THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE
WHITENEAD & MITCHELL, PUBS.
BIRMINGHAM, FRIDAY, NOV. 25, '99

The pill of adversity is never sugar-coated.

Cupid is blind to everything save the golden eagle.

Men of shining intellect are not necessarily light-headed.

Only a strong-minded woman can write a letter and omit the postscript.

The name is too often but a shadow larger than the man behind it.

The thread of an argument often implies that the whole thing is merely a yarn.

A cynical bachelor says that woman is an agreeable blunder of nature.

The man who wounds with a word is usually too cowardly to strike a blow.

Genius may be swifter than perseverance, but the latter wins in the long run.

Converting shirkers into workers, absorbs more time than changing sinners into saints.

When a woman passes a man on the street and looks daggers at him he is very apt to feel the cut.

Nothing humbles the average man more than to find himself in the soup when he thought he was in the swim.

At forty a man doesn't think he knows as much as he thought he knew at twenty but he knows he knows more.

John Bull evidently means business. He has notified the Canadian Steamship company that the Empress of India, the Empress of China and Empress of Japan must prepare for immediate war service. They will repair to Hong Kong, where guns and munitions of war are in readiness. These steamships were constructed under direction of the British government, and can be converted into cruisers in twenty-four hours after work begins.

The man who acted for years as Jay Gould's purchasing agent says of Uncle Russell Sage: "He is the only man in the world who manages to get through the day without spending a cent. He walks from his house to the elevated station, at Forty-second street, where the newsboy on the platform makes him a present of a morning paper. He rides free, of course. The Western Union Company gives him a splendid luncheon. He neither drinks, eats nor smokes."

Consul Livingston at Cape Haytien, Hayti, in a recent report to the State Department, states that the currency of Hayti has become so depreciated as to be well-nigh worthless, and its daily fluctuations seem the result of caprice. Almost all business enterprises are either bankrupt or on the verge of bankruptcy. Business is at a standstill, and no one, either native or foreigner, is able to see any way out of the difficulty. Such is the condition of a country with a soil the fertility of which probably surpasses that of any other in the world. Everything grows without effort. There are no sawmods and cabinet woods in abundance; even virgin forests of mahogany and other hard woods; and the mineral wealth, though unexplored, is said to be considerable. The consul adds that he believes a tour of the island, with a view of making a thorough inquiry into its industrial condition, embracing the principal settlements of the interior, as well as the cities along the coast, would reveal a field ripe for the investment of American capital.

The rise of a panic and the involved method in which an absolute monarchy compounds with truth to quell it, is aptly illustrated in an incident of the days preceding the riots in Constantinople in 1896. Two men got into a quarrel in the street, and one knocked the other down. The passers-by ran to get out of the way of the blows which followed, and others, seeing the fight, ran also. Soon the wildest confusion resulted. Outside shutters were put up, shoppers forced into the street and swept along with the crowd. The great public clock which passes the most cosmopolitan crowd in the world, was a torrent of rushing humanity. Women failing in strength dropped into doorways and alleys to avoid being trampled to death. A little later the government sent out heralds announcing that a lion had escaped from a menagerie and caused the panic; but that he had been recaptured and all danger removed. A few weeks afterward occurred the terrible riots and the massacre which made orphans of nearly four thousand Armenian children.

When it comes to handing bouquets to each other some of the country peepers certainly carry off the prize. Here is one that the Maquoketa (Iowa) Excelsior deals out to a contemporary: "The grinning chump who comes here to solict for the Clinton County Teaser, the paper that is thrown into the gutter as soon as it is taken from the postoffice by intelligent people, was in town last week and sent back a lot of political rot to the swill tub he writes for, but wrote it because 'it is reported.'"

Porto Rico has now followed Hawaii into the domain of the United States for better or for worse. It rests with us to make it for the better by assuring these new territories good government, and that is to be done only by assuring ourselves the best possible government at home.

Those who despise fame seldom deserve it. We are apt to undervalue the purchase we cannot reach, to conceal our poverty the better. It is a spark which kindles upon the best fuel, and burns brightest in the bravest breast.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"A WEDDING PRESENT," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Thou Hast Given Me a South Land; Give Me Also Springs of Water. And He Gave Her the Upper and Nether Springs."—Joshua 15: 19.

The city of Debir was the Boston of antiquity—a great place for brain and books. Caleb wanted it, and he offered his daughter Achsah as a prize to any one who would capture the city. It was a strange thing for Caleb to do; and yet the man that could take the city would have, at any rate, two elements of manhood—bravery and patriotism. Besides, I do not think that Caleb was as foolish in offering his daughter to the conqueror of Debir, as thousands in this day who seek alliances for their children with those who have large means, without any reference to moral or mental acquirements. Of two evils, I would rather measure happiness by the length of the sword than by the length of the pocket-book. In one case there is sure to be one good element of character; in the other there may be none at all. With Caleb's daughter as a prize to fight for, General Othniel rode into the battle. The gates of Debir were thundered into the dust, and the city of books lay at the feet of the conquerors. The work done, Othniel comes back to claim his bride. Having conquered the city, it is no great job for him to conquer the girl's heart; for however faint-hearted a woman herself may be, she always loves courage in a man. I never saw an exception to that. The wedding festivity having gone by, Othniel and Achsah are about to go to their new home. However loudly the cymbals may clash and the laughter ring, parents are always sad when a fondly-cherished daughter goes off to stay; and Achsah, the daughter of Caleb, knows that now is the time to ask almost anything she wants of her father. It seemply is that the good old man, had given as a wedding present to his daughter a piece of land that was mountainous, and sloping southward toward the deserts of Arabia, swept with some very hot winds. It was called "a south land." But Achsah wants an addition of property; she wants a piece of land that is well watered and fertile. Now it is no wonder that Caleb, standing amidst the bridal party, his eyes so full of tears because she was going away that he could hardly see her at all, gives her more than she asks. She said to him, "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water." And he gave her the upper springs, and the nether springs."

The fact is, that as Caleb, the father, gave Achsah, the daughter, a south land, so God gives to us the world. I am very thankful he has given it to us. But I am like Achsah in the feel that I am not satisfied with the portion. Trees, and flowers, and grass, and blue skies are very well in their places; but he who has nothing but this world for a portion has no portion at all. It is a mountainous land, sloping off toward the desert of sorrow, swept by fiery sirocco. It is a south land, a poor portion for any man that tries to put his trust in it. What has been your experience? What has been the experience of every man, of every woman that has tried this world for a portion? Queen Elizabeth, amidst the surroundings of pomp, is unhappy because the painter sketches too minutely the wrinkles on her face, and she indignantly cries out, "You must strike off my likeness without any shadows!" Hogarth, at the very height of his artistic triumph, is stung almost to death with chagrin because the painting he had executed for the king does not seem to be acceptable; for George II. cries out, "Who is this Hogarth? Take his trumpery out of my presence." Brinsley Sheridan thrilled the earth with his eloquence, but had for his last words, "I am absolutely undone." Walter Scott, sitting around the inkstand, trying to write, says to his daughter, "Oh, take me back to my room; there is no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave!" Stephen Girard, the wealthiest man in his day, or, at any rate, only second in wealth, says, "I live the life of a galley-slave; when I arise in the morning my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when it gets to be night." Charles Lamb, applauded of all the world, in the very midst of his literary triumph, says, "Do you remember, Bridget, when we used to laugh from the shilling gallery at the play? There are now no good plays to laugh at from the boxes." But why go so far as that? I need to go no farther than your street to find an illustration of what I am saying.

Pick me out ten successful worldlings—and you know what I mean by thoroughly successful worldlings—pick me out ten successful worldlings, and you can not find more than one that looks happy. Care drags him to business; care drags him back. Take your stand at two o'clock at the corner of the streets and see the agonized physiognomies. Your high officials, your bankers, your insurance men, your importers, your wholesalers, and your retailers, as a class—as a class, are they happy? No. Care dogs their steps; and, making no appeal to God for help or comfort, many of them are tossed everywhere. How has it been with you, my hearer? Have you more contented in the house of fourteen rooms than you were in the two rooms you had in a house when you started? Have you not had more care and worriment since you won that fifty thousand dollars than you did before? Some of the poorest men I have ever known have been those of great fortune. A man of small means may be put in great business straits, but the ghastliest of all embarrassments is that of the man who has large estates. The man who commit suicide because of monetary losses are those who cannot bear the burden any more, because they have only fifty thousand dollars left.

On Bowling Green, New York, there is a house where Talleyrand used to go. He was a favored man. All the world knew him, and he had wealth almost unlimited; yet at the close of his life he said: "Behold, eighty-three years have passed without any practical result, save fatigue of body and fatigue of mind, great discouragement for the future, and great disgust for the past." Oh, my friends, this is a "south land," and it slopes off into great deserts of sorrows; and the prayer which Achsah made to her father Caleb we make this day to our Father God: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs, and the nether springs."

Blessed be God! we have more advantages given us than we can really appreciate. We have spiritual blessings offered us in this world which I shall call the nether springs, and glories in the world to come which I shall call the upper springs.

Where shall I find words enough threaded with light to set forth the pleasure of religion? David, unable to describe it in words, played it on a harp. So Handel and Hermann, not finding enough power in prose, sings that praise in a canto. Christopher Wren, unable to describe it in language, sprung it into the arches of St. Paul's. John Bunyan, unable to present it in ordinary phraseology, takes all the fascination of allegory. Handel, with ordinary music unable to reach the height of the theme, rouses it up in an oratorio. Oh, there is no life on earth so happy as a really Christian life! I do not mean a sham Christian life, but a real Christian life. Where there is a thorn, there is a whole garland of roses. Where there is one groan, there are one hundred doxologies. Where there is one day of cloud, there is a whole season of sunshine. Take the humblest Christian man that you know—angels of God canopy him with their white wings; the lightnings of heaven are his armed allies; the Lord is his Shepherd, picking out for him green pastures by still waters; if he walk forth, heaven is his bodyguard; if he lie down to sleep, ladders of light, angel-blossoming, are let into his dreams; if he be thirsty, the potentates of heaven are his cup-bearers; if he sit down to food, his plain table blooms into the King's banquet. Men say, "Look at that odd fellow with the worn-out coat;" the angels of God cry, "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let him come in!" Fastidious people cry, "Get off my front steps!" the door-keepers of heaven cry, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom!" When he comes to die, though he may be carried out in a pine box to the potter's field, to that potter's field the chariots of Christ will come down, and the cavalcade will crowd all the boulevards of heaven. • • •

Man of the world! will you not today make a choice between these two portions, between the "south land" of this world, which slopes to the desert, and this glorious land which thy Father offers thee, running with eternal water-courses? Why let your tongue be consumed of thirst when there are the nether springs and the upper springs; comfore here and glory hereafter?

You and I need something better than this world can give us. The fact is that it cannot give us anything after a while. It is a changing world. Do you know that even the mountains on the back of a thousand dreams are leaping into the valley. The Alleghanies are dying. The dews with crystalline mallet are hammering away the rocks. Frosts, and showers, and lightnings are sculpturing Mount Washington and the Catskills. Niagara is every year digging for itself a quicker plunge. The sea all around the earth on its shifting shores is making mighty changes in bar, and bay, and frith, and promontory. Some of the old sea coasts are midland now. Off Nantucket, eight fee below low water mark, are found now the stumps of trees, showing that the waves are conquering the land. Parts of Nova Scotia are sinking. Ships today sail over that, only a little while ago, was solid ground. Near the mouth of the St. Croix river is an island which, by the movements of the earth, is slowly but certainly rotating. All the face of the earth changing—changing. In 1831 an island springs up in the Mediterranean sea. In 1866 another island comes up under the observation of the American consul as he looks off from the beach. The earth all the time changing, the columns of a temple near Bizoli show that the water has risen nine feet above the place it was when the columns were put down. Changing! Our Columbia river, once vaster than the Mississippi, flowing through the great American desert, which was then an Eden of luxuriance, has now dwindled to a small stream creeping down through a gorge. The earth itself, that was once vapor, afterward water—nothing but water—afterward molten rock, cooling off through the ages until plants might live, and animals might live, and men might live, changing all the while, now crumbling, now breaking off, and the sun, burning down gradually in its socket. Changing! changing! an intimation of the last great change to come over the world, even infused into the mind of the heathen who has never seen the Bible. The Hindoo believe that Brahmah, the creator, once made all things. He created the water, then moved over the water, out of it lifted the land, grew the plants, and animals, and men on it. Out of his eye went the sun. Out of his lips went the fire. Out of his ear went the air. Then Bramah laid down to sleep four thousand three hundred and twenty million years. After that, they say, he will wake up, and then the world will be destroyed, and he will make it over again, bringing up land, bringing up creatures upon it; then lying down again to sleep four thousand three hundred and twenty million years, then waking up and destroying the world again—creation and demolition following each other, until after three hundred and twenty sleeps, each one of these slumbers four thousand and hundred and twenty million years long, Bramah will wake up and die, and the universe will die with him—an intimation, though very faint, of the great change to come upon this physical earth spoken of in the Bible. But while Bramah may sleep, our God never slumbers nor sleeps; and the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth and all things that are therein shall be burned up.

"Well," says some one, "if that is so; if the world is going from one change to another, then what is the use of my toiling for its betterment?" That is the point on which I want to guard you. I do not want you to become misanthropic. It is a great and glorious world. If Christ could afford to spend thirty-three years on it for its redemption, then you can afford to toil and pray for the betterment of the nations, and for the bringing on of that glorious time when all people shall see the salvation of God. While, therefore, I want to guard you against misanthropic notions in respect to this subject I have presented, I want you to take this thought home with you: This world is a poor foundation to build on. It is a changing world, and it is a dying world. The shifting scenes and the changing sands are only emblems of all earthly expectation. Life is very much like this day through which we have passed. To many of us it is storm and darkness, then sunshine, storm and darkness, then afterward a little sunshine, now again darkness and storm. Oh, build not your hopes upon this uncertain world! Build on God. Confide in Jesus. Plan for an eternal residence at Christ's right hand. Then, come sickness or health, come joy or sorrow, come life or death, all is well, all is well.

In the name of the God of Caleb, and his daughter, Achsah, I this day offer you the "upper springs" of unfading and everlasting rapture.

JIM HEARD CHARLES DICKENS.

And He Said the Audience Was Very Still.

Jim was a student at Yale in the latter '60s, and was in New Haven when Charles Dickens gave public readings in that city from his own works, says the New York Times. Jim neglected many of the privileges the college offered to him, but he had sense enough to take advantage of the opportunity to hear Dickens. The master's interpretations were a revelation to Jim and to this day he has not lost the deep impression they made upon him. The Young Women's Dickens club of Bozville somehow recently learned these facts and a cordial invitation was promptly sent to Jim to meet the club and give his recollections of Mr. Dickens. The invitation was accepted and Jim, who is a good talker and not a bit shy, simply delighted his auditors with his description of Mr. Dickens as a man and a really eloquent estimate of him as a reader. He told what a wonderful effect he was and how a strange new light was shed upon his characters by the revelation of his own conception of them. From generalization Jim came finally to particularization and gave the telling of the wonderful effect produced by the rapid changes of tone of voice as Mr. Dickens was reading from the "Christmas Carol." Jim said there was a suspicion of Yuletide in the atmosphere as the reader introduced the benevolent old gentleman, who had come to Ebenezer Scrooge for a Christmas contribution. He then described the tremendous effect of the sudden transition of the harsh, metallic voice of Scrooge, as that "clutching, grasping, covetous old sinner" surlily asked whether there were no prisons, no workhouses. "The audience was so still," said Jim, "The audience was so still that you might have—might have picked up a pin." And Jim, utterly unconscious how he had spoiled his climax, continued serenely on, albeit not a little puzzled at the smiling faces before him.

An Evening with Tennyson.

In "The Memoir of P. G. Hamerton," Mrs. Hamerton thus describes an evening with Lord Tennyson: "I sat by Mr. Tennyson, and endeavored to suppress any outward sign of the interest and admiration so distasteful to him. Nevertheless I was greatly impressed by the dignity of his simple manners and by the inscrutable expression of the eyes, so keen and yet so calm, so profound yet so serene. His was a fine and noble face, even in merriment, and he was very merry on that day, for the string of humorous anecdotes he told kept us all laughing, himself included. Sitting close to Mr. Tennyson, as I did, I noticed the large size, and somewhat plebeian shape, of his hands. They did not seem to belong to the same body as the head, indicating merely physical strength and fitness for physical labor. His dress also struck me as peculiar; he was wearing a shirt of coarse linen, starchless, with a large and loose turned-down collar, such as a farmer's of former days, and shirt and hands looked suited to each other. After remarking this, I happened to look up into Mr. Tennyson's face, which wore its habitual expression of serious and grand simplicity; and I thought that the rough and dull linen, with the natural, unstiffened fall about the neck, formed a most appropriate sculptuesque setting for the handsome head poised above it. After lunch Mr. Wooner took the gentlemen to his studio for a smoke, and my husband told me afterwards that Mr. Tennyson had continued as talkative there as he had been at lunch, and was only interrupted by the entrance of Sir Bartle Frere, who had a great deal to say on his own account."

Passing of the Family Bible.

The "Decadence or Passing of the Family Bible." These words mean much more than appears on the surface. Every man and woman remembers its pleasure and pride which he or she felt in the large family Bible in their childhood days. Remembering this, have you stopped to think for a moment how few large family Bibles are in evidence today? My attention having been called to this, curiosity prompted me to make inquiries of the manager of one of the most prominent religious publishing houses in the city. "The demand for the large book gradually ceased during the last decade," he said. "It is no longer considered the thing to have a handsome family Bible as the principal ornament of the parlor table. In the first place, the records which were once made in it are now registered. The size which has now taken its place is a serviceable one with good maps, flexible covers and excellent print. It is gotten up at less expense, and it is now considered proper for every member of the family to have an individual Bible, instead of depending upon the large, unwieldy volume of our grandfathers."

A bare cupboard always furnished food for thought.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS

Current Notes of Interesting and Instructive Discoveries and Inventions.

Mysterious Mine.

"The claim recently made in a western newspaper that the famous 'Lost Cabin' gold mine has been found recalls the fact that the mine has been 'found' before," remarked an old miner. "The Lost Cabin mine is in the Bad Lands in Wyoming, near the headwaters of the Big Horn river, and about sixty miles from Fort Washakie. In 1874 five men set out from the fort to prospect. I was invited to go along with them, but I have always congratulated myself that I did not accompany them, because a few weeks later, when one of the miners, with a few small nuggets in his pockets, wandered back to the fort, his mind was completely gone. All he could murmur was 'plenty of gold in Lost Cabin.'

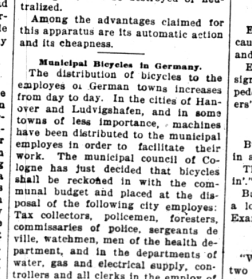
"Expeditions were at once sent out, but no trace was found of the mine or the missing men, who, it was supposed, were killed by Indians. In 1884 a cowboy rode into Fort Washakie and said that he had found the Lost Cabin by accident, and, as every one believed that the Lost Cabin mine was fabulously rich, a crowd of eager miners were soon ready to start with the discoverer. They found a decaying log cabin, with four skeletons in or near it, and a tunnel sunk in the hillside. The opening in the tunnel was black and heavy, and the first man who got out with a mule load never went back, for the assay showed no trace of gold —nothing but plumbago. The news of the finding of Lost Cabin got out and for months miners flocked there, only to be disappointed. After awhile the excitement died down and the old mine was deserted. But still the problem remains where did the crazy miner get his nuggets and what became of his four companions? Many prospectors think that the crazy miner found his nuggets while away from his companions, and lost his mind, as well as his way, in trying to return to them."—Washington Star.

We Might Try It.

The methods usually employed in purifying water require costly pumping and filtering stations and special machinery. It is the purpose of an invention patented by the designing engineer of the Brooklyn water works, Mr. Samuel McElroy, to supersede these expensive appliances by providing an apparatus in which the force of gravity becomes the agent of applying air or antiseptic solutions to the water running in a conduit, says the Scientific American.

In the line of the conduit the inventor places the induction valve shown in figure 2, the casing of which is contracted between its ends, so as to produce an increased velocity of water in the throat thus formed. This valve is further provided with inlets for the entrance of air and of antiseptic gases or solutions, and with a deflecting plate adjusted by a screw rod to promote the increased velocity of the water. A casing, as shown in figure 1, is placed near the induction valve and is provided with an air chamber properly connected with an inlet to the induction valve and with a check or stop valve to guard against reactions. The casing is furthermore provided with a solution chamber and with a mixing chamber also connected with the induction valve and guard by proper check and stop valves. The solution and mixing chambers supply the antiseptic gases as they are required. A rubber pipe is applied to the conduit as shown in figure 1, for the purpose of collecting the organic matter with which the water may be impregnated.

In operation the water flowing through the conduit will produce a draught which draws through their respective pipes the air from the air chamber in the casing and the antiseptic solutions stored in the solution chamber. The impurities of the water



coming into contact with these corrective agents will be destroyed or neutralized.

Among the advantages claimed for this apparatus are its automatic action and its cheapness.

Municipal Bicycles in Germany.

The distribution of bicycles to the employes of German towns increases from day to day. In the cities of Hanover and Ludvigshafen, and in some towns of less importance, machines have been distributed to the municipal employes in order to facilitate their work. The municipal council of Cologne has just decided that bicycles shall be reckoned in with the communal budget and placed at the disposal of the following city employes: Tax collectors, policemen, foresters, commissaries of police, sergeants de ville, watchmen, men of the health department, and in the departments of water, gas and electrical supply, controllers and all clerks in the employ of the city. The machines remain the property of the city; they are simply loaned to the employes. Forty marks a year are allowed to the borrowers for each machine to keep it in order. It is expressly forbidden to use the bicycles except in the performance of the city's service.—New York Times.

Steal Electric Lights.

It is said that thieves have found a new avenue for their undesirable activity in the stealing of incandescent lamps from exposed places in front of business houses, theaters or other buildings where the lights are used in signs or for display. Of course most of such lamps are in places not easily accessible, but there are some, about doors and show windows, within the reach of the passer-by. An obvious protection is to remove the lamps and put them in a place of safety over night. Another is to place a strong screen over the sign or decoration which may be rifled, but in this plan has the decided disadvantage of obscuring the light and disfiguring the design No doubt, if the annoyance continues some modified form of socket or a cheap and easily attached protective device will be invented to foil the evil intention of the despoiler.—Western Electrician.

Largest Wheel of Its Class.

The tangential water wheel shown in the accompanying illustration is said by the Engineering and Mining Journal to be the largest wheel of its class ever made. It is thirty feet in diameter, made entirely of steel, save the hub, and will revolve sixty-five times a minute. The wheel was

made in San Francisco for the North Star mine, at Grass Valley, Nevada county, California.

Indiana Natural Gas.

A Muncie paper states that the Indiana gas field will be drawn on this winter in greater quantities than ever before. No less than 500 new wells, it is estimated, will be sunk in the various parts of the field between now and fall for the winter supply. Many are becoming alarmed at the enormous drain anticipated, and as the supply of gas is not inexhaustible, such a great number of wells on the territory, in addition to the thousands already, will no doubt give it a severe test.

Natural gas, the ideal fuel, was first applied to manufacturing purposes in the Pittsburg district. For eighteen years it has been classed among the most valuable mineral productions of the region, although it was known prior to that time. Natural gas and petroleum are found under the same geological conditions, although the former has often been found in territory devoid of the latter. Both have their home in the carniferous beds of the Devonian age, although sometimes found above. Natural gas has been used as an illuminant with special appliances, but as a fuel it is unsurpassed, particularly in metallurgical operations. The supply is now hardly what it was some years ago, but some of the largest iron and steel mills in the district are still run with this fuel. As few records are kept at the wells it is a difficult matter to estimate the cubic feet of natural gas used, therefore the statistics are generally given as to value only. The value of gas used in the counties we have named, including Pittsburg and Allegheny, for 1897, is some $5,750,000.

Corn as Fuel.

The difficulty of obtainine fuel in certain localities has led to an investigation of the fuel value of various farm crops. Some years ago, when corn was cheap that it did not pay to haul it to market, a number of western farmers experimented with it as fuel with very satisfactory results. It is claimed that ton for ton it has about two-thirds of the value of coal. One of the obstacles in the way of utilizing corn is that when dry it burns with such fierceness that it is speedily consumed, whereas, if there is too much shut-off of draft, it smoulders and blackens. The first must be fed slowly—a small amount of corn being put on at one time. Where labor is cheap and corn plenty, it makes a fuel that is capable of doing most excellent work.

True to Its Mission.

Elsie—"I wonder what it was that caused the explosion between Mamie and Mr. Price?"

Emma—"I've understood that Ensign Worth gave her a miniature torpedo to be worn as a brooch."—Jewelers' Weekly.

Too Horrible.

Burgling Bill—"No, no! I won't go in again! She's talkin' in her sleep."

The Mouse—"Well, dat ain't nuthin'."

Burgling Bill (hoarsely)—"But she's a loidy elecutionist."—San Francisco Examiner.

Enterprise.

"Why did that manager engage those two jealous sopranos and those two rival comedians?"

"He's going in for realism. He says he's going to put on a war opera with some real war in it."—Washington Star.

Spoke When It Was Taken.

"It seems to me that I recognize the features, but the picture is somewhat blurred around the mouth."

"Yes; that is a speaking likeness of my wife."—Judge.

Advice Quickly Taken.

Physician—You are living too high, Patient—That's so; I've got to get a cheaper doctor.—New York Vim.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

There Is No Disposition to Molest Attempting the Worship of Mammon At Present.

The world, as was to be expected, has given the salvation army a very mixed reception, says the Contemporary Review. It has been satirized, ostracized, eulogized. High and low, refined and unlearned, have opposed or defended it. Huxley girded at its "corybantic" religion, and charged full tilt against its methods. Mrs. Ormiston Chant waxed wroth over its "drums and tramplings," while, on the other hand, Jowett of Oxford praised it in his own judicious way, and Farrar is still the eloquent champion of much of its work. "Salvationists" have caricatured and persecuted it, the church of England has imitated it, and royalty blessed it. And yet, though all tongues were concerning this new, boisterous thing under the sun, really discriminating views of the salvation army are by no means plentiful. With some it may be said that our enemies barter us and our friends flatter us. And the salvationists, looking through the glasses of our hopes, honestly fail to see what they appear to see, and are sometimes almost as much bewildered over the highly colored spectacles of our friends. We have scarcely learned to use our own eyes to examine and judge for ourselves, and have very little idea of the true proportions, the strength and weakness, the possibilities and dangers of the salvation army. What may be called "public opinion" has no existence among us. There is no open discussion of matters affecting the welfare of the organization, such as we find in other religious bodies. We have, indeed, what are called "officers' councils" and "soldiers' councils," but the title is a misnomer. What is meant is "officers and soldiers counseled." The salvation army, like every other institution, is imperfect, but, under the domination of the military idea and in the name of loyalty, we appear to have all agreed to keep silence concerning the disquieting symptoms and weak places existing in it. This is unfortunate and may in itself constitute one of our gravest perils. And, really, there is no occasion for it. Bad men and bad institutions rightly fear examination, but the salvation army is sound enough and strong enough to profit by an honest exchange of opinion among its members in their councils and publications.

YOUNG HEROINE OF A WRECK.

Texas Girl Who Saved a Railroad Superintendent from Death.

The authorities of the Houston and Texas Central railroad are considering how best to show their appreciation of the coolness shown by Miss Mabe Mosse in a recent wreck on their line at Chambers creek. A trestle gave way at that point and a portion of the train plunged into the water. Superintendent Daffan of the road was in the car with Miss Mosse and both were precipitated into the abyss. Mr. Daffan was at once pinned down to the floor by a broken seat. Water was pouring into the car and the superintendent would certainly have been drowned but for assistance given him by Miss Mosse. The girl was the only passenger who kept a cool head. Exerting all her strength, standing meanwhile waist deep in water, she managed to release Daffan to such an extent that he was able to sit upright. Even then the water was up to his chin, but rose no higher. Both escaped with life, though badly injured. Miss Mosse, seeing him in comparative safety, went to the assistance of others and rendered invaluable aid to a number of sufferers. Miss Mosse lives in Denison, is not quite 18 years of age and was on her way to take up her studies at the Austin university when the accident happened.

It Is Quite True.

"Speaking of the war tax," remarked the correspondence clerk, as he opened the morning mail, "every letter now has to bear a government stamp." "I didn't know that," replied the unwary one. "Oh, yes. That has been the case ever since postage stamps were introduced."

Religion and Rations in His Knapsack.

Every German soldier carries a fourounce religious book with the rest of his personal equipment.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The most remarkable gold beetles in the world are found in Central America. The head and wing cases are brilliantly polished with a luster as of gold itself. To sight and touch they have all the seeming of metal. Oddly enough, another species from the same region has the appearance of being wrought in solid silver, freshly burnished. These gold and silver beetles have a market value. They are worth from $25 to $50 each.

Eighteen hundred years ago or thereabouts the Roman emperor Trajan built a bridge across the Danube, the piers of which are found by the Roumanian engineers solid enough to sustain a new structure, which will unite the towns of Turnu Severin, in Roumania, and Gladova, in Servia. In the middle of the structure a statue of Trajan will stand four square to all the winds that blow, as well it deserves to do, perpetuating the memory of that great conqueror and bridge-builder for perhaps another score of centuries.

The Russians, Poles, Swedes and what not, who were discovered among the American bluejackets at the time of the Spanish-American war have prepared one for a certain amount of adulteration in the American people, but it is still surprising to find no less than twenty different nationalities figuring in one Chicago block. According to a recent census report, the total number of residents was 2,185 persons. The nationalities of the people within its boundaries were as follows: Americans, 25; Bohemians, 2; Canadians, 2; Chinese, 2; Danes, 10; English, 7; French, 2; Germans, 88; Hollanders, 4; Hungarians, 1; Irish, 9; Italians, 5; Norwegians, 1; Poles, 2; Russians, 8; Scots, 2; Swedes, 7; Swiss, 4; Welsh 2; persons of mixed parentage, 18.