At Night.

Yonder a June night moon rides high,
The sparkling stars are faint and blurred,
A wind goes ruffling earth and sky
And the silver'd smoke is idly stirred.

And I through the city streets alone
Go thumping between the window'd walls,
Lost in a silent world of stone,
A solitude of vacant halls.

What are my thoughts in this weird place?
The wonders of science? the world? the new?
No, men are still of the human race;
I think of a woman; I think of you.

—James Oppenheim in New York Sun.

AN ACT OF CHARITY

Mrs. Boldero, having been advised by the doctor "to keep up her strength," had ordered for luncheon a rump steak and kidney pudding, which she was just about to carve, and some mutton cutlets, now in front of Miss Lucy Westlake, her companion, whose principal duty was to read Mrs. Boldero to sleep after the present meal and dinner.

The pudding was served in a white basin with a napkin around it, and the parlor maid stood, interestedly looking on, while Mrs. Boldero cut a V-shaped piece out of the top, placed this on a plate, and began to spoon out the contents. Suddenly pausing, with the spoon in her right hand, she turned wrathfully toward Mary.

"Where," she severely demanded, "are the kidneys?"

"Cook said the butcher didn't send them in time," was the answer.

Mrs. Boldero felt disappointed. She had thought of the pudding once or twice since her 10 o'clock breakfast. "Take it away!" she exclaimed, and Lucy Westlake tried somewhat markedly to look as if the affair possessed no interest in the world for herself, as, indeed, it would not if Mr. Roper had not chanced to pass the house at that moment.

Mr. Roper occupied one room in a very small house a few hundred yards away. He looked more than sixty years of age; he was short, erect, and remarkably thin. His limp-brimmed felt hat, once black, had now become green; his tightly fitting coat had faded from dark blue to brown. From one of her servants (Mrs. Boldero had a habit of exchanging confidences of the kind) she had learned that Mr. Roper half starved himself. "He certainly looks as if a good meal would do him good," she would remark.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Boldero felt a kind of interest in the old man, who often passed her window, and this afternoon she happened to look up in time to recognize him.

"Ah!" she cried, "it would be an act of charity to give it to that poor man!"

"What is that?" asked Lucy.

"Mr. Roper," was the answer. "It would make him a meal every day for a week. I have a good mind to send it"——

"Oh, but"——

"I beg your pardon?" said Mrs. Boldero, sharply.

Lucy's cheeks were crimson, for she perceived what Mrs. Boldero could not see—that, although his clothes were fit for the dust-bin, Mr. Roper was a gentleman.

"You couldn't do such a thing," murmured Lucy.

"Not perform an act of charity? And why not, pray?" asked Mrs. Boldero. "Mary," she added, "take away my plate and the pudding. I will have some cutlets. Cook can put the basin in a basket, and Miss Westlake shall carry it to poor Mr. Roper directly after luncheon."

Lucy Westlake looked inclined to rebel. But, although Mrs. Boldero might be a trying woman to live with

"I am Major Roper," he said.

in many respects, Lucy had a comfortable home with sufficient salary to enable her to help her own people. Caution prevailing, she set forth half an hour later with tingling cheeks and reluctant steps. A wide-brimmed hat shaded her face from the sun, the basket hung on her left arm as she timorously drew near to the terrace of small houses where Mr. Roper lodged.

Lucy's voice trembled as a short, stout, red-faced woman opened the street door.

"May I speak to Mr. Roper?" she asked, and, turning her back, the woman of the house shouted his name at the foot of the narrow staircase. He came down a few moments later in the act of buttoning his shrunken, faded coat.

"You wish to see me?" he inquired, with a bow.

"Ye—es, if you please," said Lucy,

Never since his boyhood had he felt such temptation at the sight of anything to eat.

glancing from the basket to Mr. Roper's face, and scarcely knowing how to explain her errand.

"A remarkably fine day," cried Mr Roper, with a cough.

"Mrs.—Mrs. Boldero saw you pass our window," Lucy faltered.

"I have not the—er—pleasure of Mrs. Boldero's acquaintance, I believe."

"Still," said Lucy, becoming more nervous every instant, "she knows you very well by sight."

Mr. Roper straightened his back; he had been somewhat of a buck in his day—major in a line regiment, retired on half pay some years ago. His only son had come to a melancholy end, and, having left numerous debts of honor undischarged, Major Roper had felt it incumbent to take them on himself. In order to raise immediately the necessary sum of money, he had sequestrated the bulk of his pension, retaining, in fact, sufficient only to support the barest existence. Another year and the debt would be wiped out; then, Major Roper told himself, he would once again be able to hold up his head.

"Mrs. Boldero presents her compliments," said Lucy, drawing on her invention, "and she—she has sent you th—this."

"And what is 'this'?" he demanded, fixing his single eyeglass, and leaning forward to peer into the uncovered basket.

"A—a rump steak pudding."

He stood glaring at Lucy's rosy face while he ferociously twirled his mustache.

"I am Major Roper!" he said.

"Mrs. Boldero thought"——

"She evidently thought that she could insult me with impunity."

"I—I am very sorry," faltered Lucy.

His annoyance was the greater, if possible, on observing that the pudding was not even whole, yet, incongruously enough, the sight of it tickled his palate. Still, Major Roper found his appetite easier to control than his pride, which had never been more aggressive than now, when he looked forward shortly to leave Borrowfield and to live again within reach of a London club.

"You will kindly present my compliments to Mrs.—er"——

"Boldero," faltered Lucy.

"To Mrs. Boldero, and tell her that I am very much—very much obliged."

"She will be rather hurt," said Lucy.

"And I," said Major Roper, "am rather hurt."

"I do wish you would let me leave it!" cried Lucy, holding out her arm with the basket in her left hand close to his face.

"I have told you I am Major Roper!" he answered, stepping backward.

"Mrs. Boldero will be immensely angry," murmured Lucy, gazing from the basket into his face.

"Angry—with you, do you mean?"

"I am afraid she will," said Lucy, with a deprecatory smile.

Major Roper began to cough.

"You will kindly present my compliments to Mrs.—er—Boldero, and say that I am greatly obliged, and accept her—her gift in the spirit in which, no doubt, it is offered."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Lucy, and, with an air of extreme relief, she saw Major Roper take the basket.

"You will wait a moment for the—for the basin?" he suggested, as she would have turned away.

"I can come to-morrow"——

"There is no necessity to give you that trouble," he insisted, "if you will pardon my closing the door." He did not wish her to follow his movements, so, leaving Lucy standing on the top step and the street door ajar, the major held the basket gingerly as he walked along the passage to another door which led to a back yard.

There he removed the basin from the basket, standing this on the red tiles while he gazed with mingled sensations at the top of the half cold but still savory pudding. Never since his boyhood had he felt such temptation at the sight of anything to eat. Holding the basin now at arm's length, he stepped toward the dust bin, and therein emptied the enticing contents. A few feet to the right was a tap, and, stooping in front of it Major Roper turned the water into the basin, which he afterward dried upon a duster that hung from a nail in the wall. Having replaced the empty basin, he carried the basket into the house and opened the street door.

"A thousand apologies for keeping you," he said, offering the basket to Lucy, whose face looked quite cheerful again.

"I hope you will enjoy the pudding, major!" she cried, with a laugh which made him feel almost young again.

"You will kindly tell Mrs.—er—Mrs. Boldero it is one of my favorite dishes," he answered, with a bow, and Lucy nodded brightly as she walked away with the basket.—New York Telegraph.

HE WOULD TAKE NO RISKS.

Cowboy Wanted to Have Decent Chance of Spending His Money.

"In the West," said Mr. William Sturgis of Cheyene, Wyo., "the people take very slowly to the notion that government should busy itself in the endeavor to regulate public morals.

"For that reason, although we have a pretty stiff state anti-gambling law, the statute is of little potency, and the boys gather in the old familiar centers to bet their coin against faro, roulette, hazard or poker.

"Not long ago one of my clients, of the cowboy tribe, who had deposited $1,000 with me, made a trip to town, and for several days got me to let him have about $100 per diem. I thought he was trying his luck at faro, and finally, when he had spent just half his capital, I advised him that the writing of checks was getting monotonous, and that if he meant to keep on playing to withdraw the remaining $500 in a lump, so that he need not 'bother to hunt for me.' At the same time I advised him in strong terms to stop then and there and take no chances in losing the money he had acquired through months of patient toil on the plains. He heard me through with the utmost patience, taking no apparent heed of my rebuke and then said: 'I know what you say is true, Judge; but supposing I should die right sudden and get no chance to spend that other $500?' "—Washington Post.

Their First Falsehood.

"It is said there should be implicit confidence between married folk," said a Fifth avenue clergyman whose church is not far from Fortieth street "I am a believer in this little injunction, but I am also certain that I once married a couple who tried to deceive not only one another, but even themselves, at the altar. I knew them both. He was a bachelor of seventy; she was a spinster of about sixty. But you would not have thought so when they came to get me to marry them. She was attired like a shopgirl out for her first ball, and his raiment bespoke the youthful dude of twenty-two or twenty-three. His snow white mustache had been dyed black and waxed until the ends looked like knitting needles.

"I asked them their ages.

"'Thirty-five,' he said gravely.

"'Thirty,' she simpered.

"Now each was aware of deceiving the other, but I want to tell you both looked positively happy and untroubled over the conscienceless falsehoods with which they had begun their married life."—New York Herald.

To a Haven at Last.

I have seen the worst of the world, and
I care no more
For chances and changes, for perils
afloat and ashore.
God is over them all; a spirit more calm
than fate
My times upon Him wait.

In the uttermost parts of the sea there
the corals grow,
And the wealth of its oozy floor no divers
know;
When the laboring ship strains on
through an ocean of weed
Our captain takes good heed.

But better heed takes he who steers
without chart the storm,
Who hath bidden the north blow cold
and the south breathe warm;
That, though he splinters the ship on
the coral marge,
He hath her crew in charge.

From the peril of fire and flow, from the
roof and rock
He hath gathered them man by man—a
weary flock.
He will bring them home to the haven
where they would be,
Over a jasper sea.
—Black and White.

Rubies of Great Value.

Oriental rubies are worth, weight for weight, about twelve times the value of diamonds.

THE ISSUE DEFINED

SPEECHES OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND SPEAKER CANNON.

Alike in the Address of Notification and in the Response Thereto, the Predominance of the Tariff Question is Distinctly Recognized.

The two speeches delivered at Oyster Bay on the 27th of July, 1904, first by Speaker Cannon as chairman of the committee appointed by the Republican national convention to notify Theodore Roosevelt of his nomination for President of the United States; and, second, the speech of President Roosevelt, giving notice of his acceptance of that nomination—have settled the question as to what is the dominant issue in this year's campaign. If any doubt remained concerning the chief issue, almost the only issue, which divides the two great parties in the civic battle of 1904, such doubt has been completely removed. The tariff is the issue. It has been made the issue by the plain words alike of the authorized spokesman of the Republican party and of the candidate chosen by the unanimous action of the Republican party.

In his address of notification Speaker Cannon devoted his attention to the tariff more largely than to all other subjects combined. After dwelling briefly upon the splendid history of the Republican party in its relation to the shaping of events and policies, Mr. Cannon said:

"Under the lead of the Republican party for over forty years the United States, from being a third-class power among the nations has become in every respect first. The people rule. The people ruling, it is necessary that they should be competent to rule. Competency requires not only patriotism, but material well-being, education and statecraft.

"The people, under the lead of the Republican party, wrote upon the statute books revenue laws, levying taxes upon the products of foreign countries seeking our markets, which replenished our treasury, but were so adjusted as to encourage our people in developing, diversifying and maintaining our industries, at the same time protecting our citizens laboring in production against the competiton of foreign labor. Under this policy our manufactured product to-day is one-third of the product of the civilized world, and our people receive almost double the pay for their labor that similar labor receives elsewhere in the world, thereby enabling us to bear the burden of citizenship.

"Liberal compensation for labor makes liberal customers for our products. Under this policy of protection our home markets afford all our people a better market than has any other people on earth, and this, too, even if we did not sell any of our products broad. In addition to this, we have come to be the greatest exporting nation in the world. For the year ending the 30th of June, 1904, our exports to foreign countries were valued at $1,400,000,000, of which $450,000,000 were products of the factory. The world fell in our debt last year $470,000,000, an increase of $75,000,000 over the preceding year.

"This policy of protection has always been opposed by the opponents of the Republican party, and is opposed by them to-day. In their last national platform, adopted at St. Louis, they denounce protection as robbery. They never have been given power, but they proceeded by word and act to destroy the policy of protection. Their platform is as silent as the grave touching the gold standard and our currency system. Their chosen leader, after his nomination, having been as silent as the sphinx to that time, sent his telegram saying in substance that the gold standard is established, and that he will govern himself accordingly if he should be elected."

Later on in his speech Mr. Cannon returned to the subject uppermost in his mind, as follows:

"Correct revenue laws, protection or free trade, the gold standard and our currency system, all depend upon the sentiment of the majority of our people as voiced at the ballot box. A majority may change our revenue laws, a majority may change our currency laws; a majority may destroy the gold standard and establish the silver standard, or, in lieu of either or both, make the treasury note, non-interest bearing and irredeemable, the sole standard of value.

"Sir, let us turn from the region of doubt and double-dealing, the debatable land, to the region of assured certainty. The Republican party stands for protection. It stands for the gold standard and our currency system. All these dwell in legislation enacted under the lead of the Republican party and against the most determined opposition of the Democratic party, including its leader and candidate. These being our policies, and having been most useful to the country, we have confidence in and love them. If it be necessary from time to time that they should be strengthened here and controlled there, the Republican party stands ready, with loving, competent hands, to apply the proper remedy. I say 'remedy.' Being our policies, we will not willingly subject them to their enemies for slow starvation on the one hand or to sudden destruction on the other.

"Since the Republican party was restored to power, in 1897, under the lead of McKinley, our country has prospered in production and in commerce as it has never prospered before. In wealth we stand first among all the nations."

Not less plain and positive on the subject of vital importance of the protective tariff as an issue was President Roosevelt in reply. He did not hesitate to declare himself in harmony with the proposition that protection is and must continue to be the settled, permanent policy of the Republican party when he said:

"We have enacted a tariff law under which, during the past few years, the country has attained a height of material well being never before reached. Wages are higher than ever before. That whenever the need arises there should be a readjustment of the tariff schedules is undoubted; but such changes can with safety be made only by those whose devotion to the principle of a protective tariff is beyond question; for otherwise the changes would amount not to readjustment, but to repeal. The readjustment when made must maintain and not destroy the protective principle. To the farmer, the merchant, the manufacturer, this is vital; but perhaps no other man is so much interested as the wage worker in the maintenance of our present economic system, both as regards the finances and the tariff. The standard of living of our wage workers is higher than that of any other country, and it can not so remain unless we have a protective tariff which shall always keep as a minimum a rate of duty sufficient to cover the difference between the labor cost here and abroad. Those who, like our opponents, 'denounce protection as a robbery,' thereby explicitly commit themselves to the proposition that if they were to revise the tariff no heed would be paid to the necessity of meeting this difference between the standards of living for wage workers here and in other countries; and therefore on this point their antagonism to our position is fundamental.

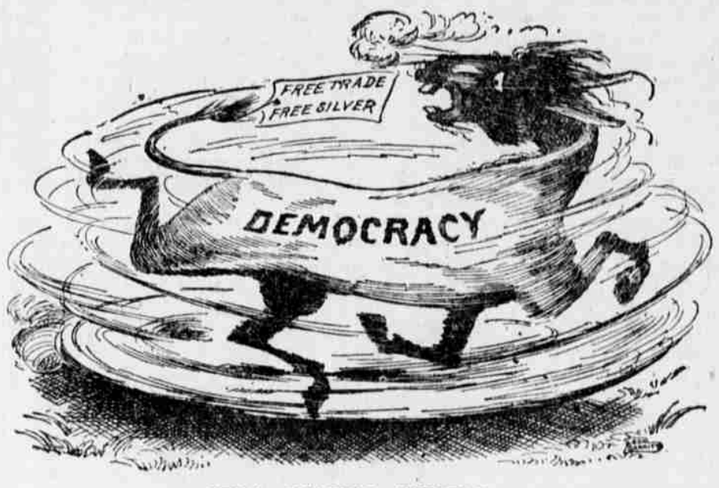
"Here again we ask that their promises and ours be judged by what has been done in the immediate past. We ask that sober and sensible men compare the workings of the present tariff law, and the conditions which obtain under it, with the workings of the preceding tariff law of 1894 and the conditions which that tariff of 1894 helped to bring about."

The fundamental difference in the attitudes of the two parties on the subject of protection is herein stated with great force. The Republican party stands committed to the doctrine that only through the operation of the protective policy is it possible to maintain the American standard of living, while the Democratic party, caring nothing for the American standard of living, but intent, now as always, upon cheapening and degrading American labor, brazenly antagonizes protection both as to principle and policy by denouncing it as "robbery" of the many for the benefit of the few. No matter if protection does maintain high wages and a high standard of living. Being "robbery," of course, protection must go. That is the Democratic attitude.

Upon the general subject of reciprocity President Roosevelt said:

"We believe in reciprocity with foreign nations on the terms outlined in President McKinley's last speech, which urged the extension of our foreign markets by reciprocal agreements whenever they could be made without injury to American industry and labor."

By this rule there can be no reciprocity in products which compete with American industry and labor. It is a safe rule. It is the only Republican rule as laid down by the national Republican convention of 1904. It was what President McKinley meant at Buffalo in 1901. It is what President Roosevelt means now. It is also what the Republican party means all the time.



STILL CHASING HIMSELF.

JEST AND JOLLITY

Jack's Fatal Oversight.

"I like you well enough, Mr. Uxmal," said the perplexed young woman; "or, at least, I'm not sure I like you as well as I do Jack Cawdrey. He says he thinks of me 365 days in the year."

"He wants one day off every four years, does he?" exclaimed young Uxmal, with indignant scorn. "That kind of devotion doesn't commend itself to you, does it, Clarice?"

Jack's doom was sealed from that moment.

Headlight.

Edythe—How sweet the moon is! Why do you start so, Willie, when you look at it?

Willie—Er—why, you see, I've been knocked over by automobiles several times.

In Early Days.

Capt. Kidd had just lowered a chest of treasures into the sea, after carefully charting the spot.

"I suppose," he mused, as he watched the bubbles rise and float upon the water, "I suppose that one of those corporation pirates would call that my sinking fund."

Those who heard him afterward claimed that the captain was one of the pioneers in the watered capital game.

Wrong Remedy.

"Is it true," asked the caller, "that your husband ordered Dr. Smoother out of the house?"

"Yes. Poor Jack had been carrying the baby all night and every night for a week, and was run down to a thread. I called the doctor, and he told Jack that he must take exercise."—Detroit Free Press.

Failed to Make Good.

Miles—Did you ever read that wonderful book, "How to Live a Hundred Years"?

Giles—Yes; the author was an old schoolmate of mine.

Miles—Indeed! Where is he now?

Giles—He died at the age of thirty-seven."

Safe for a While.

"It's funny," said the sick man's wife, "but the doctor says he hasn't discovered yet what's the matter with you."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed the sick man, "then I'm safe for a while yet."

In the Blood.

Adelle—Clarence, don't you think you could overcome somewhat your fondness for your club?

Clarence—No that would be impossible. I inherit it from my mother. She was a club woman.

Leading Man."

Thespis—When were you a leading man?

Foyer—When the company had to walk back from Chicago, and they selected me to show the way.—Town Topics.

Keeps It from His Wife.

Knicker—Is he modest?

Bocker—Very. He doesn't let his right hand know when he puts his foot in it.—New York Sun.

Irony.

Spick—She rules her husband with a rod of iron.

Span—I guess that accounts for my seeing her chase him with a poker this morning.

Had Him Guessing.

"Come up to the house, and if you are fond of music, I'll have my daughter play and sing for you.

"What effect would that have on my fondness for music?"—Houston Post.