present and ever-urgent temperance question. American Methodists, it is well known, are in the front rank of this movement in the United States, and, perhaps, it may also be said, that the English Methodists are in the front rank of that reform in Great Britain. But if the latter fact be granted, then it will be seen at once, not only that there is a vast difference in the status of this question in the two countries, but that there is also a vast difference in the relative attitude toward it of the Eastern and Western branches of Methodism. Think of wine being used in the vestries of City Road Chapel, while the first ecumenical was in session there! Think of the Methodist Lord Mayor of London entertaining the delegates at the Mansion House, and inviting them to refreshment-tables at which, among other good and bad things, the distilled essence of Europe's best vintages was freer for those who chose to take it than water! Think of old ministers declaring on the floor of the conference that they could not condemn the moderate use of wine as a beverage, or question the propriety of an occasional glass, taken at suitable times, by even the Methodist clergyman! Think of the confession made in open conference by Mr. Atkinson, J. P., who said that Methodist laymen were compelled to put the wine bottle on their tables when they were visited by some of the older ministers, because, if they did not, these men would go away and berate them for their lack of hospitality; and then, his remarks being challenged, think of this doughty magistrate returning to the charge with specifications! Think of dear, grand old Bishop Peck, and the genial and Noble Bishop McTyeire, being offered the wine-glass at the close of their ministrations in Methodist Churches during that first ecumenical! Imagine the consternation and holy horror of these good men, gone now where the wicked cease from troubling, at such developments!

A TROUBLESOME QUESTION.

Of course much was said in that conference, even by British delegates, which was fully up to the exalted standard maintained on the temperance question by the united delegation from this side of the Atlantic. Who can forget the ringing words of Hugh Price Hughes, just then coming into prominence, who stood up like the prophet of a new dispensation, and, with his long arms outstretched, and pale face whiter than usual from intense feeling, pleaded for that cause, as he now pleads from one of the most conspicuous pulpits in London, for the masses against the classes, and the Christ of Scripture as against the Christ of the churches! And another fearless advocate of temperance on the British side was one who had grown gray in this holy service, and who has since been elected to the presidency of the British Wesleyan body—that consecrated man and uncompromising reformer, Rev. Charles Garrett. Still there was no possibility of an agreement on this subject—no chance whatever that resolutions such as would have satified the American delegates would have received anything like a unanimous indorsement on the British side; and hence the utility of the business committee, to whom, as a matter of course, the subject was finally referred, and who wisely, in the circumstances, by not bringing it back again for action, relieved the conference from the difficulty of coming to an agreement in regard to it. The conference, however, did make an expression upon this subject in the pastoral address it put forth, and the American delegates, and, perhaps, many on the other side also, were delighted to hear from the lips of Bishop Peck, who had helped to prepare this address, and afterwards had the honor of reading it, that, as to the proper attitude of Methodism toward intemperance, they owed it "to the memory of their great founder, to their own history and to the truth of religion, to stand in the front rank of those who are sworn to crush it to the earth."

THE PRESIDING OFFICER.

The business committee, which regulates so many other matters, will also determine from day to day upon whom shall fall the distinguished honor of occupying the chair at this great conference. The rule obtaining in this matter is as follows: On the first day a delegate from the first division, on the second day one from the second division, on the third day one from the third division, on the fourth day one from the fourth division, and so on, in repetition of this order, to the end. The opening sermon will be preached by Rev. Dr. William, Arthur, of London. Among some of the more conspicuous speakers will be Rev. Dr. T. B. Stevenson, president of the British Wesleyan Conference; Rev. Dr. Jenkins, the chief missionary secretary of the Wesleyan body; Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, who will deliver several lectures while in America; Rev. John Bond, Rev. Dr. Marmaduke Osborne, Rev. Dr. H. Evans, of Waterford; Rev. Dr. W. T. Davison, of the Wesleyan College, Richmond, England; Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, of Shrewsbury; Rev. F. W. Macdonald, an eminent writer on theological subjects, of Birmingham; Rev. Dr. W. F. Slater, president of the college at Didsbury, England, and Rev. F. W. Bourne, of London. Several distinguished British laymen will also take a prominent part in the conference. Among them will be Samuel D. Waddy, one of the foremost members of the British bar; Prof. W. S. Allen, of Staffordshire; H. J. Atkinson, M. P., of Hastings; the Right Hon. H. H. Fowler, M. P., of Wolverhampton; Percy W. Bunting, of London; the Hon. S. J. Way, of London, and T. P. Shellington, of Belfast.

Among the delegates from America who will take an active part will be Bishop John F. Hurst, of Washington; Bishop Randolph S. Foster, of Boston; Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, of Philadelphia; Bishop Charles H. Fowler, of San Francisco; Bishop C. W. Galloway, of Richmond, Va.; Bishop A. W. Carman, of Belleville Ontario; Bishop John P. Newman, Omaha, Neb., and Bishop E. R. Hendrix, of Vicksburg, Miss. The programme, when officially announced, will also be found to contain the names of Rev. Drs. George Douglass, William Briggs, L. H. Smith, J. M. Buckley, A. S. Hunt, A. Coke Smith, William Nast, A. C. Davison, E. H. Dewart, E. E. Hoss, M. D'c. Crawford, H. A. Buttz, J. D. Hammond, W. F. Warren, James M. King, R. H. Mahan, C. H. Phillips, A. B. Leonard, C. N. Grandison and J. A. M. Chapman. Prominent laymen on the programme include the Hon. John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky; ex-Gov. William Claflin, of Massachusetts; ex-Gov. W. P. Dillingham, of Vermont; the Hon. J. R. Inch, Canadian Superintendent of Public Instruction; Congressman J. T. Taylor, of Ohio; W. B. Hill, of Georgia; Congressman H. L. Sibley and Chancellor Edward Mayes.

H. T.

JERRY SIMPSON'S MULE STORY.

The Kansas Statesman Has an Appropriate Yarn for His Own Career.

Atlanta Constitution.

One of the best stories of the year is told by Jerry Simpson, popularly known as the Sockless Socrates of Medicine Lodge. He had been talking about the attempt of the old parties to capture the Alliance vote, when he compared the astute politician to the Kansas mule.

"Out in Kansas," said he, "there is a boy who had taught his mule to squat when he touched him on the flank with his heels, and one day, when he was riding beside an Englishman, the mule suddenly sat down on its haunches. 'What's the matter with your mule?' said the Englishman. 'Why,' said the boy, 'he's a setter; don't you see that rabbit out there?' The Englishman was much astonished.

"They rode on and the mule squatted again. 'What's he doing now?' said the Englishman. 'He's settin' again,' said the boy. 'Don't you see that flock of quail?' By this time the Englishman was dying to own the mule. An animal he could ride that was also a setter would be priceless to such a Nimrod as he. He offered to buy the mule, but the boy didn't want to sell him. Finally he consented to swap the mule for the Englishman's fine bay horse and $100 to boot. The Englishman mounted the mule, the boy mounted the horse and they rode on together. After awhile they came to a creek, and the Englishman drew up his feet to keep them from getting wet. About half way through the water got so deep that he had to draw his feet up to the mule's flank. As soon as the boot heels touched the mule's flank he squatted right in the middle of the creek. 'What's the matter with your blarsted mule now?' said the Englishman. 'I told you he was a setter, and he's just as good for suckers as for anything else.'"

Fifty Virtuous Men.

Boston Transcript.

At Birdseye, Ind., fifty men whipped one weak woman because she was "disreputable." These champions of virtue should take a bird's-eye view of themselves, and perhaps they might find that their victim is not the only disreputable person in Birdseye.

GRANT WAS NOT ALARMED

But He and Lincoln Were the Only Men Who Were Not Frightened in 1864.

The Great Scare Caused by Jubal Early's Ten Thousand Men—Demoralization in the Capital—What Lincoln and Grant Did.

The historian may be able to give a connected account of the events of a period and to give an insight into the issues at stake and the great actors in the drama. He can depict battle-fields and set forth the contentment of legislative bodies, but the forces which influenced men, the impulses which controlled them and the conditions of their minds in great crises can only be revealed by their correspondence and telegrams to those with whom they are in confidence. These are largely private, and the actors unbend and speak their hopes and fears, their exaltations and depressions. For instance, history has already told us of the really official and public Abraham Lincoln and of those associated with him. But the human Lincoln, with the doubts and hopes of other men, will be found in the dispatches to the Union generals from time to time which the government is publishing. The next volume of the War Records will continue the dispatches and letters which passed between Lincoln and Grant during the battle summer of 1864.

Those who read the dispatches in these volumes will be struck with one idea which no history conveys which does not publish all the dispatches that passed between the President and the Lieutenant-general commanding the armies in the field. Grant did not obtain Lincoln's confidence at once. He had been too often the victim of misplaced confidence in men who promised to lead to victory and to be masters of the situation to take any comparatively new man into full confidence. He had never met General Grant until he presented him his commission as Lieutenant-general. He had come to believe in the man for the command of Western armies, but believing in a man to command the Army of the Potomac was a very different thing. It was the largest army and had fought the bloodiest battles. It had no superior in discipline and courage, yet it had failed in leadership so long that there was a sort of fear that the man would never come who could harmonize the contentions of officers and resist the political interference from Washington. Therefore, when Gen. Grant made his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac and practically took its control into his own hands, the letters and telegrams of the great President betray the feeling in his heart that, perhaps, after all, Grant might not be the man. But as the campaign proceeded and Grant displayed the brain and the nerve to lead and fight the Army of the Potomac, when, from the bloody jungles of the Wilderness, he uttered the courageous words: "We'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," Lincoln as well as the country was inspired with conviction that at length the man and the mission had met. All through that bloody period, when good and skilled soldiers saw nothing but disaster with each bloody encounter, Grant held to his plan of campaign, which was made before a Union soldier crossed the Rapidan. He did not expect to conquer Lee in the first or second encounter, but he did expect to break the courage of his army by hard fighting, and by those now historic left-flank movements force him back into Richmond and there pen him up. In those brief, resolute telegrams which General Grant sent to the President from day to day that plan and purpose is disclosed. Others might be appalled at the terrible losses here and there, but Grant, greater than all his subordinates, with a higher and broader conception of the results of the forty days of charging the enemy's lines, and the forty nights of marching by the left flank, calmly and accurately measured the effect upon both armies. May 26, 1864, when the country stood aghast at the losses of battle and timid men were predicting nothing but disaster, Grant wrote Lincoln: "Lee's army is really whipped. The prisoners we take now show it and the action of his army shows it unmistakably. A battle with them outside intrenchments cannot be had. I may be mistaken, but I feel that our success over Lee's army is already insured."

THE WASHINGTON SCARE.

No wonder that Lincoln, as he saw and felt the power of this masterful man, come not only to repose all confidence in him, but to lean upon him as the man of the hour. As one reads Lincoln's dispatches he can but observe that his views are given as suggestions, and that, finally, he was accustomed to close with the remark, "you know best what to do."

The critical period in the East during the campaign of 1864 was not the days of the fierce onset in the Wilderness, nor the subsequent succession of bloody days at Spottsylvania or Cold Harbor, but the two weeks of the "Washington scare." All through the war Washington was the scene of scares. Whenever a rebel division or raiding cavalry brigade faced toward the capital its residents saw the whole confederate army in the suburbs, and its skirmishers in sight of the defenses which surrounded the city. Washinton was the rendezvous not only for Congressmen, politicians, etc., but it was the rear of the Army of the Potomac. There were its hospitals most of its wounded went thither, its sick, and most of its bummers and those malingerers and non-competents in shoulder-straps. There congregated the numerous brigadiers who were commissioned because they had influence, but were deprived of commands because their capacity could only be turned to the advantage of the enemy. In Washington were the Jeremiahs who criticised the conduct of the war because they were not in it, and magnified gossip and rumors into sweeping accusations of incompetency and calamity.

During July, 1864, Washington was in the fittest condition for a genuine scare. The army of non-combatants and incompetents was never so large in the District of Columbia, and the defenses were never so empty of effective troops. In fact, the defenses had been stripped of real soldiers to reinforce General Grant in the field, and their places had been taken by one-hundred-day men and the worthless who streamed back from the Army of the Potomac from the hour it felt the shock of battle in the Wilderness. These had been collected into provisional organizations and put into the defenses. They were of that class who were invisible in war but invincible in peace.

At this distance from the event it seems that any man of any military experience should have known that a raid upon Washington of any considerable proportions was out of the question. During sixty days Grant had been pounding the life and courage out of Lee's army. He had driven him back into Petersburg and Richmond, and there had him by the throat. True, the Army of the Potomac was somewhat winded, but nevertheless it held its opponent in its grip. In Lee's desperation he thought it possible that he might induce Grant to loosen the death grasp if he should make a movement on Washington. Such movements had served Lee excellent purpose time and again before; why not then? The volume of the War Records now in preparation for distribution contains all the dispatches relative to this raid, which gave Washington its last but greatest scare. In the hope that Grant might let go his hold at Petersburg, Lee sent Early, with less than twelve thousand men, to threaten Washington, from the Shenandoah valley. This army crossed the Potomac and marched into the very suburbs. Its skirmishers might have seen the dome of the Capitol. Here are samples of the dispatches which frightened Washington:

NEW YORK, July 9, 1864.—(Received 12:30 P. M.)—Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War: A Southerner here, heretofore invariably well informed of rebel designs, said, confidentially, that the movement toward Frederick was a feint; that Lee in person would move in force, by Georgetown Heights, on Washington.

JAS. M. WHITE.

BASIS OF THE SCARE.

The traditional Union citizen whose nephew was in the confederate army told him that the rebel force was from seventy-five to a hundred thousand strong, under the command of Lee in person, and the loyal citizen told the story to the captain of the picket line north of Washington. Even General Halleck estimated that the raiding army contained thirty thousand men, according to the mass of evidence presented to him, and so telegraphed Gen. Grant. Yet official figures show that Jubal Early actually had less than ten thousand men when he approached the northern defenses of Washington, but such was the panic among the people, the lack of discipline and the lack of leadership that it seems probable that with that handful of men Early might have entered Washington. Twenty-seven years after the event, the hysterical dispatches and the evidence of confusion among the officers are rather amusing, but they show the danger then. Officers asked where the authority of one ended, and that of the next began. Each body of troops had a commander, but no one appeared with authority to put each in place, or direct a concerted movement. Department clerks were drilled with muskets, and it is said that quite a number of them became so skilled that they would not insert the cartridge into the muzzles of their rifles lead-end foremost more than half the time. The employes of the navy-yard were mustered by the commandant, who telegraphed from the front line to General Halleck, at 4:55 A. M., that he required five hundred cups and spoons. To this pressing demand General Halleck responded that the government "does not furnish cups and spoons to troops." What could he have been thinking of? Every veteran remembers the heavy tin-cup, with the finger-piece riveted to the top, and those very limber spoons, made of tin. General Halleck, who was usually imperturbable, seemed to have been stirred up. To the offer of a brigadier-general in New York to go to his aid, Gen. Halleck curtly responded, as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 11, 1864, 11:35 P. M.

Brig.-Gen. J. R. West, Fifth-avenue Hotel, New York:

We have five times as many generals here as we want, but are greatly in need of privates. Any one volunteering in that capacity will be thankfully received.

H. W. HALLECK,
Major-general and Chief of Staff.

Even President Lincoln seems to have been reached by the general demoralization, as appears by the following dispatch to General Grant, dated July 10, 1864:

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 10, 1864, 2:30 P. M.

Lieutenant-general Grant—Your dispatch to General Halleck referring to what I may think in the present emergency is shown me. General Halleck says we have absolutely no force here fit to go to the field. He thinks that with the one-hundred-days men and invalids we have here we can defend Washington, and scarcely Baltimore. Besides these there are about eight thousand not very reliable, under Howe, at Harper's Ferry, with Hunter approaching that point very slowly, with what number I suppose you know better than I. What we shall get in from Pennsylvania and New York will scarcely be worth counting, I fear. Now, what I think is that you should provide to retain your hold where you are, certainly, and bring the rest with you personally, and make a vigorous effort to destroy the enemy's force in this vicinity. I think there is really a fair chance to do this if the movement is prompt. This is what I think, upon your suggestion, and is not an order.

A. LINCOLN,
President of the United States.

By this time President Lincoln had come to have full faith in General Grant's judgment. He merely suggests, and he suggests upon the exaggerated reports of the strength of the enemy near Washington—30,000 effective men. If he had had less confidence in Grant he might have ordered him back to Washington, with the larger part of the army which had Lee by the throat, thus enabling the latter to break the clutch, and fall upon the remnant, and destroy it while Grant would have been in Washington with 40,000 men to confront a handful of rebels, which would silently steal away as soon as the leader discovered than Lee's scheme had been successful.

GRANT NOT DECEIVED.

But General Grant had not been moved by this demonstration of Early. Others might be deceived by the number of men Early had with him, but Grant could not be. Every day, in front of Petersburg and Richmond, from those watch-towers, he knew of the movements of Lee's army, and he knew that no body of men had been detached and sent to Washington. He knew from Sherman that he was giving all the rebel troops in Georgia and Tennessee so much occupation that they could not go off to raid Washington. Knowing these things, he was sure that no forty thousand men could be threatening Washington for the reason that the rebel armies did not contain them. He knew that Jubal Early's force was insignificant and gave himself very little trouble about it. Taking in the situation and appreciating the great scare at Whashington, General Grant did quietly detach the Sixth Corps from the Army of the Potomac and sent it to Washington, which had then about eight thousand men. It appeared in the defenses about the time that Early's skirmishers appeared on the crest in front of Fort Stevens and looked at the dome of the Capitol. And when the followers of Early looked Washington-ward, they also saw the red-cross battle-flags of the Sixth Corps and knew that it was time to go back. As one of them said who was captured: "We would have tried the one-hundred-day men and the drafted men of the departments, but when we saw the battle-flags of the old Sixth Corps and saw them deploying as skirmishers, we wasted no time until we had put ourselves on the other side of the Potomac."

General Grant appears to have been the only man who was not disturbed by Early's raid upon Washington. He seemed to have understood its purpose, to have estimated its strength and to have applied a timely remedy. And yet these were the days when papers all through the North, when every Democratic convention which met denounced him as an incompetent and a butcher, and when alleged critics in Europe were declaring that his campaigns were not made in accordance with the laws of modern warfare. Then the country did not appreciate his services. Nor did the people come to a full realization of the fact that, more than any man, he carried the destinies of the Republic for years. But when they read the dispatches which passed between him and Lincoln during the critical period between May 1, 1864, and April 9, 1865, the fact of his marvelous capacity as a soldier, which General Sherman always accorded him, will more and more impress itself upon his admiring countrymen. The high quality of General Grant's military ability was never more conspicuously displayed than in his treatment of the Washington scare of 1864. What might have been, but for his leadership and the faith which Lincoln reposed in him, no one can tell; but all may know that to his military intuition and to his unyielding confidence in his own estimates of the situation, and to him and them alone, the Nation is indebted for the result.

The Last of a Democratic Argument.

Vincennes Commercial.

There was one Democratic argument last year which we are not hearing anything about this year. Senator Voorhees, Gov. Boies, W. D. Bynum and other Democratic orators went about last year with a bottle in their pockets filled with the worst looking sample of raw sugar that could be found, and the people were told that this was the sort of stuff that would come in free under the McKinley bill, while the refiner would make a lot of money, and good sugar would be as high as before. Experience has taught the people that this was untrue, and consequently bottled sugar is no longer a Democratic campaign argument. From nineteen to twenty-five pounds for $1, of fine refined sugar has killed the Democratic campaign argument. Sugar is cheap, and will remain cheap. The people cannot be fooled again next year. Voorhees's bottle of dirty-sugar argument cannot be used again any more than can Thomas A. Hendricks's famous promise of $8 for every man, woman and child in the United States, provided Cleveland should be elected in 1884. This was the falsehood that carried Indiana for Cleveland.

Where Work Is Pleasant.

Good News.

Neglected Wife—Why dont you go to work?

Husband (a ne'er-do-well)—I ain't got no tools.

Neglected Wife—Deacon Smith offered you $5 to fix his fence, and you have a saw, and a plane, and a hammer, and nails. What more do you want?

Husband—The saw ain't no good, and I ain't got no file to sharpen it. Ole Smith can fix his fence hisself.

Same Husband (ten years later)—Hist! Say, wife, I've escaped from the penitentiary. Gimme some other clothes so I kin light out agin.

Wife—My, my! How did you get out?

Husband—I dug forty feet underground with a two-tined fork, and then cut my way through two feet of stone wall and ten inches of boiler iron with a saw made of a tin dinner-plate.

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

Intry-Mintry.

Willie and Bess, Georgie and May—
Once, as these children were hard at play,
An old man, hoary and tottering, came
And watched them playing their pretty game.
He seemed to wonder, while standing there,
What the meaning thereof could be—
Ah! but the old man yearned to share
Of the little children's innocent glee
As they circled around with laugh and shout
And told this rhyme at counting out:
"Intry-mintry, cutrey-corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn;
Wire, brier, limber, lock,
Twelve geese in a flock;
Some flew east, some flew west,
Some flew over the cuckoo's nest!"

Willie and Bess, Georgie and May—
Ah, the mirth of that summer day!
'Twas Father Time who had come to share
The innocent joy of those children there;
He learned betimes the game they played
And into their sport with them went he—
How could the children have been afraid,
Since little they recked whom he might be.
They laughed to hear old Father Time
Mumbling that curious nonsense rhyme
Of "Intry-mintry, cutrey-corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn;
Wire, brier, limber, lock,
Twelve geese in a flock;
Some flew east, some flew west,
Some flew over the cuckoo's nest!"

Willie and Bess, Georgie and May,
And joy of summer—where are they?
The grim old man still standeth near
Crooning the song of a far-off year;
And into the winter I come alone,
Cheered by that mournful requiem,
Soothed by the dolorous monotone
That shall count me off as it counted them—
The solemn voice of old Father Time
Chanting the homely nursery rhyme,
He learned of the children a summer morn
When, with "apple seed and apple thorn,"
Life was full of the dulcet cheer
That bringeth the grace of heaven anear—
The sound of the little ones hard at play—
Willie and Bess, Georgie and May.

—Eugene Field.

Splendide Mendax.

When God some day shall call my name,
And scorch me with a blaze of shame,
Bringing to light my inmost thought,
And all the evil I have wrought;

Tearing away the vails I wove
To hide my foulness from my love,
And leaving my transgressions bare
To the whole heaven's clean, cold air;

When all the angels weep to see
The branded outcast soul of me;
One saint at least will hide her face;
She will not look at my disgrace.

"At least, O God—O God most high,
He loved me truly!" she will cry;
And God will pause before he send
My soul to find its fitting end.

Then, lest heaven's light should leave her face
To think one loved her, and was base,
I will speak out at Judgment day,
"I never loved her!" I shall say.

—London Hawk.

"Deserving Poor."

Dives and I on crowded street
An aged beggar chanced to meet;
Dives passed by with sterile frown,
And said, to argue conscience down,
"I treat all such with rule unswerving.
How can one know when they're deserving?"

"You're right," I cried, with nodding head
(I toil for Dives for my bread);
But since the mind is heaven-born,
And earthly fetters holds in scorn,
I thought, "That wretch, and many more
Starve through those words, 'Deserving poor.'"

And then, because I haply knew
How Dives rich and richer grew,
I sneered (in thought), "Such careful alms,
Such nice, discriminating qualms,
Should be observed in rules unswerving
But by the rich who are deserving."

—George Horton, in The Century for October.

The Inevitable.

I like the man who faces what he must
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer,
Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God; that somehow true and just
His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp; better, with love, a crust
Than living in dishonor; envies not
Nor loses faith in man, but does his best,
Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot,
But with a smile and words of hope gives zest
To every toiler; he alone is great,
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

—Sarah K. Bolton, in Youth's Companion.

Love.

Love came at dawn, when all the world was fair.
When crimson glories, bloom and song were rife;
Love came at dawn, when hope's wings fanned the air,
And murmured, "I am life."

Love came at even when the day was done,
When heart and brain were tired and slumber pressed;
Love came at eve, shut out the sinking sun,
And whispered, "I am rest."

—William Wilfred Campbell, in October Century.

Plutocracy.

These are the days wise men run to and fro,
Righting old wrongs and setting straight at last
An unjust world which, Lord, it seems Thou hast
Done ill in making. There is one old woe,
One dark injustice—or I think it so—
Still cries to heaven. The rich in love clutch fast
Their precious treasure. She who just now passed,
My servant, owns great wealth she'll not let go;
Of that dear gold she has a miser's store;
Therefore, I think, she robs me. Millionaire
In love, what force shall make her share
Her treasure with the pauper at her door?
Shall one be rich, one poor? O wise ones, see!
Give justice! I am starving—I, not she!

—C. A. Pratt.

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Members of Parliament Must Tend to Their Knitting Same as Any Legislator.

Macmillan's Magazine.

"My dear sir," observed the great man to me, as he lit another cigarette, "you must understand that nothing is as it used to be here. Times are changed, so are manners, so is the shape of people's hats. Look at that fellow, Milkpot, who is passing us now. Observe that monstrosity he has on his head, a Mexican sombrero, fit for the pampas or the mountains. Who would have dreamed of entering the House of Commons wearing such a thing in Lord Palmerston's time? Look at the brim, sir? It spreads over the terrace like an awning—Milkpot might hold a tea party under it. That shows what is going on.

"We don't even dress like gentlemen any more. A man may do anything nowadays and no one will think the worse of him. It used to be an understood thing that divisions should not be sprung upon us in the dinner hour or at other unseemly times, and consequently we could go away comfortably and dine without fear of coming back and finding the ship scuttled. But now we are obliged to be here all through a sitting—we dare not leave the place even for ten minutes. Well, we cannot always be stuck on the treasury bench like so many enchanted apes, and if we go into the library somebody is sure to be after us with a question, or a deputation, or a request which is utterly irregular, not to say disgusting. So you see it has become necessary to provide each of us with a room. A lot of servants and clerks have been turned out of the House, and here we are in their places. Come in, and I will show you mine."

Taken to Literature.

Yankee Blade.

Harry—What is Dick doing now?

Tom—He seems to have taken to literature.

Harry—Indeed! I hadn't heard of it.

Tom—Yes, he borrowed a lot of books from me some time ago, and hasn't returned them since.

But We Don't.

Ram's Horn.

If we could know people as God knows them, perhaps it wouldn't be so hard to love some of them.

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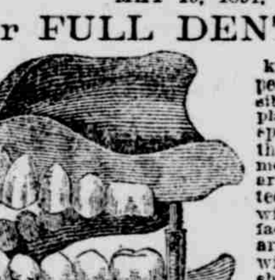

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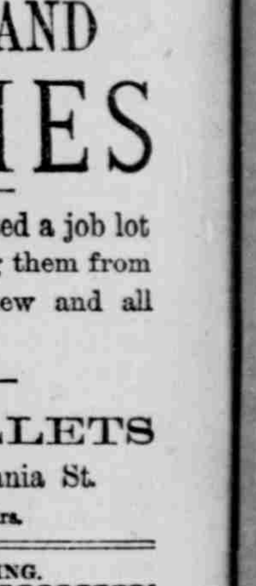

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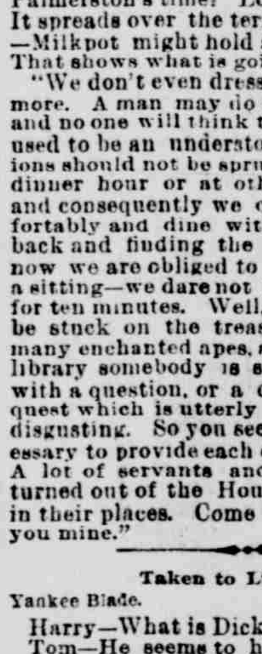

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