

AN ENGLISH PAPER.

Urges the British to Be Fair Toward the Boers.

The Dutch stock is, we know, sturdy and enduring—so sturdy and so enduring that to this hour the descendants of the Dutch who settled in New York are conscious of a shade of difference between them and New Englanders and regard that difference with certain self-esteem, says the Spectator.

They are, they think, not only more solid but better principled than the families around them. Nevertheless, the extraordinary, to us we will frankly confess unaccountable, absorbing force of the English has given them the controlling power in New York, as in all America north of Mexico, and in spite of the vastness of modern emigrations that power will probably always remain in their hands. A new type of man arises, distinctively American, but it is as vain to say that he is not in all essentials English as to say that the Saxon at home has not prevailed over every other element in the population. We expect to see the process repeated in South Africa, but we can see no reason why it should not be peaceful or why, when the united dominion is formed, as it will be formed, the different states should all enter it on exactly the same conditions. Scotland does not live under our laws nor in Germany have Bavaria and Wurtemberg precisely the same position. What the British people have to do is to see that the history of the new people which is being born and which is already tainted by the presence of a black race and the bitterness which is generated in the dominant caste by black resistance, should not be further tainted either by militarism or by pecuniary corruption. There has been too much violence, sometimes just, sometimes unjust, in the history of South Africa; and if the British people is to extend its sovereign protection over the whole region—as it did virtually when it resolved to forbid German troops to land in Delagoa bay—it must extend also the Pax Britannica, the regime of law, instead of willfulness, under which nations grow serenely up to their destined height. The Boers must be persuaded or compelled to accept that regime just as much as the English and the natives but they do not seem unwilling; they have behaved during the recent occurrences in a more than civilized manner; and if they are willing there is no reason why, within the regions given them by treaty, they should be prematurely or roughly deprived of their ascendancy. It will depart in good time, as the ascendancy of the ten-pounders within these islands did.

Knew Not When His Turn Would Come

"Dear one," he whispered. The young wife looked up into her husband's face tremulously but expectant.

"What is it?" she asked, as her white arms stole around his turndown collar. "Tell me," he answered, straining her to his breast and forgetting for the moment two imported perfectos in his pocket. "Tell me that you will think of me sometimes when I am gone!"

Once more the pale, sweet face was upturned toward him.

"You are always, and ever will be, in my thoughts," she said, simply.

"Then swear you will be true to me while I am away from your side," he continued, with a tone of almost command in his voice.

"I swear it!" she repeated, solemnly.

With one more passionate, frenzied kiss upon the parted, trembling lips he wrenched himself away. He was not quite happy but he was comforted by the assurance of her love. He felt that neither time nor absence could kill it.

With unflinching step he turned his back upon his home and went to get his Sunday shave.—New York World.

An Eastern Woman's Club Affair.

The Colonial Dames of New Haven, Conn., have just closed a most interesting colonial exhibit. The three days of exhibition had each their distinctive "afternoon tea." On Wednesday the table and service were distinctly puritan in decoration and dress. On Thursday the revolutionary period, with its colors of old blue and white, was honored, and on Friday the table and attendants were gorgeous in the colonial colors of red, blue, and buff. Many interesting articles were exhibited, representing not only the old families of Connecticut, but of other New England states and of New York, Delaware and Virginia. No article shown represented a later date than 1783. There were several autograph letters of Washington, handsome old silver and china, some of it once used at Mount Vernon, and miniatures, laces, fans and gowns. A goodly sum was realized, which will be used in founding a "genealogical corner" in the Connecticut Historical Library.

Famous Hermit's Death.

Dr. Lazarus, the famous hermit, who has for years lived on the top of Sand mountain, in Marshall county, Ala., died the other day. Twenty years ago he was a prosperous physician in New York, and his father was a wealthy merchant, in Wilmington, N. C. Becoming imbued with socialistic teachings, he joined several communistic associations, which failed, and this made him morbid. He adopted peculiar views, banished himself from society, and for years lived like a hermit, with goats as his only companions.

Animal That Buries Itself.

The only animal known in the world which, on the approach of dissolution, seeks out the general burying ground of its species, and there digs its own grave and lies down to die, is the guanaco, of wild llama. It is peculiar in other respects, too. These animals, in fact, have a regular sanitary system, which they respect like human beings.

AFRICA, ENGLAND, GERMANY.

Latter Wants the Forest in the Basin of the Upper Congo.

The object of Germany at the present moment is to connect her eastern and southwestern African possessions, says the Quarterly Review. To do this she desires to possess the forest in the basin of the Upper Congo—a region which is rich in copper. If she could obtain this territory from the Congo state and a narrow strip of land from Portugal she would realize her aim; and if she gets possession of the forests on the Lualaba and the Katanga copper mines her colonies may become to her a great source of wealth. England should definitely make up her mind as to the attitude she will assume toward this policy. If she opposes it Germany will become a persistent enemy. On the other hand, if she supports it Germany should agree not in any way to interfere with England south of the Zambesi and support her heartily in Egypt. The increase of German prosperity at home is also an advantage to us. As Germany becomes richer she will become a better customer and less jealous of the political position. The wages of German artisans must go up and consequently Germany will be less able to undersell us in the open markets of the world. We have now come to a state of things as regards the German empire when we must either come to terms with it or drift into a position which will certainly lead to danger. The Germans, if they are to maintain their possessions beyond the sea, must either be sure of the friendship and good will of England or else they will endeavor to break down her power on the ocean. Since the beginning of this year every corner of the empire has rung with the most violent denunciations of this country. The newspapers, with the almost solitary exception of the Weser Zeitung, have given expression to feelings of bitter hostility. Organs of opinion usually the most opposed have vied with each other in their violence of language. This ill feeling to Great Britain, as we have said, has not been a growth of recent times. It is now strengthened by a growing conviction that the position of England in the world is undeserved, artificial and cannot be maintained if it is seriously menaced. This view has been fostered by distinguished historians and men of letters, who exercise a powerful influence on the youth of the country, on the guides of public opinion, on writers in the principal periodicals and journals who indirectly shape the policy of the cheap newspaper, which is the gospel of the village inn.

The German Emperor's Children.

How the German emperor will bring up his only daughter is no subject of wonderment to the Berliners. They know that, princess as she is, she will be taught to be a good housewife, to sew, to cook perhaps, and to order dinner certainly. For the sovereign's ideal woman is a strictly domestic person, as his ideal man is a stout soldier. His little boys haven't much fun in their daily lives. Concerning these lives the Sketch says: In the Spartan upbringing of his children the Kaiser rivals his ancestor, Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia. According to Klausmann's "Leben in der Kaiserfamilie," the life of the royal children of Berlin is not sweetened by hours of inactivity. In their years of infancy the Kaiser ministers to almost all their wants, spends a good part of the day with them and enters into all their amusements. When the princes arrive at the age of 9 things are all changed and it is all work. They are then allowed about an hour and a half out of their waking hours to themselves; all the rest of their day is spent in study and physical training. Even in holiday time their tutors accompany them to superintend their studies.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Afraid to Wear Their Jewels.

A curious fact concerning the festivities over the coronation of the czar is the enormous impetus given to the manufacture of paste gems. Russians, it appears, even of rank and status, are prone to the weakness known as kleptomania, and wise women prepared for possible loss by substituting sham jewels for real. A pageant and display such as has been described must inevitably call for the wearing of such gems as are seldom seen. It is rather amusing to learn that much of the splendor is pretense and that, too, because the grand dames do not dare trust their treasures in a crush, even though the crowd be composed of their own kind. Among the Muscovites, however, the sin is said to be held a trifling one, and the story is told that one lady of high rank was caught appropriating her cousin's emeralds, and that the victim declined to prosecute, merely saying: "Poor Sophie! It is a very painful and nervous disorder."—New York Journal.

A Speaking Gown.

A well-known club woman the other day went to her dressmaker to order a gown. The woman asked at once: "Shall you wear it to the club meetings?" The reply was in the affirmative. "And to make speeches in?" was the next question. Again she said yes. "Then I must have it trimmed accordingly," said the dressmaker. "It will be eyed closely and for long periods of time at once by women at leisure to observe. Such a gown must be absolutely perfect."

In That Day.

Shade of the Period—"In your day, as I understand it, there was no glorious death except in battle." Shade of Achilles—"That is substantially correct. They did not operate for appendicitis then."—Detroit Tribune.

If the armies of Europe should march at an eight-mile gait, five abreast, fifteen inches apart, it would require nine and one-half days for them to pass a given point.

THIS GIRL WANTED A WHEEL.

But the Colored Frames Suggested Matching a Suit.

She was a pretty girl and when she entered the bicycle store she wore a pleased, innocent expression as she gazed round at the machines with the gentle air of one who has found a new chamber of horrors or curiosities, says the New York Herald.

The salesman was unsuspecting and smiled his best. "I want to buy a bicycle, please," she said casually, in the same tone she would have used to buy a spool of thread. This unbusinesslike method of hers left him gasping—if he had been wise he would have dragged out his pencil and order book and said: "Yes'm. What number, please? It will be put up tomorrow," and finished the sale on the spot. But he was not wise. He scrambled to get back on the beaten path of sales methods. "Do you ride?" he asked, as she waited sweetly.

"Oh, no," she answered, "I just thought today it would be nice, so I came after the wheel.

"Do you want a drop frame or a diamond?" he ventured, mildly.

The pretty girl looked puzzled. "I didn't say anything about diamonds," she corrected, a trifle severely. "And I should think a frame that dropped would be convenient—can't you fasten them up?"

The salesman coughed softly and scowled at the man in the gallery who was sympathizing dramatically with him. "We can fix it for you," he murmured. "No," as he observed her eye light on a dark-blue wheel, "that wouldn't do for you. The gear is too high."

"Why don't you let it down, then?" she asked, interestedly. "Where is it? I don't see it."

The salesman retired behind a pile of sheltering machines and had it out with himself. When he emerged he led two wheels and talked black in the face, explaining their excellencies and differences.

She had sat looking politely at him all this time, and when he stopped to recover breath she smiled courteously. "How there's no use of your telling me any more, because it might just as well be Sanscrit. I can't see a bit of difference in wheels—they all look alike to me as do boats. Why do they have so many different names?"

The salesman looked into her deep blue eyes and calmed his turbulent mind. "I really don't know," he said. "It seems to be a fad of the manufacturers."

"And I suppose it gives some one employment, thinking up names," she put in charitably.

The salesman grew desperate and fingered his pencil. "Which one shall I send up?" he asked, as a gentle reminder.

She was plunged in thought. "I had no idea they painted them in so many different colors," she said, half to herself. "I'll have to think it over. You see, I haven't decided what I'll get for a bicycle suit, and, of course the wheel must match it. I'll let you know."

She floated out.

Du Maurier and Clara Moscheto

In 1858 my father came on a visit to Antwerp with my mother and my youngest sister, Clara. Wherever my father took up his abode, even temporarily, a grand piano in the natural course of events would gravitate toward him and a select circle of art lovers would soon be grouped around it. Among the friends in the Antwerp circle were Van Lerius, Tadema, Baron Leys, Huysmans and Bource. My sister at that time was a bright and happy creature, not long out of her teens, full of hopes, alas! never to be realized and of talents never to be matured. The large dark eyes—she seemed the gift of her godmother, the famous Mallbrun—reflected the artist's soul and a grand soprano voice spoke its wonderful language. Du Maurier and she were soon on a brother and sisterly footing, and they ever remained so.—Felix Moscheles in Century.

Queen Victoria's Tact.

On quitting the Riviera Queen Victoria was studious, as usual, to leave an agreeable personal impression behind her. She decorated with her new order, the "Royal Victoria," the mayor of Nice and gave him 3,000 francs (about \$750) to be distributed among the poor. At the same time he received a letter addressed to him in the queen's name by her equestrian expressing her deep regret at having to quit so charming a country and thanking the various local functionaries for their attention and consideration which they had shown her. It was due to them, he added, that she had enjoyed the repose and calm of which she was greatly in need in view of her recent affliction, the death of Prince Henry of Battemberg.—Exchange.

Cause of the Delay.

"Hello, central! Please connect me with the Imperial palace at Moscow." "You have it." "I wish to speak with the czar." "This is he." "Good morning, your majesty." "Good morning, sir." "If it is no secret, your majesty, perhaps you would not mind telling why your coronation was postponed so long?" "It is no secret at all. Richard Harding Davis could not arrange to attend at an earlier date. That is all. Good-by." "Good-by, your majesty."—World.

Prayer.

The praying man is the man, who wins; prayer is mightier than battering rams; prayer conquers armies; prayer holds back the arm of God; prayer melts away the blindness of men.—Rev. J. K. Dixon.

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