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Speaking of the Samoan settlement, by which Germany and the United States get the territory, while Great Britain retires, an exchange asks where England comes in. Be not anxious about John Bull; he will come in somewhere, and in good shape. He has never been left on a real estate deal since he made the treaty recognizing the American colonies.

It is recalled that Vice President Hobart caused quite a shock in diplomatic circles in Washington when he announced that at state functions he would be compelled to insist upon being second only to the President. The British ambassador protested, and Mr. Hobart explained that he had no personal interest in the matter, but the dignity of his office demanded recognition, and he was compelled to insist. The British ambassador, after consultation with the Home Office, yielded, but the matter was not settled until he visited England, where it was decided that Mr. Hobart was right.

A dispatch from the City of Mexico says that preparations are on foot for a great demonstration under the auspices of the Liberal party in favor of the re-election of President Diaz and that the foreign residents in Mexico are especially anxious for it. General Diaz is now serving his fourth consecutive term as President, having been elected the last time in July, 1896. The presidential term is four years, and next July he will have served continuously sixteen years. To say that he is the best President Mexico ever had is poor praise, for it never had another worthy to be compared with him. His administration has been a blessing to the country and he deserves all the gratitude and honors the people can bestow. But the fact that it is proposed to re-elect him for the fifth term, and that the foreign residents, who represent most of the capital invested in Mexican industries, regard his re-election as necessary to the maintenance of prosperous conditions does not augur well for the future of the country. General Diaz is a great man and true patriot, but he cannot live always, and if he is the only man fit or safe to be trusted as President, what is to become of Mexico when he dies? In this country none of our Presidents has ever been accorded even a third term, much less a fourth and fifth, and it has never been felt that the stability of the government or the peace and prosperity of the country depended on keeping any man in the presidential office. This is not a healthy sign in Mexico.

In a short article in the Independent on the changes and tendencies of the American stage, John Drew says, among other things, that he does not see the American tragedy anywhere above the horizon, the tendency of the drama being in the direction of comedy and romance. He adds, by way of explanation: "Perhaps so few Americans have attempted to write tragedy because we are, as a nation, still very young, and have had little that is tragic in our history. There are plenty of pathetic notes from the revolutionary war, but nothing large enough to be called tragic on the American side unless it was the Benedict Arnold episode, the treatment of which would certainly be a giant's task." It would be interesting to know what sort of history Mr. Drew would regard as tragic. Nothing less than the destruction and downfall of the nation, perhaps. Otherwise why would not our civil war, with its tremendous four years' struggle, serve as a basis for a stage drama? Were there not incidents in that war quite as deeply tragic as any ever found in the classic tragedies to which he alludes? It is, perhaps, too soon to put the great figures of that war upon the stage, but it is rather strange to find Mr. Drew ignoring it as a possible source of suggestion to the writers of American tragedy. He expresses the opinion, also, that in America the influence of the stage is on the side of morals, and that the public taste is perfectly healthy and may be trusted to be its own censor. As proof of this he points out that while an objectionable play may attract for a time, it is by reason of its strangeness, and it cannot be repeated. It does not remain long on the stage.

It looks now as if Aguinaldo might be captured within a short time. His army is so scattered and demoralized that it will hardly be able to make a stand anywhere, and if it does it will be quickly routed. Aguinaldo himself has fled from one point to another, establishing his temporary capital at half a dozen different towns until he is now on the edge of an enemy's country, if not already within it. The American forces will pursue him even there. He is already practically surrounded, with scarcely a possibility of escape. He has never shown any personal courage and is not the kind of man to die fighting at the head of his troops. It would be more in accordance with his character and principles to commit suicide when he finds escape impossible. If Aguinaldo is captured the question will arise what shall we do with him? The United States has never been hard on those who have made war against it, even if they were technically rebels. Jefferson Davis, after his capture, was "a white elephant" on its hands. After being confined in Fort Monroe two years, he was indicted for treason, admitted to bail, and finally included in a general amnesty after the government had entered a nolle prosequi in the case against him. If Aguinaldo is captured the authorities would be at a loss what to do with him, but it is certain he would not be executed nor cruelly treated. It would not do to leave him in the Philippines to intrigue and stir up trouble. It might be well enough to let him go to Europe and keep watch over him, as was done in the case of Aaron Burr, or he might be sent to the Dry Tortugas, as Geronimo was, and kept there until he became a good Indian. Perhaps the anti-expansionists of Boston would like to have him come there and spend the rest of his life as their honored guest.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE TRANSVAAL.

Lord Salisbury, present British premier, evidently has not a high opinion of the late Mr. Gladstone's statesmanship. In his recent speech at the lord mayor's banquet, after stating that the present trouble in the Transvaal dated back many years, Lord Salisbury added: "It dates to those unfortunate arrangements in 1881 and 1884, by which we deliberately permitted a community, previously hostile, to enjoy the unbounded, unlimited right of accumulating munitions of war against us." The "unfortunate arrangements" alluded to were the treaties of 1881 and 1884 concluded with the Transvaal government while Mr. Gladstone was premier. The first one followed a short war with the Boers, in which the British were badly worsted, the disastrous battle of Majuba Hill being one of its features. In this war President Kruger issued a manifesto in which he declared that the Boers would have nothing less than absolute independence, and that "Africa will be for the Afrikander from the Zambesi to Martin's bay." The war was not a popular one, even in England, and Mr. Gladstone yielded to popular clamor and the "moral sentiment" of the country by making a treaty which recognized the quasi-independence of the Boers, subject to the "suzerainty" of the Queen. In 1884, still under the premiership of Mr. Gladstone, a new treaty was made, by which the suzerainty of the Queen was pared down almost to the point of being wiped out, and the independence of the Boers was proportionately strengthened.

From a British point of view Lord Salisbury is right in saying that the present trouble dates back to those treaties, and in the light of later events they certainly were "unfortunate arrangements" for Great Britain. The traditional policy of Great Britain is one of imperialism—extension of British empire and authority. That was her established policy in 1881 and 1884 as much as it is now. That being the case, it was Mr. Gladstone's duty as a British statesman, temporarily at the head of the government and representing British interests, to assert her rights and maintain and establish her authority in Africa to the fullest extent possible. It would have been easier done then than now. President Kruger's declaration that "Africa will be for the Afrikander from the Zambesi to Martin's bay" was sufficient notice of the Boer policy, and should have warned Mr. Gladstone that if the matter was not fought to a finish then it would have to be at some future time. Admitting the correctness from a British point of view of the policy of imperialism and the extension of Anglo-Saxon government and civilization, it was Mr. Gladstone's duty to assert and enforce this policy with all the power of the government. Instead of that he made treaties which weakened British prestige in Africa, and which have been a prolific source of later trouble. In making these treaties he showed that he lacked either the foresight or the courage of a statesman, and perhaps both. He was not true to the established policy of his country, and for the sake of present popularity or applause he deliberately planted the seeds of future trouble, the fruits of which Great Britain is now reaping.

THE FUTURE OF WAR.

Among the books recently issued, "The Future of War," by a Polish economist named Bloch and published by Doubleday & McClure Company, has the merit of novelty. The author forsook his profession of banker at Warsaw eight years ago that he might devote himself to the special study which has resulted in his work, "The Future of War," which fills several large volumes, and is printed in German and French. The book given to the English-reading public is but a part of one volume. In these eight years Mr. Bloch made investigations which lead him to announce with authority that great wars in the future are impossible. He does not mean such conflicts as our war with Spain, or frontier brawls and punitive operations in half civilized localities, but the wars that are so much talked of, like one which would involve Germany and France, or Russia and France on one side with Germany, Austria and Italy on the other. It has long been impossible for Denmark and Belgium to engage in war because it is forbidden them by larger nations. M. Bloch holds that it is impossible that the powers should go to war with each other, not because of any moral influences or forces which might prevent, but from a military, economic and political point of view. The development that has taken place in the mechanism of war has, he thinks, rendered war an impossible operation. The dimensions of modern armaments and the organization of society have rendered the prosecution of war impracticable. Any attempt to make such a war would result in suicide. The weapons have become so deadly that nations cannot go to war. With the present arms war slaughter would be so increased that it would be impossible to get troops to go into battle. Rapidity of fire is only one of the changes that have been made in weapons of war; the longer range of two or three miles is quite as distinctive. With smokeless powder an attack can be made, and the source of it cannot be discovered. The ordinary soldier can now fire six times as many shots per minute as he could in 1870. With the increased penetrative power and the greater precision the present rifle is six times as deadly as that used in 1870 by Germany. In 1877 the Russian soldier carried 84 cartridges into action, but now, with the reduced calibre, he can carry 270. Against these smaller bullets neither trees nor earthworks make secure defense. The batteries of artillery are a hundred and sixteen times more deadly than those used by Germany in 1870. The shrapnel, which scattered 37 death-dealing missiles in 1870, now scatters 340. The bomb of 1870, exploded by ordinary powder, broke into 42 fragments; to-day, charged with peroxilene, it breaks into 1,200 pieces, hurled with much greater velocity. With their long range, their terrible destructiveness and the accuracy made possible by smokeless powder, battle means annihilation.

A general European war would bring into the field 10,000,000 men. It would require $20,000,000 a day to feed and keep such armies in the field, exclusive of the other expenditures. For a year, feeding and clothing such an army in the field would mean an expenditure of $8,300,000,000. All the wars in Europe, from Waterloo to the end of the Russo-Turkish war, cost but $6,250,000,000. The five powers of Europe could not find the money to keep ten millions of men in the field a year. If they could the price of food would be so increased to the people that starvation would array them against governments.

Such are two or three points which the Polish economist presents to show that extensive war hereafter is impossible. He sustains them with an array of statistics. Very naturally, he makes all there is of his argument; but with weapons that annihilate armies and a cost which no nation can pay to carry on a great war, there need be no nervousness when "war clouds" appear to the vision of European correspondents.

NEW RELIGIOUS METHODS IN NEW ENGLAND.

Such doleful accounts of the decline of religious influence and teaching in New England have been presented the past few years that the impression has been created that the land of the Puritans and of the theology of Jonathan Edwards is fast lapsing into indifference regarding religion quite as harmful as atheism. Governor Rollins, of New Hampshire, a little more than a year ago, declared that heathenism existed in many country regions. These representations have led to a careful investigation by competent persons to ascertain if such a deplorable condition exists. Those who made the investigation reported that the Protestant churches have not lost and are not losing their influence upon Protestant population in rural New England. It is further declared that in many portions of New England an increasing interest is manifested in spiritual matters. In Maine, about ten years ago, President Hyde, of Bowdoin College (Congregationalist), and the heads of other denominational schools were led to consider the religious situation in the rural portions of that State. They discovered that the main cause of the feebleness of religious effort was due to the existence, or semi-existence, of two or three churches in a center of population where the people were unable to support more than one. The discovery led to the organization of the Interdenominational Commission of Maine, composed of representatives of the Congregational, Baptist, Christian, Free Baptist and Methodist denominations. The declared object of the commission was "to promote co-operation in the organization and maintenance of churches in Maine, to prevent waste of resources and effort in the smaller towns, and to stimulate missionary work in the destitute regions." Those who made the investigation found that under the united efforts of that organization there has been a decided awakening of interest in religious matters. The doing away with the denominationalism which has divided the Protestant effort in the smaller towns seems to be the agency which is bringing about the better results. In New Hampshire a much better condition exists than in 1890. The Protestant churches are more than holding their own. Here, too, the improvement is attributed to "greater freedom from denominationalism," and instances are cited where a single pastor working along broader lines has changed a whole town from irreligion to religion. Vermont women who have been instructed in Mr. Moody's training school went into the sparsely populated portions of the State and accomplished a great work. Quite a number of new churches have been organized, and large congregations brought together where religious services were infrequent before these women began their work. Their plan is to bring all believers together into one organization. When this is done they are led to select the fellowship of the church which will secure the best results.

Denominationalism, as much as anything else, seems to be responsible for the loss of popular interest in religion in rural New England. It has caused several churches to live at a dying rate where there should be but one or two. Some of these have died, and upon their ruins the new policy is to build one congregation, letting it seek fellowship with the denomination which is most natural. In other words, success is assured by forming a religious trust.

The Flower Mission Fair.

The season has arrived when the people of Indianapolis are asked to make their annual contribution to public charities. The first of these to offer an opportunity to the benevolent is the Flower Mission, whose fair opens at Tomlinson Hall on Tuesday night. It is hardly necessary to speak of the purpose and character of this charity, so well is its work known. Never was work more practical or productive of more direct good. It deals with children and with the sick poor generally, provides them with medical service, with nurses, with suitable food and clothing, looks after them in convalescence, helps the little ones to better homes, if need be, and the elders of the family to employment—acts, in short, the part of a beneficent angel to the most helpless members of the community. The Children's Hospital and the Fresh Air Mission are visible proofs of its achievements, but its labors are not confined to these institutions. Many a humble home could tell of its ministrations. District nurses are employed, but the work is not left to them. Members of the mission visit wherever there is need; busy matrons with families of their own and tender sympathy for suffering childhood, girls who refuse to give all their time to personal interests and social gayeties—these women see for themselves "how the other half lives" and help to make the life more endurable. According to the latest quarterly report about seventy cases were being cared for outside of the hospital. It takes money to do this work—not much, however, when all that is accomplished is considered. Five thousand dollars covers all expenses, including those of the hospital. This means careful and economical management. It is a charity in which money is applied directly to the purpose for which it is given. Every dollar is put to practical use.

The annual fair, by which it is hoped to raise at least a part of the necessary funds, is an enterprise involving much labor on the part of women interested in the charity. It affords a means through which the public may contribute gracefully and at the same time receive something, if only an hour of social pleasure, in return. It is not worth while to say, as critics sometimes do, that the funds for such undertakings might be raised more easily by some method calling for less labor; the critics have never yet been able to point out the better method. "If those who could afford to give," they grumble; it is not the business of the few, but the many, to support this and other charities. The relief of the suffering poor is a duty that belongs to the public, not to individuals. Women who give their work as visitors to the sick and as promoters of the fair do double duty and should have their reward. Let every one with little or much to spend patronize the fair and its accompanying entertainments, and let them do it cheerfully. It is the cheerful giver whom the Lord loves, and he is cheerful probably because he knows that he is simply doing his duty. He says nothing of "many demands" upon him, knowing that demands for purposes like this are reasonable and right. Men and women may be short of money, "hard up," but rarely because of what they have given for charity. Having spent more than they should for personal gratification, let them not lay the blame where it does not belong. If the gift costs something, too, it is the better for the giver. Sacrifice is good for the soul. It was the widow who gave her only farthing upon whom the Master smiled. The opportunity to give is a privilege, and should be welcomed.

The appearance of Julia Marlowe in the character of Barbara Freitchie, in a play based on Whittier's poem, has given rise to considerable discussion in New York papers. As represented in the play, which was written for Miss Marlowe, Barbara is a young woman. This departure from the poet's idea, it is explained, was because Barbara was an entirely imaginery personage, and no historic truth was affected by making her young, and further—this being the chief reason, presumably—because Miss Marlowe did not wish to take an old woman's part. This explanation has brought out a letter from a resident of Baltimore who says she knew Barbara Freitchie and her family. The communication, which appears in the New York Times, reads, in part, thus:

Barbara Frietchie was loyal to her heart's core. This I state from personal knowledge, though I believe she was the only member of her family who was. She was not bedridden at the time of the battle of Antietam and South Mountain, for I saw and conversed with her at that time. She had a small flag which she kept in her window during the memorable week of Gen. Robert E. Lee's occupation of Frederick. Barbara Frietchie was not a myth, neither was her loyalty. I have always understood and believed absolutely that she waved her flag as General Reno passed her house, he looking at her and exclaiming "The spirit of '76!" I have a beautiful photograph of her in her high white cap and kerchief and dark black or blue gown. My father, the late General Shriver, was an uncompromising Union man, and I knew Mrs. Frietchie personally. There can be no doubt of her loyalty to the old flag.

It is probable that she will continue to live in the minds of the public as Whittier portrayed her rather than as a young creature made to suit the whim of a pretty actress.

The old stories are the best, after all. They turn up again and again in all sorts of shapes and with many a variation, but the old stories are always popular. The character of Cinderella, under innumerable disguises, has always been an especial favorite. The picture of a girl, beautiful, deserving and persecuted by her rich but vulgar relatives, who emerges from her undeserved obscurity and wins the prince away from her cruel cousins is one that invariably appeals to lovers of romance and justice. Thackeray called it the "sweetest of all stories." An English dramatic writer has now undertaken to develop the old fairy story into a play, and the only wonder is that it was never done before. It has spectacular possibilities and is so sure to be popular.

The Courier des Etats Unis has been studying statistics of different countries and finds many more women become centenarians than men. "The quota," it says, "of the contingent which both sexes furnish to the privileged corporation of centenarians cannot, for want of indisputable documents, be fixed with rigorous precision, but one point is beyond a doubt, and that is that a woman has two or three times as many chances as a man to pass the one-hundred-year mark." The article from the French paper is reprinted by one of the Journal's insurance exchanges, which does not, however, explain why it is that, their chances of life being so good, insurance rates for women are higher than those of men.

In a preface to a new edition of "The Christian," Mr. Hall Caine says in reply to his critics concerning an ambiguity in the wording of the scene where John Storm remains (or does not remain) under Glory Quayle's roof:

When I wrote the chapter in question I knew it would be interpreted according to the moral standard of the readers reading it, and that I might properly stand aside in silence and watch the self-revelations which certain persons were making.

Mr. Caine thus stands confessed to having purposely written a passage capable of a double meaning, one of which suggests the improper or immoral—an achievement of which any self-respecting literary man would be ashamed. But Mr. Caine chuckles over it.

An English poet has addressed to the British army some verses, of which these are the closing lines:

Be swift and terrible. They crave the sword.
Be swift in mercy, terible to teach
Rebels against the light that all thy strength
Is not a figment, but a tangible thing

was an entirely imaginary personage, and They were written before Ladysmith was beleaguered. It may occur to the author by this time that the Boers are somewhat "terrible" themselves and do not "crave the sword" so much as he had thought.

BUBBLES IN THE AIR.

Compensation.

"It must be awful to be crippled."

"No doubt. Still, I have thought of lots of mean things I wouldn't be afraid to say if I were only crippled."

Paul Slandered.

Watts—I understand old man Kruger is very domestic in his habits.

Potts—You will have to guess again. He doesn't drink anything stronger than coffee.

The Cheerful Idiot.

"Most of these variety dancers," said the shoe-clerk boarder, "finish as total wrecks."

"Of course," said the Cheerful Idiot. "Their stage life is usually a succession of breakdowns."

The Real American.

"Oh, yes, I have read 'The Man with the Hoe,' of course. And I think it concerns a type not to be found in America at all."

"Me too. Why didn't he get up something about the man with the hammer?"

LITERARY NOTES.

The following "personal" appears in a New York paper: "Edwin Markham has returned from California, bringing his family with him. They will reside hereafter in the borough of Brooklyn, where the poet has taken up a residence. The Harpers-McClure syndicate probably decided that move." Is this to be construed to mean that the syndicate is to be edited by a "man with a hoe?"

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett was granted permission by the terms of her divorce to resume her maiden name, but evidently her publishers have prevailed in the controversy with her on the commercial undesirability of taking advantage of this privilege. Her new novel will bear on the title-page the name by which she is known to the reading public. The book will be called "In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim"—a title that suggests England and Norman blood, though in reality it will be a story of American life and American types in New England, the South, and, chiefly, in the national capital, where the claim is being fought out before Congress.

Marion Crawford has returned to this country, and has as his chief business just now to arrange for the dramatization of "In Old Madrid." The great success which he achieved a winter or two ago with his lecture on Leo XIII may well induce him to try the platform again. I asked a cultured Italian lady whom I met in Rome last spring what the Italians thought of Crawford's novels which concern themselves with Italian life," says a contributor to the New York Mail and Express. "She replied that they were inclined to resent them as not being 'true to life.' I suspect the trouble is that in some respects they are too true. It is not easy to please the people about whom one writes, as Sally McLean Greene found when she was presented with a libel suit for taking her pen to 'Cape Cod Folks.'"

English publishers are complaining that the war will greatly injure the autumn book season, and several books are being held back. The London Mail, commenting on this, says: "The experience of the great lending libraries, however, is that people read to distract their thoughts when they have 'relatives at the front.' It is anticipated that cheap books of light weight will have a renewed lease of life owing to the facilities for sending them to the Cape. If this be so, the new 'Bible' Dickens, so called because it is printed on what is known as 'Bible' paper, owing to its extreme thinness, should have a big run. In his early youth, it is said that Mr. Bret Harte once came across a mining camp, the occupants of which were busily engaged in 'sniping' each other. One man, however, sat by the fire continuing to read 'Pickwick,' and, by common consent, the contending parties respected his learned leisure."

The late Mr. Grant Allen was a writer of many pseudonyms. On his return to England from Jamaica, says a London writer, he poured forth innumerable contributions to magazines and papers of all descriptions, sometimes writing in his own name and sometimes over the pseudonym J. Arbuthnot Wilson. In this connection Mr. Grant Allen loved to tell the story of how by one post he received two letters from James Payn, one addressed in the usual manner declining further contributions and the other to J. Arbuthnot Wilson, Esq., care of Messrs. Chatto & Windus (who had published his novel under that nom de plume) requesting him to contribute some short stories to Cornhill. The secret of Mr. Grant Allen's latest pseudonym was excellently kept; indeed, it was not until after his death that it leaked out that Mr. Grant Allen was the Olive Pratt Rayner, author of "The Typewriter Girl" and "Rosalba," both of which charming novels were remarkably successful, seeing that they were received as the work of a "new writer."

ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS.

General Lawton, in a recent interview, declared himself a total abstainer.

Lord Kitchener's latest honor is an appointment as district grand master of the Freemasons of Egypt and the Soudan.

In one county in Kansas there have been so many gas wells drilled that a local paper complains that the county looks like a porous plaster.

A Brooklyn man named Frederick Braun owns a collection of 500 skeletons, illustrating the craniums of every living race and many long extinct.

Princess Stephanie, widow of the late Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, will, after her marriage with Count Lonyay, take up her residence with her husband in London, where they will remain permanently. She will formally renounce the dignities of an Austrian archduchess, but will retain her title as a Belgian princess.

The occurrence of French names like Joubert among the Boers is explained by the fact that many Huguenots went to the Cape of Good Hope while it was still a Dutch colony, and there became prosperous and prominent. The descendants of many of these Huguenots may be found in the Transvaal to-day, and are quite as Dutch in all their ways as the other Boers.

Gen. O. O. Howard, while recently the guest of a Mr. Converse in Malden, Mass., was taken by his host to see the public library of that place, where is Bicknell's great historical painting, "Lincoln at Gettysburg." It was then discovered that out of the entire group of twenty-one figures, the leading actors in the civil war, General Howard is the only one now living.

In memory of the wedding of his daughter, Lady Margaret Primrose, Lord Rosebery has placed a silver-gilt altar cross and pair of vases in Westminster Abbey. On the cross are five medallions, on four of which, in relief, are the figures of St. Peter, St. Edward the Confessor, St. Margaret of Scotland, and Lady Margaret, mother of King Henry VII. On the fifth is an appropriate inscription in Latin.

The Bourbon Duke of Parma, who was obliged to quit his duchy in 1859, has a larger family than any other royal personage in Europe. By his first wife, a princess of Bourbon-Sicily, he had nine children, all of whom survive except the eldest, the late Princess of Bulgaria. By his second wife, who was a princess of Braganza and a sister of the hereditary Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, he has nine more children.

Albion W. Tourgee, who wrote "A Fool's Errand" and other semi-political novels of note, is United States consul at Bordeaux. He writes thence to friends in New York that the city of Bordeaux has granted a monopoly in street railway and omnibus traffic on condition of an increased service, with electric systems of propulsion. Mr. Tourgee thinks this an opportunity for American electrical equipment manufacturers.

Archibald Clavering Gunter, publisher of a novel called "The Gift of Bonaparte," is thinking of bringing an action against the author of "The Song of the Sword," the play now being performed in New York by Mr. Sothern and his company, because some of the plot and characters are "deliberately borrowed," according to Mr. Gunter, from the novel. The publisher says three full acts of the play are taken bodily from the story.

Mr. Four Miles, of Bridgeport, Conn., has made application to the court to have his name changed to Frank Miller, on the ground that his present appellation is frequently used to hold him up to ridicule. His father had five children, all boys, and instead of giving them ordinary Christian names he called them by the first five numerals. One and Three Miles have already had their names changed by the courts. Two Miles seems to be satisfied with his unique cognomen, and Five Miles cannot take a new name until he shall have become of age.

Truant Fancy.

If thou wouldst give thy soul brief ease,
To rest thee from the care that teems,
Just play dreams are realities—
And play realities are dreams.

New Albany, Ind. —Emma Carleton.

Indian Summer.

With longing eyes the fading year looks back
To view her youthful way, as one grown old;
June smiles to her across the lengthened track,
And lo! the world is bright with summer gold.

—Charles Hanson Towne.

SHREDS AND PATCHES.

A good conscience is a continual Christmas.—Franklin.

You can't whine and shine at the same time.—Ram's Horn.

A liberal education is one that allows girls as well as boys to run to fires.—Emma Carleton.

It is the authors, more than the diplomats, who make nations love one another. —Tennyson.

"He's the kind of man," said the girl, "who has customs, but no manners."—New York Evening Sun.

To be obviously and anxiously careful regarding the correct thing is not the correct thing.—Chicago Record.

When we begin to feel that we no longer understand the young we ourselves are beginning to grow old.—The Bachelor.

As soon as a doctor's prescription makes a woman feel better she is sorry she wasted money getting it filled.—Emma Carleton.

Give to a woman the world, and she will go into a rage because you have not wrapped it up in paper.—Paolo Mantegazza.

If you want to make a woman good and mad, ask her, when she appears in a new dress, where she had it dyed.—Atchison Globe.

When Gabriel blows his trumpet on judgment day all the women will hurry out, under the impression that it is an auction. —The Bachelor.

There are some women who cannot give a tip to a waiter without watching him as though they expected to see him fall dead. —Feminine Observer.

A great many men have imagined themselves philosophers until their daughter's husband comes home to live at their expense.—Washington Post.

When a child says a particularly bright thing its mother looks at its father, as much as to say: "See how much you owe my family?"—Atchison Globe.

Many men do not allow their principles to take root, but pull them up every now and then, as children do flowers they have planted, to see if they are growing.—Longfellow.

A Delayed Necessity.

Philadelphia Times.

To those who realize that the people of the United States have been for nearly three hundred years devoting their attention to the destruction of forests with results that are not entirely pleasant to contemplate at this time the wonder will be that schools of forestry were not established long ago. It would probably be difficult to find a dozen men in the entire country competent to act as instructors in the science of forestry, and the few that can be named secured their own education abroad or with a natural taste for this branch of education, are self-instructed. No civilized country with anything like the forest area of the United States is so poorly equipped with men educated in the science and practice of forestry, and there should have been schools of forestry established half a century ago.

MR. DOOLEY ON POLYGAMY

By FINLEY P. DUNNE. [Copyright, 1899, by Robert Howard Russell.]

"How manny wives has this here man Roberts that's thryin' to break into Congress?" Mr. Dooley asked.

"I dinnaw," said Mr. Hennessy, "I nivver heerd iv him."

"I think it's three," said Mr. Dooley. "No wondher he needs worruk an' is fightin' hard f'r th' job. I'm with him too, be hivens. Not that I'm be taste or incliniation a marryin' man, Hinnissy. They may get me to th' altar some day. Th' best iv us falls, like Cousin George, an' there ar-re designin' women in this very block that I have me own throubles in dodgin'. But anny time ye hear iv me bein' dhrawn fr'm th' quite miseries an' exclusive discomforts iv single life ye may know that they have caught me asleep an' chloroformed me. It's thrue. But f'r thim that likes it, it's all r-right, an' if a man's done something in his youth that he has to do pinance f'r an' th' stations iv th' cross ain't sthrong enough, lave him, says I, marry as manny women as he wants an' live with thim an' die con-tint. Th' Mormons thinks they ar-re commanded be the Lord f'r to marry all th' ineligeable Swede women. Now, I don't believe th' Lord iver commanded even a Mormon f'r to do annything so foolish, an' if he did he wudden't lave th' command written on a pie-plate an' burrid out there at Nauvoo, in Hancock county, Illinye. Ye can bet on that, Hinnissy.

"But if anny wan believes 'twas done, I say, lave him believe it an' lave him clasp to his bosom as manny Olesons as'll have him. Sure in th' prisint state iv th' mathrimonyal market, as Hogan calls it, whin he goes down to coort th' rich Widow O'Brien, th' la-ad that wants to engage in interprises iv that sort ought to have a frind in ivrywan but th' men that keeps impluyment agencies.

"But no. Th' minyit a Mormon thries to break into a pol-itical job, a dillygation rises an' says they: 'What!' they says, 'permit this polluted monsther f'r to invade th' chaste atmosphere,' they says, 'iv th' House iv Ripristintatives,' they says. 'Permit him to parade his fam'ly down Pinnsylvania avanoo an' block thraffic,' they says. 'Permit him mebbe to sit in th' chair wanst occypied be th' laminted Breckinridge,' they says. An' they proceed f'r to hunt th' poor, crowded man. An' he takes a day off to kiss his wife f'r'm house to house, an' holds a meetin' iv his childer to bid thim good-by an' r-runs to hide in a cave till th' dillygation ray-mimbers that they have husbands iv their own an' goes home to cook th' supper.

"A Mormon, Hinnissy, is a man that has th' bad taste an' 'th' rellijion to do what a good manny other men ar-re restrained fr'm doin' be conscientious scruples an' th' polis. I don't want anny wife; ye, Hinnissy, ar-re satisfied not to say contint with wan; another la-ad feels that he'd be lonesome without tin. 'Tis a matther iv disposition. If iver I got started th' Lord on'y knows where I'd bring up. I might be like me frind an' fellow-sultan Hadji Mohammed. Hadji has wives to burn, an' wanst in a while he bur-rns wan. He has a bether job thin congressman. Th' best a congressman can get is forth-class postmasthers an' a look in at th' White House on visitin' day. But Hadji, th' pop'lar an' iloquent Sultan iv Sulu an' Bazeen iv Ohio iv th' Passyfic, owns his own palace an' distributes his own jobs. No man can hold th' office iv bow-sthringer iv our impeeryal domain without a certy-ficate fr'm Hadji. Fr'm th' highest office in th' land to th' lowest, fr'm th' chief pizener to th' throne to th' humblest ixicutioner that puts a lady in a bag and dumps her into th' lake iv th' Nine Millionth assimbly district they look to Hadji Mohammed f'r their places. He is th' high guy, th' main thing. He's ivrybody. Whin he quits wurruk th' governmint is over f'r th' day. An' does anny wan thry to interfere with Hadji? Does anny wan say, 'Hadji, ye'll have to abandon two or three hundhred iv ye'er firesides. Ye ar-re livin' jus' inside th' left field fince iv our domain an' 'tis a rule iv th' game that we've taken ye into that no wan shall have more thin wan wife at a time that anny wan knows of. In behalf iv th' comity iv th' Society f'r th' Suppression iv Polygamy I request ye to discard Nora an' Eileen an' Mary Ann an' Sue an' Bimbi an' th' r-rest iv th' bunch an' cleave on'y to Lucille. I judge be her looks that she's th' first Missus Haitch.'

"No, sir. If he had he'd reach th' ship that runs between our outlying wards without a hair to his head. Instead iv reproachin' Hadji with his domestic habits, wan iv th' envoys that ar-re imployed in carryin' messages fr'm th' prisidint to his fellow-citizens, proceeds to th' pretty little American village iv Sulu, where he finds Hadji settin' up on a high chair surrounded be wives. 'Tis a domestic scene that'd make Brigham Young think he was a bachelor. Hadji is smokin' a good seegar an' occasionally histin' a dhrink iv cider, an' wan iv' th' ladies is playin' a guitar, an' another is singin' 'I want ye my Sulu,' an' another is makin a tidy, an' three or four hundhred more ar-re sewin' patches on th' pants iv th' Hadji kids. An' th' ambassadure he says: 'Mos' rile an' luminous citizen, here is a copy iv th' annual thanksgivin' proclamation,' he says.' 'Tis addhressed to all th' hearty husbandmen iv our belovid counthry, manin' you among others,' he says. 'An' here,' he says, 'is th' revised Constitution,' he says. Th' original wan,' he says, 'was intinded f'r ol stick-in-th'-muds that wudden't know th' diff'rence between a harem an' a hoe,' he says. 'This wan,' he says, 'is more suited f'r th' prisint gay an' expansive times,' he says. 'It permits a man,' he says,' 'to cleave to as manny wives,' he says, 'as his race, color, an' previous condition iv servitude will permit,' he says. 'Thank ye kindly,' says Hadji, 'I'll threasure these here papers as a valiyable meminto fr'm that far distant home iv mine which I have nivver see,' he says. 'I'd inthroduce ye to Mrs. Hadji wan by wan,' he says, 'but 'twud be betther,' he says, 'f'r to stand up here an' be prisinted to her as a whole,' he says, 'f'r,' he says, ''tis growing late an' I want ye to come up to th' house,' he says, 'an' pick a mission'ry with me,' he says. 'A Baptist,' he says, 'raised on th' farm,' he says. An Hadji holds his job an' looks for'rard to th' day whin we have female suffrage an' he can cast th' solid vote iv Sulu f'r himsilf f'r prisidint."

"Thin," said Mr. Hennessy, "ye'er frind Roberts ought to move to what-d'ye-call-th' place?"

"That's what I'm thinkin'," said Mr. Dooley. "But 'tis too bad f'r him he was bor-rn at home."

AN INDIANA PREACHER.

Rev. Charles Little Has Retained His First Pastorate 28 Years.

Wabash Plain Dealer.

Rev. Dr. Charles Little, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, this city, Sunday rounded out the twenty-eighth year of his ministry in Wabash. It is a singular fact that with one exception he is the only Presbyterian minister in the State who has served twenty-eight consecutive years with one congregation, this being the first and only appointment he has ever held. There are several Presbyterian preachers who have held longer pastoral relations with given churches, but they have all, with one exception named, previously occupied other pulpits.

Dr. Little was born in Granville, O., Dec. 1, 1845. The son of Rev. Jacob Little, a Presbyterian clergyman, he was destined by his father from boyhood for the ministry, and naturally was drawn to that calling. He was sent to Marietta, O., college, from which he graduated, and later took a course in theology at Cincinnati, finishing the latter in 1871. In 1872 he was given a trial by the Presbyterian Church here, and the congregation, a large and critical one, was so pleased with the young divine that he was honored with a call, which he accepted, and neither party to the contract then made has had reason to regret the choice.

In 1873 he was given the honorary degree of doctor of divinity by his alma mater, and from that time forward his career in the pulpit, as a pastor among his flock and as an organizer, has been one of unbroken success.

He married a Lafayette lady in 1873, and she dying, he in 1879 wedded Miss Anna, daughter of W. K. Thurston, of this city, and with his two children there is not a happier home in all the land than is his.

The church under his direction had a phenomenal growth. The old church edifice, built fifty years or more ago, in 1880 gave place to a handsome new structure costing $25,000, and the parsonage, bought in 1883, was replaced five years ago with a fine new $6,000 home for the pastor's use. These improvements were brought about in a large degree through the energy and tact of Dr. Little, through whose entire ministry there has not been a schism or division of any kind in congregational councils, though the membership prior to his coming had many dissensions.

In 1884 he was elected moderator of the Indiana State Synod, and for twenty years he served as the clerk of the Muncie Presbytery. In 1891 he was chosen stated clerk of the Indiana State Synod, and his re-election every year is taken by consent, he having held the office continuously since the date mentioned.

During the last year twenty-five persons have been received into his congregation and eight have died. Dr. Little in that time conducted funeral services for forty-five persons and performed forty marriages. During his twenty-eight years with the church here he has officiated at 730 funerals and married 1,224 persons.

The benevolences of the church for the last year amounted to $1,000 and the congregational expenses to $2,700, all of which was paid.

In his anniversary sermon to the large congregation Sunday Dr. Little gave these statistical figures and then followed with an eloquent sermon from Kings i. 22-23: "And the King of Israel said unto his servants, 'Know ye that Ramoth is ours, and be still and take it not out of the hand of the King of Syria.'"

The Presbyterian minister who, among all others