

## Cradle Song.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
Winds of the western sea,  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
Winds of the western sea!  
Over the rolling waters go,  
Come from the dying moon, and blow,  
Blow him again to me:  
While my little one, while my pretty  
one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
Father will come to thee soon:  
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,  
Father will come to thee soon:  
Father will come to his babe in the  
nest,  
Silver sails all out of the west  
Under the silver moon:  
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty  
one, sleep.

—Lord Tennyson.

## WHEN THE BEES SWARMED

BY CHARLES CRAWFORD

A good many things had happened before the bees swarmed back of the house on that June day.

Dick Scott, son of the hard-headed and hard-hearted old Farmer Scott, had fallen in love with the widow Lapham months before. He was barely 21 years of age, and working for his father as a hired hand, while she was 32 and owned the next farm on the east.

It was easy to get up an argument on their respective ages, showing that the disparity was too great and on the wrong side, and the father used it for all it was worth.

Farmer Scott had called upon the widow and charged her with seeking to trap his guileless son, and had been promptly turned out doors. The neighbors had mixed in after that, and the affair was the leading subject of conversation for five miles around.

Dick Scott was no talker, but he was a good hand to think. He was very much in love, and he was determined to marry that widow as he was to live, but he couldn't stand up against the arguments of his father nor witness the tears of his mother, so he kept quiet and waited for an earthquake, cyclone or some other dispensation of Providence to help him out.

Whenever they were working in the fields together the father would look at the sky with a squint, take a faraway glance around the farm, and then solemnly remark:

"Dick, it seems awful that I've got to die in my prime and leave all this, especially before them young pear trees begin to bear, but I'll have to do it—I'll have to do it."

"What's the use o' dyin'?" Dick would ask, knowing that he must say something.

"I don't want to, but I've got to. Can't live a week after you've went and married to the widdler Lapham. The idea that my only son has gone and married his grandmother, and a woman with feet like an elephant at that, would break my heart and send me to my grave."

"Didn't you marry who you wanted to when you married ma?"

"That was different. In them days women didn't set traps for young men, and widders wasn't schemin' day and night. Dick, got durra ye, what d'ye want to make a hyena of yourself fur and send my gray hairs down to the grave in sorrow?"

Dick would change the subject or refuse to talk back any further, and, after muttering to himself for half an hour longer, the father would get tired out.

On this June day, however, when the two were repairing the rail fence between the corn and the potato field, and all nature was reveling in the balmy sunshine, the usual discussion opened with a different preliminary and became red hot at once.

A peddler came down into the field to see if he couldn't make a sale of a pocket knife or a pair of suspenders, and he had a little joke to get off about the widow Lapham wearing the trousers after marriage.

He was still grinning when Dick knocked him into the thistle patch and seemed sorry that there was not more of him.

"By thunder, Dick Scott!" ex-



"What's the use o' dyin'?" claimed the father as the peddler picked himself up and started off, "but you appear to bring eternal disgrace on this family. It wasn't nuff that you must go and get all tangled up with a widdler as old as the hills, but you haul off and hit a peddler who's have you in the county jail before Saturday night!

"Jeminy, no wonder that me and your mother have bin havin' cold feet fur the last three days and huntin' up verses for our tombstones! I'll have one more talk with you when we go up to dinner, and if you can't be made to listen to reason then I'll be through with you."

Dick had nothing to say in reply. He was as much astonished as his father at his sudden outbreak, but it had given him confidence.

The pair worked along for the next two hours without a word, and when the dinner horn blew they started for the house. The father led by a good fifteen rods.

His head was down, and he was thinking up new arguments to advance, when a strange, buzzing noise suddenly reached his ears and made him halt.

He was passing close to one of the beehives, and the bees were swarm-



The bees were swarming.

ing. They put out by the thousand, flying around and around, like a cork-screw, and as farmer Scott hesitated which way to run, the whole cloud began settling down on him.

His straw hat was covered in an instant, and then the little workers roosted on his shoulders, clung to his shirtsleeves and covered him down to the knees. He reached out his right hand and grasped a young peach tree to support himself, but that was all he could do.

Dick came swinging along about the time the last bee had settled down, and he stopped short with a look of amazement. Then the look changed to a grin, and he sat down on the frame of the grindstone, crossed his legs and said:

"Dad, I wouldn't be in your place for three of the best cows in Hillsdale county!"

"Dick, I'm a dead man!" replied the father in a hoarse whisper.

"You surely are. You ain't goin' to die of a broken heart because I marry the widdler Lapham, but because about 1,000,000 bees are goin' to jab their stingers into you at the same time. You'll feel wuss'n that peddler did—fur wuss."

"Dick," continued the father, "you must git one o' them new lives and put some fresh honey around it and try to coax them bees off. They may begin to sting me any minute."

"Yes, dad, they may, and they'll hear your yells clear down to Schemmerhorn's as the first fifty stingers go in. I'll see about the hive bimbeby. I want to talk with you first. How old do you think the widdler Lapham is?"

"For heaven's sake, but what has the widdler Lapham got to do with them bees? Get that hive!"

"After we've had our talk. How old did you say she was?"

"A leetle over 30, I guess, but I'm nigh dead of fright."

"You keep still and you'll be all right. How big are the widdler's feet?"

"Durn you, Dick, will you see your own father perish this way?"

"You're not perishin'. How big are her feet?"

"Same as your father's, or smaller. Now git the hive."

"Purty soon, dad. How about the widdler settin' mantraps?"

"Dick Scott!" exclaimed the father in as loud tones as he dared use, "them confounded bees are crawlin' down my back and into my ears!"

"Yes, they are naturally curus to know who you are. Do you reckon the widdler set mantrap for me, dad?"

"No-o. Great lands, how I suffer!" "The case is just like this, dad: The widdler is at least ten years older than me, but we love each other, and want to git married. You married to please yourself, and I shall do the same thing. You and ma have had a heap to say about it, and you're said some purty hard things, but I guess you're willin' to take them all back now and keep shet. Do I understand it that way, dad?"

"Never, Dick—never!"

"Then you stand quiet and I'll go in to dinner. If I hear you yell I shan't come, as it will be too late. Do you want a big funeral, dad?"

"Dick, have I got to chaw my words?" pleadingly queried the father.

"Or else let the bees chaw you."

"Then, Dick—then git that hive up here in less'n a minute and begin to gently scrape them infernal insects off, fur I'm right on the pint of faintin' away."

"And the widdler, dad—the widdler?"

"Marry the widdler, and be burned to you!"—Charles Crawford in Boston Globe.

"TONNAGE" AT INLAND PORT.

Deputy Collector Evidently Had Never Been Seafaring Man.

Appraiser Whitehead in discussing the other day some of the peculiarities of the tariff law, told the following story of a newly appointed deputy collector at a sub-port on the Canadian border. The port was in the woods, and hundreds of miles from the coast.

The customs officials are furnished with blanks on which to make their reports, and in cases like the one in point there are many items on the blanks which it is never necessary to fill. The new deputy collector's report contained the information that he had collected \$4 for "tonnage" dues on vessels.

The treasury department had visions of a tidal wave which had changed the face of the map on the northern frontier and made the little "port" in the woods a veritable seaport. An agent was dispatched to the scene to investigate. He found no change in the physical characteristics of the region, and the first question which he asked the new official was how he had managed to collect \$4 for tonnage.

"I collected duty on two tons of hay at \$2 a ton," he replied, "and if that isn't what you mean by tonnage on your old blank I'll be d—d if I know what it is."—New York Times.

GAVE HIS FLOCK WARNING.

Zealous Old Minister Certainly Made Lesson Impressive.

The little town of Bethlehem, Pa. once contained a half-century minister, known as "Ranting" Ranker, who had been educated beyond his intelligence, and was at times hysterically fanatic. His strange doings were as numerous as they were well known, but probably the wildest freak was during the last year of his eventful life.

The quiet little village was deep in slumber one night when it was aroused by peal after peal from the bell in the Moravian church. Men and women rushed from every side to put out the supposed fire and the local fire brigade sallied forth with all its paraphernalia. The crowd assembled about the church, but the bell never ceased its frantic summons. At last a delegation was sent up to see who the ringer was. "Ranting" Ranker stood there, half naked, pulling the bell rope with all his strength.

"What is it? Where's the fire?" was their excited query.

"Fire in hell! Fire in hell!" shouted the zealous old preacher, "and if you don't look out you'll all be burned up in it."

How many souls were converted that night has never been known.

A Social Tragedy.

She first put on a dark blue dress. Then changed it for a purple one; then changed again, in her distress, to one 'twixt chestnut-bay and dun; and yet once more she made a change. And put on a pink riding suit. Her husband growled things strong and strange—

His patience was completely gone.

They went to call upon some friends. That she was anxious to impress—The ever thus when woman spends A lot of time upon her dress. This time her plan succeeded not. In stunning folks, for O, alas! Her hostess said: "It's quite too hot To think of turning up the gas."

—S. W. Gillilan in Baltimore American

Made Name as Astronomer.

One of the most noted of Russian astronomers died in the person of Theodore Bredikhine. He had been director of the observatories in Moscow and St. Petersburg. It was his unpleasant duty in the latter place tooust the Germans and Swedes who had made it famous. His own speciality was comets' tails, regarding the formation of which he had an electric theory, which occupied his attention to the time of his death.

Memorial to Great Scientist.

An appropriate memorial to the great geologist and scientist, Joseph Le Conte, has been erected in Yosemite valley by the Sierra club of California. It is a lodge, built strongly and simply, containing one large room, 25x35 feet, with a large stone fireplace at one end, and a small room on either side the entrance on the opposite end. It is at the upper end of the valley.

Princess Has Many Godfathers.

Probably no person in the world has as many godfathers as did Princess Irene of Prussia, wife of Prince Henry. When she was born her father requested the members of the Hessian regiments forming a portion of his cavalry brigade to be sponsors for the baby. When she was christened about 4,000 soldiers stood for her as sponsors.

## THEY DRAW THE LINE

DEMOCRATS MAKE THE MAIN ISSUE PLAIN.

By Declaring in Their Platform That "Protection is Robbery," They Declare Anew That They Are Wedded to the Doctrine of Free Trade.

The Democratic party in national convention has declared that "protection is robbery of the many to enrich the few." The Republican party in national convention has declared its belief in and support of protection, as essential to the prosperity of the American people.

Practically all of the issues mentioned in the platforms of the great parties this year will have little consideration in the campaign except this squarely drawn line of difference between them on this elementary principle in the economic policy of the American republic. It will be useless for the leaders of the Democratic party to attempt to make an issue over alleged violations of principles of the United States Constitution by President Roosevelt and his party, when it is a fact perfectly apparent to all thoughtful American citizens that the complaints made by the Democrats in respect to these alleged issues have no real foundation. In an attempt to get away from the overpowering influence of sweeping defeat in two great national campaigns on the issue of the monetary standard, the Democratic party, through its delegates, in national convention assembled, has, by electing to maintain absolute silence on the subject of the money question, sought to eliminate that question from among the issues to be discussed during the campaign. With so many still unsettled problems intimately associated with the financial system, such as national banks of issue, and provisions for increasing the monetary supply, it seems incredible that a party which casts six and a half million votes in a national campaign only four years ago, while declaring against the single gold standard, should so far admit defeat on that question as to desire that there shall be no further discussion of it. But whether the party shall be successful in this attempt to evade an issue which its leaders based upon the country during two national campaigns, remains to be seen. At this time, when there is discussion of the question whether the tariff law of the United States shall be revised, and when that revision shall be made, it certainly becomes a paramount issue in the campaign when the two parties are lined up with formal declarations, the Republican party for, and the Democratic party against, the doctrine of protection.

In its course upon the money question, the Democratic party in national convention, at different times during the past fifteen years, has made declarations, positive and unequivocal at one time, to be followed by evasion, equivocation and silence at other times. The party has heretofore declared that the principle of protection, which has been the fundamental principle underlying every tariff act since the first tariff law was signed by George Washington, is an unconstitutional principle, and directly hostile to the basic law of the republic. In its platform declaration this year the Democratic party does not say that protection is unconstitutional, but violently assails it as robbery. Surely, it would seem that a principle of government, or of taxation, that is subject to denunciation as severe as would be applied to a criminal offense consisting of one person violently taking the property of another, must not only be unconstitutional, but deserving to be uprooted from the law of the land without the slightest hesitation.

The Republican party declared in its platform at Chicago its faith in and support of protection as essential to the prosperity of the American people. The Republican party in that platform recognized the present public discussion of tariff revision to the extent of saying that changes in the tariff should be made whenever the good to be derived from such action would not be overbalanced by the evils which might flow from the agitation incident to such changes. What was more important in connection with the tariff issue of the time was the formal declaration in the Republican platform that when changes in the tariff are made the work should be intrusted to the friends of protection, not to the enemies of protection. It is the belief of protectionists that the experience of the American people under the revision of the tariff made by the Democratic party in 1894, which was attended by great industrial disaster—the closing of mills and factories, and the throwing of thousands of men out of employment, and causing widespread loss to American workmen in reduction of wages, as well as in loss of employment—warns them in saying that when the tariff is to be revised it should not be revised by the Democratic party.

That the Republican party will readjust the tariff when it is necessary, and do it upon protection lines, is demonstrated by the experience of the past.

The Republican party has never hesitated to undertake readjustment when, in its judgment, changes in the tariff schedules were necessary or desirable. The Republican party, in May, 1880, introduced what is known as the Morrill tariff bill as a purely protective measure, and it was passed ten months later and signed by President Buchanan two days before the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln. As a check upon foreign importations and the outward flow of gold to pay for them, as a stimulus to domestic pro-

duction, and as a producer of revenue to defray the expenses of the War of the Rebellion, the first tariff law passed by the Republican party proved itself of incalculable benefit to the country.

The Republican party readjusted the tariff downward in 1872, and again in 1883, for the purpose of correcting some inequalities. The results of these downward readjustments were far from satisfactory.

The Republican party readjusted the tariff upward in 1890, and in consequence the country entered upon a new era of prosperity.

Once more, in 1897, the Republican party readjusted the tariff upward, in order to correct the gross inequalities and disaster-producing features of the Democratic tariff readjustment of 1894, and forthwith followed a period of prosperity far exceeding anything previously known in the world's history.

Through all those years of tariff revision and modification the position of the Republican party has consistently been in favor of a tariff law embodying the essential principles of protection. Through all those years the Democratic party has opposed protection, and in the only period of Democratic control in all branches of the Federal government that party revised the tariff upon lines that ignored as far as possible the principles of protection. Here is presented, therefore, in a few words, the records of the two parties during the past forty years. The Republican party has revised and modified the tariff when such action was necessary either to correct inequalities of the law, or to increase the Federal revenues or to correct inequalities of the law. The Democratic party, when entrusted with power, revised the tariff upon non-protection lines, and in the schedules of the law which it passed refused protection to some of the most important industries in the United States—the factory, the mine and the farm. In every instance when the Republican party made a tariff law the industries of the country were quickened into new life, capital found ready investment, and workmen received increased opportunities for employment at increased and increasing wages. When the Democratic tariff act of 1894 was passed it was followed by greater competition from the products of foreign lands, with the result that domestic industries were crippled and a million workmen in this country were either thrown out of employment or their wages were greatly reduced.

Admitting for the purpose of argument that the time may come when the tariff law of the United States should be modified in order that any inequalities it contains may be corrected, and its schedules made to conform to altered conditions, the question which will confront every voter in the coming campaign is whether such changes in the tariff shall be made by the Republican party, the friend and supporter of protection, or by the Democratic party, which opposes protection and declares it to be robbery.

It would seem from this statement of the situation, which is an accurate statement, borne out by the facts of history, and the experiences of men in this country during very recent years, that the efforts of the Democratic party in its national platform to meet the tariff issue with the plain declaration that "protection is robbery," and at the same time attempt to sugar coat those powerful and significant words with the suggestion that the tariff be "gradually" reduced, together with the for-revenue-only stipulation—that "the tariff be limited to the needs of the government," cannot but be regarded by thoughtful people everywhere as a covert attempt of the party to mislead the people into striking a blow at protection under the claim that the blow will not be permitted to do harm.

The effort of the Democrats to disguise their purpose in assaulting protection will not be successful. The American people are in favor of protection. They will not entrust the making of a tariff law to a political party that is opposed to protection. As well might the American people have invited Mr. Bryan in 1896 or in 1900 to make and execute a law establishing the gold standard as to invite the Democratic party under Judge Parker, on a platform that declares "protection to be robbery," to make a tariff law that shall protect American industries and American labor.

Why "Gradual?"

In one sentence denouncing protection as robbery, almost the next phrase of the Democratic platform guarantees the "gradual revision" of the existing protective tariff! What's that? Protection a robbery that is to be corrected "gradually"? It is as though a thief caught red handed good in the prisoners' dock to be thus addressed by the judge:

"I find you, sir, convicted of picking pockets. The sentence of this court is that you gradually revise your thievish propensity, and that you diminish the number of pockets picked from day to day and from week to week, until finally you will cease altogether to pick pockets. You may go."

If it be true that "protection is robbery," then there should be nothing "gradual" about suppressing the felonious policy. It ought to be instantly stopped. If it be not true, as every person of common intelligence knows it is not; but if protection is, on the contrary, a system and a policy under which millions of homes, have been made happier, and our country has gained the foremost place among all the nations of the world, then the Democratic party should be held unworthy of confidence and unfit to undertake the management of national affairs. And that is what is going to happen.



Mrs. Newlywed's Complaint.

"What will we have for dinner, dear?" said Mrs. Newlywed to her husband as he started for the office.

"Oh, make your own selection, sweetheart," he replied, giving her a fond caress, as young husbands will.

"But, George, dear, we had roast pork Monday, roast lamb Tuesday and roast beef last night."

"Well?"

"Why can't they invent some more animals? It's so hard to choose from just those three."

Fork Fad.

Marker—The spread of the opium habit is something terrible. I am told that women of the highest class have been seen going into the opium joints.

Parker—Oh, that's all nonsense. Ladies of fashion go to such places to watch the Chinamen use chopsticks. They want to learn how to eat soup with a fork.—New York Weekly.

Situation Summed Up.



Wife—How do you like my new hat, George, dear?

Hubby—Oh, I suppose I've got to like it, or else buy you another.—Comic Cuts.

The Old Question.

Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego had spent the night in the fiery furnace.

"Good morning," they remarked when the doors were opened. "Is it hot enough for you?"

With a savage, baffled yell their persecutors fled the scene.—Judge.

Better Plan Than That.

The young clergyman was under the impression that there had been some criticism because he preached extemporaneously. "Do you think I ought to write my sermons?" he asked.

"No," replied the sarcastic warden. "I think you ought to buy them."

By Doctor's Advice.

"Excuse me, softly," remarked Pen-nellus curiously, "how is it you always wind up your watch immediately after dinner?"

"For the benefit of my health. You see, my doctor has recommended me always to take a little exercise after dinner."

Ideal Laborers.

She—What gave you nervous prostration?

Wearily Will—Overwork, mum.

She—I never heard of a tramp overworking himself.

Wearily Will—I s'pose not, mum. They be generally too tired to tell of it.

After the Auto Accident.

Mother—Oh, doctor, if you trepan my boy's skull and put in a silver plate what effect will it have on his mentality?

Surgeon—Well, ma'am, his brain may perhaps be clouded, but the cloud will have a silver lining.—Judge.

A Difference.



"In Egypt, when a girl is born they throw her into the sea, so the lobsters can get her."

"Well, over here we wait till she grows up, and then the lobsters get her."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Approved Prescription.

Sufferer—I have a terrible toothache, and want something to cure it.

Friend—Now, you don't need any medicine. I had a toothache yesterday, and went home, and my loving wife kissed me and so consoled me that the pain soon passed away. Why don't you do the same?

Sufferer—I think I will. Is your wife home now?—Albany Journal.

Easy to See That.

"Will you direct me to Farmer Skinner's house?" asked the newly arrived summer boarder.

"I will if you want me to," replied the station loucher.

"I shall have to ask you for explicit directions, because I've never seen there before."

"Oh! I know that, see'n' ye're d'c'arned to go there now."