THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE.

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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State of Nebraska, Douglas county, ss:
George B. Tzschuck, treasurer of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the actual number of full and complete copies of The Daily Morning, Evening and Sunday Bee printed during the month of August, 1907, was as follows:

1	36,750	17	36,040
2	36,940	18	35,800
3	37,040	19	37,120
4	35,900	20	37,000
5	37,440	21	36,540
6	36,630	22	36,390
7	36,700	23	36,980
8	36,560	24	36,950
9	36,660	25	35,600
10	36,920	26	36,790
11	35,550	27	36,880
12	37,240	28	36,460
13	37,110	29	36,500
14	36,700	30	36,540
15	36,770	31	36,140
16	36,850		

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GEO. B. TZSCHUCK,
Treasurer.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 31st day of August, 1907.
(Seal) M. B. HUNGATE,
Notary Public.

WHEN OUT OF TOWN.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

The hazing season will open this week.

The oyster is also home from his summer vacation.

Corn tassels are just now the most popular flower in Nebraska.

Colonel Bryan has not decided to run again. When did he quit running?

Germany proposes to levy double taxes on unoccupied ground. Shades of Henry George!

The Shriners are due to start a protest against the Americans being driven out of Fez.

The president has congratulated Colonel Goethals, the greatest mud-thrower of the age.

The bishop of Texas denounces the chewing of gum. Still, it is preferable to chewing the rag.

The sultan of Morocco wears mutton chop whiskers. The insurrection in that country is now explained.

Mr. Bryan is credited with having written a portion of the Oklahoma constitution. That may explain much.

Richard Croker is said to have lost his American citizenship. Oh, well, he was never a very desirable citizen, anyway.

The report that Colonel Bryan is uncertain about being a candidate next year is probably more or less exaggerated.

"Wellman should take a good hot air man along," says the Chicago News—which evidently does not know Wellman.

Fireproof writing paper is the latest fad, but that does not alter the fact much of the modern day writing ought to be burned.

The New York Sun asserts that Secretary Taft is now "shrunken and frustrated." Frustrated possibly, but shrunken, never.

Peary's toes were frozen off in one of his dashes to the North Pole and Walter Wellman is showing symptoms of having cold feet.

The cashier at the Seattle race track absconded with $2,000 belonging to the bookies. That's apparently "the only way" to beat the bookies.

It is bad enough to have to pay the high prices now demanded for articles of food without having Dr. Wiley's assurance that most of it is adulterated.

An earthquake shock was recorded at Washington the other day, but the scientists have been unable to locate it. No objection to allowing it to stay lost.

When it comes to postponing things, what about Colonel Bryan postponing his official entry into the White House every four years since 1896, with yet another postponement in sight for next year?

Among other accomplishments possessed by Mr. Harriman it has been discovered that he snores while he sleeps. The importance of this disclosure is more than appears on the surface. A really wicked man could not sleep soundly enough to snore.

SOME OF THE REASONS WHY.

Although in all probability the returns of the primary election when completed will show that Hon. Henry T. Clarke, jr., has been nominated by his party for railway commissioner, many people are expressing surprise that he should have encountered any considerable opposition, to say nothing of finding his nomination hanging in the balance.

Under these conditions the situation disclosed by Mr. Clarke's close race may as well be looked squarely in the face. Had he, as the appointee of Governor Sheldon to fill a vacancy, been asking for endorsement as a concession to any other part of the state, except Omaha and Douglas county, it would without doubt have been his hands down.

The votes polled by his competitor represent particularly the working of two factors: First, the indifferent voter, who put his crossmark opposite the first name on his ballot and, Second, the prejudiced voter whose antipathy had been inflamed by agitation hostile to Omaha and Omaha's commercial interests.

Mr. Clarke has been peculiarly a victim to the place occupied by his name on the ticket. In all the counties in the state, except one, the top of the ballot went to his rival, while in the one county in which he lives and is best known the ballot was rotated so that his friends looking for his name were easily confused. In Douglas county out of nearly 6,500 votes more than 1,200 went to Caldwell and nearly 1,000 to Wallace, neither of whom had a license to get more than ten or a dozen votes in this county at best.

On the other hand, both the competitors of Mr. Clarke, residing in rural districts, based their publicity campaigns upon antagonism to Omaha. In waging this sort of warfare they were actually facilitated by an inexcusable manipulation of the official ballot as made up by the secretary of state, who, instead of sending out a form similar to that used in regular elections, transmitted to the various county clerks an official ballot containing the names not only of the candidates, but also of their places of residence. The vote for railway commissioner, therefore, represents as much a vote between Omaha, Clay Center and Edgar as it does a vote between Clarke, Wallace and Caldwell. It is a safe assumption that three-fourths of the ballots marked for Caldwell and Wallace were prompted not by special preference for these candidates, but by artificially created prejudice against Omaha.

The bald presentation of these unvarnished facts, with a cold analysis of the causes, may not be very palatable to Omaha, and especially to Omaha business men, but we ought to know exactly where we are at and with this knowledge take precautions to protect our city's interests and to secure a square deal for the future.

SENATORIAL FADS AND FANCIES.

Secretary Charles G. Bennett of the United States senate publishes a little book once a year that would come quickly into the list of the "Six Best Sellers" if it were advertised judiciously. No one connected with the enterprise, however, seems particularly anxious to give the volume any undue publicity, and its charms are usually reserved for those who have learned the merits of the publication. Mr. Bennett's volume for 1907 has just been issued from the press under the unattractive title of "Report of the Secretary of the United States Senate." It starts off in a very prosy way to show how many bills were introduced, killed, passed or held up in committees. The statistical introduction is about as uninteresting as a speech on the silver question, but over in the back of the book is some reading of a highly entertaining character.

The fascinating section of the Bennett report deals with the manner in which the United States senate spends its "contingent" fund, a modest amount that is incorporated in the appropriation bills at the close of every session. The report for the present year shows that the United States senators are a thirsty lot, as they consumed in the last fiscal year 860 cases of mineral water, costing $4,504.70. They also spent $2,025.87 for carbonized mineral water and $318.97 for lemons and sugar, making a total of $6,849.54 for harmless drinkables for the session, and not a drop of booze included. Since there are ninety senators, the per capita consumption of mineral water for the session was about $76.

Speculation as to whether the senators had any "chasers" to go with that amount of mineral water, or used the mineral water to take the taste of something else out of their mouths, is cut short by astonishment at the next item on the list: "One skirt trunk, $26.70." Mr. Bennett cruelly fails to throw any light on this item, even to telling who the lucky, or unlucky, purchaser was. It is suspected, however, that the skirt trunk went to the same senator who had "Cosmetique, 40 cents," charged to his share of the contingent fund. Two branding irons, costing $3.50, are on the list, presumably supplied to Senator Tillman. While the senate chamber, viewed from the gallery, looks like the first row at a vaudeville performance, the account of Mr. Bennett shows that he supplied the august senators with a variegated assortment of tonics and preparations for the hair. Here are some of the entries: Bay rum, $30.25; witch hazel, $14; hair tonic, $32.57; brilliantine, $1.20. There was also a modest outlay of $510.21 for sponges. Six sewing sets at a total cost of $26.50, and manicure sets valued at $209.75 also figure in the lists, while glove and handkerchief sets, opera bags and engagement pads make up a $300 total.

One disappointing feature of Mr. Bennett's book is that the government is trying to economize in its printing bills and the person who tries to secure one of the entertaining brochures is almost certain to be informed that the "supply has been exhausted and no more will be printed."

A PLAIN CLOTHES HERO.

A monument has just been unveiled at Erie to Eben Brewer, a hero of the Spanish-American war. What won this honor for Brewer is not recounted in any of the histories of the war with Spain. He was not a Rough Rider and took no part in the charge up San Juan hill. He was not at Las Guisamas, nor did he storm the ramparts of Moro Castle. He was not surrounded by cheering companions when he performed those deeds of valor and his name does not appear on the muster roll of either the army or the navy, but he was a hero just the same.

Eben Brewer went to Cuba, at the outbreak of the war with Spain, to aid in the establishment of a military postal service. Upon his arrival, his first information was that many sick and wounded soldiers were at the front with but a handful of physicians to take charge of them. He hurried to Siboney and began work as a nurse. For four days he took no rest; he trudged tirelessly through Cuban jungles, often carrying sick or wounded soldiers on his back to the nearest field hospital. He drove his strength beyond the limit and fell, dying, into the tent of a war correspondent, dragging with him a seriously wounded soldier. All efforts to succor him were futile and he died within an hour.

Eben Brewer gave his life for his fellow men, the greatest test of greatness. No monument was ever more deserved than that which was raised to him in his home town and dedicated by the veterans of the Spanish-American war. No deeds could have been nobler than those of Eben Brewer, plain clothes hero.

AMERICA WINS AT THE HAGUE.

The proposal of General Horace Porter, head of the American delegation to the peace conference at The Hague, for a declaration governing the collection by force of contractual debts, has been adopted by the conference, Switzerland alone dissenting. This is the one important achievement of the conference, certain to have an important bearing upon our future foreign relations.

The South American states were united in support of the Drago doctrine, which required the uncompromising surrender of the right of a nation to enforce upon another the payment of contractual debts to subjects of the former. The South American countries tried to force this proposition and relied confidently upon the support of the American delegates. General Porter, however, after a consultation with Secretary Root, presented a modified proposition providing that force in the collection of contractual debts shall be used only after the debtor nation has refused arbitration of the claims in question or created conditions which would make arbitration impossible.

Some Latin-American countries have evidently been relying upon the United States to protect them in the evasion or repudiation of just debts to foreign powers. The creditor nations represented at The Hague declined absolutely the Drago proposition, insisting upon their right to use force when debtor nations failed to meet their obligations. The Porter compromise was therefore accepted as the best means of securing relief from the strained conditions that exist between certain Latin-American states and their foreign creditors.

By the adoption of the Porter plan, no foreign power will be warranted in sending its battleships to a Latin-American country until the question in dispute has been submitted to arbitration. The action of the conference will protect honest nations, like Chile and Argentina, from humiliation and it will protect weak Latin-American countries from extortion such as has been practiced in the past by foreign creditors. But it will also withhold protection from the international outlaws in Latin-America, who have been incurring all kinds of obligations and then repudiating them, relying upon the United States to protect them, under the plea that the Monroe doctrine is being violated. The plan adopted simply carries out the idea of a square deal between nations.

GENERAL CORBIN ON ARMY NEEDS.

Perhaps no man in America is better qualified than Major General Corbin to discuss intelligently the needs and shortcomings of the American army. General Corbin went into the army as a private and rose to the rank of major general, having served as chief-of-staff, the highest rank in the service since the grade of lieutenant general was abolished. General Corbin won his honors in the war of the rebellion, spent two years in the Philippines and was for many years head of the army at Washington carrying the rank of adjutant general. He knows the soldier, in the tent, in barracks and on the field, appreciates his needs, his weaknesses and his rights. Accordingly, attention is commended to his views upon some changes now demanded for the betterment of the military service. In a recent interview General Corbin blames most of the present trouble in the army to the failure of congress to take a positive stand for the restoration of the canteen. He declares that ninety-five per cent of the members of congress understand the importance of this measure, but under the watchful supervision of their temperance constituents say they are powerless to act. The military prisons, according to General Corbin, are filled with soldiers who become the victims of the dives that surround the army posts, while the keepers of these dives are liberal subscribers to maintain the temperance bureau at Washington which is waging a successful war against all plans for the restoration of the canteen.

Behind all of this, according to the general, is the feeling of the enlisted man that they are being discriminated against. They see the officer enjoying the privileges of his club and all other government employes are unrestricted in their personal habits, while the soldiers are told that they must not touch liquor or beer on the military reservations.

General Corbin admits frankly that he was most bitterly opposed to the army canteen until he saw the ill effects that followed its abolition. He has seen posts equipped with gymnasiums, libraries, coffee rooms and every facility for the entertainment of the men, but these places have been deserted, as the soldiers had insisted on going outside to get their beer. He has found the bulk of the inmates of the military prisons serving sentences for drunkenness, whereas, under the canteen system, the sergeant in charge restricted the amount of beer to be sold to each man and drunkenness was exceedingly rare.

The expressed conviction of General Corbin that nearly all of the defects in the present system of army management are traceable directly to the abolition of the army canteen is a sufficient warrant for a serious consideration of the problem by the coming congress.

BASE BALL EVANGELISM.

Rev. William Sunday, although he prefers to be known as "Billy" Sunday, has been written up in the magazines, furnishing another striking illustration of the real injury certainly being done to the work of saving souls, the proper province of the churches, by overzealous evangelists of the Sam Small, Sam Jones and "Billy" Sunday type. The magazine story is prefaced by the statement that Sunday, who is a regularly ordained minister of the Presbyterian church, doing evangelical work, has converted hundreds of thousands of men and women, very few of whom have fallen from the faith. Be that as it may, it is difficult for any one with respect for religion in his heart to read of Sunday's work without a feeling of disgust or without the conviction that the evangelist should be back on the ball field, where he achieved the reputation he still boasts, of "being the fastest runner and one of the best ball players in the National league." For illustration, take Sunday's version of the Bible scene in which the devil found Jesus in the wilderness and sought to tempt Him:

He says: "Son of God, hey?" He looks the lowly Saviour over from His weary, sweat-stained brow to the ragged hem of His dusty robe and he says: "Son of God! Are you the man that's been going up and down the country passing as the Son of God?"

And Christ, all weary and alone, says: "Yes, that's right."

And the devil laughs. "Say," he says, "I'm not so easy as all that! I'm from Missouri; you've got to show me! Make good! Turn some of these stones into bread and get a square meal! Produce the goods!"

Could anything be more sacreligious? Are not the bitterest denunciations of the blasphemer less repulsive than such mouthings? Sunday believes, too, in a personal devil and, with the enthusiasm of a base ball batsman, is ready to denounce as a liar anyone who disagrees with him. On the subject of the devil, Sunday, in the address (it can not be called a sermon), said:

Oh, but the devil is a smooth guy! He is right here in this tabernacle now, running around up this aisle and down that, trying to make you sinners indifferent to Christ's sacrifice for your salvation. When the invitation is given you and you start to get up and then settle back in your seat and say, "I guess I don't want to give way to a momentary impulse," that's the real, genuine, blazing-eyed, cloven-hoofed, forked-tailed old devil hanging on to your coat tails. He knows all your weaknesses and how to appeal to them. He knows you. Oh, the devil knows his business; you can bet your last four dollars on that!

Just one more illustration of "Sunday's" methods. The meetings reported were held at Fairfield, Ia., whose citizens had subscribed, or collected, $7,860 for Sunday's expenses and services for a week. Because the papers of Brighton, a town near Fairfield, referred to the revival as a species of "graft," Sunday in closing his meeting offered the following prayer:

Oh, dear Lord Jesus, save Fairfield! Bless Mount Pleasant, Stockport and Birmingham and Batavia and—er—bless—(the evangelist opened his eyes, turned around and in an ordinary conversational tone questioned his secretary: "What was that town we went to the other day, over there on the railroad, Honeywell? Oh, yes, Eldon.") (Again closing his eyes and resuming the higher pitched tone of addressing the Almighty)—Bless Eldon, dear Lord, and Packwood, and Richland, and Pleasant Plain. And, Oh, dear Lord, if You think it's any use, you might tackle those Brighton editors. But, dear Lord, be careful—take along a bottle of disinfectant. I don't know as You can do much with them. Jesus, but if You think it's worth while, try it, Lord, try it! And if You try it, here's a pointer, Lord, wear rubber gloves.

The prayer of church members the world over and the wish of honest men and women who are not church members is for the spread of the Christian doctrine, the gospel of love and light and peace and good will towards men. The spread of that doctrine will be hastened by the withdrawal of evangelists of the "Sunday" type from the pulpit and their relegation to vaudeville, where they belong.

Governor Sheldon will not take his staff along on his trip with the president from Keokuk to Memphis, because he has had no invitation for the staff. Governor Sheldon is not up to the game as usually played by Nebraska governors. Neither Governor Mickey nor Governor Savage would have hesitated to take the staff along on account of any little thing like the omission of an invitation.

The resolution to censure President Roosevelt for criticising adversely certain decisions of federal judges was tabled by the American Bar association. The lawyers who favored the resolution must want to reserve to themselves the exclusive right of criticising the courts.

Complaints are made that many inventions are suppressed after they have been patented and the country deprived of the use of them. There will be no complaint against such a disposition of the whistling piano which has just been invented.

Senator Stone of Missouri has returned from a foreign trip and finds his presidential boom just as healthy as it was when he left home. It is a personally conducted boom and has never been injured by contact with the public.

Some of the people who are now talking loudest about selling the Philippines are the very ones who in 1898 talked loudest for the treaty of Paris, by whose terms Uncle Sam was compelled to buy them.

Cass county gave Judge Reese 600 majority and Clarke 450 to the good in the recent primary. That indicates that Governor Sheldon's neighbors are still willing to take his word for it.

Senator Foraker and Colonel Bryan both agree that Mr. Taft is not the man for president of the United States. But that is about the extent of their agreement.

The woman's page continues to print articles on how to have beautiful hands. From a man's viewpoint the most beautiful hand is all aces.

Strengthening the Touch.
Washington Star.

It needs no definite research to back up the prediction that beefsteak, coal, petroleum and a number of other things will cost more this winter than ever before.

A One-Sided Story.
Philadelphia Inquirer.

Still, we must remember that these vivid descriptions of desperate conflicts in which the Moors are slain by hundreds and the French by units all come from French sources.

Something Just as Good.
Philadelphia Record.

It is a relief to know that one patent pill contains nothing but sugar. There is a good deal in the mind cure, and sugar pills and bread pills have worked many cures when the patient supposed they consisted of powerful drugs and confidently expected them to be effective.

Soldiers Privilege Denied.
Brooklyn Eagle.

The army canteen may be quiescent as an "institution," but it is much alive as an "issue," and if the next congress is a little braver than some of its predecessors, it is not improbable that the American soldier may recover the privilege, given to every other soldier, of drinking his beer on his own premises.

Passes Up the Live One.
New York World.

Mr. Baer's sense of humor is incomplete. In justice to himself he makes Mark Hanna the operators' scapegoat for the 1900 agreements to raise the price of coal. They raised it again by agreement in 1904. Why does not Mr. Baer lay the blame on Theodore Roosevelt, who is living, or ask for his prosecution as the person responsible for the Coal trust's scheme of prices?

Mission of a Journalist.
Henry Watterson in the Courier-Journal.

Intellectually the journalist can only be the interpreter and the historian of the best thought of his time. If he interprets history truly, steadfast in his aims and faithful to his ideals, he has given of his best, having fulfilled at once his mission in the world and the reason of his being. To try him by any other test is to perpetrate injustice as well as to misconceive conditions and relations.

SECULAR SHOTS AT THE PULPIT

Washington Post: The Detroit preacher who urged his hearers to "give roses to the living" is evidently unaware that the average man with a family is kept busy giving the living bread and butter and beefsteak.

Chicago Record-Herald: A New York preacher predicted that the world would come to an end last week. It will be pretty hard for him to retain the confidence of the people who reformed on the strength of his prediction.

Minneapolis Journal: Rev. G. Campbell Morgan of London, who is now in this country, remarks that receptions are the most empty things that man ever invented. Yes, the refreshments are usually light, for an Englishman.

New York Post: The Ministers' union, organized a few weeks ago at LaCrosse, Wis., has been expelled from the Trades and Labor assembly because of the complaint of the Brewers' union that the anti-liquor crusade of the religious workers injured their business. For this, the brewers deserve to have their places taken by the ejected clergy the very first time there is a strike at the vats.

Boston Transcript: The death of Archbishop Williams was in harmony with his life. It was a passing, beautiful in its peace, its serenity and its faith. It ended a life that was not merely remarkable for its devotion to high ideals, but was the incarnation of them. No ecclesiastical dignity could invest him with higher moral and spiritual influence than that which irradiated from the man himself. Men forgot the one in admiration for the other. He early recognized his mission. His childhood and youth were an earnest preparation for it, and from early manhood to benignant old age he gave uninterrupted service to the benefit and betterment of his fellowmen through those means in whose efficacy he had most confidence.

SERMONS BOILED DOWN.

The selfish heart always is shortsighted.

Only a dead faith lies wrapped in formalities.

No language is more eloquent than a life of love.

The beautiful life loses no time looking for a mirror.

They who never stop for little joys find no large ones.

There is more religion in one smile than in a score of sighs.

The church is a shelter for the sinner, but not for his sins.

To turn from another's sorrow may be to miss your best joy.

If you want to set the pace, be sure you're on the right path.

There is no harmony in any song in which the heart does not sing.

The world never will be made clean by folks trying to scrub one another.

They who work as if the Master was ever near find Him always by them.

He has no real riches who does not put the treasures of friendship first of all.

The world may care little for theology, but it recognizes with joy the heavenly life and love.

The man who thinks he is weighty because he is wordy usually is short weight when it comes to works.

Many never write the check of success because they wait for the world's indorsement before they begin to draw it.

The people who are climbing into the ecclesiastical band wagon are not the ones who are making the heavenly music in this world.—Chicago Tribune.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

That mysterious earthquake recorded by the seismographs was pulled off on Monday, not on the date of the Nebraska primaries.

A new version of "art for art's sake" is furnished by a New York artist, who puts away his wife for a recently-found "affinity."

The promised immunity bath for the Alton road would be mightily appreciated just now in laying the dust along the right-of-way.

The deposed queen of Hawaii, Lilliuokalani is about to annex a husband, Prince Ari Pai of Tahiti, a dusky tropical warrior of 300 pounds. He ought to hold Lil for a while.

A New York expert on electric traction informs Chicago that his services are worth $35,000 a month. Just then the celebrated lake breeze blew and held down Chicago temperature.

St. Louis strives nobly to view the future cheerfully, but a tightening lid and dollar barley throws a cloud of foam on the prospect, leaving a diminished sup of amber tint to decorate the stein.

The Galveston Daily News signalized the seventh anniversary of the deluge with a boom edition, demonstrating by imposing statistics how the city has risen from disaster. The showing is a magnificent tribute to Galveston grit and getthereativeness.

Paul Stensland, wrecker of the Milwaukee Avenue bank of Chicago, thinks he has lived in Joliet long enough and wants a change of scene. If he was let out long enough for his victims to get at him, the experience might change his mind, also his face.

Our troubles and native troubles in Cuba are in a fair way to permanent settlement. American flapjacks have been introduced into the island and have already warmed the cockles of the native heart. Flapjacks are the routing agents of peace and civilization.

A representative of the Treasury department is down in Jamestown looking after the exposition's overdue debts to the government. He isn't getting rich quick. But while the coin is scarce, the squabble among the managers for social precedence affords sufficient diversion to keep the collector's mind off the box office.

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES.

Miss Longsince—I have never yet met the man I wanted to marry.

Mrs. Chillicon-Kearney—No? Tell me his name, dear, and I'll manage to have you meet him some day.—Chicago Tribune.

"I see that sermons are being preached in Esperanto."

"I wonder if they are equally good for insomnia?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"She always reminds me of a public office."

"That's curious."

"Not so very. She's continually seeking the man, you know."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Pauline turns up her nose at offers of marriage."

"Why so?"

"The only things she considers are abject pleas."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Pastor (preaching funeral sermon)—Yes, my friends, our dear brother was cut down in his prime, leaving a widow of 27 to—

Widow (interrupting)—Twenty-two, if you please, sir!—Philadelphia Press.

Patience—I'm going to congratulate Peggy on her last marriage.

Patrice—You'd better wait.

Patience—Why so?

Patrice—I don't think this one is her last.—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Smith—Yes, my little 5-year-old girl is a great help in my housekeeping.

Mrs. Randall—Why, what can such a child do to help?

Mrs. Smith—She goes down and tells the cook for me whenever we're going to have company.—Harper's Bazar.

"Mrs. Spendit is trying so hard to break into society."

"Well, she certainly has a right to be in the push."

"Why so?"

"Isn't her husband in the business of manufacturing baby carriages?"—Baltimore American.

"Dear me!" cried the mother, surprising the boys in a squabble in the pantry over the remnant of pie, "what is all this quarreling about?"

"I imagine," said her husband, taking in the situation at a glance, "that it is a piece conference."—Baltimore American.

Mrs. Johnston (over the tub)—Doan Ah mek yo' a good livin', Henry Clay Johnston?

Mr. Johnston—Tol'ble, chile—tol'ble. But yo' sh'd have seen de way mah mothah suppohted mah fathah!—Puck.

"Was papa really angry?" asked the dear girl.

"Angry?" replied her lover, "well, I should say. I came to the point right away and told him we intended to be married in the spring."

"And what did he say?"

"He said: 'What? Why not at once?'"—Baltimore American.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

G. Linnaeus Banks.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes yet to find me,
And the good that I may do.

I live to learn their story
Who suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The heroic of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion,
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser with conviction,
And fulfill each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall rule by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When, man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I may do.