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ABOUT YOUNG WIVES.

THE city life of homeless young married people is a very doleful subject to write on. They have good, though moderate incomes, they are clever, in excellent health, active, energetic young men and women, and yet they have elected to live in boarding houses and hotels. Elevators carry them to upper stories of huge caravansaries, where they take possession of a bedroom, a parlor and a dressing-room. Here they add to the rich but unmistakably hotel furniture the pretty trifles, easily transported, which were among their wedding presents, and they declare themselves content. They partake of meals, ordered from long bills of fare, cooked by foreigners, always rich and indigestible and often of doubtful origin, and sit at little tables observing and being observed with that long, critical stare which is learned only in such surroundings.

The wife has no duties; nothing in their lives exercises her skill, her brain power or her ingenuity. Her husband receives no help or delight from the labor of her hands or as the result of her good judgment. Half of her endowments are lying dormant, and almost every power she has is dulled from want of use. After her husband leaves her for his office, she has to think out some occupation for the day. She shops and visits; if she is musical, she practices a little; if she is bookish, she goes, perhaps, to a literary class or a lecture. Nothing taxes her resources, no one is helped or benefited by her wise rule. Lacking that great prop and staff, personal responsibility, she has no taste of the joy of a personal achievement and success. There is no way in which either husband or wife can express themselves in the material things by which they are surrounded. These furnished rooms are to their personal characteristics like ready-made clothing to their bodies, and betray in one way and another that they are "misfits."

Worse still, to my thinking, is life in smaller boarding-houses, where the independence and isolation possible in large hotels is lost, and the elements of criticism and gossip find such congenial soil in which to lodge their fast-growing seeds.

I know no sadder words than homeless and childless! There is a mournful inflection in their very sounds, and yet these prettily dressed, eager, restless young women are both these sorrowful things. If God has denied them the crown of motherhood, it would be better to take some motherless baby to their hearts than to live all their lives without the guiding hand of a little child in theirs and the clasp of little loving arms about their necks. I say guiding, with very sincere faith that there is no such attraction toward a noble life as the dependence and love of childhood, nor any such rebuke as the surprise or fear in a child's innocent eyes.

A LIFE OF LUXURIOUS INDOLENCE.

What causes a deliberate choice of this narrow life which entails so many deprivations is incomprehensible to me. The semblance of great luxury is certainly to be found in the mirrors, the gilding, the deep-piled, velvet carpets; but does all this expensive show give any pleasure when it loses all personal interest, and, stretching this way and that, can sometimes be measured by miles? To walk five hundred feet down the long corridors between doors which seem countless in number, and opening right and left to liberate strangers who pass you as if you were to be avoided as carefully as if you had the smallpox, cannot be a pleasure. To open your door and see five or six conventional pieces of furniture standing about at precisely the same angles as in every other room you have passed, so that if you did not chance to know that your legitimate number of square feet were known as number 499, you might readily think you were in your own quarters until you saw that where your walls were blue your neighbor's were pink, cannot be encouraging to the sense of individual possession which is half of life's joy.

The mere abiding under the same roof with people you dislike or despise is trying, but when you believe that on your right hand is drunkenness, and on your left the elements of some great human tragedy; to doubt the decency of your nearest neighbor at dinner and be shocked at the vulgar display of the women you meet in the elevator, does not conduce to love of mankind or the elevation of your own thoughts.

Why choose these ways of living when open to every woman, according to her means, lies the door of a home? A place which is, for the time at least, your very own, to be a source of comfort and peace to your husband and of joy to yourself just in proportion to your endeavors? A place where color, arrangement, every adornment, every detail, from the delicate draperies at the windows to the well-chosen implements in the kitchen, expresses your tastes, your judgment, your judicious economies, your thought of others, your love for your husband. Where no one enters but at your bidding, and then comes to be made happy by your society or refreshed by your hospitality. Where, when the day is done, you realize that from the flavor of the breakfast cup of coffee and the lightness of the rolls to the restful chair in which he smoked his last cigar at night, the man you love best of all human beings owes every enjoyment to your oversight and plans.

No matter how small it may be, no matter how many difficulties of arrangement and adaptation present themselves, these, like all obstacles, only enhance success, and in these days of apartments and moderate houses built especially to tempt young housekeepers no one who can afford to live as I have described can be too restricted in their means to find it hard to select from one of these classes of domiciles what is suitable and pleasant. And, having chosen, can there be many pleasures more sure and satisfying than making of those vacant rooms and bare walls a home? That vital spark of vanity and self-satisfaction without which no woman's life is really delightful, that undefinable, unclassified quality which makes her look at her completed work with the exhilarating belief that few could excel it, here has full play.

The birds find sources of exultation in the building of their nests, and you can discover that they are house-furnishing by the joy of their songs. It is the natural instinct of love and life to make a place to dwell in. To the woman who can devise a fastidiously beautiful gown I would commend the arrangement and decoration of a room as the expansion and tenfold higher use of her art. To the woman who would endear herself to her husband I would offer to guarantee that if she can keep within the limit of his means and yet make for him a lovely, comfortable, appropriate abiding place, in which he has room for the development of his own tastes and opportunity to bring about him his friends in hospitable fashion, she will have endeared herself inexpressibly to him and increased his pride in her tenfold. Let the good order and beauty and contrivances for his individual comfort be sufficient to make his friends envious, and ready to say that his home tempts them to marry, and the wife becomes lovely in his eyes, in a far more flattering way than because she is pretty and well dressed. To become the source of a husband's comfort and rest is to have placed yourself beyond the fear of losing your complexion or ceasing to be his ideal of a pretty girl. It is also to rise from the position of a dear pet to a useful, important partner, without whose clever brains and wise direction his life would cease to be a success.

I do not claim that home-making is easy work, nor for a moment attempt to say that the fine art of good housekeeping is easily attained, but I do say, with all the strength I can put into the assertion, that the married woman who sets aside her kingdom for lack of courage and energy to rule it is but a disinherited princess who has lost the greatest joy of life when she abdicated her throne.

The place a man lives in should surely be the place wherein sorrow and illness and death can best be borne and suffered. To the very young these three pregnant words mean little, but when they make themselves heard, may they find the sacredness and privacy of home about you and the tender surroundings of your own family life soothing your pain. To be happy in or to grieve in, there can be no place like the shelter which love and care have made for a man and his wife to abide in together, with the children God has given them to sweeten and hallow their inseparable lives.

CHICAGO A ROARING RIVER.

Scientists Predict That State of Affair For 4897.

Prof. Spencer's address before the members of the American Association for the advancement of science at Detroit last week attracted great comment at that assembly. He made a prediction, based on figures which he presented, that the course of the lakes was being changed, and that in time Detroit would be good fishing where the city hall now stands, and shortly after the waters of the lakes would be pouring over Chicago toward the Mississippi, and Niagara Falls would cease to exist. Prof. Spencer said that he agreed with Prof. Gilbert that there was a gradual upward tilting of the earth's crust at the northwest, and this discovery showed it was the cause of the closing of the Ontario basin. By data showing that the shore line of the lakes was changing and the waters were gradually rising at the rate of about an inch in ten years to the southwest, he demonstrated that the whole lake region was being tilted in that direction. He said this would seem of trifling importance, but it was really a serious matter for Chicago, because that city stands on a low plain. The work of cutting the Chicago drainage canal, he said, was a mere anticipation of nature, for the tilting of the lake basin would have produced the same result in less than a thousand years. Prof. Spencer demonstrated by figures that at one time the Erie basin emptied, not by the Niagara river, but by a buried valley, directly into the head of Lake Ontario, and that Niagara river and falls were modern features. He also showed that the gorge near the falls was eating its way backward at a rate of over a foot a year, and that in the course of a few lifetimes it would wipe itself out. He and Prof. Gilbert agree that the calamity which will bury all lower Michigan and make a broad river through Illinois will not occur until 4897.

Simple Directions.

Visitor—I would like to get you to teach me to sail a boat. Boatman—Sail a boat! Why, it's easy as swimmin'. Jest grasp the main sheet with one hand an' the tiller with the other, an' if a flaw strikes ease up or bring 'er to an' loose the halyards, but look out fer the gaff an' boom or the hull thing'll be in the water an' ye'll be upset; but if the wind is steady y'r all right, onless y'r too slow in luffin', cause then y'll be upsot sure. Jump in an' try it; but, remember, whatever ye do don't jibe!

A Singular Man.

Every Christmas Ben Wallack, a rich Atchison county, Kansas, farmer, gathers his children around him and divides thousands of dollars among them. Mr. Wallack lives in Effingham and is the only citizen of the village who don't play croquet.

More people over one hundred years old are found in mild climates than in the higher latitudes.

HOLCOMB TO BLAME.

BECAUSE HE GREATLY NEGLECTED HIS DUTY.

How He Might Have Saved the State From the Defalcations—Repeatedly Forewarned Regarding Bartley, but Allowed Him to Continue Criminal Practices.

Holcomb is Responsible.

Omaha Bee: "The republican state convention," says the World-Herald, "sought to place the blame for the republican state treasurer's shortage on Governor Holcomb, and now the local republican organ seeks to place the blame for Mr. Gillespie's delinquencies upon the governor. A very convenient method this of shifting blame from where the blame should be placed to where the blame does not belong."

In condemning and denouncing the faithless state treasurer and auditor whose defalcations have scandalized the party the republican state convention justly included in its arraignment the governor to whose gross neglect of duty a large part of the loss that has fallen upon Nebraska is due. Governor Holcomb has been in office since January, 1895, and if he is to be credited with reforms and economies brought about under his administration he cannot escape the responsibility for any shortage, defalcation or irregularity in the state house and in state institutions since his incumbency which could have been prevented by a rigid enforcement of business methods and an unflinching performance of duty.

The fact that Joseph S. Bartley was using state money for private speculation was brought to Governor Holcomb's personal notice before Bartley entered upon his second term. The governor was repeatedly forewarned at the very beginning of his term that Bartley would turn out an embezzler. He knew that Bartley had persistently refused to make known where the state's money was placed and threatened to resign in case he was compelled by the governor to produce the funds in his custody as a prerequisite to turning them over. At that time it is doubtful whether Bartley's shortage exceeded $100,000. Under the circumstances, and in view of the state's loss in the Mosher bank wreck, the governor's duty was plain. Had he fearlessly demanded an accounting from Bartley in January, 1895, as it was his right and duty under the constitution, the deficit in the state treasury would have been at least $400,000 less than it is. Had Bartley refused to comply with the demand of the governor, the legislature, which was then in session, would have taken action either by refusing to permit Bartley to qualify for a second term or by instituting impeachment proceedings that would have resulted in his summary removal.

For inexplicable reasons Governor Holcomb has failed to do his sworn duty in the critical hour and allowed Bartley to continue his criminal practices until the stealing amounted up to over $500,000 and his manipulation of state funds entailed a loss of equal amount. The plain, unvarnished truth is that instead of dealing firmly with Bartley by forcing a cash settlement at the outset Governor Holcomb permitted himself to be hypnotized by Bartley and his bank backers and remained inactive until the treasury had been completely looted.

Governor Holcomb must also share responsibility for whatever irregularities or misappropriations of public funds may have occurred in state institutions under his immediate control. This applies to the state institution for feeble minded at Beatrice, where a shortage has been reported, as it does also to the deaf mute school. It is the duty of the governor to keep fully informed as to the conduct and finances of every state institution and he has ample power under the constitution to compel periodic exhibits of every item of revenue and expenditure.

Whatever the intentions of Governor Holcomb may have been, his failure to meet the emergency when it presented justifies the indictment embodied in the republican platform.

Under republican administrations the school fund was placed in the banks and thousands of dollars lost. Under the "demo-pop" administration $101,814.98 of the permanent school fund has already been invested in state warrants. Nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight dollars and seventy-seven cents of the agricultural endowment fund and $9,993.15 of the permanent university fund have also been invested. Orders have been made for the investment of about $150,000 more of the permanent school fund, and warrants to that amount will speedily be taken up.

Did this "just happen," or is it the result of deliberate protection of the public interests?

Under the republican administration state warrants were discounted to 85 cents. Under the "demo-pop" administration state warrants are at par. Was this one of "the things that just happened" or was it the result of honest and business-like methods on the part of the "demo-pop" officials?

For the last six months in 1896 the republicans collected for apportionment among the schools of the state the sum of $231,958.30. Only three months of the latter half of 1897 have expired and yet the "demo-pop" administration has already collected $258,000 for apportionment among the schools of the state. This is for three months, $27,000 more than the republicans collected during six months. Is this one of "the things that just happened" or is it due to honest and business-like methods?

Did it "just happen" that the party that nominated for a high office an ex-official who was a defaulter was the republican party? Did it "just happen" that the judge who made an order at 2 o'clock one afternoon to bring suit against the ex-official for $11,000 of stolen money and at 8 o'clock on the evening of the same day made a speech advocating the election of that official to another office—did it "just happen" that that judge was a republican? Did it "just happen" that the county attorney who received this order at 2 o'clock and made a speech advocating the election of the man whose integrity the order questioned—did it "just happen" that this county attorney was a republican? Did it "just happen that the only men and newspaper to defend the ex-district clerk of Douglas county are republican politicians and republican newspapers? Did it "just happen" that the state fair is in control of republicans?

Did it "just happen" that the $1,433,554 lost by the people of Nebraska since 1890 was lost through the dishonesty of republican officials? Did it "just happen" that the only convention, committee or ward club that has ever defeated a resolution denouncing dishonesty and embezzlement by a public official was a republican convention, a republican committee and a republican ward club?

The World-Herald submits for the consideration of thoughtful men: Are these things to be attributed to mere accidents or do they show that the republican party should be rooted from power, not only in the supreme court, which will be called upon to pass judgment on republican delinquents, but also in Omaha and Douglas county, where the people have been insulted by a bold defense of embezzlement and fraud by representative republican organizations.

No Time for Croaking.

Detroit Free Press: The propensity of the calamity howler to predict misfortune for this country and to emphasize the dark side of life will find little encouragement by contrasting the present condition and prospects of the American people with those of the rest of the world. For such a comparison will reveal the fact that we are vastly better off today than most peoples. While other countries are threatened with distress owing to short crops, we Americans have been blessed with one of the most abundant harvests in our history. While the far east is suffering with famine and while the harvest in Ireland is reported ruined by unpropitious weather, we in America are chiefly concerned with the problem of transporting to market the surplus products of the farm. While rising prices will bring dismay to those parts of the world which are under the necessity of buying, the American farmer, with a granary overflowing with wheat and corn, looks with complacency upon the steadily climbing grain markets. The great laws of supply and demand are working in our favor, and are bound to bring renewed prosperity to our country, in spite of the restrictions of an unwise tariff.

While European nations are groaning under the burden of taxation made necessary by the maintenance of immense standing armies, with their costly military maneuvers, we Americans are getting along very well without any army at all worth speaking of. While plague and pestilence are devastating certain portions of the world, the health of the American people was never so good. Even yellow fever that former scourge of our southern states, has lost its malignant power under our wise sanitary regulations.

And so, with our abundant crops and cheap means of transportation, with a recuperative power that will soon enable us to more then recover the ground lost in the late financial depression, with perfect freedom to work out our own destiny, without fear of interference from the outside world, it is hard to see what the American pessimist can find to work upon, especially when he compares our condition to the rest of the world. If he would thrive in his calling he should go to Ireland, where failure of the crops threatens famine, or to Cuba, where civil war go hand in hand in their awful work; or to Spain, where bankruptcy is staring a whole nation in the face; or to India, whence comes stories of suffering and death almost beyond belief. Then let him return to this heaven-favored country and renew his croakings—if he can.

Bryan and His Passes.

Troy (N. Y.) Press: The Omaha Bee publishes a fac-simile of the letter in which Wm. J. Bryan made application for a free railroad pass from Sacramento, Cal., to Portland, Ore. Bryan had previously traveled from Ogden to Sacramento on a free pass. Bryan defends his application by saying that he asked for the application on the ground of his connection with the Omaha World-Herald. As Bryan's position as an editor of the World-Herald's staff expired last year, he claims the free transportation by virtue of owning a few shares of stock in that paper, and on the paper's advertising contract. The business manager of the World-Herald says that it has no advertising contract with the Southern Pacific road and has not been printing any of that road's advertising matter.

This is the man who, although he traveled to the Chicago convention on free passes, insisted with a great flourish on paying the fare of himself and wife on the return trip, and who, during his presidential canvass, called everybody's attention to the fact that he was paying his way and to his contention that no one was entitled to special privileges from the railroads. Now as a capitalist, as a stockholder, he asks favors of a railroad company.

If Bryan had not been receiving recently a large income from his book and from his lectures in which he has denounced corporations and their favors, his offense would not be so rank, or if he had asked for the half fare usually allowed to children, no one would have objected. But it looks as if he had been crucifying opposition to corporate privilege on a cross of personal profit. The only loophole for escape left Bryan is to plead that he was spoiling the Egyptians by making them expend motive power in carrying him long distances without receiving reward for the service.

Buoyant With Hope.

Denver Times: One can almost breathe in the air a rapid change of sentiment in the business community of this city from the old feeling of gloom to one of sanguine cheerfulness. The conviction that the long night of depression is ended, and that we are entering upon an era of unprecedented prosperity is becoming irresistible. It possesses every man who has not been hopelessly wrecked by the cruel hard times which we have passed through, and even many of these are buoyant with the hope of a new start in life. There is a profound difference of opinion as to the causes of the revival and as to its duration, as well as to who, if anybody, deserves credit for it, but that it is coming and is practically upon us is the almost unanimous belief.

Signs of Republican Times.

Indianapolis Journal: Senator Gear of Iowa, a former business man and well posted business conditions, says the days of 7 per cent loans on farms in Iowa are ended. Farmers can get all the money they want at 6 per cent, and most of them do not want it at any rate. "Iowa farmers have got a surplus," says Senator Gear. "The banks are full of money and the farmers do the lending." Which is why we remark these are republican times.

Who Knows.

Courier-Journal: "We are thankful to providence," resolve the Bryanites of Nebraska, "rather than to any man for the measure of our prosperity with which our state has been blessed, and we attribute the rise in wheat to foreign scarcity rather than suppose it to be the result of dear sugar or an increased tariff on straw." What? To "foreign scarcity?" But "what have we to do with abroad?" And are you sure it is not due, if not to dear sugar and taxed straw, to outraged silver?

Enjoined to Protect Life.

New York Commercial Advertiser: Mr. Bryan reveals the demagogic vein in his political make-up by declaring that "the injunction has been called in to aid in the suppression of strikers." It has been called in for nothing of the kind. It has been employed to protect life and property and the right of American toilers to work for whom and at such wages as they see fit.

CAMPFIRE SKETCHES.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR THE VETERANS.

Gen. Washington's Ice House—The Girl Who Fell Into It Tells the Story—Grant's Aversion to Liars—Had No Patience with Them—Original Abolitionist.

Mariners Sleep by the Sea.

THE mariners sleep by the sea.
The wild wind comes up by the sea,
It wails round the tower, and it blows through grasses,
It scatters the sand o'er the graves where it passes,
And the sound and scent of the sea.

When at night there's a seething of surf,
The grandames look o'er the surf,
They reckon their dead and their long years of sadness,
And they shake their lean fists at the sea and its madness,
And curse the white fangs of the surf.

But the mariners sleep by the sea,
They hear not the sound of the sea,
Nor the hum from the church where the psalm is uplifted,
Nor the crying of birds that above them are drifted,
The mariners sleep by the sea.

—Margaret L. Woods.

Gen. Washington's Ice House.

"It is ice water, drinking so much ice water, which is injuring the health of so many people. The glands of the stomach are paralyzed. Digestion is ruined. The whole body suffers from it."

We were a mixed company in the dining car en route for Washington, says a writer in the Youth's Companion. The speaker was a very positive gentleman, a physician, who had peremptorily ordered the waiter to remove the ice from his glass of water.

"Ice is the bane of modern life," he continued, with conviction. "Look at our hardy forefathers. Look at our early statesmen; such men as Washington, Jefferson, the Adamses, and Lincoln in his young days. Their digestion was not spoiled by ice. Imagine George Washington drinking ice water! Thank heavens, ice houses were then unknown."

"I sincerely beg pardon, sir," interrupted a lady, sitting at a table across the car aisle. "George Washington had an ice house."

"I am sure you are mistaken," cried the enemy of ice.

"I am equally certain that I am correct," rejoined the lady, laughing; "for the best of all reasons; I once fell into it."

By this time the attention of the whole party was enlisted in the discussion.

"It was when I was a girl of 16," the lady continued, merrily. "There were ten of us, all young people, save one, on a first visit to Washington, and we had gone down the Potomac by steamer to see Mount Vernon.

"What a day that was for me? We peeped in every room, corner and nook of the Washington mansion, visited the weave room, the dairy, the flower garden, the greenhouse, and even the stables, everything. And of course we had gone to the tomb of Washington on our way up from the steamer landing, both the old tomb and the new tomb.

"When at length the bell rang to call us back to the steamer, five or six of us ran to the brink of the declivity fronting the river for a hasty glance at the water view, which showed beautifully through the trees below.

"Suddenly, while looking off, I found myself on the very verge of a deep pit in the side of the steep bank and before I was aware the turf and earth fell away under my feet. In a moment I had slid down for at least thirty feet into a wet, awfully dirty place, a sort of cave, however, opened at the bottom.

"I was not much hurt, but shockingly muddy, and my companions rescued me at the orifice below amid shouts of laughter.

"The superintendent, who had been attracted by the outcries, told us that I had inadvertently fallen into George Washington's old ice house and that the family was accustomed to store up a supply of ice in this pit for use during the heat of the summer months.

"The place where I fell in is now occupied as the site of a small summer house on the brink of the bluff."

A general clapping of hands followed the lady's story, but the opponent of ice remained unconvinced.

Grant's Aversion to Liars.

In the Century, Gen. Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning With Grant," dwells upon Grant's aversion to liars. He quotes the following remarks from Gen. Rawlins:

"The general always likes to tell an anecdote that points a moral on the subject of lying. He hates only two kinds of people, liars and cowards. He has no patience with them and never fails to show his aversion for them." Ingalls adds: "Such traits are so foreign to his own nature that it is not surprising that he should not tolerate them in others. As a man and boy he has always been the most absolutely truthful person in the whole range of my acquaintance. I never knew him to run into the slightest exaggeration or to borrow in the least degree from his imagination in relating an occurrence." One of the party remarked: "I was amused one day to hear an officer say that the general was 'tediously truthful.' He explained that what he meant by that was that the general, in mentioning something that had taken place, would direct his mind so earnestly to stating unimportant details with entire accuracy that he would mar the interest of the story.

"For instance, after returning from a walk around camp, he would say: 'I was told so and so about the wounded by Dr. —— while we were talking this morning inside the tent;' and a half hour afterward he would take the trouble to come back and say, as if it were a matter of the greatest importance: 'I was mistaken when I told you that my conversation with Dr. —— occurred inside his tent; that was not correct; it took place while we were standing in front of his tent.'"

There was much truth in this comment. No one who had served any time with the general could fail to be struck with his excellent memory and the pains he invariably took to state occurrences with positive accuracy, even in the most unimportant particulars.

The Dying Soldier.

How different were the dying scenes of the soldier from those we are wont to see in times of peace. In the quiet home circle, when death comes, the sick one has our love and tender care; our voices are hushed; our footsteps are noiseless; through the long night we eagerly watch every breath and every motion; the quick ear catches every moan and whisper, and then at the last moment we take the hand of the dying one and go out—out to the very brink of the deep, dark river that separates time from eternity, listening so eagerly for the last faint whisper, saying with such infinite tenderness and love the last good-bye, following the loved one with our eyes till our human vision is lost in the shadows of the Unknown.

But on the fields of battle, where the soldier dies, how is it? In the wild charge, sweeping over the ground like a hurricane blast, where the glistening bayonets flash in the clouds of smoke, where the air is thick with hissing bullets, amid storms of shrieking shell and solid shot, the brave soldier falls mortally wounded. In the heat of battle he cheers his comrades on to victory, and then sinks down upon the ground, mangled and bleeding, surrounded by the wounded, dying and dead. He feels his life blood wasting away, the hot sun beats down upon his head, his lips become parched with thirst, he writhes with the terrible pain that tortures him. The sun goes down; twilight deepens into night—at night upon a field of battle dying alone. The dying soldier grows weaker and weaker, as hour after hour passes away. He thinks of those at home, of sister, of mother, of wife, of children—just as some of you who are here today have been thought of—his heart yearns for just one word from them; how he reaches out his poor hands for the tender touch of hands that he never feels; how he calls the names of those who will never hear his call on this side of the grave; how his heart is pierced with anguish, as he thinks that those dear ones who are dependent upon him will, on the morrow, be helpless. At last he crosses his own hands over his breast, looks up among the stars, murmurs with pale lips messages of love and fond good-byes—night passes away, the sun rises over the plain, and shines upon the face of the dead soldier.—S. F. Norton in Farmers' Sentinel.

Original Abolitionist.

Rev. Dr. Richard S. Rust is one of the "original abolitionists." Ever since his youth—and he has now reached old age—he has been active for the welfare of the colored people of the land. Before the civil war he worked for their freedom. Since the war he has worked to increase their culture. All his life long he has been connected with educational institutions for their especial benefit. He has made for himself an imperishable record as an agent of civilization, and his name will never be forgotten by the freedman of the United States. Dr. Rust was born in New England, where revolt against slavery

was indigenous, and there was never any doubt about his willingness to be classed among the "black republicans," or the "greasy mechanics," or whatever else the advocates of the greatest of national reforms were then contemptuously called. Perhaps he was never actually assaulted while preaching and lecturing for emancipation, but over and over again he had experiences violent enough to appall any but the most stout hearted. Over forty years ago he became president of the Freedman's College at Xenia, Ohio, and while holding this position he had much to do with the insertion of the clauses against slavery into the general Methodist discipline. After the war Dr. Rust was the father of the Methodist policy of extending schools for freedmen all over the South, which has resulted in about eighty institutions that serve as lighthouses of knowledge to the whole colored race. For years he has gone up and down the land lecturing and preaching in their behalf, and now when too old to continue personal labor, his interest is still strong. Dr. Rust resides in Cincinnati.

The Klondike Fiddler.

Argonaut John Kavanagh, the fiddler of the Klondike, before the year is over, will probably be held responsible for the downfall of some scores of musicians, who, tempted by the stories of his good luck, are tracking their way to Alaska, provided only with their instruments, and a hopeful disposition. Kavanagh had been employed at Port Costa, but he became possessed of the idea that there was money to be made in the north, so he struck out for Juneau. From that place he moved on to the Klondike region, going afoot over the rough country intervening, and carrying with him in his outfit a Winchester rifle and a violin. Once in the diggings he found himself about the only available musician there, and the miners gladly paid him $30 or $35 a night to play for them at their dances.

Should Have Spoken Sooner.

He—Miss Quickstep, they say you tabulate your admirers as "preferred," "eligible," "tolerable," "so-so," "emergency," "intolerable," "not to be thought of," and the like. Where do I come in? She—I—I'm afraid, Mr. Rinckley, you are a little too late to classify.

ABOUT THE ELEPHANT

HOW THE DRIVER DECORATES HIS FRONT.

How a Native Public Works Officer Unwittingly Distinguished Himself by Accidentally Driving a Whole Troop of Wild Specimens Into a Corrall.

LIGHT REFRESHMENT.

IN Burmah the public works and other departments are dependent on the elephant for a large amount of heavy labor. By this gentle giant's strength man is able to accomplish with ease that which would be almost impossible without him. Any one who has seen these cleverly trained animals at work in the forests and timber-yards of Burmah will at once realize their utility. Sometimes harnessed to huge teak logs, they drag them wherever they are required; or a monstrous tusker may be seen trundling a log with his tusks and placing it in any position he is ordered as easily and with apparently as little exertion as a child would handle a tennis ball.

The illustrations are from snapshots of one of these useful creatures, with his mahout (driver), at work and at leisure. In one you see the mahout anointing the elephant's forhead with a cocoanut-oil, which is supposed to keep the head cool when working in the hot sun. The white marks on the head are made with chalk, with which the mahout delights to decorate his pet. So much for the elephant tamed. In his wild state he is another creature. The most ticklish and difficult part of elephant-catching operations is to drive the herd into the kheddah prepared for its reception; hence the catch which was made in the Mysore jungles a few weeks ago ranks as unique. A native public works officer, on the way to inspect a bridge in his

THE MORNING TOILET.

district, passing near one of the enormous enclosures built for the purpose, saw a large herd of elephants feeding near the gate. Being alarmed, native-like, he fired his gun and shouted for all he was worth; the herd, equally alarmed, fled incontinently—into the kheddah, whose gate stood open! Whereupon the engineer recovered his wits and made his coolies lower the gate, capturing the lot. That various delays gave the elephants time to break down the ungarded stockade, whereby the majority escaped, reducing the number actually secured to 10, does not affect the capture as perhaps the most remarkable in the annals of elephant-catching.

JOINED THE SALVATION ARMY.

The court circles of Sweden received a severe shock several years ago when it was announced that Prince Oscar, a nephew of the present king, was about to marry Miss Ebba Monk, a young lady of patrician birth, but far below the prince in station. The king protested and refused to permit the marriage, whereupon Prince Oscar declared that he would yield his title and resign all rights of succession, but that marry Miss Monk he certainly would. The marriage was celebrated in due time and Prince Oscar has never been seen in the royal circles since. The king and queen have maintained friendly but distant relations with their democratic nephew, who is known simply as Prince Oscar and who is immensely popular with the people because of his philanthropy.

Prince Oscar and his wife have been devoted to causes of charity and benevolence, but recently have created a second sensation by joining the ranks of the Salvation army. The prince and his wife hold regular open-air meetings according to the methods of the

PRINCE OSCAR.

army. The prince exhorts and he and his wife lead in the street singing.

Civic Ownership of a Paper.

Dresden, the capital of Saxony, owns a singular piece of property—a morning newspaper, the Dresdener Anzeiger. This daily, upon the death of its last proprietor, was bequeathed to the city upon the condition that all profits arising therefrom should be spent upon the public parks, as has been steadily done. The paper continues to hold the respect of the citizens, for the trust has been carried out in its broadest spirit, and the power has never been employed to foster any school of opinions—social, political or religious.

Looking Westward.

A dispatch received here from Chicopee, Mass., says that Edward Bellamy, author of the book "Looking Backward" and "Equality," will soon move from that city to Denver. Mr. Bellamy's health has been poor for some time, and his friends think the change will restore him.

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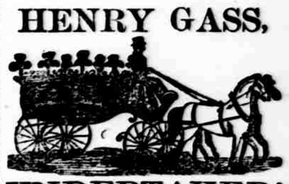

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