

For the Faithful

A health to the man who does his work
The best that ever he may
Who sees his duty and does it well
As he labors from day to day,
And takes what comes, be it good or bad,
With never a word to say.

There is plenty to do for all who live,
And the work must be well done,
There are rich rewards for some to gain,
And prizes that may be won,
And much that is good and sweet in life
For the really earnest one.

A health to the man who goes his way
And does the best he can do,
With a trusty heart and a cheerful smile,
And a faith that's staunch and true;
For there's lots of good for a man like
that
As the world he travels through.

AUNT SARAH'S NEPHEW

BY M. QUAD

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The village of Rawsonville knew what was going to happen a week or so before it came to pass. Aunt Sarah Hicks, relict of Barnaby Hicks, had received a letter to the effect that her sister in California was dead, and that her sister's only child was coming East to live with her. The "child," as she went on to explain, was a boy of eighteen and a born idiot.

"He is the only fool ever born among my relations," said the good woman, "and how he happens to be one the Lord only knows, but I owe him a duty, and am going to take care of him. I expect he'll be a great trial, but that's what we are here on earth for—to go through trials."

A few days later Aunt Sarah's nephew arrived. He was in charge of a man, and there was no doubt about his being an idiot. He was led through the village by the hand like a two-year-old child, and it was evident that his intelligence was of the lowest order. For three or four days the town was as much excited as if a circus had come, and it was not until the last citizen had had a square look at Jimmy that curiosity began to wane. Some of the people were inclined to criticize Aunt Sarah for "bringing a fool to town," as they expressed it, while others contended that it would make Rawsonville talked about and perhaps increase business and the price of real estate. The three doctors in town had called and looked Jimmy over and agreed that he hadn't the brains of a rabbit, and the boy had thrown stones at every other boy in the place, and things had begun to settle down when Deacon Harkness opened a crusade. He called on Aunt Sarah one day and said:

"I've been thinking the matter over, and I've come to ask you what you are going to do in a religious way for that boy?"

"What are you doing in a religious way for your plow-handles?" asked the widow in reply.

"Hain't that purty near sacrilege?"

"Not within forty rods of it. That boy is a born fool. I might just as well throw him down the well as to try to beat religion into his head."

"But it would be a great comfort to him."

"Yes, it would be a great comfort to him to be President of the United States, but he'll have to get along without. If the Lord was satisfied to make him as he is, then it's not for us to complain."

"But I've been talking it over with some of the folks," persisted the Deacon, "and we don't think it's right to deprive that boy of a chance to go to Heaven when he dies. He ought to be allowed to go to church every Sun-

day. I believe as I do, that he ought to have a chance. The minister says that some fools seem to understand religion when they don't anything else."

"I say it's all Tom-fool nonsense!" protested the widow in her vigorous way, "but if nothing else will satisfy the people of Rawsonville then Jimmy shall go to church. I shan't take him, though. As it was you who started the whole business you can come along here and take him yourself."

"I should hate to think you are backsliding."



There was a commotion.

"Then don't think it. I'm no more backsliding than you are, but I think I know a little more about Jimmy. I'll have him all washed and dressed by ten o'clock Sunday forenoon. If he seems to take to religion no one will be gladder than me."

Before Sunday came it was known to every soul in the village that Aunt Sarah's Jimmy would be at church, and the usual congregation was increased by forty. The Deacon called for the boy at the right hour, and after a little coaxing, backed by three lumps of sugar, the unfortunate decided to take chances with the man who held out his hand. He was led to church and seated in the Deacon's pew and nothing happened. The place was strange, the people staring, and for a time the boy sat like a stone statue. Up to the time all knelt in prayer his behavior was without reproach, and the Deacon was certain in his own mind that the "influence" was taking hold. Jimmy was the only one who didn't kneel. He was also the only one who got up and tip-toed out of church while all the others were busy. After a few minutes the Deacon followed him out and found him throwing stones at the hens in the next yard. He was a man with three sons of his own, and the paternal spirit was strong within him. That is, he obeyed his first instincts and gave Jimmy a box on the ear. It was an unfortunate move. The boy uttered a roar and kicked the Deacon on the shins and then fled. The "influence" had departed as quickly as it came.

The whole congregation had seen the deacon go out and were watching for him to come leading Jimmy back, and great was the disappointment when it was realized that the lad had escaped. Things seemed to drag for the next twenty minutes. It was a midsummer day, with doors and windows opened wide and the flies buzzing around, and no soul had a suspicion that a surprise party was on the way, and coming hot-foot.

Jimmy had taken in the church as a new thing, and had felt much obliged to the deacon for bringing him, but that cuff on the ear satisfied him that he had no friends in that crowd. He had been used to fighting his own way and paying off his own scores. When it came to getting square he seemed to have as much wit as any of the boys around him. His ear felt hot and his head rang, and as soon as a safe distance away he looked around for revenge. Where the hens were in the yard next to the church were also two hives of bees. Jimmy knew something about the insects. He had picked up several by the wrong end in his younger days and felt results. The bees were coming and going and putting in their twelve hours to the day, when the boy



There was no doubt about his being an idiot.

gathered half a dozen rocks and hurled them at the hives. His aim was true, and presently a score of bees were out with their hats on their ears. They were followed by fifty more, and those by a hundred, and two or three more rocks did the business. The honey-gatherers had been basely and brutally assaulted without just cause or provocation, and they went looking for a row. As Jimmy slid away into distance the bees began to extend the circle of their flight, and in due course of time they came to the open doors and windows of the church.

The minister had only reached "gristly" in his sermon, when there was a commotion. The entire congregation appeared to "commote" at once. It was odds to the bees whether they came in at the door or window, or whether they began business on a hoary-headed deacon or an innocent youth of 10. Their idea was to sting and the scene in that sacred edifice will never be forgotten. Everybody made for the doors at once, and every body yelled and screamed and fought off the foe, and not a person escaped unscathed. Two hours later, when Deacon Harkness had had his five lumps bathed in vinegar and swathed in bandages, he called upon Aunt Sarah, who had remained at home all the morning, to find Jimmy sleeping the sleep of innocence on the floor.

"Do—do you know what he did?" exclaimed the deacon, as he pointed an accusing finger at the sleeper.

"Hush, Deacon. I believe you were right to take him with you to service though why he came home so soon I can't make out. However, what he got of it must have done him good, for he flopped down like a tired angel and has hardly grunted since. Come for him again next Sunday!"

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INDIANS IN CRITICAL REVIEW

Have Never Been Acknowledged as Reliable Historians.

The Oregon Historical Society has placed the mark of its disapproval on the Indian yarn which had Lewis and Clark resting under a large oak tree that is still standing at St. Helena. As neither of those illustrious explorers carved his initials in the tree, and there is nothing but the Indian story to lead to the belief that they ever visited the spot, the tree will not be brought to the exposition. The Indian as a chronicler of events or a recorder of history has never been much of a success. Too frequent by his untutored mind has enabled him to grasp the idea that a thrilling lie would win larger rewards of fire water than a commonplace statement of fact. There are two classes of Indians with which the American public is more familiar than any of the others. One of these can be found in front of tobacco stores with a bunch of cigars in his wooden hand and the other is continually before us in the public prints as the owner of an exceptionally valuable gold brick.

Both of these Indians have distinctive traits of the real Indian, in that there is considerable sham about them. Small children will cry at the sight of the cigar store Indian and his tomahawk, and feeble-minded speculators looking for a sure thing will buy gilded bricks from the blanketed pirate in the forest, although neither of these Indians is the real thing. But to return to the historical Indian, who is ever ready to turn out tradition and history in accordance with the wishes of the one who carries a black bottle or other attraction dear to the Indian mind. What a part these saddle-colored children of the forest have played in clothing so many historical incidents with the garb of fiction!—Portland Oregonian.

Standard Oil Humor.

Henry H. Rogers, Standard Oil magnate, copper king and one of the foremost men in the financial world, is a newly discovered humorist, and Mark Twain, Chauncey M. Depew, Simeon Ford and others must needs look to their laurels.

Mr. Rogers has a fund of so-called funny stories on hand, mostly those that smack of the sea, but all brand new and all his own, states the Boston Post. Here is a sample:

"Nat Osborne," said Mr. Rogers, "used to blow the organ in the brick church. He had quite an idea of his own importance and was always proud of his job."

"I asked him once: 'How much salary do you get, Mr. Osborne, for your work?'"

"Nat looked up solemnly and said with dignity: 'Twelve hundred dollars.'"

"What," said I, "\$1,200?"

"Yes," said Nat.

"That's big pay," said I.

"Pretty fair," said Nat, "but that's for 100 years."

The Barrier.

Between me and the untrammelled sweep
Of the unbounded outer deep
Stretches a strip of land that hides
The toss and turmoil of the tides.
My fancy often bears me far
Beyond the dunes and beach and bar,
Until a happy life I gain
Upon the bosom of the main.

There lies, in kindred wise, 'twixt me
And God's unplumbed eternity,
A little strip of life where'er
My dreams are seaward wont to soar;
And is it strange, all perils past,
That by them I seem borne at last
Unto the bourne of long release—
The visioned part of final peace!

—Clinton Scollard, in the Outlook.

Open Air Theater.

A natural theater, that is to say, a theater in the open air, will be established at Champigny, near Paris. It will be remembered that the ancient amphitheaters at Arles, Beziers and Nimes have been reopened, and the plays are attended by large crowds. In former years there were hundreds of such open-air theaters scattered all over France.

MYSTERY OF MONEY

SUBJECT ABOUT WHICH LITTLE IS REALLY KNOWN.

Proper Methods of Acquiring It, or Its Wisest U. S. Are Matters Upon Which the Wisest Differ—Has No Power to Confer Happiness.

For centuries the economists have been disputing about the definition and offices of money, says the Wall Street Journal. There are almost as many different theories of money as there are schools in theology. There seems to be an immense difficulty in comprehending just what money is, what it does in facilitating the exchanges of the world and what is its influence upon prices. Here is the most practical and substantial thing in the world, an article which is in universal use, and which is most eagerly sought after by people of every clime and race, and yet how little we know about it! Even now no one can tell exactly how much currency a country needs to carry on its business and how large should be the reserves of gold against the bank reserves. Even bankers, whose business all the time is to deal in money, as others deal in merchandise, are liable to become hopelessly confused in a discussion regarding the principles which underlie its use.

Strange to say, the confusion which attends an economic study of money, also attends any discussion of the ethics of money. All the philosophy in the world has not answered the question of how much money it is wise for a man to possess. How widely men differ—even our scholars and moral instructors—as to the proper methods of acquiring wealth. We even dispute as to the wisest use of money. We are not agreed as to the distribution of money in charity. It would seem as if the commonest, the most universal tool of man, was the one thing that plagued him the most.

But this is not all. Useful, indispensable as money is, there is nothing which is more constantly put to an evil use, or which is more likely to destroy the man who uses it. There is something about money which defiles nearly all who touch it. There are, indeed, some rare souls that are immune to its corrupting influence, but the great body of mankind are susceptible to its corroding power. Both lack and superfluity, both poverty and riches, seem to destroy the finer fibers of the soul. The individual who has the most chance of throwing off money's baneful influence is he who stands midway between superfluity and poverty.

Money is a microbe that poisons the blood and perverts the mind and heart of a man. No one is happy without it, and yet no one is really happy who possesses much of it. The more one gets the more he wants. Money getting becomes a passion. It fastens itself upon one like a habit. Even the opium eater is not more in control of a demon than one who has got the "itch for money." He becomes a slave to the very thing which is intended to be his tool. The disease affects different people differently. Some it makes sordid, penurious, mean. Others it leads to lavish display and extravagance. Some use it for mere luxury. Others enjoy it for its power. Nearly all, in one way or another, are changed and often polluted by the possessions of wealth.

California.

I dreamed a dream of beauty,
Of dewy orange bloom,
Of waving plumes of palms and gusts
Of subtle, sweet perfume;

Of lilacs and rare roses
That glistened bright between
Rich banks of brilliant tropic blooms
That I had never seen.

I dreamed about the ocean
And mountains close beside,
Their purple mantles bordered by
The silver of the tide.

I dreamed of holy brethren,
Of gentle word and deed,
Who journeyed over half the world
To sow the Lord's good seed.

To toll till church and cloister
Arose for Christ's dear sake,
Through o'er the thresholds, in my dream,
I saw gold poppies break.

And lo, as I was dreaming,
I journeyed swiftly through
Three days and nights—then I awoke
And found my dreams come true!

—Evelyn Stein, in Sunset Magazine.

Carnegie's Old Home Torn Down.

Another landmark of Pittsburg, one of the first houses in the city that Andrew Carnegie loved to call his home before the millions that have made him famous were his own, has passed away before the devastating ax of the progressive house destroyer. It is the old two story frame dwelling at the corner of Penn and Lang avenues, directly opposite the No. 18 fire engine house, in the heart of one of the most densely inhabited millionaire sections of the East End.

The work of demolishing the old house was begun last Tuesday. By Friday only the cellar remained, and even this will soon be torn away, as will the little knoll on which the old timbers rested.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Brevity the Soul of Wit.

The anonymous writer who contributes to the Sunday Magazine, "Arrows Shot in the Air," tells us: "Emerson wrote a chapter and then tried to reduce it to a page. He wrestled with the page until he gathered its force into a paragraph. Then he did battle with the paragraph until its pith stood revealed in a sentence. This was told me by his friend, Justin Winsor, the accomplished librarian of Harvard university, who added that it explained the epigrammatic quality of Emerson's essays, and the abruptness as well as the thought-packed nature of his style."—Liverpool (Eng.) Mercury.

THE BOND BROKEN

NORWAY SEVERS TIES UNITING HER TO SWEDEN.

STORTHING TAKES INITIATIVE

Declaration of Independence and Sovereignty Set Forth—One of the Causes for Desire of Sweden and Norway to Separate Consular Systems.

CHRISTIANA—"Norway today is a fully independent and sovereign state."

This is the text of the editorials in the Norwegian newspapers and it reflects the spirit with which the people of Norway accept the action of the storthing when it proclaimed King Oscar no longer king of Norway.

King Oscar's refusal to sanction the bill passed by the storthing providing for a separate consular service for Norway culminated in the passage of a resolution by the storthing declaring the dissolution of the union of Sweden and Norway and that the king had ceased to act as king of Norway. Although the action was anticipated, it caused considerable excitement in this city on account of the anxiety as to what action the king would take.

The crisis became acute May 26, when his majesty, after three months' rest, during which the regency was confided to Crown Prince Gustave, resumed the reins of office. The council of state immediately submitted to him the consular bill, which he, May 28, refused to sanction, arguing that any action must receive the sanction of the mixed council. The Norwegian council of state thereupon resigned and the king refused to accept their resignation, as, in view of the state of public opinion, it was impossible to form a new government. Demonstrations were held throughout the country endorsing the action of the council of state.

One of the causes for the desire in Sweden and Norway for separate consular systems was the fact that Sweden is protectionist, and Norway is for free trade, and also because of Norway's more extensive sea trade and other divergencies of commercial interests.

At its meeting the storthing addressed a proclamation to the Norwegian people, in which is given a detailed account of the events preceding the passing of the resolution.

This proclamation concludes as follows:

"The storthing hopes that the Norwegian people will succeed in living in peace and on good terms with all, and not the least with the Swedish people to whom we are linked by so many natural ties.

"The storthing is sure that the people will join with it and with government in maintaining the full independence of Norway and with firmness and dignified tranquility submit to the necessary sacrifices, and it is further sure that all subjects will fully respect all ordinances and prescriptions from the government.

"All officials, civil and military, must in every respect yield that obedience which the government has the right to claim according to the authority transferred to it by the storthing in the name of the people of Norway."

British Bank in Trouble.

LONDON—The bank of Glynn, Mills, Currie & Co. petitioned the courts to order the compulsory winding up of the International Bank of London. The petitioners are creditors for upward of \$1,250,000.

SAYS THE TAXES MUST BE COLLECTED

MUSKOGEE, I. T.—Mayor Fite has dismissed the charges against the Indian police arrested by the city authorities, charged with assault in closing the stores of merchants who refused to pay the tribal tax. There will be no further arrests. Inspector Wright received telegraphic instructions from Secretary Hitchcock to proceed with the collection of the taxes. Mr. Wright stated that all business houses where the tax is not paid will be closed.

CRISIS IN RUSSIA.

Czar Begins Reactionary Policy by Appointing Gen. Treppoff Dictator.

ST. PETERSBURG—Emperor Nicholas' ukase virtually creating Governor General Treppoff dictator has given rise to a mighty sensation. It is the imperial recognition of the crisis in the internal affairs of Russia and instinctively recalls the step taken by the emperor's grandfather, Alexander II, immediately after the attempt to blow up the winter palace in 1880, when he appointed a commission of public safety, headed by General Loris-Melikoff, except that the position of General Treppoff will be more analogous to that occupied by Loris-Melikoff, when later in the same year he was appointed minister of the interior, with full control of the police.

Names New Committeeman.

WASHINGTON—Postmaster General Cortelyou, acting chairman of the republican national committee, announced the appointment of Pearl Wright of New Orleans, as member of the republican national committee for Louisiana. Mr. Wright is a leading business man of New Orleans, prominent in republican councils of the state. Mr. Cortelyou says Mr. Wright was appointed not as a representative of any faction but in the belief that he would represent well all classes in a satisfactory way.

A STRIKE CRISIS

Many More Men May Become Involved.

CHICAGO—The teamsters' strike has reached the point where its further progress and its further increase is dependent upon the action taken by the members of the Chicago Team Owners' association. This organization has from the first declined to make deliveries to the boycotted houses and has constantly urged the teamsters to arbitrate the question of making such deliveries.

The teamsters have positively refused to deliver or receive goods, and now the last chance of securing any concessions from the teamsters having faded away, the members of the Team Owners' association must either decide to deliver goods or allow the teamsters to have their own way in the matter. Opinion among the members of the Team Owners' association is strongly divided and the result may be a split in its ranks. Many of the largest team owners in the city have announced that they are going to make deliveries.

A meeting of the organization will be held tomorrow night and the action taken at that time will largely determine the future scope of the strike. If the Team Owners' association decides to make deliveries and discharge all of its men who refuse to obey orders, the ranks of the strikers will be increased by about 8,000 men.

The strikers made another attempt to force a break in the ranks of the Employers' association. A committee called on Edward Hillman, proprietor of a large dry goods store, and asked him to arrange another conference between the teamsters and the employers. Mr. Hillman positively refused, saying that unless the strikers had some new proposition to offer it was useless to attempt to reach any agreement. Their present attitude he said was such as there could be no possible middle ground upon which the employers could meet them. This was the only attempt at adjusting the strike made and it is not probable that more efforts will be made for some time to come.

AMBASSADOR CONGER TO STAY IN MEXICO

MEXICO—Ambassador Conger put an end to the rumor circulated in American papers that he would remain here but six months, retiring to become a candidate for governor of Iowa. He denies this and says:

"I have been repeatedly urged by my friends in Iowa to accept the nomination for governor, but I have persistently declined to do so. My views in the matter have not changed. I like the diplomatic service and prefer to serve my country in it. My appointment here is permanent so far as I know. It is subject to no other conditions than are attached to any other consular appointment."

RUSSIA SHOWS RESENTMENT

Bitter Newspaper Comment on Course of United States at Manila.

ST. PETERSBURG—The Russian papers, notably the Novoe Vremya and the Russ, the latter recently reflecting the views of the foreign office, display a great deal of resentment against the United States for enforcing the twenty-four hour rule in the case of the Russian cruisers at Manila. The Russ quotes the American neutrality regulations and contends that President Roosevelt, in applying the principle that only injuries received during a storm and not in battle can be repaired in American ports, not only narrows the American regulations, but infringes recognized principles of international law. This paper declares it has official warrant for the statement that representations have been made at Washington on the subject.

The Novoe Vremya is exceedingly sarcastic. After a slap at Great Britain for the alleged manner in which its vessels dogged the Russian fleet from the time it left Cronstadt and for trying to force all the powers to accept its interpretation of the rules of neutrality, the Novoe Vremya declares that President Roosevelt, to whom it refers as "Mr. Roosevelt," contaminated by England's example, arbitrarily interprets his own rules in a sense favorable to Japan, adding:

"Mr. Roosevelt takes full advantage of the fact that Russia is helpless and powerless to do more than protest. The Japanese minister is reported to have expressed gratitude to America for this act of impartiality, which is partial to Japan. We trust Mr. Roosevelt is satisfied with his success."

The admiralty, it can be stated, is reconciled to the internment of the three Russian cruisers at Manila, but opposes on principle the rule that warships injured in battle cannot repair their machinery and boilers in neutral ports. The officials add that friction over this minor question would be exceedingly unfortunate just at the time that President Roosevelt is assuming the delicate role of trying to bring the belligerents together.

Papers to Consolidate.

ST. LOUIS—The St. Louis Star and the St. Louis Chronicle, both afternoon papers, published announcements of their consolidation under the name of the Star-Chronicle. Negotiations were closed by which the consolidation goes into effect immediately, and the new corporation will be known as the Star-Chronicle Publishing Company, with a capital stock of \$500,000. The Star-Chronicle, it is announced, will be an independent paper, and will be issued from the Star building.