

HIS STEPMAMA.

I knew a little codger once, As onery as could be; He'd chew and swear, run off from school,

But by and by—his ma was dead— His pa met Wilder Green And courted her; she parleyed some,

These mentioned, knowin' things was bad. Saw something must be done, So all agreed to keep hands off

She kept that boy a choppin' wood And doin' turns and chores; And hoein' corn and garden sass

His busy hands stirred up his wits, And soon that boy at school Was leadin' all his classes; him

The nerve that playin' hooky takes Might turn a whole school down, And that which breaks a winder light

The Reveries of a Sand Crab. BY S. RHETT ROMAN.

THE day is soft and misty, bright, and a breeze blows the foam of the waves over the sand.

Tide is high, and the water washes up shells and star-fish, and spars of drift wood, along the edge of the beach, and children troop out from the big hotel to pick up the pretty play things, while grown people sit on the half-buried, water-soaked masts and logs, and watch the restless play of the ocean, and the fitting shadows of the clouds as they shift by in the summer sky.

They sit idly on the beach and say foolish things to each other, and laugh, and half the time do not realize the poetic grandeur of the scene before them, the wondrous combining line of tints and colors or the sublimity of the play of moon beams on the rolling, restless water.

The children run about and shout and gambol, gather shells, and dig holes in the sand—my sand—with their toy shovels, and then quarrel over who was first to see a piece of seaweed, or coral broken from the Florida reefs; or they sit down and build houses, shouting with glee as the wind sweeps them over, and they melt away. Their elders, absorbed in themselves, talk of their puny ambitions, their plans and prospects, their shallow loves, and short lives, all of which I hear as I peep out from the sand dunes and listen.

There is a bench, close down by the water's edge, near my favorite haunt. Every evening at dark I come out slyly, knowing the pale light will confound me with the gray sand, so that no one, not even the dogs will snap and snarl, and dig into the shifting hillocks in pursuit of me, can distinguish my slight, agile form when night falls.

I come out slowly and stealthily, and laugh at the big New Foundations, and querulous, over-fed pet dogs, rambling along the edge of the water, while their mistresses stroll by, and the wind blowing against them, shows pretty feet, tipping from under ruffles and laces, and soft strands of hair, little curls and tendrils which no comb or ribbon can keep in place, on our long stretch of wind-blown seashore.

I watch the young men and the girls as they saunter along, and always guess rightly which ones are going to pause, and sit down on the bench. Oh, I never make a mistake.

There is a certain couple I've grown to know quite well. She's been here all summer. She's pretty, very pretty, and holds her head high. He comes over from the city frequently, very frequently of late, for the summer is waning fast, and will soon be over, and then they will all go away from the seashore and back to their every-day lives, and, as far as I can judge, will forget each other completely.

I like to watch men and women, and I remember faces. Often the same ones come back and renew their walks on the beach, sit on the rocks of the breakwater and occupy this decaying old bench near the beach, but it is seldom that those of the year before are again together.

I know, because it is quite amusing to watch them, and it makes me laugh until I grow tired and positively weak, to hear the same old foolish talk repeated over and over again. The only difference is that when the seasons change they change companions.

And, strange to say, they all love to prate disdainfully of the changing

sea, and of what they are pleased to call 'constancy.' That seems to be a favorite topic with them. Especially with the very young men and the girls just from college. The older and wiser a man grows, I notice, the less he has to say about constancy, and the women—

"Well, it is hard to tell exactly what a woman really thinks. She'll assert a thing which she doesn't believe one bit; and she will talk flippantly of what is the one thought and absorption of her heart and soul, just to make her listeners believe it is a matter of very small consequence to her.

"Oh, yes, I've found that out long ago. It's hard to tell what a woman means, and still harder to guess what she intends doing. Some of 'em play fast and loose, and I've noticed they often spite themselves out of a strange sort of perversity and give an entirely wrong impression of themselves, their character and their sentiments.

"Men are more straightforward and consequently more comprehensible. There must be a reason why women act so strangely, but I don't know it.

"I've often laughed to split my sides to see how the girls who come out here on these sands manage to puzzle the men and get the situation mixed up, when, in reality, both the men and the girls are pining for an identical termination to their little summer game.

"But they are all at cross purposes, and come back to this island for sea bathing mismatched and unhappy, cynical and morose.

"I've heard so many silly things said by people sitting on this bench, and I've crept out on the sand and observed and listened for so many years, that I could be very entertaining if I choose to give the result of my discoveries to the public.

"Why, only last week, when those two I am interested in were out here chatting, it struck me how grateful Dick Thornton would be if I could have made him see that Maude Cameron's light badinage was all put on like her clever, careless society manner, just to hide her real feelings and because she was so deeply hurt, that he had let a week pass without running over to see her, and had not even written.

"So Dick grew formal, and also 'society' in his manner, and mentioned a pleasant call he had made on Dorathia Spencer. Dorathia is the tall, handsome girl who was over here a month ago, and looked so stunning in her striped black and yellow bathing suit. I danced over the sand in the moonlight, and shouted with delight at the absurdity of their misunderstanding each other, and their mutual indignation over what never existed.

"Of course Dick Thornton never explained to her what I heard him discussing later on with a friend, while walking up and down on the hotel piazza and smoking; that their firm has been unusually busy with some cotton shipments, and that the senior partner is away.

"I travel around a good deal these bright moonlight nights, specially when the tide is low, and in that way I get to see and know everything that is going on.

"I run across the sand hills to the old bench on the beach, then to the breakwater rocks—and on such a night as this there are a good many couples sitting on the rocks—then I go around by the hotel, where the band is playing, and big white and pink oleander bushes grow along the front of the piazza, in spite of the drifting sand. I am spare and agile of limb, and have no fear of my enemies, the dogs, when night comes, and I love to roam around and learn the ways of the world.

"Last evening when I came out she was sitting there gazing out at the sea and absurdly unhappy. She is much too handsome to sit alone, and far too spirited to mope, so as soon as a fellow in white flannels came along Maude brightened and dropped into her usual brilliant spirits, although she was thinking of some one else half the time.

"They all act that way.

"Now, the man in white flannel is, I know, engaged to a girl—a shrewd, clever girl—who lives mostly abroad, I heard them say. She came to this island accidentally on account of some one's illness. She dresses better than all the other women, and all the men run after her. She, too, has sat on this bench frequently. She criticises the island and laughs at the sand and is very apish. She laughs at everything. I don't like her.

"Neither does the man in white flannels, overmuch, for all he is engaged to her. They are to be married in New York this fall. Meanwhile I heard him flirting outrageously with handsome Maude out here in the moonlight while the tide was rolling slowly up, and Maude she was encouraging him, and all the time wishing he was somebody else. It's too funny.

"Dick is to be over this evening, and as the night promises to be glorious, he and Maude will be out here until after 11.

"I'll sit out, too, on the sand and listen. It will be diverting. The older I grow, the more I enjoy watching these queer human beings, who are always making themselves and other people so foolishly, miserably unhappy over nothing.

"I wonder if that huge Newfoundland, Royal, will be around? I hope Lot. I'm afraid of him.

"There comes Dick Thornton and Maude towards the bench. Now we will see how they are going to patch up their quarrel, if one can call drifting apart by that name.

"The night is gorgeous and the moonlight on the sea looks so peace-

ful it ought to teach them the beauty of serenity and happiness. The murmur of the waves is caressingly gentle, and should show them the delight of tender words and caressing whispers. Under the penetrating gaze of the stars they should look upward, and understand each other. How will it be with them?

"Compton told me he saw you the other night?"

"Yes indeed. We chatted for hours out here. He's such a nice fellow! He has promised to spend the winter in —, because I'm to be there, and to take the same steamer we will take to go abroad in the spring. He's awfully good-looking, and so nice."

"Yes, Compton's a right decent fellow. I knew you'd like him. Of course, as your plans are all laid out for the winter and spring, you wouldn't care to alter them?"

"Why should I alter them? Aren't they pleasant?"

"Very; only some fellow might propose a little alteration in them for his benefit. You are sure you don't care to make any change?"

"Oh, quite sure. I can't imagine any suggestion which would make me alter my mind just now. Could you?"

"None at all. I can't imagine how they could be improved on. Shall we stroll down on the beach?"

The sand crab came closer, and waltzed over the dunes down to the water's edge in an ecstasy of delight.

"I knew how it would be! Now the breach between them is irrevocable. They've dug their pit with their own felly. He'll go back to the city, and he'll work hard and grow morose and crabbed and rich, and Maude, she will go to Paris and become more worldly, and frivolous and capricious each year, and the handsome fellow in the white flannels will be there, too, while the girl who dresses so well will stay in New York.

"They've mixed it up as usual. It's too funny!

"Hello! They are going back to the beach. That's queer, and there's that confounded dog Royal. Why can't he keep away?"

"Why should you and I, Maude, misunderstand each other?" Dick said, slowly. "You know, sweetheart, the whole world is as nothing—"

There was a scramble on the beach, and Royal dashed by in pursuit of a sand crab.

"I'm glad it's safe in its hole under the sand, poor little thing." Maude said, softly, a little later, "for an exquisite night like this every human creature should be sublimely happy."

"How remarkable! They've come to an understanding!" the sand crab said, peeping out.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Intended for a Compliment. There was a family reunion at the home of little Alice's mother. Grandfather, grandmother, uncles, aunts, and cousins had gathered from far and near. The child was much bewildered, says Harper's Magazine, and had great difficulty in remembering the new names and distinguishing the strange faces.

They were all anxious to be recognized by the little one, the only child present, and her mother was proudly eager to impress all their names on her mind. So the poor little girl was subjected to the tiresome questions: "Who is this, Alice?" "What is my name?"

At first she gave very vague replies, but soon fell into a tearful silence.

In a little while Mary, her pretty next-door neighbor, came in. Alice loved Mary, and her face brightened when she saw the dear familiar face among so many strange ones. Mamma told Mary of Alice's trouble in remembering her relatives' names.

"But Alice knows who I am," said Mary, confidently. "Tell me, dear, who am I?"

"You ain't nobody," said the child, fondly, with a sigh of relief. Mary was somewhat confused, but under the circumstances it was the highest compliment she could have received.

Why Dewet Avoided Highlanders. Dewet is possessed of humor, says a South African correspondent, writing to a contemporary. One of the leading camp officials (in a certain refuge camp) is a Scotsman, who, during the dinner, took occasion in offering the general a drink to say he must have got a fair amount of whisky among the captured convoys. Dewet was very much amused at this, and on referring to it subsequently said that before attacking a convoy he made inquiries if they were guarded by Scotsmen. If this were so, he further inquired if it contained any whisky. If the second condition accompanied the first he always gave the convoy a wide berth, because he knew the beggars would fight to the last man! The Scotsman replied that he would write home and inform his countrymen of this important element in scouting and in defensive warfare—a remark which set him into roars of laughter.—St. James Gazette.

Melancholy-Nighted Nirth. An old gentleman was walking down one of the streets of Manchester, when he saw a boy crying outside a house, and, thinking he might comfort him, he asked him what was the matter. "Father's laying the c-carpet down."

MUMOROUS.

"Do you think out the jokes in the funny column?" asked the visitor. "No, the reader does that," said the editor.—Indianapolis News.

Not Altogether Inappropriate.—"What is the sense in calling a counterfeiter's outfit a 'plant'?" "It's his way of raising money, isn't it?"—Chicago Tribune.

With Exorbitant Prices.—"She takes only boarders who are blue-blooded." "How does she make sure that they are?" "She bleeds them."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Clear Gain.—Mrs. Baxter—"Dis furnace throws out gas." Mr. Baxter—"Und you complain about dot, mit gas wort' two tollars a thousand, and we gettin' dot furnace gas for nottings."—N. Y. Weekly.

There was a crash of glassware in the back part of the store. The druggist's boy had fallen downstairs. "Gracious me! What's that?" asked the alarmed customer. "That's our new medicine dropper," said the ready druggist. This was his little joke. He then charged up the loss at 67 cents a bottle. This was business.—Indianapolis News.

One of the Social Troubles.—"I'm dreadfully worried about Jennie," she said. "Why?" he asked. "Well, she's just learning to write, and it's impossible to tell whether the round hand, back hand or the angular style will be fashionable when she is ready to 'come out' in society. Indeed, the problems that beset the modern mother are more serious than careless man realizes."—Chicago Post.

A Sure Cure.—Mr. Jinkson—"Bingle has lost money at everything he tried lately, and his friends are afraid he'll soon be in a state of chronic melancholia. He hasn't smiled for weeks." Mr. Jinkson—"Poor fellow! Why doesn't he marry?" "What good would that do?" "Why, then, you know, he could blame his reverses on his wife's extravagance, and take a fresh start, the same as you did."—N. Y. Weekly.

FASTEST BIRD ON WING.

Duck Hawks Have No Equals When It Comes to Rapidity of Flight.

I never see a duck hawk but that my thoughts go back to the times when this was the favorite of kings—a gift for an emperor, says a writer in the Boston Herald. And well it deserves the high place which it held, for of the many birds used in the ancient sport of falconry, the duck hawk or peregrine falcon was the swiftest, the most savage and the most courageous of them all. The sport is now practically obsolete, but for thousands of years it was one of the principal amusements of the better classes throughout Europe and Asia.

Nowhere did it take deeper root than in England, where for centuries it was conducted on a grand scale and at enormous expense. Some of the nobility kept falcons as race horses are kept to-day, regardless of cost, paying fabulous prices for celebrated birds, and maintaining large staffs of skilled falconers. Men carried falcons upon their gloved wrists in those days as a matter of course, and thought no more of it than they would of carrying walking sticks to-day, and a lady going over so short a journey would be almost sure to carry a hawk of some kind.

Froissert tells us that when Edward III. invaded France he "took 30 falconers on horseback, who had charge of his hawks, and every day he either hunted or hawked, as he was disposed."

Until the reign of King John only people of high rank and power were allowed to indulge in this royal sport, and many were the laws which protected the hawks and their nests. Death was at one time the penalty for stealing the eggs of the falcon. Among the important privileges wrested from John was the forest charter, by virtue of which all freemen were allowed to fly their own hawks and keep their own herons on the banks of their own rivers. But still it remained a felony to steal a falcon or its eggs, and a freeman was liable to imprisonment for "a year and a day" for robbing a falcon's nest in his own woods.

Quaint Bird Legends. It is considered very unlucky in Sweden to kill a stork. They have a legend that the stork flattered round the cross, crying: "Styrke styrke! Strengthen ye! Strengthen ye!" and was ever after called the stork, but lost its voice. In Germany the storks fly down from God's land, bearing the babies with them. Such is the story taught to German children. The red of the robin's breast is produced by the blood of Christ. Magpies are birds of omen; to see one means sorrow, two for joy, three for a wedding and four foretell death. The swallow is sometimes called the "bird of consolation," because it flew around the Saviour on His cross, crying: "Cheer up! cheer up!"—Nature.

Lord Kitchener's Only Wound. The only wound ever sustained by Lord Kitchener during his long term of military service was received in the Sudan, where a bullet from an Arab's gun struck him in the cheek. The bullet, after remaining in the flesh for some time, fell into his plate at a London restaurant.—London News.

Odd Hatching Test. An investigator of an original turn of mind has appeared in the person of a Moscow student named Koloentzeff, who in 18 days has succeeded in hatching the egg of a guinea fowl under his left armpit.—London Mail.

GAGGING THE PRESIDENT.

How the Trusts Are Going to Ensure the Continuation of Protection's Aid.

Two political events occurred on Tuesday, September 16, that will have a far-reaching effect on the politics of the country. That they happened simultaneously may have been an accident but would point to a deep-laid plan.

On that day President Roosevelt had called together at Oyster Bay the leaders of his party to consult with them about the position he should take on the tariff and the trusts in his political speeches in the west.

On the same day Speaker Henderson declined to accept a renomination to congress, giving as the reason that "a great many" republicans in his district were in favor of reforming the tariff by taking off the protection that the Dingley bill gives to the trusts.

Both the president and the speaker of the house of representatives had discovered that "a great many" republicans wanted reform. They were tired of paying more for the trust made goods than the same goods were being sold to foreigners for. Speaker Henderson had through the power of his political machine stifled the voice of these independent republicans, and on the face of the returns his convention, made up of office holders and political strikers, renominated him and made a platform of his own choosing of the patented stripe. This happened in May. He returns to his district in September and finds the voice of the people crying aloud for reform. He re-

signed the nomination, a very honest and sensible thing to do under the circumstances, as his own interests were at variance with the voters.

Over 100 republican nominees for congress, if honest should take the same step. Grosvenor and others of Ohio; Hemenway and Landis and Overstreet, of Indiana; Londenslager and others in New Jersey, and so the lists of states might be gone through. Nearly every congressman from Iowa, if honest, would step aside. All these and others know that tariff reform sentiment is overwhelming in the central and western states. President Roosevelt also has discovered, even in New England, that tariff-reform sentiment was rampant, but he did not have the pluck of Henderson. He looked for a way to evade the issue that he knew was right and on the side of the people. His conscience told him that he should boldly champion their cause against the trusts and corporations. But he heeded it not and called in the chosen protection advocates, knowing what their advice would be before he asked it.

The senatorial junta that controls legislation, through their power as chairmen of the important committees, decided of course, that reform of the tariff must not be an issue. The president must go to the western states and make no promise of relief from the real cause of the enormous prices of the necessities of life. Thus the trusts have the president gagged, his talks to the people will be stifled by the orders of the senatorial junta. The coincidence of the announcement of the retirement of Henderson at the very time the senators were persuading the president to forego tariff discussions, is so remarkable that it is easy to believe that the trusts are back of both these extraordinary announcements.

All the senators present have been consistent friends of the combines and corporations, every vote they have cast, the bills they have smothered, all prove this. Now when the pinch comes and an erratic president is to be lassoed, why should they not all join in a plan to corral him?

Henderson will soon get his reward, but will the president reach his ambition?

How Hanna and the trust magnates must be laughing in their sleeves at the taming of the rough rider.

If Speaker Henderson believes in the sacredness of the existing tariff schedules, is it not his duty to educate his constituents, and remain in congress to defend the tariff? If a man of his views is selected to make the run, will not he, too, be out of touch with a growing sentiment? If a man of different views, will not Henderson have become a defaulter and a deserter, in betraying the sacred schedules in the house of their friends?—Albany Argus.

PROSPERITY FROM

Canada Is Enjoying Good Without Resorting to the Repressive Method of Protection.

The United States and Canada two great countries with a border line 3,000 miles long. Naturally might be supposed that an economic system that would benefit one would also benefit the other. Such, however, does not appear to be the case, if the statesmen in charge are to be believed.

The republicans who are "in" in the management of our trust ridden government are perfectly certain that the prosperity which they talk so much about (to make sure that we have it) is due to our high protection policy, inaugurated five years ago. Canada lowered her tariff duties about the time we raised ours, and the statesmen there are now crediting their prosperity to these lower duties. A recent issue of the Toronto Globe says:

"If under any scale of duties the industries of a country are prospering, higher duties cannot be justified on grounds of expediency. The country has now been for five years under a tariff very considerably lower than that which prevailed in the previous 17 years, a period amply sufficient to test the efficacy of high protection. The prosperity of our industries under the low tariff has far exceeded that enjoyed under the high tariff. The result is that the extreme protectionists are forced back upon the idea of retaliation pure and simple. The United States

will not buy our goods as freely as we buy theirs. Therefore we must cut down our American imports until something like equality is established. Germany has made some foolish discriminations against Canadian wheat; we must, therefore, aim to strike a blow at Germany. In this way the word protection loses its meaning. What is sought is not the protection of our own industries, but the injury of somebody else's."

This high tariff produces prosperity in the United States and low tariff produces prosperity in Canada. "Let well enough alone and don't touch the high tariff," say our republican statesmen. "Let well enough alone and don't touch the low tariff," say the Canadian statesmen.

Verily this is a queer world and the tariff is a perplexing question! Is it possible that five years of good crops in both these countries and poor crops in Europe have anything to do with our prosperity? Is it certain that we are prosperous at all, outside of the protected trusts and the farming sections of the west? Will not the trusts soon have gobbled up all of the surplus prosperity even of these western farmers?

Comments of the Press. No wonder President Roosevelt likens the trusts to the Mississippi river. He recalls the amount of water some of them contain.—Omaha Bee.

Mr. Hanna and his historic skillet are not abroad this campaign. Mr. Hanna has his own fish to fry in Ohio and the skillet is needed at home.—Chicago Chronicle.

Senator Beveridge says the tariff is not the "mother of trusts." President Havemeyer of the sugar trust says it is. And on this question the general opinion will be that Mr. Havemeyer is the better authority.—N. Y. World.

Elsewhere the symptoms of discontent and unrest among the republican masses upon national issues have been far more pronounced. The republican managers will get little comfort out of the Maine vote, and their opponents no discouragement.—Portland (Me.) Argus.

The shrewd and resourceful men who are at the head of the great industrial combinations entertain no apprehensions as to the future of the trusts so long as the American people can be deluded into the belief that an amendment of the constitution is all that is necessary to curb the power of the trusts. Of course they will profess to be alarmed and indignant at the president's philosophical and not unfriendly discussion of the subject on the stump and in his message to congress, but that is only a part of the game. Such tactics are as old as the hills.—Baltimore Sun.



THE PRESIDENT SHOT A BOAR.