

SOUNDS LIKE FICTION.

HISTORY AT TIMES HAS THAT TREND.

Old Time Chronicles Are Filled With Incidents More Romantic Than Fiction.

London 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 described 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, and amuse yourself with them, than to spend your time over little stories of a professedly authentic character. Admiral Coligny was, for his time, an honest man, and yet he cannot be cleared of the charge of having helped Polrot de Mere to murder Duke Francis of Guise, and of then having flibbed as to his own share in the transaction.

A VALID EXCUSE.

Appropos Judicial Reply to a Juror's Plea for Exemption.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: In a certain case the judge ordered the sheriff to call the roll of 35 "good men and true" selected for jury duty. Only 22 answered to their names, and the sheriff looked somewhat inquiringly at the judge, but the latter was calmly wiping his glasses while he uttered the customary, "Any desiring to be excused from service on this jury will now come forward."

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 escape.

"Well," said the judge, speaking to a long, thin, nervous-looking young man, "why do you wish to be excused?" "If it please your honor," answered the aforesaid individual, "I'd like to be excused on account of illness. I'm suffering from something that might prove embarrassing to the other jurors, and is certainly embarrassing to me."

"What is the nature of your illness?" asked the judge. "Well," said the young man, hesi-

"O YE OF LITTLE FAITH!"

A Sower sowed his seed, with doubts and fears; "I dare not hope," he said, "for fruitful Poor hath the harvest been in other years." Yet ere the August moon had waxen old Fair stood his fields, a waving sea of gold; He reaped a thousandfold!

In a dark place one dropt a kindly word; "So weak my voice," he sighed, "perchance none heard Or if they did, no answering impulse stirred." Yet 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 cried, "A wayward heart that oft hath thee denied; Countst thou, with such a gift he sacred?" Yet when the soul had ceased its mournful plaint, God took the love that seemed so poor and faint And from it made a saint!

—Christian Burke.

At the Edge of Night.

BY JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.

Author "Deborah of Lost Creek," Etc.

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THE gray day was darkening down toward cheerless night. Davidson, of the firm of Davidson & Browne, would fain have escaped from the office, for the man who was coming in was a man without understanding. But he could not escape, for a hand was already on the knob of the door, so he sat still and looked intently at the papers on his desk. The man who came in was tall and dull and wistful looking.

"Hello, Howard," said Davidson, still busy with his papers. "Hello," said Howard, dropping into a chair and leaning his elbows on the arms, so that he could clasp his hands and rest his chin on them. "Sorry you're busy. Wanted to drop in and talk awhile, you know. Not professional business—just plain talk."

Davidson still considered the papers, which he had gathered, sheafwise, into his hands.

"It's about Dolly," said the man without understanding, raising troubled eyes to the back of the other's head. "There might have been the slightest pause, before the other rejoined in the friendliest manner:

"See what it is to be married! You're always worrying about Dolly."

"Yes, but you don't know," said Howard, humbly, trying to make it plain to the other man's limited comprehension. "I thought I would bring her back here—among old friends, some way. It didn't matter to me, you know—I could be happy anywhere with her. And she did seem better for awhile—but now she's going backward again."

Davidson looked at the papers in his hands as though he really could not spare a minute from his work.

"How do you mean, going backward?" he asked.

"Oh, well, getting pale and still, as she was before. She always says there's nothing the matter—always has said it—but anybody can see there is."

The chin, resting on the clasped hands, trembled weakly for a moment. The man at the desk seemed somehow conscious of that trembling, and was vaguely disquieted by it.

"You're nervous, old man," he said, quietly. "Why don't you see a doctor about—Dolly—if you are so uneasy? That's what you want to do—see a doctor, instead of a lawyer."

"It's foolishness," retorted Howard, a little warmly. "You have known Dolly longer than I have—all her life, just about. I thought you were a friend of hers—though I did have to almost pull you around to the house after we came back here. I've held a kind of grudge against you the way you kept putting me off and pretending you had so many engagements you couldn't come—and then you never came back. I thought you'd see Dolly needed to be cheered—but you don't. Nobody sees like a husband, I suppose. Talk about doctors—I've had doctors—and what do they know about something that doesn't show itself in fevers, or something like that? Sometimes I think maybe it was a mistake for Dolly to marry me."

There was a dry huskiness in his trembling voice. "What nonsense you talk, Howard," said the other, rudely. "You want as much getting and coaxing as though you were sick, instead of Dolly. You go along and leave Dolly to find her way back to—happiness you said, didn't you?—in her own way."

"It's all very well to say that," said Howard, despondently. "You haven't given the thought to these things that I have. You see, I had been away for years—and she had grown up from a little girl in short dresses while I was gone. I scarcely remember her, except for her eyes. I had noticed her eyes, as she was romping to and fro in school, and had thought what a stunning 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 about her from the first. It was a short courtship—and I was married and went away—and I was the happiest fellow! And I would be now if I could only get Dolly to be happy."

The papers in the lawyer's hands were rustled as by a wind. He laid them down and carefully weighted them with a book. The worst of such men as Davidson, Howard said clearly, was that they grow hard of heart in

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 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 telegraphy.

Thoughtful Heathen. New York Weekly: Missionary—Why did you not bring your wife with you to this country? Chinese Heathen—I failed to die, then Melican man mally she, and he bal-balkan, and makes she do man's work—wash and scrub and cook.

Would Do Their Best. Father—Now, remember, I have forbidden you to go out with young Tomkins. Don't let me catch you together again. "No, papa, we'll try not to."—Life.

the midst of their work.

"You've never been married," said the man without understanding, whose 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, and find that you—that you can't make her happy. I've tried everything—honestly I have. I've bought her everything I thought she might fancy; and I've thrown business away to take her here and there and give her a gay time. She doesn't care for any of it. She just grows paler and thinner—and more patient. I don't want her to be patient. What right has she to be patient? If 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 to do?"

His words had ended with a groan. Davidson had a wooden ruler in both hands, and was clapping 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," 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 tried to laugh, but he said it. It was not a very cheerful laugh.

"If you will only come around the house a little," petitioned the man devoid of understanding. "Perhaps an outsider, one who is not especially interested, might be able to find out what the trouble was, or at least to divert her mind. You see, I love her too much, and am too deadly anxious—but you would be cool and collected. You know you might do it, Davidson. It wouldn't take much of your time—would it, now?—and think of the good you might do. Maybe she's lonely—maybe she misses the friends she used to have—she was a gay little thing once. I don't know what the trouble is—I would give the world to know. Won't you help me to find out?"

There was another silence. After awhile Davidson stirred a little.

"So you wish to use me in making an experiment?" he said, at last, with an unexpected bitterness in his voice. "Not so much that—you have always been friends with Dolly," said the other. "You have really neglected her since she came back here—it was not friendly at all—and if you were just to show—that you had some slight interest 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 wasn't quite alone—"

The voice trailed off, haggard with 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 unshaken handwriting.

"You'll come up, won't you?" he heard a voice saying, after a long silence, and roused himself, and saw the man without understanding.

"Let it go now," he gasped, waving his visitor away. "I will do what I can. Howard—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 colorless night was about to come, pierced through with arc lights like so many flaming swords. Davidson sat looking out at the nearest one, white-faced, his lips colorless.

"Why shouldn't I go?" he asked himself, clutching at his heart, where a dull pain throbbled. "Why shouldn't I go? See how I am dragged and driven to her—why shouldn't I go, and let the world go hand?"

His arms were on the desk, and he dropped his face upon them, shaken by the sobs which strike at a man's life. "The fates have called me—I will go to her," he whispered.

Then, even in the moment of self-surrender, he saw the man without understanding sitting there, and heard him saying, "I love her too much—I am too deadly anxious."

The flaming sword of the arc light struck the desk, through the edge of the night. When the man lifted his head, after awhile, moving painfully, like an old man, it was not difficult to see enough to write a letter—if it were a short letter, like this:

"Standish, old man, I will follow this in 24 hours—as soon as I can pack up and ship my few belongings. You are right—the far west is the field for a man. I will join you out there and start life over again."

He went out with the letter and dropped it into the box at the corner. Down the street, to the east, was her home. He stood there a moment, looking down toward it.

Then he went steadily back to the office and began to set his affairs in order.

A HOUSE WITH THIRTY ROOMS.

This is What an American Millionaire is Advertising for in England. (London Cable) The Times of Friday contains the following advertisement:

"Wanted to purchase by a wealthy American desirous of settling in this country one of the stately English homes. Would give a fancy price for a really suitable place. Must contain no less than 30 bedrooms, stabling for 20 horses, a finely timbered park, and land to any extent. Good shooting indispensable. Must not be more than two hours from London. Address Millionaire, care," etc.

The well known firm of auctioneers, whose address follows, says the would-be purchaser is now in England and is thoroughly known to them. They have strict injunctions, however, not to reveal his name until the purchase is completed.

SPAIN NEAR A CRISIS

TRUE UNDERLYING CAUSES OF REVOLUTIONARY FEELING

Workmen Want a Government That Will Bring them Prosperity and Reform at Home.

Madrid letter: The tendency of all Spanish speaking nations who throw off the monarchical yoke seems to be paradoxically enough, to establish an inferior form of government. 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 than that Alfonso XIII, the king of the ill-omened throne, would be sitting upon the throne of Spain.

It is an easy matter to foresee the kind of republic at the head of which would be a man like General Weyler. The situation in Venezuela today is an apt suggestion of what that in Spain would be with such a military dictator at its head. This is not intended to be in any way detractive of Weyler's patriotism.

Much has been said against the present queen regent, but no matter what she might do to try to popularize either herself or the young king nothing

of two evils. Spain must acknowledge herself beaten by Cuba or save her pride by fighting the United States.

We all know that she preferred the latter. That her rotten bulks and antiquated batteries made the bravest pretense at defense possible and that as a result Spain ceased to be a world-power.

All this brings us to the present crisis by a rather circuitous method, but by one which cannot be avoided by those who would watch the Bourbon dynasty in Spain, now perhaps tottering toward its final collapse, through the fateful experiences of its last decade.

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 to Spanish traditions. The downfall of Spain has been due to a certain portion of her aristocratic or privileged class, a selfish, arrogant, contemptible set, who have replenished their own dwindling riches out of the public treasury and as much or more to the turpitude of a servile, sordid press.

The workingman knows he has no longer any national glory to pay and suffer for. The glory of Spain has dawned and he knows it, so he turns to something real. He finds that times are hard and therefore he wants to change the management and substitute a more up-to-date system. The stream of gold from the West stopped long ago, but the illusion of it remained until

EARL CADOGAN, LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND



The threatened Fenian uprising in Ireland, foreshadowed in the cables from 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 activity.

could stem the revolutionary torrent now running at high tide throughout the country.

The claim is made that Queen Christina prides herself upon not being a Spaniard and upon the fact that neither is her son one, that she avoids all 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.

They contrast her detrimentally with Queen Amelia of Spain, who loves a bull-fight as much as an American woman does a Sherry luncheon and 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 if historians ever discover her, she will be found one of the most remarkable characters of our day. At the time of the death of her husband, Alfonso 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 turmoiled 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 Revolutionists 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 generally 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 hemisphere which she had discovered and half populated, being torn from her.

All of this was, of course, not the fault of Queen Christina, although many of the blatant fools who know no better blamed her for it. But it was not Queen Christina who was responsible for rotten ironclads 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.

It came to a question of meeting, one

yesterday. Now the enchanter's wand is broken, and is there any wonder that the Calabrian or Catalonian peasant refuses to pay his octroi or that the Barcelona workman wants living wages?

There has always been a strong democratic vein in the make-up of the Spanish peasant. He is unlettered and ignorant, but he is not avaricious and when his worst passions are roused. He understands that the professional politicians never go hungry and has a shrewd guess at the reason why. In pulling down the monarchical system he sees no use of substituting one in which the professional politician will still play the same role. Hence he would prefer, if possible, to have the socialistic rule follow the dynasty.

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 Garden of Europe is still capable of maintaining a large and prosperous population and may long continue to be, as 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 Husband-ling of Energy. Chicago Record - Herald: "Not 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 E. 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 always 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 H. 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 reply, the old man had dashed a bucket of cold water over him. When he could speak the astonished lover said:

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

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

"Permit me, sir, to draw your attention to the fact—I may say the important 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 back 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, and there's another thing I'll tell you. That letter you wrote yesterday sayin' you was comin' to see me at Chicago, Illinois. Any fool that waste's time writin' out Illinois when it would go just as well if he made an I and a J ain't the boy for my girl. Oh, oh, I'm in a hurry this mornin'."

EX-GOV. GRIGGS FOR PRESIDENT.



Recognition for New Jersey and its services to the Republican party is said to be the leading motive for naming ex-Gov. Griggs for the highest honor in the land. The able lawyer is also said to be the choice of many wealthy heads of corporations of which his state is the home.

We shall never, in fact, get at the right way of judging the men of the Renaissance till we understand that the good were those who murdered, lied, and feigned for a cause, and the bad those who did these things merely for the love of gain. William the Silent, who was himself the mark for a long series of assassins, and finally died by the hand of one of them, was engaged in the plot to take off the Duke of Alva. Elizabeth 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 man, but from a well-grounded belief that her majesty was perfectly capable of hanging them afterward, in order to vindicate 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 violence 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 believe every word Brantome wrote, but he is too fully confirmed by more sober authorities to be rejected wholly. The accomplished gentlemen who built and lived in those beautiful chateaux 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 unspcakable scoundrel to two defenseless women. The praise he earned justly is the condemnation of his generation. It consisted of doing all the wickedness mendaciously 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 Villottille? Their authority is indeed very dubious, but they are contemporary, and the tale more than bears out Guizot'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 fool—and how he revealed it all to King Francis. Then his majesty sent for the Lieutenant of the Reids' 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 gentlemen galloped for the frontier, while the Scotchmen, always punctual in the discharge of duty, smashed his furniture to small bits and drove his inferior domestics through the upper windows with halberds. Such was the courtly grace of those artistic ages.

In the sale of recent translations in Anna Manong Khidichian, an Armenian, and Yari Maerides, a Greek, will enter Roanoke college, Salem, Va., next autumn, and after their graduation from that institution, will take a theological course in this country, with a view to becoming missionaries in their own country.

tatingly, "I'd prefer to tell you in private. I'm somewhat delicate about speaking of it in public."

"I cannot hear anything in private," responded the judge impatiently. "If 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 apropos his observation was, he said, "Mr. Jones, scratch the juror off."

FORCED TO USE WOOD.

Why the Buildings of the St. Louis 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 their buildings of wood. This material 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 circumstances, that there should be no great increase in the price of structural iron. That is said to be the policy of the trust, enforced against the protest of independent mills. These would like to take advantage of the congestion to raise prices. Undoubtedly that would be done, with free competition among many equal independent mills. But the trust is strong enough to force the small mills to adopt its policy, which is one of enlightened selfishness. Its managers believe that they will make more in 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 Recognition.

Lippincott's Magazine: "Uncle Jimmie" was the man who had a reputation for "tightness" in business affairs, which clung to him in the entire 50-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 bed 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 his eyes and fixed them intently on the questioner.

"Know you?" he echoed feebly. "I reckon I 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 Does your husband keep liquor in the house?

Mrs. Guzzler—Not very long.

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