

CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

Senator Hoar and the Philippines.

CAN'T AGREE WITH PARTY.

"In Gold We Trust," Say the New York Bankers.

A NEW HUMORIST IN THE HOUSE.

General Grosvenor Develops His Heretofore Latent Talent in That Direction—Makes Fun of the Doers, The Prosperity That the Trusts Have Brought—The Hay Treaty a Disgrace to the Country—The Macrum Disclosures.

[Special Washington Letter.] Alas and alack! The goldbug bankers of New York, who claim to have more than Solomon's wisdom and who deem all other denizens of this republic fools, have run up against Uncle Sam at last—for counterfeiting. Think of that awful catastrophe. O ye silver idiots! Here is the way the Associated Press tells the astounding tale:

Members of the State Bankers' association, at their annual dinner in the Waldorf-Astoria hotel next Tuesday night, were to have eaten their feast out of receptacles indicative of the bankers' loyalty to the gold standard. The loaves were to have been inclosed in pasteboard boxes made in imitation of a pile of eight huge gold coins, with milled edges. The top coin represented the reverse of the \$10 goldpiece, much enlarged, and bearing the imprint of the San Francisco mint. The ordinary motto, "In God We Trust," had been changed to read "In Gold We Trust." The size of the imitation coin was about two-thirds larger than a double eagle.

The order was placed with a New York firm, who prepared a plaster cast of the cover of the box and made a mould which was submitted to a representative of the government for his opinion regarding its validity. He at once declared it a violation of chapter 17 of the laws of 1861, which prohibits any person from making "any token, device, print or impression, whether of metal or its compounds or of any other substance, in likeness, similitude as to design, color or the inscription thereon of any of the coins of the United States."

Chief Hazen was notified, and he seized the cast and model. "In Gold We Trust" instead of "In God We Trust," the legend prepared by the fathers of the republic! Are we not progressing after the manner of the crab—backward—at a rapid rate?

Massachusetts Republicans. Amid the din and dust of the conflict in congress and in the country touching the status of the Philippines students of our political history will wonder, indeed they must, what will be the outcome so far as Senator George Frisbie Hoar of Massachusetts is concerned. He is a venerable man, a scholar of great attainments, an orator of rare force, a historic personage who has cut a wide swath in the house and in the senate; he is at loggerheads and cross purposes with his party on this far-reaching question. His colleague, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, is a rampant jingo, just as his grandfather, George Cabot, was a high flying Federalist; to borrow one of Thomas Jefferson's pet phrases, "At this distance it appears that Senator Lodge rather than Senator Hoar represents the sentiments of the Massachusetts Republicans. But this appearance may be deceptive, for it must not be forgotten that Congressman McCall of that state kicked over the traces on the Porto Rican matter, which may be a straw to show which way the wind is blowing in the Old Bay State. The question which forces itself upon the minds of students of history in this connection is this: Will Massachusetts stand by Hoar, who is her chief mental luminary in Washington, or will she condemn him and treat him with contumely, as she did Roger Williams, Daniel Webster and Charles Sumner? She has lately refused to expunge or reverse the decree which banished Roger Williams—action which injured not the immortal Baptist preacher who has been with the saints for more than 200 years, but which is a blot upon the escutcheon of Massachusetts. Hoar as a martyr will be in good company with Williams, Webster and Sumner.

General Grosvenor's Humor. I have frequently herein expressed my admiration for General Charles Henry Grosvenor's mental capacity. Until recently I had no idea that he was a humorist of the first water, but such he is nevertheless. Not long since Mr. Slaughter of Colorado, a capable, honest, courageous man, made a magnificent speech in the house urging that our government should offer its services to both English and Boers as pacificator, arbitrator or intervener, when upon General Grosvenor burst upon the house in role of humorist and made all sorts of fun of sympathy for the Boers, trying to make it appear that it was simply demagoguery. From the manner in which the general's bitter humor was received by the Republican members it seems to be accepted by them that any sympathy with a weak people fighting bravely for liberty is demagoguery. My guess is that General Grosvenor and his Republican friends will rue that humor—that inhuman humor. The Washington Post says editorially:

It seems hardly wise on the part of the administration or those pretending to speak for it to spoonfeed the various expressions of American sympathy for the Boers as mere exhibitions of the "fish-American" and "German-American" elements and therefore unworthy of serious consideration. In the first place, this sympathy is not confined to the classes mentioned. In the second place, even if it were so confined, that fact would not suffice it to the contempt of the administration. The truth is that a very large majority of the American people, including those of pure Anglo-Saxon descent, side with the Boers in this struggle and devoutly hope that they will preserve their liberties at last. That the Irish hate England is natural enough. The sentiment is a thing of centuries. It is born in Irishmen and is part of their nature, but that feeling cannot be ascribed to the people of German extraction nor to those of us whose forefathers were English. It is absurd to say that these people have borrowed their prejudices from Ireland. The fact is that thousands of them do not share the Irish prejudices at all. This sympathy with the Boers is a logical and legitimate product of the circumstances of the case. We believe that the Boers have been badgered into this war by the machinations of a clique of greedy, avaricious politicians operating through Joseph Chamberlain, their accomplice, and this conviction is fortified not by the statements of Irish-Americans or German-Americans, but by the utterances of Englishmen in the British parliament and the British press, by the utterances of such men as Sir William Harcourt, Sir Edward Clarke, Sir Robert Reid, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Lord Fitzmaurice, Mr. James Bryce, Mr. Henry Labouchere, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. Lecky, the historian, and others too numerous to mention. The chances are that General Grosvenor and his hilarious friends will be laughing on the other side of their mouths in "the melancholy days of November."

Tax on Appetite. Every once in awhile a gem appears in the columns of rural weeklies. Here is an entire stump speech of rare force condensed into very few words. It contains sense, wit, sarcasm and prophecy all combined. It was written by my friend, Hon. Wallace J. Davis, editor of The Pike County Post and member of the Missouri legislature, and runs as follows:

The American manufacturers of fruit jars met last week and agreed to advance prices on all their products 25 per cent. This is another blow to the fellow who wants to eat. It is a tax on appetite, as the paper trust prices are a tax on intelligence. Bet \$4 if the Republicans win another election there will be six trusts in every state to put a tax on raw breath. If anything terser or more comprehensive has been said recently on any political or philosophical question, it has escaped my attention. Apropos of that I will say that the greatest proscription which has come to the average citizen by reason of the trusts is clearly illustrated by the following simple items: Battleax tobacco, that sold for 12 1/2 cents per pound before the trust got hold of the big plants, has gone up to 36 cents per pound. Prosperity for the tobacco chewer. The trust has made prices jump all along the line in rubber goods. A pair of rubbers which cost 65 cents last winter now cost a big bland dollar, an advance of 35 cents, an indubitable evidence of prosperity to the buyer. Canned goods which were formerly sold "two for a quarter" are now "15 straight," a little rise caused by the trusts and for the sole benefit and behoof of the trusts, which reduces the quantity of food consumed in thousands of homes. Throwing Off the Mask. The G. O. P. is gradually throwing off the mask and feeling its way to taking an out and out English stand, don't you know. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty is a disgrace to America—a shameful surrender of our rights, our historic position and our honor. I do not believe that it will ever be ratified. Certainly one-third of the senators have some spark of Americanism left. If so, it will go to the wastebasket. By the Clayton-Bulwer treaty the United States and England were to build or dig the isthmian canal jointly, own it jointly, pay for it jointly. That was bad enough and was never cordially accepted by our people. Blaine declared it null and void when he was secretary of state, and the people applauded him for so doing. Blaine, whatever else he was or was not, was an intense American, proud of his country, jealous of her honor. By the Hay-Pauncefote treaty England graciously permits us to build the canal ourselves and foot all the bills, reserving to herself the same use of it that we have, provided we pledge ourselves never to fortify it. Could anything be more humiliating? By England's permission, eh? And in the western hemisphere? Wonder what old James Monroe would think of that? Spend \$100,000,000 or \$200,000,000 to make a world's highway which we are not to fortify and which an ingenious and industrious enemy of our country could by use of a little dynamite and in a few minutes render useless to us for a year or two! A lovely kettle of fish, surely! It is whispered about that Mr. Secretary Hay wrote every word of that treaty and that Ambassador Pauncefote's whole part in it was to sign it, which he is said to have done without crossing a "t" or dotting an "i." No doubt he signed it with astonishment, pride and pleasure—astonishment that we are so blind, pride that his country was gaining so much, pleasure that he was crowding his long diplomatic career with a treaty which contained a complete abandonment of the Monroe doctrine and which entitles him to an earldom, if not a dukedom, in the British peerage. If this treaty can be ratified, then the administration can go the whole hog in its alliance with England, for its ratification will demonstrate that we have little, if any, national spirit left—the spirit of 1776.

The Macrum Matter. Of course all the thick and thin, whole hog administration men will solemnly swear by Mark Hanna's boodle chest that no understanding, written or verbal, clearly stated or implied, exists with the oppressors of the Boers. Unfortunately for these political supplicants there is a young man in this country named Macrum possessed of valuable information on this subject—information which he is by no manner of means loath to impart to a candid and startled world. He was lately and until recently American consul to Pretoria. The tale he tells is the history of the most disgraceful and humiliating chapter in American history, worse even than Lyman J. Gage's correspondence and dealings with the New York National City bank. Now, please remember that Mr. Macrum is not a wicked Democrat or pestiferous Populist, but he is an Ohio Republican. He declares that the English authorities opened, held up, censored and mutilated his correspondence with our government, whether written or telegraphic; that his patriotism and self respect rebelled against this, and he came home to inform his government as to this outrage and finds himself bounced for his pains. Moreover, he claims to have documentary evidence to prove his assertions. At first the state department undertook to whistle his grave charges down the wind, but it is said now that so many Republican senators and representatives have warned the administration against this course that the department is cooking up some sort of explanation. If Macrum is telling the truth, our government ought to give England 48 hours within which to make an abject apology and in which to punish the perpetrators of this monstrous outrage. If England refuses, then give Lord Pauncefote his passports and order Joseph Choate to come home at once, thereby breaking off diplomatic relations with Mr. Bull. We are getting to be a world power with a vengeance, aren't we? How long would Andrew Jackson have put up with such conduct as that on the part of England or of any other government? In his day we were a feeble folk compared with what we are now, but if England had dared do such a scurvy trick when he was in the White House she would have gone down on her marrowbones in apology, or in ten days an American army would have been marching on Quebec and Montreal. It is said, how truly I do not know, that the state department claims that the English did not break the seal—that the sun melted them! I suppose the sun also stamped "V. R." (which letters mean Victoria Regina) on the seals. An Understanding with England. An understanding between McKinley's administration and England does exist cannot be longer doubted. Here are a few words, pertinent and patriotic, from Washington's farewell address on that very point: Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens, the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful enemies of the liberties of free republics. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial, else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided. Instead of defense against it, it is a declaration of war against it. It is a declaration of war against one foreign nation and excessive dislike of another cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side and serve to veil and even foster the art of influence on the other. Real patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious, while the tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people to surrender their interests. The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is in extending our commercial relations; to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop. Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none, or very different relations; hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns; hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves in her ordinary vicissitudes of her politics or her ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities. Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy invasion; we may possess the means of our own defense; we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossible necessity of making a choice, will regard us as a party to be kept out of the quarrel, and when we will get lightly hazarded the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war as our interests, guided by justice, shall counsel. Beware, therefore, of the snares of a peculiar situation. Why cut our own throats by forming infidelity to existing engagements. (I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs that honesty is always the best policy.) I repeat it, therefore, that those engagements be observed in a genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them. Taking care always to keep ourselves by suitable establishments on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies. As in the heat of a campaign it is frequently difficult to find a thing wanted very much, I advise readers of these letters to cut out those words of Washington and paste them in their hats in order to have them handy. The Democratic national convention goes to Imperial Missouri, where it properly belongs, for he it remembered that Missouri is the most puissant and populous state which at all times and under all circumstances gives her electoral vote to the Democratic presidential candidate. Kansas City, the young giantess of the Kaw, will in July have a most distinguished gathering of strangers within her gates, and she will entertain them in royal style. Kansas City is the ideal place for a Democratic national convention. Holding it there makes sure the 11 electoral votes of Kansas and will do good in many other ways.

The Influence of Flowers. The Illinois house of correction is about to try an interesting experiment in the reformation of women criminals. Superintendent Sloan has built three large greenhouses, covering a space of 4,000 square feet, in which it is intended to grow roses, carnations and chrysanthemums for the Chicago market. The women prisoners will work in the greenhouses under the direction of an expert horticulturist, and it is expected that contact with the growing plants will have a softening and regenerating effect on the hardened natures of the unhappy inmates of the institution.

City bank. Now, please remember that Mr. Macrum is not a wicked Democrat or pestiferous Populist, but he is an Ohio Republican. He declares that the English authorities opened, held up, censored and mutilated his correspondence with our government, whether written or telegraphic; that his patriotism and self respect rebelled against this, and he came home to inform his government as to this outrage and finds himself bounced for his pains. Moreover, he claims to have documentary evidence to prove his assertions. At first the state department undertook to whistle his grave charges down the wind, but it is said now that so many Republican senators and representatives have warned the administration against this course that the department is cooking up some sort of explanation. If Macrum is telling the truth, our government ought to give England 48 hours within which to make an abject apology and in which to punish the perpetrators of this monstrous outrage. 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PAW TALKS MICROBE. EXPLAINS THE GREAT STRIDES THAT SCIENCE IS MAKING. Maw Agrees With Him That It Is All Simply Wonderful, but Advances a Strong Argument in Opposition to Paw's Idea of Utopia. Maw was Looking at the paper the other Nite after she got paw to Hold the Baby for a little while, and Every few minutes he would haft to fix it all Over again becuz its feet would come out, and pritty soon she says: "What's all this about microbes? A person Can't take up a paper Enny more but What they find sumthing about microbes." "Here, hold this Child," paw says Like if he was pritty glad for the chance, "and I'll tell you. Microbes is one of the new Discoveries. They have microbes for Neerly everything now. They are yello fever microbes and measles microbes and consumption microbes and mump microbes." "I don't Believe," maw sed, "that they are enny truth in such a Theory."

"That only shows you Don't no Ennything About syunce," paw told Her. "If you would keep posted Like I do, you wouldn't sit there with a Disgusted look on Your fais and Say You didn't Believe what the people that Discover things are Doing to make men Happy." "I don't see how it'll Make a man happy to Find Out he is nothing But a crowd of microbes that mebbey Have him Divided up into Counties and Blding Lots, with his Nose for a Court-house and his Whiskers for a park," maw sed.

"Of course you don't," paw says. "That's becuz you Don't understand the Grate principle and Can't look ahead. It takes a man to See these things. As fast as Every different Kind of microbe is Discoverd syunce goes to Work to find Out how to Raise Blooded microbes and What'll Kill the Bad ones without hurting the Other microbes that are Trying to Lead a Blessless Life. After that's Done the hewmum race Will be Grate people. Everything a man does is On account of his Microbes. If he rites poetry, it's Beem he has more poetry microbes in him than Enny other kind; if he Gets in Love, it shows the love microbes drove all the Other microbes Down from his Spion Kop. That's where it'll come in handy when syunce gets the microbe Bizness all fixed up like it will be Sun day."

"What'll happen then?" maw ast. "Why," paw told her, "insted of Keeping medasuns the Drug stores will have microbes to Sell. When a man wants a girl to Love him, he will get Ten cents Worth of Love microbes and put them in her Caramuz, and the first thing you no She will think he is a Nappollo Belvy Dearie with close on."

"Then they will have microbes to make men generals and Statesman, and if they find Out what Kind of Microbes Camiggy and Kocheyfollo and J. Pierpont Morgan are full of they can raise that Brand and Put them within reach of all, and nobuddy won't haft to work Enny more."

"My, oh, my!" maw Says. "It's perfectly wonderful what Syunce keeps doing! And This is a Bewtful theory, but they'll never get it thru." "Why not?" paw ast. "Becuz," maw says, "if people Could all be made happy by Using the kind of microbes they wouldn't Ever haft to drink stuff to Got cheered up, and that would interfere with the Saloon Bizness. They are no use Ever trying to get Ennything the Saloon vote is against."

"By Henry!" paw says. "I never thot of That!"—George in Chicago Times-Herald.

Approving. "Yes," said Farmer Cortatoss, "Iot Josh go right ahead playin golf. I reckon it'll do him good."

"You said you thought it was a waste of time yesterday," said his wife. "I've changed my mind. If he keeps on practicin with them sticks a few years mebbe there won't be so much danger of cuttin hisself when he tries to han'le a scythe."—Washington Star.

Jays of Matrimony. Wife—I met an old acquaintance to-day. Mr. Meeker. You remember he was your rival for my hand. Husband—Yes; I hate that man. Wife—You shouldn't hate him just because he used to love me. Husband—Oh, that isn't the reason. I hate him because he didn't marry you.—Chicago News.

Seldom Do It. "The office," said the theorist, "should seek the man." "Possibly, possibly," replied the practical politician, "but it is my experience that offices do mighty little searching."—Chicago Post.

Wrong This Time. Fashionable Parisian Life. A witty Frenchman has declared that the Parisians are passionately fond of the country, but they never dare drive farther than their beloved park for fear a new invention will take place during their absence and they will miss having a finger in the pie. So, like the famous king of France who marched up a hill and then marched down again, monsieur and madame take a turn in the Bois and then drive home again. Fashionable Parisian life is an endless treadmill.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Many Clubs Know Him. "Is Edgar Sniff's an agreeable member of your club?" "Oh, yes. If you let him have his own way about everything, he's delightful."—Detroit Free Press.

THE WATCHERS. Laas Kaplisen was dead. And only a year ago he had married pretty little Olla, the daughter of the innkeeper at Lauritsala. The mourners came, one after another, lifted the sheet from his face, took a long look, and said, "Ah, how changed!" or "He looks as natural as in life," according to the disposition of the speaker. Then they pressed the hand of the young widow, who stood with swollen eyes by the bedside, and went into the adjoining room for a bite and a glass of punch. Gradually the throng dwindled away and only four persons remained to comfort the widow and watch over the dead. These four were Olla's mother, Onni Dikalschi and Asto Snutati, who had been Laas' best friends in life, and Oge Ilander. The last had not been exactly a friend of the deceased, for he had been his rival for Olla's hand and had never forgiven Laas for having carried off the prize. But now that Laas was dead, Oge remained with the watchers in order to show that he did not carry hard feelings beyond the grave, which was very noble and kind of him, to be sure. And so all five, the widow and her mother, the two friends and Oge, sat together, silent and sorrowful. After awhile Onni rose and approached the table. He drank a glass of punch and said in mournful accents: "We are all sad, very sad; but we must not forget the necessity of the flesh. You permit, Olla?" Olla readily permitted, and the others drew round the table, on which was not only good Swedish punch, but a liberal provision of eggs, ham and other smoked meats and great, flat loaves of the hard Swedish bread. They all ate and drank and wept together. The night wore on. The clock struck 2, but it was not yet dark. The white night lay over Lauritsala, the bright summer night of Finland in which Koit and Aemorki, dawn and twilight, kiss each other. Below lay the quiet Satma lake, which reflected the rose glow of the sky. Stillness reigned in the watch chamber. All except Olla and Oge were asleep, with their heads on the table, and Olla and Oge sat gazing at each other with a new light in their eyes. "Come," Oge whispered, "let us leave them sleeping here and go down by the lake." She clasped his hand and they went out together. The others slept calmly on. Through the window the dawn looked into the chamber where the dead man lay so still. Somebody had forgotten to draw the sheet over his face, and the beams of the rising sun fell full upon it. Dear, good Laas in this light looked quite handsome and not in the least like a corpse. A little fly was buzzing about him. It alighted on his hair, but not finding that region to its liking, it crawled over his forehead and down his nose and at last entered his nostril. Now it is an exceedingly unpleasant thing to have a fly up one's nose, and Laas evidently thought so, for he suddenly sneezed twice with great violence, and then he opened his eyes and sat up. He gazed about him stupidly at first—for a fellow is apt to be a little rattled on awaking from the dead—but he gradually got his bearings and understood. Ah, he thought, how glad his wife would be to see him alive again! He climbed out of bed and shivered in the cool morning air, for he was very lightly clad. So he picked up the sheet, wrapped it tightly around him and went forth to look for his wife. He felt a trifle dizzy, but people who rise from the dead must put up with a little discomfort at first. In the next room he found the watchers still sound asleep and the remains of the punch and other good things on the table. Laas was very hungry, but he was determined to find his wife first of all things, which was certainly very good of him. He walked out of the house door. Outside the dew was sparkling on the grass, fine clouds were floating over the lake, which gazed up at the overhanging verdure like a great, bright, blue eye. The cocks were crowing lustily. Down by the lake Laas saw the gleam of a white kerchief that he knew very well, for he had given it to Olla. Ah! There she sat, weeping for him! Laas picked up the skirts of his winding sheet, the end of which trailed on the ground behind him, and stalked down to the lake with mighty strides during their absence, Olla was there, but Oge Ilander was there, too, and their heads were very close together. Suddenly the lovers were startled by Laas Kaplisen's hand coming between them from behind and falling with a loud thwack on Oge's cheek. They sprang to their feet, regarded the sheeted Laas with horror-stricken eyes for an instant, then fled in panic fear without uttering a syllable. One ran to the right, the other to the left along the shore of the lake, and Laas stood gazing angrily after them by turns. He shook his fist at the fleeing Oge and muttered to himself, "That fellow never enters my house again!" Then, with a sorrowful mien and much shaking of the head, he went slowly back to the watch chamber. There the flies were awake and buzzing, but the three watchers were still asleep. And Laas, with his rueful countenance and his white, winding sheet, sat down beside them at the table, and, to the accompaniment of their snores, regaled himself with ham and eggs and mighty drafts of his much loved Swedish punch.—Translated from the German For Short Stories.

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"You said you thought it was a waste of time yesterday," said his wife. "I've changed my mind. If he keeps on practicin with them sticks a few years mebbe there won't be so much danger of cuttin hisself when he tries to han'le a scythe."—Washington Star.

Jays of Matrimony. Wife—I met an old acquaintance to-day. Mr. Meeker. You remember he was your rival for my hand. Husband—Yes; I hate that man. Wife—You shouldn't hate him just because he used to love me. Husband—Oh, that isn't the reason. I hate him because he didn't marry you.—Chicago News.

Seldom Do It. "The office," said the theorist, "should seek the man." "Possibly, possibly," replied the practical politician, "but it is my experience that offices do mighty little searching."—Chicago Post.

Wrong This Time. Fashionable Parisian Life. A witty Frenchman has declared that the Parisians are passionately fond of the country, but they never dare drive farther than their beloved park for fear a new invention will take place during their absence and they will miss having a finger in the pie. So, like the famous king of France who marched up a hill and then marched down again, monsieur and madame take a turn in the Bois and then drive home again. Fashionable Parisian life is an endless treadmill.—Ladies' Home Journal.

THE WATCHERS. Laas Kaplisen was dead. And only a year ago he had married pretty little Olla, the daughter of the innkeeper at Lauritsala. The mourners came, one after another, lifted the sheet from his face, took a long look, and said, "Ah, how changed!" or "He looks as natural as in life," according to the disposition of the speaker. Then they pressed the hand of the young widow, who stood with swollen eyes by the bedside, and went into the adjoining room for a bite and a glass of punch. Gradually the throng dwindled away and only four persons remained to comfort the widow and watch over the dead. These four were Olla's mother, Onni Dikalschi and Asto Snutati, who had been Laas' best friends in life, and Oge Ilander. The last had not been exactly a friend of the deceased, for he had been his rival for Olla's hand and had never forgiven Laas for having carried off the prize. But now that Laas was dead, Oge remained with the watchers in order to show that he did not carry hard feelings beyond the grave, which was very noble and kind of him, to be sure. And so all five, the widow and her mother, the two friends and Oge, sat together, silent and sorrowful. After awhile Onni rose and approached the table. He drank a glass of punch and said in mournful accents: "We are all sad, very sad; but we must not forget the necessity of the flesh. You permit, Olla?" Olla readily permitted, and the others drew round the table, on which was not only good Swedish punch, but a liberal provision of eggs, ham and other smoked meats and great, flat loaves of the hard Swedish bread. They all ate and drank and wept together. The night wore on. The clock struck 2, but it was not yet dark. The white night lay over Lauritsala, the bright summer night of Finland in which Koit and Aemorki, dawn and twilight, kiss each other. Below lay the quiet Satma lake, which reflected the rose glow of the sky. Stillness reigned in the watch chamber. All except Olla and Oge were asleep, with their heads on the table, and Olla and Oge sat gazing at each other with a new light in their eyes. "Come," Oge whispered, "let us leave them sleeping here and go down by the lake." She clasped his hand and they went out together. The others slept calmly on. Through the window the dawn looked into the chamber where the dead man lay so still. Somebody had forgotten to draw the sheet over his face, and the beams of the rising sun fell full upon it. Dear, good Laas in this light looked quite handsome and not in the least like a corpse. A little fly was buzzing about him. It alighted on his hair, but not finding that region to its liking, it crawled over his forehead and down his nose and at last entered his nostril. Now it is an exceedingly unpleasant thing to have a fly up one's nose, and Laas evidently thought so, for he suddenly sneezed twice with great violence, and then he opened his eyes and sat up. He gazed about him stupidly at first—for a fellow is apt to be a little rattled on awaking from the dead—but he gradually got his bearings and understood. Ah, he thought, how glad his wife would be to see him alive again! He climbed out of bed and shivered in the cool morning air, for he was very lightly clad. So he picked up the sheet, wrapped it tightly around him and went forth to look for his wife. He felt a trifle dizzy, but people who rise from the dead must put up with a little discomfort at first. In the next room he found the watchers still sound asleep and the remains of the punch and other good things on the table. Laas was very hungry, but he was determined to find his wife first of all things, which was certainly very good of him. He walked out of the house door. Outside the dew was sparkling on the grass, fine clouds were floating over the lake, which gazed up at the overhanging verdure like a great, bright, blue eye. The cocks were crowing lustily. Down by the lake Laas saw the gleam of a white kerchief that he knew very well, for he had given it to Olla. Ah! There she sat, weeping for him! Laas picked up the skirts of his winding sheet, the end of which trailed on the ground behind him, and stalked down to the lake with mighty strides during their absence, Olla was there, but Oge Ilander was there, too, and their heads were very close together. Suddenly the lovers were startled by Laas Kaplisen's hand coming between them from behind and falling with a loud thwack on Oge's cheek. They sprang to their feet, regarded the sheeted Laas with horror-stricken eyes for an instant, then fled in panic fear without uttering a syllable. One ran to the right, the other to the left along the shore of the lake, and Laas stood gazing angrily after them by turns. He shook his fist at the fleeing Oge and muttered to himself, "That fellow never enters my house again!" Then, with a sorrowful mien and much shaking of the head, he went slowly back to the watch chamber. There the flies were awake and buzzing, but the three watchers were still asleep. And Laas, with his rueful countenance and his white, winding sheet, sat down beside them at the table, and, to the accompaniment of their snores, regaled himself with ham and eggs and mighty drafts of his much loved Swedish punch.—Translated from the German For Short Stories.

PAW TALKS MICROBE. EXPLAINS THE GREAT STRIDES THAT SCIENCE IS MAKING. Maw Agrees With Him That It Is All Simply Wonderful, but Advances a Strong Argument in Opposition to Paw's Idea of Utopia. Maw was Looking at the paper the other Nite after she got paw to Hold the Baby for a little while, and Every few minutes he would haft to fix it all Over again becuz its feet would come out, and pritty soon she says: "What's all this about microbes? A person Can't take up a paper Enny more but What they find sumthing about microbes." "Here, hold this Child," paw says Like if he was pritty glad for the chance, "and I'll tell you. Microbes is one of the new Discoveries. They have microbes for Neerly everything now. They are yello fever microbes and measles microbes and consumption microbes and mump microbes." "I don't Believe," maw sed, "that they are enny truth in such a Theory."

"That only shows you Don't no Ennything About syunce," paw told Her. "If you would keep posted Like I do, you wouldn't sit there with a Disgusted look on Your fais and Say You didn't Believe what the people that Discover things are Doing to make men Happy." "I don't see how it'll Make a man happy to Find Out he is nothing But a crowd of microbes that mebbey Have him Divided up into Counties and Blding Lots, with his Nose for a Court-house and his Whiskers for a park," maw sed.

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