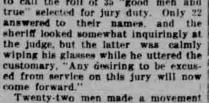
SOUNDS LIKE FICTION.

ELSTORY AT TIMES HAS THAT TREND.

Old Time Chronicles Are Filled With Incidents More Bomantic Than Fiction

Than Fiction.

Leudon Standard: When Guizot said, "If you are fond of romance, read history," he may possibly have had an ironical meaning. He had studied, and had also written, so much historical matter himself that nobody knew better how much of what passes under the second of these names ought to be de-scribed by the first. But as he was a very serious man, the probability is that he meant simply what he said-namely, that it is far more profitable to take the chronicles, memoirs or letters which are the authorities for the past. miral Coligny was, for his time, an prove embarrassing to the other jur-honest man, and yet he cannot be ors, and is certainly embarrassing to cleared of the charge of having helped me." cleared of the charge of naving minute Poltrot de Merce to murder Duke Fran-cols of Guise, and of then having fibbed rols of Guise, and of then having fibbed "Well," said the young man, hest-



A VALID EXCUSE.

Apropos Jucicial Reply to a Juror's

Plea for Exemption.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: In a cer-

Twenty-two men made a movement forward, and the clerk stopped in his work of noting those who had failed to respond to the summons to look in wonder at the entire venire desiring to escap

"If it please your honor," answered and amuse yourself with them, than to the aforesaid individual, "I'd like spend your time over little stories of a to be ecused on account of illness. I'm suffering from something that might

the midst of their work. "O YN OF LITTLE FAITH!"

Sower sowed his seed with doubts and throat was dry. "I don't suppose you've ever been in love, even. You don't know how it is to worship a woman. "I dare not hope," hath the harvest been years and find that you-that you can't make

Yet ere the August moon had waxen Fair stood his fields, a waving sea of

gold: He reaped a thousandfold!

In a dark place one dropt a kindly

Poot

She doesn't care for any of it. She just grows paler and thinner-and more paweak my volce," he sighed. tient. I don't want her to be patient chance none heard f they did, no answering impuls What right has she to be patient? If

stirred. Yet in an hour his fortunes were at stake:

One put a life in peril for his sake, Because that word he spake!

'Little I have to give. O Lord.' one

His words had ended with a groan. cried wayward heart that oft hath thee A Couldst thou with such a gift he satis-

Yet when the soul had ceased its mourn ful plaint. took the love that seemed so poor and faint God

And from it made a saint!

-Christian Burke.

At the Edge of Night.

BY JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.

Author "Deborrah of Lost Creek," Etc.

Copyright, 1901, by Authors' Syndicate.) house a little," petitioned the man de-void of understanding. "Perhaps an outsider, one who is not especially in-(Copyright, 1901, by Authors' Syndicate.)

toward cheerless night. David- terested, might be able to find out what son, of the firm of Davidson & Browne, would fain have escaped the office, for the man who was from you would be cool and collected. You know you might do it, Davidson. It coming in was a man without under-standing. But he could not escape, for wouldn't take much of your timea hand was already on the knob of the door, so he sat still and looked intentwould it, now?-and think of the good you might do. Maybe she's lonely-maybe she misses the friends she used ly at the papers on his desk. The man who came in was tall and dull and to have—she was a gay little thing once. I don't know what the trouble is wistful looking. "Hello, Howard," said Davidson, still

-1 would give the world to know. Won't you help me to find out?" busy with his papers. "Hello," said Howard, dropping into

There was another silence. After awhile Davidson stirred a little. a chair and leaning his albows on the arms, so that he could clasp his hands "So you wish to use me in making an and rest his chin on them. "Sorry experiment?" he said, at last, with an unexpected bitterness in his voice. you're busy. Wanted to drop in and talk awhile, you know. Not professional "Not so much that-you have always business-just plain talk "

been friends with Dolly," said the oth-er. "You have really neglected her Davidson still considered the papers, which he had gathered, sheafwife, into since she came back here- it was not his hands.

friendly at all-and if you were just to "It's about Dolly," said the man withshow-that you had some slight interout understanding, raising troubled eyes to the back of the other's head. est in her-for the sake of the old days -why, she used to think of you as a kind of big brother, I have no doubt-and it might make her feel that she There might have been the slightest pause, before the other rejoined in the friendliest manner: wasn't quite alone-" The voice trailed off, haggard with "See what it is to be married! You're

always worrying about Dolly." always worrying about Dolly." "Yes, but you don't know," said Howard, humbly, trying to make it plain to the other man's limited com-prehension. "I thought I would bring her back here—among old friends, some way. It didn't matter to me, you know—I could be have a worker. anxiety. The man at the desk sat still. He was reading over, with frowning intentness, for the hundredth time, the title of a legal document neatly indorsed on the back of it in his own un-

dorsed on the back of it in his own un-shaken handwriting. "You'll come up, won't you?" he heard a voice saying, after a long si-lence, and ronsed himself, and saw the man without understanding. "Let it go now," he gasped, waving his visitor away. "I will do what I can -ves-surely-never mind right now a girl. And she did seem better for awhile-but now she's going backward

Davidson looked at the papers in his hands as though he really could not spare a minute from his work. -yes-surely-never mind, right now, Howard-we'll talk of it again." It was the edge of the night. The

gray dawn had slipped over the rim of the world, and a coloriess night was "Oh, well, getting pale and still, as she was before. She always says there's shout to come, plerced through with arc lights like so many flaming swords. Davidson sat looking out at the nearest

hands, trembled weakly for a moment. The man at the desk seemed somehow conscious of that trembling, and was go? See how I am dragged and driver vaguely disquieted by it. to her-why shouldn't I go, and let the world go hand?"

REVOLUTIONARY FRELING

Workingmen Want a Government That Will Bring them Prosperity and Beform at Home.

Madrid letter: The tendency of all Spanish speaking nations who throw off the monarchial yoke seems to be, paradoxically enough, to establish an inferior form of government. The fault

From all the present trend of things here it looks today as if General Weyler would be more likely a year hence to be swaying the destinies of the Spanish republic that that Alfonso XIII, the king of the ill-omened num-

Weyler. The situation in Venezuela Weyler's patriotism. Much has been said against the pres-

ent queen regent, but no matter what a more up-to-date system. The stream she might do to try to popularize either herself or the young king nothing but the illusion of it remained until

tiquated batteries made the bravest protense at defense possible and that as a result Spain ceased to be a worldpower All this brings us to the present crisis by a rather circumlocutory method, but by one which cannel be

avoided by those who would watch the Bourbon dynasty in Spain, now perhaps toitering toward its final collapse, through the fateful experiences of its

The fault is not with the Queen Regent, or with the unfortunate little monarch whose worst fault, it is claimed, is that he has been reared contrary ber, would be sitting upon the throne class a selfish, arrogant, contemptible of Spain. It is an easy matter to foreshadow dwindling riches out of the public at the head of treasury and as much or more to the which would be a man like General turpitude of a servile, suborned press. The workingman knows he has no today is an apt suggestion of what that in Spain would be with such a mill-tary dictator at its head. This is not intended to be in any way detractive of Weyler's patriotism. change the management and substitute



EARL CADOGAN, LORD LIFUTENANT OF IRELAND

The threatened Fenian uprising in Ireland, foreshadowed in the cables rom Rome, promises to make things lively for the earl, who wishes to have the Land League suppressed in certain districts. It is believed that threatened "Castle" coercion is responsible for alleged Fenian activ ity.

tina prides herself upon not being a the Barcelona workman wants living Spanlard and upon the fact that neither is her son one, that she avoids all

They contrast her detrimentally with Queen Amelia of Spain, woh loves a bull-fight as much as an American woman does a Sherry luncheon and which the professional politicias will

could stem the revolutionary torrent now running at high tide throughout the country. The claim is made that Queen Chris-The claim is made that Queen Chris-

wages? There has always been a strong of royal functions as far as possible, hates the national sport, bull-fighting, and in no way allows the people even an opportunity to like her, if they should care to like a Bourbon.

is said to be the leading motive for naming ex-Gov. ...ggs for the highest honor in the land. The abe law-yer is also said to be the choice of many wealthy heads of corporations of which his state is the home.

EX-GOV. GRIGGS FOR PRESIDENT-

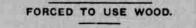
We shall never, in fact, get at the right | tatingly, "I'd prefer to tell you in priway of judging the men of the Renais-same till we understand that the good were those who murdered, lied, and orged for a cause, and the bad those who did these things merely for the lune of gain. William the Silent, who was himself the mark for a long series as assassing, and finally died by the hand of one of them, was engaged in a plot to take off the Duke of Alva. Elizaboth was fiercely angry because the jailers of Queen Mary refused to kill their prisoner. They again abstained, not so much on the ground that the act was wrong, though Paulet did reject it as contrary to the laws of God and

vate. I'm somewhat de speaking of it in public." I'm somewhat delicate about "I cannot hear anything in private,

responded the judge impatiently. you want to be excused you must tell me here and now what is the matter with you

"Well, if I must tell it here-I have the itch.

"The itch?" echoed the judge, and turning to the clerk, without marking how spropos his observation was, he said, "Mr. Jones, scratch the juror off."



Becognition for New Jersey and its services to the Republican party

know-I could be happy anywhere-with her-but maybe it's different with

again."

"How do you mean, going back-ward?" he asked.

nothing the matter-always has said it -but anybody can see there is." one, white-faced, his lips colorless. The chin, resting on the clasped

Davidson had a wooden ruler in both hands, and was clasping it until his fingers were white. "You exaggerate the difficulty." he said after a little. "I am not very familiar with the ways of women, but it seems to me-"As, but you know this one woman,"

A6, but you know this one woman, said Howard, eagerly. "You have known her all your life—and if you would but take a little interest—for my sake—if you would just try to be friendly enough to help me a little—" "In heaven's name, what do you want me to do?" cried the other. He

her happy. I've tried everything-hon-estly I have. I've bought her every-thing I thought she might fancy; and

I've thrown business away to take her here and there and give her a gay time.

she could only fly into a passion and berate me and abuse me until she couldn't think of anything more to say

-I'd be the happiest creature God ever

made. What am I to do, Davidson? What am I ti do?

tried to laugh as he said it. It was not

s very cheerful laugh. "If you will only come around the

man, but from a well-grounded belief that her majesty was perfectly capable of hanging them afterward. In order to Indicate her own character.

Lord Burghley had a trustworthy

forger in his service and made frequent and successful use of his services. Yet Elizabeth deserved all the honor her subjects gave her, and Burghley was a great and patriotic minister. Nor are William the Silent and Coligny to be blamed unreservedly. Both had to deal with enemies who had no scruple and who acted without regard to law. The gravest moralists of the time, Protestant or Roman Catholic, agreed that it was legitimate in the private citizen to kill the "tyrant," by which they meant the man who oppressed others by vio-lence and disregarded all right. We who live in times when no one can put himself above control by the state are perhaps not fair judges of their deeds or opinions. We hear of the courtly grace of this gentleman or that. It was a fine cloth of gold woven to unutterable brutality. We need not beleve every word Brantome wrote, but he is too fully confirmed by more sober authorities to be rejected wholly. The accompished gentlemen who built and lived in those beautiful chateaus did things at which a Hooligan would shudder. The noble Bayard gained a reputation for superhuman virtue by, once in his life, not acting like an unspeaka-ble acoundrel to two defenseless women. The praise he earned justly is the condemnation of his generation. It boasted of doing all the wickedness ndaciously laid to the charge of our soldiers in South Africa. What, indeed, was not possible when the King of France could give his son, the Duke of Orleans who became King Henry II, the lesson told in the memoirs of Vielle-Their authority is indeed very ville? dublous, but they are contemporary, and the tale more than bears out Gulsot's judgment. It tells how the duke and his gentlemen sat over the wine and bragged of what they would do when the king was dead, how they were overheard by a fool-a motley fooland how he revealed it all to King Francis. Then his majesty sent for the leutenant of the Scots' Guard and ordered him to arrest the prince, with all his suite, and wreck the house. The duke was warned in time and took hiding in the forest, and his gentiemen galloped for the frontier, while the Bootchmen, always punctual in the discharge of duty, smashed his furniture small bits and drove his inferior domestics through the upper windows with halberds. Such was the courtly grace of those artistic ages.

The sale of recent translations in Anis, Manong Khidichian, an Armenion, and Yani Macrides, a Greek, will ter Roanoke college, Salem, Va., next tumn, and after their graduation in that institution, will take a theoi course in this country, with a to becoming missionaries in their

191 STATES AND A STATES

Why the Buildings of the St. Lou Exposition Will Not be Made of Iron.

Perhaps there is no more striking example of the congestion in the iron trade than the decision of the St. Louis exposition managers to make This ma buildings of wood. their terial cannot be cheaper than the iron, frame and staff covering, and the danger of fire should be a serious deterrent from using it. But the fact seems to be that the fair managers cannot get structural iron in time to complete the buildings for use next year. The mills have orders for many months ahead and can hardly meet time contracts already made. It is a little remarkable, in these circum-stances, that there should be no great increase in the price of structural That is said to be the policy of iron. the trust, enforced against the pro-test of independent mills. These would like to take advantage of the congestion to raise prices. Undoubt-edly that would be done, with free competition among many equal inde-pendent mills. But the trust is strong enough to force the small mills to adopt its policy, which is one of enligtened selfishness. Its managers believe that they will make more the long run by keeping prices at the level of a fair profit and enlarging facilities, as fast as may be, so as to fill all orders.-Minneapolis Tribune.

A Deathbed Becognition.

Lippincott's Magazine: "Uncle Jim-mie" was the man who had a reputation for "tightness" in business affairs, which clung to him in the entire 80-odd years of his existence. When he was stricken with what proved to be his last illness, a neighbor came to see him who had heard he was near unto death. The family were gathered about the room in various stages of grief-he had not been an over kind husband and father-and the sick man lay on his hed with closed eyes and labored breathing.

"See if he knows you," said his wife tearfully to the neighbor, who tiptoed to the side of the bed and leaned over the occupant.

"'Uncle Jimmie,' do you know me?

asked the neighbor gently. A deep silence hung over the room. Finally, "Uncle Jimmie" slowly opened he eyes and fixed them intently on the questioner.

"Know you?" he echoed feebly. "I reckon 1 do! Where's that gallon of vinegar you owe me?' The neighbor had to acknowledge the recognition was complete.

Not Long Enough to Spoil.

Philadelphia Record: Mrs. Wigwag bouse

Mrs. Guzzler-Not very long.

Former Governor Francis of Missouri is regarded by admirers as strong enough foundation for a Democratic presidential boom. graphy.

"You're nervous, old man," he said, quietly. "Why don't you see a doctor His arms were on the desk, and he about -Dolly-if you are so uneasy? dropped his face upon them, shaken by the sobs which strike at a man's life. That's what you want to do-see a doctor, instead of a lawyer."

"The fates have called me-I will go "That's foolishness," retorted How-ard, a little warmly. "You have known Dolly longer than I have-all her life, to her." he whisnered Then, even in the moment of selfsurrender, he saw the man without unjust about. I thought you were a friend derstanding sitting there, and heard him saying: "I love her too much-I of sers-though I did have to almost

pull you around to the house after we am too deadly anxiouscame back here. I've held a kind of The flaming sword of the arc light grudge against you the way you kept struck the desk, through the edge of putting me off and pretending you had the night. When the man lifted his so many engagements you couldn't head, after awhile, moving painfully, like an old man, it was not difficult to me-and then you never came back. I thought you'd see Dolly needed to be see enough to write a letter-if it were a short letter, life this:

cheered—but you don't. Nobody sees like a husband, I suppose. Talk about doctors—I've had doctors—and what "Standish, old man, I will follow this in 24 hours-as soon as I can pack up do they know about something that and ship my few belongings. doesn't show itself in fevers, or someright-the far west is the field for a thing like that? Sometimes I think maybe it was a mistake for Dolly to man-I will join you out there and start life over again." marry me."

He went out with the letter and dropped it into the box at the corner. Th re was a dry huskiness in his trembling voice. Down the street, to the east, was her

What nonsense you talk Howard ' home. He stood there a moment, look said the other, rudely. "You want as ing down toward it. much petting and coaxing as though

Then he went steadily back to the you were sick, instead of Dolly, You office and begin to set his affairs in go along and leave Dolly to find her order. way back to -happiness you said didn't you?-in her own way."

A HOUSE WITH THIRTY ROOMS. "It's all very well to say that." said

Howard, despondently. "You haven't given the thought to these things that This is What an American Millionaire is Advertising for in England. have. You see, I had been away for (London Cable) The Times of Friears-and she had grown up from a day contains the following advertiselittle girl in short dresses while I was gone. I scarcely remember her, exment:

"Wanted to purchase by a wealthy cept for her eyes I had noticed her American desirous of settling in this eyes, as she was romping to and from country one of the stately English school, and had thought what a stun-Would give a fancy price for homes. ning woman she would make some day. But I came back, you know—and met, her the first thing—you were out of town just then, weren't you?—and I was wild shout her the first then weren't you?—and I was wild about her from the first. It park, and land to any extent. Good was a short courtship-and I was marshooting indispensable. Must not more than two hours from London. ried and went away-and I was the Address Millionaire, care," etc. applest fellow! And I would be now

The well known firm of auctioneers if I could only get Dolly to be happy." The papers in the lawyer's hands whose address follows, says the wouldwere rustled as by a wind. He laid be purchaser is now in England and is them down and carefully weighted thoroughly known to them. They them with a book. The worst of such have strict injunctions, however, not men as Davidson, Haward say clearly, to reveal his name until the purchase was that they grow hard of heart in is completed.

Fears a Marconi Monopoly.

(Berlin cable.) Prof. Slaby, who, with Count Arco, created the Slaby-Arco wireless telegraphy system, is advocating international agreement to regulate the wireless transmission of messages on the ground that otherwise the greatest good cannot be obtained Does your husband keep liquor in the from wireless telegraphy. He says that with the backing of British capital, Marconi may obtain a monopoly for aerial transmission, as has already been done in the case of ocean taleThoughtful Heathen.

-washee and scrubbee and cookee.

kins. Ignin

who "adores" the populace. The fact is that the Spanish people,

at least the masses of them, will persist in misunderstanding the queen regent. That she is Austrian by birth is true, that she is anything but effervescent is certain, but that she can be delightfully cordial I personally know. If the truth shall ever be written about Queen Regent Christina, or rather !f historians ever discover her, she will he found one of the most remarkable

characters of our day. At the time of the death of her husband, Alphonso VII, leaving her the regency of a realm of ruins, no one dreamed that she would stay and attempt to steer the ship of state through such a hopelessly turmolled sea. Everything suggested her prompt exit and return to her native country, where at least peace and friendship awaited her. But she did not apparently select the path of roses in preference to the path of thorns.

In this crisis a peculiar thing happened. The king had left as issue only two

daughters, and the revolutionary party, then, as now, was speaking very strongly in favor of establishing a republic

The Royalists, in order to prevent this contingency brought forward Don Carlos de Bourbon and offered him the throne. Everything was prepared for the carrying out of this pact when a report fell like a bombshell in the camps of both Revolutionalist s and Royalists. The fact was given out that the queen was soon again to become a mother.

Swords were sheathed instantly and the most violent opponent of either side could do nothing but await the result like a gentleman.

At last came the announcement that a king had been born and the crown of Don Carlos melted into air.

The queen assumed the regency and although she was not a Victoria it is a matter of history that where she has her way in directing public affairs it has generaly been better for Spain. She certainly steered the country out of its difficulties to a position of comparative prosperity, for just prior to the outbreak of the Cuban war I was greatly surprised to find Spain the rich and prosperous country that it was during the course of a tour made through the

entire peninsula Then came the Cuban war and with It the endless train of troubles which resulted in the last vestige of Spain's

empire in the Western hemisphere, a phere which she had discovered and half populated, being torn from

ber. All of this was, of course, not the fault of Queen Christina, although many of the biatant fools who know no better blamed her for it.

But it was not Queen Christina who was responsible for rotten ironcleds or empty arsenals when the worst situation of all faced Spain. This was the attitude of the United States toward her, caused by the continual strife in Cuba.

still play the same role. Hence he would prefer, if possible, to have the socialistic rule follow the dynastic.

The rank and file of the people know little of politics and of that fact Weyler and others are well aware and also that naturally a dictator will be the first necessity called into existence by any great political and social upheaval

From present appearances it would appear that the crisis cannot long be delayed and those who desire the best of things for Spain wish that it would happen and be over. With a settled and satisfactory government the Gar-den of Europe is still capable of maintaining a large and prosperous popula-tion and may long continue to be, an it long has been, a home of art and culture and a center of large production and trade. BERYL GOUGH.

COULDN'T HAVE THE GIRL.

Her Father an Expert on Husbanding of Energy.

Chicago Record - Herald: much," said the self-made Mr. Spuddington; "you can't have her!

He brought his fist down hard upon his desk as he said these cruel words and Alfred le Barron Crosby staggered back like one who looks at the tape just after he has invested his first \$500 on a tip for a sure rise in C., A. and G. He had hoped-fondly hoped-that his well-known habits of sobriety and the highly moral life he had aways led would have served to win for him the favor of the sturdy old captain of industry whom he now faced. He had gone into John II. Spuddington's private office feeling that he was about to carry out a mere formality. He could not have been more surprised or pained therefore, if, instead of saying a word in roply the old man had dashed a bucket of cold water over him. When he could speak the astonished lover said

"Bu-but, Mr. Spuddington, I hope you know that I have always been circumspect in my habits."

circumspect means O. K." the Tf beautiful girl's father answered, know it.'

"Permit me, sir, to draw your attention to the fact-I may say the impor-tant fact-that I was third in my class at college.

"That's all right I suppose, as far as it goes.

'I came of a proud old family. Mr. Spuddington. I can trace my ancestry hack to-

'Anybody that waste's time tracin' his ancestry back these days can't butt ahead very far. This is no time for-going back unless there's money in it. going back unless there's money in it, and there's another thing I'll tell you. But it was not Queen Chris-na who was responsible for rotten conclads or empty arsenals when the forst situation of all faced Spain. This was the attitude of the United tates toward her, caused by the con-nual strife in Cuba. It came to a question of meeting one

Would Do Their Best.

bidden you to go out with young Tom-kins. Don't let me catch you together

"No papa; we'll try not to."-Life.

New York Weekly: Missionary-Why did you not bring your wife with you to this country? Chinese Heathen-I flaidee I die, then Melican man mally she, and he balballan, and makes she do man's work

Father-Now, remembs.', I have for