

SING A SONG.

If you'll sing a song as you go along, In the face of the real or the fancied wrong;

And show a heart that is brave and stout; And you'll laugh at the jeers and refuse the tears.

You'll force the ever-reluctant cheers, You'll see the man denies with a coward's cries.

To give to the man who bravely tries; And you'll win success with a little song—

If you'll sing the song as you go along! If you'll sing the song as you go along!

You'll see the man who bravely tries; And you'll win success with a little song—

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swung open a heavy glass door and made her way to the counter, Margaret following.

A tall, bustling, well-dressed girl presented herself, and bestowed a reverential smile upon the ladies. Alas! they recognized her at once.

"What is your pleasure, madam? Gloves?" She hesitated to eye with amazement the large parcel.

"Thank you, no gloves to-day. I wish to see Mr. Sloane," and Miss Joan presented her card.

"Mr. Sloane? He is in the next shop. Perhaps you would like to go to him?" "No, we prefer to wait here," Miss Joan's voice faltered.

"He is terribly busy," volunteered the girl, curling the edge of the card in her fingers as she went on her errand. Presently she returned.

"Of course, he will take us into a private room, Joan," whispered Margaret. "Wouldn't it be terrible if he did not?"

"Of course he will," Joan had scarcely repeated her sister's words when a young man stood before them, and, without any explanation, proceeded to open their parcel.

"Excuse me, that is Mrs. We have an appointment with Mr. Sloane," said Miss Joan, stiffly.

"Oh, that's all right. We know all about that," said the man, confidently. "You have some things to sell, I believe. Mr. Sloane's busy, so I'm to look at them."

Miss Joan's dark eyes contracted with pain. She stirred uneasily in her chair, and Margaret sat on one in a dream, staring first at the customer, then at their treasured work, strewn over the counter.

"The young man took up the articles and dismissed them with a single emphatic 'Do!'"

"What do you want for this?" he inquired bluntly, pointing to a beautifully worked cushion.

"I'm sorry, but the fact is we are overdone with sort of thing. Of course, if we should require anything at any time we have your address. Now, if you could make sheets and pillow-cases we could forward you a roll of cotton in the morning, and you could let us have it back, say, the next day—made up, of course. Understand?"

Miss Joan drew herself up. "I understand. I understand perfectly! Thank you, no, we shall not be able to undertake the making of household linen."

"She stretched out her trembling hands for the parcel with a smothered cry, and Margaret, half frightened, took her arm and led her away."

"The man, who had served the ladies many a time in their prosperous days, craned his neck after them."

"Poor old things," he muttered; "it's a bit rough of them. Our giv ought to be ashamed of himself, 'pon my word he ought."

"When Joan and Margaret returned home their manner betrayed suppressed excitement. Indeed, Joan had hardly entered the house before she broke down."

"Oh, Caroline!" she cried; "we have been so humiliated!" And she told her sister all that had happened.

ceptance in a way which touched them deeply.

"Now this brings me to the real object of my visit," she continued. "I am furnishing a boudoir in the antique. Every piece of furniture has been picked up at different times. Will you—I know I am asking a great favor—but will you undertake to renovate and replace all the needlework—covers of chairs, cushions, mantle-boards, and so forth? I do hope you will say 'Yes.'"

"The sisters could hardly recognize their own voices as they attempted to speak. They felt dazed, bewildered, the relief was so great, the lady's kindness so overwhelming."

"We cannot find words in which to express to you, madam, our sincere thanks," Miss Joan's lips quivered pitifully.

"Don't—don't take it in that way; you make me feel ashamed. It is you who are conferring the favor upon me." Mrs. Spencer rose to depart.

She waved her hand out of the carriage window, and as she went her way, it may be that a still small voice whispered in her ear the words of the Master whom she so faithfully served:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these—London S. S. Times."

Mr. Harmon's New Gardener. "Old Man Harmon," as he was generally, if not very respectfully known, was one of the leading citizens of a thriving Western State.

"The old gentleman hastened out on the lawn when the applicant was announced, only to be confronted by Mike, dressed in his Sunday best, bowing and smiling with the best grace in the world, and holding in his hand, Mr. Harmon's letter appointing the meeting."

"An' is it a gardener you're wantin', sir?" queried Mike, innocently. "I am badly in need of one," responded Mr. Harmon, gravely. "I had a fairly good man, but he was so pig-headed that I had to let him go. He never seemed to understand that I wanted some little personal enjoyment out of my plants, even if I did lose a few occasionally by experimenting with them. But I must say that he was a good man."

"The spalpeen!" interrupted Mike. "To be after not wanting you to enjoy your own blossoms, an' yourself bearing all the expense of them."

"I had a good place myself, but I had to leave on account of the boss thinking he knew so much more than he did, an' wanting me to transplant some of our best plants on a day that wuz cold enough to freeze the nose off yer face, to say nothing of them tender shoots. But I'm not saying that he wuzn't a gentleman an' the best man I ever worked for."

The interview proceeded with great solemnity, as between two strangers, and in a half-hour Mike had his coat off, busily going over his tulips and hyacinths, and grumbling comfortably about the moles and the cutworms.—Youth's Companion.

Time to Make Good. There was to be a circus in town next day, and Robert wished to go to see it unaided; so he sought to obtain his father's consent. The first question his father put to him on being approached was: "Have you asked your mother?"

"Yes, sir," was Robert's prompt reply. "What did she say?" the father pursued.

"She said I couldn't go," was the frank rejoinder. "What do you mean, Robert, by coming to me to ask to do a thing after your mother has told you you could not do it?"

"Well, papa," the little fellow observed, "I heard you say last week that you're the boss of this ranch, and I thought it was about time for you to assert yourself."—Judge.

"Darling Nellie Gray." Recently a tablet was unveiled at Oberlin university, Westerville, Ohio, in honor of the memory of Benjamin Russell Hanby, who wrote "Darling Nellie Gray," a song that was immensely popular in Civil War times among the abolitionists. Hanby graduated from the university in 1858. The tablet bears a few bars of music of the song, and was unveiled in the presence of the author's widow, who came from Los Angeles for the ceremony.

A Prentice Discovery. "I've found out in my historical researches that Adam was the original trouble maker."

"You mean in that apple business?" "No; it has been established past dispute that it was the first man to raise Cain."—Baltimore American.

SOLDIERS AT HOME. THEY TELL SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

How the Boys of Both Armies Whited Away Life in Camp—Foraging Experiences, Tiresome Marches—Thrilling Scenes on the Battlefield.

Dr. O. W. Carlson, of Milwaukee, was a mere lad when the Twenty-eighth Wisconsin went south, and had recently come from Sweden, but he enlisted in it. In speaking of the first time he was on picket he described the large, courageous man who was his picket companion.

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said: "You will never see Plym again, Dick. He was killed yesterday; shot dead by my side. We buried him where he fell, and I had to leave him there this morning." Just then the column moved and poor Miner shouldered his musket and marched on, keeping step with his file, filling his place just as if this awful tragedy had not occurred. It did seem hard that he could not have one day off to spend by this beloved brother's new-made grave. His knapsack was a little heavier; it held a few of "Plym's" most precious belongings.—J. A. Watrous, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Missed Him on Purpose. When the statue of Stonewall Jackson was unveiled at Lexington, Va., July 21, 1861, not a few soldiers who had fought against him were found among those who had come to honor his memory. In a crowd of old "Confederates" one of these Union soldiers, a West Virginian, probably, made his contribution to the war stories that fell that day thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa. "I was down the valley here, fighting against old Early," said the boy who had worn the blue, "and when we got within striking distance of where my Sarah lived—she's now my wife—I lit out one night and went to see her."

"I knew she was outside of our lines, and if I had known that she was in yours it wouldn't have made any difference. I was going to see that girl."

"Of course," interrupted some sympathetic listener.

"Well, luck was against me. I was caught, taken to Early's headquarters, tried and condemned as a spy, and sentenced to be hanged at six o'clock the next morning. I was put in an old smoke-house over night, with a sentinel at the door. Presently my guard was relieved, and the second watch went on. I am not going to tell you all I thought about that night, but by and by the third guard went on duty. I knew then that my time was near. I—"

"Stranger!" cried a voice in the crowd of broad-brimmed felt hats, "let me finish that story. You talked to the guard through the chinks between the logs; you made him believe that you were a true man, and no spy. He proposed to you to run for your life, and let him shoot at you. You ran; the guard shot; he was a prize-shooter, that fellow, but somehow he missed you clean. Hello, stranger, I was that guard."

"What can men do at such a time, seeing they cannot fall on one another's necks and weep, like Jacob and Esau? The crowd cheered and parted, and the two men grasped hands.

"I have advertised for you in the Gazette for years," said the Union veteran.

"I was busy raising corn—no time for reading the Gazette," laughed the other.

"Well, this is what I wanted to find you for—just mention what you want."

"I've got a fine farm," said the Confederate, proudly, but with no sign of boastfulness. "A good wife and six children. I don't want anything else that man can give."

"All right," said the stranger; "I ain't a rich man, but I've got some money and I can get more, and every dollar of it is yours whenever you choose to ask for it."

"Come along," said the old Confederate, linking his arm in the stranger's; "all I want is for you to help us burrah for old Jack to-day, and then go home with me to see the old woman!"—Youth's Companion.

"I'm the Man Who Shot You." J. H. Wynnan, of Chicago, went to Newport News recently, and while waiting for a ferry boat a stranger, a man about Wynnan's age, came up and shared his seat. They were waiting for the same boat.

"You were in the Union army," said the stranger, glancing at a button on Wynnan's lapel. "Where did you serve?"

"I was in the First Wisconsin heavy artillery and put in a good share of the time guarding the big bridge over the Green River in Kentucky," answered the northerner.

"You did! I twice helped to blow up that bridge and was there when the third attempt, which you fellows stopped, was made. It was a black night in winter when we went up the third time. There were only a few of us, but enough to do the work if it were done quickly and we could pass through the federal pickets. We reached a point 1,000 yards south of where we thought your picket line was and I was sent forward alone to locate the line and find some place through which we could pass. I walked along freely until I thought I ought to take some care, and then I dropped to my hands and knees and went that way for a while. It was so dark I could see absolutely nothing. All at once I struck a dry bush and snapped a stick under my knee at the same time. Then a rifle shot came from a picket at a point not twenty yards away and my right arm was broken by the ball. The fellow had fired at the noise and made a good shot. It alarmed the guard and our third attempt to blow up the bridge was a failure. Were you there then?"

"Yes," said Wynnan, "I am the man who shot you. I never saw you, but I heard the moving of the bush and the breaking of the twig. After I shot you walked straight to the right for about ten yards and then ran back for your command."

"That I did, exactly," said the southerner.

FOR GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP. Unionists Urge Consolidation of Telegraph with Postal System.

President Small of the Commercial Telegraphers' Union has called on the United States and Canada to take over the control of the telegraph lines now owned by the Western Union and Postal Telegraph companies. At the same time he began a campaign to secure a congressional investigation of the conduct of those companies in this country. To this end the union has established two funds—one for the direct support of the strike and the other to pay the expenses of the government ownership campaign. He asks that trade unionists in general and telegraphers in particular begin at once to raise \$2,000,000 for these purposes.

The strike was further strengthened by the calling out of leased wire operators in many brokers' offices, and it was expected that the cable operators would also join. On the other hand, the telegraph companies claimed to be taking care of all business offered, and say that the strike is a closed incident so far as they are concerned. Washington heard that Commissioner Neill was about to submit a report regarding the telegraph strike to the President. The strikers charge that the companies are taking most of their business subject to delay, and that the dispatches, instead of being put on the wires, are sent by messengers in suit cases from one city to another, to be copied and delivered by local messengers.

It is said that a bill is to be introduced at the coming session by Congressman Samuel Smith, of Michigan, which will authorize postal telegraph systems operated by the Post Office Department.

Congressman Smith says: "We provide for carrying the mails by the swiftest known method, steam, electric railways and pneumatic tubes. Why deny the right to the use of the telegraph? We carry the mails at a loss. Why not use the telegraph not only as a convenience and blessing to all our people, but to help wipe out the annual postal deficit? Who doubts that the telegraph is an essential part of an efficient postal service?"

The constitutional right to establish a postal telegraph system is unquestioned. The government started out by owning the telegraph system. In 1845 the government had built a telegraph

NELSON MORRIS DIES. Pioneer Chicago Packer and Millionaire Passes Away.

Nelson Morris, pioneer Chicago packer and multimillionaire, died Tuesday. Nelson Morris was the third member of the famous "big four" packers, Philip D. Armour and Gustavus F. Swift preceded him to the grave, and Michael O'Dahy is the only survivor of the city's pioneers in the packing industry. Mr. Morris' death was due to chronic affection of the heart, with a kidney complication, which had its origin some time ago.

Nelson Morris was born in the Black Forest, Germany, Jan. 7, 1840. His father originally was a wealthy cattle dealer, but he became reduced to poverty after joining the revolutionary movement to unite the Black Forest to Switzerland. The father was an exile until the son paid his ransom twenty years ago. Carl Schurz was a fellow exile of young Morris, who, when he landed in Philadelphia penniless was 11 years old.

The young man walked to New York, where he hired out to haul charcoal in Lakewood, Conn., for 85 a month and board. Later he worked his way on a canalboat to Buffalo, thence walking to Chicago. Here he went to work in the old stockyards. Five dollars a month was his salary the first year, increased to \$40 the second year. All he saved from his earnings he sent to his relatives across the ocean. He began to buy bonds when he was 15, making enough to start himself in the cattle business a year later. The packer used to tell how at first he killed and dressed his own cattle. He slept on the slaughter house floor at night in order to be on hand early in the morning with his beef and pork.

His first financial reverse came when he was 18 years old. When he was 25 years old Morris suffered another reverse. He inherited papers for creditors who went back on him. Within a year, however, he had recovered from his loss.

He started his packing house in 1862 and during the latter part of the war supplied the army of the West with beef. Mr. Morris was the first to export live cattle from this country to Europe. He received the first contract ever given to supply a government with beef. He obtained important and profitable contracts with France, England and Germany.

Restricted Birth Rate Desirable. Prof. Edward A. Ross, head of the Sociology Department of the University of Wisconsin, in a lecture to the students, said that "restriction in the birth rate is a movement which at the bottom is salutary, and the evils in its train appear to be minor or transient or self-limiting or curable," thus taking direct issue with President Roosevelt's well-known idea as



line between Washington and Baltimore, costing \$30,000. Two years later, under a notion of economy, it was turned over to private ownership. Among the public statesmen who protested against this course were Henry Clay and Cave Johnson. Prof. S. F. B. Morse also prophesied the evils of private ownership.

Justice Brown, of the United States Supreme Court, has said: "If the government may be safely intrusted with the transmission of our letters and papers, I see no reason why it should not also be intrusted with the transmission of our telegrams, as is almost universally the case in Europe."

Language of Seagulls Found. John B. Watson, professor of psychology in the University of Chicago, has just returned from the Dry Tortugas Islands, off the lower coast of Florida, where he carried on investigations at the Andrew Carnegie station. He says that he has found that the sea gulls have a language of their own which can be imitated by a human being. He finds that they live in family groups in houses consciously built for their purpose, and he believes that they have politics in their governmental affairs. For several months Prof. Watson has lived in a hut of boughs on these tropical islands, taming the great ocean birds and getting close to them. He thinks that these birds converse with each other by means of the volume, tone and duration of their vocal sounds.

Board Favors Octopus. The Naval Submarine Board, which conducted competitive tests at Newport, has reported unanimously that the Octopus is the superior of the boats tested and the equal of the best now owned by the United States or under contract. The opinion is also expressed that a boat similar to the Octopus, but larger, would be a superior naval weapon.

The Oregon Trust and Savings bank, Portland, with deposits of \$3,200,000 and liabilities of \$3,200,000, closed its doors. More indictments of Arkansas legislators are expected next month by Prosecuting Attorney Rhoton of Little Rock when the grand jury meets.

President Roosevelt approved the sentence of dismissal from the navy of Captain James, who was tried recently by court-martial for financial irregularities.

The auditor's report of the condition of the Eschscholtz Bank of Mason, Ga., which recently went into the hands of a receiver, shows that the entire capital and surplus had disappeared and there was an actual deficit of \$8,500.

to race suicide. Prof. Ross says he is "with those who hate famine, war, saber-toothed competition, class antagonism, degradation of the masses, wasting of children, dwarfing of women and cheapening of men." Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Ohio, Washington, West Virginia and Wisconsin. Eleven of these have State systems, with twenty-eight offices in twenty-five cities, and five States have eight municipal offices. The motives advanced to justify these agencies are the belief that State competition would drive unscrupulous private risks if the unemployment, the need of assisting the unemployed, and the bringing together of laborer and employer with the result of reducing the army of unemployed.

Free Employment Agencies. The Massachusetts Labor Bulletin, as digested in American Industries, shows that fifteen States now have free public employment agencies in operation, as follows: California, Connecticut, Illinois, Kansas, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Ohio, Washington, West Virginia and Wisconsin. Eleven of these have State systems, with twenty-eight offices in twenty-five cities, and five States have eight municipal offices. The motives advanced to justify these agencies are the belief that State competition would drive unscrupulous private risks if the unemployment, the need of assisting the unemployed, and the bringing together of laborer and employer with the result of reducing the army of unemployed.

Short News Notes. A girl baby was born to Gov. and Mrs. Charles E. Hughes at Albany the other day, it being their fourth child.

William W. Prusser, St. Louis, city passenger agent of the Clover Leaf Route, died at Laporte, Ind., while visiting relatives.

Three Japanese belonging to a traveling acrobatic troupe have been arrested in Russia with plans of fortifications and other secret military documents in their possession.

A foreign government, supposed to be Russia, says the London Chronicle has awarded to a British firm of shipbuilders a contract for several battleships, cruisers and gunboats.

Nelson Morris, the Chicago packer, has leased 750,000 acres of grazing land in the Standing Rock reservation, South Dakota, comprising one of the finest cattle tracts in the Northwest.

"Gen." Lewis Cass Fry, who in 1824 led 3,800 men, comprising the Pacific coast division of Coxe's army, from San Francisco to Washington, is dead at Brice, Mo.

George Hoey, a veteran actor, died in New York after a short illness. He was well known to the old timers, having played with Booth, Barrett, Jefferson and other famous players.

Amosd S. Meserve, warden of the New Castle county workhouse, near Wilmington, Del., and one of the leading criminologists of the country, has resigned because, it is stated, he disapproves of the Delaware whipping post.