

ROTTEN FUSION RECORD

On Account of Which Many Former Adherents Are Leaving the Party.

SPEAKERS HAVE NO ARGUMENT

Admonished to Eschew State Politics and Talk About the Philippine War—Holcomb's Record is Such as Not to Admit of an Alibi—Speakers Steer Clear of the Question.

The state house is practically deserted these days, says a Lincoln dispatch. The heat of the campaign has driven the faithful few from their posts at the helm of state and they have taken refuge at the popocratic headquarters, where they are concerting their efforts in the mighty task of rescuing the old ship "Reform" from inevitable destruction. The movement towards this point is general from all branches of the state government under popocratic control. The popocratic committees have called for aid and there was a ready response. Even the secretaries of the board of transportation, each of whom draw \$2,000 a year from the state, have put their shoulders to the wheel and are working with their fellow reformers to save the state for Bryan. The board of transportation office, which has always been a quiet place, is now in charge of a stenographer. Secretaries Laws and Edgerton were among the first to volunteer their services to the campaign committee and Secretary Jim Dahlman is performing faithful service for the democratic machine in Omaha. Across the state house corridor in the office of Land Commissioner Wolfe, there was also a ready response. Deputy Nelson, who asked for an increase in salary last year because he was overworked, did not hesitate to throw off the burdens of state to accept the secretaryship of the populist committee. The treasurer's office is represented by Charles DeFrance, who has been appointed official press correspondent for the populist committee. H. G. McEntee of Governor Poynter's staff of statesmen has engaged apartments adjacent to the populist headquarters in the Windsor hotel and is devoting his time to the work of the committee. Henry Blum, another of the chief executive's clerks, is taking an active part in the campaign and on dull days puts in his time in the interests of the "reform" ticket in Douglas county. At the Kearney industrial school the boys of the printing class are enjoying a vacation while their instructor, C. M. Farris, is working for the cause in Lincoln.

The fusion machine is not working to perfection for the reason that a great many of the warhorses who helped to build up the populist party now refuse to get into the harness. For some time Chairman Edmisten has been addressing frantic letters to old time populists asking them to go out and stump the state. One of these most sought after was G. A. Abbott of Richardson county. Abbott made speeches over the state for several years and in 1898 was a member of the platform committee at the populist state convention.

It seems that Abbott does not take kindly to the new style of reform. A letter which he recently wrote to Edmisten has been seen, and reads in part as follows:

What shall our speakers say to the voters this fall? It will not do to point to the rotten fusion record at the state house, with the systematic plans for for hidings and the raids on the treasury. Lawlessness runs rampant there and the free pass curse knows no end. In defying public sentiment our present state house gang beats all republican records. Meserve even made a statement to the legislature that he proposed to do as his predecessors had done.

We sent one man up there whom we knew could be trusted. He protested manfully among that crowd for two years and did his best to have things go as they should. But every crook and the entire free pass gang tried to break him down. Every one of you, from janitor up to the highest officer, helped to persuade Lichty, and the entire 100 of you rejoiced when he was finally driven from the capitol.

By no means allow any of your speakers to talk state issues. The record of our men in power forbids any such thing. Tell your men to talk about the Philippine war and keep the minds of the voters on the other side of the earth. That is all that is left for the "hold up" gang and the free pass grabbers to do.

And why don't some of you take a good hickory club and knock out what little brains old Buck Tibbles has in his bullet shaped head? The Independent used to be a creditable party weekly and opposed rottenness among our leaders. But for the last eight months the editorials in that paper have been a shame to the party. It is now simply laughing stock in this country. Sincere populists despise a man who takes money from our leaders to defend their crookedness.

No Encouragement for Fusionists. Wahoo Wasp: It is a source of inconsolable grief to the fusion managers that the returned heroes from the Philippines have not set up a white against the government and about the treatment they have received while in the employment of Uncle Sam. The boys have steadily maintained the same soldierly and dignified bearing that has ever characterized their demeanor all through the period of their enlistment. They have shown far more sense than their versatile self-constituted proxies who have been weeping and wailing from the beginning and refuse to be comforted. Every resource has been exhausted in an attempt to create discontent and lamentation in the camp, on the field and at home, but the gallant boys have refused to hearken unto the voice of hypocrites. They will not dim the lustre of their glorious records one iota to gratify the unholy ambition of unscrupulous politicians, whose only

guide in life is an insatiable greed for place and power.

Not Fit for the Bench. New York Times (Ind. Dem.).—Nebraska, according to the last election in that state, was populated by a plurality of 3,422 in a whole vote of 189,984. In 1897 the fusion of Populists and Democrats carried the state by 18,619 in a whole vote of 194,251. According to the reports of the department of agriculture, Nebraska's corn crop in 1898 was 28,539,528 bushels, valued at \$38,800,000. In 1897 the crop was one of 241,268,490 bushels, valued at \$41,600,000. The crop of 1898 was 153,754,666, valued at \$34,900,000.

We do not undertake to maintain with positiveness that the appreciation of the value of corn since 1896 fully explains the changed attitude of the voters in Nebraska. It is apparent that in three years the corn of which they raise such superb crops advanced from about 13 cents a bushel to 19 cents, and in 1898 was valued in the state at about 22 cents. It is also apparent, according to political reports that are undisputed, that the Populist or fusion vote in Nebraska has fallen off as corn and other agricultural products increased in value.

Nebraska is promising to gather a crop of 300,000,000 bushels of corn this year. This is to be her contribution to the enormous aggregate of 2,500,000,000 bushels expected from the whole country. If this corn is as valuable to Nebraska for consumption, for the development of beef and pork, as corn was a year ago, it represents about \$89,000,000 of money to the farmers, or twice as much money as the corn crop of 1897, when attachment to the party of calamity began to wane.

Colonel Bryan's opening speech in the Nebraska campaign, spoken at O'Neill, seemed to us to breathe an unwarrantable spirit of dissatisfaction, a somewhat irrationable disposition to promise disaster in the face of prosperous conditions, and to invite support upon the theory that when the existing conditions have changed his fellow citizens of Nebraska will be willing to admit that he was guessing right and to help him to be president with some purpose of averting disaster. We have already remonstrated with Colonel Bryan for misleading the farmers of Nebraska in this same O'Neill speech by stating that failures were more frequent immediately following the election of McKinley than they were before he was elected. It was not good policy to make such a statement to farmers who can read and probably do read newspapers, and who can verify Colonel Bryan's statements, or prove them unavailing, by government publication. If "honesty is the best policy," he should have told a diametrically contrary story, even if it were likely to increase confidence in the other party.

Reports from Nebraska lead us to believe that there are other grounds in that state for satisfaction than a good corn crop. The people are employed; they have something to give for the money they desire to have, and instead of being borrowers to a man, it is intimated that they have money to lend. Colonel Bryan is a popular man in the state. His eloquence charms the people when he addresses them. But it seems to us that he would be justified in looking for a better harvest of votes for his party if the corn and other crops had been smaller and less valuable this year.

Bryan in His Own State. Hartford Times: There is only one thing, probably, that can prevent the success of the republicans in Nebraska this year. That is the effect of the talk of the returned soldiers of the Nebraska regiment who have been in the Philippines. McKinley's glittering generalities about "the flag" are laughed at by these men, who declare that the project of acquiring the Philippines is a most foolish one and that the best thing to do with those islands and their people is to let them alone. Mr. Bryan, with his three Nebraska parties in one, is appealing strongly to this sentiment, and it will naturally be of some use to him. But Nebraska was carried by a very slight majority for the fusion ticket in 1898. The Nebraska people have had a year of increased prosperity. If they do any thinking on political subjects they must realize that the arguments which led them to vote for Mr. Bryan in 1898 were erroneous. Of course, Mr. Bryan will have to retire from the presidential field if he fails to carry his own state this year.

Dates for Republicans. The following dates have been assigned for republican speakers: E. H. Hinshaw and Rev. James Mailley will speak at Pawnee City on October 21 and not October 20. Ex-Governor Crouse—Valentine, October 16; Almsworth, October 17; O'Neill, October 18; Stanton, October 19; West Point, October 20; Scribner, October 21. S. P. Davidson and D. J. Flaherty—Grafton, October 12; Exeter, October 13; Strang, October 14. Corporal Robert G. Douglas, Company A, First Nebraska—Blue Hill October 10; Bladen, October 11; Cowles, October 12; Guide Rock, October 13; Red Cloud, October 14. H. C. Russell and R. G. Douglas—Eustis, October 16; Elwood, October 17; Bertrand, October 18; Loomis, October 19; Atlanta, October 20; Funke, October 21. Frank Martin—Fairbury, October 28. W. S. Summers and H. G. Whitmore—Wayne, October 16; Ponca, October 17; Emerson, October 18.

Rene Berenger, president of the select committee of the French senate, empowered to conduct the preliminary examinations of the persons accused of conspiracy to change the form of government, attempted to examine Andre Buffet, vice president of the Young Royalist league, and representative of the political bureau of the duke of Orleans in Paris. The alleged conspirator, however, decided to reserve his explanations of his conduct for the public sittings of the senate, sitting as a high court. There is a lemon grove of 1,000 acres in San Diego county, Cal., and it is said to be the largest in the world. It was begun in 1890, when 170 acres were planted, and it has been annually added to, until it has reached its present size.

A POLITICAL CONTRAST

The Two Nominees for Supreme Judge Side by Side.

HOLCOMB APPEARS IN POOR LIGHT

Intelligent, Patriotic, Self-Respecting Men Ought to Have No Misgivings as to Whom They Should Vote For—Reese the Able Jurist and Holcomb the Persistent Office Seeker Compared.

From the Lincoln Journal: Silas A. Holcomb was nominated for justice of the supreme court after months of individual work looking to that end, and in a convention where all the machinery of the fusion forces was brought into use to force the nomination, and where the influence of those using that party for individual advancement was arrayed against the best judgment of hundreds of individual delegates who desired an able and a cleaner man to head their ticket. Judge M. B. Reese was nominated for justice of the supreme court by the unanimous vote of the republican convention against his individual wishes and over his protest. His nomination was a call from both his party and thousands of voters over the state who for ten years have had it in their minds that he ought to be returned to the supreme court where for one term he was one of the ablest and purest men in the highest court of the state of Nebraska.

Silas A. Holcomb makes meagre sacrifice and hopes for great gain in accepting the fusion nomination. He has no legal practice in the courts and has had none since eight years ago when he closed his office in Broken Bow to become an office holder. His sacrifice then was a discontinuance of a practice largely made up of chattel loan business and the foreclosure of mortgages on the property of unfortunate debtors. His personal sacrifice now would be the loss of \$50 a month as president of an insurance company—provided he let go of it if elected to the supreme bench. Judge M. B. Reese elected to the supreme court will leave behind him a legal business in the higher courts of the state, worth more to him every year than the salary of a judge. At the call of the people of the state he will leave his present position as dean of the state university law school at a better salary than the one he accepts. At the call of the people of Nebraska he makes these sacrifices. He does more than this, he will take to the bench a judicial mind continuously trained to the law, an unbroken growth in the knowledge of the law and a high mindedness in the discharge of his duties entirely removed from the political passions and prejudices in which his opponent has had constant training for years and which constitute his principal qualifications.

Silas A. Holcomb for years has been a persistent office seeker. He ran for county superintendent in Hamilton county. He was teaching school with a third grade certificate and because he failed to get a second grade one he tried to beat the county superintendent. He failed in this and took his qualifications at once into the legal profession. He soon ran for district judge and was elected. He then ran for supreme judge and was defeated. Twice then he ran for governor and was elected and again he has received his nomination for supreme judge. Unlike the long line of ex-governors in this state whom the people have honored, after seven years of continuous office holding he hungers for all that is in sight.

Judge M. B. Reese was first nominated for the state senate, which nomination he declined. He was three times nominated and elected district attorney, this nomination coming to him unsought. He made no personal effort for the nomination for supreme judge, and in the campaign, made no speeches urging his own election. At the close of his term as judge any effort or campaign on his part would have secured him a renomination but he would not leave the bench for such work or ask an individual his support. The vindication of his right position has been delayed ten years, but it comes this year in a public sentiment that took every delegate in the republican convention to his feet cheering the nomination and gives thousands of honest voters in the other party an opportunity to vote both for the man and his principle.

Silas A. Holcomb has no respect for the sentiment that has overwhelmingly prevailed in Nebraska against a candidate for the highest court in the state going up or down soliciting votes for himself and degrading the office to the place of a ward fracas. Lacking that element of self-respect that would hold himself up to the public expectation, he takes the office on himself into the passions and prejudices of a personal campaign that unfits him to pass in judgment on the interests and property of the people. It is the breaking in Nebraska of an unbroken line of precedent. Samuel Maxwell, in his long and distinguished career on the supreme bench, never descended to such practice. George B. Lake, whose impress is abundant in the decision of the court, never solicited nomination or toured the state for an election. The highest Cobb and Judge Norval were the highest solicitors for votes, or candidates who arrayed themselves in factional wrangling after office. Judge Sullivan, now sitting on the bench, was nominated and elected without personal solicitation or campaigning on his part. He did not abandon his law business at Columbus to scheme and plot months before the convention for his nomination and with a dignity becoming the high office which he holds, he made no speeches in self glorification or begging the suffrages of the people.

Judge M. B. Reese in speaking to his neighbors and friends when sent for to meet them in a public meeting in this honor, said, "A great many of my friends have written me asking: 'What are you going to do? When are you going to stump?' Nothing I can conceive of is more disgusting than a candidate for this high office running about over the state in talk-

ing matches with all who will talk with him. Arraying neighbor against neighbor and getting on the wrong side with the people and with himself. The supreme court is our court of last resort. Entrusted in its hands are the lives, liberties and property of the people. No one can have any conception of the obligations devolving upon that office until he has tried it. The sign of a candidate for that office joining in a political fight, talking at the top of his voice, for his own interest, is not elevating. No individual could believe that such an individual could so change his nature after ascending to the bench to administer equal justice in a case before him. A judge should feel that he has no prejudice, political or otherwise, to sway his judgment. I do not believe a man could so feel who mixed in political fights to secure an election."

Bryan Called on to Explain.

The following open letter to William Jennings Bryan is from Wm. B. Ely of Lincoln: In your O'Neill speech you denounced the present republican administration as guilty of violating the letter and spirit of the Declaration of Independence in attempting to coerce recognition of American sovereignty in the Philippine Islands. Will you condescend to drop epigram and phrasemaking for a moment and give the people of your adopted state the logic by which you arrive at such a conclusion? An occasional resort to reasoning and argument would be a pleasing relief from the monotony of declamation.

By every rule of law recognized by civilized nations the Philippine islands have been under Spanish sovereignty with one short intermission, for the last 400 years. Upon several occasions one tribe, the Tagalos, have attempted resistance, but none of these revolts has ever assumed greater proportions than that of mere insurrection. Success, the crucial test under such conditions, when revolt rises to the dignity of revolution and sovereignty passes, has failed every time. So that the fact remains that these islands were Spanish territory till February 7 last, when the senate ratified the treaty of Paris. Spain had an actual sovereignty there to transfer and by the terms of that treaty she did transfer it to the United States. It appears, then, that our legal title to the archipelago is beyond possibility of question.

By every tenet of international comity, therefore, the Philippine islands became American territory immediately upon the ratification of that treaty, upon the one condition that we have the power to enforce our sovereignty; for the ultimate foundation upon which all sovereignty rests is the power to enforce obedience.

This being accepted as a true statement of the case, will you explain how the principles of the Declaration of Independence become applicable to it at all in its present state of development? It is conceded that, after its establishment and recognition, American sovereignty might be so prostituted as to contravene the declaration. But how is it possible to violate the declaration in attempting to maintain American sovereignty upon American soil, unless it can be shown to be of such a character, per se, as to be subversive of the fundamental human rights as enunciated in that immortal instrument?

But, in the present development of the situation, the character of the sovereignty to be enforced upon those islands is not under consideration. The position which you and your coadjutors take is that American sovereignty should not be enforced there at all; that it cannot be without violation of the declaration.

Without regard to any specific line of policy toward these islands, which may or may not be in the mind of the president, we have no right to assume otherwise than that the sovereignty ultimately to be enforced there will be in alignment with established American institutions.

Now, Mr. Bryan, if you will show that that sovereignty is of such a nature, per se, as to be subversive of the fundamental rights of the holders "to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," if you will prove that our government of them will not be "instituted for the maintenance of these rights," and the Filipinos having been granted a voice in the government, if you will demonstrate that it will not "derive its just powers from the consent of the governed" we will all agree that your contention is well grounded. The proof of all this is the burden which your denunciation imposes upon your shoulders. If you are in possession of all the necessary facts to support it, well and good. But unless you do produce the facts to prove your contention the universal verdict of the American people and of the civilized world will be that you and your coadjutors are "an evil brood that fouls its own nest."

York Times: Everybody almost admits that Slippery Si Holcomb is not a fit man for the supreme bench. His own partisans have frequently denounced him and still admit that his election in itself would be a bad thing for the state. Still there are democrats who, admitting they say it may be advantageous to Mr. Bryan at some future time. This seems to be carrying partisanship, or hero worship, to a very dangerous extremity. Mr. Bryan has absorbed the democracy of Nebraska until he is all there is of it, and has swallowed the populist party, but the people of the state will hardly be willing to make as great sacrifices as are asked of them for his sake. When it comes to debating the supreme court for a man whose interests would be advanced by such debasement, it will be found that the mass of people will not agree to it. Unprincipled politicians may desire it and seek to bring it about, but such far-fetched and inexcusable political fine work cannot succeed.

Much surprise is occasioned by the announcement that Professor Arthur R. Marsh has resigned his chair of comparative literature in Harvard university and will go into business. It was partly through the efforts of Professor Marsh that the chair was established.

IN PHILIPPPOPOLIS

QUAINT BAVARIAN CITY IS COSMOPOLITAN

Forks, Huns, Greeks and Bulgarians Keep the Streets Alive with Gay Colors—The Sleep of the Merchant Carter.

A merchant carrier, in charge of a vehicle laden with heavy boxes, prefers to sleep in his wagon in the court as custodian of his goods, says the Chautauquan. He is perfectly comfortable as he eats his black bread and cucumber, sitting on the curbstone; his sleep will be sound and refreshing, in spite of the neighing of horses, the braying of donkeys and the angry shouting and quarreling of servants and stable boys. Neither will he be fumes of vile tobacco or the drunken brawls of a party of fellows of the baser sort disturb his dreams in the least. Following the labyrinth of streets, we come to a ward of the city on the outskirts, where artisans or small traders find rest adapted to their means. They live almost like villagers and the women sit on the ground outside the gates, knitting and talking. Their bright scarlet jackets and gowns of blue or purple give an idea of native costumes. From this quarter the way to the open fields lies past heaps of refuse and acres of Turkish groves. The wayside well, whose high roof invites us to rest under its friendly shelter, may resemble Jacob's, for its size promises water both for flocks and herds. Beyond the city limits is the Boonar-Jeek, or hill fountain. Graded down from its slope and furnished with seats, it is a favorite resort on festivals and holidays. Following the pleasure party come the vendors of ices, sweetmeats and colored drinks. Open carriages are constantly passing on the driveway. The Turkish driver, perched high on the front seat of a phaeton, is brilliant in red fez and braided coat; his passengers are two stylishly dressed Bulgarian girls, accompanied by their chaperon. In the next turnout a white-capped nurse is surrounded by her charges. Greek women, elegantly attired in heavy satin dresses and bright silk headgear, sit stiffly as the carriage jolts over the rough stones. The party on the hillside make an attractive picture as they sit feasting and drinking, regaled by the lively strains of the bands or bagpipes. The rocks echo the sounds of music and laughter till the shadows fall and the lights twinkle from their homes on the hills.

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SEWING BUTTONS ON.

Some Instructions in the Gentle Art Printed for Bachelors Only.

Bachelors will find here some good instructions for sewing on that missing button: The requisites for successfully doing this are, firstly, a large amount of patience; secondly, a tough cuticle, and, lastly, but by no means least, a good early religious training. Having these, get your needle threaded; the best way to do this is to get some one else to thread it. Now thrust it through the cloth; by holding your thumb on the other side you will easily know when you have succeeded. The needle is then pulled through by the teeth; but this is liable to splinter them, or, worse still, to break the needle, in which case you will have to begin anew. Some prefer fastening the needle in a vise and then pulling the cloth. The above is the ordinary method. We prefer the following, which renders one independent of the needle: Get a corkscrew and jab its point through the cloth, push the cotton through the hole and then through the button; repeat a few times. Should you have sewn the button on out of place the right way is to make another buttonhole with a knife. If you happen to cut through the edge of the cloth, try again. We think these simple instructions will enable you to sew on a button that will hold for at least a week.

Widow of the Czarowitch.

The late czarowitch of Russia left a widow and family. His imperial highness was morganatically married to a beautiful young girl, who before her marriage with him was in poor circumstances and earned her living as a telegraphist, but who was descended from a princely family of the line of the last king of Grusen. The widow has three sons, and it is expected that the czar will make her a suitable allowance, but nothing is yet known. The marriage of the late czarowitch was an open secret in Russia and it took place with the consent of the late emperor, Alexander III, who is reported to have said that it was wrong to deny a dying man any wish he might have. He lived in great happiness with his beautiful young wife, who was devoted to him, and who is reported to be overwhelmed with grief at his death.—London News.

Whistling Trees in Africa.

Schweinfurth, the African traveler, describes an insect organ builder. In the country of the Shillooks, he says, acacia groves extend over an area of a hundred square miles. From the attacks of insects which have worked to the inside their ivory white shoots are often swollen at their base with globular bladders measuring about an inch in diameter. After the insect has managed to glide out of its circular hole this shoot becomes a sort of musical instrument upon which the wind produces flute-like sounds. On this account natives of the Soudan have named it the whistling tree.

THE TRAMP WON.

How the Ingenious Hobo Won a Bet of Five Dollars.

"There's a queer story connected with that chair," said an old caterer of this city, pointing to a substantial piece of furniture in his private office. "I had it originally in my bar, for my own use, but I never got a chance. It was always occupied by some visitor or other who couldn't resist the temptation to sit down, it looked so comfortable. I got exasperated about the thing, and one day I was expressing myself pretty freely when a tramp wandered in to beg a drink. 'What'll you give me if I fix that chair so nobody'll use it but you?' he asked. 'Five dollars,' I replied, never supposing he was in earnest. He went down to the telegraph office, stole a small piece of insulated wire and wrapped it around the arm of the chair. 'There you are,' said he, 'now watch what happens.' In a few moments a customer sauntered in, edged over to the chair and was about to sit down, when he saw the wire. 'No, you don't!' he exclaimed, backing away. 'You can't catch me!' He got his drink and went out, chuckling over his cleverness. In half an hour five or six others approached the chair, with the evident intention of camping there, but noticed the wire and bent a retreat. In the course of the day only one man really seated himself. He was a fat old fellow, and didn't observe the attachment until he had settled down. Instantly he began to struggle to his feet. 'Don't you turn on that current!' he yelled; 'don't you dare do it, or I'll have you arrested!' As soon as he could get up he shot out. I gave the tramp his \$5 and enjoyed undisputed possession as long as the chair remained in the bar. Everybody supposed it was rigged up for a practical joke."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ARE WOMEN TO WEAR WIGS?

Fashion's Latest Decree from Paris

As the coming winter approaches, the coiffures credits it to a more obvious relation of cause and effect than can be generally discovered in feminine fashions. The explanation is briefly that in the past fashions crimping-irons and curling-tongs to produce wavy and romantic locks damaged the vitality of the hair. Then the pompadour roll strained it back until nature proceeded to revenge herself by producing nice little bare spots on the heads of fashionable women. After which, when the coming fashionable effect requires more hair than the feminine head is able to furnish, recourse must be had to the hair of commerce. If fashion calls for wigs, wigs will be worn. We can set that down as settled by the testimony of the centuries as to feminine fidelity to the fashions. Nevertheless, we would urge upon the better half of society to take this scientific fashionable prediction in the light of a warning rather than a chart. Dear ladies, preserve your hair. If you must wear wigs you will still be the mistresses of masculine affections.

Wives of Great Men. Robert Burns married a farm girl, with whom he fell in love while they worked together in a plowed field. Milton married the daughter of a country squire, and lived with her but a short time. He was an austere literary recluse, while she was a rosy, romping country lass, who could not endure the restraint imposed upon her, so they separated. Subsequently, however, she returned, and they were tolerably happy. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were cousins—a rare example in the long line of English monarchs wherein the marital vows were sacredly observed and sincere affection existed. Shakespeare loved and wedded a farmer's daughter, Washington married a woman with two children. It is easy enough to say she was worthy of him, and they lived as married people should live—in perfect harmony with each other.

Trusted His Dog Too Far.

It is not always safe to put too much trust in a dog. An Ellsworth man had a highly prized dog, and when a neighbor presented a bill for two hens which he claimed had been killed by the brute, the dog owner was grieved and positively refused to believe the charge or pay for the hens. A few days later the Ellsworth man was driving by the farm where the hens had been killed. The dog was with him in the carriage. He drove into the farmer's yard to prove to him that his dog was not guilty. "Let out your hens," he said, "and I'll call the dog out of the carriage to prove that he will not kill hens." It was done. Before the dog could be stopped he had killed four. The owner of the dog, who never dishonors a just bill, pulled out his wallet and settled for six hens.—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

Stating It Properly.

Proud Dame—"I do not see how you could think of marrying into such a commonplace family as that." Romantic Daughter—"Oh, I'm not going to marry into my family; he's going to marry into our family."—Stray Stories.

She Knew Him.

New York World: Ella—That woman's husband is a treasure. Stella—Well, I don't think there's any danger of her laying up her treasure in heaven.