

Mr. McGovern, like almost all the rest of the great men, didn't quit soon enough.

Queen Wilhelmina says it was only a little spat, and Duke Henry's pawn tickets are again hopeful.

The crown prince of Serbia goes through the streets, whip in hand, and brushes all who refuse to love him.

The good will of the United States is such general demand abroad that the European nations may yet quarrel over it.

A company has been formed in England to build flying machines for the trade. Prussic acid, however, is cheaper.

First, Sir Thomas Lipton thought he wouldn't, and now he thinks he will. It is hard to keep a true sport out of the game.

King Edward ought not to object to being anointed at the time of the coronation exercises. It will do his rheumatism good.

It is not true that Queen Willie is thinking of coming over and taking up residence in Dakota with a view to getting a divorce.

There is talk of sending Aguinaldo to his country to keep him out of temptation. It seems hard to break him of the insurrection habit.

In opposition to the clergymen who ately stigmatized drummers as a goddess class, Booth-Tucker praises the drum as a means to salvation.

If throwing things at the Monroe Zoetrope is a source of pleasure some of the European editors must be among the happiest people living.

A western judge has decided that sausage isn't sausage unless it is in links. We may yet have to admit that the color of the hair makes the dog.

London is said to be in the throes of a fashionable rage for red. Perhaps that is the reason an American has been chosen to paint the coronation scenery.

According to the testimony of Dr. Ortman, curator of invertebrate paleontology in Princeton university, the continents are not living where they used to live.

A peculiar condition exists in respect to the South African war. The Hague court of arbitration refuses to intervene, and the Britons and Boers are unable to finish it.

The reasons which actuated the Colombian rebels in evacuating Colon are not entitled to so much confidence as would have been the case had they not told them to our marines.

The persons who are arranging to construct a log house on the Kansas reservation at the World's Fair evidently want something that will be a novelty to the Kansans.

Now that the fame of New Jersey's mosquitoes has been wiped out the state has nothing left to make it famous but its applejack and the swift course of its judicial processes.

There are some new things under the sun, and one of them is stopping a battle until railway trains can pass. Perhaps the isthmian combatants welcome the locomotive whistle when things get too hot.

The example of the thoughtful testator of Lynn who has bequeathed \$1500 to a man who once loaned him \$10 ought to bring about a boom in hitherto unquotable I O U's. Let us have a spare dollar about our clothes after this.

The Hartford Times calls the establishment of a local police force under state control rampant imperialism. And yet Boston, which is sometimes called the headquarters of anti-imperialism, manages to exist under this particular species of it. Why is this thus?

The British exchequer will now profit something over a million dollars more by the death duties assessed on the estate of an American who has just died over there. The present financial embarrassment of Great Britain would be appreciably relieved were the mortality among these expatriated millionaires larger. Still, there's no doubt that the Britons are grateful for occasional dispensations of this character. In fact the chancellor of the exchequer bluntly said so in his speech explaining his last budget.

A New York judge decides that a woman is not entitled to alimony from the husband from whom she is divorced after she takes a second partner. Some women drawing alimony under these circumstances may declare it is near to render such a decision just about Christmas time.

An American syndicate is reported to have bought the English "Shell" line of steamers. If this game continues much longer John Bull should be able to put his finger right on the place where the little ball is hidden.

Chill tells Argentina that she, Chill does not mean war by the construction of her roads in the mountains or the boundary of the two countries. Nevertheless, Argentina is distrustful. Chill has the reputation of being a rather unpleasant neighbor.

Another Perry has risen to distinction in our naval service, which fact will make it all the more difficult later on for superficial readers of American history to remember the name of the particular Perry they are thinking about.

HER SOLDIER BOY



At the open flap of his narrow tent hangs a strip of the midnight skies. Pricked through by a myriad points of light, that flash in his tired eyes. He has waked from a dream of a summer day, and now, with a throb of pain. He pillows his head on his young right arm, and summons the dream again.

"Git up here, now, Pud! You derved old fool! Makin' like you air skeered of this place when you come here ever' day. Quit that snortin' and git in there and drink befo' I larrup you with a hickory."

Under Dogwood Blossoms.

BY GEORGE BINGHAM.

Not far from Cadiz, on the crooked old Kentucky pike, an ox wagon covered with a dingy sheet overtook me. A tall man, who looked lazy, sat on a broken chair in front and drove, while back under the cover five tow-headers were stuck out to watch the slowly changing scenery.

Under the shakily rattling vehicle walked a lazy old brindle dog—he could walk nowhere else, being tied to the axle with a rope. A scrub milch cow was tied to the back end of the wagon; the skillets and pans, fastened to the sides of the wagon-bed, rattled and bumped; and buckets and pots swung from the axles beneath, as the wagon slowly passed along the pike.

I dropped from the splotch of shade on a rail fence corner where I had sat for some time, and spoke to the man. "Good morning," he answered. "If you are going our way, hop up and ride." He reached back, got a handy bucket, turned it over, and I sat down beside him.

When I told him my name he said he knew a person in Arkansas by the name of Andy Cobb, but that he was a negro. Then he laughed. He asked me which way I was going, and when I told him I was not particular which way, he said to me: "I've been livin' in Arkansas for a good while, and am on my way to South Carolina to visit my wife's folks."

Noticing the gait of his team, I asked him how long he had been en route, and in an easy manner he replied: "Oh, little the rise of nine weeks."

"When do you expect to get there?" "Kain't tell. Ain't no morn' ha'f way yet. Who-a-a boys! Sally you and the brats hold tight back there, for here's another creek. You know what fools these cattle are about water." Then he addressed me, "Ever' creek we come to they break in a run for it."

The steers struck a brisk pace and when to the bank made a lunge which nearly upset the wagon. After riding an hour with him—in which time we traveled about three miles—I wished them good luck and took the other fork of the road.

True, I was not very particular which way I went, for I had nothing to do. Two months previous I had heard the little town of Sportsville wanted a newspaper, and that being the favorite one of my several vocations, I went to the place and put forth the Weekly Post, with a dusty outfit that had been abandoned some weeks before. In a few issues I found that the people did not want a local paper as had as they thought they did, so I wound up my business, which



"Something hit the earth." took but a few minutes, and walked out of town, and it was only a few mornings later that I was overtaken by the man going to visit his wife's folks.

After leaving Mr. Botts I came to a creek. The banks were pretty with fragrant elder and dogwood blossoms, and birds fluttered over the clear, slowly-moving water, and chattered and chirped in the undergrowth.

I heard the sound of rippling water, and going up-stream found a cool, clear, blue spring which rippled and tumbled over rocks on its way to the creek.

I raised to my elbows and saw a barefoot man trying to persuade a mule to drink at the stream. The contrary animal pranced around and went behind a bank, leaving only the rider's head visible to me. Of a sudden it began bobbing up and down, and I heard him urging the mule to behave.

Mr. Lawrence Hutton is making a collection of plaster casts of hands, says a Trenton special in the New York Sun. He already has about fifteen specimens. He brought back with him from Europe recently the original cast of the hand of Thomas Carlyle, which he picked up in a London shop for a trifling sum. Among others in the collection are likenesses of the hands of Rossetti, Robert Louis Stevenson, Lincoln and Thackeray, and the mummified hands of an Egyptian princess of the time of Moses. These Mr. Hutton has hanging on the walls of his library. He also has a cast of the hand of Helen Keller, the wonderful blind mute, which he regards very highly on account of its artistic finish.

All the lines in the skin, and even the little nerve cushions on the tips of her fingers, with which she feels so accurately, are plainly discernible in the plaster. Beneath each case Mr. Hutton has written some appropriate lines. Beneath that of Miss Keller's hand is the following:

"She is deaf to sounds all about us; What she sees we cannot understand; But her sight's at the tip of her fingers And she hears through the touch of her hands."

In the Jacobite interest. It is said that Count de Sigril—"Count of the Roman Empire"—will at the next opportunity contest a seat in Parliament in behalf of the Jacobite party, Mid-Gloucestershire being the scene of the electoral strife. Count de Sigril is a picturesque and interesting figure in Gloucestershire. He claims direct lineal descent on the distant side from Bonnie Prince Charlie. His house at Westend, Eastington, a considerable village six miles east of the city of Gloucester, is furnished throughout with black oak furniture, all family heirlooms of the Stuart dynasty. He possesses a bed which belonged to Prince Charlie, and is said to attend worship daily at the same private chapel used by that Prince. The Count's favorite costume is like that worn by Prince Charlie when at the head of his Highlanders, and upon the occasion of any village feast or festival he goes forth in Stuart tartans, with halberdiers, sword bearer, page, and standard bearers.

Upon the accession of his majesty the Count's friends made a protest upon the doors of the village church.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Those Keen German Officials. As an example of the exceeding sharpness with which the German customs officials are now scrutinizing imports of manufactured merchandise, the following ruling and classification of recent date will serve to illustrate what may happen whenever any manufactured article is made of two or more component materials. There is a certain snap hook known to the trade as the "covert snap," in German as "carabiner haken," which is made of malleable steel or iron, coated with tin.

These have been imported for years under a duty rate of ten shillings per 220 pounds. The snap hook has a latch in the form of a sliding bolt, which is thrown by a small spiral spring of brass or bronzed wire, wholly concealed within the shank of the hook. Recently some zealous inspectors has dissected one of these snaps, removed the bolt and discovered the hidden brass spring, which forms perhaps one-fortieth of the whole weight of the article, whereupon the covert snap has been reclassified as brass goods, dutiable at twenty-four shillings per 220 pounds, which is said to be practically prohibitory in face of domestic competition.

A Suggestion. Mrs. Hauskeep—"The dishes you have put on the table of late, Bridget, were positively dirty. Now, something's got to be done about it. Bridget—Yia, mum; av ye only had dark-colored wans, mum, they wouldn't show the dirt at all.—Philadelphia Press.

grasped her pretty hand and told her my feelings. I bowed my head to kiss her hand, but she pulled it back, said "No, no," and bade me good night. I said to her the next morning, "Miss Fannie, excuse me—last night I couldn't help it, though. Let me pass and think no more of it, but I do so."

"Mr. Cobb, won't you leave? Go off and think no more of it, and let me forget you. It will be better, as nothing else can come of it. Leave and let me forget you."

Sadly I told her farewell Sunday morning and walked off down the road, again in my aimless wandering. When a half mile away I heard someone coming up behind me on a horse. I went to the side of the road to let it pass. But when the horse came up it stopped and as I looked around, Miss Fannie ran into my arms.

"Come on back! You must not leave me! You cannot! The future looks empty without you."

Tears of joy came to my eyes, and I bent my head over on hers. I kissed her, said, "God bless my angel," and kissed her again.

The horse she rode, seeing it was forgotten, turned and followed us home.

A hungry-looking "razor-back" sow with thirteen young pigs, rooting in the dirt and rocks nearby made an unusual lot of noise, and I raised up and found myself still lying on the mossy place by the spring. I had lain there and imagined I would figure in a romance something like the above. If the hogs allowed me to finish the plot I imagine it would have wound up by me becoming owner of the farm and mill, and several oil wells.

I washed my face in the cool blue water, smoothed over my hair and went with some anxiety to the Buchanan home on the ridge.

There was no sweet girl Fannie, nor even a Mrs. Buchanan—the old man kept "back" on a small gully-washed farm. But I went in, ate a dinner of beans and bacon, and went on off down the pike, very seriously thinking.

HELEN KELLER'S HAND.

Plaster Cast of It in Collection of Lawrence Hutton.

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Fond of the Weed

The effect of tobacco smoking upon the intellect has been exhaustively discussed by physicians and others, and the position taken by some that it is absurd to allege that smoking is stupefying to the faculties seems to be fortified by a mass of evidence, and in this connection it may not be amiss to consider some admittedly good literary minds. Goethe hated tobacco, and Heinrich Heine shared the same dislike. Balzac, Victor Hugo and Dumas did not smoke, but Alfred de Musset, Eugene Sue, Mme. "George Sand," Merimee and Paul de Saint Victor were ardent users of the weed. Spencer in the Fairy Queen calls it "divine tobacco." William Lilly, Queen Elizabeth's court poet, speaks of the "holy herb Nicotian;" Byron's name for it is "sublime tobacco;" Thackeray sings "Meanwhile I will smoke every canister and tiddle my ale in the shade." Thomas Bayly Aldrich says, "I lounge and blow white rings of smoke."

James Russell Lowell had written an ode of thanks to Charles Eliot Norton "for certain cigars," and calls it "tobacco, sacred herb." Charles Lamb was willing "for thy sake, Tobacco, I would do anything but die." Delightful Charles Kingsley's eulogium of smoking is well known and has been largely quoted. Tom Hood of the "Song of the Shirt," says: "Some sigh for this or that, my wishes don't go far. The world may wag at will. So I have me a pipe, and Tennyson was an inveterate smoker and so was Thomas Carlyle. The story of Tennyson calling on Carlyle one evening and sitting in solemn silence smoking for hours is well known. "Man Alfred," said Carlyle, as he showed the poet laureate out, "we have had a grand night. Come back again soon." Carlyle, like Tennyson, did not care for a cigar, but kept a pipe in his mouth most of his waking hours, and Thackeray, like Burns, loved to get away by himself and enjoy the flavor of a rank pipe. James Fays, the novelist, cannot remember the time when he did not smoke. Mark Twain at the age of 30 used to smoke 300 cigars a month. George Augusta Sala bears emphatic testimony in favor of smoking. "The allegation," he says, "as to smoking stupefying a man's faculties, or blunting his energy, I take to be mainly nonsense." Oliver Wendell Holmes says of the meerschaum pipe: "He who inhales its vapors takes a thousand whiffs in a single breath; and one cannot touch it without awakening the old joys that hang around it, as the smell of flowers clings to the dresses of the daughters of the house of Farina."

It has been said that James Russell Lowell used a number of ordinary pipes in succession and lay each aside after it had been fairly well smoked down. Later he would gather "the 'dottels,' or, as some smokers call them, the 'heels,' from some half dozen of these pipes and cram them into an enormous tube and have a "real smoke," as he expressed it. Another distinguished Harvard professor "swore off" for six months and kept strictly to his self-imposed obligation. He remarked, at the end of the time, when he resumed smoking, that his appetite had been good, he had slept well and his health generally had not suffered, "but," he said, "I lost six months of happiness," and ever afterwards he smoked like a chimney.

Fogarty's New Home. When Walter McElroy is not acting as solo tenor of the Garden City Cathedral he is an engineer in charge of a couple of hundred laborers on Long Island. The other day he overheard a conversation between a couple of them: "Say, Faddy, d'ye think that Fogarty wint to heaven when he died last week?" "Arrah, no Mike," was the reply, "he was too wicked a man for that. To my way o' thinkin' he wint to the place where you light your pipe with your finger."—New York Times.

Select Their Own Coffins

Some Such Customers Drive a Very Close Bargain. The undertaker nodded in friendly manner. "I look healthy enough," he said. "I am healthy," laughed the caller. "Ah!" said he. "Then you didn't come to pick out a coffin for yourself?" "Do people come here for that purpose?" "Lots of 'em," said he. "A good many more people pick out their own coffins now than when I first started in business. Then it was a novelty for a man to come in and ask to be shown a comfortable coffin that would fit him, but now such requests are common. Often people in seemingly good health undertake such a quest. They seem to regard the selection of a casket of equal importance to the making of a will, and do not deem it advisable to wait until sickness comes before making preparations for the inevitable. I have on my book now no fewer than two score commissions to provide prospective customers with a certain style of coffin whenever it may be needed. These coffins are always chosen with strict attention to detail

Draining the Zuyder Zee

DUTCH GOVERNMENT POSTPONES CARRYING OUT OF GREAT PROJECT. The new ministry of the Netherlands has withdrawn from the States General the project for draining the Zuyder Zee on the ground that the present condition of the Dutch budget renders the undertaking undesirable for the present. The enterprise has been discussed for a long time and it seemed about to enter an active stage. A commission made an elaborate investigation of the project, indorsed its practicability and declared that it would be advantageous to the country to add 730 square miles to the agricultural area of Holland. A bill was accordingly introduced into the Second Chamber of the States General authorizing the beginning of the work. Thus the scheme came within the sphere of practical politics. Unfortunately, it reached this stage about the time that the ministerial crisis began which resulted in the resignation of the cabinet. The new government declines to assume the responsibility for the large expense involved, and therefore the project is indefinitely shelved. It was estimated that the entire expense would be 57,000,000 florins. A dike was to be built across the entrance to the Zuyder Zee which would effectually bar out the North Sea. It was not expected to reclaim the whole of the lake, would cease to be an arm of the North for 560 square miles of water surface. The water courses now draining into the Zuyder Zee would continue to empty into the remaining part of it; as a canal would be dug for the escape of these waters, the remaining lake would gradually be changed from salt to fresh water. It was expected that about a third of a century would be required to carry out the whole improvement, the money for which was to be raised by a loan and paid off, principal and interest, in sixty years or less. The enormous advantage of the improvement to Holland is admitted by all writers; still, as the financial burden would be large, the present ministry has decided not to saddle this debt upon the country at a time when its political affairs are somewhat unsettled.

A BABEL OF TONGUES.

Russian Empire Composed of More Than 65 Separate Peoples. The Russian empire contains more than 65 independent racial groups. It is a veritable tower of Babel. Even with the omission of Siberia and Central Asia there remains in Russia in Europe and the Caucasus about 46 different peoples. In the northwest of the empire, in the west the Lithuanians and in the east, on the banks of the Volga, numerous groups of Uralo-Altaic populations, the Tchermiss, Mordva, Votkiak and Permlians. In the southeast there are the Tartars in Crimea and Greeks on the Sea of Azof. Add to this the sporadic groups of Germans and Jews. All these numerous elements have in a great measure commingled. The history of Russia is the reverse, properly speaking, of that of the United States. While in America there is an Aryan invasion proceeding from east to west, in Russia there is an Aryan invasion going from west to east. The center from which the Slav emigrations set forth seems to have been the region of the Dnieper and Galicia. The upper tribu-

aries of the Dnieper were settled first. The Slavs then reached the Baltic and founded Novgorod the Great. Later (from the 11th to the 13th centuries) they invaded the basin of the Volga and founded successively Moscow, Nijni-Novgorod, Saratof and many other cities. This movement is still going on. The American "far west" has a counterpart in the "far east" of Siberia. Nearly 220,000 Russian colonists settle there every year. But, while the Aryans of America have almost exterminated the population of the redskins, the Russian immigrants have commingled with the ancient populations of eastern Russia. The Russian people are thus in their sum a total mixture of Slavs and Finns.

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monthly periods for it meant a couple of days in bed in awful agony. I finally made up my mind that the good doctors were guessing; and hearing from different friends such good reports of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I tried that. I bless the day I did, for it was the dawning of a new life for me. I used five bottles before I was cured, but when they were taken I was a well woman once more. Your Compound is certainly wonderful. Several of my friends have used it since, and nothing but the best do I ever hear from its use.—Yours, MABELLE L. LAMONTE, 222 E. 31st St., Chicago, Ill.—\$5000 for full of those testimonials not given.

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