

LEARN TO SHOOT A RIFLE.

Canadian Militiamen Have Been Taught by the Boers the Value of Good Marksmanship.

The lessons of the Boer war have been learned by the Canadian militia. The superiority of the Dutch as rifle shots gave them an unsurpassable marksmanship. The Boer marksmen on many occasions and cool the important thousands of brave men, says the Chicago Chronicle. The Canadian government is therefore encouraging the development of marksmanship to an extraordinary degree. The result is a school for sharpshooters. It is not a fad, but has seized upon the Canadians with a firmness that promises to leave an indelible stamp upon the people for a generation. Of Canada's 1,000,000 people there are more than 100,000 capable of bearing arms. This vast army is developing into a fighting machine of colossal proportions. The conflict on the South African field indicated with bright force just what a body of sharpshooters can do when opposed to armies trained in the art of war. Imagine an army of 100,000 Canadians invading the United States, every man of them capable of doing execution that could be done by a regular army. The Boer marksmen were not only copied in this respect from the sturdy marksmen who so long defied old England's gun, but these marksmen are copying the style of fighting they were taught by the Boers. The fighting force of Canada today, with the extraordinary proficiency with the rifle, is a formidable thing, regardless of any support they might receive from the mother country. England, it is now claimed, can draw sharpshooters enough from Canada within a year to overwhelm any ordinary European army. They will be almost wholly men who, when in the field, will conduct themselves like Boer warriors. Besides the Boer marksmen, they are becoming equally expert with the machine gun, a weapon that has proved itself deadly in the hands of expert marksmen of the cavalry forces of the United States. It is no secret in Canada that the Northwest police, a force of 1,000 expert horsemen, are the chief reliance for fast work with the pistol in the event of an emergency call for aid.

PRINCE WITH ODD INSURANCE.

The Kaiser's Brother Carries a \$500,000 Policy, Payable Only in Case of Assassination.

Prince Henry of Prussia is probably the only person in the world who is insured against assassination solely. The policy is for \$500,000. It was when he sailed for the east to take over the command of the German fleet in the Baltic waters some years ago that he took out this policy, says the Chicago Record-Herald. This assassination risk upon Prince Henry's life is held by German companies, and there does not seem to be any special danger of their ever being called upon to pay it, for Prince Henry is a popular person, and there are several lines between him and the throne. It seems as if the czar of Russia would be the monarch most in need of a special insurance against assassination, but that potentate, while heavily insured, has no special clause in his policy regarding assassination. He is a great believer in life insurance, and considering the manner in which the czar and his wife seek his life, it is no wonder. Within a week of the birth of his daughter, the little Grand Duchess Olga, the czar had her life insured for \$2,500,000, and his wife, the czarina, is insured for \$750,000. The czar's daughter is insured as being worth twice as much as the mother. The czar himself carries an insurance of \$4,000,000.

WIDOWS MUST BATHE.

One difficulty arising from the contact of Englishmen and native races in India is due to the native's belief that the most neglect all business on the great "washing days" when all faithful Hindus must bathe in the sea. The head of an English business firm in India recently received the following note from an employe who had failed to appear for work: "Respected Sir, I respectfully beg to bring to your kind notice that I had about eight months ago sowed a solemn vow that I would perform certain ceremonies and have a fine bath in the sea. I am afraid the duties might visit the with potential calamities than before, and perhaps I may be also reduced half my size. I therefore shall be highly obliged to perform the above mentioned rites."

ASTRONOMICAL CALCULATOR.

"And you want to occupy our chair of astronomy?" again queried the college president. "I do," frankly replied the applicant. "What do you know about astronomy?" For instance, how would you fix the distance between the earth and the sun? "That's easy. I'd guess half way, and multiply by two. Gimme rump's hard!" - Baltimore News.

NATURE'S OWN CAPITAL CITY.

Grandeur of the Great Rock Structures to Be Seen in the Grand Canyon of Colorado.

The above phrase is used by John Muir in characterizing the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, of the architectural features of which he writes in Century: "In trying to describe the great pines and sequoias of the Sierra, I have often thought that if one of those trees could be set by itself in some city park, its grandeur might there be fully realized; while in its home forests, where all magnitudes are great, the weary, fatigued traveler sees some of them truly. It is so with these majestic rock structures. "Though more residual masses of the plateau, they are dowered with the grandeur and repose of mountains, together with the finely chiseled carving and modeling of man's temples and palaces, and often, to a considerable extent, with their symmetry. Some, closely observed, look like ruins; but even these stand plumb and true, and show architectural forms loaded with lines strictly regular and decorative, and all are arrayed in colors that storms and time seem only to brighten. They are not placed in regular rows in line with the river, but 'a' through 'h,' as the Scotch say, in levels, exuberant crowds, as if nature in wildest extravagance held her bravest structures as common as gravel pits. You see a steeply ascending nearly five thousand feet in height, nobly symmetrical, with above buttressed walls and arched doors and windows as richly finished and decorated with sculptures as the great rock temples of India or Egypt. Beside it rises a huge castle with arched gateway, towers, watch-towers, ramparts, etc. and to right and left palaces, obelisks and pyramids fairly fill the gulf, all colossal and all lavishly painted and carved. Here and there a flat-topped structure may be seen, or one imperfectly domed; but the prevailing style is ornate Gothic, with many hints of Egyptian and Indian. "Throughout this vast extent of wild architecture—nature's own capital city—there seems to be no ordinary dwellings. All look like grand and important public structures, except perhaps some of the lower pyramids, broad-based and sharp-pointed, covered with down-drooping talus like loose-piled stones with hollow-pegged sides. The rocks which have disintegrated and crumbled and crumbled over them, but in the main the masonry is firm and left in regular courses, as if done by square and rule."

THREE GREATEST CANYONS.

Yosemite, Yellowstone and Grand Canyon of the Colorado Held Up in Comparison.

The justly famous Grand canyon of the Yellowstone is, like the Colorado, gorgeously colored and abruptly counter-sunk in a plateau and both are mainly the work of water. But the Colorado's canyon is more than a thousand times larger, and as a score or two new buildings of ordinary size would not appreciably change the general view of a great city, so hundreds of Yellowstone might be eroded in the sides of Colorado canyon without noticeably augmenting its size or the richness of its sculpture. But it is not true that the great Yosemite rocks would be thus lost or hidden. Nothing of their kind in the world, so far as I know, rivals El Capitan and Tiastack, much less dwarfs it in any way belittles them, writes John Muir, in Century. None of the sandstone or limestone precipices of the canyon that I have seen or heard of approach as in smooth, flawless strength and grandeur the granite face of El Capitan or the Tenaya side of Cloud's Rest. These colossal cliffs, types of permanence, are about 3,000 and 6,000 feet high; those of the canyon that are sheer are about half as high, and are types of fleeting change; while glorious domes Tiastack, noblest of mountain buildings, far from being overshadowed or lost in this rosy, spiry canyon company, would draw every eye, and, in serene majesty "aboon them all" she would take her place—charlie, temple, palace, or tower. Nevertheless a noted writer, comparing the Grand canyon in a general way with the glacial Yosemite, says: "And the Yosemite—ah, the lovely Yosemite! Dumped down in the wilderness of gorges and mountains, it would take a guide who knew of its existence a long time to find it." This is striking, and shows up well above the levels of commonplace description; but it is confusing, and has the fatal fault of not being true.

"BLACK LIGHT."

"Black Light" is a curious term used by Gustav Le Bon, of the French Academy of Sciences, to describe a form of radiant energy which arises from the back of a thin sheet of opaque metal when the front is illuminated with ordinary light. "Black light" in some of its properties resembles the X-rays, but differs from them in fundamental points. Le Bon first announced the discovery of this singular radiation in 1897. This year it has been observed by M. Nodon, who calls it a radio-actinic phenomenon.—Youth's Companion.

POINT OF VIEW.

"I wish I had your teeth," remarked young Hardup to Miss Eiderleigh. "Do you, really?" exclaimed the fair and nearly 40 maiden, who seated a complacent. "I do indeed," rejoined the practical young man. "Why, there must be at least \$50 worth of gold in them." - Chicago Daily News.

PERL OF THE CIRCUS SHIP.

Tell Tale of Elephants by Uncle Bill, Who Had Seen Some Wonderful Sight.

"Traveler ain't the same nowadays as what it used to be," Uncle Bill remarked to his neighbor in the smoking car. He was on his way back from seeing Aunt Cynthia off on one of the big European liners, registered the New York Sun. "We never dreamed of all these here modern conveniences in my day—runnin' baths, electric light, and an' so on. When I went to Europe some 30 odd years ago, 'twas in a cattle-ship, an' yer had ter work yer passage. "I said cattle ship, but it wa'n't. It was elephants, by dern—18 full grown elephants. We were takin' 'em across for a circus company. "My job was ter carry up water tew the elephants every day. Sounds easy, don't it. Well, son, you jest try it some of these days. "First day out I carried up two buckets for No. 1. He tossed them off like he was tossin' a stone. An' I went back to fetch a couple of pails for elephant No. 2. "But when I reached No. 1 again he had each a wistful thirity look in his eye, and was trampin' so all-fired plainlike like, that I couldn't resist. So I gave him them two buckets too. "Wal, sir, I can't properly say whether it was the ask air that made 'em so pesky dry, or whether some smart Aleck had been feedin' 'em peanuts before the start, but as sartin as I be here now, that that No. 1 drank up 34 pails of water afore he'd let me pass on ter water No. 2. "An' the rest was just as bad. Why, would you believe it, before nightfall that day I'd carried 158 buckets of water ter them ornery brutes! An' at that, b'gosh, No. 13 only got four pails while as fur Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18, they went dry." Uncle Bill paused a moment to refill his pipe. "Wal, that couldn't go on. Arter the fourth day out I set ter figurin' ter devise some means wharby I could water 'm' elephants. An' jest get time ter feed 'm. Finally I hit it. Thought I did, leastwise. "On the fifth day I got the ship's carpenter ter bore 18 holes in the sides of the ship—one fur each elephant. That thought I, I'd jest shove their pesky trunks out through them holes an' let them drink their dern fill. An' did they drink? You oughter see 'em. "I don't know whether it was the salt in the ocean or whether they were more thirity than usual, but you never saw critters drink so in all yer born days. "They were a-sinkin' in so that their very regular holes in the water whar their trunks were. An' they kept right on a-drinkin' an' a-drinkin', all that day an' all through the night. "Then came what Doc Quackenbush would call the final piece of resistance.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR EYES.

One Should Never Read, Sew or Study While in a Recumbent Position.

It is a pity to see so many young people squinting and scowling through glasses, and no doubt a good many are obliged to resort to them, because they have abused their eyes. The precious organs of vision should be guarded and spared as much as possible from birth. Infants' eyes must be kept clean and protected from strong, glaring lights by the mother or nurse, and the school children should be taught to use their eyes aright, says American Queen. Never read, sew or study when lying down or before breakfast or late at night. When the body is tired or the health impaired the vigor of the sense of sight is weakened accordingly and should not have severe draughts made upon it. When the eyes feel tired or strained from long-continued use bathe them in hot water and give them a good rest. If there is a hot, burning sensation in the lids, bathe them in cold water. The green of grass and foliage in the country is particularly restful to the eyes. Have the eyes all unnecessary exposure to bright sunshine and electric light, and if there seems to be the least serious defect or inequality in your vision, have your eyes examined by a skillful oculist—got an optician—before adopting glasses.

HOW TO SELECT FLOUR.

When buying a barrel of flour look first at its color. It should be white, with perhaps a tinge of yellow; but if it is very white with a bluish shade of black specks, pass it by; it is not good. Take a little flour out of the barrel and try how it kneads in the fingers with a little water; if it works dry and elastic it is good; but if soft and sticky it is poor. Throw a small lump of flour against the wall; if it adheres in the lump, the flour is good; if it matters and falls in powder it is bad. Squeeze some of the dry flour in the hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, it is good. It is very poor economy, indeed, it is extravagance, to buy flour that does not make good bread.—American Queen.

EXPLAINING THINGS.

"You sell ladies' hats here?" began the soon-looking man. "Certainly," replied the milliner, repressing a smile. "You want to buy one for your wife?" "No, I don't, but it looks as if I'd have to."—Philadelphia Press.

FISH OF NEW ENGLAND.

Named in order of market sales fish captured by New England fishermen are cod, haddock, hake, pollock, halibut and mackerel.—Albany Argus.

OOM PAUL'S BIG DIAMOND.

Costly Gem Taken by the Boer President When He Went Into Exile in Europe.

One of the most valuable of precious stones, although less in demand than the Kohinoor or the Hope diamond, is that which was in the possession of President Paul Kruger at the time of the outbreak of the Boer war, and is probably in some safe place subject to his order at the present time. Mr. Kruger took it with him when he left South Africa. It has a very curious history, says a London paper. The diamond originally belonged to Meshesh, a Basuto chief, from whom it was extorted by T'Chaka, the Zulu king. T'Chaka's brother killed him and stole the stone. The brother came to grief and the gem passed into the possession of a Zulu chief, who soon afterward was assassinated. The native says that no less than 16 of the successive possessors of the diamond either were killed or driven out of the country for the sake of the gem. The diamond then was seen by white men, who set out to possess it. A party of whites attacked the natives who had the stone in their possession and a fierce fight ensued, in which 200 whites, mostly natives, were lost. Memela, a native chief, took the gem and concealed it in a wound which he had received in the battle. Afterward Memela was caught by the Boers and set to work as a slave. Kruger, hearing his story, released him and in gratitude Memela gave the stone to his liberator. Some years passed and then Kruger shared the fate which had overtaken all the former possessors of the diamond who had not been killed—he was driven from power and forced to leave his native country. Where the fatal diamond is now is not certain, though it is certain that the ex-president of the Transvaal has perished with it. Some say that it is in the coffers of the vatican and some that it was sold to the emperor of Austria and is now among the crown jewels of Vienna. The stone is said to be 200 carats in weight, but is not perfect. Its history is one which would not recommend it as a talisman to any one of superstitious turn of mind, no matter if it was the largest and finest diamond in the world. It is almost as greswome a possession as that hideous little Indian idol which Mrs. Carnot directed to her will to be destroyed. This idol was given to President Carnot by a friend, who laughingly told him a legend attached to it, which was to the effect that its possessor would attain supreme power and then die by the knife. The idol had belonged to the rajahs of Khandjuro, of whom five certainly—perhaps more—died by the knife of an assassin. Carnot laughed when his friend told him of the legend attaching to the idol, but after it came into his possession Carnot became president of France and died by an assassin's dagger.

HIS SWORD UMBRELLA.

Truthful Account Concerning a Wise Stranger, Who Went Forth Properly Equipped.

He attracted some attention as he passed along the street, relates the Brooklyn Eagle. "An actor," commented some of the crowd, "and in costume." "Absurd!" was the judgment of others. "A sword alone does not constitute a costume, and why should he wear one without the rest of the regalia?" "And such a sword!" was the criticism of still others. "The scabbard shows that it's round and as fat as a Bologna sausage." "Sir," said one of the bolder ones, addressing the subject of the comment, "why do you go abroad thus strangely equipped?" "Sir," was the reply, "I have sense." "Which is one way of saying that we have not." "I would infer as much. Have you noticed the weather lately?" "Assuredly. Do you not see that we carry umbrellas, even to our great discomfort?" "To your great discomfort, yes," returned the stranger. "So also did I until recently, for the main reason this season at unexpected moments, and he who strays a stone's throw from home is likely to get caught in it. Furthermore, it is the nature of the umbrella that it shall linger in forgotten places, so that when one would have it it is not at hand. Wise indeed, is he who does not unnecessarily tax his memory, but leaves both brain and hands free for the ordinary duties of the day." As he paused the clouds opened and the rain came down. "Gentlemen," he said, "a shower." Reaching to his side he drew his umbrella from its scabbard and quickly raised it. "Another summer like that of 1902," he commented, "will find all men wearing umbrellas even as I do mine." And then he passed on, the envy of all.

A CUTTING RETORT.

A richly deserved retort was that made by a Sioux girl at the Hampton Institute not long since. A silly visitor to the school went up to the magnificent red-skinned belle and said: "Are you civilized?" The Sioux raised her head slowly from her work—she was fashioning a breadboard at the moment—and replied: "No; are you?"—Chicago Chronicle.

OUTRAGED.

Grant—The glass-cutter has lost his job in this museum. Bearded Lady—What for? Why, they caught him eating an' thracting.—Detroit Free Press.

LIFE IN BIBLE DAYS.

Argument of Scientists to Show That Men Died at the Age of One Thousand Years.

In the scientific or quasi-scientific interpretations of the Old Testament, attempts have been made to explain away the repeated and definite statements as to the longevity of the first generations of men—of Adam and his descendants. Is it possible that men actually lived a thousand years in those times—in amazing contrast with the present span of life, which, indeed, goes back to the Psalmist's era? "The days of our years are three score years and ten," says the Psalmist, "and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." How is this to be reconciled with the chronicles of the Bible? asks the Chicago Tribune. This and similar questions relating to the longevity, physical conditions, and environments of humanity in Biblical times are discussed in a book just published in Russia by a learned physician, A. A. Plietaki. The title of the work is "Medicine According to the Bible and the Talmud," and it is an attempt to prove the complete accuracy of the statements of fact made in the Old Testament in regard to early mankind. A full account and review of this book appears in the Novoye Vremya, which praises the book as sound, recent, scholarly and ingenious. The article is condensed by the Library Digest in the following free translation: "Eight of the forefathers lived nearly a thousand years each. Adam lived 930 years, Seth, 912, and so on until Noah, who lived only 365 years, and of whom the Bible intimates that he died prematurely. Of each of the others it is said: 'And he died,' implying a perfectly natural cause, while of Noah it is said: 'And he was not for God took him.' Lamech's days were 777 and Noah 950. When we reach Terah, the change is striking: for his days were only 205 years, and there is no intimation of any special cause of death. Abraham, who 'died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years,' lived altogether 175 years. "How is this decline in longevity to be explained? The skeptics hold that in the antediluvian period our month was called a year, and that, therefore, the average length of life was 90 years. But the Bible distinctly recognizes a month and an annual period of time, and the theory in question is purely arbitrary and fanciful. "There is no reason for doubting the literal accuracy of the Bible's reckoning. The conditions of antediluvian humanity were such as to permit the length of individual life alleged in the Bible. There were, we know, giants in those days. The animals, too, were of stupendous and colossal proportions, as the bones discovered in the earth's strata fully attest. We must apply different measures, and different criteria to the beings of that era. "If the men were giants, their organisms were naturally stronger and their health infinitely better. It could not well be otherwise. The climate of Mesopotamia (the cradle of the human race), is even now mild, warm, benevolent, and favorable to longevity. Then it was much more so. And men led different lives. They lived under the smiling sky, needed no buildings to shelter them and undermine their vitality; there was food in abundance on every hand, to be had practically without exertion. The trees were laden with fruit, the rivers teemed with fish, and the meat of one animal sufficed for weeks. "Again, the use of fermented liquors was totally unknown; the grape was not among the fruits eaten by early mankind, and consequently alcoholism with all its evils was absent. Martial life was the natural condition, and apparently offspring were equally divided between males and females, so that neither sex had a preponderance. There was no vice, no violation of natural law. "To all this must be added the entire freedom from the diseases due to congestion and the sundry other evils of dense population. There was no rivalry, no anxiety, no 'struggle for life,' and no tax upon the nervous system. Death could come only from violence or old age. "In short, in 3,000 years the average of human life fell from upward of 900 to 260 years, and as a result of natural causes."

FLOWER TIME.

A floral clock stands at the entrance to Water Works park, in Detroit, Mich. The dial is six feet in diameter, with background of dark green and figures of light green decorative plants. The hands are of metal. Water is its only motive power, no springs or weights being used in its mechanism. It was constructed six years ago by a park gardener, and some difficulty was experienced in regulating it at first. Last spring, however, a new mechanism was installed, and it now needs very little attention. Detroit, by the way, enjoys the distinction of having a time all its own, being the only place in the civilized world that clung to "sun time," when the uniform meridian standard was adopted, about 80 years ago. This local time is about 28 minutes faster than central standard. The floral clock keeps it very accurately.—Four-Track News.

TACTLESS MAN.

"Darling," he murmured, "I do not want to take away the slightest petal from our delicate rose of romance, but—can you cook?" "Do you think," she asked, drawing herself slightly away, "that if I could I would have kept it secret so long?" Until that moment he had not realized how little he knew of woman.—Indianapolis News.

PITH AND POINT.

You catch the bragging hunter just as you catch the little bird—by putting salt on his tale.—Baltimore News.

People seem determined to prove every thief an honest man, and every honest man a thief.—Athenian Globe. The stroke who drops his tools at the first stroke of the clock will never become an employer.—Chicago Daily News.

A Slight Misunderstanding.—The musician was talking, and the real estate agent was buried in thought. "It's a symphony in A flat," explained the musician. "First or second floor?" asked the real estate agent.—Chicago Post.

Mr. J. Mitt—"I think she's gone on me." Miss Jenks—"Has she given you any encouragement?" Mr. J. Mitt—"Well, she told me the man she married would be handsome, brave and brainy."—Philadelphia Record.

A certain author says that he peiled the magazine with poems 15 years before they accepted one. In glancing over some of them we really think the magazine deserve censure for withholding in so short a space of time.—Atlanta Constitution.

"A Hoosier citizen hasn't spoken to a human being in 40 years, and all because a girl flirted him when he was a callow youth." "Well, perhaps that's a good deal better than taking the lecture platform to air his wrongs."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mama's Angel—"Now, Willie," said the careful mother, "I don't want you to associate with those Smith boys—they are so rough and rude." "Not 'em, the' ain't." Why, I picked a fight an' licked 'em as soon as I struck the neighborhood.—Baltimore Herald.

CARRYING MONEY LOOSELY.

Men Who Have In Their Pockets Cash Too Freely.

"Did you ever notice that a man who carries his money loosely in his pocket is usually a person who is not of a saving nature?" The speaker was a banker, and one of Chicago's most successful capitalists, says the Tribune.

"A pocketbook," he continued, "is almost an infallible indication that the person who carries it is methodical, and in most instances, of a saving disposition. Of course there are exceptions to all rules, but in 40 years of observation I have not found a dozen unscrupulous men in business who did not carry a wallet of some kind. The man who carries his money loosely in his pocket is invariably a careless person, and few men who are careless in money matters ever accumulate much wealth. Years ago when I started in the banking business on a small scale I came in personal contact with every man who wanted a loan from my bank. I was a pretty good judge of human nature, and could tell if the borrower intended to pay the amount of the loan when it was due. If misfortune did not overtake him, I made a study of my customers, and had been in the business but a short time before I noticed the pocketbook indicator, if it can be called such. When I gave a man the loan he desired I watched to see if he put it in a purse or in his pocket. If the money was put in a wallet I felt certain that the borrower was a man who would try his best to meet the obligation when it was due. If he rolled up the money and carelessly shoved the wad of greenbacks into his vest or trousers pocket I felt the letter 'D' on the book opposite his name, which meant 'doubtful.' I don't mean that there was any doubt about the payment, because I always required good edged security, but it was doubtful if the borrower came to time at the expiration of the note or mortgage. The man who carefully counted the money handed him and placed it in a pocketbook, taking care that the bills were in straight, was pretty sure to have the semi-annual interest and the principal when it fell due.

"After 40 years of daily observation I believe that a pocketbook is necessary for a man to save money. Watch the man on the street car when he pays his fare; if he takes the ticket or dime or whatever the coin may be, from a purse, you can put him down as a saving man. I never knew it to fail. It is the half fellow well met, I might say the spendthrift, who carries his money in this pocket and that one. The man who enters a saloon and throws a handful of change on the bar is the man who carries it loose in his pocket. He wants everybody to drink with him, be he an acquaintance or a stranger. But the man who walks in and draws a coin from his purse takes a quiet drink and goes about his business. He would be better off physically, too, if he didn't drink at all, but the pocketbook habit keeps him from squandering his money."

AN ANTI-CHINA.

Little John is very fond of following the farmers about their work. He came in to dinner, flushed and excited, and the following resulted: "Where have you been John?" "I've been helping Dave Church thrash—didn't help much, though—didn't do anything but kill rats; didn't kill many rats, either; only killed one, and Traut (the dog) killed that, and that wasn't a rat, 'twas a mouse!"—N. Y. Times.

CHINAMAN'S CASUALTY CONSUMER.

A Chinaman who acted as secretary to a former Chinese minister to England has published a book, in which he says: "There is nothing which an American won't say, there is nothing an Italian won't sing, there is no measure to which a Frenchman won't dance, and nothing Russians won't covet."—London Mail.