

Laughter, Tears, Blushes

If we compare tears and laughter we will see that in spite of the evident difference, there is still a resemblance on some points.

There is no doubt that tears and laughter signify different things, but both are under the control of the will to almost the same extent.

There is a laughter that is absolutely involuntary, that is irresistible, uncontrollable. Then there is the false, insincere laughter, that we Frenchmen call the "yellow laughter," and finally there is a semi-voluntary laugh, that is, we very often feel like laughing, while at the same time this feeling is not so strong that it can not be resisted, and when we give in to it we really laugh, because we want to laugh to show persons present that we appreciate a pun, a "bon-mot," an allusion, etc. * * * so on this point there is resemblance.

To the superficial observer, tears and laughter are exactly opposite extremes, and he makes in regard to them a very simple and uncompromising rule: "Laughter expresses joy and tears express sorrow."

If we look deeper into the fact, we observe that this rule is too inelastic.

It is very true that tears express sorrow or sadness, if it is understood that tears are not always the natural, immediate and irresistible effect of sadness.

To be exact and true, the rule should be expressed thus, that "tears are connected with sadness, sometimes caused by an unbearable sorrow or pain, sometimes by a relaxation after the pain and sometimes by an intention to show that we feel a pain that we, if we wanted to, could very well bear without showing it."

When the popular rule says that laughter always expresses joy it is just as inexact, for while there is no doubt that joy makes us disposed to laugh, this is about all that I can concede.

We laugh for so many different reasons, laugh, for instance, at the uncertain gain of an intoxicated man, laugh at a lady who dresses in an old-fashioned way, at a man that makes a mistake in a speech, at the grimaces of a clown, at the sound of snoring in a solemn assembly, at an actress whose gown is caught on a nail in the floor, and still none of these things cause us any joy, while they make us laugh.

Laughter often means something else; it means that we have detected a weakness, a distraction, an infirmity in some one else, and here is where another difference between laughter and tears is shown.

As Hobbes so strikingly expresses it, laughter is always a "sudden pride," a feeling of superiority over our fellowmen of being free from certain foibles that we see in others, while tears are a confession of weakness, an appeal for pity, a cry for help.

Between laughter and tears stands the smile, perhaps a little nearer the tears, because the smile is a language, because it can lie like tears, because it is very often semi-voluntary, but still, it must be said that the smile is far easier-controlled by the will than the tears.

I do not think that there is an incoercible smile, and, furthermore, we can all smile exactly when we want to, whether we mean anything by so doing or not.

There are two kinds of smiles; in one case we smile at a person and then mean to express sympathy and benevolence. In the other case we smile at a person, meaning at the same time to express scorn and disdain, as well as an entente with others present. So we see that there is a certain resemblance between tears and smiles.

Tears are often a sign of sympathy and so is the smile, but at the same time the difference is evident in this that the smile almost never expresses pity and when we talk of a pitying smile we really mean a smile of disdain.

Another sign of emotion that I might mention in connection with the smile is the blush.

Very often we smile when feeling embarrassed, and the same feeling of embarrassment will very often cause us to blush.

If we compare the blush and the tears we will see that they are almost opposite. Tears very often express an emotion that we want to show, because it is not to our advantage to conceal it, while the blush is the visible sign of an emotion that we try to conceal.

Under what circumstances do we then blush? Always when we try to control and hide our inmost feelings. We blush from modesty, we blush when somebody praises us, and when this praise causes us great pleasure, while at the same time we do not want to show this pleasure, but, on

the contrary, want to appear indifferent.

We blush from timidity when we feel that we are being attentively watched by many others, while we want to appear unconcerned and at ease.

We blush from shame, for instance, when we have heard indecent language, and want to make believe that we have heard or understood nothing, and we also blush for shame when we have been caught in an act doing something that we did not want anybody to know anything of.

The will has absolutely no control over the blush; we cannot blush when we want to, nor stop blushing when we wish to appear unconcerned, in fact the very effort to control the blush will, in most cases, make us blush still more, and while we therefore have a certain right to designate tears, laughter and smile as languages, the blush could not be called thus, as it is only a sign, a show of emotion, that it is beyond our power to control.—Professor Camille Melinaud.

Nazina Gold Diggings

Seattle, Aug. 9.—M. T. Rowland, the man who discovered the new famous Nazina gold country, arrived from the north yesterday on the steamer Bertha and is stopping at the Hotel Northern.

When seen last night, Mr. Rowland modestly preferred to be known only as a prospector whom good luck had favored.

As evidences of his fortunate discovery he brought along several pokes filled with glittering gold beads and valued at several thousand dollars.

Briefly, the story of the discovery is this: On the 24th day of last April, Mr. Rowland, who was then in charge of the Blei expedition party, then engaged in a search for copper in and along the Nazina river, about 165 miles northeast of Valdez, unexpectedly struck the yellow stuff in sufficient quantities to warrant abandonment of the hunt for copper and turn their attention to gold.

Good luck followed the prospectors and Chitche, Rex and White gulches, three spots as rich as have ever been discovered in Alaska, were located in rapid succession.

Experimental panning in all three of these gulches showed considerable richness.

Rex gulch especially made an exceptional showing, the average results from this gulch yielding from 25 cents to \$2.00 a pan, and some going as high as \$20.

"The Nazina country is the best diggings in Alaska," said Mr. Rowland, "and I have seen all of them. It is only three feet to bedrock and although Eldorado's yield may have been richer, yet I believe the Nazina's yield will be more prolific. Any one of the three gulches, Rex, Chitche, or White, is as good as Nome's famous Anvil creek."

"The gold so far discovered is more rich even than either Nome or Dawson gold, and though not nuggety, carries a better body to it all through. Then there is ample water and wood there for sluicing purposes."

"My visit here is to rest up a bit and recuperate, when I expect to return in the spring with a complete sawmill outfit and a big corps of men. This is my first visit to civilization in seven years."

Blackwood in Trouble

In the court of session, Edinburgh, Lord Kincairn closed the record in an action in which Helen McKeachie, with the consent of her father, James McKeachie, brickmaker, Kelty, near Dunfermline, sued Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh, proprietors and publishers of Blackwood's Magazine, for £500 damages for alleged slander.

The pursuer, who is 17 years of age, states that in Blackwood's Magazine for March last an article was published purporting to describe life in the village of Kelty. It was entitled "Among the Fife Miners," and bore to have been written by Mr. Kellogg Durland. The article was alleged to have been a false, grotesque and misleading description of life among the Fife miners. Mr. Kellogg Durland is an American, who took lodging in the pursuer's father's house last year and lived there about four weeks. He did so, as he freely stated in the village, with the intention of procuring some narrative of village life among the miners. Excerpts from the article appeared in the local newspapers, and it is said to have created a sensation in the district, since some rather indelicate actions were attributed to the pursuer. These statements, the pursuer averred were false, malicious, and calumnious, and they were naturally calculated to hold the pursuer up to public contempt and ridicule.

Prince Henry's Appeal

When Prince Henry was gallivanting around in America the Emperor sent him a cablegram extending his visit for two days. Prince Henry is supposed to have replied to his brother as follows:

Oh, Brother William, don't do that; Think what a wreck I am, And don't detain me longer in The realm of Uncle Sam. Consider all that I have done, And all that I've been through, And only let me have a chance To leave here p. d. q.

Oh, Brother William, I've a head As big as forty are, And I could scarcely get it through The door of the car; I had to keep it on the ice For more than half the trip I made around to see the folks And take a friendly nip.

Oh, Brother William, don't you see They had me dead to rights, For I was going all the days And more than half the nights; And every new place that I struck, A new gang met me there, And though the old had filled me up, I had to do my share.

Oh, Brother William, think of that— A new gang every day Prepared to do your brother up Before he got away. And, William, let me say to you, These enterprising Yanks, Who have the biggest land on earth Have still much larger tanks.

Oh, Brother William, you may think This job you've given me Is nothing much, but just you try It once yourself and see. I'll bet a farm before you'd done A week of it you'd be Confounded glad to abdicate Your throne and climb a tree.

Oh, Brother William, call me back, And do not make it late, For if you do I'll have to send This head of mine by freight. And after this when you desire With friendliest intent, To start a boom, don't send one prince, But send a regiment.

Oh, Brother William, hold my head; See what a wreck I am; Here's Hoch der Kaiser, and, by gosh! 'Hooray for Uncle Sam! —William J. Lampton in New York Herald.

Important Villain

New York, Aug. 9.—A Spanish sailor named Renive, who is a prisoner aboard the Dutch steamship Pr. z Wilhelm II. in this port may be the subject of International questions involving the United States, Cuba, Hayti, Holland and Spain. Renive is both a fugitive from Haytien justice and a refugee under the Dutch flag.

The sailor is charged by his shipmates of the Cuban steamship Paloma with causing by a blow over the heart the death of Gus Orlin, a shipmate. At Akalea, Hayti, he left the Oaloma and took refuge on the Dutch steamer where he still is. Captain Vickers fears to allow him to land because of possible legal complications and intends returning his unwelcome refugee to Port au Prince.

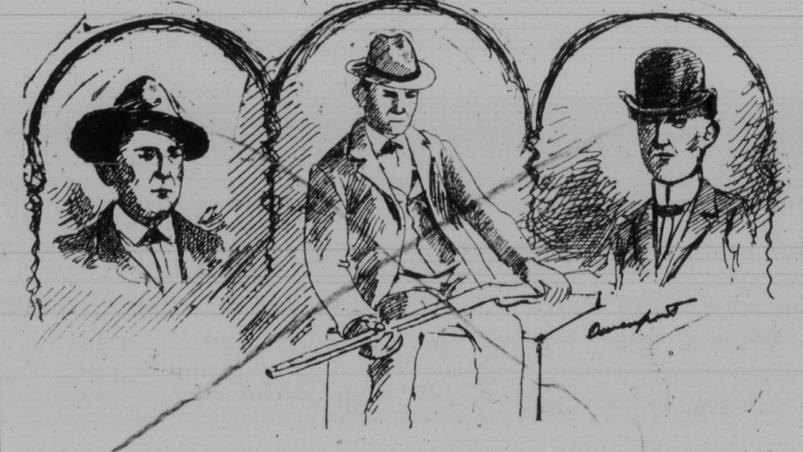
Oil as Fuel

Washington, D. C., Aug. 9.—The bureau of steam engineering of the navy department, which has been experimenting at the Washington navy yard for some time with low pressure air for spraying purposes has been quite satisfactory. Many complex problems, however, must be solved before it will be possible to determine to what extent fuel oil can be used in the navy. If the contemplated experiments with small torpedo boats are successful further experiments will be made with a torpedo destroyer, but beyond this no plans have been made.

"Say, ma!" "Yes, Reginald." "Kin any little boy be president when he grows up?" "Yes, Reginald." "But, say, ma." "Yes, Reginald." "He don't have to, if he'd ruther be a first baseman, does he?"—Indianapolis News.

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Three Men Who Were at Harry Tracy's Finish



MAURICE SMITH Attorney of Creston.

C. A. STRAUB Constable of Creston, in Charge of Body, Holding Tracy's 30-30 Winchester.

DR. E. C. LANTER Physician, of Creston.

Seattle, Aug. 9.—Without a cartridge in the barrel of the magazine Harry Tracy's famous 30-30 Winchester, the intimate friend on which he so often depended for the preservation of his safety, was used as a shield yesterday to hold a large and excited crowd back from the convict outlaw's body. Handled by Constable C. A. Straub, the gun was pressed against a number of people at the Union depot to keep them away from the box containing Tracy's remains. Many of those who were near enough reached out their hands and touched the rifle almost reverently, as if they regarded it as an object almost equaling in point of importance Tracy himself. Among the first to alight was Deputy Sheriff Nelson. A glimpse of his gun was sufficient to let the eager spectators know that in some way or other he was connected with the transportation of Tracy's body and he was instantly surrounded by a dense gathering. A number of his friends crowded their way to his side and shook his hand. He was asked more questions in a minute than he could possibly have answered in a half hour. In a few moments the familiar form of Sheriff Cudihoe was seen to emerge from a car and he at once became the center of attention. He was asked but one question:

"Is Tracy's body with you?"

In answer Cudihoe simply nodded his head in the direction of the baggage car. There followed immediately a wild scramble for the baggage car.

Accompanying the body to Portland were C. A. Straub, constable of Creston; Dr. E. C. Lanter, Attorney Maurice Smith and H. J. McIntyre, of Ravensdale. With the exception of McIntyre, who was along merely for the sake of the trip, these men will come in for a share of the reward. The 30-30 rifle was carried by Straub. The three men claiming a part of the reward kept close to the box in which the body was enclosed as it was carried to the baggage room and remained near it for more than two hours, until it was placed on a car for Portland.

As the crowd pressed too close, Straub pushed the people back with his rifle. One or two men shrank away as the death-dealing weapon touched them, but others laid their hands on it. Several remarked that they would like to be able to say they had touched the rifle carried by Tracy.

During the long wait for the train members of the crowd engaged the custodians of the body in conversation. Detailed descriptions of the last encounter were what the audit-

ors wanted and every now and then a question was sandwiched in to draw out more clearly information regarding some small circumstance connected with the battle. Straub and Lanter were rather reticent and showed an aversion to discussing the affair, but Smith was loquacious. He had just finished a bit of vivid descriptive work when a tall, red-headed man standing on the outskirts of the crowd shouted:

"Say, young fellow, you talk too much. The whole gang of you did nothing entitling you to any particular credit. You shot from behind socks, and there were four of you to one. There wasn't a one in the gang that had nerve enough to sneak into that wheat field on his stomach and see what the shot meant when Tracy committed suicide."

The three men who are accompanying the body of the dead convict to Salem are prominent residents of Creston. C. A. Straub, who was appointed to take charge of the remains by Gov. Geer, has a fine record as constable of his home town. Dr. E. C. Lanter is one of the leading physicians of Creston, while Maurice Smith has more than a local reputation as an attorney. All are comparatively young men, and are known in their neighborhood as splendid marksmen.

"Johnnie," called the mother, "I want you to go to the store for me." "Wait a second, ma," replied the youth, who was absorbed in a five-cent volume. "Pepperhose Pete has thirty-seven injuns to kill, an' it'll only take him about two minutes."—Ohio State Journal.

Alaska Flyers ...OPERATED BY THE... Alaska Steamship Co. DOLPHIN AND HUMBOLDT Leave Skagway Every Five Days SCHEDULE DOLPHIN leaves Skagway for Seattle and Vancouver, transferring to Victoria, July 22; August 1, 11, 21, 31; Sept. 10, 20, 30. HUMBOLDT for Seattle direct, transferring to Vancouver and Victoria, July 27th; August 6, 16, 26; Sept. 5, 15, 25. Also A 1 Steamers Dirigo and Farallon Leaving Skagway Every 15 Days. FRANK E. BURNS, Supt. 606 First Avenue, Seattle. ELMER A. FRIEND, Skagway Agent.

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