VEXATIOUS.

What wondrous days indeed are these
When science shows a light
On any pathway that you please,
That you may turn aright!
Yet life is filled with terrors new.
The hours grow dull and long.
For everything you care to do,
The doctor says, is wrong.

Who tries to warble is forbid
Lest germs attack his throat.
The dancer's prowess must be hid,
Though he may screech a note.
Who dines in carelessness complete
Is tempted by the throng,
But he who likes to may not eat.
The doctor says it's wrong.

You shun the water, sparkling fair
Lest foes lurk there disguised.
You mustn't breathe unless the air
Has been well analyzed.
Thoughtless you turn, as is your wont,
With an affection strong,
To kiss your baby. But you don't.
The doctor says it's wrong.
—Washington Star.

REVIVED MEMORY.

When We Grow Old, We Recall the Things of Long Ago.

About 75 years ago, upon a rainy day, a small boy who had reached the mature age of 6 was sitting with his mamma and bemoaning the state of the weather and accompanying absence of novel entertainment. Mamma wore on her finger a beautiful ring that was a family heirloom, and as she sewed patiently the jewel glittered on her little white hand. The small boy regarded the bright bauble for some time in silence and then sweetly requested mamma to take it off and let him play with it. It was a weak thing to do, perhaps, but she complied I dare say there are mothers at the present day who can sympathize with her, for human nature is the same, though fashions change, and when the "dear child" looked up in her face pleadingly he looked with papa's eyes, and papa was dead. So he got the ring and lost it, as might have been expected. He always insisted that he had "put it away to keep," but he could never remember where.

The years went on. The gentle young mother went out into the great unknown to find the light of her life that shone in "papa's eyes," and the century and the boy having been young together grew old in company too. Finally age began to tell on them. The century got troubled with a complaint designated "fin de siecle," and the boy lost his memory for the things of today, but became abnormally reminiscent in regard to the past. His thoughts often turned back to the young mother long dead, and in the decline of life he had as clear a mental picture of her as his boyish eyes had ever seen One evening, having pushed his spectacles on top of his head and hunted everywhere for them vainly, he sat musing before the fire, when suddenly a flood of light illuminated that dark corner of his memory where hung the picture of that small edition of himself losing or "putting away" the ring. He sprang to his feet with an excited cry: "The ring! The ring! I slipped it down the crack in the window casing—the one that looks out on the orchard!"

Upon investigation the ring was brought from its long hiding place, which was the exact spot the old man had described.—Buffalo Express.

Forgot to Wear Trousers.

A certain noble lord, who shall be nameless, during his journey north on a political mission changed his costume for a full highland "rig out," intending it as a delicate compliment to the land of the kilt, but when he looked at himself in the glass he found that the tailor had cut his kilt too short, so he made up his mind to put on evening dress.

He changed his upper garments and then sat down for a few moments to study his speech. This set him to sleep. He awoke with a start, only to find himself running into the station. Forgetting what happened, he thrust on his hat and appeared at the window bowing, and this was how he was dressed:

He had a full highland costume as far as his waist. Above were a white shirt and swallow tailed coat, and the entire edifice was crowned with a chimney pot hat, upon which he sat down without noticing it. His lordship's horror when he stepped upon the platform and felt the keen wind cutting his bare legs changed to absolute agony when his valet appeared, scrambling out of the carriage with a pair of trousers in his hands, waving them wildly and exclaiming, "My lord, my lord, you've forgotten these."—London Telegraph.

Our Temperature.

The ordinary temperature of an adult when a thermometer is placed in the armpit is 98.4 degrees, in the mouth 99.5 degrees. The blood is about 100 degrees. Blood heat is marked on the thermometer at 99 degrees F. In fevers this is much exceeded, and the heat of the patient may rise to 105 degrees or 106 degrees. A higher temperature than this will generally prove fatal unless it descends very quickly. The highest temperatures recorded have been in some cases of rheumatic fever, when that of the body rose to 109 degrees and even to 111 degrees.

The Thirst For Office.

Women have had municipal suffrage in Kansas for the last ten years. During that time, in the 393 little "cities" of Kansas, about 1,500 men and only 15 women have served as mayors. This does not look as if women were unduly eager for office.—Christian Register.

The fact that the greater resistance is offered to the X rays by inanimate than by living flesh is now put to practical use in determining whether a person is really dead or not.

According to Dr. Forbes Winslow, kleptomania is found among boys, but very rarely indeed among men. The great majority of the victims are women.

PLAYING TWO PARTS.

INSTANCES IN WHICH AN ACTOR HAS BEEN TWO MEN AT ONCE.

The "Prisoner of Zenda," "Corsican Brothers" and the "Lyons Mail" Are Plays in Which It Is Necessary For the Star to Make These Quick Changes.

To be able to play two parts in the same piece—to portray, perhaps two characters of totally different caliber—is not an undertaking which many actors care to attempt. It is only the experienced artist who may attempt the feat with impunity, and even then, though he may appear to the audience to achieve his end without an effort, there are many more difficulties in his path than meet the eye of the habitual theater goer.

Not only must the actor be possessed of no small amount of histrionic talent, but he must often call in the aid of an understudy, whose duty it is to gull the onlooker into the belief that their favorite is performing the impossible feat of being in two places at one and the same time. For in nearly every play of such a character it is well nigh impossible for the author so to arrange his piece that the actor may never be called upon to be on the stage with his double.

Any one who has been to see "The Prisoner of Zenda" performed at the St. James theater, must have marveled at the lightning celerity with which Mr. George Alexander, a moment before the drunken king of Ruritania, suddenly, as by some act of witchcraft, reappeared as Rudolf Rassendyll, clad in the ordinary costume of the English tourist. Then, to every one's surprise, the supine body of the king was carried in so that to all appearances Mr. Alexander was gazing upon his own person. In reality, of course, it was merely a lightning change, and the understudy had to be requisitioned to supply the person of the king.

A more famous case of double impersonation, however, is that of "The Corsican Brothers," the first play perhaps in which Sir Henry Irving gave us a taste of his wonderful talent.

In the first act—to give a slight resume of the play—the ghost of Louis, killed in a duel by a certain Chateau Renaud in the forest of Fontainebleau, appears to Fabien, his brother. The second act takes us to Paris, and through varied incident to the death of Louis Here Irving was Louis.

In the third act, however, it is Fabien who is once more before us, who has constituted himself the avenger of his brother's death. He meets Chateau Renaud and demands satisfaction. Renaud is worsted and falls to the ground Then suddenly the ghost of Louis appears, and, to personate the spirit of the dead man, Irving had had to fly to the wings, make his way below the stage and take his stand upon the trap, which conveyed him upward to the gaze of the thrilled spectators.

How was it done? The audience was amazed. Yet the explanation is comparatively simple: Irving stepped behind a "property" tree. His "double" instantly filled his place, taking good care not to face the audience when it was necessary for him to confront the ghost. Hence the lightning change from mortal to spirit and the resultant bewilderment of the beholders.

Neither is the "Corsican Brothers" the only play in which Irving has contrived to take a double part and yet nonplus the audience by the adroitness of his metamorphosis.

Those who are familiar with the "Lyons Mail" will doubtless remember the most telling scene in the play. Here Dubosc, the murderer, is in an attic, gazing down upon the preparations being made for the execution of the innocent Lesurques—whose likeness to the real murderer has brought him to such a terrible pass—an expression of horrible glee upon his face, clapping his hands as he sees the apparently doomed man step forward to his death

But his exultation is premature. Lesurques is reprieved, and the crowd suddenly catches sight of the villainous face of the real murderer at the attic window The door of the room is battered in. Behind it stands Dubosc. The wretch is dragged from his refuge, and as they do so Irving-Lesurques coolly walks in upon the scene of turmoil.

The door of the attic is made to open inward, thus shutting Irving-Dubosc from view of the auditorium. In a moment he slips through a trap. His "double" takes his place, to be hustled unceremoniously by the crowd of "supers," whose duty it is also to conceal the man's face in case the fraud should be discovered. Irving-Lesurques can hen come on in his new role.

But an actor has been known to play two parts without the assistance of a dummy.

In a certain play it was the duty of the hero to leap out of the window of his room and to enter from a door on the opposite side of the stage clad in different clothes, though otherwise the same.

This, however, was juggling pure and simple. The actor dropped into his second dress in much the same way as an American fireman is reputed to jump into his uniform. The costume consisted of but one piece with a patent fastening down the back, and as he leaped through the window frame he leaped into his clothes, which, so to speak, shut behind him and left him rehabilitated.

Neither is the part of the understudy one to be given to any ordinary "super" from the mass of warriors, countrymen and the like that go to make up a stage crowd. He must be possessed of no slight amount of adaptability and smartness to enable his principal to go through his arduous task without a hitch.—Pearson's Weekly.

Da Vinci's Wheelbarrow.

Leonardo da Vinci, the painter who painted the famous picture of the "Last Supper," is said to have invented the wheelbarrow.—Boston Budget.

THE TRAVELERS' FRIEND.

G. M. Pullman, the Millionaire Car Manufacturer.

Mr. George M. Pullman, the well known car manufacturer, died at his home in Chicago on October 19 of heart trouble. George Mortimer Pullman, who in the old and new world is honored for the invention of the sleeping car, which has greatly reduced the ineviable weariness and discomfort of railroad travel, was born in 1831 at Brocton, N. Y., where his father was a good mechanic. The boy received a common school education and at fourteen entered a country store, which he left at the age of seventeen to learn the trade of cabinet making. The widening of the Erie Canal soon afterward gave him the opportunity of securing the appointment of contractor for moving buildings along the canal. In 1856 he removed to Chicago and engaged in the raising of buildings, at which he was very successful. Not long afterward Mr. Pullman fitted up two cars belonging to thn Chicago and Alton Railroad with sleeping berths. These cars were liked and admired, but Mr. Pullman did not push the manufacture of sleeping cars until 1863, and then he turned out the first regular sleeping car, which was named the "Pioneer." The car cost him $18,000. In 1867 the Palace Car Company was formed, with prominent railroads interested in it. Its original capital was $1,000,000, and is now increased to $36,000,000, so that to-day it is one of the most powerful corporations of its kind in the world. Mr Pullman will always be remembered by the step that he took when he planned to build a city on the dreary prairie outside of Chicago. This was one of the most daring ventures which an American has ever undertaken. The city was built at an expense of $8,000,000 and has now 12,000 inhabitants, who are comfortably housed in sanitary houses, and there is not a saloon, jail or pauper in the territory. It has proved a wonderful financial success. Mr. Pullman was a typical American inventor, possessing, as he did, the acute perception of what the public needed, and he had an inventive mind which grasped everything that served his purpose.

WISE COUNSEL.

The Great Importance of Good Literature.

A good book is its most powerful advocate. Children who have no books but good books to read at home, and plenty of them, so that there is no need of going elsewhere to satisfy hunger, are in little danger of ever forming a taste for bad reading. Good reading is bad reading's most deadly enemy. Where the one is the other hardly ever comes.

Every family should have a well selected child's library. Food for the mind is as necessary as food for the body. Such a library would do more to keep a child from evil reading than stern commands, severe punishments, or wise admonitions ever could.

A child's mind is plastic, its tastes unformed, and wise and skillful hands can mold them as they will. If parents, and those having charge of children, only had the sense to act upon this knowledge, many a child would be saved from the degradation of taste and intellect consequent on plucking the forbidden fruits of literature.—*Everett McNeil.*

Doors to the Heart.

Every person's feelings have a front door and a side door by which they may be entered. The front door is on the street. Some keep it always open; some keep it latched; some locked; some bolted with a chain that will let you peep in, but not get in; and some nail it up, so that nothing can pass its threshold. This front door leads into a passage which opens into an ante-room, and this into the interior apatments. The side door opens at once into the sacred chambers. There is almost always at least one key to this side door. This is carried for years hidden in a mother's bosom. Fathers, brothers, sisters and friends often, but by no means so universally, have duplicates of it.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

WHAT IS SALVATION?

A Minister Defines It a Condition, Not a Place.

Rev. Anthony Bilkovsky, partor of Guilford Avenue Universalist Church Balto., delivered a sermon Sunday on the subject, "What Universalists Believe About Salvation."

"Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress'" he said, "has familiarized men's minds with the religion of escape, salvation being found in a change of place or a change of worlds. Universalists believe that salvation is a very different thing—not a change of place, but a change of mind and heart and character. Heaven itself is not a place, but a state of soul. Heaven or hell may be in the soul of man in this present world. Not where man is, but what he is, determines the degree of his salvation. If a politician is a boodler, briber, corruptionist in Baltimore, will sending him to Washington transform him into an honest man? Will a woman be changed from vice and impurity to graciousness and purity by changing abode from village to the city?

"Belief is one of the powers that bring about a change of character. Accepting a leader, an ideal life, and believing in its worthiness, has the power to transform us into that selfsame image. Belief in the Lord Jesus Christ has that transfiguring power on the soul of the believer. Our first step in salvation is to choose the leader, and then loyally obey him. Universalists have found in Jesus Christ the model of human character and the inspiration of noblest human actions, and the mover of every worthy deed.

"Salvation is found not by seclusion from the world, but by entering into the world and being faithful in life's appointed duties and activities. John the Baptist lived in the desert; Jesus lived among men. He who is a good father, at whose home-coming wife and children rejoice; he who is a good and helpful neighbor; he who is an honest man in his business, who pays one hundred cents on the dollar, in money or in faithful service; he who is active and eager to do his duty in the large affairs of public life, be it to justify and honorably administer a state's business or to conscientiously cast his ballot, such a one, if his name is not a power on the exchange, is not far from the kingdom.

"The human soul but begins the process of salvation here. This world is God's kindergarten. The soul continues to grow forever and forever. To spirits there is no finality. We need a new symbol of death—not the terror of skull and cross-bones of Father Time, with scythe and hour-glass; but let us rather choose this: A child tired with its play, asleep in its mother's arms. In perfect trust it awaits the morning light and the same protecting love. So shall it be with the soul in this world, and in all worlds, God's sheltering love keeping and guiding it forever on and up."

Agricultural Notes.

Fall planting, whenever practicable, is certainly the best for nearly all classes of trees and shrubs, also herbaceous plants. Such planting may be safely begun now very shortly, unless the trees are of such size that in order to retain the ball of earth at the roots they need to be frozen. When such is the case a trench needs to be cut around ahead of severe frost in order to bring about the desired result. In regard to the soil preparation inquired about, it would certainly seem necessary to bring some of the sand to the surface in order to give a greater depth of soil than six inches. To thoroughly enrich this, it will be best to trench and at the same time turn in quantities of barnyard manure now during the Fall, and in the Spring give a surface dressing of well-rotted stable manure. With such treatment good results may be expected.—*American Gardening.*

NOT THE WAY IT WAS.

Things Had Not Changed at All Since He Was Young.

Three young men were sitting together in the rotunda of one of the big hotels. They were discussing the progress of invention.

"It's strange," said one, "how completely old ways of doing things have been superseded. You may talk about its being hard to introduce inventions, but if a scheme is any good it'll be universally adopted nowadays in no time. Why, you'll find even middle aged men who remember when everything in use was different. There's hardly a thing now that's done the same way or by the same appliances as it was when they were young. Why, my uncle can remember the time when every kind of goods was made by hand, and he isn't very old either. It's laughable to hear him tell how they used to get along. Everything, it seems, was done about the slowest and hardest way on earth. People used to think that they were in the world to work, and it didn't make much difference what they were at. I tell you, boys, you don't appreciate what it is to live in these days."

At this juncture a man with entirely gray hair folded his paper preparatory to departing and looked at the crowd near him. One of them, observing him, ventured to ask what he thought about it.

"Pretty nearly right, I guess," he said.

"Now, I suppose," began another, "you can remember when the horse car was the only known method of metropolitan conveyance, when bicycles were a thing to come, when telephones were an experiment, when they didn't make any ice in July, when most of the steel in buildings was in the door locks, when newspapers printed two sheets and thought them heavy, when fountain pens were an undisturbed dream, when aluminium was a theory and when harvesters were beginning to be talked about."

"No," returned the person addressed. "I'd like to agree with you, but I can't do it. The facts are otherwise. When I was a young man, business men used typewriters. A good many were thinking about putting in a phonograph. People who didn't own any bicycles or feel like paying for a cab usually traveled around town in a cable or electric car. Telephones cost 10 cents a try just as they do now, unless you knew somebody you could sponge on. Airships would go up and come down pretty much as they do now. The Sunday papers were so full of ads. that it took till Monday to find anything to read. Smoke consumers were making Chicago a beautiful place to live in."

The gathering was now looking incredulous. Things seemed to need an explanation. So he concluded: "You see, I got this gray hair trying to make a soda water manufactory pay in Kansas. Then a beard will add a few years. I was 27 last March."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Getting Married.

In "His Quest of the Golden Girl" Richard Le Gallienne, in one of his opening chapters says:

"Undoubtedly the nicest way to get married is on the sly, and indeed it is at present becoming quite fashionable. Many young couples of my acquaintance, who have had no other reason for concealing the fact beyond their own whim, have thus slipped off without saying a word to anybody and returned full blown housekeepers, with at home days of their own and everything else like real married people—for, as the old lady said to me, 'You can never be sure of married people nowadays unless you have been at the wedding.'"

The author then further philosophizes as follows:

"I don't know myself what getting married feels like, but it cannot be much more exciting than watching other people getting married. Indeed, I always get something like palpitation of the heart just before the priest utters the final fateful words, 'I declare you man and wife.' Half a second before you were still free. Half a second after you were bound for the term of your natural life. Half a second before you had only to dash the book from the priest's hands and put your hands over his mouth, and though thus giddily swinging on to the brink of the precipice you are saved. Half a second after

"All the king's horses and all the king's men
Cannot make you a bachelor again.

"It is the knife edge moment betwixt time and eternity."

Scott's Narrow Escape.

The world had a narrow escape of never having known a Sir Walter Scott. When a tiny babe, he was left in charge of a maid, but the girl's heart was in Edinburgh, whither she wanted to go to rejoin her lover. She was, however, compelled to stay and look after the infant at Sandy Knowe. The girl regarded her charge as an obstacle to be removed, and afterward confessed that she carried young Scott up to the Craigs (under a strong temptation of the devil, as she expressed it), fully intending to cut his throat with her scissors and bury him under the moss.

The Discovery of Iron.

According to the traditions of the Greeks, the first discovery of iron by the human race was made on Mount Ida, by a tribe called Dactyles. It is said that the forest was set on fire by lightning, and so intense was the heat of the great masses of fallen trees that the bed of iron beneath was melted and trickled in small streams down into the valley.

Iron In Architecture.

The use of iron in architecture is not so new as people are accustomed to think. At Delhi is a forged iron column 60 feet high. It is 16 inches in diameter at the base and 12 inches at the top. Its weight is estimated at about 17 tons. From records extant it is reasonably certain that it was already in existence 900 years B. C.

SOME AFRICAN MONEY.

It Consists of Slaves, With Babies and Children For Small Change.

Any recital of recent currency experiences would be imperfect that failed to call attention to certain anomalous fiscal troubles that have lately befallen the people of one of the negro states of western Africa, and which have not yet passed into history to an extent that they merit.

As is well known, the governments of the leading states of Europe, with a view of increasing their commercial advantages through the acquirement of new markets, have, within a comparatively recent period, greatly increased their territorial domains and government in and over what is regarded as uncivilized Africa. Thus the British government is rapidly occupying a vast tract of territory geographically known as Nigrita, from the circumstance that it is traversed by, or is contiguous to, the ancient and once mysterious river Niger; and one of the Nigritian kingdoms that has most recently, and after considerable fighting, passed under British rule and European ideas and enterprise, is that of Nupé, which through a considerable Arab population is to an extent a commercial country—and to whom the advent of the English was probably not unwelcome. The currency of this kingdom and its population was mainly slaves, with, inferentially, slave babies and children serving as subsidiary money media.

It might also perhaps be inferred that white babies would be considered a counterfeit circulating medium and octoroons bimetallic. The carrying round of two or three babies to make change would certainly be rather difficult, and when they cried it might be regarded as on account of inflation. But anyway a serious financial difficulty is reported to be impending in Nupé; for as the British government does not sanction or tolerate slavery the interesting question has naturally arisen, What are the people of Nupé going to do for money, or rather for currency? Will a party arise, as in the United States, who will manfully contend for the maintenance of the "dollar of their fathers?" Will not some "Nupéan" Bryan set forth in fitting language the wickedness of the demonetization of former Nupéan currency?

What better use can Senator Teller make of his disquisition on the benefits that accrued to the ancient Spartans, when they substituted iron money in place of their former cattle, cow and pig currency, than to send a large number of copies of it for general distribution on the banks of the Niger? How the heart of ex-Senator Peffer of Kansas must rejoice at the historical vindication of his axiomatic financial principle that "it matters not of what money is made or what its intrinsic value is!"

Would it not be the part of wisdom for President McKinley to instruct his monetary missionaries, after they have got through with their search in Europe for information about currency around the tables of royalty, to journey forthwith to west Africa, visit Nupé and learn from the Nupéans their opinions as to the effect of cheap money, contingent on a successful slave hunt; and also whether their former money had not much to commend it by reason of its remarkable properties for (leg) circulation? It certainly could not have staid long in one place without watching.—David A. Wells in Harper's Weekly.

Facts Worth Considering.

In 1873 the production of gold was $96,000,000; in 1897 it is $240,000,000. In 1873 the bullion value of the silver dollar was $1.004; in 1897 it is 40 cents. In 1873 the per capita circulation in the United States was $18; in 1897 it is $22. The loss on the silver purchased from 1878 to 1893 to maintain the price of silver exceeds $200,000,000 or about the value of one-half of the cotton crop.

The amount of money in circulation is greater in gold standard countries than in countries having a silver standard.

Labor and farm produce in Mexico are paid for in silver dollars, the value of which is steadily declining.

In eras of depreciated currency the last thing to advance is wages; the first thing to advance is property. In gold standard countries capital is abundant and the rate of interest low. In silver standard countries capital is scarce and the rates of interest high.—Louisville Post.

What Dollar Wheat Is Doing.

Now, this is just what is occurring in the wheat belt: The merchant among the farms is "stocking up;" the wholesale dealers are thus compelled to increase their orders; the manufacturers fill their shops with men to fill these orders; the railroads buy more cars and employ more men to move the product and the goods; the men thus employed buy more goods from the local dealers, and the local producers of milk, vegetables, eggs and the like sell where they could not sell before. The last named in turn buy more goods, and the ascending scale of purchase and production begins again. This is what dollar wheat means, not only in the wheat belt, but throughout a full half of the country.—Atlanta Journal.

Silver Mines Owned In England.

Mr. Edward Atkinson, who is in London, finds that three-fourths of all the silver mines in the world, reckoned by producing power, are owned in that city. Silver is a large British interest, and free coinage in the United States is naturally much desired by this interest.

Silver Losing Ground.

The national farmers' congress in session at St. Paul rejected a free silver resolution on the same day that the politicians in Nebraska adopted one. Only the elections will show, apparently, how much weaker the delusion has grown under dollar wheat.