

SUNDOWN.

A late lark twittered from the quiet skies,
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, gray city
An influence, luminous and serene—
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
In a rosy and golden haze. The spires
Shine and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The
Sun.

Closing his benediction,
Sticks and the darkening air,
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing
Night.

Night, with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day
done.
My wages taken, and on my heart
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene.
W. E. Henley.



THE LOST OPPORTUNITY

By EDWIN LEFEBRE.
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In Three Parts.

(Continued.)
There was a period of peace in Wall street following the last encounter between the diminutive Napoleon and Dutch Dan. But after a few months the fight resumed. Greener was desirous of "bullying" his stocks generally and his pet, Federal Telegraph Company, particularly. Just to show there was no need to hurry the "bull" or upward movement, Dan sold the stock "short" every time Greener tried to advance the price. Four times old Greener did try, and four times Dittenhoeffer sold him a few thousand shares—just enough to check the advance. Up to a certain point a manipulator of stocks is successful. His manipulation may comprise many ingenious and complex actions and devices, but the elemental fact in bull manipulation is to buy more than the



Greener was in desperate straits. The other fellow can or wishes to sell. Greener was willing to buy, but Dan was even more willing to sell. Greener really was in desperate straits. He was committed to many important enterprises. To carry them out he needed cash and the banks, fearful of stock market possibilities, were loath to lend him enough. Besides which, there was the desire on the part of the banks' directors to pick up fine bargains should their refusal to lend Greener money force him to throw overboard the greater part of his load. Greener had despoiled innumerable widows and orphans in his railroad-wrecking schemes. The money lenders should average the widows and orphans. It was a good deed. There was not a doubt of it in their minds.

Federal Telegraph, in which Greener's commitments were heaviest, had been slowly sinking. Successful in other quarters of the market, Dutch Dan decided to "whack the everlasting daylight out of Fed. Tel." He went about it calmly, just as he played roulette—selling it methodically, ceaselessly, depressingly. And the price wilted. Greener, unsuccessful in other quarters of the Street, decided it was time to do something to save himself. He needed only \$5,000,000. At a pinch \$3,000,000 might do;



"Very well. Sell 50,000 shares of Federal Telegraph Company for me."
or, for the moment, even \$2,500,000. But he must have the money at once. Delay meant danger, and danger meant Dittenhoeffer, and Dittenhoeffer might mean death.
Of a sudden, rising from nowhere, fathered by no one, the rumor whirled about the Street that Greener was in difficulties. Financial ghosts ran to the banks and interviewed the presidents. They asked no questions in order to get no lies. They simply said as though they knew: "Greener is on his uppers."
The bank presidents smiled indulgently, almost pityingly. "Oh, you've just heard it, have you? We've known it for six weeks."
Back to the Stock Exchange rushed

WHEN KIPLING WAS HUNGRY.

His Unique Method of Calling Attention to the Fact.

Rudyard Kipling once visited the late Cecil Rhodes at Lekkerwijn, one of his fruit farms at Paarl, South Africa. One morning Rhodes went around his farm before breakfast, leaving his guest, who was not so energetic, behind. Time went on and Rhodes did not appear. Hunger soon roused Kipling to action and in a short while he was very busy on his own account. As Rhodes returned he found his trousers bearing a new kind of fruit in the shape of placards inscribed in huge black letters with "Famine!" "We are starving!" "Feed us!" etc. On reaching the front door he was confronted with the following, in still larger type: "For the human race—Breakfast taken the mind, invigorates the body. It has contained thousands; it will sustain you. See that you get it." Then, in the house, on every available wall, he came across other mysterious placards in more and more pathetic appeal: "Why die when a little breakfast prolongs life?" Larger and larger grew the type: "It is late, it is still later," leading at last into the little breakfast room, where he found Kipling reading his paper in peaceful innocence but very hungry. It did not need much ingenuity to guess the author of these broadsides.

WHERE WE GET MUSK.

Articles of Commerce Is Obtained From the Muskdeer.
Musk in the raw looks a good deal like axle grease, and smells worse. The popular notion that the musk of commerce is obtained from the musk rat is a mistake. A somewhat similar perfume may be obtained from the muskrat, but most of the musk comes from the muskdeer, a creature that is carefully reared in India for the sake of the secretion. The secretion is shipped in the crude state, and is used not only in the manufacture of the liquid perfume sold as musk, but also in very small quantities to give strength and staying power to many perfumes made from the essential oils of flowers.

Curiously enough, the blossoms of two native plants have a noticeably musky odor. One is the well-known small yellow blossom. Its odor is marked, and is counterfeited in the commercial perfume called musk. The other is the bleeding heart. The pure white blossom of that early spring plant has a distinct, though delicate musky odor. A bean known as the musk bean is a cheap substitute for animal musk.—London Tit-Bits.

To Light Tunnels.

Phosphorescent tunnels and stations are now suggested for insuring public safety in the Paris tube. A company has offered to paint luminous bands on the walls, on exit doors, etc., which would obviate all danger from the sudden extinguishing of the electric, petroleum or other lamps in case of fire or any other accident. The phosphorescence is produced by a coating of calcium monosulphide, obtained by mixing sulphur and oyster shells, or calcined cuttlefish bones, and therefore costing very little. Besides lighting tunnels and stations sufficiently for emergency, the phosphorescent paint could be used for inscriptions by engraving the latter on glass and filling the lines of the letters with the calcium monosulphide. Thus indications as "This way out," would become luminous in the event of failure of the ordinary lights. The paint remains phosphorescent for a considerable time, as oxidation transforming the substance into non-luminous sulphate of lime, only sets in very gradually.—Pittsburg Press.

Merely Mothers.

When Johnny and Emmie and Dolly are asleep in their little bed, their mother goes softly among them. And picks up the little ones. She sends a torn apron for Dolly. Then, scanning the broken-up toys, she wonders if any more mothers have any such troublesome boys. Then a little brown nap is unfolded. "Teach—teach!" he gasps, and his mother is down by the boy, on her knees. "Hush! Mother is here, love; you're dreaming." "Is mother, my darling; no harm can come to you here, my own Johnny. No teacher can hurt or alarm." And he opens the eyes that resemble the ones looking into his own. "Aw, there! Is it you, dearest mummy? Don't's way and leave me alone." "Is written that God made the mothers to be kind to their children, and that he needed their goodness and patience to finish his wonderful plan."
—M. L. Rayne.

Smart Man Was Fooled.

"There is less in a name than most people think." remarked big "Jim" Kennedy at the Old Guard big the other evening. "I have a friend whose name is the subject of names. He declares that if you put six men in front of him and tell him their names, without saying to him each name belongs, he can fix the right name to the right man in five out of six cases. He boasts of this so much that I was glad the other evening to turn him down. We were sitting at a table in a cafe when a tremendously big, husky looking chap came in. Scribbled six names on a paper and passed it to my friend. "That big chap's name's on the list," I said. "Pick it out." "The name is Sullivan," he said promptly, after scanning the list. "You lose," said I. "He has the most fragile name that ever happened. That's Glass, the great ex-guard a Yale."—New York World.

Pitchforks at an Election.

Extraordinary scenes occurred at the counting of votes during a municipal election at Florenzac, near Montpellier, France. It was stated that the presiding officer and two of the assessors had extracted ballot papers and placed them in their pockets. Upon the fraud being denounced by the opposition several hundred peasants, armed with pitchforks and other weapons, attempted to break into the school room where the counting was going on, and threatened to lynch the officials concerned. It took 100 gendarmes all their time to repel the infuriated crowd, and several times they had to charge with drawn swords.

MEMORY OF A KISS

OR A BOY'S ATTEMPT TO VOICE THE IDEAL.

The Poetry of Life Condensed into One Short Story of a Summer Evening—Comments of the Older Men Who Listened.

The boy was telling the story to an intimate. He was not exactly a boy; not exactly a man. He had the sensations of a man with yet only a boy's experience. The boy's story was an attempt to voice the ideal, as he knew it. Thus it ran:
It was one evening in summer. The sun was setting, building fairy temples in the sky, painting its domes and minarets with shimmering gold. It cast a shaft of light on the darkening sea, which stretched to my feet like a golden stairway leading to the temples in the sky. The summer sea whispered a song to the sweet, departing glory in the west, and tumbled, aimlessly as it sang, like a drowsy child. But before the sea song the universe seemed standing still, listening to its own whispering melody. Suddenly along the golden staircase there came a woman lightly tripping. She was of the stuff that dreams are made. Softly in a garb of clinging white she moved toward me. Her face was shining like the sun. Her glowing tresses gave back the glint of the sky with subtle, answering fires. Her eyes gleamed with the perfection of woman's eternal promise. Her lips, soft, sweet, and warm, were parted with a glad, bappy smile. She came to me radiantly, eagerly, with white arms outstretched. She came to me. She came to me. She drew closer in the golden evening light I saw all the glory of her face. Her face shone on me. Her eyes gleamed for me. Her lips smiled for me. I looked into the face in proud humility; it made tears in my heart to know such a face was clad in radiance because of me. It made hunger in my soul because I knew it could never be too good to be true.

She came to me as a lover and a mother might. She held me tenderly as if I were very young and she kissed me, and the music of it was like the tireless sea. Then I awoke.
There was no sea. There was no anything, only a London morning. Only breakfast, and the coffee was bitter and the bacon cold. The land lady's head bore crumpled curls horribly jangling, and she talked of dead relations. From that day I have not dreamed and there is something wanting in my life.
That is the story. On the whole it is a silly story. If a man told such a story in a club, his head would get broken with a soda syphon. Men do not tell such stupid tales—they think 'em. The man who listened broke a coal on the fire and said: "H'm." And another older man, to whom he told the story, said: "Adam dreamt that way or he might be lost his rib."—Black and White.

BRAVE IN FACE OF DEATH.

Heroic Conduct of a Famous Bull-Fighter in the Spanish Arena.

One of the most thrilling incidents ever witnessed in the arena is the heroic conduct of the famous Spanish torero, Revete. It occurred at Bayonne. After disposing of two bulls Revete had twice plunged his sword into a third, of great strength and ferocity, and as the beast continued careering wildly the spectators began to hiss and jeer. Wounded, Revete, after the very quick of his pride, the one on knee with folded arms in the middle of the ring. He was right, but he had not allowed for the margin of accident.
The wounded beast charged full upon him, but the matador, splendid to the last, knelt motionless as a statue, while the spectators held their breath in horrified suspense. Reaching his victim, the bull literally bounded at him, and as he sprang he sank in death, with his last effort giving one fearful lunge to the head that drove a horn into the thigh of the kneeling man and laid bare the bone from the knee to the tip. Still Revete never flinched, but remained kneeling, exultant in victory, but calmly contemptuous of applause, till he was carried away to heal him of his grievous wound.

A Relic of Nero.

The government has undertaken excavations on the site of the Campus Martius, and has discovered remains and foundations of the monument erected by the Roman Senate, 13 B. C., under the consulship of Nero and Quintillus, in honor of the Emperor Augustus after his victories in Spain and Gaul.
The remains now discovered, together with those collected in 1859 and preserved in museums, are sufficient to allow of the reconstruction of the monument, which is symbolic of peace, and it is hoped to complete the work on the occasion of the Car's visit.—London Mail.

Not in His Line.

Two merchant travelers met in the reading room of a hotel one evening last week and over their cigars fell into conversation. One carried a small line of novelties. His friend insisted on showing to his newly made acquaintance.
"Fine goods, don't you think?" he asked.
"Very good," said the other, "but you can't hold a candle to the goods we carry."
"Same line, eh?" the other asked, his temper rising.
"No; our house makes gunpowder."

A Twenty-One Party.

A Southend young man has just arrived at his majority, and he had a "twenty-one party." There were twenty-one guests (the ladies giving on demand twenty-one kisses to the men), twenty-one dances, twenty-one songs and twenty-one games. The menu consisted of twenty-one articles of food, and the liquids were also of twenty-one kinds. His there were him a cheque for £21, and he has with this started off on a twenty-one days' holiday.—London Tit-Bits.



"Paying the Fiddler."

—Courtesy of The Commoner.

Commoner Comment.

TELL THE SENATE.

Senator Redfield Proctor delivered an address at the fortieth annual reunion of the Vermont civil war veterans. Referring to the colonial policy of the United States, he said: "The government of a people of a country not contiguous is at the best experimental and temporary."
Senator Proctor declared that—"Such a condition may last a long time, but it can not be permanent with train and development. It is the God-given human nature of all people to wish to govern themselves and not owe allegiance across a sea."
"If I could make the future geography of the American Union I might be a little uncertain about the nation's northern boundary, whether it be Canada or the Arctic ocean—preferably the last. In God's good time—but the proper lines would be fixed east by the Atlantic, west by the Pacific and south by the republic of Mexico and the gulf, and within those boundaries may the future government of our country remain."
Mr. Proctor, an American statesman, may have something to do with the making of "the future geography of the American Union." If he would boldly take a stand against the policy of imperialism which his party has foisted upon this government, if in the senate chamber he would speak as boldly as he spoke before the civil war veterans at Rutland, Vt., then it may not be doubted that his words would have great effect in hastening the day of readjustment of the nation's policy with respect to the Philippine Islands. If Mr. Proctor was sincere in his statements at Rutland, and we have no reason to doubt his sincerity, he should, at the earliest opportunity, express similar sentiments in the United States senate.
Perhaps President Roosevelt is averse to exposing all the rotteness in the departments at once because it might result in leaving the janitors with altogether too much to attend to.
Count Cassini says that Russia and Japan will not fight. He also said that Russia would evacuate Manchuria. These statements indicate that the count is a genuine diplomat.
While the cutting down of the trotting and pacing records goes bravely on, the cutting down of the grafting record of the government department seems to be at a standstill.
Attorney General Knox decides that a republican maintains his party standing and honor providing he can keep out of jail until the statute of limitations operates as a bar to prosecution.
Now that it is over perhaps Mr. Hanna's friends will admit that his "notes of warning" were what they would call "calamity howls" if uttered by their political opponents.
Mr. Knox would have us think that Congressman Littauer is innocent of intent to milk the government because the statute of limitations operated about a year ago.
It seems that when a trust fails to secure justice in a court of law it closes its mills as a warning to the people not to interfere with trust graft.
The press reports tell us that "Senator Allison was visibly agitated." The senator must have found himself losing his exultant balance on the fence.
Doubtless Mr. Hanna howled "calamity" when his attention was called to that lobby article in Frank Leslie's Monthly.
Is there any department of the government that dare step forward and declare that it is free from "graft?"
It seems high time that the people sent a few more senators to Washington to "lobby" in the interests of the masses.
Mr. Knox's opinion in the Littauer case is about as perille as his boasted attacks on the trusts.
Now if Texas scientista could noly discover a method of grafting the yellow fever onto the boll weevil.
An Englishman named John Lever announces that he will make an effort to pry the America up loose.
We all start on life's journey wrapped in the traveling rug of self-esteem, but it is soon torn aside by shafts of criticism.
In olden times the heroine—That creature of surprises—Would loudly shriek and cry for help, But now she advertises.
If every man kept his own counsel there wouldn't be enough lawyers to go around.
When it comes to an uphill fight the rolling stone isn't there.

BUT HE FORGOT MILES.

When an order was issued transferring General H. C. Corbin from the war department to the command of the eastern division, Mr. Roosevelt took occasion to pay a high tribute to Corbin.
Recently Captain R. B. Bradford, chief of the bureau of equipments of the navy, gave up his bureau position to go on sea duty, and Mr. Roosevelt took occasion to pay Captain Bradford a high and doubtless entirely deserved compliment.
But when General Nelson A. Miles retired from the head of the army after forty years of faithful service, he was permitted to go into private life without one word of commendation from the president. He was dismissed with a cold-blooded order issued and signed by one of General Miles' subordinates. It is not surprising that Mr. Roosevelt is being severely criticized even at this day for his evident deliberate snub to one of America's greatest soldiers. It is strange that Mr. Roosevelt places so small a premium upon the intelligence of the American people that, after his friends had undertaken to explain Miles' snub on the ground that the customary order had been issued, the president goes out of his way to pay a high tribute to two other officers, neither one of whom performed service at all to be compared with that rendered by General Miles.
It is no difficult to understand the statement made by one Washington correspondent, who said: "Among old soldiers the language used in criticism of Mr. Roosevelt is bitter. They regard the president as proof that it was personal enmity alone that prevented the president from saying something commendatory to General Miles when the latter gave up command of the army after forty-two years of honorable and distinguished service."
Sultan Abdul Hamid's naval manager managed to steal \$100,000,000 which the sultan thought was being invested in new battleships. But there are some gentlemen in the departments at Washington who could perhaps equal the record if they had equal opportunity. Several of them seem to have made a good start.

What this country needs is an open door to each of the federal departments while a strong democratic broom is sweeping out the aforesaid departments. And the doors should be unusually wide in order to permit of easy egress.
Mr. Knox seems able to prove that there has been no fraud in his department. The legal department of the government makes no attempt to conceal its purpose to let the trusts go right on with their robbery.
Mr. Chamberlain's tariff speeches are listened to over the telephone wires by hundreds of people. Mr. Chamberlain is not wise. Over here the tariff advocates also use wires, but they pull 'em, instead of talking over 'em.
Congressman Curtis says that certain Indians have leased the same land to nineteen different people. This is what comes of permitting the Indians to associate too intimately with officials of the land department.
"We must uphold President Roosevelt and his policy," shout the republican bosses. But not one of them can tell us what the "president's policy" now is.
If Mr. Carnegie is still determined to die poor he might trade those steel bonds for steel preferred at par.
Mr. Bristow's report does not specifically mention the name of Perry Heath, but undoubtedly Perry Heath knows that Mr. Bristow had him in mind.
When Captain Kidd wanted a subsidy for his ships he took it without any pretense of doing it for the benefit of the public. Even Captain Kidd hesitated at some things.
Mr. Cleveland says the day of opportunity is not yet past. Is it possible that Mr. Cleveland is anticipating another chance at a bond deal?

Mr. Schwab's part in the shipbuilding trust seems to have been to furnish the water while the other fellows furnished the ships.
Secretary Hitchcock "admits there have been frauds in the land department." And Secretary Payne is wondering why Secretary Hitchcock didn't "just laugh."
Perhaps that Baltimore and Pittsburgh bankers did not wig-wag to Mr. Shaw in time.
Ducks and chickens are ripe.

The supply of dummy directors is still large but the promoters are experiencing increasing difficulty in finding dummy investors.
The "let well enough alone" cry does not appeal to the coal mine operator. He wants more.
"Stand pat" and "stay put" are the arguments of those who have no real argument to advance.
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