In spite of the doubt if you'll fight it out. And show a heart that is brave and stout; If you'll laugh at the jeers and refuse the tears.

You'll force the ever-reluctant cheers That the world denies when a coward cries,

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

If you'll sing the song as you go along

If you'll sing a song as you plod along. You'll find that the busy, rushing throng Will catch the strain of the glad refrain; That the sun will follow the blinding

That the clouds will fly from the blackened sky;

That the stars will come out by and by; And you'll make new friends, till hope descends From where the placid rainbow bends;

And all because of a little song-If you'll sing the song as you plod along! If you'll sing a song as you trudge along,

You'll see that the singing will make you strong : And the heavy load and the rugged road,

And the sting and the stripe of the tortuous gond Will soar with the note that you set

affoat ; And the beam will change to a trifling mote: That the world is bad when you are sad And bright and beautiful when glad,

That all you need is a little song-If you'll sing the song as you trudge along! -Philadelphia Evening Telegraph

"Well, I never! What a wonderful thing! How truly kind and considerate! I take it as a direct answer to Miss Joan, stiffily, prayer.

Miss Joan Lawrence dropped a let ter on the table, and covered two slightwrinkled cheeks with her thin

"What are you talking about? Is anything the matter?" inquired Miss Caroline, looking up, her small, eager face expressing irritability and curiosity. She was bending over an oldfashioned embroidery frame, and was in the act of counting, "three greens, one white, a purple, then a pearl," when her sister's voice sent all the colors out of her head.

"A most unaccountable thing has happened," answered Miss Joan, "Such a kind letter from Mr. Sloane. Just listen: '* * If, therefore, you will kindly call at my place of business I shall be pleased to see your work, and we can talk matters over. If I can be of any service to you, pray come,

"It is all our minister's doing," said Margaret, softly. "It was Mr. Forbes so wrote to Mr. Sloane on our be-

Both sisters turned to her in sur-

"We don't understand you, Margaret," said Miss Joan.

"No," she answered, plaintively, "If you did you would not shut me out of your troubles, nor deny yourselves that I might escape the plach of poverty. You treat me as a child, I, who am in my 35th year. But I am not a child, and-and, upon my own responsibility. I called upon Mr. Forbes, told him our difficulties, and asked if he could help us in any way. Apparently it was a good thing I did so."

"Yes," admitted Miss Joan, looking tenderly into the soft, shy eyes of her youngest sister, "it was a happy thought, Margaret. Dear me! Thirtyfour-our little Margaret! And Caroline is 50 and I am 55. Mother's baby Margaret 34, yet never very strong! Oh, my darling, it is only natural that we long to shelter you from the buffetings of the world's storms."

Miss Joan broke down quite unexpectedly, and sobbed. "I can't help it," she said; "I am crying for thankful-

The sisters drew round the fire and sat there for an hour discussing their good fortune.

"I shouldn't be one bit surprised," said Caroline, "if after Mr. Sloane has seen our work he gives us more orders than we can possibly undertake."

"Only think of that, Joan," smiling, "though that won't be just at present, child. But, in any case, we shall never forget Mr. Sloane's kindness, shall we? I shouldn't wonder if he remembers what good customers we have been in the past-the hundreds of pounds we have paid over his counters."

It was Tuesday morning when Miss Joan received Mr. Sloane's letter, and during the next two days the sisters talked of nothing but how they should meet him, and what they should say, The memory of the past, when they ranked with his best customers, gave them courage, while the fact that they were about to meet him on different

terms was not without its sting. When Thursday morning came, how, over, Miss Joan and her sister Margaret put on their best bonnets and bravely went to town, taking with them a tell-tale, large brown-paper parcel. The pavements were wet and slippery, and a drizzling rain was falling. Now, although they kept assuring each other that their business was entirely norable, and not unpleasant, still they went on their way a little timorously, feeling anxious and ill at ease. As they approached their destination their spirits sank still lower, and they wished their interview with Mr. Sloane

The well-known, flourishing establishmt of "Sloane & Co." was a series of arge shops occupying the length of one reet, and part of mother,

"We will go in at the door where are least likely to be recognized, said Miss Jonn. nervously. Dear me, child, you look soaked

"Never mind me; I shall soon dry," Margaret, with a laugh that was rears. "I wish we were at home

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. She had been the head of the glove department for years.

"What is your pleasure, madam? Gloves?" She hesitated to eye with amazement the large parcel. The wealthy Miss Lawrence with a parcel. 'Yes,' What did it mean? Her obsequious manner at once degenerated into feminine curiosity.

"Thank you, not 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 Jonn's voice fultered.

"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. Mr. Sloane would see them directly, and in a few minutes he appeared-bald of head, flabby of feature, and smooth of tongue, a loosely built man with stooping shoulders. He came forward, rubbing his hands. The ladies bowed. Then ne glanced at their faces, and grew confused, Evidently he had not Times. thought of associating these well-renembered stately gentlewomen with the letter of appeal received from the Rev. Mr. Forbes.

"Excuse me," he stammered, gathering himself together; "for a moment I am engaged with a gentleman. I will return to you immediately." Again the

ladies bowed. "Of course, he will take us into a garet. "Wouldn't it be terrible if he

did not?" "Of course he will." John had scarcely repeated her sister's words when a young man stood before them, and, without any explana-

tion, proceeded to open their parcel. "Excuse me, that is ours. We have an appointment with Mr. Sloane," said

"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 far and near for a gardener, with pain. She stirred uneasily in her chair, and Margaret sat as one in a dream, staring first at the customers,



WILL YOU UNDERTAKE TO RENOVATE AND REPLACE ALL THE NEEDLEWORK ?"

then at their treasured work, strewn over the counter. The young man took up the articles

and dismissed them with a single emphatle "Do!" "What do you want for this?" he inquired bluntly, pointing to a beautiful-

ly worked cushlon. The sisters exchanged glances. don't know," faltered Miss Joan; "we have never sold anything before."

"H'm! Well, ladies, 'pon my word I'm sorry, but the fact is we are overdone with sort of thing. Of course, if we should require anything at any time I ever worked for." we have your address. Now, if you could make sheets and pillow-cases we could find you plenty of work. 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 guv 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

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

as her sobs broke out afresh. "Hush, dear! Don't talk about it now. Let me take off your bonnet. There, there; you are our brave Joan again." At that moment something happened. The wheels of a carriage rattled

to the front door, and presently the little maid-of-all-work aunounced "Mrs. Spencer." She stood on the threshold almost enveloped in costly furs, and with a Los Angeles for the ceremony. startled cry Margaret rose to her feet, for she recognized her at once as an

down the narrow street. A knock came

interested observer of their trying halfhour at Sloane's. In another moment she had settled herself costly in an armchair, and the dark, mournful room seemed full of sunshine and brightness.

"You must excuse me for calling in this unconventional way," said Mrs. Spencer; "but I saw you, as you know, at Sloane's this morning, and I was ple to your little sister. Remember interested, for your beautiful work attracted me, though, of course, I could J an-Yes, mother, but an apple not approach you there. One thing especially took my fancy-a cushion of A wise woman always lets herself rare beauty. I would be so glad if you get the worst of an argument with an would sell it to me, and my carriage

being here, I can take it with me." Scoing at a glance that the sisters were not "bargainers," the kind-hearted lady named a sum far beyond all their expectations, and insisted on its ac- work for the beauty doctors.

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-borders, and so forth? I do hope you will say

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 thanks," Miss Joan's lips quivered pit-

you make me feel ashamed. It is you who are conferring the favor upon 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: "Innsmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . . ye have done it unto Me."-London S. S.

Mr. Harmon's New Gardener. "Old Man Harmon," as he was gen erally, if not very respectfully known, was one of the leading citizens of a thriving Western State. His flowers were his hobby and the pride of his heart. Mike, his head gardener, houest and hard-headed to the last degree, was a very skillful florist, but he and private room, Joan," whispered Mar- the old gentleman were seldom in agreebest for his beloved plants, regardless week during the many years of his encumbency;

curred, and the old gentleman and Mike bugle. parted company in good earnest, each expressing in unmeasured terms his joy at being rid of the other.

languish as if grieving for the rough scared at the braying of a mule. The but tender hand that had cared for big picket never heard the last of his them so long. Mr. Harmon advertised outpost exploit.

torview.

"An' is it a gardener you're wantin', dr?" queried Mike, innocently,

"I am badly in need of one," respondthat I had to let him go. He never of safety. some little personal enjoyment out of casionally by experimenting with them. But I must say that he was a good

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

"I had a good place meself, but I had to leave on account of the boss thinking he knowed 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 thim tender shoots. But I'm not saying that he wuzn't a gentleman an' the best man

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 see it unload; 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 re-"What did she say?" the father pur-

"She said I couldn't go," was the frank rejoinder. "What do you mean, Robert, by com-

ing to me to ask to do a thing after your mother has told you you could not do it?" "Well, papa," the little fellow oberved, "I heard you say last week that you're the boss of this ranch, and

to assert yourself."-Judge.

I thought it was about time for you

"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 private. Nelly 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

"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 he was the first man to raise Cain."-Baltimore American,

Mathematics. Mother-Jean, give half of your apshared is halved.-Nos Loisirs.

Many a convincing political speaker. can't even get a hearing at home. Vanlty makes a lot of remunerative

THEY TELL BOM .. INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR

How the Boys of Both Armies Whiled

ling Scenes on the Battlefield. Dr. O. W. Carlson, of Milwaukee, was a mere lad when the Twentyeighth 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 express to you, madam, our sincere picket companion. The regiment had marched from its camp in Arkansas to July 21, 1851, not a few soldiers who a dismal spot, reaching there late at had fought against him were found "Don't don't take it in that way; night. He and his large companion among those who had come to honor were down for placet duty, and, though his memory. In a crowd of old "Connearly dead from the long, wenry march, the pickets were sent out, while the rest of the troops dropped upon the ground and slept. Carlson and his partner heard strange noises that black, gloomy night, and thought they saw horrible sights, but held their peace until nearly daylight, at which time there was heard, a little distance in front of them, a crackling in the my wife-I lighted out one night and bushes, and an instant later a hoarse went to see her. roar that fairly made the limbs of the trees quiver. It was then that the brave assistant of young Carlson seized his gun and started out for the reserve. yelling: "Holy Jerusalem, the whole rebel army is right on us!" The young

Swede, Carlson, ran a few steps and looked back. Seeing no rebel army on his heels, he halted and resumed his station on the outpost. When daylight came he was enabled to learn the cause ment. Mike would do what he thought of the trouble. Ten roals beyond their station a drove of Confederate mules of orders, and consequently had been had camped. When the night was done discharged two or three times every and hunger made its demands, one of the mules arose, stretched himself and sounded his bugle as only a lonesome, At last a really serious rupture oc- hungry, homesick mule can sound a

serve his big friend asked him why he didn't come back with him. His re-The flowers immediately began to sponse was that he didn't entist to get

At the battle of Helena, on the 4th Selecting from the numerous replies of July, 1863, a volunteer was called the one that most struck his fancy, he for to take a dispatch from one portion wrote and appointed an immediate in- of the line to another. The messenger must go a considerable distance in The old gentleman hastened out on plain view of the enemy, where he the lawn when the applicant was an- was certain to be the especial mark of nounced, only to be confronted by Mike, bundreds of good shots. Carlson dressed in his Sunday best, bowing and promptly responded, was given the smilling with the best grace in the message and told to make the best posworld, and holding in his hand, Mr. sible time. He ran like a deer, deliv-Harmon's letter appointing the meet- ered the important message and started back with the same degree of speed. but when within three or four rods of the point from which he had started he fell as if shot. Two or three of his ed Mr. Harmon, gravely. "I had a fair- comrades sprang to his side, saw he ly good man, but he was so pig-headed was not killed and took him to a place

seemed to understand that I wanted The brave Swede had received a semy plants, even if I did lose a few oc- a long time to recover. When he had dren. I don't want anything else that partially recovered General Fred Steele had him detailed as an orderly and intrusted him with important messages to Memphis and other points more or less distant. He was at the leading hotel in Memphis at the time of the Forrest raid in the summer of 1864. He heard the disturbance, got up and dressed himself, gathered up his messages for immediate destruction in case of capture, and then stood at a window and looked the Forrest raiders as they dashed about the hotel and along the streets. They came within three or four doors of his room, but something distracted their attention and they went away, and his heart crept back from his mouth to its right place, and

While on this service young Carlson turned many an honest penny by buying Memphis papers at a low figure and selling them at the market price in the ermy, which was anywhere from 10 to 25 cents, Finding himself in possession of more money than he had ever seen before, he concluded to put on a little next day, and Robert wished to go to style, bought a handsome suit of clothes, a darker blue than the regulation uniform, and also an officer's hat. His captain was bound to have him back in the company, and finally succeeded in getting him. The first evening after his return to the regiment Carlson appeared on dress parade clad in his officer's uniform. Suddenly the commander of the regiment, Colonel E. B. Gray, now pension clerk at Madison, dashed up and ordered him never again to appear on parade in such a uniform. It was a hard blow to the young man-having to give up his nice clothes for the old suit.

General Fred Salomon was a friend of Carlson's, One day Salomon called the boy into his tent and offered him a captaincy in a colored regiment. "Me a captain, and go away from the boys of the Twenty-eighth?" "Yes." "I thank you, General, but I'd rather stay with the boys of the Twenty-eighth," said he, and he did, coming home a

Richard O. Jeardeau, a popular railway conductor, who served through the war and was terribly wounded in one of the last battles, tells me this pathetic story: A family named Rawdon lived in Wyoming Valley, Wis., in failure. Were you there then?" 1861. There were two sons, Miner and Plympton. They both culisted in Company C. Tweifth Wisconsin, Colonel, later General, George E. Bryant, commanding. They were inseparable, have you walked straight to the right for ing always been together. Both had worked for my father in Wisconsin for your command." and we boys were fast friends. The Twelfth was in the Seventeenth corps In front of Atlanta. My regiment, the Thirty-first Wisconsin, was in the Twentieth corps. The Twelfth was in the battle on the left, July 22, and lost beavily. The next day the Seventeenth that a pleasure shared is doubled. corps pased from left to right of Sherman's lines. As they were passing word went around that the Twelfth Wisconsin was going by, and I hurried back to see the Rawdon boys and other acquaintances. They made a short halt as I came up and I saw Miner standing in his place, shook his hand eagerly, and asked for "Plymp." With a tear on his homely, weather-heaten

swung open a heavy glass door and ceptance in a way which touched them SOLDIERS AT HOME, said: "You will never see Physics 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 Away Life in Camp-Foraging Experiences, Tiresome Marches-Thrilnot occurred. It did seem hard that he could not have one day off to spend by this beloved brother's new-made grave. His knapsnek was a little heavier; It held a few of "Plymp's" most

precious belongings.-J. A. Watrous, in Chicago Times-Hernid. Missed Him on Purpose. When the statue of Stonewall Jack son was unveiled at Lexington, Va. feds" 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

"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 sym

pathetic listener. "Well, luck was against me. I was aught, taken to Enrly'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-rimmed felt hats, "let ne 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

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

"I have advertised for you in the Gazette for years," said the Union vet-

"I was busy raising corn-no time for reading the Gazette," laughed the

"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 chilman can give."

"All right," said the stranger: "I aln'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 Confed-

erate, linking his arm in the stran-

ger's; "all I want is for you to help us hurrah 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. Wyman, of Chicago, went to Newport News recently, and while waiting for a ferry boat a stranger, a man about Wyman'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 Wyman's lapel. "Where did you

"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 wher, the third attempt, which you fellows stopped, was made. It was a black light 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 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 Arward 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 ride 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

"Yes," said Wyman, "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 about ten yards and then ran back

"That I did, exactly," said the south-

"We found your tracks in the sand the next day. I did not know I hit you. I am glad I did not kill you and I'm mighty glad to see you." Then they shook hands and took

Worth Knowing. Siam was a cotton producing country

up the fourney together.

2.500 years ago. Sharks were almost unknown in the Adriatic until the Suez canal was opened. Now the harbors of Flume and Pola are so infested with them that residents dare no longer bathe in cheek and a tremble in his voice, Miner | the open sea.

FOR GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP. nionists Urgs Consolidation of Tel-

egraph with Postal System. President Small of the Commercial relegraphers' 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 Postai Telegraph companies. At the same time he began a campaign to secountry. To this end the union has es- had its origin some time ago. tablished 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 telegraraise \$2,000,000 for these purposes.

The strike was further strengthened erators in many brokers' offices, and it penniless was 11 years old. was expected that the cable operators would also join. On the other hand, Lakeville, Conn., for 85 a mouth and the telegraph companies claimed to be taking care of all business offered, and say that the strike is a closed incident Chicago. Here he went to work in the so far as they are concerned. Wash- old stockyards. Five dollars a month ington heard that Commissioner Neill was his salary the first year, increased was about to submit a report regarding to \$40 the second year. 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, year later. The packer used to tell how instead of being put on the wires, are at first he killed and dressed his own sent by messengers in suit cases from cattle. He slept on the shughter house one city to another, to be copied and floor at night in order to be on hand early delivered by local messengers,

It is said that a bill is to be introluced at the coming session by Congressman Samuel Smith, of Michigan, which will authorize postal telegraph systems operated by the Post Office De- he had recovered from his loss. partment.

Congressman Smith says: "We provide for carrying the mails by the swiftest known method, steam, electric rallways 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 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 NELSON MORRIS DIES.

Pioneer Chicago Packer and Millionnire Passes Away.

Nelson Morris, pioneer Chicago packer and multimillionaire, died Tuesday. Nelson Morris was the third member of the Phillip D. Armour and Gustavus F. Swift preceded him to the grave, and Michael Cudahy is the only survivor of the city's pioneers in the packing industry. Mr. Morris' cure a congressional investigation of death was due to chronic affection of the the conduct of those companies in this heart, with a kidney complication, which

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, phers in particular begin at once to The father was an exile until the son paid his ransom twenty years ago. Cart Schurz was a fellow exile of young Morby the calling out of leased wire op. ris, who, when he landed in Philadelphia

The young man walked to New York, board. Later he worked his way on a analhoat to Buffalo, thence walking to saved from his earnings he sent to his relatives across the ocean. He began to buy hogs when he was 15, making enough in the morning with his beef and nork.

His first financial reverse came when he was 18 years old. When he was 25 years dd Morris suffered another reverse. He dorsed papers for creditors who went ack on him. Within a year, however,

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 occived the first contract ever given to upply a government with beef. He obsined important and profitable contracts. with France, England and Germany.

Restricted Birth Bate Desirable. Prof. Edward A. Ross, head of the Sothe telegraph is an essential part of an ciology 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 the government had built a telegraph President Roosevelt's well-known idea as



line between Washington and Balti-

more, 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 placed on the pay roll of the State."

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 Scagulls Found. John B. Watson, professor of psychol ogy 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 Octubus.

The Naval Submarine Board, which conducted competitive tests at Newport has reported unanimously that the Oct. pus is the superior of the boats tested an the equal of the best now owned by t United States or under contract. opinion is also expressed that a boat simi lar to the Octupus, but larger, would be a superior mayal weapon.

The Oregon Trust and Savings bank. Portland, with deposits of \$3,200,000 and inhilities of \$3,200,000, closed its doors.

More indictments of Arkansas legislators are expected next month by Prose orting Attorney Rhoton of Little Rock when the grand jury meets.

President Roosevelt approved the sen ence of dismissal from the navy of Chaplain Jones, who was tried recently by egart-martial for financial irregularities.

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

to race suicide. Prof. Ross says he is "with those who hate famine, war, sabertoothed competition, class antagonism, degradation of the masses, wasting of children, dwarfing of women and cheapening of men," and asks if the time will come when the mother of more than three is "regarded as a public benefactor and prophesied the evils of private owner- Prof. Ross himself is the father of threechildren.

Free Employment Agencies.

The Massachusetts Labor Bulletin, as ligested 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-six 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 agencies out of business, the need of assisting the unemployed. and the bringing together of laborer and employer with the result of reducing thearmy 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. Prosser, St. Louis, city passenger agent of the Clover Leaf ruite, died at Laporte, Ind., while visiting rela-

Three Japanese belonging to a traveling acrobatic troupe have been arrested in Russia with plans of forcifications and other secret military documents in their 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 eased 750,000 acres of grazing land in the Standing Rock reservation, South Da-

keta, comprising one of the finest cattle cracts in the Northwest. "Gen," Lewis Cass Fry, who in 1894 led 3,800 men, comprising the Pacific coast division of Coxey'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.

Asmond S. Meserve, warden of the New Castle county workhouse, near Wilmingon, Del., and one of the leading criminolgists of the country, has resigned beause, it is stated, he disapproves of the Delaware whipping post.