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PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

SHREWD UNCLE SAM.

By *Lieut. Col. J. A. Watrous.*
Russia would like to borrow \$300,000,000. If Russia had held on to Alaska until now, and the world had become to know as much of its value as a Russian possession as it does now when it is an American possession, she could sell half of it for the loan she desires to make—\$300,000,000. Uncle Sam would not sell Alaska for \$1,000,000,000, yet he paid only \$7,200,000, less than forty years ago.
Your Uncle Sam has always driven a good bargain whenever he has gone into the real estate business. That was a good bargain when, more than 100 years ago, he took over the Northwest territory. That is worth quite a number of billions now, but he paid a small price. Then look at that bargain he made in 1803, when he closed the Louisiana Purchase. He paid \$15,000,000 for that, but would now refuse, with scorn, fifty billions for the same territory and what is on it. Then came the Alaska deal.

A few years ago Uncle Sam had occasion to shove Spain out of the Philippines, but as he saw the old party hobbling away from the islands he felt sorry for her and dropped a few gold pieces, \$20,000,000 or such a matter, into her trembling hand. It was a mere act of kindness; Uncle Sam was under no obligations to give a penny, but he has done so well in previous land deals he felt he could show pity.
If you think Uncle Sam didn't make a good bargain in the Philippines, drop around to his real estate office thirty-five years from now and make him a test offer for the islands. The prediction is made that he would say he now and then buys real estate but hasn't any to sell. And he might add that if he really wanted to sell the Philippines he might let them go at \$2,000,000,000. That is not a rash guess.

COUNTRY CHILD'S INHERITANCE.

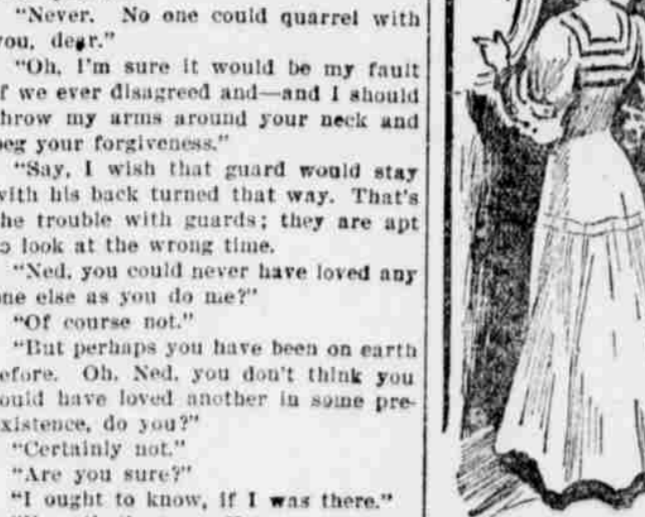
By *Juliet V. Strauss.*
There is something in the heart of a child that responds ecstatically to the primitive. The animal kingdom seems to charm them. Perhaps this is the call of the wild still faintly heard in ears not yet quite used to the brazen clangor of civilization. It is the tree call, the wind call, all of the passionately beautiful signals, sounded from the myriad lips of nature like "the horns of elfland faintly blowing."
We used to put a rope or chain around the haycock and hitch old "Pete" to it. Somebody rode old Pete, and the rest of us, just a tangle of yellow curls, fat, brown legs, sparkling blue eyes and maybe some garlands of "bouncing bet and black-eyed sue," rode on the haycocks. It wasn't at all a thrifty method of getting in hay, this stopping every now and then to pick up a youngster who had fallen off. There would have been fine picking for gleaners after we got through our work.
When I look at the old barn now it seems terribly

DREAMS.

I hate the dreams I sometimes have, in which
I seem to be renowned or wise or rich,
I hate them, not because I do not sigh
For wisdom and a station that is high,
I hate such dreams because they always
make me feel so humble when I have to wake.
I do not care to dream that I have found
Where youth's sweet fountain bubbles
From the ground,
Because when such dreams come I always
know,
Even as I bend to quaff, that they will go
And leave me with the years I carry now
And with the graying locks upon my brow.
But there are dreams from which I wake
with glee,
The dreams in which wild beasts get after
me,
In which I am deprived of all my job, and
And have to pass where people may be-
hold—
To wake from these surpasses fame and
gold.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

ALMOST A QUARREL.

THEY stood in front of a portrait in the Art Institute. No one else was in the gallery and the guard had kindly turned his back. She slipped her hand into his.
"Do you remember what anniversary this is, dear?" she asked.
"Yes. Does it seem as long to you?"
"Two whole weeks—and an hour! The rice isn't out of my hat yet. In all that time we've not had a single quarrel. Ned, do you think we shall ever quarrel?"
"Never. No one could quarrel with you, dear."
"Oh, I'm sure it would be my fault if we ever disagreed—and I should throw my arms around your neck and beg your forgiveness."
"Say, I wish that guard would stay with his back turned that way. That's the trouble with guards; they are apt to look at the wrong time."
"Ned, you could never have loved any one else as you do me?"
"Of course not."
"But perhaps you have been on earth before. Oh, Ned, you don't think you could have loved another in some pre-existence, do you?"
"Certainly not."
"Are you sure?"
"I ought to know, if I was there."
"Yes, that's true. Yet sometimes a doubt comes into my heart."
"Never doubt my love for you, dear. Look at this picture."
"It reminds me of some one I've seen."
"Yes, it looks just like Daisy Fleming."
"You are quick to see the likeness. No doubt you knew her very well."
"Yes, indeed. Daisy and I had some good times."
"I suppose so," coldly.
"Now, don't get jealous. A man can like a girl and not want to—marry her, you know."
"Indeed! You speak as if you had thought about marrying her. Of course,



small compared with the spaciousness it presented to us in those days. What a climb it seemed hand over hand up the chinks in the legs and into the mow! What a daring feat to coon across the middle beam, which seemed a mile above the floor! How little we must have been to accomplish two separate flops in a handspiring from that beam into the sweet smelling hay freshly garnered in that old mow!
Such an abundance of life was all about us, such beautiful little animal babies were there to be loved and cuddled, though to be sure the lambs we had so desperately loved were by this time too big to carry about and had been ruthlessly curtailed, though we had tearfully vowed they shouldn't be; the little old wobbly calves were big and rough, and the colts losing their infantile gracelessness, for little colts have the upward age early in life.
Life in the country is full of such adventures for happy children, full of fun and frolic and of idyllic pleasures to be remembered and appreciated in years of sober care and struggle. The rich farm with its vast corn fields never yielded me anything, but one poor little hilly homestead, with its scant crops, gave me an inheritance that nobody can take away. The memory of a happy childhood, free and untrammelled, is a talisman to carry torch-like into the shadows that are not really there, but are the creations of dimming eyes and falling senses.

ONLY ARTISTS HAVE A SENSE OF BEAUTY.

By *E. F. Benson.*
The eye, ear, and general perceptive faculty of the ordinary person is so dull that he cannot see, hear, or appreciate anything whatever until the beauties of it have been pointed out to him by one of those interpreters of color and sound who are called artists. As a general rule, in fact, we do not perceive beauty at all until we firmly and repeatedly are informed that the object in question is possessed of it. Sometimes it is artists themselves who show it to us, sometimes it is that class of interpreter-artists who are called critics who point it out. But without such guiding hands the public never sees anything.
Who was it discovered Wagner? Not Wagner, for when he first blazed on the musical horizon he was undetected; he needed his interpreter. And, to put it broadly, the interpreter was Richter. Rossini and Verdi and Diabelli had been interpreted; the eye opens with regard to them in every opera house. A new interpreter was wanted. Richter, in fact, was the interpreter to the ear as regards Wagner, just as Rembrandt was the interpreter to the eye as regards the middle class in the low countries.
The ordinary ruck of mankind do not see or hear anything at all until they are held down to the object in question, until they acknowledge it is beautiful. But that artistic pressure being relaxed, they fall back again. It is not so long ago that sunsets were thought beautiful. But who looks at sunsets now? Nobody; because Ruskin's hold that colored us and made us look at Turner's pictures has been relaxed, and even the discovery of new and inimitable canvases aroused only a temporary enthusiasm. In fact, the eye opens but only to open our eyes, but to prop them open afterwards.

"It's nothing to me. Oh, Ned, tell me the worst. Did you ever kiss her?"
"Now, dear, you are foolish."
"Tell me the truth, Ned. I can bear it."
"How can a fellow remember whom he has kissed—?"
"Edward, for shame! As if I didn't remember when you—"
"So do I. You were sweet enough to eat."
"Did you ever make love to her?"
"Oh, a fellow is bound to be soft and moonshiny sometimes—"
"You needn't say any more. I know it all. A moonlight night—"
"No, it wasn't. It was raining cats and dogs—"
"There, you have confessed!"
"To what?"
"To—his raining and—and other things."
"I remember we were running for shelter and she slipped and fell right into my arms—"
"They were ready for her, no doubt."
"Well, a fellow can't let a girl fall on a night like that. Come to think of it, she held to me—"
"The brazen thing! I never did like her."
"Oh, she was sweet and pretty as the dickens. I told her I'd a notion to kiss her."
"She was willing, I suppose. That kind usually are."
"No, she wasn't. She said I didn't dare. Of course, after that—well, a fellow can't take a dare from a girl—so pretty as Daisy."

Science AND INVENTION

The London physician's discovery that scars may be prevented or removed by cutting the skin slantwise instead of vertically is pronounced one of the most important of recent advances in surgery.
Caterpillars have been found to be greatly agitated by musical vibrations, descending from a tree in a shower at the sound of a cornet. This should suggest an effective means of fighting the gypsy moth and other caterpillar plagues.
French aeronautical authorities have given the name "aroner," or aviation apparatus, to a flying machine that is heavier than the air. The varieties include: (1) the helicopter, sustained and driven by one or several propellers; (2) the aeroplane, chiefly sustained by one or more flat or curved surfaces, and (3) the orthopter or mechanical bird, sustained and propelled by beating wings.
A growing evil reported by Dr. Ann Sztankony among the Slovaks of Upper Hungary is the habitual use of camphor internally. For fourteen years he has persistently questioned buyers of the drug, and he concludes that at least twenty-five per cent of the large and increasing amount sold is used by the camphor-eaters. An increase in epilepsy seems to be a result of this indulgence.
Flaming arc lights have now become an established feature of downtown Chicago streets. They are new, comparatively, for such commercial purposes, but their principle has long been known. The flaming arcs thus far shown in this country produce a light yellow, red or vivid white light, according to the carbons used. The addition of the salts of fluoride, bromide and iodide of lime give the light the yellow that, while other salts of lime give the flame a red color.
An important eye has been found for the Cooper Hewitt mercury vapor lamp in scientific investigation. In optical experiments in the laboratory it is often important to have at command a monochromatic light. Formerly the mercury arc light was employed for a short time, the efficiency of this source of light seriously falls off. It has been found, however, that the Cooper Hewitt lamp gives the same monochromatic light, with very blue rays, so that it is admirably suited for the study of interference phenomena, and it possesses the great advantage of being steady and trustworthy in its output. Moreover, being a commercial apparatus, it is easily obtained, and can be used at a comparatively small expense.

Not Every Bullet Found Its Billet.

Of the 45,000,000 bullets fired by the Russians during the Crimean war 44,952,000 failed to fulfill their errand of death.

THE PATH TO THE PASTURE.

The narrow path that we used to tread
Led straight away from the farmyard gate,
And down the lane to the pasture lot,
Where for our coming the cows would wait.
Between its borders of grass and weeds
It bore the prints of our restless feet,
That stepped so blithely through the early dews,
Or lagged along in the pulsing heat.

Above our heads curved a roof of blue,
Where oft we saw the ghost of the moon;
Go drifting by with the sun tipped clouds
That sailed away to the port of noon.
From nodding thistle and mullein stalk
The meadow larks through the summer sang,
And from the stubble of harvest fields
The bob white's call through the stillness rang.

O little path of the long ago,
I've wandered far from your beaten dust,
And stumbled off in my Journey wide,
And lost the key to my childish trust;
But now and then in my waking dreams
I stand once more by the pasture wall,
And hear again from the harvest fields
The cheerful sound of the bob white's call.

—New York Sun.

ONLY A GOVERNESS

An advertisement that appeared one day in the Morning Post informed an interested world that Mrs. Mandeville-Jones required a governess for her younger daughter, aged 13, with the mention of a salary identical with the wages that Mrs. Mandeville-Jones paid her under housemaid.

Reggie Fulwarton, who knows everybody, spotted the advertisement at once, and in the smoking room of the Hookah Club, called the attention of one of his pals to its seductive offers.
"What! You don't know Mrs. Mandeville-Jones? Why, old Jones was proprietor of some patent medicine or other. Regular old bouncer. And she's too awful for words! But he's safely planted underneath the daisies, while she's got a house in Berkeley square and plenty of the needs! So there you are!"

Nevertheless, Mrs. Mandeville-Jones had plenty of answers to her advertisement from applicants to undertake the education of Miss Irene Mandeville-Jones at £18 a year.

Among the rest was a dark girl of about 20, very simply dressed in mourning.



PLEADING HER SUIT.

ing, whose appearance attracted the mamma of Miss Irene, because she looked meek and amiable, and was neither too good looking nor too well dressed for a governess person."

Mrs. Mandeville-Jones elicited the fact that her name was Una Carew; that her father, who had been rector of a remote Cornish village, had lately died, leaving her mother and herself very badly off; and that she had decided to take a situation as governess, while her mother went to live with her brother in the north of England, who could not take both of them in.

"And you have references?" inquired Mrs. Mandeville-Jones.
"I have a letter from Lady Chedgrave," said Una, timidly, handing it to the lady as she spoke.
"Lady Chedgrave?" said Mrs. Mandeville-Jones, suspiciously. "I thought the present earl was a widower!"
"This is from the Dowager Lady Chedgrave," explained Una, hastily. "She lives in our village and has known me all my life."

The handwriting of a dowager counted did not fail to impress Mrs. Jones's mind, and she decided to engage Miss Carew as the instructor of her beloved Irene, who was a finely developed specimen of the genus "spoiled child."

Una Carew, who had always been used to being petted and made much of at home, found her life in the Berkeley square mansion anything but a bed of roses. The ostentation and vulgarity of the whole establishment and its occupants jarred upon her.
But unfortunately there was another thing which preyed upon her mind. Nearly a year before her father's death Lord Langley, the eldest son of the Earl of Chedgrave, whom she had known ever since they were boys and girl together, had come to her and asked her to marry him.

But Una knew what a hot-tempered and eccentric old man Lord Chedgrave was; and though he had always been extremely kind to her, and even made a sort of pet of her, she knew he would never dream of accepting her as a daughter-in-law. In fact, he had definitely said that his son must marry an heiress, and that if he disobeyed him and married a pauper they might sweep a crossing, for they would never get a penny of allowance out of him.

And so she had told her ardent suitor that she would never marry him. In consequence he had gone off to the Rockies in search of the grizzly. But poor Una, having got rid of her lover, with feminine perversity longed for him to come back; and when she saw a paragraph stating that Lord Langley was bringing home an American heiress as his bride she began to lie awake at

being convinced that it would ruin his prospects in the eyes of his father.
Lord Langley was just beginning to wonder whether by any chance she cared for some one else, when the door was thrown open and the butler announced "The Earl of Chedgrave!"
"Una, my dear," he began, "how do you do? Come and kiss me! Langley, you infernal young scoundrel, what are you doing here, sir? What's that? Do I understand you to say that you are making an offer of marriage to Miss Carew? You dare to tell me that to my very face?"
"But, father, she has refused me!"
"Refused you? Then, by gad, sir, she is a sensible girl. She evidently knows you are a worthless young fool, or you would have proposed to her a year ago!"
"But I did, sir; and she refused me then, too!"
"Better and better! Hanged if I don't marry the girl myself! Una, my dear, will you marry me?"
Poor Una was thoroughly puzzled by this new aspect of the old man, but he went briskly on:
"Now, look here, my dear, you have got to choose between the old fool and the young fool. Which will you have? Don't mind saying that you prefer to have me as a father-in-law, if that's how you feel about it. Langley, you idiot, why don't you kiss the girl, while I do the heavy father in the background?"
When this had been duly carried out, Langley, who was still lost in astonishment, remarked, "But I thought, sir, you always said I must marry an heiress?"
"So I did. Because I knew what an infernal obstinate young fool you were! But I meant you all along to marry Una! So now it is all settled!"
At this point the door was again thrown open, and this time Mrs. Mandeville-Jones stalked in and at once began:
"My dear Lord Chedgrave—"
"Pardon me, madam, for interrupting you!" said his lordship, who was now fairly bubbling over with excitement. "You were good enough to write to me about my son's movements. Allow me to say that my son is quite capable of taking care of himself. And in the future he will have the assistance of the lady to whom hitherto you have entrusted the education of your doubtless charming daughter!"—*Modern Society.*

SECRET STORE CODE.

Warnings Used to Signal Presence of Shoplifters in Big Emporium.
There was a crowd of customers before the woman's hosiery counter. The salesgirl who said "Two on ten" to the clerk next to her had been busy for twenty minutes with a customer, a handsomely dressed young woman, to whom she had been showing expensive silk hosiery.
The young woman had been more than ordinarily difficult to please, and the space in front of her was strewn with boxes. She did not seem satisfied with any that were shown her, and described several designs, each of which necessitated more or less searching through the stock on the part of the clerk.
It was perhaps three minutes before the salesgirl again faced the customer with several more boxes. Still apparently dissatisfied, the handsomely dressed young woman examined them indifferently, thanking the clerk, and said she would look farther.
Just as she rose to go Miss Brown reminded Miss Smith of the new lot that had just been received, but which had not yet been placed in stock.
"Are you sure?" asked Miss Smith.
"Yes, I saw them," replied Miss Brown. "Just wait a moment; I'll ask the floor walker to show them to you."

"Two on ten, Miss Brown? Sure? Very well. This way, madam," said the floor walker, beckoning Miss Brown to follow them.
"I see her finish," remarked another of the women customers to her companion, nodding her head in the direction of the handsomely dressed young woman who had gone. "I used to work in a dry goods store before I got married, and it seems kind of good to hear that familiar expression, 'two on ten' again."
"What does it mean? Why, two eyes on ten fingers. That woman was a shoplifter. The girl suspected her, and gave the signal and had her head to rights in no time."—*New York Post.*

Strictly Germ-Proof.

The antiseptic Baby and the Prophylactic Pup.
Were playing in the garden when the Bunny gambled up.
They looked upon the Creatures with a loathing undisguised—
"I've heard of them."
"I've heard of them."
They said it was a Microbe and a Hothead of Disease,
They steamed it in a vapor of a thousand odd degrees;
They froze it in a freezer that was cold as Banished Hope,
And washed it in permanganate with carbolated soap.
In sulfurated hydrogen they steeped its wiggly ears;
They trimmed its frisky whiskers with a pair of hard-boiled shears;
They donned their rubber mittens and they took it by the hand
And looted it a member of the Fumigated Band.
There's not a Micrococcus in the garden where they play;
They swim in pure iodiform a dozen times a day.
And each imbibes his rations from a Hygienic Cup—
The Bunny and the Baby and the Prophylactic Pup.
—*Woman's Home Companion.*
"Proving His Proverb."
"He makes me so angry," remarked Miss Bute; "he's forever remarking to me that 'beauty is only skin deep.'"
"And when you get angry," remarked Miss Chelms, "it just shows him how thin-skinned you are!"—*Stray Stories.*

Listen to two women talk, and one will say within five minutes that her hair comes out by the handful.

In a dry time there is nothing better than a good rain.