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She—What makes you think I would say "yes" if you proposed to me? He—Because I know you always like to be on the side of the winner.—Yonkers Statesman.

Old maids would be scarce and hard to find,
Could they be made to see,
How grace and beauty is combined
By using Rocky Mountain Tea.
—E. T. Whitehead & Co.

EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

OBSERVATIONS OF PASSING EVENTS.

EDITORS of local papers generally say a good many things about town and city government. Recently we have noted some pretty spicy things that editors have had to say about municipal government and the slackness with which it is administered. But the general rule seems to be that when an editor suggests that certain things are going wrong and ought to be looked after, the policemen or commissioners or mayor say, "Present your man or your greivance and we will attend to it. "Bless your life, people in authority in the towns, it is your business to find the men and the greivance too.

Are All Alike?

† † † †

CHAIRMAN FOLK of the Anti-Saloon League of Tennessee, and brother Governor Joseph W. Folk of Missouri, makes the following observations concerning the difference between a saloon and a dispensary: "Really it is a question if the dispensary is not even worse than the open saloon, for several reasons. 1. It makes the good people of the community partners in the crime of liquor selling. 2. On account of the money which the dispensary pays to the community, it is harder to get rid of than the saloon. 3. There is an air of respectability about the dispensary which is not about the saloon. We do not believe in Christian people compromising with the devil by taking the liquor traffic out of his hands into theirs."

Dispensary vs Saloon

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THERE is now talk of cotton selling this season for 8 cents, but it is hard to believe that the majority of the farmers would take that for their cotton. Now and then there is a farmer, as in other vocations, who has to take what he can get and make the best of it; but we do not believe that if the price of cotton should drop to 8 cents half the crop made in the South would be put on the market at that price. Farmers now are able to sell or not sell, as a rule, and speculators will not be able to force much cotton on the market at 8 cents. We do not believe that the price will go that low, and if it should whoever sells at the price this year will sell at a great loss for it will cost much more than that to make and save the crop. Such a price can not be considered at all.

Not 8 Cents Cotton

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THE whole of Cuba seems to be in confusion, the insurrection having become very serious. The Cubans seem unable to content themselves with self-government, some being dissatisfied because they cannot hold the office they wish. One of the leaders of the insurrection, Banderas, was killed a few days ago, but even his death will hardly quell the trouble. Things have proceeded too far. And the situation is an interesting one to the United States. Suppose we should be called upon by the Cuban government to quell the insurrection, and we should do it, who can guess how long it would be before Cuba would be in a state of ferment and unrest again? And what need has this country for Cuba as an annexed possession? It would take a soldier from this country to stand by every Cuban to make him behave himself.

The Cuban Insurrection

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MOST things that are brought to pass worth the notice are the result of plans and not the happy chance of good luck. A well known historian says of Napoleon Boneparte that he generally planned things months ahead, and doubtless he took a glance at things a year or more ahead sometimes. In all his great success he was only reaping the reward of labors and activities engaged in according to well laid plans weeks and months ahead. And what crowned Napoleon with success will do the same for men of less ability and weaker ambition if they will only lay plans carefully and execute them well. There is no chance in this world. Things are brought to pass according to the enexorable laws of cause and effect; and whoever trusts for results on any other basis will in the end find that he is trusting in what no man has ever yet realized.

Working by Plans

† † † †

CAPT. JAS. D. MCNEILL, of Fayetteville, head of the fire service of the State, in a letter to the Charlotte Observer suggests that a free use of water by fire companies would disperse a mob more quickly than bayonets and bullets. He says that a stream of water vigorously applied to a gathering mob has never yet been known to fail to scatter the crowd. Speaking of the particular case at Salisbury, which has been the subject of so much comment and the consuming of so much newspaper space, Capt. McNeill says: "Had the writer been in Salisbury the night of the recent trouble, with the permission of Mayor Boyden, by virtue of my official position as the executive head of the organized fire service in the State, I would have assumed command of the Salisbury fire department and quickly attaching two fire streams from each of the three fire hydrants contiguous to the jail, with the six streams would have so quickly scattered that crowd as to only have left the few vindictive sports among them so cooled down and drenched that convict Hall and his personal followers, including the 'gentleman with that Panama hat,' would have been an easy mark for Chief Miller and his police and Sheriff Julian and his deputies."

Water Cure for Mobs

AMERICAN DRUMMERS

ARE AT FAULT WHEN THEY GO TO SCOTLAND.

Seem for Some Reason to Make a Bad Impression Among the Scottish People—Some Instances.

Unite States Consul Fleming, at Edinburgh, explains the reasons for the numerous failures of foreign commercial travelers to effect satisfactory trade results in Scotland. He thinks it is due to unwarranted carelessness in ignoring certain fundamental rules that obtain with Scottish merchants.

"It has been my observation," he writes, "that the average commercial traveler on his first trip to Scotland makes a bad start. It is within bounds to say that six out of every ten American sales agents who have come to this country have not sold enough goods in three months to cover the amount of their expenses for that period. The principal cause for their failure is the false assumption that quality of goods and fairness of prices and of general terms are sure to bring success. After a time—in some instances a long time—they discover that the foremost requirement is the exercise of prudent caution in taking the initial step toward getting in touch with business concerns.

"In large as well as small Scottish firms and joint stock companies the management, as a rule, is in the hands of one person. As to companies (including co-operative and all other societies engaged in business) division of authority is even less frequently seen here than in the United States. Each has a single head, and subordinates have nothing to do with the affairs of the company except to obey the instructions of their chief.

"Take the case of a department store. The so-called head of a department is merely the principal salesman in that branch of the business. He does not purchase for the firm or company, nor is he authorized to act or speak for the firm or company in matters outside of his duty as principal salesman. These facts are supposed by the heads of concerns to be universally known in trade circles, and if a commercial traveler calls on the head of a department or invites him by letter to see goods in a hotel sample room, instead of going directly to the general manager, upon his subsequent introduction to the latter he finds himself handicapped by his mistake—a mistake which he may regard as trivial, but which may create a prejudice against him that will be hard to overcome.

"In the Scottish business world customs, which are unwritten laws, differ from those of America, and of some other countries, and it is highly important that a sales agent take care to learn the difference. If he does not he might better stay at home. Experienced traveling salesmen, American, German, French and Russian, give close attention to the personal element in business. A few instances have come under my notice. A German commercial traveler in the hardware trade when he first visited Edinburgh devoted several days to work of gaining an accurate knowledge of the men having charge of the concerns on the list which he brought with him. A Russian sales agent in the fur trade once informed me that he spent almost as much time in acquainting himself with the personnel of firms in the cities and towns of Scotland as in afterward placing his goods before the authorized buyers for the various houses.

"An American representative of a well-known machine manufacturing firm said that his capital mistake was in muddling his business from the start by not taking time to obtain full information as to the names, positions and characteristics of the managers of firms and corporations. Three or four months' experience gave him useful lessons, and after that he was remarkably successful.

"To call for the 'manager' of the company is a mistake. It is a mistake also to enter the business house of 'Jones, Smith & Co.' and ask for 'Mr. Jones' or 'Mr. Smith.' They may have been dead for 50 years, and nobody of their names connected with the firm since."

To lay one's business before a subordinate is in most cases a grievous mistake. Mr. Fleming says that it is his observation that sales agents who do not congorm tactfully to custom will find their stay in Scotland expensive rather than profitable to their employers.

Sultan's Gold Teeth.

The young sultan of Johore possesses one great peculiarity. Many years ago an accident with a horse resulted in nearly the whole of his teeth being knocked out. These have been replaced by teeth of solid gold, in each of which a large diamond has been inserted; and, as they come uncovered, even in the act of smiling, the effect is a most weird one to beholders—more especially when the sun catches the stones and makes them flash like fire.

All Used Up.

"I would like," he said, "to do something to cement our friendship."

"I'm afraid," she replied, "that you never can. You're so stuck on yourself that I don't see where any more cement is to come from."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A man can have a very peaceful home by not trying to run it.

ODD THINGS AT GROCER'S

Some of the Questions Women Customers Ask About Various Things.

"Those are the biggest oranges I have ever seen, absolutely," said a woman in front of a basket of grape fruit, according to the Kansas City Star.

"What is the price of those oranges?"

"They are 25 cents apiece," said the clerk. "But they are grape fruit, madam."

"Oh," said the customer, as she went to the other side of the store.

"What is the price of these tomatoes?"

"They are two for a quarter," said the clerk. "They are not tomatoes, they are Japanese persimmons."

"Oh, persimmons! What large ones. Do they 'pucker' your mouth when you eat them, like the ordinary persimmon?"

"No; you will find them very sweet and a delicious fruit."

"I guess that is all, thanks," as she turned and left the store. In came another woman, apparently confident of what she wants to buy.

"I want a couple of heads of dwarf cabbage, please."

"Dwarf cabbage? I don't believe I know what you mean," said this clerk.

"Don't you know? Very small cabbage. I want it for soups."

"I guess you mean brussels sprouts, don't you? They're used for soups and look very much like a miniature cabbage." He shows them to her, and they are just what she wants. They are a very small vegetable about the size of an English walnut. She took more than two, however, as they are 40 cents a quart.

"I want a leek," says a woman. "What is the price?"

"Leeks sell three for a dime."

"What are they used for? I never did know. I wanted to see them more than anything else, and I'm so glad I called for the right thing."

"They are used for soup."

"I don't guess I care for any to-day," and she leaves.

"Customers seeing leek," said a clerk, "ask quite a few questions about it. Some call it rhubarb." It is a vegetable that grows very much like an onion. It is green and looks something like rhubarb, but it does not have the foliage. The kumquat, a Japanese orange, is a specialty among the fruits. It was grafted from Japan seven years ago and is grown in the tropical sections of this country. Those grown in Florida are a small, round fruit about the size of a black walnut. The ones grown in California are plum-shaped. Many people ask what they are. "One day a woman came in here and started to peel one as she would an orange," said a clerk. "She had difficulty, and when I told her to eat them as they are, without peeling, she asked me if I thought she didn't know anything."

High Old Sleeping Place.

After two years' dangerous work, a bedroom has been built on the summit of Mount Blanc. It is attached to the Janssen observatory, and is meant for Alpinists who have been overtaken by a storm on the summit or lost their way in the snows. A large camp bed occupies all the floor of the room, and can hold 22 persons. The bedroom, which is the highest in the world, is also the most expensive, as every stick and stone had to be carried up by porters from Chamonix. During its erection it was demolished twice and filled with snow nine times.

Postponing the Day.

Widow (with marriageable girls)—Julia has a most lovely voice, major—so powerful, you know; but for ringing, silvery tone, give me my second daughter's. Would you like to hear her sing "Some Day?"

Major (awfully bored)—Certainly! Delighted, I'm sure! Let's say some day next month; that is—er—unless I'm unexpectedly ordered away anywhere.—Stray Stories.

Odd London Club.

The "Silence club's" membership is limited to ten, all of whom are season ticket-holders on a London suburban railway, and the subscription is sixpence weekly. It was established solely to enable the members to read the paper on the way to town. The revenue derived from subscriptions is handed to the guard every Saturday morning, and he reserves a carriage for the members.

Too Well-Known.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"Does a bank loan money?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Well, the bank will only loan the money if it knows the man, I suppose?"

"It is often the case, my son, that that is the time it won't loan him the money."—Yonkers Statesman.

Cause and Effect.

Bill—I called a doctor a liar, yesterday.

Jill—And then they had to call another doctor, I suppose?—Yonkers Statesman.

A woman's idea of a perfect gentleman is one who agrees with her.

BERLIN IS MACHINE MADE.

English Writer Calls It Stiff, Rigid, Rectilinear and Only a Village.

Was Berlin made last year—or the year before? It is impossible to say from looking at it. Some of the trees in the streets look at least ten years old, but they must have been planted long before the city was thought of—the houses and the streets and the lamp-posts and the statues are all much too neat and new to have endured the rains of more than one winter. It is all, in fact, quite too new to be comfortable. One feels afraid to sleep in any of the houses lest rheumatism should be lying in wait in rooms where the plaster has not had time to harden.

I drove from the station in a "droshki" with a monstrously old horse. Time had bent his forelegs into a very good imitation of a switchback railway—and as we plodded solemnly along the brand-new asphalt roadway, with the brand-new houses on either side and an occasional brand-new electric car, with a brand-new driver in a brand-new uniform, I found myself wondering what that old horse must think of it all. One day he may have been grazing in an open field—and when he passed that way a week or so later he found a new broad boulevard, with hotels and shops and churches and great blocks of flats, all sprung up like mushrooms.

Berlin, then, is a great deal too perfect to be satisfactory. It is the machine-made, not the hand-made article—it was very decidedly made, not born. There is no spontaneity in it, no life; compared to, say, London; it is like a beautiful marble statue to a living woman.

Berlin is, in fact, an awful object lesson to emperors and others who try to make a capital city out of a respectable village. It is easy to put up imposing buildings—if you have the money—and to cut out broad tree-lined roads and have everything neat and nice and fine—but you only make your village bigger and finer without making it any the more a capital city. There is no getting away from the feeling that Berlin is a village—a big village—a beautiful, rectilinear, new-out-of-the-bandbox village, but a village, all the same.

POWER FROM NIAGARA.

Sixty Per Cent. of Gross Energy Available for Electric Current.

Always room for one more power plant at Niagara. The latest looks to the lower Niagara river, which falls 80 feet in a length of two and a half miles, with the whirlpool nearly at the center of this length. This is about half the descent of the great cataract above and is made by the entire volume of water that passes over both the American and Horseshoe falls. Alton D. Adams calculates that the unused power of these rapids just above and below the whirlpool could develop half as much power as could be developed by diverting the entire flow of Niagara river at the falls. If the American falls are to be saved further concessions must be limited to the gorge and lower rapids. His idea is to build pipe lines between the upper and lower points on the rapids. Niagara river has a normal discharge of 222,000 cubic feet of water a second, and this water falling 80 feet develops 2,000,000 gross horsepower. Making due allowance for losses in the pipe line, water wheels, tailrace and generators, it may fairly be said that 60 per cent. of the gross energy could be delivered as electric current if the entire discharge of the river were utilized. This net power is twice as great as that of all the electric plants now completed and under construction at Niagara falls.

Ancient Skeletons.

An interesting archaeological discovery was recently made at Leagrave, near Luton, England, by the unearthing of two skeletons, estimated to be quite 2,000 years old. Beside the bones were also found a quantity of bronze ornaments. The skeletons are believed to be the remains of two females, dating back to the late Celtic times, since the mode of burial was typical of that period. Both bodies, says the Scientific American, were in a doubled-up position with head to the west. Some of the bones were in a remarkably good state of preservation, especially the skull and teeth, although much discolored by contact with the earth. The bodies were found 15 feet apart.

Boston Man's Bull.

Ex-President Soule, of the Massachusetts senate, is very fond of telling a story about a young Irish member of the senate from East Boston, who, during a debate in that body on the East Boston grade crossing question, took the floor and argued very energetically in favor of abolishing the crossing. The senator was more ready with his utterances than with a proper construction of sentences. In the height of his argument he exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. President, there are people now living in East Boston who have been killed over and over again on that crossing."

Reason Enough.

Tottie—I don't see why you are going to marry Jack. You're not in love with him.

Dottie—No, but another girl is.—Baltimore American.

Air Laden with Alcohol Vapor.

The wine cellars of Spain are filled with alcohol vapor, as much as half an ounce of absolute alcohol being found in six cubic feet of air.

WHERE YOUTH MADE ERROR

Probably Lesson Will Teach Him Not to Judge Hastily by Appearances.

The other day Secretary Shaw and Private Secretary Slatter were returning to Washington from Elkins, W. Va., where the former had delivered a speech. In the Pullman, opposite Mr. Shaw, sat a schoolboy going to his home in Texas from a Princeton preparatory school.

The chap gazed critically at Secretary Shaw's long coat and broad brimmed slouch hat and engaged him in conversation.

"From the west?" he began, leaning forward in a friendly way.

"Yes."

"Farmer?"

"Yes."

"Thought so."

A spirited conversation then began about crops, and the young fellow learned that the man with a bronzed face and slouch hat knew the difference between silo and filled cheese. He quizzed Shaw at a great rate. Finally, as the train pulled into the depot, Secretary Shaw took his turn at questioning.

"Where are you going?"

"To Texas."

"Ever been in Washington?"

"Yes."

"Ever visit the treasury department?"

"No."

"It's an interesting place. Next time you are in the city call there and ask for me."

"Why the man at the door know who you are?"

"Yes. Here's my card," and Mr. Shaw handed to the boy a small card with the words under his name, "Secretary of the Treasury."

"Gee!" said the surprised college boy, gazing after the retreating form of the genial secretary, "and I thought he was a farmer."

USE FOR OLD BILL FLAXHAM

Was of Value to His Fellow Townsmen on One Occasion at Least.

The train had stopped at a little town in Kansas.

The passenger in the check suit, who was sitting by a car window, opened a conversation with the native on the station platform.

"Seeing trains going through is about all the excitement you have here, isn't it?" he asked.

"No," said the native. "We got a gas well here. It ketched fire yisterday, and we had a dickens of a time puttin' it out."

"How did you manage it?"

"Well, sir, after we'd tried everything else we tuk old Bill Flaxham, soused him in the hoss trough, dumped him on the mouth of the well, and the fire went out all to wunst."

"Why couldn't you have used any other man just as well?"

"'Cause, sir, Bill Flaxham is the biggest sponge in the whole darned—"

But here the train moved off.