

THE WIND.

Sea sands that lie  
Lonely and bare beneath the wintry sky,  
What mighty symphony, what vast emotion,  
Sweeps o'er thee from the ocean?

Never have I known,  
Not when the blue eyed spring  
By stillest mountain pools was wandering,  
When palest lilies on the steep were blown,  
And the dim wood with madrigals resounded,  
A rapture so unbounded.

The rainclouds gather darkly in the west  
Till all the world is raged in somber gray,  
The swift gull wheels above her rocky nest;  
The breaker moan always round her rocky nest;  
But through the rising storm my heart re-  
joices.

Moved by the wild wind voices!  
—Martha T. Tyler in Lippincott's.

**A STRIKE EPISODE.**

It is the last night of the year 1892, and the town of W— is given over to mirth and jollity. In the lower quarters the poor are enjoying themselves in their own peculiar way, while the more fortunate denizens of the local "higher world" are speeding the old and welcoming the new year within the council chamber of the town hall.

This ancient building, usually the seat of municipal government, has thrown aside its sober, everyday appearance and now masquerades as a gay and festive temple of the light footed goddess.

The officers of the Eighty-fourth depot are giving their yearly ball. The smug faced colliery proprietor is there, the prosperous cotton merchant is there, the only representative possessed by the district of the landed gentry class is there—in fact, everybody of any importance whatever in the neighborhood has received an invitation, and it is his own fault if he is not there.

Among the gay throng within is one couple floating along together, the beating of their hearts appearing to keep time with the pleasant strains of the "Eldorado Waltz."

They are scarcely conscious of anything but the bliss of the moment, till the music stops with a grand crash. The girl is slight and fair, of about one and twenty years of age, with soft, hazel eyes and light brown hair. Her complexion is pale, and her delicate features are sufficiently regular to be called handsome. Her dress is of pure white, her only ornament a small gold chain and locket, but she needs no advertisements to enhance her charms.

Her partner is a tall, slight youth, about two years her senior. His erect bearing proclaims the soldier and truly, for he is Lieutenant Egremont of the Eighty-seventh dragons.

They withdraw to a recess. It is five years since they were last together. He can hardly bring himself to identify this beautiful woman by his side with the merry little playmate of former days. Mutual inquiries respecting the past few years are made and answered. Truly language is given to conceal thoughts, for the thoughts of these two young people are far from being expressed by the words they utter.

"You still wear that locket, Mab! It gives me hope."

"I think I was foolish to wear it tonight, Frank," the girl replies, "for I feel sure that time has not altered father's determination. When he discovered that letters had passed between us, his anger was dreadful, and he told me he had absolutely forbidden you to write to me. We must wait and hope."

"But it is dreary work, this waiting and hoping, Mab." And the young soldier would then say more, but the sound of the music warns them that the lancers are forming, and they separate to seek their respective partners.

The father in question presently emerges from the cardroom and soon after departs with his fair daughter before the two young people can separate themselves from the crowd in order to snatch a few minutes' further conversation.

Mr. Stuart Brunton sat alone in his study dry in the mansion on the hill. Rockleigh Manor it had been called in the years gone by, when the Norman and consequently aristocratic Dynwelles lived within its massive walls, and the present owner, the colliery proprietor, did not deem it necessary to change its name when his gold satisfied the creditors of the last of that noble but impetuous race. It sounded well, and he was a self made man of the worst type. Besides being in the study bounded by four walls, Mr. Brunton was in a study of another kind, which knows no material bounds and is generally styled "brown."

He had no sympathy with the poor. "No man need remain poor unless he's a fool," was his frequent remark. His great wish was to marry his only daughter to aristocracy in the shape of the Hon. Cecil Dunnington, eldest son of the titled brewer—blue blooded—though the color had only lately been changed. All had shaped well, Mab, the young lady who was to ennoble her house, had never been known to object to her father's commands, although she had some dangerous ideas touching the condition of the poor. Why, then, the "air chagrin" of this prosperous and therefore highly proper man? In a few words—he wanted money badly. Why this was so we cannot stop to explain. Suffice it to say his troubles were connected with South American finance. Money he must have, and that shortly.

He simply sat still for half an hour, at the conclusion of which period he quietly got up, walked to his escritoire and wrote a letter to the directing genius of the Colliery Proprietors' association, whom he addressed as "Dear Mr. Dangar." The gist of the letter was—"The time has now arrived when a reduction of the men's wages is imperative. The large amount of coal on hand and the present low price—5s. 10d. per ton at pit mouth—render it necessary. I should advise that the wages be lowered 25 per cent."

He also wrote another letter to the same individual, whom he this time addressed as "Dear Dangar," and which concluded somewhat in this strain: "If you fail to work this reduction, you know I will not scruple to put the screw on you in a way you can readily understand."

A fortnight from this time a notice was posted at the Roston Bridge pit and at every other pit in the district announcing that in consequence of the great depreciation in the value of coal a reduction of 25 per cent on the wages would be made, to take effect from July 8.

On Sunday afternoon, June 25, the Mechanics' hall, W—, was filled with delegates from every pit in the district. They were met together to determine upon the course of action they were to pursue with regard to the reduction. The meeting was sober and orderly—no trace of anarchy there. An old pitman, whose figure was warped by the exacting nature of the work by which he lived, controlled the assembly as president. He spoke but few words in calling upon one who would tell them much better than he could the rights and wrongs of the case.

There were loud shouts of "Wrong!"

at this, and David Manson, the famous labor leader, sprang to his feet. What he said was mainly this: They all knew why they were assembled in that hall. They were there to defend themselves from unjust treatment by their employers. They were there to show that in future the rights of labor must be considered as well as those of capital. They had no wish to strike. They knew that strikes brought misery in their train to the workers and distress to the whole nation. But they must live as honest, hardworking men deserved to live—as men, not brutes. Their calling was hazardous and, it must be admitted, ill paid. He would not persuade them to strike. They must decide for themselves at the ballot to be taken during the following week. The cheers which greeted him as he sat down showed the feeling of the meeting.

By June 30 all England knew that a strike was inevitable if the master stood firm.

Mr. Brunton is again in his study and alone. His plans have succeeded beyond expectation. The door opens, and his daughter enters. She has come to plead for the wives and children. With urgent entreaty she begs her father to do what he can to withdraw the reduction and vividly describes the sufferings that will certainly follow the exhaustion of the strike funds. But it is of no avail. His purpose must be served.

"Don't bother, Mab," is all the reply he vouchsafes. "Women never can understand business. You should be thinking about your trousseau and that sort of thing. Young Dunnington would give his ears to gain your love."

"That he can never have, father," is the firm rejoinder.

"Are you still thinking of that penniless parson's son, Egremont?" cries he angrily. "Again I tell you, he shall never marry you."

Mab dashes from the room at the mention of the name she loves, and Mr. Brunton is again alone, but his serenity is disturbed. His daughter seeks to forget her own pain in trying to relieve that of a disabled collier, who had received severe injury in the mine a month previous.

Three months have the pits been closed, and the violence are becoming desperate. The depot at W— is now re-enforced by troops from the south. By two and threes a number of men have gathered in a disused brickfield at Roston Bridge. The night is dark and wild, and so are the thoughts which of late have possessed their minds. There is no fear of interruption here as with terrible earnestness a leader turns those thoughts into words. All is agreed upon, and they disperse. But one finger behind unperceived. What is he muttering?

"Miss Mab, bless 'er 'art! Ho!! Ho!! Ho!! be brunt if Oi've ow't do wi' it. Eaur Jean 'ud a deed one fur 'er, when he get verry near kill t' th' axdent i' th' moine. Her owd feyther desawtes t' be brunt deuth. But that 'ud pain th' lass, so here's off fur t' sojers. They'll quoten 'um wi' thur guns."

Again it is night—dark and stormy. What figures are those crouching under the wall which surrounds the manor park? What brings them abroad on such a night? They are bent upon wrecking Rockleigh Manor by that most horrible of all agents of destruction—fire! The last whispered instructions are given, the wall is scaled, and they advance on their terrible errand. Steadily, silently, stealthily they move on. On the south side of the mansion is a large old fashioned conservatory, whose framework is of wood. They force an entrance, and soon a light is applied to the staging, and the flames spread. Alarmed by the glare, Mr. Brunton appears at a window and steps out upon the lawn. The incendiaries rush on him they hate. But now the dull thud of advancing horsemen is heard, and a half troop of dragons is seen in the open. Their arms glitter in the lurid glare. The order is given to dismount, and leaving their horses in charge of the men told off for that purpose they advance at the double, Lieutenant Egremont at their head. The rioters will not balk of their prey and scorn to run. Mr. Brunton is already hurt by a stone hurled at him by one of the rioters. Surely that clink swung by a powerful arm must fell him. With a desperate bound Egremont seizes the would be murderer from behind, and they fall together. In a few minutes all is over. The rioters have fled, leaving some of their mates in the hands of the soldiers.

Mab, who has reached the window left open by her father just as her lover falls, springs to his side. In the fall his head has struck against the sharp edge of the pedestal of a statue, and he lies apparently insensible.

"Oh, Frank," cries she, "speak to me! My love, my love, you are mine! You must not leave me!"

Her father, stupefied by the attack, seems incapable of further astonishment and stands silently by. In the meanwhile the fire has completely consumed the conservatory, but the progress of the flames has been so rapid that they have spent themselves too soon for the conflagration to reach the house, which practically remains untouched.

Some six weeks later the Manchester Dispatch announced the cessation of the strike and also contained the following paragraph:

"A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between Frank Egremont, Esq., of the Eighty-seventh dragons, and Mab, only daughter of Stuart Brunton, Esq., of Rockleigh Manor."—London Tit-Bits.

**War and Education.**

There is no better proof of the essential barbarism of even the most civilized nations of the world than is afforded by a comparison of the money they expend for the maintenance of physical supremacy as against the expenditure for mental improvement. Though it be assumed that brain is better than brawn, there is no evidence that statesmen so regard it. In some tables recently compiled the amount per capita expended by various governments for military and educational purposes is set down as follows:

	Military.	Education.
France	\$4.00	\$0.70
England	3.72	3.00
Holland	3.58	6.04
Saxony	2.38	3.38
Württemberg	2.38	3.38
Bavaria	2.38	3.38
Prussia	2.04	4.50
Russia	2.04	3.00
Denmark	1.76	0.94
Italy	1.52	3.38
Belgium	1.38	4.68
Austria	1.38	4.68
Switzerland	0.82	6.04
United States	3.00	1.38

—Philadelphia Record.

**A Dubious Recommendation.**

A dealer, recommending a new spring bed, assures his customer that if he once sleeps on it he will never sleep on anything else.—Newport Daily News.

**Western Irrigation.**

Amid the lost splendors of oriental nations of which scarcely more than the name now remains to us was the science of irrigation, and it was brought to a perfection never since equaled. Here and there are traces of vast ditches showing knowledge of mechanical engineering that is unsurpassed in our age. It is altogether probable that the nineteenth century will open on irrigating enterprises quite equaling those of ancient Asia and inducing a fertility never exceeded in the land of olives, spices and pomegranates.

California has already tracts of land that demonstrate what can be done with irrigation in what seemed a desert. Other states are following rapidly in the same line. In the middle portion of southern California is one farm that originally comprised 400,000 acres. It was owned partly by J. B. Haggis, although it was too big for any one man to possess all himself. The idea of the owners of this vast body of land has been to divide it up into small fruit farms of from 20 to 40 acres each. The success in growing temperate zone fruits warrants the statement that 20 acres will support a family comfortably. Here will be one way of preventing the overcrowding of cities.

The method of irrigating the 400,000 acre tract is the most interesting matter connected with it at present. From Mount Whitney, the highest peak of the Sierra Nevada, flows the Kern river, through Kern county. It is formed from the melting of the snows on the mountain. This river has been tapped by canals—14 on one side, 13 on the other. These are the main canals. From them flow lateral canals to every farm, 1,100 miles of them. Leading from the large laterals are still smaller ones, lying along the line of the farmer's fields. The water is introduced into the fields by furrows that lie at close intervals. For ordinary field crops three irrigations a season are necessary. One man can manage one irrigation ditch, and eight men and eight ditches can irrigate 1,000 acres a day. For all the water you need, the cost is \$1.50 to the acre a year.

This is the real way of praying for rain, and it will probably be brought into requisition more and more in the east as well as west. The Almighty gave man hands and brains to get all the water he needs for himself.

**THE INSOMNIA RECORD.**

**An Indiana Farmer Sets the Mark High and Puzzles the Physicians.**

Since the case of George Woodruff, the Rossville (Ind.) farmer, has been made public through newspaper accounts of his strange affliction numerous inquiries are being received from medical men in all parts of the country. Mr. Woodruff is a substantial farmer, well known in his and adjoining counties.

Some two months ago upon retiring as usual at night he found himself unable to sleep. Woe it as he would, sleep would not come. The next night he was also unable to sleep, but felt no worse for his wakefulness. For two months he has gone with less than an hour's sleep. On the third night a physician was called, but even under the influence of opiates Woodruff refused to close his eyes. The only thing which conquered his ailment was a quart of whisky, taken in rapid doses, and that only produced a half hour's sleep. Then his attending physician gave up the job, confessing his inability to fathom the mysterious ailment. He had heard of people sleeping indefinitely, but here was a case of a man who couldn't sleep at all, and who was apparently none the worse off because of it. Several other medical men took a hand at Woodruff, but each was in turn baffled.

Woodruff complains only of a slight distress in his stomach, but his appetite is unimpaired, and he attends to his duties as he did previous to breaking the record as a man who defied ordinary rules of nature and to whom it was all the same whether it was night or day. About three years ago he had a similar attack, but it lasted only a week.

Reports of his strange disease became current several days ago, but they were discredited. To satisfy all doubters Woodruff has made a statement of the truth of the reports. His physician and family declare that he has slept less than an hour in two months, and that all his faculties are unimpaired. His physician will make extensive comments on the case for several medical journals.—St. Louis Republic

**GREATEST IN THE WORLD.**

**Kiralffy's Projected London Amusement Park Will Cost a Million.**

Imre Kiralfy is at the head of a company of English capitalists which proposes to take a long lease of Earl's court, in the west end of London, and build one of the greatest amusement parks in the world. The plan for the enterprise is outlined by Charles B. Atwood, the Chicago architect who designed the Art building and other structures of the fair. He has just returned from London, where he has been assisting Mr. Kiralfy. It is proposed to produce a replica of the Court of Honor as it appeared at the World's fair. The reproduction is to be exact and on a scale of one-third. The lagoon, the MacMonnies and electrical fountains, the peristyle and the facades of all the buildings bounding the court will appear.

Arrangements will be made to reproduce all the grand electric light effects on fete nights. Other features of the amusement park will be a Ferris wheel, 50 feet larger in diameter than the one at Jackson park; a theater capable of seating 10,000 people, in which will be produced "America," and a large hippodrome, such as are conducted in Paris. Over \$1,000,000 will be expended in the work of construction.—Chicago Journal.

**TAKE PART OF THE TIPS.**

**Grievance of the Paris Waiters Which Is Considered Just Grounds For a Strike.**

There is much dissatisfaction among Parisian waiters, and a general strike among them has been spoken of. It is estimated by their trade society that there are 40,000 of them out of work, and the men contend that the masters take advantage of this to cut down their earnings. Practically, fixed wages are unknown. The men pay so much to the masters in proportion to the business they do. Thus in great cafes on the boulevards they have to pay at the cash desk the full selling price of whatever they serve plus 5 per cent. In some cases, it is said, the rate has been increased of late to 6½ and even 7½ per cent. Of course this percentage represents a portion of their gratuities, which they have to give up.

In Paris the general rule is for customers to give tips at the rate of a halfpenny for every 10 pence expended. This is at the rate of 5 per cent, which would show a loss to the waiter of 2½ per cent on the larger percentage. In practice, however, the tips are higher, as no one gives less than a penny, however small the purchase, and some customers, of course, give more than the recognized minimum.—London News.

**Horrible Abuse of Children.**

A horrible disclosure has been made in Biskipitz, Austria, by the arrest of a gang of men who for some time have been engaged in crippling children for the begging trade. Several unfortunate children were found in the house with their legs and arms broken and bound in positions of deformity. One little girl had both eyes gouged out. Instruments which had been used in producing physical deformities were discovered in the cellar. After the children, who had been stolen, were sufficiently deformed they were sold to other persons for begging purposes.—Vienna Letter.

**An Aged American in Italy.**

David Dudley Field, who is enjoying his four in Italy with all the enthusiasm of a young traveler, celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday in Rome. He was entertained at luncheon by Mr. Terry, the veteran American artist. Mr. Potter, the American minister, and his wife and several others of his countrymen congratulated the hale, hearty old man. Mr. Field is now in Florence and will remain six weeks more in Italy.—Rome Letter.

**Begining Over Again.**

From time to time in history a number of people break out and try to inaugurate a new social order where all shall be equal in respect to having plenty to eat and wear, and where there shall be no criminals nor paupers. Many colonies have been formed on this basis, all more or less co-operative or socialistic. All have failed thus far, but still the dream of better things for the human race persists. Best of all, it will be realized one of these days. Never a great change for the better was made in a day. Ideas that keep pegging away fix themselves in the social order at last.

Two more schemes of the perfectionist dreamers have lately been started. One of them is in Paraguay and was inaugurated by William Lane of Australia. He got from the Paraguay government a grant of 500,000 acres on condition that he would settle 4,000 people on it within four years. There will be no lack of settlers to join Lane, and the colony is already started. He chose the wilderness because he wished to separate his colonists entirely from old systems and ideas. The settlement will be on the community plan. Colonists give up all their private means to the general fund, which is controlled by directors. The community superintends all the production and distribution. Surplus gains are to be divided among the adult colonists without regard to sex. The equal rights of the sexes are fully recognized. No person is allowed to join the colony who cannot bring at least \$300 to the common fund.

In the heart of Africa another scheme is brewing. Its founder is the famous Dr. Theodor Hertzka, the Edward Bellamy of Berlin, who wrote a book called "Freeland," in which he sets forth his notions of the ideal state of society. His new state will be along the Tana river, in east Africa. It is chartered, rather oddly, under the auspices of the British government, and the language used for commercial purposes will be English. In Hertzka's scheme all the people of his colony will be workers; all will be well to do. Personal property can be acquired and bequeathed to children, but real estate belongs always to the state.

If either Lane or Hertzka can help the condition of the race, then Heaven speed him.

**PAPA FLEUETLOT, MISER.**

**A French Millionaire Who Begged in the Streets and Died in Filth.**

A miser of the story book type died about two weeks ago in Auxerre, France. Although he never had wife or children, he was known to all persons in the city as Papa Fleuletlot. He had been a public figure for a generation and could be seen daily in storm or sunshine tottering in his rags through the streets and gather odd bits of coal and wood and cigar stumps. Papa Fleuletlot died in his eighty-fifth year and was buried in the potter's field. The French police, who suspect everything, still suspected the old man's pretenses of poverty, despite the recent shifting of public opinion, and they searched the hut in which he had lived and died. Filth was ankle deep up stairs and knee deep in the cellar. The first search was rewarded only with the discovery of 400 bottles of Bordeaux, vintage of 1790. The second search, however, revealed a hole in the cellar wall, behind a pile of indescribable dirt. From this hole the police dragged a chest, and in the chest they found the treasure. From top to bottom it was stuffed full with mortgages, government bonds, shares in stock companies and title deeds. All showed the keenness of Papa Fleuletlot in investing his savings, for without exception the securities were of the highest class. Their face value was 1,000,000 francs, but as many of the bonds and stocks are above par they can be sold for a much larger sum.

For more than 11 years the old man had neglected to clip his coupons. He had let them accumulate until they represented a market value of 140,000 francs.

Among the many pieces of real estate whose ownership was revealed by the contents of the chest is a large tract of land near Villeneuve-sur-Yonne. On this land there are 400 acres of fine forest and several buildings of the ancient indestructible make. It had been more than 40 years since anybody at Villeneuve knew who owned the estate. When Papa Fleuletlot died in his hovel, but 20 centimes, or less than 5 cents, was his total cash capital. As was expected, the usual number of heirs have appeared since the old man's body was buried in the potter's field. They affect to believe that still more treasure is concealed in his hut, and they are taking it down piece by piece in the hope of enriching themselves.—Paris Exchange.

**A French Lesson.**

Why is it that financial panics are scarcely ever heard of in France? The copper syndicate failure and the Panama canal swindle, both of which within the last five years robbed the poor of France of millions of their savings, would have convulsed, almost wrecked, any other country. In France they cause a commotion in financial centers, a burst of rage and disappointment from those whose savings have been swallowed up. Then in two months' time everything settles down again. Seasons of long continued monetary stringency, such as we are now undergoing in America, are practically unknown in France. The careful, industrious people go to work earning and saving again when a financial bubble bursts and wrecks their hopes. In an almost incredibly short time they have some more money saved, some more investments made.

The French are the ablest economists in the world, from the humblest peasant woman to the minister of finance. It is born and bred in the bone with the whole nation that they are to put by money. The French private citizen does not run into debt as the American does. Consequently as a nation France does not have panics. When the individual American learns to live within his means, saving in any event a portion of his income and investing only the money he has actually in his possession, then the United States, too, will be spared financial panics. If the present one shall teach us as a people this lesson, it will be worth all it has cost. The only way to become permanently prosperous is to come square down to hard pan and a cash basis.

**A LONG CHASE.**

**A Detective Followed a Man Seven Thousand Miles For Stealing \$5.**

Seven thousand miles for a prisoner was the record made by Postoffice Inspector G. H. Waterbury, and his story told in United States Marshal Haskell's office rivaled in interest the tales of some of the great French detectives. The national government never forgives a crime, no matter what the circumstances, and cold blooded justice is always demanded. In Haskell's private office was seated W. Y. Dressler, a young man belonging to one of the best and wealthiest families in Hanoverton, O. Last summer Dressler was traveling with T. R. Howard of Kansas City and George Hartson in New Mexico, and Howard confided to his friend that his mother was to send him a money order for \$5. They were in Albuquerque at the time, and Dressler got the letter, opened it, forged Howard's name and stole the money.

The postoffice authorities were notified, and on Oct. 13 Dressler fled from Albuquerque with Waterbury, one of the shrewdest detectives in the secret service, on his trail.

"I chased him to Los Angeles," said Waterbury, "and there I lost him, but I got trace of him in Santiago, where he led a merry life. I reached San Francisco nearly as soon as he did, but he was away like a deer, and I entered Yuma just as he was leaving. From there I followed him to Tucson, but he dodged me, and I next found his tracks in El Paso, Tex. From there he jumped to Texas and then disappeared toward Ohio. I communicated with Marshal Haskell. He detailed a man, and together we journeyed to Dressler's home, arresting the young man in his father's house." Dressler will be taken to Denver for trial.—Cleveland Leader.

**Curiosity of Easter Day This Year.**

Easter day falls on Lady day this year for the first time in the history of the United States. The last time these two days fell together was in 1742, and they will not clash again until 1951. Lady day has somewhat lost its significance and importance of late years, and it has never been such a special day in this country as in some others where the leasing and renting system is more general.

It is still, however, the first quarter day of the year, and although for convenience rents and premiums are generally made payable on March 31 the law in some states still recognizes March 25 as quarter day. Easter has to fall exceptionally early to come into contact with Lady day, and the coincidence will cause inconvenience in countries where a legal holiday and a legal payday will be simultaneous.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Against the House of Lords.**

The parliamentary committee of the trade unions congress, which is the cabinet of the British Liberal party, has been holding several secret sittings in London, making preliminary arrangements for the great demonstration in Hyde park against the house of lords. The announcement of the subject will be publicly made as soon as the peers have finally finished with the employers' liability bill, and the killing of that labor measure will be made the pretext for the promised display, the dimensions of which will probably exceed anything of the kind in recent years. The London trades council is prepared to march 250,000 men into the park, and there will be imposing delegations from the provinces.—London Cable.

**When a License to Sell Liquor Costs \$1,000 a Year, the Illicit Trade in Whisky is Vastly Increased.**

That is a discovery that has been made in Philadelphia.