# OLD FAVORITES

**Rienzi to the Romans.**

Friends!
I come not here to talk. You know too well
The story of our thraldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave! Not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame,
But base, ignoble slaves! Slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots; lords
Rich in some hundred spearmen, only great
In that strange spell—a name! Each hour dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them! But this very day
An honest man, my neighbor (pointing to Paolo)—there he stands—
Was struck—struck like a dog—by one who wore
The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men
And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye,
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
Of heaven upon his face which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side;
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corpse, the mangled corpse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse ye, Romans! Rouse ye, slaves!
Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die! Have ye fair daughters? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored, and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And once again—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—once again, I swear,
The eternal city shall be free; her sons
Shall walk with princes.
—Mary Russell Mitford.

**Star of the Evening.**

Beautiful star in heav'n so bright,
Softly falls thy silv'ry light,
As thou movest from earth afar,
Star of the evening, beautiful star.

Chorus:
Beautiful star,
Beautiful star,
Star of the evening, beautiful star.

In fancy's eye thou seem'st to say,
Follow me, come from earth away.
Upward thy spirit's pinions try,
To realms of love beyond the sky.

Shine on, O, star of love divine,
And may our soul's affection twine
Around thee as thou movest afar,
Star of the twilight, beautiful star.
—James M. Sayle.

## OUR SOLDIERS DRIVEN MAD.

**Philippine Climate and Isolation Responsible for Suicidal Mania.**

In an interesting article in the New York Herald Stephen Bonsal, the famous war correspondent, discusses at length the remarkable prevalence of suicidal mania among our soldiers in the Philippines. While admitting that whisky and native poisonous drinks of which our soldiers have become enamored are responsible for a part of the many cases of sudden madness, which are so often attended with murder and suicide, he maintains that fully twice as many are due to the climate, to the terrible isolation which the men sometimes undergo, and to the awful strain to which they are sometimes subjected in battling with a wily and hidden foe. To the depressing isolation he attributes most of the cases of suicidal and murderous mania which results in officers and men alike running amuck. We quote from the article one incident from which Mr. Bonsal stands sponsor:

"The officer who lost his life in this instance was one of the most promising of men. I knew him well in the trenches before Santiago and in the lonely station in the Philippines to which he was afterward assigned. He stood six feet two inches in his stockings, was magnificently proportioned, and was known throughout the service as the handsomest man of his rank, and there was certainly no one who gave more certain promise of an honorable career.

"He was a student, and it seemed to me when I left him in one of the loneliest provinces of Luzon that here was a man upon whose hands the time would not hang heavy as long as he had his district to police, his men to take care of and his military books to study.

"A few weeks after I left him, however, he ran amuck in his own garrison and wounded six men, two of whom afterward died. The night before the frenzy manifested itself he had shown himself kinder to and more appreciative of his men than ever before. He visited the hospital, and with his own hands changed a bandage which he thought the hospital steward had arranged somewhat awkwardly.

"He went to the guard house and liberated a man who had been detained for some minor offense. Then he went to bed, and the next that was seen of him, and the last, was the following picture: At reveille in the morning, as the men hastened to the parade ground, rifle balls came zipping in their midst.

"For a moment—but only for a moment—there was confusion; then the hostile fire, which had already brought down two men, was traced to the captain's quarters. The first sergeant took command of the company and acted promptly. It was evident to him and the men that the insurgents had sneaked into the town during the night, murdered the captain and intrenched themselves in his quarters, because that was the most commanding position in the town.

Rallying round the sergeant, the men of the company in small skirmishing squads charged the quarters. What was their dismay as they drew near to see the captain intrenched behind mattresses and furniture, firing upon them with his rifle as fast as the magazine could be loaded. The sergeant in imminent danger of his life, parleyed with him, but to no avail. The men withdrew, and a telegram was sent to the district commander informing him of the strange situation and asking for instructions.

"Before these came, however, the captain left his quarters and charged down through the barrack yard with a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other. Six men of his company had been seriously wounded and several natives, when at last one of the soldiers who was lying on the ground, almost helpless from the wound he had received, shot the captain as he was approaching with the evident purpose of finishing his victim."

**"Send by Inclosed Girl."**

An East Side druggist is preparing a unique scrap book. It contains the written orders of some customers of foreign birth, and these orders are both curious and amusing. Here are some that are copied from the original:

"I have a cute pain in my child's diagram. Please give my son something to release it."

"Dear Doctier, pies gif bearer five sense worse of Auntie Toxyn for garle baby's throat and obleage."

"My little baby has eat up its father's parish plaster. Send an anecdote quick as possible by the inclosed girl."

"This child is my little girl. I send you five cent to buy two sitless powders for a groan up adult who is sike."

"You will please give the lettle boy five cents' worth of epecac for to throw up in a five months old babe. N. B.—The babe has a sore stummick."

"I haf a hot time in my insides and wich I would like it to be extinguished. What is good for to extinguish it? The inclosed money is the price of the extinguisher. Hurry, pleas."

**Underground Waters.**

The earth contains an abundance of water, even in places like some of our great Western plateaus where the surface is comparatively arid. The greatest depth at which underground water can exist is estimated to be about six miles. Below that, it is believed, the cavities and pores of the rock are completely closed. The amount of water in the earth's crust is reckoned at nearly one-third of that contained in the oceans, so that it would cover the whole surface of the globe to a depth of from three to three thousand five hundred feet. The waters underground flow horizontally after sinking below the unsaturated zone of the rocks, but in the sands of the Dakota formation, which supply remarkable Arteslan wells, the motion does not exceed one or two miles a year. The underflow toward the sea beneath the great plains may sometimes take the form of broad streams or moving sheets of water. But the movement is excessively slow.

**Italy's King's Claim to English Throne**

When King Edward went to Italy he met, according to the London Chronicle; a King who is more of a Stuart than himself. Both are descended from James I. but the King of Italy is also, through his mother, 11th in descent from Charles I. In strict right, Victor Emmanuel has more right to the British crown than his royal guest who wears it. But for the Catholic religion, the Savoys would have been installed to rule over England, and not the Brunswicks, when the Stuarts were evicted. After the children of James II, the next in blood was the Duchess of Savoy daughter of Henrietta, the youngest child of Charles I. But she was not a Protestant, and she was debarred. Thus it was that the British crown was passed to the House of Brunswick by the act of settlement in 1701. Otherwise the Savoys would now be the royal family.

**Use Stone Anvils.**

So little have the industries of India been affected by the British occupation that the native smith still forges locally made iron on a stone anvil within eighty miles of the town of Simla.

**A married man who tries to flirt, is about as ridiculous as a woman who tries to be coy after she has reached the double-chin period.**

# LITERARY LITTLE BITS

"The Adventures of Gerard" is the title of A. Conan Doyle's new book.

Miss Caroline Brown has sent the manuscript of her new book, "On the We-a Trail," to the Macmillan Company. It is a tale of Indiana in the closing years of the revolution.

"The Pool in the Desert" is the title of Mrs. Everard Cotes' (Sarah Jeannette Duncan) new volume of short stories which D. Appleton & Co. will issue. There are four tales in all, each said to be very interesting.

Myrtle Reed's new novel, "The Shadow of Victory," will be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. As has been announced, this is a romance of Fort Dearborn, the little trading post from which developed the city of Chicago.

Bliss Carman's first book of prose, "The Kinship of Nature," is announced for early publication by L. C. Page & Co. It will be followed immediately by "Sappho. One Hundred Lyrics," with an introduction by Charles G. D. Roberts.

"Ferns," by Dr. C. E. Waters, Ph.D., Johns Hopkins university, is to be brought out shortly by Henry Holt & Co. The book describes all the ferns in the northwestern States and is intended to cover the same territory as Gray's "Manual."

Arthur Severn, the artist who married Ruskin's cousin and ward, Miss Joan Ruskin Agnew, has nearly completed his "Recollections of Ruskin," which should prove interesting, considering the author's intimate association with Ruskin and his great talent as a raconteur.

The Macmillan Company have just published a new abridgement of Lingard's well-known "History of England," brought down to the present. An abridgement of this book has for fifty years been used in most of the Catholic schools of Great Britain as the text-book in English history.

It is understood that Samuel Merwin is completing a new novel, which will be called "His Little World." This story is described as including the presentation of an original and striking character—a real man doing a man's work in the stirring shipping and lumber life of Lake Michigan.

During one of his recent wanderings abroad Clifton Johnson visited the County of Wiltshire, where he secured twenty-five of the finest pictures of nature and rural life. These photographs will be used to illustrate the new edition of Richard Jefferies' well-known work, "Wild Life in a Southern Village," which Little, Brown & Co. will publish under the title, "An English Village."

An important little volume is announced by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., by the late George S. Morison, formerly president of the American Society of Civil Engineers and classmate and close friend of John Fiske. "The New Epoch as Developed in the Manufacture of Power" is the comprehensive title of the essay, which bids fair to arouse no little interest among scientists and others.

James Otis Kaler, better known as James Otis, the writer of stories for young people, is now at work on his ninety-fourth book, which is to be published by J. B. Lippincott Company. When it is added that all the Otis books are yet on sale, it can be understood that the author has made no failures in the enormous amount of work performed. The new story from Mr. Otis is to be called, probably, "The Treasure Hunters."

**Jean's Revenge.**

An avenger need not necessarily be a naturalist, but there are cases where he would take his vengeance more to the purpose if he knew the habits of his victim. Lippincott's Magazine tells a story of Jean, the French-Canadian gardener, who was found stamping on a little mound of fresh earth and chuckling to himself.

"Ah, m'sieu'," he cried, triumphantly, "I am not a one to be trifled with! I am a cr-r-r-uel man when once I am arouse. M'sieu' will remember the mole that has long time ravage the strawberry beds of madame? Every morning madame she say, 'Jean, why catchest thou not that mole?'

"But the mole was wise; 'e was queek. Always I look and look, but never can I find heem. But at last—thees very morning—I catch heem. I hold heem tight in my hand—so—and I say, 'Aha-a-a! Is it thou, then that has vexed madame, and ravaged her beds of the strawberry? Aha-a! You shall repent of thees wickedness.'

"Then I wonder how I shall kill heem. He must be punished as well as killed. I wonder and wonder, but at last I have the grand idea. Ah, it was cr-r-uel, m'sieu', that way I kill heem! But what would you? Did he not deserve of the worst? But he will vex madame no more. I fix heem I bury heem alive!"

**Afraid of Englishmen.**

The Moscow Gazette warns the government against allowing Englishmen to settle in the oil districts of the Caucasus, as the situation may become the same as that in the Transvaal before the war.

**When you are passing a house, and make remarks about the people on the porch, did you ever think they are saying something about you?**

# EDITORIALS

## OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

**Fuel of the Future.**

IT was recently calculated that the visible coal supply—which is never visible till it is brought to the surface, hence the real meaning is, the calculated supply—would last the world for about a hundred years longer. But within a few weeks reports of remarkable discoveries of new beds have been brought from the Middle West, where anthracite is alleged to have been discovered; from the South, especially in Tennessee, about 70 miles from Knoxville, and in the Peace River region of Athabasca, where it is claimed that 250,000,000 tons are "in sight." The supplies in China are also considerable and if Grant Land and Grinnell Land can be reached more easily in future, there are deposits in those Arctic regions that may be worked at a profit.

And in spite of the activities of forest choppers and burners, farmers, and others who utilize the products of the soil, the world is still putting forth so considerable a quantity of vegetation that the making of new coal may be going on, unconscious to us, and not to be completed for centuries. Every bog is a possible peat bed, and peat is but unhardened coal. The great fern forests and marshes of calamus that we are burning now under our boilers and in grates no longer exist, but we have certain of their analogues, and no attempt has been made by scientific authorities to estimate the mass or value of potential fuel that is being stored in odd corners of the earth to-day.

But possibly the fuel of the future will be water. That is, we shall not turn much of it, but we shall use it for heating purposes by converting the force of its fall into electric currents, as they are doing already at Niagara and on the upper Hudson. For our posterity the blazing hearth shall not burn; the family will collect about a steel plate, on cold nights, and do the cooking over a metal basket. Most of the wood will be obliterated by that time, and with them of course, the streams will go; hence we must look to see the power of the ocean converted to electricity. But it is a comfort to know that we have coal to burn for a few years.—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Farms and Farmers.**

IN a long and thoughtful editorial, the Chicago Tribune of recent date dwells upon one feature in our agricultural situation that is far from reassuring to the man trained to think along American lines. Statistics are marshalled to show convincingly that the percentage of farmers who own and operate their land has been steadily diminishing for years, tenant farming showing a corresponding increase. In 1880, 74.4 per cent of the farms were operated by their owners. In 1890 the percentage had fallen to 71.6, and by the census of 1900 is shown to have dropped to 63.7. Coincident with this decline has been a gradual but very perceptible growth in the average size of farms. It was 136.5 acres in 1890 and 146.6 acres in 1900. There can be no mistaking the trend. It is in the direction of larger holdings and an increase of the landlord class.

All this is to be expected by one who has studied the tendency of our people to flock into the towns and cities. The strength of this tendency is amply exhibited in census figures. Away back in 1790 only 3.4 per cent of the population lived in towns of 8,000 people or more. By 1860 this proportion had risen to 16.1 per cent. It was 22.6 per cent in 1880, and no less than 33.1 per cent in 1900. There is thus outlined what almost amounts to a revolution in the last twenty or thirty years. Our farmers, having secured a competence, retire to the cities, where they may enjoy advantages not to be had in rural communities. Their land is rented to tenants, and whatever of surplus income accrues is forthwith invested in increasing their holdings. Their children, bred to city life, cling to it, so that farming is more and more given over to the hands of those who have not the intelligence and energy that characterized the farmer of twenty years ago or more. It is not difficult to see in all this the operation of the same economic and social laws that have developed conditions in the Old World. They have been retarded by our institutions, no doubt, and in case we adhere to present ideals, their further action may not be destructive to personal liberty and national virility as in other countries, ancient and modern. At the same time, there are few who will not regret that the day of the small, independent American farmer is giving way to that of the landlord.—New York News.

**Money in Fact and Fiction.**

THESE are strange times in the accumulation of fortunes—stranger than any fiction could ever have made them. Think of it for a moment! Andrew Carnegie, a canny little Scotch boy, came to this unknown land a few decades ago barefooted, and last year offered to settle the Venezuelan imbroglio between Germany, England, France, and Italy and the South American republic by loaning Venezuela the entire sum of these international debts. And yet a fortune so huge as to permit of such offers is as nothing to the power of another man. Mr. Rockefeller, personally a quiet American citizen from Cleveland, a simple liver, with few habits of luxury, could easily buy half a dozen of the independent kingdoms of Europe; could without feeling it to any great extent in his pocketbook take up the debts of all the republics of Central and South America.

Again, in 1844, Alexander Dumas published a book called "The Count of Monte Cristo," the basis of which is the fabulous wealth of an individual. The Count finds a cave full of almost priceless jewels. He buys men's lives; he spends money everywhere; he comes to Paris with a notice from his Italian bankers giving him unlimited credit on a Paris bank. There is no limit on what he can draw from M. Danglers. It is entirely unprecedented. Nothing like it was ever known before. He draws five millions of francs, and ruins the banker, and still no complaint from his Roman house. He rights wrongs; he saves more lives; he punishes the guilty by the use of unlimited wealth. And then by and by he leaves Maximilian on the island of Monte Cristo with his bride and sails away. As Maximilian sees his ship disappear on the horizon, he finds Monte Cristo's will leaving him his whole fortune. This fortune, Dumas suggests in two or three places, was one hundred million francs—$20,000,000. It is the greatest private fortune the Frenchman could conceive of in 1844—it is considerably less than the income of John D. Rockefeller in 1903.—Harper's Weekly.

**Hard Working Human Heart.**

SOME one with an aptitude for statistics has been doing a little calculating on the subject of the human heart and its activities. The normal heart, it appears, beats about seventy-five times in a minute, so that an hour's record would be something like 4,320 beats. Supposing that a man lived to be 50, his heart would have beaten 1,892,160,000 times. If a son of this man, more robust than his father, should fill out the Scriptural allotment of threescore years and ten his heart beats would number 2,649,024,000. It is easy to understand, after such a computation, why this hard-working servant of the human body so frequently wears out.—Harper's Weekly.

**Fresh Air and Sound Health.**

THERE are many persons who seem afraid of the fresh air. A little rain, a little wind, a little fog, a little chill in the air will keep them within doors. Going out, they bundle up in clothes so thickly that one would think they were tender shrubs transplanted from some more genial clime. The healthy people, however, are not the health cranks, not the people who run to the doctor every time they feel an ache. They are the people who walk a great deal in the fresh air, who live in the open as much as they can, and who take a vacation in the country every year.—San Francisco Bulletin.

## STURDY AMERICAN FIGURE.

**Thomas Ewing, Our First Secretary of the Interior.**

Certain events in the Indian office have directed attention to that department and have caused comparisons to be made between the present head thereof and the first secretary, Thomas Ewing. In sterling integrity they were alike; in the experiences of their lives wholly unlike. Ewing is one of those interesting figures of whom the student of American history finds so many.

THOMAS EWING.

Born near West Liberty, Ohio County, Va., Dec. 28, 1789, he was the son of a revolutionary father. It was in the region of Athens County, Ohio, then unsettled, that he was reared. His sister taught him to read, and in the evenings he studied the few books at his command. In his 20th year he left his home and worked in the Kanawha Salt establishments, pursuing his studies at night by the aid of the furnace fires. He remained there till he had earned enough money to clear from debt the farm his father had bought in 1792, and had qualified himself to enter the Ohio University at Athens, where, in 1815, he received the first degree of A. B. that was ever granted in that section. He then studied law in Lancaster, was admitted to the bar in 1816, and practiced with success for fifteen years. In 1831-37 he served as United States Senator from Ohio, having been chosen as a Whig. He supported the protective tariff system of Clay, and advocated a reduction in the rates of postage, a recharter of the United States Bank, and the revenue collection bill, known as the "force bill."

Senator Ewing opposed the removal of deposits from the United States Bank, and introduced a bill for the settlement of the Ohio boundary question, which was passed in 1836. During the same session he brought forward a bill for the reorganization of the general land office, which was passed and he also presented a memorial for the abolition of slavery.

In July, 1836, the Secretary of the Treasury issued what was known as the "specie circular." This directed receivers in land office to accept payments only in gold, silver or treasury certificates, except from certain classes of persons for a limited time. Senator Ewing brought in a bill to annul this circular, and another to make it unlawful for the Secretary to make such a discrimination, but these were not carried. After the expiration of his term he resumed the practice of law. Ewing became Secretary of the Treasury in 1841, under Harrison, and in 1849 accepted the newly created portfolio of the interior, under Taylor, and organized that department. Among the measures recommended in his first report, Dec. 3, 1849, were the establishment of a mint near the California gold mines, and the construction of a railroad to the Pacific.

When Thomas Corwin became Secretary of the Treasury in 1850, Ewing was appointed to succeed him in the Senate. During this term he opposed the fugitive slave law, Clay's compromise bill, reported a bill for the establishment of a branch mint in California, and advocated a reduction in postage, and the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. He retired from public life in 1851 and again resumed his law practice in Lancaster. He was a delegate to the Peace Congress of 1861.

During the Civil War Ewing gave, through the press and by correspondence and personal interviews, his counsel and influence to the support of the national authorities. While he devoted much of his time to political subjects, the law was his favorite study and pursuit. He early won and maintained throughout his life unquestionable supremacy at the Ohio bar, and ranked in the Supreme Court of the United States among the foremost lawyers of the nation.

In 1829, just after his father's death, General William T. Sherman, then a boy of 9, was adopted by Mr. Ewing, who afterward appointed him to the United States Academy, and in 1850, Sherman married Ellen, the daughter of his benefactor.

**Every big girl in a family complains that the children tag her when she runs over to the neighbor's.**

**Wordsworth and His Neighbors.**

The worthiest of Wordsworth's village in the lake country of England had their own ideas of his value as a man and poet. When questioned after his death as to his personality, they readily admitted that he was kind to those who were in sickness or need. They could count on him on a pinch. But he did not hobnob with his neighbors.

"He did not notice them much," said an old man, in answer to questions asked by the author of "Lake Country Sketches."

"A Jem Crow and an auld blue cloak was his rig," continued the old man. "And as for his habits, he had noan. Niver knew him with a pot i' his hand or a pipe i' his mouth."

After deep probing the author brought out:

"Yes, Wordsworth was fond of a good dinner at times, if you could get him to it; that was t' job."

Then the poet's aloofness was again touched upon.

"He was forever pacing the roads and his own garden walks, and always composing poetry. He was ter'ble throng in visitors and folks ye mun ken at times, but if he could get awa fra them a spell, he was out upon his walk.

"And then he would set his head a bit forrad, and put his hands behint his back. And then he would start a bumming, and it was bum, bum, bum, and go on bumming for long enough, right down and back again. I suppose, ye ken, the bumming helped him out a bit."

**Dale Man a Quick Wit.**

The United States ship Dale, belonging to the Maryland Naval Reserves, presents a very "home-like" appearance, and has often been referred to facetiously by strangers who beheld her for the first time.

While passing through a lock on the Chesapeake and Delaware canal some time ago a bystander called to one of the Dale crew:

"Well, I see you have the ark and all the menagerie on board!"

"No," replied the quick-witted Reserve; "we lack one monkey. Come aboard!"

And the Dale floated on in peace.

**As a rule, the man who fusses most about taxes, is most able to pay.**