

THE HEARTLESSNESS OF MAN.

They quarreled on day, 'twas a trife,
No doubt, that induced them to part,
That caused her to bid him to stifle
The love that had bloomed in his heart.
She saw him turn slowly and sadly
To leave her, she heard his good-bye;
He loved her—he swore he did—
Madly; she held her head proudly and high.
He did not return, for some reason,
To humble himself to her feet;
Another arrived in due season,
Fate having decreed they should meet.
He told her the lovely old story,
And she, as his bride, reached the height,
Of what to a woman is glory—
Then quietly passed on to night.
The other man gained a high station,
And, having enthroned himself there,
Possessing the world's admiration,
Won the heart of a girl who was fair.
Far back, where few saw and few knew her,
Was one who went nursing an ache,
Because he had not returned to her.
Or, at least, had not failed for her.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

At the Gates of the City.

In the brave days of old, in the days when valor consisted of impaling vast numbers of one's enemies upon pikes and spears, there resided in Syria a young man named Tyra.
Now, Tyra was not unlike many youths of to-day, inasmuch as he took great delight in tales of warfare and slaughter. It is true he was not given to the perusal of blood-and-thunder novels, but this was due only to the fact that the printing press had not as yet been invented, and the high price of parchment made a liberal distribution of lurid literature impracticable.
Tyra was possessed of a good pair of ears and a vivid imagination, and he made use of the former to listen to and of the latter to embellish the numerous stories of the Syrians, Persians and Macedonians. And it may be stated in all candor that Tyra's education on these lines was not neglected.
Before Tyra had even the suggestion of a mustache he had achieved an enviable reputation among the Syrians as a juvenile terror. Scarcely a playmate had he from whom, at one time or another, he had not received a sheer force of muscle, divers articles beloved to childish hearts, and left in their places sundry cuts and bruises as mementoes of the occasion.
Indeed, Tyra's own father yielded up his life as the result of a spear thrust inflicted by the youth in retaliation for a certain chastisement administered at a time when Tyra was barely able to walk, and his mother, likewise, died of a broken heart and a fractured skull, loudly lamenting that she had not been sufficient to shield her son from the wrath of his father.
Tyra was devoted to Moloch to say the least, and in the arms of the red-hot god.
After the untimely demise of his parents Tyra entered upon so crimson a career that the residents of the city should have frozen in terror, though they were with deeds of valor and violence, decided that the youth was too great a man for their quiet and peaceful city, and that his talents would be better appreciated by them if exercised outside the walls of the city. And so he was banished.
With many curses upon Syria in general and this city in particular, Tyra set forth literally to carve out his destiny. And he succeeded famously.
Now, in the city upon which he thus disdainfully turned his back, there dwelt one upon whom he had bestowed all his young affection. This was the orphaned maiden, Leodesia.
Fell she was, with hair of jet and eyes that ever were dreaming, and Tyra loved her. To him she was the one object in the universe worth the worshipping.
Nor was his affection wasted upon this maiden of Syria, the chords of whose heart were bound around her handsome form. Life without her seemed as barren as the Assyrian Desert.
She loved him with all the passion and devotion of her semi-barbaric nature, and when, at the urgent invitation of her neighbors, Tyra took his departure from the city, she put her trusting hand in his and promised to wait for him until he should return. Then she threw herself upon the burning sands by the gates of the city and wept, and would not be comforted.
After he had gone the good people of Syria, conscience stricken perhaps of the unusually harsh treatment he had accorded her lover, bestowed such unlimited affection and kindness upon Leodesia that the poor girl actually learned to love them as she loved her own life.
Contrary to the predictions of the Syriaeans, Tyra did not throw himself upon the desert and die a miserable death. The trouble with Tyra was that, like many great men of today, he was without honor only in his own country.
Along the Euphrates he found many wild and adventurous spirits, who flocked to his standard with amazing loyalty. He did not care that his followers were not rich in jewels and precious stones. They could speed the arrow and hurl the javelin with most deadly accuracy, and that pleased him far more.
So it was that in a few years Tyra had a mighty army at his back, and a merry time they had in knocking at the doors of tottering empires and robbing princes and potentates. Like a mighty avalanche he swept triumphantly from the Tigris toward the Dead Sea—pillaging, robbing, slaughtering.
And finally he was come near unto the land of Syria. Already the city of his birth was visible in the distant distance. Upon the face of Tyra a smile was gleaming, and in his heart wild exultation ran. Vengeance was marked upon his brow; vengeance glistened in his eyes; vengeance pulsed in his veins.
But his fame and the news of his approach had preceded him, and loud were the lamentations in the city from which he had been banished.
"Oh! woe unto Syria," the women cried; "oh, woe unto this day."
The male inhabitants gathered in frightened groups upon the streets and discussed the advisability of re-

stance, and many were the unfortunate first-born who were laid upon the arms of the red-hot idol, Moloch.
Then spake a sage:
"Ho!" he cried, "why all this weeping and lamentation? The great, the mighty Tyra but comes to claim his bride, the beautiful Leodesia. Come, let us arise and go and meet him; let us send our most lovely maidens to strew flowers in his path; let us give to Tyra a royal welcome upon his return to us."
But the venerable sage spake not according to his own mind, for well he knew the heart of Tyra, who had slain his own father through revenge. But the populace was pacified and began preparations for receiving the conqueror.
Hastily the sage summoned Leodesia to his side, and taking her by the hand, led her to a place of secret confidence.
"Leodesia, my daughter," he began, "do you love this Tyra?"
"Yes, dear father," she made reply, "with all my heart I love him."
"Leodesia, within thy hands this day are the lives of thy people. Tyra hath returned to Syria to seek a bloody revenge for his banishment. For us to resist is fruitless, for he hath a mighty army, Leodesia, and we must all perish."
For a moment he paused, looking down at the maiden's dreamy eyes. Then he continued:
"Thou dost love thy neighbors and thy friends, Leodesia?"
"Yes, father," she said, quietly; "I love them all."
"Thy day, Leodesia," resumed the white-haired man, "thou must choose between thy lover and thy people. If thou chooseth selfishly, the blood of the helpless shall be upon thy head." The maiden bowed her head, but made no reply.
When the gates of the city were opened to Tyra, Leodesia, it shall come thy duty, according to custom, to offer a goblet of wine to thy betrothed as an affectionate greeting upon his return from a far country. This shall be provided with two vessels, Leodesia. Both shall be filled with the best of vintage, but in one of them, and which one thou shalt be made aware, shall have been placed the most deadly of poisons. If thou choose for thyself alone, Leodesia, thou shalt die, and to him the one without the poison. Then he will wed thee and take thee away with him, but first he will slay all thy friends, Leodesia—all thy people. If thou choose for the safety of Syria, thou shalt hand thy goblet to the other, and thou wilt go thy way without a stain upon thy name."
Thus spake the sage and went his way, and the maiden dropped upon the sand and wept.
"Deep was her love for the Syrians. They were her people. Tenderly they had cared for her, provided for her. Now it was within her power to return their love and kindness. She had but to perform a simple act to preserve their lives and fill the city with songs of gladness and rejoicing instead of moans and anguish. And yet—Tyra! How she loved him! A fiercer half-barbaric nature cried out with joy at the mention of his name. To her he had ever been loving and true and devoted.
When he had gone away she had followed him, and she had promised to wait for him until his return. And now that he was come, and it for her to choose to place to his lips, under the guise of greeting, the beverage that should still his heart, she should freeze in terror, though they were with deeds of valor and violence, decided that the youth was too great a man for their quiet and peaceful city, and that his talents would be better appreciated by them if exercised outside the walls of the city. And so he was banished.
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PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

DEGENERACY AS A FACTOR OF ADVANCE.

By Dr. James G. Kiernan.
The human body is a union of organs whose balance constitutes health, but whose discord means defect and disease. As Aesop, St. Paul, and, later, Deaf recognized, war will occur between the members unless there be a check by a well balanced nervous system. Organs, cells and structures normally sacrifice their individual life for the benefit of the body as a whole. Where such sacrifice is not made anarchy discords (cancer, for example) occur. Balance of the cell communities, the body, partly results from inherited forces, but chiefly from the influence of environment on those forces at periods of stress even before birth.
As a rule the organs lower in type suffer for the benefit of the higher, and in some instances, becoming useless, tend to disappear. The brain, nervous system, liver and other glands, heart and blood vessels, and the organs connected with race increase at the expense of the bones, teeth, hair, skin and bowels.
More than once a defective child with a high intellect has been preserved for years of usefulness through the proper training at the periods of stress which its defects enforced. Charles Darwin from a heavy heritage of nerve disorder was preserved thereby from the strain of school of medical practice and of business. At school Darwin displayed scientific tendencies, and therefore took much outdoor exercise. During his term at Cambridge the same proclivities appeared. Aided by his natural science professor, Darwin did not bother about his college standing. His ailments played a great part in his acceptance of the post of the Beagle, whose voyage originated the doctrine of natural selection as expounded by Charles Darwin. Darwin thus escaped the dwarfing tendencies of the English schools and universities though to a lesser extent than Herbert Spencer, who, born a defective youngster, had to be educated privately.
Degeneracy is always a factor of advance when it sweeps away useless organs for the benefit of the organism as a whole. The strength of the athlete may enhance the primary ego, but a crippled form may compel training which creates a devotee of the golden rule. As advance evolution results from creation of checks on undue expenditure of force, bodily defect or degeneracy, accompanied by a healthy brain, thereby enforces advance.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

By Helen Oldfield.
A recent writer declares that there are about ninety and nine thousand plausible counterfeits which will last for a year, or perhaps longer, but none of them will endure for three years. By that time the joy in each other's presence is exhausted, the harness chafes, and worst of all the incurableness of marriage dawns one, and the disillusioned husband sees the future as a desolating succession of gray years. "And," says he, "the vast majority of men and women are willingly or unwillingly victimized by one or another of these counterfeits. It is in the secret nature of things and it can't be helped."
In the vast majority of marriages there is more or less readjustment necessary, the transition from the romantic love of courtship to the sober, everyday affection of conjugal life. The newly wedded pair have to become acquainted intimately and thoroughly, as is possible to one another's life peculiarities, which have heretofore been kept out of sight. To the fortunate few who are really two souls with but a single thought no such readjustment is necessary, each one is the complement of the other, and neither friction nor disillusionment is possible. But with others there is usually more or less need for forbearance; to endure, to hope, and to believe, if not all things, yet enough to hurt. Disillusionment is always a painful process, and in marriage it is doubly so. It is hard to convince one's self that silver is as good as gold if only one has enough of it. When one's precious coin proves to be only burnished nickel or copper, it takes time to be thankful that the metal, such as it is, is pure and has been duly minted.
Much of the happiness and, alas, much of the misery of married life come from the fact that sensitive women are apt to hold themselves personally responsible for the words and acts of the men whom they love and rejoice or suffer accordingly. Where friendship and love unite, each partner marriage as the Creator instituted it, he made the first woman as a helpmeet for the first man, not the modern partnership where the husband provides the income and the wife spends it.
The primary cause for this condition of things, Mr. London thinks, is the struggle for commercial supremacy, and the immediate cause gross and stupid mismanagement on the part of the governing class. From Mr. London's point of view, "the political machine known as the British Empire is running down," but he sees a smiling future for England when the discarded machinery shall finally be cast up on the scrap heap—Philadelphia Post.

WHY THERE IS A WISHBONE.

Scientific Explanation of Its Existence in Our Edible Fowl.
Charles Maynard, a well-known ornithologist, told the members of the Boston Scientific society at a recent meeting the reasons for the existence of what is known as the wishbone in fowls. To begin with, the speaker drew the lack of knowledge that experts regarding the structure of the birds internally. "For example," said he, "it is doubtful if five men in the United States know much about the anatomy of the common robin. The ornithologists know all about external characters, the color arrangement and the outward part of the subject. He has himself begun with the anatomy, and more than twenty years ago, in some of his publications, he dared to separate the owls from the hawks. They had been placed in the same order, and have so remained till very recently. Now others have separated them even more widely than Mr. Maynard did so long ago. His deductions were from a knowledge of the anatomy.
The wishbone is called by scientists the furcula and is in reality the union of what are in man the two scapular bones. These in the birds receive the brunt of the strokes of the wing that turn the creature in its flight. Few realize the strength of stroke of the bird's wing. It is said that a gannet has been known to break a man's leg by a blow of its wing, and in a like manner the wing-beatings of the larger birds are dangerous if they strike the head or neck. Therefore, a large bird is in the habit of making sudden turns to right or left in its flight it must be fitted with a wishbone competent to withstand the great strain of the wing stroke on one side.
For this reason we find in the eagle and falcon that is a perfect wishbone, widely at variance with the Gothic arch which is the shape of the wishbone of our common fowls. The eagle's furcula is a solid rounded arch, like a wishbone, and is very strong, and not developed those points of weakness that make our sport of breaking the wishbone possible.
Auto-Cars for Smugglers.
The latest device to which the high-speed automobile has been put in France is smuggling. A few days ago a motor car with a large quantity of tobacco on board rushed past the customs station at Hazebrouck at 70 miles an hour, and had disappeared before the astonished customs-house officers had realized what had happened. The smugglers had covered the car with a white sack, so that it was impossible to photograph its number or description to the authorities farther on.
As the custom house officers were convinced that the smugglers would repeat their exploit, they prepared to arrest their progress by holding a length of wire rope in readiness to bar the route. Their expectations were realized. Monday last the same automobile was seen coming down the road like a whirlwind. The custom house officers brought out their wire rope, but showed it too soon. The smuggler-chauffeurs noticed it, wheeled to the right, ran alongside the railway, then shot across the line at a diagonal crossing and disappeared on French territory in a cloud of dust.
Heard at the Concert.
He—By George, but hasn't she got a splendid voice?
She—Mercy! Just see how her skirt hangs!"—Boston Transcript.

GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET.

"The Grand Old Man" of the Southern Confederacy.
Gen. James Longstreet, known as the Grand Old Man of the Confederacy, who died recently at Gainesville, Ga., was considered the hardest fighter on the Southern side in the civil war. He was born in Edgefield, S. C., Jan. 8, 1821. His father died when he was a lad and shortly afterward, in 1831, he and his mother went to Alabama. He always wanted to be a soldier and his mother secured for him an appointment to the United States Military Academy. He was graduated in 1842 and assigned to the Fourth Infantry. He served all through the Mexican war and was made a captain by brevet for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco. At the storming of Chapultepec, on Sept. 13, 1847, he was severely wounded, and was again promoted, this time to the rank of major.

CONGRESS GETS ORDERS FROM STEEL TRUST.

Congressman Lovering, of Massachusetts, has again introduced his tariff drawback bill in Congress. This bill, by making it easy for manufacturers to import raw materials and export finished goods, practically frees manufacturers free raw materials when making goods for export. It would, therefore, still further reduce the prices of American goods to foreign consumers. But, while it is, like our other tariff laws, designed in the interest of our manufacturers and of foreigners, yet there is no reason why Democrats should oppose it. In fact, there are several reasons why they might aid its passage:
(1) It will enable our manufacturers to manufacture for foreigners on a free trade basis. This will benefit foreigners without injuring American consumers.
(2) It will cause more goods to be made in this country and will thus provide employment for many now needing it badly.
(3) It is opposed by the giant steel trust. It was, in fact, defeated in the last Congress by direct orders from the head of this overbearing infant robber, which now controls the raw materials for thousands of ordinary manufacturers. Should it again instruct its special Congressmen, Dalzell and Payne—both great Republican leaders—to bottle up the Lovering bill in the Ways and Means Committee, the Republicans in Congress will meet submit and good old Mr. Lovering will again be told that it is unwise to start discussion of the tariff question in a Presidential election year. This will settle it.
This is a great country—for some trusts.—Byron W. Holt.

POLITICS OF THE DAY

Campaign Figures.

The narrowest Republican estimate of the vote strength of the parties in the coming Presidential election conceding to Democracy the following States, with a total of 151 electoral votes:
Alabama 10 North Carolina 12
Arkansas 16 South Carolina 9
Florida 11 Tennessee 12
Georgia 13 Texas 18
Louisiana 9 Virginia 12
Mississippi 10
Kentucky 13 Total 151
Missouri 18
The Republican estimate concedes to be doubtful:
Delaware 3 New York 39
Maryland 8
Nevada 3 Total 53
A more conservative calculation places the following States also in the doubtful column:
Colorado 6 Oregon 4
California 10 Utah 3
Idaho 3
Montana 3 Total 28
And this fairer calculation concedes to Democracy Maryland, with 8 votes, and Nevada, with 3 votes, bringing the total of Democratic States up to 102. It will be observed that neither of these estimates, made by Republicans, admits of the possibility of Democratic victory in any event, 230 votes being necessary, a last for argument. Taking them for what they are worth, Democracy may make some calculations on its own account.
In addition to the 102 votes conceded by the more liberal Republican estimate, Democracy requires 77 votes in order to win. New York would provide 39 of these, and in the event of carrying New York Democracy would probably have New Jersey, with 12, and Connecticut, with 7; the combined vote of these States being 58. Out of the remaining doubtful States Democracy would have to gather but 19 votes. With its fair share of strength in the West these would be forthcoming.
Republican estimates claim absolutely: Connecticut, 7; Delaware, 3; Illinois, 10; Maine, 6; Massachusetts, 10; Michigan, 11; Minnesota, 11; Nebraska, 10; New Hampshire, 4; New Jersey, 12; North Dakota, 4; Ohio, 23; Pennsylvania, 14; Rhode Island, 3; South Dakota, 4; Vermont, 4; Washington, 5; West Virginia, 5; Wisconsin, 12; Wyoming, 3, a total of 247. Obviously, under this calculation, the loss of any one of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania or Wisconsin, would mean the defeat of the remainder, would be fatal. The calculation is based upon a Republican solid Middle West and Wyoming and Washington in addition.
As militating against the force of this calculation it should be remembered that Maryland is most probably Democratic; that Delaware has a fair chance in the Dakotas, Wyoming is likely to go Democratic; that Washington is by no means a Republican certainty; and that Democracy has a fighting chance in the Dakotas, in view of the lessening of the conditions of the territory and New Jersey who will carry 19 votes. On the other hand, it is conceivable that Democracy might win without New York, with the tariff and trust and boodie issues defined as between the producing regions and the East.
As for the other "doubtful" States, not all of which are conceded to a majority of them—indeed in all of them except, perhaps, California—in a better than even chance. The total "doubtful" vote of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, is but 28, exclusive of New York's. Democracy might yield and yet, with a South admittedly solid, and by winning its battle in the East, which it may reasonably count upon to win the vote of Pennsylvania's late victory, and with its normal following in the producing regions, carry the day.—St. Louis Republic.

WAGE REVISIONS UNIVERSAL.

Protective tariff by the Republicans, one that it protects the manufacturers from foreign competition and the other that it raises the price for labor. As about half the manufacturers have increased their prices, it is not surprising that the price of living has increased and every industry has long ago thrown off its swaddling clothes and none of them can any longer be called infant industries, the first reason for a protective tariff falls to the ground. The rapid increase in wages now going on, the numerous strikes and the continued high cost of living would seem to demolish the other reason. But the protectionists are still saying, "Let well enough alone," although their voices are much less strident than when they issued instructions to "stand pat." There has been no lowering of the tariff tax, the Dingley bill is still supposed to "adequately" secure American industrial products against the competition of foreign labor; but the old machine shows signs of wear and rags and groans when the labor logs need oil. Where protection is highest there seems to be the most friction, as in the iron and steel industries.
The latest to show signs of demoralization is the lumber and logging business, in which wages have declined about 25 per cent. A dispatch from Ontonagon, Mich., to the Boston Transcript says:
"During the past few weeks there has been a notable change in the labor situation in logging circles in Northern Michigan. At the opening of the season men were so scarce that lumbering concerns could only get a small portion of the help needed. High wages were an inducement. Now, however, more men are applying for work than can be employed, and wages have dropped from \$30 to \$25 per month, including board, to \$20 per month. Some employers are said to be securing green hands for as low as 15 cents a day."
The wood and lumber trade Dingley bill is still protecting her trusts and combines, and to continue the export on lumber and shingles, to the woods and who

HOW NOVELISTS JUGGLE WITH SCIENCE.

By Andrew Wilson.
A tolerably wide course of novel reading has fitted me to pronounce judgment on at least one phase of the fiction of the period. That particular aspect consists in the part played by scientific topics and facts in the building and developing of the plot of many modern novels. Those who have not made a special study of this topic cannot realize the extent to which science is drawn upon by the romancer. It is as if the demand for realism was responded to by the novelist coming direct to the great fountain of fact, and drawing therefrom inspiration for his stories. The novelist, like the poet, claims, I believe, a certain amount of latitude, and he may occasionally and himself lying under the temptation to fit in scientific facts to the exigencies of his tale rather than to adopt the reverse procedure.
I remember an excellent illustration of this latter fact. It has long been supposed by the uninitiated that the eye of, say, a murdered person retains the image of his assailant. Furthermore, it is believed by many that from the dead eye a photograph of the assailant might thus be procured.
I need not point out that such a proceeding possible might prove an awkward thing for an innocent man who happened to come upon the dying man and who was intent on rendering assistance. He might in certain circumstances be reasonably suspected of being himself the author of the crime. Now, a story appeared years ago in

PECULIAR CHARACTER, FAMOUS IN PENNSYLVANIA OIL REGIONS.

The death of G. F. Lewis, familiarly known throughout Western Pennsylvania as "Popcorn" Lewis, which occurred recently at Jefferson, Ohio, marked the passing of a character well known throughout Western Pennsylvania during the oil days, once possessed of great wealth, and who was known by the only individual who ever owned an entire railroad.
During his early manhood, Lewis amassed a fortune by selling popcorn on the streets of Cleveland. The sobriquet of "Popcorn" Lewis followed him to the early oil fields, along Oil Creek, where he increased his fortune. He became known as the "Popcorn" of the old Oil Creek Railroad, running from Oil City to Corry. Later he put his money into a road from Corry to Buffalo, which was a few years ago absorbed by Pennsylvania.
Lewis completed his stock he became sole owner of the road.
Retiring, Lewis made his home at Corry, where he built a fine home and lived until six years ago, when he went to Cleveland. Always eccentric, he became more so as he aged. His was a figure that always caused comment. Tall and spare, but of erect carriage, he for years appeared dressed in the same manner—a coat of royal purple, cut after the style of a Prince Albert, fastened with buttons made from ten-dollar gold pieces, bearing his monogram; a peculiar-shaped light felt, while a covered basket of the "picnic" style swung on his arm.
When he carried his stick he was probably known only to his immediate family.
Of late years Lewis' fortune dwindled considerably, and his magnificent home was finally disposed of. He retired to his still residence at Corry, where he is classed as one of the town's respected citizens.
"PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS."
In Great Britain, 930 Out of Every 1,000 Die of "Pneumonia Chacris."
Mr. Leopold, of the "People of the Abyss," tells us that in Lesser London over 1,250,000 people receive twenty-one shillings or less a week for each family, and the family is reckoned at five persons. He tells us that one out of every four persons who die in London, and 930 out of every 1,000 in the United Kingdom, die "on public charity." He says that 300,000 people in London live in one-room tenements—an average of five to a room. He tells us that every four persons who walk the streets of London every night.
He says that in the United Kingdom 37,500,000 people out of 40,000,000 receive less than \$30 a month for each family; that 1,000,000 are in daily receipt of poor-law relief; that \$8,000,000 have only a week's wages between them and starvation; that 500 hereditary peers own one-fifth of England, and that they and their dependents spend every year \$1,850,000,000, or 32 per cent of the total wealth of the country, in the maintenance of their vast estates and the gratification of their personal luxury.

"DENIOGRAPHIST" WRITES WITH HIS TEETH.

A newspaper man in Connecticut who writes with his teeth is proving that pluck carries the day in spite of the most adverse circumstances. Mr. Louis Schuelke, of Danbury, Conn., has never had the use of his left hand, and he taught his teeth to grasp and hold, and now, with pen or brush adjusted firmly to those ivory clamps, he draws, paints and writes to his heart's content. In the pictures he produces are of considerable merit, and the Waterbury Republican has him on its books as corresponding.
Mr. Schuelke uses penholders of various shapes, tapering somewhat toward the pen end, and slightly flattened where it enters the mouth; another is like a cross bar at the end for a mouthpiece as in the case of a firm grip by the teeth and lips. He writes with surprising rapidity, the pen being driven by quick, firm motions of the head. His usual writing could not be distinguished from a plain round hand.
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MADE THE FIRST COP PIPE.

President Jackson Had Another Mortgage Upon An Immortal Name.
Barring the "T. D." clay for the grown men and the cigarette for the rising generation, there are few things so popular with the tobacco-smoking fraternity as the corncob pipe. The history of the corncob is interesting, telling in its evolution from manufacture by hand, up until to-day, that thousands are turned out every working day, there are interesting epochs.
In the manufacturing district along the Delaware river there is a night watchman, a colored man, who back in the days "before de war" was a slave in Louisiana. Yesterday he was smoking a corncob contentedly, reflectively and unconsciously. As he puffed he asked the question:
"Who was the first white man to make a corncob pipe? Do you know?"
"No." Then the negro told this story:
"It was Andrew Jackson, President of the United States. A man by the name of St. Armand was a soldier under Jackson when he was Major General at New Orleans. At the time that Jackson used bales of cotton for protecting his army he was found smoking a corncob and said he had made it himself. This was the first white man married and the second wife, whom he married when he was 70 and she 32, survived."
A relative of the speaker's, Henry Gueno, who went to New York City about nineteen months ago, was the first man to make corncob pipes for sale. It was in 1867, when he was employed by a man named Mayrone in New Orleans. Mayrone had been his owner in the days of slavery and came upon Gueno one day when he was writing a pipe and asked him why he didn't make them to sell. The old style corncob had long been an institution of the Southern negro, but not of a merchantable article. The negotiator of Mayrone set Gueno thinking, with the result that in the fall of 1867, at Mechanics' and Agricultural Association's fair of the State of Louisiana, held in New Orleans, he exhibited a number of pipes, all of which had ready sale. One objectionable feature was that the bowl burned out very quickly. Gueno consulted a well-known chemist, with the result that a harmless chemical composition was applied which infinitely prolonged the life of the corncob and which to-day is being used in its manufacture. In the days of Gueno it was said he received as high as \$25 for a pipe which to-day can be bought for a nickel.—Philadelphia Press.

ROOSEVELT AS UNCLE SAM.

Over in Canada the government is having trouble with some of the protected steel plants about the amount of bounty due them. It says the manufacturers are not entitled to all they claim. This shows what a coarse, clumsy system they have there in comparison with our smooth working tariff system. The Canadian manufacturers are crying asking for a few millions a year in bounties, while our steel manufacturing organizations, by means of the tariff system, took about \$70,000,000 from the people last year, and there was no dispute with the government as to the amount and how to give them. It says the bounty system is not "in it" with protection.
The Hon. W. Bourke Cockran said in a speech in New York: "There is one act which the Republicans have incorporated into our laws, and which the people have never yet indorsed, and against which the Democrats must struggle by the very law of their being, and that is the policy of plunder for protection. Democrats have logically realized that protection was logically absurd, economically unsound, morally infamous, but because of the attractive name which it bore, many persons were lured to its support. The organization of trusts has made it clear just what protection means."
President Roosevelt probably receives more mail than any other man in the world. If he had to pay the postage, it would cost him one-fourth of his salary each year. King Edward receives about 1,000 letters and 3,000 newspapers a day; Emperor William, from 500 to 600 daily; Queen Wilhelmina, between 100 to 150 a day.
Mayor Schulz

COCKRAN SCORES PROTECTION.

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