

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

A Committee of Kansas Citizens Address Him

In an Open Letter, Which a Citizen of Cottonwood Falls, Kan., Sends us for Publication.

To the Honorable Grover Cleveland, President of the United States.

Sir—Marvellous things almost every day are acted on the world's theatre and scarcely anything can astonish us in these days of wireless ambition and lust for power, but we were wholly unprepared to believe that a president of the United States, the servant of a people noted for their attachment to civil and religious liberty and avowed opponents of despotism, could write such a letter to Pope Leo XIII., as we find above your signature, dated:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., June 9th, 1893.

To His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons.

Please permit me to transmit through you, to His Holiness Leo XIII., my sincere congratulations on the occasion of the golden jubilee of his episcopate. The pleasure of extending this expression of my felicitations is much enhanced by the remembrance that His Holiness has always manifested a lively interest in the prosperity of the United States and a great admiration for our political institutions. I am so glad to believe that these sentiments are the natural outgrowth of the holy father's solicitude for the welfare and happiness of the masses of humanity, and his special sympathy for every effort made to dignify simple manhood and promote the moral and social elevation of those who toil. The kindness with which his holiness has lately received a copy of the constitution of the United States leads me to suggest that, if it does not seem a presumption, it would please me exceedingly to place in his hands a book, containing the official papers written by me during my previous term of office. Yours very sincerely,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Honored Sir: It is taken for granted that you are the author of the above letter. May I ask, what was your motive in writing that letter? I need not answer the question, for you certainly know, and every intelligent citizen knows, that whatever the motive, the fact shows that you are willing to betray this nation into the hands of the worst tyrant that ever oppressed the human race, for he is the supreme head and representative of a system that enslaves both the souls and bodies of men.

If Pope Leo had been a personal friend or relative, and you, as a simple citizen had written an honest, truthful letter, congratulating him on his prosperity, it would not have attracted the attention of the public. But it is a very different thing in this case. The citizens of a free republic, the staunch advocates of liberty, civil and religious, of free discussion, free schools, free Bible, and free pulpit, naturally want to know why the president of the republic and professed representative of these principles is making love to the tyrant and self-constituted "Vicar of Christ," enthroned on the banks of the Tiber and claiming to be the head of all churches and the "prince of the earth," with power to absolve the citizens of all nations from allegiance to their governments.

Do we want the interference of such a power in our national affairs? Is it possible that a president of the United States is ignorant of the history and character of popery? You had better take down your encyclopedia again and read the article "Popedom" and look along the line of two hundred popes, and see what they have done for the nations for the last 1000 years. Take a glance at history and see how popery has sunk the masses to the lowest depth of moral degradation and religiously made them ignorant, erasing the memory of a succession of men who have been the very personification of tyranny and who have been the autocratic head of the great apostasy foretold, where the successions of popes are undoubtedly described as the "man of sin." But more of this farther on.

One serious objection to your letter is, that it is a fulsome, hypocritical utterance of untruths and contradicts the whole history of Romanism and its present character and aims. What Rome was, she is today. *Semper eadem* is her motto.

As an aggravating circumstance, your letter was written when the pope had his legate, Cardinal Satolli, in the United States for the very purpose of subjecting this nation to papal rule, to break up our school system, suppress freedom of speech, corrupt the religious sentiment of the people and expand and develop that overshadowing despotism which has enslaved the free, tainted the holy and made kings and nations to be prostrate at the foot of an insolent hierarchy. We know what popery means everywhere, it is emblazoned on the page of history.

In view of such facts, sir, your letter is an unpardonable insult to the American people and every friend of liberty and religion. It looks like an attempt to sell our country to a tyrant for political ends. If all our presidents and governors should follow your example how long would it be until this nation would fall under the iron rule of the papacy? Trouble in this line will get here too soon without your help.

Who could have believed that a president of the United States, could so

soon in our history, pursue a course that is a virtual betrayal of the nation into the hands of a pretender to a throne, into supremacy over church and state, the "head of all churches" and the "Vicar of Christ," and who is so clearly revealed in the Scriptures as the "man of sin" and the "little horn" of Daniel, chapter VII, the persecutor of the saints. But such is the astounding fact. Do you think that the American people will tamely submit without protest against such fulsome flattery? "My sincere congratulations, etc." "Thus hypocritical." "The pleasure of extending this expression of my felicitations." What is it in triumph of the popedom that would make you so happy? Do you want to buy an indulgence of the pope, at a discount to lessen the term of your suffering in purgatory, or do you want some modern Hildebrand or Boniface to lobby for you? Do you believe that the pope is the friend and admirer of the free institutions of the United States? No, you do not. The pope does not believe you do either, but a Jesuit knows how to use your false and disgusting flattery. What use do you believe that a pope could make of a constitution that guarantees liberty of conscience, civil and religious liberty to every citizen? Why have not popes given this liberty to their subjects? Why has popery always persecuted those who desire to enjoy liberty of conscience and worship? Why has Rome kindled the fires of martyrdom, invented the inquisition and tortured millions to death, for no other crime than that they desired to worship God according to His Word and the dictates of conscience, and refused to worship after the idolatrous manner instituted by the popes? History does not lie. We remember John Huss and Jerome of Prague and a long line of martyrs, exceeding fifty millions. Fifty millions of religious murders. Queer missionary, to butcher the best men in the world, the "martyrs of Jesus." Well may John say, "I saw the woman drunken with 'the blood of the saints and the martyrs of Jesus,'" and Daniel says of the "little horn," he "shall wear out the saints of the Most High." The page of history for a thousand years is stained with the martyr's blood. Who slew them? The Bible answers, the "woman" that sat upon the "beast having seven heads and ten horns." I do not refer to historical facts and prophecy, so much for your benefit as for the people, that they may see more clearly the color of your letter.

You say, "I am so glad to believe that these sentiments are the natural outgrowth of the holy father's solicitude." "No, no." This solicitude is how to capture the United States and subject the people hitherto free and independent, to a state of vassalage and degrading submission to a corrupt and tyrannical priesthood.

We have not room for details, but anyone can know what popery is, by reading her history, her creed and manual of worship. The decrees and canons of the council of Trent and the twelve articles of the creed of Pope Pius IV., are binding upon every papist. The decretals and encyclical letters of the popes show the character and purpose of Rome and that she is the persecutor, and not the patron of science and at antipodes with the free institutions of the United States. With pope or papist, personally, we have no controversy, but it is our right and duty to protest against a system of corruption and tyranny that is a curse to nations, bends the earthly hopes of men, and sends their souls to perdition. No idolater shall enter the kingdom of heaven. There is no purgatorial fire where they may have the sin burnt out of them, for it is written, "If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in his hand, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture in the cup of his indignation."

The whole Protestant world for twelve hundred years, have not doubted a moment that the papacy is at the head of the great apostasy foretold in the New Testament. Papal commentators themselves say that the "man of sin" and "little horn" are to be understood of the great anti-christ. And, sir, when you express your "felicitations" on the prosperity of the papacy, you virtually say that you would be happy to see American institutions supplanted by that system of idolatry and spiritual tyranny that the distinguished Cecil called the "master piece of Satan." We readily grant Catholics religious liberty and freedom of worship. They have had it in our country and have asked favors and got them, but a Protestant would not ask for, but we protest against their denying us that liberty which they do where they have the power. In how many Catholic countries does freedom of worship exist today? How long is it since a Protestant church could not be opened in Italy? Sir, I beg of you to reconsider and recoil from any alliance with a party that is at war with our free institutions.

This is a question of solemn and serious import. If we are right, papists are fatally wrong. Compromise is impossible. The controversy is between Christ and anti-Christ—it is the apostolic religion and liberty or the apostasy and tyranny. There can be no concession. It is life or death, happiness or woe. And with these deep and solemn convictions, we address you and

protest against a president of the United States attempting with fulsome flattery and political ends, to bribe a party that is a sworn enemy of our free institutions. Popes have denounced our free schools as infidelities. Gregory XVI. in 1832 wrote, "Hitler leads the worst, and never sufficiently to be vaccinated and debased liberty of the press, for the diffusion of all manner of writings, which some so loudly commend for." From this fountain of infidelities flows that absurd and erroneous doctrine, or rather raving, in favor and in defense of liberty of conscience, for which most pestiferous error the course is open by that entire and wild liberty of opinion." Sir, do the bulls and papal thunder against liberty and conscience, swell your "felicitations" into ecstasy? In view of all these facts, your letter to Leo XIII. is a most glaring insult to the Christians and loyal citizens of the United States.

We have written some things for the information of some citizens who are not acquainted with the wriggling and tricks of political Jesuitism and the deep laid schemes of the papacy to overthrow our free institutions and plant on American soil that terrible system of ecclesiastical tyranny which has degraded the people, quenched spiritual life and suppressed liberty wherever it has had sway.

This is the address and protest of a voluntary committee of loyal American citizens.

COMMITTEE

Secrets of the Convent of the Sacred Heart.

Our readers know already what this book is, for they have read it in our columns. They now have an opportunity of possessing it in book form, and at so low a price they can afford to buy it to give away where they think it will do the most good. Those who read its awful revelation of crime and perfidy, and its arraignment of the "Holy Church," will wonder at the boldness of the author who virtually took his life in his hands when he consented to the publication.

It is beautifully printed and the cover illuminated with an exquisite tinted portrait of the Madonna. It is for sale at this office. Those wishing to get five copies for \$1.00 post paid, can do so by addressing the author, Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Every A. P. A. should read it, and if a copy could be placed in the hands of every Catholic, it would work a revolution, for the laity of that church believe because ignorant, and are not informed of the plottings of its priests. Price 25c. Address, American Publishing Co., 1615 Howard St., Omaha, Neb., or 807 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.

Hetty Green's Nerve.

Once when John J. Cisco was Hetty Green's banker she came into the establishment with several hundred thousand dollars' worth of securities in the black bag. She said she had walked all the way down town and was tired. The banker expostulated with her for her recklessness in taking such a risk of attack and robbery on the street.

"Why didn't you come down in a carriage?" he demanded.

"You may be able to ride in cabs, Cisco," said the richest woman in America sharply, "but I can't afford it."

Mrs. Green used to keep all her plate and diamonds as well as her securities in the strong boxes of the Ciscos, and once a month she would go down there and polish up the articles and out her own coupons. She keeps up the practice today at the Chemical bank. One day a report floated around Wall street that Cisco was in trouble. The report was not verified, but it reached Mrs. Green's ears, and she went at once to the bank and demanded every cent of her account. She had \$750,000 on deposit there. Cisco protested that the withdrawal of such a large single amount in one day would ruin him, but this made no difference to Mrs. Green. She demanded her money and got it. It required two cabs to carry away all her strong boxes. The bankers failed the next day.—New York World.

A FIRE IN MIDOCEAN.

ONE WHO HAS BEEN THROUGH IT RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE.

Arrived by the Axel Tross of a Fellow Passenger—Stories of the Officers to Keep the Excitement Down—Excellent Traits of Character Brought Out by the Danger.

The man who has never enjoyed the unique experience of spending a week or so on board of a floating steamer in mid-ocean can hardly realize the sensation produced by such a thrilling incident. J. E. Dedson of the Kenial company had this experience while returning to England some two years ago, and the story is told in his own words: "We had booked passage on one of the big steamships," he says, "and at the last moment it was learned that something was the matter with her machinery, and we were all transferred to the City of Richmond, an old boat, but considered perfectly seaworthy. Of course we were disappointed at the change, but there was no help for it, so we proceeded to make the best of it. Well, the weather was disagreeable from the start, and many of the passengers were very sick. One chap in particular had a hard time. He was an eccentric fellow, and he insisted upon having his meals served on the deck, possibly because it would permit him to be conveniently near the roll in case of emergency. One day I watched him at dinner. He had soup first, and this went into the ocean. Fish followed it there soon afterward. So did every other course in turn. At last he struck a dish he seemed to relish. It was asparagus. He demolished one order of it and then gave up to the sea. He was persistent, however, and called for another portion. This shared a similar fate. A third and fourth order followed with like results. Then he gave in. After that we called him Asparagus, and that name stuck by him through the voyage. He used to drop into the smoking room and lecture the men for playing cards, saying that something dreadful would happen to the ship if they persisted in gambling. He was a general nuisance.

"Well, about the fourth night out I was aroused from a sound sleep by one of the ladies of my company. She rapped on the door of my stateroom and told me in awed tones that the ship was on fire. I dressed hastily and went on deck. It was a black night, and the rain was pouring in torrents. The captain and all of his officers were on the bridge. I learned that the cotton between decks was on fire, and I asked one of the officers, a friend of mine, what he thought of it. He said, 'Don't say a word of this, or you'll be whipped, as it would cost you your position, but unless we can keep that fire under we're gone. You run to my cabin and put on some oilskins you'll find there. Also get two revolvers you'll find in my locker.' I could see the need of oilskins, but I failed to understand why I needed shooting irons. 'We are going to provision the boats for an emergency,' he said, 'and the first men to rush for them will be the firemen and stokers. They are the souls of the earth, and the only way to hold them back is at the point of a revolver. We must provide for the women first. Don't breathe a word of what I've told you, or I'll lose my place.'

"At the head of the big companionway there was a crowd of the women, all huddled together, and there was Caroline Hill, the actress, her blond hair flying and her hands a silver-laced band of glass and other trinkets, which she proposed to save. With the women was my old friend Asparagus, telling them that he knew disaster would come on account of the card playing in the smoking room. I took him gently but firmly aside and told him to shut up—that he was scaring the women. 'Do you think so?' he asked. 'I did, and then he went and crawled under a blanket, where he remained the rest of the night. All of us started to provision the boats then, and we carried hams and sides of bacon and crackers and kegs of water and canned goods and stowed them away in the big boats. We worked on till morning came, and the dawn was most welcome. They had turned steam into the hold, and it kept the fire down. Once they lifted a hatch to pour water into it, and I looked into a glowing furnace. The air gave me the free life, and that was the hatch on again, battered it down and turned on the steam. It was our only hope. During the morning we sighted another vessel and sent up signals of distress. She came near and was told by signals of our plight and asked to stand by. We felt reassured, but pretty soon the officer I knew told me that we could never transfer passengers on that sea. The stranger signaled, too, that she had yellow fever on board and no room for our 500 people. We would be obliged to sleep on the cargo in the hold. Pleasant prospect, wasn't it? But she stood by us anyway.

"The next day we sighted a big steamer. It proved to be the Servin of our line, and when she learned of our trouble she came to our aid. We were better than as I had been told that the boats could not live five minutes in the heavy sea. The next day it was comparatively calm, and the three captains put out in boats and had a consultation, the result of which was that the yellow fever vessel went on her way, and the big Servin stood by us. At last we were safe. One day in the smoking room a Scotch passenger arose and said that we should give thanks to the Almighty for our deliverance. 'We thought it was not the time and place for that exactly, but he insisted that his friend, the Rev. Mr. Malster Mac Pherson, offer prayer. He did so, and it was a long one too. Just as he said amen the steward came in, went up to him and said, 'Here's your cocktail, sir.' We did not dare laugh. We arranged to take up a subscription for the brave men who had acted so nobly in the face of danger, and I was one of the committee appointed. I had many queer experiences. One old Scotchman, said to be one of the richest men in Glasgow, said to me when I approached him: 'I think a subscription is a very good idea, but I'm not on dry land yet. Wait till then.' We raised a handsome sum, which we turned over as a testimonial of our gratitude. We were all very happy when we sighted land, after nearly two weeks, and I remained on board until we reached Liverpool. Fortunately none of our luggage was destroyed. When the City of Richmond was docked, her hold was flooded, and at last the fire was drowned out. Some days later I was in Liverpool, and I went on board of her. All of her iron and steel construction was warped terribly by the awful heat of the burning cotton, and I could not understand how the fire had been kept under. Her sides were incrustated with salt. Her hull having evaporated the water, and all of her plates were warped. It was a close call for all of us, and I never want to repeat the experience. Fire in midocean by no means a pleasant thing.'—Chicago Post.

A CURIOUS INQUIRY.

Do Men's Faces Grow to Resemble Those of Other Animals?

There is a very curious point connected with the more pronounced animal features, namely, those in charge of animals grow to be like them. Thus a hunter in charge of Transvaal horses has himself a face grown round like those of his horses, growing day by day more like his horses. Men in charge of cattle on the farm become sensibly swarthy, and in Hampshire it has often been remarked that the sheep breeders resemble their own rams. I cannot explain these singularities, which, however, are wholly or partly true.

The sheep type of man is not indicative of great intelligence, and it is usually found to reside agricultural districts. The bulldog character in man denotes courage without refinement, but in the pug dog—without refinement, the refinement was not wanting. The Eskimo or Lapps, in the water, are so like seals that a man has been shot in error, the awful expression of countenance being common to both, as the head only appears at the surface of the water. I have seen a comfortable looking bear man in the train, and a wretched, but faced old woman once in Britain.

These are examples that might easily be multiplied a hundredfold were it not for the monotony of repetition. It is not without interest to remark that there is a work extant, dating a couple of hundred years back, which deals with this very subject. The writer was a professor at Padua. The treatise is in Italian, or possibly Latin, and many curious woodcuts illustrate the work, giving the various facial angles of man and beast according to strict measurement.

For my part, I do not profess to explain the strange resemblance between man and the inferior brute creation. It is enough to note the fact. Were it a Buddhist priest commenting on these things, he might explain the tenets of the transmigration of souls. At Colombo I once observed a yellow robed priest leave the footpath in order to avoid crushing the life out of some venomous ants crossing the road. It would have been a sin for him to kill any living thing, for "who knows," he would say, "what immortal spirits might be imprisoned in each lowly body?"

Such a one might build a pretty theory upon the subject of these casual resemblances between man and beast, fish and bird. Each existence might be the foreshadowing of the one to come or the reflection of one which had passed away. The series of lives, he would argue, exhibit the evolution of the spirit working out a certain destiny through untold ages, gradually approaching that refinement of spiritual existence when the contemplation of Nirvana should be reserved to each spirit entity in the realms of eternal bliss. Retrogression in this scheme, I presume, would mean extinction when the atoms of matter are lost in the whirl of astral dust.—Pall Mall Gazette.

When He Sees His Book.

When the last review is passed, and the proofreader's queries in red ink have been attended to, and his conjectural emendations, so ingenious and so erroneous, have been rejected in such frantic terms as the dextro-cerebral part of the brain automatically employs, then the author is at rest. But no sooner is the book bound and published and irrevocable, no sooner does he open a page at random, but a wild and egregious blunder "leaps at his eyes."

"Where're these usual eyes are cast?" It is the same thing.

New error after new undreamed of error swarms into the ken of the gabbling victim. All the 'n's' in all the proper names are 'u's, and all the 'u's' are 'n's.' "Baudelaire" invariably becomes "Baudelaire." Dates given in numerals have vanished into novel and unlearned arrangements of figures. The Norman conquest occurs in 1066, the restoration in 1660, and the affair at Ruthven in 1475. Historical characters who died in the sixteenth century are found very vigorous in the eighteenth. Strange delicious references are given to nonexistent books of Pausanias.

The most orthodox French quotations have cast away the chains of grammar and are behaving "à l'antique." The warrior who fought under Charles Martel at Fontenoy and who broke the British square at Malplagne would show himself in his true and native historical element, his hands often crossed and fondly believed to be buried ardent in a quietly resurrection and supremacy of pain.—Saturday Review.

Arranging Home Tableaux.

To get to the actual working details the first thing to do is to select your room, writes Edith Townsend Everett in an article on "Helps in Arranging Tableaux" in the Ladies' Home Journal. One that conceals by folding doors with the one to serve as auditorium is the best to choose. Let the entire space occupied by the doors be filled in with black gauze stretched across the opening, and the foot and top lights placed behind it. This arrangement produces the effect of a thin mist, light enough to be easily seen through, and yet softening the rugged outlines and bringing out the points of the picture at the back with a clearness that is wonderful. This gauze is one of the most important features in tableaux, and should be secured by disengaged than the arrangement of the stage. Of course my readers understand that I am dealing only with such an entertainment as can be given in either a city drawing room or the spacious rooms of a country mansion. Very few people, no matter how much they may enjoy theatricals and tableaux, can afford to set apart a room or hall for such purposes; consequently preparations must be made wherever any such festivities are contemplated.

HE TOOK THE HINT.

He stood and staid and staid and staid. He thought he'd never go. He was a "venerable" that was all— And such his gait was "staid." He staid but staid, his staid and staid, From to staid to staid. While waiting in his staid heart That he would staid.

At last he said "Very staid, sweet staid. He very staid of staid." While staid staid, in staid of staid, "You staid do not seem to be." And staid he took his staid. —Felix Pat in New York Recorder.

Age of the World.

Over 2,000 years ago the Greek schools treated the world as of indefinite antiquity, and they speak of traditions in 9,000 or 14,000 years before their time as facts not questionable from their antiquity. Huxley, from geological conclusions, says it is millions of years since the world was created, and the only question is, How many millions years? Different views have been advanced as to the earth's formation, one being that it has cooled down from a fluid to a solid mass. Sir William Thomson investigated the question of the cooling of the earth and regards the increase of temperature from the surface downward as proof of the constant loss of heat from the globe, the heat radiating into space without sensibly elevating the temperature of the upper crust through which it passes. The continuance of such a loss of heat involves belief in the occurrence of a period at which the earth was a fluid mass, and the same scientist has fixed that period at not less than 300,000, 000 nor more than 400,000,000 years ago, the probability being that 100,000,000 years is the limit of geological history, and that prior to that time the earth's surface was unfit for the maintenance of animal or vegetable life. Our knowledge is not sufficient to fix the period when the earth became habitable or when it shall cease to be so. The organic world does not furnish any guide to the solution of the problem, and therefore it is only a speculative question so far. Hugh Miller says: "As certainly as the sun is the center of our system must our earth have revolved around it for millions of years. The earth is of an antiquity incalculably vast. The 6,000 years of human history form but a portion of the geological day which is passing over us. They do not extend to the yesterday of our globe, far less touch the myriads of ages spread out beyond."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Fete Day in Spain.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript thus describes a fete day of the Virgin in the Spanish city of Orihuela: "Towers and castles, domes and rock-ets of well combined colors fill the big square with a golden rain. The pyrotechnic hangs over the roof of a three story house and rains to the crowd below, 'Well, how does she go? And everybody yell back, 'Bully!'"

"Then, 'Hurrah for the Virgin of Montserrat-ee-ee!'" "Viva-a-a-a! (Whish, fiz, fiz, boom!)" "Hurrah for God!" "Viva-a-a-a! (Boom, fiz, whist!)" "Hurrah for the inhabitants of Orihuela-a-a-a!" "Viva-a-a-a! (Whish, whish, whish, boom!)" "Hurrah for the strangers within our gates!" "Viva-a-a-a! (Boom, boom, boom, boom, bang!)" "Hurrah for the strangers within our gates! Can we let that pass? Never! Off with your hats, Americano!"

"Here's to Orihuela! Here's to the Spaniards! A better nation never walked the earth! In matter of wealth and broadest civilization behindhand in the race perhaps, but in the sterling qualities of civility, generosity and hospitality leaving the rest of Europe hull down at the horizon. Viva Espana!"

The Ingoldshy Legends.

Barham is not much less good in prose than in verse, and he manages his illustrations of grave and gay in verse itself with a skill almost equal to though less delicate than that of Tennyson, who probably gave him some lessons. His beautiful last lines "As I Lay A-thinking" do not require the not very authentic antiquity of their spelling to give them charm.

He had scholarship, which, when it does not prevent a man from writing, is seldom without effect on the quality of what he writes. He had the wide, vagrant reading which scholarship nowadays too often excludes. He had good humor, good feeling, good breeding, an immense amount of fun and an inexhaustible fund of rhythm and rhythm just suited for his purpose.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Amusement Source, But—

First Small Boy—Mamma has gone out and locked us in the room. What shall we do to "muss ourselves?" Second Small Boy—Where's the mistake? "We don't have matches any more. This flat has 'lectric lights, you know." "I forgot. There's no stove or fireplace, either." "No. Nothing but steam heat." "I'll tell you what we'll do. Let's play assaw with the folding bed."—Good News.

Old Time Legislators.

The Rev. Zephaniah Willis, who had been minister at Kingston, Mass., for nearly 50 years, was a member of the Massachusetts legislature of 1831, and in a letter he wrote to his family at that time occurs the following: "There are only four members who retain and wear the short clothes—Melville and Williams of Boston, Farris of Newburyport and myself."—Boston Transcript.

Boston Common.

In a Spanish book of travel, "Costumbres Yankées, Vinjes por la America del Norte," by Jose Sanchez Romano, is the following account of the origin of Boston common: "A great philanthropist named Common had the happy idea of presenting the children of Boston with a leafy grove of great trees."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A proconsul was originally a Roman consul, who at the close of his term of office was sent to govern a province. Exceptions were often made, however, and in later times it was not required that the proconsul should have been a consul.

Paris was the first great city to have a public morgue for the reception of dead bodies. In London, each parish along the Thames cared for the people who are drowned or die friendless in the streets.

The present title holiness, as given to the pope, dates only from the fourteenth century. Before that time it was used by kings and emperors.

The people of the United States consume nearly one-half of the 7,000,000 ounces of quinine produced in the world every year.