

PITH AND POINT.

It is almost impossible to make a mean man feel mean.—Chicago Daily News. Love expresses its deepest joy and darkest despair alike by silence.—Town Topics. A girl may look beautiful at the opera house and be as cross as a bear at home.—Washington (La.) Democrat. "It is claimed that a certain gang of counterfeiters make better dollars than Uncle Sam does." "That's a case where I believe in letting well enough alone."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. Waggle—"The matinee girls nearly put that young violinist out of business." Jaggie—"How was that?" Waggle—"They all wanted a look of his hair."—Town Topics. "Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "seems to imagine dat no matter how much dey tromps on you feet, dey's puffed gentlemen if dey says 'sense me afterward.'"—Washington Star. Towne—"My wife's new hat cost \$25." Brown—"That makes a total of \$26.50." Towne—"How do you mean?" Brown—"It cost me \$1.50 to sit behind it last night."—Philadelphia Press. The good things of this life never seem more unfairly divided than when a man gets up from a Sunday dinner, and walks away with a cigar in his mouth, and the women folks have to do the dishes.—Atchison Globe. A Gentle Touch—"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," said Markley. "That's the golden rule, and I believe in it, too. Don't you?" "Well," replied Borroughs, "if I did I'd be offering to lead you ten dollars this minute."—Philadelphia Press.

INTERVIEWING IN ENGLAND.

Mistake of an American Reporter Who Thought He Had a Good Story.

"English newspapers are not the same as those of America," remarked a St. Louis man, who has just returned from a year's sojourn in dear old London, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "While in London I worked for half a year on a big paper there. I started out to make a big hit. By great good luck I met the duke of Newcastle at his racing stud. He became chatty, and I thought my hit had been made. The duke did not know that I was a newspaper man, and I did not tell him. I allowed him to chat. He chatted about Americans, gave some good reproducible opinions about them, said splendidly cutting things about some of our great men over here, and I secretly hugged myself as he talked, seeing a story that would please the city editor to the background. "As soon as the duke had expended himself I rushed wildly to the office, seized a typewriter, and proceeded to work up that interview with the duke in a very ornate fashion. I made him wittier than he had been, inserted more epigrams than he had ever thought of, and after an adroit fashion, which I had taken years to learn, I so used his discourse that he couldn't have sworn that he had not uttered a remark that I had reproduced. Proudly, with an endeavor to appear modest, so as to make the joy of the city editor more jolting, I handed him the copy. "By Jove, my boy," he ejaculated, after looking at the introductory paragraph, "what is this? Did you get a verbatim report from the duke? "A verbatim report," I echoed, "of course not. But he said all I have in there." "Oh, but you know," replied the city editor, handing the copy back to me, "we can't use that, you know. It is a good story, you know, but unless you have the consent of the duke, we could be held for libel, you know." "He then told me that the libel laws in England were very strict, especially when a duke was attacked. "If the duke approves your copy we will use it," said the editor. I hunted for the duke, told him I was a newspaper man, and asked him to approve my article. "By Jove, I will not," said the duke. "I did not know you were a newspaper man, you know. Some of those bloody tanks would be running my 'osset into the fence if they read that, you know."

An Unfortunate Beginning. In the high school one day last week a teacher desired to refresh a boy's memory and help him to answer a question. Acting on the supposition that a mental review would lead him to a correct conclusion, she said: "Now, go away back."

Unconsciously from the entire class there came a responsive murmur: "And sit down."

The teacher was compelled to join in the audible smile, and hardly knows yet whether the boy's answer was right.—Syracuse Herald.

How It Fitted. Mr. Doubleduff (effusively)—I think Miss Simpkins is every bit as good a dressmaker as that expensive Madam Soakyou! Why, that waist she made for you like the paper on the wall!

Mr. Doubleduff (grimly)—Yes! Like the paper on this dining-room wall, that you put on yourself!—Brooklyn Eagle.

But a Secret, Never. Mamie—Trust her? You surely don't think she could keep your secret?

Josie—Well, I've trusted her with other things and she kept them.—Stray Stories.

A Good Doctor. He is a good physician who administers medicine to the heart in the shape of wit and humor.—Chicago Daily News.

A MARTYR DOCTOR.

Heroic Work and Final Sacrifice in Behalf of Humble Patients.

The fund which has been started by the president of the Royal Irish College of Surgeons and Physicians on behalf of the family of the late Dr. William Smyth has shown that the Irish public is not unmoved by a story of simple heroism and devotion, says a Dublin correspondent of the London Chronicle. However, the £400 raised will go but a little way to provide for the widow and eight children (the youngest six weeks old) who have lost their bread-winner. The story of the case has been told by the committee in charge of the fund. They wrote:

Dr. William Smyth was the medical officer to the Butonport dispensary district, which includes the island of Arranmore. On the island an epidemic of typhus fever made its appearance. To appreciate the devotion Dr. Smyth exhibited it must be understood that owing to the terror inspired by the typhus among the people of the district he could get absolutely no help in fighting the epidemic. Alone each day he rowed his boat across the stormy waters of the sound to the island, a distance of four miles. Into the cottages devoid of windows, and therefore owing to lack of sunlight and ventilation, reeking with foul air, he daily made his way. In many cases air, he daily made his way. In many cases he had to carry a lighted candle to enable him to see his patients, lying some-times three and four in one bed. Alone he tried to be at once nurse and doctor to these poor stricken people in their miserable homes. When at length he succeeded in persuading them that their only chance of recovery lay in their removal to the mainland he was confronted with the difficulty that, owing to the terror of the contagion, no one would help him or even lend him a boat.

Fortunately the arrival on the scene of Dr. Brendon McCarthy, the medical instructor to the local government board, brought him at least one willing helper. Without any other help these two devoted men brought the typhus patients down to the beach, embarked with them in a crazy boat and rowed them across the sound. So defective was the boat that she was only kept afloat by the continuous baling of the strongest of the patients, and she sank five minutes after reaching her destination. Happily all the patients were safely transferred, and we are glad to say, are now on the way to recovery.

It is sad to have to add that Dr. Smyth died of the typhus from which he saved so many.

MOOSE LED A BLIND MOOSE.

That Was Why Hunters Were Able to Kill Both Animals So Readily.

Joseph Lambert and Edward Corrigan, of St. Stephen, N. B., reached The Forks, Me., one day lately with two large moose, which, they said, were taken under unusual circumstances, says the New York Sun. One morning the two sportsmen went out near Enchanted lake to follow a trail they had come upon just at nightfall the previous day. No difficulty was had in locating the tracks and they agreed that two large moose had gone that way not many hours before. The hoof marks were directly in the wake of each other, often intermingling.

The trail led the hunters to water-course, to which the moose often come to drink. Trails led away from the spot in several directions, and taking the freshest one the men continued their chase.

About noon Corrigan, who was in advance, sighted a big moose, and a second later discovered a second one directly in the lead of the first. The bulls were plodding along unobtrusively, and by making a detour the hunters reached a spot opposite the creatures. They made a slight noise which caused the moose in the lead to come to a dead stop, the second one bumping into its hind quarters. At that moment, both men fired and in their excitement the two bullets pierced the hindmost animal.

Strangely enough, the unharmed moose stood stock still, looking down at his dead companion, then snuffed at him and bellowed loudly but not stirring out of his tracks when two more bullets brought him to the ground. The hunters were greatly surprised at the ease with which the animals were shot, and an examination of the eyes of the one first killed told the story. It was found that the bull was stone blind and that its companion was piloting him along when the hunters came upon them. The blind moose weighed 700 pounds and the other 950 pounds.

Why Mountains Never Grow Smaller. The mountains are always moving down into the valleys. When spring-time comes every stream will run muddy in its course. At this rate all the soil from the hills would soon be gone were not this soil being constantly replaced. Water soaks into the crevices of the rocks, and when it freezes it swells with almost irresistible force. That a very little of it can crack an iron pipe most of us have found to our cost. Thus the rock is split, and the pieces made in this way are again broken into finer and finer fragments until new soil is made to take the place of that which is so rapidly moving down to the lowlands.—Prof. S. C. Schmeucker, in Ladies' Home Journal.

India's Famine. The last great Indian famine affected 51,000,000 people, and was caused by a deficiency of 11 inches in the rainfall.—N. Y. World.

BOOKER WASHINGTON'S STORY

An Anecdote That Went to the Hearts of His Southern White Auditors.

Of the many anecdotes told the following shows Booker T. Washington's readiness in assimilating what he hears and in putting it to effective use, says the Outlook.

Once on board a train in Virginia the talk touched in some way which I have forgotten now the subject of the oldtime southern servants. A man whose dress showed him to be a clergyman, and who I afterward learned was the rector of one of the oldest and most distinguished Episcopal churches in the state, said that he had taken charge of the parish where he was then located during the year previous and had moved into the rectory which went with the church. His predecessor had died in office, after a long pastorate. When the new family came to the rectory to live they found there an old colored man who had been employed about the grounds for many years, and hired him to remain with them and continue at his work.

"One day last summer," the rector said, "my wife decided that she would like a certain shrub in the garden better if it stood in another place, and the next morning told John to dig it up and move it. Along in the middle of the day she was out in the garden, and, seeing that the shrub had not been transplanted, said: 'John, don't forget to move that bush there as I told you.'"

"Yes, marm," said John. "That afternoon my wife was away from home. When she returned, late in the day, she saw that the plant had not been disturbed. Annoyed at the man's disregard of her wishes, she called him to her and spoke to him rather sharply:

"Didn't I tell you twice to move that shrub over there to the other side of the garden?"

"Yes, marm, you certainly did."

"And you told me you would?"

"Yes, marm, I surely did."

"What do you mean, then, by distinctly disobeying me?"

"My wife said the old man laid down the hoe he had been using, and coming up in front of her, took off his hat and stopped a minute before he answered, as if he was struggling between his sense of duty to her and his own feelings. When he finally looked up, she was astonished to see that the tears were streaming down his face.

"I hope you'll excuse me, marm," he said, "I surely hope you will; but I can't move that bush."

"Can't move that bush! Why? It was not a large one."

"The old man dropped his hat and clasped his hands together. 'Oh, marm,' he said, 'my old missis, what's dead now, planted that bush right there. I can't dig it up.'"

The bush was not moved.

Mr. Washington was to speak that night in the opera house in Richmond. Both houses of the Virginia legislature attended in a body, as did also those officials of the city government. Besides these there were many other prominent white men present, so that without doubt the audience was representative of the most intelligent white citizenship of the state. In the course of his address Mr. Washington made an eloquent appeal in behalf of the people of his race, that no change in the school laws of the state be made to the detriment of the colored schools, and told the story of the old negro gardener who could not move the bush because his dead white "missis" set it out. More than one strong man in the audience was brushing the tears out of his eyes before the story was done and felt no sensitiveness about having his neighbor see him do it.

A Romance of Finance. An element of romance attaches in most countries to the annals of national debts in respect of the struggles and vicissitudes to which they relate, but in Egypt, a land where finance spells politics, the story of the public debt is pre-eminently romantic. Recklessly and prodigally contracted, that debt has for years pressed with crushing severity upon the docile Egyptian peasantry; but the astonishing feature of its history is that, in the end, out of evil came good. The public debt, with its association of grinding taxation and of the koorbakh, was destined itself to become the salvation of the fellahs. Foreign intervention in the interest of the creditors brought with it the foreign control which has secured the Egyptian peasantry better conditions of life than they have enjoyed for centuries, possibly better conditions for the mass of the people than have ever been known on the Nile. Reform in Egypt grew out of the necessity of protecting the labor of the fellahs and of securing them such immunity from extortion and maltreatment that the fruit of their toil would suffice to meet the obligations imposed upon them without their knowledge and without their assent.—North American Review.

Cost of Royal Honor Moving. Contrary to the general opinion, the expense of the many changes made necessary by the queen's death in the various royal residences will not be paid by the state. All the changes in Buckingham palace and Windsor castle have to be paid for out of the king's own pocket, for while they belong to the government the reigning monarch occupies them only on a life lease, rent free, and it is understood distinctly that any interior repairs have to be made at the occupant's expense. Sandringham, Osborne and Balmoral are the private property of the royal family, and the king can do as he likes with them, inside and outside, and pay accordingly.—London M. A. P.

RECALLS EARLY HISTORY.

Monument to Be Erected to Sir William Johnson and His Indian Ally at Lake George.

On the shores of Lake George, near the scene of the defeat of the French in 1754 by colonial troops, supported by the Mohawks, there is soon to rise a heroic bronze statue of Sir William Johnson and King Kendrick, his Indian ally, to whose sagacity the victory was largely due.

This memorial is the work of the Society of Colonial Wars. Frederick De Peyster, Samuel P. Avery and W. G. Langdon, the committee to select a design, have completed their task, and the statue is now being cast in the works of the Henri-Bonnard company from a model by Albert Weinert.

A site for the memorial has been provided by the village of Caldwell, N. Y. There will be a monument of granite 30 feet high, which, standing at the head of Lake George, will be visible for many miles. Kendrick is shown in the costume of the Mohawks of that period, and the statue illustrates an incident which occurred at a council of war before the victory. Gen. Johnson appears, wearing a coat of mail. It is related that in August, 1754, the French were making attacks in three directions. Gen. Johnson proposed to divide his forces into three parties to oppose them.

Kendrick, when consulted, picked up three arrows and, handing one to Gen. Johnson, asked him to break it. This the general did readily. Kendrick then put three arrows together and handed them to his ally, saying: "Put them together and you cannot break them; take them one by one and you will break them readily."

TROLLEY LINE FOR TOKIO.

American Concerns to Equip the Entire System at Cost of \$400,000.

The Tokio Tetsudo Kubushiki Kaisha, a Japanese concern, has concluded arrangements through Mitsui & Co. of New York city, whereby American firms will furnish the equipment, valued at nearly \$500,000 for the first electric traction system in Tokio, the largest contract of its description ever awarded for American machinery, etc., by a far eastern concern. The General Electric company will build three 1,200 kilowatt generators. The three 1,500 horse-power cross-compound horizontal engines are to be manufactured by the McIntosh-Seymour company, of New York city. There will be eight water tube boilers aggregating 4,400 horse-power, to be furnished by the Babcock & Wilcox company of New York. The Blake branch of the International Pump company of New York city will build the pumping and condensing equipments. The 250 car trucks will be made by the Peckham Manufacturing company of New York city. The Moran Engineering company of Alliance, O., is to build a 20-ton electric traveling crane. Chief Engineer Enyo, of the Tokio company, who has been in America for some weeks arranging details regarding the contracts, has left for Japan. On the eve of his departure he said that the road would operate in the principal streets in Tokio, and would be ready to begin operations early in 1903.

SHOW BIG TRAFFIC GAINS.

Trade on the Great Lakes During the Past Season Proves Highly Satisfactory.

This season's traffic on the great lakes has generally exceeded the operations of any preceding season. By way of the St. Mary's canals 27,817,811 tons of freight were carried to November 30, of which 22,619,909 tons were east-bound from Lake Superior and 5,197,902 tons were west-bound. Last season's figures were 20,231,482 tons east-bound and 5,038,656 west-bound, making a total of 25,270,138 tons.

The freight passing through the American canal amounted to 25,082,522 tons and through the Canadian canal 2,791,289 tons. Four times as many vessels passed through the American as through the Canadian canal and nearly nine times as large a tonnage. Lake traffic for November represents 121 ports of receipt and 187 ports of shipment.

The season's receipts increased over last year's receipts in flour, coal, ore and minerals, logs and unclassified freight. Grain alone has fallen off from 160,718,310 bushels last season to 131,348,408 bushels this season.

Children's Parties Costly. Children's parties in London nowadays cost almost as much as the entertainments of the elders. Only the other night some wealthy people gave a children's cotillon which cost a very large amount. The figures were very elaborate, one having a maypole bearing streamers of pink ribbons, at the ends of which were bouquets of flowers. Another figure was carried off by means of a sled, drawn into the dancing room with ribbons. The sled was frosted over and filled with snowballs. A little boy, dressed as Father Christmas, bestriding a yule log, gave away gifts. Much extravagance obtains in the matter of children's dresses. Fond mothers have been known to spend as much as £20 or £30 on a single frock for a very small girl.

Woman's Sensitive Point. The Young triplets claim to be the oldest in the world. The most curious feature of the case, says the Chicago Record-Herald, is that one of them is a woman.

TALKS ABOUT MONEY

Mr. Andrew Carnegie Addresses Railroad Y. M. C. A. Men.

Declares Best of Wealth is Not What It Does for the Owner, But What It Enables Him to Do for Others.

Andrew Carnegie was the principal speaker at the twenty-sixth anniversary of the railroad branch of the Young Men's Christian association at New York. He talked of wealth, its acquirement and use. He said:

"The best of wealth is not what it does for the owner, but what it enables him to do for others. And let me tell you there is nothing in money beyond having a competence, nothing but the satisfaction of being able to help others."

"It is one of the most cheering facts of our days that under present conditions the wages of labor tend to rise and the price of necessities of life to fall. There was never a nation so splendidly situated as ours is at this moment in regard to labor. Every sober and capable and willing man finds employment at wages which, with thrift and a good wife to manage, will enable him to go far toward laying up a competence for old age. There is nothing that success and happiness of a workingman so much depends upon as a good managing wife."

"And here let one who has, almost without intention or desire, had himself loaded with somewhat more than a competence tell you soberly that what one has beyond this brings little with it and sometimes nothing desirable with it. What all of you should strive for is a competence, without which, Junius has said, no man can be happy. No man should be happy without it, if it be within reach, and I urge all of you to save a part of your earnings these prosperous days and put it in savings banks at interest, or, better still, buy a home with it."

"It took me some time to learn, but I did learn that the supremely great managers, such as you have these days, never do any work to speak of themselves; their point is to make others work while they think. I applied this lesson in after life so that work and I did the laughing, and I commend to your superintendents the thought that there is little success where there is little laughter. The workman who rejoices in his work and laughs away its discomforts is the man sure to rise."

Mr. Carnegie predicted that in the near future railroad trains will run 100 miles an hour.

The speaker commended the care some railroads are giving their employees, and lauded the pension system and the reading and club rooms which some roads are establishing. He said these benefited shareholders as well as workmen, and added:

"It is a great delusion to say that capital and labor are foes; they must be allies or neither succeeds."

DESERT HOMES FOR CARDS.

Scores of Pennsylvania Housewives Want Law Which Will Prevent Playing for Prizes.

To such an extent has the vice of gambling in the form of euchre for prizes taken hold upon the women of Beaver county, Pa., that the merchants, professional men and many of the independent wealthy men of the city have presented a petition to Representative W. H. Bricker asking that a law be passed to make card-playing for prizes illegal.

The craze seems to have taken a special hold upon the city of Beaver Falls, and the leading men of that city called en masse on Justice William Piper and asked him to issue warrants wholesale against the women of the city. Nearly 100 names were mentioned, many of the complainants naming their wives. They affirmed that they were not able to get their meals cooked, that the interest of the women in their homes was dying out, while the clergymen in the delegation affirmed that the teachers in the Sunday schools wrangled over questions of euchre instead of teaching their classes and debated and discussed prizes-to-be under cover of their hymn books.

Aged and Faithful Servant. Peter Lee, who has been in the employ of the Stevens family, of Castle Point, Hoboken, N. J., upward of 100 years, is dying at Castle Point. The date of his birth is somewhat uncertain, but it was probably in 1795 or 1796. He was born in Hoboken, of slave parents, the property of Col. John Stevens. He became free in the course of years, but only once was he separated from the Stevens family. He declares he remembers the general mourning for the death of George Washington, in December, 1799. He can recall the days preceding steam navigation, when horse boats furnished the most advanced methods of transportation across the Hudson river.

Society Welcomes Depew's Bride. Washington society has welcomed the beautiful bride of Senator Depew. The reception was given at the home of Miss Paulding, and more than a thousand guests were present. Senator Depew stood by the side of his bride and received the congratulations of the hosts of friends with his usual grace and facility. The guests included almost the whole diplomatic corps, and Mrs. Depew was almost constantly talking French, to the exclusion of her native tongue.

AROSTOOK'S BLOODLESS WAR

Some Interesting Facts About One of the Greatest Conflicts Ever Fought.

When the Arcadians were exiled from their native country by the English a little band eluding their captors went up the St. John river and made a settlement at Madawaska, near the northern boundary of Maine. This was in 1756, says the Kennebec Journal. As they grew in numbers they spread out along both banks of the river and in after years the fertile soil and valuable timber lands within their reach became a desirable prize for both Maine and New Brunswick.

Hoping to obtain this country, Canada took advantage of flaws in the treaty of 1763. This treaty specified that the boundary should begin at the mouth of the St. Croix river, pass up that river to its source, then due north to the northwest angle of Nova Scotia and thence along the highlands dividing the St. Lawrence basin from the rivers flowing south into the Connecticut. As to where this "northwest angle of Nova Scotia" was caused the dispute, Maine claimed it was where the line due north from the source of the St. Croix met the highlands. Canada claimed it was near Mars Hill mountain, and the line ran westward along the divide separating the St. John river basin from the rivers further south, thus claiming nearly all of northern Maine.

In 1829 the matter was referred to William I. of Holland, as an arbiter. He attempted to settle the matter by dividing the disputed territory equally, but Maine refused to abide by this decision and was sustained by the United States senate. In order to maintain their claims the United States established a military post at Fredericton. Maine believed that Madawaska was in her territory and it was organized as a plantation and given a representative in the legislature.

In 1837 the government sent a commissioner there to take the census of the people and give them their share of the surplus which had collected in the United States treasury. Upon hearing of this, Gov. Harvey, of New Brunswick, thinking the money was a bribe to induce the French people to take sides with Maine, sent troops there, who imprisoned the commissioner and broke up all meetings of the French. The Canadians, determined to have all the value of doubt, carried on extensive lumbering operations in the disputed territory and floated the millions of feet of pine timber down the St. John river to Fredericton and St. John. The land agent of Maine attempted to stop these depredations but, with his men, was captured and thrown into jail at Fredericton.

This act caused the people of Maine to become greatly excited and the legislature met and voted 10,000 men and \$500,000 for defense, and the militia was called out by Gov. Fairchild and sent to the scene of the trouble. Maine's act was approved by congress, which voted 50,000 men and \$10,000,000 and sent Gen. Winfield Scott to direct the operations.

Gen. Scott came to Augusta and at once began negotiations with Gov. Harvey to decide the matter by arbitration. In the meantime troops had been hurried to Houlton and places beyond. Fort Fairfield, named for the governor, was built to guard the Arostook river and keep the Canadians from driving lumber from it into the St. John, and Fort Kent, named for ex-Gov. Kent, to overawe the French should they desire to join the English, and to guard the headwaters of the St. John. A lookout was built at Castle Hill, block houses at Fort Kent and other places, and military roads were constructed from Fort Kent and Fort Fairfield to Houlton. The soldiers remained there all winter and saw scarcely one member of the opposing forces.

In 1842 the United States referred this dispute to Daniel Webster and Lord Ashburton, as arbiters. They decided upon the present boundary and the dispute was settled without a drop of blood being shed. Maine lost by this decision and congress paid her \$150,000, which has always been claimed was to pay the expenses of the "war," and not for the territory she lost.

But few men are living in Maine now who were participants in the bloodless war. Recently an attempt was made to secure the names of some of them, but the effort met with little success. One of the participants was Col. Israel Norcross, of Saginaw, Mich., a former Bangor man, and there are several others who are now residents of the west. A large proportion of the militia sent to the northeastern border was furnished by Penobscot county.

An Example. "I don't suppose I should tell the story," said Brown, with a smile, "but it is too good to keep, so here goes: My wife is a pronounced enemy to cigarettes, and is ready at all times to strike a blow at the miserable little 'coffin nail,' as she takes delight in calling it. The other day she chanced to meet a small boy serenely smoking one of the little white rolls, and the sight caused her to hold up her hands in horror."

"Little boy," said she, severely, "don't you want to grow up to be a big, strong man?"

"Yes'm," answered the boy between puffs.

"Well, you never will if you smoke those nasty things! They will make you dreadfully thin!"

"Gee!" replied the boy, as he looked critically at his wife who is extremely thin. "Gee! but you must have smoked a lot of them!"—Detroit Free Press.