Dakota County Herald

DAKOTA CITY, NEB.

John H. Ream, - Publisher

It is much easier to spend than it is to save.

Even an optimist is apt to backslide when he has a boil on the back of his neck.

The Pulajanes have been "almost subjugated." Evidently a few of them are still alive.

There recently died in Germany a man who knew fifty-two languages. He probably couldn't outtalk his wife, at that.

The sugar trust has paid its fines of $168,000. For a while now its disposition will be sadly in need of sweetening.

In giving the President the Noble peace prize, credit must be allowed the donors for slipping it in while there still was peace.

According to a London physician, music will cure alcoholism. Fining it to the tune of $50 and costs has been known to help some.

That woman who says she will have to go and find the North Pole talks as if she thought it had been left in the back yard somewhere.

A forty-six-story building is being erected in New York. The people who have offices on the top floor will have to be good to the elevator man.

Land frauds have been discovered in Western Kansas. There was a time when a man would have been sent to the insane asylum for stealing Kansas land.

Attempts by modern writers to cheapen and belittle Shakespeare have but one effect, and that is to cheapen the world's opinion of the modern writers.

An Alabama bank teller who skipped out with $100,000 has been declared insane. When it was found that he could have taken twice that sum, no further evidence was needed.

Many a man, it may as well be confessed, has achieved a fair degree of success in life by the simple process of being born into a rich family, inheriting a fortune, and holding on to it.

Even President Roosevelt has his limitations. He can settle fights between nations and do other things that are worth talking about, but he can't make Congress spell according to Andrew Carnegie.

Japan has quit buying British locomotives and is now making her purchases from Germany and the United States. Some of the joints in the Anglo-Japanese alliance are likely to be severely strained now.

"There are," says the Indianapolis Star, "thousands of happy homes for whom the trial marriage possesses no charm. Turn the husband and wife loose, and they would marry twice as quick as before." Still it would perhaps be best not to take any needless risk by turning them loose while groceries are high.

Every small boy in the country has built a "scooter" by nailing an upright stick to a barrel stave, and then used it for coasting. As a young lady who used to ride on one remarked, "They go like a whiz-button." An enterprising manufacturer has put on the market an elaborate scooter which he calls a "snow-bike," but it is not likely that it will go any faster than the homemade article.

After all is said it must be conceded that the apparent disregard for human life in the United States is largely a tribute to progress and to the industries that constitute prosperity. Even fatal railroad accidents, the largest item in the list, can not be wholly eliminated, though they can and ought to be greatly reduced in number. But railroad accidents are only one item in the list of annual fatalities. There are fatal accidents in mining, building, manufacturing and agriculture. They all claim their victims as a sort of tribute to progress, though a very costly one. Carefully compiled statistics show that in the five great industries of railroading, mining, building, manufacturing and agriculture no less than 536,165 persons are annually killed or injured in the United States. This is at the rate of over one a minute, and it includes only a few of the largest industries.

A characteristic piece of evidence which goes to sustain the contention that the average American, at least, is an honorable and upright man comes from San Francisco. The railroads, appreciating the dire distress of the people in the city following the dreadful earthquake, sold tickets to points outside of San Francisco to all who asked, simply requiring those who had no money to give the ticket agent some sort of acknowledgment that the ticket had been furnished and containing a promise to pay for the same just as soon as holder's financial condition would permit. More than $60,000 worth of this kind of transportation was furnished by the railroads, and over $53,000 worth of scrip containing the promises to pay has been redeemed. We read a great deal these days about the unfeeling robbery of "widows and orphans" by the big corporations; we read of enormous profits and of railroad extortions and grasping and unwarranted advances in the necessities of life, but of the plain, everyday, good old American citizen, who makes no appearance in print perhaps half a dozen times in his life, and then in nonpareil type, we hear very little. And yet he is the finest product of this great republic.

A retired field officer has expressed his belief that four-fifths of the field officers of the line would retire to-day if they could "because of the unrest and unhappiness in the army." Such general unhappiness and unrest would seem to argue a variety of causes; no special reason can be given why the life of the officer in the army has lost its attractiveness to so great a majority of those who lead it. In a time of peace, with not a speck of war cloud anywhere in sight, when promotions are slow and advancement is apparently hopeless; in a time of great commercial prosperity when fortunes seem to be easily made and when millionaires are as abundant as the well to do men of a few years ago, it is perhaps not surprising that the officer on small pay is dissatisfied with his lot and believes that all he needs is the opportunity to jump into a fortune. It is true also that an officer with social qualities has many friends among the civilians who are ready to assist him in any business longings and to encourage him to change his life. More than this, there are not a few men in the army whose training and qualifications attract the attention of corporations and business men, and whose services are eagerly snapped up whenever an opportunity to profit by this training presents itself. Such men seem, therefore, to have an incentive to leave the army. On the other hand, there are those who should wisely let well enough alone. If there are hundreds or thousands of millionaires and men who are apparently on the safe road to wealth, there are also thousands of those who have fallen miserably by the wayside. Though a man may serve faithfully and creditably in the army, it does not follow that he may leave at any time and acquire millions. Indeed, the converse of the proposition is more likely to be the truer. The army has its advantages even in time of peace. The living is assured and the pay is regular. Further than this, the officer who conforms to regulations knows that he has no worry for the future, and that his reasonably grateful country will keep him through the lives many years after the period of retirement. If his pay is not large it is at least adequate for his support, and an officer of the army, who is also a gentleman, has a dignified standing in society that is not without its compensatory value. Doubtless the wave of commercial prosperity and the continued assertion of so many "business chances" have not a little to do with such unrest and unhappiness as have been specified. But it is probable that the retired officer quoted has exaggerated his case and that no such general dissatisfaction prevails. Uncle Sam is not a grinding taskmaster, and his servants are always sure of their money.

HER "OLD BOY."

A young student who passed his vacation last summer in the little village where his mother, in her charming girlhood, had once taught school was reminded in an unexpected fashion that her pupils there had not forgotten her.

He was a careless correspondent, and the one letter which he had written home during the first fortnight of his stay yet lay forgotten in his pocket, when one morning, on coming to the mail-box, he found the letter-carrier lingering beside it, holding a post-card in his hand. He looked up from an obvious perusal.

"Look here, young feller," said he, delivering it, "this won't do! Here's your mother havin' conniption fits for fear that cold o' yourn has turned into pneumony or brownkitters or consumption or somethin'—and no wonder, not hearin' a word o' ye in two weeks. Precious young pup ye must be, scarin' sech a woman as Lucilly Vine jest out o' sheer laziness! Land, I'd like the job o' lickin' ye into sense, and thanks for the chance, if only Uncle Sam wan't so hanged peaceable he wouldn't stand it. A job's a job, and I'm a married man. I dassn't give ye what-for this time, but if there ain't a good, fat letter addressed to your ma in that box to-morrow mornin'—I dunno! I dunno!"

Uncle Sam's peaceful prejudices were not, however, disturbed; and the letter in the box the next morning contained a gleeful confession of how the boy of Lucilla the matrol had been recalled to his duty by the "old boy" of Lucilla the girl.

Treats Them as Children.

A New York police justice has discovered a sure method of dealing with big schoolboys and young college fellows who create trouble in public places and then plead "fun" and the baby act when apprehended. He takes them at their word and treats them as babies.

A lot of young fellows attending the City College engaged in a series of annoying stunts on a subway platform. When arrested they took the usual stand of youthful innocence, with the usual youthful plea.

"All right," said Justice Olmsted. "If you are young children who know no better I will treat you as such. You are remanded in care of the Children's Society."

There was some lively kicking from the husky young fellows, but an officer hustled them to the rooms of the society, where for several days they were penned in with real children and fed on childish diet. When again brought into court they were fined $3 each. And the prisoners do not care to be "the baby squad."—Cleveland Leader.

Hole in the Air.

One of the strange experiences of a balloonist is that of falling into "a hole in the air," which Mr. Rolker reports as follows:

"So you continue sailing, enjoying the present with little thought of the startling surprises that may be before you. Ahead of you, unseen, may be what the balloonist calls a 'hole in the air,' resembling the vortex of a maelstrom, and down this you may suddenly fall at a rate which is terrifying until, by sacrificing two or three bagfuls of sand or so, your pilot checks your downward flight. But these 'holes' are so common, and as a rule the atmosphere is of uniform carrying power."—American Magazine.

SALT AND SUGAR BAGS.

Mr. Brown Learns Something About Their Household Uses.

"Say, mother," said Letitia Brown, "we won't have any more salt bags, will we?"

"'No more salt bags?'" said Mr. Brown to himself, having by chance overheard Letitia's remark. It took but little questioning to bring out information on these points, and incidentally there was elicited other bag information, which, to Mr. Brown, was even more interesting.

Salt bags, it seems, are, in many households, when empty, washed out and used as dish cloths. But the Brown family has given up housekeeping and gone to boarding; it retains its apartment, just the same, but takes its meals in a neighboring good boarding house. So naturaby, they wouldn't be buying any more salt.

Then Mrs. Brown said that, anyhow, they hadn't been using salt bags for some time, because lately, while salt is still put up in bags, they have been buying salt put up in wooden or in pasteboard boxes. They'd been making their dish cloths lately, she said, out of sugar bags. Sugar, it appears, once never so put up, is now quite commonly sold in bags.

Casually, Mrs. Brown mentioned another use of salt bags that was new even to Letitia, who knew something about salt bags. Mrs. Brown said that once they had a servant who used to take the salt bags when they were emptied and open them out and wash the marks out of them, and then for economy's sake have them for handkerchiefs for her little brother.

And yet there remained the fact, mildly bewailed by Letitia, that there would be "no more salt bags" for dish cloths. Here Mr. Brown wanted to say to Letty, "Well, what of it? Not housekeeping any more, we shan't have any dishes to wash and we shan't want any dish cloths, salt bag or sugar bag." But he didn't say these things to her because he didn't want to hurt Letitia's feelings by showing her how little she looked ahead, nor did he want to make her feel worse by showing her how much more logical his mind. He said nothing, but just kept these things to himself, but not without his usual modest consciousness of superiority.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mr. Millais tells how rabbits swim—when compelled to: "They swim with the head held as high as possible, while the hocks of the hind legs appear above the element at each stroke. The shoulders and front part of the body are buried beneath the water, while the rump and tail are high and dry."

Natural enemies of the animal world are sometimes found living together in extraordinary communities. The same writer quotes this experience of an observer: "On one occasion when ferreting I bolted a fox, a cat, a stoat and several rabbits and rats out of the same earth. The fox bolted first, after giving the ferret a nip across the back, from the effects of which it died an hour later. Next came the stoat and then the cat, both of which I shot. Then followed the rabbits and rats promiscuously. It was a large burrow on the bank of a deep dry watercourse, and often held a fox when I ferreted it afterward."

Interesting figures on the relative agility of hares and rabbits are given in a recent volume by J. G. Millais. "When running at ease," he says, "the length of the hare's stride is about four feet; but under conditions of fear its leaps extend to ten and twelve feet, while some authors claim that it can jump ten ditches twenty to twenty-five feet in width. Perpendicularly a hare can jump on to a five-foot wall, but seems to be surpassed by one of about six feet. The stride of the rabbit is about two feet; when necessary it can make leaps of six or seven feet horizontally. About three feet is the highest that a rabbit can attain to even when helped by the asperities of a stone wall."

Immaterial.

Young Hepsy was in ecstasies over the young lady her nephew, Ike, was going to marry. "I never saw her till last week," she said, "but I fell in love with her at first sight myself. She's good, sweet, amiable and as pretty as a picture."

"What's her name?" asked the listeners.

"Maria."

"Maria what?"

Aunt Hepsy wrinkled her forehead, pursed up her lips, looked at the ceiling and gave it up.

"I declare, I can't think of her other name."

The general laugh that followed this confession nettled Aunt Hepsy.

"What's the difference about her last name anyway?" she said explosively. "It's only temporary. She's going to change it!"—Youth's Companion.

He Knew.

The pretty teacher was trying to explain the difference between good conduct and bad. "Good actions," she explained, "are the lovely flowers. Bad ones are the weeds. Now can any little boy or girl tell me the difference between flowers and weeds? What are flowers? What are weeds?"

"Weeds," said Walter, who had been struggling with the sorrel in his mother's garden, "are the plants that grow all by themselves, and flowers is the ones that don't."

Pretty Full.

"McLush has been arrested for drunkenness and wants you to bail him out."

"Bail him out!" ejaculated Colonel Pepper, who had heard the remark inside. "Good gracious, is he that full?"—Exchange.

At least two-thirds of the married men you see are henpecked, but they don't know it.

ANOTHER TYRANT GONE.

Count Ignatieff Was the Worst Hated Man in Russia.

COUNT IGNATIEFF.

Gen. Count Alexis P. Ignatieff, who was recently shot to death by a revolutionist at Tver, Russia, was one of the most remarkable men in the empire. He was a member of the council of the empire, ex-governor of Kieff, Volnia and Padollah and one of the worst hated of the aristocratic class in Russia. It was mainly through his power that Witte was thrown out of the premiership. Ignatieff was the man selected to be dictator nine months ago when Nicholas tottered on his throne and the whole edifice of absolutism seemed to be crumbling to pieces. The revolutionists had their most determined foes in Ignatieff and Trepoff.

When the agitation for civil liberty first was started Ignatieff sided with the reformers. He contended that the Russian peasant was fitted for self-government, and that the empire never would rise to its greatest strength and glory until the reins of power had been given into the hands of the proletariat. Ignatieff made no secret of his opinions to the Czar. But these opinions soon underwent a change and Ignatieff became the very soul of repression. He became the active coadjutor of Gen. Trepoff in supporting the repressive policy of Minister of the Interior Durnovo and in the intrigue which resulted in the downfall of Count Witte. It was he at the time the plan was to proclaim Ignatieff premier and dictator, turn the guard regiments against parliament and apply the iron rule which Trepoff, Ignatieff and their colleagues considered to be necessary to govern Russia. After the death of Trepoff by poison Ignatieff remained in solitary power and now his assassination makes the choice of a successor necessary.

The count was the second son of the private in the guards who rose to be president of the Committee of Ministers, governor general of St. Petersburg and founder of one of the richest families in Russia. The first count attracted the attention of the Emperor about 35 years ago when standing guard at a door of the Winter Palace. The Emperor took him into his private apartments, submitted him to a long examination, and at the end of the interview promoted the man to sergeant. In a few years Ignatieff had risen to great power, and in 1877 was made a count of the Russian empire. His son, whose end has been so tragic, combined a heart hard as flint with an insatiable avarice. Although possessed of tremendous wealth, and unable to spend a small fraction of his income, Ignatieff lived in a small rented flat, so that he might draw rent from the six residences he owned in St. Petersburg.

LAWS OF TRADING STAMPS.

Some States Regulate Their Issue or Prohibit Them Altogether.

One quarter of the States of the country adopted last year some new legislation or amended some former legislation in reference to trading stamps. But the States have approached the trading stamp problem by different methods.

New York regulates the issuance and redemption of trading stamps by providing that the value of the stamp in lawful money shall be printed on the face of each, and that they shall be redeemable in merchandise or money on demand. Maryland prohibits the sale or issuance of trading stamps except for a stated value in money, such value to be printed on the face of each. Louisiana authorizes the use of trading stamps under the license given to trading stamp companies, the value of such license ranging from $5,000 to $10,000 a year, according to the gross receipts. Massachusetts imposes a tax of 3 per cent on the gross receipts of articles sold for which trading stamps are given.

California prohibits the giving of trading stamps or coupons entirely. Colorado makes it a misdemeanor either to give or accept a trading stamp if "representing an uncertain bonus for the purchase of goods." Washington prohibits trading stamps entirely. Nebraska follows the New York law and fixes a graded penalty for its violation of from $100 to $1,000 for each offense. New Hampshire prohibits the establishment of trading stamp companies. New Jersey follows the New York law and provides a penalty for the distributor of trading stamps who violates it. Connecticut requires the person giving trading stamps to redeem them. They can not be made redeemable by a third party.—New York Sun.

Newspapers of the Country.

In 1775 there were only twenty-seven newspapers in the United States. Ten years later, in 1785, there were seven published in the English language in Philadelphia alone. The oldest newspaper published in Philadelphia at the time of the Federal convention was the Pennsylvania Gazette, established by Samuel Keimer in 1728. The second newspaper in point of age was the Pennsylvania Journal, established in 1742 by William Bradford, whose uncle, Andrew Bradford, published the first newspaper in Pennsylvania, the American Weekly Mercury, in 1719.

The Dog's Kennel.

Damp is the greatest evil to which the dog confined outside the house in a kennel is liable. It will kill the strongest dog and must be carefully guarded against. If a dog is to keep in health, too, it is necessary that he should be able to enjoy plenty of sunlight, and the kennel should be so placed facing south, except in the hottest parts of the day in summer, when it should be moved into the shade.

Secrets she can't tell worry a woman as much as the money he can't spend worries a man.

What you say of your neighbors may be nothing to what they think of you.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

RISING GENERATION GOING ASTRAY.

By Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis.

REV. DR. HILLIS.

Society is cursed with young men and women who are driven by every wind and tossed. I would as soon think of anchoring an ocean liner to a fog bank instead of a rock as to anchor a reform, a useful club, a great movement or church to their lives and leadership. You never know what their politics is, because you do not know what man called on them last night. When you find out their view on any public question you may know what newspaper they have read ten minutes before. There is much foliage at the top, but no roots at the bottom. They talk fair before dinner on one side of the question, but after dinner they talk fair on the other side. They are the victims of the last book they read. Any faddist can come along and get hold of their ear, and in one hour's time change their religion, their politics, their philosophy—their anything! Not an adventurer in philosophy or religion but can pick their pockets in five minutes of all the convictions of their fathers.

Great were our fathers—they were Puritans. We will not betray their faith, their honor, their consecration to liberty and justice. Our fathers also were scholars. They loved literature, founded schools of learning, enriched libraries; we will not desert the higher education or put things before thoughts, wealth before manhood, possessions before life. O, all ye young hearts, swear fealty to the faith of your fathers. Remember that the greatness of the Victorian epoch in England and the golden era of scholarship in the republic were eras of seriousness of purpose. It is the serious note that lent beauty and strength to the canvas of Watt, to the poems of Tennyson, the essays of Emerson, and the eloquence of our statesmen. And whenever the serious note departs, the glory will leave our colleges and our halls of learning. The work of this generation must be one with the work of our fathers.

WOMAN'S POWER OVER MAN OVERRATED.

By Helen Oldfield.

There are few things which more generally are overrated than the influence which women exert upon men. That it is great none can deny. That in many cases it has changed the destiny of men, the fate of nations, is matter of history. Nevertheless it is not universal, neither is it all-powerful, nor yet can it be depended upon as sure to exist, still less to endure the vicissitudes of time and circumstance. The woman who marries a man, fondly imagining that by means of his love for her she will be able to mold him according to her own ideas, makes, in 99,999 times out of 100,000, a great and often a disastrous mistake. Comparatively few women are possessed of hypnotic power over even the men who are in love with them, and usually a man who not only can be subdued but dominated by feminine influence is of too unstable a quality to retain the impression in its strength when the controlling presence is removed.

Tradition and custom since the beginning of time have prescribed that the man shall be the head of the family. It was part of the doom pronounced upon Eve and her daughters that, "Thy desire shall be to thy husband and he shall rule over thee," and ever since in the vast majority of cases, excepting during the period of courtship, and often then, it has been the woman who has striven hardest to please the man, who has sought to mold herself according to his ideal, to conform to his standard in all things. Rudyard Kipling says: "Men speak the truth as they understand it, women as they think men would like to understand it; then they all act lies which would deceive Solomon, and the result is a heartrending muddle which half a dozen plain, open words would put straight." "As the husband is the wife is." Of course, there are exceptions, but in the main there never was truer word spoken.

Among the pungent aphorisms in a clever brochure recently published "About Men, Women and Fools," is this:

"Never marry a man to reform him.
Reform him first, and then don't marry him."

IMITATORS SELDOM MAKE MONEY.

By John A. Howland.

Moneymaking is a keynote of the times. Any method of any man showing markedly successful results in moneymaking will command a million imitators in a day. In almost any other world of endeavor imitation is frowned upon. The artist and the professional man are frowned upon in a moment because of imitating. One woman may be holding a lasting grudge against her friend for attempting to wear bonnet or gown in imitation of her original. But in the field of moneymaking imitation continues to be the "sincerest flattery," accepted with a smile by the one whose methods are to be copied. In general, however, the man imitated in his moneymaking methods can afford to smile. Already he has proved his judgment and has reaped the ready returns upon it. He may have exhausted the possibilities of that particular line. Or, all else favorable to the imitator, this successful one has a wide margin of chance that in his hurry to fall into line of imitation the imitator has missed the true principles at bottom of the speculation.

Take any farming community where the simplest lines are laid for the local business world. In a certain section perhaps no wheat has been sown for years; no potatoes planted, perhaps; any one of a dozen crops has been neglected in the planting until the neighborhood has forgotten the staple. But suddenly some one sets aside a field for one of these neglected crops and plants it. Only an idle interest is attracted, though the planter may have expended his best judgment upon crop reports, markets, and the chances of a favorable season. Not till all of these have been realized in a great harvest at top prices, however, does the spirit of imitation spring up over the neighborhood. It will be too late for that season's venture, but in the following year the adventuring farmer may count upon scores of followers in this line, whereas he himself has dropped the idea for another.

In the same degree, with far greater complications, the imitator of financial methods in the cities is led astray. Not until some one has made some notably successful venture in a certain line is attention attracted. Yet in all probability before he has made his first move as an imitator the man whose example he is trying to follow has switched to an altogether different field of operations!

AN OAK OF JOURNALISM.

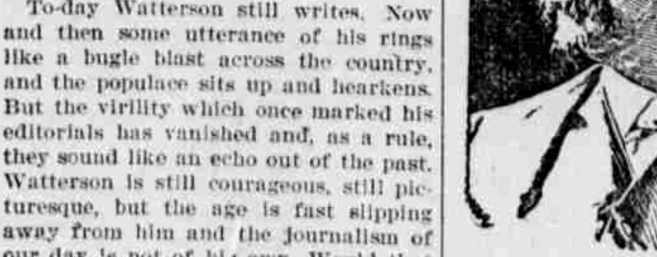
Col. Henry Watterson, Editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Twenty-five years have wrought a great change in Henry Watterson, as well as in the occupation to which he has devoted his life. Marse Henry was a potent factor in that potential journalism which did more to mold public sentiment after the Civil War, during the reconstruction period and even in the campaign of 1880, in which Garfield was saved from defeat by Conkling, than the platforms of parties and the utterances of orators. These latter were but the echoes of the policies which the great editors outlined, and of these molders of public thought none was more influential in Democratic politics a quarter of a century ago than Watterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal. He was a giant of the era of political editors. He was aflame with enthusiasm when the sanctum was the heart and vitals of the paper, when the editorial end of the publication retained an influence in public affairs which has largely descended to the counting-room since the commercialism of newspapers has come upon the land. Profit was not the primary consideration with editors of the Watterson stamp.

To-day Watterson still writes. Now and then some utterance of his rings like a bugle blast across the country, and the populace sits up and hearkens. But the virility which once marked his editorials has vanished and, as a rule, they sound like an echo out of the past. Watterson is still courageous, still picturesque, but the age is fast slipping away from him and the journalism of our day is not of his own. Would that his wit, his imagination, his emotion might be perpetuated!

Watterson has been a militant editor. He was born in politics and reared in politics. His father, a Jeffersonian Democrat, occupied a seat in Congress when Henry was born. The child was frail, with one eye useless and the other so weak that much of the time he was kept in darkness. His early education was obtained by others reading to him. But as he matured his physique improved and his sight was strengthened. When he was able to read he began to devour with avidity all sorts of standard literature, and for years he has been one of the best-read men in the country in history, biography and poetry. He also studied politics and as a boy knew every public man in Washington. At 15 he was regarded as a prodigy, and at 18 he became musical critic for a daily newspaper. At 20 he was editing a newspaper in Tennessee which defended the Union cause, but when the maelstrom of the Confederacy engulfed him he rushed into the Confederate army and became a scout. Even then the lust of writing was in his blood and he began to issue a paper called The Rebel, which was a unique institution. It was peripatetic, moving about as the Union armies came into range. Usually a covered wagon was the editorial sanctum, press and composing room. On one occasion the forms were already made up, chronicling a Confederate victory in the engagement which had taken place that day, when the tide of battle turned and before the forms could go to press the Union army was routing the Confederates. Watterson abandoned his "office," and when the Federals rushed in and seized it the artillery used the type which had been employed to describe a Confederate victory by loading it into their cannon and firing it at the retreating army. Type was scarce in those days and it was not until several months later, when a Confederate detachment raided a Union town on the border that Watterson's stock was replenished.

At the end of the war Watterson went to Louisville and was associated with George D. Prentice on the Courier-Journal, after he had forced that brilliant product of journalism into capitulation by establishing a rival paper. In those days papers like the Courier-Journal, the Chicago Times, the New York Sun and the New York Tribune were synonymous with their editors. Prentice, Watterson, Story, Dana, Greeley and others of their type were always alluded to when the papers were quoted. Prentice died and Watterson became a greater force. For thirty years he ran the composing room



COL. HENRY WATTERSON.

as well as the editorial department of his paper, and the politics of Kentucky at the same time. He was the arch-partisan, the fiery free-trader who manufactured doctrine for the other free-trade editors to reproduce in their columns. He also made many public speeches on the labor platform at the dinner table and elsewhere, and always was the spectacular, grandiloquent performer. He served a term in Congress, was influential in bringing about reconstruction, fought the Ku Klux Klan, supported Greeley and was the first prominent Democrat to go to Louisiana when hints of fraud against Tilden were set afloat. He counseled peace and moderation during that perilous situation and was influential in preserving peace. He became the chum of Cleveland, quarreled with him and called him some of the most memorable names ever attached to this much-dubbed President. He assailed Bryan in 1896, organized the Gold-Democrat movement, and then turned around and supported Bryan and Parker in 1900 and 1904.

In his general attitude toward life Colonel Watterson is an Epicurian. He lives freely, and cares little for money, which he spends when he has it and when he hasn't. His income has always been large, but his savings small. He can make thousands every season on the platform, where he is in constant demand, and indeed is one of the most attractive of speakers.

Occasionally a woman makes her husband ridiculous by treating him in public as a woman treats an only child.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

The school life of their mothers would be a matter of antiquity to the schoolgirls of to-day. With that thought Alice J. Jones has written her recollection of her own girlhood, "In Dover on the Charles." She deals in particular with the matter of dress, perhaps the leading interest of the child.

When I first went to school I wrote a dress almost to my ankles and white pantalets of the same length, or longer.

Two older girls were considered the leaders of fashion in our school. Their pantalets were made of the same material as the dresses with which they were worn. Mother refused to let me follow the fashion, which she said had been discarded long ago by my older sisters.

Those were not the days of many styles, nor the days when the prevailing style was modified to suit individuals. I have distinct recollections of a milliner's well-fitted show-room at North Natick. It held just two kinds of large bonnets and two shapes in children's hats. The broad-brimmed, low-crowned "leghorn-flats" must be trimmed with wide white ribbon and long feathers. The hideous white straw "vizor caps" must be trimmed with narrow, colored ribbon, a band round the crown ending in a rosette among the artificial flowers clustered above the vizor.

My sister once brought from Newport pretty, expensive hats of the latest New York style; small leghorn hats with a fringe of straw "dangles" round the edge of the brim.

Such misery as my little sister and I suffered that summer! All the girls ridiculed our queer hats, and no idea of latest fashion could be impressed upon them. This was before the days of paper patterns, pattern sheets and fashion books.

For many years our new dresses were one year ahead of Dover fashions, and because of that we had a bitter experience in being conspicuously out of fashion.

Little Sentiment Among Animals.

Animals experience no grief whatever over the death of one of their number, according to John Burroughs, possibly the most astute student of animal life in this country. He declares that when a bird seems to mourn its lost mate its act is probably the outcry of the breeding instinct which has been thwarted. He says that all creatures understand the language of distress and he has observed that birds have often warned four-footed animals of danger, but, he says, this, too, is instinct and not because of sentiment. "Sympathy as we know it," he says, "the keen appreciation of the suffering and misfortune of another, which implies power in a measure to put ourselves in that other's place, hardly exists, even in its rudimentary form, among the lower orders." Of all animals, Mr. Burroughs has the best opinion of the dog. There are few of our ordinary emotions, he thinks, that a dog does not share.—Kansas City Star.

Every man sees an earthly angel in the woman he loves.