

Among the hard things in this world to understand are mules, women, gasoline engines, automobiles, and wireless telegraphy, says the Atchison Globe.

The king of Spain has been made a general in the British army. Now let Russia make him an admiral in the Russian navy. Russia needs a new admiral.

Julian Hawthorne says you should learn where your muscles are. That is a good idea—much better than learning where some other man's muscles are and how hard he can hit with them.

Wonders never cease. Four of the car's policemen were accused of a patriotic demonstration at Helsingfors, Finland, have been convicted and sentenced to prison.

Whitelaw Reid's salary as ambassador to England is \$27,500 smaller than his house rent in London, but being a newspaper man, he will not mind the trifling discrepancy, thinks the Atlanta Constitution.

J. Pierpont Morgan pays his household secretary \$10,000 a year. Possibly your hired girl would stay longer if you paid her a salary like that and called her your household secretary, suggests the Washington Post.

It has often been said that the iron industry is the business barometer—when that is prosperous all other branches will be prosperous too, states the Milwaukee Wisconsin. If this is true, the outlook in the United States is encouraging for everybody at the present time.

A British investigator has made the important discovery that there are two kinds of nerves, one set constructed for conveying sense of pain, the other for purposes of touching. Why hasn't this been a matter of common knowledge for many centuries, asks the Boston Transcript.

The announcement of certain judges in this city that hereafter they will impose much more serious penalties for automobile "scorching" is to be received with profound satisfaction by the law-abiding part of the community, avers the New York Tribune. It is high time that such an announcement was made.

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This country is producing iron from raw materials at the rate of twenty-two million tons a year, and some are curious as to where such an enormous product goes to. If that product were loaded on a train that train would be ten thousand miles long, or over three times the distance from New York City to San Francisco, Cal. Six hundred pounds per capita are produced each year in this country. This iron is consumed in this country, asserts the Birmingham (Ala.) Age-Herald. Next to pig iron is exported. We are great producers, and still greater consumers. We make nearly one-half the world's product, and stranger still, we have no pig iron to sell.

The infrequency with which Porto Rico figures in newspaper headlines nowadays is the best evidence of the prosperity and growing contentment of our West Indian dependency, declares the New York Tribune. Only a few years ago the American press was full of gloomy pictures of the island's industrial condition and gloomy prophecies of the future. Now the skeptics and the pessimists find their occupation gone. The development of the island's trade has been steady, and the old restlessness and discontent have given way to a feeling of confidence and satisfaction.

The large American cities, as a rule, are far behind the great European municipalities in making provision for public comfort and civic beauty, states the Philadelphia Ledger. Nearly \$2,000,000 has been expended for re-planting on the boulevards of Paris. The New England cities owe their attractiveness to the noble elms that grace the streets. The Providence Journal, in calling attention to the approach of Arbor day, says that Rhode Island has kept it loyally since 1887, and always with enthusiasm. A New England writer truthfully remarks that a village shaded by thoroughly grown elms can not but be handsome. "Its houses may be huts; its streets may be ribbed with rocks or channelled with rut; it may be as dirty as New York, and yet these vast, majestic laboratories of the air would redeem into beauty. Time it the only architect of such structures, and blessed are they for whom time was pleased to forsake."

Circumstantial Evidence

By LIEUT. MURRAY.

Frank Osgood and Harry Cummings were two young fellows who had been friends from earliest childhood, and schoolmates together up to the age of fourteen, in Bristol, England. Their fathers were merchants, and the families were very well off as regards this world's goods. The two young men, having secured a good common school education as was possible, both entered the counting rooms of their respective parents, and were still boon companions until they chanced to make the acquaintance of Miss Mary Marr, a girl in their own sphere of society, and about the same age as the young friends.

Still for some months after their introduction to Miss Marr, there was no unpleasantness between them, but by the simple acquaintance seemed to ripen into one of intimacy between the three, and all at once it flashed upon both Harry and Frank that they were both in love with Miss Marr, and as both could not marry her, a source of rivalry was inevitable.

Yet so well founded was their long and consistent friendship that there was no exhibition of feeling upon the subject between them, and to all outward appearances they were still the best of friends when together. But when absent from each other a spirit of antagonism very naturally suggested itself, until by degrees it did not fail to be manifest in public.

The young lady had not shown any preference between them, and if she had a choice she then far loved it quite alike, and regarded both with such unqualified good will and friendship, that the acute observer could detect no partiality.

Frank Osgood and Harry Cummings each imagined himself the favored one, and put just such interpretations upon her words and smiles as he pleased. Thus matters remained for a considerable time without having progressed to such a stage as would warrant either in seeking to formally make known his pretensions, or to ask of Miss Marr her own avowal of affection.

But in the meantime the slight change in the feelings of Harry and Frank toward each other grew to be something quite serious, and they mutually wondered how they could ever have been good friends in times past. They no longer spoke to each other, if they met they would turn their faces away without the least recognition, and this Damon and Pythias appeared as though they only looked the means of destroying each other.

One day Mrs. Marr and several other young men at the house of Miss Marr, were not long in drawing the very natural deduction that jealousy was at the bottom of this discord between the two long-attached friends. Of course, there was nothing which other parties could do in the premises, however much this state of affairs might be regretted.

Miss Marr was a very sweet and accomplished girl of eighteen, and no one wondered that the gentlemen found so much pleasure in her society. She saw how bitter a feeling she had been the cause of creating between Harry and Frank, and in her very delicate and sensitive nature, she deeply regretted it, and said to herself:

"When I come to learn how which of them I prefer, then the bitter hate which now exists between them will all be transferred to the heart of one."

This was very true. The bitterness between the former friends seemed to increase daily, until finally meeting by themselves, they deliberately proposed to each other to seek some quiet spot and to settle their pretensions to the hand of Miss Marr with pistols.

This was but a few years since, when resort to the duel in England was scarcely heard of, so no such agreement was their rivals that they agreed to this plan, selected the spot for the purpose, and made, very secretly the necessary arrangements. When, by some mistake all was discovered, they were brought before the local court and put under heavy bonds to respect the laws and to behave themselves properly. This ended the proposed duel, though they had been quite in earnest.

The families of Osgood and Cummings lived in outlying cottage houses in the suburbs of Bristol, and not far separated from each other, all the other members of these families being on the best of terms.

One morning the neighborhood became very much excited over the fact that Frank Osgood was missing. The window of his room was open, and very near the ground, by which means certain tracks indicated that he had left his father's house. He had taken nothing away with him except the clothes he usually wore, so far as could be discovered, and after a whole day's search for him the matter of his sudden disappearance began to look quite serious.

Beneath the window by which young Osgood was said to have made his escape during the night there were footprints in considerable numbers, and though there had been more than one person present at the time. While these tracks continued in the yard on the soft ground, they could be traced, and an impression had been carefully taken of them by the police.

to be brought up for trial. This was unfortunate in one respect. It gave those who believed in his guilt a fresh item of gossip, and they declared that his illness was assumed in order to stave off the conviction which would follow his trial.

At last, after a considerable delay the trial came on. The principle evidence relied upon by the prosecution was that which has already been mentioned, and through the ingenious manipulation of the district attorney, a very strong case, based upon circumstantial evidence, was clearly made out against Harry Cummings.

Now it was that all the womanly tenderness of Mary Marr, all the sincerity of her affection, and all her confidence in her lover, shone out in beautiful relief as compared to the severe orders through which he was called to pass. She was by his side in court, she visited him in prison, she ministered at his sick bed, and she loved Harry all the better because he was the victim of such misfortune.

The case had been nearly closed. It was the morning upon which Harry's counsel was to make his closing argument. The courtroom was crowded to suffocation. There was little doubt in the minds of the public that Harry Cummings would be brought in guilty. Some trifling matters, which we need not now refer to, had been brought to light which were thought to still further implicate the prisoner. The court was opened with more than usual solemnity.

The counsel for the defense rose and delivered a very strong argument against the weakness of circumstantial evidence. It was a philippic that commanded profound attention, and even the judges listened to it with earnestness and surprise. It was so well expressed, and so indisputable in its deductions, "And now, may I please the court and gentlemen of the jury in reply to all the evidence introduced against my client, in reply to the fallacy generally of circumstantial evidence, I shall give you but one proof."

He walked quietly to a side door, and opened it. Frank Osgood walked into the court, well and hearty, bowing low to the judge and jury.

The surprise of all can hardly be described. It was impossible for the officers to preserve a proper state of decorum under such exciting circumstances, and cheers arose in the room from the crowd, so genuine, so spontaneous, as to defy all attempt to control them, while some of the women fainted, partly from intensity of feeling, and partly from excitement, caused by the noise, which was for some moments perfect. Frank Osgood was very generally known to those present, and was, of course, instantly recognized.

Walking up to the prisoner, Harry Cummings, the long-missing man gave him his hand cordially, which greeted her with a look of applause, and it was not long before the crowd began to disperse, leaving among the spectators.

All eyes were explained. The night before his disappearance, Frank had made an avowal of his love of Mary Marr, and had been firmly and delicately refused. This so mortified and embittered him at first that he became almost crazed. He did not go to bed that night at all, but jumped out of the low window, wandering into the street in a daze. Finally coming to the shore, he saw a ship just letting go her moorings to drop down to sea with the morning tide. She was bound for South America.

Hardly knowing what he did, Frank went on board and sailed on her. Sea life soon restored him to his normal condition. Absence cured him also of his unrequited love, and he got over the matter of the missing man. It was before the cable had been laid, and so he brought the news of his own safety in person, arriving very morning when he appeared in court.

Frank Osgood and Harry Cummings became once more the best of friends, both with happy families about their domestic hearths.—New York Weekly.

Waste by Forest Fires.
The average destruction by forest fires in this country is estimated at \$25,000,000 or more annually. It is impossible to prevent all this waste.—In case respects the worst that fire can cause, because it takes years to replace it—just as it is impossible to establish conditions whereby all other forms of property shall be protected against loss.

Score for the Boxing Girl.
When a masher persistently annoyed Miss Jennie Meads of Germantown, the girl's friends wanted to thrash him. "No," said Miss Jennie, "give me boxing lessons." Two weeks later—it happened to be last Sunday—the masher tried again. In the presence of a congregation just dismissed he received:

- Item, one straight left on the jaw.
- Item, one short-arm "jolt" in the solar plexus.
- Item, one right swing on the other jaw.

These were not all the tricks Miss Jennie had learned. The masher did not wait to see the others. It is pleasant to record his disaster and to note the fresh field of usefulness open to self-defense is also a womanly art when it fits a girl for right dealing with a coward.—New York Herald.

Filled All the Requirements.
Prof. Hart of Harvard, "classmate of President Roosevelt, wanted to adopt a twin a few years ago, and inserted an "ad" in the Boston papers. He stipulated that they must be of American parentage, good and healthy, and not have a spot or a blemish of any description; the parents must be of good standing, and must surround all claim.

He was surprised at the number of replies he received. One day he was called to his front door by his maid to look at the twins in a baby carriage. They fulfilled all requirements, but were little colored babies.—Boston Herald.

A LOGGING ENGINE.

Peculiar Machine That Draws Trains From the Bonner Camp.

The operation of logging trails on the Big Blackfoot railroad has been resumed, after a shutdown which has lasted during severe weather, says a Missoula dispatch to the Anaconda Standard. This road, which was completed last year, is one of the most interesting short roads in the country. It runs from the hills through the Camas prairie country, a distance of 13 miles, and carries train-loads of logs to be dumped into the Blackfoot river for the Big Blackfoot Milling company's plant at Bonner. Since the enlargement of the Bonner plant it will be possible to keep the railroad running most of the year, and probabilities are its trains will continue to haul logs to the river all summer and fall at the rate of 30 car-loads per day.

The equipment of the railroad consists of two Shay engines and 50 logging cars. The engines are most interesting, as they are of a special make. They work by means of cog wheels, thus making it possible for them to haul over heavier grades than the ordinary type.

The grade at some places along the Blackfoot is about 4 percent, which is too great for an ordinary railroad engine. During the last two years the Big Blackfoot company has spent in the neighborhood of \$200,000 on its railroad and mill improvements, and the plant is now in a position to run 12 months in the year. This is a good news to those who depend upon the timbering industry in this end of the state, for, in addition to the men employed in the hills, there are in the neighborhood of 300 working in the factory and mill at Bonner.

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QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

More than two thousand skilled workmen have left the French silk factories of Roubaix and Turcoing within a year for the United States.

Thibet's 6,000,000 people have to support an army of 430,000 priests, who produce nothing but beautifully illuminated copies of the sacred writings. They hold all the public offices.

One of the show-bottles in a Derby (Cal.) drummer retains the same coloring matter that was placed in it in 1864. It is just as bright a blue as it was the day the bottle was closed.

The saltness have no fewer than 397 streets named in their honor in London. There are 106 Church streets, 50 Chapel streets, 66 King streets, 100 Queen streets, and nearly as many High streets.

The first Japanese newspaper was published in 1863, only forty-one years ago, and contained some news translated from the Dutch papers. Today Japan has over one thousand five hundred daily newspapers and periodicals.

The monks at the Hospital of St. Jean de Dies, at Ghent, have in their interior decorated the walls with gorgeous landscapes, glowing with color and full of life, formed entirely by means of the postage stamps of all the nations of the world.

A bell cast by the Boston patriot, Paul Revere, hangs in the bell tower of the Chapman street schoolhouse at Greenfield. There is another of his bells in the church at Sunderland. The third one was in the church at Northfield, which was burned several years ago.

The Belgians have long been accustomed to horse meat as food, but the late importations of the animals, mainly from England, have shown so many that were emaciated, weak and obviously unfit for food that the Belgian Council of Agriculture has recommended that such importations shall cease, or that broken-down horses, unfit for work, shall be culled as waste, in which case the high duty will keep them out.

There are two hundred carrier pigeons kept in every German fortress.

NEWEST OF BATTLESHIPS

SOME FEATURES OF ENGLAND'S FIGHTER TRIUMPH.

The Number of Rounds Fired from Each Gun Per Minute Gives an Average of Five Without Any Difficulty—Railway for Hauling the Guns Inboard When at Sea.

The great length of the Triumph, 136 feet between perpendiculars, is very observable as one approaches her when at anchor, and gives the impression of a somewhat low freeboard. Such, however, is not in reality characteristic of this war vessel. Her freeboard at the bow is 21 feet 6 inches, but as she has a rising sheer aft, the freeboard at the stern is 19 feet 6 inches, and the height of the center of the two 10-inch guns forward above the load waterline is 23 feet 6 inches, the corresponding center height aft being about two feet less.

The equipment of the Triumph is striking feature of the Triumph is the main deck open battery containing ten 7.5-inch guns. It is enclosed by 7-inch Krupp steel armor on the sides, diagonal bulkheads of 6-inch steel armor at the several gun positions, but there is no longitudinal web of this strength isolating the guns in the rear, which is to be regretted. The ammunition is brought up to each separate position by electric hoists, which can work with great rapidity and are an immense improvement on the old wharf hoisting gear.

The guns are lifted up to the overhead railway to be run in for hauling inboard, when the vessel is at sea, by a small hydraulic engine, this replacing the differential blocks and hand chain gear for the 6-inch guns of Admiralty vessels. The ammunition also has a hoist for carrying the projectiles into position, but, as a matter of practice, we understand that the blue-jackets prefer to lift the 200-pound shells by hand, two men lifting it, one at the point, another at the base. Telescopic sights are placed upon the left side of the guns, which give the most admirable results in firing practice. The range covered by them is from 12,000 to 14,000 yards, but the most effective range of the 7.5-inch gun is rather within those limits. It is needless to say that, with ten guns of so large a size and the mass of shells and all the fittings and gear of the closed battery, the space is rather crowded; but the tables fold up, so as to economize room, and the covers of the ammunition hoists are compact and well placed. The gun positions themselves have plenty of room, a number of rounds fired from a gun per minute gives an impression without any doubt of officers on board.

The accommodation on board the Triumph is excellent. Bathrooms, lavatories and a capital mess room are parts of the wardrobe officers' attributes and the gunroom is a perfect jewel. In the Chiffa navy many officers who are in the wardrobe in the navy of Great Britain belong to the gunroom mess.

While on board we were shown the spot where the Triumph was named by the heavy Trinity bar. It was beneath the counter, happily, however the 3-inch armor plate extending to the stern received the bar's steel stem as it dove inward and only the upper stroke of ordinary plating was crushed up. The 3-inch armor plate was cracked and a sea streamer was crushed up. The Triumph can keep up her twenty knots with comparative ease, and has done so—London Engineer.

The wife of Felix was a Jewess whom he had persuaded to leave her lawful husband. She, doubtless, was anxious to learn of this Jesus who had caused such a commotion among the people of her nation, and besides any have been the cause of the people's first invitation to the palace.

It is said that the greatest wonder on earth is man himself, and indeed, believe this to be true. Take, for instance, this man, Felix, and he is but the type of a numerous family. No man who walks the earth to-day who may not find a representative in some Bible character, and if you diligently study the different characters recorded in the sacred book you can easily prove the truth of this statement.

THE PULPIT.

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. ROBERT H. CARSON.

Subject: Paul the Preacher.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Sunday in Grace Presbyterian Church, the pastor, the Rev. Robert H. Carson, took for his subject, "Paul the Preacher." His text was Acts xv:25: "And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, Felix trembled, and judgment to come—topics that would have made him tremble? Most men think that Christianity is theology. No; Christianity is morality in the light of eternity. And that is not the best preaching which delights us with its close reasoning and high teaching and profound theology; that is the best preaching which makes us, if we are living in sin, turn uneasily in our seats and tremble as we listen to its truths. The law is our schoolmaster to bring us in Christ, and his end of preaching is not to make men theologians, the end of preaching is to build up character, and while some of us may be far enough on the road to our sermons on the deep things of God, I am not pessimistic when I say, preachers to the times who makes us restless by showing us the demands of God's eternal law and then points the way clear up to Calvary and to Him who said 'Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' These are eternal verities and they fit all times. All others change and pass away with the changing hours; social, political, eye, eye-logical notions have their days and cease to be, but the eternal need is forgiveness and the everlasting rest for the soul.

And so Paul reasoned of righteousness to a man living in sin, of temperance to a woman who lives to gratify every desire and wicked passion, and of judgment to come to us who never looked beyond the present world—the first steps, the first necessary steps to the pointing out of Him in whom alone is forgiveness and from whom alone we have the power to live so that at His coming in glorious majesty to judge the world we may not be put to shame.

And now, in the last place, we notice that this preaching was convincing. That is clear enough, for a man does not tremble without occasion. A man does not tremble in the presence of spiritual truth except his intellect has been reached and his conscience touched. Paul did his duty, but Felix shrank his and turned his back upon the Lord.

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Felix lived in sin. Paul knew his man, and he suited his sermon to his audience. I am not sure that that sermon would escape criticism in these days. I am of the opinion that many good souls would say it was not evangelical. He was invited to preach concerning the faith in Christ, and his sermon was on righteousness, temperance and judgment to come—topics that would have made him tremble? Most men think that Christianity is theology. No; Christianity is morality in the light of eternity. And that is not the best preaching which delights us with its close reasoning and high teaching and profound theology; that is the best preaching which makes us, if we are living in sin, turn uneasily in our seats and tremble as we listen to its truths. The law is our schoolmaster to bring us in Christ, and his end of preaching is not to make men theologians, the end of preaching is to build up character, and while some of us may be far enough on the road to our sermons on the deep things of God, I am not pessimistic when I say, preachers to the times who makes us restless by showing us the demands of God's eternal law and then points the way clear up to Calvary and to Him who said 'Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' These are eternal verities and they fit all times. All others change and pass away with the changing hours; social, political, eye, eye-logical notions have their days and cease to be, but the eternal need is forgiveness and the everlasting rest for the soul.

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