them after this fash-

"I am glad to see you boys here and pleased to notice that you are taking an interest in athletics. I think it is a fine thing to be interested in healthful sports. Football will give you confidence. We need boys and men of confidence in this country. In fact, I want to make confidence men out of all of you."

Perhaps the gental professor is wondering to this day why the football squad broke into loud laughter.—Kansas City Journal.

Hotel on an Obeliek. We recently published the account of an excursion made by one of our reporters to the top of the Sugar Loaf, the gigantic obelisk, 300 meters in height, that overlooks the entrance, of our beautiful bay. A Brazilian company is going to install on top of this almost inaccessible block of granite a handsomely equipped hotel, connected with one of the hills of Rio de Janeiro by an aerial railroad. The work wil be pushed in all haste, and this marvelous height, bathed by the refreshing breezes of the open sea, should surely attract tourists from America and Europa.—Gazette de

Noticing.

Star.

The state of

Latin and Baxon. To the southerner divinity consists In the intensity and balance of all facwitten, and the beauty of the flesh is part of it. We are apt to be unjust to his view of life because we know it best by its evil effects upon the northern mind, to which it is often poison. An Italianised Englishman is often a devil incarnate, because the the southern view of life to him means only license. He adopts it without its conscience, and it appeals to his appetites rather than to his imagination.

How to Begin. "What is the first step toward remadving the discontent of the masses?" "The first step," replied the enermetic campaigner, "is to get out and make speeches to prove to them how -discontented they are "-- Washington

CIGAR BOXES OF CARDBOARD

Cheap Material Now Used in Exact Imitation of the More Costly Spanish Cedar.

There are now made cigar boxes of cardboard in such exact imitation of Spanish cedar boxes that they might anywhere be taken for the real things.

Three layers of a cardboard specially made for the purpose are pressed together to produce a board of precisely the right thickness, and then upon the outer side there is printed. from an engraved plate and with correct coloring, a photographic reproduction of a sheet of actual Spanish cedar; this reproduction showing the grain of the wood with all its variations and even the tiny little knots, if there are any.

The bottom and the sides for a cardboard box are cut out all in one piece, so that they require neither nailing nor sewing. The end pieces, cut out separately, are wire stitched in by machine, and then the cover is put on, being hinged with the usual piece of muslin.

These cardboard boxes made in imitation of cedar are finished in regulation manner, paper lined and with the usual paper flap to cover the cigars. The outer edges are paper bound in the usual fashion. In its finished state the box contains one nail, the nail always found at the center of the front edge of the cigar box to hold the cover down. These boxes sell for about 30 per cent, less than boxes made of wood.

LIKED THE SUBURBAN LIFE

Country on One Side and Town or the Other an Ideal Existence for Writer.

The longer I live here the better satisfied I am in having pitched my earthly campfire, gypsylike, on the edge of a town, keeping it on one side, and the green fields, lanes and woods on the other. Each, in turn, is to me as a magnet to the needle.

At times the needle of my nature points towards the country. On that side everything is poetry. I wander over field and forest, and through me runs a glad current of feeling that is like a clear brook across the meadows of May.

At others the needle veers around, and I go to town—to the massed haunts of the highest animal and cannibal. That way nearly everything is prose. I can feel the prose rising in me as I step along, like hair on the back of a dog, long before any other dogs are in sight. And, indeed, the case is much that of a country dog come to town, so that growls are in order at every corner. The only being in the universe at which I have ever snarled, or with which I have rolled over in the mud and fought like a common cur, is man.-James Lane Allen.

American "Bush Ropes" Curiously twisted "lianes." or bush ropes, are one of the chief of the many wonderful sights to be seen in the primeval forests of tropical America, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine. They are of great strength and durability, far tougher than the strongest rope. These "lianes" are generally light brown in color and run along the ground and then up into the branches of the trees, where they form fantastic loops. After this aerial journey they may run down to the ground again and thence climb once more to the top of the tallest trees, sometimes reaching several hundred feet in length, and putting out their leaves and flowers only at the tops of the trees. The very largest kind is called the liantasso, or "monkey ladder," by the natives in Trinidad. One species, when cut, gives forth a stream of the purest cool water, which is # great boon to the thirsty traveler.

Very Easy Money. An Abilene (Kan.) paper tells how a crowd of college boys, seeking work in the harvest fields, were buncoed in that town. The confidence man was a big, fine looking fellow and this was the talk he gave the collegians: "I'm J. J. Jackson. I'm looking for about twenty high grade harvesters for the Jackson ranch, which my father owns. We have several girls from the east visiting us, and as the women have to be alone a great deal, we don't want to depend on the ordinary class of labor. You fellows are college men, and you look all right to me. If you'll let me have a dollar as a pledge of good faith I'll take you along." Twenty in one group paid a dollar apiece, and that is the last any one saw of Mr. Jackson.

Hadn't Had Time. Miss Sentimental-Charles, did you ever allow your mind to plerce the secret of the universe, to reason that this dull, cold earth is but the sepulcher of ages past, that man in all his glory is but the soil we tread, which every breeze wafts in an ever-shifting maze, to be found and lost in an infinity of particles—the dust of centuries, reunited and dissolving as long as time shall endure?

Charles-No-o, I dunno as I did. You see, I've had to earn my living.

Balting Her.

"What are you cutting out of the paper?" "About a California man securing a divorce because his wife went through his pockets."

"What are you going to do with k?" "Put it in my pocket."—Boston Transcript.

BEST TO AVOID MUSHROOMS

Really Have Little Value as Sustenance and There is Always Danger of Poison.

There are in this country more than one hundred edible species of mushrooms. The popular distinction between mushroom and toadstool is one of name only. Many of the supposedly inferior specimens have proved on careful examination to be harmless, whereas some of those which bear an extremely close family resemblance to favored articles of diet are the carriers of danger in the form of exceedingly powerful poisons. Let him, therefore, who lacks the training requisite for the unfailing detection and identification of species carefully refrain from excursions into a field of uncertainty so fraught with danger.

Mushrooms form an unusually nutritious and sustaining diet. A wellknown botanist says that mushrooms might properly be called vegetable meat and used as a substitute for animal food.

It is doubtful, however, if this is

The more we learn of mushrooms the more it becomes apparent that they are scarcely different as regards dietary virtues from the general run of the green vegetables which have never achieved the distinction of any unique or superior nutritive properties. They belong rather to that large group of food materials which we consume for reasons quite apart from the body. -Journal of the American Medical Association.

HONEYED WORDS IN TUBES

How the Modern Spanish Swain Finds a Way to Overcome Serious Obstacle.

In Spain, as is well known, a vigorous etiquette governs the business of love-making. A young man cannot interview his sweetheart without her parents' consent, and, indeed, all conversation openly carried on between the couple must be in the presence of the fair one's mother.

Many subterfuges are adopted by the lovers to overcome this difficulty, and the "reja"—the ornamental ironwork on the windows of Spanish houses—has become one of the favorite trysting places. Modern life, however, has imposed fresh barriers. If a young man's sweetheart lives on the third floor of a city building he cannot very well meet her at the "reia."

In this, as in other spheres of life, becessity is the mother of invention. London Answers remarks, and some ardent lovers have brought speaking tubes to their assistance. The senor-Ita, at the appointed hour, lowers this to her lover, and they are thus able to carry on their love affairs with the assurance that they are not overheard by the people on the intervening flats, as would be the case if the conversation were carried on without such aid.

A SALLES A SALE OF

Joy Bell. A deaf woman used to tell this story on herself: At a reunion of Confederate veterans where she was officiating as hostess a man was brought up to her and reintroduced as a Mr. Blank, a former resident of her town, and one whom she had not seen for fifty years. He was so little changed by the touch of time and so free from any of the lines that care and anxiety set upon the face that she presently asked, "Mr. Blank, did you ever marry?" She thought she heard him say, "I married forty-five years ago." What he really said was, "My wife died five years ago." Then she, in view of his free, unabashed-of-fate look, said, "You don't look much subdued by the experience." Since then It has become her habit to hesitate for a significant second after the grat syllable whenever she speaks of her dam-aged ears.

Ungrateful Brute. It was a very hot day and a picnic

had been arranged by the United Society of Lady Vegetarians.

They were comfortably seated, and waiting for the kettle to boil, when, horror of horrors! a savage bull appeared on the scene.

Immediately a wild rush was made for safety, while the raging creature pounded after one lady who, unfortunately, had a red parasol. By great good fortune she got over the stile before it could reach her. Then, regaining her breath, she turned round.

"Oh, you ungrateful creature!" she exclaimed. "Here have I been a vegetarian all my life. There's gratitude for you!"

Hippopotamus Described. Johnny, who had been to the circus, says the Youngstown Telegram, was telling his teacher about the wonderful things he had seen.

"An' teacher," he cried, "they had one big animal they called the hip-hip-hip"

"Hippopotamus, dear," prompted the "I can't just say its name." exclaimed Johany, "but it looks just like

9.000 pounds of liver."

Most Southerly Industry. What is probably the most southerly industry of the world, writes Consul Henry D. Baker of Hobart, Tasmanta, is being carried on at Macquarie island, about half way between Tasmania and the anterctic continent, in the capture of penguine for their oil. Marquarie island belongs to the state of Tashania and has an area of about 25,000 acres.

DON'T BE CREATURE OF HABIT

It is Better to Make Some Blunders Than to Oscillate Always in a Groove.

It is a good plan to break one's hab-Its occasionally, to see that it can still be done. To follow even the best of habits too closely tends to ossify existence. It makes one stiff. It narrows his tastes. The retired farmer who still gets up before daylight every morning, so as to get an early start waiting for bedtime, would be much better off if during the stress of life he had broken his habit occasionally and slept until nine o'clock.

The city man who lets the street, the flat, the office grind become an unbearable habit loses all his elasticity. Recently a brother and sister were found in an eastern state who had lived on the same farm for sixty years, and during that time had not been ten miles from home. For thirty years the woman had not been to town, five miles away, and for 15 years, although well and strong, she had not been so far from the house as the branch in their bottom field. Habits of life like this become prison chains. One must do some things the same way or nearly the same to learn to do them well, but once having acquired the skill of repetition, it is well to break away and do it some other way. It is better to make some blunders and get some knocks experimenting than to oscillate in a groove until freedom ends.—Collier's Weekly

PAYING FOR HIS IMPATIENCE

Next Time it is Likely That Patrick Devlin Will Wait for the Jury's Decision.

If Patrick Devlin of Lawrence, Mass., were not such an impatient man he would be free today. Instead he is locked up at the state farm. Bridgewater, for an indefinite period.

Patrick was on trial at Salem before a jury, charged with drunkenness. All the evidence was in and the jury retired. After a while Patrick became fidgety. The longer the jury stayed out the more impatient he be came.

Finally he arose and said: "Your honor, I would like to change my plea from not guilty to guilty." The change was noted by the clerk. Suddenly the door opened and the jury trooped back into court.

What say you, Mr. Foreman and gentlemen of the jury, is the defendant guilty or not guilty?" asked the clerk.

"Not guilty!" replied the foreman. Patrick was crestfallen. Having changed his plea, he had to take his medicine. Although the jury said that he was not drunk, Patrick said that he was drunk, and so the court decided that he ought to know better than the jury.

Mysterious Cave Dwellers.

The sentiment that accompanies the common desire for the preservation of historical relics of the American Indians, who are fast passing away or being merged into the civilization of a new century, is now being manifested in reference to the preservation of the home of the cliff-dwelling Indians, whose history is as mysterious and unrecorded as that of the lost tribes of Israel. Various theories have been propounded regerding the cliff dwellers. Legends have it that they are the descendants of Montezuma. The popular theory is that the Indians began by living in caves, the homes that nature had provided, and then, with the natural ingenuity of man, proceeded to excavate caves high up in the side of the cliffs, where they might be safeguarded from attacks and where their supremacy would go unchallenged. Americans know very little of the history of the cliff dwellers or of the place where they formerly lived. If the Indians know, they do not tell.-Leslie's.

All Were Once Slang. If we had never allowed slang to legitimise itself in orthodox language where should we be today? A reference to old slang dictionaries gives the answer. Take Grose's, published at the end of the eighteenth centurythe "Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," by the first lexicographer who recognized the word "stang" itself. We find bim classing under it such words as bay window, bedisened, bet, bluster, budget, brogue, capon, grouse, churt, coax, cobbler, cur, domineer, eyesore, flabby, flog, flout, foundling, fuss, gng malingerer, messmate, slump, saunter, sham, rascal, trip and yelp. Wait until next the anti-slang purist uses one of these words and then confound him by reference to Grose.

Said Ne, But Was Nice About It. At a meeting of business men a disussion was started regarding a banker who has the reputation for hard bargaining, close fistedness and invariably getting his pound of flesh.

"Oh, well," said one man, "he isn't so bad. I went to him to get a loan of \$5,000 and he treated me very cour-"Did he lend you the money?" was

asked. "No," was the reply, "he didn't. But he hesitated a minute before he re fused."

The Family Trouble. "Why doesn't that house of yours rent?" "For the same reason I myself don't

do a lot of things." "What reason is that?" "My wife won't let me."

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AS THE BURGLAR VIEWS IT

National Board of Control Favored by Mr. Velvet Piliowfeet, So Wall and Widel / Known.

Mr Velvet Pillowfeet, the widely known burglar, returned from Europe yesterday on the Pelumphic. When asked about the business situation he said:

"There is no need for worry over the burglar business. In spite of the disturbance of recent months, underlying conditions are sound and resources are plentiful. And yet, although I am thoroughly optimistic, I want to say that no noticeable revival of burglary can be looked for at once. So long as the authorities continue their meddling, and so long as the people are willing to listen to inflammatory agitators, our solidest burglars will not undertake new commitments. The public mind has been stirred up until they think burglars are much worse than they really are. It is actually coming to the point in this country where a man who is good to his family cannot turn a dishonest penny without having to undergo annoying investigations by congress and the police and muckrakers.

"I do not deny, of course, that burglary should be regulated, nor do I object to a modicum of government controi, which might even go so far as to limit the amount which a duly licensed burglar might make at any one haul, but I do think that burglary should be taken out of politics. For this purpose I favor the creation. of a national burglary board, to be appointed by the president and composed of leading respectable burglars."

QUAINT NAMES GIVEN CLUBS

London Institutions Seem to Have Been Designed for All Sorts. of Queer People.

-The title "Cave of the Golden Calf" bestowed on London's first cabaret theater club, which opened its doors recently, recalls other curiously named clubs which have flourished in this country at different times. For instance, there was the "Calves"

Head club, founded in "ridicule of the memory of Charles I." "The Everiasting" was a purely so-

cial club, with a membership of 100 souls. "The Little olub" was a distinctly

original institution. It was intended for those not five feet high. The door was made high enough to admit a man five feet and no more. There were many others, eccentric

in name and tradition, which flourished during the eighteenth century, such as "The Great Bottle club," the "Je Ne Sais Quoi club," "The Sons of the Thames" and the "No Pay No Liquor club," whose members on the first night of joining were obliged to pay an entrance fee of one and wear a hat shaped like a quart pot.-London Tit-Bits.

American Shopping. A New York letter in the Munich Gasette speaks of the pleasures of shopping in the great cities of the United States, and lays particular stress on the "fairness" of the rules under which all stores seem to work. "It makes no difference," says the writer, "how unfamiliar one is with the language and the currency-te has the same place in the line of patrons with the natives. Polite salesmen and saleswomen chew the goods, which are seldom urged upon the customer; the prices are fixed, and one knows that he buys at the same figure without bidding less, as his neighbor who tries to pinch the price. In one place I purchased goods to the value of 7 marks, listened to a fine concert, took ten at a small price, wrote several letters in a beautiful room at no cost save the postage, and found the goods at my home when I reached there a few hours later."

Why It Has a Hump. Keepers of the soological gardens are expected to know all the facts and theories of natural history, and, as they do not, they sometimes have to manufacture explanations. One of the men in the Philadelphia

200 was asked, by a visitor, what the hump on the camel's back, was for. "What's it for?" repeated the keep er, in a dased way.

"Yes, of what value is it?" The keeper thought real hard for a minute, and then said, gravely:

"Why, sir, do you suppose folks would come miles to see this animal if it didn't have a hump? Sir, a camel if it didn't have a hump might just as well be a cow. That's the use of the hump!"

Something Like It. "Will you have some mocking bird

soup?" A new waitress in a family hotel on the hill startled the diners last evening by asking this question.

"I'll not eat at this hotel again, I'm. a member of the Audubon society. The very idea! Making soup out of mocking birds!" indignantly remarked:

"['ll take a chance on it just once," said her busband.

The waitrees went to the kitchen and returned. "I made a mistake," she said. "N was mock turtle soup."

But That Was Long Age. Hewitt-Times have changed. Jewett-Right you are; I remember when a pedestrian had an even chance for his life when he tried to cross

FAIR TRIAL WAS IMPOSSIBLE

During the Days of Witchcraft Unfortunates Were Brought into Court to Be Condemned.

When the witchcraft delusion of 1692 seized the province the people would not wait for the workings of the established tribunal of justice. It was too slow to suit them. No doubt they feared that it would be "reactionary" or inclined to be too respectful to the letter of the law. So ther cried out for a special court to hustle along the trial of the witches, and Governor Phipps meekly yielded to the clamor and named seven judges

to conduct the trials. It was distinctly a popular court, and was controlled absolutely by the popular will. Not a one of the seven judges was a lawyer. Two of the judges were clergymen, two were physicians and three were merchants. The common law was thrown aside, rules of evidence were ignored, and the judges and juries were left untrammeled by any "quibbles of the law" to follow their own feelings and the popular will.

Says Washburn in his "Judicial History of Massachusetts": "The trials were but a form of executing popular vengeance. Juries were intimidated by the frowns and persuasions of the court and by the outbreakings of the multitude that crowded the place of trial to render verdicts against their own consciences and judgment." He cities one case, that of Rebecca Nurse, in which the jury actually had the courage to bring in a verdict of not guilty. Whereupon "the accusers raised a great outcry and the judges were overcome by the clamor." The jury was sent back, returned with a verdiet of guilty, and the woman was accordingly executed. Thus promptly and effectively did the popular will succeed in bringing about the judicial decision it wanted.—Boston Herald.

NOT A COMPLETE SUCCESS

Workings of Brother Bogue' Conscience Evidently Were Merely in the First Thross.

"Ever since I was done converted last week," remarked a certain colored citizen in a chastenedly triumphant tone, "muh conscience gnaws me when I thinks o' what a sinner I was befo' I seed the blessed light, I was false to de Lawd and untrue to mus feller men, and muh conscience gnaws-"

"Do it graw yo' enough, Brudde. Bogus," grimly interrupted old Brother Gumpshun, "to make yo' pay me bac" dem fou dollahs yo' borried off'n yeah befo' last?"

"W'y-w'y, sah!-yo' knows 50 clost de times is, dese days, and well, sah, here's haffer dollar, I'll pay yo' now, and-" sah, yo' conscience ain't gnawin'--it dess uh-nibblin'."—Satire.

Had to Have Pie. A New York woman, who thinks knows the public taste because of 🖫 experience in the boarding house but ness and as the manager of a resort hotel, thinks that the statement made by a Chicago baker that has ceased to be popular with masses of this country" is "all wrong. "It may be true for Chicago," she __ "but in this part of the world ple still popular. Two years ago we a little strike in the kitchen of seashore place and the pastry end . the hardest to get right. For days we had no pie; but furnished stead more expensive desserts. we had a regular pie strike among guests, and pie we had to have. wasn't like any man's mother wi made, because it was amateur wo but it was pie, and that's all 🚉

Get Habit of Quiet Speaking. The easiest of bad habits to a... is that of speaking loudly. Lamil has become so complex that not is it necessary to say the right the but it must be said in the right wa A phrase may be said in jest or earnest; a rebuke may be kindly stern; an order may be willingly unwillingly received according to . tone in which it has been said. a faithful workman is unjustly cused of unwillingness and dialog because of the churlish manner which orders are received; many master is regarded as unfeeling his employes because his actions forgotten and only the sting of sharp manner remembered.

The Tack at Hand. The late Clara Barton, head of American Red Cross, was a Charles in perhaps the best sense—the cal and unselfish sense. Miss Barton, in an interview in

York about the tenement house = once said to a reporter: "I'd neglect church, I'd neglect ligion to get our vile and war some slums all swept away."

She paused, then added: "We ought not to consider the sions awaiting us on the other _: Jordan, you know, while there's an solved housing problem so home."-Washington Star.

It Depends. "How long has your husband's for damages been going on?" "Let me see? I think it in TOETS."

"Eleven years! Does it take long to get a lawsuit settled?" "Yes, when you can find a who is willing to fish on for

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS