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The Spanish Treasure.

A NOVEL.

By Mrs. Elizabeth C. Winter.

(ISABELLA CASTELAR.)

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CHAPTER XIII.A

CONTINUED.

"All right, haven't I already told you that I always do, and, now, good-bye? You really must go," and as the door closed after the professor, the Hon. Clarence stretched his arms above his head, yawned copiously and dropped into a chair.

"This hypnotizing business is exhausting work," he said; "if this is how Van used to do it, I can understand his need of a stimulant. Poor old Van! He's just about crazy on the subject, and is an awful bore if one didn't choke him off from time to time. But it has been a good day. The Mendoza treasure secret the enabled and several valuable hints as to how I may be able to gain some ascendancy over that Spanish girl. What a fine creature she is—a new type of woman altogether; but I must be careful how I let myself get too much interested in her. It needs no Professor Van Tassel to point out that danger. I've seen other men in love, and they are a warning to me. Have I, by chance, the capacity within me to be really in love with any woman? I think not. But all the same, Clarence, my lad, I shall hold your fancies well in hand when you are in the presence of the Senorita Dolores Mendoza."

Stanley had been hurriedly dressing as he thought and occasionally permitted his thoughts to ejaculate words; and now as he passed before the larger mirror in his room, to put the finishing touches to his toilet, he was hazily pleased with himself, and more than conscious of his own physical attractions. Like a great many men of his kind, he thought himself rather a good fellow than otherwise; and if a severe judge of character had told him plumply that he possessed all the qualifications for a complete scoundrel, and had used his natural capacities in that line to great advantage, he would have been sincerely surprised. As he now gazed at the reflection of his own well-featured and finely colored countenance, he smiled complacently and felt how natural it was that he should always have been so great a favorite with women of all conditions and ages. It was his face as it now looked with which he was familiar, and he would have been almost as much surprised as Polly Hamilton could he have seen it at times when his mind was bent on exposing some of his most memorable evil tendencies were entirely in the ascendant.

"Well, I have a good many irons in the fire just now," he thought, "and between the lot I must certainly be able to smooth out the various little crumples and wrinkles that beset my career in life. If the Mendoza treasure turns out to be a myth, the earldom of Windermere and a fat rent-roll aren't such a bad lookout, and may yet be mine; and if all else fails, there is always Polly—dear, charming little Polly."

And whistling an air from the opera—Polly Hamilton's favorite air—Mr. Clarence Stanley at last turned from the mirror, glanced about the room to be quite sure that all drawers had been carefully locked, and with a light step went forth in search of dinner. Having dined, Stanley wandered about aimlessly, dropped into one or two theatres, not being sufficiently interested to know what the play had been about when he came out; and at last, being in the neighborhood of his hotel, he returned to his room and went to bed. In the morning, he found himself rather depondent and inclined to take himself to task for wasting time on anything so chimerical as the Mendoza treasure, a quest which, as he very well knew, had brought only loss, despair and death to many a member of his family.

"An I," he questioned, "behaving like a fool thus to be hazarding the substance for the shadow? There is pretty Polly Hamilton, with all her father's millions, waiting to drop into my arms, and all that I have to do is simply to open them. Wouldn't it be the part of wisdom and good common sense to go to see Polly; and, well, perhaps, hold out my arms?"

And full of these thoughts, which showed an uncommon degree of vacillation on the part of Clarence Stanley, he betook himself toward the home of the Hamiltons at an unusually early hour that afternoon. But, almost unconsciously to himself, there was in his mind the thought that he would see Dolores, and perhaps obtain the hearing of that mysterious manuscript, the story of which would, he fancied, shed light on much that was still obscure to him in the history of his own family. And fate itself seemed to declare in his favor on this day, for Polly met him, radiant with delight, at his arrival, and triumphant in the knowledge that Dolores had promised to read the manuscript within that very hour if he should come.

"She declared you were coming," said Polly, "and I believe she's a witch—a lovely, fascinating witch—for everything she says comes to pass. She has gone to her room now, to get the papers, because she said she felt that you were coming. Now, Clarence, how in the world should she have known that, when even I, who have known you so well and for so long a time, couldn't be quite sure of it?"

"But you ought to have known, Polly," said Clarence, with a world of meaning in his large, dark eyes that were now gazing deep into the frank and innocent eyes of Mary Hamilton, raised to his with a look so childlike and confiding, that even his tough conscience felt a twinge.

They were standing together just where she had met him as he entered the room; and he was still holding her hand in a clasp that brought the warm blood in a tide of crimson blushes to her face.

"I always know when you are near, Polly. Ah, if you loved me, dear one."

"Oh, Clarence!" exclaimed Polly, "do I not? When have I not loved you?"

"Really, truly, Polly?"

"Better than my life!"

He had not meant to say so much. As he told himself afterward, it had been a mere accident. He certainly had not meant to commit himself so irrevocably; but when Polly spoke these words: "Better than my life!" and in speaking them raised her pretty rosy mouth toward his, she was so irresistible that Stanley bent and kissed her, and was ever afterward rather proud of the impulse that made him do so; for as he declared to himself:

"A fellow would be a brute not to kiss a pretty girl when she so evidently expected it."

"Hush!" said Polly. Then, gently withdrawing from the half embrace in which he held her: "Here comes Lorita!"

And almost with the words Dolores entered. She held the roll of manuscript in her hand, and was evidently ready to begin the reading of it at once; and midtime slightly to Stanley, almost as if she had already seen him, she seated herself at a little distance and near one of the windows.

"We shall not be interrupted," said Polly. "That is why I received you here in this little boudoir, Clarence. You are the only gentleman, except papa, who ever enters this room. It is sacred to my girl-friends, and I hope you will appreciate the honor. I have given orders that no one shall interrupt us, Rita."

Dolores answered only by one swift look of thanks, and, smoothing out the pages of writing, she glanced hurriedly through them.

"It is here," she said. "I make no apology for it. And I can only guess, the writer being my father's, that he was the compiler as well as the writer. I have called it 'A Legend of the Mendozas.'"

A LEGEND OF THE MENDOZAS.

"PART FIRST.

"A tropic sea so beautiful that nature furnished no other blue so deep, so rich, so wonderful with which one can compare it. A tropic sky without one cloud as far as the eye can see, and in the west the fading tints of sunset dying in a soft blending of purple, gold, mauve, pink and palest green—a color that, as it slowly fades into the night, leaves on the soul a hush like the last notes of exquisite music—and through all, the warm, sweet breath of the tropics blown from lands of spice and laden with the perfume of strange, rare fruits and flowers.

"Over this tranquil sea were sailing three ships, bound for a shore to which it may be no ship had ever sailed; certain it is, no such ships had ever till then been seen in these waters, for they came from many thousand miles away, and they carried the first links of the great chain that was henceforth to bind the old world to the new. The largest and the chief of these vessels was called the Santa Maria, and on its deck now stood the man whom Queen Isabella of Spain had named 'Our Admiral of the Seas, Don Christopher Columbus.' His was a form and face to attract attention anywhere and to compel admiration even from envy and detraction. He was taller by several inches than any other man on board, well formed and muscular, and he possessed the elevated and dignified bearing that bespeaks a conscience at peace with itself, a heart devoted to the world's good and a mind full of noble, lofty, unselfish thoughts. His face was long, somewhat thin, and marked with certain lines peculiar to discoverers and inventors. His complexion was fair and inclined to ruddiness, and his skin of the extreme delicacy that becomes freckled on exposure to the sun. His cheek-bones were high and his nose of a fine, but pronounced aquiline. His eyes were a clear, pale gray that deepened almost to black under the stress of feeling. When excited they glowed as if lit by inward fire, but in repose they were softly yet lustrously luminous. The whole countenance denoted the temperament which belongs to genius; nervous, sensitive, thoughtful and highly imaginative. Even at the early age of thirty the hair of Columbus had turned gray; but now it was snow-white, and reaching almost to his shoulders, it gave him an air of extreme benevolence as well as of patriarchal authority. His dress was simple but rich, and his manners, engaging and affable, were the outward expression of that only true breeding, gentleness and Christian charity.

"Of the other two vessels of the fleet, one was called the Pinta, and the other the Nina. They were mere barks—called caravals, open, but built high at the prow and stern, with forecastles and cabins for the accommodation of the crew, the Santa Maria being the only one of the three provided with a full deck. The Pinta was commanded by Martin Alonzo Pinzon; and the Nina was in command of another of the name, Vicente Yanez Pinzon. The crews of these ships, though numbering some few good and honest sailors, were mostly worthless men who had been pressed into this service by any means that could be found. From the first they had been dissatisfied. Superstitious, as are all seamen, they regarded every mischance, however slight, as an omen of disaster, and when, finally, after leaving the Canary Island, they had lost in the deepening distance the last faint, gray, cloud-like trace of land, it seemed to their doubting and fearing hearts that they had "literally taken leave of the world."

"In vain their brave commander sought to inspire them with some reflection of his own intrepid spirit. Tears and loud lamentations were their only response. From his fertile imagination Columbus described in glowing words the glorious countries to which he would lead them; and so vivid was the picture he painted to their fancy and so real to his own believing soul, that, at happy moments, they saw the future even as he showed it to them. But too soon their brief hopefulness gave place to fresh fears, and the slightest change of the fair and favoring breezes that wafted them onward was sufficient to plunge them once more into despair. The voyage had already occupied ten weeks, and to the impatient and almost mutinous sailors it seemed interminable. They were not victualed for such a voyage. And what would become of them if food should fail? Even the beauty of the ocean alarmed them, for they declared that everything in these waters was so strange and unusual that its very tranquillity boded evil.

"Against these childish fancies Columbus argued with patience, but his listeners now scarcely heard his words. Their selfish terrors varied and multiplied their imaginary dangers faster than he could think of arguments to reason them away.

"The situation of Columbus was now indeed approaching desperation; but with the heroism of a great mind, his spirit constantly rose to meet each new trial to which it was subjected. He was aware of the mutinous condition of his crew; he even knew that they had determined to throw him overboard and turn the vessel homeward unless they saw land within a certain number of days. But in the face of all trials, confronted with a danger that not only menaced his life but threatened to destroy the great object of his existence, this extraordinary man maintained a serene and steady countenance, soothing the more tractable of his men with gentle and hopeful words, offering to the ambitious the stimulus of future wealth and power and threatening the most refractory with signal punishment should their murmurs ever take the form of open acts of insubordination.

"Among the worst and most insidious of these malcontents was a Spaniard named Pedro Raphael Mendoza, a man of strange and curiously mixed nature, possessed of sufficient good qualities to make him more difficult to deal with than if he had been wholly evil and with just enough cleverness to make him dangerous. Mendoza occasionally boasted that some of the blinest blood in Spain flowed in his veins, and he bore on his left temple, as an heirloom, the family mark of a certain branch of the Mendoza family. This mark was a mole, small, heart-shaped and as perfect in form as if it had been traced by the pencil of an artist, and as black as ink."

"What is that?" exclaimed Clarence. "Pardon me, fair cousin! Will you read those words again?"

Dolores gravely repeated the description of the birthmark, and then she resumed her reading of the "Legend:"

"Mendoza was a handsome man, tall for a Spaniard, being almost the height of the admiral, and of a figure whose grace and symmetry had captured many a female heart. His complexion was pale olive, his eyes large, lustrous and of midnight darkness, and his glossy hair as black as the Mendoza birthmark, which it always carefully concealed except when accidentally pushed aside. He had been the most unwilling man in the crew of the Santa Maria on that memorable Friday, August 3, 1492, when she sailed out of Saltes. Though he had joined the expedition of his own free will, he chose now to consider that he had come aboard on compulsion. The ruling passion of his nature, to which in all times and seasons he continued faithful, was avarice. Gold was the god that this man worshiped, and it was while his fancy was captured by the glowing descriptions of riches to be gathered in this voyage that he had determined to join this expedition in search of a new world—a world in the far west, where he might in reality pluck apples of pure gold, no longer fabled.

"Next to gold Mendoza loved the young wife and the pretty child whom he had left in Spain. But he had parted easily from Juanita while his thoughts were filled with the wealth he was to seize, and he had laughingly kissed her, desiring her to weep no, however, till her tears should swell the ocean, as he meant to bring back a pearl for every tear. Unable to reach his soul with her own sorrow, poor Juanita raised the little sleeping Raphael and laid his warm, clowning face against his father's. The child woke at the touch and, coming into smiling with delight, clasped his little arms about Mendoza's neck.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Household Matters

An Artistic Sofa.

A small sofa called a "dormeuse," that has a high arm and back at one end which extends only half the length of the seat and then ceases altogether, is considered a very artistic and swagger parlor furniture these days.

Window Curtain Fastenings.

Ribbons to fasten back window curtains are quite passe. A simple cord and tassel is preferable where it is desired to fasten the curtain back. The latest style, however, is to have the curtains hang straight, just reaching the sill.

The Modish Chiffonier.

The commonplace chiffonier of the hour is an exact reproduction of those of our ancestors in mahogany. The old-time lines are most carefully followed and the reproduction is perfect, even to the glass knobs. Sideboards, too, these days are long, medium height affairs in sections or compartments and usually one is most comfortably without a mirror.

The Dining Table.

Whether a pedestal or five-leg fashion for a dining table should depend upon the size of the dining room. The solid, massive effect of the former is much more suitable in a large room while a five-legged table will not look out of position in a small room as would the heavy one. A round dining table is far and away better style at the present time.

Removing Stains From Marble.

The following treatment will remove many kinds of stains from marble: Dissolve half a pint of sal soda in a pint of boiling water, stir into this half a pint of quicklime and enough whiting or fuller's earth to make a paste like thick cream. Spread this on the marble and let it remain two days or longer. Scrape off and wash clean. Repeat process if not effective first time.

The Homemade Screen.

Now that silkolines, cretons and other fabrics are made in every kind of design, including birds, Kate Greenaway children and oriental colorings, homemade screens may be constructed at slight expense to harmonize with the furnishings of any room. Ready made frames can be obtained at the department stores, and should be covered with a foundation of buckram or canvas. Over this is fastened the decorative fabric. For nurseries, highly colored flowers and birds are interesting to children. For libraries, screens covered with mats of Chinese grass cloth, and solid colors are considered the most appropriate.

An Error in House Furnishing.

An error which the inexperienced housefurnisher often makes is to put two rods of different hues in rooms that touch into each other. A hall, perhaps, will have green rods on the walls, and there will be red in the dining room to which it leads. This is wrong. Pick a neutral color on the hall, a tone of buff or mustard with a small broken figure in soft hues, that there may be no succession of strong contrast to the red in the adjoining room. If blue is to be used in the dining room, not too light a yellow may be put on the hall. It is these jarring arrangements in adjacent rooms that may destroy wholly an effect in either apartment that by itself or properly coordinated would be altogether charming.

Pure Cocoanut Candy For Children.

Take one pint of sugar, a quarter of a pint of desiccated cocoanut and a quarter of a pint of milk. Boil these ingredients in a granite ware or porcelain lined saucepan for five minutes. Remove from the fire, set the saucepan in a dish of cold water and stir briskly until the mixture is creamy. Pour on a lightly buttered dish and mark in squares while warm, so that it may be easily broken when cold. Cocoanut cakes are very easily made and would be a variety. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add gradually a small cupful of sugar, the same quantity of cocoanut, either desiccated or freshly grated, and one tablespoonful of flour. Drop on a buttered tin in small round cakes and bake for five minutes in a quick oven.—Ladies' Home Journal.

. . RECIPES . .

Cocoanut Fritters—One cupful of grated cocoanut, one cupful of flour, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, one scant teaspoonful of baking powder, one egg, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one teaspoonful of vanilla and sufficient milk to make a thick batter. This is dropped by spoonfuls into smoking hot fat and cooked golden brown. After draining the fritters may be rolled in powdered sugar.

Canned Oysters—Drain the oysters in a colander, and when well freed from juice put them in a smoking hot frying pan, turn in a moment, so as to cook on both sides. As soon as they begin to pull up, which will be almost immediately, turn them into a hot jar, which should be standing over a kettle of boiling water with some melted butter, salt and pepper already in it. Serve immediately. Canned oysters may be prepared in this way and have much more the flavor of those served in the shell.

The Greek island of Zante has oil fields which were known to Herodotus.

FIVE HOURS WITHOUT WINKING.

Wax Model Man Who Can Accomplish This Feat.

In these days when every manner of livelihood is successful a man who is the creator and only expert follower of a profession new enough to be interesting. Such a man is F. Howard Hill, wax model man, who has caused wondering adoration and not a few whispers by posing in the window of a music store as an automatic piano player, and in a fashion more in keeping with fact than is usual with the place occupied. "When I was fourteen, which was twelve years ago," he said, "I began to pose for artists. I took lessons in Europe and England. I made an exceedingly good model, because I was able to stand perfectly still for so long a time. As prices, taking it all in all, were good, I could get work enough to keep me busy. For good models were rare and in great demand. I was aware from home and was soon doing well in London. One day a friend or to the studio where I was posing said: 'If it were not for your breathing no one could tell that you were alive.' That put the idea into my head, and I began to practice holding my eyelids motionless. Winking you know, is a natural involuntary act. A ray strikes eyes from the lookyand closed, and by the passing of the eyelid over the eyeball is winking, this drop is spread in a thin film over the ball, and protects it from the dust and the dry air of the air. When the lookyand closed lids to keep the dry eyeball hopeless so painful that water has to be dropped in the eyes.

"It was difficult to accomplish, but I finally succeeded, and can now stand for five hours without winking. The first quarter of an hour is hardest to endure. The greatest difficulty is to keep the throat quiet. I have absolute control of each muscle of the body separately, and what would be impossible to you has become through training perfectly natural and easy to me.

"Most of my practice by the way, was done in this country. I came over here and perfected my work, and then went back and gave exhibitions in Europe and England. I know of I could come back here as a European attraction I could demand better prices. This I found to be true, and I now make an easy and more comfortable living, and have many more offers than I can fill. I am perfecting a new performance along the same line. It is safe to say that it will be a sensation greater astonishment than the one I am doing now."—Chicago Tribune.

Purifying Milk by Pressure.

After aerated milk, sterilized milk, pasteurized milk, buttered milk and malted milk there is now to be added a new kind of scientific hygienic milk.

This is compressed milk. By a new process the microbes that abound in cow's milk are supposed to destroy at least a part of them are, for instance, about 500,000 germs in every cubic inch of unmilked cow's milk.

To investigate the effect of pressure on bacteria an apparatus has been devised which is remarkable. It has produced what is probably the greatest hydrostatic pressure ever reached—40,000 pounds per square inch.

The particular object of these experiments was to determine whether the bacteria in milk might not be killed by hydrostatic pressure so that it would keep a longer time without going sour.

Moderate pressures were first used, but appeared to have no effect. The pressures were then increased and valuable results were obtained.

Milk subjected to pressures of seventy to 100 tons kept from twenty-four to sixty hours longer without going sour than milk which had not been subjected to compression.

The degree to which the keeping qualities of milk were improved appeared to depend as much on the time for which the pressure was maintained as upon the actual pressure reached.

Pressures of ninety tons per square inch maintained for an hour preserved milk from going sour for twenty-four to six days.

Complete sterilization of the milk, however, was in no case effected, even at the highest pressure, and the milk in many cases acquired a peculiar taste and odors on keeping, indicating that certain species of bacteria were killed while others were not.—London Express.

Paper Chases in Venice.

Singularly enough there is no sailing club in Venice, the city of waters, and the people have never taken an interest in yachting. There are no sailing boats on the lagoon except those used for commercial purposes. Perhaps the gondolas have enough of the water without using it for sports sake. It may seem too much like business. There is a small boat club for rowing, but its members are chiefly Englishmen and Americans. They have several single and two-four-oared shells, and sometimes have races among themselves, but the public do not give them much encouragement.

There are two rowing clubs, however, in a city without a horse or a carriage in a wheeled vehicle or anywhere which you will admit is quite an unusual place. The papers that morning announce a paper chase to be given by one of the clubs next Sunday. The President of the Club di Equitazione has the honor to announce "il prima corsa hippica simile stagione" at 12 o'clock, and says that a special train will leave at 10.30 for Mestre, the nearest point on the mainland, where it will take place. Venetian sports keep many horses over there, and when they want to ride they are compelled to make a railway journey of twenty minutes, where they have a riding school. There is another club composed of officers of the army on the L'Isola San Giorgio. At that place, where nearly forty horses are kept.—Chicago Record-Herald.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

Unbarrassment.

"Mamma," he said, then she dropped [illegible]

And glanced with her eyes on the car [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Judge.

Wanted a Fair Understanding.

He—"Do you like solitaire?"

She—"Is that a proposition referring to cards or rings?"—Yonkers Statesman.

On the Ties.

Willie—"Pa, is money a trade or a profession?"

Pa—"Sometimes it seems it's a profession for actually it's work in life."—Boston Transcript and Times.

Not Very Encouraging.

Cissy—"Flora told me last night I resembled Joan of Napoleon. What do you suppose she meant?"

Jack—"That you are a dead ringer, probably."—Chicago Record-Gazette.

A Slap at Tradition.

Dorothy—"What did you and your mother-in-law fall out about, Kitty?"

Kitty—"Oh, she never liked me after she heard me say that no husband of mine should wear home-made shirts."—Detroit Free Press.

A Temperance Lesson.

"Thirsty children is an example of what the cheese habit will bring you to."—New York Weekly.

Sincerity.

Clerk—"I would like to get off early, sir, as my wife wants me to do some odd jobs around the house while it is light enough."

Manager—"Can's possibly do it."

Clerk—"Good gracious! You are very kind."—Puck.

A Long-Felt Want.

Wiggins—"Business has just patented an invention that is destined to make a fortune."

Pastern—"Say! What is it?"

Wiggins—"An ink bottle that sounds an alarm at the approach of a horrible brash."—Chicago News.

Automobiling Revealed.

Mr. Perfume—"I thought when you told me this automobile you wanted to sell it to be a first-class horseless—"

Dealer—"Go!"

Mr. Perfume—"Well, the only thing I have seen any tendency to resemble one was the south pole."—Puck.

The Proper Caper.

Van Jay—"The bridegroom was late in the church at the church."

Jerkins—"But what did the church do when the bridegroom did not put in an appearance?"

Van Jay—"She left the church without any ceremony."—Town and Country.

Too Much For Him.

Miss Antique—"What's the matter, Mr. Farmer? You look troubled."

Farmer—"Yes, I really am. This book says that insanity and grains are the same thing."

Miss A.—"Why, I should think you would find that rather startling."—Town and Country.

Philosophic.

"You seem very cheerful in the face of defeat," said one citizen of a South American republic.

"Oh, yes," replied the other. "The opposing party is sure to be deposed sooner or later, and my turn is sure to come. So I am enjoying myself on the theory that anticipation is better than realization."—Washington Star.

Not Totally That Way.

A very small girl out on the East Side was given her first plate of raw oysters at supper the other night. She swallowed one and then pushed the plate away from her with an expression of disgust.

"What's the matter, Katy?" asked her mother. "Don't you like raw oysters?"

"No, me don't," answered Katy with a grimace. "Him was too fresh."—Memphis Scimitar.

For the Common Welfare.

The amiable gentleman slipped on a banana peel, promptly and completely.

A large number of people laughed.

"See all those people laughing?" said the sympathetic friend.

"Yes," said the amiable gentleman, with a smile, "they seem to be enjoying themselves hugely."

"Doesn't their laughing make you angry?"

"Not at all. It doesn't hurt me in the slightest, either morally, physically or financially. And I rejoice in the fact that the average of human happiness has been elevated just that much."—Chicago Record-Herald.

WHERE RICH MEN ARE RARE.

Japan Has Few Millionaires Now, But There Will Be More.

"Japan shipping has made a curious revelation of the rich men of Japan." The object of the investigations was to ascertain how many persons there are in the Empire possessed of a fortune of Sixteen yen which is equal to $250,000, says Japan and America. "The total number of these quasi millionaires is 141. One-third of the number reside in Tokio, and the seven evidently are found of seeing in the capital and the flourishing seaports of Osaka, Kobe and Yokohama. The result shows that there are only 141 men in the United States to one rich man in Japan, even when allowance is made for a small and in the United States and $250,000 as the dividing line. The proportion is not so much against Japan as it at first appears. The rich men in the United Kingdom, even the landed aristocracy, have their income fluctuate more than have their income fluctuate. They have not yet attained to the ownership of money, nor are it so common in this country, and there are the chances of fortune is more stable.

Again, it is contended that 81 in Japan is equal in the income to will purchase of comfort and luxury, to $100 in the United States. With the exception of the Japanese statistics are really much larger than they seem. The use of business and industrial discoveries has increased and fortunes are made more rapidly now than they were a few years ago. This is shown by the numerous guests in the Japanese shipbuilding industry, and in the accumulation for years of many fortunes in Tokio and Yokohama. It is conceivable that another decade may see Tokio the great financial metropolis of the East, as London is of Europe and New York is of the American continent. Japan's day has just dawned, and it is able to concentrate the resources of her accumulations of wealth with the results of its presence in the country and in Europe.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A radical is a man with a mind.

Give more about less victory.

Ideals are more potent than prizes.

A white lie does not come from a black heart.

Blessed is the man who expectations do not suffer.

Reverence what is above you, for deeper than what is beneath.

Remember to journey with those than at home with them.

Organization gives a crown where fortune has denied it.

The discovering mind of man is at last only a welcome servant.

Sometimes a man finds that the pull he expected to get carries him in the neck.

Many of the things in the shadow of divine legend are not very small yet very big.

Opportunity is time's ally. If one has the moral courage to struggle against it he has a hard contest to win.

Pleasure is profiting by anything that pleases and gratifying the senses, but joy is a state from the business depths of the spirit.

Pending success could receive no more substantial demands. Every morning's sunrise should draw with it every morning's labor. Every evening's repose should do so every evening's gratitude. Every day should be a thanksgiving and one well lived should be life's reward.—Rabbi Hirsch.

An Enemy to Rodents.

The use of moths made in the City Hall has practically been abolished since the recent decision that one of the prominent clerks of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia is, to all intents and purposes, a human ferret. This talented young man is an adept at rooting the carefully concealed of scandalous rodents, and his process of extermination is a novel one. Although he has been with the suburbs he seems to be as much at home with what he calls "the dirty linen" of the Capital as he is in the office. Quietly covering the floors he seldom fails to locate several mice at play. Secure a heavy book which is kept for the purpose, the enterprising clerk deftly loses it. The result is always very disastrous to the little fellows on the floor.

The admiring friends of the death-dealing clerk declare that he has become so proficient in the art of book throwing that he can reanimate the effected mice to the extent of merely stunning the mice or killing them outright at his very will.—Washington Star.

No Teaching About Her "Stamick."

The disadvantages the social worker has to overcome in addressing scientific knowledge among the less enlightened are well illustrated in an incident which recently happened in one of the east side settlements. After much difficulty and considerable exhortation, a class in physiology had been started. The parents of the children who attended the settlement classes regarded the new class with considerable suspicion and doubt. But for some time, by skillful avoidance of dangerous ground the class work was carried on successfully. At last the functions of the stomach were considered.

The day after the first lesson on the stomach one of the little girls brought a letter to the teacher. This letter, which bore the marks of labored and strenuous composition, was as follows:

"Dear Teacher: Please don't teach Lizzie any more about the stomick, of any stomick is not necessary besides its ruler."—New York Tribune.