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MONTANA — DAKOTA — WYOMING — NEBRASKA

VOL. 22, NO. 49. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, MAY 29, 1891. WHOLE NO. 1142.

Deer Lodge County Officer

The roster of officers of Deer Lodge county is as follows:

State Senator—W. M. Thornton.
District Judge—D. M. Durfee.
Clerk of District Court—Welling Napton.
Sheriff—J. T. Quigley.
Assessor—A. G. Slaton.
Clerk and Recorder—J. P. Busselton.
County Attorney—W. S. Shaw.
Superintendent of Public Schools—Margaret I. Wolfe.
Treasurer—R. T. Kenton.
Surveyor—Henry B. Davis.
Coroner—William Ray.
Public Administrator—D. F. Brown.
County Commissioners—J. L. Hamilton, George Cockrell, A. J. McDonald.
Representatives—John R. Toole, Silven Hughes, C. M. Groteclohn, F. Hollywood, C. E. Hardenbrook, R. H. Humber, J. W. Blair.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ATTORNEYS.

WM. H. TRIPPET,
Attorney at Law
DEER LODGE, MONT.
Office West Side Court Square. Practices in all the courts of the State. Special attention to Conveyancing and Collections. 17

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GEMS IN VERSE.

The Head and Heart.

"Take yer head with yer," says ol' Uncle Joe,
"Take yer head with yer an' heed it;
Take yer head with yer wherever yu go,
Take yer head with yer, you'll need it.

"Take yer heart with yer," says ol' Uncle Joe,
"Take yer heart with yer an' heed it;
Take yer heart with yer wherever you go,
Take yer heart with yer; you'll need it.

"Let yer head and yer heart talk over the thing,
An' argue the case till they've cried it;
While you sit in style like a judge or a king,
An' when they've stopped jawin' let 'em do it."
—S. W. Foss.

Confession.

I love you. That is all. Life holds no more
Here to your arms I have no other world.
Where is the mad ambition known of yore?
Ah! fled away to some far foreign shore,
And lost forever. Yes, I love you, Sweet—
You only, you alone. My heart, my life,
I lay—a mangled offering—at your feet,
With tears but one of beautiful words
You are my soul, my all—my Heaven and Earth.
O love me. Say of love there is no death!
Look at me with warm brown eyes, my own,
And banish fear and pain and doubting quite.
Kiss me with rose-red lips, and be contrition
Shall tell you that I grieve my fallen dreams.

And yet have loved me all these weary years!
O patient heart! O man's heart, strong and true!
Nay, do not kiss away those sweet tears,
I could weep not my passionate heart for you—
For you, O my own Love, my own true Love.
Can the white, shining Angels up above
Have more of patience and of tender grace?
There! let me stop your lips with my caress,
And press the white sils down, so fair, cool snow
Shute out the violets from the winter's woe.
Now press my wan, white cheek against your heart,
And let me rest here, from the world apart,
Forevermore, Love—ah, forevermore!
All life's grim shames shall pass, no woe,
—Fanny Driscoll.

Animals.

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self contained;
I stand and look at them long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago;
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth
—Walt Whitman.

What I Live For.

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

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

I live to gain companions
Who will share in my joys
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's hearts and mine
To profit by affliction,
Reap pleasure from all sides of fiction,
Grow wise from contradiction
And find in God's great design.

I live to hail that season
By gentle ones foretold,
When men shall live by reason
And reason only hold
Who man to man's unfriend,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the dead to whom I am tied
And the living who need me too
And to aid humanity
For the cause that lacks assistance
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance
And the good that I can do.
—G. Linnaeus Banks.

The Comedy of Life.

They parted, with clasp of hand,
And kisses and burning tears,
They met in a foreign land,
After some twenty years.

Not an acquaintance nuse,
Smiling, tranquil eyed
Not even the least little bit
Of the heart upon either side.

They chatted of this and that,
The talk that makes up life;
She in a Gainsborough hat,
And he in black for his wife.

Ah, what a comedy this!
Neither was false, it appears;
Yet once she had pressed to his kiss,
And once he had crowned her cheek
—F. H. Aldrich.

Light.

The bears are growing shorter for the millions who are toiling,
And the bulls are growing better for the millions yet to be
And the poor shall learn the lesson, how that waste and sin are spoiling
The fairest and the finest of a grand humanity.

It is coming! it is coming! and men's thoughts are growing deeper;
They are giving of their millions as they never gave before;
They are learning the new gospel: man must be his brother's keeper,
And it shall not night, shall triumph, and the selfish rule no more.
—Sarah K. Bolton.

Her Perfect Lover.

"I had a lover once," she sighed;
"Yes, just before I married you,
Who listened when I spoke, and tried
To answer all my questions too.

"So courteous and so kind—so good!
He'd never think a man could be
As thoughtless and, indeed, as rude
As you so often are to me.

"The jewel of my love once won,
He used to swear, could never grow dim;
He would not dream that any one
Could whistle when I spoke to him!

"If he had faults he kept them hid.
I should have married him! Yes, true!
And that's exactly what I did.
My perfect lover, sir, was—you!"
—Madeline S. Bridges.

Rest.

There is peace in power. The men who speak
With the loudest tongues do least,
And the surest sign of a mind that is weak
Is its want of the power to rest.
It is only the lighter water that, tost
From the sea on a windy day,
And the deep blue ocean never replies
To the sibilant voice of the spray.
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Between the Lines.

To carry thought Love wealt
A few words—mere idle signs.
Heart-deeps to heart-deeps speak
Between the lines.
—Alice Williams Brotherton.

Ammonia applied two or three times on a fresh cold sore will kill it. It will drive it away if used when the cold sore is first felt.

When washing fine white flannels add a tablespoonful of pulverized borax to a pailful of water. This will keep them soft and white.

Sleepiness caused by too much blood in the head may be overcome by applying a cloth wet with cold water to the back of the neck.

Never let the sun's rays strike a mirror. It acts upon the mercury and makes the glass cloudy, which all the rubbing in the world will not remove.

Wash white silk handkerchiefs in tepid water with castile soap suds and press when cold and nearly dry. To iron them ample of hot water turns them yellow.

REVOLUTIONARY CLUBS.

RIDPATH'S SKETCHES OF FRENCH POLITICAL SOCIETIES OF 1790.

Origin and Spread of the Club Movement in France—History of the Leading Organizations—Their Course Considered with the Revolution Itself.

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THE real foundations of the great Revolution were in the club houses. It was among the political societies that every new project and its fate first saw the light. Between the years 1789 and 1791 it might be said that French history in its leading features was the offspring of clubroom. The states general itself, if it had an impulse for its action, had the club for its mother.

Nearly all the projects for the reform of French society were hatched in the clubs before they were presented in the assembly. Three clubs, with auxiliaries innumerable, of the most popular kind, were the parents of the modern republic. Nearly all the political clubs had a party organization, and they generally ruled or they generally wrecked the state. There the storming of the Bastile was planned; there the attack on the Tuileries was concerted; there the abolition of the monarchy was decreed, and there the Terror had its birth.

One of the characteristics of human nature is sociability. Men are not to be gregarious, like the ducks, nor wholly solitary, like the bear. Rather, like the bees, he works with his fellows in a general association, and sometimes swarms. The whole world is dotted with clubs. The disposition of our species, under the name of "fraternity," has led to a corporation of sympathies that brings mutual affiliation for mutual ends, unless perhaps they themselves know not what.

Of this disposition the French furnishes the highest example. They more than any other race on the globe, dull and their swarms are the most numerous, the most numerous, the liveliest. It was so presumably in the great instances preceding and immediate upon the French Revolution. The gregarious instinct became more than ever before and secret societies, of all kinds, sprung into existence. They reached, in fact, almost every circle of society. They were less the result of concert than of impulse. The political conditions present in the time in France, the discontent and unpleasant discussions of the French people, the feeling of reaction which had been good in the French colleges, the spirit of liberty spread, locally, by the writings of Rousseau, Diderot, Voltaire, Turgot, Necker, Mirabeau, Condorcet, Brissot, and others, and finally, the example of the United States, all these and other influences were the sources of the club movement and its origin in Brittany. In the province a secret political society was formed prior to the calling of the states general. Certain of the members of the Breton republicans were members, and by them the club organization was carried to Versailles at the opening of the states general. The society appears to have been a sort of political committee, the intent being at the first to secure that only friends of liberty and reform should be chosen as deputies.

Such was the origin of the Breton club, or Breton committee, of which we hear much in connection with the history of the states general and national assembly. When the latter body was transferred to Paris the club went with it, as its shadow. By this time the organization had become powerful. Its usefulness in a season of organizing and promotion, so strikingly been discovered. The political members of the legislative, constituent and national assemblies most leadingly remained, as of previous, the soul of their club, surrounded, amongst their friends. They could throw off all disguises, all political subterfuges, all little expectations and reveal their motives, purposes and plans. What a field for oratory and debate was this parliament! What a goal for revolution!

On removing from the Breton club to Paris the society found itself with a place in the assembly. This was found in the Rue St. Honore. There stood the old convent of the Dominican friars, known as the Convent of St. Jacobus—a medieval structure, spacious and gloomy enough, in days of much, use to man, but full of great use to history. Here the club established itself with the new name of La Societe des Amis de la Constitution—that is, Society of the Friends of the Constitution. But that name was too tedious for the lips of politicians, and so, as the club grew and flourished and became powerful, and was spoken of by all sides, they called it the Club of the Jacobins, or the Jacobins, for short. Such was the rise of that society which distinct to control the French Revolution, to give to its form and features, and to impress itself upon the history and origin of the current details, but of the Nineteenth century even to the present day.

Great was the popularity of the Jacobins. Democracy was the prevailing spirit. But at first the spirit was restrained. The Friends of the Constitution, not yet knowing what they wanted, gave their support to the new Hierarchical reformed monarchy which had been devised by the assembly under the inspiration of Mirabeau, and which was still believed to be good for the French nation. The conditions of membership in the club were easy. Any patriot who was vouched for and introduced by four members in good standing might be admitted on terms of equality with the rest. On his initiation he received a ticket which gave him all the rights, privileges and benefits of attendance, and participation in the debates and business of the club. The membership rapidly expanded, and soon reached the number of 1,200, including many delegates to the national assembly. The organization was perfected and made regular. The society had its presiding officers, its committees, its journal des Debats, in which one to the present day may read the proceedings and speeches of the society.

The influence of the Jacobins rose rapidly, and soon became dominant over the Revolution. In this from the strongest of the ground giants, those earth-born Titans who were to reign for a season, and then perish, displayed their powers and won the applause of all those and patriotism which ran riot in the streets or dripped into the cellars of Paris. Here Mirabeau came, at intervals, to join in the discussion. Here that Robespierre, who was to be King of the Terror, rose first to power and then to omnipotence. Here the two Lameths, the naves, Pongibes-Thiville, and that Anacharsis Cloots, who shall presently introduce to the national assembly a body of representatives called the Human Race—all flourished and gained ascendency over the public mind. The assembly, and afterward the national convention, became only a kind of sounding board to catch the echoes from the platform of the Jacobins. Here audacity, adventure, the wild spirit of radicalism and innovation more and more took voice and beat from the applause of that unquenchable democracy that was rising from the soil of France.

Perceiving her power, the Mother Society for by that name the Jacobin club was called—began to be a mother indeed. She procreated and established daughters like herself, first in the principal and afterward in the minor cities of France, until her liberal progeny numbered no fewer than twelve hundred, all obedient to her will. These subordinate clubs followed the example of the mother, and clubism spread everywhere, until its many as 40,000 associate societies were organized in the French towns and villages. The whole constituted an immense speaking gallery, resounding in every chamber and recess with the echoes and edicts of the great Mother.

In a short time the diverse sentiments in the Club of the Jacobins led to a division, in which there were a Center, a Left and a Right. The left became more and more strongly revolutionary in its principles. The Center held on in the same line of agitation, insurrection and reform which the Revolution itself was pursuing. The Center was the Revolution. The Right drew back more and more toward constitutional monarchy. At length the Left, under the lead of Danton, Marat and Camille Desmoulins, broke off from the slow going Mother Society, and organized a new club, more radical and furious than any society that far established. The club assumed as its meeting place the old chapel of the Franciscan friars, known as the Cordeliers, from the name of the cord with which the monks were wont to gird the threadbare Hence the new society was called the Club of the Cordeliers.

The meeting place was in the Rue de l'Ecole de Medecine, or, as we should say, Medical street. Here the extreme spirits gathered, and began to frame those questions which involved the destruction of the existing order of society. Here the sullen pigmy, Jean Paul Marat, with his moustache and crouching voice, came up from underground Paris to pour out his invectives and sarcasms, smeared with blood. Here was established, under Camille Desmoulins, Le Vieux Cordelier, or The Old Cordelier, which became the mouthpiece of the frantic revolutionists, the organ of the approaching Terror.

In the manner the Right drew away and was organized under the title of "Friends of the Monarchy Constitutional," the Feuillants, so called from the place of the meeting place of the society, which was the convent of the Feuillants, of this body the leaders and founders were the Abbe Sieyes, and Bailly, mayor of Paris, and our own Lafayette, who, for a time, was one of the most popular and strongly disposed to spring in Brittany which was of the Revolution.

Still another great club was organized called the Club des Monarchistes, or the Monarchists. Clergy are for its object the preservation and maintenance of monarchy and its rights, and an agitation for the speech of the Bourbons. Bourbon throne. The break between the Royalist and semi-Royalist societies on the one side and the Jacobins on the other tended strongly to increase the hostility of the latter, and to offer the whole society, in Carlyle's language, the Cordeliers, at last, as they were not ours, to the nation, was reconciled between our leaders as Robespierre, the Lameths, Danton and Marat, as rapidly fatal to the mother and children, as to the service of the state.

This at setting sun of Paris—Marat—made the Jacobins, and influenced, as, perhaps, no other society, even was marked at first a way by the red revolutionists, and in March, 1791 was broken up by a mob. The Club of the Monarchists perished with the monarchy itself. The Cordeliers also reached its climax with the Terror, and, with the reaction, fell to rise, and fell, and was finally abolished by decree of the convention in August of 1795. The Jacobins rose over all.

A MEETING OF JACOBINS

the storming of the Tuileries was planned, and there all the chiefs of the revolution, by turns, were arranged before they broke upon the throne. But the fall of St. Jacobins the furious earthquake democracy of the Faubourgs and lose ments subsided up and spattered in fire and fever and blood.

There are the decrees were debated by which the ancient landmarks of civilization were obliterated, by which the old time calendar was stricken down, by which religion with all its attendant circumstances and institutions, was laced aside into the rubbish of the Middle Ages, by which Reason was raised and worshipped, by which death was decreed, to be an eternal sleep. Not until the fall of Robespierre and his fellow despots of the Terror was the power of the Mother Society broken. Under the blow of revivals jacobin and liberty she staggered, "reeled into obscurity and decadence, and then to death. The old hall of St. Jacobins was closed in November of 1794, and the Club of the Jacobins, that fearful engine of revolutionary ruin, was no more.

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

AMERICA'S FIRST EXPOSITION.

It Was Held at Cincinnati Under the Auspices of the Mechanics' Institute.

The Ohio Mechanics' institute, which recently closed another successful year, is the only institution in the world that offers a free education to poor mechanics and that gives young men the opportunity to acquire a thorough education in mechanical and architectural sciences practically without charge, the payment of the nominal sum of three dollars per annum entitling them to two hours' instruction six days in the week in whatever branch they choose to take up, to attendance upon all the lectures of the institute and to access to the periodicals and books in the reading room and the library. The institute was established in 1828. Its promoter was Dr. John D. Craig, and he was assisted by a number of influential citizens.

But it was not until the school of design was started, in 1856, that the institute became popular. The first industrial exposition in the United States was held under the auspices of the institute in 1828. Four hundred articles were displayed. The Cincinnati public library and the art school have grown out of the institute. Since the school of design (now called the industrial and art school) was started nearly 10,000 pupils have received instruction. The enrollment on Jan. 1, 1891, was 770. Instruction last year was in 118 different branches of industry. There are classes for ladies in separate rooms.

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

Mighty Because of Their Numbers.

Investigators have figured it out that the plague of locusts visits certain portions of the United States once in seventeen years. Just now the swarming pests seem to be occupied elsewhere. Reports from Algeria say that they are traveling over the country in countless millions.

THREE GREAT QUESTIONS

MATTERS TO BE CONSIDERED BY THE PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY.

The Meeting at Detroit May Prove One of the Momentous Religious Gatherings of the Century—The Topics to Be Discussed.

The general assembly of the Presbyterian church at Detroit promises as great results as those which followed the assembly in 1837, when the church divided upon the slavery question. The 700 delegates representing 6,158 ministers, 6,848 churches and 776,968 members. Three questions of great importance will be decided. They are the revision of the Westminster Confession, the report of the committee on union with the Cumberland and the change in the rule for admitting the colored churches. There will also be a report of the committee on the order of the colored churches, which has met with bitter opposition from the South. Its friends are warm. The committee on the revision of the creed will bring in a new article defining the authority of the Bible, and as the assembly will largely be composed of conservatives its fate is very problematical.

The Second and Fourth will also be important. Unlimited one being in reference to the case of Dr. Briggs of the Union Theological seminary of New York, for his advanced ideas. He will be tried for his views of the authority of the Bible. There will also be a great amount of routine business. Detroit has 200 churches for the assembly's sessions. The meeting which met in the old historic Fort Street church, where the assembly met in 1849, and at which the assembly was organized in 1840, and in the same building, and in the same edifice, in the morning, was organized in 1837. The minister, Rev. Wesley Ramsdell, D. D., has been in Detroit longer than any other minister in the city. He was a member of the assembly in 1837, and he received this year a letter from Washington, which he treasures, and which he reads to every new member of the assembly, in which he gives to a friend of his a drawing of the assembly from the rich parish. He is very excited in manner and appearance, but is one of the most earnest men to meet on any of that day's assembly. Dr. Ramsdell is a cousin of the distinguished Presbyterian divine, Dr. Robert Dale Owen, of the Western Presbyterian church. This congregation is worth $1,000,000. Dr. Ramsdell's church is the Fort Street church, in Detroit. It possesses one of the finest organs and one of the finest edifices in the city. Its congregation is composed of the wealthiest people in Detroit. It has a church of 600 members and 1,000 in the Sunday school. It is the church of the wealthy people of the city. Its pastor, Rev. Dr. Ramsdell, is a native of Pittsburg, Pa. He was born in New London, Conn., Feb. 4, 1831. When twelve years old he entered the Episcopal academy at Cheshire, Conn., and graduated in 1847 at the age of sixteen. He spent two years at Trinity college, Hartford, and entered West Point in 1849. He graduated from that institution in 1853, and was assigned as a lieutenant to the Fourth artillery, which is his present regiment.

DR. RAMSDELL.

Lieutenant Totten was confirmed into the Episcopal church by Bishop Williams at the age of thirteen. During his youth, however, he was materialistic in his views, but as his mind expanded he became a self-convinced and avowed Christian. He accepts the Bible literally, and believes as firmly in Moses and the prophets as he does in Christ and the apostles. His calculation of the exact date of the conjunction which fixed Joshua's "long day" has brought his name prominently before the theological world.

Lieutenant Totten has a distinguished record as an inventor, as well as a Biblical expounder. He is the author of "Strategos," the American game of war, which received the indorsement of men like Von Moltke, Wolseley and Bollinger. He is also a well known contributor of scientific articles to the magazines and a professor of Yale university.

The picture of Lieutenant Totten given herewith is reproduced by courtesy of the proprietors of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, who are Lieutenant Totten's publishers.

Friendly to the United States.

It is undoubtedly largely owing to the influence of his American wife that Lord Randolph Churchill, who recently started on an exploring trip to Africa, has always taken a friendly interest in the United States. During the excitement of the Sackville-West incident he was the only British statesman who recognized the justice of President Cleveland's position in demanding the recall of the imprudent minister. He publicly rebuked the London Standard for stirring up a feeling of bitterness against the United States, declaring that its attitude was wicked, vindictive and dangerous, and indicating that prompt acquiescence in the justice of America's demand was the only course to secure permanent good will between the two countries.

A Common Lack.

Unsuccessful Statesman—I don't seem to get along very well. What is it I lack?

His Wife—Humor.

"Humor! Rubbish! Suppose I had a keen sense of the ridiculous, what good would that do?"

"You would see your own shortcomings."—New York Weekly.

A Street Car Pony.

Boston School Boys (jumping on front platform)—Hello, McDonald!

Car Driver—Morning, gents.

School Boy—Here, Jack, you take the reins; grab the brake, Ginger. Now, driver, just run over this page in the Ambasis for us before we get down to the high school.—Life.

THE CATHOLIC EDITORS.

Some of Those Prominent in the Recent New York Convention.

The recent meeting of Catholic editors of the United States at New York city was a notable one, both in a religious and a business way. Many of the gentlemen present are well known throughout the country. James Delaney, the secretary of the convention, is manager of The Catholic Truth, Brooklyn, the success of that periodical promising well for the association of which he is a chief official. H. M. Reynolds represented the Troy Catholic Weekly, a paper which, under his management and the approval of the bishop of the state capital, Albany, has achieved a good reputation. His ideas took shape in the formation of advertising bureaus as part of the association. Martin I. J. Griffin, editor of The Catholic Historical Researches, and The Journal of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union, was present, as he is at every Catholic convention. He is a man of brains and force of character, so original in his thought and manner that he is generally in a minority of one, and is recognized as such in Catholicism.

H. M. REYNOLDS. JAMES DELANEY.
REV. J. L. SMITH. M. I. J. GRIFFIN.

N. O. Gilmary of The Catholic Mirror, of Baltimore; P. Thornberry, of The Church Messenger, of Chattanooga; Milton H. Smith and William H. Lepley, of the Washington Church News; John O'Flanagan of the Kansas Catholic; W. J. Walsmee of the Freeman (N. J.) Catholic Journal; Edward J. Ryan and A. J. Meagher of the Rochester Catholic Journal, were among those whose work in committee made its impress on the convention. The other delegates and great lights in their colleagues, heartily approved their schemes, but were not seen to give aid of committee work and see the sights of a great city.

A peculiar feature of the convention was this. The man who as an editor has come in for most criticism, Father Lambert, of the archdiocese of New York, who for years has been praising him for years. That man was Rev. John Talbot Smith, editor of The Catholic Review. He is an author of many popular works of fiction, a forcefull and graceful writer. His last suggestion—that of a Catholic party—caused discussion even in secular papers, and seemed to be the start up in some shape. Father Lambert and his colleagues have made The Review one of the most promising Catholic journals in the land.

JOHN JAY MCGINNIS.

THE MILLENNIUM IS AT HAND

So Argues Lieutenant Totten, Now Acting as a Yale College Professor.

Lieutenant C. A. L. Totten, who has started many people by his position (recent) that the millennium is to begin in 1891, is a native of Cincinnati, Ohio, and graduated from the military academy at West Point in 1853. He was born in New London, Conn., Feb. 4, 1831. When twelve years old he entered the Episcopal academy at Cheshire, Conn., and

LIEUTENANT C. A. L. TOTTEN.

graduated in 1847 at the age of sixteen. He spent two years at Trinity college, Hartford, and entered West Point in 1849. He graduated from that institution in 1853, and was assigned as a lieutenant to the Fourth artillery, which is his present regiment.

Lieutenant Totten was confirmed into the Episcopal church by Bishop Williams at the age of thirteen. During his youth, however, he was materialistic in his views, but as his mind expanded he became a self-convinced and avowed Christian. He accepts the Bible literally, and believes as firmly in Moses and the prophets as he does in Christ and the apostles. His calculation of the exact date of the conjunction which fixed Joshua's "long day" has brought his name prominently before the theological world.

Lieutenant Totten has a distinguished record as an inventor, as well as a Biblical expounder. He is the author of "Strategos," the American game of war, which received the indorsement of men like Von Moltke, Wolseley and Bollinger. He is also a well known contributor of scientific articles to the magazines and a professor of Yale university.

The picture of Lieutenant Totten given herewith is reproduced by courtesy of the proprietors of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, who are Lieutenant Totten's publishers.

Friendly to the United States.

It is undoubtedly largely owing to the influence of his American wife that Lord Randolph Churchill, who recently started on an exploring trip to Africa, has always taken a friendly interest in the United States. During the excitement of the Sackville-West incident he was the only British statesman who recognized the justice of President Cleveland's position in demanding the recall of the imprudent minister. He publicly rebuked the London Standard for stirring up a feeling of bitterness against the United States, declaring that its attitude was wicked, vindictive and dangerous, and indicating that prompt acquiescence in the justice of America's demand was the only course to secure permanent good will between the two countries.

A Common Lack.

Unsuccessful Statesman—I don't seem to get along very well. What is it I lack?

His Wife—Humor.

"Humor! Rubbish! Suppose I had a keen sense of the ridiculous, what good would that do?"

"You would see your own shortcomings."—New York Weekly.

A Street Car Pony.

Boston School Boys (jumping on front platform)—Hello, McDonald!

Car Driver—Morning, gents.

School Boy—Here, Jack, you take the reins; grab the brake, Ginger. Now, driver, just run over this page in the Ambasis for us before we get down to the high school.—Life.

TWO WASHINGTON BUDS.

They Have Attained the Distinction of Being Belles at the National Capital.

To be a belle in the national capital is to become well known by all the nation, now that all roads lead there, as to Rome, and it has become the sister home of wealthy people from all over the United States. On its broad streets are seen many types of beauty—the stately and tailor made northern girl, the picturesque and piquant visitor from some little southern town, who wears her dress made and sometimes, also, gaudily colored, side with the air of a princess used to adoration from the cradle. The faces of the girls who have been out in society here for several seasons, Miss Leiter, Miss Mitchell, Miss Dearing, are familiar to all, but there are many lovely strange faces appearing from time to time of girls who have only been out for one season or who are yet in the schoolroom. Beauty is like murder and "will out," and these are destined yet to be known to the world. To find and point them out is a pleasure like going into a garden and culling a bouquet of only the tenderest and most perfect buds fresh with dew.

The most beautiful of last winter's debutantes is by far Miss Helen Carroll, the youngest daughter of ex-Governor John Lee Carroll, of Maryland, and granddaughter of the late Royal Phelps, of New York, from whom she inherited a large fortune. Fortune is a fickle goddess, and on some she loves to shower all of her gifts. Miss Carroll possesses everything—youth, beauty, wealth, position and talents, and above and beyond all such a sympathetic nature and gentleness that to write of her is a labor of love. She is a little above medium height, and with the brunette Spanish coloring.

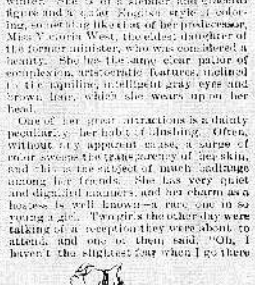
Miss Carroll's face has the long oval of the Sistine Madonna's, with clear, olive skin, beneath which one seems to see the rich color. Her features have an exquisite regularity and delicacy, with delicately pencilled brows, and large, dark eyes that express, with her dimples, her emotions as she speaks, preventing her face from being too splendid in regularity, only animal, and so obscured her sweetness. Miss Carroll's beauty of the fault of Tennyson's Maud, or she is vivacious, alive to new impressions, and a devotee of music, being a first class performer herself, and the possessor of a centralio so of Cremona, by the great pianist, Miss Carroll is a patriotic American, and it is to be hoped that she will not follow the example of her sisters in marrying abroad. Miss Louise and Miss Anita Carroll both married Frenchmen, being now the Countess de Reyniac and Baronne de la Fruttaz. Wife cousin, Miss Agnes Carroll, is the wife of Count Anton von Heusset-Stamm, of the Austrian nobility. Miss Carroll is of a distinguished family herself, being descended from one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

MISS HELEN CARROLL.

Miss Sybil Paunceforte, the second daughter of Sir Julian Pauncefote, the English minister, is an intimate friend of Miss Carroll, and, like her, made her debut last winter. She is of a slender and graceful figure and a quiet English style of coloring, and is the idol of her professor, Miss Nancy Cowin West, the eldest daughter of the former minister, who was considered a beauty. She has the same clear pallor of complexion, aristocratic features, inclined to the aquiline, intelligent gray eyes and brown hair, which she wears up on her head.

One of her great attractions is a dainty peculiarity—her habit of blushing. Often, without any apparent cause, a surge of color sweeps the transparency of her skin, and she is the subject of much jeering among her friends. She has very quiet and dignified manners, and her charm as a hostess is well known—a rare one in so young a girl. Two girls the other day were talking of a reception they were about to attend, and one to them said, "Oh, I haven't the slightest fear when I go there of not having a good time, because Sybil Pauncefote always forgets herself and thinks about her guests." This is one secret of her great popularity, which she shares with the rest of her family, who are very charming and unaffected.

Miss Pauncefote is excessively clever and well read, and is noted for the brilliancy of her conversation; her bon mots are current coin in society. She has a remarkable talent for music and is a brilliant performer on the piano, spending much of her time at the grand piano in the spacious hall room of the handsome and homelike British legation. This is a bond between her and Miss Carroll, and if the decision in the war between the rival operatic schools was left to them the German would soon be triumphant, for they are both enthusiastic lovers of Wagner. In spite of the charms of Newport they both intended to go to Europe, and to spend the summer at Bayreuth at the grand musical festival, where they will enjoy their favorite harmonies together.



MISS SYBIL PAUNCEFOTE.

The Truth About Cleopatra.

It is related by some ancient authorities that when Cleopatra had resolved to die by a serpent's bite she called her trusted maid, and showing her the venomous (poisonous) beast said, "What think yu of this?" "By Osiris!" she answered, "I like not its aspect."

Upon hearing this the unfortunate queen expired without a struggle.—Yale Record.

Didn't Have Time.

Mr. Bingo (rushing in)—The barn is burning down! Quick, where is the fire extinguisher?

Mrs. Bingo (excitedly)—It's locked up in the closet, and the key is in the pocket of my other dress up stairs.

Bingo (resigned)—Then let the barn burn. Chuck Review.

HIS NAME IS J. ARMOY KNOX.

He Is a "Texas Siftings" Man, and Is Known Far and Wide.

The appellation of "the cheekiest man in America" has for many years been jocularly applied to J. Armoy Knox by his intimate friends. Because of, or perhaps in spite of this characterization, Colonel Knox has got along well in the world. He was born in the North of Ireland, and at one time shone in the sewing machine business. The stories that have been told about him and the stories that he has told about himself would fill volumes. Most of them are so wonderful that the customary corrective grain of salt has no value.

J. ARMOY KNOX.

Colonel Knox upon one occasion sent ex-Congressman Ochiltree a ticket to a lecture which he was about to deliver in New York for a charitable purpose, with the request that Colonel Ochiltree should remit the largest amount he could afford. The Texas lawmaker sent back the following reply:

MY DEAR KNOX—Bill Nye once told me that if he had my cheek he would have a stuffed. He said that it predominated above anything he had ever seen. Possibly he had never met you. When you next come to Texas I would like to meet you on some broad, expansive prairie and compare cheeks. Not that I expect to compete with you, but I have a morbid curiosity to know how you keep out of jail. Yours truly, THOMAS P. OCHILTREE.

P. S.—I return your ticket.

Colonel Knox is about forty years old, and allied himself to the United States when he was a young man. He drifted about in one capacity and another until he got into the sewing machine business. Later on he met A. E. Sweet, and in 1881 Texas Siftings was started, and soon became one of the best known humorous publications in the country. It is said that Knox bought the paper for $600, and that as a starter it had a circulation of 300. Several years ago the publication office was moved to New York. Colonel Knox has written a number of plays, is a great traveler, and during the winter season is conspicuous as the wearer of a remarkable hat and a fur lined overcoat. As a humorist he has always been a success, but he is more proud of his business ability. He has all the contagious energy of an Irishman, combined with the stimulating influences of American life.

ROYAL FLUSHES.

The little crown prince of Siam has won a prize in a story competition.

The Prince of Wales likes a piece of Gorgonzola cheese with a crust of home made bread.

King Alexander of Servia is now a strong, healthy boy of 11 and has developed mental powers of great promise.

Li Hung Chang, the emperor of China, is making every effort to secure the services of Rear Admiral Colomb, of the British navy, as admiral of the Chinese fleet.

The queen of England's ladies in waiting are said to be murmuring because they only receive $1,500 a year, and are expected to appear in a new costume at every dinner.

The king of Sweden has been running in debt considerably for personal expenses, and is under heavy obligations to certain rich merchants of Gothenburg, who are getting very anxious about their money.

The empress of Russia has not lost her taste for dancing, but indulges in that pastime nearly as freely as she did in her youth, when her devotion to it won her the name among her friends of "the grasshopper."

The empress of Austria intends having "The Dying Aethlete," Professor Kersten's marble group which created so much sensation in 1884, brought from her country residence near Vienna to adorn her new home in Corfu.

The emperor of Germany, while entertaining much more freely than his grandfather did, has a keen eye to economy. The imperial kitchen particularly is managed with an eye to business. He makes his cooks and servants answer to a penny for expenditures.

Queen Lilinok