Shall I [illegible] summer's day
Thou [illegible] more temperate.
Rough [illegible] the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

—Shakespeare.

EM'S WAY

By ROGER BUCKLEY DEVILBISS.

"Mawnin', Marse Bob, yo'se 'most too airly. I'se jest dis minit put de finishin' teeches on dis office; yo' cut'enly do muss up de floo' pow'fully. I allus does dis las' 'case it allus takes de mos'—"

"Too early for what, Em? You haven't found anything to tickle your fancy this morning, I suppose," insinuatingly.

"Lawd, Marse Bob, yo' needn't do no s'posin'. I'se a lady, I is. I nebbah did teetch nuthin' dat didn't b'lon' t' me." A guilty conscience needs no accuser; the insinuation was too familiar to be misunderstood.

If there was one thing upon which Em prided herself it was her belief that she was a lady. A typical Southern darky of the "befo' de wah" type, of uncertain age, short, overstout she would waddle along for all the world like a duck, but with an inimitable dignity which she alone could assume.

"I ain't one of dem no-'count niggers what ain't had no raisin'," she boasted. "Dey's allus gittin' dey selves in trubbel with white folks, 'case dey ain't got no manners. I'se got raisin' and manners, and white folks r'spec' me, dey do."

But Em's besetting sin was an uncontrollable impulse to appropriate her neighbor's property, simply because she believed she possessed a suzerain's right over everybody and everything. Garrulous to an extreme, with a ready answer for everybody, she was permitted more liberties than would be tolerated in another of her race.

"How's Mis' Lu' an' li'le Marse Bob dis mawnin'?" she asked, her face broadening into its accustomed grin. She was too shrewd to let the conversation follow its former drift. "Las' night I took her some of de bestest biskets dat yo' eber et. Did Mis' Lu' gib yo' one?" significantly. Em had a way of atoning for past offenses with choice creation of her culinary art, but now she was bent upon revenging her wounded dignity.

"Shaw! They weren't fit for a dog to eat. I might use them to—"

"Yo'se a lyin' now, Marse Bob. Dey sho' wus good. I'se a born cook, I is, an' yo' knows it. Mis' Lu' done sed so; she wouldn't gib yo' one 'case dey wus too good to waste on a no-'count lawyer." Em's eyes beamed satisfaction. She was evening scores to her own liking.

"To poison my bulldogs, if they refuse to make friends with my neighbors, when they visit my wood-pile at night," he continued, cautiously, without looking up from his papers.

"Great Scot! Marse Bob, yo' 'mos' scairt me to death, shootin' like dat. Yo' mighter killed me," falling blindly into the trap.

"What shooting! I never tried to shoot you. I shot at somebody who was stealing my wood," innocently.

"Marse Bob, I'se dun sed dat I nebbah tooked nuthin' dat didn't b'lon' t' me," with an injured air. "I didn't steal no wood—"

"So you stole some wood, then. Well, now you must go to—"

"Marse Bob, yo' hearn what I sed," emphatically. "I wus only makin' fren's with dem dogs, so dat dey'd

[illegible]rly for what, Em?"
[illegible] voodoo man. Dat's de [illegible]" Em's imagination [illegible]escue.
[illegible] those dogs keep away [illegible]" looking her squarely [illegible]n never quailed; lying [illegible]ith her.
[illegible]p' a pesterin' me in [illegible] tellin' me dat de voo[illegible]awyin' to steal me, so [illegible] pray'r all night, and [illegible] if I make fren's with [illegible]doo man will take de [illegible]
[illegible]n to tell me that you [illegible]
[illegible], 'deed I does. I'se [illegible] membah, I is. I [illegible] bible ebery night," [illegible]cation of herself.

"Don't the bible teach you not to steal?"

"De bible say all men are liars, so dere, now, Marse Bob, yo' knows what yo' is," ignoring his question.

The way in which she said this was almost too much for her tormentor, but with a mighty effort he began:

"Well, to-night I want you to pray like this: O Lawd, help Em to know the dif'rence 'tween a five-dollar bill in Mis' Sally's pocket and her's. If eber she takes another send the voodoo—"

Em's eyes flashed. "Deed, Marse Bob, I nebbah teeched no fib-dollar bill. Yo'se tryin' t' torment poo' Em.

"Marse Bob" was standing over her.

I'se hones', 'deed I is. I'se a lady an' a church membah."

"That won't do here. You can't hoodwink me. You are a thief and must go to—"

"I ain't hoodooin' yo'. Mis' Sally nebbah sed I wus a thief," uneasily. "I'se knowed Mis' Sally eber sense she wus a teeny baby, and Mis' Sally allus sed what was hern wus mine, 'cause she 'most b'lon' t' me. 'Tain't stealin' t' take what's your'n, is it, Marse Bob?" speaking rapidly, but with increasing assurance.

"I am afraid it is—"

"Yo' needn't be afred, Marse Bob, I's a priv'leg'd puson."

"I am afraid that you must go to jail for this and also for stealing my umbrella—"

"'Deed I didn't know dat wus your'n. I thought some of you' clients jest drapped it," anxiously interrupting him.

"China plates, watch chain, sack of flour, coal, chairs, shoes—"

"Marse Bob, I nebbah took no shoes 'case I wears de ones de Lawd gib me an' dey nebbah wears out," eagerly.

Em plainly showed that she was very uneasy. "Marse Bob's" manner was not at all reassuring. Usually he joked with her, but now he appeared to be thoroughly in earnest. To avoid further embarrassment she picked up her broom and started to leave the room, but was stopped by "Marse Bob."

"The people of this town are tired of your conduct. Now you must go to jail until you learn to know what is rightfully yours," he said solemnly.

Em looked at him sharply a moment, and then burst out: "Marse Bob, I'se a lady; yo's been 'sultin' me jest 'cause yo' is a lawyer. I knowed yo' when yo' wus a teeny baby, an' I knowed you' paw an' maw befo' yo'. Yo' wus a good boy, only yo' wus tricky, Marse Bob, yo'd be a gem'man if yo' wasn't a lawyer."

With that she turned and started out in perfect indignation over such insulting treatment. She was thoroughly angry, something unusual for her. "Marse Bob," however, barred the way.

"See here, what became of those oysters I had sent here yesterday?"

"I ain't seed no oysters," sullenly.

"I wouldn't have cared about the oysters if the pail had been left. Now I must pay for both and I didn't get either."

Em's face brightened. "is dat all, Marse Bob? Jest wait a minit an' I'll get de pail." And she started out again, forgetful of her statement of a moment previous, in her eagerness to escape persecution.

"Marse Bob" was beginning to enjoy a hearty laugh over the encounter when he was startled by a piercing shriek in Em's shrill voice: "Marse Bob! Marse Bob! come quick!"

He rushed out and saw a sight which almost turned his blood to ice. A large bulldog had sprung upon "little Marse Bob," who had wandered out unattended, in pursuit of his father. Before he could collect his thoughts Em had turned the dog's ire upon herself, fighting against overwhelming odds. Several other men came running to her aid, but too late.

The child was rescued and placed in his father's arms, uninjured; but for Em, aid came too late. She had received fatal injuries before the dog could be dispatched. Tenderly the men carried her into the room which she had left only a few moments before, in a rage. She had forgotten all that in her unselfish effort to aid another. "Marse Bob" was standing over her, his eyes overflowing with tears, trying to thank her, and begging forgiveness for the pain he had caused her. Faintly and brokenly she spoke:

"Marse Bob—de—voodoo—man—got—de—dog." Then, as she sank lower: "Poor—Em—neb-bah—" As the pain left her body the wonted smile spread over her face.

* * * * * *

In the town cemetery there is a carefully-kept grave, marked simply: "EM—A LADY."

NUT WAS A BOOMERANG.

Object Lesson Intended for Congregation Had Effect Upon Minister.

John Spencer Bassett of Trinity college, N. C., in a recent lecture scored religious intolerance. He began in this way:

"I was born in Tarboro, and in Tarboro in my bodhood I went to church every Sunday. I shall never forget an object lesson that a clergyman impressed on me there. He arose one Sunday evening in the fall with a fresh, green walnut in his hand. He held the walnut up so that we could all see it and said:

"'Dearly beloved, with this walnut I am going to give you an object lesson. See me now remove the nut's rind. This rind is soft, dirty, useless, profitless. It is like the —— church. Now I come to the shell. It is a hard, strong shell, a difficult thing to crack, but there is no taste to it; there is no nourishment in it; it is valueless, a thing to be thrown away. This shell, my friends, is like the —— church. And finally breaking the shell we come to the kernel, which is like our own church. I——'

"At this point the clergyman took out the kernel and found it rotten. He reddened, coughed and pronounced the benediction, and I understand that he was after that day liberal in all his views."

REFUSED TO BE INFLUENCED.

How a Judge Fortified Himself Against an Attorney's Argument.

Committeeman Robinson of North Carolina used to be a judge in the Tarheel state. Cope Elias, an attorney of considerable reputation in those parts, once appeared in a case before him.

Robinson's mind was fully made up concerning the judgment to be rendered, and he accordingly informed Elias that no argument was necessary. Notwithstanding this, Elias began to argue. Judge Robinson again informed him that he need not continue, but again his word was not heeded.

"Sheriff," said the judge, calling that official to his desk, "have you any cotton hereabouts?"

The sheriff allowed that there were several bales of cotton just outside the co'thouse and, complying with instructions, he brought the judge a handful of the fluffy staple. The judge stuffed a wad of it in each of his ears, gathered up the legal papers on his desk, and, beginning to read them carefully, observed:

"Now, Mr. Elias, you may proceed."
—From the Washington Post.

Herbert Spencer on Boy-Raising.

Herbert Spencer, the great English philosopher, gave the following advice concerning the raising of a boy: "Do but gain a boy's trust; convince him by your behavior that you have his happiness at heart; let him discover that you are the wiser of the two; let him experience the benefit of following your advice and the evils that arise from disregarding it, and fear not that you will readily enough guide him." Mr. Spencer was a bachelor, and any father who has had trouble with his boy will at once recognize how thoroughly the philosopher understood the business of rearing children. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Spencer neglected to explain how a father may let his son discover that he—the father—is the wiser of the two.

Dietetic Requirements.

It has been laid down as a physiological rule that the requirements of adult diet depend not on the weight of the eater, but on the extent of his bodily surface. An infant may weigh one-eighteenth as much as a grown man, but its surface is more than one-seventh as great. As the first requirement of the infant's food is to replace the heat that is continually being lost by radiation from all parts of the body, the latter friction determines the needed proportion of nourishment rather than the former. But in the case of a growing child food is also needed to supply the increase of the bodily weight. In all an infant's ration may be five times as much as would be estimated from its actual weight alone.

Extending a Welcome.

"Tom Turner and I boarded at the same shack in a raw Western camp one winter," said Senator Clark the other day. "We paid a big price and got mighty little for our money. One day Tom came home with two or three fingers (lengthwise) of liquid courage under vest, and said something about the money the landlady must be making out of us.

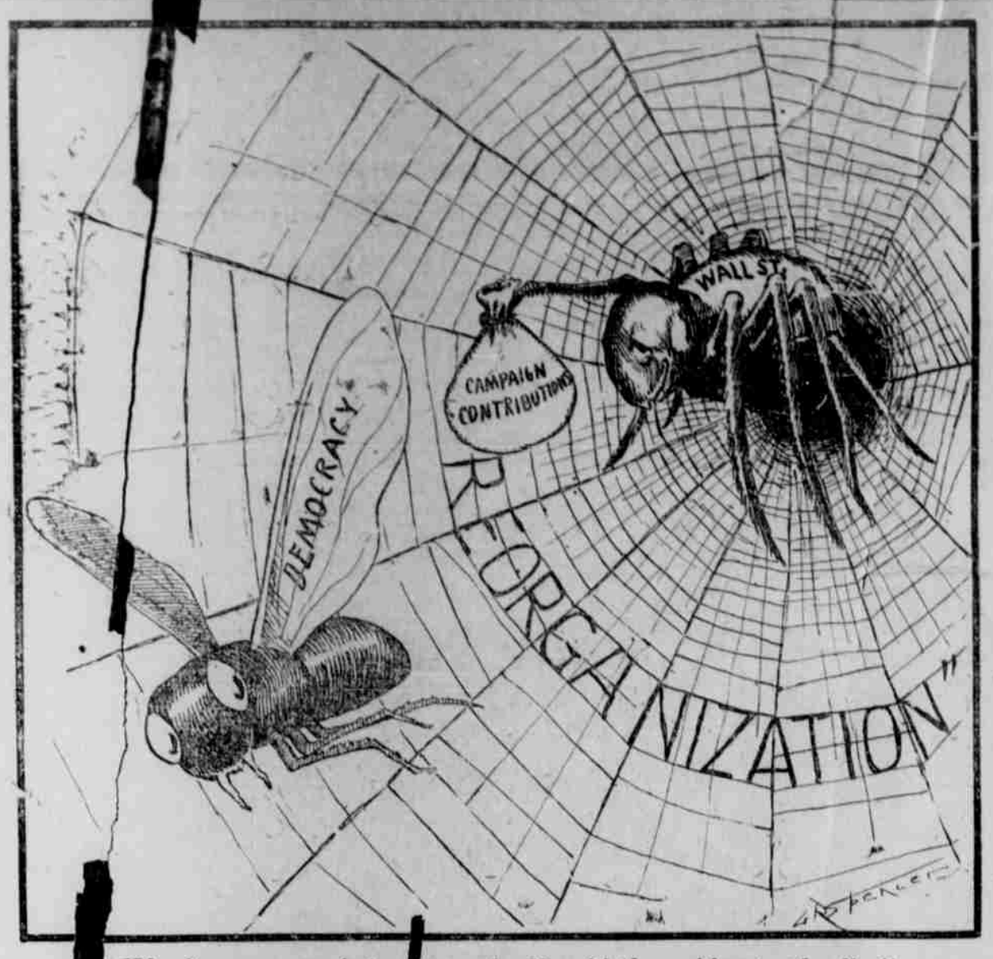
"'Why, Mr. Turner,' said he, indignantly, 'I am barely keeping the wolf from the door.'

"'Well,' Tom responded, recklessly, 'if that's what you're trying to do, just open the door and invite him in to dinner once. I'll bet he'll never come within four miles of the place again.'"
—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Old Vine.

The twisted vine may still be there
To spread its peaceful shade
Above the winding pathway where
A trellised arch was made;
Overhead the purple grapes may still
Hang through in luscious rows,
To lure each breeze that o'er the hill
In wanton gladness blows.

Perhaps the leaves still rustle there,
And still, perhaps, the dew
Gleams on the tempting clusters where
The sunlight glances through.
But one who used to lift me high
That I might rob the vine
Ah, does he shower joy in the sky,
The m[illegible] mine?



"Won't you come into my parlor?' said the spider to the fly."

Courtesy of The Commoner.

Commoner Comment.

TEACHING BOYS TO SHOOT.

In a pamphlet issued by the National League of Republican clubs, in 1891, and describing the principles and doctrines of the republican party, it was said: "In the affairs of the United States, happily enough, the war department does not cut a conspicuous figure."

Evidently "the principles and policies of the republican party" have undergone a marked change since the pamphlet referred to was issued. In his annual report, Secretary of War Root says that he knows of nothing more important in the way of preparation for war "than to teach the young men of the country to shoot straight;" and he adds, that "it is of no use to pay, equip, subsist and transport a soldier to the battle field unless he can hit the enemy when he shoots at him."

Mr. Root says that two recent changes in conditions require that we make continuous and active effort in this direction. One of these changes is "the greatly increased range of the modern rifles which determines battles while the combatants are at a great distance from each other, and which make practice more necessary for good marksmanship than ever before." The other is "the decline in the use of fire arms among the greater part of our people." Mr. Root says that it is not now the case as it once was that every house has its rifle or shotgun, and that every boy is taught to discharge these weapons; and he explains that it is probable that a majority of the young men in the thickly settled parts of the country have never fired a gun and would be quite harmless to an enemy until taught to shoot. He thinks that we should not wait until we are actually engaged in hostilities, and he recommends an appropriation for the promotion of rifle practice and the formation of rifle clubs and contests to which citizens generally shall be admitted.

It can not be doubted that if such clubs were organized there would be many applications for membership. The gun is a very attractive weapon and there would be little difficulty in persuading the boy to engage in target practice. And yet is it to the best interests of this country that the thoughts of war be kept uppermost in the minds of our citizens? Is it to the interests of our government, to the interests of civilization, that on every occasion the boy be taught that war is one of the chief features of life? Would it not be better if the boys of our land could be trained in the art of peace? Would it not be better if they were persuaded to devote their energies in obtaining an education, not merely from the text books, but also from humanity's statutes? Would it not be better to teach them that the greatest nation is the one that is foremost in peace, that the most powerful government is the one that makes every effort to lead in the good order of the world?

Is it possible that our boasted civilization has made no greater progress, even at this day in the presence of The Hague court of arbitration and within a few months after the czar of all the Russians made bold to suggest the disarmament of all the world, than that an American secretary, referring to preparation for war, deems it necessary to say that nothing is more important than "teaching the young men of the country to shoot straight?"

At this particular time of the year a large number of good resolutions look very much like this republic's reputation for disinterested friendliness for South American republics.

When a public official is caught in questionable practices he always declares that he wants a speedy trial on the real issues, and then generally asks for time and tries to get away on technicalities.

In other words, while denying that he plated the shipbuilding gold brick, Mr. Schwab coyly admits that he did assist in palming it off on industrial "Reubens" at a fancy price.

In the meantime Perry Heath clings to the Hanna life preserver and makes ugly faces in the direction of the White House.

It will be noticed by every shrewd observer that the g. o. p. managers never thing of denouncing "graft" and "grafters" until exposure threatens to have a depressing effect on g. o. p. chances.

Louis F. Post, editor of the Chicago Republic, calls attention to the fact that the young man who "carried a message to Garcia" received thanks, while the young man who perpetrated a forgery on Aguinaldo was promoted to be a brigadier general.

A THREE PART COMBINATION.

The superstitiously inclined are pointing Mr. Roosevelt to the fact that the next national convention of the republican party will be its thirteenth. They add to this—to them—sinister fact the other fact that no vice president who succeeded through the death of his chief was ever been nominated and elected president to succeed himself. These superstitious people feel that this makes a combination that is sure to result disastrously to the house of Roosevelt. If they add to this combination the other and well attested fact that the people are growing weary of words not backed up by deeds, they will have a resultant combination that will indeed be hard to beat.

TEMPERANCE LESSON IN FIGURES.

Medical statistics often furnish better temperance lessons than those given by orators. These statistics show that 70 per cent of pneumonia cases, a disease unusually prevalent in many section of the country at this time, are fatal where the sufferer is addicted to the use of alcoholic stimulants. On the other hand, only 23 per cent of the cases are fatal wherein the sufferer is not addicted to the use of liquor. These statistics are all the more emphatic when it is taken into consideration that the non-users include very young children who are treated with great difficulty.

THE POSTAL DEPARTMENT TROUBLE.

The Sioux City Tribune strikes a clear note when it says that the trouble with the postoffice department is that "it is used too much to reward politicians who act as if they think they have already earned their salaries in the party service." The Tribune further says that "they would'nt bother their heads with practical and economical business plans, and probably they couldn't if they would." There is entirely too much truth in the Tribune's statement concerning the trouble with our postal department. It contains entirely too much chicane and too little business method.

THE PORTRAIT OF THE OIL MONARCH

The editor of McClure's Magazine seems to have grounds for a damage suit against the American Syren and Shipping. Syren and Shipping declares that the now famous portrait of Rockefeller, printed in a recent issue of McClure's, is really the portrait of "Ormuin," a miserly character in a story published in Harper's Weekly more than forty years ago, and drawn by "Porte Crayon." But perhaps Syren and Shipping "speaks sarkastikle," as Artemus Ward would say. At any rate, the rest of that interesting publication's remarks anent Mr. Rockefeller have a deliciously sarcastic flavor.

If Mr. Roosevelt is so "sot" against a man like Heath being secretary of the republican national committee why did he want Mr. Hanna to continue as chairman? It is not recorded that Heath ever bought a seat in the senate or spent a year away from home dodging service of a committee that had reported against him.

While shyly accepting the encomiums showered upon their patriotism, those Panama revolutionists whose "rose as one man" are not neglecting to keep a sharp lookout for the arrival of that little consignment of ten million American dollars.

The "Iowa Idea," according to Colonel Lafe Young, is to stand in with the gentleman who presides at the spigot of the g. o. p. campaign barrel.

Colombia is the victim of her own folly," says the Sioux City Journal. Perhaps, but can the Journal make any defense of a strong man taking advantage of a weak fool?

The managers of Monte Carlo cleared $7,000,000 last year, which is almost as much as Mr. Rockefeller can make in a week by hoistings the price of kerosene a half-cent a gallon.

Is there any moral difference between selling a postoffice appointment for money and trading it for active support in a campaign for re-election?

The real test of that Panama republic will come when an attempt is made to divide the bunch of swag the administration at Washington held up for successful secession.

Florida wants a ship canal, and it may be that a little secession might have profitable influence at Washington.

THE DEATH OF MRS. HOAR.

Regardless of party or creed Americans will extend their heartfelt sympathy to the venerable Senator Hoar because of the death of his wife. The Christmas festivities of 1903 contained no cheer for the Massachusetts statesman, for the companion of nearly fifty years was taken from him. Mrs. Hoar was not prominent in society circles, chiefly because she preferred devoting her energies and her talents in other directions. But she had a circle of friends who were devoted to her because of her womanly worth.

Those whose views concerning future punishment coincide with those of the late Colonel Ingersoll are earnestly asked to explain what fate should be meted out to those Philadelphia dealers who burned 40,000 Christmas trees in order to bull the price of the remaining stock. Before undertaking the explanation they should ask themselves if there were no poor families in Philadelphia to whom those trees could have given without affecting the price of the remainder.

Financiers dread the results that may follow the withdrawal of $50,000,000 to pay for the Panama deal. This naturally leads to the inquiry: Is our financial system as stable as some financiers would have us believe if the withdrawal of $50,0000,00 is calculated to cause a money stringency?

The tin plate trust has all the protection it asked for, but the tin plate trust's employes have been compelled to accept a 50 per cent reduction in wages. "Protection to American workingmen" is a great g. o. p. cry, but the trusts that furnish the campaign funds get all the wool.

The administration declares that if there is war with Colombia it will be because Colombia strikes the first blow. By nagging and insult, by contempts and intrigue, the administration hopes to goad Colombia into striking the blow.

The exploiters want it distinctly understood that the "stay put" policy applies only to the flag when connected with a chance for spoils, and not to wages. They reserve the right to haul down the wages whenever they see fit.

The special Panama message would seem to indicate that the president's chief reliance in proving his case is to have a vast preponderance of testimony without much regard to the kind of testimony it may be.

J. Pierpont Morgan is reported to have offered $250,000 for the original manuscript of Milton's "Paradise Lost." Money may buy the manuscript.

The rumor that the Boers may make another effort may be an indication that the Boers have discovered an opportunity to sell a canal to us.

Editor Charles Emory Smith is kept quite busby these days explaining the official record of ex-Postmaster General Charles Emory Smith.

Emperor William's voice may be weak, but his whispered remarks about Waterloo seem to have echoed through Great Britain.

"I can see no reason why I should resign," says Perry Heath. Have Mr. Roosevelt's chances, then, grown so small?

Postmaster General Payne's laughter just now has that hollow and insincere sort of sound.

The wrong is not so much towards Colombia, as it is towards our national tradition and our national honor. This is the important fact to remember.

Mr. McKinley may have said that he hoped to be succeeded by Mark Hanna, but there is a very general suspicion that he did not make Perry Heath his confident.

Abdul Hamid's physicians have informed him that he can live only three years more, and those who have ultimatums to throw at him should lose no time.

It is quite a common thing for an accused person to demand a court of inquiry after all efforts to get free through political pull have failed.

Ten years ago republican papers said wages were "going democratic." And they are now going Hannapatic?

The Conrad-Bonaparte report seems to have pretty effectually cooled Postmaster General Payne's "hot air" blast.

One potato was the admission at a Wichita church social and many of the guests complained of being cheated.

AS THE WORLD REVOLVES

IS NOW SAINT JOAN

"Maid of Orleans" Awarded Beatification by the Church.

After nearly five centuries [illegible] representation and of calum[illegible] Congregation of Rites of the Catholic church has taken [illegible] steps toward the canonization [illegible] of Arc. After having suffer[illegible] lifetime from the greed of [illegible] countrymen, represented by [illegible] the English by the Duke of [illegible] by royal ingratitude repre[illegible] the indifference to her f[illegible] worthless Charles VII., for [illegible] saved his throne, by the c[illegible] as represented by Cauchon [illegible] of Rouen, who, after q[illegible] guilty upon unproved [illegible] heresy, witchcraft, and [illegible] tion with evil spirits, tu[illegible] to the secular authoritie[illegible] at the stake, which neith[illegible] nor the English prevent[illegible] declared fit for beatific[illegible]

It is probable that [illegible] torical point of view th[illegible] the peasant girl Don[illegible] her father's sheep at [illegible] "the voices" and obe[illegible] tions of Saints Cath[illegible] garet by revealing he[illegible] worthless dauphin, by [illegible] of Orleans, driving [illegible] most of their French [illegible] finally by conductin[illegible] his coronation at R[illegible] be told in all its [illegible] temporary historian[illegible] ing to the extent [illegible] beliefs in supernat[illegible] were guilty of he[illegible] render invented a[illegible] excuse their acti[illegible] lans, unable to a[illegible] way for her mar[illegible] themselves eithe[illegible] that that career [illegible] or to doubt her [illegible] some have don[illegible] hard facts.

From the re[illegible] it is clear th[illegible] been done to [illegible] There never [illegible] herent of the [illegible] more deeply [illegible] Joan of Arc. [illegible] believed she [illegible] favorite sai[illegible] their voices [illegible] when she s[illegible] no point in [illegible]

JOHN OF

not seek spiritual [illegible] she was under [illegible] saints, until [illegible] tion of the daup[illegible] mission, she rem[illegible] his order and he[illegible] that her saints had forsaken [illegible] was sold for gold by a greedy [illegible] one of her own countrymen, in alli[illegible] with the English. She was deliv[illegible] by her purchasers to a malic[illegible] bishop, one of her own countr[illegible] who, when he failed to convict [illegible] lieresy, condemned her upon ch[illegible] of intercourse with evil spirits, an[illegible] livered her to the civil authoriti[illegible] Rouen, who soon regretted their a[illegible] and eventually erected monumen[illegible] her memory.

The archbishop of Orleans acc[illegible] the beatification as an honor [illegible] France. It may be so. In any even[illegible] it is an honor to the church, though [illegible] has been a long time coming, that [illegible] will add to its list of saints a peasan[illegible] girl who followed the commands o[illegible] the voices and liberated France fro[illegible] English rule, and for that service di[illegible] the death of a martyr.

Disdained All Titles.

Herbert Spencer, in disdaining [illegible] titles, happened to follow a le[illegible] for him by others of his name [illegible] Spencer, second Lord S[illegible] would not, when he sat in [illegible] for Tiverton, allow himse[illegible] called my lord and express[illegible] that he would live to see th[illegible] not a peer would be left i[illegible] Another and a later Spenc[illegible] Spencer, 60 years ago as[illegible] father, the Earl Spencer [illegible] by dropping his title a[illegible] name when he became a R[illegible] lic and entered the Pass[illegible] as "Father Ignatius."

Woman Tax Collector.

Mrs. Mary Conway has been [illegible] pointed tax collector of Gordon, [illegible] She is a widow and a school teac[illegible] and she is the first woman ever [illegible] pointed to a position of this kind [illegible] that section. Collection of taxes [illegible] Gordon is very difficult and car[illegible] little emolument, and no man resto[illegible] could be found to undertake the w[illegible]

New Fog Fighting Device.

Sir Oliver Lodge is a man talk[illegible] about in London. He has conceived [illegible] device for fighting fog by electricity [illegible] The current is to be shot from ta[illegible] masts. Electric light poles will d[illegible] Sir Oliver believes his invention w[illegible] be of great utility pending London[illegible] acquirement of the ability to co[illegible] its own fog making smoke.

Tragedy of a Wasted Life

If I could get the ear of [illegible] young man but for one word, it [illegible] be this: Make the most and b[illegible] yourself. There is no tr[illegible] wasted life—a life failing [illegible] end, and turned to a false en[illegible] Munger.