

THE SALVATION ARMY GIRL.

She wears a plain poke bonnet, such as mother used to wear. Some thirty years ago or more, and does not crimp her hair. But wears it plain in satin bands smoothed softly from her brow. To show her forehead in a way Dame Fashion don't allow. She isn't much on style—you see, she is not in the vogue. Yet everybody stops to bless the Sweet Salvation Girl.

OLD EIGHTY-SIX.

How Brave John Saggart Regained a Lost Position.

John Saggart stood in a dark corner of the terminus, out of the rays of the glittering arc lamps, and watched engine No. 86. The engineer was oiling her and the fireman, as he opened the furnace door and shoveled in the coal, stood out like a red Rembrandt picture in the cab against the darkness beyond. As the engineer with his oil can went carefully around No. 86, John Saggart drew his sleeve across his eyes and a gulp came up in his throat. He knew every joint and bolt in that contrary old engine—the most cantankerous iron brute on the road, and yet, if rightly managed, one of the swiftest and most powerful engines the company had, notwithstanding the many improvements that had been put upon locomotives since old 86 left the foundry.

"I know it," said the engineer, "but they gave it to me to take me home, and I may as well use it as not. I don't want to get you into trouble." "Oh, I'd risk the trouble," said the conductor, placing the lamp on the floor and taking his seat beside the engineer. "I heard about your worry today. It's too cursed bad. If a man had got drunk at his post, as you and I have known 'em to do, it wouldn't have seemed so hard, but at its worst, your case was only an error of judgment, and then nothing really happened. Old 86 seems to have the habit of pulling herself through. I suppose you and she have been in worse fixes than that with not a word said about it."

knows all right, even the train boys know that. Old 86 has taken the bit between her teeth; she's running away with him; he can't stop her. Where do you pass No. 6 to-night?" "At Pointsville," said the conductor. "That's six miles ahead. In five minutes at this rate we'll be running on her time and her track. She's always late, and won't be on the sidetrack. I must get to 86." Saggart quickly made his way through the baggage car, climbed on the express car and jumped on the coal of the tender. He cast his eye up the track and saw glimmering in the distance, like a faint, wavering star, the headlight of No. 6. Looking down into the cab, he took in the situation at a glance. The engineer, with fear in his face and beads of perspiration on his brow, was throwing his whole weight on the lever, the fireman helping him. John leaped down to the floor of the cab.

A PROPER COURSE. The President's Wise Treatment of the Hawaiian Question. No fair-minded person can read President Cleveland's message on the Hawaiian affair without coming to the conclusion that the president and the secretary of state are absolutely right in every position they have taken with regard to this unfortunate business. No state paper concerning a similar subject has ever come from the executive office that reflected more honor upon our government, and of which every patriotic American citizen had more reason to be proud. It sets forth once more in a plain, clear and candid way the well-established facts of the overthrow of the Hawaiian government by a small band of conspirators under the instigation of the American minister and with the aid of United States troops—facts so well verified by documentary proof and all manner of conclusive evidence that the most unscrupulous partisan mendacity has not been able to obscure them. It is well that the president's message shows more fully than it has been officially shown heretofore how the American minister had for years been bent upon accomplishing the annexation of the Hawaiian islands to the United States; how he had yearned for the "golden hour" of opportunity; how he had asked the state department to permit him to use the United States forces in Hawaiian waters for purposes beyond the mere protection of the American legation and of the lives and property of American citizens; and how, when he thought the "golden hour" had arrived, he used the United States forces even to the extent of committing an unjustifiable act of war against a friendly government.

TARIFF TRUTHS. Motives Prompting the Wilson Committee in Their Deliberations. The report of the majority of the ways and means committee on the bill for the reform and reduction of the tariff is likely to go into history as one of the chief documents brought out in a radical and beneficent change in the fiscal policy of the country. It is an extremely able paper, clear and firm in statement of principle, temperate and prudent in spirit, logical in argument and practical in its method of dealing with a problem that has become extraordinarily complex. The committee recognize the mandate of the American people, given to the majority in congress, as they justly say "after the fullest and most thorough debate ever given by any people to their fiscal policy." That mandate required that the present tariff, "wrong in principle, and grossly unjust in operation," should be revised in the light of the law that "the power of taxation has no lawful or constitutional exercise, except for providing revenue for the support of the government." But the committee also recognize that the revision of the tariff in the light of this high law cannot proceed suddenly and violently; that "great interests do exist whose existence and prosperity it is no part of our (their) reform either to imperil or to curtail; and that in dealing with the tariff question, as with every other long-standing question, has in its reworking itself with our social or industrial system, the legislator must always remember that in the beginning temperate reform is safest, having in itself the principle of growth."

PERSONAL AND LITERARY. —Ivan Khaboshapka, probably the most famous of the leaders of Russian Stundism, who for some months past has been lying in jail in Elizabethgrad, has just been banished by administrative order and forwarded to Gerusi, a place in the wilds of one of the provinces of Transcaucasia. He is over sixty years of age. —Capt Isaac Bassett has just completed his sixty-second year of continuous service in the employ of the United States senate. He began as a page, appointed on the recommendation of Daniel Webster, and to-day his face is as rosy, his white hair is as luxuriant and his step is as elastic as it has been at any time during the last twenty years. —At a meeting in Boston the other day under the auspices of the Massachusetts Indian association Miss E. Pauline Johnson, of Canada, read several original poems. She is the daughter of a Mohawk Indian chief. Miss Johnson appeared in the costume of her heroine, which included a necklace of cinnamon bear claws and a bracelet of panther claws. —There still remain in California more than twenty-five descendants of John Brown to help colonize and civilize other new lands. Miss Sarah Brown, one daughter, is an artist and art teacher, with classes at San Jose and Saratoga, while her orchard at the latter place is fruitful in French prunes, olives, peaches, etc. She much resembles both her father and mother. —William D. Howells is a hard worker and is obliged to use a typewriter since he injured his wrist so badly that he can not use a pen. His study or workshop is a model of tidiness and as neat as his sentences. Mr. Howells is a warm friend of Henry George and has similar political views, as some of his novels have shown. They agree admirably socially and sociologically. —Mayor Bemis of Omaha, nephew of George Francis Train, says the "Citizens' income is supplied by the latter's daughter, to whom Mr. Train turned over about two hundred thousand dollars while he was making money. He sets the pace himself, his present allowance being twelve dollars a week, and he says that if he were to draw thirteen dollars he wouldn't know what to do with the odd dollar. —Admiral Avelan and his associate Russian officers found their recent visit to France well worth their while. It has been estimated that the presents they received were worth 3,000,000 francs. They were of all kinds, among them tallow candles, weighing all told 300 pounds, thousands of bottles of champagne, fine wines, liquors, cognac, soap, perfumery, linen and bric-a-brac. The chapel of the admiral's vessel is to be adorned with a painting by J. Mailart, presented by the clergy of France.

HUMOROUS.

—Sunday School Teacher (hearing Arthur say his catechism)—"Arty, what is the chief end of man?" Arthur—"The end wot's got the head on." —Robby—"Papa, I ran all the way up Long hill to-day." Papa—"And how did you feel when you reached the top?" Robby—"I felt just as if I had a stomach-ache in my feet." —A Stand-Off.—Guest (angrily)—"Say, boy, I've been waiting here an hour." Waiter—"That's all right, boss. I've been waitin' here five years." —Detroit Free Press. —His Friend.—"What part did you find most difficult when you were on the stage?" Footlights—"Trying to live up to the salary I told my friends I was drawing." —Brooklyn Life. —Young Snifkins tells me he is a practicing physician now. Is he? "Well, from the high rate of mortality among his patients I should say he is, just practicing." —Buffalo Courier. —Fond Parent—"I can not interfere, Bobby; your teacher writes me that she thrashed you on principle." Bobby—"Well, she didn't. Don't you think I know where she licked me?" —Life. —Figg—"Skittles has run off and left his wife in an impoverished condition." Fogg—"Yes. Skittles has a good heart. He always said he would never see her suffer." —Boston Transcript. —Mr. Nooash—"Great Scott, there have been burglars in the house!" Mrs. Nooash—"How do you know?" Oh—"Mr. Nooash—I found a dollar in my trousers pocket." —Inter-Ocean. —"You can talk as you will about keeping cool in battle," said a veteran of the war, yesterday. "But when a cannonball catches a fellow in the neck, the coolest man is liable to lose his head." —Philadelphia Record. —Wet and Dry.—An Irish post-boy having driven a gentleman a long stage during torrents of rain, was asked if he was not very wet. "Arrah! I wouldn't care about being so very wet, if I wasn't so very dry, your honor." —"I say, mother, didn't I hear you say last night you thought vegetables had feelings?" "Why, yes, my son; it is very pleasant to believe so." "All right, then; you don't catch me running that old lawn-mower again. I'm not going to hurt the feelings of the grass." —The Wrong Man.—"Did you tell sister I had come?" "Yeth, thir." "That's a good boy, and here is some candy. Now, what did sister say?" "I told her that her bean was in the parlor, and she said 'Which one?' and when I told her it was with you she said: 'Oh, how provoking!'" —Kansas City Journal. —When anyone proposes to start a new newspaper he is gravely reminded that there are nineteen thousand five hundred and seventy-three (the very latest figure) newspapers printed in the United States and Canada. But he is now learning to retort that Benjamin Franklin's mother advised him not to start another newspaper "since there were already two in the country."

DAVANC... dise. fully. You... 85... 86... 87... 88... 89... 90... 91... 92... 93... 94... 95... 96... 97... 98... 99... 100...