

Respectful Admiral Dewey will be... of Americans bearing gifts.

A clear trust will hit the great mass of the voters of this country precisely where they live.

When a man complains all the time of being overworked it is probable his wife takes in washing.

A woman's logic comes out even in her sharpening a pencil. She makes her point in such queer ways.

The money in circulation in this country is equivalent to about \$25.50 for every man, woman and child.

With regard to gunning accidents it's to be alleged in favor of some men who shoot off their mouths that they do not know they are loaded.

Glaciers live for hundreds of years. It's not known whether this is due to the healthfulness of mountain life or merely the result of keeping cool.

Alfred Austin's utterance, "And blood than water is yet more thick," is probably an attempt to harmonize the Anglo-Saxon nations on a Teutonic basis.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott says a man isn't a temperance man because he does not drink beer. He is intemperate if he drinks bad coffee and eats bad pie until he gets yellow.

Another plot to assassinate the Sultan of Turkey has been foiled. The way the Sultan manages these things is to have the plotters killed first and the plots discovered afterward.

Using the name of Franklin in connection with that latest New York get-rich-quick scheme should have been a warning. It was he who wrote about people paying too dear for their whistles.

Another anarchist, Emma Goldman, has left the United States in disgust. Once more the occasion presents itself to remark that there is too much common sense and too many tubaths in this country for anarchy to flourish.

A Western woman told a jury that when a mob lynched her husband she sustained no damage, and the deceased's father was allowed \$5 for the injury inflicted in his direction. This particular mob surely picked out a bargain counter victim.

"Poor young men," says Mrs. Russell Sage, "should not allow false pride to prevent their marriage to rich girls." We suspect that some of the poor young men with whom Mrs. Sage is in the habit of associating have been dissembling in her presence.

A young Washington girl committed suicide recently because she feared she would not pass an examination in Latin. The case is literally tragic. But when we think what would happen if the young people in the modern high schools should begin to take their failures in spelling so seriously, we shudder. The next generation of voters would be decimated.

Electricity in medicine has scored its finest achievements in the treatment of inactive and paralyzed organs. An electric cable stretched from America to the Orient would prove a powerful instrument in revivifying and rejuvenating China. It would help fluey in our own commercial development, but yet fluey would be its work in conveying to China every hour the quickening pulsations of our better American life.

A writer in the Review of Reviews gives this advice: "If you have a farm, keep it; if not, get one; for the time may come when the population of this country will be largely divided into monopolists, dependents and farmers; and the farmer will be the most independent of all men, and will be the saving power of our institutions." We venture to say that it will not depend so much upon the farm as upon the farmer.

The success of the recent swindling schemes of Gotham should, in the opinion of the Chicago Times-Herald, check the smile that rises to the lips of the end of the century man as he reads of the gullible fools of the past. Human credulity is apparently as great as ever. Nothing that Law conceived, no land fraud such as those that were satirized by Dickens in "Martin Chuzzlewit" sixty years ago could be a greater affront to common sense than the preposterous offers made by Miller and his tribe. Yet crowds jumped at them frantically, and alas! the greatest crowds were furnished by New York herself. But it is the story of something new. It is the story of something for nothing, which never has lost and never will lose its charm for city and country. It is the occasional success in speculation that is the invariable bait of the tempter, and Miller appears to have used it judiciously. On no other ground can we explain the willingness even of the gullible Gothamites to take chances with him. For 10 per cent a week is proof conclusive of fraud and humbug. It makes the swindle as clear as though the methods of the "syndicate" were fully exposed. Equally certain also is the obvious intent of the gentleman who promised to pay back three dollars for every dollar given him. One would think that he might at least have advertised himself as a confidence man and then asked for a contribution. But this philanthropist dispensed with prologue, two other syndicates of the same sort with \$100,000 each, and the trick thus done in a few weeks.

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Very Poor Specimen. Stubb—How heartless the soul behind the gold! There goes an old millionaire that knows not the meaning of the word philanthropy. Penn—You should not talk like that. Why, that man gave away over ten millions to the poor last winter. Stubb—Him? Penn—Yes. At the altar he gave away his daughter to a penniless count. Don't you think she is worth over ten millions? Misjudged. He—Well, Mary, to day I had my life insured! She—Of course, you always think of your own precious self.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Curiosity. "Women are funny creatures," mused the janitor philosopher. "Liz was woman in 't' car drop a letter, an' th' woman opposite will roide th' blocks out av her way troyin' to pick up thot letter when no wan is lookin'."

Know His Business. Mrs. Platt (angrily)—Oh, you think you know a lot, don't you? Mr. Platt (calmly)—Well, I ought to, my dear. I've been in the real-estate business nearly thirty years.

Would