BRAVE STEPHEN.

An Incident of the Forest Fires of Michigan.

BY J. M. MERRILL.

Warren Gladden was a settler on Pine creek at the time of the disastrous forest fires in Sanilae and Horon counties, Michigan, some years since. His family consisted himself, his wife and a baby girl.

A boy of 14 made his home with the Gladworked for his board and attended

Stephen Boyd was an orphan. Neighbors shook their heads when they learned that the Boyd boy had been taken in by the Gladdens, and prophesied all sorts of trouble. The Boyds had not been regarded with favor, having had a reputation for shiftlessness, and how could the ron be any better?

Stephen was a pale, Ill-fed lad, with a cowed look in his eyes not pleasant to see in one so young. He seemed in a measure grateful for the kindness of those who gave weeks Mrs. Gladden became really attached

Warren Gladden was absent at the county had prepared the way for the fire fiend, and far soon the whole region along the creek, extending to the river, was one sea of flame. Stephen came home from school at noon with the announcement that the forest fires were near the school building and that the

teacher had suspended operations until all danger was past. "I saw the fire going through the Burlson swamp like a stear through a cornfield," said Stephen, "and I tell you there'll be a hot time all around us before n'ght."
"And Warren expected to return today," said Mrs. Gladden. "I hope he will not be detained by the fire."

Gladden standing where he had le't her. Why didn't you go on as I told you to

?" he asked hurriedly.
"Hecause I would not go on without you Stephen," returned Mrs. Gladden, who re-posed great confidence in her chore boy now seemed so cool under the excitement and danger incident to the occasion.

Well, we must hurry all the faster then he cried. "Don't you see, the fire is going down here to the left? We may be cut off yet! Hurry, hurry, Mrs. Gladden!"

AT DEATH'S DOOR. Down-the forest road boy and ran, actuated by the impulse of self-pres-

A sudden outery from Mrs. Gladden brought Stephen Boyd to a hait. Almos, in their pathway terped a red glow. "We are lost!" exclaimed the woman, clasping her babe to her hosom and sinking

to the ground. Stephen turned quickly. He saw that the excitement and exertion was telling upon his him a home, and in the course of a few benefactiess. Directly in their path had weeks Mrs. Gladden became really attached sprung a fieres flame, having been started

a firebrand blown from a pine top by the rising gale. Warren Gladden was absent at the county the section business at the time the fire alarmed the settlers on Pine creek. A long drouth them reared the flames, which had now swept ar past the Gladden clearing. Before them a fire was rapidly onlarging.

fained by the wind and fed by dry, decay-ing embers. Mrs. Gladden was pale and panting, utterly collapsed.
"Can't you go on?" he asked, bending over her, his own face white with a terrible

"Not another step!" she gasped. my child Stephen, and let me die here."

The boy felt an almost fatal weakness come upon him. Should he obey her request, sive the baby and let the mother perish? He knew he could never face the husband and father with such a tale on him lips. His resolve was quickly taken. He



SAVED.

to her.

he willows.

Yonder is the lake."

would save both or die in the attempt.

Flinging aside the satchel, he took the little girl from the mother's arms, and

epeaking her name, asked her to clasp him about the neck, and cling tightly. The child

Stephen, now having his hands free, lifted

Mrs. Gladden to her feet and spoke a word of encouragement in her ear. He then pushed forward, half dragging, half leading

the woman down the road. He felt the hot flame of the fire on cheek

and brow. He staggered, and came near falling at one moment, only to go forward

again. As they passed the first blazing heap in safety, Mrs. Gladden's courage returned

"Cheer up, Mrs. Gladden," cried the boy

Through an opening in the trees gleamer

a surface of water. It proved to be the lake they were seeking, and once the bank was reached, Stephen breathed easier. He quitted Mrs. Gladden and the baby and

egan a hurried search for a float. He soon

iscovered an Indian canoe pulled up among

Into this he bundled his charges, and

paddled out toward the center of the lake. They had reached it none too soon. In a short time the fire blazed up at the water's

edge, flinging out its red arms as if anxiouto enfold the occupants of the canoe.

he open boat. Toward morning a rain

Here, by the smoking ruins of the house they found Warren Gladden and severa

ntered the clearing he believed that his

A CRAB RACE.

They Travel Many Miles to Reach

Their Feeding Grounds.

not far from the ancient town of Yarmouth

lived not many years ago a family which

was mainly supported by the boys, four or

five of whom aided their father, in catching

crabs which sooner or later found their way

The crab fisheries on the coast have been

which were better supplied. Various methods

were employed to catch the crustaceans that

some instances traps were set over night

swept along the bottom in vast schools. In

vell balted, and hauled in in the morning, but

Down in the southeast coast of England.

neighbors gloomily surveying the ashes.

riends found it safe for them to land.

"I'm afraid he can't get home today," returned the lad. "The road is full of fallen trees, and the smoke is so thick you could cut it with a knife. It won't be rafe even

here a great while."
"What, then, shall we do?" "Maybe we can go to Silverton if we start now," suggested the boy.

A FIERY FOE. Mrs. Gladden went out on the step and glanced at the sky, which was leaden with smoke. The roar of the fire a mile away. could be distinctly heard as it rushed through the pine choppings. The woman's check paled and she looked into the house to where her babe crept along the floor and

Dead timber surrounded the little clearing. When the fire should reach piles of brush at the rear of the house nothing could save the dwelling from destruction. Mrs. Gladden was trembling with alarm. She re-

garded the boy with an appealing look. 'Mr. Gladden left me here to said Stephen, "and I mean to do the best can. The men are all out fighting fire, and none of them think of us till it is too late. I hate to see the house burn, and all the crops too. If you and the baby were only safe I think I could manage."
"What would you do?"

"Set fire to them brush heaps out yonder "And thus hasten the destruction of the roperty!" exclaimed Mrs. Gladden.
"Well, I don't know," returned the boy, a noughtful look filling his eyes. "I rememthoughtful look filling his eyes.

Mrs. Gladden thanked heaven for their safety. When night fell a grand illumination was witnessed by the occupants of the canoe. All through a long night the boy and woman and child remained on the water in ber once, when I was real small, seeing men where my afther worked save a mill from began to fall, and when day dawned the fire had burned itself out so nearly that our burning by building back fires, and I think if we could burn up all the loose stuff about here before the big fire comes along we would Slowly Stephen and his charges made their way back to the little clearing on the creek.

"Oh, I don't know what to do!" groaned "I do wish Warren the woman helplessly. "I do wish Warren was here or some of the men." "You're afraid to trust me," said Stephen.

Warren Gledden, alarmed at the reports of the fire which reached him in town, had hastened his return home. When he first "You are only a boy, Stephen."
"I know," with a downcast look. Then the lad walked away. When a short distance from the house he paused and glanced in the direction of the fire. He saw that it was wife and baby were victims of the fire.
When Mrs. Gladden told the story of her fast circling about the little clearing and that they would soon be hemmed in. Whatever was done must be done quickly. escape through the aid of Stephen Boyd, the heeks tingled. There was no mode of conveyance out of the slearing. Mr. Gladden having taken the team Stephen was not spoiled, however. He grew to manhood and became a respected wagen to town with him on the previous citizen of the country, and is now a rising business man in a thriving western city.

It was five miles to the nearest town, and escape in that direction was already cut off. While the lad was debating what to do a sudden idea shot to his brain.

STEPHEN'S SCHEME. A mile from the Gladden clearing was a ensiderable lake. Surely, thought the boy of water would afford protection i they could only reach it. Stephen ran back to the house and told Mrs. Gladden his plans, "You can walk a mile and the road to the lake is clear, but it may not be for long.

e must go there at once."
"And leave the house to burn?"
"Yes, for your life and baby's is worth to the great markets of London. followed for many years, and as the catch more than the house, which is doomed any-how. I fear. We must hurry, for the fire is to tescertain the fishermen often sail long ing very fast; you can see it down yonder distances up and down the coast to localities

Mrs. Gladden realized the danger hastily made preparations for flight. Gathering a few necessary articles in a satchel, she placed this in the hand of Stephen, then her babe and followed the boy across the clearing to the road leading to

Once in the woods Stephen paused and looked back, saying:
"I believe I will start a fire. It may save
the house and I want to do all I can to save
Mr. Gladden's property. You go on down
the road and I'll overtake you before you've

So it happened that upon one occasion the young fishermen, who each used a net, had a The lad ran back toward the house and pleasant dispute as to who made the biggest the pure juice of the grape naturally fermon had the heaps of brush blazing. When catch; so they determined to mark the crabs mented. For boquet it has no superior,

ceans six or seven miles from where they were caught a few hours previous. The beats all made port, scudding before

away toward home.

The boats all made port, scudding before the gale, and a few days later, were again on the crabbing grounds with nets set. The first trap filled was hauled in by the old fisherman, and as he took out the crabs gingerly to avoid their biting claws, he uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"What's the matter?" asked one of the "What's the matter?" asked one of the

n port that she almost capsized, only right

'Matter!" said his father, "why, out of ten crabs, three have neckerchiefs on."
"Neckerchiefs!" repeated the son.
"Well, it looks very like it," continued
the old man, holding up a crab that had a
piece of white rag like a badge of office

astened around its big arm.
"Why, that's one of our crabs that we

"They must have walked or swum," re-blied another boy, "What! a crab walk five miles in three lays, and side ways at that? I don't be-

lieve it," replied his father.
"Here's two more," shouted a boy who had been fauling in the net, holding up a uple of crabs with strings tied about their said the old fisherman, "I never believed crabs could find their way home a matter of five miles or more."

In all probability few persons suspect but crabs have what is called the homing instinct that is so pronounced in pigeons and can make their way along a muddy coast a distance of several miles; but crabs and many animals travel faster than one would

PLAYROOM FOR THE CHILDREN.

Hy Should Have Such a Thing.

"I wish," said a small bay lately, "that I ived in Neddie's house." Neddie's house was a much more spacious and elegant residence than the small boy's home, and naturally his mother supposed that some of the grandeur of the neighbor's residence had caught his childish eye. Inquiry developed, says the New York Times, that the sole reason "Neddie's house" was to be desired was because "you don't have to put your toys away there." One big room was set apart pose. Here forts could be built, trains of cars could be deserted loaded, engines and hose carts playing away on an imaginary fire fled from instantly when mealtime or some outdoor attraction summoned the restless children.

All model mothers and teachers descant on the virtues of children picking up litter made by themselves in their play, and it may be the rankest heresy to dispute such an august body, but at least one listener to that small boy's plaint sympathized with him. It is a trial to restore things when the enthusiasm of the occupation is gone and if it must be done by the children it should be made as

easy as possible. For really small folks, a big, low basket, with a handle and no cover, is an excellent receptacle for blocks, soldiers and all the odds and ends of toys dear to the youngsters' hearts. It is easy and quick work to put them away in a basket-much easier than to attempt to pack them in a toy drawer, which is never big enough to hold the bulky and

queerly shaped articles.

Best of all is the box below a window seat, and it may be mentioned in passing that the window seat itself is a never failing source of delight to a child. No matter on what it looks, it is a comfortable perch from which there are always possibilities of views, and the mother who has not one in the children's room will be repaid by consulting a carpenter tomorrow morning. Any window will take one, and the space beneath is the best of places for the children's toys. It is well to have the windows weather ortripped before cold weather, for too much air circulates about the ordinary, hastily built house to power. All of these contests from village power. All of these contests from village make a seat in the window safe otherwise. With this simple precaution, however, a wonderful occupation provider is secured.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

It happened on a Wentworth avenue car the other day when a particularly pretty girl, accompanied by a very active small boy, was one of the passengers, relates the Chicago Tribune. The car was crowded, but the particularly pretty girl got a seat in the length of time required for a nice young man to vacate it. The small boy leaned against his companion and varied his perpetual questions by wiping his feet on her dress until every man in the car but one wanted to exterminate bim; the odd one had seven boys of his own. In the small boy's hand was a tightiy clutched round and shining object, and when he dropped it he began an agonzed search, assisted ostentatiously by young man who had given up his seat. was not to be found, however, and the young man dexterously prevented a howl by

"Never mind, sonny, here's another dime Then the particularly pretty girl said 'You must thank the kind gentleman, Regy," smiling upon the doner in a way n feel that he owned the road. After the car had gone about five blocks

the small boy ceased admiring his treasure and piped up in a shrill voice: say, Aunt Mamie?" No reply 'Say, Aunt Mamie, if I tell you something

will you promise not to tell?" No reply, "Say, Aunt Mamie, stop looking at the dude and answer me, or I'll tell "What is it, Regy?" from Aunt Mamie

ery pink about the face and ears.
"Well, that wasn't a dime I lost—only piece of tin. Say, Aunt Mamie, do you sup pose that softy would have given me a dime if you hadn't been along?"

the silence which followed the young man could be heard jumping from the car.

The boy hung back when the visitor spoke to him, and his mother was naturally anroyed. "Won't you go to Mrs. Brown, Willie," she said. "No," replied the boy, shortly.
"Don't you like me?" asked Mrs. Brown,
good-naturedly. "No, I don't," answered the
boy. "Why, Willie!" exclaimed his mother reproachfully. "Well, I guess I got licked for not telling the truth yesterday, and I ain't taking no chances today," protested the

Tommy's father's business affairs call him him until late at night to such an extent that the two are but slightly acquainted. Re-cently the old gentleman found it necessary to punish Tommy for some offense, and the boy, with tears in his eyes, sought his mother for consolation, "Why, what's the matter, Tommy?" she asked. "The m-man that s-sleeps here nights s-spanked me," sobbed.

Of course it was highly reprehensible and anything but dignified, but for all that a certain carful of passengers couldn't help smiling the other day when, after several "I shants" from a little girl to her mother, the mother observed, "Look here, Rosie, is that the way to speak to me?" and the small Rosie replied, "Well, it's one way."

That was a bright answer given by a little girl in a suburban school to the question of her teacher as to what people find, even in warm countries, when they get to the top of a mountain. "Most people find," said the child, "that they are out of breath."

Young men or old should not fall to read Thos. Slater's advertisement on page 11.

well balted, and hauled in in the morning, but the favorite method of the boys was to find a place where crabs were very plentiful and lower a net formed of iron barrel hoops, well follower a net formed of iron barrel hoops, well as just died from pneumonia, was one of the most preminent clergymen in the diocese baited. Into this the crustaceane would of Ohlo, and was a member of the ecclesional was a member of the ecclesion of the most preminent clergymen in the diocese to the lower would apply the lower would be lower to the the boys would pull it up suddenly, always Queary for heresy a few years ago. He was securing half a dozen or more crabs.

Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne is

on the following day. This was done by tying pieces of string on to the claws of the crabs as they came in. Soon the barrel was filled, and the wind being fair the lugger sails were shaken out and the crabbers bore

Elements in His Make-Up and Sources of As the little fleet moved along it was overtaken by a storm, and the boat containing the boys carecned so suddenly when nearly

ig as the heavy barrel of crabs rolled over nto the sea, re casing the imprisoned crusta-

Possesses a Genius for Organization and in Touch with the Masses-Friendship More Powerful Than Money.

(Copyright, 1806, by the Author.) The other day a traveler from a foreign ountry, who is incidentally a student of emparative patriotism, and an American politician of note, the former chairman of a national committee, sat talking in a Broad-

"One of your institutions, for he seems to lost in the caprizing last week," exclaimed the boy. "We tied 'em that way, some white, some black, so that we could see who caught the most."

"I see," said the old crabber. "But there's all parts of the union will gather together and a business of the union will gather together. another puzzle; you lost your load down by in a huge hail; that they will shout and the head, five miles from here; how did the crabe get back?"

with enthusiarm, and that as an unshot of with enthusiaem, and that as an upshot of these deliberations, a party candidate will be named for the presidency. But the nom-Ination, it seems, will not be actually made in this way, but as the result of a long struggle of five or six powerful leaders-the convention merely representing the decisive end of the battle. Each of these leaders has a candidate whom he grooms and 'runs' very much as a jockey does a race horse. How do these men come to possess such power, how do they hold it? In a word, why is he 'boss?' "
Now because many a

fessor of affaire has tried in vain to answer this question, and because the reply of the former chairman represented an expert opin ion, so to speak, an authentic detail of fact, this reply seems worth transcribing. Without quotations it ran:

SURVIVAL OF THE MOST ADEPT. Just what is lost sight of by those who have attempted to explain the matter, is that the "boss" is a perfectly natural produet; that he is just as necessary, or if you like, just as inevitable as the superintendent of the factory, or the leader of a band of troops. Take the care of Mr. Platt. His beginning was probably exactly like that of any party leader. When he began to in-torest himself in politics in the village of Tioga, there were doubtless a dozen other men in the community who wanted to con-rol the caucus and go to the state conventions and have a hand in naming the candidates and formulating the party's policy. You can only explain why it was Mr. Plait, instead of some one of a dozen others who was able to do this thing, by saying that he had a genius for organization; that he understood making combinations and controling other men. The only noticeable thing about a 'coss' at his beginning is that he mostly wins and the other fellows mostly logy. In this village caucus by some in-scrutable law, you may call it a survival of the most adept, one man generally comes out on top. That is, he comes to be looked upon

as the local leader. HIS GENESIS. Now these picked men, these survivals in the struggles of the village caucus go to the district and state conventions and meet other picked men, other survivals, from other com--meet them year after year, almost e men, and this process of the survival of the most adept goes on in ex-actly the same way. In convention after convention that Mr. Platt attended, he gradially came to be known as the man who came out on top. He developed a wide ac-quaintince, showed a talent for leadership and an ability to make other men follow him and an ability to make other men follow film.

To use a trite pigrase, nothing succeeds like success, and so gradually, other men who did not particularly like Mr. Platt perhaps, still found that more was to be gained by following him than fighting him, and thus fell under his leadership. In the course of time he developed a retinue of supporters and friends and acquaintances, men who looked to him to take the initiative. This is the source of his power, just as it is that of all political leaders. This power is real. caucus to state convention were like so many battles, that called into play all the arts and abilities of a general. They aroused and

satisfied the primitive and purely savage liking which is strong in all men, a love of fight. C'est la gueree! Furthermore, there was at work the same tendency or instluct which you see everywhere at work, a blind search for a leader a head. And exactly the same quality which picked Mr. Platt out from the rest of his fellow villagers in Tioga and made him sucessful in the village caucus, came into play and gave him his supremacy in the larger

ield of state contests. Here you have the entire genesis of the nachine and its master. This machine is nothing more than an organization of men who are acquainted, who come to know each other thoroughly, who are united by mutual likings and mutual interests. And its head is simply a man of exceptional talent for political organization and management.

TWO REQUISITES You ack, the politician went on, just are the qualities that make the leader or the "boss." I answer, first of all this genius

for organization, and second, keeping one' word. Perhaps the last should be first. You will find in the long run that the im mense power which certain men come to wield in a party organization is due to the bsolute confidence they inspire. men who have never in their whole lives long betrayed a friend or gone back on their word betrayed a friend or gone back on their word when it was once given. You know these are just the qualities which your iridescent reformer insists the party boss does not possess. I speak by the card when I say that they are an absolute essential. After these and distinctly after them, come those qualities which go to make a successful general or the successful manager of a great business or manufactory—insight, ability to business or manufactory—insight, ability to grasp a situation, courage and talent for managing men. Given these and a twenty years' apprenticeship in politics and you have the elements and the make up of a

You will observe that your party boss, called, is never young. It has taken Mr. Platt thirty years to gain the position and the prestige which he holds in New York. He might have all his ability, all his genius for organization and yet if he were to enter politics now for the first time he would be as helpless and wield as little influence as any ordinary citizen. It has taken long years of training, of experience, of actual handling of men and of long and intimate acquaintance and association to make him

Note another thing. That is the hold which your party "hose" has on the people. It is curious to find how entirely this fact has been ignored. Indeed if you were to read all that has been written of the matter you would be quite crivinced that men like Platt, Quay, Gorman or Hill rale their party in spite of the violent opposition of at least 90 per cent of the party itself. As a matter of fact, it is because of the close hold which they have on the masses of the party, rather than clamorous aspirants for office, that these leaders are strong.

A CASE IN POINT.

In illustration, let me tell you a little incilent. Last year a secret combination was its members into the pulpit, one of whom ormed in Pennsylvania to "down" Quay. It Rov. John W. Chadwick of Brooklyn, is well formed in Penneylvania to "down" Quay.
afterwards came to be known as the "I Combine," and so carefully was it manuev-red that almost half of the delegates had secured by the combine before Senator Quay became aware of its existence. A letter from the combine to a rural friend of interest is well organized, with an annual the senator's gave him the first knowledge convention in sixty states and provinces, and he had of the plot. With hardly a word he many paid secretaries and other means of sat down and on the back of an envelope

penned this letter: "I find myself unexpectedly precipitated into a struggle for my political life. a candidate for state chairman. Can I have All the available stenographers of Phil-

adelphis were hired and thousands upon thousands of copies of this letter were sent broadcast over the state, all personally signed by Senator Quay. The first batch of these went out in the morning. Late that night came three letters, the first word of reply. Almost exhausted by his long day's work, the senator opened the first letter.

and the boys are here and we will see that you get the vote from this precinct."

Half a dozen politicians, friends of Senator Quay, were present at the time, and when the letter was read I do not think there was a dry eye in the room. The senator rose and said rather huskily. "Gentlemen, you may remain for the rest if you like. That letter tells me all I care to know. It tells me I am all right with the people. Good night."

In the primaries that followed the combine was simply obliterated and Quay was left more absolutely the master of his party left more absolutely the master of his party

han every before. Now the average man who denounces party leader or "boss" is unsually a man who knows very little of human nature. To any one who does know human nature, and who understands the part that friendship and affection play, even in a sordid game of politics, this little incident affords a deeper ineight into the why and wherefore of the "bose" than all the theres and essays and ONCE A BOSS ALWAYS A BOSS.

There is yet another side of the matter that goes to explain why it is that once hav-ing gained power, the party leader retains it. If you ever thought of becoming a candidate for an office, do you happen to rec the first idea that came into your head? it was an elective office you tried to think of the friend you knew who possessed the most influence. If it was an appointive office you tried to think of the friend who stood closest to the man who had the making of the apopintment. And there, if you please, the the whole there is a notable. The man in s the whole thing in a nutshell. Toffice are always the friends of the has influence, that is to say, of the party leader. The first thing a man does who wants to run for office is to consult with this leader and gain his friendwhip and sup-port. This is simply the result of an in-nate tendency to slip along the line of the least resistance. A candidate knows that one man with power is worth 1,000 who epresent only themselves. So here again perfectly human desire for distinction tends build up some one man who will be, so to speak, a center, a focus. Thus it is that the party "boss" once established gains by simple attrition. He grows great just like a snowball rolled by a small boy THE "BARREL" IN POLITICS.

Yet another important item is that of money. In this way: To conduct a political campaign nowadays requires an immenso expenditure, and this is ture even where the outlay is confined to strictly le-gitimate purposes. This money must be raised. But millionaries do not run for office every day, and they are not remarkably successful when they do. Campaign funds come chiefly from rich men and from corporations who have interests to further who are running for office separately. They may not even care to deal with the man who happens to be chairman of the party's central committee. They want to deal with tome one whom they know, on whom they can rely, whose word they know in a bond it happens that here again a fixture, a man who stays while candidates come and go-the "boss" almost becomes a necessity, and would be called into existence if he were lacking.
All that has been said so far appertain

solely to the political leader whose power ie due to personal qualities. Quite another type ie the millionaire who opens his "barrel." It is a remarkable fact that most of the "bosses" of both great parites are comparatively poor men. It is a literal statement of the fact to say that they have been too absorbed in the fascinating game they play And it is noteworthy that these natural leaders, as they may be termed by way of distinction in the long run, always win against the tyro with a "barrel."

FRIENDSHIP MORE POWERFUL THAN MONEY. It is, of course, perfectly easy for a rich man to set about to gain an office for him-self or for a friend, by the use of money even though that office be the presidency If he be shrewd and a judge of men, as his apt to be, if he has made his own meney he has only to use care and judgment in selecting the men whom he wishes to control, and then send for them and pay the price. The price may be either an office the promise of the distribution of the patronage of a district or a state, or it may be money. Many times it is all of these. If he does not directly buy a state or district leader, he will at least supply the sinews of war to see that leader through any com-

plications that may arise.

But this type rests for political supremac on a single fact, the power of money. And all men are not to be bought, and the power that is to be gained by this means is short lived. And put against the power drawn from long friendship and association, that omradeship which springs up between who find themselves side by side in a politica battle, and that peculiar hold upon people which a man of political or party genius seems inevitably to acquire, the "boss" the "barrel" is in the long run always de

I think said the politician, in conclusion that if you will consider these things you will be able to understand the peculiar paradox of a great party leader, who is very otfen neither a statesman nor a man of great ideas; neither a great orator nor a formulator of policies, nor a man of brilliance, who strikes the immagination of the people and fires the public heart. CARL SNYDER.

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

Written for the Sunday Bee, Sweeter by far than the songs of the day Purer than music of gladness and light Is the song that blds sorrow and pain flee Purer than music of gladness and light, Ia the song that blds sorrow and pain flee away

And comes to the soul in the depths of its

The heart may grow faint with trials and fears.
For striving and failing may narrow if the swift move that, crowding the swift move the s ing years, Incite us to labor and urge us to strife.

But just when the darkness hangs heavy And storm-clouds have hidden the dead day's delight,
There comes, with its magic sad hearts
to enfold,
The glory grief gives us—a song in the The glory grief gives us-a song in the night. BELLE WILLEY GUE, Winside, Neb., 1896,

RELIGIOUS.

A compilation of the statistics of Pennsy vania Methodism shows that the Method P Episcopal church has within that common wealth the following visible resources: Probationers, 25,102; full members, 240,000 bationers, 25,102; full members, 240,000 churches, 2,105; church and parsonage property, \$16,217,779.

On his recent visit to the east Father E asch, superior of the French seminary, Rome, asserts that he made a most inter esting discovery. It is the ruins of the house inhabited by the Virgin Mary and St. John after the ascension of Jesus, at a place about three miles outside of Ephesus. He says there can be no possible doubt of the fact, because ome years ago Anne Catherine of Emme ich described the house as she saw it in vision, and the ruins found by him cor spond exactly with her description. Rome journal, Italie, says that the pope the cardinals are much interested in the dis covery.

church of Marbiehead, Mass., which has just celebrated its 180th anniversary, has bad an interesting history. Its first pastor was Edward Holyoke, afterward president of Har-vard. John Bartlett, his successor, welcomed Theodore Parker, when it required a good deal of courage to do so. The church has furnished an associate justice to the supreme court of the United States, namely, Joseph Story. In recent years it has sent three of "Hog known all over the country.

The Protestant Sunday schools of the Uni ted States and Canada enroll about one-sixti of the entire population and in some states as much as one-fourth. This large religious work. The movement for nominational Sunday school organization was started about the time of the great revivaof 1857. Every three years an international convention is held to oversee the work as a whole. The next convention is to meet in Boston June 23, and will be of especial in-terest, in that a new committee is to be chosen to select the international lessons. Both as a purchaser of materials and sur

plies, and as an employer the church has im-portant relations to business, writes Dr. H. K. Cartoll in the Forum. It is manifest, K. Cartoll in the Forum. It is manifest, therefore, that the financial affairs of the church must be on a large scale, when all its work, the senator opened the first letter. It was in a girl's hand, and ran: church must be on a large scale, when all its interests are considered. Its expenditures foot up to an aggregate which is truly enorphy employes. During this time there were received. Father is dead, but mother and I

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the bills of the Protestant Episcopal church; \$23,863,000 to pay those of the Methodist Episcopal church; nearly \$14,000,000 for the Episcopal church; nearly \$14,000,000 for the expenses and contributions of the Presbyterian church (northern); \$11,673,000 for those of the regular Baptists, and \$10,355,000 for those of the Congregational denomination, making an aggregate of \$88,000,000 every year centributed by 10,768,000 members—an average of \$8.16 per member. The grand total for all denominations could hardly be less that \$150,000,000, and it might be many millions larger. Most of this is made up of vollices larger. Most of this is made up of vol-untary contributions. The value of church buildings, lots and furniture in 1890 was about \$680,000,000. It is quite probable that is now fully \$800,000,000.

Mile. Jesanne Benaben, a young French woman, is in some respects the most re-markable person of her sex in Europe. She is now about 18 years old, yet two years ago she received the degree of bachelor of erts from one of the most famous colleges of France. She then became professor of of France. She then became professor of philosophy in a woman's college at Lyons and this year was a candidate at the Sorbonne for the important degree of licentiate in philosophy. She emerged from an extraordinarity severe examination third out of 200 candidates. She amazed the examiners by her erudition and serene composure throughout the trying ordeal.

Kalamazoo, Mich., is famous for celeryvertisement appears on page 11.

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